

Times Remembered **Betty A. Young** BYoung505@Outlook.Com

Baby Chicks . . . those words jog my memory of springtime growing up on the farm in the 1950s. The arrival of the fuzzy yellow chicks was a and water containers have to be kept with authority, pull her off the nest." high point of the season.

March came in like a lamb, I knew and fresh water is very important for all the old hens. that Dad would be going to Christophers' Farm Supply to pick up the baby chickens, sometimes a hundred the brooder house had to be very sell. We would work sorting through of them for our brooder house. I was clean and the heat lamps ready. Dad the eggs, wiping them off, grading so excited when they arrived. Most of placed a retaining ring of cardboard them, and putting them in egg crates the time Dad would already be there to keep the chicks near the lamps. It to sell to the farm store.

Baby Chicks

open the door. If you make too much noise the chicks will run around in they will smoother."

cording to Dad's orders. I remember how quiet it was when the door was opened ... the baby chicks would stop chirping. They would cluster together near the heat lamp for warmth. When they realized things were ok, they would start chirping again. I loved picking the baby chicks up and holding them close to my face. The yellow fuzzy feathers were so soft and delicate.

the growth of new baby chicks.

preparing a place for the baby chicks. was round with no corners where the Dad would say, "Be quiet, when you chicks would not pile up and smoother one another.

Raising chickens was a big undercircles and pile on each other; then taking on the farm and required a lot of work from all of us. I became at-I would carefully open the door ac- tached to them very quickly. Now the sad part . . . when the chicks became broilers, they were slaughtered, picked, dressed and packed in ice and taken to the Purina Company in Paris to sell.

We also had roosters and hens that we kept for laying eggs. I had the job of gathering eggs. It was a major chore just trying to gather the eggs from a cantankerous old hen that wanted to set. I've been pecked on the hands a Dad always told me that the first many a time gathering eggs. At first six weeks of a chicken's life were the I was afraid of the old hens, but Dad most important. The feed hoppers told me, "You have to go in the nest clean. We usually fed a mix of cracked I was only five or six years old but I As soon as the windy month of grains and dry mashes. Quality feed soon learned how to get the bluff on

> Along with gathering the eggs When the day the chicks arrived, came the job of getting them ready to



Chickens did make work, but it was part of our lifestyle on the farm. Farm kids always helped their parents with chores; it was expected of us, and I never thought of saying I didn't want to help. I also knew better ... I would get in big trouble for saying anything like that to my parents. The fond memories of raising baby chicks and gathering eggs will always be a part of me.





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