

That is what we called it. There is where we grew up. We were what you call middle class of good stock, and if I do say so myself, we were pretty nice people. I did not know I was alive until I was about fourteen. I was in a dream world. I cried when I was sixteen. I sure thought I was old.

We had a phone that hung on the wall. Instead of putting it in the hall or in the corner away from the crowd so we could talk, it was put up in the dining room where everyone stayed most of the time, to read, write, study, etc. When the phone rang everything got real quite. When our beaus called, on our end of the line, all we could say was, "Yes," or "I do." It would worry everyone in the dining room and finally papa would rattle his paper and say, "That's a funny conversation. Who is that anyway?" Mama would say, "Oh, leave the girls alone."

When the boys started to come over we had to have their family history before they could come. Papa and mama stayed up until they left. They had to be gone by ten o'clock at night. The boys were almost afraid to come over.

The only dance we could go to was at the pavilion at Overton Park where they only had private dances. We could go there. When we went, our oldest brother would go also. When we got home, he remembered everything that we had said. If we danced with one boy twice, it was awful. If we sat one out it was terrible. We decided it was better to stay at home and sit on the front porch and swing. Each time we could swing it would squeak. Brother was upstairs practicing on his violin and it was awful!

There was a lovely grandfather's clock in the living room. Just before ten each night, papa would start winding it with a key. Our dates would laugh. They knew it was time to leave. My sister and I, and our dates, went several blocks away to a picture show. On our way back we stopped to get a soda at the drug store. We walked slowly on home, so we were a few minutes late. As we turned the corner we saw a ghost-like form on the front porch. As we got closer, there was papa in his night-shirt, waiting for us. We were so embarrassed and knew they would never come back, but they did. We decided that very night that we were going to get married and we finally did about four years later.

When brother was sixteen he was a draftsman. That summer he got a job drawing automobile chassis, made \$50.00 a week. He thought he was rich. So fall came, he was all packed to go off to school. That evening someone said he took his school money and instead of buying his railroad ticket, he got married. (Mama passed out.)

My sister was for herself. She usually came home and stayed eight months at a time. One time her husband (he was a designer of war ships) asked her to give him a sandwich for lunch. She made him a cold mashed potato sandwich. He told her he had heard of a lot of sandwiches, but never a cold mashed potato one, and she said, "I never did, either."

I married Joyce. He almost camped at our house but that was all right because everyone liked him. We were all spoiled, and as for me, I went home to mama so many times it was a joke. He would not call me all day, but after he left his office, would drive by mama's and honk, so I would go out and get in the car, and had forgotten why I ever went there in the first place.

Papa only had one job. It lasted over fifty years. We had good parents. Papa was good, kind, and unselfish. Mama was good and a perfect lady and a little bit spoiled by us.

We did not have a deep freeze, but we did have a pantry off of the kitchen that was colder than a deep freeze in the winter. Wish I could have one more meal in 2080. Three times a day we ate on a white linen table cloth and used linen napkins. I still don't like paper napkins.

We only had one bathroom. One day my sister went to take a bath. She stayed so long we got worried. The door was locked. There was a transom over it. Brother climbed on a chair and she was sound asleep, sitting in the tub full of water.

Mama used to buy a bolt of unbleached domestic. She made all of our night gowns and night shirts for the boys out of it. The more it was washed, the whiter it got.

There were two bedrooms upstairs. Four of us slept up there. Each night we would all undress downstairs and mama and papa would hear our prayers and stand at the bottom of the stairs until we yelled, "Good night." We felt so secure-not a worry in the world. It was like the country. We lived near a creek. Crickets and frogs sang and croaked all night. There was always a moon vine that smelled so sweet at night by the window.

The first car they bought was a Studebaker. Papa thought he was the best driver in the world. We thought he was the worst. He would turn a corner on one wheel and scare us to death. We found a bushel basket full of automobile parts in the garage. Finally Brother confessed that he took them out and did not know how to put them back. They were never replaced, but the car still ran.

The first war was in the making. We loved our brother so we could not think of him going to war, so we heard that if he was the support of the family, he would not have to go. So we planned that papa would go away and we would tell everyone that he had left us and we did not know where he was. (He went--we knew where he was). The war lasted longer than we expected it to, so we all wanted papa back home. Brother said he had decided he did not want to be a slacker and it was wrong to deceive people, so we called papa and he came and all was well again. Brother joined the Navy.

2080 (cont.)

Yes, we had tragedy, death, and sorrow at 2080, but the worst was when I looked in and saw my mother sitting up like a statue. She had had a stroke. She lived one week. She was eighty-one, and had had a busy life. She said, "Never sell the home place. Some day some of you might be glad to open the door and stay awile. The taxes are small--just keep it just in case some of you might need a home." The house was sold. The money for the house is gone, but gone are not the memories.

I have never been back on that street. I want to remember it like it was when we were all together. There was lots of living in that house--it would fill a book.