

~ Grandpa  
Bill ~

To his  
Grand  
Children



Talking About The  
Good Old Days

~ Author: Bill Porter ~

Bill Porter

# Grandpa Bill

**Bill Porter**

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## DEDICATION

### Dedicated to all my Grandkids and Great Grandkids

Memaw and I were watching the Wheel of Fortune the other night, and one of the questions to fill in was the old song; "Grandpa", and the words went like this;

Grandpa, tell me 'bout the good old days  
Sometimes it feels like this world's gone crazy  
And Grandpa, take me back to yesterday  
When the line between right and wrong  
Didn't seem so hazy  
Did lovers really fall in love to stay  
And stand beside each other, come what may?  
Was a promise really something people kept  
Not just something they would say and then forget  
Did families really bow their heads to pray  
Did daddies really never go away?  
Oh, Grandpa, tell me 'bout the good old days  
Grandpa, everything is changing fast  
We call it progress, but I just don't know  
And Grandpa, let's wander back into the past  
And paint me the picture of long ago  
Did families really bow their heads to pray  
Did daddies really never go away?  
Oh, Grandpa, tell me 'bout the good old days

So, right away it went through my mind, I need to write a book about my life, and what this song really means, as it might be told in my past life. I'm well aware that some of this might be boring, and I am hoping you will not discard it so quickly, but maybe save it for your later years, when you are more matured and able to understand some of the things I might be saying.

Times have changed so much in my lifetime, and it will do the same in yours, assuming that the world goes on, and it might just do that, for many years to come. Of course, it just might come to an end much sooner than you planned on, and for that reason Grandpa would have always said; "Always be Prepared, just in case."

It is also my wish, that you all could know how things were for myself, and for those before me, so that you would be able, if you so desire, to make some adjustments in your life so as not to become caught up in the new ways of thinking, and forget what happened in the past. It is said, those who forget the past, often times repeat the mistakes of the past, because they did not use a good rulebook of examples. Grandpa had many sayings while I lived, and some of them were handed down to me by my ancestors, and the ones I liked, of course I repeated them. Zig Zigler was one of my mentors very early on in life, and I repeated him over and over again. You might do well to look up some of his sayings, and see what light it might shed on things you might or might not do. Another great mentor I had, was the Author; Og Mandino. His books were a great inspiration to me early on, and if you can find his early books, they too are a great read. Most of all, you will know that my greatest mentor was; The Lord Jesus Christ. I also met Him early on in my life, and learned to follow His advise, and that of His Father, and the early writers of the Old and New Testaments. Seeing that perhaps the day might come when these books are no longer available for you to read, you will find my stories of the things that happened in my past often times came right out of these books, as I put them to practice in my own life.

I will start right out with where it all began, and how things were for me, and of course, those around me. My dad, my mom, and my 2 brothers, Bobby and Benny. You will notice that I spelled Benny with a (y) at the end, when of course I know that it is (ie) just like mine. But, we don't often tell anyone, just use it when we need to for legal reasons, lol. I also used the lol, and will do so all during the book, knowing also that it wasn't used in our times, but seeing as how it will be familiar to you, I will use it for a smile going along.

It is my hope, that as you read this book, over the years, you will allow yourself to be reminded of me, and more than that, how things use to be. If you go back to page one, and read the words to the song, "Sometimes it feels like this world's gone crazy, and to yesterday, when the line between right and wrong didn't seem so hazy."

You see Grandkids, those are some of the things I might not mention just like the song says, but see if you can find a glimpse of what it was like back when I was a kid, and the changes you can see in your lifetime. Try to notice if you can, what has taken place in the world, just because of some of these different methods of doing things, and

perhaps the way things are taking place in your daily life. Notice in the second verse, "Did lovers really fall in love to stay, and stand beside each other, come what may? Was a promise really something people kept, not just something they would say and then forget? Did families really bow their heads to pray, and did daddies really never go away?"

Oh how Grandpa wishes the times were like they were when I was a little boy, when people almost always told the truth, and if you didn't, you might just get your mouth washed out with a soap bar. When your word was your bond, good as a contract. You always looked after your neighbor, and never forgot the golden rule; "Do unto others, as you would have them to do unto you".

Yes grandkids, times change, and those changes are not always good. Now the High Tech world you live in today, is not all bad. You must learn to use the good side of things, and stay away from the bad side. You see, almost everything has a good side, and a bad side. It is the old rule of Good and Evil, because they are always present, and finding the pathway going in the right direction takes effort to find, and sometimes even to follow.

With all that being said, Grandpa will get on with his book, and wish you all well. Remember, it is my intention to see you all again, in the New Earth, that is to come.

Love you all,  
Grandpa, Great Grandpa, Papa Bill,  
And for real, Billie Eugene Porter



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# Chapter 1.

Grandpa was born, May 27, 1941 just a half mile or so, north of the Parkland, Okla. cemetery, where your grandma Marcelle is buried.



From Chandler, Okla. you would go 10 miles or so North until you see a sign on the right, at a paved road, that says; Parkland. You would go 2 miles East to the little town, the Church of The Firstborn is on the left. Then you will go on past the church to the next road left, (North) again, and go 2 miles to the Cemetery on the left. Go to the road at the North end of the cemetery and turn West. Drive to the gate at the end of the cemetery and walk in at this gate. It will be just a short distance to the gravesite... You will see it.



This is the Parkland Cemetery, and the gravesite is at the X shown on this picture. If you look on the east side of the little road running North and South, across from the little Service building, you will find Grandpa and Grandma Porter's graves, and if you look around, you will find many more of your relatives on the Porter side.

My parents, Albert and Ellen Porter,



your great, great-great or more, grandparents, share cropped with my dad's parents, Ben and Florence Porter, who lived a couple of miles farther north, and then 3/4 miles east, on what was called the Old Ford place, on the creek.

In the fall of 1943, when I was 2 1/2, we moved to the Perkins, Okla. area, East and North of Perkins, called the Eden Chapel area. I think one of the first things I can remember is Uncle Big John. It was down the road a bit from our house, which was 2 miles east, and 3 miles north of Perkins, Oklahoma, I was really just a toddler myself, and shouldn't remember anything, in fact, it was probably related to me so many times over the years, I just think I remember it, but as kids are curious, we knew we were getting ready to have a little brother or sister, and we were somewhat curious as to where this little brother or sister was coming from? You know how kids can be, always wanting to know something they don't understand, and always eager to learn what life was all about. Why does this happen, or why does that happen, kids will often say? Such was the case with myself, and big brother Bobby, and my cousins Dan and Dorothy, who were the 2 children of my Uncle Big John. Dan and Dorothy were just as curious as we were, and Uncle Big John had the answer to the problem. Finally the day had arrived, and grandma Florence (Tibbett) Porter, had come to the house to deliver my (not known then of course), but soon to be, little brother Bennie. You see, back in those days, 75% or more of children, were born at home. Either by a doctor, or a Midwife, and grandma was a midwife who had delivered 100's of babies all over the country, including myself, and my older brother. So, to get us kids away from the house, and to satisfy our curiosity, Uncle Big John decided that the right thing to do, was to grab a gunny sack, (that's a burlap feed sack to those of you that don't know), and get all of us kids to follow him down the road looking for a little brother or sister, whichever the case might be. I remember, we looked and looked, behind every bush, Uncle Big John of course, staying somewhat ahead of us. It seemed to take forever, as we looked farther on down the road. We just could not seem to find this new creature that was suppose to come along any time now.

I am sure he was watching towards the house, waiting for the motion of someone there, probably my dad, signaling him that all was clear, and the time had come to bring us to the house. Suddenly, Uncle Big John caught something. He was so excited, and began to run towards the house. I found it, I found it, he cried. Of course he was able to get ahead of us, and run into the house, us following, and act like he took it out and put it in the bed with momma. There it was, a brand new baby boy, October 1943. What a day of excitement that was, and what a memory of such an Uncle, that was good enough to bring us to this moment, without confusing us with the facts, and having the job of taking care of us, and to bring us to the big moment. You see, when you are just a kid, sometimes grownups need to tell you things in a way that you are not confused, because you are not old enough to understand the full meaning of things, and thereby allowing your little mind to grow to the time when you can understand, allowing you to remember the moment, but not overload you with the full details. lol Don't be critical of grownups when they do this, they are doing it for your own benefit. When you are older, you will do the same thing for your children and grandchildren, just because you realize it is the right thing to do. Learn to trust your parents and grandparents when you are young, so you can learn all about life, and in the proper way. Hopefully when you grow older you will pass this valuable information on down to those younger than you...

## Chapter 2.

### Bad Sickness

Not long after the birth of little brother, we moved over another mile east of this place, and just a little bit south. For those of you that don't know what a little bit means, it means somewhere around a quarter mile, or a half mile, you're not real sure you know, so its just a little bit. Anyway, up on the hill, on the east side of the road in an old farmhouse called, The Ostrander Place. I am sure the reason it was called the Ostrander place, was because it belonged to the Ostrander's, and we of course, were share cropping.

It was shortly after moving to this place, I came down sick with something that not even the doctors could seem to figure out. Daddy and momma finally took me to the Cushing Hospital, where doctors worked tirelessly trying to diagnosis what ailed me. I had gone several days without eating much at all, and momma said for 8 days I never said much of anything. Finally on the 8<sup>th</sup> day, grandma and grandpa Porter came to see me, there in the Hospital, and grandma begged momma to go a few blocks away to one of our relatives, and get some rest. She had been there with me night and day, and was exhausted. Finally she agreed to do so, with words from grandma saying; "I will stay right here by his side until you return".

Momma also said; as she went out the door, leaving my room there in the Hospital, she looked back, and grandma Porter had her hands laid on me, and was down on her knees, praying. Well momma returned, in about 2 hours, and I was sitting up in the bed crying, momma, momma, momma. Needless to say, it was a wonderful day for all that were there. I recovered rapidly and soon was back on the farm, probable getting into as much trouble as I could.



## Chapter 3. Living on the Farm



There was a lot to do on the farm. Daddy raised corn, Milo and peanuts. The war was going on strong, and to keep from having to go to war, leaving behind a wife and 3 little boys so he bought a new John Deere tractor. It seems that if you farmed so many acres, and had equipment that was financed, you were exempted, and that was the case with us. Uncle Big John, and Aunt Maxine, lived right across the road from us on the west side and going down the road to their house, was the excitement of the day. They had 2 kids at the time, as always liked to play with their kids. Well finally I was 4, just a toddler still, but curious as could be. We hand milked several cows, and this gave us milk and butter, and we sold some of the cream so as to have some money coming in all the time. Farming was a seasonal thing, and money was short. North of us, to the next section line, that's the next road north, on the southeast corner was the little Eden Chapel church, and catty corner to that, was the cemetery. (By the way, catty corner means on the opposite corner). The Eden Chapel cemetery is where my Grandma Davis, Grandpa Davis, their daughter, my Aunt JoAnn, and her husband Evert LeGate are all buried.

There are so many words that we used in those days to explain things, and some may not know exactly what we meant by what we said. But now you know what catty corner means. lol

Farming was not the best way of making a living, and especially when you must give half of the crop to the owner of the property you are share cropping, for rent. This was done by many people in those times. Maybe they had just grown too old to farm, or they had moved to town, or somewhere else. One year we were cutting corn stalks down so we could disk up the ground for another crop. Uncle Big John was helping daddy cut the stalks after the corn had been picked and shucked. Now here we go again, what in the world is shucking corn? Well, shucking the corn is when you pull the ear off the stalk, and then you pull the outside leaves off the corn ear, and put the ear of corn in a wagon to be hauled to the barn. Anyway, after you shucked the corn, you usually cut the stalks off, so as to make it easier to work the ground the following year.



We had this old corn stalk cutter as we called it, and the handle that held up the cutter from off the ground level, had a bad catch. Uncle John had told me several times not to mess with the handle, but you know how little boys are, I messed with it anyway. Suddenly the handle came slamming down on my head, and cut a really bad gash in the top of my head. Blood was running down my head, and I was



screaming like a stuck pig. Oh no, here we go again. What is a stuck pig? Well, you see back then, when you butchered a pig, as we all done in those days, you hit him over the head with a hammer, and then you stuck him in the throat to make him bleed out. That is a stuck pig, and all the squealing like you never heard before. We I was a squealing like a stuck pig. lol

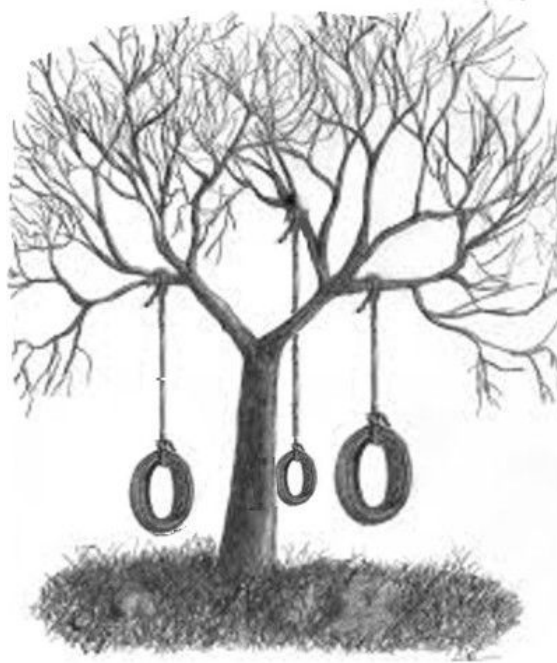
Well anyway, while bleeding down my head, Uncle John grabbed a rag and put it on the cut and carried me to the house, where I could be taken care of by momma. All the way he would say to me, hey now, you're a big boy, you can't be carrying on like that. Finally when we arrived at the house, momma took care of the cut, and in no time at all, I was back out in the field, trying to see what was going on. Not one time after that did I ever go near that corn stalk cutter handle.

A few days later, we were at another farm that daddy rented from some friends of ours, Floyd and Rose Johnson. It was the next section line south, and one mile back west towards where we lived. We farmed corn on their place also, and we were shucking corn here also. Now daddy was getting a little tired of climbing up and down, on and off the tractor. Up and down, from the tractor to move a little bit forward, then get off and shuck some more corn, then get back on again and move a little more forward. Again, remember, I was only 4, and I was riding in the wagon. Finally he said to me, Billy, why don't you drive the tractor for me? I was not sure about driving that big John Deere tractor, but I thought maybe I would give it a try. This old John Deere was pretty easy to drive, because all you had to do was move a lever forward to go, and pull it back to stop. Then all you had to do was keep those 2 little wheels up front in the middle of the rows of corn, and you were ok. Well, in the sandy red soil of central Oklahoma, and with the heavy rains we sometimes received in the springtime, often times you had these little ruts made in the field where the rain water had taken the path of least resistance, and made these little ditches down through the field of corn. When the old John Deere's front wheels would hit the rut, it would make the wheels follow the rut and that was not where you wanted to go. Suddenly you were running over the corn, and daddy was not very happy. Well, that was what happened to me. Suddenly, down through the cornfield I would go, running over the corn as I went. Not a good thing, when you are trying to shuck the corn. Daddy would get so mad at me for allowing the tractor to get on the good corn, and he would yell at me to hang on to the wheel. Remember, I was only four, and not very

strong. Then I would climb down off the tractor, and say to him; "I am not going to drive this trator any more". Yes, I did say trator, remember, I was only four.

So many things I now seem to remember, when we lived on the Ostrander place. There was an old model T truck frame up on the hill, above the house that we used to play on, and the barn loft, with all the peanuts stored in the winter to dry out. I remember one day, with my big brother Bobby, sitting up there eating peanuts, hulls and all, till it seemed we would pop. Yes, I said hulls and all. Remember, the peanuts were green, not dried out yet. The hulls gave a really good taste to them green peanuts, something you can only appreciate when you are four. Life on the farm was something you never forget.

I had the most wonderful Christmas there on that farm, the winter I was 4. It seems as though, daddy made us all a swing in the old tree in the back yard. There was a little one for Bennie, a bigger one for me, and a bigger one yet for Bobby. What a Christmas it was, and we thought we were blessed more than all the rest.



Super Christmas Present

We didn't even notice that we didn't have any electric or running water in the house. We didn't mind going out to the old outhouse, (that is now called a more proper word, like; (toilet), even though you forget sometimes, it was outside, so in fact it really was an outhouse. lol



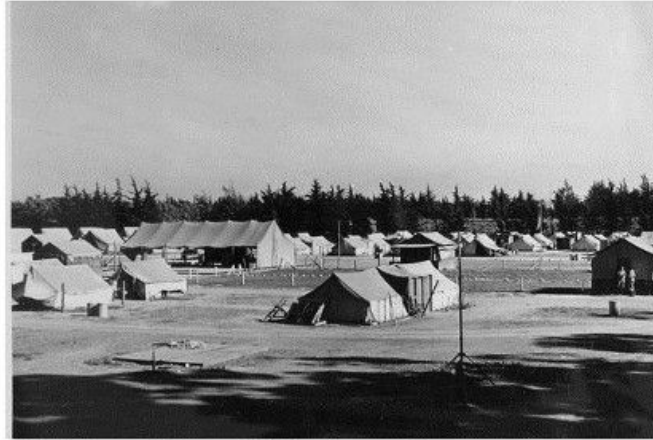
This one might be considered a nice one.. lol Ours was always clean, because momma always made sure it was.

## Chapter 4. Moving to California

Finally the day came, we sold the farm. The II World War was over, it was 1946, and we had a few gas ration tokens left from the wartime, so daddy decided to move us to California where he could find work. Just in case you don't know, during the war, gas became rationed; Meaning, most of the gas was being used for war purposes, and you only received just enough rations to let you go where you needed to go, or farm with your tractor. This way, gas was not wasted, running around like we do today. We were farmers, so we received more than those that were just town folks, so daddy and momma saved the ones we didn't have to use, then we could use them for other purposes.



Anyway, now we had a supply that we did not use up, and we were going to use them to make a trip to California to see Uncle Little John, and his family. Uncle little John was my daddy's older brother and they lived in Tulare, Calif. in a worker camp,



**This is a Migrant Workers Camp  
Living in tents**



**And this is what they were hired to do.  
Picking Cotton**

like you see in some of the old movies about migrant workers in the 40's, when times were very hard.

So, we moved to California, in an old 1935 or 36 Chevy sedan, and we lived in the Lindsey, Calif. area which is strait east of Tulare a few miles. Daddy got a job as a farm hand, so we lived on an Olive orchard ranch. Remember, dad was a farmer, and farming was what he wanted to do. The olive orchard owner furnished us a little house to live in, there on the farm. It was a little 2 room shanty, slightly better than a tent, but momma fixed it up so we were comfortable, and we were just fine.

We spent lots of time with Uncle Little John, and his family, who as I said, were living in a migrant workers camp there in the Tulare. I remember it was not a very good place to live, because they were living in a big tent with a dirt floor. Momma always made our home a good place to live, even if it was just a shack, and later on I might tell you about one we lived in, our first time living in McKinleyville, Calif. in 1951. I think she would have still done so, even if it had been a tent with a dirt floor.

Bobby, started the first grade at Sunny Side Elementary School there in the area of Lindsey. He didn't fair very well that first year, as kids picked on him and he just couldn't seem to fight back. The California valley was a rough place back then, and you had to "root hog or die", as grandpa would sometimes say. lol.. Starting school, the second year we were there, momma enrolled me in school also, first grade, so that I could be along with Bobby, and he would not be by himself. I was only 5, wouldn't be 6 until the next summer. She lied my age, in case you haven't figured that out by now, and it was the only time I am sure my momma lied. She just thought it was necessary. It put me a year ahead of myself for the rest of my school years and that was sometimes a problem, because all my friends, my age, were a year behind me. We spent about 2 years in California that time, and little did we know that the time would come that California would be where we would live for quite some time. But for now, it was going to be, back to Oklahoma again.

## Chapter 5.

### Moving back to Oklahoma



Moving back to Oklahoma was quite an experience. Best I can remember, we still had that old Chevy we went in, still running good. I was almost 7, and Bobby was 9, and Bennie was 5. This was going to be a new experience, because we moved to town, and what excitement that was because it was only 2 blocks from the school we would be going to for the next few years, so we could actually walk to school, and come home for lunch. We had never lived in town, we had always lived in the country and just went to town on Saturdays. Never had any of our family lived in town, we had just been farm folks all of our lives, and this was really different.

I liked it, because we could be around other kids in the neighborhood, and not be just the three of us boys, out by ourselves. You could also walk down town, because it was only 5 or 6 blocks to the businesses on main street.



Back- Aunt Maxine, Uncle John, Daddy  
Front: Dan, Dorothy and Bobby

Uncle Big John, and Aunt Maxine, whom I speak of often, and their family, still lived out by Eden Chapel, where they had for.

Often on Saturday evenings, we would go out to their house and make homemade Ice Cream on the back porch. Uncle John would turn the handle, and he would let us kids take turns, sitting on top of the freezer, being filled with ice, with an old gunnysack folded on top to keep in the cold from the ice inside.



That I must say, I will never forget. Making homemade Ice Cream was a treat of great measure, and especially when you were poor. Of course they had a cow, and chickens, so the cream and the eggs were there already. But, it was money out of your pocket, if you used the cream, and the eggs. So, making Ice Cream was considered the ultimate treat. Now days, kids go to town with their folks and get ice cream almost anytime they want.



(Old Ice Cream freezer like the one we use)

## Chapter 6.

### Fun Things as a Kid

Things back in the 50's were much cheaper than now, but a dime was hard to come by in those days. So, when we went out to Uncle John and Aunt Maxine's, we kids would play hide and go seek, or kick the can. Sometimes on Saturdays, Daddy and Uncle John would go squirrel hunting, and we would always beg to go, only a few times did we get to go, because we were too noisy. You have to be quiet when you hunt squirrels, or you will not see them. If you are real quiet, you can hear them running around in the limbs of the trees, and bang, bang, you had squirrel for supper. Mommy usually always fried them, and we kids like to eat the brains. Hey, times were hard, and if you had it to eat, you ate it. You didn't ask questions, it was food.

Sometime, while they were living there, along came Darrell. Uncle John nicknamed him Squirrel. His older brother Daniel, we all called Dan, and their only girl at the time, we called Sitter. I know, now you need to know why in the world would anyone be called Sitter. Well, Dan was small, and he couldn't talk real plain. So when baby Dorothy came along, he couldn't say sister, he just said sitter. So, Dorothy became Sitter, and we called her that for many years.

Growing up was lots of fun, and being around the people we loved, made it so grand. In the front yard to the left, of Uncle Big John's place, was a small sapling, (that's a small tree, you should know), and it had a fork in it just about 3 feet high.

Dan was growing up pretty good now, and he decided that we would take the rubber from an old inter tube, (that is the tube that use to be inside of a car tire). Tires are tubeless now, and unless you have a bicycle, you wouldn't know that), we then cut it into strips the length of the tube around. The strips were about 3 inches wide, and 3 feet or so long. We tied several of them together and made two long strips of rubber. We then hooked them onto the fork of that little tree and made what we called the world's largest beanie shooter. Oh my, I have to explain that one I'm sure. A beanie shooter is what some folks called a Sling Shot. We called it a beanie shooter, and that is what it was. Now with all of us boys pulling it back, this beanie shooter would shoot a 3 inch round rock, what we thought was a mile or so,

but in fact probable was only about a hundred yards. We had so much fun with that giant beanie shooter. We thought we might even become famous. Boy what you could do with just a little junk, and some imagination. We couldn't afford the expensive toys that some kids had those days, but we made do with what we could. Another thing we liked to do there on Uncle Big John's place was ride our bicycles. The road was gravel of course, and to the north, it was down a long hill to the bottom, where there was a little wooden bridge. We would put us a ramp, made with a long piece of 1X12 barn lumber, and go down the hill really fast, up the ramp, and through the air. We thought we were flying, and we of course, could have killed ourselves, but we survived. Eating Mulberries from the big Mulberry tree out south of the house, was also a treat in the summer, and during the winter, often we would be doing homework by the lantern on the kitchen table. There was no electricity in those days, and the lantern was our evening light to light the house, and of course, to do our school homework by, until it was time to go to bed. We were growing up, and we thought life was wonderful.



Lantern  
(Homework)



Lamp  
Light the  
room.

## Chapter 7. Things I Remember

One thing I remember well while growing up, we never went to church. If we ever went to church before I was 10, I don't remember it. Oh sometimes we would go to a Christmas program at the Eden Chapel Church seems as though, but not like we were actually going to church. Also, momma would send us to vacation bible school during the summer when school was out. I think she sent us to every church bible school in town. She probably thought it would keep us occupied, and out of trouble. She was always right, and to challenge her was not a good experience. Daddy seldom ever disciplined us boys, just a stern word now and then, it was momma who carried the big stick. lol and we knew exactly what that big stick was for... She believed what the bible said in Proverbs; "foolishness is bound up in the heart of the child, but the rod of correction will drive it far from him... lol, and she was right again. Just thinking back on it from time to time, I think momma was always right...



That big building use to be Baker's Drygood Store  
Those steps going up the side went to the Odd Fellows Lodge.

Life in town was really fun, as there were so many places to go, and things to do. Daddy worked as a Rough Necker part of the time, and for those that don't know what Rough Necking is, that is working in the oil fields, on a Rig that is drilling for oil. The Rough Necker was the guy who stood up on the platform, at the rig hole, where the pipe was run up and down in the drilling hole, and guided them into or out of the hole, whichever you happen to be doing. One night he came in from work, late in the night, and he had smashed his finger, what momma thought was clear off. Momma tried to clean it up, and bandage it the best she could, but I remember it almost made her sick. But she was able to get it taken care of, and he didn't miss much work. Daddy was a hard worker, and provided for his family well, as long as I can remember, and momma was a go caretaker of the money, and daddy would bring it in.

We also liked to go down town to Stumbo's drugs. The reason it was called Stumbo's, was of course, because the man that owned the place, his last name was Stumbo. This drug store was classy we thought, because it had the old style marble counter Soda Fountain where you sat on a stool, and ordered soda's to drink.



You ordered the flavor you wanted, and they put a couple of squirts of the flavor (my favorite was Vanilla) in a little round sharp pointed cup, which they then set down into a cup holder made just for such a cup, and you drank from a straw. It also had a little crushed ice and of course the carbonated water added and you stirred it with your little straw to make it fizz.

What a treat this was on a hot summer day. You could also share it with your girlfriend and get two straws, if you wanted. A Vanilla Julep was only a nickel and it was one of my regular orders, if of course, I could come up with a nickel? A nickel candy bar was like a dollar one now, and a bottle of pop was also a nickel. They were kept in an older style pop box, we called them, and they were filled with ice to keep the pop cold. Some of the machines were really quite unique like the ones below.



Can you imagine, going into the store, and buying a bottle of pop for a nickel? Penny candy was a plenty also, and you could pick from a large assortment on the counter, and the store keeper would wait patiently while you looked.

Saturday was drawing day, down town, where everyone came to town from miles around. There was a large stage, in a vacant lot, right there on the main street on the north side of the Show Building, and all the merchants donated money to the Chamber of Commerce so that on Saturday they would then have a drawing, on the stage, at 12 noon. Everyone from miles around, came to the drawing. When you bought things at the stores, you would get a ticket for each dollar amount of purchases, and this ticket had a number on it. You hang on to the ticket until noon, and then they had a big drawing for this money, in increments of \$1's, \$5's, and the big prize of \$10 would be given away. What a treat it was just to win a \$1 bill, and if you perhaps won a \$5 bill or by surprise, you won the \$10 prize, you were one happy person. You see, \$10 in those days, would be like perhaps, \$200 or more now. You could buy your entire weeks groceries for a family for \$5.00 maybe even less. So you can see what a prize this money could be?



## Chapter 8.

### Fun Things in Perkins

One year, during the summer, they had a Water Melon eating contest at this same stage. The local farmers had been blessed with a good crop of Water Melons, and the merchants again, donated to the cause. I was only 5, but I remember it well, they had age groups of only children, and then the adults group. There were several groups that participated, and the prize was \$1 for winning. I was in a group with kids that were up to 18 years old. But, these kids did not know the way to win a Water Melon eating contest, and I did. So, guess who walked away with the prize in my group? You guessed it, I did. And the reason why? I ate the seeds and all, and the others took the time to spit out the seeds. It was the first dollar that I had ever held for my very own.

Another favorite Saturday thing we done, was go to the show. Mr. Martin, there in Perkins, owned the movie show building. We knew him well, because we knew his grandson, Glen Dale. Our favorite thing was to "get in free". Now this was a little on the scheming side remember, but times were hard, and sometimes you had to have a plan, and this was our plan. lol

Now Momma usually gave us a dime on Saturday if we could afford it, and if there was a good movie at the theater, we wanted to go to the show. Now our scheme was, when we walked in, there was Mr. Martin, who was always working the concession stand right past the ticket window, which he also took care of along with taking your money to go in.

Our plan went like this. We would say to Mr. Martin; "Mr. Martin, did my brother Bobby come in here a few minutes ago"? He would always say, I don't know, but go on in and see if you can find him. Then a few minutes later, another one of our clan (remember, there was my 2 bothers, and my 2 cousins Dan and Darrell, lol) one at a time, would come in and do the same, until we were all inside the show. lol --- I am sure to this day, that Mr. Martin knew all along, what we were doing, because we would always come out at the intermission time, and spend a nickel of our dime, on some popcorn or something. He knew that we were friends of Glen Dale, his son,



and probable that it would have taken all the money we had to get in. So, he was satisfied with getting our money at the concession stand.

## Chapter 9.

### Summertime

Summer time was fun as we were growing up, and it seemed that we always enjoyed our weekends doing something with Uncle Big John, and Aunt Maxine and their family. One of the things we also enjoyed doing very much on the weekends, was rabbit hunting and squirrel hunting. Once in awhile, dad would take us squirrel hunting, but we always seemed to be too noisy for him. You have to be real quiet when you hunt squirrels. You are always listening for them to bark, or run through the leaves. You always hunted them in the fall, after the leaves were fallen and the chill was in the air. The Squirrels were looking for nuts to hide in their nest for cold weather. But, hunting rabbits was a different story. We hunted them along the road, as the cars then had big finders, and two people could always sit out on the finders with their guns, and watch for the rabbits as they scampered out of the bushes when you drove slowly along the road. Sometimes we would get a dozen or more, and then take them home so that mom and Aunt Maxine could cook them up, and what a feast we would have.

Another of the fun things we done on the weekend, was spend Friday nights with Grandma and Grandpa Davis. They lived a mile farther north of Uncle John and Aunt Maxine on the west side of the road, and Grandpa Davis never owned a car. Their way of going places was with their horses hitched to the wagon. Grandpa had a team of horses, and they always went to town on Saturday to get supplies, and also of course, to attend the drawing to see if they could win some Groceries or some money. If we were able to spend Friday night with Grandma and Grandpa, we could also ride to town with them in the team and wagon on Saturday. It was about 7 or 8 miles, and it was so much fun. Aunt Jo Ann, Momma's little sister, was just a few years older than we were, and she was always fun to be with also. The wagon had what they called, a coupling pole.



It stuck out of the center and back of the wagon about a foot, and we would always put a gunnysack on it, and ride it like a horse. We also would drop off for a distance, throw a few rocks, and then run and jump back on.

We were probable a worry to Grandpa Davis, but he didn't complain. Grandpa would always tie the horses at the big Elm Tree hitching rail, just across the street, North, from the Baker Drygoods Store, catty cornered and east of the Payne County Bank. There was a hitching rail on the north side, where all the other farming people tied their teams on Saturday, when they made their regular weekly trip to town.

We always had friends after we moved to town, and running around town with them was fun also. I remember one of my good friends was Robert Borrow. His dad did not have a wife and Robert was an only child and they lived alone. Robert's dad was also the barber in Perkins, and he always cut our hair. Haircuts were 50 cents. He and Robert lived in a little room behind the domino parlor on Main Street, and we used to spend hours there with Robert. He had the best toys in town, because he was an only child I suppose, and his dad would often times leave him alone, seeing he had no mother to look after him. His mother was either dead, or left them when he was young, I do not remember. When he was about 12, his dad bought him a Motor Scooter. It was a Allstate, Lambretta, and it was really fun.



The gears were on the right side handlebar, and all you done was click, 1, 2, and 3, and N for neutral. He would ride me all over town on it, and once in awhile he would let me ride it a block or two by myself. He was a dear friend, and I loved him very much. I am not sure what happened to Robert, but I wish him well, if he is still alive. Another good friend we liked to play with was Clarence Hemphill. He lived down the road a little ways from where we lived. He had some really great toys too, and he would sometimes bring them to the house and we could play together. We would built roads in the dirt, and use his bulldozer to push dirt with. All we had was a short piece of 2x4 wood, with an old Prince Albert tobacco can, smashed flat, and then nailed to the end of the board for a blade. Now Clarence, he had the real thing, and wow, was it fun to play with his toys. He was a really good friend, and he didn't mind playing with us, even though we were poor and lived in an old house. His daddy must have made a lot more money than my daddy did, because they lived in a really nice home and drove a new car. We were happy, being poor, and driving our old 49 Ford. Oh hey, that was in 1950, maybe we were not as poor as I thought. lol

## Chapter 10. Special People

Friends in Perkins were many, and I could never mention them all. Next door to us, lived one of the prettiest girls in Oklahoma. In fact, she won the Miss Oklahoma contest in 1954. Her name was Charlavan Baker. She also had a little sister named Linda. She was in my class, at school, and I had a mad crush on her. But, even though she lived next door and we spent lots of time playing games together, I knew we were poor, and I didn't stand a chance having anything develop into a lasting relationship with her. Her daddy was a building contractor, and I am sure they made lots of money. He built them a new home right beside our little house, and you surely could tell the difference. Little was nice, and played with us sometimes. Uncle Big John would always say, don't give up Billy, you sell yourself too short sometimes. I wouldn't be surprised if someday you become the President. He always wanted me to strive to be my best, and usually I did try very hard to be what others thought it was impossible to be. lol

Another Special person we knew in Perkins, was Pistol Pete. I am talking about the real Pistol Pete, (Frank Eaton), the mascot of the OSU (Oklahoma State University) Football Team.... Now not just anybody you meet will have known Pistol Pete, but we did. He lived only about 5 blocks from us, and it was not unusual for him to be out on the front porch of his house whittling on a piece of wood, and we of course would go by and talk to him. He loved children, and would tell you all kinds of stories of his past. He still wore his pistol on his side, and he was the Oldest U.S. Marshall in the country at that time.



"Pistol Pete" Frank Eaton  
Perkins, OK 1950's

## Chapter 11.

### Appendicitis Oh NO

During this time we lived there in Perkins, and while daddy was working in the oil fields, he came across a welder that wanted him to be a welder's helper. He had this opportunity to work on a job up in Kansas, making real good money. He had asked daddy to go work with him in Kansas, and daddy agreed to do so. Well, it was during this time, as daddy was coming home, only on the weekends, I came down with a terrible hurting in my stomach, on the right side.

It was a Saturday evening, and we had gone to the show with momma. Daddy came in from Kansas where he was working, while we were in the show. Daddy asked me why I was holding my side, and I told him that it hurt really bad, and I couldn't walk very well because of it. Early the next morning, they took me to the doctor, whom we knew very well, there in town. He determined that I had appendicitis, and I needed to be taken to the Hospital in Cushing very quickly. I was 10 years old at the time, and dad and mom put us all in the car, stopped out at the section line where Uncle Big John and Aunt Maxine lived just 1 ½ miles north, and daddy stopped the car and let Bobby and Benny out, to walk that 1 ½ miles by themselves, to Uncle John and Aunt Maxine's. Benny, of course was only 8, and Bobby 12, but they were on their own, and they done just fine.

On arriving at the Hospital, I was scheduled for operation ASAP, with Dr. Thorpe being the doctor to take care of the procedure. During the operation, they gave me too much Ether, and almost killed me. It took them 2 hours to bring me out of the sleep, and they were worried that I was a goner, but God was good, and I survived the operation and came home to recover. Soon I was good as new and playing like all the other kids.

## Chapter 12.

### Always Get Permission

Oh my, I almost forgot something that happened in the 7th grade. It was early December, 1953, and we did not have a Christmas Tree yet. So, I took it upon myself to make sure that we did have a tree and our Christmas was filled with all the excitement that it is suppose to provide a young kid of .

A couple of my friends at school, had decided they were going to walk out into the country for a little ways and cut them a tree for Christmas. So I decided that it was a good idea for me to follow along, and get us a tree also. The big problem was, I did not inform my mother that I was going to do so. I thought, hey, its only a mile or so out of town from the school, and we would not be long. So, off to the country we went, Robert Burrow, Bobby Fagan and myself, all headed for the country, only a mile or so out of town, and we just knew we could find us a tree that would be just the right one for Christmas. We looked and looked, walked and walked, and it seems that it took forever for us to find three trees that were just right. Little did I know, that we had ventured more than three miles out of town, and before we were half way back, it was already dark. Remember, in the wintertime, the days are short, so real soon, we were walking back to town in the dark, and my parents were frantic. They had checked every available place, talked to everyone they knew, and nobody had any idea where Billy was. Next they were in the streets, walking up and down, up to the school, down Main Street, and anywhere they could imagine that I might be, but I was nowhere to be found. Finally I saw them, about 3 blocks away from me, and directly on my way to the house. I knew right away, I was in big trouble. No matter how hard I tried to convince them that it was a worthy cause, it was not going to work. Mother was crying, dad was angry, and Bobby and Benny were sure I was going to get the thrashing of my life. Well, as it turned out, Dad felt he was too angry to punish me, and Mom was too glad to see that I was ok, and finally the conversation became the tree, and how I should never have gone without saying so.

Just another five minutes, and I could have run home, told my mother what I wanted to do, and things would have been so much different. Just five minutes time, and it would have made all the difference in the world. But you see, I did not take that 5 minutes, and because of it, I caused my parents much worry, and needlessly so.



It was a nice Christmas, and I remember the gift I received that year. It was the chalk board that unfolded and stood on its legs, with the pictures of the flags and I think the ABC, so you could practice writing them. I'm not sure, but Mike might still have that chalk board in his things some where. .lol



## Chapter 13. All Dressed Up

Oh my, suddenly I was in the 8th grade, growing up and getting ready to be a big boy. Being an 8th grader was a big deal. It meant you were getting ready to be in High School. Bobby had already graduated and was a 9th grader. I remember when he graduated, because he got all dressed up for it, and momma took our picture..



He kinda thought he was bigger than the rest of us, but we were brother's so we got along just fine. I can't imagine why I had my pants pulled up so high. It made my legs look so long.. lol

## Chapter 14. Special Things

Being in the 8th grade had it's advantages also, because you could go to school functions more often, simple because you were a little older now, and you were suppose to be able to be more responsible. You see, learning responsibility is really important in your life growing up. You have to understand, you can't go everywhere, and you can't do everything.

I remember so well, one time I came home from school, for lunch, (remember, it was only 2 blocks), and I remember telling momma; "Momma, momma, there is a baseball game this afternoon as soon as we get back to school. Can I go?" Now it cost a dime to go, and usually momma always had an extra dime. But, this time momma said; "NO, you are not going this time!!" "What? Oh momma, why, why can't I go?" She very simply said; "Because son, you must learn that you can't go every time." Oh my, I did not understand this at all. I just couldn't understand, if momma had a dime, and everybody else is going, why don't I get to go? I said; "Momma, everybody is going. I will be the only one that doesn't get to go." She said to me; "No son, everybody is not going, because you are not going this time." That was a learning lesson for me, and since that time, I have understood why, "you just can't go every time, or every where." Life is full of things you will not be able to do and places you will not be able to go. Momma was trying to teach us a lesson in life that would help us to understand how life really works, and I am so glad she did.

Now..... back to the advantages of being in the 8th grade, and being able to do things you were not allowed to do when you were younger. While I was in the 8th grade, and because I was really musical, and the band teacher, Mr. Powell, lived around the corner from us, he had asked my momma if I could be in the band. Now remember, we were poor, and could not afford to buy a musical instrument, so he agreed to lend me one from an assortment of instruments that people had donated to the school band. This began my little experience of being in the band, and remember, I'm only in the 8th grade, and he is wanting me to be in the High School Band!!!



Well, he took lots of time with me, taught me well, and soon I was playing First Trumpet, and I was only in the 8th grade... We went to places like Ponca City to march, and play in concert, we went to all the football games to play, and we even went to the Oklahoma State Fair, and marched the streets of Oklahoma City.... Wow, that was fun, and besides that, my cousin Dorothy was in the Ripley School Band, and we hung out together and really had fun. As you can see from the News Paper clipping out of the Perkins Journal, we took 2nd place. Not bad for a small town like Perkins, and besides towns from all over the state were there, and we won;

## 2nd Place

## Chapter 15. Moving to California

Well, I graduated from the 8th grade at Perkins, and not long afterwards, Daddy decided we were going back to California. We had been there a couple of times already, but this time we were going to stay. We sold our little house in Perkins, and said goodbye to those we loved, and we were on the road.

Uncle Frank Miller was married to daddy's sister, Unice, and he ran a mechanic shop in Davenport, Okla..

He also traded cars pretty often, and he had just traded in his 1953 Chevy pickup, so daddy went over to Chandler and traded in our 1949 Ford and bought the pickup. He built a canopy on the back of the pickup so that we could put mattresses on the floor, and of course we kids were going to ride in the back. lol Fun, fun, fun, NOT.... Riding 1957 miles in the back of a pickup is no fun at all. So, most of the time we slept.



Can you imagine riding all the way from Oklahoma to Northern California in the back of this truck.??? lol

See how far it is from Perkins, Okla. to McKinleyville, Calif.?  
1957.6 miles. WOW



Those are some of the things you did when you were a kid in the 1950's. Now, of course, it probably would be illegal to do so. Some of the trip was fun, and some of it was tooooooo HOT. When we went across the desert of New Mexico and Arizona, it was really hot in the back of that truck, and even trying to sleep, you couldn't sleep all the way. Daddy would stop once in awhile, and sometimes we would just go to some interesting sites along the way, like the Painted Desert, or the Petrified Forrest. They were really interesting, and for a kid, it gave you some memories as the years went by.



Here are a couple of pictures of things we stopped and looked at. This below is the painted desert.

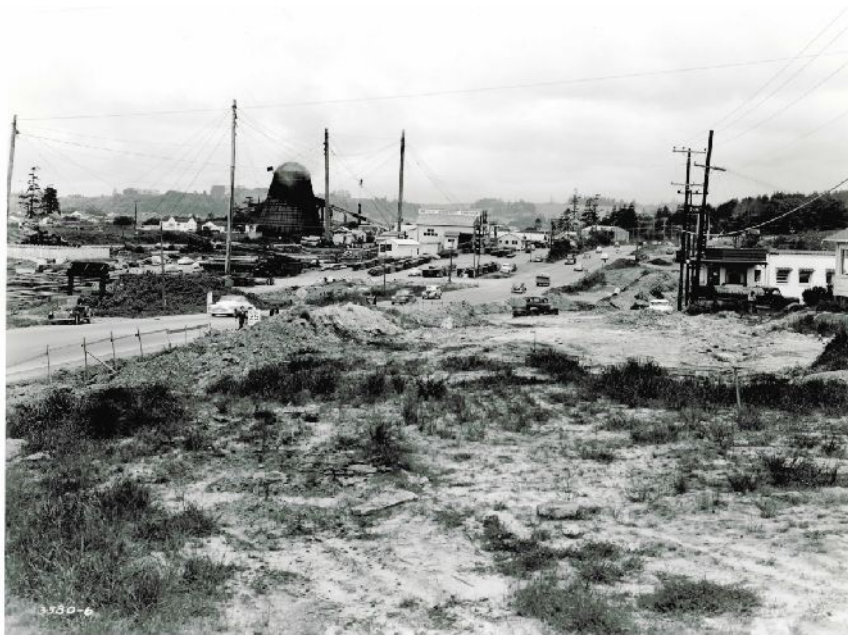


And this one below is the Petrified Forrest. These rocks were once trees, but over time they petrified and became stone. You can study about it if you like.



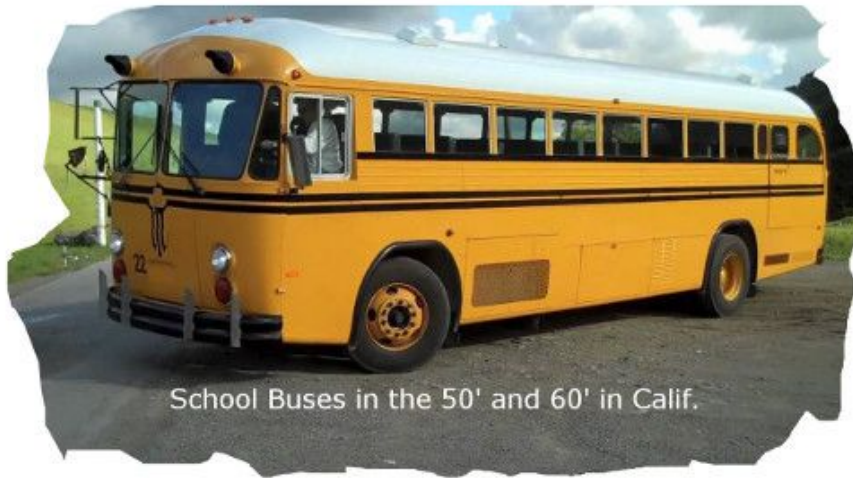
## Chapter 16. Starting High School

Moving to McKinleyville, Calif. was an experience for us, partly because in those days, the area around McKinleyville had lots of sawmills. They made lumber of all kinds, and the scraps that came out of the mills went up into what they called; a teepee burner. They were called Teepee burners, because they looked like an Indian Teepee. Here is a picture of one we went to often, to get wood to burn in our Kitchen Cook Stove.



See the Teepee burner there in a picture? This was the highway then, but now it is a Freeway, and all the saw mills are gone.

McKinleyville was just a small town then, just a few stores and a small elementary school. There was no High School, and so as I began the 9th grade, we had to ride the bus all the way to Arcata where there was Arcata Union High School, where I started High School, and graduated in 1958. The buses were really big, and we had never rode the bus to school, because we only lived 2 blocks from school, REMEMBER.???



The High School I started and finally graduated at, was very large. Bigger than the little school in Perkins, even though it had 12 grades, and the High School in Arcata only had 4. Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior.



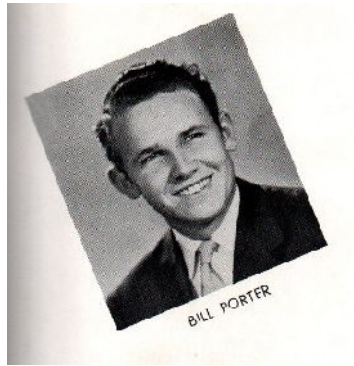
This is a picture of me out in front of the High School when I was a Freshman.

### Freshman High School 1954



Arcata High School, Arcata, CA

Here is my Senior picture taken out of my school album of 1958.



## Chapter 17. My First Car

Well, Grandpa needs to tell you about his first car. It was a 1947 Plymouth Coupe, it was Gray, and I paid \$160. for it. Now can you imagine that. lol What kind of car could you buy now for \$160. lol



Now I hate to tell you this, but this is not the car, it is just a picture of one identical to it. You see, taking pictures back in those days was a little expensive, and so I don't have a picture of the real one. I borrowed this from one I found on the internet, which BTW, we did not have back in those days either. lol

I loved this car so much, and being able to drive it to school was really a treat. It was not the nicest car on the block, but it was mine, and it took me wherever I needed to go. It had a good radio, and was really clean. The girls did not mind it at all, and sometimes we would drive around at noon time at school. We tried to be cool, but of course we were taught to be nice, and always treat others like you wanted to be treated, so at times we took those with us that some might not care to invite along.

Now, because I had my own car, I was able to get a job after school. My brother Bobby was working at the Goodyear Store in Eureka, and he was able to get me a job there. I was the guy who buffed the tires after they were recapped, making them look like new again. It was not real hard, and it paid \$1.50 per hour, and that was a good wage at the time. I'm sure that doesn't seem like a very high wage to you now, but remember; we are talking over 60 years ago. (1957) Now lets see, \$1.50 per hour, 2 hours after school each day, comes to \$15.00 per week. WOW, 15 bucks.... Now considering that gas is only around .24 cents per gallon, the car has a 15 gallon tank, so  $15 \times .24$  cents per gallon, = \$3.60 so, if my tank was at say; 3/4 full, I could fill it up for around \$2.50. Can you believe that??? lol

My how times have changed. Gas now at around \$2.50 a gallon, and a tank full for the same price when I was a kid. Probably when you are my age, you can write a story about how things were in your day.. lol And your grandkids can laugh about how things were back in your childhood.



## Chapter 18.

### The Car Wreck

One of the most tragic things that happen to me when I was in High School, was in my Senior year. It was coming up on Christmas, middle of the school year, 1957.

Daddy and Momma had decided they wanted to go to Oklahoma, for Christmas and the Holidays. Now we had already been to Okla. that summer, as we had made the trip to Parkland for the annual 4th of July Brush Arbor meetings there at the little church I mentioned in the picture that shows where the cemetery is at. My cousin Dan, "that was my uncle Big John and aunt Maxine's oldest son", who also lived in Calif. where we lived, and who had married the love of his life, Margie Melton, the year before, they had a new baby girl, whom they had named Dana Carol, and of course they wanted to make the trip to show her off.

Anyway, we had left McKinleyville, on the "drive it strait through trip", with arrival planned in the early morning hours of Christmas 1957. We arrived in Clinton, Okla. late on Christmas Eve, around 11:00 pm, stopped to fill up with gas, and we all went inside the little station and had a bite to eat, and I'm sure momma and daddy had a cup of coffee. It was back in the days of the narrow 2 lane, old 66 highway with the slanted shoulders on each side. We had filled up with gas, and we all headed out to the car, (55 Chevy 4 door), and me being 16, and just getting my drivers license back in the summer, I wanted to drive it in to Grandma Davis' house. I ran out and jumped into the drivers seat, locked the door, and said; I'm driving it in. My cousin Dan, being 19 and much stronger than I was, reached around the door post from the open back door, and unlocked the front door and opened it up. He said; NO, I'm gonna drive it in. He was bigger than me, and so he won the battle, shoved me over into the center, and away we went.

WE ONLY WENT 1 MILE. A mile away was one of those little arched over iron rail bridges that crossed a creek. Another short distance ahead was a little roadside rest and some teenagers were having a party there, and one of the girls didn't like what was going on, so she decided to walk back to town. Coming facing us, was a truck hauling some new trucks, piggyback, and the girl looked like

she was drunk, staggering into his lane, he swerved just enough to miss her, and there was just not enough room for both of us on that little narrow highway. We were coming across the bridge, and just as we exited the bridge, he caught our drivers side front fender, and the it was a tragic moment.



Momma was thrown out, as her door came open, and the car slid up and over her, and she was under the car in the back, and I am sure she already had broken her hip, because she always planted it on the heater box right under the dash on the passenger side where she was sitting. I was still in the center of the front seat, but my face had crashed into the dash, (hard dash, not padded), and I had 10 teeth knocked out, and my jaws broken. Those in the back seat, Daddy, Benny, Margie and Dana, (only a baby), had smaller injuries, but my cousin Dan, was crushed with the steering wheel, and he died a few hours later at the Clinton Okla. Hospital.

The Christmas morning paper, (The Daily Oklahoman) headlines were; **BROKEN BONES AND TWISTED STEEL.**

And so it is, the story of the Christmas trip, my Senior year in High School, and the end of a life that was one of my dearest cousins, and one that could easily have been my own. Because you see; it could

have been me driving, and my cousin Dan could have been now writing this story. But instead, he gave his life for me, not knowing of course, but still it's true. So, now these many years later, life is what it is, and we just live it one day at a time, knowing that God knows when our time will come.

## Chapter 19. Finishing High School

The last year of High School had some really exiting moments, and one was winning the Junior Chamber of Commerce, High School Driving Contest. It was conducted in High Schools all over California, and in the Humboldt County Dist., I won.... Woohoo

This meant that I was going to the finals in Woodland Calif., and it was a big deal. This contest was really a test of your driving skills, and consisted of, not only driving in circles, in a strait line, parallel parking, all without hitting any cones.....

You also had to go out on the highway with a Highway Patrol Officer, and he would put us through all kinds of driving maneuvers, not expecting what was going to happen. Winning was not at all expected, and when I was announced as the #1 winner, the Drivers Education Teacher was not happy at all, because I did not take drivers Ed... lol

Going to the State Finals was exciting, as there were around 200 areas represented, and if I remember right, I placed in the 70's.

I took my car to Chico, Calif. for the finals, and not many were able to do so. I wanted to go on the Sacramento, Calif. to visit one of my friends, so I need to take my car to do so. While I was at the finals, the evening before the final event, a kid from Los Angeles offered me \$20 just to take him out to a Dairy and see a real live Cow. Can you imagine that.. lol He had never seen a real live cow, and he wanted to stand close to it. I obliged him for \$20., wouldn't you?? lol

Here is a picture of my First Place Plaque. There was a girl how won second place, and she rode with me, sitting up on the back of a convertible in the parade. Wow, that was fun.



I still have it hanging on my wall in my office. Some of you might like to have it when I am gone. Ask for it... Don't be bashful.



BTW, as you say now, the car that I took to the State Finals was my newer car I had bought just shortly before we went. I think you will like it. It was a 1955 Plymouth Belvedere, 2 Door Hardtop. It sure was a looker.. The girls really liked it.. lol



You like it??? Here is another picture of me standing by it...



I was 16 going on 20, if you know what I mean. I thought I was pretty cool, and we did use the word cool then. lol Usually when you were referring to a car especially...



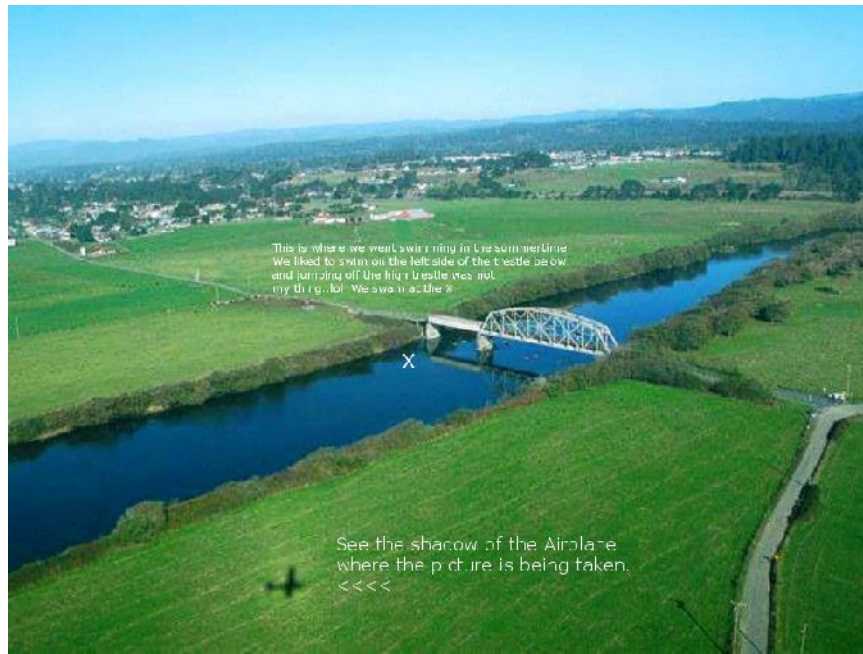
## Chapter 20.

### Graduating High School

Time moves really fast when you are in your last year of High School. It means you are getting ready to go out into the real world, find out what it is like to make it on your own, and suddenly realize that it is not as easy as you thought it was.

While still in my Senior year, daddy and I bought a Septic Tank Service, (A-1 Septic Service), so I ran the business in the afternoon, and daddy, who worked nights at the Plywood Mill, ran it in the mornings. The summer of 1958 was a really nice summer, and little brother Bennie and I liked to go swimming in ole Mad River. That summer, if my memory serves me right, we went swimming about 6 weeks in a row, not missing a day. Our swimming hole was only about 5 miles away, and along about 3 in the afternoon, if I didn't have any septic tanks to pump, off we would go to the ole swimming hole. There was a railroad going through McKinleyville at that time, and the railroad had a trestle going across the river, and our favorite place was right under the railroad trestle. There was a place for cars to park, and it was pretty deep under the trestle, and if you were brave, you could jump off the trestle into the river. The trestle was about 20 foot above the water, so it was quite a drop, and you had to watch out for the rocks in the water. There were some very foolish boys who jumped off the top of the bridge, but not me. I was always taught to be careful, and not take crazy chances that might take your life. One of these boys jumped and hit a rock, and it almost killed him. I was really glad it was not me.

One of the silly things I did sometimes, was drive down the railroad tracks. I would line my car up on the rails, and drive from one road crossing to the next. There were houses along the tracks, and the kids would run out to see me going by. My car had a horn that sounded like a cow mooing, and I would blow my horn at them and they really enjoyed it. The train only came once a day, and we knew when it ran, so we were careful not to be on the tracks during that time. Of course, if the railroad company caught me, I would have gotten into trouble, so really, I should not have been doing this. Don't tell my momma.... lol



That is McKinleyville in the background, where we spent our years in California growing up. 1954 till I married and moved away for the last time, in 1984.

I wanted to mention a few things in finishing up this book for you grandkids, things that I learned in school and out of school. Some of the things of life you learn the hard way. It's not the best way, but being the humans we are, it just happens. I don't want to mention them in any certain order, but they are all very important, no matter when they might happen, or at what age they might happen to you.

Always do what your parents tell you to do, and don't do things they tell you not to do. I am sure you will break this rule time and again in your years growing up, but every time you do, you will pay a price, even if you don't get caught, or anything bad happens because of it. This is why; your life always follows a pattern. Either you are doing the right things, or you are doing the wrong things. Learning very early in your life, to do as your parents, your grandparents, your teachers and all those who are very special in your life, will shape your life into what you will become. Breaking the rules, doing the wrong things, taking unnecessary chances, being hard headed and a rule breaker will follow you all through your life, and cause your life to be unsuccessful.

So, learn early in life to do as you are told, and follow good advise.

Always be a leader. Set the pace for those around you, and by doing so, and being a good example of the things I just mentioned, will cause those around you, especially your friends, to follow your good example, and might just be the reason their life turns out right, and they are successful. Never think you have to do something, just because everyone else seems to be doing so. Some-times what those around you are doing, is not the right thing to do. So, challenge their decision if you think it is the wrong decision, being careful that you have done your research and know you are on the right course.

Study and learn. Determine as soon as you can, that you are going to be the best. Not arrogantly, but with reason and hard work. Not because you want to show someone else you are smarter than they are, but be smarter than most, because you studied hard, done the work, and finished in the top of the class.

Set your moral standards high. The world is so careless in their morals now. When grandpa was growing up, you never said the word "heck", "darn it", "crap", and such like. Not because those words are so bad, but because they are not words of the wise. Wise men use words like; "well", "Hummm" "are you sure", and sometimes; "I don't think so".. lol If you hit your finger, and it hurts, just say; Oh, oh, oh.... It accomplishes just as much as those other words people say, and when you say them in the presents of your grandmother, you are not ashamed of yourself afterwards. lol

The last thing I want to mention in this area is this; There are 2 words my mother taught me that have brought me much more success than most. Those two words are; "Be Nice".

You see, be nice works all the time, every time, any time. I don't mean to tell you that this will be easy, in fact, I will tell you right now, it won't. But you can do it. Think before you speak, and be nice. It changes the course of things, from bad to better. It changes casual friendships to life long friendships, and it changes your character from just a regular person that people don't mind being around, to someone that people love to be around, and listen to what you say, and learn from you. BE NICE.

Last and most important, believe in God. Something you must do in order to believe in God, is find out about Him. Some will tell you that you must read the Bible in order to find out about God. That is good advise. But, God is all around you, and to find out about Him, you

must look at the things around you differently than most. Watch the trees that come alive in the springtime, see how the flowers pop out of the ground, the birds begin to sing a new springtime song, the garden begins to grow the things we eat, the grass gets fluffy and green. God is telling you the old story as it begins in the Bible... Let there be light.... (come alive)

Listen to the birds and the animals around you, the new born calves in the pasture, the baby birds in the nests in the trees. When you see these things, you know that something is creating these things, and it is not in our power to do so, it is God.

Next, learn to talk to Him. When you are all alone, talk to Him, just like He was standing right beside you, lying beside you, walking beside you, and listen for His answer. You will not hear it the first time. Do it again, and again, until you hear Him speak back to you. Not in a voice like your momma or you daddy speaks. Listen in your mind, carefully, quietly, sometimes for a few minutes, sometimes for only a second. Suddenly you will hear Him speak, in your mind. His words will always be sweet, and kind, and careful. He will tell you to do what you know already is right, some of the time, just to confirm what you already knew. Sometimes He will speak suddenly, as in; "No, no, don't do that". And if you are listening, you will see quickly why He said it suddenly. You were about to fall into a deep hole, or off a ledge, or harm yourself, and He was watching over you. Sometimes all your friends are talking of going somewhere, or so something, and He will say; "Not a good idea"... And you can then say; "I think we should do this, or go here, which is something much better to do, and those who were getting ready to do something bad, or dangerous, will change their minds because of what you said, and the decision will be changed to something better, simply because you were listening to God, speak to you in your mind, and simply because you have trained yourself to listen for Him to speak, and you have trained yourself to follow His advise.

Now, you are growing up, you read the bible, start right out; "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth...."

On and on, the stories will be read, some at first being uninteresting, you pass over. That's ok, just go a little farther to a story that is more interesting, and find the lessons God has given to us in the stories you read. Later on, you will come back and read it all over again, and you will be older, more wise, and more capable of understanding the lessons being taught, which way to go or not go, what to do or not do,

what words you say, or not say. Not because the words are used or not used, but just because you can see how the wise ones spoke, what roads they traveled, or what actions they took at what particular times.

The lessons of life will be a learning process. You will make mistakes many times. Just be ever so careful you do not make the same ones, over and over again. Listen to the words of those who are older, wiser and have traveled the way before you. Even though the times were different, the root lesson will be the same, and the right decisions will follow the same rules.

Remember, grandpa loves you all more than words can say, so I won't try. Never forget, actions speak louder than words.

I hope Grandpa didn't bore you. Read this when you are young, when you are middle aged, and when you are old. See how different it comes to you are different ages. Notice how old things become more valuable, and new things become a challenge to learn. Speak kindly to all those around you, and never, never forget; BE NICE.

The End;

GRANDPA

March 2018 - May 27th I will be 77 years old.