

I Remember Grampa Paine

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My first recollection of Grampa Paine involves Uncle Neil Gillies, Aunt Rizpah, Mother and me. We went for a drive in Uncle Neil's seven passenger Chalmers touring car. Mother, Aunt Rizpah and I were in the rear. I sat on one of the jump seats. Uncle Neil and Grampa were in front.

After driving some time we made a rest stop. The women went one way and the men the other. There were woods on the men's side, and Grampa and Uncle Neil disappeared into the bush.

A short time later Grampa returned alone. A few minutes later Uncle Neil appeared holding an orange in his hand. "Look what I found!" "Neil! Where did you get that?" Mother demanded. "Right in there. There is a whole grove of them," said Uncle Neil.

From that moment until I reached junior high school, as far as I was concerned oranges grew in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

I don't recall the Paines moving to Lansing from the Copper Country and into the house at 716 Princeton. However, it was not long before Grampa became known to most of the people in the neighborhood. In the summer he sat on the front porch and spoke to everyone who came by. "Good morning m'boy—Good afternoon m'girl." He called Dad m'boy also, and I'm not sure Dad was sold on it.

I mowed the lawn at 716 from time to time. Since the lot was small and the grass was thin, mowing the lawn was no big chore. Grampa's mower was small and light. Besides I got to raid Aunt Mat's cookie jar. It was always full of brown sugar cookies or eccles cakes or surprise boxes or doughnuts, which Dad called sinkers. When fresh, Aunt Mat's doughnuts were good. With a little age, like a day or so, they became hard and heavy like you wouldn't believe.

Once Grampa and I were sitting in the front seat of our black and maroon Studebaker waiting for the family to get aboard for our Sunday drive. That model Studebaker had a new addition—short levers on each door which locked the latch. In those days cars were narrow so that I could reach both doors while sitting in the middle of the seat. I was moving the levers forward and backward one after the other when Grampa said, "Boy, that's the way valves work on a steam engine. The right

one moves forward and steam rushes in the cylinder. Then the left one moves forward, but when the left valve moves forward the right valve moves back to exhaust etc. etc. etc. Fascinating to a fourth or fifth grader; I never forgot how a steam engine works.

716 Princeton was a house of smells. Grampa's pipe smoke, Aunt Mat's spices for cooking and Aunt Mil's perfume combined to make an aroma I still remember.

Grampa was an inveterate smoker. He smoked a pipe and used plug tobacco which he cut with his trusty jack knife and rubbed as he cut. He carefully reamed out a little of the cake in his pipe and placed it on top of the unburned tobacco. Why? It made the tobacco catch fire easier. I can still smell that delicious aroma.

The Girls—Aunts Mat and Mil—gave him a Charles Dawes pipe. Apparently he didn't care for it much for he kept it and his old pipe with all the cake in it in the same tray, and then chose the old one.

I used to ride my bike over to Grampa's house and we would play two-handed rummy—deuces wild. I'd watch Grampa reload his pipe, and then we'd raid Aunt Mat's cookie jar. He also taught me how to play solitar—13 pile.

I remember having breakfast at 716 one time. I don't recall the occasion. Grampa bought his coffee in bulk and unground. He ground the coffee in a small hand operated grinder. On this occasion Grampa held the grinder between his knees and fed in the coffee while I turned the crank. Grandma made the coffee in an enameled coffee pot, boiled with an egg shell for clarity. I had half an orange which I ate with a spoon, raisin toast with thimbleberry jam, corn flakes and coffee with cream. I was told that if I had to have cream in my coffee, I didn't like coffee.

One summer day I sat on the porch swing at 716 watching Grampa cut up string beans with his pocket knife. Each slice was made diagonally across the bean and was very thin. His knife must have been very sharp for it is impossible to slice green beans that way with a dull knife.

On a mid-winter Sunday Grampa, Grama, Aunt Mat and Aunt Mil, the two girls, came to our house for dinner, 1223 Capitol Avenue. During the afternoon Grampa had an "attack" and went upstairs to lie down. A little later it was decided Grampa should have a shot of his tonic (Rock and Rye). Rock and Rye was an elixer Grampa kept readily available at his house on Princeton (in the cupboard above Aunt Mat's cookie jar).

I was chosen to go to 716 to get the tonic. I got on my bicycle after Aunt Mat gave me the key to the back door and took off through the snow for 716 Princeton. Riding a bicycle in the snow is no mean feat. At any rate I got the tonic. Transporting alcoholic beverages, at that time, was against the law. No doubt why I was chosen to get the tonic, rather than someone older who could drive a car.

Some time during the night the guests all bundled up and went home.

On my 14th birthday someone decided I should have my picture taken with Grampa... fine except I was having a siege of boils on the back of my neck. Just to hold my head up was excruciating. Somehow the picture was taken while I looked up at the camera with a sick smile. You have no idea how I hurt.

At the end Grampa had heart trouble which caused a bad cough. But not bad enough to keep us kids from having to line up and kiss Grampa goodbye after every visit.

Not only did it cause a bad cough, but eventually a hideous death, as described by Mother ("I wouldn't wish that on my worst enemy").

I don't recall the funeral so I suppose I didn't attend.

On a trip to Copper Country my brother Paul had found a smooth piece of red sandstone. The color was an attractive red and the stone worn to a beautiful smoothness. Paul wanted to put it on Grampa's grave, since it, like Grampa, was from the Copper Country.

At that time Bradford Edwards was going to Michigan State and had access to some engraving tools. He suggested to Paul that GRAMPA be engraved on the stone before it was put on the grave. Paul agreed and Brad did attractively plain engraving.

The stone remained on a ledge on Grampa's headstone for years.

Robert J. Adams

Marian Adams Elder Memories

My grandfather Paine (Mother's father) used to tell about the ink freezing in their ink bottles at school in the winter. They thought it was fun to put them on the wood stove to thaw. The ink would start boiling, pop the cork and shoot ink up to the ceiling.

He told also about putting someone's buggy on the roof of the school building on Halloween.

He was born in England, came to Canada, and then to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan (known as the Copper Country in those days). They lived in Lake Linden near Lake Superior – between Calumet and Hancock.

In those days there were Indians living around the area, and he always insisted on leaving their kitchen door unlocked at night so Indians could spend the night inside on cold nights.

The Indian beadwork I have framed in a shadow box was given to my grandfather by one of the Indians. Don't know why.

Grampa Paine played a game with us at dinner. He would butter his bread, cut it into pieces, and look away from his plate. We would take a piece while he wasn't looking, and he would act surprised when he looked back and noticed that some had disappeared.