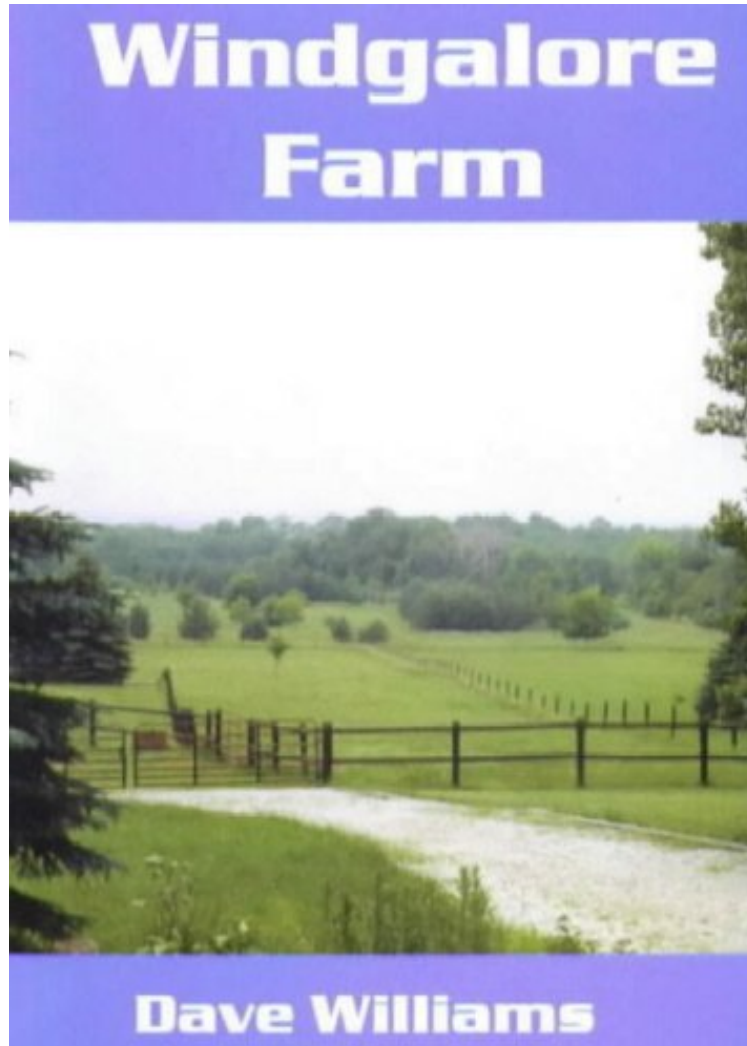


(Ebook free) Windgalore Farm

## Windgalore Farm

*Dave Williams*

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**Dave Williams : Windgalore Farm** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Windgalore Farm:

Windgalore Farm is a charming, and detailed, recollection of growing up on an Ohio farm in the 1940s. Dave Williams has a knack for conveying the sights, sounds, and smells of the old homestead, and the reader is drawn into another world of farm chores, rural adventures and home town events, large and small. The folks of Hinckley, Ohio had plenty to say, and the author has a wonderful gift of recalling their humor and practical wisdom.

"Read Windgalore Farm and learn how a small farm works as a loving grandfather recalls his childhood life for his grandchildren. This series of short, clear-eyed and historically accurate yet nostalgic vignettes are nothing less than spellbinding. Judith M. Hildbrandt, Professor, Keene State College, NH""Dave and his good friend Herm experience a host of fun, exciting and mischievous escapades while growing up on a farm. His story is an accurate and amusing picture of life here in the 1940's. Susen Batkey, Hinckley Historical Society"From the PublisherWindgalore Farm describe how a small farm works as a loving grandfather recalls his childhood life for his grandchildren. This series of short, clear-eyed and historically accurate yet nostalgic vignettes are nothing less than spellbinding.Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.DIGNITY AND DAGMAR (August, 1948) It is the burning ambition of all young farm boys to learn how to drive. For highway travel, there is a rapid progression from a tricycle to a bike, from a bike to a motorbike and from a motorbike to a motorcycle. The progression culminates with a driver's license for an automobile. We farm boys have a secret weapon unavailable to our city cousins. It is the tractor. First, we ride with our dads on the tractor. Brownie gave me my first ride when I was six. And we watch closely to learn how to steer, shift and brake. At first, our tractors did not have electric starters so our fathers had to crank them, something that was too hard and dangerous for a young boy. Thus, safety became just as important as steering and shifting. The farmers that we knew were always instructing us young boys to have the greatest respect for all equipment. They would carefully point out where belts could catch clothes and mower blades could remove fingers. They routinely passed around stories of farmers being pulled into bailers and corn pickers and killed. No one wore loose clothing or finger rings. The most popular tractors come with the two front wheels close together. This design is more tippy than the ones with the front wheels set wide apart. Already this summer a tractor had killed our current hero, a big seventh grader named Richard Turek. He lived on a farm on the north side of Route 303 just east of Hinckley where the road rose from a slight dip before beginning its long downhill descent into the valley. We never knew the details, but Richard was driving his Ford Ferguson fast on the road. Somehow, he flipped it onto its side even though it had its front wheels set wide apart. Now a friend our age was dead by his own hand. We suddenly realized that it could happen to us if we weren't very, very careful. Last year is when Herm first soloed on a full-sized tractor. It was in June and Hermann and Brownie were setting new fence posts at the beginning of Herm's pasture so they could get the new, wider haying equipment into the adjoining field. Herm was trying to drive Hermann's Allis Chalmers "B". That nasty little tractor offered a whopping 13 horsepower at the drawbar and possessed a notoriously quick clutch. Painted orange, it had wide front tires and a bench seat between the rear tires. Herm's legs were so short that he had to twist his hips and push against the seat to depress the clutch far enough to put the tractor in gear. When he released the clutch the first time, it shot back. With that, the tractor took a jackrabbit start and crashed into the newly set fence post. He was so incredibly embarrassed that he wanted to crawl into a hole and disappear. My laughing didn't help any. It was at this time that we got ourselves a big lesson in the meaning of dignity. Any other farmer would probably have sworn a blue streak and literally pulled Herm off the tractor by one ear. "Dang it," says Hermann. "Dang it," says Brownie. Then, they amble over, show Herm where reverse is and let him back away. And believe me, Herm put all his strength into every part of shifting after that. However, neither one of us ever trusted that tractor and we kept hoping that Hermann would get rid of it. Sure enough, today a big truck from BHL Elevator and Supply dropped off a bright red Farmall "H" model tractor at Windgalore Farm. We stare transfixed as the driver backs it off the truck. That brand new tractor costs \$1,200, an enormous sum. It is 125" long, 91" wide at the rear tires and 74" high at the steering wheel. Elegant in its simplicity of design, it features a curved radiator, a streamlined engine cowling with an integral gas tank that is rounded at the back, shell fenders and yellow safety lettering. Offering a mighty 26 horsepower at the drawbar, it instantly becomes the "workhorse" of Windgalore farm. As such, Herm pays it the greatest respect. As he presses the electric starter the first time, the engine comes to life with a throaty purr. As he lets out the clutch, he marvels at its ease of operation and his ability to shift gears without hearing me shout, "While you're at it, grind me a pound". It has soft but firm brakes, a delicate throttle, great stability and a high seat that gives you terrific visibility all around. It is immediately apparent to Hermann that Herm can drive this tractor safely. Interestingly, one of the TV characters that we like is named Dagmar. Dagmar has very large bosoms, which are the subject of jokes on the TV that we don't understand. However, that does not stop Herm from naming the love of his life, that new Farmall tractor, after her. From the front, the two large rear tires of the tractor somehow remind him of Dagmar. This, of course, shocks Herm's mom who isn't ready for us young boys to be thinking about the opposite sex. But for us, it is more the novelty of seeing a person, male or female, with some highly unusual physical characteristics. Anyway, it is obvious that Herm will love to do field work with that tractor and to use its fast, 16-mile per hour road gear on the way to and from the farms down the road where Hermann rents hay fields. It is really disgusting. I mean he will probably wax it with car polish and oil and grease it to death every time that he brings it to the gas tank to fill it. Of course, I will do the same thing if Brownie buys a Farmall.