

Our First Bicycle and Cousin Teddy

We got our first bicycle when I was about ten.

Ann can probably name the correct year.

It was an old girl's bicycle, but it worked fine.

I learned to ride by rolling down our steep driveway to the gravel road.

Mom rode it a lot, so did Ann.

I am certain that John rode too, but no memory of him on a bike.

We had Sunday afternoons off.

One summer Sunday, the Croteau boys and I decided to ride bikes to Anoka.

It was a pleasant and easy pedal on the paved, south river road to Champlin.

The road was curvy and hilly and ran past many farms that we knew.

A really fun ride.

We spent some time in Anoka, exploring along the Rum River.

I was thinking it was just about to head for milking when the chain of my bike broke, completely.

We rode and coasted Uncle Benno's house near School Street to use their phone.

Relatives often visited us on long summer Sunday evenings.

Aunt Maggie, Benno and family decided to give me a ride home.

Ben had big station wagon at the time, so he had room for my broken-down bicycle too.

I got home in time for chores.



We got a newer, blue boy's bike later.

I think that it came from **Teddy**.

Cousin Ted was three years older than me.

Ted was most beloved of whole Albert and Lena Barthel family.

He was a great guy, fun to be round.

When we were boys, we often wore Ted's hand-me-downs.

Ted wore good clothes.

He had lots of toys, comic books and stuff.

No one was ever envious of Ted; he did not have a dad.

Later he had a stepdad, and then three much younger half siblings, but Uncle Clarence was the father-figure in his life.

Ted was a good father in his turn.

Tom.



Ted in Rockford



Ted the Milkman