

Phil Amott

sometime back my community comment was on the millennial's but today I'm going to speak to my age group which are the octogenarians. I reached that stage in March of this year.

I am reminded of what we went through growing up in the 30s and 40s and 50s and I am especially reminded of what my father often told me. He said that if I ever had the opportunity to speak before a group that I should stand up tall so everyone could see me, speak out loud so everyone could hear me and then sit down quickly so everyone would like me.

I am also reminded of the word chores. And growing up we all had our chores to do. Mine included making ~~k~~ handling for the fireplace, washing and bathing the dog and of course mowing the lawn.

For those of you who are in this age category you probably remember the old radio ad that said use new white rain shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright.

Sunday afternoon was the time when you listen to the radio mainly because television had not yet become a reality. Those radio shows included Nick Carter, the Lone Ranger, inner sanctum and the Green hornet

Who knows

my other favorite was the shadow because he was the one that said ~~what~~ what evil lurks in the hearts of men, the shadow knows.

Our first television set was in 1953 and all we got as you may recall was Carla panda playing the ~~piano~~ <sup>organ</sup>.

The other fun times were in the car when our parents were driving us around and we would read all of the highway signs, check the license plates from other states and count as many as we could.

Growing up in those days was innocent and fun filled. Do you remember playing kick the can out on the street in front of your house.

I recently received a wonderful email from a good friend of mine. The title of the article was children of the greatest generation. The article said that those born in the 1930s and 1940s were the silent generation. We were the smallest number of children born since the early 1900s. We are the last generation, climbing out of the depression who can remember the winds of war and the impact of a world at war which rattled the structure of our daily lives for years. We are probably the last generation to remember ration books for everything from gas to sugar to shoes to stoves. We saved tinfoil and poured fat into tin cans.. We saved straying. Milk came in glass bottles and were delivered to your front door. We put cards on our bicycle spokes to make us sound like a motorcycle. We had tire swings wherever we could find a tree that was tall enough to allow that swing. We had a close family and they got together frequently to share their lives with each other. I will always remember talking to my uncle's and learning more about my parents that I never would've known.

But it was safe to play out on the street and we learned to know our neighbors who became our friends. We got involved in stamp collecting and on Saturday afternoons at the movies we saw newsreels of the

war and the Holocaust sandwiched in between westerns and cartoons. One of my favorite memories was the telephone which was a shared partyline with our neighbors.

We grew up at a time when the world was getting better, not worse and we all believed that we grew up in the best of times. We are the silent generation.

I leave you with a point to ponder don't you wish that our children today could grow up in a world that we knew when we grew up in the 40s and 50s. This is Phil Amott for community comment