

John pulling our red wagon 1950.



Annie, Tom, Baby Pat and John pulling our red wagon. 1950.

We lived barefoot.

In the background, the old house and the 1950 Dodge.

This may be the best photo of the lawn, trees, swings.

Eventually there were two swings hanging on the same elm tree branch.

The tire swing is visible; the board swing is not. Maybe it wasn't hung yet.

I wasn't really a lawn. Just some weeds and grass.

There were few power lawn mowers in those days.

Some years later, Pa brought home a ground-drive push mower.

John and I mowed the "lawn" and by attaching a rope to the front bar, then one could pull like a horse, and the other would push.

That worked, sort of.

Then with the new yard Pa borrowed Uncle Donnie's, push powered mower. Thereafter we got a power of our own.

The elm shade trees are not as big as I remember them.

Everything was buried under the driveway.

All the lawn trees were cleared away in 1952 to make space for the new house.

They dug a basement hole for the new house in 1952 with a small bulldozer.

The lawn trees were cut into segments including the cedars behind the house.

Uncle George, who built our new house, saved the cedar logs for his projects.

George had a complete woodwork and cabinet shop north of his barn.

The dozer gouged out a huge pit in the center of the yard, just beyond our wagon.

Then the boulders, and concrete, from the house footings were buried, along with the remains of trees.

Stumps, branches and elm logs all went in.

The center of the driveway sank for 20 years as the wood was decomposed.