

Weekday Holiday

November 16, 1962

Even at the risk of bringing down the wrath of all housewives, I must ask – what do you do with your time? Whether for good or bad, I had a holiday Monday. The holiday was good in that I spent a day at home and leisurely cleaned house instead of the usual hit and miss on Saturday afternoon. The holiday was bad in that by 3:30 in the afternoon I was bored. Here it was I asked myself the question – what do you housewives do with your time? For the first time in many a month I was home at lunchtime when Son No. 2 and Sis came breezing in. They didn't care for my lunch and informed me they'd just as soon go back to the routine of lunch at Grandmother's. In fact, Son No. 2 also informed me that Grandmother had his meal ready, waiting on the table when he made his entrance.

I've always had visions, misguided visions I'm afraid, that one's youngsters came bouncing in at noon full of bright sayings and bubbling over with stories saved for the lunch hour. It t'aint so – they come in for lunch only because they're hungry. But, getting back to my holiday. Up at 7:30 a.m. and for a big change, a hot breakfast for Son No. 1, Son No. 2 and Sis. At 8:15 a.m. the house was strangely quiet. By 9 a.m. I had sipped three cups of coffee while listening to the news. I still hadn't decided whether the day would be fit for drying clothes outdoors, so I hung a load of towels in the basement. I changed linens on four beds, cleaned the house from top to bottom, washed two more loads of clothes and these I hung outdoors. Came noon, Son No. 2 and Sis bolted in and bolted back out again, so I proceeded to clean shelves under the sink and the work counter. Now, looking for something to do, I baked a pan of gingerbread. Still looking for something to do, I remembered the storm door needed repairing. Went next door to the neighbors to borrow a hammer after looking high and low in vain for my hammer in the dirty garage – took a broom to the garage.

Had two cigarettes and a cup of coffee with my neighbor and on the way home noticed my leaf rake in their garage. Helped myself to my rake and worked 25 minutes in the backyard. Fixed storm door. Prepared meat loaf.

At 3:15 I was sitting in front of the picture window in the living room wondering what time the kids got out of school. At 3:45 I had my answer. And, it was now my usual evening routine, dinner, dishes. Holidays are nice. I'm just glad I don't have two a week.