

These are brief memories of episodes in my life that come to mind from time to time. The details are as I remember them now, but if anyone remembers them differently, they are welcome to add their version of it, as my memory is beginning to slip in my dotage!

#### Potato Pancakes

My mom made the best potato pancakes, and I have never been able to find any as good in a restaurant anywhere (or make them as good myself). She would grate potatoes, add a little salt, some eggs, sour milk, baking soda and a little flour to thicken the batter just right--sort of soupy but not too thin--I think that was the key. Then she fried as many as my dad wanted while we waited. When he was done, he would take over the frying while all the rest of us ate. It was the only thing I ever saw him "cook". The edges would be lacy and crisp and the middle was browned and done through--not doughy like restaurants serve.

#### Linda and the Marshmallow

One day, while Linda was no more than 6 months old and still in the nursing stage, I walked into the bedroom and saw that Betsy, about age 7, was keeping her happy--she was holding a marshmallow to Linda's mouth and the baby was sucking away at the delicious "milk". Need-less to say, we had a little talk about what babies can eat.

#### Running Away From Home

When Jim was about 13 and Ed about 10, Ed would pick on Jim, Jim would react, Ed would yell or cry and Jim got the scolding from Dad. One summer day, Jim told me "Dad always yells at me--I'm going to run away. He planned to load his floor model phonograph (given to us by Doctor Martin and maybe still in the playhouse in the country) onto his wagon (still in my garage here), hitch up his goat and take off. We had a talk about it and I said I'd better write a note for him because, if the county police saw him running away, they would just bring him back. I also assured him that Dad loves him and that I would talk to Ed and Dad about it. I guess he decided he would stay home after all!

#### Rides to School

When the kids were still going to grade school at Holy Redeemer, before busing, we would take turns with Albert and Sarah next door, driving to or coming home from school. There was quite a carload, with some way in the back of the station wagon, and I was always in a hurry to get back home. One day, they piled in and I started off across the parking lot when someone in the back yelled, "You forgot Kathryn!" I stopped and looked back--she was running after the car--scared she would miss the ride home. She was only in about 3rd or 4th grade. That had to be rather

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traumatic and I often wondered if she thought I left her behind on purpose. No, Kathy, it was just "brain overload" and I still suffer from that yet!

#### More Trauma

When Kathy was attending UW-Manitowoc, she began to get kooky phone calls from a guy who knew what she looked like (long hair) where she lived and other things about our family. He would say things like, "I'd like to cut off your hair and hang it on my wall." After a few of those calls, she would no longer answer the phone and was afraid to walk out to her car alone at the Center after night classes. I think she was even afraid to accept any dates for fear it may be the kook. Sometimes we saw a red van parked on the road where our road started.

After I had answered a few of those calls, I asked questions and the guy said he lived at a No 10 St address which I knew was not an existing one. I began to suspect it was the son of a guy who worked at Paragon with Hugo and also attended UW. He said his girl friend was a nurse and had long hair and wanted to know how to get the tangles out of it. At the next call, I said, "I know who you are and if you ever call again, I will report you to the police." He never called any more. The one I suspected did marry the nurse and is now a school teacher. If he was the guy, I wonder if he ever got over his kooky ideas.

#### Heating the Pool

When we had the swimming pool, Dad rigged up various ways to heat it. One was a 250 gal. tank filled with water and the sun would warm it. He also hung hoses or pipes up near the roof (clear plastic) so the sun would warm the water in the hoses. It would sometimes get quite hot and, one day while Ed was filling in the hot water, he got scalded down his leg. I don't remember going to the doctor, but I think we ran cold water over it and put on lotions, but it was sore for quite a while. Ed was also known for sliding off roofs and falling through rafters while building. He also lost his wallet while swinging on a vine in the Everglades--some alligator probably had an expensive tasty leather lunch!

#### The GTO, the Fiat etc.

Ann had her share of mishaps. Her first car, A fast, sporty GTO needed some work, which Hugo planned to do. She had a friend who was supposed to bring it to our house, but got confused about which was the right bridge to turn at in Shoto. After about 4-5 miles of not finding the "2nd" bridge she turned around and was hurrying back, missed a sharp left turn and "pancaked" the car in a grove--it was totalled!

Another time, she let Jim Held (her current boyfriend then) drive the Fiat. He had his dog in the back seat and it jumped

up. The forepaws caught the seat belt and almost choked Jim and caused an accident. Luckily, no one was hurt in either accident, but Dad gave everyone in the family good advice--never let anyone drive your car!

Ann had a few other traumas--a flasher (not the kind a car has!) in Milwaukee, noises in the attic above the apartment she was living in and probably others I never heard about.

### Engaged and Disengaged

Sue probably could write a book about her experiences. I can still picture when she came home from Illinois and introduced us to the guy she was going with. At the time, all her friends were getting engaged or married and she had gone with him back at UW-Madison, and took a job at the hospital in Barrington which was not far from where he had a job. He seemed like a nice Catholic guy, but was pretty hairy, beard and all. It didn't surprise us too much when she announced they were engaged.

But we were really surprised when, not too long after, she wrote and said the engagement was off! She met Andy playing with a volleyball group and knew she was engaged to the wrong guy. But I guess you know when you really love someone. Dad said he knew the first time he kissed me that he wanted to marry me--Wow! I didn't know my kisses were that potent!

### A Lesson

One morning when Bill was about 6 or 7, he picked up his books and lunch bucket and went down the back steps. At the door he stopped and called, "Mama----MAMA!" When I came to see what was the matter, he said, pitifully, "I can't open the door." I suggested he move the lunch pail to his left hand and then turn the knob with the right hand--didn't want him to start feeling sorry for himself. That afternoon, I saw an article in a magazine about a girl who was born without arms. She supported herself by creating beautiful pictures using the pencil, crayon or paint brush with her lips. I clipped out the article and gave it to Bill that night. I think he learned that while his handicap was inconvenient, it would not stop him from accomplishing all kinds of things in his life.

Of course, it didn't stop him from trying to take a short-cut over a tall fence with points on top, in Madison--as we learned when he came home with bandages as big as a boxer's glove on his hand that weekend.

### Dedication

One Saturday, when one of the older girls was expecting a boyfriend to come, Jeanne and, I think, Marilyn ran out to the

nal light on. I think they took their time coming back, but that night Jeanne had severe stomach pains, and she ended up having her appendix out. The surgeon made only a very small incision (below the bikini line, he said) and she was home from the hospital in about three days.

Since she was one of only two high sopranos in the UW-Manty chorus, and the spring concert was a few days later, she begged to be able to go and sing. I was concerned, but we went. She was in the back row, and she told me later that it hurt a lot, but she held her hand pressed over the area and made it through the concert. Her friends were amazed that she came when she had just had surgery. Such dedication!

WHY MOTHERS (AND FATHERS) GET GRAY

A Late Night Call

The Madison Hospital called in the middle of the night and someone asked, "Do we have permission to do surgery on your son?" (Jim 18) without saying it was only a minor cut which needed stitches. He had slipped on wet grass, reached for the car for support and the windshield wiper cut his finger.

Stalled

Ann was out with friends. About midnight she had taken them home and was heading for Two Rivers when her car stalled near the overhead on Waldo Blvd. A patrol car stopped and asked what was wrong, so she asked him if he could call Hugo. He did, but he only said, "Your daughter's car is disabled on Waldo Boulevard at the over overhead. Can you come and pick it up? Of course Dad said yes and we quickly dressed and jumped into the jeep with tow chains and rushed down, wondering if she had had an accident and if she was allright. She sat in the squad car, but the patrolman had not mentioned her and Dad was too excited and worried and half asleep to remember to ask. For more details, ask Ann!

Out of Gas

About midnight, the phone rang. I was still awake and quickly answered it so as not to wake Dad who had to be to work at 6AM. It was Betsy. "Mom, I ran out of gas. I'm just north of Hwy C on I-43. Do you think you could bring me some?" "I guess so," I answered. So I dressed, took a lantern, found a can in the garage and the key to the lock on the barrel of gas beyond the garage. With the hair standing up on my arms (I was afraid of the dark) and a prayer, watching the darkness around me, I managed to get a gallon ready, back the car out and head down the highway. Her car was easy to find, she poured in the gas, and we headed home and to bed. Can't remember what Hugo said in

the AM--or maybe I wasn't awake enough to tell him--but the episode was probably good for a couple more gray hairs. Anyway, I learned that the "dark" doesn't attack you.

The Phone Rang.....

When it starts like that, you know its going to be another one of those emergencies. Linda was living with Sue and helping with housework and caring for the kids. I think she was heading home for a weekend, watching for the place to get on the freeway, when a light changed and she tail ended the car ahead and injured her nose. I think Sue or Andy called and told us about it and that she was in the hospital, but okay. They gave us directions there and we drove down to Illinois to see her and to make arrangements for her car, etc.

Linda had been given a ticket (probably inattentive driving) and had to appear in court several weeks later, and Andy went along with her. The judge called a group up and said, "All those who plead guilty, go over to that desk"--pointing to one side. Most of the group went there to just pay their fines, but Linda wanted to tell the judge what had happened. When she did, he just said, "Case dismissed." and she didn't have to pay a fine.

BACK TO TRIVIA Jan. 26, 2003

I probably shouldn't record some of the things we did as kids, but maybe it will make you feel like angels in comparison. We were just "kids".

Making Rain

A elderly neighbor, George Z., whom we later learned was a relative, liked to walk over to Meyers Bar, two doors from us and "socialize". Much later, he would toddle home, stopping to rest on a bench in front of my dad's garage. One day, we climbed up on the garage roof with a bucket of water and lightly sprinkled water down on him. He held out his hand, felt the water and probably thought it was beginning to rain, so he got up and went home. I wonder if he ever realized that it had only rained just where he was sitting. Of course we thought it was hilarious.

The Small "Wedding"

Sometimes, in summer, we would walk along the railroad tracks eastward to pick wild strawberries (never brought many home) or flowers for the May altar we always had in spring. One time, we decided to "play wedding" even though there were only 3 of us.

I imagine Helen was the priest since she was the oldest, I must have been the bride and Marian the bridesmaid. We picked our bouquets of wild flowers and lined up at two of the adjacent

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proceeded with the "ceremony". I've told you, previously we had good imaginations!

Picking flowers for our May altar was always a spring activity. Spring beauties, anemones (may flowers) buttercups, trilliums, etc. abounded in surrounding woody areas. We didn't know you were not supposed to pick trilliums, and were told never to pick all the flowers in a cluster so they could reseed themselves for the next year. I suspect the flowers were sometimes quite wilted by the time we reached home about 1/4 mile away, but usually vases of water revived most of them.

#### The Grove

Across the fields north of our property, there was a small cluster of fir trees with an open area in the middle of them. We called it "The Grove" and pretended it was a town. I think Dorothy may have been still living then or Mom wouldn't have let us go the 1/2 mile or so away. Each of us chose one of the trees as our "house" and we would visit with each other and probably gossip about the neighbors! The present generation would probably think us weird, but they can't know what fun such simple pleasures gave us. The walks and learning about nature will never be forgotten.

#### Pea Time, Etc.

There was a Co-Op called The Equity on the north edge of Whitelaw accessible from a street between the church and cemetery and the bank. I have since learned that my grandfather, Peter Hartlaub, once owned all of downtown Whitelaw from the Post Office (which is now the St. Michael's School) and the cheese factory on the corner of S. He donated land for the cemetery where so many of my relatives from my mother's and father's sides are buried. Where the bank is now, he had a hardware store until a fire destroyed the building. Grandpa then became a well driller and he and my dad who ran the car dealership and garage were well known by many in the county as people who could fix almost anything that needed repair.

Due to carelessness on the part of the man who filled the underground tank with gas (he didn't put the cover on) and someone else tossing a cigarette, the garage burned down. I believe I have the desk that held the records of the shop and treasure it as a memory of dad.

In late spring, the farmers surrounding the village would harvest their peas, load them on big wagons and bring them to the Equity. It was customary, and very good of some of them, to slow down when going down the main street so the village kids could grab a

vine with a few peas on it from the back of the wagon.

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Dad seldom spoke about his years in service, but one time Chuck was up visiting Linda. Since he was interested in WW2, we got out Dad's scrapbooks and medals, etc. and he began asking some questions about things. One medal was for an incident that happened on one of the bombing runs. With the bomb bay doors open, the bombardier passes out and they called for a volunteer to go down into the bomb bay and bring him out. Dad volunteered, and with an oxygen mask went down into the bay. Unfortunately, before he could lift the man, his oxygen hose pulled out and he had to be rescued himself. But as soon as they attached the hose again, he went back down and rescued the bombardier.

While telling this to us and Chuck he became so agitated that it seemed like he was actually reliving the incident. I guess that's why he didn't talk much about those years.

He did keep a "little black book" listing the 31 missions he flew and many clippings from the "Stars and Stripes" paper they put out. Also he told us about a two week R&R (rest and recuperation) he had on the west coast of England with a family there. We thought about writing to them, but never got around to it. Another list was the addresses of the crew he was on--we did visit one who lived in Medford, tried to find some of the others and eventually got in touch with the pilot. They stopped to visit us when on a trip and later we visited them in Montana--we are still in touch at Christmas, and got to meet them at a 100th Bomb Group Reunion in Tampa and one in St. Louis, but none of the other crew members were there.

Just called Helen for her 79th April Fool's Day birthday and we had a great phone visit. More trivia will have to wait for another day!

## Halloween

Oct. 31 was always a fun time. When it almost getting dark, we were allowed to dress up in costume--I remember being a ghost with a old sheet, worn thin enough to see through in some spots. We would go to houses of people we know, trying to guess who the other kids we met were, and never missed the Sister's house. They always had cookies for us and pretended they were guessing who we were--I'm sure they knew us by our voices or size.

One year, the Brandl family--I think there were 9 kids--had a party for a lot of neighbor kids. The basement was fixed up very spookily, and I think we were blindfolded at first and had to walk through wet stocking hung up and sit on rickety chairs with holes in the seats. Then we could watch the others as they came in. I think that's where I got the idea of putting a piece of fur into kids hands and saying it was a mouse. I remember some screams. We played games for an hour or more and then had a great lunch and candy. Mr. Brandl was a blacksmith. They moved away, but I'll never forget that Halloween.

## The Post Office

Each weekday, we got to go to the post office to pick up the mail or paper. Mr. Heinzen (who was married to Louisa Meyer, my Grandmother's sister, was the postmaster and would get the mail from the depot when the train came by, so we always knew when it was time to go. At the post office, we were told to sit on chairs in the lobby, and sometimes Mr. Heinzen would show us how to play quiet games, like "Whispering", while we waited for the mail to be sorted. Mail was put into little boxes with a number on them, and when ours was in, I think we were allowed to open the door on the box and collect our mail--I only remember the games we played, as the older girls got to carry the mail.

## Flying High

One of the really exciting times I remember was when my dad built an airplane--it was just a sort of framework with wings, some kind of an engine in front and a propeller. A number of people came around when he decided to test it. We kids stood near the house while he revved it up, zoomed (well, that's what it seemed like to us) noisily down the gravel area between our land and Rhode's, lifted off and cleared the fence behind our garden. It was really exciting!! That is, until he sort of pancaked a short ways into the field. Luckily, he wasn't hurt, but the airplane was damaged and I think my mom convinced him not to build another one.



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liked the idea, and gave us permission to fix it up as it needed quite a bit of repair and redecorating. The first thing we did was replace all the very old wiring for safety sake, we sanded the floors and varnished them, put linoleum in the dining room and, on our honeymoon, ordered a rug we liked from another Gamble Store and had it sent to the Manitowoc Store where I worked. We also patched walls and wallpapered them. We had no pre-pasted wallpaper those days--had to make the icky paste. We covered a day-bed with plastic and rolled out the sheets to spread the paste, so it took up a whole evening finish the dining room.

When the job was done, probably about 1 A.M. we were taking a few minutes to sit (yes, SIT) on the daybed and rest and "smooch". After maybe about ten minutes, there was a sound like a broom handle rapping on the downstairs ceiling--we got the hint--I guess Mom couldn't sleep, worrying about what we were up to!

Another episode of her concern was when we had come in from a date. Hugo sat on a chair to visit with Mom awhile and I sat on his lap--after all, we were engaged. Well, I saw Mom's eye-brows sort of go up a little--apparently people didn't do such things in her younger days! Or maybe she had seen what happened to some who did and was just being protective of her young-uns!

#### Saint Louis Trip

When Aunt Tillie, who had worked in Milwaukee and in Washington D.C. decided to become a nun, she joined the order of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet. For awhile she was in Minnesota, but the weather was cold and unpleasant and she was often sick, so she left the religious life. Later, after working in several jobs--during one, I visited with her in Milwaukee for a week. We had a good time and I learned a lot about city life. I think she enjoyed it too because we kept in pretty close touch for many years.

The convent was still on her mind and eventually she rejoined the Sisters and was sent to St. Louis where the weather was more agreeable to her. She taught in a high school there. Well, we were invited to come down when she took her final vows, so we rented a fold-down camper, packed up the gang and went. I think it was about our first family trip and very interesting. We saw the big church--can't remember if it was the cathedral--and went up into the arch--the ride up was noisy and crowded and a bit scary, but the view was terrific. Setting up the camper was a chore, though, and I think that's why we decided to get a bus later!

I couldn't find a printed copy of my "Trivia" anywhere so maybe I was holding off printing it until it was all done--Ha Ha! That will happen when I can't type anymore or maybe when I can't remember all the exciting events that filled our lives!!!!!!!

by boat to Manitowoc. My dad had to borrow a number of wagons to pick it up and bring it to Whitelaw. It was put together by a Mr. Shamburek who was a cousin of Mom. After Hugo died, I saw the house put up for sale and decided to check it out. It was smaller inside than I remembered, walls were cracked and the basement had a waterline about 8" from the floor. I decided I didn't really want to live in Whitelaw where nearly everyone was related and knew each others' lives. I go to visit the cemetery a couple times a year and maybe a fishfry or such, but am glad I stayed where I am!

The Chimney Brick

The summer Hugo and I got married, we had quite a bad thunderstorm. One corner of our bedroom had the chimney running through it (downstairs there was a cabinet, such as many old houses had, on which the base of the chimney rested.) I was always afraid of thunderstorms since one had hit the mill and burned it down when I was about four. When I finally fell asleep, there was a loud crash that seemed like it was right in the room with us! I think I dived under Hugo, scared stiff! (He probably didn't mind!) We discovered that lightning had hit the chimney and knocked a brick loose which fell down through the chimney, blowing out the cover over the hole where a stove had been vented and leaving a very sooty mess, but no other damage.

Pumpkin Pie

On school mornings, I would put out several cereals, milk and other edibles, and bowls and glasses, spoons, etc. on the table and call everyone for breakfast, "Hurry up and eat so you don't miss the bus." Meanwhile I had lunches to make, books to find, kids to wake a second time, etc. and they would help themselves. Well, there was apparently some pumpkin pie left on the table (I know that's hard to believe!) but Linda and others had a piece.

Linda was in first or second grade. The teacher, in a lesson on nutrition, asked the students what they had for breakfast. It was just before recess, so, as each student raised their hand and responded he or she could leave the room. Linda raised her hand and said, "Pumpkin pie." After a second or so of hesitation, the teacher remarked, "Well that's a pretty healthy breakfast--the crust has grains, the filling has eggs and milk for protein and pumpkin is a vegetable!" I never did find out what her thoughts really had been, and was rather embarrassed when Linda told me about it. As for the other kids, some were probably envious and others thought she just made that up to get to go out sooner! We have a good laugh about it when we remember it now.

The Rap on the Ceiling

After Hugo and I were engaged, Mom's upstairs renter moved and we talked about renting that apartment after we were married. Mom

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had so many presents around the tree that it took up about 1/4 of the room. Every one gave everyone else a present and Santa brought a few, so it was pretty wild unwrapping everything. When Linda was about 4 or 5, Ann was taping the party for Jim who couldn't come for Christmas. Linda was next to her and the recorder was at her feet. For every present that she liked she would say "Wow", so the tape was funny with all the "Wows" coming in loud and clear.

Then there was the year of the Christmas pageant. The kids got together and put it on for us. Mary (I think it was Linda) came riding in on a donkey. Joseph (probably Ed) had talked Bill into making an a--I mean donkey of himself). They rapped at the Inn (closet door) and the innkeeper had no room and sent them to the stable. Mary discreetly delivered the baby Jesus (doll) from under her robe and the shepherds and the angels sang something like "Gloria in Ex Chelsis Deo" or "Silent Night". I was so overwhelmed--it was a Christmas to remember. Oh, I forgot, Kathryn, who had very long hair, braided it around a sturdy wire and turned the braids up like antlers. She had a red ball fastened on her nose. (Somehow I don't remember Rudolph being at the being at the stable, but if the oxen and donkey were there, he may have been.)

#### To Grandmother's House We Go

One summer day, Grandpa Grall had been to our house in Whitelaw and forgot his strawhat. Mom suggested we girls take it back to him because it was a nice summer day (and he was bald and might need it.) I think Dorothy, Helen and I went--(Marian was a baby). We walked to Highway S, picked up some apples to eat at the orchard Mom had rented from Uncle Louie. We went to the Schisl Lake corner and turned west on Hiershau Road. This road was named that after the town in Bohemia where many Whitelaw folks came from.

Up the hill was Grandpa's farm. Grandma was surprised to see us. She was just taking fresh bread out of her outdoor oven (outdoor ovens were used in summer to keep the house cool). She cut us each a thick slice with butter. It was so delicious. We took a different route home--west to the next corner, northward, till we saw a haystack in the field and decided to slide down on it. We wrapped our skirts around us (no slacks then) and had a great time, climbing up and sliding down. When we saw a car stop on the road, we ran the other way to the next road and half way home thinking it was the owner of the farm. When we got home we found it was mom, coming to look for us! This story in greater detail is in my folder of stories, called "The Haystack"--see that for more of our big adventure!

#### The Whitelaw House

Just recently, I learned from Lucy's ex-husband that the house in Whitelaw was a pre-cut, ordered from a catalog and delivered

mom was embarrassed and St Nick didn't know what to say, but he scolded Helen a little and gave us the candy anyway. Helen must have gotten a talking-to from mom, but I was probably too busy with candy to notice.

Christmas During the Depression

Those years must have been traumatic, but we kids didn't realize how poor we were. I remember when I got a new pair of shoes for school one year. They were tan and had crepe soles and cost a whole dollar! I loved those shoes and wore them until they got a hole in the top--probably several years until I outgrew them. We never wore shoes at home unless we had company or went to church or shopping in Manitowoc.

The Christmas I most remember was when I was eight and I got my first (and only) doll. It had eyes that would open and close. At our house, on Christmas eve, we had to stay in the kitchen while Santa came and mom would help him trim the tree. We would try to see something through the keyhole, but the tree was in the living room around the corner, so all we could see was mom walking through the dining room here and there. After Santa left the gifts under the tree, we could come out and see the beautiful job he did. I still have a few of the ornaments and some candles. We didn't have lights and I don't think Mom ever lit the candles.

When we had opened our gifts--usually one per child--and were done oohing and aahing, mom would send us to the dining room where she had set out her best green plates and cups with our "goodies"--an apple, an orange, some frosted cut out cookies, (she must have made while we were in school) and usually a candy cane and a few other pieces of candy. She must have had to stretch the budget for even that because those were hard times and some people didn't even pay my dad what they owed for work he did for them.

One of the fun Christmases we had at Woodview Lane was the year we had the "big tree". Hugo had planted rows of trees about a foot tall along the west fence and as they grew big enough, we would pick one for our Christmas tree. That thinned them out and left room for the rest to grow. Eventually, most got too tall and we would cut off the top of one for our tree. The rest of the tree would then form a new top and continue growing.

One year, we chose one that may have been hit by lightning or was somehow damaged so that it had 5 branches on the top. It was so big that we had to spread those 5 branches out along the ceiling. They looked pretty unique when they were trimmed. That may have been the year when the kids wanted to put a small tree up on the roof to make it look like the big one grew all the way up through the upstairs and attic.

Can't remember for sure, but that may have been the year when we

## "Our" Trees

There were three trees on our front lawn. We weren't afraid of heights and loved to climb up in them. Each of us chose a tree and called it ours and we would visit each other. Sometimes we would sit on the branches and talk, and I think we probably gave the neighbors something to talk about because we would hang from a lower branch and swing or even do some gymnastics--and there were no such things as slacks those days.

## Paper Dolls

An activity that kept us busy on winter days when we lived at Branch was playing with paper dolls. We didn't have the real ones you could buy at the store, but my folks would buy the Sunday paper with colored funnies, and when they were done with it, we would cut out figures, preferably in bathing suits or shorts and find heads we liked to paste on the bodies. Then we cut out clothes from old catalogs or magazines and made them fit the dolls. Often we drew our own clothes for them. We would put the table boards across the arms of our chairs and have them dressing for various occasions and holding conversations with each other! Those were fun and creative hours.

Just a couple days ago, I was going through a drawer of some memorabilia and found my favorite paper doll, with her clothes, in an envelope. Also in the box were valentines and love letters from Hugo. Sure brought back a wealth of memories.

## The Garden

Mom always liked to have a garden and we sure did our share of weeding. At Branch, the land was mostly red clay, so the garden was quite small. (We didn't have a tiller!) The thing I most remember was the year I was a freshman at Woodrow Wilson. The clay was good for carrots because it held moisture, but it was hard so they didn't get very long. One, though, must have found the perfect spot--it was about 10 inches long and the top was about four inches wide! I was so amazed at it, I took it to school and showed it to Miss Schmidt, the science teacher. I think I gave it to my English teacher, Miss Muth. She had come to our house once when they had teacher visitation and was always very nice to me.

## St. Nick

The German custom of celebrating St. Nicholas eve was one of the days we liked. One year, Mom arranged for one of her cousins to wear a beard and long coat to play St. Nick and come and give us candy. I suspect Helen, who was older, figured out who he was or at least that he wasn't a real saint. When he told us to kneel and say a prayer if we wanted candy, Helen said, "Hail Mary full of grace. What's the matter with your face?" I'm sure my

MORE TRIVIA MEMORIES P11 PLUS

The Pickle Factory

My mom raised pickles for a little more income. We didn't like picking them because they were prickly, but sometimes had to help her. When we were done, they were put into bushel baskets and set into our wagon and it was our job (and our pleasure) to haul them to the Equity (co-op) about two blocks away. Then the guy who worked there would dump them into a sort of box at the head of a conveyor belt which had slots of different sizes. The pickles would dance around and fall through the slots of the right size into boxes below. It was fun to watch the process. The small pickles paid the most, so we had to pick often so as not to have many big ones. When we brought the money home, Mom would give us each a few pennies and we would run to the store a few doors away and spend it on candy. The same candy, now, would cost 25 cents!

A favorite game was hopscotch which we played on the gravel driveway, often with neighbor kids. We used various things to throw into the squares, but a favorite were mower blades that dad had in the garage because they would dig in to the gravel and not slide out of the square. That worked fine until a neighbor boy threw his while one of us was bending down to pick up hers and got a cut on the head. New rule--no mower blades! Other games were Red Rover, tag, and post office!

Pony Ride

One of the girls we knew who lived east of Whitelaw had a pony and one day she asked if I wanted a ride. I guess I was pretty small--the horse seemed huge when she helped me up on it and I was scared I'd fall off. She walked it slowly, though, and I survived!

St. Michael's School

Our school was next to the church and had four rooms with two grades in each room. I really enjoyed learning, especially the reading part. Sometimes some sisters would play ball with us at recess. It was strange to see them lift their long skirts a little and run for the bases.

When mom was in school, they didn't have a fifth grade one year so they moved the two smartest ones from fourth grade up to fifth and she was one of the two. Later, when my sister, Dorothy was in school, she skipped a grade once, too, so she must have been a good student. Too bad she died of a burst appendix and didn't get to graduate.