

MY GOOD OLD DAYS, YOUR GOOD OLD DAYS

It always makes me feel old when I hear someone who is a lot younger than me use the term, “good old days.” I use the term all the time too as did my parents and grandparents.

When my grandparents spoke of the “good old days,” told and remembered about the 1920s and 1930s. Of course, that is when they were young, had kids, and even though they endured tough times, they always thought that those years were the best times of their life.

They also talked about their younger days and how they lived way back in the hills. They often spoke of how they had just one pair of shoes, going barefoot, walking to school, horse and buggies, outhouses, and of eating greens and beans and cornbread.

They told of washing their clothes in the river and also packing water to their little shanty to cook in and also to drink.

I ask myself, How could this era ever be known as “good old days?” It sounded more like times to be endured, not recalled. But, for my grandparents, they were the “good old days.” I think they recall the times because they were young.

My mama often spoke of the “good old days” of the 1940s era. She recalled eloping, getting married and wearing a 5-cent wedding ring from a gum ball machine after repeating her vows.

She remembered carrying in coal for the big stove used to heat the house, doing laundry in a wringer type washer and using a broom to sweep the floors. Are her memories describing the “good old days?” Yes, for her they were.

I look back as those before me have looked back and think of my “good old days.” The “good old days” era I think of is the late 1950s and early 1960s.

We had no mobile phones, but we always managed to find each other. We had no seat belts and no airbags in our cars.

We rode bicycles with no safety helmets, knee pads or elbow pads but we had plenty of cardboard between the spokes to make it sound like a motorbike.

We ate everything in sight, cakes, bread, chocolate, ice-cream, sweet sugary drinks, and fruits and were not told that these foods were bad for us.

We played with sticks and stones, played cowboys and Indians, doctors and nurses, hide and seek, soccer games, over and over again.

It was a time when television came to most of the homes, Hula Hoops, poodle skirts, listening to the radio, 45 rpm records, sharing a vanilla coke, dancing to American Bandstand, prom, football games and record hops.

We got spankings at school and when we got home we got another one. We relied on the classroom and books to learn by and we had no computers or Internet.

I overheard my daughter saying the 1970s and 1980s were the “good old days.” They believe the 1980’s had better music, better TVs, and of course everyone had a microwave as well as a VCR. My kids talk of shows such as “The Brady Bunch,” “Hee Haw,” “Little House on the Prairie” and “Happy Days.”

They recall playing ball and going to the park for games, dressing up for Halloween and many things that we all do when we are young.

I am sure my grandparents, my parents, my children and I went through times where we saw great changes in technology, better products and new inventions. But we always go back and remember our youth and regardless of how bad it was, we still call them the “good old days.”

Do you recall your “good old days?” Do you think we all think back on our “good old days” and like and remember them because we were young? Let me know and I’ll give you a Penny for Your Thoughts.