"You go down and get that pail of coal tonight," my sister said to me. "Now, I won't. It's your turn," I answered. "Well, I'm not going to do it. You can," she said. "That's what you think, but I'm not," I said, and started to leave her there by the basement door with the empty bucket. She could take it to the basement and fill it with briquettes, that we used in our coal stove to heat our home. It was hard work to carry that bucket up the stairs. She was two years older than I was, and she could do it by herself.

My father overheard us and, with his stern voice, he called, "What is the matter?" "It's her turn, and I'm not going," I said. "It's not my turn," she said, "It's hers." "We'll see about that," my father said, "You both go down and bring up that coal."

But we continued our argument! "All right, come here," he said. Then he warmed our bottoms with the palm of his strong hands, a very unusual thing for my father to do. We had never been spanked like that from him before, so we both scampered down that stairway fast and returned together, both carrying our bucket of coal.