

Remedies We'd Rather Forget

They Hadn't Prayed for Rain

BACK IN 1935, when I was 10 years old, my father was custodian of our church house, and I'd help him dust and clean the building, which was surrounded by grass and watered in three sections using a wrench at the front of the building.

One hot, humid summer day, the women of the church decided to have a quilting bee on the east side of the church in the cool shade.

My father asked me to turn on the water on the west side but, unknowingly, I turned on the water on the east side, where the ladies were gathered.

All of a sudden, I heard screeching, wailing and terrible yells coming from the east side. The more I tried to turn the water off, the more I turned it on.

I heard my dad yelling to turn off the water, and he finally came to my rescue.

When we went around the building, the women were still yelling and standing on top of their chairs; they thought their quilt was ruined.

One dear lady, standing on her chair with her skirt over her head, was crying, "Even my underpants are wet!"

I had a different job after that.

—Margaret Sykes, American Fork, Utah

Manners Were on a Holiday

IN JULY 1960, I used the city bus to get to and from my job and became friends with several folks who shared the same bus stop in

Charleston, West Virginia.

One morning, the crowded bus stopped and another lady and I got on, grabbed a pole and continued our conversation.

The driver didn't continue on immediately, as though he had seen someone else coming from down the block.

After a few moments, he announced, in a loud voice, "I'm not moving this bus until the lady in the pink dress has a seat."

Yes, it was I in the pink dress, 8 months pregnant.

Of course, the men on the bus looked like popcorn, jumping up from their seats.

—Jeanette McClung Alexander, Charleston, West Virginia