

Part 2—Two Homes and Two Cooks: Will it Last?



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One morning, I could not find Porkchop.

I looked for Porkchop everywhere. I even went up the gangplank on a big steamboat.

Suddenly, I heard a big man yelling, “Hey! Get back here. Somebody, stop that thief!”

Porkchop was running with sausages in his mouth. He was the thief!

I ran to catch Porkchop. “Well, it looks like we are in trouble again,” I said. And off we ran!

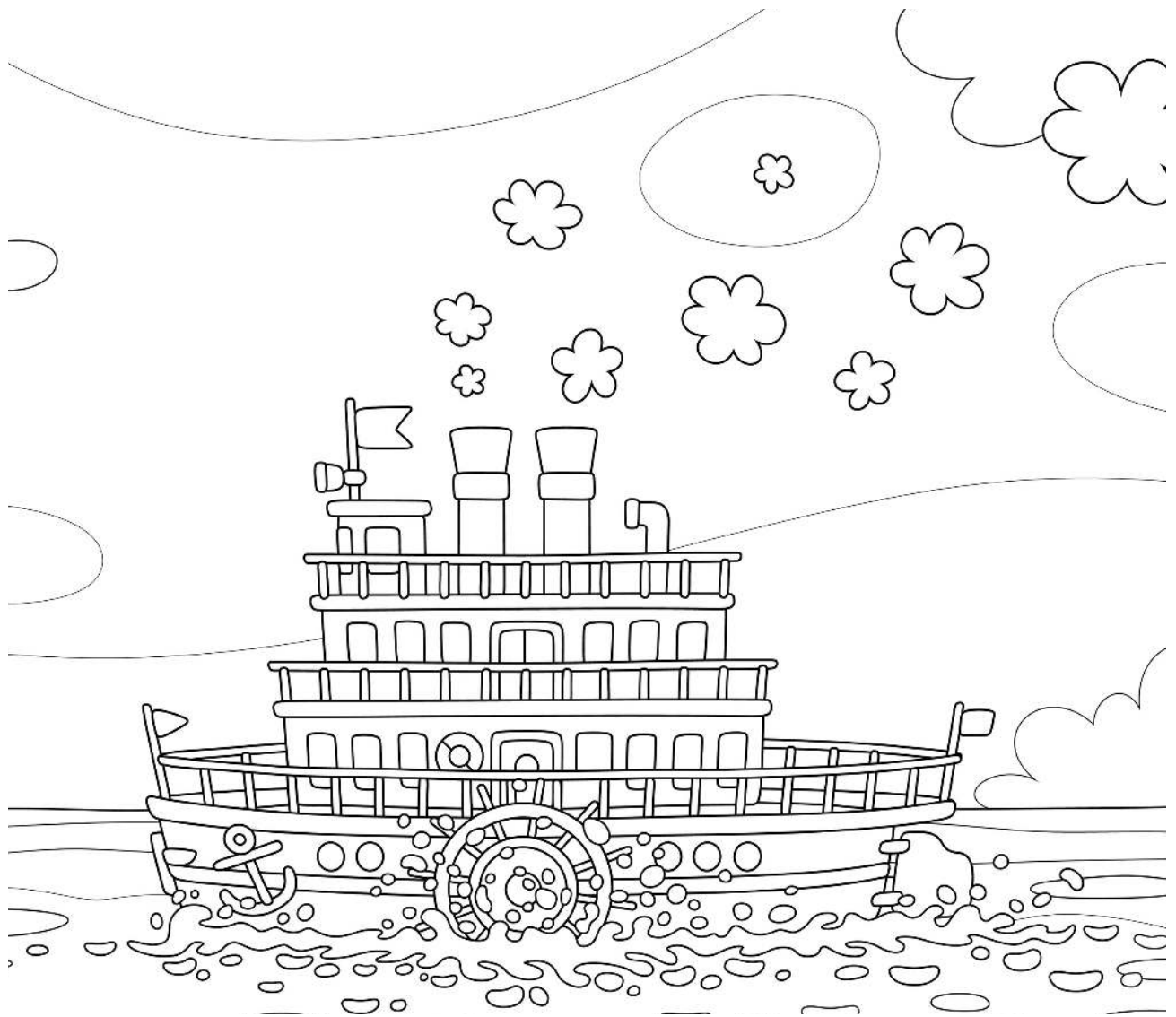
When the terrible race ended, the big man grumbled, “Is this your dog? He stole my sausages.”

“I am sorry, Mister, ” I said. “Dogs don’t carry money. They ain't got no pockets or jobs.”
I smiled, thinking of a dog with pockets.

The big guy said, “Oh, a smart guy, huh? Tell me who will pay for the sausages and this boat ride?”

“I’m only eight years old and don’t have a job or money. Besides, I’m getting off this boat right now!” I said.





“No, you’re not,” he said. “We already left the pier and are headed up the river. So, now you will have to deal with me!”

I looked down at Porkchop. “Boy, we're really in big trouble this time.”



The big man was named Henry Southall. He was a cook on a boat called the Hawkeye State.

Porkchop and I had to start work in the kitchen of the Hawkeye State. It was called “the galley.”



I collected wood for the cook stove.

Porkchop was great at catching rats on the ship.

Henry was a cook, so I always had food to eat.
He treated me like a son, so I tried to stay out of
trouble.

Two days later, we got to La Crosse, Wisconsin, where I met Henry's wife, Agnes. She was a cook too, and she was in charge of a boarding house.



I had two cooks and a place to stay. Things could not have been better.

But I still had bad habits...

