

GOOD OLD DAYS

Published every month by Tower Press, Inc.,
25 Garden Street, Danvers, Mass. 01923

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Subscription Price, \$4.00 per year
Second Class Postage Paid at Danvers, Mass.

EDITOR
EDWARD KUTLOWSKI

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
EVELYN SCHOOLCRAFT
P.J. TARBUCK

ART AND LAYOUT
P.J. TARBUCK

Volume 6

MAY, 1970

Number 11

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Cover by Joseph Tole

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Winter heard the tap-tap-tap, upon
his long closed door
And knew full well just who it was,
having heard that 'tap' before
And sure enough, t'was April, in
patience waiting there.
She held a Robin in her hand,
snowflakes were in her hair.
Her dress was limp and ragged—her
shoes with mire covered
But in her face a look of joy—and
in her eyes there hovered
A smile with hope of life anew,
when young shoots would be
sprouting

Order's she meant to carry out,
of this there was no doubting.
Faithfully, she started work,
while gentle rain was falling
And from the meadows and trees
the voice of birds were calling.
At once she started mixing paints,
with truly springtime zest

The grass became the greenest green,
T'was mother nature's best.
Then up came purple violets and
crocus in a row
These smiling little posies, loving
push-ups through the snow.

And next, a golden dandelion
always a welcome sight
Whispered softly—Spring is here,
there's Junior with his kite.
April gently dropped her brush—
she dozed in peace serene.

The raindrops turned to diamonds
as the sun sent down it's beams.
Oh' dear' cried all the young life,
she must not leave us now,

Perhaps we should remind her
that she took a solemn vow.
Then from a Pussy Willow bush—
a butterfly spoke forth

She'll waken at the honkin'
of wild geese flying north.

And so she did she yawned—and
stretched—then hummed a merry
tune

Then remembering the contract
she'd written with the moon,
She spoke to all her new friends,
"My task was just to start"

The beauty treatment for the earth,
and now I've done my part
New friends will come to help you
grow

It's part of nature's boon,
So listen—for their footsteps—and
welcome May and June.

TREASURES FOR A MUSEUM

by ALICE E. LESLIE



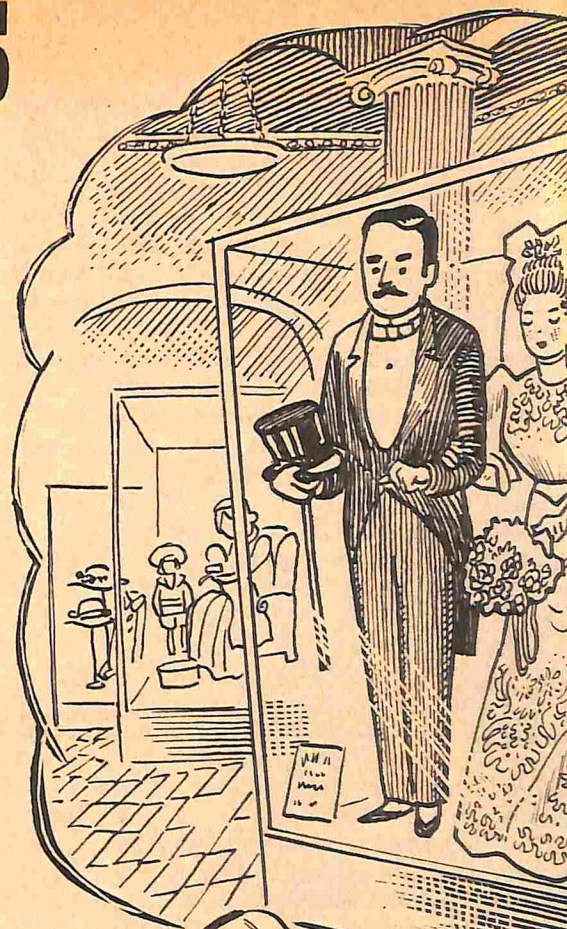
The large old brown chest was put in
the cellar some forty years ago. The
house was to be remodeled, and as attic
space would no longer be available, this
was the only solution for one who
hoarded. Occasionally the chest was
cleaned and, of course, everything put
back. Parting with what might prove to
be antique was a heartrending experi-
ence.

Now forty years later, I decided to
have another look, and come what may,
I opened the long neglected chest. On one
side of the partition I found a feather
pillow. This might be called an antique,
for with the use of foam pillows today,
feathers are no longer a luxury. I wonder
what is now done with all the feathers
plucked from unsuspecting hens, geese,
and turkeys. One or two articles, not
worth mentioning, were disposed of.

In the other side was a very large bol-
ster slip — not a mere pillow slip, but a
case for a very large bolster. Are they
still in use in America? I have found them
occasionally in Europe. This I managed
to carry upstairs. I had no idea what the
bag contained — perhaps you have
guessed — my very own baby clothes,
actually worn by me — yes, a good many
more than forty years ago. My mother
was a hoarder too — although, in later
years, as I recall, she was always giving
away my dresses, and many new things
to people who could use them.

There was a musty smell about the con-
tents of the bag, so I washed long, long
dresses with hamburg and lace trim-
mings, nighties, long woolen petticoats
with wide bands and tie strings — belly
bands and woolen shirts so tiny they
would hardly fit some of the large dolls
of today. Ugh! how I must have itched.

GOOD OLD DAYS



There were bonnets and a small silk veil
— and I'm sure I could hardly recall at
that age, but I seem to have a feeling that
a runny nose and a pink tongue made
wet spots on the veil, that a tendency to
freeze in cold weather.

There were also two short dresses, one
a pink chambray with a hamburg yoke,
and the other a turkey red trimmed with
red and white hamburg.

It took me several days to wash and
dry these garments, for things were never
ironed when put away in the old days —
soon they were back in the bag.

Imagination is a marvelous thing and,
thank goodness, I have been endowed
with quite a bit of it — and I add to it
as time goes on. In imagination I have

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May 1970

GOOD-OLD-DAYS

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