

## **Grandma Nelda – DISK 1**

First of all, I'd like to tell you that I'm real happy to be who I am. I'm glad that I'm Nelda Tanner Spencer and I'll tell you why. Because my parents and my grandparents were good, honest, hardworking people and they were good Latter-day Saints. And they taught their children to be good Latter-day Saints. And so I'm really happy to be Nelda Tanner Spencer. And I'm real happy to be Nelda Spencer now because your grandpa is a good, honest, hardworking Latter-day Saint and he has taken good care of our family and made me proud to be his wife.

I'd like to tell you something about my grandparents because, see you don't know them. A long, long time ago before even the church was first organized there was a man who came from England. His name was John Tanner. And he lived in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. He came to the United States about the time that Roger Williams did. Now Roger Williams was a great Baptist minister. He was head of the Baptist church here in the United States. And John Tanner was also a Baptist and was a very religious man. He knew the Bible very well, In fact, he based all of his beliefs on what he read in the King James version of the Bible.

The Tanner family, when they lived in England, were what they called landed gentry. That means that they had a lot of land and they hired people to work for them. And they were quite well-to-do. They had money and were very well respected and when they came to the United States why, that seemed to be their lot too. They acquired a lot of land and when John Tanner was (the son John Tanner was) about 12 years old his parent moved to a place called Bolton, New York.

Now Bolton, New York was in western New York and it was on the shores of a beautiful lake called Lake George. And if you went to New York now, why you could go and visit this beautiful lake. And they had a lot of land all around Lake George. And they raised a lot of horses and had a lot of land and they were well-to-do farmers.

Well, John Tanner married a woman and they had just one child and then she died. And then he married another woman and they had 12 children. Well, when he was about 40 years old or 45 years old, why he got some sores all on his leg, on his left leg. From his hip down his leg was just covered with big, black sores. And it got so that he couldn't walk and so they had him built kind of like a wheel chair so he could put his leg up on it and could rest his leg.

And he had doctors from New York City and all around come to see if they could treat his leg, see if they could get his leg better. And all the doctors said, no they didn't think that they could ever cure his leg that maybe he'd have to have his leg cut off. Well, so he went around for six months in this chair with his leg up. Well, one day somebody came by and told him that there was two missionaries that were preaching nearby and that they were preaching a very strange doctrine. And John Tanner, all at once, he thought, "I've got to go and hear those men preach because if they're preaching things that are not true then I've got to tell them, to have them stop preaching".

And so when it came time for the meeting why, John Tanner had them push him to the meeting. And they pushed him right up to the front so he could hear everything they said. These missionaries, I think must have been brothers because their names were Simeon and Jared Carter. Well, they talked and John Tanner listened and he didn't find anything wrong with what they said. Everything

they said, why the Holy Ghost told him that it was true. And when the meeting was over he called for attention that he wanted to say something and he told the people, he said, "You believe what these two men are telling you because they are speaking the word of God". And they were teaching him about Mormonism.

Well, after the meeting was over, why John Tanner invited Simeon and Jared Carter to go home with him and stay all night. And so when they got home, why they talked and they talked and they talked. And finally John Tanner said, "I would like to be baptized, but how can I be baptized with this leg as sore as it is?" And the missionaries said, "Well Mr. Tanner, do you believe that Jesus healed the lame man when he was on the earth?" And he said, "Yes, I believe that. It tells that in the Bible so I believe it." And he said, "Well, he can do the same now." And so they gave John Tanner a blessing and they said, "In the name of Jesus Christ rise up and walk."

And John Tanner got out of his wheelchair and he walked across the floor and he walked back and he walked back across the floor again. And he said, "I'm healed." And so then he wanted to be baptized the next day. And they wanted to take him in his wheelchair to the place where they were going to baptize him. I guess it was in Lake George. Anyway, he walked. It was about a mile and he walked there and was baptized. And that's how the Tanner family came into the church.

Well, as time went on John Tanner wanted so badly to go to Kirtland, Ohio because there's where the prophet was and there's where the saints were gathering. And so he sold his property there in Bolton, New York and sent his sons ahead and then finally all the family moved to Kirkland. And there, why the land that the prophet Joseph Smith had wanted to buy to build a temple on, had a mortgage on it. And you see, John Tanner had a lot of money and so he said, "Well, I'll pay off the mortgage on the land, on the property where the temple's going to be built." And so he gave the prophet money and that's what they did.

And one day when he met the prophet on the street, the prophet said, "Well, now we've got to take care of that debt that we owe you." And John Tanner said, "Well, where's the mortgage paper?" And the prophet pulled it out of his pocket and John Tanner tore it up so that he just gave the money to the church. And in the history, another time he loaned them \$13,000 and another time \$30,000. And you know, he spent nearly everything, all his money he had to help the saints.

Then the saints had to move from Kirtland to Nauvoo. And when they were in Nauvoo, why he helped the saints get their wagons and their horses. There were lots of people that wanted to cross the plains, but they couldn't because they didn't have any horses, they didn't have any wagons. But John Tanner had money so he'd buy wagons and horses and buy flour and sugar and salt and beans, and all the things that some of the poorer people needed so they could have a wagon to cross the plains. And you've seen how the pioneers crossed plains haven't you?

Well, he helped when the saints were driven out of Nauvoo, why then he came to Salt Lake City. And it was his family's assignment; I guess you'd call it to go ahead. And they would go ahead and he had a lot of big boys, and they'd go ahead and they'd plant wheat and gardens and get them ready so that when the saints come along later they would have food to eat. And he did that when he was crossing the plains. And they lived up in South Salt Lake kind of I guess in about the same area as

your Grandma Clark lives out around the Cottonwood area. It was called Cottonwood. And there's where they, the Tanners, all settled.

Well, John Tanner and his boys, two of them, were members of Zion's Camp. And they were chosen because they were such good members of the church because only good members of the church were chosen to go to Zion's camp. And they suffered all the persecutions and the hardships that the other saints did. But they came to Salt Lake and later my grandfather came to Payson. And there's where I was born.

Now, I'd like to tell you a little bit about, something about my other grandparents. See, my mother's name was Winward before she was Tanner and they lived in England. So both my great-grandparents came from England. Well, there was five children in the family. There was some girls and there were two boys. Well, when the missionaries went to England to preach they converted my great-grandfather Winward and his family. And later they all wanted to come to Utah so bad and be with the saints. And my great-grandfather said, "Well, I'll go and I'll take my two little boys." Their names were Peter and William. He said, "I'll take these two little boys and I'll go to the United States and when I get some land and a house and a place for the rest of the family, I'll send for you."

Well, he did and they came to Nauvoo and were there with the saints. And we don't have a lot about them, but one day why the prophet Joseph Smith came to where my grandfather was living and he needed to have the gate opened. And so my grandfather ran and opened the gate for the prophet Joseph Smith. And when he went through the gate why, the prophet leaned over and put his hand on my grandfather's head and said, "Sonny, as long as you keep the commandments of the church your family and your posterity will never want for bread."

And then my great-grandfather, the father of these two little boys died. And these little boys was here in the United States and their mother was in England. And they were little orphans you might say. And so they had to go live with good people that would take them in, but they didn't live together. William went to live with one family and Peter went to live with another family. And they had a hard life and they didn't get to see each other very often.

But anyway, my grandfather came and finally landed up with some people by the name of Shumways in Payson. By that time he had grown up and one night he went to a dance and he was standing along the sidelines watching the people come into the dance and he saw a pretty girl come in with some other girls and they were laughing and talking. And he said to himself, "That's the girl I'm going to marry". And her name was LuCinda Bingham. And they got acquainted and about six weeks after that why, they got married. And they lived in Payson.

And you know, my grandfather Tanner lived on one corner, on we call Utah Avenue in Payson. And then about three blocks east on another corner was where my grandfather Winward and his family lived. And so my mother and father grew up almost in the same neighborhood. And they went to the same school and you know my father was such a good boy. He was quiet and he was shy and he minded the teacher and he got his lessons good and so sometimes the teachers, they thought he was a teacher's pet.

Do you know what a teacher's pet is? There seems to be one student that always was so good that the teachers seem to never had to scold him. Well, my father was that kind of a good, good boy. And my mother, she was full of fun, full of life, and she liked to giggle and talk and laugh. And so when the teacher, he'd give my father what was called a slate. I wish I had one to show you. It's kind of like the blackboard you have in school and it's about, the one I've seen is about as big as that piece of paper.

And you wrote on it with a piece of chalk. And it was not big chalk like you use to school now, but it was smaller and he would write on this slate all the names of the kids that talked in school that day. Well, my mother's name was always on the list. And my mother didn't like Fred Tanner, oh she just hated him because every day her name was on that list that he put on there because she giggled and talked out in school.

And so she'd have to stay in school at night and on her slate she'd have to write verses, sentences, and spelling words and oh, she just didn't like Fred Tanner. And she and her friends said they just hated Fred Tanner. My mother said, "Someday I'm going to get even with him. I'll show him." Well, when she grew up she married him. And she said she spent her life getting even with him for writing her name on the slate in school when she was a little girl.

So after my father came home from his mission, why they got married. And you know, your daddy when he went on his mission, he was gone for two years. Well, my father when he went on his mission, he was gone for more than three years. And he went down to Florida on a mission and worked in about the same area that grandpa and I did the last part that we were on our mission.

And you know before my mother would, they got married you know what my father did? He went up to the canyon and worked in the saw mill where they cut boards and lumber and he earned a lot of money to buy brick with and so before they got married why he built a house for them to live in. And it was a nice two-story house. It wasn't all furnished, but it had, they could live in this house. And you know, all of their children was born in that house.

Would you like me to tell you something about grandpa and grandma when they got married? I think that you'll laugh at this and think this is funny. Well, they had to go to Salt Lake to the Salt Lake temple to be married. And of course, you know my mother, she was all excited about getting married and didn't know what she'd need to take to go to the temple. And so she packed her suitcase and they went up to Salt Lake. And the day they went to the temple it was the 2<sup>nd</sup> of January 1901. And do you know who else got married that day? President McKay and his wife got married the very same day. And they only had one session so they would have had to get married the same session.

Well, my mother was in the dressing room getting dressed and she didn't know what to put on. She had her temple clothes, but no one was there to help her. She didn't know what to put on. So she was getting her temple clothes on and a lady came along and she said, "Are you ready?" And mama said, "No, I don't know what to put on." And she said, "Well, put on your wedding dress." My mother said, "I haven't got one. I didn't bring it." And she said, "Well, what have you got?" And then she

came in the dressing room where my mother was and began to look through her suitcase and there was no wedding dress.

There were her temple clothes, a robe, and all this, but no dress. And in those days, why they didn't have dresses that you could rent but in the suitcase was a pretty nightgown. And it was all trimmed with lace and long sleeves. And she said, "Put this on." And my mother said, "That's my nightgown." And she said "Well, you've got to have something to put on. So put it on." So she put on her nightgown. But in the suitcase was the sash, the veil that went to her wedding dress and it had mother of pearl sequins all on the veil so it was a really pretty veil. So they put that on and my mother went out where all the other girls were with their pretty wedding dresses and she had her nightgown on.

How would you feel? And she was so embarrassed and everyone turned around to look to see who was late coming into the session. They all turned around and looked and she was so embarrassed. When she got her robe on and the temple apron and things, why it didn't look like a nightgown. Well, anyway do you know what my father said afterwards? He said to her, she was felling so bad to think that she'd got married in her nightgown and he said, "You were the prettiest one of all." And he didn't notice that she had her nightgown on. But that was her experience on her wedding day.

Well anyway, when they came back to Payson, when they got home my mother had worked for a lady who made hats and she had worked and she lots of quilts and dishes and silverware and had lots of things for them to start to keep house with. And so they moved into their new home and didn't have only just one or two rooms that they could live in. But anyway, they could live in their own house and the only time that she had – that was the first time that she had gone into that house. She was embarrassed.

She was 25 years old, but she was afraid, embarrassed to tell papa how she'd like that house built. They'd talk about it you know to themselves, but she wouldn't go down into that neighborhood and see the house until she went down there when she was married to him. That seems so silly, but girls are different then then they are now and so she was embarrassed about going down. But anyway, why they had a nice two-story house and I think that we've taken you by it when we've taken you to Payson and shown it to you. If you haven't, why the next time you go up, why you ask your daddy to take you by and see the house where I was born. It looks quite a lot the same now, but they have changed some windows and changed a few things.

Well, I had a sister Inez and her name was Inez LuCinda. And she was named LuCinda because that was my grandmother Winward's name. And then I had a brother and his name was Winward. Winward Fred and he was named after my father. But the name Winward was my mother's name before she was married. So I was the third child in the family. Now who's the third child in your family? Well, I had the same place in the family that Clark has. And I was named after my grandmother Tanner. Her name was Clarissa Jane and they gave me the name of Jane, Nelda Jane. And you know how I got the name Nelda? It was my mother's favorite name and she said, "If I have a girl, her name is going to be Nelda. If she isn't, if the baby comes and it's a boy, his name will be Neldan."

Well my Aunt Mary, my mother's sister, was going to have a baby too. And she thought those were two of the prettiest names. And so she had her baby first and it was a boy and he was named Neldan. Well, my mother didn't know what to do. But when I came along, she named me Nelda Jane anyway. And she was kind of put out at her sister because her sister had taken the name that she wanted if I'd been a boy.

Well anyway, I can only remember a few things when I was a real little girl. I remember once going to Salt Lake on the train with my mother to visit her two sisters that lived up there (Aunt Ella and Aunt Iva) and we got up there and we stayed a week or ten days. And when my mother said it was time for us to come home, they said, "Oh, please don't go home. You don't have to go home. Stay up a few more days." And my mother said, "No, I've stayed long enough. I've got to go home."

And so we went down to the train and got on. And pretty soon, the conductor came along and my mother looked in her purse to get her ticket and there wasn't a ticket there in her purse. And you know what had happened? Her sisters had taken the ticket out of her purse thinking that if she couldn't find her ticket, she wouldn't go home. But the train had started and we were on our way home and there was no ticket. I remember how excited my mother was and we wondered what we were going to do and the conductor said, "Well, you can pay me....". My mother spent all her money. She didn't have any money to buy another ticket with.

So I guess when we got to Payson, my father paid the conductor. I don't know, but I remember how excited my mother was because she didn't have a ticket. Well, I remember the day we got home. I don't know how old I was, but I had a kitten and the kitten, I got so lonesome when I'd been in Salt Lake to see my kitten. And I took her around on the north side of the house, sat down next to the house with my kitten, and I cried and cried. I was so excited to see my kitten.

And that was one of the things I can remember when I was a really little girl, but there was something I should have told you about when I was born. I told you that all my mother's children were born in this house. And they didn't have a doctor in those days, they had a woman that was called a mid-wife come and help deliver the baby. Well, there was a lady by the name of Mrs. Kuntz. And she would go around to all the women that was going to have a baby and deliver the baby and then she'd come every day and wash the baby and change the mother's bed and take care of things for an hour or so around the house.

Well one day when I guess I was a few days old, I don't know exactly, but there was a big storm. And oh, it must have rained hard. Well, it was too rainy for Mrs. Kuntz to walk. She had to walk, oh five or six blocks. She lived down by Liberty Street. Well anyway, my father had to take a horse and get on his horse and go down and get Mrs. Kuntz to come and give me a bath and take care of my mother - make her bed and clean her up and help her. Well, while my father was gone to get Mrs. Kuntz, a big flood came. A dam had broken up in the canyon. And a big flood came. Do you know what a flood is?

Water just came and washed and it filled all the ditches. And it just come down through town. And it wasn't a flood when my father went to get Mrs. Kuntz, but it was raining so hard there was so much water that she couldn't walk. Well, my sister Inez, she was excited about the rain and I guess she

knew some way that there was a big flood coming down the main street that was just a block from us. Like over here on this next street see. And so she went up to see what was going on and my mother was in bed and she couldn't go get her (and she was about six years old). Well, she went up on the corner and there was a lot of people up there.

You know, the flood had gone right through the stores. No, just on through and in their show cases and things; it had just washed a lot of their stuff: laces and braid and ribbons and safety pins and combs and barrettes, and a lot of things like that. Little things that were on display: cards and garters and things like that. It had washed them right out of the store and down the street. And that's what my sister had gone up to see. The kids and other people were up there picking up stuff. My father was down to get the midwife and my mother couldn't get out of bed to go find Inez. She was just so worried. When my father came home, he went down to find Inez. And she had her hands full of things that had washed out of the store – little necklaces and things like that that the kids had picked up. That was one of the things that happened when my mother was in bed with me when I was a baby. The mothers then didn't stay in bed two or three days like they do now. They stayed in bed sometimes for two weeks and three weeks and like that. So she didn't think she could get up out of bed and go find Inez and so that was something that happened when I just a tiny baby.

And I was going to tell you about some of my playmates. We lived in a neighborhood a lot like yours and there was houses all around that had children. And it seemed like to me there was a playmate for everyone in our family. Somebody else had children just our age. So my sister Inez had friends, my brother Winward had friends, and I had friends, and then my younger sisters and brother had friends too. We used to have such good times. My favorite friend was a girl by the name of Lillian Tipton and she lived across the road. And her parents weren't members of the church; they were Presbyterians. But she was such a good friend and we got along so well and had such good times together. We'd go to school together and she couldn't go to primary with me or to Sunday school with me.

But we played together every day and when I got a little older sometimes I'd go to church with her and I thought their church was so funny, so different than ours. But she was my favorite friend. Then across the road the other way, there was a girl that was older than I was and she was bossy. But she had a younger brother. Her name was Faye, Faye Baddom. We used to call her Faye bad hand because that was the way it was spelled and it would make her mad. But she had a brother that was just my age and his name was Ted. And Ted was such a good friend and he used to say that I was his girlfriend; when he got big he was going to marry me. And I can remember how embarrassed I was when I was in first grade.

I guess I was one of the best readers in the room because when the teacher would take another group of children down to read in the corner into a reading circle, she'd have me stay up with the rest of the children. I guess I was kind of like my father. But anyway I seemed to know the words in the readers, in the books and so she'd tell me to go up and help the other children learn how to read. Have you ever done that? Well anyway, that's what I did and Ted would always move over and want me to sit by him. And he'd keep asking me words. I think he knew the words, but he wanted me to come sit by him. And do you know what he said to me one day that embarrassed me and I wouldn't ever sit by him again? He said that he liked me, that I was his girlfriend, and he was going

to buy me a pair of golden corsets? Do you know what corsets are? They're an elastic girdle that women wear only they lace them all up tight so they make their waist little and pull in their hips and their stomachs. And he said he was going to buy me a pair of golden corsets. And then I wouldn't sit by him anymore. I was embarrassed because he told me that.

And then another time that I remember, it was just a little one room school just a block from our place where they had first grade. And there's where I went. And my teacher's name was Miss Finelson. And oh, she was such a pretty lady and you know she always smelled so good. I used to like to stand close by her and smell the perfume she had on because she always smelled so good. And I liked her. And one day when I was reading, she came along and she said, "What's that on the back of your neck?" And I said, "I don't know." And there was a lump on there. She said, "You run home and show it to your mother." And I just had to go about a block. And I ran home and it was a wood tick. My mother had to get some turpentine and get the wood tick out. And I can remember her telling me that.

And I can remember some of the games we used to play. We used to play jump, jump, jump good Jenny crawl, and London Bridge is falling down. And what are some of the other little games that we used to play? And I can just see **ourselves** out on the playground playing those games. Oh yes, we had a jumping rope and we played hopscotch and all those games.

The next year I had to walk a long, long, long ways to school, clear to the other end of the town up to the Peteetneet School. And the Peteetneet School was named after an Indian chief that had lived there in Payson Canyon when - in the early days. I'll continue to tell you about some of my friends and some of the things we did. Well, this Faye Baddom was always so bossy. Do you know anybody in your neighborhood that's kind of bossy and causes trouble? Well anyway, this girl did. She was always interrupting our play and wanting to boss us around.

And Lillian and I - they had a lot of apple trees in their yard. And so we'd make playhouses. We'd gather up all the rocks and we'd make the kitchen and we'd make a place and we'd call it the dining room and the bedrooms. And we'd get some brush and make brooms and we'd sweep all the leaves and flowers out. We kept our playhouse so clean and we'd have our little chairs and our table and everything. But, just the outline was rocks. We'd get big rocks and make the rooms and we'd have our dolls and our doll buggies, and our table and chairs and our cupboard and everything out there. And every time Faye'd come, why there'd be trouble. Ted could come and play. He could be the father and we'd get along. But when Faye'd come over why there was always trouble and she was cross eyed and sometimes she was nice and we could play with her and other times why she was always so bossy.

One day we were down to my father's field and we got to quarreling and I guess Faye and I were doing most of the quarreling and I said to her, "Faye Baddom." And she said to me, "Nelda Spencer, who is next to the biggest fool in the world." And I said, "You're the biggest. If I'm next to the biggest fool in the world, then you're the biggest." And she jumped on me and we had a fight. That's the only time I can remember having a fight, but we pulled hair and scratched and kicked and tumbled on the ground. And everybody was saying, "Hit her Nelda, hit her, hit her, hit her." You know, they were all sticking up for me. And I guess that's the reason that I remember it is because everybody was

sticking up for me and wanted me to hit this girl. That's the only time I can ever remember being in a fight. When I got home that night why, I was ashamed that I'd been in a fight, but after that we got along a little better.

And then Lillian's parents moved and built them a new home up close to town and then another girl called Evelyn, another family by the name of Reeds moved into that house and they had a girl just my age. So all the time I was growing up I had playmates right in the neighborhood that we always had a good time with. Then there was a girl that moved to town that lived up around the corner and her name was Edra Wade and she was the only child in the family. And her mother was a good seamstress and she made her such pretty clothes and kept her dressed in a pretty white pinafore. Do you know what a pinafore is? It's a white apron-like that goes over your dress. You've had them and she always wore these white pinafores.

Well, when she came over to my place, well I was just a farmer's daughter. Sometimes I had to wear pants, coveralls we called them. And that's what I had to wear because sometimes we had to do chores, had jobs to do around. I wasn't always dressed up as nice as Edna when she'd come to play and so it seems like we could go up in the barn and play all day long, for hours. When Edna would come down her pinafore would be nice and starched and white. I could never imagine how she could keep herself so clean because we'd climb over the hay and over the mangers and on the harnesses and things. But she could keep herself clean and it seemed like I couldn't. But she was a good little friend and I always felt so bad when they moved away.

Then there was another girl that lived in our neighborhood and her name was Melba Ellsworth. And her father was a dentist. And we always thought her mother was stuck up. They were good friends of my parents. We'd have Sunday dinner together and Thanksgiving dinners. But Melba had the most beautiful long brown curls and my hair was thin and scraggly. And I was always just a little bit jealous; if I was jealous of Melba because she had such beautiful, long curls. But she was fat.

I wasn't fat when I was a little girl; just kind of a little bit chubby. Anyway, why she was quite fat and she was pretty. And she had beautiful long hair and oh, I just thought it would be so nice if I could have her thick curls. Well, their mother kept them dressed up more than I was dressed up and they never could go barefooted. When they'd come over to our place to play, why we could take our shoes off and play in the sand pile, but they never could take their shoes off.

We always thought we were poor because we could go barefooted and they couldn't go barefooted so we thought they were rich. And he was a dentist and we called him Uncle Lewis. And he wasn't really our uncle, but we always called him Uncle Lewis and he was a dentist. And when I'd have a toothache at night, why he'd come over to our house just kind of across the street and put something on my tooth, something to make it feel better. And his wife was named Aunt Mary. We called them Aunt Mary and Uncle Lewis. But Melba kind of thought she was a little bit stuck up, I guess. Anyway, I didn't like to play with her as much. None of us did like to play with her as much as we did the other kids in the neighborhood.

So we had lots of friends and lots of good times. And I think I've told you about the playthings that my father had in the yard for us. My mother said she liked the children to come to her house to play

rather than for us to go somewhere else to play. Why, she'd say, "Have your friends come here." So my father was good, we had big trees in our yard. And he put up, oh, big high swings. We could just swing so high in this big swing and then we had sand piles. We had a big sand pile and then my father made us a slippery slide. And it was different than anything that I've ever seen since and I don't think I'd ever seen one first. But he built it like a slippery slide with the ladder going up and a slope down. Only I don't think it had any bumps in it like the slides do now.

And then instead of us sliding down it, he made us a little cart and it had roller skate wheels on it. And we'd climb up to the top with this cart and we'd put it on the track. It was fixed so that it ran in a track and then we had like a door latch. You know a door hook like you used to keep a door closed. You know what I mean with a hook on it? Well, we'd hook it onto the big slide and we'd sit in it. When we were ready, we'd undo the latch and down we'd scoot just real fast. And it was real fun.

And all the neighborhood kids liked to come over and play on our play things. And another thing we had was a merry-go-round; we called it a merry-go-round. My father took some old wagon wheels. You know, they were great big wagon wheels like that. And he left the axle on it and he buried the axle down in the ground so just the wheel was up and it was up about that high. And then he took a great big long ladder and he wired the ladder to this wheel. Well, kids could sit all on the rungs of the ladder on both sides that stuck out. And then we had to have somebody push us. And all the kids in the neighborhood would get sitting on the rungs of the ladder on both sides. And somebody would get in the middle. And they'd go around and around and around. When we'd be out on the end of the ladder, we had a real good ride. And we could just sit there and some of the bigger boys would push us.

And I remember one day, there was a boy named Bruce Baddom. He was Faye and Ted's older brother. And he was pushing us and he got dizzy and he got sick to his stomach. And I can remember how he laid on the grass and he'd swear. He didn't use very good language. And he said, "Oh, I'm sick" and he really was. I just remember him being sick. I think the thing I remember mostly was the bad word he said. But that was some of the playthings we had on our yard.

And we had a big yard. There were trees to climb and there was a big apple tree. We had two big apples trees out on the north side of our lot and they were called Phippen trees. They had big green apples. They were good to eat when they were green. And we'd climb up in the Phippen tree and eat the green apples. And I liked to read and so I'd go to the library and I'd get me four or five books and I'd take a cushion and I'd climb up in the apple tree and put me a cushion on the tree limb and I'd sit up there and read. And when my mother would come out to call me, why they'd say, "She's out in the apple tree". And so they'd call me out of the apple tree and stop my reading from my library book to come and do chores. No, the limb never did break, but they were big trees and all the kids liked to eat these green apples.

But across the street to Baddom's, they had a big apple tree on their corner. It was called a big sweet tree and I don't know what kind of apples they were, but they were so sweet and juicy. And they'd get yellow, but when they'd get real yellow and soft, they weren't so good to eat, but when they were just crisp, oh how we liked them. And so we'd just watch for an apple to fall because they didn't like us to climb the apple tree. So when we'd see an apple fall out of the tree, why we'd run

and get it. And one day, my brother ran over to get an apple out of the apple tree. And one of the Baddom kids said, "Why don't you pull up the tree and take it over to your house." I guess they were tired of us running and getting the big apples. They'd get quite big and they were so good. But they were good to share their apples with us and we sure liked those.

And Mrs. Baddom was a little English woman and her husband had a little grocery store uptown and so we'd go up to the grocery store, up to Henri Baddom's store to buy our meat and our groceries. And then there was another grocer on the other side of us and his name was Mr. Ferry. And he was mainly a butcher and we'd go up there to buy our meat. And one was a dentist; one of our neighbors was a dentist. Mr. Tipton had a hardware store and Mr. Baddom had a grocery store, a grocery shop.

I thought tonight that I would tell you what it was like to be a little girl when I was about your age. Things were different then then they are now as you'll see when I tell you some of these stories. And so I'm going to start tonight by telling you about some of the pets we had. It seemed like we always had a dog and the dog always looked about the same. We never had a short haired dog like Poncho was. It was always a bigger dog that had long hair sort of like a collie, but it was what they called a shepherd dog. And one dog that we had that I remember was named Old Shep. And I think he was name Shep because he was a shepherd dog. He knew how to drive cows and sheep and take care of animals.

And the other dog looked just about like Old Shep, if I remember only he had a short tail and his name was Bob. And Old Bob got his name because his tail had been bobbed off. And they liked to lay around by the back door of the house and go down to the barn where the animals were. Then we always had kittens. And I think we always had kittens because there were mice down around the granary. Do you know what a granary is for? It's to put grain in and in the fall when my father would cut the wheat in the field and the oats and the barley, why they'd store the grain in the granary. And that's a fun time that I'll tell you about a little later.

And there always were chickens. When I was about your size, the chickens just ran loose down in the yard. We had two yards, one was the upper yard where the house was and then there was a fence and then there was a big barn yard. And down there is where the chickens would go around picking the grain up off the ground and pecking around. Then later my father built a big chicken coop and we had hundreds of chickens and then they had to be penned up.

Well, while I'm talking about the chickens, I'll have to tell you about what I did when I was about Michelle's age. My mother had some crumbs or some scraps or something and she said, "Take these down to the chickens." And so I think she must have said, "Take it down to the old mother hen." because she had some baby chickens. Well, I took the plate, it was like a pie plate, and I went down into the bottom yard down to the barnyard. And oh, I saw those cute little, tiny, fluffy chickens and I wanted to pick one up. And I thought, "Now is my chance to pick up a baby chicken." So I reached over and got one of the bitty chickens and this old hen just ruffled her feathers and she began to make a nose – squawk, squawk. I don't know how she made an awful noise and she came running at me to save her baby because she thought I was going to hurt it.

And it scared me so I just took the plate and threw it. Do you know what it did? It hit the old chicken on her neck and she went crock, and killed over on the ground, flapped her wings and there she lay on the ground. And I thought I'd killed her, but all I'd done is knock the wind out of her. But I didn't stop to get the plate. I ran right back to the upper lot where I was safe from that old chicken. And I turned around and looked and she was up shaking her feathers and wobbling around, but she was all right. But I thought I'd killed her and that was a funny time that I won't forget.

And then we always had some pigs and it was lots of fun when the mother pigs had their babies because they were cute. When pigs get big they are not cute. But they are when they are little and pink. And they'd squeal around and they'd make so much noise and so then I'd have to take scraps down and put it in the pigs' trough. And a trough is a wooden – Do you know what a trough is? Well it's where we would pour the food for the pigs. And we'd go down there and we'd watch these little pigs. You didn't even want to try to pick up a baby pig because a mama pig is mean. And they would really hurt you if they got angry enough at you so we never ever did try to pick up a little pig, but we always wanted to. And I don't ever remember picking up one because I had heard a story that my father told to us when he was a young man.

They used to go over to Koosharem, over that way. And one night they stopped they said, they stopped their wagon over here to Sigurd to stay all night. And while they were sleeping in their wagon at this farmhouse, there was an accident that happened. A little child, I guess maybe like Marissa, went out and a pig killed her and chewed her to pieces so I'd hear that story and I didn't ever want to ever bother a mama pig when she had babies.

Then there was always, in the spring time there was always little calves. And they were fun to watch because they would chase around in the corral and the baby colts. So there were always animals around our house when I was a little girl and they all had to be fed. Once my father had a parrot and this parrot was in a cage under the grape arbor. And my father could get him to say, "Hello, Hello", but I never could get him to talk to me. We'd always stand around and try to get this parrot to talk. My father though, when he'd talk to it, it'd talk back. He could get him to say hello to him.

And once when my father was irrigating, you know watering the field, why floating down the ditch was a little baby gosling (a little goose, a little tiny one). And I guess it had fallen in the water or something and its mama hadn't got it and it just floated down the ditch so my father brought this little goose home, a little gosling, a baby goose. It was called a gosling. He brought it home and he kept it in a little pen and it grew and it grew and it grew. Now a goose doesn't look like these ducks down here. It has long legs and when it gets big, it has a big long neck. Well, it stayed down in the bottom lot. We always called it down there, with the other chickens. But it didn't like to stay with the chickens because it was kind of king of the barnyard so it didn't go in the chicken coop. It just stayed out around the barn and the sheds.

And when that goose got big, it was mean and my father called it Old Dick. And when he' to Old Dick and when he'd go down to do his chores why this big goose would follow around behind him. But sometimes when we'd go down there, it'd chase after us and we'd run and get up through the gate in the upper lot because we were afraid of him because he could just really peck you bad. But

finally, why my mother said she'd had enough of Old Dick; they'd have to do something about him. And so he said, "We'll have him for dinner." So my father killed him and when we had him for dinner nobody wanted to eat any of him. We just didn't want to eat Old Dick. It was like eating your friend or something, but we didn't want to eat him.

And so my mother took all the grease, all the fat, and she cooked it until it made a lot of like shortening. We called it goose grease and put it in a big can. And when it got wet weather, why my father took it, would take this goose grease and rub it on his shoes. And it would waterproof them so he could get out in the water and water wouldn't spoil his leather shoes. But it didn't smell very good. And it was good for chappy hands. When we'd get chappy hands, why my mother would say, "Well, go get some goose grease and put it on your hands." And I didn't like goose grease on my hands because it didn't smell very good. So that was the pets that I can remember that we had when I was a little girl.

When I grew up too, we seemed to have these same animals around all the time. A child's life then was different than it is now because we had chores to do. I don't remember doing many chores in the morning, but at night after school my mother would say, "Take this basket and go down and gather the eggs".

And when I was a little girl and why, when the chickens just ran around the barnyard, why we'd have to hunt for the eggs because the chickens would lay the eggs in the funniest places. Maybe one old hen would lay an egg in the corner of the manger. Do you know what a manger is? It's where they put the hay for the animals to eat so they won't scatter it all over the ground. Well, down in a corner of the manger, an old hen would make her a nest and lay an egg. Well we'd get that egg and look all around in the corners in the straw piles and sometimes you know, those old hens would climb up in the buggy seat and lay their eggs up on the buggy seat.

I'll tell you about buggies in a little while. Well and even they would lay an egg in my father's big tool chest, tool box. He had a great big, like a workbench and then he had his tools in a part of it. And sometimes those old hens would think that they would fool us and they'd lay an egg even in on his hammers and his pinchers and his pliers. And that wasn't a very soft nest was it? But the old hen would think we wouldn't look there. And then sometimes they'd crawl through a broken board and get in where the hay was and lay eggs there. So we'd go all around the yard looking for eggs. And sometimes, why when we'd go back to the house my mother said, "There ought to be more eggs than that." So then we'd have to go back and find more eggs.

And sometimes the hens would hide their eggs until they got enough to sit on for baby chicks so we'd want to find all the eggs because we needed the eggs. And we didn't want the old hen to hatch out baby chicks so we'd have to look for all the eggs. You know what baby chicks are, don't you? I don't need to explain that. Well, that was one of the things that we had to do. Then my mother would use the eggs for cooking and she'd sell eggs to the neighbors. And the neighbors would come over and say, "Mrs. Tanner, have you got a dozen eggs?" And she'd say, "I sure have." And so she'd put a dozen eggs in their bucket or in their bowl and they'd take them home.

And then sometimes why she'd say, "Take this bucket of eggs and go up to the store and buy us some meat for dinner"; instead of money, why we'd take eggs to the store. We'd have to be real careful and not break any. We'd carry them up to the store in a bucket and buy what we'd need. Then other people could go in the store and buy the eggs. And they weren't in boxes like we have them now. They'd have to put them in a paper sack. We'd have to be careful when we carried them and not break them. And sometimes why, we'd say, "Momma, can we have an egg to go buy some candy?" And she'd say, "Well yes, you can have an egg." And if there weren't any in the house why we'd go down and look in the manger or in the tool box or on the buggy seat or all these places and we'd get us an egg and run to the store.

There was a little store nearby where we could just climb over our fence and run across the neighbor's backyard to Mr. Perry's store and buy us an all-day sucker or some gum or jaw breakers or things like that. And sometimes that's what we used to buy our candy with. And my mother used to tell me about when she was a little girl. She did that too and she'd save her boiled egg for breakfast. Instead of eating it, she'd take the egg and if it was a little bit warm why she said she'd cool it in the ditch. Then she'd take it in the store and buy her some candy with the boiled egg. Well, that wasn't quite fair. That was cheating because when people came in the store to buy an egg they didn't want a boiled egg. They wanted an egg that they could use to cook with. Well, that was one of the things that we did.

And of course, I had to wash dishes. We didn't have a dishwasher, but you know that my mother nearly always washed the dishes. And you know, we didn't have dishwashing soap or detergent and that made washing dishes just awfully hard especially when there was a greasy fry pan or something. You just couldn't seem to get it clean with just hot water. But my mother would wash the dishes and then she'd take the tea kettle. (Grandma's got a little tea kettle down on her stove, that little round one.) We had a tea kettle. We put it on the stove. Only it was big, fill it with water, and when she'd get a pan full of dishes to wash, then we'd take this tea kettle and we'd scald the dishes so that they'd be nice and clean. And there was girls in our family like there is in yours so my mother would wash the dishes, two of my sisters would dry them and sit them on the kitchen table, and I'd put them up in the cupboard. And we kind of had an assembly line of doing dishes. It didn't make doing dishes so hard when my mother helped. And we could get them all done together like that.

About this time of year, one of the chores I had to do when I came home from school (my brothers had to do this too) was to shuck corn. My father would cut the stocks of corn in the field and bring it down into our bottom lot and he'd stack it up. You've seen pictures of corn all in stacks, haven't you? And we'd have to go down and pull the dry corn off of the stock and pull all the leaves off the ear of corn and put it in a bucket. And when we'd get a bucket full we'd feed it to the pigs or put it where the cows and the horses could get it. And that was their supper for the night. And then one of the things that my older brothers had to (and my father) was to milk the cows. Have you ever seen them milk a cow by hand?

Well it's something you have to learn. I don't know whether your daddy could milk a cow or not. I bet grandpa could. Because your daddy - we didn't have a cow when he was a little boy so that he had to milk it. My father would have big milk buckets, great big buckets that stood that high and

he'd take the buckets and go down to the cow shed and he'd fasten the cows head in the stall so they couldn't run away from him. They had a place where they'd put their heads through and he'd drop a board over some way and the cow would stand there and he'd say, "Go Bossy, go Bossy, go Bossy" and they'd stand still.

And he had a little milk stool, just a little stool, about that high that he'd sit down on and then he'd milk the cows. And when the bucket was empty and he'd squirt the milk in the bucket, it'd just go ping, ping, ping. It'd hit the side of the buckets and it didn't make any more noise because there was milk in the bucket. And foam would come up on the top of the milk bucket; when he'd get the bucket full, why he'd sit it away. And then he'd take the other milk buckets of the other cows until he had his buckets full of milk. And once we had a big cat. And this big cat, when she'd hear my father milk into the milk bucket and it would make that noise, why that cat would come running and he'd sit up and open its mouth and my father would take the cow's tit and he'd go like that and the cat would open his mouth and he'd squirt milk in the cat's mouth. We thought that was funny that he'd trained it to open its mouth and get a drink of milk.

Then when he'd bring the milk to the house, my mother would strain it. She had a big white cloth and she'd pour the milk through the cloth until there was no little leaves or anything that might have fallen in it; why she'd strain it. And then she'd put it in buckets. And she'd put two quarts in Mrs. Perry's bucket and two quarts in Mrs. Baddom's bucket and two quarts in Mrs. Tipton's bucket. And then she'd pour the rest of the milk out in flat pans and sit them in on the pantry cupboard. Well, we had to deliver the milk. We'd have to take the milk to Mrs. Tipton and Mrs. Baddom and to Mrs. Perry. And if some of the neighbors had children, that bought milk from my mother, some of the children would come and get the milk. But the people that didn't have children, we'd take it to them every night.

And I'll have to tell you what happened one night when I was delivering milk with my brother Winward. My mother and father had gone to Salt Lake to the temple and they would be gone nearly all night, all day and night. And I had a big sister, Inez and she was the one that took care of the milk. And I had a cousin who lived with us whose name was Willard. And Willard milked the cows so Winward and I had to deliver the milk. And we went up the street a couple of blocks to deliver the milk. And what we did, we stayed and played.

And it got dark and we weren't supposed to stay until after dark. Well, it wasn't so bad, except I'll tell you what the reason was that we didn't like to stay until after dark because down on the other side of our barn down the street, there was a German lady lived and her name was Mrs. Match. And she was a good lady. She was so good to my mother. She'd come and iron for her and she'd come and hang her clothes out on the clothes line on cold days. And she was such a good lady, but every once in a while she'd get sick. And when she'd get sick, she'd get insane or she'd go crazy and she'd do funny things.

And her husband worked up at the mines and sometimes he wasn't always home to take care of her when she got sick and take her to the hospital in Provo. And so we were just a little bit afraid of Mrs. Match. When she was well we liked her, but when she got acting kind of funny we were afraid of her. Well, this cousin of mine, they thought we'll teach Nelda and Winward a good lesson for staying

out after it's dark. So my brother (cousin) took one of my mother's dresses and put on and he put my mother's straw hat on. And Mrs. Match had a straw hat just like my mother's. I guess they'd bought them at the same store.

He got a butcher knife and it was dark. And here Winward and I came down the street a swinging our milk buckets a talking. And all of a sudden we looked down the middle of the road and here we thought we saw Mrs. Match coming. She was walking. She was kind of a fat lady and she kind of waddled. And here we thought it was Mrs. Match. Oh, she had that butcher knife in her hand and there was a street light and so we was sure it was Mrs. Match. Well, I wasn't very big, but I ran and I don't know how I got over a high wire fence, but I ran and got over this fence.

I don't ever remember touching it, but anyway I got over it and hid behind a garage (Mr. Tipton's garage). But Winward, he was a fast runner and he knew that he could run faster than Mrs. Match so he ran straight down the street past her. And when he passed who he thought was Mrs. Match, he saw it was Willard so then they called to me and I came out from behind the garage and went home. And I was so frightened. I've never been so frightened in all my life. And they said, "Well, it served you right. You shouldn't have stayed out so late. You should have come home before dark." So that night I had nightmares all night. And when my mother and father got home why, I was still having nightmares. And the next morning why they told Inez and Winward, they said "Don't you ever do that again!" Winward was with me. Willard was my cousin that lived with us. Papa said to Willard, "If you ever do that again" he said "I'll trash you." But I think it taught us a good lesson to come straight home when we delivered milk. But that was kind of fun to have the neighbor kids come every night to get milk and fun for us to take it.

Another thing I had to do was to tend my little sisters. I had Erma and I had to tend her and I guess it was Erma that one day my mother put her in the baby buggy and she said, "Now you take her for a ride up and down the street." And so I thought that was fun, but I thought it was more fun to roller skate. So I put my roller skates on. I think I grew up on roller skates. But I put my roller skates on. I went skating, pushing the baby buggy with the roller skates on. I was giving the baby quite a ride. But all of a sudden, why I must have hit a little rock or a stick or something and I fell down and I tipped the baby out of the baby buggy. The baby started to cry. It frightened it. I didn't hurt it, but it frightened it. And my mother came running and she told me never to wheel the baby anymore with roller skates on. So that taught me a good lesson to not do that anymore.

Another thing that my mother did with the milk when she'd pour it out in these big flat pans, the next morning when we'd get up guess what was on top of the milk? Cream, if you let milk sit, now milk that hasn't been pasteurized; you couldn't do this with the milk we buy at the dairy. But if you pour milk that's right from the cow out in a flat pan and leave it, pretty soon cream will come up on top and it'll get about that thick. My mother would take a big spoon and she'd pour the cream off. And we'd have that on our cereal and she'd make cakes out of it and use it. Or else she'd save it in a big jar and when she'd get a jar full of cream, why she'd make butter. And do you know how you make butter? Don't you know how butter's made?

Well, I'll have to tell you. You have to churn it. Didn't one day you make butter Terry? In a bottle you shook it. Well, my mother had a big churn and I can remember three kinds of churns she had. She

had a big tall wooden one, like a big bucket. It was bigger at the bottom and it got smaller as it got up to the top. And it had a lid on it and the lid had a hole in it. And then there was a dasher inside and it was like a broomstick down in the middle of a wooden plate. Anyway, she'd put the cream in the churn. Then we'd take this dasher and we'd pull it up and down and splash the cream inside. And pretty soon why the cream would separate and there'd be chunks of butter.

And there'd be buttermilk. You know what buttermilk is don't you? And then she'd pour the buttermilk off and take the lumps of butter out and she'd put it in a big round wooden bowl. Now, the bowl wasn't a deep bowl. It was about that high and it was big. And she'd wash the buttermilk out of it. She'd pour cold water on it and wash the buttermilk out of it. And then this was her butter paddle. And she'd take and she'd go like this around in this wooden bowl with this butter paddle until she'd work all the buttermilk out of it. And when there was no more buttermilk then she'd mold it into pounds of butter.

And she had a butter mold and oh how I wish I had one to show you. I think I'll have to go to an antique store and see if I can't find a butter mold. But it was a little wooden box about that long and about that wide and about that high. And it didn't have a top or a bottom in it; it was just the four sides. And she'd take some of this butter out of this big butter bowl and she'd put it in this mold. But before she'd put the butter in it, she'd put a wooden board down in the bottom so that when she'd push the butter down it wouldn't go on the table, but it would go onto this little board. And then it had sides on it and then she'd take this butter paddle and she'd go like that and she'd push the butter all down into the corners.

And she'd just work that all down in good. And then she'd turn this box over and push with her fingers and she could push the pound of butter right on out onto a plate. And you know, when she'd push it out it'd have little daisies, little flowers on it and it'd have a border around it. And it looked so pretty. And she could make such pretty pounds of butter. And there were just 16 ounces (that's a pound) in this butter mold. And then she'd put it on ice or down in the cellar. And then the neighbors would come and buy her butter. And they liked her butter because my mother was so clean. The butter was always sweet and good, but if she didn't take good care of the cream then the butter would have a bad taste to it.

And then she'd go up to the reaper office, up to the printing office and she had butter papers made. And it'd say 'Fresh cream butter made by Minnie Tanner'. And then she'd wrap the butter up. Sometimes if she had more than we needed or the neighbors needed, we'd take the butter to the store. And then people would come in and they'd say, "We want a pound of Minnie Tanner's butter" because they knew that she was such a clean woman, that her butter would be clean. And sometimes I had to take the butter to the store, but when we did we had to hurry. Why do you think we'd have to hurry to take the butter to the store?

It would melt so we had to hurry. And we didn't have a refrigerator when I was real little and so the night before if my mother was going to churn the next morning, why we'd have to go down to the ice plant with the little wagon and get a block of ice. And then my mother would put the cream on the block of ice. And the next morning it would be cold and the butter would be easy to handle. If we didn't have any ice, the butter would be so soft that she couldn't get the buttermilk out of it.

Well, I'll have to tell you one more story about butter and then that's all I'll talk about. My mother went to Salt Lake. And I guess I was maybe a little bit older than Melinda. And we got a lot of cream and I said to my father, "What are we going to do with all this cream?" Nobody had come and bought it. And he said, "Well, I guess we'll have to churn". So my brother went down to the ice plant and got a block of ice. And I did everything that I'd seen my mother do and the next day why I churned. And I had the butter bowl just full of butter. And I worked so hard to get all the buttermilk out of it and do it just like my mother did it. And I got it all molded. I had seven pounds. When I got it all molded, I remembered I hadn't put any salt in it. And nobody likes butter without salt.

And so I had to put it all back in the butter bowl and then it was so soft that it didn't work. I couldn't get it to work. It was too soft to make it stay in a nice pound. If I'd push it out, it would just run all over the plate so our neighbor came over and she saw what I was doing. And she felt sorry for me because I was just a little girl. And she said, "Well, let me take it home and I'll put it in the refrigerator." So she took it home and then I did it all over again. And I was practically all day making seven pounds of butter. But when I got through, why I always remembered then to put salt in the butter.

Well, last time I was telling you things about when I was a little girl. Now, Melinda said something just before she went home that she was glad she lived now instead of living in those days when I was a little girl. I want Melinda to know that I'm glad that I lived then. That I was just as happy as any little girl could be and I had all the nice things that most other children had. And I was so proud of my father. He was such a good man and he was always busy doing church work. And I was always so proud of my mother. She was such a pretty, nice lady. And I was proud of the house we lived in. And I thought it was a nice time to live. And I'm not sorry that I had to do chores and things like that because it taught me to like to work. And I think I'm a better person because I did some of these things that I had to do when I was a little girl.

I told you last week about how they churned butter with this big, tall churn that they splashed the cream up and down until it turned into lumps of butter and buttermilk. And then there was another kind of churn that my mother had and it was kind of like a drum. And it was also made out of wood. And it had a handle along the side and we turned it like you did an old-fashioned ice cream freezer. And it would make the cream splash around inside until it turned to butter. And then my mother was particularly happy one day when my father brought her home a nice glass churn. And we could watch then. We could watch the cream going around in this glass churn. And we could tell when it was about to go to butter. And we'd say, "Come butter, come. Come butter, come" and pretty soon why the butter would separate from the buttermilk and we could see.

And I'll tell you why I liked it because I never like the smell of those wooden churns. My mother was very particular. She'd scald them out and she'd let them air out good, but I could always smell milk in them. So with a glass churn they didn't ever keep that smell. And another thing I think that you children ought to know about. Something we had then that farmers don't have now and that's a cream separator. What does it mean to separate? Do you know what it means to separate? What do you think it means? Can you help her Melinda what it means to separate?

Well, the reason they had the separator was because we wanted to take the cream out. Now, last time I told you that my mother would sit the milk in big, flat pans and then she'd take spoons and skim the cream off. But she wouldn't get all the cream. Some of the cream would be left in the milk. And so my father bought what they called a cream separator. And it was a machine that stood about that high. And on top of it there was a great big steel bowl. And they'd fit that on top of the machine and it had spouts coming out of it. There were lots of other parts to it too, but when we got it all put together and got it ready, we'd put the milk in this great big bowl and we'd start turning a crank. And it would go around and around and pretty soon it would go to going faster. And it would just hum. And when it got to humming just about right, then we'd pour the milk on and the milk would run out of a little spout.

And pretty soon we'd see cream going out of one spout and the skim milk coming out the other. That was quite a marvelous invention to see the cream go one way and the skim milk come the other way. And I had to be bigger when I learned to turn the separator because you had to keep it going at a certain speed. If you didn't keep it going at a certain speed, why then it wouldn't separate properly. You'd get too much milk in the cream or too much cream in the skim milk. And so it was kind of hard to learn to turn the separator the right speed.

And oh, that separator was hard to wash and we didn't have a dishwasher. It would have been nice if we had because when we took the separator to pieces, there were lots of parts to it. There were 32 little cups that had to be fit together consecutively. That means it had to be 1,2,3,4,5,6, like that. If we'd get it 1,3,5,7,9 like that, it wouldn't separate right. So every day, every morning, we'd have to wash these separator parts and hang them out in the sun on a great big thing that looked like a big safety pin. And we'd put all these little cups along and hang them out in the sun so they'd smell fresh and sweet. That was something. I don't know sometime when you go to a museum or something; you might see one of these old separators. But it was quite a marvelous invention in those days.

Some of the other things that I had to do, I didn't ever have to do it in the wintertime because we didn't ever have to take cows to the pasture in the wintertime. We lived in town, but Grandpa, my father had farms out around the edge of town. He had some out in the west field and some down in where they call the old field. And down by the old field we had a big pasture. And every morning in the summertime why we'd have to drive the cows to the pasture. Well, when I'd start out, usually when I was a little girl, I had to walk a lot of the times and as we'd walk along, why when the other farmers would see us coming why they'd turn their cows out of their lot and their cows would join our cows. And as we'd go down the street why other people would turn their cows out and pretty soon we'd have a big herd of cows, driving them down the street. And there were other children who would come along and help too so we had quite a lot of fun and we had our dogs.

And the dogs, when the cows would start to go into a gate into a field, why we'd tell the dog to "Go get the cows out" and sick them and the dogs would run and keep the cows going down the road. Well, when we got a little older, I don't know how old I was my father got a pony for us so that we'd have a pony to drive the cows with. And this pony was just like a pet. We named him Old Teddy. And Old Teddy was a sorrel pony. That means he was kind of reddish brown and he was a lazy little horse. He hadn't been trained properly when they started to break him to ride and so he was lazy.

And so in the morning when we'd go down and put the saddle and the bridle on Old Teddy why he wouldn't want to go out of the yard. And he'd stand there and stand there and we'd kick him in the ribs and tell him to go and Old Teddy wouldn't move.

And sometimes my father would come and slap he'd him on the back and Old Teddy would just hunch his back like that and settle right back down. And my father would whip him again and he'd just hunch his back and wouldn't move. And I remember one day my father had his shovel in his hand. And he gave Old Teddy a big slap on the flat side of the shovel and Old Teddy just hunched his shoulders and settled right down. And finally when he decided that we meant business and he had to go to the pasture, he'd better make up his mind to it then he'd go through the gate and he'd be a pretty good little horse to ride down the field. And he knew how to drive cows and we'd finally get to the pasture. And then on the way home he was real happy to be going back to the barn and so then we could get him to gallop and he'd have a pretty good ride home from the pasture.

And I had a friend who had a pony that was almost like him. Only this little pony had been trained properly and he was fun to ride. And sometimes I'd say to my friend, "Allene, trade me horses." And so she'd trade me her horse and I'd have a good ride because that horse was lively. And then maybe sometime during the day my mother would say, "I wish you'd get on Old Teddy and go up to Aunt Mary's and take this note or do something." And so we'd go get Old Teddy and put the bridle on him again and he wouldn't want to go. He thought, "I've done my job today. I've driven the cows to the pasture and I don't have to go again." And so we'd have a hard time. Sometimes we had to lead him clear to the corner. Then we'd get on him and maybe he'd go. And sometimes he'd decide that he didn't want to go and he'd turn around and come back. And we had a hard time making him decide that he had to go do what we wanted him to do.

And one day he was particularly stubborn and he, as I was going down the road why I thought, "Well, he's going pretty good." All of a sudden Old Teddy turned and he went into a lady's lot and she had a lot of low trees. And Old Teddy, he was pretty smart. He went right under those trees. And I laid down just as close to the horse as I could be. And he thought he could scrub me off. And he just about did. He went under this branch and the branch just scraped me all down on the back. And I was pretty mad at him. Then I got me a willow and I really had to whip him and make him go where we wanted him to go. And another thing, this Old Teddy would do that was real naughty, he'd get right close to a fence and he'd try to scrub you against the board of the fence or the wires. And you'd have to hurry and throw your leg up over the horn of the saddle to keep him from scrubbing you off. And he was just full of tricks like that. He would try to get rid of his rider so he could go trot back home and go back into the barnyard. Well, one day it was cold, it was cold weather. Not as cold as it was today, but it was a cold day and...