

YOU KNOW YOU'RE FROM

*Carolina country if...*

*...your new TV  
sets on top of the one it replaced.*

Dwight Murray, Pembroke

**From Lillie Rorie, Siler City**

- ... You rolled around on the den floor holding your “bat breath” waiting for Batman to come back on TV after the commercials.
- ... You scooped snow off the family car so that Daddy could make snow cream by mixing snow, evaporated milk and vanilla flavoring.
- ... You froze grape Kool-Aid in metal ice trays to make cool pops.

**From Marvin Bass, Huntersville**

- ... You got white margarine in a plastic pouch with a bubble of dye in it, and the kids in the family argued to see who would get to squeeze the pouch until it was yellow like butter.
- ... You had ration stamps to get sugar, but the grocers kept the sugar for their close friends and relatives, so you used Dixie Dew syrup to sweeten your tea.
- ... You walked the railroad tracks to go to the Southern States fairgrounds.
- ... When your roller skates wore out you used the wheels and two-by-fours to make a scooter.
- ... You took scrap metal to the schoolhouse for the war effort and got a sweatshirt and cap making you a Junior Commando.
- ... You bought 10-cent war stamps to put in a book to earn a savings bond when the book was filled.

**From Melissa Taylor, Tarboro**

- ... You know everyone's first name: Honey, Darlin, and Shuga.
- ... You know exactly how long “directly” is, especially if you'll return directly.
- ... You also know that a “right far piece” could be up to 20 miles.
- ... Instead of screaming obscenities at little old ladies who drive 30 mph on the bypass, you simply say, “Bless her heart,” and go your own way.
- ... “Gimme some sugar” is not a request for the white, granular sweet substance that sits in a pretty little bowl in the middle of the table.
- ... A country breakfast is red-eye gravy, grits, eggs, country ham and Mama's mouth-watering biscuits with jelly.
- ... To console a neighbor who's got trouble you take over a plate of hot fried chicken and a big bowl of potato salad. If it's a real crisis, you throw in a banana pudding.

**From Ruth Boyer, Rich Square**

- ... Yours was the only high school in the county to have a football team.
- ... You and your friends pooled your nickels and dimes to buy 50 cents worth of gas so you could cruise all Saturday afternoon.
- ... The county had only one movie theater.

**From Yvonne Crenshaw, Rockingham**

- ... You cut down a cedar tree for a Christmas tree.
- ... You know that you can't make and eat snow cream after the first snow because the snow's not pure.
- ... Your aunt told you, “If you can't be the corn, don't be the shuck.”

**From Larry Shreve, near Troublesome Creek**

- ... Daddy dug a 4-inch square hole next to the log tobacco barn so you and your brother could get in barefooted and mix up red clay for chinking the logs.
- ... You made tunnel mazes in the hay loft with newly bailed hay.
- ... Your favorite apple tree was right beside the vegetable garden so that when you got tired of apples you could climb down and eat baby carrots, onions and ripe red tomatoes.
- ... You had a natural spring in the meadow in a grove of bamboo where you kept a drinking cup, but you had to be careful not to swallow a salamander or crawdaddy.
- ... When your cousin Ruby got too big for the bathtub, you would sneak down to the creek and peep on her bathing.
- ... When the wind blew hard in the old farmhouse, the linoleum on the kitchen floor would billow up.

**From Joyce White, Candler**

- ... You washed dishes in the school lunch room so you could eat free and spend your lunch money on junk.
- ... Your boyfriend could strum a few guitar chords like Billy Byrd and thought he was the stuff.
- ... You were dumb if you didn't “know big wood from brush.”
- ... Your wardrobe consisted of blue jeans and two dresses all through grammar school.
- ... You learned good marksmanship by shooting rats around the barn with a .22 rifle.
- ... You earned 10 cents for emptying Grandpa's spit can and putting sand in it.
- ... When the grown-ups left the young'ns alone in the house, they said, “Don't be blowing in the pepper box.”

**From Amanda Pittman, Boone**

- ... They played “Carolina Girls” at your wedding for your father/daughter dance.

**If you know any that we haven't published, send them to:**

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