

(Mobile pdf) Birth in a Chicken House: A Collection of Stories

Birth in a Chicken House: A Collection of Stories

James Lucas DVM

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James Lucas DVM : Birth in a Chicken House: A Collection of Stories before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Birth in a Chicken House: A Collection of Stories:

0 of 4 people found the following review helpful. NO Clue. This was a gift to someone else.By jipsii M'SinaNO Clue. This was a gift to someone else.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Not an easy jobBy Jill BemisSometime humorous and sometimes sad stories based on real life experience of veterinarian James Lucas. The short 1-2 page tales make this an easy read when you only little time free for reading.2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Perceptive, funny, wonderful reading.By Midwest Book ReviewJames Lucas is a seasoned veterinarian playing his trade in southern Iowa for more than 36 years. He kept notes of his experiences with the

people and animals he encountered throughout his career. In *Birth In A Chicken House*, Lucas draws upon those personal reminiscences to spin out his humorous true-life tales that will engage the reader's rapt attention from first page to last. Highly recommended reading for anyone who loves a good yarn well told, *Birth In A Chicken House* provides perceptive and very funny descriptions of the animals and culture, the beauty and history of a rural farming community, and the dedicated veterinarian that served their needs.

Dr. Lucas takes you on his journey depicting the beauty and serenity of Southern Iowa, the memorable characters and unheard of experiences. Relive humorous day-to-day stories of this small town veterinarian dealing with people and animals alike. This is the story of his family and the career he chose which fulfilled his goal of love for the country, animals, people and life. Dr. James Lucas was born and raised on a farm in Southern Iowa. In his early high school years, he vowed to go to veterinary college and return to his hometown to provide veterinary service. He later married his high school sweetheart who also made the promise to make this life's goal with him. Dr. Lucas spent 36 years in the veterinary medical field. In 1986, he was diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease causing him to take an early retirement, yet allowing him to retell his stories. A portion of the proceeds from this book will go to benefit the American Parkinson's Disease Association, Nebraska Chapter. This chapter includes the states of Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and South Dakota.

From the Publisher Dr Lucas kept notes of his experiences about the people and animals he worked with throughout his career. For several years he has been busy transforming those notes into stories. Stories, which he wanted to leave to his children and grandchildren about his life. The humorous tales are true and the chapter title depict their nature. It's time to laugh and *Birth in a Chicken House* will do just that! Remember the time you tried to help pull another person's vehicle? How about the first dent in your brand new car? All you needed was a good night's sleep and those dogs across the way won't hush for even a second! From large animals to small and people of all walks of life, you will be able to relate to the stories. *Birth in a Chicken House* is a very descriptive book regarding the characteristics of animals and culture. Dr. Lucas not only explains the veterinary process, but he describes the beauty and history of Southern Iowa. As the pages are turned readers will laugh, cry and start planning their next vacation to this unforgettable land. Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Doc Anderson's portfolio was full of quips. He used to say that Southern Iowa, as far as weather is concerned, is the hottest, the coldest, the wettest and the driest place on earth. We got it all and all in between. Northern Iowans expected cold winters with lots of snow and they seemed to love it. In Southern Iowa, we enjoyed, on the average, mostly milder winters. Still, blasts of cold from the North did not escape us entirely. Winter could blow in bitter cold and beautiful scenic snow. Early mornings of extremely cold temperatures presented a rapture of sparkling frost and atmospheric sundogs could light up a daytime sky. This was a frigid winter that followed the summer of heat and drought in the early 70's. It was amazing that a few months earlier it had been scorching hot. The crops had burned up in the field. Now it was colder than a penguin's behind. The ground water level was at an all-time low and many wells had dried up. The well I used to water the cattle herd was dry and I had to devise a method to winter water them. I put a pump on the power take-off of my little B Farmall tractor. Then, I drove the tractor down to the pond, chopped a hole in the ice, stuck a hose down in the pond and pumped water up. It was an interesting operation. My cows needed five to ten gallons of water a day to keep nutritional balance in their huge paunches. That winter they'd drink by licking the layer of ice and snow covering the ground. It was nowhere near the amount of water they required. When the supplemental water I pumped came flowing from the hose, the cows would crowd in to be first at the fresh supply. The more aggressive cows would push their way in. The more timid creatures would slink back and wait their turn. It was a very frigid morning. I had gone to pump water for my cows but my faithful little B Farmall refused to start. I woke my wife, Kay, to ask for her help. I knew that we could start the tractor by pulling it with another vehicle. A short, sharp tug should do the trick. Kay was more than willing to assist. Kay jumped out of bed, dressed, got a cup of coffee and away we went. We spoke on the way of the winter's dazzling beauty. Alongside the road, a cock rooster pheasant strutted in the sun. His beautifully colored feathers and long tail gleamed brightly against the sparkling frost on the fences and shrubs. Amazing, I thought, how Mother Nature equipped pheasants with the ability to withstand cold temperatures when they had only shrubs and overlaying frozen grass for protection. The little tractor was sitting in a shed. I backed my 4-wheel-drive veterinary truck into the building until I was about three feet from the tractor's front wheels. I got out of the truck and attached one end of a 15-foot heavy log chain to the front spindle of the tractor. The other end I attached to the back of the truck. I stood back and looked the situation over. The driveway to the shed was covered with ice and snow. To pull start a vehicle, dry ground was required. Traction was needed to turn the tractor's wheels, to subsequently turn the piston over for the start. The little tractor needed to turn over before we hit the ice and snow I had concluded. Kay's job was to drive the vet truck. I said to her, "We'll try to pull start it right in the shed where the traction is good. So, when I tell you to go, give it hell, so it'll turn over quickly while on dry footing." Kay got behind the wheel of the truck. I got on the B Farmall with its triangle front end. I turned on the ignition, put it in the proper gear to start, and said to her, "OK, give it hell!" What I had forgotten to say was, "Be sure to tighten the chain first." When I heard Kay

put the truck in gear and stomp on the accelerator, I knew I was in deep trouble. When the slack came out of the chain, the tractor (with me holding on pale-faced and frozen to the seat) ejected from the building like a rocket from a launch pad. Kay headed for the road and took a sharp left. I followed on the tractor, swinging at a 90 to 180 degree pendulum, sliding on the ice. Kay never looked back. She continued toward the road at a galloping pace. When she got to the road she hesitated while she checked for oncoming traffic. The hesitation put slack back in the chain and the tractor rolled up on it. Kay cautiously looked in both directions but didn't see anything coming on the highway. She floor boarded the truck. The chain's slack quickly dwindled as she jerked and pulled me along. Kay picked up speed. There was one last lurch before the front end of the tractor completely broke away. I came to an abrupt halt. Kay looked back after hearing the terrible noise. She stopped the truck and sheepishly walked back to see the tractor in two pieces. She said, "Oh, oh, did I do something wrong?" "Oh, hell no," I said, feeling slightly upset. I was too relieved to be alive to be angry. "This happens all the time," I added. It was a story I would tell our grandchildren. During the ride back to town I reminded Kay of another time her driving about did us in. We were chasing a cow in my veterinary truck at Dwight Lovitt's. Kay was about nine months pregnant. I was holding on to the back of the truck with one hand, trying to throw the lariat with the other. The cow was fast, but Kay was faster. She must have had a lapse in memory, forgetting I was in the back. Kay drove off lickety-split into a mud seep and became stuck. This time, her poor driving actually saved me from toppling out. This was a story I would tell at the coffee shop. Amazingly enough, the whole episode didn't even start Kay in labor.