



Giant Peach Yodel

One summer day, Tall Papa Tom hopped into his old jalopy and hollered, "I'm fixin' to head out to the Peach-Pickin' Festival!" He honked the horn. AAAAOOOOGAAAA!

Pretty Mama May sauntered out and plopped into the truck next to Tall Papa Tom. Sweet Sister Isabelle skipped out and leapt into the seat beside Pretty Mama May.

Then the screen door flew open and out raced Little Buddy Earl. He sprang into the seat behind Sweet Sister Isabelle.



The truck rumbled and grumbled and bounced and bumbled up the lane toward the Peach-Pickin' Festival. As they rode along, Little Buddy Earl sang:

**“Corn in the fields,
How do you do?
I love grits
And yodel-ay-dee-hoo!”**





“Well, for fleas in a frying pan,” said Sweet Sister Isabelle. “Little Buddy Earl sure can yodel. But what’s the use of that?”





The truck rumbled and grumbled and bounced and bumbled up the gravel road toward the Peach-Pickin' Festival. As they rode along, Little Buddy Earl sang:

**“Tomatoes in the fields,
How do you do?
I love ketchup
And yodel-ay-dee-hoo!”**





“Well, that’s the all-overest thing I ever heard,”
said Pretty Mama May. “Little Buddy Earl sure
can yodel. But what’s the use of that?”

