

Curator's Corner . . .

There have been occasions when we have longed for a corner. Not a few times we have been "cornered." We have never done any prize fighting (except verbally) but in following stories of the "squared circle" we have learned that each fighter has a corner. Most have heard of that corner around which prosperity was, and except for war, might still be. Well, there is no point in trying to establish that there is such a thing as a corner for the thing is itself a point.

What this all leads to—if anywhere—is that we decided that it might be helpful, to us at least, to have a "corner". One of the staff told us that to be a Curator we had to have whiskers. This in response to a passing comment about the well known tonsorial activity employing shavers. Not being able, so quickly, to qualify on the whisker angle, there was one we thought we might conjure up. So we came up with "corner" and if that is not an "angle" Webster should return and do some of his stuff over.

So this is our angle—"Curator's Corner". From here we hope to emerge periodically, which is about all one can do in a periodical, with some experience of our own, or others, which we hope will prove of interest.

We have lived our life in Iowa and our family goes back to the beginning of a community in Union county. We have either seen, or heard about, most of the early eras of Platte township in Union county, Iowa. Grandfather was one of the first three white men to settle there and homestead the farm on which we were born. Mother still lives on it.

There was a time when "The Old Oaken Bucket" was a favorite song, for we had a well with two oaken buckets one on each end of over sixty feet of rope running on an overhead pulley. When the minister mentioned drinking from a bucket like that in a recent sermon we were reminded that we have not had a "real" drink of water

since then. Open well; unsanitary; dirt and dust in the water; certainly, but how refreshing to have that cold water run down your neck, inside and out, on a hot day.

The well was near the corner of the barn, but the ground sloped away from the well, so no drainage came into the well from the barn, (this to allay apprehension of sanitationists—strange how some of us ever lived before we found out how many bugs there are that are out to get us) and near the well an ash tree. Here was some old machinery, older and more unique than some housed here in the Historical building. It went for the most part to a junk dealer to whom a younger brother and I sold it. This “collector” came thru one day and for about sixty cents really “collected” from us. Some two decades later this seems and sounds like a joke. But it was no joke when father learned about one of our earliest commercial ventures.

In some future issues we may re-appear in the “Curator’s Corner.”

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