

GRANDMA

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Eva Mayo was my first wife's grandmother and they were very close. I soon found out why; she was a sweetheart. My wife was the firstborn grandchild, and the grandparents spoiled her "big time." The grandfather hauled logs for a living and would take my wife with him on some of his overnight trips. The grandfather died while my wife was very young and Grandma made up for the both of them with her spoiling.

When we first got married, we lived with Grandma for a few months. I was very thin back then and Grandma said she was going to put some meat on those bones! It wasn't very long before I had gained about twenty pounds. Boy could she ever bake! Outside of breakfast I think we had pie at every meal.

Later we bought a house trailer, but we still lived within walking distance of Grandma. Whenever we went to town we always included Grandma because she did not drive. We'd take her to grocery shop, to the bank, or sometimes just for a ride in the country. She was a joy to be around.

Many years later. Grandma married Ralph Knowles, and they started wintering in Florida. By this time, my wife and I had two children and now grandma was spoiling both of them. This was the longest she been separated from my wife and asked us if we would come to Florida for a visit. I'm not sure who Grandma missed most, but I think it was the great-grandchildren.

This was around 1970. This would be the first any of us had been to Florida. We had a 1969 Pontiac and a new travel trailer, so we said, "why not?" The trip down went uneventfully and we had a great time visiting with Grandma and her new husband.



When we started our trip back home, we took a little detour. We just had to see Daytona Beach! I drove right out on the beach still pulling our new travel trailer. No problem! That Pontiac hardly knew it was back there.

Pretty soon the tide started to come in and I thought it would be neat to get a picture of the car and trailer sitting in the ocean. "Very dumb idea!" I got the picture, no problem, but as soon as the sand was wet I discovered, "we were not going anywhere!" I think people came out of the woodwork from the high rises just to see where this dummy had come from. The tide was now getting higher, so I called a wrecker. We waited, still no wrecker. By this time the trailer is being almost jack-knifed into the side of the car from the waves! There must have been a hundred people around our car by now. I asked them if they thought if we unhooked the trailer, maybe we could push the car out. They all said, "it was worth a try!" The Pontiac came right out with no problem except for all the salt water I now had in the car! I turned the car around and backed up again to the trailer, they

dropped it on the hitch and with everyone pushing out it came.

I could not thank everyone enough, then someone suggested that I better get moving before the wrecker showed up, because they just loved to get a call from a tourist, which meant the towing price automatically went up.

Needless to say my wife was not a happy camper! I drove straight to a car wash and washed under the car real good to remove the salt water. Then I used every bath towel and beach towel that was in the camper trying to soak up the water that was in the car. I must have done a good job because we drove that car nine years and it still did not have any rust when I sold it!

