

BIOGRAPHY
of
WALLACE
YANCEY

BIOGRAPHY OF WALLACE YANCEY

IN ORDER TO ARRIVE AT THE STARTING PLACE IN MY LIFE, IT WOULD BE WELL TO GO BACK TO MY ANCESTORS, AND LIST PART OF THEM ALONG WITH MY PARENTS.

MY FATHER WAS EMRON YANCEY AND MY MOTHER WAS ELIZA DOROTHY DEAN. MY FATHER WAS BORN ON 25 JULY 1886, IN THE SMALL TOWN OF CHESTERFIELD, IDAHO. HE WAS MARRIED ON THE 5TH OF JUNE 1907 TO MY MOTHER IN THE SALT LAKE TEMPLE. HE DIED ON 3 MAY 1957 AND WAS BURIED ON 6 M̄AY 1957.

HIS FATHER WAS ADAM YANCEY AND HIS MOTHER WAS ALICE TOLMAN. HIS FATHER WAS BORN 6 APRIL 1859, MARRIED OCT. 2, 1879 AT THE ENDOWMENT HOUSE, SALT LAKE CITY. HE DIED ON 15 SEPTEMBER 1920 AND WAS BURIED ON 17 SEPTEMBER 1920. HE WAS BORN IN BOUNTIFUL, UTAH, AND IS BURIED IN GROVELAND, IDAHO.

MY MOTHER ELIZA DOROTHY DEAN WAS BORN ON 3 NOVEMBER 1889 IN WOODRUF, UTAH. SHE DIED ON 20 MARCH 1973 AND IS BURIED IN GROVELAND. MY FATHER IS BURIED IN THIS SAME CEMETARY ALONG WITH, WANDA, DELPHA, AND JESSE.

HER MOTHER IS ELIZABETH HOWARD AND HER FATHER WAS JOHN COPE DEAN. HER FATHER WAS BORN ON 1 JANUARY 1853 IN AUDLEY, STAFFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND. MARRIED ON 9 OCTOBER 1877 IN THE CHURCH HISTORIANS OFFICE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. HE DIED ON 28 JANUARY 1937 AT THE AGE OF 84 AND IS BURIED IN BLACKFOOT, IDAHO. ELIZABETH HOWARD WAS BORN ON 20 FEB. 1859 AT ASTON-BIRMINGHOAM, WARWICKSHIRE, ENGLAND. SHE IS ALSO BURIED IN THE GROVELAND CEMETARY IN IDAHO.

MY FATHER'S MOTHER ALICE TOLMAN WAS BORN ON 29 AUG 1863
IN BOUNTIFUL, UTAH AND DIED ON 11 OCT, 1942 AND IS BURIED IN
THE GROVELAND CEMETERY IN IDAHO. HER PARENTS WERE JUDSON
TOLMAN AND SARAH LUCRETIA HOLBROOK.

MY MOTHER'S FATHER'S PARENTS WERE CHARLES DEAN AND MARY
COPE. HER MOTHER'S PARENTS WERE JOSEPH HOWARD AND ANN SHELTON.

ON MY MOTHER'S SIDE, HER BROTHERS AND SISTERS:

1.	MARY ELIZABETH DEAN	3 MAR 1879	23 JUN 1965
2.	MATILDA ANN DEAN	30 JUNE 1881	19 AUG 1904
3.	LUCY CAROLINE DEAN	27 MAY 1883	
4.	JULIA DEAN	24 OCT 1885	
5.	SARAH JANE DEAN	1 NOV 1887	
6.	ELIZA DOROTHY DEAN	3 NOV 1889	20 MAR 1973
7.	LOUELLA DEAN	22 SEPT 1891	11 NOV 1956
8.	EMMA DEAN	27 SEPT 1893	
9.	ARLINDA DEAN	1 SEPT 1895	
10.	JOHN WILFORD DEAN	4 APR 1897	11 OCT 1898
11.	AGNES DEAN	13 DEC 1898	

MY FATHER'S SIDE, HIS BROTHER'S AND SISTERS:

1.	ADAM ADONIRUM YANCEY	9 AUG 1880	2 SEP 1892
2.	ORVAL LYANCEY	12 SEPT. 1882	31 MAR 1954
3.	JAMES HENRY YANCEY	24 JULY 1884	9 OCT 1959
4.	EMRON YANCEY	25 JULY 1886	3 MAY 1957
5.	BERTHA LUCRETIA YANCEY	21 AUG 1888	
6.	CYRUS YANCEY	3 DEC 1890	18 MAR 1948
7.	ALICE YANCEY	8 OCT 1892	

8.	DANIEL YANCEY	24 FEB 1895	12 NOV 1939
9.	SYLVIA MAY YANCEY	1 MAY 1897	9 JAN 1940
10.	MARY YANCEY	30 AUG 1898	24 SEPT 1898
11.	NATHAN ORLEY YANCEY	23 JULY 1900	24 SEPT 1969

MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS ARE:

1.	DOROTHY MATILDA YANCEY [OCKERMAN]	28 MAR 1908	
2.	RICHARD E. YANCEY	30 JUL 1910	
3.	WYORA YANCEY [BARNEY]	19 DEC 1911	FEB 1980
4.	ELVERA YANCEY [SILVFAST]	11 NOV 1913	5 MAR 1976
5.	JUDSON YANCEY	6 OCT 1915	
6.	JOHN DEAN YANCEY	8 OCT 1916	
7.	ELIZABETH YANCEY	24 MAR 1918	24 MAR 1918
8.	FRANK AUGUSTUS YANCEY	8 MAY 1919	
9.	DELPHA YANCEY [WORKMAN]	30 APR 1921	18 AUG 1956
10.	DAVID YANCEY	30 APR 1921	
11.	ALZINA YANCEY [KAUK]	26 OCT 1922	
12.	ADAM EMRON YANCEY	29 AUG 1924	
13.	JESSE T. YANCEY	15 MAR 1928	15 SEP 1977
14.	VERDA YANCEY [ORCHARD]	7 MAY 1929	
15.	VELDA YANCEY [PLANT]	7 MAY 1929	
16.	LEROY DEAN YANCEY	30 NOV 1930	
17.	WALLACE YANCEY	29 DEC 1932	
18.	WANDA YANCEY	29 DEC 1932	

AS ONE CAN READILY SEE FROM THE ABOVE, ALL OF MY PARENTS FAMILY'S HAD LARGE FAMILIES AND WERE APPARENTLY CAPABLE OF PROVIDING FOR THEM, I HEARD OF NO STORIES OF ANY POVERTY OTHER THAN HARD TIMES IN THE FAMILY BACKGROUND, ALL WERE

VERY GOOD, HARD WORKING, PEOPLE. I AM PLACING MY ORIGINAL BIRTH CERTIFICATE HERE TO SHOW THE DATE OF MY BIRTH FOR THE RECORDS.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
BUREAU OF THE CENSUS

NOTIFICATION OF BIRTH REGISTRATION

This is to advise you that there is preserved under File No. 208478 in the State office for the registration of vital statistics at BOISE, IDAHO, a Record of Birth, as follows:

Name WALLACE YANCEY Sex Male

Born on December 29, 1932, at Blackfoot, Idaho

Name of father Emeron Yancey

Maiden name of mother Dorothy Dean



W. M. Stewart
Director of the Census.

11-9130

Lewis Williams
Special Agent, Bureau of the Census.

MY TWIN SISTER AND I WERE BORN ON THE SAME DATE, I WAS ABOUT FIVE MINUTES OLDER THAN SHE WAS.

TO KEEP EVERYTHING IN A PROPER CONTEXT, I WANT TO GO BACK TO MY EARLY FORMATIVE YEARS AND RECALL EVENTS THAT I FELT WERE HIGHLIGHTS OF MY LIFE AS I GREW UP IN MY FAMILY.

THE EARLIEST PICTURES I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION AND THERE ARE OBVIOUSLY MORE IN THE REST OF THE FAMILY RECORDS WITH OTHER MEMBERS, NAMELY JESSE'S WIFE DORIS WHO HAD ALL OF MY MOTHERS RECORDS WHEN SHE DIED, AND HER HUSBANDS WHEN HE DIED.

THIS FIRST PICTURE SHOWS ME IN A CRIB AND ON THE BACK ARE NOTATIONS THAT I WAS ABOUT ONE YEAR OLD.



THE SECOND PICTURE WAS TAKEN WHEN I WAS ABOUT 15 MONTHS OLD AND YOU CAN SEE I WAS IN A DRESS. MOTHER QUITE OFTEN DRESSED ME THAT WAY BECAUSE SHE SAID I WANTED TO WEAR IT, TO BE LIKE MY SISTER. ACCORDING TO HER RECOLLECTION, WE WERE

BOTH "GOOD" CHILDREN TO RAISE. THAT IS THE EARLIEST SHOT I HAVE OF MY MOTHER IN THE BACKGROUND OF SHOT TWO,

THE NEXT EVIDENCE OF MY "CURLY HAIR" IS SHOWN AT ABOUT THE AGE OF TWO, WHEN I WAS ADMITTED TO THE SALT LAKE CITY HOSPITAL FOR PNEUMONIA AND SPENT A GREAT DEAL OF TIME THERE. MOTHER SAID I WAS IN THE HOSPITAL FOR SEVERAL MONTHS AND THEY ALMOST LOST ME. I HAVE A LARGE SCAR ON MY RIGHT SIDE, WHERE THEY HAD TO ENTER THE CHEST CAVITY AND DRAIN THE LUNGS TO GET THEM HEALED. THIS SCAR IS ABOUT FOUR INCHES LONG, IT MUST HAVE BEEN VERY LARGE FOR A SMALL LAD OF TWO. IT IS RIGHT BETWEEN THE RIBS AND RUNS PARALLEL TO THE RIBS.



I AM ON THE LEFT.



MY TWIN WANDA.

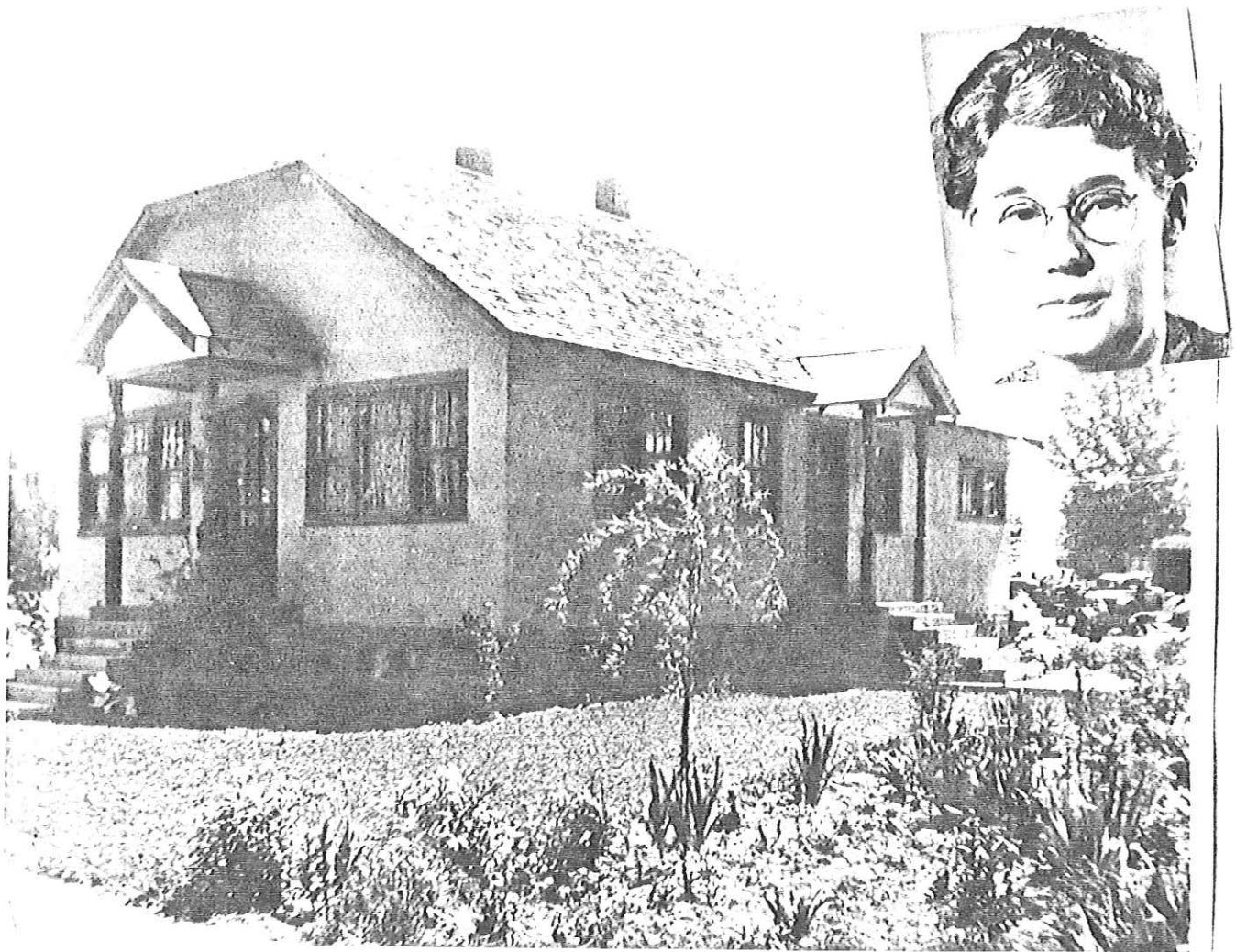
NOTICE THAT THIS TIME SHE IS IN THE "BUGGY."

THE NEXT SHOT SHOWS ME STANDING ALONE ON THE SIDE YARD OF OUR HOME AT 910 NORTH SHILLING, BLACKFOOT, IDAHO. I WAS NOT BORN HERE, BUT WAS BORN ON SOUTH UNIVERSITY STREET.



THE SHOT OF OUR HOME WAS ONE OF THE FIRST ONES I RECALL AND IT WAS JUST PRIOR TO WHEN MOTHER PLANTED ALL KINDS OF SHRUBS AND FLOWERS AROUND THE HOUSE. I RECALL THAT EXPERIENCE WITH HER AS ONE OF THE TREASURED MOMENTS OF LIFE, SHE LOVED FLOWERS AND ALL THE BEAUTY OF NATURE AND YOU COULD TELL IT BECAUSE SHE COULD MAKE ANYTHING GROW. SHE USED TO TELL ME, IT IS EASIER TO HAVE BEAUTY AROUND YOU THAN TO HAVE WEEDS GROWING. SHE KNEW EVERY FLOWER, PLANT, TREE AND APPRECIATED THEIR INDIVIDUAL BEAUTY. ONE LILAC BUSH NEAR THE BACK DOOR THAT WE PLANTED,

WHICH I HADN'T KNOWN AT THE TIME, WAS HER FAVORITE. EACH TIME I RETURN TO MY HOMETOWN, THE BUSH IS STILL THERE AND WHEN IN BLOOM, IS MAGNIFICENT. I NEVER KNEW MONUMENTS WOULD BE LEFT IN MY MIND FROM THE TIME I WAS ONLY A YOUNG BOY OF SIX YEARS OLD. I ALSO HELPED MY MOTHER PLANT EVERYTHING IN OUR YARD THAT SUMMER, AND ESPECIALLY THE "WEEPING WILLOW" TREE OUT IN THE FRONT YARD NEAR THE CORNER OF THE LOT. THIS SHOT



SHOWS HOW IT LOOKED AFTER WE APPLIED OUR GREEN THUMB. MINE WAS NOT QUITE AS NOTICEABLE AS HERS IS, YET I SHALL NEVER FOR-

GET THE FEELING I HAD ON THAT DAY. I WAS PARTICIPATING IN ONE OF THE GRANDEST MOMENTS OF MY LIFE WITH MY MOTHER, SHE AND I WERE "ALONE" AND NO ONE ELSE WAS THERE. IT WAS A RARE TIME WHEN I COULD HAVE HER "ALL TO MYSELF" AND I SHALL NEVER FORGET THAT EXPERIENCE AS LONG AS I LIVE. "MY" TREE STILL STANDS ON THAT CORNER, AND WHAT WAS ONCE A SMALL TREE HAS NOW GROWN UP TO BECOME A HUGE TREE WITH A TRUNK MEASURING ABOUT SIX FEET IN DIAMETER. IT MUST BE FIFTY FEET TALL. IT SHADES THE ENTIRE LAWN AREA ON THAT SIDE OF THE HOUSE. IT IS STILL A BEAUTIFUL MEMORY EVERY TIME I SEE IT. TO OTHERS, IT IS MERELY ANOTHER TREE IN A SMALL TOWN IN IDAHO. TO ME IT IS A SYMBOL OF AN ERA, AND FAMILY, THAT I KNEW. IT STILL HAS A LASTING EFFECT ON MY MEMORY AND HAS AFFECTED MY LIFE GREATLY. MOTHER TOLD ME ABOUT THAT TREE AND WHAT IT WOULD GROW UP TO BE AND HOW IT WOULD HELP ALL THE WEARY WHO NEEDED TO BE SHADED FROM THE TROUBLES OF LIFE. SHE ALSO TOLD ME THAT ONCE IT GOT IT'S ROOTS INTO SOLID GROUND, NOTHING WOULD MAKE IT STOP IT'S STRONG STEADY GROWTH. SHE ALSO INDICATED THAT THEY WERE A PROTECTION FROM WIND, WEATHER, AND IF TAKEN CARE OF, WOULD BE A BEAUTIFUL FRIEND FOREVER. SHE WAS RIGHT!

THIS NEXT SHOT IS NOT VERY GOOD AND HAS YELLOWED WITH AGE. IT WAS TAKEN OUT IN FRONT OF MY HOME, YOU WILL NOTICE THE 1930'S VINTAGE VEHICLES BEHIND ME. THEY WERE ALL STILL VERY MUCH IN USE AND A COMMON SITE WHEN I WAS THIS AGE. IT WAS NOT AT ALL UNCOMMON TO SEE A LOT OF MODEL "A" FORDS RUNNING ALL OVER, AND MY UNCLE, MELVIN OCKERMAN, HAD ONE THAT RAN FOREVER. HE DROVE THAT THING FOR YEARS AND ALWAYS

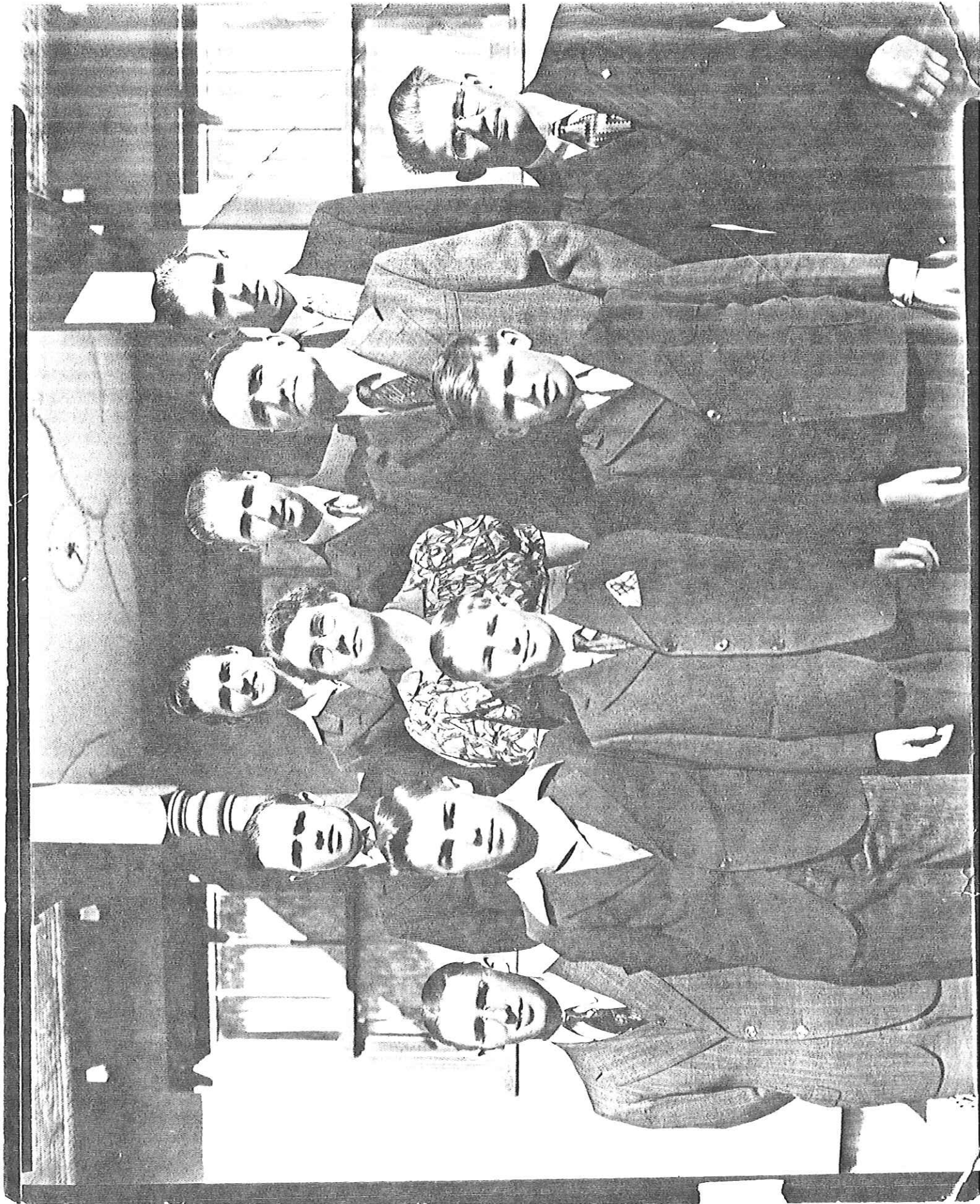


SAID IT WAS THE MOST RELIABLE VEHICLE HE HAD EVER OWNED. HE
CUSSED THE NEWER MODELS OUT BECAUSE THEY WERE FAR TOO COMPLICATED
FOR HIM.

IT WAS ABOUT THIS TIME IN LIFE THAT I RECALL MY MOTHER
AND FATHER PICTURED BELOW:



ALONG WITH THE FAMILY HAD ALL OF THE BOYS POSE FOR A PICTURE

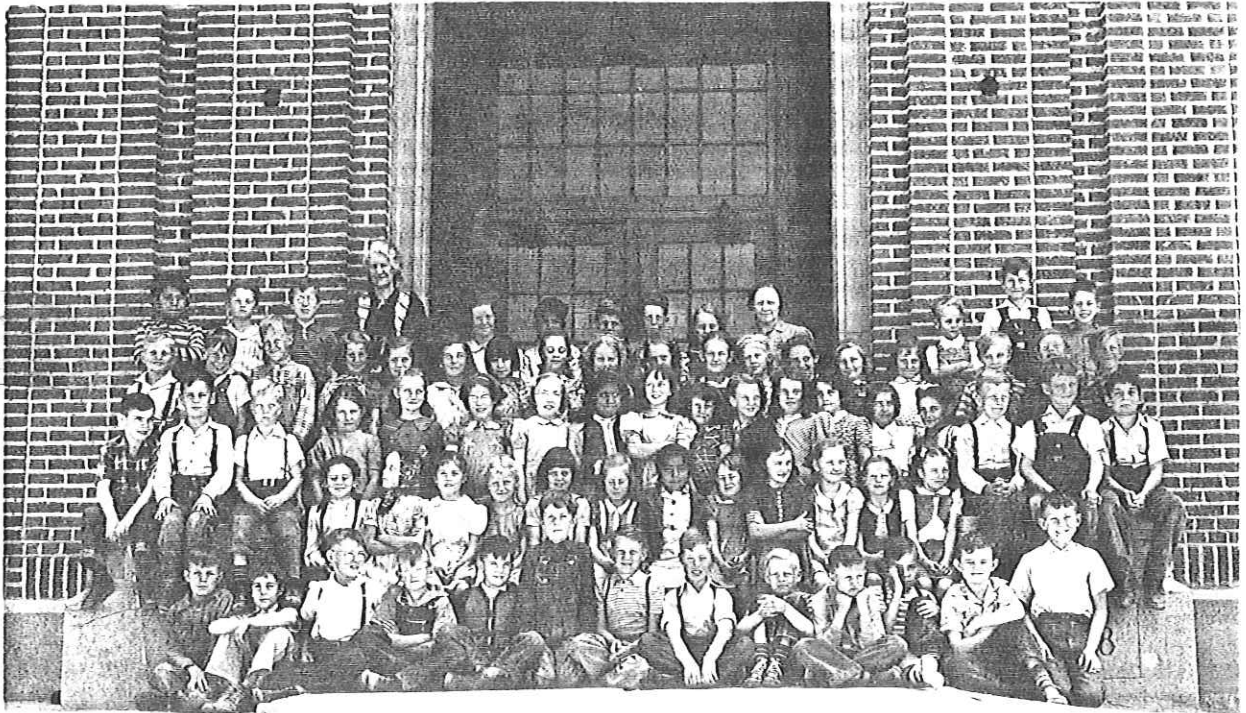


WHICH WAS TAKEN ON OUR FRONT PORCH. AS YOU LOOK AT THE PICTURE, THE BOTTOM ROW IS, LEFT TO RIGHT: JOHN, JESSE, LEROY, WALLACE AND RICHARD. THE MIDDLE ROW IS JUDSON, DOROTHY, AND EMRON. THE BACK ROW IS DAVID, ADAM AND FRANK. AT THE TIME I HAD A SHIRT ON THAT WAS NOT MY SIZE AND THE SLEEVES KEPT FALLING DOWN. I USUALLY TUCKED THEM UP UNDER THE SLEEVES SO THEY WOULDN'T SHOW, BUT SOMETIMES THEY FELL DOWN. I DIDN'T MIND THE FACT THAT ROY, JESSE, OR ADAM MIGHT HAVE WORN THOSE CLOTHES BEFORE I HAD THEM, BECAUSE I KNEW MY PARENTS WERE DOING EVERYTHING THEY COULD TO PROVIDE FOR US. I ALSO NEVER HAD AN "UNIRONED" SHIRT, OR CLOTHES WITH--"HOLES" IN THEM. THEY MAY NOT HAVE BEEN NEW, BUT THEY WERE CERTAINLY CLEAN AND THEY WERE MINE. IT WAS A REAL TREAT TO BE ABLE TO HAVE SOMETHING "BRAND NEW." AS I STARTED WORKING PART TIME IN MY 8TH GRADE YEARS, I STARTED BUYING ALL MY OWN CLOTHES. MOTHER FILLED IN WITH THE REST. IT WAS INTERESTING ABOUT CLOTHES, WE ALWAYS GOT NEW SHOES, BUT DAD HAD MADE AN ARRANGEMENT TO TAKE ALL OF US DOWN AT THE SAME TIME AND BUY SHOES AFTER THE STORE WAS CLOSED. CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT THAT WOULD BE LIKE TODAY! I ALWAYS HAD SHOES ON MY FEET AND NEVER WENT WITHOUT A PAIR. I LEARNED TO TAKE CARE OF THEM BECAUSE I HAD TO WEAR THEM MUCH LONGER THAN ANY OF MY CHILDREN HAVE EVER DONE.

WHEN I BEGAN SCHOOL, IT WAS ABOUT EIGHT BLOCKS FROM HOME AND I WALKED EVERY DAY, YEAR ROUND, INCLUDING WINTER. I WENT TO SCHOOL AT THE CENTRAL GRADE SCHOOL IN BLACKFOOT, AND IT IS STILL STANDING. THIS NEXT PICTURE SHOWS MY CLASS

AS A GROUP WHEN I WAS IN THE THIRD GRADE. MY FIRST TWO YEARS OF SCHOOL WERE NOT RECALLED AS VIVIDLY AS THIS ONE BECAUSE I HAD AN EXTRA-ORDINARY TEACHER. SHE MANAGED TO GET ALL OF US TO CREATE AND SHOW OUR TALENTS. THERE WERE FOUR OF US IN THE CLASS WHO ALWAYS ILLUSTRATED COLORED DRAWINGS ON THE BOARD FOR THE REST OF THE CLASS. THE FOUR WERE: VERNON RACEHORSE, AN INDIAN BOY, CURTIS HEAVEWAH, AN INDIAN BOY, AND WALLACE AND WANDA YANCEY. WE DID IT ALL. I REMEMBER ONE RATHER VIVID SCENE I HAD ILLUSTRATED ON THE WALL AND IT WAS PERFECT. BY ACCIDENT THE JANITOR ERASED IT AND THE TEACHER ASKED ME TO RE-DRAW IT. I COULD NOT! THIS MADE ME REALIZE VERY EARLY IN LIFE IF I WAS GOING TO DO SOMETHING, I HAD BETTER DO IT RIGHT THE FIRST TIME, BECAUSE I MAY NOT GET A SECOND CHANCE, OR IF I HAD THE CHANCE, I MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO EVER DO IT AGAIN. THIS REMAINED WITH ME THROUGHOUT MY LIFE, AND WAS NOT A MEANS OF COMPETITION, BUT RATHER, A MEANS OF DOING A JOB WELL THE VERY FIRST TIME. THESE TWO INDIAN BOYS WERE MY BEST FRIENDS AND I PLAYED WITH THEM ALL THE TIME. THE OTHERS HAD VERY LITTLE TO DO WITH THE INDIAN CHILDREN. CURTIS IS STANDING NEXT TO ME AND I HAVE MARKED AN ARROW TO THE LEFT. VERNON IS ON THE LEFT HAND SIDE STANDING ON THE TOP ROW AT THE FAR LEFT. MY TEACHER IS THE TEACHER IN BETWEEN MYSELF AND VERNON RACEHORSE. MY TWIN SISTER IS STANDING DIRECTLY BELOW THE OTHER TEACHER, MRS. VAUGHN. SHE WAS A VERY GENTLE SOUL, ONE WHO ALWAYS WANTED THE BEST TO BE RECEIVED FOR EVERYONE. WANDA LIVED LIFE TO IT'S FULLEST. SHE WAS MUCH SMARTER THAN I WOULD EVER HOPE TO BE, AND HAD HER GOD GIVEN ABILITIES THAT

SHONE ABOVE ALL OTHERS, SHE SEEMED TO HAVE AN INSIGHT AS TO



WHAT LIFE IS ALL ABOUT, SHE NEVER ARGUED WITH ANYONE. SHE WORKED AS IF IT WAS NOT IMPOSSIBLE TO BE THE BEST IN THE CLASS. SHE WAS FLAWLESS IN MOST OF THE THINGS SHE DID. SHE WAS A TRUE FREIND DURING OUR FORMATIVE YEARS, AND I DIDN'T KNOW QUITE HOW TO EXPRESS MY LOVE FOR HER, SO I USED TO HECKLE HER TO SHOW HER THAT I LOVED HER. AT TIMES I SAW WHAT SHE WAS REALLY ABOUT IN LIFE. ALL THE OTHER KIDS IN SCHOOL LOVED WANDA, WANTED HER TO BE THEIR FRIEND AND NOT SOMEONE ELSE'S. SHE HAD NO PROBLEM FINDING FRIENDS, AND ABOVE ALL ELSE, KEEPING THEM.

FROM THE VERY EARLIEST DAYS HER BELIEFS WERE STRONG AND NEVER WAIVERED. SHE SEEMED TO KNOW SOMETHING WAS GOING TO COME IN HER EARLY LIFE AND END IT. SHE LIVED LIFE TO ITS FULLEST. I KNOW DURING OUR EARLY YEARS, I DID NOT KNOW HOW TO EXPRESS MY LOVE FOR HER, AND HECKLED HER A LOT, AS BROTHERS ALWAYS DO. I HAD NEVER HAD A REAL, CLOSE, LOVING RELATIONSHIP WITH MY PARENTS WHO WERE IN THE MID FORTIES WHEN I WAS BORN. HER CLASSES WERE EASY, MINE WERE HARD. SHE ADAPTED QUICKLY, I HAD TO FIGURE THINGS OUT. SHE WAS THE TOP OF EVERY CLASS WITH EASE. I HAD TO WORK LIKE HELL TO STAY UP WITH HER. IN TYPING, SHE WAS TWICE AS GOOD AS I WAS. OUR SHORTHAND CLASSES WERE THE SAME. SHE WAS A NATURAL, I MADE UP FOR MY LACK OF INTELLIGENCE WITH ENTHUSIASM AND PATIENCE. HANGING IN UNTIL I HAD MASTERED THE SUBJECT AT HAND.

WALLACE YANCEY

On the stage he was natural, simple, and affecting. 'Twas only when he was off, he was acting.

Football 1. 2. 3. 4; B Club 3. 4; Hi-Y 3. 4; Track 3. 4; Frosh V. P.; B Club Pres. 4.

WANDA YANCEY

She's a blond, but she's not light headed.

Home Ec. 1; BBS 3; QT 3; Council 3; Pep Club 3. 4.



AS NOTED ABOVE IN HER SENIOR PICTURE, "SHE IS A BLOND, BUT SHE IS NOT LIGHT HEADED." OTHERS SAW THIS AS WELL AS I, FOR IT WAS LIKE A BEACON SHINING AT NIGHT, GUIDING THOSE BESIDE IT.

ONE DAY SHE TOLD ME TO QUIT WORRYING ABOUT THE CLASSES AND PRACTICE MORE. SHE SAID, "ALL IT TAKES IS PRACTICE." THIS WAS ANOTHER PRINCIPLE I CAME TO REALIZE WHICH BECAME ONE I USED MANY TIMES IN MY LIFETIME. WE HAD A LITTLE "YANCEY" COMPETITION GOING AT HOME WHEN WE PRACTICED TYPING. I BECAME AN EXCELLENT TYPIST FOR A MAN. SHE WAS TWICE AS GOOD AS I WAS IN SCHOOL, AND I KNEW I WAS NO MATCH FOR HER. SHE HANDLED HERSELF WELL, AND SHE ALWAYS MADE HERSELF LOOK GOOD AND CLEAN FOR THE WORLD TO SEE HER REAL SELF. EVEN IN THESE FORMATIVE YEARS, I BECAME VERY ATTACHED TO MY TWIN SISTER.

THE NEXT SHOT IS ONE OF MY SIXTH GRADE CLASS, STILL AT CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, NOTICE THE FRIENDSHIP HAD GROWN BETWEEN VERNON, CURTIS, AND I. I AM SEATED RIGHT BETWEEN BOTH OF THEM AND LEARNED A GREAT DEAL FROM THEM. ONE THING I LEARNED THAT HAS REMAINED WITH ME THROUGHOUT MY LIFE IS THAT THEY WERE A VERY "SPECIAL" RACE OF PEOPLE. ONE WHICH MANY OTHERS DID NOT UNDERSTAND. I DID. I PLAYED, WORKED, STUDIED WITH THEM. I COULD SEE THEY WERE SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT IN THE FACT THAT THEY APPARENTLY HAD LEARNED HOW TO DRAW, AND PLAY DURING THEIR EARLY LIFE BECAUSE THEY WERE NO MATCH IN THOSE FIELDS. I, TOO, SPENT EVERY HOUR OF EVERY DAY I COULD WITH THEM, BECAUSE I KNEW THEY HAD SOMETHING NO ONE ELSE HAD. I LEARNED TO DRAW LIKE THEM, BY WATCHING THEM DRAW AND USING THE TECHNIQUE. I LEARNED TO RUN, BY RUNNING WITH THEM, EVEN THOUGH I WAS NOT AS FAST, I STILL TRIED AND SOON WAS ABLE TO KEEP UP WITH THEM. THEY KNEW THINGS ABOUT LIFE, I DID NOT KNOW. I SOON LEARNED.

FAST, I STILL TRIED AND SOON WAS ABLE TO KEEP UP WITH THEM. THEY KNEW THINGS ABOUT LIFE, I DID NOT KNOW. I SOON LEARNED THAT THEY KNEW HOW TO LIVE LIFE, AND THAT THEIR PARENTS, EVEN THOUGH THEY CAME FROM A BACKGROUND OF POVERTY, GAVE THEM "UNSEEN" TREASURES TO KEEP FOREVER. I DETECTED THIS IN MY EARLY LIFE, AND WATCHED, OBSERVED, AND STUDIED MY PARENTS. THEY MAY NOT HAVE THOUGHT I WAS DOING THIS, BUT I DID, AND I LEARNED A GREAT DEAL OF WISDOM FROM THEM.



IT WAS ABOUT THIS TIME THAT I BEGAN TO NOTICE GIRLS, OR RATHER, THEY BEGAN TO NOTICE ME, WHICHEVER WAY IT WAS, IT

WAS NOW VERY APPARENT. MY TWIN SISTER WANDA IS LOCATED RIGHT BELOW THE SECOND WOMAN TEACHER, WHOSE NAME ESCAPES MY MEMORY, BUT TWO OVER TO THE LEFT WAS JOYCE VANDRES. SHE WAS MY FIRST AFFLICTION THAT I RECALL. OF COURSE, DURING THIS YEAR, I HAD SEVERAL VALID ONES HIT ME. BEULAH FARNES, DROVE ME CRAZY, AND THE TWO LARSEN TWINS, ONE EACH DRESSED IN WHITE AND SITTING ON EACH SIDE OF MY INDIAN FRIEND GLORIA ANN NONINI BROKE MY HEART WHEN THEY MOVED AWAY AT THE END OF THE SCHOOL YEAR. THEY LIVED ACROSS THE STREET FROM US ON SHILLING AVENUE AND THEIR GOT A JOB IN ABERDEEN, IDAHO. SINCE THAT TIME I HAVE LEARNED HOW TO DEAL WITH WOMEN IN MY LIFE. I RESPECT THEM AND TRY TO TREAT ALL OF THEM AS "TRUE" FRIENDS. EACH TAKES SOMETHING HOME FROM LIFE, AND I WANTED THE BEST OF ME TO GO WITH THEM. MY FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH DATING WAS WITH BEULAH FARNES, WHO INVITED ME TO ONE OF OUR SCHOOL SOCIALS AT THE END OF THE SIXTH GRADE. I ACCEPTED, AND THEN COULD NOT MUSTER THE COURAGE TO GO, AND CALLED HER AT THE LAST MINUTE AND DID NOT GO. SHE WENT, BUT WAS HURT GREATLY BY MY SELFISH, FRIGHTENED, ATTITUDE. I HAVE THOUGHT ABOUT THIS MANY TIMES THROUGHOUT LIFE AND HAVE DECIDED THAT NO MATTER HOW UNTRAINED, UNCOMFORTABLE, OR HOW EMBARRASSED I MIGHT BE I WILL GO FACE THE MUSIC WHEN INVITED. I HAVE MADE THAT A PART OF MY LIFE AND THERE HAVE BEEN A LOT OF TIMES I HAVE NOT LIKED WHAT I HAD TO DO, BUT DID IT BECAUSE I DID NOT WANT TO LET SOMEONE "ELSE" DOWN.

LIFE PROGRESSED ON FOR ME, AND I ADVANCED TO THE EIGHTH GRADE, AT THE OLD BLACKFOOT JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL WHICH HAS

LONG SINCE BEEN DEMOLISHED AND A NEW ELEMENTARY SHCOOL IS IN IT'S PLACE. THE OLD JR. HIGH WAS THE OLDER HIGH SCHOOL BEFORE THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL WAS BUILT WHICH I ATTENDED. IT WAS HUGE, MASSIVE, TWO STORIES HIGH, AND A PLACE WHERE A LOT OF FOND EXPERIENCES WERE GAINED. I HAVE MANY MEMORIES OF THAT PERIOD IN MY LIFE. A PICTURE OF SOME OF MY SCHOOL FRIENDS IS ALL THAT REMAINS. OF COURSE YOU CAN SEE THAT I AM ABOUT HALF A HEAD ABOVE EVERYONE ELSE. I WAS TALL IN THE EIGHTH GRADE AND AM STANDING TO THE LEFT OF DOUGLAS WIXOM, THE OTHER TALL BOY IN THE PICTURE. I REALLY STOOD OUT BECAUSE I WAS SORT OF "ABOVE" EVERYONE ELSE. MY TEACHER MRS. BRONSON WAS A FINE WOMAN. I EVEN HAD A CRUSH ON HER. SHE HELPED ME A GREAT DEAL AND MANAGED TO GET THAT "LITTLE EXTRA" OUT OF ME TO WHERE I WOULD EXCELL RATHER THAN BE AVERAGE IN THE WORK. SHE KNEW HOW TO DO IT, AND EVERYONE LOVED HER.



IT WAS AT THIS TIME THAT I HAD TWO THINGS HAPPEN TO ME WHICH AFFECTED MY LIFE TREMENDOUSLY. THE FIRST WAS THAT I ACQUIRED A JOB WITH THE "SEED MILL" IN TOWN, OWNED BY MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR, RAYMOND BOND. MY SCHEDULE WAS SUCH THAT I STARTED WORKING FOR HIM IN THE MILL, WHICH WAS CLEANING SEED FOR FARMERS TO PLANT, STACKING BAGS, HAULING, AND ANY OTHER FEED STORE RELATED WORK. THIS MILL WORK STARTED AT 4:30 P.M. AND I WORKED UNTIL MIDNIGHT AND RECEIVED \$1.00 PER HOUR. I DID THIS 5 NIGHTS A WEEK AND THEN STARTED WORKING FOR MY BROTHER JOHN, BUILDING HOUSES ON SATURDAYS WHEN HE NEEDED ALL THE HELP HE COULD FIND. THE SEED HOUSE GANG:



THIS SHOT WAS TAKEN A COUPLE YEARS AFTER I LEFT THE STATE OF IDAHO AND WAS SENT TO ME BY CARROLL R. BOND THE DARK HAIRED BOY SITTING BEHIND THE BAG OF LARRO. HE WAS MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR AND SCHOOL COMPANION, ALTHOUGH HE WAS ONE

YEAR BEHIND ME IN SCHOOL, I ALWAYS HAULED HIM AND SEVERAL OTHER FRIENDS TO SCHOOL BECAUSE I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO HAD A CAR.

DURING THIS PERIOD IN MY LIFE, I MANAGED TO EARN ENOUGH MONEY TO PURCHASE A "NEW" MOTOR SCOOTER, THE CAR CAME ONE YEAR LATER. IT IS INTERESTING TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED. I WORKED ALL SUMMER LONG THE PREVIOUS SUMMER FOR MY FATHER. HE SAID IF I WOULD WORK ALL SUMMER LONG, AT THE END OF THE SUMMER HE WOULD BUY ME A NEW SCOOTER. I AGREED AND I PUT IN DAYLIGHT TO DAWN WORK HOURS THAT SUMMER. THIS WAS SOMEWHAT EASIER THAN THE WORK I HAD EXPERIENCED ALONG WITH MY MOTHER WHEN WE WERE A TENDER AGE AND SHE USED TO TAKE US TO THE FIELD EVERY DAY, SHE WOULD HOE, THIN, OR DO OTHER NECESSARY THINGS, AND I WOULD TAKE A ROW BESIDE HER. SHE USUALLY TOOK FOUR ROWS SO THAT SHE WOULD MOVE THE SAME SPEED WE WERE FORWARD, BUT DOING FOUR TIMES WHAT WE WERE DOING SIDEWARDS. I REMEMBER LOOKING DOWN THOSE ROWS AND SAYING, "DEAR GOD," WE WILL NEVER LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO GET TO THE END OF THE ROW. MOTHERS PROMISE WAS WE WOULD REST AT THE END. BUT SHE NEVER TOLD US THAT WE WOULD SOON TURN AROUND AND RETURN BACK ANOTHER ROW. SHE WAS A VERY SMART WOMAN. AS I SPENT THE SUMMER ON THE FARM THIS PARTICULAR YEAR, I LEARNED A GREAT DEAL FROM MY FATHER. HE WAS A MAN OF FEW WORDS, A MAN FAR STRONGER THAN ANYONE I HAVE EVER SEEN IN MY LIFETIME.

EACH MORNING, BEFORE THE SUN AROSE, WE CLIMBED IN HIS 1937 DIAMOND T. TRUCK AND HEADED OUT. SOME MORNINGS WHEN HE NEEDED A DIFFERENT TRACTOR, I WOULD DRIVE THE TRACTOR OUT

THE MAIN HIGHWAY, THE FARM WAS LOCATED OUT ABOUT FOUR MILES AND WE LIVED IN TOWN, EACH TRIP ON THE TRACTOR TOOK ONE HOUR EACH WAY, BECAUSE IT WENT 4 MILES PER HOUR. I CAN REMEMBER THOSE COLD MORNINGS, THINKING I WOULD NEVER GET THERE, OR THE SUN WOULD NEVER RISE TO WARM ME. SINCE THAT TIME, I HAVE FOUND THAT THE SUN DOES RISE, AND SOMETIMES GETS QUITE HOT IF WE DO NOT PROPERLY PREPARE FOR LIFE.

THIS PARTICULAR SUMMER WAS ONE THAT I WOULD NEVER FORGET FOR SEVERAL REASONS. FIRST, IT WAS AN OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN TO BE WITH MY FATHER. HE WAS A WISE PERSON AND I KNEW HE ONLY LET US SEE ABOUT ONE TENTH OF WHAT HE REALLY KNEW. I HAD AN EXPERIENCE THAT NO ONE COULD BUY. FATHER AND SON TOGETHER FOR THREE OR FOUR WHOLE MONTHS WITH NO ONE ELSE AROUND. HOW CHOICE IT WAS AND HOW HARD IT WAS. THE CHOICE PART REMAINED LONGER THAN THE HARD PART DID. AT THE TIME WE WERE FARMING ABOUT 200 ACRES, BUT ALSO HELPING MY BROTHER RICHARD WHO WAS FARMING 1000 ACRES OF LAND, ALL IRRIGATED AND TAKEN CARE OF BY THE THREE OF US. EARLY SPRING I HAD MY FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH WHAT IS KNOWN AS A POTATO. EVERYONE EATS POTATOES, BUT FEW REALIZE HOW HARD IT IS TO GET ONE OF THEM ON YOUR PLATE IN FRONT OF YOU TO EAT. DURING MY DAY, WHICH WAS WAY BEFORE AUTOMATIC EQUIPMENT, WE HAD TO FIRST CUT THE POTATO INTO SETS, OR EYES, SO THEY WOULD BE PLANTED AND RAISE THE NEW CROP. MOTHER TOOK ME ON THIS FIRST OUTING ALONG WITH DAD. WE ENTERED THE POTATO CELLAR WHICH WAS LOCATED ON MY BROTHER RICHARD'S FARM. IT WAS ABOUT 150 FEET LONG,, 40 FEET WIDE, AND 12 FEET HIGH. IT WAS ABOUT HALF FULL OF POTATOES. OUR JOB WAS TO CUT THE SETS. WE WERE

TO TAKE EACH POTATO AND RUN IT OVER A KNIFE IN A BOARD TO "CUT" THE "SET," THE SET HAD TO HAVE AN EYE IN IT, OR ELSE IT WOULD NOT SPROUT AND BECOME A NEW POTATO PLANT. YOU HAD TO BE CAREFUL NOT TO CUT THE ARM INSTEAD OF THE POTATOE. IT TOOK US ONE MONTH TO CUT ALL THE SETS THE FIRST TIME I HAD THE JOB. I WAS STRONGER AND USED A BEET FORK TO SHOVEL THE BEETS UP INTO A HOPPER WHICH DUMPED OUT ON THE TABLE AND PUT THE POTATOES RIGHT AT THE KNIFE. THIS PROCESS TOOK PLACE WHILE THE MEN WERE PLOWING THE GROUND. THIS PARTICULAR SUMMER I WAS EXCUSED FROM THE "CUTTING" PROCESS AND WENT DIRECTLY OUT INTO THE FIELDS.

AT THAT TIME WE ONLY HAD TWO SMALL INTERNATIONAL "A" MODEL TRACTORS, ONE DAD WAS USING AND THE OTHER ONE RICHARD HAD. THEY WANTED TO PLOW ALL THEY COULD AND GET IT DONE, IT TAKES MORE THAN A DAY TO PLOW 1200 ACRES ONE FURROW AT A TIME. I KNOW, BECAUSE ALL I DID WAS GO UP AND DOWN, ONE FURROW AT A TIME. THE ONLY TIME YOU STOPPED, WAS TO POUR MORE GAS INTO THE TRACTOR.

SINCE WE WANTED TO PLOW ALL WE COULD, I WAS ELECTED, SINCE I DID NOT HAVE A FAMILY TO TAKE CARE OF, TO WORK THE NIGHT SHIFT. WHEN I SAY NIGHT SHIFT, I SAY 4:00 P.M. UNTIL 7:00 A.M THE NEXT DAY. I DID THIS FOR ONE MONTH, UNTIL WE GOT THE GROUND IN SHAPE AND READY TO PLANT. BELIEVE ME, I LEARNED HOW TO DRIVE A TRACTOR IN THAT PERIOD OF TIME, AND I COVERED MORE UNTURNED GROUND THAN YOU WOULD EVER BE ABLE TO IMAGINE. A FURROW IS ABOUT 18 INCHES WIDE.

THE NEXT PHASE I LEARNED HOW TO PLANT SEED POTATOES. I

WAS TO RIDE THE POTATO PLANTER, RICHARD ON THE TRACTOR, HE WAS MUCH MORE EXPERIENCED THAN I WAS AND HE COULD STEER THE TRACTOR IN A STRAIGHT LINE AND LEAVE LONG, STRAIGHT, NARROW, ROWS OF POTATOES. THEY HAD TO BE PLANTED JUST RIGHT BECAUSE WHEN IT CAME TIME TO CULTIVATE THEM, THE DIGGERS OF THE CULTIVATOR HAD TO FIT OR IT WOULD TEAR UP THE ROWS AND DESTROY THE POTATOES. SOUNDS A LITTLE BIT LIKE OUR LIFE, DOESN'T IT?

WE FIRST LOADED UP ALL THE SEED POTATOES, WHICH WERE "CUT" IN SACKS. THEN THE TRUCK WAS PARKED AT ONE END OF THE FIELD, AND THE POTATO PLANTER HAD TWO HOPPERS, BECAUSE THIS WAS ONLY A TWO ROW PLANTER AND WAS A GREAT IMPROVEMENT OVER THE SINGLE ROW ONES. SOME ROWS WERE SO LONG THAT WE HAD TO PUT EXTRA SACKS OF POTATOES ON THE PLANTER TO BE ABLE TO HAVE ENOUGH TO MAKE IT BACK TO THE TRUCK WITHOUT RUNNING OUT. I MADE IT A HABIT TO RUN, GRAB THE EXTRA SACKS AND FILL THE HOPPER, JUST AS RICHARD WOULD PULL THE PLANTER ALONGSIDE THE TRUCK. I MADE IT FAST AND SNAPPY, BECAUSE EACH STOP WASTED TIME. IF WE WERE TO THINK, OR TALK, THAT WOULD TAKE TOO LONG AND WE WOULD NOT GET THE JOB DONE. THEN IT WAS MY JOB TO PUT THE DIGGERS IN THE GROUND AND STARTED THE PLANTING PROCESS, SO NEW PLANTS COULD GROW TO MATURITY. IF YOU HAD ANY DAYDREAMING, OR THINKING, YOU HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO DO IT, BECAUSE IT WAS QUITE A SPELL UNTIL THE NEXT LOAD. OF COURSE, YOU HAD TO BE VERY KEEN, AND SENSE WHAT WAS GOING ON ALL THE TIME, BECAUSE EACH PLANTER SECTION HAD FOUR HEADS WITH TWO LITTLE PICKS ON EACH. AS THE ROTATION OF THE WHEEL TURNED THESE HEADS, THE PICKS STUCK INTO THE NEXT POTATO... THEY GRABBED ONLY ONE AT A TIME, AND AS

IT CONTINUED ITS CYCLE, A METAL BAR RIGHT BETWEEN THE TWO HEADS HIT ON THE BACK OF THE PLANTER AND THE METAL BAR KNOCKED THE POTATO LOOSE AND IT FELL INTO THE GROUND WHICH HAD BEEN OPENED BY THE TWO DIGGERS. IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE POTATO FELL, TWO DISCS, TURNED TOWARDS EACH OTHER COVERED THE GROUND AUTOMATICALLY AND THE POTATO WAS PLANTED. YOU HAD TO BE SURE THE HEADS WERE GRABBING OR STICKING THE POTATOES AND BRINGING THEM AROUND. IF THEY WERE NOT, THEN NOTHING WOULD BE PLANTED, AND LIKE IN LIFE, IF YOU PLANT NOTHING, YOU CERTAINLY WILL NEVER HAVE A CROP GROW FROM IT. IT WAS ONLY LATER IN THE GROWTH PERIOD WHEN THE VINES WERE UP TWO FEET TALL WHICH YOU COULD EASILY SPOT THE VACANT ROWS WITH NO VINES. THESE WERE CAUSED BY NO SEED BEING PLANTED. WHAT I LEARNED FROM THIS EXPERIENCE IS THAT YOU HAVE TO PLANT SEEDS IN EVERYTHING YOU DO. IT IS HOW YOU PLANT THEM THAT COUNTS. IT WILL DETERMINE, LATER IN LIFE, IF ANYTHING WILL GROW. I ALSO NOTICED GROUND WHICH DID THE BEST AND PRODUCED THE BEST CROP WAS THE GROUND THAT HAD THE MOST MOISTURE AND PREPARATION FOR THE CROP. I COULD READILY SEE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A VERY FERTILE SPOT, AND ONE THAT WAS HARD, GRAVELLY, AND NOT ADAPTABLE TO GROWING ANYTHING. I APPLIED THIS IN MY EARLY LIFE FROM THESE EXPERIENCES. LIFE IS LIKE A POTATO PLANT.

MY NEXT EXPERIENCE WAS WITH WATERING THE CROPS AFTER THEY HAD BEEN PLANTED. THE NATURAL MOISTURE PUT INTO THE GROUND CARRIED THE "SET" OUT OF THE GROUND AND UP, INTO NEW LIFE. IT WAS STRONG AND READY TO GROW. WE FARMED IN A MANNER WHERE WE TRIED TO DO EVERYTHING AT THE RIGHT MOMENT AND NOT LET IT

GET OUT OF HAND. WE WAITED UNTIL THE PLANTS NEEDED WATER, BEFORE WE WATERED THEM. THERE WAS A REASON FOR THIS. IF THEY WERE WATERED TOO SOON, IT COST EXTRA MONEY, AND MADE ALL THE WEEDS GROW. THEN WHEN IT CAME TIME TO HARVEST THE CROP IT WOULD BE AW.FULLY HARD TO GET THE WEEDS OUT, OR IN THE CASE OF GRAIN THEY WOULD BE SO INMESHED THAT IT WOULD RUIN THE VALUE OF THE CROP. IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO GET WEEDS OUT OF THE GRAIN WHEN THERE WERE MORE WEEDS THANS GRAIN. BUT IN THE CASE OF THE POTATO. WE WAITED UNTIL THE WEEDS ALL SPROUTED ALONG WITH THE PLANTS, AND THEN JUST ABOUT TIME TO WATER THEM, WE TOOK THE TRACTOR AND CULTIVATED THREE ROWS AT A TIME. THE CULTIVATOR RAN DOWN EACH ROW, TEARING UP THE WEEDS AND THE GROUND. THIS DID TWO THINGS, IT GAVE THE GROUND AIR AND LET THE SOIL LOOSEN AROUND THE POTATO. PLUS IT KILLED THE WEEDS BY ROOTING THEM OUT.

TIME TO WATER WOULD SOON BE HERE. BUT FIRST WE MUST TAKE GREAT CARE IN WATERING THE CROP. TOO MUCH WATER,RIGHT AT FIRST, WILL DROWN THE POTATO PLANT AND CAUSE IT NOT TO DEVELOP IN THE PROPER MANNER. IT LIKES, AIREY, LOOSE, SOIL, AND JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF WATER. THE WATER SHOULD NEVER BE UP OVER THE TOP OF THE "HILL" WHERE THE SETS ARE PLANTED. THIS WILL CAUSE ROT AND STUNT THE PLANTS GROWTH. TO HELP DO THIS AND TAKE ALL THE NECESSARY CARE TO HAVE A GOOD CROP, LIKE IN LIFE, WE MUST PREPARE FOR THE NEXT PHASE OF IT. IN THIS CASE, WE BUILT A LOT OF LITTLE LATHE WOODEN BOXES. WE TOOK THE LATHE WHICH IS THREE FEET LONG AND NAILED THEM IN A MANNER WHERE WE HAD A SQUARE OPENING IN THE MIDDLE AND WHEN THEY WERE TAKEN

INTO THE FIELD, THEY WERE PLACED VERY CAREFULLY BETWEEN EACH ROW AND COVERED WITH DIRT TO MAKE A DAM. THIS WOULD ONLY ALLOW A TRICKLE TO FLOW THROUGH IT FROM THE HUGE DITCH OF IRRIGATION WATER. IN THIS MANNER IT DID SEVERAL THINGS, IT SLOWED THE FLOW OF WATER TO A TRICKLE, WHICH ALLOWED IT TO COME FORTH JUST RIGHT FOR THE POTATOES TO USE AND NOT DROWN IT. IT ALSO ALLOWED THE GROUND TO ABSORB MORE OF THE WATER, TAKING IT DOWN DEEPER, THAN A QUICK WATERING WOULD HAVE DONE. THIS MADE IT POSSIBLE TO GO LONGER BETWEEN EACH OF THE WATERINGS BECAUSE THE GROUND BECAME SATURATED AND HELD WHAT IT HAD BEEN GIVEN LONGER. THAT IS ABOUT LIKE OUR LEARNING PROCESSES. IF WE GET TOO MUCH TOO QUICK, WE WILL DROWN, BUT IF WE HANDLE IT JUST RIGHT, WE CAN UTILIZE IT AND IT WILL CARRY US THROUGH MANY A DROUGHT.

I LEARNED TO ROTATE CROPS, LEARNED TO DO EVERYTHING JUST RIGHT ON THE FARM, IN CASE I EVER BECAME A FARMER, I WOULD KNOW WHAT TO DO. THIS PROCESS WENT ON AND ON AND NEVER SEEMED TO END. HOW MANY ROWS ARE THERE IN TWELVE HUNDRED ACRES? HOW MANY BOXES ARE THERE IF EACH ROW HAS A BOX? HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU GO OVER A PIECE OF GROUND IF YOU PLOW, HARROW, THEN CULTIVATE THREE TIMES? YOU GO OVER IT ENOUGH SO THAT YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU DO IT ON YOUR OWN.

WE CUT HAY. WHEN I SAY WE, I MEAN, WE TOOK TURNS RUNNING THE TRACTOR. THIS PARTICULAR DAY WAS MY TURN, AND I HATED THE FIELD BECAUSE IT WAS RIGHT NEXT TO A HIVE OF BEES WHICH HAD BEEN PLACED THERE FOR HONEY. WHAT I DID NOT REALIZE AT THAT TIME WAS THAT THE BEES ALSO POLLINATED THE FLOWERS ON THE

PLANTS AND WERE VERY VITAL TO ANY NEW CROP COMING. I LEARNED THAT I HAD TO PUT UP WITH THE BEES "BUZZING" ME ALL THE TIME, AND EVEN TAKE A STING OR TWO, IF NECESSARY, TO GET THE JOB DONE. THIS HAS CARRIED ON INTO MY LATER LIFE AS WELL. ON THIS PARTICULAR DAY AN EVENT HAPPENED THAT I REMEMBERED ALL MY LIFE AND CAUSED ME TO LEARN SOMETHING ELSE.

ONE THING ABOUT BEING OUT ON A FARM, IS THAT YOU HAVE A DEEP AWARENESS OF WHAT HAS BEEN CREATED IN OUR WORLD. I CAN FEEL THE BREEZE, SEE THE SUNS RAYS, NOTICE A RAINBOW, CATCH A GLIMPSE OF BIRDS FLYING. SEE SQUIRRELS, AND OTHER SMALL ANIMALS RUNNING AROUND. AND QUITE OFTEN YOU WILL ENCOUNTER A SNAKE OR TWO. I HATED SNAKES AND EVERY TIME I CAME ACROSS ONE I HAD TO KILL IT BECAUSE I WAS AFRAID IT WOULD GET ME WHEN I WASN'T LOOKING. I KILLED SEVERAL EACH SUMMER. AS I MADE MY ROUNDS ON THE TRACTOR WATCHING THE PERPETUAL "CLICK" "CLACK" OF THE BLADES CUTTING HAY. THE NEVER ENDING STREAM OF STALKS FALLING AS IT IS MOWED DOWN. THERE IS NOTHING QUITE SO MAJESTIC AS SEEING A HEALTHY PLANT, SUDDENLY CHOPPED OFF AND DROPPED TO THE GROUND. IT COMES SO UNEXPECTEDLY THAT THE PLANT DOESN'T KNOW IT IS GOING TO HAPPEN. YET, WHAT ONCE WAS, IS NOW GONE, TO SHRIVEL, DIE AND BECOME FODDER FOR AN ANIMAL. WHAT A BLOW TO SEE THE LIFE OF A PLANT END THIS WAY. HOW WOULD YOU FEEL ,IF YOU WERE A PLANT, AND THIS HAPPENED TO YOU?

THE SOUNDS OF CUTTING STILL REMAIN IN MY MIND AND I RECALL THIS ROUND COMING UP. ALL OF SUDDEN AS THE MOWER WENT OVER A NEST, A PHEASANT ROSE MAJESTICALLY INTO THE AIR AND TOOK FRIGHTENED FLIGHT. I HAD NOT BEEN AWARE IT WAS EVEN

THERE, AND I THOUGHT RATHER THAN GO BACK, I WOULD NOTE THE SPOT AND CONTINUE ON AROUND AND SEE IF EVERYTHING WAS OKAY. I MADE THE SQUARE PATTERNED CUT AND RETURNED TO THE SCENE WHERE I RECALLED THE FLIGHT. I STOPPED A LITTLE SHORT AND WALKED ON UP TO BE SURE IF THERE WERE SMALL BABIES I MIGHT NOT RUN OVER THEM WITH THE TRACTOR. AS I DID AND I APPROACHED THE NEXT, I SAW IT WAS CLEAR FULL OF EGGS. AS I COUNTED THEM THERE WERE FOURTEEN. AS I LOOKED AT THE NEST I WAS SUDDENLY HORRIFIED. RIGHT ON TOP OF THE EGGS WERE THE TWO LOWER LEG PORTIONS OF THE FEET OF THE PHEASANT WHICH HAD BEEN SEVERED AND WERE LAYING ON THE EGGS. IT MADE MY PHYSICALLY SICK; TO SEE SUCH A BEAUTIFUL BIRD, AND KNOW IF IT TRIED TO LAND IT WOULD HAVE NO FEET TO SUPPORT IT, OR HOLD IT UP. I KNEW IT WOULD SOON DIE.

THIS TAUGHT ME A LESSON RIGHT ON THE SPOT. IT WAS ONE I LEARNED BECAUSE I HAPPENED TO BE AT THE WRONG PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME. I LEARNED IN LIFE, WE HAD BETTER WATCH WHERE WE PUT OUR FEET AND SEE WHAT WE ARE STEPPING INTO. IF WE DO NOT, WE WILL END UP "SEVERED FROM EVERYTHING AROUND US," AND BE OF LITTLE OR NO USE TO ANYONE. THIS CAUSED MORE THAN ONE CALAMITY. THE EGGS WHICH WERE DEPENDANT ON THE MOTHER WOULD NEVER HATCH, THEIR CHANCE WAS CUT OFF FROM LEARNING EVERYTHING THEY COULD FROM THE PARENT. THE PARENT WAS ALSO "MOWED" DOWN EARLY IN LIFE AND DID NOT HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO FINISH ITS CALLING. OBSERVERS WERE AFFECTED, BECAUSE IT CAUSED THEM ANGUISH, SO MUCH SO, THAT IT WOULD NEVER BE WIPED FROM THEIR MEMORY IN THEIR NATURAL LIFETIME.

MY NEXT EXPERIENCE CAME A LITTLE LATER IN THE SUMMER WHEN THE CROPS WERE BEING CUT, OR HARVESTED. GRAIN COMES BEFORE POTATOES, AND AT THAT TIME WAS CUT BY A BINDER WHICH WAS SIMILAR TO THE HAY MOWER, BUT DIFFERENT. THE GRAIN BINDER CUT THE STOCKS, LET THEM FALL ONTO A CANVAS, WHICH CUSHIONED THE FALL TO KEEP THE GRAIN KERNELS FROM FALLING ON TO THE GROUND WHERE THEY WOULD BE EATEN BY BIRDS. IT WAS DESIGNED IN SUCH A WAY THAT IT HAD SEVERAL SECTIONS OF CLOTH AND WOOD BELTS, EACH DID ITS JOB AND PASSED IT OFF TO THE NEXT ONE. WHEN THE FIRST CARRIED IT, IT WENT UP HILL OVER THE TIRE OF THE BINDER AND CRAMMED IT AGAINST A METAL STOP DOWN THE SIDE. WHEN IT'S TEETH CRAMMED ALL OF IT IN, IT THEN ISSUED A COMMAND TO THE KNOTING MECHANISM TO COME FORTH AND TIE THE BUNDLE WITH TWINE. ONCE IT WAS TIED, A KNIFE CUT THE STRING AND THE BUNDLE DROPPED INTO A CARRIER, WHICH HELD FOUR OR FIVE BUNDLES. THE PERSON ON THE BACK RUNNING THE REAPER, HAD TO SET THE BLADES THE RIGHT HEIGHT, WATCH THE BUNDLES TO BE SURE ALL OF THEM WERE TIED, AND THEN HOLD YOUR FOOT ON THE BAR THAT WAS STRAPPED TO YOUR FOOT TO LET THE CATCHER DOWN SO THE BUNDLES WOULD ALL BE IN ONE SPOT SO THEY COULD BE PILED INTO A "SHALK" TO DRY AND THEN THRESH. IT WAS HARD TO HOLD THE LEVER DOWN WHEN GRAIN WAS LONG AND HEAVY. WE HAD CUT THIS PARTICULAR FIELD RIGHT NEXT TO A CANAL. THE NEXT DAY WE CAME BACK AND STARTED THE PROCESS OF SHALKING THE GRAIN, PILING FIVE TO TEN BUNDLES UPRIGHT WITH THE GRAIN UP TO DRY IN THE SUN. THIS WAS AN AUGUST AFTERNOON AND IN MID AFTERNOON. IT WAS VERY HOT AND I HAD AN OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN ANOTHER LESSON FROM MY FATHER.