

## With Fond Thoughts of Josie Kidd



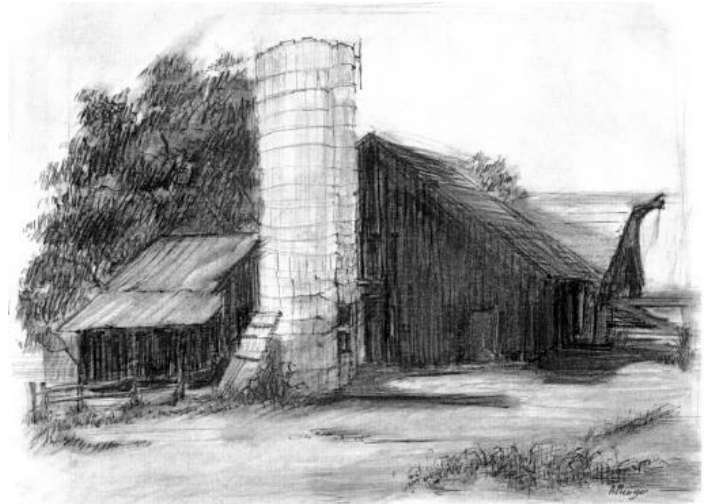
As the oldest granddaughter, I observed Grandmother's cooking on many occasions. Because of her gardening efforts, she regularly had fresh produce, such as Kentucky Wonder Green Beans, to use in her kitchen for many meals. She had an orange tree in the yard on Pauline Avenue. Fresh oranges were used for her orange cupcakes with orange zest. She'd serve Ambrosia chock full of orange sections, every Christmas.

When I was 8 years old, Grandmother cooked a hard fried egg for me. I didn't like eggs, but I remember eating that one! Grandmother had a reputation for good fried chicken and hot apple pie when she cooked for a silage crew.

Grandmother always had sit-down meals for breakfast, lunch and dinner, and she liked her own cooking as well as Dorothy's and my mother's cooking when we'd have her down for dinner. Grandmother always sweetened her iced tea. I remember seeing a pitcher of iced tea on her kitchen table daily during the summer.

Grandmother Kidd was my inspiration for my collections of Southern cooking recipes and cookbooks. She was a proper Southern lady who loved family dinners. - Margaret Kidd Taro

*Pictured Below:* The Show Barn and Cement Silo at the home place, 1971. Nina Kidd did this drawing with pencil and oil pastels for Dorothy when she sold the "Home Place" and moved into town. This largest barn, the first one built, was the place where during spring the Kidd brothers kept about thirty animals being groomed and trained for the coming summer's fairs. The smaller barn to the left was the horse barn, but it was also a favorite spot for the chickens. When David went out collecting with Grandma Josie, they always found two or three nests with eggs there.



*View of horse barn, show barn and hay barn.  
Oil pastel by Nina Kidd.*

### An Introduction

As the Kidd cousins began to collect family recipes many memories began to surface. We found enjoyment in reviewing our years together as children and young adults on the farm and decided they should be shared with the future generations. Our extended family spent much of our time together at work and play. What began as a simple collection of family recipes morphed into a volume of tales to be told.

Like other rural families, the Kidds had many occasions that involved good eating whether they were special celebrations or regular mealtimes. All the wives told their families that it was important to fix plenty in case someone dropped by. Quite often someone did drop by. John remembers having lunch at his Aunt Linnie's and her telling him to "eat plenty since you will need high energy to get you through the afternoon doing the hard work ahead." Thus, all three meals were hearty and important for us. We ate well and were very energetic!

## Food Production

Much of the food we ate as we grew up in the 1940's and 1950's was home grown. The fresh milk from the milk barn at the home place—as Grandmother's house was called—was caught in a bucket with a lid to take into the homes' refrigerators for meals and cooking. Milk became a major product. Before large tanker trucks came to the barn to ship the milk away for processing it had to be taken locally to the Milk Producers Association in town. John remembers the purchase of a 1949 flatbed truck for hauling the filled milk cans to town, The night milk was kept in a walk-in milk barn refrigerator until the morning milk was collected. Both the night and morning milk were hauled in 48 ten-gallon cans to MPA. The milk barn cold room was also handy when neighbors generously brought over several watermelons at a time for the families to share. Later, the milk was stored in a large, refrigerated tank. A big tanker truck from Safeway came daily to haul it to the Bay Area for processing and sale. It was the Lucerne brand.

Grandmother had a big garden between her house, where she lived with Milton and Dorothy, and the canal. She grew tomatoes, bell peppers, squash, potatoes, and melons. Grandmother told John that tomatoes were not grown in the gardens of Tennessee or Texas because folks thought they would make you sick and poison you. Supposedly a friend of Josie's in Tennessee used to take a saltshaker out to the field and put salt on wild growing tomatoes and eat them. Grandmother felt that tomatoes were a good fruit and chose to grow them in her garden. Everyone ate them, found them

very good and did not ever get sick from eating them. Grandma's garden was watered from canal water. When the water came into the canal each spring, she took the cap off a little pipe from the canal as needed to water the garden regularly. That seemed to be a special privilege in home irrigation.

## Guests for Meals

Mealtime at Herman and Mary's ordinarily included one farm hand who lived in the upstairs tank house at the home place on Pauline Avenue. That meant that Mary cooked a full meal three times a day in order for Daddy and the hired hand to have a good meal to sustain them for the hard work they did. Meals were called breakfast, dinner and supper. There was no "lunch" term until we packed our lunches for school. Since Marsha lived across the field from Paradise School she remembers bicycling home for lunch. The men and boys were NOT allowed to sit at the table without a shirt. There was no singing, no giggling, and everyone had to "clean up your plate." A hired man ate meals at Grandmother's with her and Milton, Dorothy, Mary Jo and David. Grandma Kidd always fixed a pot of oatmeal at breakfast. Grandma liked the pastel-colored bowls that came in the oatmeal silo shaped box so she collected quite a few of them.

In the early days, the stove in the home place kitchen was wood burning and had a burner on each side. On one occasion, the vent pipe got so hot it set the wall on fire and whoever was there (the hero of this incident is lost, at least to Dave) grabbed the red chemical bulb, probably carbon tet, from the wall hanger where it had resided for several years and threw it on the fire, saving the house.

Uncle Clarence used to visit the farm when he was on vacation. At one of the meals in the kitchen, a watermelon seed or something got caught in his windpipe and he began to choke. Before anyone could perform the Heimlich, (oh, wait a minute, no one knew what the Heimlich was), he and his chair fell over backwards, and the obstruction popped out. All's well that ends well. Speaking of extra mouths to feed, the required milk testing brought the "cow tester" regularly. He came

before breakfast and was fed after the morning milking. Lloyd Madden is remembered as the tester most often there. He lived in town. Lloyd was the uncle of John Madden, the well-known NFL football player and Super Bowl winning coach who was later inducted into the NFL Hall of Fame. Many remember John Madden as a broadcaster of NFL games.

When the "threshers" crew came each year to thresh the black-eyed beans, they were fed a big meal. On one occasion, one of the crew mentioned, "Mrs. Hart had three pies for dessert." The next year, Winnie and Dorothy made sure there were at least three pies for dessert. In 1971, Dorothy noted that the usual meal for the threshers included roast beef, cabbage (often provided by Mrs. Calloway), sliced tomatoes, string beans, apple pie, and hot bread.

Friends of the children, especially in the high school years, were occasional guests for dinner too. Thanksgiving dinner was scheduled between the annual Modesto High vs. Turlock rival football game and an annual dance, the Turkey Trot. The adults as well as the children often attended the game.

### **The 1939 Buick**

In 1939 Milton and Dorothy attended the convention of The Holstein Friesian Association of America, which was held in the eastern United States. After the convention they went to Flint, Michigan, bought a blue 1939 Buick, and drove it back to Modesto. The Buick had a long life on the farm and is now remembered by Josie's grandchildren and the generations beyond as Old Blue. As we started writing memories of our life on the farm, there were several stories of Old Blue. On the way home from a shopping trip to Mellis Brothers' Market on McHenry, Dorothy was driving the blue Buick with Mary Jo, David, Marsha, and Bette in the back seat. David gave the door handle a push and the door opened. He hung on until Dorothy pulled the car over to the curb. He wasn't injured, and we all were glad that he held on and didn't become a grease spot in the road, since that is what we had been told happened if you fell out and got run over. The next year, according to Will Corbett, General Motors installed "Dave Kidd" safety devices on rear door handles. Then many

years later came seat belts, air bags, GPS, etc. and the rest is history.

In early 1940 Herman borrowed the new car from Milton and Dorothy to make an emergency trip to San Francisco. Marsha was six months old and had swallowed an open safety pin while having her diaper changed. Local doctors sent them quickly to The City to a specialist who removed the pin with an esophagus scope.



*Mary Jo in the New '39 Buick*

The Buick had four doors and was big enough to fit at least five kids in the back seat, John remembered a trip to the snow with Milton and Dorothy and six farm kids together in the 1940's. There were no seat belts and perhaps no formal rules about having a passenger or two, small sized, on the floor. John said the heat came under the seat so those in the back with damp snow clothes were pretty comfortable. However, on the way home, Bette remembers that she was so cold she got on the floor in the front and wrapped herself around the heater (about the size of a gallon jug and attached under the dashboard on the passenger side). Riverbank, a town near Modesto, was known as a speed trap. Milton knew it, but he was apparently slightly over the limit and was stopped by the Riverbank Police. As he pulled over he cautioned Bette to stay where she was out of sight, so she did without a peep! Mary Jo and Dorothy who were in the front seat tried to hide her. Margaret thinks a

blanket was casually thrown over her. Fortunately, Uncle Milton was only given a warning and the occupants probably gave a big sigh of relief! If the policeman saw Bette, he ignored her and we continued on our way home.

Old Blue eventually became a farm car and was often driven through fields as the cousins learned to drive. It spent its final years on the farm in a garage until Bob Taro resurrected it. It now resides in Grass Valley as is told in the story to follow.

#### 4th of July

The Fourth of July was a special time for family, fun, and food. The day started with the parade in Modesto. Early in the morning, a pick-up was driven into town to be parallel parked along the parade route. Closer to parade time, we would park farther away and walk to the pick-up where we could sit in the bed or on chairs along the side. Before Marsha, Bette and David were born, Margaret and John rode on the Holstein Friesian float. Margaret shared her memory of that time and day. "The 4th of July parade, July 4, 1939, was the day before I was 5 years old. I can hardly remember it, but I do remember the Dutch costumes that John and I wore. My costume had fake braids under the white Dutch hat. We sat on fruit boxes covered with red, white and blue bunting. John sat on the other side, and since he was going on three, Daddy walked beside him. I just remember sitting there during the parade, and I remember that the Kidd Family took apart the float when it was finished. I believe it was a rubber-tired wagon from the farm. The picture we have is worth a thousand words with Herman leading a bull. That must have been a responsibility!

The parade was long and had many floats in addition to the cars with town officials, bands, and horse groups. Milton was elected as a Director of the Modesto Irrigation District in 1935. He rode in a car as soon as the MID provided it, usually a convertible, with other MID directors. We had cold drinks and small flags to wave. After the parade, the families would go home to prepare for the picnic that was traditionally held on the lawn at Herman and Mary's. In addition to the three families, others would join us. Bette and Ronald Redman, Dorothy's brother and sister-in-law, were often there. We looked forward to the times when they came since

they brought fireworks for later in the evening. Bertha and Fred Davis frequently joined us. Bertha was the Choir Director at Centenary Methodist as well as the piano teacher for Marsha, Bette, Mary Jo, and for a shorter time, David. Pop and Mom Swallow, Mary's father and mother, were frequent attendees. There was an abundance of food with each wife bringing her specialties. This included



*4th of July Parade. Kidd Family & Kidd Farms Bull. Modesto, 1939.*

Dorothy's potato salad, Winnie's fresh fruit, and (according to Aunt Dorothy's 1971 notes) macaroni salad, green salad, bean salad, baked ham, fried chicken, garlic bread, Boston baked beans, chili beans, baked macaroni, watermelon, and cake. The special dessert was homemade ice cream with different folks taking turns hand cranking the ice cream maker. When it was finally dark, we had our own private fireworks show. Fireworks of the low level variety were legal in Modesto and readily available at many stands throughout town. Some of us can remember begging our parents to buy just a few more. In addition to our own fireworks, on a good clear night we could see the ones from town. It was always a great day and a chance for the family to feel close as we celebrated together and looked forward to summer fun.

There was never any alcohol at family events. As Bette wrote, the practice of no alcohol (and little work on Sunday) came from Grandmother Josie, and was reinforced by Clarence, the Methodist minister, and the other Kidd brothers carried on this tradition to a degree. In the early 2000's when Summer Jam, at Marsha's, family reunions began, beer was often one of many beverages consumed. Water was the most common though.

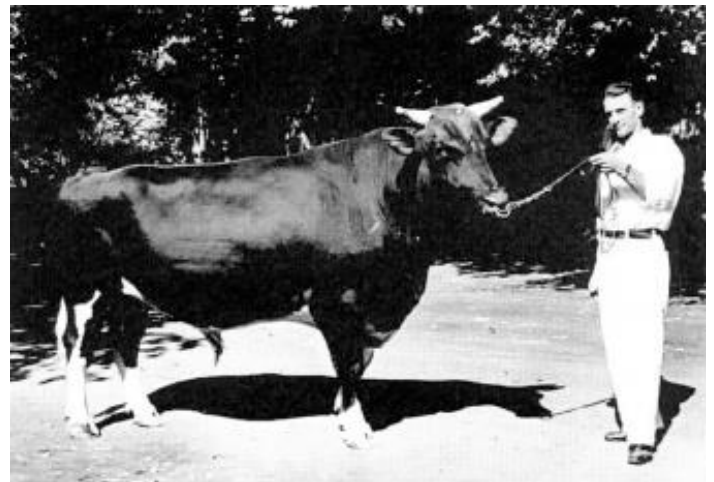
## County Fairs, The State Fair, and The Grand National

The Stanislaus County Fair was another event associated with a big picnic. On "show day" the entire family was needed to help out and sometimes lead when there were purebred groups of sire or dam in the show. Everyone showed up early that day and Winnie, Dorothy and Mary brought a huge picnic lunch for all the family to eat. There was not time on "show day" to go out to eat. As an aside, Herman would always say we couldn't afford to spend the money for everyone to go out to eat. In the meantime, Milton would "slip" the kids each a dollar at least to "go have some fun." The picnic at the fair included lots of sandwiches. Marsha remembers bologna While she agrees that there were bologna sandwiches for some fair show days, Mary Jo remembers that a special treat was when we bought boiled ham slices for sandwiches, at least in later years. Sandwich bread came into being and was great. There were rectangular or square slices of fresh white bread for sandwiches. The bread had to be fresh from the store that day. No day old bread for these special sandwiches. Mary Jo can still remember the wonderful taste of the ice cold coke along with good white bread ham sandwich on fair days. Dorothy mentioned in her 1971 notes for Nina that food at the fairs usually included, ham and bologna sandwiches, potato salad, tomatoes, and watermelon. The cokes with sugar (no diet cokes produced in those days), iced tea and water were all kept in a big galvanized tub full of ice. It was at least three feet in diameter and full of ice and beverages. There were potato chips and delicious frosted cakes for dessert. It seemed to be a special meal and indeed special to use paper plates and eat in the cattle owners' area of the show barn. John, and later on Dave stayed with the cattle at the fairs. Seems like Uncle Hubert or Uncle Herman were along with them. John remembers up to 17 fairs a year with show days. One of Dave's early favorite fair memories was going out to breakfast every morning. His favorite meal was strawberry waffles with whipped cream or pancakes with a side of bacon and eggs. Uncle Hubert was not inclined to make any nutrition judgments, and always picked up the tab. Couldn't get any better than that.

There was always a favorite local coffee shop and they would see many of the other exhibitors and miscellaneous hired men at the same spot from one year to the next.

The summer fairs were a great source of entertainment for the kids. Bette's birthday was in August, and she often chose money for fair as her Stockton fair was about that time, but sometimes it was saved for the State Fair in Sacramento. Bette and David would take off as soon as they could and tour the fair, usually with instructions for a time to meet back at the show barn. One favorite activity was to tour the commercial building and watch all the free demonstrations. Included was food preparation such as held at the Veg-a-matic booth where free samples were an added bonus. They collected armloads of free literature that they had to ditch later, some show rides and carny games were taken in the afternoon, but the most fun for these was at night under the lights. Bette typically learned the hard way which ones she had to stay clear of because of motion sickness, especially the tilt-a-whirl.

Show Day was always serious business, and the kids found out early on not to interfere or bother the men as they prepped or showed the cattle. Once in a while they might be given the task to "brush until shiny" or hold a heifer by the rope while whoever was showing it



*Herman Kidd shows Kidd Farms Los Robles, the Grand Champion of the 1939 California State Fair.*

was busy nearby. David was in 4-H and was dressed in whites for his big day, much to the chagrin of Bette, who was not allowed to participate in this

men's work. However, Bette's big day did come one year at the Turlock fair, as the day before 4-H show day, David came down with the mumps. The brothers talked it over, and it was decided that Bette could show for David. It was a proud moment for her to be decked out in white, happily leading David's heifer into the ring. Herman watched from the sidelines with a smile.

Mary found a great 4-H project for Bette who did not want to do cooking or sewing for her projects. Bette raised three guide dogs for the blind, which were great rewarding experiences. All dogs were placed with blind people and Bette got to attend their graduations at the San Rafael school.



*Bette with Guide Dog she raised in 4-H at Special field Day, Turlock Fairgrounds. Early 1950's.*

A job that fell to a wife and kids after the fair was washing the cow blankets. These large flannel type blankets were used to cover the show stock after they were washed to keep them clean and ready for showing the next day. This laundry task sometimes fell to Herman's wife, Mary, with help from Bette and Marsha. The best home automatic washer was not to be used for cow blankets. This task was done by hauling in the old wringer washer from the garage, which made it much more laborious. Mary Jo says that she and Dorothy also did the blankets

often. At that time, they did not have a new style washer. After each wash and rinse cycle, the blankets were hand fed through the wringers to the first rinse tub, and later to a tub with Mrs. Stewart's liquid bluing added to the rinse water. After the third trip through the wringer, they were hung up to dry on the clothesline outdoors. Occasionally there was a misfeed, which could wreak havoc on these wet, bulky blankets and wringers, and the emergency release lever had to be employed. Fortunately, neither fingers, arms nor hair ever went through the wringers.



*Hubert Kidd, Cow Palace, S.F., with one of his very "favorite boys," November 1950.*

The California State Fair, located on Stockton Boulevard in Sacramento at the time, was a part of the circuit of fairs at which Kidd Farms exhibited their string of approximately 30 registered Holsteins. In 1940, Kidd Farms proudly won two banners, Premier Breeder and Premier Exhibitor. Margaret and John carried these banners in a parade that included then governor, Earl Warren. Kidd wives provided the standard "fair picnic and beverages."

The Grand National at the Cow Palace was usually in November and an important event for advertising the fine purebred lines of Holstein's exhibited. Often the Grand National Champion of breed was used for magazine ads and stories about the fine cattle Kidd Farms produced. It was different from the county fairs as it involved national competition and publicity. It also was special because it was held in San Francisco.

Before adjacent buildings were constructed, the show cattle were housed in tents near the main "Palace" arena. In 1946 there was a terrible storm on that peninsula. The tents blew down upon the cattle and tenders with them. No one and no animal was hurt but they were all moved to the horse stalls, prepared to show, competed and released to go home the very next day. Usually, they stayed after show day for exhibition to Grand National attendees. John remembered that Herman showed the Grand Champion (1946) Holstein cow, Evangeline, that year.

Bette hasn't forgotten the primo ride on the way home from the Cow Palace in South San Francisco in the late 1940's. The circumstances aren't clear, but more were coming home than went that day, so David and Bette got to ride all the way home in the back of that 1949 International flat rack truck with bales of hay for side barriers—not exactly in line with today's safety standards. Going over the Altamont was like a thrilling roller coaster ride from that rear seat vantage point. To add to the mix, at a pit stop along the way, the kids purchased Sugar Daddy suckers, and by the time the two got home, they had sticky goo on their faces and in Bette's long hair.

Speaking of the 1949 flat rack truck, Mary Jo remembers her solo trip as the driver of the "stick shift" flat rack to the State Fair in Sacramento. It was usually the last of the fair circuit and held over Labor Day the first week or so of September. There was no adult available to drive an unscheduled trip to take a full load of baled hay to the fair and to bring home a newly born calf. Mary Jo was just 15 at the time, having gone for her license the day after Christmas the year before. Like the rest of the kids, she had practiced on the 1939 Buick with a stick shift, though she had taken her driving test in the newer Buick with an automatic transmission called Dynaflo. However, she had never driven the truck that had the shift on the floor and was just slightly over the legal limit in width. (That apparently was a miscalculation by the makers of the flat bed to go with the new International cab that the brothers had purchased.) Milton had full confidence that she could do it. She recalls staying in the right hand lane, never exceeding the speed

limit, and breathing a sigh of relief when she found the proper gate to enter the fair near the cow barns. At the fair, the hay was unloaded with a couple of bales left on the truck to help support the calf that was also tied. Mary Jo, the truck, and the calf all made it back to Modesto safely.

This is an example of how all the kids of the 1940's were respected by our parents. They had more confidence in us than perhaps we did and always said "you can do it" and we did.

## Business Notes

The milk production, other crops and the sale of purebred cattle supported the Kidds. Other farms wanted breeding stock produced by cows with good milk production history. In Central California there were many small farms that wanted to increase quality herds. Longevity of the breeding line and milk production were of primary importance. The prize money at the fairs was usually enough to cover fair expenses which included transportation of the show animals in hired big rigs with a driver, and overnight accommodations including meals for the brothers and hired help accompanying the show animals. Evangeline was producing 12 gallons of milk a day when she became Grand Champion at the Cow Palace. Good advertisement! The fair awards won by the cattle provided important advertising for our purebred herd. We also had occasional trade magazine ads with photos of our champions taken by well-known cattle photographers. Other breeders sought bulls or the offspring of prizewinners for breeding to upgrade their herds.



*Pictured above: Modesto., CA  
Kidd Farms Aerial View, 1950's,*

The black-eyed beans were sold for profit. Often they had to be stored in Lyng's warehouse until a buyer offered a good price. Grandmother Josie was known as "one of the toughest bean sellers" that there ever was. Stories have it that if she didn't like the price offered to her she would refuse to sell and just say "keep them in the warehouse until the price gets higher:" She kept her word! Grandmother Kidd had fine business acumen.

In addition to her, the farms supported the three farm families totaling twelve Kidds and Grandmother. Pete Keller was related to Josie's brother-in-law and he worked the farm for many years. There was usually a farm worker with a family, or two workers with families as well as another single man who all were paid to help work Kidd Farms for their living. Probably about 20 people were supported at one time or another. With gratitude throughout our lives the grandchildren of Josie all attended four-year universities and graduated to move on to a variety of excellent self-supporting occupations.

**Memories shared by Dorothy Kidd in 1971. Dorothy Kidd hand-wrote the following historical anecdotes, and menus, in 1971. We think most of them occurred in the late 1920's and early 1930's.**

The Centenary Methodist Church was the pivot of our early social life. There was a good sized and active group of young people. We met on Sunday evenings about 6:30 for a program and devotional service and then, of course, in those days young people were also expected to attend the church service. This usually consisted of 30 minutes or so of hymn singing and then a short sermon. When my sister and I first started going to the Centenary Epworth League we noticed that several of the boys always turned up for the youth meeting. They did not stay for the church service, but were always around when church was out. Among them were Milton and Herman. It was quite awhile before I discovered that they went uptown and played snooker during that hour. I thought they were pretty daring to be doing such a thing.

I don't think their mother ever found out. She would have been profoundly shocked.

We had frequent parties at the homes of the various young people where we played what in those days were called "parlor games." It may sound dull, but youth are pretty much the same in any era and we had some pretty hilarious times.

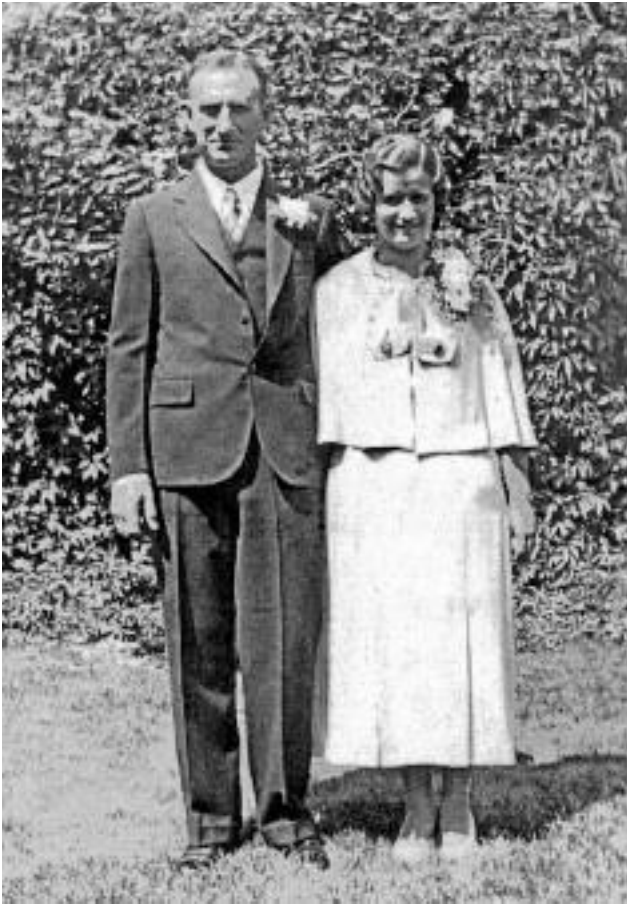
We had picnics, wienie roasts at the river, swimming parties, miniature golf parties, etc. We also had a drama group, which was coached by a middle-aged lady called Morris. I can't remember the name of the play we put on, but Milton was the hero, my sister Kathryn the heroine and I was an old arthritic aunt of the hero. The play was so successful that we were invited to put it on in several other churches. Later on Milton and I were in the same play put on by the Farm Bureau recreational group.

The church members as a whole prefaced practically every meeting with a potluck dinner. There was always enough food to feed an army, and a gluttonous time was had by all. Believe it or not, at that time, I spent one summer playing the piano for church. The regular pianist (she played with more vim than accuracy) took a three months vacation. I was chosen to be her substitute. She was not too hard an act to follow. Earlier in life I had a music teacher who was very religious so she had given me a pretty good foundation on the playing of hymns.

Since I had to sit in the choir loft, as it was called, facing the congregation, Milton used to sit and grin at me, make faces and be generally obnoxious. Since I was a giggler by nature I had a horrid time being reasonably dignified. Once, after church, both Milton and Herman heard a boy called Freeman Reed come up to me and say, "How about the wienie roast Saturday night?"

They thought it was terribly funny, so for a long time afterwards if Milton wanted to ask me for a date he would sort of sneak up and say out of the side of his mouth, "How about the wienie roast Saturday night?" He could imitate poor Freeman very accurately.





*Milton & Dorothy Redman Kidd's  
Wedding Day, July 26, 1933.*

After finishing Modesto Junior College, San Jose State and teaching school for two years, Milton and I were married on the hottest July 26th in history at that time. We were married at my home on Sylvan Avenue at ten in the morning. About five o'clock on that memorable day my sister Margaret and I got up and went to a wholesale florist, got the flowers and came home and arranged them. As I remember we did a pretty good job.

Clarence was the minister who married us. His wife Alma was the soloist, and my sister Margaret played the wedding march and accompanied Alma. As I waited in the bedroom for the march into the living room, Alma opened the ceremony singing, "O Promise Me." For my own part, I remember that instead of the usual bride dramatics of weeping or fainting, I got the giggles. It was the worst time of my life trying to get through the ceremony with any dignity; but I think my lapse passed unnoticed.

We then had a very nice small reception and Milton and I were off amid lots of rice for our honeymoon. We went as far as Williams for the first night. Clarence was minister at the Williams church.

He was on vacation so it was arranged that we would spend the night at the parsonage. I can't remember whose bright idea that was. Anyhow, it must have been over 100 degrees all night. Nuff said.

The next day we reached Portland, the weather was lovely, the scenery beautiful and our honeymoon really began. We arrived home after two weeks and were installed in the guest bedroom. It was months before I really felt like part of the family and not a guest.

**Memories Shared by a Great Grandson.**  
These are recollections of Will Corbett who was one of Josie's eight great grandchildren born in the '60's and '70's. He is a fine representative of the next generation.

My earliest memories of the farm and Modesto are very cloudy, but they have stayed with me my whole life. I LOVED going to visit there, and still to this day, NEED to drive by the Pauline property when I'm down in Modesto, and feel those memories come to life again. In fact, I often cite those years as some of the greatest influences on my lifestyle. Guess I've always wanted to be a farmer. I never really will be but it's REALLY nice to have that heritage.



*Grandpa Milton Kidd with Grandson Will Corbet  
In Milton & Dorothy's home, April 1966.*

The memories are vague at best, but they include riding on the FarmAll tractor, going to the MID offices, watching TV (all with my Grandpa Milton); being told there were alligators in the canal, being hissed at by grandma's black cat, hearing the party line phone ring and wondering why no one answered it, and I think (like I said, vague), watching Grandpa and Uncle Hubert help a calf being born. After Grandpa died, it seems to me that I visited more often by myself (which would make sense as I got older), and Grandma would make a point to take me to visit all the cousins, whom I now view as some of my closest family. Cousin John gave me my first ride on a horse (actually a pony named Goldilocks), my Uncle Dave gave me my first ride on a dirt bike, and I remember being scared of Old Blue (Grandma & Grandpa's 1939 Buick). I continue to enjoy all three of those things to this day (though Old Blue is still a little scary). I also remember the day we pulled Old Blue out of the carport to take it to Taros' ranch on Garrison. I know we used a tractor to pull it out, and then used the same tractor to pull it down the road to Taros', and I got to ride in it! A black widow spider reared its ugly self from under the dash, but Uncle Dave killed it. Must be something about those spiders and me. They are EVERYWHERE here at our place.



*Kathryn, Will, Robbie at Taro's first house, March 1971.*

A few additional memories that occur as I write, are naming two cats Charlie at the same time (one that came inside, and one that stayed outside), abandoned dogs (Samson and her puppy Spot, I think), watching Grandma kill a black widow spider

that was crawling down the wall next to me and a friend, being scared of the small upstairs bedroom when it was full of stuff, and then sleeping in it after it was cleaned out, digging through the closet under the stairs and finding my Uncle Dave's old wooden skateboard (which I still have), finding my grandma's old violin in a closet, finding somebody's old autoharp (whatever happened to those anyway?).

I remember my dad digging under the old tree outside the back porch and finding Grandma Josie's old snuff bottles, exploring the old "Magnavox" cabinet and thinking how cool it was that all the radio controls and turntable were "secretly" hidden (I now have that here at home).

I remember the day my Dad brought home some of the old horse drawn plows in a U-haul trailer. Those are also now here at our place, as well as an old manually driven drill press from the farm. They make great yard art, and they remind me of those great times.

While all those memories of the farm are extremely important to me, memories of family and fun times in Modesto as a whole, are even more so.

After Grandma sold the farm, I still continued to visit often, and was able to continue to visit all the cousins regularly. I often went to church with Grandma while there, and occasionally spent some nights at the Taros' "new" ranch on Maze Boulevard. All great times and a great way to keep in touch with the family history.

During my later high school years, all my college years, and for a few after I was married, I didn't visit very often (I guess life does that). But, after my son Wade was born, we began to visit again each year at Easter, and I feel like I reestablished those ties I had when I was younger. I'm extremely proud to be a member of the Kidd clan, and while Novato will always be my hometown, and Grass Valley my home, Modesto will always be what I think of as my "base." A place I can go back to and REALLY know where I come from. - *Will Corbett*

## 100 Years Later

It was a special time for the Kidd family as members of three generations gathered in Modesto on November 12, 2011, to celebrate the arrival of Josie and her boys on November 11, 1911. We were delighted to learn that her 9th great, great grandchild, Hayden Nina Hinckley, had arrived the day before, adding to Grandma's descendants who number 42 in the last one hundred years. A highlight of the day was gathering around the graves of Josie and her boys to share our remembrances of our wonderful life on the farm growing up in our close families, under the guidance of Josie. We concluded our day with a family dinner at Margaret Taro's house that is near the dairy, which was so much a part of our lives.

Josie was a very strong woman with a great deal of love for her family, which was exemplified in her daily life with a combination of leadership and kindness. It is a tribute to her that we still get together, enjoy the companionship of each other, and share our memories and sense of family with the generations.

It was during one of our gatherings that it was decided to compile this book in her honor and in celebration of the memories of our many family dinners of the past. — Mary Jo Kidd Corbett



*In their late teens and early twenties dressed for church, Herman, Milton Clarence and Hubert pose with their mother.*