

The Parlor

Everyone who could afford one had a parlor in those bygone days. It was used on weekends and for select and special company, when 'we wanted to put on the dog'. Ours was quite elaborate, as was expected of a Victorian parlor. The carpet was bright green axminster. It had a design in the center and ornate scroll designs at the border. The walls were papered in 'oatmeal' paper in grey-green. A wide floral border finished the room at the ceiling, and a narrow one that matched was just above the baseboard. The sofa was of tufted black leather. Lace curtains on decorative brass rods with ornate knobs at each end were the rage, and were mom's delight. My brother Guy, had sent a huge white bearskin rug to us, and it held a prominent place in front of the sofa. It had glass eyes and a fierce gaping mouth, and was often called into use when the photographer came. Our house was lighted by aceteline and the fixture with tiffany shades cast a warm glow over the room. I felt a warm glow too, when I entered the room. It was as though I was a visitor. I enjoyed the company who enjoyed the privelege of being entertained there. Sad to say, my father belonged to that school who felt that children should be seen, not heard, so I wasn't often a part of the group who socialized there.

Just a word about Goreville's very own photographer. His name was 'Putt Sissell' and he came around periodically. He wasn't the best, but he preserved a lot of the past, and I'm glad. Some of the pictures he made are still clear and bright as are the memories I have of the parlor and its exciting guests.