



TIME ON MY HANDS

By: Mrs. Fred Richards

A few of my friends and I were reminiscing the other day about the so-called "Good old days." I had an idea that you might enjoy some of the things of which we were reminded.

For instance - How many of you remember the dam that was just back of the mill? It was used to furnish power for the mill before the present power house was erected.

How many of you remember -

When Lawndale had street lights?

When our town could boast of a swimming pool and a theater? Grandpa Blanton (Father of Jim), Mrs. Lilly Cloninger Mrs. Bess Richards, etc. were keepers of the pool). Will Fox reeled off those wonderful western thrillers at the theater.

I remember when well-meaning mothers tied a little bag of asafetida around their children's necks to prevent them catching contagious diseases. It seemed to get results. I don't

know whether the germs just couldn't endure the smell, or perhaps the other children couldn't get near enough to give them any germs.

Do you remember 'way back when you either courted in day light or you courted in the family parlor? You (if you were a girl) took your beau in the parlor, leaving all the doors open. You seated him on one end of the sofa. You sat down on the other. You pulled your skirts down, just so, and prepared for a gay afternoon of looking at the family album, or looking through the stereoscope (If you were the proud possessor of one). If you wanted to be real daring, you'd get in a few hot licks at the console of the family organ before Papa shouted in to remind you that you shouldn't play and sing such wicked songs as "Sweet Adeline" or "Red Wing" on the Sabbath. Little brother would pop out of the most unusual places, at the oddest times, to nip sweet romance in the bud. A few years later the swains devised a plan to get rid of Junior. They'd get some couples together and go kodaking. This usually took them up to Sulphur Springs, by way of Maple Creek bridge (I'll bet the two or three bridges that have spanned that creek in the last thirty years have been photographed more times than Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt).

Remember the odd styles that were featured? Little boys wore their hair cut in a butcher boy bob. They wore tight little short pants and great billowy blouses, puckered up with a draw string at the bottom. Little girls and boys wore stockings. In the winter they wore "long-handled" union suits stuffed down in them. I remember how embarrassed I'd be when a hole would come in my black stockings and the white would show through. One of the first hair styles for women that I remember was effected by combing the top hair back over a large rat, and combing the side hair down over a rat placed over each ear (These were called cootie-garages), the remaining hair was drawn to the back and twisted into a bun at the back. If little boys happened to have curly hair, it was allowed to grow and grow (because he looked just too precious in curls to allow them to be cut) Remember how mothers stood outside the barber shop (because they couldn't bear to see the darling lamb shorn) when the boy finally grew big enough to have a say-so in his own defense?

Wasn't it grand to be a child? We didn't think so at the time. But do you remember the delicious feeling you had the first time you were allowed to go "bare-footed" -- the gravels tickled, but my, how good the cool soft earth felt.

Did you ever smell anything that smelled half as good as the house did after spring cleaning? Spring cleaning was really something back when I was a child. Everything was carried out of the house and cleaned. The house was scrubbed from top to bottom. The straw ticks were emptied (You only had mattresses on the Company bed, and they were as hard as rocks), washed and refilled with new sweet straw. If you had been real good, you were allowed to wash your feet and climb upon that

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