

rocked the cradle, brought in the wood and water, gathered the eggs, churned, put wicks in the candle moulds and ran errands.

When mother whirled the big wheel with her right hand, the spindle would buzz aplenty. She would take one of the carded wool rolls in her left hand and, holding one end on the end of the spindle, turn the wheel and the roll would be twisted into a yarn. She would then reverse the wheel, winding the yarn back on the spindle, hold the end of the yarn and of a new roll together, turn the wheel forward, twisting that roll into yarn, winding it onto the spindle, and so on until the spindle was full. Then she would wind it off onto the reel. A string was tied around every so many yarns on this reel making a skein. Skeins were taken off the reel and one of us would hold them on our outstretched hands while the other wound it into a ball. Or we would place it over two chairs, turned back to back a little way apart, and walking round and round, wind it into a ball.

If we were lazy or neglectful of our work or ran away, there was always a little switch, called a persuader, handy. Still, although I doubtless deserved it often enough, I cannot remember mother ever giving me a whipping, and can recall father whipping me but twice. Probably I deserved both of them, though I did not think so at the time.

To Be Continued

Correction: In the last issue of the *ANNALS*, Volume XL, No. 6, Fall, 1970, the title of the article by Gerard R. Case, on page 445, contained a misspelled word. The title of the article should have read: **[The Occurrence Of Petrodus And Other Fossil Sharp Remains In The Pennsylvanian Of Iowa.]**

The Editor

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