

Mudder Boys

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Email is great, isn't it? Why, just the other day I got a note from my brother in NC. Funny, even with the simplicity of email it seems that I don't correspond with friends and family as much as I would like, and I do very little these days to take up my time. I am lucky to be home a lot due to the fact that I can no longer be a member of the work force, unless it is the kind forced on me at home, but seriously, my wife is very understanding about my disabilities. She knows all about my being a simple man, or simply being a man, therefore being disabled to begin with and then you can consider my real physical disabilities. She just sometimes questions how it is that I can seem to get around so well in a boat or a 4-wheel drive and seem just as capable as the next chap, but otherwise I seem pretty useless. Anyway, I got this little note from bro bug, we all call him bug because he is into photography. Then there is Fuzz and Maps and Dog and me, Bear. But the names is another story. Anyway, this note spoke of the time we brothers, by whatever name, were involved in one of our favorite pastimes. Pop got us into it indirectly, I guess. He used to have us go down the old railroad track right-of-way roads, those sorta cow path things that run along the tracks, you know? We would go and pick up the old discarded railroad ties and rolls of discarded telephone line wire to use in fence building. Heavy stuff, that wire was. Danged near too stiff to wrap around a tree. Sometimes the roads were almost impassable due to recent rains or whatever. We would load Pop's old two wheel drive '41 Chev ¾ ton pickup (We had painted this truck black one day. It had been red. Don't know what the difference was. Mostly it was dirt brown. God washed it once in awhile) anyway, we would load it full of the ties and rolls of wire till we had, oh, about three tons on the truck and then we would watch it sink in the mud. Off one of us would go to get pop's tractor to pull the truck out. I am sure we had some sort of a system to elect the lucky one to go for the tractor but I don't recall that. Well, I guess we liked getting stuck because we started using Pops pickup, full of his gas, naturally, and we would take off on old roads and trails to see how far we could get. We had chainsaws and pulleys and jacks and rope and cable and shovels and axes and just about all of Pop's tools in the back of the truck to insure good sinkage and off we would go. Well, one time Bug was here visiting from NC and we all got together to go play with Pop's truck. The problem was, this time when we sunk the truck we were actually at the end of this old road and had no way to turn around, couldn't go forward nor back. We were in trouble and a long ways from Pop's tractor. One of the bros, I don't recall just who, says in a mater of fact voice, what we could all plainly see. Well, guys, that's all she wrote. And I think it was Bug, because he was maybe the smartest of the bunch, but maybe not because he came so far to get so stuck in the mud with us; he says " You better tell her to write some more." I guess you had to be there . . .it seemed so so funny at the time. And not a one of us knew where to direct requests to get her to write some more. Also, this may have been the start of Maps' (which is Mikey) love of following old trails. To this very day he can be found, or maybe not found if you don't know just where he was going, out trying to follow an old trail.