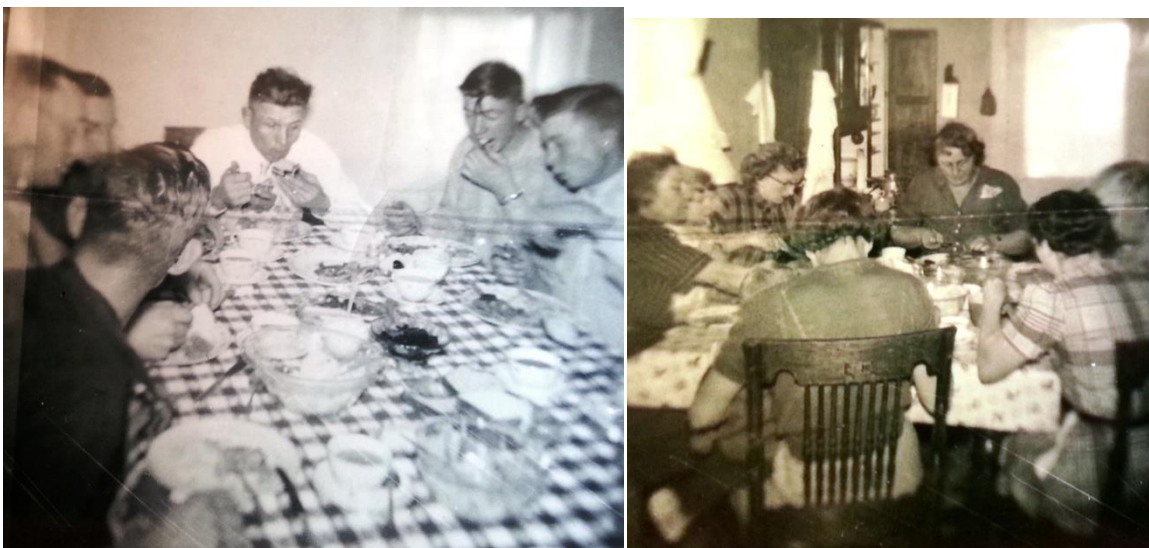


## A Smokey Thanksgiving

Isn't it fun when something triggers a pleasant memory from so many years ago? Today (Thanksgiving 2015) I am re-living an event that happened 67 years ago. When I was a little kid, my folks, the Cornelius family and the Gerloff family alternated hosting holiday dinners in their homes.



In 1948 the festivities were held at the Gerloff farm several miles west of Cedarville, Illinois and they had PUPPIES!

I begged and begged and, miraculously, my folks said, "Yes." I suspect a new pup was already in the plans since our dog had died a few months earlier. No matter, a super-excited little blonde picked out the cutest puppy ever.

Thanksgiving was very cold that year and I can still feel Smokey snuggled under my heavy coat on our way home in the back seat of Dad's gray '38 Buick. It's a wonder I didn't suffocate the poor little critter.

Winters in northern Illinois can be brutally cold and 1948/49 was no exception. Smokey lived in a large cardboard box in our kitchen until the middle of January when he totally tore his temporary house to shreds and could no longer be confined there. Oh, how I bawled when he was moved (with a ton of old blankets, coats and rugs) to the doghouse just outside the kitchen door. Below is an entries from Mom' 1949 diary:

SUNDAY, JANUARY 16

got the cows pretty well trained to go in their places  
our puppy Smokey is growing and is very naughty I didn't get him on Thanksgiving day from Aunt Berloffs 1 mo. old.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29

this morning the wind blew thru the trees making chimes out of them at 10 high lines are breaking power off this am for 1 hr this P.M. since 3 to 8

that smoky is a nut he sure acts silly over any thing. wanted a piece of apple to eat because Fokul was eating one too

Smokey is long gone but his memory remains in my heart today. I hope this brings one of your own favorite childhood times to the surface and makes you smile.

