

**This is based on an actual event, to the best of my memory-  
It may be slightly embellished as that may be a family trait.**

It was a warm sunny day in the spring of 1958. Much of Effie met at the baseball diamond behind the Grade School. The work week was over, and Church was out. Fishing was no excuse for not participating. The purpose was to erect a new set of bleachers at the baseball diamond. Among those present were Mr. Sampson, one of the better teachers we have had at the Effie Grade School. Mr. Sampson had lost one arm in WWII but not his sense of humor. Another present was Vernie Johnson, Vernie was one of the nicest people it has been my pleasure to know. Vernie seldom missed an opportunity to help in any civic endeavor, especially if it concerned baseball as he had played for years on the town team.

The Effie Liquor store had provided refreshments for the occasional breaks in labor. After about 3 hours the framework had been erected and the seats nailed down. Construction was in the final stages. Cross-bracing was being nailed on the sides and back. In order to accomplish this as quickly as possible, one person would hold the board at an angle while two others nailed. When the board was firmly attached, Vernie who had seized a hand saw would trim off the ends. This task he attacked with great enthusiasm, no master swordsman ever wielded a weapon with greater skill and daring.

The sound of the saw was like the buzz of a swarm of angry hornets, board ends dropped like flies and sawdust filled the air. His enthusiasm seemed to increase with each cut and soon it had passed fanatic and neared demonic. As he finished one cut and spun about with his weapon upraised, looking for another victim to attack, he nearly collided with Mr. Sampson.

Mr. Sampson, who was driving a nail, turned slowly about and paused with hammer still upraised. He said with mock seriousness, "Someone take that saw away from Vernie before I lose my other arm!". There was a second of shocked silence, and then work stopped and laughter reigned. After a short break for refreshments, work resumed. Vernie once again attacked the boards with the same enthusiasm and only a little more caution. Soon the bleachers were completed without injuries or loss of limb.

It was people like Mr. Sampson and Vernie Johnson that made this work not only enjoyable but sometimes downright entertaining.

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