

Memories of the old farmhouse pre-1952.

The old house had a sink like this against the south wall of the kitchen.

The sink hung on the wall, with no cupboard under it.

It had cold running water only.

That faucet was the only source of water in the house.

The well and windmill were about 25 feet away, on the south side of the house.

Between the exterior kitchen wall and the windmill was a parking space for the family automobile.

Pa bought a black Chevrolet in 1940. That was replaced in 1950 by a blue/grey Dodge.

Pa had to take Dodge back to the dealer for some work. The loaner they gave us was a model A Ford.

Brother John knocked the windmill over with the 8N Ford tractor in 1951, but that is a different story.

Ma made water hot on the kitchen stove.

She gave me baths in the kitchen sink.

I remember that as a very cold event.

Our kitchen sink was big and open like this but had cold water only.



Ma's kitchen stove was somewhat like this.

Ma had a kitchen stove that could burn wood and corn cobs.

It had white porcelain.

I do not recall that it had a shelf above. But maybe I was just too small to see it.

It was my job to haul the corn cob ashes from the kitchen stove.

The stove had a long narrow ash tray on the right front

Ma would dump the ashes into a little boy sized pail for me.

Then I would carry the ashes and spread them in the garden.

The garden gate was east of the house 15 feet beyond the porch.

One day I figured out how to count and write to 100.

I was so excited that I wrote the numbers out on the end of the kitchen cupboard. With a pencil.

I did not write the numbers in line left to right but columns up and down.

It took over three columns. And the numbers varied in size, a lot.

When I finished it occurred to me that I was probably in a lot of trouble.

My numbers were on the dark end of the cupboard.

Ma never said anything.

