

What was the neighborhood you grew up in like?



I grew up in a farming neighborhood where your neighbors were also your friends. When there was work and they needed help they all worked together. Early on it was threshing and later years baling hay and straw.

Families would visit each other in the evenings. Our closest neighbor was directly across the road from us, so we saw each other frequently. They were a young couple with small children, Roscoe and Joan Hulbert. My cousin and his family lived a half mile north of us, Harold and Ella Backer. A half mile south were Paul and Emma Benning. Their son Merlin was in my grade at school, and I walked to his house and waited for him to walk the rest of the way with me.

Joyce Fenneman

A neighborhood tradition was having an oyster stew supper at the end of corn picking each year. They took turns having it in their homes. Of course, back then it was usually the stew, jello, and cake. My Mom's was always the best according to Dad.

I really enjoyed the Hulbert family. She and her son were struck by lightning once. I didn't remember it, but she insisted I washed the blood from her hair. They continued to invite Bob and I to their house for the oyster stew even after we were married. We also visited them in their home in later years we went to their 50th wedding anniversary. She made my day when she said "I just knew you would come. "

When they moved to another farm not far away our new neighbors were Edward and Joyce Schmadeke. I did some babysitting for them. Ed was a good singer, and he would lean on his barn door and sing crazy song to me as I walked the path to our outdoor privy. Making sure to embarrass me.

My brother and I and the Backer kids spent quite a bit of time together. Playing or fighting, whatever we felt like on a given day.

My Dad was losing his eyesight and we had a short time with no car so depended on rides from the neighbors. We got a car again when I was old enough to drive.