

Just to follow up on one item from last month's column. I told you as a young lad on the farm, one of the things I did was throw some of my dad's tools down the well pit when it had a couple of feet of water standing in it. Seems that Ray Thomas, who now lives on the farm just north of West Concord with his wife Annalee and their 4 children, had some water line issues last summer and that pit became full of water. As the water subsided, Ray had to climb down in it to turn off a valve. Ray saw my story about the throwing of the tools and said he thought he saw a rusty wrench or two down there. He didn't give it a thought at the time how they got there. I'm hoping someday he can retrieve one for me so I can hang on to it to show my grandkids what not to do.

To be fair about this, my mom always told the story of how my dad would borrow her hammer that she kept in the house. After having a few not return, she painted the handle of her new hammer bright red. Well sure enough that hammer went missing and mom blamed my dad...again. He pleaded innocent until the evidence showed up about 200 feet from the kitchen window. My mom happened to be looking out when something red caught her eye. It was not a Car Car Cardinal down on highway 56. Upon further investigation, meaning she walked toward the bright red object and sure enough, kangaroo court had all the evidence it needed for a conviction. Never again did my dad ask to borrow any of her tools from the back room drawer. And just to be sure, all the screwdriver handles were painted bright red.



Have you ever tried to go through an old collection of stuff from a box or bin? I call it 'stuff' while my wife calls it 'junk'. If you've never heard George Carlin's bit about 'stuff', you will have to google it and listen to it. Now I know I'm supposed to be sorting and throwing away all the useless collectibles but it takes a lot of time as I have to stop to look each item and quickly transcend back in time to when this picture or item came to be.

On this particular afternoon about a month ago, I finally got to one bin. It was a rather large bin with lots of ‘stuff’. Even if it was a small bin, I would have still only got through one bin. Well on this day as I was reminiscing and sorting, I came across an old school paper. It was a West Wind from the spring of 1962. I have some assorted things that my older sister Karolyn had or my brother Harvey had. Well this would have been Harv’s West Wind from his junior year at WCHS.

There were a lot of familiar names in this edition. The senior editors in 1962 were Bill Bartholomew and Jureene Hilling, better known as Reenie. She married that Sprieter boy after high school. The junior editors were Avis Stene and Pat Bartlett. Gary Golden wrote a column called ‘Dear Crabby’. It was like a Dear Abby column without the high readership or popularity. Here’s an example of the letters he got: Dear Crabby, I have been in very poor physical condition. Tell me, what do you do for that run-down feeling? Signed, Gunther. Crabby say: Get the number of that truck.

Here’s one more: Dear Crabby, In preparation for the Easter season, I am going to raise white bunnies to sell. I guess this is called rabbit farming. Do you know anything about rabbit farming? Crabby says: No, but the rabbits sure do. At the bottom of the column it said Crabby will be glad to help you. Just send 5¢ in coin with your name and locker number to Crabby, WEST WIND, WCHS. You will receive a booklet on ‘Barking – Self Taught’ or ‘To be a Better Conversationalist.’

You might remember how the West Wind would interview seniors to find out their favorite classes, foods, TV programs, etc. Some of the seniors featured in this particular issue included the aforementioned Reenie Kathleen Hilling and Billy LeRoy Bartholomew along with Roger Alan Vrieze, Marylee Martig and Sharon Diane Mensing, who married that Pechacek boy. It seemed everybody liked WDGY or as we called it WeeGee. Back in the 50’s, 60’s and into the 70’s, I think kids listened to it not only for the music but to drive our parents nuts.

This West Wind will be donated to the research room at the West Concord Historical Society. They have some West Winds there but they could use more so if you happen to spend a day going through an old box or bin and you run across some old West Winds, first read them as you travel memory lane, then donate them to the museum so others can travel that lane too.