

*I might, in the motion of pushing the iron back and forth, the iron fell off the porch and I fell with it. That was a frightening experience.*

*My father was a real go-getter. He rose with the sun to do the early chores like milking the cows and feeding the hogs, mules, horses and chickens. He often had to mend the fences because the cattle were always pushing into them and the horses would kick them down. After his outdoor activities, father would come in and take up one of his other occupations. Besides cleaning clothes, he also built swings. But his major source of income was from sales. Father sold all kinds of books and all kinds of insurance. Because he was a businessman, he dressed very nice and was always on the go. Mother would fix a big breakfast for us at about 10:00 A.M. and then my father would saddle up his horse and be on his way selling. There were many days when he would hitch the horse and buggy and take us to Mamma Frances and Poppa T.'s house on his way to work. When he finished, he would stop and pick us up to go home. But we always ate supper there first.*

*Poppa T. and Mamma Frances were a beautiful couple. They had twelve children. Even as late as 1917 there would usually be ten of us around the supper table. My grandfather would always say the blessing. He sat at the head of the table and my grandmother sat at the other end. After supper all of the aunts and uncles would clear the table and wash the dishes. After that we would head for home. Mom and Dad would stay awake, but the rhythm of that old buggy and the steady clop of the horses' hooves always rocked me to sleep before we got home.*

*Then there were the times on weekend and holidays that we would spend the night or whole weekend at Poppa T.'s. Those occasions were great and fun. In the summer time everyone would get around the piano and sing or they would play Edison's "graphnola." In the winter when night came early we would sit around the huge fireplace and read or tell jokes and laugh a lot. There was plenty of candy, cookies and nuts for all. The men would have a drink of wine or whiskey. Poppa T. always had a keg of Bourbon whiskey he would order from Louisville, Kentucky. Mama Frances made wine for holidays. The fire, drink and food made everybody sleepy, and the pleasant evening would end in the assignment of bedrooms for the large group.*