

The Friend Family



Duane, Ronda, Diane, and Ronald



CHAPTER 1

Tilly's Not-So-Sweet Surprise!

Fiddlesticks and gumdrop bars! Duane swallowed a turkey - not a whole turkey - just a piece of turkey. It got all curled up and caught in his throat. The turkey won't go down and it won't come up.

This mornin' Momma and I are takin' Duane to the doctor. I hope he doesn't hafta have an operation. I don't mind if he would hafta get a shot in the arm or you-know-where but not an OPERATION!

My brother's not feelin' well. Earlier this mornin' I walked into his room. Duane was tangled up from head to toe with bed covers. All I could see was his mouth open wide like a largemouth bass. The piece of turkey danglin' from his throat swayed back and forth as he yelled,

“Aaaahhhh, aaaahhhh, aaaahhhh!”

“Duane, what’s wrong?”

Duane’s head disappeared under the covers like a snappin’ turtle! I snapped back, “Not gonna talk, Duane? Cat got your tongue? Or does a turkey have your tongue?”

Duane still didn’t answer. He flipped himself over and wrapped himself tight in his bedcovers. Duane disappeared. My brother must have remembered Grandma’s advice.

If you don’t have anything good to say about somebody, just don’t say anything at all!

“Ronda, hurry downstairs! It’s time to milk the cow,” hollered Daddy.

I’ll *hafta* deal with Duane later. We’ve a cow to milk. I flew down those stairs like Superman. Milkin’ a cow is not as easy as it looks. Daddy says it takes time and lots of patience. I have lots of time but I’m still workin’ on the patience.

I ran to the barn as the feeder cattle were leavin’ the lot. Buford, our bull, proudly led the way. Geraldine followed. She wears a bell ‘round her neck so we know when the cows come home for supper.



We raise Angus and Polled Hereford. City folk don’t know the difference. But, it’s easy! Angus cattle are black. Polled Herefords are red with white faces and bellies.

Daddy treats his bovine (a fancy word for cow) with tender lovin’ care. He reminds me of Old McDonald - except he’s not old and his name’s not McDonald. People call my daddy, Farmer Friend. So I decided to write a new song. Mrs. Shipley, my piano teacher, loved it.

Mr. Friend Had A Farm

R. Friend & The 96 Gang

C F G F G C C F C F G C

Piano

Mist-er Friend, had a farm, called it Friend-ly Ac-res. And

C F C F G C

on that farm he loved to dance the bam-yardim-i-ta-tor Who's he watch-in' who's he watch-in

who's he watch-in' who? {

It's a	cow, moo, moo!	It's a	cow, swish, swish!	So do the
It's a	cow, peck, peck!	It's a	chick, bawk, bawk!	So do the
It's a	pig, snort, snort!	It's a	pig, p., u!	So do the
It's an	owl, hoot, hoot!	It's an	owl, flap, flap!	So do the
It's his	wife, kiss, kiss!	It's his	wife, blink, blink!	So do the

moo, moo! cow, swish, swish! So do the moo, moo! cow, swish, swish!
 peck, peck! chick, bawk, bawk! So do the peck, peck! chick, bawk, bawk!
 snort, snort! pig, p., u! So do the snort, snort! pig, p., u!
 hoot, hoot! owl, flap, flap! So do the hoot, hoot! owl, flap, flap!
 kiss, kiss! wife, blink, blink! So do the kiss, kiss! wife, blink, blink!

Do the moo, moo, moo, swish, swish! Now do the peck, peck,

peck, bawk, bawk! Now do the snort, snort, snort, p u! Now do the hoot, hoot,

hoot, flap, flap! Now do the kiss, kiss, kiss, blink, blink!

C F G G C

Daddy's not just a farmer. He's a fisherman, a veterinarian, and a weatherman. Today he's a milkman and teacher rolled into one.

We have one special cow for milking - a registered Holstein cow. Registered is a big long word that means there's a big long name written down on a big long piece of paper. Our papers have her name as Pioneer Tilly Winks Tilly. We call her Tilly for short. She not only gives us milk but cream and butter for Grandma Brombaugh's yummy recipes!

As soon as Daddy plopped on the stool his hands went a flyin'. Before you could say, "*Fiddlesticks and gumdrop bars*," Daddy's bucket was full 'n overflowin' with milk.

I parked myself right by Tilly Winks Tilly's udder. Then I started pullin' 'n pullin' on those things as hard as I could. Nothin', absolutely nothin', came out! Daddy helped me wrap my hands 'round Tilly's faucets again and whispered in my ear, "Practice and patience makes perfect."

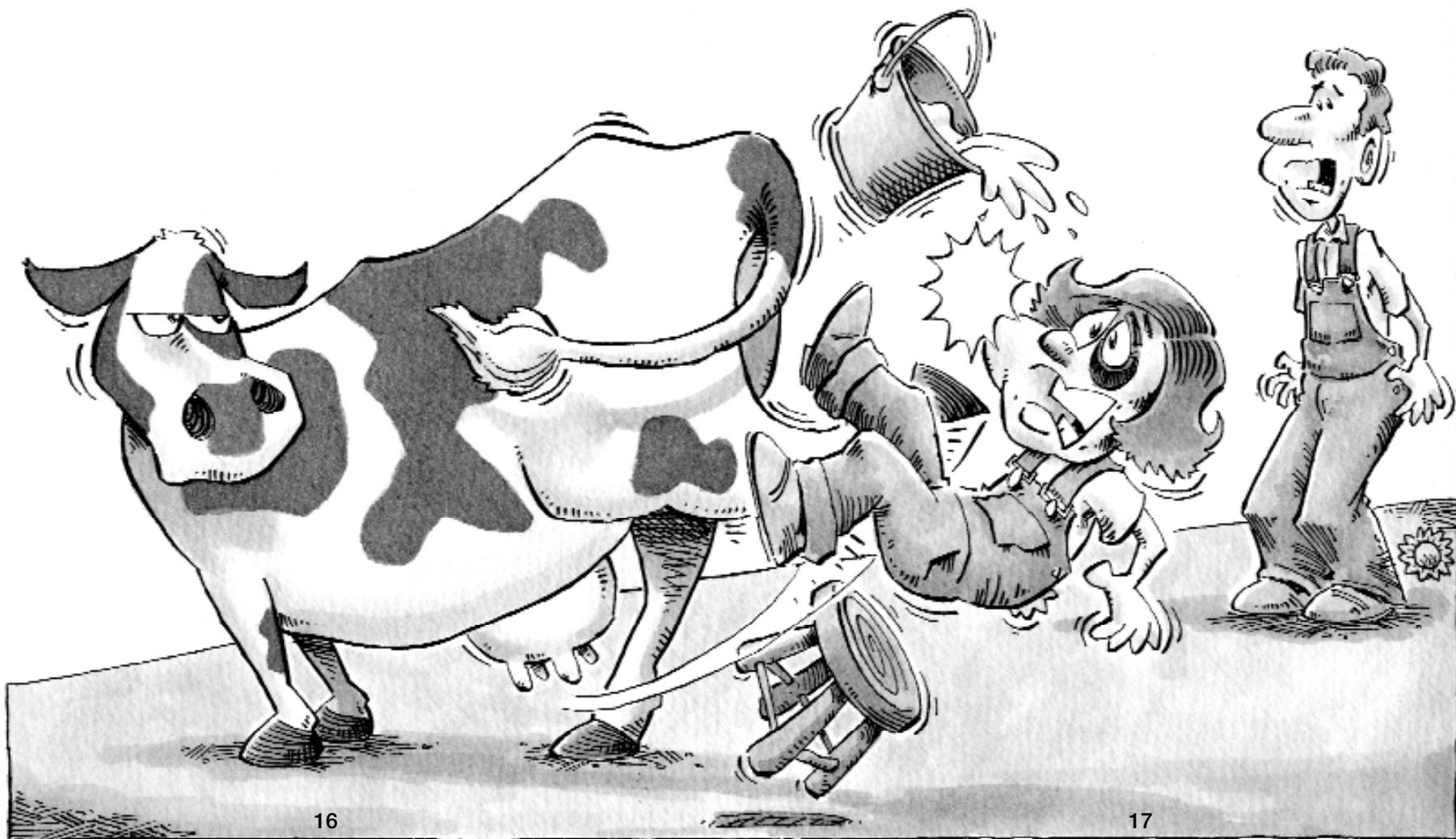
Daddy let go. Minutes later there were only a few drops of milk. That's it; **I'd had it!** So I had a little talk with Miss Tilly Winks Tilly. Patience runnin' thin I marched up to her big black and white oversized head, looked her straight in the eyeballs as she drooled drool all over my hands 'n overalls, lifted up her floppy ears, and declared, "*If you don't give me more milk this time, I'm gonna hafta spank you!*"

Evidently she didn't like my demands. 'Cause when I walked 'round the back of Tilly Winks Tilly she kicked the bucket. . .

SMASH!!!
BANG!!!
OUCH !!!

What little milk was in the bucket landed on my face along with her big, black, back hoof that was covered in *you-know-what!*

I landed on my *you-know-what!* OUCH! It hurt. P.U.! It stunk. I don't know what was worse - the pain or the smell. I tried to act as though it didn't hurt.



Doctor Daddy knows daddy hugs work miracles. He hugged and cheer, “Don’t tell me Ronda’s running out of patience! Remember, you’re a farmer’s daughter and pleased as a pig in mud to be one. *Hungh, hungh, hungh!*”

Tilly made me madder than a hornet, but Daddy snortin’ like a pig made me tickled pink. Holdin’ back a smile I declared, “*Tilly’s out of milk and I’m out of patience!*”

Daddy assured me that Tilly had more milk. Then he taught me a lesson I’ll never forget. He said, “Never, ever walk behind an animal without letting it know you’re there in the first place. Always put your hand on the rump (cattle talk for bottom), and whatever you do, don’t ever give up! Show Tilly who’s boss.”

I nodded then added, “Grandma Brombaugh always says, ‘If at first you don’t succeed, try, try again!’ ”

Daddy handed me the empty bucket. I saw it in his smile. Practice and patience makes perfect! Tilly is not gonna get the upper hand this time. *I’ll show her who’s boss!* She’s gonna *hafta* let me milk her whether she likes it or not!

I tugged ‘n pulled ‘n pulled ‘n tugged. Twenty minutes later and after squirtin’ half the milk right smack dab into my eyeballs, I had milk. **I had milk!!!**

Out of breath I bolted into the kitchen to show Momma. My oldest brother, Ronald, took one look at me and chuckled, “Why if it isn’t Tilly Winks Tilly’s twin sister - *Ronda Rinks Ronda!*”

My tongue was already hangin’ out from runnin’ so I pointed it at Ronald. Then I whined, “Momma, Ronald called me a cow!”

Momma assured me I was not a cow. Tongue back in mouth I boasted, “I milked Tilly, Momma! She kicked, but I’ve got milk. I know we’re makin’ homemade ice cream today for the 4-H meeting. Now I’ve helped!”

Momma chimed in, “Ronda! *You need help!* I’m afraid Pioneer Tilly Winks Tilly gave you a not-so-sweet surprise.”

Momma handed me a mirror. I did look like Tilly’s twin - *Ronda Rinks Ronda !!!*