

BONUS

Summer Holiday Cookouts At 8861 E. Canfield

As the summer unofficially ends on this Labor Day 2025, I can't help but nostalgically reminisce about the many 1960s/1970s childhood summer holiday cookouts (Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Labor Day) enjoyed in the backyard at 8861 E. Canfield.

With us seven kids thoroughly enjoying the summer vacation, rippin' & runnin', staying outside ALL day, playing all types of games on the sidewalks or in the street, hangin' out with friends, going up to Pingree Park, attending Brewster Recreation Center day camp, attending Camp Ozanam or Stapleton summer camps, and staying outside 'til the streetlights came on, we couldn't wait to eat dinner.

Of course, backyard summer holiday cookouts were special occasions, when mom would prepare a special menu (never ribs!):

- Hamburgers
- Hot Dogs
- Pork & Beans
- Potato Salad
- Corn on the Cob
- Watermelon
- Kool-Aid/juice "cocktail"

And, I'll have you know, the fresh corn on the cob and ripe watermelon were picked up at the Eastern Market days before!

Roger and I, whose 'Boys Room' overlooked the backyard, garage, and alley, would be awoken early each holiday morning

by the delectable, mouth-watering aromas emanating from Mrs. Hood's grill across the alley, set up only steps away from her back porch. Mrs. Hood, dressed in her bathrobe, house shoes, and head scarf, while smoking a cigarette and drinking a beer, was the hands-down neighborhood 'Bar-B-Que Queen'!

Momma would get started later in the kitchen, boiling white potatoes and eggs, seasoning the ground beef, cutting up onions and celery, opening several cans of pork & beans, and combining Kool-Aid flavors & juices for the perfect flavor "cocktail". We'd have to help shuck the corn and get the grill ready out back.

Where's daddy, one might ask??? Well, being a holiday, daddy, a dedicated DSR bus driver with a large family, would never, ever pass up the opportunity to get paid TRIPLE-time! And he never did, always arriving back home at ~3 or 4 o'clock.

So, once daddy arrive home, he would immediately head outside grill to cook the hot dogs and hamburgers. When the meat was finished, daddy would signal us to head his way with hotdog and hamburger buns. We'd load up our flimsy paper plates, grab a cup of Kool-Aid, sit down, say grace, and proceed to throw down!!! Thinking back, Momma's food was so good, would made you wanna slap... Uh, nevermind! :v) :v) :v)

And after we ate, in order to take more summer holiday cheer, daddy would sometimes drive us around Belle Isle.

Yep, there was nothing more enjoyable than summer cookouts at the Cobb residence...

Ooops, gotta bounce! Headed to my local T.G.I.F. for a full rack of ribs. Yeah, booooeey!!!

Peace out! R.I.P., Roger... Love you, Bro!!!

(September 1, 2025)