

he ~~was~~ were working and drove it across the front yard. We didn't know, it could kick like a mule sometimes and many people had their arms broken trying to crank it up.

Ralph would do about anything I asked him to. Anytime I wanted some money for candy or pop (what we called the flavored powders we could make cold drinks with. It came in small round packages and cost five cents a package).

If my mother didn't give him the money, he would start crying and ~~either~~ ended up getting some money or a whipping (He got plenty of them).

My father was a very generous person. He would make out a grocery list every two weeks when he was paid and take it down to the "Morrison Grocery". It was across the street from "Balls Grocery Store". This store later burned down.

He would usually buy a basket of fruit, stalk of Banana or a large sack of candy for us ~~the~~ kids. On one occasion he had a five gallon can of Ice Cream delivered to our home. He believed in helping his children in every way possible. Not a one of us

can say he didn't help us all get started in life. When Gladys and I married he borrowed enough money on his insurance policy to help us buy our house and the lot it is on and ~~pay~~ pay