

Pengueled Pheasant extension

I have only best story to relate about our pheasant farming days. Since we were always short of money we were not above "borrowing" needed materials from nearby houses being constructed and such. ~~But~~ when it came to obtaining gravel ~~a~~ much needed to maintain proper drainage in our pheasant pens we had a plentiful source nearby at Perry Basses long curving driveway. They seemed to have far more than they needed so, early one Sunday morning Tom Joffled, ~~Scott~~ Dutch Scott and ~~James~~ with two wheelbarrows made our way down the street to the Bass driveway. Oh so much gravel.

Arrrr! —
with shovels

We filled one wheelbarrow and had begun on the other when up and around the bend came a car. It happened so fast that the car was already stopped beside us before we could get away. It was not a delivery truck or a heavily loaded morning service. It couldn't have been worse. Perry Bass, Money Joe and the four boys. ~~Not~~

Mr. Bass instantly recognized Tom Joffled his neighbor's son. The rest of us just stood there quite dumb.

~~What in~~

The window came down on Mrs. Bass's side of the car and Mr. Bass leaned over and yelled "What are you doing?" as if he didn't know, Tom did the talking. "We needed some gravel for our pheasant pens, sir, and it looked like you had so much of it."

Pheasants eh? So that's what ~~a~~ hear making so much noise every morning. (It was Spring breeding time as I recall when our turkey pheasants could be heard easily a mile away). ~~by~~

Yes sir.

Out in the
Back Seat

Well, I guess you what you are doing
is not right don't you. Boss said. As I recall
the boys Sid, Ed, Bob and Lee said nothing. Nancy
for was quiet too.

Well, sorry Sir, Tom said.

Well, said Boss, 'Take you can have the
two wheel barrows full. But no more! OK?
"Yes Sir" said Tom.

The electric windows began to go back
up then stopped. Percy leaned ^{forward} again
past Nancy Lee.

I ~~supposed~~ ^{you} ~~can~~ ^{could} you do anything about those
damn glassmen cutting at 500 in the morning?

We will try Sir.

And then they were gone leaving us with
legs shaking, standing in a cloud of gravel dust.
But that's not the end of the ~~story~~ ^{whole} were feeling

The very next afternoon a large dump truck
drove down the long drive way of the Sofford
House and turned down to the courtyard behind the
house where all the garages were and the sandstone
stair that descended to our pleasant farm.

It was a dump truck, loaded with gravel. It
was ~~clear~~ ^{obvious} that the driver had been given clear
instructions. The huge machine tilted to the sound of
grinding gears and much noise. And out spilled a
mountain of pea gravel right by the stairs. Again we
just stood there in silence.

Once the truck had disgorged its load. The
driver got out and without a word walked
behind the truck to the mountain gravel, took out
a small piece of paper with some writing on it,
took a pencil out too, ~~and used it to~~ ^{and} placed
the note on the ~~pile~~ ^{pile} gravel and stuck the pencil through
it to secure it to the pile. The driver ^{standing a moment} then got back into
his truck and drove away up around the courtyard
drive and was gone.

Tom, Bob and I walked over to the gravel
pile. The note read.

"This ground ought to hold you awhile. Leave
mine alone."

Perry.