

MEMORIES

The first tall bicycle owned by Ed Barber. The huge wheel was as tall as he. It had a tiny little wheel behind it for balance. It was difficult to mount, but the rider, once in the saddle, was able to keep upright and moving--well, most of the time. There was an occasional spill and the only wonder is that more bones weren't broken.

The Benedict grocery on a Saturday. Teams, with lumber wagons, were hitched to posts along the street as close together as are cars at meter boxes now. Uncle Will Benedict was without doubt the most beloved grocer in town. He always had a kindly greeting for adult customers, a smile and piece of candy for the children. The stock was nearly as varied as that of the modern "Supermarket." It was said that Uncle Will's grocery safe contained more "wills" and private papers left in his keeping than that of any lawyer or judge--so great was the trust of the community in this upright man.

The top of Uncle Will's head was completely bald, and shiny, except for three or four very stiff hairs which sprouted there from time to time. When I made my regular Sunday afternoon visits to the Benedict home, attracted, no doubt, by the dishpan of popcorn my cousin Frank always made, my Uncle Will let me take a pair of tweezers and pull out the sparse growth on that otherwise bare pate. I felt it looked better that way.

Once when I went down to Uncle Will's, a strange boy, about my own age, was standing on the porch steps.