

"Memories of Home"

Some 50-60 years ago. When I was a barefoot girl on the farm, on Jennings road, with seven brothers & sisters all beginning ^{with} M. I would help plant the garden, milk cows, cool the milk, luged potatoes hoe beans, shock wheat, pick cherries & strawberries, drive the horse on the string to pull grain up in the mow.

And take the milk pails and buckets and our fish poles, go back down the lane to the woods and pick wild black berries and red raspberries. That Mother would con. stop at the wood bridge that cross the creek, which ran thru the back of the farm to fish. and rest.

on our way back to the house. When dad would take wagon load of apples to the cider mill and come home with barrels of cider and big crocks of apple jelly and apple butter.

We would take turns in doing the nighty chores such as fill the wood box, bring in the kindling fill the ~~kerosene~~ lamps and lanterns

gather the eggs, feed the chickens.

In the spring all the little chickens and those darling little yellow ducks. The first ripe tomatoes from the garden was always mine.

The home made bread, fried biscuits salt pack

When Uncle Wiers kids would come over and Maiba pop huge dish pans of pop. corn in that little black kettle, we would have pop-corn and apples. by the heat from the wood stove and light of the kerosene lamps.

How I wish I had the old organ that sat across the corner in the front room and the wind up Victrola that Grandma Sheldon danced hours by when she lived with us.

The big Collie dog "Tope" that would go either to the woods or creek flats to bring the cows, By dad standing on the porch and sending him on his way. He never missed a cow.

Every Sunday night we had our usual treat "Toaps + milk" with brown sugar. Yes we loved them

13/ The threshing days with all the men
for dinner, was really a big day
for us.

The butchering day was another treat
Aunt Amy and Mother cleaning fat
from the insides, frying it out for
lard, baking of the pigtales.

I can still see all those pigs hanging
in a row all night, before Dad ~~to~~ took
them to market.

The making of sausage, mincemeat,
sauerkraut, and liver sausage.

Smoking hams in the old smoke
house by the orchard gate, making
soap in the big black kettle.

How we used to look forward to
seeing Aunt Mary Richards and John Richards
Henry Sherwood. John Rubenman. The
night he came with the big truck
loaded with chicken crates, scared
us half to death.

John Henry who always stayed with
us, when the folks went away.

He would have a sack of candy in
his pocket, and give us one pe.
at a time. His only way of travel
was a bicycle, and he didn't have
a lock in his head.

4 Yes and Uncle Elmer, walking down
the road. I can see them sitting
behind the stone, tapping our shoes
And he always repaired all the harness
and slept in the hay mow. ~~then~~
Grandma Mueller lived with us
and had that east room at the top of
the stairs, she kept busy knitting our
mittens and mending.

When Johnny was born, another boys
names beginning with M. had to ^{be} found
and Mother couldn't seem to find one.
So Grandma said "Just call him
Johnny", and as you all know to this
day. he is still called Johnny by
most of us.

The day I left ^{him} out front by the
purple lilac tree, and Aunt Minerva
took him from the buggy and put
him up stairs in Grandma room
and told me the Gypsies had come
and taken him, because I didn't
want to watch him, and how
we hated those Gypsies, scared to
death of them.

When Johnny and the other kids
would play in the corn crib
and dress up in long cloaks & high hats.

The night I went home with Eva Curtis instead of coming home from school and when I came home, you put me across your lap and spaked me with the cake pan. Because that was what you had in your hand, when I came home hours late.

When Dad would fill the sleigh with straw and Mother would heat the flat irons and bricks and pack all of us in the sleigh with the irons & bricks and blankets to keep us warm. and stop to pick up the Hendrick family off to the Bristol Church to the revival meetings we would go.

The doll clock-pin social at the Church, when Bill Hendricks got my doll. so he couldn't eat supper with me. I sang "Silent Night" and Marquette motioned it.

The Christmas program at the Hill school. and I had those black and white. Button shoes and a plaid dress, my favorite color "red" I was really dressed up!

My sixteenth birthday party. when Harold Papp the milk tester and I were fooling on the couch and

6 broke the east window, that some night, the crank slips from Leo's car and split his upper lip open.

The day I came home from school Maused Cousins threw the baseball bat back to far and hit me in the eye. I still have the scar.

The swimming hole at the creek. where Pansy Smith drowed from the top of the bridge and cut her head.

"Russell Cardant" my school day
"Sweet heart" One of my fondest memories.
The day Dad took Melvin with a load of grain to town

Mothers and I met them, we took Grandpa Sheldons horse and buggy

Had our lunch in the Alley, back of Haverdy Store on So Saginaw.

What did we have? Crackers - cheese
Bologna and fig Newtons of course.

On our way home, a car hit Mother & I in the back of the buggy and broke Mothers finger. I jumped out and was frantic.

The first car Dad bought from Mr. Glass at Swartz Creek. "A Ford" and Mother would give Melvin \$50 & to go see his girl

2 Then when he come home he would
pull the wire in the motor so I
could start it, to drive $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles
to the store on the corner of Hill and
Terry road.

The family reunion at Thread Lake Pk.
and Aunt Hattie would always have a
piece for us to speak. That was a
day we really looked forward to.

The 25th mock wedding we had for
the folks. When we remarried them.
When Marguerite ran away from home.
Byron, always saying "Well" whenever
he was corrected.

The horses running away.

Going to school with milk on my shoe
Grandma Mackler wearing her skirt
wrong side out at my home wedding.
Yes and many more memories of
home. The good old days back on
the farm.

Some 50 - 60 years ago.

Thyler Mae 1908 - 1969

March 30, 1969

Dear Mother:

I have been asked to write a memory letter to you. The dictionary says "Memory is that faculty of the mind by which it retains the knowledge of previous occurrences, facts, thoughts etc." I must admit my memory is not as keen as it used to be, however, there are so many happenings in one's life that can never be erased from the mind.

I believe one of the first things I can remember was when I was about 5 years old and that was taking a quart of milk to grandma and grandpa Sheldon when they lived in the "little house", and always getting a fair warning to walk on the railing of the bridge and not look at the water.

Then of course when we were old enough we automatically fell into the daily work of the farm and household, and believe me there was lots of it. No partiality, no deferments and no previous experience was necessary! I don't know who made out the work sheet, but I do know we all had an assignment such as bringing in the "chucks" chips, kerosene and water from the milk house when the old pump froze up. Oh yes the cow had to be milked twice a day too! What ever happened to Mother's cow? What ever happened to the black cow? - I know the old black cow was.

The hot summer months brought on the

hardest work. The rainy days were sure always welcome, but, there wasn't enough of them! The summer storms were frightening - that black west sky was a cyclone for sure and the kids were put to safety in the cellar.

The garden wasn't half the fun that one is now, but I will say it had the richest soil in Genesee County, the weeds seemed to grow overnight.

Then of course the butchering, thrashing and making soap. The only ingredient I can remember in making soap was lye. I still think it was better than "Pond D". The all day session of going to town or cranking up the old Ford to go to Swartz Creek for a plow point was so exciting.

I must not forget to mention the bald escape I made from "Key" the hired man. Today it might make headlines, back then it was shameful and kept on closed circuit.

My days at Hil School are memorable too, with the long underwear, ribbed stockings, elastic garters, mittens, muffs, scarves and what have you, and how we all rushed to the road to get a ride with Mr. Schultzees when he took Gertrude and Mildred Colkins to school in the one seated buggy. We were packed in there deep and some rode on the steps.

Going to Swartz Creek to write the 7th & 8th grade exams was a powerful challenge. no grades were issued, you were either promoted or not promoted. I have my 7th grade promotion that you saved for me.

I remember there were two weddings and a mock wedding solemnized in the old farmhouse. The first was Myrtle and Bill. They worked so hard to make the beautiful archway in the living room for them to stand in for the wedding. But the preacher made his entrance first and he stood there. . . I can't remember much about the mock wedding for you and Dad on your 25th wedding anniversary - it seems Bill acted as the minister. Then of course when Myron and Claribel were married. Wasn't it Darle that strewn the rose pedals for the bridal path from the kitchen to the living room? And Nyda sang "Pale Hands" with no music.

I started my high school days at Grand Blanc in 1928. Rode with Allen & Bruce Cousins in their old "Model T" for 50¢ a week. I remember I was so worried about getting lost in that big building, but, I was richly blessed and 4 years later I walked out the front door with a diploma in my hands.

It was about 1930 that you got the "Atarshi-Kent" radio and that was the turn of the century. We could play it only 5 to 10 minutes at a time to save the battery. He would turn it up full volume, I guess to let the neighbors know we had a radio.

In the year of 1932 I entered nurses training with the help of a \$50.00 loan from Melvin to buy my first books and uniforms. I can't remember which one it was that insisted on playing that sad hymn on the victrola before I left, but I do remember it.

was a sorrowful day when I packed and went to the Nurses home to live for 3 years. These 3 years were lean ones, financially - but not too different from my high school days working for my room and board and washing silverware in the Cafeteria for my lunches, still it was a lot better than forking beans or shucking wheat!! . . . I still think I owe Milvin interest on that \$50.00 loan!!!

I finished my Nurses training Sept. 12, 1935, and as was the custom at our morning chapel service the girls sang "God be with you 'til we meet again" I slept outwardly and must admit I dreaded to leave the "Old Alma Mater" I came out on a sad note as I had entered.

It has been said that girls go to school to get their M.R.S. degree - I got mine January 16, 1937, and became Mrs. George Ward for which I am most proud. Adding to this we have 3 wonderful children that has filled our lives with more pleasure and joy than one could hope for. We are a growing family now with 2 charming daughters. In-law who has given us 2 of the most adorable sweet grandchildren on earth and a devoted and thriving son-in-law.

I can only say my remembrance will be a monument based on the virtues, merits and undying love of parents who lived.

If I may borrow from Bob Hope this theme song and just say "Thanks for the Memory"

All My Love

Middled

From Maurice

Dear Mother:

Memories are like snowflakes and fingerprints. No two of them are exactly alike.

No matter how close two people are or how deeply involved in the same event, their memories of it later will vary. I want to jot down a few as I remember them.

Maybe it was because I was small at 5 or 6 years old, but the snow seemed deeper in those years. Dad took us to Hill School by sleigh and sometimes, walked ahead of us breaking a path for us to follow. Yet, the snow almost to the top of the fence posts, had a crust which seemed to usually hold us up.

The deep snow didn't seem to keep Roy Calkins at home. He might spend the whole day at our house playing Euker and sip the hard cider.

Those winters were really cold even tho we kept three wood burning stoves burning. How I hated filling the wood box and the overflow in the end of the kitchen, make sure there was kindling for morning, fill the kerosine can, and bringing up coal from the basement to the top of the stairs. All this had to be done before dark or before I could go skating or sleiding on the hill.

Then there was the Spring. Grass was green and the cows were let out in the pasture. Guess it was the fresh green grass that made the cow manure so sloppy. It was everywhere -- barn, barnyard and down the lane. The pump had now thawed out and the manure could be taken away from under and around the house.

School was soon out and some of the crops were being planted. During the plowing season we almost hoped for a plow-point to break. This meant a trip to Lennon and sometimes even ate lunch in the car on the way. We would buy bologne, cheese, crackers and even the "store bought cookies." Any play time had to be worked around my trips to the field with a 2 quart Mason Jar filled with cold water for Dad and once in a while a plug of Yankee Girl.

Besides de-bugging the potatoes, chopping thistles, white-washing the cow barn and helping to sharpen mower blades I did my share of goofing off -- fishing at the creek and swimming so often at the bridge. When we came up from swimming - and starved - we would see on the kitchen table six or eight loaves of freshly baked bread and sometimes have

a gallon of peanut butter or just plain oleo---even tho we had not yet broken the bubble and colored it.

Where did we ever get the old Organ that I used to Play? How I wished we might have kept it but I suppose it was used for firewood. This was about the time we had the old "Aladin Lamp? -- the one we could never keep the mantles on hand.

The good eating came in the fall at butchering time. It seemed better than the "fish days" when Frank Tahash peddled herring. Didn't you and Aunt Amy get awful tired of whatever it was you did to get lard? That old black kettle that Dad dipped the hogs in would look mighty nice in my front yard. How about those dressed hogs on the front porch and then dragging them in the dining room at night?

Those hams and shoulders - home smoked - were really good. And the sausage and pan cakes but then the special Sunday Night delight----- Foads and Milk.

I often remember the old basement in the fall. The potato bin was full, carrots in sand in the barrel, squash, cabbage, eggs put down in water-glass and the home-made saurkraut. There was row after row of canned fruit and vegetables, and the barrels and barrels of apples of all kinds. The pop-corn and walnuts were drying out in the attic.

I can remember some lonely week-ends as I grew older. Seemed that the others could all go away but me. But the good ones were when the Bill or Myron McCormicks came or when Aunt Nell and Phil came from Detroit. Course we would not forget to mention the extended visit of "The Famous Musical Barnhart Family Band".

There are many many more things I could recall -- like the Family Reunion at Lakeside Park, and the Hill and Crocker Reunion, the visits we made to Aunt Oress and Aunt Amy's, the potluck suppers at church, grocery shopping on Tinton Road and back to Aunt Flora's for lunch, going to George Kirby's, my last days of school, my first job with GM, and then the induction into the Air Force and the almost daily letters I received from you, Ev's first trip home with me, your visit to Cincinnati, my Discharge from service, our wedding and then how you and Dad stayed with us on Chev. Ave.

And do you remember the beautiful box of things you bought at Hudsons for Lyann? The yellow bunting for her first winter.

Your life and our life has been rich and full of goodness. We have had the normal sorrows but they have been outnumbered by the blessings of God. We children have enjoyed with you a memorable life----and are so happy to help celebrate this, your 85th Birthday.

*With Love,
Maurice*