

Larson, Neki Lynn

David Larson's Family Stories

David Larson
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ENGLISH 7TH

Larson, Vicki Lynn. 21 May, 1954. Casper, WY. Personal
Interview. Ferron, Utah, 9th April 1995.

My great grandmother as my mom said about her is was a very quiet lady that had a very little hunch back that was very nice she was also a short person she was under five feet tall and very skinny

My great grandmother Renfrow was some thing like a mid-wife but she was not. So she helped deliver babies for other people in her spare time. So this one family was going to have a baby so my great grandmother went to there house and in there house they had nothing in there house but a little top part of a bed and sheets around the bed to separate it from the rest of the house. so after they had the baby my great grand-mother took some sheets and pillow cases, and blankets so that the kids could sleep on some thing instead of the floor.

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the story begins in kansas where my great grand mother lived before she lived in colorado.

When my uncle Ralph moved to colorado my great grand parents lived in kansas during the dust bowl era when nothing would grow there so my uncle moved to colorado so he could have a life and money . So my uncle convinced my great grand parents to move to colorado so they moved to delta colorado where it was really green and beautiful and when my grand mother got there she decided to do some canning so she went crazy on canning she did so much canning that my grand mother got blisters on her hands and to prove they did the canning my uncles went in the cellar after my great grand mother died in 65 they found food from the first year they were there.

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This story takes place when my grandfather was a little boy.

when my grand father was a boy every body thought that left handed writers were possessed with the devil so to make kids write with there right hands the teachers would hit the kids left hand so they would write wit there right hand and not there left so when my grand dad wrote with his left hand it would get hit so every day he would come home with a red hand so he tried to write with his right hand but he could not do it so my grandpa's teachers gave up on him so he would write with his left hand but one day my grandpa was riding a horse and he fell off and broke his arm so after that he started to right with his right hand.