

Every Thursday afternoon was Dad's day off. In the summertime we would go on long rides and picnics.

At my Grandma and Grandpa's funerals we enjoyed the getting together of our cousins. A lunch of big rusk buns filled with sliced ham was relished.

Every Thanksgiving we would have dinner at Aunt Jennie's in Jamestown. Seeing a play put on by the Community in the town hall was a highlight. Our cousin, Henry Ter Haar, was Sam LaGree in Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Our stores were small community "Groceries". Each clerk would gather together the items on the list we brought. He would list price items on a brown bag and add them. We rode our bikes to Wickhams to get good sausage. Dad took groceries in trade for teeth. We rode with him to the Mieras store on College Avenue. They always gave us children a bag of candy including peppermints. Good vegetables and fruits were viewed and purchased at Leonard Street Market...also genuine buttermilk which was the main ingredient of "buttermilk pop".

Clothing: I remember wearing long underwear in the winter. What a chore to pull my stockings over the underwear so it wouldn't show. Mom sewed a lot of our clothes. In the early years most of our things were bought in the Drygoods Store next door. Later we took the street-car downtown to Steketes, Wurzburgs, or Herps. We liked to go to The Boston Store, too, where Mom had worked in the Millinery Dept. making hats before she was married.

It was an adventure for us kids to go downtown...we visited the big dime stores. Bob always bought little cars. We carried our lunch and ate it in Fulton Street Park. Dad would pick us up at the Rowe Hotel.

Dating and social life: Participation in youth groups furnished social life. More friendships were formed from church contacts than school contacts. Boys and girls participated together in socials. After high school age a boy would single out a girl to go along with him to a picnic or party. I was asked a few times but was always nervous and would rather have gone with the girls.

One warm May night in 1936, the Sunday night before Memorial Day, Bud Glerum asked me to go for a ride to Johnson Park. His friend, my brother, also went along. The following summer Bud would come to see me after prayer meeting or after church. He would pick me up during the week, too, for a ride to the Feed Store downtown when he had to pick up feed for his Dad's chickens. We started taking long walks on Sunday afternoons. This companionship lasted until 1945. The college day separations, and the three year war separations were held together with letters and prayers. February 14 news came of "wounded in action". May was exciting and meant trips to the Army Hospital in Battle Creek. September was exciting because weekend leaves were granted. November 21 was a climax because of a wheelchair wedding...at 1507 Coit.

At age thirteen I was invited with some S.S. girls to a house-party at Gull Lake. Every year until age eighteen we enjoyed the Young People's Week House Parties and the girls named themselves the "Jenkins" because of the game we played called "up Jenkins". We are still participating in a Round Robin Letter with these same girls who are scattered from California to New Jersey and upper Michigan to Colombia, South America.