

## Down on Friendly Acres

We live on a farm just outside a little town called Dadsville. We moved there in 1959. My parents named our farm *Friendly Acres*.

My daddy works two jobs. Durin' the day he works in a factory. He makes a lot of money — fifteen dollars a day — sixty dollars a week! And at night he works on our farm.

We love livin' on *Friendly Acres*. I wrote a song about our farm. My piano teacher, Mrs. Shipley, helped me put it down on paper. I can only play the melody right now. It goes like this:

# Come on Down on Friendly Acres

by R. Friend

PIANO

*Spirited!*

F F C

Come on down, down, down on Friend-ly Ac - res, come on down, down,

C F F

down on Friend-ly Ac - res come on down, down, down on Friend-ly Ac - res

C F *Fine* F

down on Friend-ly Ac - res with me. We will laugh and cry, and  
There's my mom and dad,

F C C

shout with jub - i - la - tion. We will sing and dance, join the ce - le - bra - tion. We will  
sis - ter and two broth-ers. There's my cous - ins, aunts, un - cles and grand-mo-ther. Day by

F F B<sup>b</sup> C F *D.C. al Fine*

love, and share. Feel the good vib - ra - tions. Down on Friend-ly Ac-res with me. Come on  
day we learn to love each oth - er. Down on Friend-ly Ac-res with me

©2003 Sunflower Seeds Press

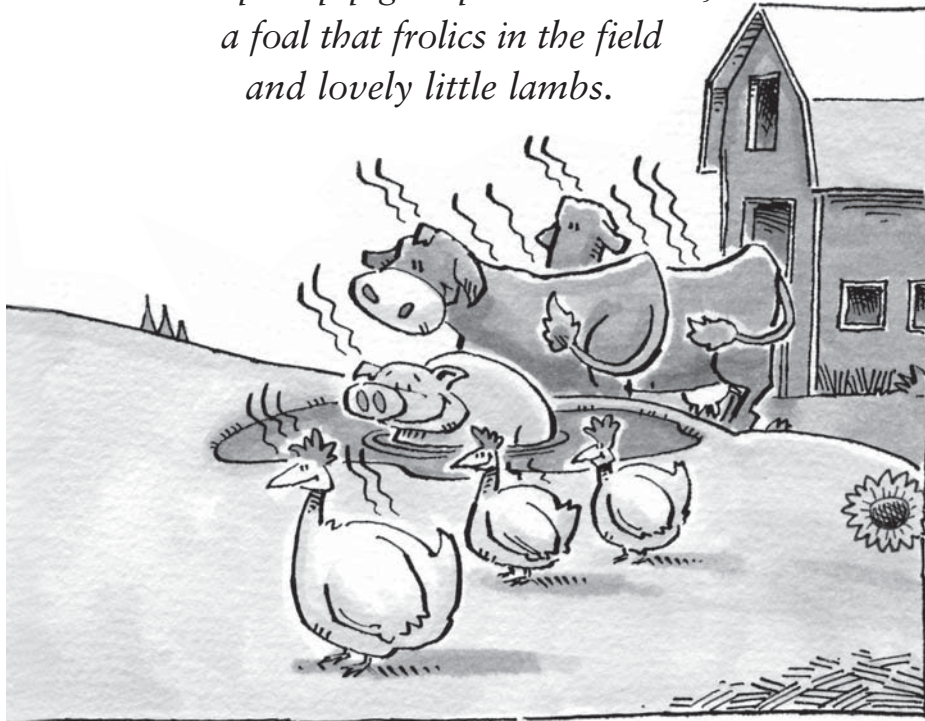
My momma loves everything about bein' a farmer's wife. Well, almost everything. The only thing she doesn't like about farm life is the smell.



On a hot, humid day, *Friendly Acres* stinks to high heaven. We have lots of cattle, pigs, sheep, chickens, and one horse. That makes for a lot of stinky *you-know-what!*

A couple days ago the air was horrible. It was so bad we wore bandanas around our noses and mouths. That was the day Momma wrote a poem about the smell.

*There are baby bovine beauties,  
plump piglets poised to scam,  
a foal that frolics in the field  
and lovely little lambs.*



*They're cute, they're sweet  
but take a whiff — the air it smells p.u.  
No diapers or potty training here — it's one  
big stinkaroo!*



When the farm really starts to stink so bad that you can't breathe, Momma just plops a clothespin on her nose. She looks funny and it's hard to breathe, but she's a-smilin'.

Momma smiles a lot. She loves bein' a farmer's wife and the mother of four children. Growin' up, she was an only child.



Momma missed havin' brothers and sisters. She would pretend to have siblings but not by playin' with dolls. They cost too much money. She used bugs — big bugs, little bugs, live bugs, dead bugs. Bugs would be her guests as she sat down for tea and cookies. She loved bein' surrounded by bugs.

Momma's still surrounded by bugs today, of the human kind. There are four of us — Ronald, Duane, Ronda, and Diane.



When it comes to bein' buggy, Daddy says, "My kids are the pests — I mean best!"



I told you he's a joker.

Ronald is the oldest Friend. My parents say, "Ronald, you should know better, you're the oldest."

He doesn't know any better. How could he? He's the firstborn. He doesn't have anybody to watch to know any better. And besides, where do they think he got so smart?

Next there's Duane. In some ways we are as different as night and day. But Duane and I do have several things in common. We like to talk 'n' talk 'n' talk and fuss 'n' fuss 'n' fight! Momma says every day we get better and better at fussin' 'n' fightin'.



Then there's me, remember, R-O-N-D-A without an "h." Momma named me that way 'cause she wanted it to be special — different. Dad thinks I'm special. Duane thinks I'm different.



Last there's Diane. She's the baby. She never gets in trouble. That's 'cause everybody thinks she's an angel. Everybody doesn't live with her. I do. Who are they kiddin'? She's not an angel. She's a "*hawkephant*."



Hold on to your pants.  
Let me explain. There's a big hawk in our woods. She built a huge nest at the top of a pine tree. Daddy told me that most animals see in black and white, but hawks can see in color.

They have a great pair of eyes — big eyes like my sister.

And then there are elephants. Ronald learned at school that elephants have great memories. I guess that's why their ears are so huge.

What does that have to do with my baby sister? Well, Diane is always watchin' us like a hawk. Then she remembers like an elephant what we did to get in trouble. She knows what NOT to do. That's why I call her a "hawkephant!" Or I guess you could say she's a "hawkephant" TRYIN' to be an angel.

If there's an angel in our family, it's not my sister. It's my grandma — Grandma Brombaugh. She can't fly. She doesn't have wings or a halo. Although, she's always wearin' hats. I don't *think* she has a halo.

Oh well, don't let her looks fool you. Momma says, "Grandma Brombaugh has more wisdom in her little pinky than some people do in their whole bodies."

My grandma, Edna Viola Peters Brombaugh, was born in 1907. I know for a fact she is an undercover angel. Angels always wear white dresses.



When Grandma was ten, she tried on a pair of pants and couldn't stand them. She has never worn anything to this day except a dress.

Grandma's always askin' me if her slip is showin'. And her slip just happens to be white. Therefore, I have come to the conclusion that the so-called "slip" is just her angel costume peekin' out from under her dress. She is an undercover angel.

And Grandma Brombaugh wants to turn everyone she meet into an angel, too. Daddy says she's got her work cut out for her down on *Friendly Acres*.

