

My Family

I owe a lot to my family because of the ideals and attitudes learned from my parents and the molding of my personality by the ^{as well as backing} ~~gibes~~ and taunts of my ^{three} brothers and ^{four} sisters.

By the time I was fifteen years old, I had learned to "take it" pretty well. In our family if you threw words around carelessly you were usually the butt of a very timely joke. Or if you said something considered impolite or embarrassing in company, you received a thorough going-over at the hands of your older sister later. This annoyed me at the time, but when I left home for the

First time I missed this
sisterly advice and was a little
uncertain as to my public
department

I learned, patience and courage,
as much as I possess, from
my mother. Although she had
her hands full managing her
own household, what with ~~a~~ Dad
home only on weekends, she
nursed my paternal grandparents
through their last illnesses
in our house. She endured the
work and worry and sorrow
without the least word of
complaint.

My parents never were guilty
of deciding what we children
were to do or become. We were
encouraged to go to school.

and Church ^{but} ~~and~~ free choice
was left up to us.

From Mother we learned the
proper ^{perspectives} proportions of life, I
believe. She did not complain
about not being wealthy,
or of not having the ~~entire~~ con-
veniences of modern living.
She worried more about
what we were reading than
whether we kept the house neat.
She wanted us to be respectable,
but was not concerned about
whether we made a big
impression.

A good mother!

The ideals and ideas I learned
from my family were not
taught in sermons or lectures,
but in a way of living and

a manner of speaking
which characterized the
home in which I grew up.

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