

A Close Shave

by tim

My parents both had very curly hair which I inherited. In 1945 when I was nine I took the train from Berkeley to my cousin's farm near LA Where I spent the summer outdoors in the sun tending the chickens and riding their horse.....bareback! I only came indoors for meals.

When I stepped off the train in Berkeley in a bright orange T shirt and huaraches That I found at a Farmers Market and no hair my mother yelled "Where are your curls?" On the farm ya know, you do most every thing yourself. My cousin shaved her boys hair...mine too. For a week my mother complained and said that something had DIED in my room. She was right. My leather sandals were not cured.

The next summer I returned to my cousin's farm on one condition. Well.....
Maybe two!