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## Life Growing Up

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Ruth Krebs Robinson  
North Logan, Utah  
December 3, 2018

## **Life Growing Up**

### **Personal Experience Narrative**

**Informant:** Ruth Robinson is my 101-year-old neighbor. She was born in North Logan and has never moved more than two blocks from the home she was born in. She was raised in a large family that did not have much money but did have loving parents who worked very hard for the well fare of their children.

**Context:** Ruth's family worked very hard in order to exist. She felt like her efforts were needed and they really helped her family succeed and thrive. The children in the Krebs home were cherished. She is a lovely lady with memories that make her happy.

**Text:** The first thing in the morning, we had to get up, we lived on a farm we had animals, all kinds of them. We had cows, pigs, and chickens and horses and everything you could name. They had to be fed first thing. So, we'd get out to the barn and the cows had to have hay, and the horses had to have hay so all summer long we worked in the hay fields to get the hay ready for winter. And (pauses) we had to feed the animals and we played only at school. We always had work and chores to do at home. We had a lot of chickens and we all took care of them. We had to get up in the morning and see if the water was going. We had a chicken coop up on top of a barn and we had just enough chickens to use for our own use. I didn't have to kill the chickens, but my brothers and dad killed them, and do you know how they killed them? They had an ax and they took them out to the stump of a tree or something and chopped their head off and then let them flutter (she rolled her eyes). I didn't want to milk the cows. Somebody had to hold the cow's tail so it wouldn't swish in our eyes. We also thinned beets in the summer. There was just a lot of work and we did it!

**Texture:** Ruth was sitting in her spotless house in the dining area. She was dressed neatly with her hair done beautifully. Her daughter was there getting ready to cook a meal for dinner. She was pleasant to visit with and her voice was musical. She seemed to enjoy the experience and remembered her childhood with fondness. She enjoyed reminiscing and asked me to return soon.

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