

Driving To Work Early In The Morning

By Kristine Y Snow

Driving to work early in the morning, I just cannot seem to find a radio station that actually plays music. They all seem to have that "easy banter" thing going on. The other day the DJ's asked each other one of those questions that we have all heard many times before and probably will again! "What was your most embarrassing moment?" Not having the chance to actually to listen to any music, I started thinking about what MY answer would be to that question and actually came up with a few! I decided to share one of them with you.

I'm originally from Maryland and back in the early 70's, when I guess I could have been considered a "fringe" hippie, I lived in a very small cabin in the woods. The cabin was about 10 miles out of town, which was quite small itself. The road I lived on started out being paved for about a mile, then went to hard-packed dirt. My drive way cut back at a severe angle, so when you turned you were going almost back in the direction you just came from and going up a hill to boot. The cabin perched on the side of a mountain.

There were actually two cabins on the property. They were situated in the middle of a huge clearing. The biggest cabin was two large rooms and a sleeping loft, accessible by a ladder, which you could actually stand up and walk around in. Mine was also two rooms, but miniscule. I had friends build a sleeping loft over the living room but it was very low and you could only sit up. I just tossed my mattress up there. We had also put a window in the loft, which was wonderful! You would lie there and be bathed in moonlight and watch the stars roll by.

Neither cabin had a bathroom. There was the traditional outhouse with the crescent moon carved in the door. There was cold running water only. To take a bath, you had to heat water on the stove, so I depended a lot on friends allowing me the use of their facilities. The cabins were not winterized, as you might have guessed. I was renting mine for the summer for the huge sum of \$20.00 a month while the large one went for a whopping \$40.00.

You could not see either cabin from the road as they set back quite a bit. There was a stream that meandered along the road and very thick woods on the other side of the stream. In the summer no one could tell that there were actually "residences" there.

So, having set the scene, here goes! It was a hot summer day and I was all alone. I really wanted to take a shower. A few days before I had hit the local Five and Dime and purchased a plastic shower attachment for \$.79. It consisted of a hose and nozzle that you could attach to your faucet. I decided to try

it out. Off to the outdoor pump I went! What? I forgot to mention the pump? Well, you know the kind, I believe. Black, cast-iron, and when you pumped the handle a few times, out came the freshest, COLDEST water you could ever ask for.

So... there I am... I attached the nozzle... I pumped the handle... and screamed loudly as the excruciatingly cold water hit my body! And I did it a number of times!

Suddenly a sound penetrated the numbness that was going on in my head and body. I realized that there was a small plane circling overhead - and had been for a while. The pilot had apparently seen me walk - nude - from my cabin and cross the clearing and decided to see what I was up to! I would have blushed but who could have told? My body was already bright red from the temperature of the water! So I nonchalantly finished my toilette, waved up at the pilot, and walked back inside!

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