

And Baby Makes Three ?

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We continued to be challenged by raising swine against a backdrop of, yet an unidentified disease problem. We hauled gallon after gallon of red-tinted antibiotics out of the veterinarian's office. This was mixed into our hundred-gallon watering tanks, to be consumed by the growing pigs, to keep the scours at bay. We were always diligent to withdraw this medicine in time so as not to contaminate the meat as the animals went to market.

Amid this and the concern over the growing crops, I was becoming increasingly excited about our baby to be. Sometime that summer, I began to embroider a quilt top in a nursery rhyme motif, *Jack and Jill, Little Bo Peep, and other characters*. Anticipating having a boy, I finished the quilt in a pale blue binding.

As summer rolled into fall, after harvesting the oats, the men decided their old pull- type Allis Chalmers combine would not make it through the heavier harvest season. They traded it in on a used IHC 303 self-propelled model.

With my due date in view, we decided it was a promising idea to install a telephone.

The first calls made on that phone were in search of parts for the Allis when it broke down down during bean harvest.

Although I didn't want a baby shower until the baby arrived, I was honored at one given by sister-in-law Jenny the last week of October. This event outfitted us for everything we needed for our bundle of joy, including cloth diapers.

Michelle, our bald little hazel-eyed beauty arrived three weeks past her due date, just a day shy of her Grandma Peterson's seventy-second birthday. She and I came home to a welcoming committee of Grandma and Arnold.

They were served coffee before they left that day.