

Memories of Adrian Cherney

As a young kid, I got to stay at Grandpa and Grandma's farm for a vacation. I remember one time when Uncle Bill and Uncle Tom were working our in the fields and I was with them. After working a little while, they gave me a bucket and told me to go to the tavern and get them some beer. Uncle Tom said to me "Now don't swing that bucket, we need every bit of beer". And so off I went and brought back the beer. Then made a few rounds around the field and sent me off again for more beer.

I also remember going to parties in their garage. It was a great time, but as the night wore on the party quit in the garage but everyone picked up and went dancing at Beverly Gardens. I had to stay back – and could only look out the window and watch everyone kicking up their heels.

Memories of Bernadine Cherney Williamsen

Now that winter is almost over, I can remember the years as a kid when we got so much snow and it drifted that Cliff and I or later Harold and I would spend hours outside making caves in the snow. And this is not the snow that Dad plowed to clear a lane for the car. I also remember watching the plow on the road in between our house and the next one (Uncle Joe Cherney's – my dad's brother) which was half a mile away. The plow would have to stop, back up and ram his plow forward, stop, back up and ram his plow forward, and did this a number of times until the plow could make it through. The snow banks would be high, much higher than we were. We didn't have a wind chill indicator so that we went outside almost everyday. Another winter activity I did was to go ice skating. There was a depression in one of the hay fields about a quarter of a mile from the house. I would walk there and then put on my skates. Now that was a task as there was no warming house or trees. But eventually I accomplished it and skated and enjoyed it. And of course there was tobogganing. We did this on Brusse's hill. I would be invited to go with Clifford and his friends – Jimmy Kobes, Jake Halada and Jackie Voehn and was thrilled to be asked. Of course, I didn't know that I was being asked so that I would be the first person on the toboggan and would get all the snow in my face as we went down hill.

My brothers and I, except Harold went to a one room school house with all eight grades – Lynch School. Today that building is a garage. I went there for 1st and 2nd grade. When we had recess the teacher and all the students went outside for fresh air and play games. There were only about 15 students in the school. We even had a hot lunch program. We would bring potatoes and chocolate milk in a jar to school. We would put the potatoes in the ash pan of the wood stove and the milk in the water pan on top. Come lunch time our lunch would be cooked and it was welcome when it was cold out. The poor teachers had to put up with our shenanigans, no office to send us to when we acted up. One of things, I remember about that school is the big sandbox

in the back of the room where we got lessons about rivers, mountains, etc. I enjoyed that part of it and I think the teacher taught that to more than one grade at a time.

I started first grade (no kindergarten back then) and was the only student in my grade. So they asked Joanne Radue (a five year old) to join me. I was happy. I had perfect attendance the first two years in that school. We walked the three-fourths of a mile to and from school. But I really had fun as all the kids walked home together and I remember making up stories naming the ponds of water from the melting snow after our teachers. The biggest one was always the teacher we didn't like. It would take us some time to get home because we could not just walk on the road but had to walk on top of the snow banks and sometimes fell through and got soaking wet. Of course you can imagine what happened when we got home.

We also had field trips when we were at Lynch. Every spring we went to the end of the road to where there was a wooded area (now Neshotah Park) and we had a science nature lesson. We also learned how to walk down the steep hill by digging our heels in. Don't know why that memory sticks with me but I must have been impressed by the teacher teaching me how to walk down the hill – remember I was in 1st grade.

After 2nd grade I went to SS. Cyril & Methodius Catholic School where we really progressed from a one room school house to a two room school house. Uncle Tom and my dad took turns driving us to and from school. I still have recollection of Uncle Tom & Aunt Ellen coming over and having a discussion in our kitchen about sending us to the Catholic school.

At our house we did not have central heating like today but heated our house by burning wood. So we had to carry wood from the wood shed to the porch and put it in the wood box. Now the wood shed was not far from the house. We had a wagon in summer and sleigh with a box on for winter to help us get the wood to the house. Like in the "**Family Circus**" cartoon, I remember finding the longest route to get that wood to the house. I can also remember playing with Harold imitating our dad by using the wagon as a car and pretending that we were going to Denmark (the mailbox at the end of the driveway) to get supplies or taking it to the garage to get the vehicle fixed.

The milk tank was my swimming pool. So when it was really hot out I would get into it cool off. This was during the daytime when the cans of milk were already picked up by the milkman. Sometimes I don't think that water was any cooler than the air outside as the tank sat out in the hot sun. But it was fun to get wet. Another way to cool off was to sit in the culvert at the end of the orchard and then jump into the little pool of water at the bottom of the culvert. This water formed a creek that followed our land all the way down to the woods. In spring it was fun to play in the swollen creek and watch things float down and to make dams.

Now does every kid know how to make mud pies? I would spend hours playing in puddles of water and making mud pies and letting them dry on a board. The beginnings of my culinary arts. My dad also had a car taken apart and used the engine to make an engine to cut wood. He left the dashboard in and cut off the rest of the car. I can remember standing for hours in front of that dashboard driving a car and going nowhere except in my head I drove around the world. I think Harold and I had a few fights over who gets to drive the car.

We did not have television at home until I was in high school. The TV then was black and white and only on a couple of hours each day. So we had to invent a lot of our own entertainment. We would usually get one game for Christmas and sometimes Mom would buy us a puzzle when she went to Green Bay for her three times a year shopping. One of my favorite games was "**Pirates and Travelers**". I did learn my geography with that game. Maybe that is why I like to travel. My Dad also liked to travel. He would drive somewhere every Sunday afternoon. I think he knew every road in Brown, Kewaunee and Manitowoc counties and probably also a couple of taverns. My mom did not usually go with him as I think she was bothered by migraine headaches. Of course, we kids had to fend for ourselves and be quiet. Another game that I liked was "**Peggety**". You had to get 5 pegs of one color in a row. I think I could play that for hours with Cliff or Harold. At Christmas time, we devised a game called "I see". We would name the colors of a particular ornament on the tree and the others had to guess which one it was. Now doesn't that sound like fun?

My cousin, Beverly Kohlbeck, lived at the tavern "**Beverly Gardens**". I would sometimes go over there and play with her. Beverly Gardens was next to Uncle Tom's and Aunt Ellen's house (the house our parents grew up in). She had a swing in the garage. Jerry would come over and play also and I remember we got into a fight over that swing and did Aunt Beatrice get mad. She could send Jerry home but not me as I had to wait until someone came to pick me up. But I caught it when I got home. I probably had to kneel in the corner for a while and think about my actions.

Going to Uncle Tom's and Aunt Ellen's was always fun because they had a modern house. I remember that our parents would get together in winter or lent and play cards. We would play upstairs while card playing was going on downstairs. In their house the bedrooms were connected by having the closets in between so that we could go from one bedroom to the next through the closets. We would get going in some running games and then soon someone was yelling up at us wondering what we were doing making so much noise.

I think I like baseball because in summer we played a lot of baseball. I also remember going to watch Jerome play at the church baseball diamond. And later on we would go watch the high school games especially if a game was going on after I finished my piano lessons. Clifford and I took piano lessons in Denmark. Dad would take us in and wait for us at the hotel bar in Denmark. Mrs. Quatsoe our teacher lived at the top of

the hill, the hotel was at the bottom of the hill. After our lesson we walked down to the tavern at the hotel and then Dad would buy us a candy bar or a glass of Orange Crush. Was that good!

As I got older in high school, I would go to dances almost every weekend. It was either Suster's in Denmark, Bluestone in Bellevue or Rendezvous. Does that place sound familiar? There were about six or seven of us girls who went dancing. One dad would take us and another would pick us up. We would usually dance the night away and of course do a lot of flirting with the boys. Later on some of us would get dates or the boys would bring us home and then our dads were free. Those dances were a wonderful way to learn socializing skills and wonderful way to exercise besides meeting the boys.

Church picnics in the summer were fun. It was a great time to meet all your friends and of course meet the boys. We would spend a lot of time before the picnic making cherries for the cherry tree. Then work in stand the day of or work in the bingo stand. Telling the boys we would meet them later to dance and maybe have a drink with them.

One of my great joys in my teenage years was to have an old beater of a car to run around in. After Aunt Emily (my dad's sister) no longer wanted her big old black Buick, she gave it to my Dad. I felt like I had the world on a string driving around in that car and picking up my friends and just cruising. We often drove out to Harp's Lake in Manitowoc County. Of course we met up with the boys again and I don't mean my brothers.

Memories of Michelle Klarkowski

Michelle tells us a wonderful happening that her Mom and Dad (Shona and Glenn) helped and were at the birth of all three of their grandchildren.