

REMEMBER WHEN?

Drawn from the "Round Robin's" Remember When

Mom made beans in a three gallon pressure cooker.

Hot bricks and irons were put into sled, touring cars and in bed.

Philip, Dory and Sarah hiding in farm bathroom cupboard for two hours, after they had gone into freshly plowed field after their Saturday bath.

Spring floods in the back-forty of farm, floating around the fields on big planks.

Dad and Shirley wallpapering a ceiling with a special double sized paper. Dad on top of ladder, left holding a patch of paper under one hand with the rest of the soggy mess torn and draped around him. Anyone whoever wallpapered a room with Dad, had their own special memories.

The cookstove in Crystal Lake, being moved in our kitchen each winter and spring, along with soot flying from collapsed chimneys.

Dory's remembrance of that toasted bread in the Country School furnace.

Jim was going to marry Miss Shilstra, our teacher. He told Mom, after she asked him where he sat the first day of school. "Oh, the teacher said that I could sit anywhere I wanted, so I moved right into the second grade."

Sneaking upstairs at Aunt Viola and Aunt Irene's with the pretext of going to the bathroom, but really to give the spinning wheel a few good twirls. The days when they would still let us prowl around in their attic.

When we went to Country School, the one who had morning recess went home for lunch, which Mom packed in a market basket.

Trying out George's cigarettes when Mom and Dad were gone.

The boys playing basketball in the dining room, also when folks were gone.

Making clay dishes from a ditch dug for a dead horse or cow.

Virginia Taylor was coming over, we'd lock the henhouse door and quick hide the salt crock; so Virginia wouldn't let the chickens out and so she wouldn't consume handfuls of salt.

Mary was leaning out the window on a Saturday morning, shaking the dust rag and singing. The mailman drove in and said, "if you're singing to me, you can stop any time now."

When we lived on the farm and went swimming in the Des Plaines River, wearing a weird assortment of swim gear, such as overalls, old dresses

sewed together at the bottom, etc., and cows were also in the murky water close by.

Mom insisting we had to rinse clothes three times, then finally in very cold water. Wonder if that is a cause for arthritic condition?

The time we almost lost Dory's bean-hole-beans to the cows. Guess they smelled them through all the layers of hot coals, stones and dirt.

At least twelve kids trying to listen to the old battery radio with one set of earphones.

Pop telling us we had to quit calling each other by our crazy nicknames when we moved to Crystal Lake.

When we used mason jars of hot water to keep our feet warm in bed, and they would leak.

The boys plus the Malones and the Rydquists were fixing something out in the garage and they needed a part, so they sent Shirley downtown for some "brass buttonholes".

The noise and sticky candy canes stuck in oranges at Christmas breakfast.

Oyster stew on Christmas Eve.

At Christmas, the whooping, running children making the continuous circle from the dining room-bedroom-bathroom-kitchen-dining room-etc.

The Santa Clauses, Phil and Frank, collecting kisses in exchange for presents.

The out-of-town cousins would be put to bed upstairs in the attic at the farm. Sneaking from bed to bed, we would slip the heavy, white, cold chamber pot cover in under the sheets. The one awakening with it in the morning, was the loser.

Sarah pulled a thread on Mom's winter coat, the one she wore for about ten winters, during church and it was a chainstitch and the whole lining almost fell out.