

Another thirty years later— I now have two granddaughters who have become adept at using the sewing machine, although they haven't carried on the tradition of becoming 4-H'ers. Their mother, Diane, and I are ever-ready to lend a hand and a bit of instruction when requested. The love of creating fabric into fashion lives on.

ONE ROOM SCHOOLHOUSE

We had never noticed the nearby abandoned schoolhouse until Uncle Dewey visited in the summer of 1930. He had recently been hired to teach commercial subjects at Proviso Township High School in Maywood, Illinois. That summer, Dewey had gained permission to use the former schoolhouse to practice his skill of shorthand script.

Years earlier, Dewey and his brothers had attended this school. Now, he filled those large blackboards with the swirls and curves of shorthand writing. We often accompanied him and played school. He tried to teach us the intricacies of making those symbols, but without much success.

A couple more 'pupils' joined the class when Uncle Fred's family came for a visit. Their daughters Ruth and Naomi were both aspiring artists. They drew many pictures on those blackboards, inspiring us to try also. One day while browsing through a storage closet, we discovered a hand-wound phonograph and a stack of records. Soon music filled the room. The recording of "A Frog He Would A-Wooing Go," caused hilarious giggles about a frog wooing a mouse. Ruth liked the rhythm and nonsense of that song and suggested we create a dance; we kids readily joined in.

The laughter was so contagious that Uncle Dewey put down his chalk and joined in. We girls don't remember how to write shorthand script, but still laugh about the afternoon we brought the old schoolhouse to life.

PIANISTS

I love listening to my grandchildren play the piano. It always brings me back to sitting in the parlor with Grandma Adair at her pump organ. We kids would all sing along as she played a jolly rendition of "Oh Where Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone". We begged her to let us play. Pumping the organ with our feet was quite a trick to master.

Our interest in playing led our folks to answer a newspaper ad for a piano.