

Fashion Diva in the Snow

The pictures (in 1951) are of Smokey, a Heintz, and Zippy, the boxer, and me (age 8) having a picnic in the snow.



Mom chose her battles with an impulsive little girl and agreed to let her eat her dinner (that was the noon meal out on the farm in those days) on a balmy, snow-filled day.

The pictures reveal my sense of fashion (at the hands of Mom) as I sported the elegant hand-crocheted stocking cap, a sensible heavy wool scarf:



Note, too, the bulky, street-length black coat (with crusted snow along the hem) which was sewn from somebody's hand-me-down, still-warm-enough coat, and very sensible snow pants. Inside those boots I would have been wearing shoes, a pair of UGLY brown cotton long stockings (held up with a garter belt, no less), several pairs of red sox and plastic bread wrappers over all. But, hey, I was toasty warm. Not sure how I got out of the house without my heavy, hand-sewed, plastic covered wool mittens.



You know, just remembering the way Mom dressed me makes me feel warm all over. She did a remarkable job, using whatever she could scrounge together to keep a young kid dry and warm during the cold northern Illinois winters. I had such a great childhood