

English first hour

Nathan Jenkins  
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Family Stories

Jenkins, Nathan

Jenkins, Valdean E. 19 October 1952, Rexburg, Idaho. Personal Interview. Ferron, Utah. 17 April 1995.

This story tells about when my dad and his friends went hunting and my dad's friend shot his foot with a shotgun.

Me and my friends were so bored and we didn't have anything to do. We were sitting at my house when I got an idea. We would go carp hunting. We probably went carp hunting a thousand times in my life. So we got our guns and headed out to the canal. We had a good day we found alot of carp but we couldn't seem to get a good shot at them. So we went up and down and up and down the river trying to get a good shot at a big carp. Finally we got our chance, we pulled up our guns and fired. It worked we got a really big carp. We were satisfied so we decided to go home.

We were going home and we came to a fence. I went to cross the fence when I heard a gun go off, it scared me to death and then I heard Bill screaming like a maniac. I turned around to see that Bill had accidentally shot himself in the foot, it was grossum. His shoe was gone and the whole front of his foot looked like hamburger.

We got him home and called his mom. She came and picked him up and raced to the hospital with Bill sitting in the back with a cloth rapped around his foot. I can still remember the thing that still amazed me, how he could still have a sence of humor while in so much pain. I remember we were going and all of the sudden Bill looked at his mom and said, "mom hurry". His mom was worried she turned around and asked what was wrong and he looked at his mom and said, "Hurry, the pains are three minutes apart". I will always remember that and all of that day. Oh, and Bill ended up being Okay!

Nathan Jenkins  
1st Period English  
Carter

My wife and I were sitting home alone. No one was home except for us. The kids were all at Florence's brother's house. We didn't have anything to do so we thought we would go swimming. We got all ready when my wife thought it would be funner to go with nothing on. Boy was that a mistake! So we put our swimming suits away and started off for the lake. Everything was going just fine, we found a cove that was cut off from everyone else. We swam for a while then decided to go home. That is when we found out that something had went wrong. We saw that we were high-centered on a dirt hill. I pushed with all my might, but it would not budge. We started thinking of what we were going to do, and we decided that I was going to walk into town. We went and looked into the car all we could find was a towel and a pair of boots. I headed off and walked five and one half miles like that hiding in the bushes every time a car passed. I finally got home, got dressed and went to get Florence. That will always be the most embarrassing day of my life.

This story is about how my mom and my dad got stranded at night with no clothes and had to walk into town with only a pair of boots and a towel.

Jenkins, Valdemar E. 19 October 1952.  
Rekang Idaho. Personal interview.  
Ferron Ut. 17 April 1995.

My friend Caroline and I were bored one day and we had no money to go buy some candy, so we got the best idea, we would go to the grave yard and get flowers and sell them. The next day we got plastic sacks and went around to all the graves and took all the plastic flowers. There would always be a lot of them and we made good money off of them. We made a stand and set it up by the highway. A lot of people bought the flowers, we got enough money to go buy candy bars and pop for a couple of weeks.

This story is about how my mom and her friends went to the graveyard and stole flowers then sold them along the road

Jenkins, Florence Aileen, 29 November 1957.  
Salt Lake City, Utah. Personal interview.  
Rekang, Utah. 17 April 1995.