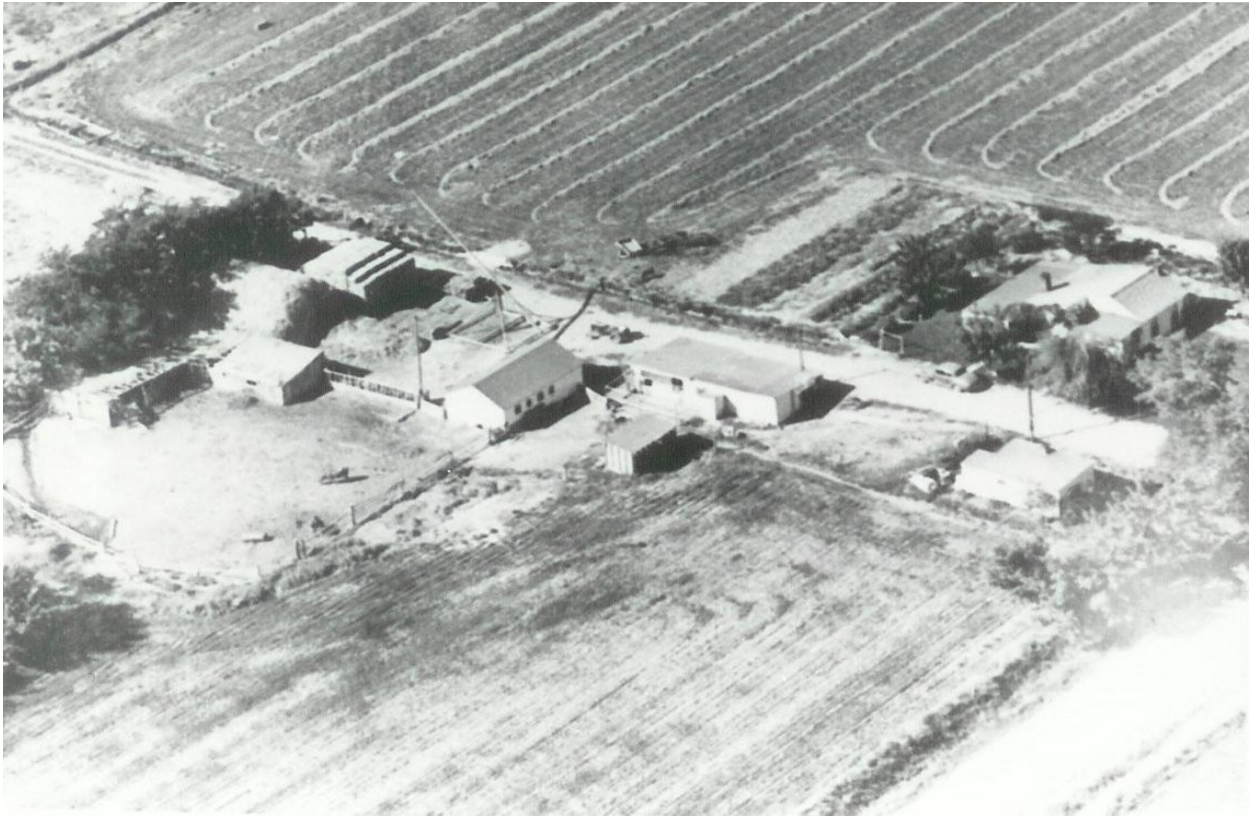


## Chapter 9 Still A Kid on the Farm



*Our house and farm*

Besides the crops, we also raised livestock, cows, horses, pigs and chickens. Myron had rabbits and a goat named “Old Nellie”. There were also cats and dogs. Tootles is the dog that grew up with Myron and Gerald.

We had great names for the cows and horses, the pigs and chickens were left out because they were too numerous to name. It was always an exciting time when a new little calf, a baby colt, or a litter of squealing pink nosed curly tailed pigs were born. Our new little chicks would arrive in the mail, most years they ordered a hundred at a time and housed them in a warm brooder to grow up. I loved to hold those tiny bundles of fluff to my cheek.

When the horses were not in harness and working in the fields, they were bridled and being rode by two or three kids. Old gray “Prince” was the most gentle loving horse on the farm. He did not care how many kids piled on his back and would never go faster

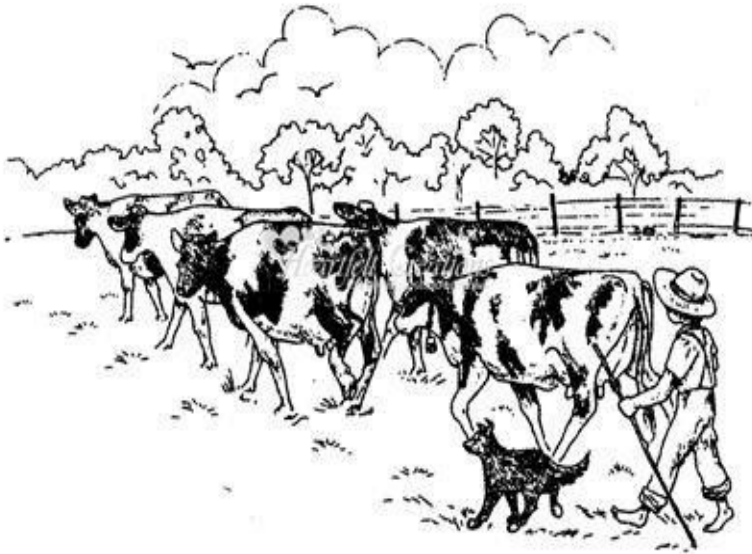
than a slow trot. He would spook easy and jump sideways, most likely dumping his load. (It was a long ways down when we were small.) Sorry old Prince would not move a foot until we were up and out of the way. We would lead him back over to a pole fence or hay wagon so we could get back onto is back. It was a sad day when his days were done and his last trip was to the glue factory.

The cows were at home in the pasture next to the river during the summer months. They were brought up in the evenings for the night milking and would stay in the corral over night. They were milked again in the morning, then taken back to



*The pasture down by the river*

the pasture for grazing all day. I did not have to milk, but I could a little. Myron could really milk the cows fast. He could hit a cat's open mouth clear across the barn and a sister if one happened to walk into the barn.



It was always fun to go to the pasture for the cows. We had to go the fourth mile to the railroad tracks and highway. It took at least two of us to handle this job. One would have to go ahead and if cars were coming hold back the herd, it was not easy because they would get excited when

they got near and run. The gate had to be opened and closed again behind them. It wasn't that great taking them in the mornings, but what fun we had going after them.

There was so many fun things in that pasture to explore. There were springs of sparkling pure water coming out the side of the hill, pure enough to drink. Watercress grew near its banks. Daddy loved a good watercress and butter sandwich, me too. The water from the spring flowed into a creek that meandered toward the river. Just before reaching the rushing river, it tumbled down a waterfall, splashing its way into the river. The sloughs took up much territory in the pasture. They were full of frogs, tadpoles, tall cat-tail, and all kinds of birds.

There were the two mysterious caves in the side of the hill, one was much bigger than the other. They really weren't caves, but that is what we called them. Daddy would tell us tall tales of spotting giant footprints in the larger one. We knew he was just joshing, but still felt a little anxiety while playing in it. It was a great place to build a fire to warm up while ice skating on the slough in the winter. Lorna and Kenneth Turner now own the place.



Another fun and mysterious place on our farm was the willow patch located at the far west side of the farm. It was thick with willows and home to different kinds of birds and small animals. The willows were so thick towards the middle with narrow winding crisscrossing paths that were spooky to small adventurers. The willows made great wiener roasting sticks but best of all our Dad could make the best willow whistles in all the world.

We used to play in the old barn a lot. It had a straw roof, and was quit cool in the summer. Every year at wheat harvest the barn would get a new roof. The straw was an excellent place for sparrows to burrow in and build their nests inside of the barn. Myron was not afraid to put his hands in the nests and get out the eggs, or baby birds for us to play with. Daddy did not object because the birds were so numerous they would eat the feed he put out for the cattle. It was also fun playing hide-and seek in the cow mangers. Daddy kept the barn clean for the milking of the cows.

One April Fools Day, I decided to play an April fools joke on Daddy. He was irrigating way out by the willow patch. I got Lorna to go along with me and we walked out where he was working and I told him the insurance man was there to see him. He left his shovel and walked back to the house with us. Soon as we got close to the house. We yelled, "April Fool!" He did not take that joke one bit lightly. He had every reason to beat the tar out of us, it is a wonder that he didn't.

I didn't like the color of my hair, so one day, and it wasn't April Fools day either, I bought some Henna Hair Coloring and and put it on my hair. Oh my gosh! Instead of the pretty red that I had hoped for. It was bright orange! Aunt Jeanette came a day or two later and took one look at me and said, "What in the world did you do to your hair"? I was so glad it was summer and it would fade out before school started. I never tried that again.



The Fourth of July was a day of days, better than birthdays. It meant homemade ice cream and ice cold watermelon. We worked real hard to have the beets thinned by then. No matter what, we always celebrated the 4<sup>th</sup>. Almost always with some of the relatives or the Goochs, some times both. It would be our first trip to the mountains, Howell Canyon and Lake Cleveland south of Burley or to Bostetter in the mountains south of Oakley. We would be back in time to park on the Burley hill to watch with excitement the fireworks display set off at the Burley Airport after dark. After getting home we would set off our own fireworks, mostly sparklers and small firecrackers, and sleep out under the stars.

When summer was ending and the wheat fields were ripe with golden grain we knew that threshing time was near. The big old monster threshing machine would rumble in next to our barn. The farmers gathered from around the neighborhood with their horses and wagons. As the first wagon load of grain shocks moved in next to the threshing machine the old steam engine would throttle down with a chug and a hiss, not

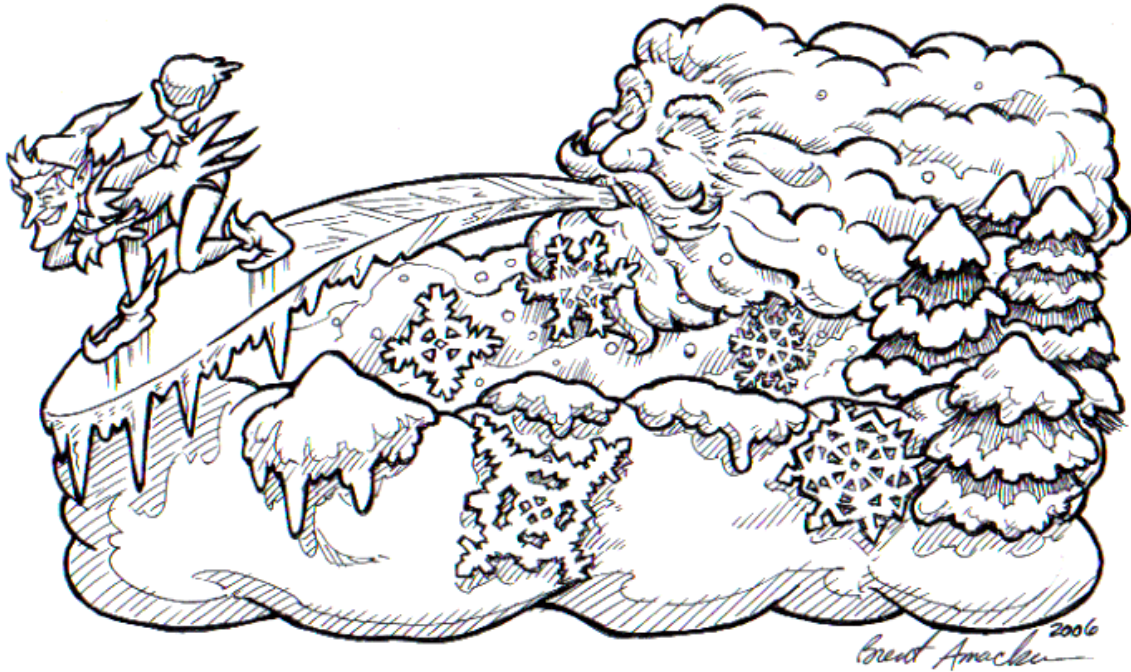


*The threshing machine that came to our farm looked very much like this.*

stopping until dinnertime. What fun it was to romp in that fresh clean straw digging out tunnels beneath the stack, climb on top and slide down, being covered from head to toe in new straw. It was not so fun combing all that fine chaff out of our hair when bedtime came.

As we girls got older we had to help with the cooking and serving for the crew. When they were finished with our grain, the whole crew, threshing machine, and all would move on to the next farm. Oh what joy of being a kid on the farm---sometimes.

It is hard to believe it now, but I loved the wintertime. We had severe winters with a lot of snow most every year. We would be drifted in sometimes weeks at a time. It was a big relief to the folks when the snow plow would finally come through. I did not mind missing school. No matter how cold it was, it was never too cold to bundle up and build snowmen, snow forts and even snow houses. Winter was the time for playing fox and geese, making snow angels, and having snowball fights and ice skating. The sloughs in the pasture and the canals made marvelous skating rinks. Kids would come for miles to



*Jack Frost (no relation)*

skate in our pasture. I could never stand up on clamp on ice skates. I would just slippery slide across the ice in my boots.

I loved the long slender icicles hanging from the roofs, undisturbed snow, trees dressed in their lovely white lace gowns, and Jack Frost's most beautiful intricate etchings on all of our windows.

Mother would hang out the clothes to dry and they would freeze on the lines almost instantly. One year I was blinded by the bright snow and was afraid I would never see again. Mother put packs over my eyes until it too, passed. Some years the drifts would be as high as the hay stacks. Oh the beauty to behold. I long for that beauty each year but not the cold. Now we get the cold but not the beauty!

One day, Mother and Daddy came to school at lunchtime and took me to Dayley's Shoe Store to buy me a new pair of shoes. School was only three blocks away so they sent me back by myself. I was so proud and happy with my new shoes. I ran across the street only looking at my new shoes. A car hit me and knocked me down. I jumped up

and went on to school leaving a very frightened, shook up driver. I did not tell anyone about that. I knew I was wrong and did not want a scolding.

There was another time I had a run in with a car. I had spent the afternoon playing with Marjorie Bunn at her home over on the Burley Hill two and a quarter miles from us. On my way home I was happily skipping down the middle of the gravel road oblivious to the fact that there were other people in this world. A car horn sounded. I was so shocked at the reality that there was someone else in this world beside me, and I was in their way. I started to run one way and then the other. Results! A fall right in the middle of that gravel road in front of Mrs. Reynolds car. It just had to be funny but not to me. She got out and picked me up, brushed me off and took me home.

Mother and Daddy were very strict with us. We dared not ever to sass or talk back to them. They would not permit fighting or quarreling but we did our share behind their backs, but we usually got caught and were punished. Daddy's razor strap was a hanging reminder to us, he seldom used it on us and never really hurt us, we just thought it hurt. Although Mother and Daddy were strict with us, we knew they loved us and being strict was for our own good.

Daddy loved to tickle us to hear our laughter, but sometimes he would tickle me until I couldn't laugh any more. I guess he didn't realize when enough was enough. He also was a big tease, worse than my Grandpa Dayley, I think . No, No one could beat Grandpa when it came to teasing. They were very kind and always put our needs above their own. There were times that I did not think I was loved. They did not show a lot of affection. With so many of us children, it must have been very hard for them to give the attention that we each needed. All though Daddy was very affectionate with our Mother. From Daddy's diary, "haven't got anything to do right now, so I guess I'll go tease Mom and the girl's."

Once he gave me a spanking for something, I don't even remember what I did to deserve it, but I did something or I wouldn't have been punished. That night after I had gone to bed he came in and talked to me about why he had to punish me and how sad it made him. I remember tears in his eyes. He was very softhearted.

Daddy read good books to us in the evenings. He also sang and yodeled as he strummed his beloved guitar. He later sold it for something we kids needed. He had a very nice singing voice.

Whenever something new or important came to town, Daddy made sure if at all possible we kids would see it. Once they took us to the Burley Airport to see a parachute exhibition. At another time, us older kids got to ride in Admiral Byrd's polar explorer plane.



*Admiral Byrd's polar explorer*

While we were growing up airplanes were not very common in the skies at that time. Every time one happened to fly over, everyone of us would run outside yelling, "Plane! Plane! Plane!" pointing at it as it flew by. They didn't fly very high in those early days. Very exciting!



*The blue and silver LMS Coronation.*

Another time in 1939 Daddy took us out of school to take us to see a streamline train that was passing through town. It was the LMS Coronation from England. It had been brought to the United States by ship and was making a cross county tour on its way to the New York World's Fair.

One night they took us to look at the stars through a telescope. They took us to see the circus two or three different years. I do remember the thrill of all the acts but I got a biggest thrill out of the circus parades.