



# Glen Elder, KS -- Heritage & History

~ Memoir Lane ~

---

## Fun On the Farm 50 Years Ago

-- by Erma Luckey

I was born in Glen Elder in 1937 and lived on a farm two and a half miles southwest of town with my parents (Kenneth & Ellen German) and brothers Richard, Kenley and Rodney. We lived just down the hill from my grandparents (Chet & Eva German) where their home provided happy times for a large family including dinners, taffy pulls and games.

### Depression Days

During the depression years, we did not have the many toys kids have today. However, entertainment was far from lacking.

Raised with three brothers, my favorite game was not playing with dolls. One of my favorites was taking a stick, tying a string and hook of sorts on it and then fishing for jar rings down below from the roof of a building. Another was floating jar lids in the cow-tank and tossing marbles from a distance to see who could sink the most. Another thing we liked to do was climb. Near the farm was a row of trees; we would start at one end and see if we could climb through along the whole distance without falling. We also had a rope tied to the ceiling in the barn from which we would swing back and forth, trying all sorts of rope stunts. I dreamed of becoming a famous trapeze artist. Somehow, none of us fell and broke our necks so that was some sort of miracle.

Also, after a good rain, the draw would fill with water. We liked to catch pollywogs (tadpoles.) One thing I remember is that my dad loved oyster soup. And, I might have liked it too—had my younger brother not referred to it as “pollywog” soup.

Thinking of water, when it rained extra hard the Solomon River would go out of its banks, preventing all of us living on the south side to not be able to get to town except for a few who dared to be rowed across by boat. Neighbors would gather down by the bank to watch the fast moving water, the boaters and visit with each other. Some of the younger boys, including my brother, Kenley, made homemade spears and would throw them at logs as they came by.

I also recall all night fishing trips on the Solomon with other families; the men and boys running trotlines all night long provided a lot of fun and outdoor fish fries, too!

One of the saddest moments I can remember is when I found some kitties under the barn and brought one to the house. How was I to know it was a baby skunk and would not be allowed to keep it? I wished I had not told dad, but I suppose in time he would have found it anyway.

It was a good carefree life for children then.