My Remembers

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Famley Problum

All that have been said and did, what I have talk about was the good and some bad about my family living on the farm.

Thing did not go to well with Mom and Dad. He was a man that like women. And I think it was from the Stimpson genes. It has been said that the Stimpsons were highly sexually attractive. Only those who are knows. All of the thing Dad did, he was still a very good provider, he work six and a half and seven day a week. He was not book educated, but he sure did no the farming and all way made good crops.

Also, out of all the arguing Dad and Mom had, he never raise his hand to hit her—even the time she and I walk five miles leaving Bessie Lee and Ruth home. We went to the house where Dad was visiting a woman. We peep in the window. The woman was sitting in Dad lap. Mom kick the door down. The woman ran out the back door and Dad got up and stroll on out to the car, Mother and I behind him. Whin we got back home Mom jump out of the car, run into the house, got the shot gun and as Dad come in the door she raise the gun to shoot him, and Ruth and Bessie Lee standing beside her jump and swung down on the barrel. Without Ruth and Bessie Lee, Dad would have been shot gun dead, but all the shots went into the floor. After that Dad was a good boy for years.

I guess we were grown whin she got after him again and she caught him again at a woman house and call him out and chaise him down the street with a pen knife. She did not catch him. The knife was to small to put a scratch on him any way. After that she gave up on Dad. They soon got a divorce. We were all grown and had left home. I went to the Army and sent money to her every month until she died. Ruth move to East Texas, Bessie Lee move to Garland. Dad married again, work with the Carpenter Ford House, then back to the farm. After he
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retired he went into the mowing business for a few years. Then he quit work at about seventy-five year old and died at eighty-one in 1988. He use to say all the time that if he ever got sick he guess he would die. He did. All of his life he was never sick, except every once in a while he would have chill.

I have no regret of what hard time we had. Without the hard time I could not appreciate the good time in this world. It is not all way the way you want it. But thank God for giving you the sense to accept the good, the bad, and the ugly. It up to the individule to choose the one they would like to be.