

Dad's Sayings

Here is a list of some Dad's favorite sayings. There is often a story that goes along with the sayings. Some are words of wisdom, but often they come from just his own little bit of advice to make us happy or protect us.

It just makes good sense.

Take it slow and easy.

Whenever we would complain about some aches or pains or just not feeling well, Dad would say, "**Take some *Tylenol*. It will ease you off.**"

Another piece of Dad's medical advice, when we were sick with the flu or had a fever, was: **"Pile the blankets on and sweat it out."**

Dad would tell us that Pop Pop advised him, ***"Don't ask for help unless you tried everything first yourself."***

Dad also would tell us that Pop Pop always advised him, ***"Always return tools and equipment, or anything that you borrowed, in as good condition or better condition than you borrowed them."***

I think this saying originated on the times we went golfing with Dad, but it could easily be applied to almost any situation. We would be making our golf shots, some good shots and other not so good, and before many of our golf shots he would dispense with the following bit of advice, probably to help us to relax, ***"Take your time and enjoy it."***

Later on in Dad's life, after Mommy had died and Jane had left and he was living alone, Dad would often give the answer to our question of how his day was with stating, **"Good day! Got a lot accomplished."**

Before we convened on our third family reunion in 2001 in a resort in Kentucky Dad was touting some advice for all of us. It could be applied to building relationships or just with life in general as when you are trying to accomplish some physical sort of labor. So for that trip 'T-shirts' were made with these words of wisdoms printed on them:

- 1) ***Take it slow.***
- 2) ***Don't make any sudden moves.***
- 3) ***Don't do anything stupid.***

Dad told this story about growing up in the 1930's during the Great Depression. He stated that he had the task by his mother of going to the bakery shop to pick up some stale bread that they could use for their meals or lunches. He would ride his bike to the bakery. When he went inside the store to get the stale bread, I guess, to justify what he was doing, he would tell the shop owner, ***"It was to feed the chickens."***

Another story Dad would tell about growing up during the Great Depression in the 1930's was how the family would use the outdated *Sears & Roebuck* catalogue for toilet paper when they were done doing their business in the outhouse. ***"He said that the glossy pages were always the last pages to get used."***

Dad was always a 'do-it-yourselfer'. He was always fixing things. He did most of the routine car maintenance and basic car repairs himself. On one occasion he took the carburetor from the car and had it sitting in the living room while he waited to get parts to fix it. On more than one occasion, after working on the car all morning and taking a lunch break he would eat lunch without scrubbing the oil and grease off of his hands. He would state to Mom or us, or whoever was in earshot, ***"It's clean dirt. There's nothing wrong with that; it won't hurt you a bit."***

On a weekend camping trip in late summer probably during the end of August just around Labor Day, we went camping to Bass River State Forest. It was a hot dry summer, and there was a forest fire alert out. We were preparing to get supper ready and cook some chicken, I presume, over the camp fire. A forest ranger was driving around doing his duties, and commented that fires were not allowed. Dad questioned him about even a small camp fire for cooking. After he replied in the affirmative and drove off, Mom spied Dad standing next to where the camp fire was with an ax, and asked him what he was doing. Dad responded, "**When he comes backs, I'm going to split his head open.**"

On a different camping trip, I believe in the early 1970's on a trip to Quebec Canada, I had recently got my driving license a few years back but did not have much freeway driving experience. Dad wanted to lie down in the back of our van to take a short nap and let me drive the van. It was a windy day and I had trouble keeping the van straight in the highway lanes with all that wind and the freeway speed. Several times during his napping, he would state, "**You're swaying the van. Stop swaying the van.**" He did not realize how windy it was until he got up from his nap and resumed driving.

One of our favorite sayings that we liked to quote Dad as sayings was his story regarding an old Indian folk lore. It states: "**On the first snow fall of the season, whatever day it is, you take that date and divide it by two and that will indicate how many snow storms that there will be this season.**"