

An Active Social Life

by Kern Hagg

(#11 of Series)

My brother and I were recently remembering how frequently our parents were having block parties or going to block parties elsewhere in the neighborhood. Neighbors on Derbyshire and Woodford took turns having social gatherings with 8 or 10 other couples. Ours were held in the recreation room that was built into our basement originally. Our father constructed what he called the “bamboo’s bar.” He purchased the lumber from the Hill Behan Lumber Company. Then, he managed to split each round stretch of bamboo, and then he nailed the pieces to the wall like siding in our basement. Our parents were certainly not party animals. They were actually quite conservative, college educated, and in every other way strait laced. But it was Post-World War II time, and the men who fought in that war came back wanting to live life at a higher level than they had previously known. There was a great deal of smoking and a great deal of drinking. By midnight, there was quite a rambunctious gathering in our basement. We know that there was some hanky-panky between couples, but those stories are best left in our memories. It was certainly helpful to think that all of the party goers could crawl home if they needed to – none of them had to drive. Those folks are undoubtedly all gone now, but they sure did know how to party. I have to wonder if the block parties with free-flowing booze still happen today like they did back then?