

**We Love This Small Town**  
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By Kim Cross

Take an unforgettable trip to Leipers Fork, Tennessee, for the whimsical charm and friendly folks.

Some people visit this town to meet the man in the silver shoes. Others come to buy something special. Many make the drive to watch movies at the Lawnchair Theater. Even more come to join a hootenanny hoedown with a frenzy of buck-dancing and bluegrass.

You don't need a reason to visit Leipers Fork, a small town along the Natchez Trace Parkway about 30 miles south of Nashville. You'll find one.

**Come To Shop, But Stay To Chat**

If you come for the shopping in this village, you won't be disappointed. These stores outshine big-city boutiques.

At the Leiper's Creek Gallery, Lisa Fox shares the tales behind locally inspired art. Across the street in Sérénité Maison, meet Alex Cirimelli. She scours the flea markets in Paris for antique chandeliers and other gems.

Then call Greg Murry for an appointment ([615] 791-1747), and check out his exquisite handcrafted and hand-carved black-powder flintlock rifles.

**The Man in the Silver Shoes**

Whatever you do, don't miss the chance to meet Uncle Lester. The man in the silver shoes is a retired hardware store clerk who dresses in overalls and a ball cap. Uncle Lester becomes a local celebrity when he buck-dances for tourists at lunch at Puckett's Grocery & Restaurant. If you're lucky, he may invite you to two-step. "You haven't lived until you've seen Uncle Lester dance," says local Marty Hunt.

**Is That the General Lee?**

Pop into Puckett's Grocery, and ask where you can find Marty and Bruce Hunt. Marty is the town's "Unofficial Mayor." The Hunts will laugh and tell you stories all day—some true, some tall—about Leipers Fork.

If you see a replica of the General Lee parked outside Puckett's Grocery, it's safe to assume the sheriff's car isn't far away. Both vehicles belong to Aubrey Preston, the young grand Pooh-Bah of Leipers Fork. From time to time, his pals Mike "Goose" Davis and Larry "The Sheriff" Montgomery will stage chases across green fields.

Outsiders often call this town "The Real Mayberry." It reminds us more of the fictional town in the magical movie *Big Fish*. It's so strangely perfect, and perfectly strange, we expected that when we went back to find it, we'd discover it was just a dream. –

*Bibliography for "We Love This Small Town"*  
Cross, Kim "[We Love This Small Town](#)". *Southern Living*. Jul 2006.

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