

Grandma Nelda – DISK 2

Well one day, it was a cold day and I had to take the cows to the pasture. Well, as I was riding along and I was just kind of enjoying it because Old Teddy, he'd go this way and if a cow got slow he'd go that way and if a cow lagged along on this side of the road why he'd go over that way. And I was riding along and I had to open a pasture gate and so I tried to get Old Teddy to go over by this pasture gate so I could just lean over and unlatch it so the cows could go into that pasture.

And all of a sudden Old Teddy looked down in the field and he saw a new red plow that had never been in that pasture, in that field before. And I guess he'd been kind of dreaming along too. Well, all of a sudden when Old Teddy saw that red plow it frightened him and he jumped sideways like that. Well, I wasn't ready for him to jump and off I fell into some water and mud about 6" deep. And there I was all splashed up with mud and water. You know what Old Teddy did when he got rid of me? He turned around and trotted off and left me and went home.

And I got up and I was wet and it was cold and I was muddy and I still had to put the cows in the pasture. And so when I got them put in the pasture I had to walk home and it was a long, long ways, about like down to the fairground – somewhere about that far. I walked home and it was so cold. And as I got up the road a ways, there Old Teddy was tied up to the fence. Some men had come along and they saw Old Teddy trotting along home with his bridle and his saddle on and so they tied him up to the fence. So then I had to ride the rest of the way home. And I was so cross at him. I could have just whipped him good, but he must have had a pretty tough hide because it didn't seem to do much good to whip him.

We used to, my brother and I used to ride Old Teddy down to the field if we had to hoe the sugar beets or hoe the corn or something. And so we'd turn him loose in the pasture all day and then he could graze the grass and stay in the pasture all day while we worked. And at night when we'd go get ready to come home from the field, we'd go into the pasture with the bridle to get him. Well, Old Teddy would let us walk right up close to him and when we were just about to slip the bridle over his neck then he'd trot off.

And he'd trot just a little ways away and we'd walk over to him and start to put the bridle on again and then he'd run a little further. And he just played that game with us all the time. And he'd turn and look at us and he'd watch us until we'd get nearly up to him and then he'd trot away. Oh, we'd get so cross at him because he played those tricks on us. And we were just tired anyway from working the field all day and then to have to chase Old Teddy. But we didn't like to tie him up to the fence post all day because it would be too hot. But he'd play those tricks on us every night and we'd get so tired of him and we wished that we had a good pony like our friends did.

Like this other girl, she had this good little pony that didn't play tricks on them like that. Well one day, one morning I was driving the cows and my friend and I, her name was Jenny Starks and we stopped to pick some wild rose berries. And the cows they wandered on down the road and got way ahead of us. And one of the cows turned and went down a lane. A lane is a small road. And it went down and if it had gone far enough it would get into a man's field. And of course, we didn't ever want to let them do that. And so I said to Jenny, "Let me ride your horse and go get that cow"

because it was a big horse and a good race horse. And so she said, "All right." And so I got on her horse and I gives it a kick in the ribs and away we went galloping down the lane.

Well, I thought that was just great. All of a sudden, we got to where the cow was and the horse stopped quick. I didn't stop. I just sailed right over that horse's head into a big rose bush. I had to wake up and learn how to ride a good horse because I was used to riding Old Teddy. Well, when I got back up the lane onto the road this Jenny was just as cross as she could be. She'd been riding Old Teddy and he had scrubbed her leg against a barbed wire fence and torn her pants and skinned her leg. And she was sure glad she didn't have to ride that Old Teddy that she had a good horse to ride. And I always wished that I had a good horse to ride too because Old Teddy wasn't much fun most of the time.

And I had an uncle, his name was Uncle Harold and he always said that I was his favorite niece. And Uncle Harold had good horses. They were race horses and they were real good horses and lots of fun to ride. And so lots of times he'd let me take, he'd bring one of his nice horses down and put it in my father's coral and then I'd have a good horse to ride. And always on the 4th of July if I wanted to ride a horse in the parade, then I had Uncle Harold's horse to ride. And it was lots of, lots of fun to ride his horses because they weren't lazy like Old Teddy was.

One of the things that we had to do when I was a little girl was thin sugar beets. About the time school let out why, the beets in the field would be about that high. And the men raised sugar beets in the field because they had a sugar factory there. And in the fall they harvested the beets and made sugar. And so that was one of the crops that the farmers raised. Well, in the spring when the sugar beets got about that high, we'd have to thin them because the beets would grow until they'd be about that big around. And if they were just real close together, why then they couldn't grow big. And so a bigger person would go down the row with a hoe and they'd chop out some beets like this.

And they'd leave little bunches about every 10" or 12" apart. And then we'd have to crawl down the rows and pick them all out and leave just one sugar beet in one place so they could grow big. And ooh, they'd get that big around and about that long so they had to be thinned. Well, all the kids had to go to the field. Nearly every child and all the neighborhood, they'd go to the field because this was a job that children could do. And our knees would get so sore crawling up and down the rows. And so our mother would take some old Levi material and she'd sew several thicknesses together. Or she'd take an old piece of blanket or something and sew inside and make it like hot pad.

And then we'd put strings on the corners of our hot pads and tie them on our knees. And then when we'd crawl up and down the rows, our knees wouldn't get sore. Well, sometimes I wished, I guess I was kind of a lazy little kid because I'd wish some days it would get so hot and I'd get so tires that I'd wish that I was a little bug. Do you know that when I had to thin these sugar beets I used to wish I was a little worm and I could crawl up underneath a leaf and I could hide and I wouldn't have to thin sugar beets? When I'd see a worm or a bug I'd think "Gee, that little worm or that little bug doesn't have to get sore knees and crawl". And we'd work all day like that in the field. Well, my father tried to make it as much fun as he could and he'd say, "If you get this field done this week, I'll buy you all a treat."

Well, all the neighborhood kids, my father would hire and they'd get maybe \$.05 a row or \$.10 a row for thinning sugar beets. Well, it's kind of fun because we could crawl along together and tell stories and talk and sing. So it was kind of fun too. But he'd say, "If you'll get this field done this week, why Saturday at noon I'll buy you a treat". And so we'd work real hard to get it done and then he'd go to the bottling works where they made soda pop. And he'd buy two or three cases of all kinds of soda pop up and he'd buy great big paper sacks full of peanuts.

Well, when we got through then we could go and sit under the shade of the trees and we'd crack peanuts and we'd eat peanuts and drink soda pop. We could have two or three bottles a piece and then that kind of made working for him lots of fun. There wasn't any of the other farmers that did that so my father, all the neighborhood kids liked to work for my father because he tried to make it fun. And at noon when we'd sit under the tree having our lunch why, then he'd tell us stories. And we'd kind of play games for an hour to kind of rest before we'd have to go back and start thinning beets again.

Well, one time we had all the sugar beets thinned except one little field, about five acres in this one little field. And my father told my brother Winward and I, he said, "I want you to go down and work on that patch of sugar beets and get them all thinned because they are getting big." And he wanted to thin them before they got too big. Well, Winward and I went to the field on Old Teddy and I guess we worked until 10:00 or 11:00 and we got thirsty. And we decided we'd go up to the flowing well. There was a big well where just the coldest, best water came out. We'd go up to the flowing well and get us a drink.

When we got up there it was across the street in another man's field, was where the flowing well was. There was a bridge across the ditch. Well, under that bridge there was the nicest mud to play in. And so we got to just fooling around, resting, and got to making mud pies. Have you ever made mud pies? Well, we got to making mud pies and we made cookies and we made cupcakes. We made pounds of butter. We made loaves of bread and we put them on out all along the boards of the bridge to dry. Well, we just got to having so much fun making mud pies that we forgot that we were sent to the field to work. And my father wanted the field thinned because he had to cultivate it, get it ready to water, run the water down the rows and so he was in a hurry to get this field done.

Well, I guess it got about 3:00 in the afternoon and we hadn't done much work so I guess it was my brother's idea. (I don't know whose idea it was; that we'd fool my father. That we'd thin down each row all along about a third of the way. We wouldn't finish the row. We'd just thin them down a ways and when he'd come to the field why, he'd think the whole field was thinned. So we worked so hard all the rest of the afternoon and we got all the field thinned down just part way.

Well, when we got home why my father says, "Did you get it all done?" And we said, "Yes." He said, "Well, that's sure fine. Tomorrow I'll go down and lay the ground off to irrigate it." Well, you know what happens when the next day when he went down, he saw all the mud pies on the bridge and he saw that we hadn't done the work. I don't remember him spanking us or anything, but we had a guilty conscience and that was punishment enough. We knew that we hadn't done what we should have done.

And then when we'd get the beets thinned, why then we'd have to hoe weeds. We had to hoe them twice, then the third time the beets would be high and we'd have to go through the field and pull the weeds and keep the weeds out of the beet field. And so nearly all summer we had to go to the field. Not every day, but quite often we'd have to go. And then we got so that we liked to earn the money so we'd go work. Sometimes we'd go work for other farmers. And all the kids went. If all your friends went, why you wouldn't mind to go would you? And we'd go and we'd earn money. And then we'd save our money so we'd have some money to spend on the 4th of July. That seemed to be the big thing so we could have money to ride the merry-go-round and the Ferris wheel and go to the carnival and have money to spend on the 4th of July. And that's the way that we'd earn it.

And one day we were working for my uncle and my father had bought me some new shoes just before school let out. And I just hated those shoes. I can just see them now. They were dark brown at the bottom and they'd come up to about here and they were light brown at the top and they had a big row of buttons up the side. And I just hated those shoes because I wanted some slippers. But my mother had sent my father with me up to the coop store to buy me these shoes. And he'd bought me some of these high-top shoes and I didn't like them. And so they kept my feet clean when I went to the field and so I thought, "Well, I'll wear them out just wearing them to the field."

So this time we were working, this Aileen Stark that had this other pony like mine, why she was working with me. And so when we had got tired and went to get us a drink why there was a big canal that ran down past my uncle's field. And we took off our shoes and stockings and dangled our feet in the water. Well, I went to move or something so I could get my feet down in the water and do you know what happened? I pushed one of my shoes off and it went in the canal. And away it went down the canal. And I was kind of scared because they were new shoes and the only shoes that I had with me.

But away it went and we said, "Well some farmer will sure be surprised to see a show down one of his beet rows." Anyway, there I was with only one shoe and it was just about noon and I thought, "What am I going to do? I can't walk on this cobbly ground barefooted." And so we found a board about so long. And then we wore long stockings and so we put the board down in the foot of the stocking and then I pulled it on. And I walked all afternoon with a board in my stocking. Well, I didn't want night to come so I'd have to go home and tell them I'd lost my good shoe.

And when I got home that day, my mother had company. She was having a party in the front room so I hurried and I took my bath and when she came out and it was time for supper why I told them that I'd lost my shoe. And my father said, "I bet you did that on purpose." I didn't do it on purpose, but I wasn't very sorry. I was kind of afraid of the consequences, but I was glad I didn't have to wear those old shoes any more.

We'd like to thin sugar beets so we'd have money to spend on the 4th of July. Well, one 4th of July, I guess I was too little to earn any money and my father said he didn't have any money to give us to go up town that day to celebrate the 4th of July. And my mama, my mother said, "I'll tell you what we'll do. I'll fix a picnic and we'll go down to the old field and we'll take the children and we'll spend the 4th of July down in the field." And so that's what we did that day. My father built a fire and we roasted potatoes and we roasted corn and I don't know what all that we had. We had such a fun day,

but I had new shoes and all day long those shoes hurt my feet. They pinched my feet like everything. I guess they were too small. Anyway, I was just miserable all day with these shoes on.

And we had a buggy. Do you know what a buggy looks like that people used to ride in? Well, my mother had an old horse that my father just kept for her to hitch onto the buggy and her name was Old Gray. She was an old white horse and she was so gentle. And so that night when we got home from the field why I was helping my mother unharness the horse. And Old Gray moved her foot and put it right down on my foot. And my shoes hurt anyway and then when she stepped on my foot, oh it hurt so badly. It just almost took my toenail off. And I will always remember that 4th of July because we had such a good time down to the field, but the only thing that spoiled it was the fact that my feet hurt so bad all day.

When my mother would need to go to Relief Society teaching or something in the morning, why my father would hitch up Old Gray and leave her tied up with her harness on down to the corral and when she'd need to go for Relief Society teaching or something then she could go out and put Old Gray on the buggy and go uptown or go wherever she had to go, to the church or something. Instead of driving her car, why she had this buggy and it was fun to ride in too.

So one day my sister says to my mother, "Can I take Old Gray and take the children to school?" My mother said, "Yes." And so all the kids in the neighborhood come and piled in the buggy to go to school. Well, there was one little girl that lived in our neighborhood and her name was Norma O'Conner. And she was the thinnest, skinniest girl that I'd ever seen in my life. When I think about her now it almost haunts me. Her face was so white that you could just see the blue veins in her face and in her neck. Well anyway, she was riding along and my sister went through a ditch and Norma O'Conner fell out of the buggy and the buggy wheel ran over her leg. And oh, we stopped and we thought maybe we'd broken her leg. And we picked her up and took her home, but nothing had happened to her. It hadn't hurt her. We were so worried about this poor skinny, skinny, skinny little girl getting hurt.

I had to tend my own little brothers and sisters, but I didn't ever go baby tending. Only once, the only time I can remember of ever going baby tending was once. And I must have been about 12 years old and our neighbor wanted me to come and tend her little baby on I guess it was New Year's Eve. And they lived right next to us; just like you going over to Hyatt's. And so I said that I would and when I went to her house they didn't have a furnace and their house wasn't warm. And along about 11:00, the fire went out and it was cold. And I looked around for something to put on; my coat wasn't warm enough. There wasn't a comfortable chair to sit on. There was just a dining room table with straight chairs and I sat on this chair. And pretty soon I picked up a rug that was on the floor and laid it over my lap.

It got 12:00. It got 1:00. It got 2:00 and these people didn't come home. And so I laid my head over on the table and went to sleep. I looked at the bed and it had a beautiful satin bedspread on and I thought I don't dare go lay on that bed. And I was so tired and I laid my head over on the table and went to sleep. The next thing I knew, I woke up and I was home in my own bed. I guess in my sleep, I'd walked home; I'd gone home. I couldn't remember going home. I couldn't ever remember these people coming home or anything. I just woke up the next morning and I was home and my mother

said, "How did you get along over there?" and I said, "I don't know. I don't know what happened." They said, "What time did they get home?" And I said, "I don't know." I had just got up and come home in my sleep and got in my own warm bed. And she never asked me to baby tend after that. And she come over the next morning and she didn't like it very well to think that I'd gone off and left her baby and gone home and gone to sleep.

We had this one seated buggy and then we had what was called a surrey. Let me tell you about this surrey and I'll quit. This surrey had two seats and maybe you can think of the song that says 'The surrey with the fringe on the top'. Well, this is a pretty fancy buggy and it was all shiny and black. My father and mother kept it all shined up just like you'd keep a new automobile shined up down in the shed. And so on Sundays why we'd go for a ride in the surrey just like you'd go for a ride in the car. And we'd be all dressed up and go for a ride in the surrey and we'd go down and look to see how the crops were growing in the field. That was quite a treat to have this old surrey.

In the wintertime, my father would take the wagon box off the wheels of the wagon and put on some big sled runners so wherever we went instead of riding in the wagon we'd ride on this bobsled. And that was fun because my father would put a lot of straw in the bottom of the wagon box and then he'd put a quilt over it. And we'd put bricks in the oven and when we'd be going to go for a bobsled ride why, we'd take these hot bricks and we'd wrap them up in cloths and we'd put them down in the bobsled. We'd put our feet on them and keep our feet warm. Then we'd have quilts on top of us and we'd go riding along. We could take all our friends and we'd go trotting along. And my father had bells that he'd fasten to the harness so when we'd go down the road why the bells would jingle. We'd pick up our friends and they'd all get into this wagon. We'd get all covered up with a quilt and it was a lot of fun to go bobsled riding.

And that's one thing that we'd do because my father, he'd set traps out to the field that was out west and in the wintertime, why he'd go out to check his traps to see if he could get muskrats. I guess that is what he'd trap. And it was a lot of fun to ride in the bobsled with the horses. And one day why my mother said she'd like to take her friends for a bobsleigh ride so one sunny winter afternoon; the sun was just glistening on the snow. And it was such a nice afternoon, but the ice on the road was just packed until it was just shiny. You know how it gets. Well, my mother, she went around and gathered up her sisters. She was in the presidency of the Relief Society and she gathered up her counselors and the secretary and all of her friends and we went for a bobsleigh ride all around town.

Well, one of her sisters lived up on the hill and when she went to take her home after we'd had a nice ride we started down the hill. Well, the sled would go faster than the horses and it would slide up to the ... oh, you wouldn't know what the double trees are. They'd go up and they'd hit the double trees or wooden things that the harnesses fasten to. Well, the double trees would go up and they'd hit the horses on the back of the legs and the horses then they'd run faster to keep away from the bobsled going down the hill. So pretty soon the horses were really running away and my mother didn't know it.

And all the women in the wagon were saying, "Oh, this is fun. This is fun" you know. And they thought they were having a real good ride and my mother didn't know the horses were running

away until they got down the hill and then she couldn't stop them. And that was quite an exciting time. And I remember I was with her and thought what a good ride we were having, but the horses were really running away.

Another thing we'd do, my father would harness up a horse and he'd let my big brothers take us on our sleds and there'd be about six or eight sleds and we'd fasten them all to the saddle, I guess. And we'd all be lined up and he'd go trotting down the road. And we'd all be on our sleds behind this and we'd ride all over town. Now it's against the law. You can't ride in the streets, but in those days there weren't so many cars so it was alright for us to ride. But that was another fun thing when we'd get all our friends and my brother would try to make us fall off. He'd go around and switch us around so that we'd have a real fast and fun ride.

When we were seeing the pictures of your trip over to Capital Reef it reminded me of the trips I went on when I was a little girl. Close by Payson, oh maybe ten miles away, about as far as over to Monroe, there was a big lake called Utah Lake. And we used to like to go down there. My father liked to fish and so did my mother. But the children all liked to go swim in a warm pool. Just one place on the shore of the lake there was a warm spring that came up. And I guess many years ago men had put rocks around and sort of built it up so it was enclosed so that it would get to be about that deep.

And so we'd put our bathing suits on. Well, we didn't have bathing suits. We'd put on some old clothes and we'd go swimming in this nice warm pool and it was lots of fun. And we loved to go down in the lake. And my father would fish and when he'd catch some fish he'd send my brothers up on the shore with them. And my mother would have a little fire built and a fry pan and about as fast as my father would catch the fish, my mother would cook them.

And it was such a fun day when we could go to the lake because usually when we went, the whole neighborhood went. And it was fun to have your friends all down there going swimming with you and to have a picnic together. And usually we'd go on the wagon and we'd ride along, bump along on this big wagon box. And it'd be dark when we got home. And we'd get sleepy and we'd lay down with quilts and it would be a long day, but it was lots of fun. And we'd do that two or three times during summer.

Another place we'd go would be up Payson Canyon. When my father was a young man he had helped build a big reservoir up the canyon. And there were lots of memories for him up the canyon so he liked to go up there. Nearly every summer why we'd take a trip up the canyon and my father looked to see where he could get wood. He'd love to see where he could find wood. And then on another day he'd go up to the canyon and he'd cut down these big trees and haul them home on the wagon. Then they'd cut them up and pile them up like people are doing this year so they'd have fire wood. And we'd just have to get... he'd go two or three times in the fall of the year to go get wood out of the canyon.

But he'd have to go first to find out where he could go to get a load of wood so that's the times that we'd go with him. My mother would fix a picnic and we'd go and spend the day and lots of times the whole neighborhood would go. And sometimes we'd stay overnight and it was fun. And we'd camp

in this big flat and Ellsworths would be over there and the Tiptons would be over here and the Browns would be over here and the Howards would be over in another spot. And then we'd have a big bonfire at night and tell stories and pretty soon it'd be bedtime. And they didn't stop to put up tents when we were there for just one night. We'd sleep under the wagon or else up in the wagon. And we'd lay there and look at the stars and my father would point out the Big Dipper and the Little Dipper and the North Star and all of the stars in the sky; why, he'd tell us about them. Pretty soon we'd drift off to sleep.

First thing in the morning, why they would put hobbles on the horses. Do you know what hobbles would be? They would tie the horses' front feet together so that they wouldn't run away. And they'd have to go out and get the horses and bring them back to the wagon. And we'd wake up and we could smell bacon cooking and hot cakes cooking. And we'd have to go down to the creek and get our faces and hands washed. And everybody'd have breakfast. And there'd be all of the neighbors and all of our friends cooking their breakfast over the fire.

And one day when we were doing this my father said, "Well, who wants to go with me?" He said, "I've got to go find a place where I can get a load of wood." Oh, there were four or five of us who said that we wanted to go with him. So we started off through the woods and my father looked this way and he looked that way and he looked up in the tree and he looked all around. And we said, "What are you looking for?" And he said, "Well, I'm trying to find a bee tree." He tried to find a place where the wild bees would store their honey because that was one thing that he liked to do was to find a wild bee tree.

Well, we were walking along, why he said, "Shush, be quiet, be quiet." And we said, "What are looking for." He said, "Well, I can see some bear tracks." "Bear tracks, where oh where?" And he said, "Just be quiet. There's been a bear along here." And he showed us the bear's footprints in the mud and we were scared. But we didn't see the bear that day, but as we walked along, my father said, "Look, here's a big bee tree." And he climbed up in this dead tree and sure enough down in this hollow tree there was lots and lots of honey.

We went back to the camp and he got buckets and came back and got the scoop, and he dugged the honey out of this tree. Well, it would be full of sticks, little pieces of twigs and things, but he thought that was great. And we'd take it home and they would warm it up and strain it and get all the twigs out of it. And my father thought it was great, but I didn't like it. But he liked to go find this wild honey.

Well, one day when he was hunting for honey he climbed up the tree and there weren't any bees around so he thought this is a good time to get the honey out. So he was getting the honey out, all of a sudden this swarm of bees came back to this bee tree. And do you know what they did? The queen bee lit right on the seat of my father's pants and there he was up the tree. And all the bees just gathered right on the seat of his pants until he had a great big pile of bees on his pants. He didn't know how to get rid of those bees off his pants. I don't remember how he did get them off, but it was sure pretty exciting because if all those bees would have stung him he probably would have been very sick. He would have been standing up a long time!

And so these trips were just lots of fun because my father had lots of stories that he would tell us about when he was a young boy and would go up to the canyon. And so it was lots of fun to go especially when all the neighborhood kids could go too.

Then I don't know whether I told you about playing in the barn or not, but we had a great big high barn that in the summertime my father would fill with hay. And he would haul it from the field on wagons and then they would have to get it up high in the barn. Well, the barn was lots higher than the wagon so they had to have a way to get the hay off the wagon way up high in the barn. And so they had a big hay fork. It was a great big fork about that tall and it had two big prongs down on it. And they would lower this on a rope down into the load of hay on the wagon. And there was a handle or something that they could make another thing come out and hold the hay on into this fork. And then it would have to be pulled up by big round pulleys up into the top of the barn. And it'd go along and they'd call out and say, "Here" and they'd jerk a rope and it would take the hay off the hay fork and it would fall where they'd want it.

To lift the hay from the wagon up to the top of the barn, they had to use a horse. And I just don't know how I can explain it to you, but they had to have somebody ride the horse and they called it the derrick horse. And it was my job to ride the derrick horse. And when they'd call, "Go" why then I'd tell the old horse to go. And I'd go about as far as out in the middle of the road and then I could hear them until it was time to drop the hay and they'd drop it. Then I'd ride back and I'd get in position again and when they'd give the signal why then I'd ride out on the horse until they got all the hay unloaded.

We'd have to do that four or five times a day. And one day, why I guess I was about like Clark, the big rope was that big around so strong to pull the hay up in the barn. Well, it had to go around a great big wooden wheel we called and pulley and it was like a big wheel. And it was scooped out and it was so smooth. The rope had gone around so many times that it was just so slick and it looked so smooth that I wanted to put my finger on it. And so I put my finger on it and pretty soon that big rope took my hand right down through and under the rope into this pulley.

And oh, these three fingers here were just all broken and mashed. It happened that my mother was down by the barn when this happened. And they didn't have a hospital to take you to and so the neighbor lady come running with a big bottle of turpentine. And they poured the turpentine all over my hand to kill the germs that was on the rope. And my fingers were all mashed. And after I get through telling the stories you remember and I'll show you the scars on these fingers. And they wrapped my fingers up and it took a long, long, long time for my fingers to get well.

But they healed all right except I always have had scars on those fingers. And that's just because I was kind of foolish like Michelle was with putting the battery in her mouth. I had to feel the pulley wheel. And everybody wanted to coax to ride the derrick horse, but my father wouldn't let everybody ride the derrick horse because they had to tend to business. We had to listen for his calls and it was not play time.

Then another fun time in the summer was when they would thresh the wheat. You know what a handful of wheat looks like don't you? Well, in the fall of the year my father would cut the wheat

and they'd bind it up into big bundles. And then they'd have to haul it home to our yard and stack it in big stacks. And when he got all the wheat cut and it was all stacked up in the yard, then a great big machine would come. A great, great big machine that would get the wheat out of heads of wheat and it was fun to watch. And all the neighbor kids would come and they'd sit along on the fence. And they'd crank this big thrashing machine up and it'd make a lot of noise. And all of my father's brothers would come and the big boys and cousins, they'd come and they'd carry the wheat and put it in the threshing machine.

And the wheat would go along, the tall wheat on the stocks would go along on a big belt and pretty soon, why wheat would start coming out into the sacks. Well, then the men would have to carry these sacks of wheat over to our granary. My father had a big shed with a big bin in it and they would fill it up with wheat and there'd be hundreds of bushels in it. And we'd like to play in the wheat. We'd take our shoes and stockings off and we'd get in the wheat bin. And when my uncles would come with great big sacks of wheat, they'd cover us up and it was lots of fun. They they'd say, "Well, here's a big stock of wheat." And they'd put us down inside the sacks and put us over their shoulders. And we'd scream and yell because we'd think they were going to put us on the threshing machine. And it was an exciting time because our uncles they liked to play with us so that was kind of a fun thing to do.

They used to say that I was lazy. My older siblings, they'd always say that Nelda was lazy; that I'd try to get out of doing my work. And we'd have to scrub. We had a big kitchen floor and a bathroom floor and a pantry floor and they'd have to be scrubbed two or three times a week. One day my mother had told my older sister to scrub the floor and that I was supposed to help her. Well, she'd scrub the floor and rinse it and then I'd take a towel and I'd wipe it. Well, I guess I got lazy and tired and I wandered off and she was just about through. Just the bathroom was left to do. Well, I went off and she said, "Nelda, come and help me. You've got to come and help me." And pretty soon I went to the bathroom door and she said, "You better help me. I'm getting sick. I'm going to faint. I'm going to faint if you don't help me. I'm going to faint." And she fell over on the floor.

Well, in the sink in the bathroom was a big quart tub about half full of water and I just threw it on her. She was just playing that she was fainting. She was just trying to scare me into helping her. And did she jump up and she started to chase me! Boy, I sure ran and I ran and I ran. And that was one of Inez's favorite stories to tell on me because of how I threw water on her. She didn't faint anymore when I was helping her.

When I was old enough to start school, I only had to go a block away over past the corner where there was a one room school house. And they just held first grade there. Further up on the hill there was another big school, but in our part of town all the first graders went to this one-room school house. And my teacher was Mrs. Finalson and oh I thought she was pretty and she was such a good teacher. And I learned to read real well. And I think I told you about how she'd let me tell the other children words and I thought I was the teacher's pet.

Well anyway, the next year I had to go a long ways to school whether it was hot or whether it was cold or was snow six inches deep, I had to walk to school. We weren't lucky like you were when we were late our mother couldn't take us in a car. There was no way to get there. We had to walk and it

was about 12 blocks, a long, long ways. Well, when it was good weather I would roller skate. Lots of the kids would roller skate. And I got to be a real good skater. And when there were breaks in the sidewalk, I'd skate along and I'd jump those places. I'd even come home for lunch. I was such a good skater that I could go all that ways and get home and have my lunch and get back to school before the bell rang.

I remember in the second grade – Are you in the 2nd grade Michelle? – Well, I was just your age and I was writing my two times tables. Do you know your two times tables? Well, I was writing my two times tables and the girl across the hall, she looked over to copy off mine. I knew mine and she didn't know hers and she was looking to copy. And the teacher turned around just as I covered up my paper. Maybe I wasn't very nice, but I didn't want her to see my paper and I hurried and put my hand over it. And she said, "Nelda Tanner, stay in at recess." She didn't know what this girl (her name was Lucille Howard), that she was trying to copy off my paper. But I was the one that got the blame. And oh, I was just broken hearted. The teacher had never had to scold me before and I had to stay in all recess and keep my head down on my desk. And this Lucille Howard went out and played and I didn't think that was very fair.

When I was along about in 4th grade, I had some money that my mother had given me to bring something home. I had to go through town to get home and she wanted me to bring her something home. I had the money in my desk and at recess somebody stole it and I had to go to the principal's office to tell him all about what I had in my desk; what kind of money it was (quarters and dimes and everything). And I knew who took it. I knew the girl that had taken it, but I didn't dare tell on her.

And the teacher sent her into the principal's office and he asked her if she'd stolen the money and she said, "No". And he said, well I don't know just what question he asked her and he said, "Maybe this" and she said to him – she was kind of smart to the principal and she said, "Well, maybes don't fly in September." I remember that's what she said when he said maybe this or that happened. She said, "Well, maybes don't fly in September." And I thought, "Oh, I wouldn't dare say anything like that to the principal". I didn't get the money back and I won't ever forget that.

My father was on the school board and two or three times a year, why he would visit with the principal and the other members of the school board. They'd come around and visit in all the rooms and I was so proud that my father would come in. I thought he was so handsome and looked so nice all dressed up in his suit and his white shirt. He'd come and they'd walk up and down the aisles and look at our papers. I was so proud because my father was on the school board. That was always kind of exciting.

When I went to the Peteetneet School, I went there from second grade to sixth grade. Well, down at the bottom of the hill – the school was at the top of the hill – and down at the bottom of the hill they were tearing down some old houses. Well, we thought those houses were haunted. We thought there were ghosts and spooks in those houses. And we really weren't supposed to go there at recess. I don't think we were supposed to go off the school grounds, but we'd go and go through these rooms and the boards would squeak and we'd just get so spooked up and it was sure fun. So

all one year before they tore the houses clear down, we'd go at recess and at noon. Why, we'd play in these old houses. We'd get ourselves all spooked up and sure that there were ghosts there.

Well, then I had a girlfriend, her name was Stella Harris and maybe you've met her. She'd been to Richfield to visit me. She lives up in Provo now, but when she was a little girl they lived way out of town on their farm. And she had a sister Bell and a sister Madge and a brother (I can't think of his name right now) Ralph, I think. Well anyway, they'd have to come to school in a buggy. Stella was the oldest. She was in I guess, fifth or sixth grade. And she would drive the buggy and they'd have to come three or four miles from way out of town. And they'd tie their horse up and their buggy up, down under the shade of some trees. And at recess, why she'd take us for a ride around the block and around in the buggy, but we thought that was lots of fun.

And on Easter she invited all of her friends to come out to their farm to spend Easter. And that was a lot of fun. And I rode this Old Teddy, this old pony we had. I rode the pony out there. And some of the other kids, they rode horses too and we spent all day out there. Well, that was a real fun time when Stella would bring her buggy to school.

But in the wintertime it was a long, long ways up to the Peteetneet School and we couldn't roller skate and had no way to get there, only just walking. So we'd bundle up real good and in those days we didn't have boots. We had overshoes kind of like goulashes. And then to keep our legs real warm, why they had a stockingette that was fleece lined and they were called leggings. And they had little buttons that you'd put them on and they'd button all up the side clear up to your hips. And I don't know how they stayed on. I guess they were just tight enough. But there would be two or three dozen little black buttons all up the side and in the morning that was quite a trick to get ready for school. I know my father would take a button hook. Do you know what a button hook is? You remind me next time. I've got a button hook home and I can bring it next time. And he'd have to button all the buttons up.

He'd help us get ready for school. And we'd have scarves around our necks and caps on our heads and we'd have to walk to school. And these leggings would sometimes get wet and they'd get cold. I had to wear long wool stockings. And there used to be an old lady that lived by my mother and I don't know her name. She would knit and she would knit us stockings. They would be black stockings and they would be long ones. They would be scratchy and itchy and my mother would give her butter and milk and cream and things like that to pay her for knitting us stockings. Oh, I hated those, but we had to wear long underwear. This long underwear would come clear down to out ankles and we'd have to pull these stockings up over this long underwear. And I was always so glad when spring came because my mother said we could take off our underwear, our long underwear the first part of May if you can imagine having to wear those long underwear, but we needed them to keep us warm.

But the most fun about winter was sleigh riding from school. Did I tell you about that last time? The school house was up on a hill and it was a big, steep hill. And we could start from behind the school house and we could coast for two blocks. And the coasting hill was just like glass. And it was as wide as a whole street so lots of kids could coast at once. There would just be dozens of sleds and we always had to walk up just one side. And we were told in school never to cross the sleigh riding hill.

Well one day I did. I ran across to get with my friends and here come a boy on his sled going down on his back and away I went down to the bottom of the hill with him. I was afraid they were going to tell on me when I got into school because I had done something I shouldn't have when I crossed the sled hill.

But oh, it was fun. Everybody took a sled to school and they had big, long sleds and three or four kids could get on one and down we'd go. And over on one side of the school grounds was a much steeper hill where the bigger boys would coast and it was kind of dangerous. And it wasn't often the girls went over there and coasted. I did this all the time from when I was I guess in second grade until almost to the time that I was married when I was still teaching school even. And when I was in high school at night we'd have coasting parties and we'd bundle up good and go coast down this Peteetneet hill. And it was in the moonlight; that sleigh riding hill was just as slick as glass. And we'd sleigh ride even at night. Even when I was teaching school, the teachers would all get together and we'd have a sleigh riding party. And it was just lots and lots of fun in the wintertime, but we'd really have to bundle up good and wear these. When I was a child, I'd have to wear these long black leggings. And there we'd have our underwear down in our stockings and these wool stockings on and then these leggings over them to go to school and I just thought it was great fun.

And we'd have to leave for school real early to get there in time before the bell rang. And when we'd go to school the first grade would line up in rows next to the steps and the other first grade on the other side. Then they'd have the two second grades, then they'd have the third grade, then the fourth grade, then fifth grade, and then the sixth grade. We always had a partner and we'd have to line up in rows and they'd play marching music and we'd have to march into school. And first the first grade would go. Two would come from this way and two would come from the other way. They'd join and turn and go up - four up the steps and in the school building. And after they went then the second grade went. An that's the way we'd march just like soldiers in school.

We each had a place where our grade stood and there were three girls in my school room that had the name of Nelda. There was Nelda Sorrel and Nelda Hill and Nelda Tanner. And so my friends would yell, "Nelda T. march with me" because we'd always have a partner. And we'd have to have a partner because we'd have to march two by two and that's what they'd say, "Nelda T. march with me". If you got out of line, why the teacher would reach out and pull you out of line and give you a scolding. Some of the boys would get scolded because they'd get to fooling when they were supposed to be marching.

And we'd march up the steps into the school building and then there were some more steps that went up to the first floor. And then those that went up on the second floor, part of them would turn up and go that way and part of them would turn that way and go up some more steps until they'd get up to their school room. And then you'd march and march until you were right in your room. You marched past the coat hangers and take off your coats and go in and take your seats. It wasn't like it is now when you can just walk into school. It was kind of different then than it is now.

One thing I can remember and I'll tell you this one story and then I think you've been here long enough. I was a good speller and we'd have spelling matches, lots of them. In the spring, why we'd have spelling matches and our fifth grade maybe would try to out spell the other fifth grade. And

we'd compete and the best fifth grade spellers would get to challenge the sixth grade. Well, they'd have to have captains and choose up sides. And I was always one of the first ones to be chosen. If I wasn't the first one, I'd be the second one or the third one. And sometimes I'd be on one captain's team and sometimes on the other. It always made me feel bad when I'd get spelled down, when I'd miss a word.

Well one day, we were having a spelling match against the other fifth grade and the fifth grade teacher was giving out the words and it was my turn and she said, "Persuade". And I said, "Persuade p-e-r-s-u-a-d-e". She said, "Wrong". Then she turned to the other team and she said, "Persuade". And the girl thought a minute and she thought, "Well, she spelled it wrong" so she said, "P-u-r-s-u-a-d-e". And the teacher said, "Right" and gave the next word and I had to go sit down. I had spelled it right. See these are the things that I remember. I spelled it right, but she told me to go sit down. Well, do you know we didn't dare say it out loud, but when we'd see this Miss Lewis we always called her Miss P-u-r-s-u-a-d-e. That's what we called her all the rest of the year. We didn't dare say it out loud, but that's what we always called her because we thought it was kind of funny that the teacher didn't know how to spell the word.

So up this far takes me through, I guess about all I can remember through when I went to the Peteetneet School. And I don't know if I've ever shown you the Peteetneet School when you've been with us in Payson or not. There are lots of swings and slippery slides and we played lots of softball. In the summertime why we'd have softball teams and we'd play softball. And when I didn't skate home for my lunch, why we'd take our lunch and do you know what a lard bucket looks like? It's a tin bucket kind of like the bucket, the ice cream bucket that I brought the apples in tonight. And we'd take our lunch and go sit on the ditch bank at noon and eat lunch. And that was about the first I can ever remember of peanut butter. And my lunch bucket said, "School boy peanut butter" on it and my mother had bought this bucket. And it was a nice shiny bucket and it had a tight lid on it. And that's the first that I can remember peanut butter. And I took my lunch to school in this school boy peanut butter bucket.

I'm going to tell you this story Marielle. When I was a little girl, I was about as big as you, my mother would make all of us nightgowns just alike. And then do you know what she'd make us to match our nightgowns? Nightcaps, she'd make us little caps that we could put over our head at night and we'd tie them under our chin. Can you imagine Aunt Inez and all of us - even the boys had nightcaps because we had earaches so much, especially me (had such terrible earaches). And so we'd wear these nightcaps and tie them under our chins. And then I can still see all of us kneeling down around the dining room chairs and each one of us would take a turn saying our prayers before we'd go to bed. And when I think of that little picture of five little children it reminds me of you, all kneeling down with our nightgowns on alike and our nightcaps saying our prayers. And I thought maybe you'd like to maybe know about that.

I told you about how we curled our hair. We didn't have curling irons, electric ones, but we had a curling iron that looked much like yours except that we had to heat it in the front of our stove. On the front of our kitchen stove there was a little lid that came down and in there you could see the coals. Do you remember this Carl? You could see the coals in the front of the stove. And we'd put the curling iron in the stove until we'd think it was hot enough and then my mother would take it out

and try it on a piece of tissue paper. Usually she used an old piece of pattern, dress pattern. And if it didn't scorch the paper then it wouldn't burn our hair. And then when she'd curl our hair up, why then she'd have to put it back in the stove, get it hot again, try it on the piece of paper, and then curl our hair. And it was a quick way to curl our hair.

And there were other kinds of curlers. And one that we used a lot was a curler that looked like this and this is called a kid curler. I'll pass it around and let you see why you think it's called a kid curler. It's made out of a leather. I guess maybe kid skin, but it's what we'd take a strand of hair and roll it around that end and we'd twist the ends. And can you imagine sleeping on those? They were just as knobby as they could be and they'd kind of hurt your head. Like other kinds of curlers, you soon got used to them. And we used those kind a long time to curl our hair. And every night, why our mother would have to roll up our hair with kid curlers. And then we'd take them out in morning and that was one way that we curled our hair.

I don't know whether any of you have seen a buttonhook or not. I told you once that we had shoes with a lot of buttons up the side. And did I tell you that when I was a little girl in the wintertime we had leggings? And these leggings were made out of a heavy knit material and they had buttons that started right down here on your ankle. They were kind of like spats. Do you know what spats are? Well, they started to button here and they'd have a zillion little buttons that'd get clear up here. And then we'd fasten them up on to our panty waist. And I told you about a panty waist didn't I that we'd button our stockings onto our garter and things?

Well, a button hook like this is a fancy one. All of them weren't that fancy, but you could take this button hook and you'd put it through the button hole and catch the button and bring it right through. Then you'd do the next one and you could just button your leggings or your shoes up in a hurry. And this button hook came in a set that grandpa gave me as the first present he gave me when we started to go together. That's part of the first Christmas present. And I've got several pieces, but not all of it. I have a shoe horn and a powder box, and a little tray, and a few things. But some of the things over the years have got lost. And that's a buttonhook.

And there was a story we used to tell in school that I can remember that I thought was real funny when I was little and you can see why. A little girl who was in first grade was reading and she said, "Where are you going little buttonhook?" And the teacher said, "It doesn't say that in the book." And she said, "Yes, it does. Where are you going little buttonhook?" and it was a question mark. And that was a funny joke that I can remember from when I was a little girl. But that's a buttonhook and it's real special to me because that was such a beautiful set that grandpa gave me - the first Christmas present that he ever gave me.

I didn't think because you were kind of sick that we'd have a very long home night tonight and I wouldn't tell you many stories, but I told you once that when I was a little girl I tried to mind and I tried to be a good little girl and I never got scolded in school or had my teachers get after me or anything. But my older sister said I was lazy. That always hurt my feelings because maybe I was. Maybe I did try to get out of doing dishes. But I'll tell you what always made me feel better, that my mother would say, "If you want something done quick, get Inez to do it, but if you want something done good, get Nelda to do it" because she always praised me when I'd scrub the floor. And we had

to have a scrubbing brush and scrub our floor. It wasn't an easy floor like yours to wipe up. We had to scrub it with soap and with a scrubbing brush. And she always thought that I got in the corners so good and I rinsed it good. And she always praised me because I did work good.

She'd send me upstairs and I didn't like to go upstairs all alone and change the beds and vacuum the floor and hang up my brothers' clothes and do all those sort of things. But she always praised me. She said that when she sent Nelda upstairs to clean up the upstairs – there were three bedrooms upstairs and a big hall and she always praised me because she said I did such a good job.

But I want to tell you something and I don't think that grandpa even knows this story about me. I wasn't always good. Do you think I ought to tell them something when I was bad, daddy? (I'm talking to you.) Well, I don't want you to think that I was perfect by any means. But when I was about 12 or 13, my mother made me a new dress. And my mother didn't like to sew and she wasn't especially a good sewer. She had so much else to do to take care of all the milk we had and she was a very particular housekeeper that she just didn't seem to have the patience to sew. Well, this time she made me a dress and I liked the smooth shoulder seams. Michelle, do you have a seam in your sleeve? Well, before my time they used to have a lot of gathers and it'd make your sleeve stand way up high and that looked so old-fashioned to me that I just didn't like my sleeves like that. I liked them like the ones in your dresses that were smooth.

And my mother, I guess, didn't know how to make sleeves fit that way. If she had just trimmed off some of the curve on the top of the pattern, they would have gone in without all those big high puffs. Now, once in a while now you see dresses with high puffs, but for me I never did like those gathers at the top of my sleeves. So when my mother got my dress almost finished, she had me come and try it on. And when I saw those gathers over the sleeves, I began to cry and I said, "I won't wear it. I don't like it and I won't wear it." And I was making such a fuss that she said, "Alright then. Take it off." And I took it off and she said, "You'll have to go without a new dress." And she said, "I'll never make you another dress as long as I live." Well after a while, I don't know maybe it was the next day, I surely wanted to wear that dress. I wanted something new to wear and I couldn't find it. It wasn't in my mother's sewing box, it wasn't anywhere.

And I hunted and I hunted and I hunted for that dress. And guess where I found it? She had thrown it behind the piano. The piano went cornerwise across the corner of the living room and she had thrown it behind the piano. But I got a stick and I worked until I got that dress out and I finished it myself. And after that, why she'd buy me all the material that I wanted to sew, but I had to sew my own dresses. And that's how I learned to sew. Then I got to be pretty good at it. And I made dresses for my sister Inez because she didn't like to sew. And I'd make her dresses and I'd make Erma's dresses and I made Lois' dresses. I even made my mother dresses and my Aunt Ella dresses because I liked to sew.

And then even one year, why one of the neighbors came over and said, "Marsha needs some new dresses and I just don't know how to sew." And so she said, "I wonder if Nelda would sew Marsha some dresses for school?" And so I said, "Yes". I thought that was great because I could earn a little money and so I made Marsha her school dresses. And that's how I learned to sew is because I complained about the way my mother made dresses. So that was kind of a naughty thing I did.

And that wasn't the worst thing that though I thought I'd tell you. When I was about 12 years old, one night – well first let me tell you that I had a friend that lived right across the road. Her name was Evelyn. And Evelyn was a fun girl to be with. She always had money to spend. She always could buy potato chips. She could buy a box of Nabisco cookies which were so good. She could buy a can of olives. She always had money to spend and I didn't and so I wondered where Evelyn got her money from. Her father worked up to Eureka in the mines and didn't live home. He'd only come home once in a while. And I thought it was because he worked and earned money and my father was a farmer and we didn't always have money. And so finally we found out that the reason Evelyn had money was because she was stealing it out of her mother's and her sister's purses or her mother would give her a quarter to buy a notebook with or a pencil and she'd tell her mother she had lost the pencil or had lost the money and then she'd have it to spend. And her mother would give her some more money to buy her whatever she needed. And even for a book or anything she was always losing her money. She'd tell her mother and that was what was happening and that's how she always had money all the time. Well, I found that out and then I didn't like her very well.

One day - they bought milk over to our place - and one day Evelyn came across the street and my mother was out scrubbing her front porch and she said, "Mrs. Tanner, here's the quart cup". My mother had a brown quart cup. And she said, "Here's the quart cup that we got the milk in and the money for the milk is in the cup". And she went to hand it to my mother and my mother said, "Take it around the house to the back door and put it in on the cupboard". Well, why my mother went in to put the quart cup away, there wasn't any money in it and she told us about it. She said, "That Evelyn Reed didn't leave any money." She said, "I don't know whether to tell her mother about it or not". But she was doing those kind of things all the time.

Well, this night that I'm going to tell you about when I was so naughty and I'm ashamed of it and you'll see why. My mother told me that I could go to the show with my friends. And it was just kind of beginning to turn dark and she said, "I'm going to ride down to the field with papa". We always called them mama and papa. And she said, "I'm going to ride down to the field with papa and when you get your dishes done then you can go to the show". Well, I guess I kind of fooled around getting the dishes done. By the time I got cleaned up, I started up the street and I remembered that I had a nickel or a dime in my drawer at home. So I turned around and went in the house and it was dark enough that I needed to turn the light on. We didn't have a switch like this. We had to reach up and turn on the light by the light that hung down from the ceiling on a light cord. Well, I turned the light on and I got in my drawer and got the quarter out – I got my money, I don't know, think a nickel or a dime. I never had as much as a quarter.

And just as I was closing the drawer, I saw my mother and my father drive in down in the lower lot in the car. I knew that if I wasn't gone when they got up to the house, they wouldn't let me go to the show because I was supposed to always go to the first show so that I'd be home early. And so I hurried and turned out the light, ran out the door and up the street and went to the show. When I came home, my mother said, "Do you know what? When we pulled in the lot tonight, that Evelyn Reed was in our house going through the drawers in the buffet drawer in the dining room". She said, "That little scamp. When she saw us coming, she turned out the light and ran out the door. I've just a notion to go over and tell Mrs. Reed that she was in our house, that little thief". And I didn't

dare – I didn't tell my mother that it was me. What would you have done? You would have told your mother, wouldn't you? But I didn't.

I let Evelyn take the blame. She moved away soon after that and I always had a guilty conscience every time I thought about it, but I never did tell my mother. Whenever she'd tell about Evelyn stealing or something why I'd think, "That was me that night in the dining room". And I never did tell her and my mother died without ever knowing. If she'd ever remembered it, she might not have ever remembered it, but I remember it. And I never did tell her and I never did have a chance to tell Evelyn that she got blamed for something that I did. And I'd feel bad about it now except I've asked my Heavenly Father many times to forgive me for that and now that I'm older if I ever met her again, I'd tell her, but I didn't dare when I was a little girl. I don't know what you'd have done, but I'd hope you'd have more courage than I had. I might tell you what happened though and then won't tell you anymore. She didn't only steal, but she told lies. Well, I didn't tell a lie this night, but I acted one which is just as bad.

When we were in high school there was a feeling between Payson and Spanish Fork like there is between Richfield and Monroe. There was a little bit of competition. We always like to beat them and one day they was having a track meet or a football game or something over at Spanish Fork. Well, at noon when we were eating our lunch – we took our lunch to school in a sack – and when we were eating our lunch two of my friends (this Evelyn and another girl) said, "Let's sluff school this afternoon and go over to Spanish Fork". And they talked about it and I thought, "Oh, I wouldn't dare". And so when I went back into school, Evelyn and Fern were not there. And I knew where they'd gone. They had gone to Spanish Fork and they would have to ride a little train. It was called the inter-urban and it was an electric car that ran between Payson and Salt Lake. And for about a dime you could ride to Spanish Fork. Well, that was the only way there was to get there.

And I knew Evelyn and Fern had sluffed school because about 2:00 the principal came to my desk in the study hall and he said, "Nelda, do you know where Fern and Evelyn are?" And I said, "No". I didn't want to tell on them and I said, "No". He said, "Well, the principal of the high school in Spanish Fork just called me and said they're over there and he has sent them to come back home on the next train, on the next car". And oh, I was so glad that I hadn't gone. Well, when I got home from school that night I went to go in our back door and my mother says, "Where have you been young lady?" And I said, "To school" and then she said, "You've been to Spanish Fork this afternoon. If you don't go to school, you come home because I have plenty of work for you to do". And I said, "I didn't go to Spanish Fork".

And she said, "Now, Mrs. Reed came over (that was Evelyn's mother) and said that the principal had called and said that you and Evelyn and Fern had sluffed school this afternoon and gone to Spanish Fork". And I said, "I didn't go". And she said, "Well, Evelyn said you did. You go over and you tell Mrs. Reed that you didn't go". So I went over and told Mrs. Reed. And Mrs. Reed said, "Why Evelyn told me that you were with her" because Evelyn had got home from school and her mother was scolding her too. And so I didn't feel that Evelyn was a very good friend. And maybe she deserved some of the things that happened to her because her sisters were always saying, "You little thief. You've been in my purse. Where did that dollar bill go?" or this and that. And so she did a lot of

naughty things, but so did I. And so I wasn't the best little girl I could have been, but I tried to be good.

I'd like to tell you a story about that song 'Do What is Right'. There was a family, a big family. Most in the family were boys and there was Cleon and Huish and Vernon. They were all such good boys – such nice, kind, sweet boys to their mother and to their sisters, but they were kind of small and a little different. And one morning one of these boys was taking his cows to the pasture. And he was going along singing this song to the top of his voice and here came a train and ran over one of his cows.

In the fall, when it began to get cold along before Thanksgiving time, my father would say, "Well, I think in the morning I'd better butcher a pig". And so they'd get up real early and they'd put on water in the tub out in the washhouse. That's a little house we had out in the backyard. My father would build a fire and fill the big boiler full of water. And then he'd put water on the kitchen stove and they'd build a hot fire. Then he'd go out and he would fix a rope and a chain on a wheel. It's called a block and tackle. And he'd put it up over a limb of the tree. And right under this block and tackle he'd put a great big wooden barrel. Oh, it would stand about that high, a big wooden barrel. And when the water got hot then they'd hurry and carry the water in bucketfuls and put in this tub.

Well, while the water was getting hot my father would sometimes he'd take a butcher knife and then later he took a 22. And I liked it lots better when he'd take the gun. But he'd go out to the pigpen and he'd catch the big pig that he wanted to kill and he'd take the butcher knife and cut its throat. And boy, when he'd start to catch the pig and he'd start holding the pig to cut its throat to kill it, would it squeal. You could hear it all over the neighborhood in our part of town. And kids would come running because they knew what was happening. Later, why he would take the 22; that's a small gun. And he'd go out and he'd shoot the pig and then it didn't squeal and make so much noise. But it sure did make a noise and we were all just kind of shaking like that. We were so excited knowing what was happening down by the barn.

Well, then he'd take the rope and tie it around the hind feet of the pig and they'd put it on this block and tackle and pull it up in the tree right over the barrel of hot water. When they'd get it right over it, they'd let the pig down right into the barrel of real hot water. Do you know why they'd do that? The pig was already dead. Not to kill it. It would make it so they could scrape the hair off from it and after it had been in the water long enough, then they'd take and pull the rope up and they'd move the barrel away and then they would have sharp knives. And they'd start up at its hind legs and its feet and they could just scrape the hair all off the pig. And it would be just so pretty and pink when all the hair was all scraped off from it. And then they would cut it down its stomach and they'd clean all the insides out of it and wash it all out good.

And they would take the bladder that was inside the pig and my father would bring it up to the house and my mother would wash it good. And they'd bring a straw from the straw stack because we didn't have plastic drinking straws. They would have worked real fine. They'd put it down the neck of the bladder and they'd blow it up and they could blow it up so it'd be that big around. And then all that day we would play with that bladder like a balloon and a ball. And it was something that when we were little we thought was fun to do. Well, and then they'd let the pig hang in the cool,

cold air all day. And then when it was hanging up in the tree, when it would get night my father would take the saw and he'd (tape ended)...



Antique shoe button hook



Peteetneet School