

FISHING WITH FRIENDS

One hot summer day, our friends Amah Lou Boyles, Lavetta and Beulah Overman came to visit. Lavetta suggested that we cool off and try fishing in the nearby creek. We found sticks, got string, and two large safety pins. When Margaret took a spade and began to dig worms, I quickly chose to go inside and make sandwiches for our lunch.



We Tried!

With the can of worms, a jug of water, and the bag of sandwiches we wandered down to the river bank. Amah Lou chose a likely spot for fishing. As the girls began to thread the worms onto those open safety pins, I picked up the camera to snap pictures, because I couldn't make myself touch those slimy, wiggling critters. Swarms of minnows were swimming in the creek. Alice and Amah Lou tried to shoo them toward the baited lines without success; the fish just nudged, not nibbled, those juicy worms.

Before long we gave up to munch on the peanut butter and jelly sandwiches I'd made.

GARDEN GLIMPSES

Using the horse drawn walking plow, Dad and our gray mare, Daisy, plowed our half-acre garden to make it ready for us to plant row after row of vegetables. String was tied taut between two stout sticks to mark a row. Using a hoe we scratched a shallow trench beneath the string. Then we were ready to plant the dry seeds.

Mom decided which veggie should be planted in each row, and gave us the seeds to plant. Margaret planted tiny lettuce seeds because she was the oldest. I planted radishes and Alice was given peas to plant. She told Mom she didn't like to eat peas, and shouldn't have to plant them, so we traded. John was youngest, so he was given beans to plant.

Each year we liked to try a new vegetable. One year Mom chose okra. It grew into a healthy plant and we picked the pods for Mom to cook. She had never cooked okra before, so steamed the pods like other veggies. Eager to try a new treat, we dished up the slimy food, and quickly turned our noses up at the first taste! We had a big laugh the next year when okra sprouted and grew on its own, but we didn't harvest it. Now we laugh because that was the only food that Mom couldn't make edible.

We liked having Mom garden with us. As we worked we talked about the treats to come: sliced crisp radishes spread on thick slices of homemade bread and butter; Mom's special dressing of hot vinegar and bacon drippings on wilted lettuce; the first ears of golden sweet corn bathed in butter; the vegetable soups that warmed us and said we were home, whether from grade school or college.

We reserved one corner of the garden for planting flowers. We kids helped decide what to plant. Margaret chose four-o'clocks. During the summer she went out about 4:00 every day to see if they were blooming, and they were.