I Remember

Spring, Summer, Fall, Winter,
in my early years.

by John H. Vargo, Publisher

My earliest recollections are of Lake Meahagh filled with sea grass with open patches of clear water. In these patches was the fish that I was taught to catch. The lake became huge in my eyes and the winds, never steady, always either too much or not enough, became the center of everything to me. When I was home or in school I would watch for wind movement on the branches of the hemlocks or at school, the flagpole. The slightest twitter and I was off to the lake to try out the iceboat. As I got older, access to my father's home made wine made the nightly trips even more interesting. I would go out to the underground dugout that held all sorts of vegetables and other items that required a cool place to survive, get the rubber hose, conveniently resting near the wooden barrel of wine, fill a gallon jug and off to the lake we would go. If the TV antenna on the roof was howling with the wind we knew we were in for a fabulous night only made better by many swigs of home make wine from the used Fleischman's gin barrel. (The wine would draw out the 180 proof gin still in the wooden barrel.) If it was deemed impossible to sail because of the wind, we would just pile everyone on the "Green Hornet" put a couple of big rocks on the outboard side of each runner and run with the wind to our favorite cove. There were all sorts of vegetables and other items that required a cool place to survive. When I was old enough to uncover the iceboat, and put up the sails all by myself. That was the "Green Hornet". The "Wildcat" which was a one of the first bow steering iceboats was a different matter entirely. This boat, used under the same windy conditions, had a very nasty habit of not being able to be steered. I remember one time barreling down the lake with the usual crowd of suspects, including the wine bottle, when we all slid off the boat just before it went up and onto the causeway and under the roadside cables, shearing off the mast. Again we all just laughed, put the pieces back on the boat and, with wine bottle retrieved, walked the mile back up the lake and home. What memories... Then there were the summers. I hate weed ing to this day. We always had a big garden. My mother canned everything. We ate very well during the winter war years because of my father and mother working the summer garden. We also plant ed much of our own vegetables and other things that required a cool place to survive. We always had a big garden. My mother worked the summer garden. Everyone in the family was involved in the family business. We joined in the work and helped with the harvest. We ate very well. Even my father and mother helped with the harvest. We were all involved in the family business. We joined in the work and helped with the harvest. We ate very well. There was always something in the garden to eat. We never wanted for food.