

brought home their current boy friend. Sometimes they came in cars, sometimes in motorcycles with side cars and they were madly in love with our cute "flapper age" sisters. If they brought us kids gum and candy, they were pretty good fellows and we felt sorry for them when Edith or Wanda (Oga changed her name to Wanda in high school) gave them up for someone else. When John and Frank came home they brought us delicacies like anchovies instead of sif, coconuts, and taught us to drink the milk. Then about 1925 John came home with a phonograph and a lot of classical records and we learned a little about music. Frank saved his money and had installed an electric water pumping system as well as water in the house. Before that, the well was always going dry and Dad put a big vinegar barrel on the wagon and filled it with fresh water from the nearest creek about a half mile away. To determine the amount of water in the well, one of us kids was sent down in a bucket - they never seemed to believe us when we said we touched water, so they'd lower the bucket some more and actually, once when I was on the bucket end I was afraid I'd be drowned before Dad could be convinced. Water was a problem. Frank was practical, John looked for the esthetic values in what he did. Edith and Wanda were a little of both, but Edith was far more serious than Wanda ever thought of being. Wanda might be in the middle of making candy and take off for the organ to play a popular tune - by the time she had improvised on several tunes, her fudge was burned, but she laughed it off while Edith would have cried. They brought us the frivolous gifts that girls love, and of course we looked forward to the day when we could wear the pretty dresses they no longer wanted.

At Christmas time we had parties, the kids came home and all the bachelors were invited - they enjoyed a good square meal at our house then. Hjalmar Ostrand brought his accordion and we all learned to dance. They also played a game called Muggins - when the party had members present whose parents were opposed to dancing I remember they played Hook, and they'd sit there waving their cards and screaming "Full house of wheat, Full house of rye!" The college crowd played 500 and pinocle and sometimes indulged in a little bridge. Wanda would make Jello and put it in the cellar the day before to make sure it could harden in time for the party. Thirty years ago, Kids, Jello was pure magic, no less. For other Christmas treats we had the hard candy, peanuts and that lovely big orange the Sunday School gave us at the annual Christmas program. Sunday School was one of our highlights and Mother sent us off in our best clothes, neat and clean, clutching our hankies in our hot little hands, usually with a penny or two knitted inside.

Vic Peterson was the community butcher and we were always glad to see the pig or cow dressed and hung when we came home from school. He used to bring me box after box of chocolates and when I found out they were for me I stopped hiding under the kitchen table when he came. Once the Eastberg boys took Henry to stay with them during one of Mother's