

Chapter 2 - The Big Hill *(circa 1946)*

My living place changes. Father is home after three war years in Europe. I notice he is seldom happy.

Everything else changes too. No longer are the doting mother and mentally ailing grandmother (Granny) in charge. I meet blunt force consequences for my far-reaching independent behavior. I am supposed to learn that pain is to be the standard deterrent to 'not doing what I am told'. Regretfully, for everyone, this lesson does not take.

I am living in a small white house. I have a tricycle. I ride it around the sidewalks of W. 11th St., inside the yard by the house, just a block away from the Main St. hill.

One morning, just for fun, I ride toward Main St. past the hurtful Spanish Dagger plants that line the sidewalk to Main. After reaching the Main St. sidewalk, which is at the top of the steep hill and runs along the busy street, I cannot resist. I line up the trike on the sidewalk, mount the steed, and let her rip full speed all the way down the hill (about one long block)! I think I outran some of the cars!

Someone reports this to my parents. Pain is given...but what a ride!

One further memory of this location: On a Saturday, I think, Father puts on a pot of beans in the pressure cooker and we all leave to take a drive. Upon returning and opening the door into this high-ceiling room (which is the kitchen), the cooker has blown out. Beans are everywhere...ceiling, walls, furniture, and floors. The place smells like burnt frijoles. I hear some loudly shouted new words that I do not know. Father probably thinks he is still in the Army.

We move out soon after.

