

Summer '95: To Jo, Craig, (Pat), and RAD: Pat's reminiscences. These are in fairly old files of JJ's, lists, not all made at the same time, so some repetition, while there's also a typed book of little narratives given to RAD and VWD, I'll try to Xerox for everyone. Add to these any you can, and query Pat. I'll start with a narrative from a separate sheet that doesn't go very far.

I have a lot of early recollections, but I am not going to attempt to put them in any chronological order. My dancing class days do not bring back pleasant memories for I was not cut out to be a ballerina. I was always the least graceful of my sisters for one thing. When dainty Jackie with her small feet and Joan with her "never say die" attitude would nimbly learn a new step, I'd be floundering about, tripping over myself and others, turning at the wrong time, having an uncomfortable time in general. The seventeen warts on my right hand didn't help me much in the way of self confidence, for I was constantly being turned down as a partner by all the other little girls who didn't want to hold my hand. Caryl Johnson always made a scene when she had to dance with me and the instant the music stopped she would drop my hand like a hot potato--not to mention the horrible grimaces while it was still going. At dancing class I developed quite an inferiority complex. (JJ--I was only three! I remember feeling insecure and watching the older girls for what to do. My main remembered feeling is one of confusion!)

Once Jackie, Craig, Warren Mathews and I were walking on the bull exerciser, or tread mill, when I caught my foot between two boards on it. The bull walk was like a large roller and I was almost being dragged under it when Warren jumped off and stopped it. I was lame for quite a while. (JJ: I thought Jo stopped it.)

Little House and Farm and Beloit [98--possible usable detail in bold ie not yet used]

--sandpile

--cutting a hole in side of house **98: ask Pat**

--dancing class--Caryl Johnson--warts

--Jip's death

--sitting around furnace in winter; the humidity pan with the rags

--Christmas, covered chairs and sofa (sheets to cover gifts?)

--Grandma's Christmas

--my huge party where we looked at lantern slides and sat in rows on the floor

--Daddy's strap

--the night Mom was gone and we raised whoopee; we got hangers the next day

--Jacques use?

--Oz books

--playing ship on the big wagons parked behind the corn bin at the Dairy

--playing on the bull walk and nearly breaking a leg--Warren Mathews saved me

--playing on shed roof

--climbing to the top of the silo **wow--inside or out? Which silo?**

--the circus in the barn
--playing on the meal sacks
--sitting in the oats
--climbing the pine tree and the big tree in front of the house
--looking out of window in Mom's room (sleeping porch) (seeing rabbits in the tree branches)
 --car and Mommy backing
--orchard (house) onions and lettuce for medicine
--Jo and I got lost in a cabbage field
--tank
--teeter-totter in back yard--Charlotte tied us to it (it to us?)
 --Charlotte and watermelon
 --school and taxi
 --hiding from Roy one noon and going home with Dora DeSarbo (peanut butter sandwiches)
 --Jo and I talking at night; bed games (Bob-ee, airplane light, bear chasing, round and round game, minister preaching (knees for pulpit, you had to balance!)) i.e.
 --sneaking into Jackie and Craig's room and saying Boo
 --the night Craig vomited and Ernie Capps had to clean it up
 --at Todd school when they planted all the pine trees--about a foot tall-- the huge tree on the NW schoolyard which we played boat on--gone now
 --learning Kay Burns was catholic-- my disappointment--
 --jealousy of new girl in my class who could draw beautiful birds--my Santa Claus's had been in demand up to then
 --trimming the tree at home
 --drawing constantly; making valentines
--the day I went to kindergarten on the wrong day. (Expanded on another sheet): Mother asked the teacher if she could put Patsy in the afternoon class, in an emergency. Pat in the same room, tables, all the children were different. The teacher resentful. Sandbox, slide, stood and made mound of slide, patted it. Frightened. Shadows were different. The sun came in different. It was her first intimation that the same thing could be different. Milkman with cartons. baskets. She loved kindergarten, the toys, things to write on, all on her own--but today she had no friends, a mean teacher--Jeckyl and Hyde
 --the day mom vacuumed and really straightened for guests (Pat's story of our keeping all our stuff on the rug, the toy chest--then company, the rug all clear
 --cleaning the "window seat"
 --sitting on mantle listening to Orphan Annie and the Singing Lady; Mom and Dad yelling at us to come to supper
 --the 3 cornered closet in the dining room that we'd put our coats in and the door would scarcely close
 --the day Craig tipped over the corner cabinet (JJ: he did it twice)
 --egging Mom for her bacon after we'd gobble ours up (JJ: I remember her giving it to Craig, when we were old enough to try to shame him)

--(JJ: do you remember eating uncooked chocolate pudding with toothpicks to make it last forever?) (Lazy Daisy cake? That fruit salad and whipped cream dessert frozen into refrigerator trays?)

--Dad at the head of table serving; Mom down by door

--sitting on register in morning--putting on long underwear--putting on long stockings over it and hitching up to garter belts

--the humidity pans sitting around; the smell of wet clothes drying around the house on washday

--Mother playing the piano all the time--all the nice tunes

--Mom's sick headaches (JJ: the migraine. They quit when she hit menopause.)

--barefoot through cowyard to tank. Mom dousing our feet before we came in the house

--the black dining room table with the knobs for feet--played "cow" underneath. hang blankets all around, tunnels of them, huge network, covered the living room

--the brown rug in 3 sections in living room. The melodeon.

--(JJ: remember smearing horseradish on the big red chair Jo read in, because she hated it so?)

--how long it took to do dishes. The scum in the water. I (Pat) chose to wash because Joan was always so slow

--Dad sitting on Joan's violin

--(JJ: I remember you and Jo playing a 2 violin piece called "Tit for Tat" and I thought it was wonderful. Even had words. I can still sing some of it. Also "In Elizabethan Days, one of you played.)

--Cold upstairs--the cozy comforter on Jo's and my bed (JJ You had two beds that I remember--so we could play "round and round")

--lies I told--the crack on wall I claimed to have made. the attic hole in Jo's and my closet

--wallpapering days

--procession of maids

--climbing tree in front--also pine trees

--sleeping on sleeping porch and making rabbit patterns out of tree

--iris tending

--telling Craig how kindergarten would be

--dance we made up over footstool

--playing Tarzan--Jackie the bear. Joan Tarzan, Pat the mate, Craig the "boy"-- Mom's fur coat

--Joan always late for taxi--the big rush

--peeking through the bathroom keyhole at tall, long, lean colored maid

--Christmas morning

--the drawers that always stuck in upper hallway

--Mom and Dad's clothes in hallway long closet

--Dad in Mom's little bed occasionally

--Craig crying for bottle in crib--Jackie and I in little bed wishing he'd stop

--**brainwashing about her pie ???**

--**watching Gram make bread on marble table; piedough for Bounce**

--Ernie's rotten ear

--the warmth of Grampa at the big long dining table with all the men

--the hugeness of Gram's house

--(JJ's addition? Gram couldn't boil eggs right)

--**row cycle, round barn sidewalk (JJ: wht was the diff with Irosh mail? Did we have both?)**

--stirring molasses

--**hay wagon ships**

--**the wind through the door on windy nights**

--**the vines on the chimney (JJ: full of sparrows)**

--dancing class

--strep (?) shoes--Murklands wouldn't fit me round toes any more

--**(Ask Pat about this. Pat, was this at Chez Nous?): Dad standing on the table in his underwear to clean the chandelier--he fell--the ammonia went flying, over snapshots--**

--the mangle

--toys all over living room

--old upright piano, always out of tune

--Mittens in bed

--little white dog that was dropped (??)

--Jip, Shep

--climbing silo; broken rungs

--Mother making Craig roll his arches on pop bottles

--**making an elaborate raft and finding it too heavy to drag to the creek**

--**sitting on the ice chunks in the ice house**

--**Mad at Caryl Johnson, and her fther--she drank chocolate milk free at the farm, while Pat wasn;t given even a piece of bubble gum when she was visiting**

--**rolling down the barn slope in a barrel (Pat, tell me about this--you say elsewhere it was an ugly feel--barrell went careening--)**

--Mother's green salads, orange color dressing

--hiding cards when Grampa and Gramma came

--xmas card Joan wouldn't let me color

Lake

--mudpies and beer bottles at lake

dumbwaiter , my bed location, Dad and Mom's sojourns to the "inside" bedroom

--arrested for morons

--Buddie and Laurie--pretzels--marshmallows--sandfort

--boatloads of us going to island--goat

--belching contest with Craig

--paper dolls at lake --jeeps

--the fun of all the "guests" that came--the Boydens, Ruckmans, etc. Josephine H. G.

(???JJ--The only one I can think who fits these initials is Josie at the farm--Hertzel

Griffiths. I don't rmember her the lake at all and she was always Josie. I remember the

Creightons and Jennie Schrage and Uncle Will, Jane let's go for a boat ride, and Dorothy Beemer with was it Skippy? Some Trevers--Ruth?)

--throwing cat into bushes (??)

--Paul swimming around lake

--public beach at n. end of cottage row, also s. end--the ice cream place--

--Buddy and Lory, the fort (???)

--the lady and her flowers, Butter the goat having to be boated round

--rain and roll curtains coming down

--reading on our beds (rest hour) (libr books Dad brought)

--Alice Wells. The ant colony by her house her mom so scared of

--how I decided to wear underpants (JJ: what's the story here????)

--turning boat over

--catching turtles

--swimming through the weed barrier

--fishing with Dad

--running on sharp stones to toughen feet

JJ: We always said our prayers, I remember esp at the lake, for we'd forget, then somebody remember, so we'd say them to ourselves prefaced by, "Say 'coup' when you're done." (Why coup? WJ's word?) The order: (correct me)

Started with Gentle Jesus meek and mild--

then we named every one to be blessed

then came the song, Father we thank thee for the night

and finally the Lord's prayer.

4 parts--any more?

Dear Pat, August 8

Typed this list out July 15 but never got it sent to anybody. maybe there's still time to tell some of these rememberings to your grandkids. I have other stuff of yours here and in

Spfld, but not organized. Your story on aft, kindergarten is here, in a booklet you made Mom, makes me weep! What sensitivity, recall. We should never underestimate little kids.

(Cressie isn't much interested in my rememberings!) (I read her a book of rememberings I wrote out when I was 14--there are alot in it that are the same as yours. I'll get it typed and xerox it for all of us in the fall. Maybe with more of yours. IF I have the time and get organized. In awhile, anyway.)

I've kept my nose to the grindstone here all summer, exc time with Cress, exercising, and communal pot-lucks. Leave here in a week, Tues. the 15th. Classes start the 21st. I keep doing dumb things like teaching new classes. I've refused to do schoolwork all summer, so I'm not prepared.

Demi's in the area, looking for a place to live--she took a job in N. Vt. She stops by--I'm tending her cat, and its a Cox and Box situation with my animals. Sigh. Lots of news, but I won't take time to write it. Love,

I never coveted your lake bed. I much preferred MINE.