

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.

It was exciting to go with them to try it out, and we were fortunate that the piano had a good tone. We purchased it for ten dollars, a fair price during the depression.

Donella, a petite young musician, came to our home each week, encouraging us to become good pianists. We girls were impressed with her stylish clothes and high heels, so we did our best to please her. We made such good progress that she gave us special pieces to learn for the spring recital. We dreaded playing in public for fear we'd make mistakes.

Our sister Alice didn't want to perform, but Mom and Dad said she should. She bandaged a finger and said she'd hurt it; then pleaded to be excused. The ploy didn't work, but she surprised herself by playing well, even with that bandaged finger.

After the recital we eagerly enjoyed the waiting fruit punch and array of cookies while we relaxed in fits of unexplained giggles.

We took piano lessons for several years and enjoyed playing familiar melodies and popular tunes. A favorite piece of mine was the "Grand March," a powerful selection from Verdi's "Aida." It was meant to be played very loud; therefore I could play as loud as I wanted! Though we played dramatic music like "Aida," we were quite content to be doing so offstage.

Today I love listening to my grandchildren enjoy making music. I wish they could watch and hear their Great-Grandmother coax a tune from her old pump organ.

COLORADO BOUND!

Every summer we looked forward to a visit from Colorado by Uncle Sam and Aunt Jessie. They had no children of their own, so they "adopted" us. We had a lot of fun during their visits, playing games and listening to the stories they told us. They liked to tease us and tickle our ribs; we'd object, but secretly we loved it.

Uncle Sam loved to drive cars. He and Aunt Jessie took us on many rides to visit places and people they knew from their youth. We liked that because we usually played croquet with our cousins, Alan and Claudine Robb, and had cookies and iced tea before going home. Sometimes Uncle Sam took us on fast rides over the hilly back roads of Southern Iowa. Of course there were no seat belts to spoil the fun as we bounced up and down begging for more. Cresting a hill and feeling momentarily airborne was thrilling. Our squeals from the backseat were shrill and loud.

When he was younger, Uncle Sam delivered the mail along these roads in