

Sutherland, Cathy Jean

April Sitterrud's Family Stories

April Sitterrud

April 24, 1995

English 1 hour

BARNYARD FUN

Sitterud, Cathy Jean. 26 October 1950. Price, Utah. Personal Interview. Castle Dale, Utah. 23 April 1995.

Huff, Anita Jean. 20 October 1929. ^(Kenneleworth) ~~St. George~~, Utah. Telephone Interview. ^{St. George,} ~~Castle Dale~~, Utah. 24 April 1995.

My grandma's full name is Anita Jean Smith Huff. She was born in Kennelworth, Utah on October 20, 1929. Up until seventh grade she lived on a farm in Fairview. In seventh, she moved to Salt Lake City. That was when the war broke out. I guess grandma was pretty smart because she was double promoted from seventh grade to ninth. The story begins at the family's home in Fairview with a typical day on the farm.....

Gee, was I glad school was out! Today was the hottest day of the year and I was glad not to have to spend it in a classroom. The 1\2 mile walk to the bus stop would have been bad enough.

We have lived on the farm since about the time I was born. And every day was the same. Ma and Pa would get up early and do the chores that needed done round the farm. With me bein the oldest at only seven, the only chore I really had was to watch the twins, Larue and Larae. For as long as I could remember Ma had always told us girls to stay away from the barn. She said it was dangerous. What could be dangerous about a couple of cows and hay? But for us girls, the barn was a place of grand adventure. There was no better feeling than the ten-foot drop from the loft to the hay. If ma ever knew of this plot we had, then death would be over us.

One particular day, it took ma a little longer to do her chores. Being pregnant with what me and the twins were hoping would be another little sister to play with, ma's chores had slowly taken more and more time to do. With it being so hot and us girls being cooped up in the house the whole day, just the sound of Pa in the barn feeding the cows made it hard not to just run and jump off that loft. Our plan to keep ma from any suspicion was that when she came in from chores, we went

to the barn to play with the new calf. And ma, wanting us to get used to the cows that we would milk when we were a little older, thought nothing of it. So out into the barn we ran. The first jump always felt the best, but every one after that still gave me a rush. It was once again my turn, and feeling daring, I went to the back of the loft and ran full speed to the edge and leaped with all my might. At first, I didn't feel any pain. Then as I saw the blood on my hand and the pitchfork jutting into my leg made me scream in horror. Two of the tines of the pitchfork had gone through the back of my left kneecap and came out through my calve. The twins ran screaming into the house for ma and pa. With panic starting to take over me, I tried to get up and run to the house with them, pitchfork and all. When ma saw me running with a pitchfork stuck into my leg she screamed for pa to take me to the doctor who lived just a ways down. By then, my leg had pretty much gone numb, so I didn't really feel the needle going in and out of my leg, stitching the gash closed as it should be. Ever since then, you could bet that I never went near that barn again, not that ma would have let me anyway.

SICK FIMM

Sitterud, Cathy Jean. 26 October 1950. Price, Utah. Personal Interview. Castle Dale, Utah. 23 April 1995.

This story is about my grandpa Bert David Huff. He was born in Castle Gate, Utah on March 15, 1927. He had this problem with a kid he went to school with. Grampa was always quite the bully when he was going to school, though. But one day, grampa learned that not everyone thought he was as big as he did.....

My old man always told me that my ways would get me in a fix some day. I never listened. After all, he was old. He didn't know what went on in my life. Actually that's not true. The school had called dad on every occasion when I had been in trouble. All the fights, the mouthing off to teachers and so on. He never really got after me for the fights though. He always said as long as I didn't throw the first punch and I gave it my all, then it was well worth it. And after all, he should be pretty used to it by now. I was never about to let some ~~low~~life get the best of me. Ma said I was a chip off the old block: I had inherited dad's bullheadedness she said. I couldn't help being bullheaded. I knew my teachers were always wrong so I had to say something. And I had to prove my point and let them know that they were wrong, so when they started to yell at me, I HAD to yell back. So, when that kid got me in trouble in class I vowed to get him back. I planned it out perfect: I would get him on the school grounds so every one could watch me lick him good, but I'd do it right after school, that way I wouldn't get in trouble for it. My youngest brother, Udell, heard about the fight so he decided to watch the fight from our house, which wasn't too far from the school.

I counted down the minutes until school would be out. I was gonna get that sucker. I caught him just as he was startin to walk home.

But, boy, had **I** underestimated the size of that kid. He was HUGEE!! I

got in his face for a minute, but when he looked just about ready to throw a punch, I knew I didn't have a chance. So I ran for it! I knew I couldn't ~~ou~~run him either, so I went as far as my house and yelled for Udell to get his dog, King. As I rounded the corner, I stopped and waited for the kid. Just as he started to come for me, I yelled,

"Sick him, King!" Boy, did I think I would never hear the end of it, but the kids who had followed from the schoolyard laughed till their faces turned red. They couldn't believe that this kid, who was twice my size, was gettin' his by a dog. Since then, "Sick him," had become the ultimate threat whenever a little guy was about to get licked.

Which made me, and my pa, mighty proud.