

Alice and Nancy's Diary

A Girl and her Goat



By Alice Gay Eby

December 23, 1950 to July 4, 1951

For Miss Leola Murphy

7th grade English

Submitted as a class project

January 4, 1951

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The Eby Kids with their pets

June 1949

Alice and her fashionable Nancy Caprice



Alice and Nancy Caprice



Lulu Belle the Saanen and
Nancy Caprice the capricious
half-breed survey their
kingdom.



John O. Eby on the hay feeder looks down on his sisters—Laura
with Lulu Belle and Alice with Nancy Caprice.

December 27—**Alice**

I feed my goat
Tin cans and rope
And everything she likes.
I feed her gum, candy and hay,
And even iron spikes.

(Not really)



December 31—**Nancy**

Sometimes I tease my mistress
All the day long
Because when I don't
She sings me a song.

The reason I tease her is,
By this time you may know,
She sings just like a fog horn
Blaring through the snow.



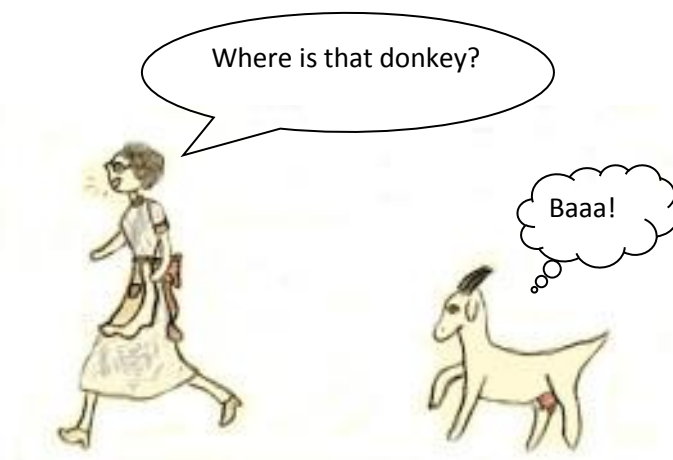
January 5—Alice



You know, Nancy, dreams sure can be funny, and last night I dreamed about you and Miss Murphy.

I dreamed that Miss Murphy lived in La Verne. She had a yard with Concord grapes growing in it surrounded by a close-set fence. She also had a bag of jelly doughnuts by her back door.

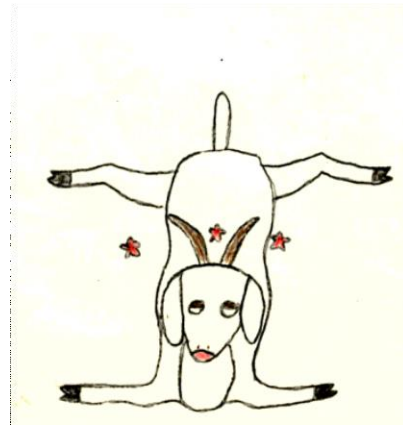
You crawled through the fence, ate the grapes and trampled the doughnuts. For some reason or other, she thought a donkey did it, so she walked all over town looking for the donkey. You followed her.



January 9—Nancy

I had a most hair-raising time today. Alice took me for a tour through the Eby mansion. I sure feel sorry for them with those hard slippery floors. It must be awfully hard for them to keep their footing.

I got along okay until I got to the living room. Then my feet went out from under me like toboggans. I fell flat on my stomach. I was so embarrassed, especially when the whole family came in and laughed at me. Alice said that my eyes got real big. But I was never so mortified since the time I caught my horns in the barbed wire fence. The whole family had to pull me together again.

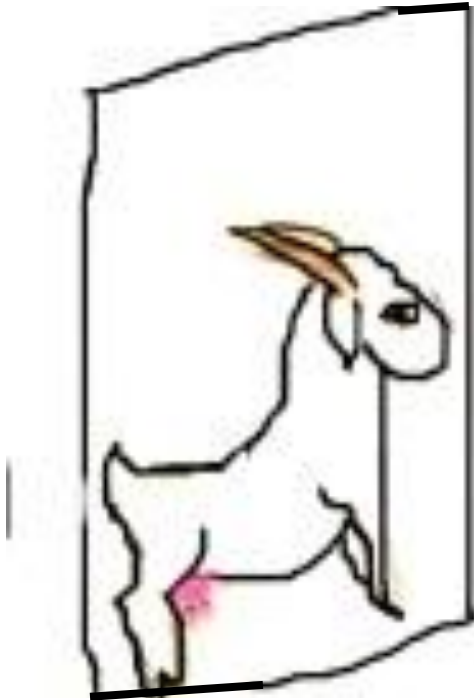


Then I went to the den and jumped on some rocks. Alice's mother shrieked that they were mineral specimens and the glass that covered them cost twenty dollars. But how was I supposed to know? They looked like ordinary rocks to me!



I would gladly have butted myself out the front door, but I couldn't find it. I skidded through the living room and ended up in a small passageway. I looked into what they called a mirror and saw another goat. They must keep a lot of goats in their house. The one in the living room is oval and it stays on the mantle. The one on the bedroom dresser is in three parts. But the one in the passageway stands on the floor and is very sassy.

She thinks she owns the place. Every time I took a step, she took one, too. I threatened her with my horns, and she threatened me. It was very provoking, and I could see



plainly that Alice was in danger.

Before that goat could say baa, I lunged at her. I don't know my own strength because that poor goat completely disintegrated and disappeared, and I was covered with flying glass. They carried me out to the goat pen unconscious.

Now I feel like a hero, but for some odd reason, they won't let me go in the house any more.

January 15—**Alice**

Nancy is so much fun! Today my friend Zelda came. She wasn't real excited about seeing the goats, but I convinced her to go into the goat pen with me. I remembered how Nancy butted Larry off the lawn when I said sic'em, so I thought I'd try it again. When I said sic'em, Nancy hooked her horns in Zelda's skirt and tossed her head back. Zelda flew over Nancy's back and landed with a thump on the ground. She wasn't very happy, but it did look funny! I wonder if she will come visit again sometime.



February 4—**Nancy**

During the night I woke up feeling queer. I wagged my tail and started blatting. It felt so good that I did it again. Alice's father came out with a flashlight. He petted me, and I couldn't stop wagging my tail. He held his chin and said, "Hmmm! You're going for a little ride in the morning," and he went back in the house.

In the morning, Alice ran out and hugged me and kept telling me I was going to see a handsome billy goat named Stinky and how bad he smelled. I began to get more excited and wonder if my horns were okay and fur was smooth. I gobbled my breakfast, and as soon as I was through, Alice put a chain around my neck and took me to the car. I could hardly wait to get to Stinky's pen, but when Alice's father tried to start the car, it went sput-sput-sput and stopped. He tried for what seemed like centuries. By that time I was at my wit's end. To quiet my nerves, I ate a long piece of cloth out of the top of the car. Alice's mother had to sew a patch over it. It looked so funny that I felt like eating that one too, but I didn't.

Finally the car started. When we got to Stinky's place, I could hardly wait to meet the handsome beast. When I saw him, my stomach felt like it was full of tin cans with ruffled edges. Stinky took one look at me and jumped the fence to come beside me. Alice left me there for two days, and when she returned, she took me in her arms and said, "Why, Nancy, you smell just like Stinky!"



June 5—**Nancy**

Today was a strange day in my life. Early in the morning, a heavy chain was fastened around my neck and I was led to the front lawn where Alice's father staked me. The whole family congregated around me, and as Alice's tears fell on my face, she pleaded, "Oh, Mommy, do we have to sell Nancy just because it doesn't look like she's going to have kids?"

Alice's father answered, "We can't afford to keep just pets. Everything has to do its job." He grabbed the chain and dragged me to the car. I didn't think this trip would be as much fun as the last one." We drove and drove.

When Alice's dad stopped and got out of the car, a few other men came over and asked Alice what I was doing in the car. Alice said, "We have to sell Nancy because she can't have a kid." One of the men said, "Don't sell that goat! I'll bet in less than a month or so you'll have a kid or two running around the place."

Alice's dad came to the car to get me. He grabbed my chain. Alice cried and told him what the man said. Alice's father asked the man, nodded his head, and dropped my chain. We drove a long time to get home.

Alice and I were so happy that we ran and jumped all the way from the car to the goat pen. From then on I got special care. Alice and her family washed me and trimmed and polished my horns and hooves and tied a ribbon around my neck.



July 4—**Alice**

Tonight to celebrate Independence Day, we went to a PTA movie and got home pretty late—about 10:00. When we had been in bed for a few minutes, we heard the feeble blat of a baby kid. Daddy rushed out, and there he saw Nancy standing beside a pair of white twins. He came in and told me I had new babies.

In the morning I rushed out before breakfast to see the twins. Instead, there were triplets! I couldn't believe my eyes! I named them Stars, Stripes, and Flag because their birthday was the same as our country.

I watched Nancy try to teach them manners, but Flag would not behave. He jumped on people and butted them. He even went so far as to jump on my brother and knock him down. Stars and Stripes behaved like little girl goats should.

Now that neat little family, Nancy, Stars, Stripes, and Flag all live in their little goat pen on the hill.



