

Pat, Tom, and two dogs in front of the old porch.

We are on the east side of the kitchen.

The porch is directly behind us. It was a simple open porch. It was the full width (north to south) of the kitchen.

In the summer months the ringer-washer was moved out and Ma washed our clothes on the porch.

I liked watching the ringer do its work.

The clothes lines were just to the south.

With no dryer and no basement, the clothes lines were used all winter. The clothes freeze-dried on the line.

The 55-gallon tank held the fuel oil for the space heater in the living room.

Other photos show the chimney emerging from the roof of the story, just to the left of the fuel barrel.

The solid concrete steps were moved from the original "front door" when the kitchen was added.

The house was moved to the middle of the yard, in 1952, during the construction of the new house.

The steps were again placed at the position of the front door.

They appear in the lamb photo with us kids.

Finally, when the old house was moved down the slope to be used at a chicken coop and hog barn, the steps were again used at the east entrance.

That entrance then opened toward the garden (east).

Uncle John lived with us in those years.

That is his coon hound Jake, standing on the steps.

John and his buddies were big hunters and trappers.

I think the black dog was named Micky.

Mickey took to killing chickens.

Uncle John had scolded the dog for that.

So, the dog was afraid of him.

The dog was not afraid of me, although I have never been fond of a dog.

One day Uncle John had me catch Micky.

Micky was trying to hide under the lilac bushes.

I did not know that Uncle John was going to shoot the dog.

