

## Memories of 1924, BEA LORANG'S MEMOIRS

Grandpa would have me go down the road and drive the cows home. That was scary. One time I was watching him milk a cow. I walked behind the cow, which scared her. She kicked the bucket, milk all over & grandpa cussing in German. Grandma was watching from the doorway across the road. I ran home and she could hardly stop laughing. Another time I went along with him in a pick up. There were dead squirrels along the road. He had me get out & scoop them up with a stick so we could take them home to feed the coyotes.

Another time I rode along in a big wagon. We went up into the hills to dismantle a log cabin. He & his helper loaded in on & then we had a picnic. Grandma had made sandwiches of huge slices of homemade bread filled with slices of roast beef. What fun.

Another day my cousin and I decided to wade in the fountain that was in the front yard. We had been warned against this. Well we slipped on the mossy bottom & got drenched. We ran up into the tree grove on the hill where it was sunny, to dry off. Grandma had seen the whole episode & called us to come in. She had a hard time suppressing her laughter as the two, guilty, dripping wet little girls came down the hill.

There were lots of cousins & family around. Sunday was a big day and people stopped to visit. At dinner the first setting was for the adults, the second for the younger kids, & the third for the children. There was a big potato & apple cellar built in the mountain. It was dark & full of cobwebs. Then they had a smoke house full of hams & bacon.

There was no electricity so we used kerosine lamps. Grandpa built a generator which he would run on Sunday or special occasions so we'd have electric lights. They also had a crank telephone on the wall.



Bea holding Kathleen Lorang, 1922

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