

# Abbreviated Autobiography of Charles Hugh Whiteside Prologue

As I considered what type of written record I would leave for my descendents, I first looked back at my ancestry. As I did so, I realized I owed a debt of gratitude to many folks, especially to my brother, Rex, and to my daddy's half brother, Foster Clay Whiteside, for their genealogical research. An abbreviated family tree beginning with my great grandparents is shown.

I've misplaced some of the historical material I received from Uncle Foster, but as I recall it, two Whiteside brothers came to America from Ireland in the 1720s. They had a dispute over property and, as a result, went their separate ways. One traveled to Illinois, and some of his descendants moved on and settled in Arkansas.

The other brother, my ancestor, went south and settled in the Carolinas area. His family later migrated to Alabama. The Whitesides and Harrisons (my mother's family) were very active Baptists.

Jonathan Leander Whiteside, my great grandfather, was born in North Carolina in 1823 and served in the N.C. 34<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment during the Civil War. He lost a foot in combat, but he recovered from the injury. He died of scarlet fever in 1863 in Chattanooga, TN. My grandfather, Oliver Martin Whiteside, brought his family to Texas between 1895 and 1900, first to Williamson County, then to Tarrant County in 1905.

My grandmother, Theresa Jennie Brandon Whiteside, was the eighth child of Leroy Jackson Brandon, who was born in Alabama in 1814. He married Lucinda (lost maiden name). Leroy Brandon's brother was governor of Alabama 1923-1926. Many Brandons were active leaders in the Methodist church.

There is some confusion about my Harrison great grandparents. Various documents indicate my great grandfather Harrison was son of:

- (1) Dr. James Harrison and Ann Catherine Berry Harrison  
or
- (2) Jonathan Tyler Harrison and Jemima Delina Osborne Harrison  
or
- (3) W.O. Harrison and \_\_\_\_\_ Osborne Harrison.

Until I have more evidence, I will choose to believe that my great grandparents were John Tyler and Jemima Harrison.

My Whiteside and Brandon ancestors came from Alabama; the Sanders (my grandmother Harrison's maiden name) came from Tennessee; the Harrisons came from South Carolina. All four clans seemed to have had many men serve in the Confederate Army.

Since my daddy was the youngest of seven children, and my mother was the youngest of eight, my

grandparents were very old when I was born; I barely remember the two grandfathers and one grandmother. My grandmother Whiteside was killed by lightning when my daddy was only a baby, so I never saw her. Granddaddy married a second wife and fathered four more children. About the only memory of my paternal grandfather was going to his house on Main Street in Grapevine, TX, sitting on his lap, and having him give me a marble that he took from an old roll top desk. He died when I was three years old. His second wife, whom I called "Grandma," lived several more years. When I was a teenager, her son, Foster (Dad's youngest half brother), paid me a dollar per week to go to her house every Saturday to mow her lawn and help her with her garden.

"Grandpa" Harrison was a merchant and farmer at Coppell. I don't remember much about him except that he was blind the last few years of his life. He spent most of his time in a rocking chair. He slapped the arms of the chair to stimulate circulation and keep his arms from "going to sleep." He died when I was five.

"Grandma" Harrison died when I was seven. I guess the thing I remember most about her was begging her for bread and jelly. I don't remember what kind of jelly, but it had a dark color and was kept on the dining table in a beautiful blue bowl.

The Harrison house stood on the corner of two roads at the edge of the little unincorporated village of Coppell. A Minyard warehouse now occupies the site.

## The First Decade 1932-1942

My father, Leander Brandon Whiteside, bought 36.5 acres in 1930 and built a new house in 1931. I was born at home on June 25, 1932. Dad usually planted 22 acres in oats. I was told that the thresher was at our place when I was born. At the time of my birth, Darwin was 10; Nellavee was five; and Rex was three.

The Great Depression was severe, and within a few months of my birth, Daddy suffered pneumonia and a broken leg. Each cost him several weeks of work. In those days, employer-paid sick leave did not exist. Furthermore, beginning about the time I was born, Daddy was self-employed anyway. When I was about 18 months old, Rex and I both came down with dysentery. Mine was so bad that Dr. Joe Allison, our family doctor, gave up. He told my parents that I was dying and he couldn't prevent it. But a practical nurse (no formal education) named Ella Behrens never gave up. Obviously, I survived.

All my grandparents died during this decade except for my step grandmother Whiteside. I have told a little about them in the prologue.

Most public schools consisted of only grades 1-11 (no Kindergarten, and no 12<sup>th</sup> grade). Daddy gave me a short cotton sack in the summer (1938) before I began first grade. He said if I was big enough for school, I was big enough to pick cotton. All four of us went to neighboring farms and picked cotton in August. Daddy never grew cotton. Our land was usually about one third pasture and two thirds cultivated. We always had a very large vegetable garden. From it, we canned peas, corn, and tomatoes every summer. Occasionally, we had enough peaches to can also.

We raised cattle, hogs, sheep, chickens, and turkeys. Anything to help feed a hungry family. In the winter, we always killed several hogs and salt-cured most of the meat. We usually killed one calf per year and canned all the meat we couldn't eat fresh. We all had daily chores, usually feeding hogs and milking cows.

My first year in school was rather uneventful. Hazel Spradling from Wolfe City was my teacher. I think I made a few A's, but mostly B's and C's. In second grade I had Barbara Hargett Corbin, a so-so kind of teacher who was married to a distant cousin who lived near us.

In the summer of 1939 I had my tonsils out. Six weeks later, and only two weeks into the school year, I got sick at school. My brother Darwin took me home, where I stayed for several days. Doctors made house calls in those days. After one of his visits to the house, our doctor called back and told Mom to get me to the hospital. He thought my appendix had ruptured. We had no car, only a truck. Daddy's brother, Dave, took us to Harris Memorial Methodist Hospital in Ft. Worth in his 1937 Plymouth. I can still remember lying across my parents' laps as Uncle Dave drove us. Daddy normally presented a rather stern image, but that night I saw a tear on his cheek.

Dr. Allison's diagnosis was correct, and I had emergency surgery. This ailment carried a pretty big mortality rate before the discovery of antibiotics. It was another very close call. I spent two weeks in

the hospital and missed six weeks of school.

In 1939, we got electricity at our house. In 1940, Dad bought a car, a 1931 Chevrolet.

My third grade teacher, Willie Mae Atkins, was a very sweet lady and a good teacher. My grades continued to be mostly B's and C's.

In 1941, the authorities decided to add a 12<sup>th</sup> year to the school system. Those already in school were allowed to skip a grade, so we still finished in just 11 years. I skipped 4<sup>th</sup> grade.

“December 7, 1941, a date that will live in infamy” (FDR), had a profound impact on all of us. Large numbers of young men were drafted into military service; many others volunteered. A few went into “essential occupations” in order to be exempted from the military; they were severely criticized.

Daddy worked many jobs – hauling gravel, hauling farm produce, shearing sheep, and working at the cotton gin in the fall.

## The Second Decade 1942-1952

Late in 1942, my brother Darwin was drafted into the army. He got into radar school very early in its history, became an instructor in that field, and never left the states. While stationed at Vancouver Barracks, Washington, he met Dorothy Sampert. They were married in New Jersey on December 31, 1944.

At home, the war was profoundly affecting everyday living. Helping the war effort was on everyone's mind. The government began rationing tires, gasoline, and sugar. These were not a major inconvenience. Later, they added meat, canned foods, and shoes to the list. With Daddy's extremely conservative lifestyle, we had no problem.

The greatest single event of my entire life happened when I was barely 10 years old. I accepted God's free gift of salvation which, of course, not only influenced the rest of my life, but also my eternity. I had felt the urge a year earlier, but I had resisted. When I was only nine, our church pastor was relatively new, and he was asked to lead our traditional summer revival. His name: Johnny Allen.

By August of 1942, Bro. Allen had moved on to a larger opportunity. Our church was so small, our pastor was usually a student from Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in Ft. Worth, and whoever it was usually preached only two Sundays per month. (My family lived halfway between Grapevine and Coppell; we were in the Grapevine school district, but because of family ties, we went to Coppell Baptist Church.) Since Bro. Allen had left our church, the summer revival in 1942 was led by Presley Hand, pastor of First Baptist Church, Grapevine. On the first Sunday night of the revival, which was also the first Sunday of the month, I felt every point the preacher made was aimed directly at me. After a very brief talk with my mother, I walked down the aisle to profess my faith in Jesus; I was baptized the next Sunday afternoon in the swimming pool of a rich man who lived about a mile from the church.

In rural Texas many stories abound about brush arbors. On the prairie, we didn't have enough brush to make an arbor every summer. We had a permanent "tabernacle," which consisted of a cedar shingle roof mounted on cedar posts – open air – with a gravel floor and unfinished wooden pews. We had one revival per year after oats harvest and before corn and cotton harvests. Most of our church members were farmers.

Coppell was an unincorporated community of about 250 people, including lots of my relatives. My mother was born there and never lived more than five miles away. Coppell Baptist was the only church she was ever a member of. Five of Mom's sisters also lived their entire lives in or near Coppell.

When I was about 11 years old, Daddy bought an old mule to plow our garden. One day I was riding the mule when Rex jumped out from behind the hen house, scaring the mule. The mule made a quick turn and I fell off. Not much of a cowboy! The mule lived only a few months, and then Daddy bought an emaciated old mare. We fed her well, and she became a slick, healthy horse with lots of pep and vigor. Rex plowed the garden with her, and we rode her a lot. We had no saddle, so we rode bareback.

She was better for riding than for plowing. Before I was old enough to drive, I rode the mare to see my first girlfriend, Maxine Corbin; she was later the valedictorian of our high school class.

In the early 1940s, Daddy started a butane (propane, LP) gas business. It became his most prosperous venture.

Early in 1945, Daddy was diagnosed with colon cancer, had surgery, and did well for several months. However, the doctors had seen a “spot” on his liver that progressed and took his life on June 14, 1946, nine days before his 51<sup>st</sup> birthday. Darwin came home from the army to help run the butane business. We had a very difficult time getting enough gas in the winter time to supply our customers. In 1948, we sold the business.

Darwin found a good job in the electronics business in Garland. Nellavee finished Grapevine High School in 1944 and entered nurses training in Ft. Worth. Rex finished GHS in 1946, started college, dropped out, and joined the Naval Reserve at a base so close by that he commuted to work like a civilian. He got up very early every morning to help our cousin, a dairy man, milk the cows before going to the naval base.

In August 1946, at age 19, Nellavee married James Starling, who had just returned from duty with the marines in the South Pacific. He had made hot combat invasions on Guam and Iwo Jima. In fact, he carried Japanese hand grenade shrapnel in his hip for the rest of his life.

I was too small and too slow to be any kind of athlete, even in my small high school. I made respectable grades – mostly B's and A's – but I never seemed to do anything that would bring the recognition that was often craved. I took speech and did well, but my best friend could always do better. He won first in the whole state in declamation; later, he became a lawyer.

My favorite extracurricular activity was Future Farmers of America (FFA). We had a local project show in the spring to show our animals. I took a steer to the Southwestern Exposition and Fat Stock Show in Ft. Worth in 1947. The weather was miserable, and we slept with the animals in tents. My calf got “sifted” (culled), and I lost money.

Some local folks donated four small registered Duroc gilts to the FFA. Four boys were given these pigs to raise; I was one of the four. At the proper time, we would breed the gilts and give back two gilts from the first litter so that they could be given to other students, thus perpetuating and multiplying the program.

One of the highlights of my school years was showing pigs at the State Fair in Dallas. In 1947, I showed a single barrow I had raised. I didn't win any ribbons, but I sure had a good time. In 1948, I took seven pigs I had raised from my sow. I showed three barrows in the Junior Show (FFA & 4H) and four gilts in the open show against the “big shot” breeders. I didn't place very high in either event, but I won a few ribbons and had a fabulous time. I was at the Fair for two weeks, and I made money on the pigs.

With a lot of help from my Agriculture teacher, Rodney Shelton, I won the FFA honor of Lone Star

Farmer.

I graduated from Grapevine High School in 1949. I think I ranked 8<sup>th</sup> in a class of 32. All the other teachers prepared me academically, but Rodney Shelton gave me the inspiration to go to college and major in agriculture. I enrolled in summer school in 1949 at North Texas Ag College, which soon became Arlington State College. I commuted from home and continued raising hogs and helping Mom with the farm. I still remember Mom making me sack lunches to carry to junior college. Lunch was usually three ham sandwiches (salt cured at home), a banana, and some cake or cookies. I would eat that big lunch and then go to a 1:00 p.m. chemistry class...and would almost immediately fall asleep. I dropped chemistry about mid-semester. I re-enrolled in chemistry in January 1951 and did well in it.

Mom developed diabetes and in the fall of 1950 apparently gave herself too much insulin. My sister's husband, James Starling, found her in a coma, and she was rushed to the hospital in Ft. Worth. She seemed to recover very well and went home for a few days. Then she got worse, returned to the hospital, and died October 26, nine days after her 54<sup>th</sup> birthday.

I digress. The first births of the next generation were Jack Whiteside, born to my brother Darwin and his wife in February 1946; and Jimmy Starling, born to my sister and brother-in-law in December 1947. When I finished my first year of college (1950), money was very scarce, and I needed a job. I tried many places to find a summer job, but I had no luck. Finally, I went to B & D Mills in Grapevine and told Floyd Deacon my plight. I even said I would take a permanent job if he didn't have any summer work. He was very encouraging. He gave me a summer job and told me I should continue my education. When school started, I was able to continue working on Saturday mornings and Monday afternoons at B & D. Without this job, I could not have continued my education.

After Mom died, I lived a few months with Aunt Lena (Mom's sister) and Uncle Newt Corbin, who had built a new house on the old Harrison farm at Coppel. When I finished my sophomore year, I transferred to Texas A & M.

At A & M, I lived and worked in the beef cattle barn just west of the main campus. My brother-in-law, James Starling, was still in A & M at the time. After Mom died, I sold my share of the home place at Grapevine to Nell and James. His parents bought Darwin's and Rex's shares and lived there a few years. Nell didn't have money to pay me, so she made payments by feeding me all my meals until James graduated and they moved away.

Third Decade

1952-1962

On my 20<sup>th</sup> birthday, I was at ROTC summer camp, Ft. Eustis, VA, and spent about 16 hours on KP duty washing pots and pans. Several of us needed to get back from summer camp in time to enroll in the second six-week session of summer school. We were dismissed a few days early and drove hard all night and day to meet the deadline. We took turns driving Skip Scief's new Hudson Wasp. I got stopped for speeding in Tuskegee, Alabama, about 3:00 a.m. Sunday morning. It cost me thirteen very hard-earned dollars. Had we not made it back to College Station by Monday morning, I would not have graduated on time.

About Christmas time of 1952, I felt I could quit my job at the cattle barn and move into the dorm. I had never lived in a dorm, but I moved to Dorm 7 and soon figured out that I couldn't make it financially.

In December 1952, Rex Married Freda Boyer, who had grown up in Bedford. Rex enrolled in A & M and was working part-time for the architect during the construction of G-Rolly White Coliseum. He got me a job, too, and I managed to make it through graduation.

Summer of 1953 was spent in six weeks of training with the USDA Soil Conservation Service in Bryan. We all knew that I would soon be going to the Army, so they let me continue to work there until induction. I entered the Army on September 9 at Ft. Eustis, located new Newport News, Virginia. While at Ft. Eustis, my social life revolved around the Baptist Student Union (BSU) at Williams and Mary College in Williamsburg. Director of the BSU was Mary Lee Rankin, daughter of Baptist missionaries to China. After completing another training school, I was transferred to Camp Leroy Johnson, New Orleans, LA.

I enjoyed involvement at Gentilly Baptist Church and dated girls at the New Orleans Baptist Seminary. One of the highlights of my tenure in New Orleans was suddenly being transferred from the 512<sup>th</sup> Transportation Port Co. to the 156<sup>th</sup> TX Port Co., where I immediately became the company commander. Like any good Company Commander, I relied on the First Sergeant to keep me out of trouble.

After a very short tenure, I got orders to ship out to the Far East. I hoped for Japan, but I got Korea. This was after the Korean ceasefire. My biggest problem was boredom. For those of us who did not drink and consort with Korean women, there was not much entertainment. I saw a few movies and read some books. I bought a 35 mm camera and made lots of slides.

After a very short tenure in a truck company, I was transferred to the 593<sup>rd</sup> Traffic Regulating Detachment. For several months, I was stationed in a little compound at Oujonler about 20 miles north of Seoul. We had a Major, myself (2<sup>nd</sup> Lt.), and about 10 enlisted men. The Major made all the decisions, the enlisted men did all the work, and I was bored. There was one exception when I was given the assignment of tailing trucks suspected of hauling and bartering government property. I understand that after I came home, some of the evidence I had gathered was eventually useful in the court-martial trial of a captain.

In June 1955, I sailed into the port of Seattle, WA, then rode a train to Ft. Bliss, TX, where I was released from active duty on June 23. I had not been paid for about two months and was also given something called “mustering out” pay. I was free and had more money than ever before. I put \$1,050 in my shirt pocket, buttoned the flap, and flew to Dallas.

I had written while in Korea to ask the Soil Conservation Service about a job. I was offered Athens or LaGrange, both small towns in Texas. I chose Athens, a decision that would have a very profound effect on the rest of my life. I spent a few days at my brother Darwin's house and officially began to work about July 1. I got deeply involved at First Baptist Church, Athens, where I sang in the choir, directed a children's Training Union Dept., and later taught a Sunday School class for 13-year-olds.

I had been in Athens for about three weeks when, on a Sunday morning, a beautiful blonde showed up in the choir. I still remember elbowing Elmo Holmes and saying, “Who is THAT?” He said, “Jo Ann Youngblood, Earl's daughter.” We were not formally introduced that morning, but that night Clyde Norman introduced us. After church we went to the root beer stand. I managed to find somewhere to take her every night for three weeks.

Jo Ann had graduated from Baylor University in May 1955 and had gone to New York for the summer to work in a Girl Scout camp. She had gotten sick and had to return home early; otherwise, we would not have had time to get acquainted, as she was scheduled to leave for Galveston to teach as soon as she arrived from New York. That fall, I made several weekend trips to Galveston. I bought tickets to all of A & M's home football games, plus the Rice games. Jo Ann would ride the bus to College Station, and we would stay with Nell and James.

A great disappointment to me was the A & M vs. Rice football game. Jo Ann had planned to meet me at the bus station in Houston. I spent Friday night with Nell and James. Saturday morning, I started for Houston. At Hempstead, my car stripped its timing gear. I had to call the bus station and have Jo Ann paged. I told her about the problem with my car, and she went back to Galveston. James came to Hempstead and towed my car back to College Station. As we drove, we listened to one of the most exciting football games ever. A & M was behind 14-0 with only four minutes to play. In the next two-and-a-half minutes, they scored three times and won the game 20-14.

About Thanksgiving time, Jo Ann began dating someone else. I wrote her “Absence makes the heart grow fonder.” She wrote back, “Out of sight, out of mind.” She sent my picture back. I spent that Christmas with Rex and Freda in Ft. Worth and with Freda's parents in Bedford.

When Easter break rolled around, Jo Ann came home. While there, she got the flu and had to stay an extra week. I took a big bouquet of gladiolas to her house. The romance was on again. Soon after she finished the school year in Galveston, we began making wedding plans.

We married August 25, 1956, at First Baptist Church, Athens, with Lee Ramsour officiating. We spent the first night at a hotel in Tyler. We then went on a short honeymoon to Hot Springs and Ft. Smith (Arkansas) and Eastern Oklahoma.

When we returned, we promptly moved to College Station where I began working on advanced degrees. I had a graduate assistance-ship in the poultry department and G.I. Bill total income of \$320 per month. We lived in a College View apartment for \$27.50 per month. We managed our money very carefully. After one year, we moved to the Project Houses near Kyle Field, and our rent increased to \$32 per month. I sold Cokes and programs at the home football games for extra money.

I had the old-fashioned idea that I should be the sole support of my family, but Jo Ann did work some. Full-time teaching positions were very hard to come by in the College Station area because of the large number of student wives who were qualified to teach. Jo Ann was a substitute teacher in Snook.

Our first child, Charles Earl "Chuck," was born December 12, 1957, a very exciting event for us.

Graduate school was very demanding. I did research with poultry while taking a full load of courses. I was required to take some undergraduate courses (20 hours) in math and chemistry for no credit. In 1958 I received a Master of Science degree in Poultry Nutrition, and in 1960 I received my Ph.D. in Biochemistry and Nutrition. My M.S. research was in the area of unidentified nutritional factors in reproduction of chickens and turkeys. At that time my major professor, Dr. J. Russell Couch, was trying very hard to identify some of these factors so they could be added to the list of known vitamins. To my knowledge, almost 50 years later, they still haven't been identified. My Ph.D. research was a two-year study of B-vitamin nutrition in mature turkeys.

I studied enzymes in the embryos and livers of turkeys fed B-vitamin deficient diets. Unfortunately, when the turkeys were deprived of certain B-vitamins, they soon stopped laying eggs. We also did hematology on them and showed that the deficient turkeys had a certain type of anemia.

As many of my friends finished their Ph.Ds, they took jobs with large feed manufacturers or vitamin companies. When I finished, I tried to go back to B & D Mills at Grapevine. They were talking positively, but were still a little small. Later they hired their first professional nutritionist, one of my friends who finished a year or two after I had. I accepted a job to do post-doctoral research with another A & M professor just down the hall from Couch's lab. I worked about nine months with Dr. J. Mack Prescott trying to isolate and purify proteolytic enzymes from chicken pancreases. We proved their presence and measured their potency, but we never isolated a pure sample. We published a couple of papers.

Our second child, Nancy Lynn Whiteside, was born October 24, 1960. What a joy. We had the ideal family, one boy and one girl.

In 1961, I received a job offer from Mead Johnson & Co., Evansville, Indiana. We moved about the end of May and had to live in a hotel for several days while hunting a house. We bought a new three bedroom, one-and-a-half bath home that was about 1,200 square feet. It was located on the west side of town, not far from my work. I spent most of my work time studying cholesterol and searching for new ways to control it. I made many friends at work. Unfortunately, the department head was not one of them.

We quickly got very involved in Calvary Baptist Church. The church was divided over traditional ways of grading Sunday School and other doctrinal matter. Shortly after we joined Calvary, Jo Ann was asked to teach a Sunday School class, and I was asked to be the general superintendent of Sunday School. James Abernathy was Pastor, and Max Hornby was Educational Director. We worked hard to try to bring understanding to the two factions. I still feel very strongly that this was the reason God led us to Evansville. We still have friends there.

The weather was pretty bad in winter, but the summers were very nice. The most snow we saw was six inches. We usually were able to get back to Texas to see our families once or twice a year.

While in Evansville, our Pastor's uncle and aunt – Rev. & Mrs. John Abernathy, missionaries to China and Korea – came for a visit. I had attended their church in Seoul, Korea, when I was in the Army. It was wonderful to see them again.

Another highlight was the January bible study led by Dr. J. Sidlow Baxter, a British theologian and one of the most interesting teachers I've ever heard.

Fourth Decade  
1962 – 1972

Soon after arriving in Evansville, it became obvious that I was not going to be there until retirement. I began looking for other opportunities. I interviewed with Daw's Lab and Eli Lilly for positions selling vitamin and mineral premixes in the Southeastern U.S. I would have to leave my family in Chicago or Indianapolis and travel my territory two or three weeks of every month. No, thanks! Creighton University was very interested in hiring me to teach biochemistry in their medical school in Omaha, Nebraska. This position did not appeal to me for several reasons.

Meanwhile, I would lie awake at night and think of returning to Texas and establishing a feed and forage lab. At that time, every town in East Texas had one or more small feed mills. I dreamed of being a consulting nutritionist. I would formulate the rations and then do quality control testing on the feed. I would also analyze the forage and recommend the proper supplementation program.

The biggest problem with this dream was how to feed a family while getting the lab established. The best answer seemed to be to teach for a few years until the lab could support us. I found the teaching job at Kilgore College in Kilgore, Texas. In August 1964, we left Evansville and arrived in Kilgore in time to get moved and settled before school started. We rented a large old three bedroom house from a lady named Annie Black. I put heart and soul into teaching in case the lab failed. The house was located just off Stone Road on Danville Drive. As soon as I got accustomed to lesson preparations, I started visiting feed mills after school, on Saturdays, and on holidays, offering to formulate rations. I found that including rice bran in beef rations would cut cost and still get good weight gains. All my formulation work was for beef or dairy cattle. The large vitamin companies had a lock on the more complex poultry and hog formulations. Even at this early date, computers were being used for poultry rations.

The house we rented was outside the city limits on two acres. A banana importer had lived there before us and had run water, gas, and electricity to his banana shed about 100 feet behind the house. He tore down the shed before he moved. I found enough sheet iron roofing and scrap lumber to enclose a trailer we had bought just before leaving Indiana. The trailer housed the protein analyzer, fat extractor, muffle furnace, and drying oven. I parked the trailer under a tree and hooked up the water and electricity that had been used in the banana shed.

On August 10, 1965, I went prospecting for my first lab work. The first sample was hay grazer hay picked up in Sabine County for Texas Star Milling Company, Branson, TX. On that same trip, I picked a few samples from Anderson Grain Company in Nacogdoches. We made a trip back to Indiana for a visit just before school started. In Tennessee, I found a used drying oven and muffle furnace. They were essential to the lab.

In 1967, Kilgore College created a Department of Chemistry and made me the first head. There were only three of us teaching chemistry at the time. I continued teaching until 1971, at which point I felt the lab had grown large enough to feed the family. Jo Ann had taken a teaching position with Kilgore Independent School District, which helped a lot.

In June of 1966, a tragic auto accident killed an entire family of five from Kilgore. They had lived in a nice, fairly new brick house on Dudley Road. The survivors put the house up for sale. We bought the house and furniture and moved in just at the beginning of school. The utilities were disconnected from the trailer and it was towed to the new place, which also had about two acres and was outside the city limits. Sometime in late 1965 or early 1966, I hired my first assistant, Landon Jones, a very bright high school student. After a year or two, he moved to Beaumont and attended Lamar University, where he got a degree in environmental science. He later took advanced degrees in theology and became a professor of Old Testament in a Baptist seminary in Brazil.

In the summer of 1967, we built our first laboratory building, an 880-foot concrete block and steel building, in the back yard of the Dudley Road residence. My one assistant and I did all the painting, plumbing, and electrical wiring. After several months of open beams, we added a suspended ceiling. Also in 1967, Joe Pope replaced Landon Jones.

Rachel Carson's book *The Silent Spring* was published early in this decade and began to cause a lot of interest in environmental pollution. By late 1968, we began to receive calls about doing testing related to pollution. We started this along with the feed and forage work. By the early 1970s, the pollution testing was outgrowing the agricultural. Most of the early clients for pollution work were small towns who had to test the effluent from their sewage treatment plants.

About 1969 or 1970, Joe Pope moved on and was replaced by Steve Woodfin. The business was growing so fast that we soon added Larry Crawley, Gordon White, and Ralph Marshall, all Kilgore College students that I knew as members of First Baptist Church.

Jo Ann and the kids tolerated my long work hours. Jo Ann kept them involved in all kinds of church activities. She also taught Sunday School and directed a children's choir. She did a fantastic job with the choir. When we first moved to Kilgore, I was director of the College Sunday School department. After a short time, I moved to the Young Married Couples' department where Jo Ann and I worked together for a few years.

In 1967, the rougher element in our church demanded representation and I was ordained as a deacon, along with Herb Morton and E.N. Irwin. Dr. Edwin Mays was pastor when we arrived, and he stayed until 1978.

I had a great working relationship with the administration of Kilgore College, but I never felt that teaching was a lifelong calling. So, in 1971, it seemed God was giving me the okay to quit teaching and go full-time into the lab business. I will always appreciate K.C. President Randolph Watson for giving me the opportunity to teach.

Fifth Decade  
1972 – 1983

In 1973, I decided to get involved in local politics. I ran unopposed for an unexpired partial term on the Kilgore ISD Board. This was one of the most rewarding experiences of my life. In 1974 and 1977, I was reelected without opposition. In 1975, I was elected president of the Board. A school bond election had been defeated about 10 years earlier. Construction was in a slump and interest rates were low. It looked like an opportune time, so I started talking to the Board about a bond election. We passed 5.3 million, about 3.5 million for a new middle school and 1.8 million to renovate the old high school.

While I was president of the local school board, I was also chosen to be the voting delegate to the Texas Association of School Boards, held each fall in San Antonio. The association seemed to be controlled by a small, self-perpetuating, liberal clique. After a couple of years observing this, I decided to do something about it. I tried to run for president-elect in 1977, but I was declared ineligible. I tried again in 1978 and won by about a 60/40 margin over the nominating committee's choice. The president-elect position gave me a year "on the inside" to get better acquainted with the organizational structure.

The next year I automatically became president and had a very successful year. The position allowed Jo Ann and me to travel and see a lot of sights we otherwise would have missed.

Also in about 1972 or 1973, I made the first of three trips to Belize as a chemistry/agricultural advisor for Amigo Internacionales, a Baptist group that was also doing free medical and dental work there. The first trip was just to see what I might do to help. On the second trip, a few months later, I taught chemistry lab techniques to the technicians at the Belize agricultural research farm. At the end of the week, I got a call from Jim Wren of Athens saying, "Don't come home yet. We need you to drive a mobile medical/dental clinic from Belmopan (capital city) to Punta Gorda at the south end." The mobile clinic was an old army surplus truck, and a large part of the installation of equipment was done in our yard with help from local friends.

It was quite an interesting trip. I was driving the big truck and Jim was following. On a steep hill, the truck died. I climbed under the hood and found the carburetor apart. I know nothing about carburetors, but I managed to get all the screws back in place and drove on south. We spent the night at Stann Creek with a good Christian friend that Jim knew from previous trips. He worked for an orange juicing plant, so we drank our fill of fresh orange juice. As we proceeded on, we found a very large tree had blown down and was blocking the road. We used the truck wrench to remove the tree.

On the third trip, I went as a travel guide and bootleg pharmacist for a doctor and nurse (also husband and wife) from Bastrop, TX.

Meanwhile, the lab business in Kilgore was progressing well. About 1971, I called Kilgore College and asked them to send me a business student to work as a part-time secretary. They sent a cute little blonde named Debbie Cothran, who became a very valuable worker. A few months later, she married Larry Dudley. Jo Ann played piano at the wedding, accompanying Cheryl Parish, who became a very well known opera singer.

After a couple of years, Larry got transferred to Baytown. Debbie was replaced by Mollie Peyton. A couple of more years passed, and Mollie's husband was transferred to Houston. By then, the Dudleys were back in the area. Debbie took her old job back and, as of this writing, has a total of about 32 years, with Ana-Lab.

In 1975, we were very crowded in the first lab building, so we built the second one. It also was constructed of concrete block walls with a steel roof. It has been very functional.

In 1978, I joined a team of agriculture experts to go to Brazil and advise Baptist missionaries on how to make their farming operations more profitable. We spent a week at each of two mission stations. We saw many interesting sights. I hope we helped them. I never knew for sure. My part on the team was animal nutritionist.

Soon after I returned from Brazil, I joined the Rotary Club of Kilgore.

In 1976, my son Chuck graduated from Kilgore High School. I had the privilege not only of presenting the diploma, but as school board president, I signed it.

Also early in this decade, Ana-Lab began construction and operation of small sewage treatment systems. Two of our jobs were for Piney Woods Baptist Encampment near Groveton, TX, and Alto Frio Baptist Encampment near Leaky, TX.

We installed several pre-fabricated sewage plants for marinas of Toledo Bend Reservoir and a mobile home park near Tyler. We lost money on nearly all of them.

Doug Winters became a lab manager in 1979, giving me more time for Texas Association School Boards. He stayed about nine years, resigning in 1988.

In 1979, my daughter Nancy graduated first in her class at Kilgore High School. We told her we would buy her a car if she would stay at home and attend Kilgore College for two years. She preferred to go to Baylor University without a car. She majored in chemistry and made good enough grades to get some scholarships. She also made Phi Beta Kappa.

Ana-Lab made pretty steady growth throughout this decade.

About 1972, I began teaching 9<sup>th</sup> grade boys in Sunday School. After three or four years, I became the General Superintendent of Sunday School. I was told to drop in on the deaf Sunday School class every Sunday just to make them feel a part of our Sunday School. They didn't stay for preaching services. I learned a few simple signs, such as "hello," "good morning," "I'm fine," and "How are you?" When I finished my second year as Sunday School Superintendent, I went into the deaf class as secretary and tried to learn sign language.

Also in the 70s and 80s, I taught a Bible study on Wednesday nights. We started with Genesis 1:1 and walked through at our own pace. We finished Revelation over eleven years later.

Sixth Decade  
1982 – 1992

In 1983, I decided that ten years of school board service was enough. I didn't run again. Two women vied for my seat. Margaret Martin won in a hotly contested election. Dr. Bill Brantley was Superintendent when I first went on the Board. He retired just before I did. The last major decision of the Board that I participated in was the choosing of Dr. Eddie Little to replace Bill.

Ana-Lab continued to grow throughout this decade. By this time, all feed and forage work was past history. We had become exclusively an environmental lab and utility operating company.

My work with the deaf continued through this decade. We lost some of the old members, but we gained some new ones. In time, we also lost our teacher, and I became the teacher, relying heavily on video taped lessons. Eventually, I decided that I should try to interpret the preaching service. For awhile, I had lots of help from Jean Laird, but later I had it all by myself.

One year we took some deaf young people to Glorieta Baptist Assembly in New Mexico. I drove the church van. We made several shorter trips and on a few occasions used the church's big Bluebird bus.

In 1988, I was a candidate for the State Board of Education. Most of the rural counties were still loyal Democrats. I carried larger counties, but I couldn't overcome the ratios as high as 80/20 in the small ones.

During this decade, I became very active in Texas Association of Business. I was local section chairman for a couple of years, then became regional chairman. My region was honored as "Region of the Year" for two consecutive years. I received life membership for recruiting new members.

I also joined the National Federation of Independent Businesses. With both TAB and NFIB, Jo Ann and I have made several trips to Washington, D.C., to lobby our congressman on issues important to businesses. Through these meetings and other similar ones, I was able to meet five senators from Texas and have also met five Texas governors.

In 1988, while campaigning for State Board of Education, I developed an abnormally rapid heartbeat and was taken to the hospital on a Sunday morning. The problem turned out to be hyper-thyroid. I was given radioactive iodine to partially destroy my thyroid gland. I've had to take supplemental thyroid ever since. No complications.

Sometime in the late 1980s, we landed a three-year contract to collect and analyze ground water samples quarterly from the Elizabeth City, North Carolina Coastguard Station. I collected most of them myself. Many times, Jo Ann went along to assist with well bailing and bottle labeling. We flew into Norfolk, VA, and drove to Elizabeth City in time to finish Friday or Saturday. We then shipped the samples to Kilgore and drove to Maryland to spend the weekend with our daughter and son-in-law, Nancy and Mark Brickhouse.

In 1988, Doug Winters surprised me with his resignation as manager of Ana-Lab. Bill Peery, Jr., had been working with Doug for about two years and had proved himself exceptionally capable. He became the new

lab manager.

Easter Sunday 1990, I entered the hospital for cardiac bypass surgery. I had two bypasses and made a fairly routine recovery.

In September of 1990, my sister Nellavee passed away after a very long battle with cancer. We three brothers were devastated. We were all very close. Nell had done a lot to keep us close after our parents died. I was concerned that the brothers might drift apart. Rex retired and moved to a farm near Corsicana, so we were all within a two hour drive. We began Brothers Work Day, rotating from place to place, helping each other with whatever was needed. Lots of good work was done, and we kept very close contact with each other. My brother-in-law James Starling and his second wife, Kitty, participated with us a few times.

1992-2002

This decade began with the construction of a new house on 21 acres, seven miles west of Kilgore. We had owned the land for about six years and decided to build our “retirement home” on it. We made it very non-traditional for East Texas, putting a partial basement under it and finishing the outside with stucco and a clay tile roof. It also has a pier and beam foundation, as opposed to concrete slab foundation, which is far more common. We occupied it on October 23, 1992, which happened to be Rex's birthday.

The house we vacated on Dudley Road became office space for Ana-Lab. The old master bedroom became my office.

This decade saw lots of growth in the lab. We bought a lab in Amarillo and started a new one in Brownsville. We soon realized that we could not fully equip and staff labs in several locations, so we turned them into service centers with only one or two people who would provide on site testing and collect samples to send to Kilgore. During this decade, we added service centers in Shreveport, LA; Oklahoma City, OK; and Austin and Arlington, TX. Very slowly, these developed into fairly profitable operations.

On June 4, 1994, Nancy gave us our first grandchild, David Harrison Brickhouse. He has given us lots of pleasure.

After holding a few different jobs in Maryland, the beloved son-in-law went to work for Hercules Chemical in Wilmington, Delaware. This made it easy to move much closer to Nancy's work at the University of Delaware. So, they moved to Newark, Delaware, and shortened Nancy's commute time to about five minutes.

In 1995, I was chosen to serve on the board of Upshur Rural Electric Co-Op, which provides electricity to more than 40,000 customers in nine East Texas counties.

In December 1996, Governor George W. Bush appointed me to serve on the board of Texas Workers Compensation Insurance Fund.

In 1995-1996, I served as Governor of Rotary District 5830, which ran from Jacksonville and Henderson on the south to Hugo and Idabel, OK, on the north. My Rotary mentor, E.K. “Buster” Dickerson, arranged a very nice installation banquet with past Rotary President Carlos Consecro, of Monterrey, Mexico, as the guest speaker and installing officer.

Jo Ann and I visited all 40 clubs in the district by the end of October. We had a very successful year in fund raising for the Rotary Foundation and in recruiting new members. We traveled to many interesting places in connection with my duties.

I particularly enjoyed visiting all the small towns that had Rotary Clubs. Hugo, OK, had a section of their cemetery for circus performers. Some towns had bakeries, and many had Bed & Breakfast inns.

On August 18, 1997, our second grandchild was born. A big 8 lb., 13 oz. girl, she was given the name Elise

Marie Brickhouse.

In 1998, we chaperoned ten teenagers on a trip to Iwate Prefecture, Japan, for 12 days. Our Japanese hosts treated us like royalty. Our wish was their command. Nothing was too good for the Americans. We learned a lot about Japanese culture and saw sights that we could never have seen with a tour company. We stayed many nights in private homes and slept on straw mats. Dr. Ota said to me, "How old are you?" I said, "66." He said, "I'm older, but I look younger." He was right.

We spent Christmas of 1999 with Nancy's family in Delaware. It was very cold – below freezing – for the entire five days we stayed, but we had a good time. Chuck went with us and slept in the basement.

As we were preparing to go to Delaware, I noticed a knot on my thigh a couple of inches too low (I thought) to be a lymph node. When we returned, I saw my doctor and had x-rays. Probably just a cyst, he said. He tried aspiration without success. So, with only local anesthetic and day surgery, it was removed. It was a MALIGNANT lymph node! Dr. Tom Beets said it was a secondary tumor, and we needed to find the primary, probably in the lungs. X-rays and CT scans – nothing. All these year later, still no primary cancer has been found. GOD is so good!!!

On my first visit with the oncologist, his first comment was that the immune system has been known to cure the kind of cancer I had. Thank you, God!!! I took about 25 radiation treatments of the groin area because they were not sure they had gotten all of the malignant cells.

Nancy arranged for me to be evaluated at John Hopkins cancer center in Baltimore. The oncologists who saw me strongly recommended low-dose chemotherapy. So, I came back home and took several weeks of chemo. Throughout the entire ordeal, I never felt too sick to work. I would go to Longview first thing every morning, receive the radiation or chemo, then go to the lab and work the rest of the day. I gained 10-12 pounds while taking chemo.

Jo Ann and I were vacationing in New Zealand on September 11, 2001. We didn't know of the attacks until we saw the morning paper September 12 in Christchurch, New Zealand. The people were very gracious to us and had memorial services arranged by that evening with very high government officials in attendance.

A couple of days later we flew to Australia where we were feted at a party hosted by Rotarians in Melbourne. The Australians were just as gracious as the New Zealanders had been. We were so pleased. Our travel plans were not disrupted, and we returned to the U.S. on schedule.

A few weeks after our return, we got the shocking news that Rex – the brother only three years older than I – had collapsed just as he completed his daily exercise at his church's activity center. He was kept alive a few days, but he never regained consciousness. He died October 15, 2001, just eight days before his 73<sup>rd</sup> birthday. He was everything anyone could want a brother to be: kind, loving, caring, and very witty. I have missed him greatly.

In the fall of 1997, Jo Ann's mother, Alvina Youngblood, passed away. I never knew a kinder, sweeter lady, my second mom.

About 2000 or 2001, I was elected to serve on the Executive Board of the Baptist General Convention of Texas. While serving on this board, God seemed to be telling me that He wanted me to raise money for world hunger. Thus began “Hunger Hounds,” a project that eventually died.

This ends the seventh decade.

Eighth Decade

2002 – 2012

As of this writing, we are only four years into the eighth decade. I continue working 30-35 hours a week, enjoy living in the country, and I plant more garden each year than I can care for. I have about 30 fruit trees, mostly peaches.

I am continuing to do small-scale research with water hyacinth, trying to produce cattle feed and electricity.

Jo Ann and I met Nancy's family for a vacation in Maine in 2002. We toured Acadia National Park. While driving back, we stumbled onto the Bangor State Fair where we spent about half a day. It brought back many fond memories of showing my pigs at the Texas State Fair.

In 2003, Jo Ann, Chuck, and I flew into Minneapolis and drove to Duluth where Chuck spent a few days with a friend. Jo Ann and I did a short tour of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and eastern North Dakota. We enjoyed seeing the farm country. It also helped me along toward my goal of visiting all 50 states. Then we met Nancy and family and toured the Winnipeg, Canada, area.

Early in 2004, Jo Ann and I took a cruise around the Hawaiian islands. We saw the WWII memorial on the battleship Arizona, a very emotional experience. Hawaii is just as beautiful as we had heard. Scratch one more off in my quest to see all 50 states.

In July 2005, we took a vacation to Alaska. It was also very beautiful. One of the highlights was riding the train from Denali Park to Fairbanks. We also went white water rafting in Denali Park. We ate lots of fresh salmon, and the scenery was fantastic.

At Ana-Lab, I started an employee stock ownership plan (ESOP). This was the beginning of my retirement plan, although later I found lots of problems with using an ESOP to phase out. The good part is I can take practically all of the company profits for myself and pay neither corporate nor individual income taxes, and the employees are given equity in the company. The downside: The company is obligated to buy back the stock from employees when they retire or resign. This covers a sizable cash outlay. It could become a serious problem if the company doesn't make enough profit to cover the repurchase.

Nancy and family came for Christmas 2005 and stayed several days. We had mild weather. Mark, David, and Elise helped me build a large compost pile in the backyard. It was good for mulching flower beds in the summer.

2005 ended with only half of the normal rainfall, one of the driest years I've seen in East Texas.

2006 began quietly, nothing unusual. Jo Ann and I spent a week in Florida in February attending the National Rural Electric Co-op Convention in Orlando. We also saw Bok Tower, a carillon tower set on the highest point in Florida. There are several acres of beautiful gardens around the tower.

While in Florida, we also visited an experimental farm where they research new techniques of subsistence farming for third world countries. It is called ECHO (Educational Concerns for Hunger Organizations). It is

led by very dedicated Christians, the kind of folks we may want to support.

We got very sad news in early March 2006. James Starling, much loved brother-in-law, had been diagnosed with terminal cancer. He died March 26. I was very honored that his children asked me to do the eulogy at his funeral. He was almost 81.

Chuck was honored at Ana-Lab for driving more than 1.5 million miles for the company without a serious accident. His work record has been excellent. He rarely ever missed work and the clients have always loved him.

### Epilogue

Sometimes life has been tough, sometimes boring, but more often exciting. So as I look back and remember all the rich experiences, I feel as though God has singled me out for more than my share of blessings. Growing up was a little tough, but most of my adult years have been blessed far beyond my fondest hopes and expectations.

“The Lord has done great things for us and we are filled with joy.” Psalms 126:3 (NIV)

Philisophical sayings shamelessly plagiarized from any and every available source by Charles H. Whiteside.

Few, if any, are original.

“Things ain't like they used to be and never were.”

“Things are more like they are now than they ever have been before.”

“I've lived in this town for \_\_\_\_\_ years. I've seen a lot of changes and been against every one of them.”

When departing: “I'm off like a dirty shirt on wash day.”

“How do you un-break an egg?”

“My family says I'm backward. My nose runs and my feet smell.”

“He/She is wading in the shallow end of the gene pool.”

“If trips around the world were \$1, I'm too broke to get out of sight.”

“I can't understand why I wasn't born rich instead of so good-looking.”

How am I doing? “Muddling along about like an old sharecropper with a lame mule.”

“When God was passing out noses, I thought He said roses, and I asked for a big red one.”

“He/She is so thin, he/she has to stand up twice to make a shadow.”

“If size made any difference, a cow could outrun a jackrabbit.”

“I'm like the little boy who rode his stick horse to town. Said when he got there, he was as tired as if he'd walked all the way.”

“My wife has gone to the beauty shop looking for the emergency entrance.”

“Like trying to get a drink of water from a fire hose.”

“One thing about having loved and lost: You don't have to go to those insufferable PTA meetings.”

“It fits like socks on a rooster.”

“When you come to a fork in the road, take it.”

“Nothing wrong with me but five left thumbs on each hand.”

“I buy you books, send you to school, and all you do is chew the covers off 'em.”

“The most fun I've had since Grandma shot the tax collector.”

“The most fun I've had since the hogs ate up my baby brother.”

“Like a duck, calm and serene on the surface, and paddling like the devil underneath.”

“If you've done it, it ain't bragging.”

“Give a man a fish, and he'll eat for a day. Teach him to catch fish and he'll sit in the boat and drink beer all day.”

“Think education is expensive? Try ignorance.”

“I've been to two county fairs and a goat roping, but I've never seen anything like this before.”

“It's hard to be humble when you're as great as I am.”

“The humble dairy man said, “All I have I owe to udders.”

“Never ask a man where he's from. If he's from Texas, he'll tell you. If he's not, no need to embarrass him.”

“If you can't run with the big dogs, stay on the porch.”

“The difficult we do immediately; the impossible takes a little longer.”

I was told, “Cheer up, things could be worse.” So I cheered up, and sure enough, things got worse.

“Busier than a one-armed paper hanger.”

“Get a good hold on your paintbrush. I'm going to borrow your ladder.”

“Hotter than a Mexican plate lunch.”

“More guts than an army mule.”

“That old dog won't hunt.”

“I don't have a dog in that fight.”

“Beware of the man with the lean, hungry look. He thinks too much.”

“Why do we drive on a parkway and park on a driveway?”

“Why do we invest our money with a person called a broker?”

“We get soy oil by cooking and crushing soybeans. We get peanut oil by cooking and crushing peanuts. We do we get baby oil?”

Gazing intently into someone's eyes... “The lights are on, but nobody is home.”

“Our chiming clock struck 13 times. My wife kicked me and said, “Get out of bed. It's later than it's ever been before.”

“Diamonds are a girl's best friend, but man has to settle for a dog.”

“I'm too broke to pay attention.”

“It was raining cats and dogs, and I stepped in a poodle.”

“He married a moonshiner's daughter, and he loves her still.”

“My daddy was frugal. I got a spanking for buying an all-day sucker at noon.”

“I'm so hungry, my belly thinks my throat is cut.”

“I'm hungry enough to bite a fat hog through a picket fence.”

“Never slap a man who's chewing tobacco.”

“I was better, but I got over it.”

“I couldn't go to the high school football games. I was so paranoid, I thought every time the team huddled, they were talking about me.”

“I'm broker than the Ten Commandments.”

Waiter in fast-food place: “You want to eat your burger here or take it with you?”

Customer: “I was hoping I could do both.”

“He/She's fatter than a town dog.”

“Better than snuff on a nanner.”

“No one's life or property is safe as long as the Legislature (Congress) is in session.”

“Two things you don't want to watch as they're being made: sausage and laws.”

“If there is more than one way to do something, a committee can't get it done.”

“First rule: When in the hole, stop digging.”

“You can lead a horse to water, but it tracks up the kitchen floor.”

After a particularly bad day, the next day... “I slept like a baby last night. Woke up crying every two hours.”

“If zoot suits for elephants were a dime, I couldn't buy a bow tie for a bumble bee.”

“I'll do it the second Tuesday of next week.”

“The only things seen in the middle of the road are yellow stripes and dead possums.”

“Do you live around here, or do you ride a bicycle?”

“When July freezes over.”

East Texas seven course dinner: a possum and a six pack.

“I feel better all over than I do anywhere else.”

“If it looks like a duck, quacks like a duck, and waddles like a duck, I call it a duck.”

“The hurrier I go, the behinder I get.”

“Too soon old. Too late smart.”

“It was the maddest I've been since they started putting child-proof caps on Metamucil.”

“I love humanity. It's people I can't stand.”

“His elevator doesn't make it to the top floor.”

“My accountant predicted five of the last three recessions.”

“Where three economists meet, there will be five opinions.”

“Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean you don't have enemies.”

“My ship finally came in, and I was at the airport.”

“He/She suffers delusions of adequacy.”

“Our town was too small to have a full-time village idiots. We all took turns.”

“Even a blind hog finds a few acorns.”

“Never miss a good chance to shut up.”

“There are two theories about arguing with a woman. Neither works.”

“It's quicker and easier to jump over her than to walk around her.”

“If they are all built together, why are they called apart-ments?”

“As scarce as hen's teeth.”

“If it ain't broke, don't fix it.”

“Our first apartment was so small, I had to go outside to change my mind.”

“The place was so crowded, you couldn't cuss a cat without getting fur in your teeth.”

“Cut a little dog's tail an inch at a time so it won't hurt so bad.”

“If you microwave your food, you only have to wait 30 seconds to go swimming.”

“You can tell people there are 20 billion stars int eh sky, and they'll believe you. Put up a sign saying 'Wet Paint' and they've to to check it for themselves.”

“I'm so old, I don't buy green bananas.”

“Forgiveness is easier to get that permission.”

“At my age, my daydreams are all reruns.”