

# Grandparent Whicker's Childhood Memories

What Was It Like When We Were Little?



GpaWlk and GmaWlk



Merry (Late) Christmas

January 2007

all I will Love Eternally.  
Grandma and Grace

# Grandma and Grandpa's Memories as Children

To All of Our Grandchildren



With Love,  
Gma Wik and Gpa Wik



## C IS FOR CLOTHING!

**SHOES** - We had two types of sneakers for boys, hightops and lowtops. They were all black and white. Girls wore Saddle shoes or penny loafers, NOT tennies! Before we were in High School, boys wore only leather shoes to school. Grandpa wore **BOOTS** as soon as he could afford them!



**PANTS** - Girls **ONLY** wore dresses until we were in High School. Even then pants were worn **JUST** for picnics, painting, cleaning the yard or gardening! In High School, our jeans were worn like in the picture. They were baggy and we rolled them up like that! Pedal Pushers for girls were a big item during our Junior High School year. Now they are back, but they are called Capris!



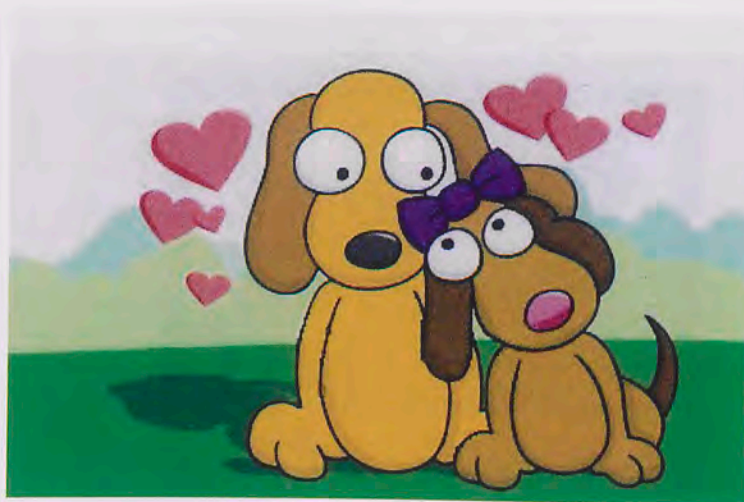
## POODLE SKIRTS & HAIR CUTS

Grandma had a skirt and a haircut, both called Poodles! They went together. My skirt was green, and I felt like a **QUEEN**!





**DATING** - Dates were usually a movie and popcorn. Prom night was a special night for us, but it was only a fraction of the cost that it is now! The girls had boutonnieres for the guys, and a corsage was delivered at the home of the girl during the afternoon. The boys picked the girls up about 7 p.m., we went to whirl to the Juke Box, the girls in their fluffy pastel gowns, the guys in their suits. We got to stay out until midnight, and we enjoyed a Sundae or a Root Beer on the way home. Grandma didn't get to go to the Prom at her own High School, as Grandpa went to another school, and even though we were engaged, it was against the rules for "outsiders" to come to our Prom! I was very unhappy, and my Daddy (Gpa C.) even went to see the Principal to explain to him. But the Principal said "Oh we can't bend the rules for 'Puppy Love'!" I always hoped we would have the chance to go and see him later and show him all of our little "puppies"! Grandpa's school wasn't so strict, so in 1951 we went to his Prom.

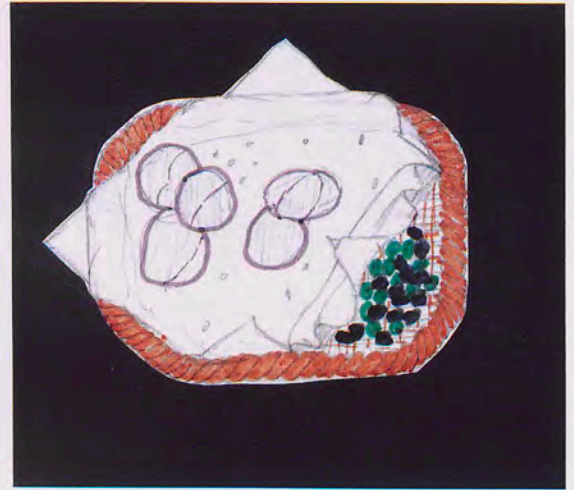


PUPPY LOVE?



FIRST FIVE  
PUPPIES





## OLIVES IN THE BREADBASKET

**EATING OUT** - We never ate at a restaurant when we were small. When Grandma was about 10 years old, I remember that very special treat about once every three months!

In 1950, when Grandparents Clodfelter and Grandma went on their very first real vacation to California (in our brand new Studebaker!) we had to manage our money very strictly. Grandpa C. gave each of the three of us \$3 a day and he let us decide how to spend that money on food. We could spend it in a grocery store and get more for our money, or we could eat at a restaurant once a day and snack the rest of the time.

One special day, Grandpa C. said we would all go to a really nice restaurant, so we had to save our money to have enough to pay for that one nice meal.

I skipped a couple of breakfasts to save up for this rare event!

There were five courses to that meal! We had never had a meal like that! Every time a new course came, they took away the serving dishes containing the earlier course! When the relish/salad course came, we realized that they were going to take it away before Gpa C. and I could have all the olives we wanted! Feeling sure they would leave the bread on the table for the whole meal, we hid a bunch





of olives under the napkins that lined the bread bowl! To our dismay, they DID take the bread bowl away and brought a fresh bunch of bread with the next course! What a surprise they must have had when they went to dump that bread dish with all the olives underneath! (I wonder if THEY ate them!)

“Why are these olives here?”



### E IS FOR EASTER

On Easter Sunday morning, the Churches in our area had us all meet in a beautiful place somewhere in the hills or mountains, at 5:00 A.M. for a Sunrise Service. It was SO early, but I loved being there, watching the sun come up from behind the mountains and thinking about our Savior rising from the grave. We sang Easter hymns and had a sermon by our preacher.

This picture looks a lot like I remember some of those mornings.

Mountain Sunrise at Eastertime





GRANDMA USED A FAN LIKE THIS IN CHURCH!

When Grandma was very small, I remember using a pretty cardboard fan to keep cool in church, because there was NO air conditioning, and I lived in Kansas where the summers were HOT and SWEATY! The fans were always in the hymnbook racks in the church. Some of the fans had pictures of Jesus when he was little, and some were babies or children, like this one. These two children have been fishing! All of the fans were all beautiful!



A FLASH CAMERA AND SOME FLASH BULBS

## AND "F" IS FOR FLASH CAMERAS AND FLASH BULBS!

When we had our pictures taken at a photographer's studio, he used a fancy BIG camera with a large, bright bulb! He had to put a black cape around his head so that he wouldn't have that flash in his eyes so many times a day. Sometimes the bulbs made very loud noises when they flashed! The first cameras could only be used outside in the daylight. When they made flash cameras for everyone to buy, they looked a lot like the camera in this picture when we were young.



When Grandma's Uncle David Rintoul owned a photography studio, he took our family pictures a lot. We couldn't afford a camera of our own. He used an old fashioned flash camera with the black cape over his head when he took this picture of me, and I remember my eyes hurting from that **BIG, BRIGHT FLASH** of **LIGHT!**



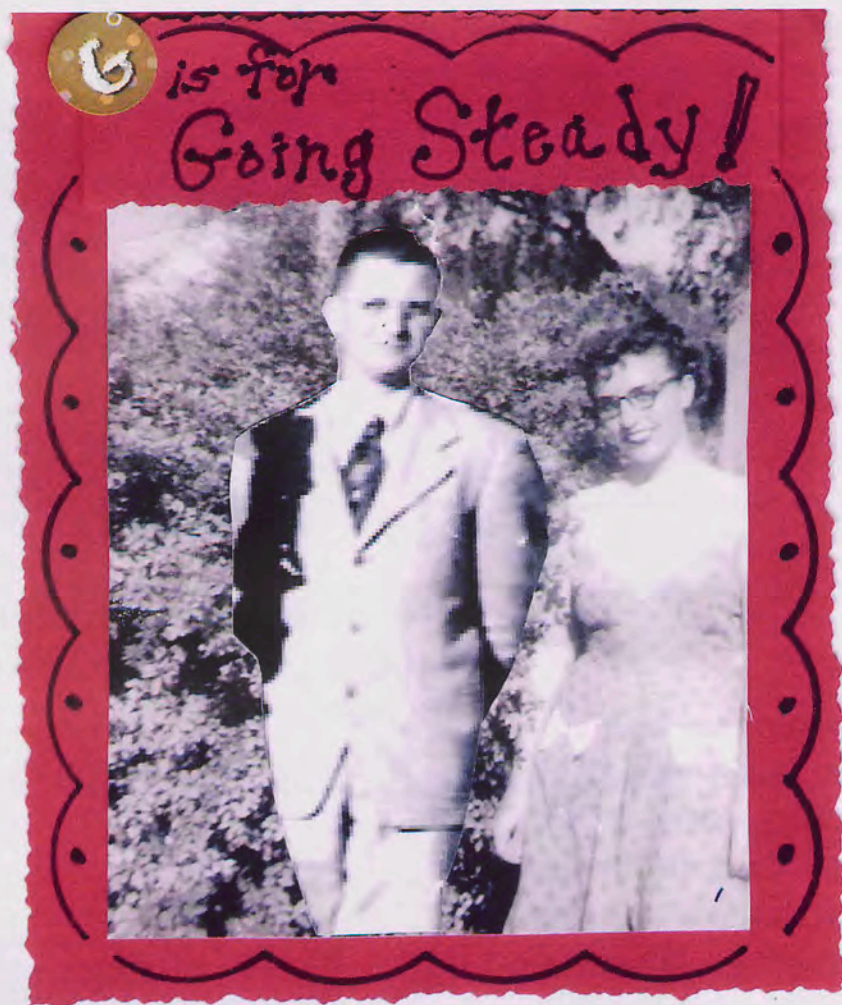
GRANDMA'S PHOTO TAKEN WITH A BRIGHT, LOUD FLASH CAMERA, @1937

During WWII, nylons for women were not available, but no "ladies" would go out with bare legs! I remember seeing older girls "paint" their legs with foundation make-up, or with a tanning lotion called a "bronzer". Then they would walk around their house with just their underwear on so that their legs could dry, and then a good friend would come to draw the line up the back of their legs with an eyebrow pencil, because all nylons at that time had seams up the back like this picture! When I started wearing them, I remember how hard it was for me to get the seams straight.... and that was **VERY** important!



"FAKE " NYLONS





GOING "STEADY" means something very much like "dating" does now. It meant that we didn't date anyone else. The girls got to wear the boy's LETTER SWEATER (if he had lettered in sports or music) when they were going steady. I was SO thrilled to wear Grandpa's red sweater from Central High School. It meant I was EXTRA SPECIAL! That sweater is pictured on the next page.

We went "steady" for about a year before we were engaged. The difference between then and now was that we were allowed to see each other one night a week, and all dates ended at 10:00 p.m.! Seeing your girl or boyfriend was a special luxury, not an everyday thing!

Grandpa worked 60 to 68 hours a week while going to High School, and I was busy with homework, chores and band, orchestra and my piano practice. Therefore, we didn't ever "hang out" with nothing specific to do!



The picture on the left is what we looked like when we were going "steady". At the end of that year, we became engaged, still only had one date a week at the very most. We were engaged one year before we were married. Below is a picture of that very special RED LETTER SWEATER!





## H IS FOR HANDLING MONEY!

Saving money was very important to our parents. A penny earned is a penny saved IS true, and my Daddy would NEVER have passed up a penny lying on the ground! Grandpa and Grandma C. were married during the Depression, and things were hard. Grandpa C's mother had put cardboard inside of his shoes each morning until they could afford new shoes. She hoped to keep as much moisture out as possible when he walked to school. He always was determined to NEVER let his little girl have to do things like that if he could help it.

His caution in spending money also demanded that he didn't buy anything that wasn't made well. It would take a very long time before he could find something that he felt was worth the price! I remember thinking that I would NEVER actually get a piano because we looked and he researched for so long, starting when I was 11 years old. I got my piano at age twelve, and it is the one that is in our living room now. It is 60 years old and still a very good quality piano! On the next page is a picture of it as it is now.

I remember getting some pretty ugly shoes, because they were "the best quality for the money! Finally the day came when I was allowed to pick out my own shoes, and I was SO happy! My Daddy warned me that they had to last throughout the school year, so if I picked a pair of pretty shoes, they might fall apart. But, deciding they were OK, I chose an attractive, low quality pair. It wasn't long before they looked shabby. My parents paid for as much repair as could be done, but I knew there would be no new ones until the next school year!





I remember in 6th grade, I got 25 cents a week and thought I was truly RICH! In High School, I got \$25 a month, but all of my clothes, school supplies and entertainment money came out of that amount. My Daddy opened my first checking account for me so I could keep track of where my money was going. He taught me to portion it out for different needs, like this piggy bank.

Grandpa C. was truly a self made man, financially. He came from nothing to being fairly wealthy by the time he left this earth. Many of his descendants have benefited from his thrift!



This is my beautiful piano, 60 years old in September, 2006. I spent so many hours practicing and I LOVED to practice! I've been so grateful that I had the opportunity to learn this very joyous talent.





ICE BOX! Ice in the top, food in the bottom.

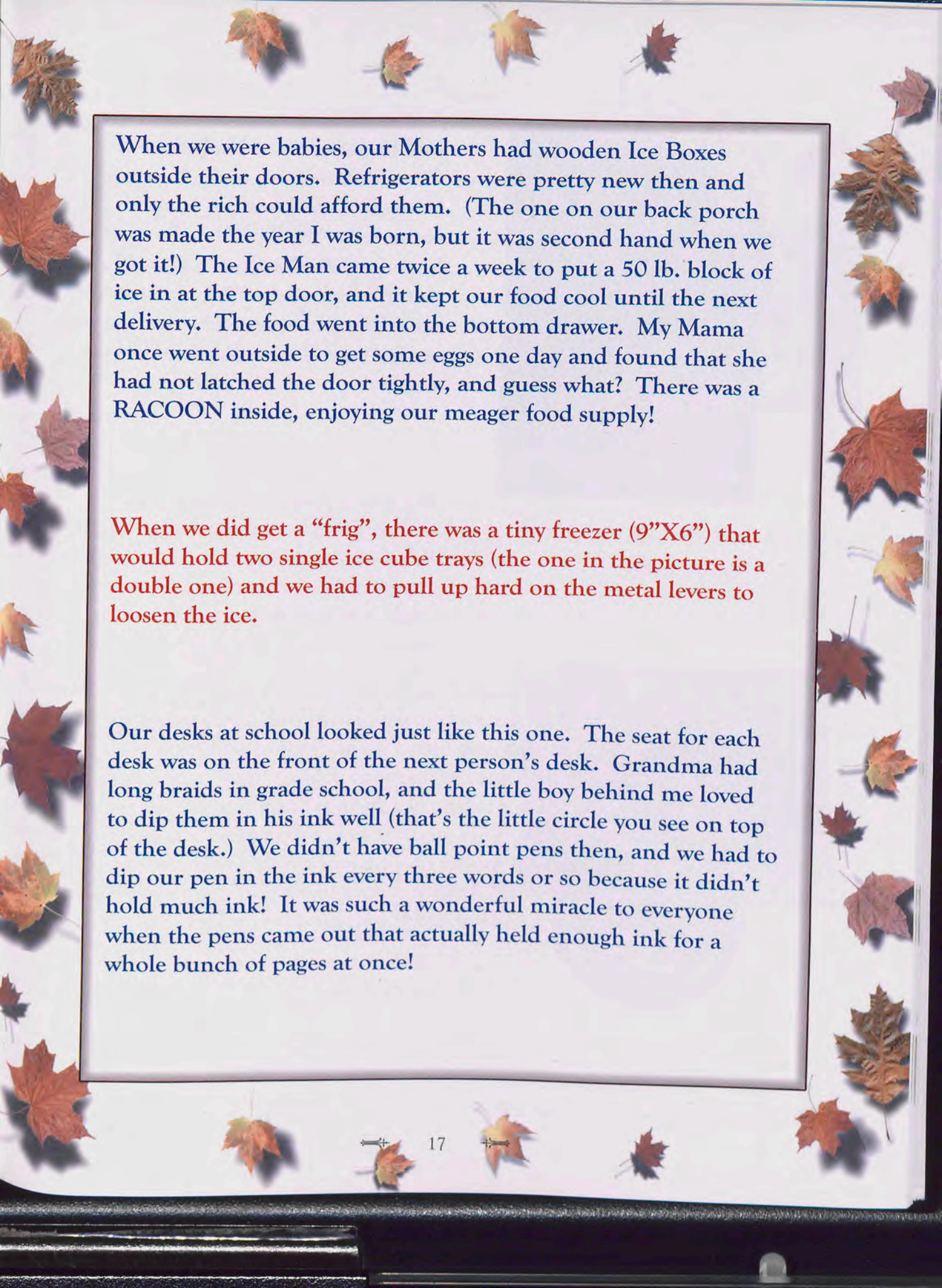


ICE CUBE TRAYS with lever handles to pry the ice out.



INK WELLS that were in our desks and handy to dip braids into!



A decorative border of autumn leaves in shades of orange, red, and brown surrounds the text area.

When we were babies, our Mothers had wooden Ice Boxes outside their doors. Refrigerators were pretty new then and only the rich could afford them. (The one on our back porch was made the year I was born, but it was second hand when we got it!) The Ice Man came twice a week to put a 50 lb. block of ice in at the top door, and it kept our food cool until the next delivery. The food went into the bottom drawer. My Mama once went outside to get some eggs one day and found that she had not latched the door tightly, and guess what? There was a RACOON inside, enjoying our meager food supply!

When we did get a “frig”, there was a tiny freezer (9”X6”) that would hold two single ice cube trays (the one in the picture is a double one) and we had to pull up hard on the metal levers to loosen the ice.

Our desks at school looked just like this one. The seat for each desk was on the front of the next person’s desk. Grandma had long braids in grade school, and the little boy behind me loved to dip them in his ink well (that’s the little circle you see on top of the desk.) We didn’t have ball point pens then, and we had to dip our pen in the ink every three words or so because it didn’t hold much ink! It was such a wonderful miracle to everyone when the pens came out that actually held enough ink for a whole bunch of pages at once!



is for  
JUKE BOX!



JUKE BOXES were almost all we had to dance to in High School. Once or twice, we had a live band or orchestra. These were also in some teen “jive” places where some kids danced. You put a nickel in the machine, punched a button for your favorite song, and it moved the record to the turntable and began to play!

We had a player at home, too. When I was a teenager, my parents fixed up our basement room so that my friends could come and dance. I felt very privileged to have such a place!



The records were round and black. The Decca Record here is Bing Crosby singing “White Christmas” which was one of my favorites. The records had just one song on them at first, the dark part was the song. The needle on the “arm” fit snugly down into tiny grooves to make the sound. Later, they were able to put many songs on one record so we didn’t have to change the records very often.

RECORD PLAYER like we had at home, where we also danced!



# K is for ROLLER SKATE KEYS



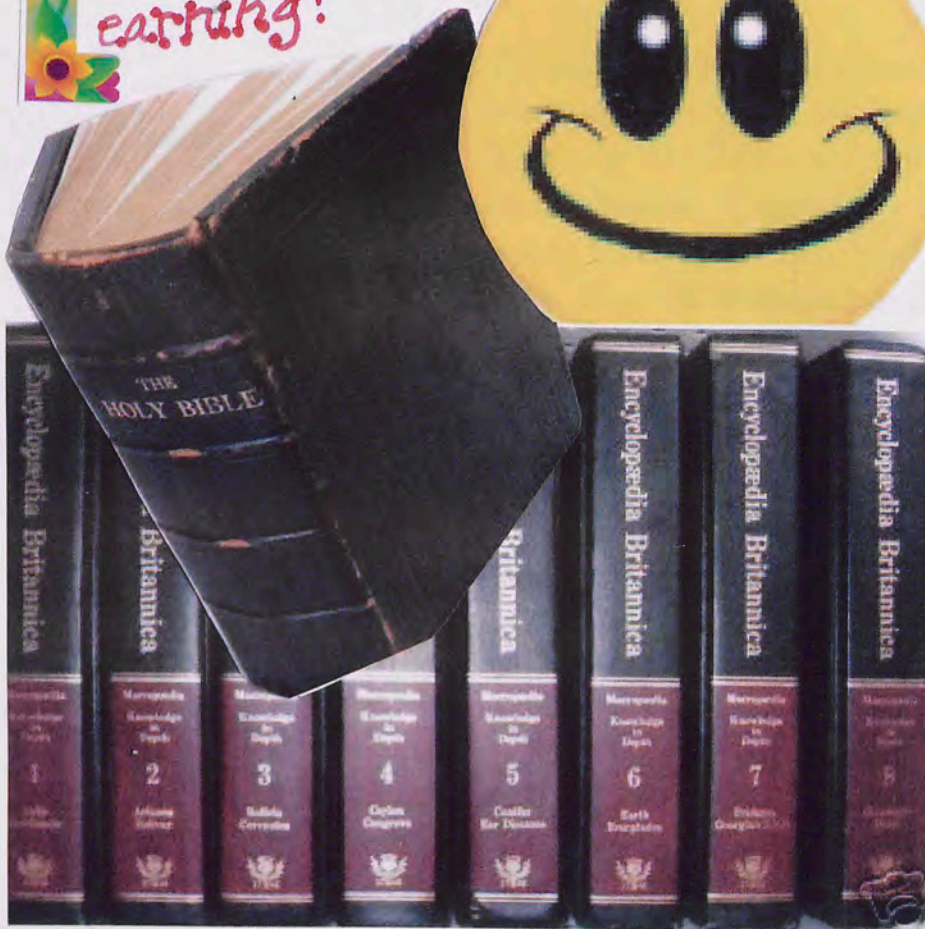
ROLLER SKATES with KEYS to  
adjust them

We had roller skates, but they were quite different from the ones kids have today. We put our shoes right into the skates and we could pull the front and back farther apart so they would be longer, or we could push them together to make them shorter. We had a "key" to lock them after we finished making them fit properly. You can see the key lying in front of the girl's foot, on the ground. Roller skating was Grandma's very favorite thing to do when I was about 6 years old! It's the only thing that I loved to do where I wasn't UPSIDE DOWN, such as turning cartwheels or standing on my head, or spinning around on the monkey bars! Grandpa did a lot of ice skating there in the COLD town of Craig!





Learning!



Grandma and Grandpa have always loved to LEARN! When we were little, I wanted to be a teacher, and at home (where I didn't have ANY playmates since I was an only child) I played school, using magazines as my "students"! I would do their papers for them, and then "grade" them, too!

Our family had our very own set of Encyclopedias when I was about 13 years old. One day I got a call from a radio station asking me a question to win a prize! I hurried to look up the answer in less than the 60 seconds they gave me to answer! I got a pearl necklace!

When we got married, we still liked to study...TOGETHER! We read to each other for an average of 8 hours a day for 4 months when the missionaries came to teach us the restored gospel of Jesus Christ, and what a joy that was! Now, most of us can quickly learn anything we want to know on the web!





THE MILKMAN!



A MIMEOGRAPH MACHINE

The very early morning clinking noises of the milkman delivering our milk liners as a fun memory for Grandpa and for me. Grandpa helped his Daddy deliver milk in Craig, Colorado at age 9! The glass bottles had cardboard lids, and he placed them in a wire basket that we kept on our porch. The milk had CREAM at the top! If you left the milk outside too long in the winter, it would expand and push the lid as high as an inch above the top of the bottle! We still have three of the bottles that they used then.

The MIMEOGRAPH machine was all we had that would make copies. It was big and awkward, and you had to be trained on how to use it. I learned how when I was in High School, working in the school office. First, you made a stencil by typing the words on three thicknesses of paper. The hammer of the typewriter cut the words into one of the papers. If you made a mistake, the papers were ruined and you had to start over. Next, you put purple ink all over the drum of the mimeograph machine, and rolled the stencil through by turning the big handle. You were lucky if you got finished without having purple hands or a purple shirt!

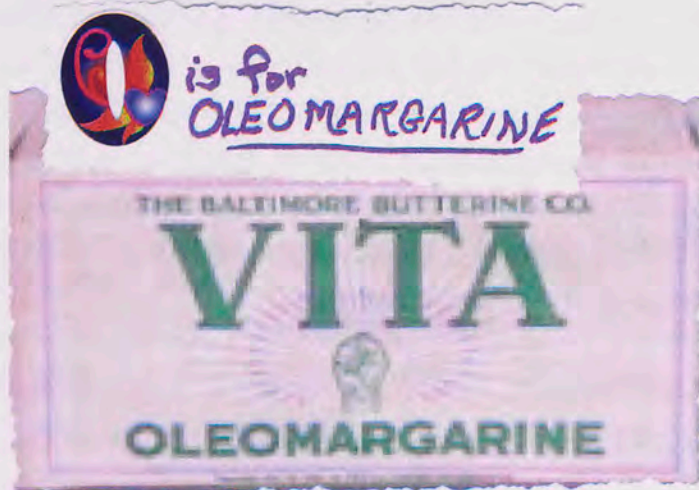


Only when we went to a movie did we got to watch the news! Before each movie would start, they would run about a 5 minute Newsreel, showing pictures and telling us what was happening in the world! It was exciting that they could get that information to us so easily, we thought! Now we can watch the news several times a day right in our own living room!



is for  
NEWSREELS

During World War II, another thing we couldn't get was butter. So, companies made a white, creamy lard mixture and added some salt to it, then sold it in a box like this one with a little yellow packet inside. When you bought it, you put the white stuff in a bowl and mixed the yellow packet in really good, so that it looked like butter! BUT IT NEVER TASTED LIKE BUTTER!



A BOX OF OLEOMARGARINE





THE PERMANENT MONSTER!

Your Grandma Whicker's hair has ALWAYS been straight as a pokey stick! When I was a little girl, I had an Aunt Vivian who was a beautician, and she offered to give me a permanent. I had this big machine hooked to my head, with curling rods stretched on wires that were attached to the machine. If you look closely, you can see the rods hanging down from this bulky machine. They were HEAVY rods, and very, very HOT! I had to sit so still! I can't remember how long it took, but it seemed like an hour to me! I am so glad permanents come in a box now!



Grandpa and I were taught to always do a good job, no matter how hard it seemed. NEVER GIVE UP if you are doing something good! I think I learned that the best when I practiced the piano. Learning a new song would seem SO hard, but if I kept trying and trying, then I would learn it and it was such FUN to play it well!



The radios were very different when we were little. Below is a picture of the radio that my parents had when I was born. When I was about 10 months old, and it was bedtime, sometimes my parents would leave the radio on when I was supposed to go to sleep. I learned to say, "Tsee-Tsee, YA!" That meant "I'm sleepy, RADIO!" I wanted the radio OFF!

We both remember listening to programs on our radios before we were teenagers. "The Shadow" was a half hour mystery program that I liked. There was nothing to watch, like TV, but inside my mind I made up all the scenes!

During World War II, many other were scarce because so much of the gas and food was needed for our soldiers, and materials were needed for weapons and uniforms. Meat, butter, coffee, cheese, sugar and other food items had specific points values, and ration books showed the point value of each stamp. You might have money in your purse, but if you didn't have your ration stamp books, you could not buy most foods, shoes or gasoline.

Sleds and skis were quite different when we were little. The skis just had straps that fastened on to your own shoes. Grandpa and his sisters liked to ride on their sled and skis in Craig, where the winters were very cold and long. One day, Grandpa was skiing between his sisters on ONE pair of skis, and the skis kept getting farther and farther apart! His little legs were too short, and they became spread way out until the three of them CRASHED! Grandpa was buried in the snow, and his sisters couldn't find him. Aunt Maxine was scared SO much because he had disappeared! Do you know where he was? He was under the snow, enjoying having them look for him! Finally, he giggled too much, and they found him because they heard him!





OUR 1930's RADIO

**4** 323/438 AQ  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
OFFICE OF PRICE ADMINISTRATION

**WAR RATION BOOK FOUR**

Issued to Jean H. H. H.  
(Print last, middle, and last names)

Complete address 514 Pearl Street  
Scranton, Penna.

**READ BEFORE SIGNING**

In accepting this book, I recognize that it remains the property of the United States Government. I will use it only in the manner and for the purposes authorized by the Office of Price Administration.

Void if Altered Jean H. H. H.  
(Signature)

It is a criminal offense to violate rationing regulations.

OPA Form R-248 30-2447-1

22 SPARE 33 SPARE 34 SPARE 35 SPARE 36 SPARE

Z2 Y2 X2 W2 V2 U2 T2 S2 R2 Q2 P2 N2  
Z1 Y1 X1 W1 V1 U1 S1 R1 Q1 P1 N1

RATION BOOKS





AN OLD SLOP BUCKET



There were no garbage disposals in the kitchen when Grandpa and I were young! All of the waste scraps from a meal went into a “slop bucket” just outside the door, and when it was full, it was emptied out near the chickens, pigs, cows or horses for them to eat. They were very happy to get it!

When Grandpa was little and was happily wearing his very first pair of new pants, his little dog came up to him and nipped playfully at him. It made him stumble and he **FELL INTO THE SLOP BUCKET!** His Mother was not happy, and neither was he, because he had just graduated from shorts to long pants, and he did **NOT** want to put those shorts back on!



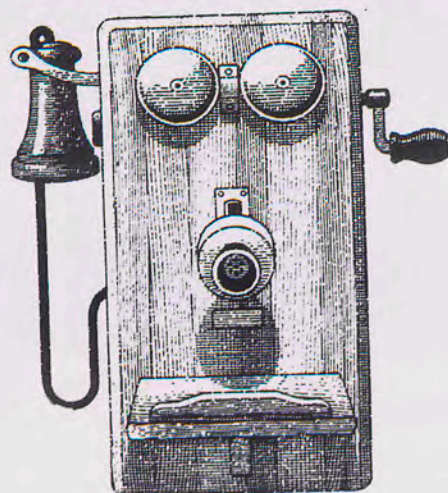


When Grandpa and his sisters went sledding or skiing, Grandpa was always in the middle to keep him safe. One day, on their one pair of skis, his little short legs kept spreading farther and farther apart, so that Maxine and Lois couldn't pull them back together! When they got TOO far apart, Grandpa fell between them, and got buried in the snow! His sisters were worried because they couldn't find him, so he decided to keep quiet underneath that snow and play hide and seek! But soon, his little giggles gave his location away, and that is how he was found!





is for Telephones!



THE FIRST PHONE I EVER  
SAW!



A FANCY VERSION

The changes made in the telephone were perhaps the most varied of all of the changes during our lifetime. When we were small, our grandparents had phones like these in the pictures. They had little handles on the side to turn so that you could ring the bells, and that would call the operator. They were still using the “party” lines, and there was no such thing as long distance calls. Party lines meant that several different homes had their phone connected on the same line as yours. Within your own little town, or sometimes just a small area within a large town, you could call your friend by picking up the long black earpiece from the hook that was attached to the wooden wall phone, then giving the “ringer” one or two turns to make a regular phone ringing noise, which would get the attention of the lady who was called the operator. She had a big “switchboard” in front of her so that she could “plug in” to the telephone that you wanted to call. The operator in my grandparents little town of Udall, Kansas, would come on the line and loudly say, “Yes?” (It had to be loud, because there was often a problem hearing well on this new contraption!) I have heard my grandmother say: “Helen was sick yesterday, and I don’t know if she is up and around or not now. Would you ring her and check for me?” The operator, knowing very well who “Helen” was, would



then ring Helen's number, which may have been a long ring followed by two short rings. Now, everyone in town would hear the rings, and they knew that the call was for Helen. Fulfilling her duty as a good neighbor, Myrtle, who lived next door to Helen, might run to the phone, pick it up and inform the operator that Helen was too sick to come to the phone, or that she had gone to her daughter's house until she was better. The operator then could call Helen's daughter's house, because she knew who that was, of course, without being told. The ring would be heard on the party line for the daughter, and since everyone in town knew that the former ring was Helen's and now they were hearing her daughter's ring, Helen must be at her daughter's house ~ all this and they never even had to pick up the phone! In an emergency, the caller would inform the operator that someone was sick or bleeding, and the operator would inform the Dr. to go to So and So's home right away. The Dr. never questioned the patient.....just did what he was supposed to do, because Tillie, the operator, said so! Of course, everyone in town knew the Dr.'s ring, too, so they would most likely run to pick up the phone so they could find out who was sick or injured.

Tillie could also help a small child who might have found his parent unconscious or trapped outside somehow, or anything like that. The child could pick up the phone, give the ringer a whirl and Tillie would be at his service to call doctors or relatives or service repairmen ~ whatever was needed. If the child himself was hurt and alone, she would usually take the part of comforter and advisor until help came for the child.





COUNTRY WALL PHONE



FIDDLEBACK PHONE

It was a wonderful world of neighborliness ~IF you didn't have any secrets you would like to keep! When a new baby was born or someone died, it was known instantly by all on that party line, because the operator would give a special ONE LONG RING, alerting everyone to come to the phone and hear the news! It was even faster than e-mail, even though it covered a much smaller area!

#### LATER PHONES

The party lines lasted, as well as I knew anything about them, until I was well over 10 years old. They became quite different in several important ways, however. They didn't cover such small areas, for one thing ~ so they weren't so "personal" any more. And by now, they were usually only two party lines anyway, and you usually didn't have any idea who the other party was or where they lived. At this time, you picked up the phone (which still didn't have a dial) and waited until the operator said "Number Please" and then you would verbally give her the number and wait while she rang it. The numbers in Grand Junction, at that time, had word prefixes....for instance, Great Grandma Whicker's phone number was HEMLOCK 4-2371. When we talked to the operator, we would say that word



along with the number. Later, we got dial phones and couldn't imagine ANYTHING more progressed! Now we could actually pick up the phone and dial the number and the person (if he was home) would answer ~ no operator needed! It was absolutely amazing! At this same time, the party lines disappeared completely in our area, at least. Long distance was available by now, but you had to go through the operator if you wanted to use that long distance, and the connections were NOT much good a lot of the time! When Grandpa and I lived in Delaware, we did not make long distance calls at all, as we couldn't afford them. (They cost a lot more than they do now.) Grandma and Grandpa Whicker and Clodfelter tried to call us once every month or six weeks, but we really had to watch our minutes when they did!

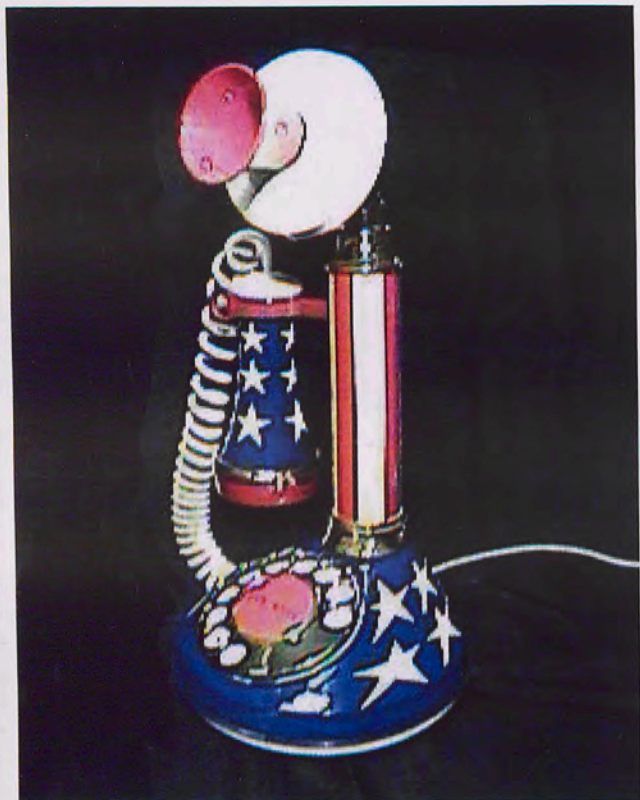


### EARLY AMERICAN WALL PHONE

### COUNTRY JUNCTION PHONE WITH A DIAL

Now we have cell phones, camera phones, internet phones....someday YOUR grandchildren will enjoy seeing "old" pictures of all of those funny looking things! There were lots of different kinds of phones through the years. We thought it would be fun for you to see how they evolved. I never saw a dial phone that I remember until I was about 10 years old.





STARS & STRIPES PHONE



1884 PHONE



ANTIQUE GOLD CRADLE PHONE



CANDLESTICK PHONE





CELEBRITY PHONE



OLD PIANO PHONE

You can see from the 1884 picture that dial phones were much earlier than we knew about! I love the candlestick phone.



COQUETTE PHONE

The Old Piano in the picture is very much like the first piano I had. It was a Player Piano, which had rollers inside the flowered front, and you could buy songs to play on it. They were long rolls of paper with holes in them!





1930'S PHONE



FANCY PHONE FOR THE "RICH"!

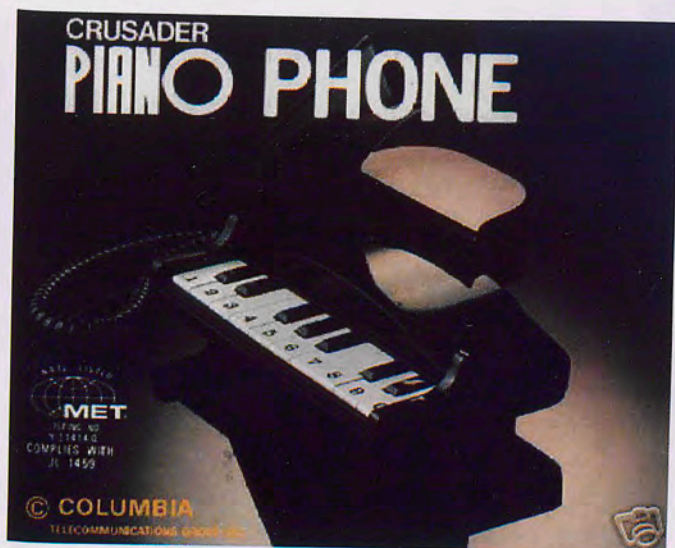


1950'S HOUSE PHONE



SCULPTURA PHONE





BABY GRAND PIANO PHONE



NOTEWORTHY PHONE

There have been lots of fun phones made! Some, like Charlie the Tuna and the M & M phones on the next page, were put out to help advertise for those companies.



GARFIELD PHONE

Your Uncle John would have LOVED this Garfield phone! That was his favorite cartoon character!





VOLKSWAGEN



CHARLIE THE TUNA



SNOOPY



WINNIE THE POOH





LIGHTENING MCQUEEN from CARS



BERT & ERNIE



MICKEY MOUSE PHONE



M & M PHONE





BETTY BOOP PHONE



R2D2 PHONE

And now, they even have VIDEO PHONES! Remember, at first we had trouble HEARING the other person? Well, now, you can hear them well, and you can also SEE them! I wouldn't want anyone to call me early in the morning, would you?



VIDEO PHONE





# is for TROUBLE!

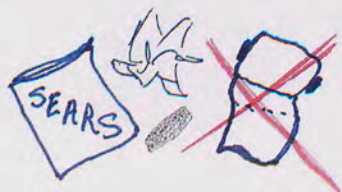


Both Grandma and Grandpa got into trouble sometimes when we were little! Grandpa hoped that his Dad would do the punishing instead of his Mom, who had been told she would have a spoiled little boy because he was the baby! That seemed to make her more determined to have him be a GOOD boy! But I always hoped my MOM would do the punishing, because my Dad had such bony fingers! One sad memory is when they were paving the street in front of our house when I was about 4 years old. I was watching them, and my Mama told me to sit on the lawn and NOT touch the gooey black stuff on the street! But I could NOT resist, and my new baby doll shoes were ruined with ONE STEP into the street! I did get a spanking from my Mama that time!





is for UNSOFT  
toilet paper!



The "TWO-HOLER" inside the  
OUTHOUSE!

Although toilet paper may have been available in the early days, it didn't really catch on for a long time. People had better things to spend their meager cash on than such unnecessary stuff. There were lots of articles from newspapers, the Sear's catalog, and other magazines in the outhouse that were NOT there for reading. We tore a page out, crunched it up to make it a little softer, then used it, OR sometimes we used a dried up corn cob!

In the wintertime when it was so cold, people kept "chamber pots" under their beds so that they wouldn't have to go outside during the night. BUT, if they had to do more than #1, they still went outside!

It was a long ways to the outhouse...usually between 50 and 100 feet away from the house. If two members of the family had to go at once, they often shared the little building at the same time!





This outhouse in the picture is still standing on an abandoned farm.

Lots of flies buzzed around the outhouses, and when we went on a picnic, we always wondered where our "picnic flies" had been!

When Grandma was expecting Aunt Rea Jo, we stayed at Grandpa's Grandma Whicker's house, and I had to go to the bathroom several times a night, sometimes even way out to the outhouse! I'm so glad we have indoor bathrooms now!





### THE PASSING OF THE OLD BACKHOUSE

When memory keeps me company and moves to smiles or tears,  
A weather beaten object looms throughout the mist of years.  
Behind the house and barn it stood, a half a miles or more-  
And hurrying feet a path had made, straight for its swinging door!

On lazy August afternoons, it made a little bower,  
Delightful, where my grandpa sat and whiled away an hour,  
For there the summer mornings its very cares entwined,  
And berry bushes reddened in the steaming soil behind!  
All day fat spiders spun their webs to catch the buzzing flies  
That flitted to and from the house where Ma was baking pies,  
And once a swarm of hornets bold had built a palace there,  
And stung my unsuspecting Aunt - I must not tell you where!



Then father took a flaming pole ~that was a happy day!  
He nearly burned the building down, but the hornets left to stay.  
When summer bloom began to fade and winter to carouse,  
We banked the little bilding with a heap of hemlock boughs.  
When the crust was on the snow and the sullen skies were gray,  
The building was no place where one could wish to STAY.  
We did our duties quickly, just one purpose swayed our mind,  
We tarried not, nor lingered long on what we left behind!  
The torture of that icy seat would make a Spartan sob,  
For needs must scrape the gooseflesh with a lacerating cob  
That from a frost-encrusted nail was suspended by a string ~  
My father was a frugal man and wasted not a thing!  
When Grandpa had to "go out back" and make his morning  
call,  
We'd bundle up the dear old man with a muffler and a shawl,  
I knew the hole on which he sat, twas padded all around  
And once I dared to sit there ~ 'twas all too wide I found!  
My loins were all too little, and I jack-knifed there to stay.  
The had to come and pry me out or I'd have passed away!  
Then Father said ambition was a thing that boys should shun,  
And I must use the ch ildren's hole 'til childhood days are done!  
And still I marvel at the craft that cut those holes so true;  
The baby hole, and the slender one that fitted Sister Sue.  
The dear old country landmark; I've tramped around a bit,  
And in the lap of luxury my lot has been to sit,  
But I'll ne'er forget the charm of our outhouse  
and what it was for  
I'll remember the shanty where my name  
is carved upon the door!





## VISITING THE FARM!

Both Grandpa and Grandma were very close to our grandparents. Visiting my Grandparents' Clodfelter's Kansas farm was always such a delight to me! The animals, especially the horses, were wonderful. The picture above is just like the barn on the farm. Do you see the little "door" in the very middle of the front?? Inside that door was storage for loose wheat and corn that had been harvested. Grandma LOVED climbing up in there with her cousins, "swimming" and playing in that grain! It was so fun to wiggle our toes in the wheat! When they moved into town, I was in my early teens, but I CRIED because I was so sad! My Grandpa built a silo on this farm in 1914. It is torn down now, but I still have three pieces of the red cement from which it was made.



This is a picture of my grandparents Clodfelter at the back of the farmhouse that I loved. My Grandpa Clodfelter had his right arm cut off in a farming accident when my father was small, and so when his picture was taken, he always hid that arm!



MY GMA & GPA AT THEIR FARM IN  
UDALL, KS

Grandpa's Grandparents Whicker lived in Lay, Colorado and they were farmers, too. They always read scriptures at night and said their prayers, and so did the Clodfelters. They were all four a great example to both of us! The two couples were so much alike that when they met for the first time the year that we were married (1951), they seemed as if they had always known each other and enjoyed telling each other stories of their lives.

The Bibles in those two homes  
NEVER got dusty!



GRANDPA WITH HIS GRANDPARENTS  
WHICKER AND SISTERS - 1933





Much of the food and grain that was grown in the U.S. was used for fuel and weapons and to feed the soldiers. The government asked that we all do our part for VICTORY, and one of the things we could do was to grow a Victory Garden. Grandpa's parents always grew a good sized garden, but I remember my parents digging up some of their lawn in Pueblo, Colorado, in order to plant a larger garden, and my Mother always called it her Victory Vegetables. Everyone loved the soldiers and wanted to do whatever they could to help win the war. Uncle Gale Norman and Uncle Ted Albers were in the Army, and Grandma's Uncle David Rintoul was in the Army Air Corps.





WASHDAY was always on Mondays, and it took the **WHOLE DAY!** The first washing machine that Grandpa and I had was a small portable washer that sat on the kitchen table, and it would wash 10 diapers at once! You had to wring everything out by hand, rinse it, and wring it out again! We used that until we had our third child.

When we got our first **WRINGER** washer, I thought it was the most wonderful invention ever! The very first ones had handles on them, and you had to turn the handle yourself. But ours was a lot like the one in the picture. When we thought the clothes had washed long enough, we would stop the machine and put them through the wringer, letting them fall into the washtub. Our washtub was like the round one at the bottom left corner of the picture. I had to set it on a table or chair. Some people had fancy tubs like the one on legs.

There were no dryers. Everyone hung their clothes out on the clothesline in their yard. If there was sunshine and a breeze, the clothes smelled **SO GOOD!**





X and Y and Z are missing, because I don't remember anything that started with those letters! But we thought you would enjoy some of your Grandpa Whicker's poetry. (Written in the 1950s and 1960s)

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### TO GRANDMA AND GRANDPA CLODFELTER

I owe my earth life to my Mom and my Paw  
But received the greatest gift from my mother and father-in-law!  
They trusted me, though only a boy  
With their daughter who's made my life a joy!

To be a good husband, father and son I have tried.  
I hope with me they're not dissatisfied.  
My love for them has brown thru the years!  
I hope the feeling is mutual as it appears.

Their sacrifices and help I can never repay  
But I want them to know I appreciate them each day.  
You say how can I judge a person's worth?  
Buddy, I'm the guy what's been all over this earth!  
There are none better that I ever saw  
Than my mother and father-in-law!



### TO MY KIDS

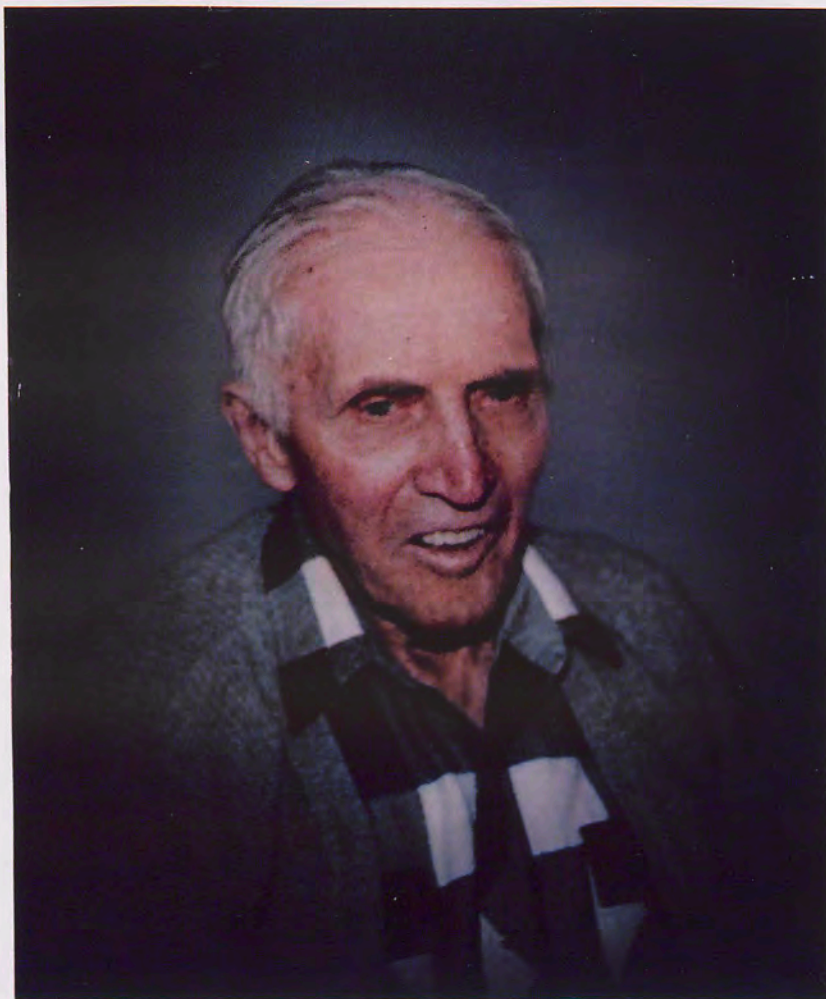
I have some kids that are rather rowdy,  
Especially when the weather is cloudy!  
They run through the house and make Dad mad,  
Then when he hollers they think he's a cad.

Dad has trouble remembering the day  
When he was little and had to play  
I really sound much worse than I mean!  
When I think of you it is with such love...  
The only Love greater is from Father above.

### To My Wife

We've been together a long, long time  
You'd think our feelings would begin to decline!  
But actually it grows with each passing year  
As she becomes, to me, ever more dear.  
Our love has grown in more than one way  
We even think more alike than we did yesterday!  
Since we have really become as one  
I get awfully lonely when I am gone.  
I know someday there will be no more parting  
As our life in God's Kingdom we'll be starting.  
I'll never be satisfied with my lot, I guess,  
Until this great wonder has come to pass.  
This little verse I send to you, dear  
'Til one day I can whisper it in your ear.





### TO MY FATHER

Sir, this is my father of whom I'm very proud  
He's quiet and unassuming, not boisterous, not loud.  
He's not large of stature or even terribly strong;  
But if I live my life like him, I can't go wrong.  
He was young once with problems and temptations like me,  
When times were rougher and solutions much harder to see.  
He overcame those temptations, the problems he overcame.  
So all I must do is follow his example to do the same.  
You see, life's been easier for this dumb kid ~  
I know how to live 'cause my father did!  
Sir, meet the man I try to emulate!  
He's my father and I think he's really great!



LAMENT OF A PILOT'S WIFE  
AT CHRISTMASTIME

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house  
Not a creature is stirring, not even that louse!  
He left on a trip about a week ago, saying  
"I'll be home for Christmas, come rain or snow!"

Now if by tomorrow he's not in this state,  
He just as well figure on finding a new mate,  
'Cause if he thinks I'll just sit here and yearn  
That poor boy's got a lot to learn!

I've put up with this flying for many a year.  
Now the time for a decision is finally here!  
Make up your mind just what it's going to be;  
Is it that big bird or is it me??

These are the things I'd like to say,  
But guess we'll never see that day.  
Even though he's gone so much anymore,  
I love him just as much as before!

If we are to keep this great country free,  
it will take some sacrifice, even for me!  
So wherever you are this Christmas, dear,  
Please hurry home, you'll still find me here!



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