

## THIRTY YEARS ON THE FARM

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When I was about three and a half years old, my family moved from Greenville to a farm which was a Sherbondy in previous years. I didn't know this for some sixty years later. This farm bordered Paul's Grandparents' farm where Paul was born and raised. This was one of the farms which Phillip Sherbondy divided his land among his children. Paul and his Grandmother came calling many times.

Our first spring planting Paul's Grandmother came with seeds for our garden which she had gathered from her garden and dried the previous year. As farmers did this in those days. Paul is about six years old and is starting to school. I too started soon after. He would stop at our house and wait for me. In the winter he would kick a path to school through the snow for me. After some years we moved back to the city near my Father's work. We always kept in touch. I was cashier and bookkeeper for Woolworth Co. and later with the J C Penney Co. Bought and sold ladies wear.

Paul was with Westinghouse Co. for a short time and there came a lay off which caught him. They said he would be among the first called back. This was in the late twenties. Paul's Father passed away in February 1930. He had had charge of a Sanitation Department. Paul's Father had told his Mother that Paul would see her through and so he did. He run the Department and renewed the contracts for six years at which time he was called back to Westinghouse Co. in 1936, there he put in thirty four years.

Paul's Granfather passed away in July 1927. The farm was rented until 1945. The Granmother passed away in July 1942.

The estate was open for three years and no one was interested. The buildings and land was in bad, really bad shape. After three years Paul and I took hold and paid the back taxes, Grandmother's funeral expenses as well as the mortgage. There was only a cellar under the kitchen. We put in a full cellar, new roof, hot and cold running water, insulated stone outside, wired the house and barn, built in a 16' x 9' enclosed back porch. Under the porch we built a fruit closet. We had a big cellar; it had a 29" coal furnace, laundry corner, coal bin, work benches, and a cabinet for tools. With our overhead door as to work on cars and machinery in the cold weather. The barn needed a new roof roller doors on the main floor, not to mention the hen house, pig pens, machine shed and the fences.

The land wouldn't grow corn on 1" to 6" cobs with two or three to six grains to the ear. The wheat and oats so short it had to be cut with a mowing machine. The hay was that old white grass you couldn't keep on the wagon. But we tilled the ground until it produced beautiful foot long ears of corn, two and a half foot clover and four foot timothy. Paul plowed nights I disked and harrowed and got the land ready to plant. I helped to plant wheat, oats and corn and a big garden. I cultivated corn, cut hay, raked and got it baled. When the grain was ready I took the combine, sacked and threwed off. I cut the grain stubbles raked and got it baled. Hand picked ten or twelve acres of corn, hauled five or six tons of coal for the winter. I halped down a couple or three trees for winter also.

Well it's about time to put the blade on the tractor and keep the lane plowed out so Paul can get through. I recall one time having everything cleaned out and we got a fairly good cover that night.

But Paul thought that he could make it through. I watched from the window and he didn't make it. I, in my housecoat, put on boots, got the tractor and pushed him up the lane. At the right a half a dozen cars were taking it slow too, but had time to keep moving. He didn't pull away from the tractor so I just pushed him down the highway. Finally he took off on his own. The cars behind me were doing all right in our tracks. I pulled to the right in the hayfield and they all got by.

In those days the highway wasn't salted or plowed out. You made it through any way you could. It was made a state highway some time later and all you need is a inch of snow and they are there with the salt.

And so already it is 1968. Paul is retiring this year, I just don't know where those thirty years went. Paul's health was failing since the early sixties. In April 1975 we sold the farm in May and had a farm auction. We left the farm in June.

All that was the beauty of youth.....

Sincerely,

Evelyn Viola Bertha Hawks Sherbondy