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Day on the Farm

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Day on the Farm
Personal Experience Narrative

Informant: Duane George Chadwick is my maternal grandfather. He was born in La Grande, Oregon in the year 1925. His parents moved to Weiser, Idaho when he was very young and purchased a farm. Their home did not have running water or electricity until he was 14 years old. Many of his memorable stories happened on and around his family’s farm.

Context: My grandfather currently lives in North Logan, Utah. He has always been a great storyteller. Often, when he tells his stories, they are told so vividly that I can easily imagine what it was like to live on his family’s farm, far away from civilization. He really loves his parents and siblings and has great respect for them. This is obvious, as he tells his stories which are filled with love for his family and the past. They were not wealthy farmers, but their intelligence and hard work made their home life very rich. Many people of all ages, have heard and enjoyed my grandpa’s stories. He has told his stories at various church activities, the Lyric Theater, at Utah State University, as well as other venues. His stories kept his audiences captivated as he accompanied his memories with musical renditions on his musical saw, harmonica, guitar, and piano. Now, that he is on the brink of 94 years old, he usually tells his stories to his family. His descendants gather together and enjoy him sharing his memories from his colorful and powerful past.

Text: We got up early in the morning before sun-up and put the cows in the barn and fed them and then I helped milk two or three cows while dad milked six. Then we had to separate the milk from the cream and we fed the milk to the pigs and sold the cream to the creamery, so we put it in a can and saved it for them. Then, after we’d done that, we went in and had breakfast and got cleaned up and ready for school and we had to saddle our horse, Kate, and we rode her to school with three of us on her back. It was about a mile and a half away and then we tied her up in the barn at the school and at 4:00 in the afternoon we got on the horse and rode her home. We then helped do the chores again at night--feeding the calves, feeding the pigs,
feeding the chickens and milking and separating all over again and by the time we got through it was about 9 o’clock at night. And that was the typical school day.

**Texture:** Grandpa was sitting in his reclining chair with his feet up. It was obvious that he enjoyed this experience of remembering and retelling stories from his past. He told this story in a very relaxed way and his voice was very calm.

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