

Memories of the outhouse.

It was about 100 feet from the house, downwind.
Toward the southeast, downhill a little bit, past the lilac bushes, just south of the old plum tree.
The door faced south. It was weathered and unpainted.

Nobody painted their outhouse.

The weathered outhouse blended in better.

I have attached an internet photo.

Ours was wider than that one, but of that general design.

There are countless photos on the internet, but they are either falling down, or charming.

Our outhouse was neither, it was just functional.

Ann and I discussed whether ours was a two-holer or three-holer.

We couldn't decide.

The three-holer was deluxe.

It had an intermediate size.

I remember that my size was on the east side.

We literally used the Sears & Roebuck catalogs for wiping paper.

Everybody did.

Montgomery Wards catalog was equally as good.

The catalogs doubled as outhouse reading material.

I tore out certain favored pages.

Then stuck those pages high between boards for repeat viewing.

My favorite was the Hopalong Cassidy bedspread.

It was actually a whole page of Hopalong themed stuff for a boy's room.

The path to the outhouse was good and solid.

By mid-summer the weeds grew tall and leaned in over my head.

Then held my arms straight up to keep the weed seeds from in eyes and hair.

Once in a while some creature would scurry through the weeds, mostly cottontails.

Occasionally a garter snake would be on the path.

On really bad days I would encounter a salamander.

I hated those.

Using the outhouse wasn't particularly troublesome, every farm had one.

We built our new house in 1952, with a bathroom.

It was the first in the neighborhood.

We owned a **chamber pot** for night and emergency use.

Ours was white like in the photo, but with black trim.

I had to use it once when I had the flu.

If you used it, you had to empty it and clean it.

That tended to limit its use.

