

Our Vacation Trip Aug 1921

When B.C.S needed a rest  
He said to me one day  
If you will be my lovely guest  
We will quietly slip away.

We left So, Bend at 2:00 P.M.  
And how the rain did pour  
We jogged along on high and low  
Until we were stiff and sore.

The road was long and awfully rough  
As we slowly moved along  
We were pulled out once and that was enough  
And then we were up and gone.

Now, then, B.S. would make a stop  
And I stood 'round and wailed  
It's not so handy traveling now  
Since schools are consolidated.

When we got almost to the lake  
A place we had never been  
The Longfields met us just outside  
And kindly towed us in.

The road was narrow - the hills were steep  
It was also getting late  
At half past eight - on this same date  
We landed at 'Crooked Lake'

When the cottage I spied - I could have cried  
It looked so strange to me  
But morning came - and it was light  
Wasn't half as bad as it seemed at night.

Some folks may think the cottage swell  
If they don't care - what they say  
But I just thought it particular h---  
To live a week that way.

The house you would say was a triple deck

As near as I can describe  
We cooked and ate in the basement  
And the well was just outside.

We slept up in the attic  
And of course got all the breeze  
The worst thing of all was "the toilet"  
At the top of the hill under the trees.

Our furniture would certainly make you smile  
To find each piece - different period style  
Our mattresses which sometimes hurt our back  
Were filled with wood from an old straw stack

Our covers were as good as could be found  
Each one a different shade of brown  
Our pillows - they should have been the best  
But mornings our bed looked like a chickens nest

The rooms overhead we began to dread  
So we decided one day to move our bed  
We had plenty of room and would have been still  
But couldn't stand the breeze from the top of the hill.

Our kitchen stove was a new invention  
As I have plainly said  
Cooking - was certainly, out of the question  
We smoked our meals instead.

The eats we served wouldn't have been so bad  
If only some fish we might have had  
The men would get up early - and fish and fish  
And then ask us, to please, cook some other dish

After breakfast they would light their pipes  
This time - We'll be the winner  
But they came back all out of whack  
We had bacon and eggs for dinner

Afternoon - we hoped and prayed  
If only they get a sucker  
But they came back all tired out  
We had bacon and eggs for supper

Now the meals we served didn't take so long

For we had our potatoes with the jackets on  
In doing our work we had some system  
And didn't cook more than we could exist on

The men were beaten when they said  
We do the best we can  
We rented a boat and out we went  
John and I and Ann

So Ann, she happened to get a perch  
And John just leaped with joy  
So we decided to dress the fish  
And fry it for the boy

Now then the men grew desperate  
We'll see what we can do  
We will have some fish if it takes all night  
If it's only just a few

They came home saying we have done our best  
And think we have you one good mess  
I have always thought and still think yet  
They surely robbed some minnow net

But what was the difference if they were small  
They tasted better than none at all  
Though it did seem tough to live that way  
It was a whole lot better than the Angola Cafe

Now the food stuffs we had were getting low  
We were beginning to have to go real slow  
To make it last just one more day  
We planned that Sunday we would drive away

We started out so full of delight  
And didn't get back till after night  
We sped along as fast as a train  
Never stopped till we reached Fort Wayne

Now Fort Wayne is a mighty fine town  
We went to the best restaurant that could be found  
Those men just bought every thing to be seen  
From chicken and duck - down to ice cream

But we couldn't see what was to hinder  
From getting us a real fish dinner  
Just why they didn't was never explained  
So we kept quiet and never complained

Sometimes at night we could not sleep  
The house was surely haunted

The mice kept playing hide and seek  
Till we were almost daunted

The great big fish did jump and splash  
The squirrels were in a panic  
And what was more - the men did snore  
Till we were simply frantic

It is mighty fine sport to go bathing and swimming  
But we got enough- right in the beginning  
The bottom being stoney and the water deep  
We merely got in to wet our feet

But Ann and I always tried to be game  
In cobwebs and dust we could write our names  
And things didn't seem quite the same  
The men had the pleasure - we never complained

While up until the very last day  
The men still wanted to prolong their stay  
And we were wishing we had our say  
We surely would have been miles away

But of all things - I've had my fill  
Climbing up - that darned old hill  
I want to forget but never will  
The night we each had to take a pill

Before B.S. was out of sight  
I had to follow right in the night  
We kept it up until daylight  
Then John and Ann had to make the flight

But it was no worse for us - I guess  
Than it seemed to be for B.C.S.  
And R.H.L. was a regular pest  
For he roasted us - almost to death

But after all it was a pretty nice thing  
Not to be hearing the telephone ring  
We could lie down anytime and take a nap  
Without ever thinking someone would rap

And the Longfields surely are real good company-  
People like they are few  
They would do anything they could  
Down to swiping wood  
Just to make it comfortable for you

Now we weren't freezing, but all had been sneezing  
So thought it not wrong to do  
And now I must say, the very last day  
Was worth as much as the rest of the stay

We started out and none to soon  
Traveling 'round every hill and lagoon  
And reached 'Rome City' just after noon

We found the hotel - away from the lake  
The dinner we had was simply great  
And now I think it time to confess  
Of all our trips - this was the best

Beside the pleasure of just to motor  
We saw the cottage of "Gene Stratton Porter"  
We enjoyed the trip around Sylvan Lake  
For we know they took it for our sake

Now then, I feel I have made a mistake  
Wouldn't have taken half so long  
Our pleasures to relate

And when we got home I thought "Gee"  
Things look better than ever to me  
We had a light supper with a hot cup of tea  
And I was as contented as I could be

"This story" will not seem very much  
Unless you have been right in touch  
With the "Characters" in the play

But we know what it means  
And can picture "the scenes"  
Of all the things that happened each day

In describing our trip  
I have done my best  
If you will ask Ann  
She will tell you the rest

After all we can have no fun  
Until we take life just as it comes  
Learn to enjoy above all things  
The many pleasures our husbands bring

And if ever another vacation we take  
If it's only for our husbands sake  
We ought to go back to "Crooked Lake"

Mrs BCS