

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES . . .

OF MARION HOFFMAN GLERUM

Relationship with parents: There was love, respect, admiration and at times fear. Dad always said to Mom, "Don't nag. It is like a farmer constantly flicking his horse. They get used to it, and then it means nothing." Occasionally when Dad was irritated by one of us it would be the last straw and he would give a terribly hurting spanking.

Dad would teach us by telling stories about people (anonymous and probably fictitious). We could apply a truth without feeling forced or pressured by a dictator.

Mom was sensitive and would have her feelings hurt quite easily. I was always sad and uneasy when I noticed when my folks weren't talking to each other.

Sometimes Dad would relay a message to me through my mother. They would talk a situation over and she would tell me his thoughts on the crucial subject.

Health: Whenever I got a cold or a fever or the flu or whatever, the first procedure would be to take a laxative...ex-lax, castor oil (awful), Milk of magnesia or caroid and bile pills...for a "cleaning out". Dad would buy cod-liver oil by the gallon and we would line up at bedtime to take it.

Sometimes during convalescence Mom would make us a special treat ...an egg nog with the yoke beaten with sugar and milk, and the white of the egg beaten separately to make a tall fluffy topping.

I was born in Butterworth Hospital. Most mothers had their babies at home in those days. Bob and I were taken to the hospital one morning. I can remember the weird sensation of being given ether, & the sore, sore throat I had when I woke up. We were given pineapple ice, but on the way home lying in the back seat of the car, we threw it up.

Our parents were well most of the time except for colds. Mother had hay fever summer...Use of the Shackeltons inhalor brought her some relief.

One day in the middle of the day Dad came home. He sat on the diningroom chair...pale...translucent skin. He said the doctor had arranged for him to go to the hospital. An ambulance came and as the friend, Mr. Van't Hof, also a funeral director, wheeled him off the porch, Dad said, "Jake, you can have the next job, too." When he came home from the hospital, Effie, a nurse and former office girl, came a few days to care for him. She made him oatmeal gruel and sieved vegetables. He took an ant-acid called Bisodel for several years until he had no more distress.

School: I loved it. I went through fifth grade to Plainfield School. Then they condemned it and we had to walk six blocks farther to Palmer. I remember a friend, Eileen Van Bree who was also a neighbor. One time her sister had scarlet fever and all in the family were quarantined with a sign on the house. I brought the milk she had ordered in school to her house and poured it in a pan they set out on the porch.