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Sow and Piglet

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Duane George Chadwick
North Logan, Utah
November 26, 2018

Sow and Piglet

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 story teller. 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: When I was about 16 years old, my brother, Dave, was four years younger we were out doing some work around the pigpen and a little pig was caught in the fence that was holding it. It was squealing and squealing and if you've ever heard little pigs squeal it is kind of like a little child that squeals and it was quite alarming. I jumped in the pen to get it out of its predicament when, all of a sudden, the mother sow was in there and thought I was hurting her pig and she came after me, all four hundred pounds of her, and she —I've never heard, I've raised a lot of pigs but I've never heard one bark like a dog—it was (he made barking sounds) her mouth was about six inches long and I whirled to look at her and she grabbed me right here at the belly button (he touches his stomach) and ripped my pants right off. She ripped the front

of them out. Now those were Levi's that were guaranteed not to rip, but they ripped! And the belt broke and she was going to make the next lunge at me. She had, by that time, she had me pinned against the corner. I couldn't get away and my brother was outside the fence and saw the predicament I was in and he was only about 12 and he happened to have a hammer in his hand because we were nailing some things. He leaped over the fence. He was very athletic, and he leaped over that fence in one bound and in a single motion, just as she was ready to close in the second time, he hit her square between the eyes with a hammer! And it stunned her. It didn't knock her out, but she was stunned and that gave me a chance to get away. And- uh- I felt like I had been saved that day by my brother.

Texture: Grandpa had just awakened from a nap. It took him a little while to awaken prior to starting. When he began, he was very alert and his voice had a lot more vigor while telling me this story than it did in some of the other stories. The expression in his eyes showed how alert he was. I could tell he really enjoyed telling me this story.

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