

I think the year was 1956 mom invited her favorite aunt Josephine and her boyfriend over for a Sunday dinner I believe she served roast beef, mashed potatoes, and green beans. She also served her home-made rolls. As we were eating this wonderful comfort food my little 3-year-old brother that was sitting across the table from me got on his chair and looked at me and said pass me the butter you big son of a bitch. Which I couldn't help but laugh rather loudly and dad was snickering, and mom was shocked and didn't know what to say being she was trying to be proper in front of her favorite aunt. By the way, my little brother was Monte. wk