

The Two Brothers History Part Two

The 1953 International D9

Sitting quietly in the shed beside the old barn, there must be a story and a history, right? Research this model bulldozer a little and you will find quite a history of its impact on the construction industry in the forties and fifties.

This particular machine was purchased by Dad's younger brother, "Red", in the early sixties and became his livelihood for over twenty years. If a machine could develop a personality, this old D9 did and "Red" bonded with it like it was a member of his family. "Red" just had knack for making cuts in the right place, seeing the grade as it should be and a touch for finish work most people could only dream about.

As the two of them aged, "Red" maintained the dozer with a resourceful eye and an uncanny patience. He did his own mechanical work, often making hard to find replacement parts form anything that was laying around that could be shaped, welded or hammered in place. He never let anyone else run his dozer and trusted very few to help him with repairs. When he retired form active dozer work, his D9 retired with him. From that point, work was restricted to on our farm or, on special occasions, requests from close family members.

He and Dad built and maintained most of the roads and trails that run through the farm, build ponds, repaired washouts in the creek and took care of any logging we needed to do for farm maintenance. Once a year, just before hunting season, Dad and "Red" faithfully ran every road making sure they were clear of brush and leaves so we could "sneak" through the woods almost undetected. And, there were always the unexpected "special projects" like the milk wagon on the top of the mountain, but those were masterminded by Dad and "Red" with little consultation with any of us.

Fast forward to 2017. Both Dad and "Red" have passed and the faithful D9 holds a place of honor beside the old barn where it has had a home for many years. It was still running when it was parked and "Red", sometimes with help from his son and son-in-law, faithfully started it up each year as a kind-of "family tradition". Now neither his family, nor our family, have any interest in moving D9, so it will continue in it's resting place until the farm transitions.