



Curly Tail Big and Cummins Pumpkins

Planting and Patting Pumpkins



In Conneaut a particular pig,
Wearing the name of Curly Tail Big,



Liked pumpkins more than anything to eat,
Juicy pumpkins were his favorite treat.



Curly Big believed that no one could
match,
The Liberty Street Cummins Pumpkin
Patch.

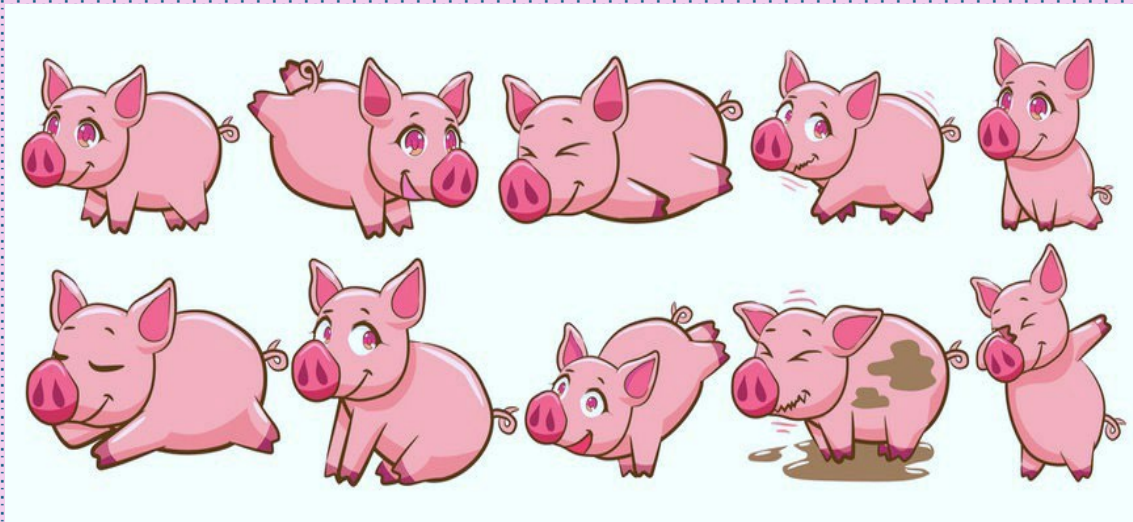


Future Cummins
Pumpkin Patch – Still
Growing!

David Cummins
Octagon House

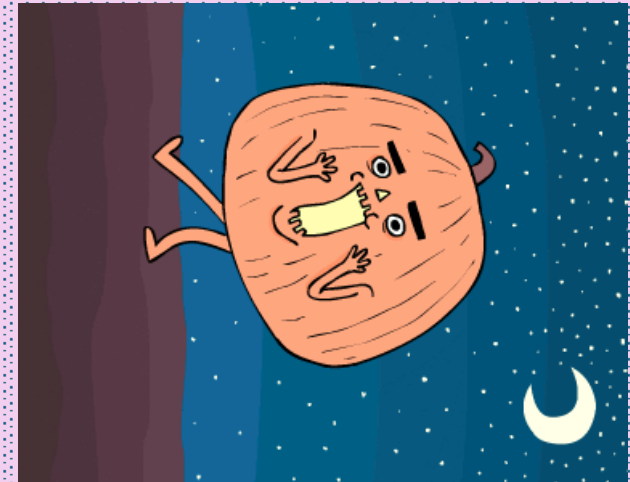


Big and his friends in
the deep dark of
night,
Grabbed Cummins
Pumpkins left and
right!





They rolled them upside down and on
their side,
Curly Big felt a tidal wave of pride,



That he could pick with a lot of outs and
ins,

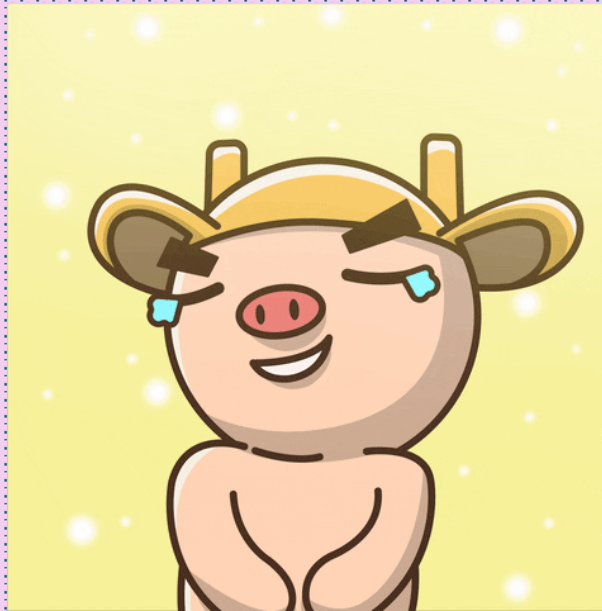
The finest of David Cummins Pumpkins.





One pumpkin patch night they got a
surprise,

They couldn't trust their noses or their
eyes,



They squealed for the neighborhood to hear,
Picky Curly Tail Big sighed, “Oh dear!”

“Stop eating my pumpkins,” a loud voice snapped.

David Cummins waved a net and his night cap!



“Listen to what I say and don’t be dense,
Tomorrow I plan to put up a fence,”



“If you don’t want to cause any more harm,
Turn around and hurry back to your barn!”



He turned back to his Octagon house door,
“I have nothing else to say, northing more!”





The back door had almost slammed to a close
When a pumpkin hit him smack in the nose.



While wiping a pumpkin pieces from his eye,
David Cummins frowned and sighed a deep
sigh,



“Pick up the pieces,” he told Curley Big,
“I can tell that you’re a particular pig!”

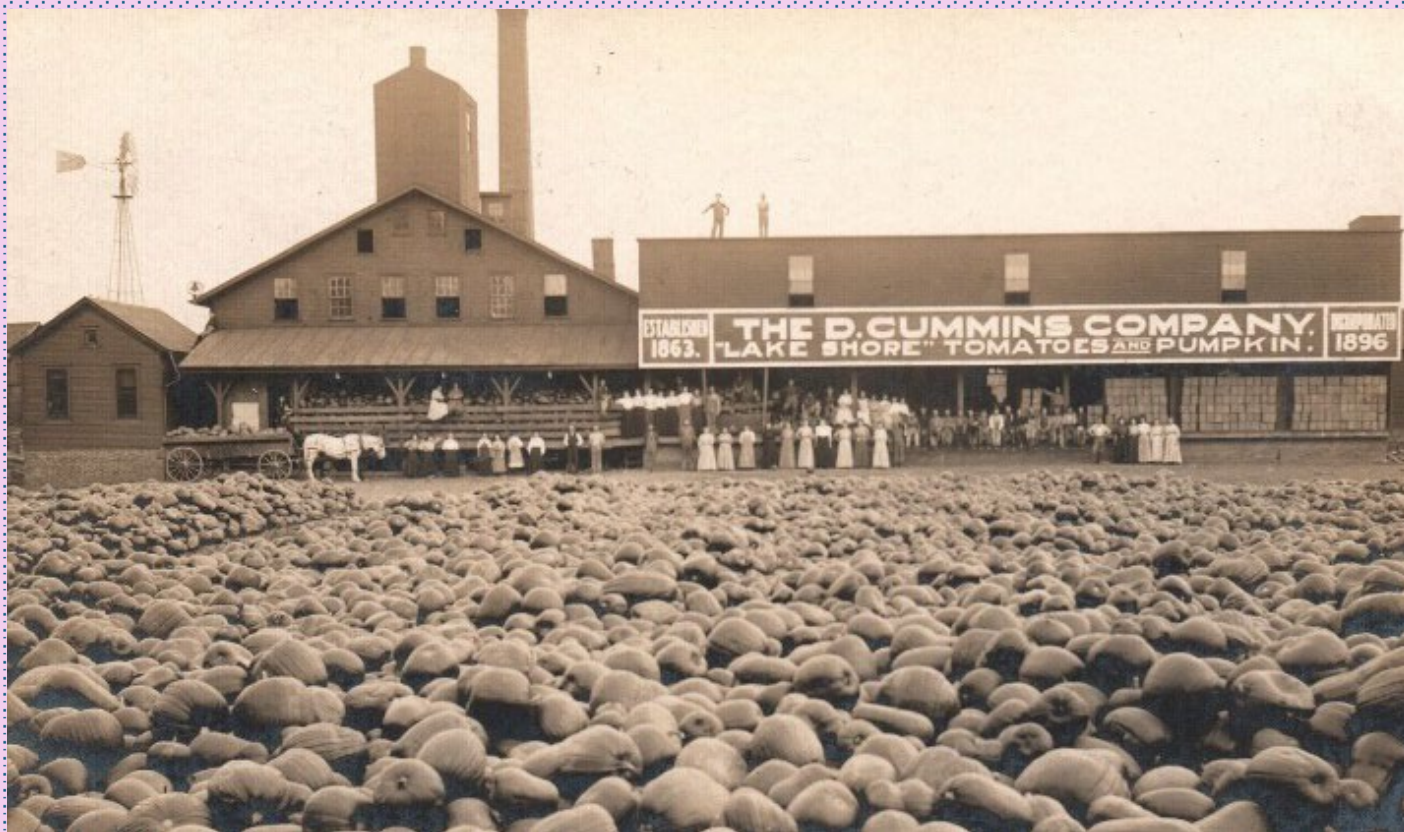
“Give me the pieces, I tell you no lie,
I will give you the world’s best pumpkin pie.”



Soon Picky Big smelled something
breathtaking,
The spiciness of pumpkin pie baking.
David Cummins came pumpkin pies in hand
“Smell the cinnamon, aren’t these pies just
grand?”



“Taste this, you picky Big Curly Tail,
My pumpkins make the best pie, no fail
I grow pumpkins that are the very best,
I sell and send them north, south, east, and west.”



“Tell me before you leave, don’t lie a bit,
That pumpkin, are you the one who threw
it?”



Big blinked. “I think smashing is a sin,
I would rather eat than throw a pumpkin!”



David Cummins said,
"Well let me see,
Here's how you can make this up to me,"



“You will work for me, if you don’t say no,
I’ll give you a pumpkin pie when you go.”





“You’ll put pumpkins in the washing tubs,
You’ll pat them dry with soft cloth rubs,”

Curley washed pumpkins with friends and
alone,

He patted pumpkins dry as a wish bone



Curley Tail Big has watched many years go by,
He is still patting pumpkins for his pie!



After many gardening seasons,
Of flowers and vegetable denizens,
And other seasons of gardening slack,
It is time to bring Cummins Pumpkins back.
And grow some Cummins tomatoes as well,
To offer for donations, not to sell.



So come and visit us, follow along,
Watch our pumpkins and tomatoes
grow strong,
And if you keep your eyes open wide,
Curly Big might be your tour guide!



