

Grandpa's feed bag towels

Each year as April 28 approaches my memory drifts back to my grandfather Benjamin J. Garlock (1877-1971). That was Grandpa's birthday. He has been gone a long time now but not from my memory. I have written a lot about him for it was he who awakened an interest in me of old times. I look at various of my possessions that he once used. He was a good cook and housekeeper so it's not so strange that I remember a really insignificant piece of cloth. Somewhere in his long life he became expert at using the sewing machine and, for that matter, hand stitching also. Grandpa was a very saving person probably because it was a necessity during much of his life. After he was gone and my father lived alone he would say I'm wearing one of Bennie's feed bag aprons or using his feed bag towels. I have kept them also and one I still use. They have to be tough to last so long just like Grandpa.



They are really absorbent as well as tough. They say a picture is worth a thousand words. You be the judge as you see this photo in this week's Pennysaver.

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