**1948**

After the slaughter house was built, dad took me with him to paint the outside. I was probably 8 to 10 years old at the time. Shortly before this time, mother had me help her do some painting at home. She had taught me that you always paint in the same direction so that the paint would blend together into an even coat. The slaughter house was built of cinder blocks and concrete mortar, both of which were very porous. Dad gave me a paint brush and a can of paint and I started painting. Remembering the teachings of my mother, I started painting moving the paint brush back and forth in the same direction. Dad returned a few minutes later to see how I was doing and took the brush from me and said, “Let me show you how to paint.” He then proceeded to show me that you use the brush to stuff the paint into the porous block and that you painted in all directions to get the paint into the holes. That seemed contrary to what mother had taught me so I soon went back to painting with even strokes all in the same direction. When Dad came back and saw me painting he stopped me and said, “I told you to stuff the paint into the holes and brush in every direction.” I replied “that’s not the way mom taught me.” Dad told me in no uncertain words, “I don’t give a “blankity, blank, blank” what your mother said, I told you to paint this way and you had better do it.” I don’t think I ever again told dad that mom had told me how to do something. I still think of that experience every time I do some painting, even to this day.

Another experience I remember was when we were killing pigs. The pig would be put in the kill shoot, and for larger animals dad would shoot the animal with a 22 rifle. The animal would then be rolled into a door on the side of the shoot into the slaughter house. However, for pigs Dad would carefully open the door and place a chain around the hind leg, then with a hoist raise the pig, kicking and squealing into the air and cut its throat. When the pig was dead it would be lowered into the hot water which would loosen the hair. It was then put on a table and with the use of scrappers the hair was removed. Then with sharp knifes we would shave the pig clean of all hair. Dad would sharpen the knives for us when they became dull. I had helped in this process many times. When my knife needed sharpening I handed it to Dad. When he returned it to me he said, “That knife is sharp so don’t cut yourself with it.” I don’t ever remember him saying that to me like that before. The first slice across the pig’s skin I came across my left hand thumb. I quickly put my fore finger across the cut and applied pressure and continued to shave the pig. When we finished I went outside and uncovered the cut. I started to wrap the cut with a handkerchief when Irven came around the building. Seeing the blood and my hand he said, “You cut your hand”. I told him that if he said anything about it to anyone I would beat him. No one ever said anything about it and it healed and as far as I know no one every knew about it until years later when we were talking about scars and I showed the one on my left hand thumb.

**Mom and Dad Started a Home**

About a years before we moved from Victor, Mom and Dad decided to build a home. They purchased a piece of property just west of Uncle Albert and Aunt Vida’s home but on the north side of the road. Mom spent a lot of time drawing the house plans. I remember of her showing the plans to Uncle Irven and he commented that he had never seen anyone draw a more detailed set of plans. In the spring Dad had someone come in and dig the basement. We were so excited to see the hole dug. I remember of Irven and I going to the property several times just to see the progress. I remember of one day taking a neighbor friend, Blair Holms, with us. An irrigation ditch ran across the front of the property. Irven and I walked across a board that Dad had placed across the ditch. Blair looked at the ditch and said that he could jump the ditch. He tried and landed on his hind end in the middle of the ditch. We sure teased him about that. I didn’t know why, but shortly after that incident, the work on the house stopped. That was the year Dad closed his slaughter house and went looking for work. Several years after Dad’s death I was visiting with Mom and I asked her what had happened to the home they were going to build. She said that someone had told Dad that he was foolish to build his young wife a nice home like that for he would die long before her and some younger man would come along and marry his widow and get the home. Dad just let the property go for taxes like he did the slaughter house