

# PowWow #32

**PowWow #32** is by Joyce Worley Katz, created for the monthly assembly of Apa V, June 1, 1996. Thanks to Arnie for doing the onerous chores. This is Mailing Number Thirty-Two, a respectable number, as we begin to discuss a subject that is near and dear, a subject that has inspired a mantle-full of wheeled objects, some things none of us would get far without, Vehicles, Locomotion and Going Places

It started innocently. Someone gifted me with a small golden horse-drawn haycart that caught my eye because of bucolic yearnings for Missouri's green fields. Next Arnie purchased for me a tiny dogsled with eskimo driver, in memory of the year I spent learning everything possible about the Iditarod. Some game company passed out Matchbox Chevies to promote a road rally.

It seemed natural to put all these tiny vehicles together in one spot, so I strung them along the mantle and called them my salute to transportation.

Thus are collections born. You never really expect them to get out of hand.

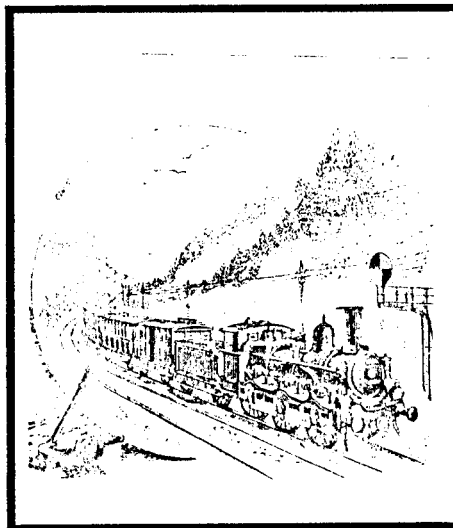
I remember once, when I was but a dot over the i of Missouri, that I met an old woman who has 10,000 salt and pepper shakers. It was a dismaying sight, her tottering around her tiny rooms, surrounded by shelf after shelf, every level space, every table or countertop covered with a bewildering assortment of Cute Pairs. I was under ten, but even then it didn't seem quite right to me. I wondered how it had happened that she had given up so much of her living space to these outre' shakers.

But now I know. Even as I scheme and plot about how to get my hands on a bi-wing plane, or

where I might find a suitable spaceship, I recognize that the set is beginning to be sizable.

There's a sort of irony in my collection of transportations and vehicles. As with most people, there's a touch of nostalgia when I see the tiny wagons, trains and buses. I loved to travel when I was a kid, and it was a good thing. After the war was over and the rationing on gasolene was ended, my family put in a lot of road time.

My mother was a gypsy at heart. The years when her children were small must have been hard for her, tied down to a rocky Missouri farm. Once the depression was over and the war had passed, she wouldn't stay home a minute more than necessary. Sundays it was off to some lake or river for picnics. Spring was time to go into the



hills on some pretense or other, to find Indian Maiden flowers, or gather branches of dogwood, or find what was over the next hill.

In the 50's, the family finances were a little better, and she planned marvelous trips that took us all over the Golden West by train. I couldn't tell you how many times we made that crossing, often by the circuitous route that took us west by the northern route, and brought us home through the southern deserts.

At that point in my life, there was nothing better than to board a train and roll out, not knowing what was around the next corner, and over the next hill. I shared her wanderlust.

Perhaps it's because I travelled so much then; maybe it's because my young adulthood was tumultuous. Whatever the reason, as I got older, I totally reversed myself, and quit loving the joys of the open road. Now, I really don't want to travel at all; I much prefer to be at home, surrounded by the familiar souvenirs of my life.

So at Christmas time I string my collection of wheeled things across the mantle. And I think a little of Going Places. But I'm all too happy to keep those thoughts in miniature, as clever toys, and not as invitations to leave my own personal space.