1949 chick-a-ere

Dad had built a chicken coop at the slaughter house that was large enough to contain about 300 chickens. He also had two heavy wire carrying cages for transporting chickens. The cages were divided in two sections, each section of a cage would hold about 25 chickens. The cages had cost him quite a bit. I believe that there had been times that Dad had felt that someone had chick-a-reed him by steeling a few chickens at night. This didn’t seem to really upset him to much. However one night someone or a group went in to the coop and filled both cages with chickens, so they had stole about 200 chickens. When Dad realized what had happened, he was sick at losing the chickens, but even more upset at losing the cages. He went to the sheriff about it, but nothing was ever found out. A few days later he was in the store and he heard two ladies on the other side of the isle talking about a chick-a-ere they had had and was planning on another one. Dad's ears perked up but he could not recognize the voice, but thought they were talking about doing it again that night. Dad tried to slip around the end of the isle to see who it was but they were gone and he didn’t see who they were. That night Dad drove down by the slaughter house every hour with his pickup lights off and a loaded rifle. It was just a good thing no one tried anything that night, because I don’t think Dad would have hesitated to shot someone.