

More Stories!

Writers Forum

Number 89

April, 2009

Windmills

by Bo Drury

I have always been fascinated with them. My first recollection of one was on the old farm east of Pampa Texas. The cold water pumping up from the earth fed life to all that received it. The creak and groan of the rods as they worked pulling the water to the surface was a pleasant rhythmic sound much like the beat of a heart. With each 'beat', water gushed from the pipe and flowed into a 55 gal drum which was the drinking water, the overflow ran into the mossy green horse-tank for the livestock.

A tall elm tree grew alongside it casting a cool shade on hot summer days. There on a post hung an old tin cup with a long handle and anyone who went by might stop, skim the dust from the barrel, and drink their fill of the best tasting water in Texas.

One of the frequent visitors to the well was Ode Gatlin who drove the road grader. Covered in road dirt, he would wash the sweat and grime from his face and sit in the shade of the big Elm to visit with my folks as he drank from the cup and rested a bit.

Before the paved highway took the road to the north of the farm, I've been

told the old dirt road in front of our house had been the main thoroughfare and many a weary traveler passed by our home and stopped to be refreshed at our well.

It was during the time of the 'dust Bowl' and the big depression. Our well was a welcome sight for all those folks who had left their dried up farms and were in search of a new beginning.

The windmill's not there any longer and neither is the old farm, its buried beneath the airstrip where the airbase once stood, but many happy memories remain of a stringy haired, barefoot little girl, playing and dreaming in the shade by the windmill as she drank the cold pure water and listened to the heart beat of the windmill.

copyright Bo Drury, 2008

Bo Drury, born in the Texas Panhandle during 'the great depression', had the advantages of growing up in the country and developing a great love and respect for nature and the plains. Listening to the tall tales of her father and hearing the stories of many of her ancestors as they braved the hardships of the new land and were themselves instrumental in taming the Wild West, from her 5th great-grandfather, Daniel Boone, to her paternal grandparents making 'the run' for land into the Indian Territory, she has story after story to tell. With a ranching heritage on one side and a newspaper family on the other, her desire to write started at the age of eleven after reading the story of "Betty Zane" written by Zane Gray. To date she has written several short stories of the west and of the folks who lived during those times.



www.windsweptpress.com