

Virginia Larsen Board's memories of her mother & father

(c. 1982-4) My mother was always baking food rolls, coffee cake, and bread. She was always working in house or garden. Sometimes she painted the entire inside of the house. She always had regular days for washing, ironing and did Spring and Fall housecleaning complete over haul of house. Every afternoon she'd bathe and put on a clean housedress before Dad came home. She was sensitive and loved flowers, gardening. She entered into school activities and always went to church.

We had chickens, gooseberry bushes, a cherry and pear tree. We slept on the floor in front room when it was very hot. We had nice Christmas trees. Mother helped make May baskets. We used to sit on front porch with sing on a summer night.

When I was little I especially liked to help with washing - poke stick in boiling clothes and hang up. (Karen has the clothes fork carved by George)

From my mother I learned mothering and housekeeping, though I sure didn't help much.

My father was cheerful - loved to read. When we were small we would climb on his back when he got down on all fours and play horse. He loved music – sang old songs for us – showed us pictures of castles, etc in Europe. Always went to Sunday School and church. He liked his children, loved to talk, and was proud to be an American. He was very sensitive. He loved to dance and music.

From my father I learned to be interested in everything about the world and people. To save money, to be a Christian, to be tolerant—not prejudiced—and value education.

We took family Sunday afternoon drives to nearby towns in IL, WI, IA and saw baptizing in River. We went to Delavan, Lake Geneva, Mississippi River, lots of different parks and also went to Camp Grant Encampments lots of summers.

When I was about 8 (1929), our car tipped over on our way to Rib Lake. We all went to the hospital in Madison and then continued the trip to visit Grandfather Hein. I remember his beard and that he had dandelion wine at his house.

When I was about 9 (1930), we stayed at Mrs. Keefe's (father's 2nd cousin) house in Delavan when her little grandchild was there from NY.

When I was about 10 (1931), our parents left us for the first time while they walked a half block to the Masonic dance. My sisters were 9, 7, and 5. We were in twin beds in one bedroom. Some cried so we moved the beds together and held hands.