

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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The whole story of my grandparents, the Gollas,
is written in ¹⁹¹⁵ another book.

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For years the writing of my autobiography has been on my mind. That's where it stayed - on my mind. However, if I am ever to get on with it I had better begin now. Three days ago, on February 5th I reached my seventy-sixth birthday.

My story begins in Caledonia, Pennsylvania. My grandparents Joseph and Frances Golla lived there where Grandpa was section foreman on the branch line of the Pennsylvania Railroad that ran from Reynoldsville to Driftwood.

They, my grandparents, came from Germany in the early 1880's. Grandpa was born in Germany. Grandma was born in Poland in or near Gdansk.

Their first years in America were spent near Baltimore. From there they went to Oil City, Pennsylvania, to Dent's Run, Pennsylvania, then to Penfield where Grandpa became a foreman of that section of the P.R.R. Branch Line.

The Golla's owned their own home in Penfield. Then they moved to Caledonia where they lived in a red house belonging to the railroad company. It was built especially for the foreman's family. Just below the house to the right there is a tunnel bearing the date 1884. All of the Golla children grew up in Caledonia. None were born there.

The lumber industry was in its prime at that period in history. Coal mines were being opened at Force and Tyler. As the lumber was cut many folks went into farming. It was a thriving time and many Europeans were attracted to the area.

Many English and Irish names were found in Caledonia; Armstrong, Shannon, Burke, Doyle, Ingraham, Lester, Ingram, Thurston, Rothrick, Sproul, Huff, Shipman, Dixon, Gilnet, Larkin, Young, Kopp, Hannevell, etc. Some had come to Caledonia via Nova Scotia.

Mining seemed to attract people from Poland, Italy, Austria, etc. They settled in Force, Byrnedale, Weedville and Tyler.

The Golla's had eight children. Rosa who was born in Germany, Frank, Joseph, Helen, Veronica and Catherine (twins), and John and August.

My Mother was Helen.

The Golla's spoke both Polish and German. However, there were more Polish people in Force and Tyler where they attended church so they spoke Polish. Their children grew up speaking Polish until they went to school where they learned English. Grandpa and Grandma learned English too.

When my mother was born she was christened Helen. However, in Polish that was Elena. When she got to school her name was written Ella and thats what she was called when she wasn't called Ellie. Within my grown-up days I remember that she needed a Baptismal Certificate. When she got the certificate she learned that her name was Helen. She used it from then on in signing any papers but to all the relatives she remained Ella or Ellie!

My Mothers older sister, Rosa, had married Joseph George Shivie. Her older daughter was not many years younger than my Mother. My Mother spent a lot of time in Sabula with Rosa. She was especially close to Mary. Mary later had a younger sister, Frances. Those were the Golla's first grandchildren. I was the third grandchild.

My Mother's only schooling was at the school in Caledonia. She must have been a bright pupil as she read well and liked to read. She wrote neat letters, grammatically correct. She was able to help us children with arithmetic until we went to high school.

My Mother was born on Christmas Day in 1888 at Dent's Run. On May 4th, before her sixteenth birthday she married my father, Joseph Orsimarsi.

My Father was born in Lappano, Italy, Cosenza Province. His parents were Michael and Giovanna (Pelligrini) Orsimarsi. His paternal grandmother was Christina Vivaqua Orsimarsi. She came to Italy from Cordova, Spain.

My Father, Joseph was the youngest of his family. There were Tomasso whose descendants still live in Cosenza, Achille, and George. There were two sisters, Maria and Cristina.

My Father and his brother came to America. Achille returned to Italy. George remained in America. I remember seeing him when I was quite a small child. He died in Philadelphia.

Maria and her husband had no children. I visited their graves in Lappano. *Her husband was a musician*

Cristina married Peter Valenti. He was postmaster and had a store in Rovito. Their descendants live around Rovito. There are two sons who are lawyers in Bologna, Italy.

Tomasso inherited the family estate. It consisted of the family home in Lappano, huge olive groves and an olive oil mill.

Tomasso had two daughters, Genevra and Maria. I visited both when I was in Italy in 1971. Genevra died in the Spring of 1972. She was in her 80's. *Maria*
Maria

In late September, 1972 I visited Maria's family where Maria lived with her daughter Rosa and son-in-law Ranolda Mazzei. I spent ten days there.

I don't know exactly when my Father came to America. It must have been around 1900. The lumber industry was still doing well when he arrived in Caledonia. He became a clerk for the Greeco Lumber Industry. Somewhere around then he and his brother George opened a store in Caledonia.

The store business didn't prosper. The store building was not far from the Golla home. It was there he met and married my Mother, Ella Golla. She was 15 years old. Their wedding date was May 4, 1904.

My Mother didn't like that long Italian name Orsi-marsi, so they shortened the name to Orsi, pronounced Orsee.

I was born February 5, 1905. I think in that store building. I can remember living there but it was not a store.

Across the road from us there were the remains of a sawmill that had been dismantled. The big steam boiler was left until it disintegrated from rust.

I did not know until 50 or more years later that my Father felt quite deflated at having to go to work and carry a lunch pail. My Aunt Veronica told me this. After Greeco Lumber Co. was gone and the store was given up, my Father had to find other work. He had had a good education in Italy. He had had work in Rome. Their family was respected and well-off in Lappano, Italy. Yet he was not aggressive enough to 'make a fortune' in America. Aunt V. said it seemed to him a disgrace to carry a dinner pail.

He worked in the woods farther away from Caledonia when my sister Frances was born on December 7, 1906. He had hoped for a son. We quite often and for a long time called Frances 'Papa's boy.'

When I was in Italy in 1971 my two cousins Geneva and Maria said "Your Father did not have to go to America to seek his fortune. His fortune was here!" He had contracted Malaria and an ocean voyage was prescribed.

I do know that my Father had come to America with well tailored clothes. After my Father's death my Mother gave away his suits and overcoat to an Uncle who only wore them 'for good' so they lasted years. That is how I happen to remember them.

My Mother and Aunts have told me that I began talking before I was a year old. I do remember communicating and understanding quite young. I was inquisitive about schools. I can remember my Father telling me about his home, his boyhood, his family, etc. He told and read me stories.

Quite often when the story was finished I wanted more. One story I remember finished up with the King and Queen having a great feast and inviting everyone. "Did you go to the feast?" I asked. "I was working in the woods and it took a long time to get to the feast. When I reached the palace, the feast was over but the King told his servants to find something for me. All they could find to give me was a huge soup bone with a little meat on it and a bowl of very hot soup. I was so angry that I threw the bone and soup as hard as I could throw." said my father. "Then what happened?" I asked.

"Well," he replied. "That soup bone happened to hit old Bill Hannevell on the leg so hard that now he has to wear a wooden leg!"

"What about the bowl of soup?" I asked. "The bowl of soup," said my Father "landed on Mr. Lesters head. It took off all his hair. That's why he has no hair!"

I believed the story and no doubt asked for more - more - more.

When I was quite small, up in the hills behind my Grandmother's, lived the Lester family. My Mother and Father stopped by. Some of the children took me and put me into an old baby carriage. They were quite excited at having a new kid to wheel about over the rough terrain. The carriage hit a rock, out I fell, when my parents rescued me I had a diagonal cut on my lip. I can remember my father carrying me home. I still have the scar.

Shortly after my sister Frances was born, our Mother had to go to the hospital in Ridgway for a mastoid operation on her ear. Nowadays that problem can be taken care of with one of the sulfa drugs or penicillin. Then an operation was the only solution. Frances and I stayed with our grandparents.

At that time our Grandfather was recovering from pneumonia. Incidentally he blamed the pneumonia on dumplings he had eaten the night before he was taken ill. During his recovery he spent his time sitting in a big comfortable chair reading a book. Well, Annie as they called me, was making too much noise. After telling me a time or two to be quiet my Grandfather put aside his book, reached toward his house slipper and half rose out of his chair. Terrified, but still having to get in my last words, I cried, "Read your book! Read your book!"

Since I grew up to become a teacher, I have used that same command many, many times.

I don't know just when it was that I embarrassed my mother when she took me to call on a friend of hers, Mrs. Huff. Mrs. Huff gave me a piece of pumpkin pie. I didn't eat it right down. Maybe I tasted it, maybe not. Anyhow, Mrs. Huff asked, "Don't you like your pie, Annie?" "No, it has toe jam in it." came the quick response.

On May 5, 1909 or 10, we had a new baby sister. She was named Mary Magdalene. We have always called her Mae.

When Mae was barely three weeks old we moved 'into the woods.' That was 6 miles above Medix Run. There wasn't much 'woods' as the whole area had been logged. The sawmill had to be dismantled and moved to another area. My father was in charge of the work.

We lived in a two room building covered with tar paper. To reach the place we rode in the caboose of the log train from the town of Medix Run. While we were there we three kids got the whooping cough.

While we were there our young Aunts, Katie and Veronica and two Uncles, John and August liked to visit. There was a large saw dust pile nearby. One morning Johnny and August began to dig a cave into the pile. I remember my father calling them out of the cave and lecturing them on the potential danger of such an activity.

Up in the 'woods' where there were no woods, there were no other families. Baby Mae was too small to play so Frances and I depended upon each other for playmates. Our flock of chickens were our friends. Frances chose the red rooster as her special pet. I chose the white one. The whole flock was tame.

Once, while there, my Mother had saved enough Arbuckle Coffee coupons to buy me a ring. When it arrived I was delighted. I showed it off with pride. I even took it out to show the chickens. Presto, a chicken plucked it right out of my hand! Good bye ring!

Another time, our Father brought us peanuts. One shell that I opened had more than two nuts inside. Again I had to exhibit my find. Again, the chickens made away with my prize!

About that time I remember memorizing:

"I know something I won't tell
Three little peanuts in a peanut shell
One flew east and one flew west
One flew over the cuckoo nest."

also:

"Gene, Gene bought a machine
Joe, Joe made it go
Frank, Frank turned the crank
And ran them into the sandy bank."

I had been interested in learning the alphabet for quite some time. I could rattle it off without an error. On my own initiative I began putting letters together to spell words. I began to print. I printed a letter to

Uncle George. When he came to visit he told my parents that he didn't believe a 4 year old could do that. I had to sit down and print a page to show him. I began printing messages for my Mother to mail to my cousins Mary and Frances Shivie.

A place not far from our tar paper shack, where there was still timber to be cut, was the small settlement of Huntley. The railroad on which we came from Medix Run ran on to Huntley. There were a number of Italian families there. We went there once for a picnic. There was lots of food. I remember especially heaps of bread. One kind of loaf seemed braided around an egg.

Once our Father brought a little girl from Huntley for us to play with. After looking forward to her coming she was a disappointment. She spoke only Italian. We couldn't understand her. She was fascinated with the wheelbarrow. She put our dolls into it and pushed them around. Her name was Pepina.

Frances and I were warned not to go too far away from the house because 'there were bears out there.' We were disappointed in that we never saw one. My Father, walking back from Medix Run, said he had seen bears.

When the work of removing the sawmill was completed we left to go to Attica, New York. First, we spent some days at our Grandparent's home in Caledonia. I remember when we left Grandmas, we carried shoe boxes filled with food - lots of chicken and pierogies. We had to go on the train. It would be a long trip. We spent a night at a hotel in Olean, NY. We heard that Buffalo Bill's Circus and Wild West Show would be there but we had to leave early in the morning.

I don't know what work my Father did in either Attica or Arcade. I remember our Attica house had a huge flight of steps leading down from the back porch. One day my Mother was visiting a neighbor out back. Baby Mae began to cry. I picked her up and started down those steps. I was part-way down with my load when Mother saw me. She shouted for me to "Sit down." She rescued Mae.

In the attic of the Attica house some former tenants had spread out butternuts to dry. We did enjoy those nuts! Butternuts belong to the walnut family. They are somewhat oval with pointed ends. The meat comes out in halves like a walnut. Butternut trees are common in the East. I've never seen any 'out west.'

We didn't stay in Attica long. Our next move was to Arcade. There we lived not far from a school. I begged and begged to go to school. I wasn't old enough. I remember my Father lifting me up once so I could see into the school window.

While we were in Arcade, automobiles were rarely seen. If we heard one we all ran outdoors to look at it. There was a family across the street named Coil. They had two children, Genevieve and Richard. Frances and I were allowed to go to their house to play. One day a cousin of theirs drove up in a big red automobile. He had come to take Genevieve and Richard for a ride. He took Frances and me too. As we passed our house there on the front porch were our parents and Mae looking at us. Frances and I just about burst with pride as we waved to them!

Once I was at the Coils and Mr. Coil, displeased with something Genevieve had done, lifted her dress and gave her a 'terrible' spanking on the behind. I was terrified. I was shaking as I ran home. Up to then I knew that Mother gave swats - but Fathers NEVER. Our Dad never even raised his hand at us!

Teddy Bears were fairly new when I was a child. One store that we children loved to go to for groceries had a teddy bear as tall as a man inside its door.

In Arcade we had our pictures taken at a photographers studio. My Mother wore her blue taffeta wedding dress with white braid running from shoulder to hem. Her hair was a rounded pompador in front. She kept it up with a 'rat.' The rat was a wire frame, padded, made especially for that kind of hair do.

We three girls were dressed in our white eyelet embroidery dresses. Our shoes and stocking were black. Mae sat on our Father's lap. I sat on a chair. Frances stood between us. Our Mother stood behind us.

In Arcade I found a silver watch on the street. No one ever came looking for it and we never heard of anyone who lost a watch, so we kept it. It didn't run. I don't think it was ever taken to a watchmaker to see if it could be repaired.

We had a small phonograph. Perhaps my Father had it when he married. I don't ever remember hearing it played. It was broken. I don't know why it was never repaired. It moved with us from place to place. There were also recordings by Caruso, and some operas. Also moved from place to place were sheets of music from operas. My Father had brought them from Italy.

Moving from place to place involved more than a call to Mayflower or Bekins. One had to reserve space on a box car. This was done through the freight agent at the local railway station. On the date ones box car was put on the side track near the station, all furniture to be loaded had been packed and hauled to the box car by dray wagon, pulled by horses. The householder's goods didn't fill a box car. So that car had to make many more stops and pick up more loads going in the same direction. So - one's furniture took several weeks before it reached one's destination.

Our family didn't have much furniture to move, only the barest necessities. No rugs or carpets. We had a small cook stove, table and chairs, a dish cupboard, a Singer sewing machine, two trunks, two double beds, a crib and a cradle. Then there were boxes to carry pots, pans, etc. We also had a dresser with a mirror.

We had to take our own window shades and curtains. The new abode would not furnish these.

If one had linoleum it was taken along. Usually it didn't fit the new place. Neither did most of the window shades.

Notice, we had no living room furniture. We did have a wooden rocker and a heating stove.

From Arcade we moved to Caledonia. This time our house was in the small town, perhaps 3/4 mile from our Grandparents. Here we lived between the Ingraham family and the Huff family.

The Ingrahams owned one of the grocery stores in town across from the town hotel. The Ingrahams had a large family of boys and one daughter. All were older than we three. The father whose given name was Rube was very strict with his boys. I remember seeing him whip one of his boys with a horse whip. It was done right out on their back porch.

One day Mrs. Huff came over to tell my Mother to keep the little girls inside because her son Frank was in the back yard shooting off a gun.

When September came I wanted to go to school. I wouldn't be six until February 4th. Mother asked a member of the school board if they would accept me. He said it was alright with him. It was up to the teacher. It must have been alright with her because I started school.

The Caledonia school is the one that my Mother and her sister and brother had attended.

My teacher's name was Gertrude Thomas. I thought I had never seen anyone so beautiful! When she gave me a pencil, paper, a book and a box of crayons I was on cloud nine! In those days there were no crayons sold in stores in small towns. They were a novelty to me! I will never forget that warm waxy fragrance that emanated from the huge (to me) supply of crayons teacher had. Every first day of school, over which I presided, brought back memories of that delightful aroma.

The Caledonia School had two storeys. First four grades were on the first floor. Grades five through eight were on the second story. Boys played on one side of the yard, girls on the other. Behind the school were plenty of trees and huge boulders. We enjoyed playing on

the boulders with their green velvety moss. In spring wild flowers carpeted the area. There were mayflowers (Hepatica), dog tooth lilies, Jack-in-the-Pulpit, Lady Slippers, and stink lilies in the spring. Indian Paint Brush, Phlox, Wild Asters, etc., in autumn.

Before the end of first year in school we moved to Weedville, perhaps 7 or 10 miles from Caledonia.

In Weedville our father was employed by an Italian man, Mr. Ben Coppolo. Mr. Coppolo also owned a bakery and store. My fathers job was to deliver bread and groceries to the surrounding areas. There were many Italian people in Weedville and nearby Byrnedale.

Our house consisted of three rooms and a small porch - also an outdoor toilet. It was located behind the Coppolo store and home and very close to the bakery.

Angelo, the baker, each day made a small loaf of bread that he would give to either one of us girls or to one of the Coppolo children - whoever came to the bakery first.

Once Marguriete Coppolo and I had made what we considered quite a nice collection of furniture from wooden boxes from the store. We had great fun arranging and rearranging our furniture. One morning it was gone! Angelo had needed kindling wood!

Marguriete was a year older than I. There was an older brother, Sylvester and a sister Nettie. Younger than Marguriete were Albert, Ben, Gerald and Louisa.

The Coppolo store didn't sell candy but for something sweet, when the parents didn't know about it, we would wet the corner of a cloth sugar sack and suck at that!

After we moved away and I was grown I always made a point of stopping in to see Marguriete and Nettie. When I stopped by in 1971 Marguriete had died. The store was no longer in operation. Our little house and the bakery were gone.

In Weedville I went to a four room school. Three rooms were for grades 1 through 8. The fourth room housed a 3 year high school.

My teacher for the remainder of first grade was Miss Adeline McCready. I've written her story and it accompanies this book. In the Fall, my second grade teacher was Miss Annabel Lewis. Before many months in that grade we moved on to Norwich, PA.

Before I was six years old my baby teeth had decayed badly. I had only little black stubs and plenty of toothaches.

In Weedville we first heard of Jews. There were two dry goods stores side-by-side. One was owned by a Mr. Snyder and his daughter Jennie. The other was owned by the Breznik family. They had two children Max and Sadie. These two were in the same room with me in Miss McCready's class. I remember that they were always so well dressed. Also that they missed a lot of school for holidays. Maybe it just seemed a lot to the rest of us.

One winter afternoon Mr. Coppolo loaned our father his team of horses and the delivery sled to drive to our Grandparents home in Caledonia. There was plenty of straw in the bed of the sled to keep us warm. Our Mother bundled us into our warmest clothes plus blankets off the beds. That was fun!

Our youngest Uncle, August Golla, attended high school in Weedville. He rode from Caledonia on the train arriving too early for school so he put in the time at our house.

Once or perhaps more times, he brought wild chestnuts that grew plentifully in the woods around Caledonia. We used to put chestnuts on top of the cook stove until they popped. Once a nut popped, with so much force, that it flew off the stove and went down the back of Frances' nightgown!

Early in the fall, our Grandma Golla and Aunt Veronica gave Frances and me each two dolls. They had been used in some kind of advertising display in stores in DuBois. They were nice dolls and we enjoyed them. Yet, when Christmas came I wanted another doll and a buggy. I didn't get either but there was a personal note from Santa. He said that he noticed what nice dolls we had and he thought we would be happy if he took the dolls intended for us to some little girls who would otherwise have no dolls. I don't remember what excuse he had for not bringing the buggy.

We were so delighted that Santa took time to write us a note that we didn't grumble about 'no new dolls.' Surprisingly Santa's handwriting resembled my fathers.

When I started to school in Weedville I was enrolled as Anna Orsi. My Father, at Mother's insistance had cut his last name Orsimarsi in half when they married. Now in the Italian language long i sound ē. But smart alec kids in school who love to bedevil a newcomer saw the i at the end of my name and called me Orsī. From Orsī to horse eye, to pig eye, my name was bandied about. Looking back I think they yelled at me because I cried. The bigger kids took up the chant.

At that time I had a velvet pink hood with a side tassle. They'd pull my tassle. It came off. When I told the teacher she let me go home earlier than the others so I could evade the yellers.

Then I noticed a much bigger boy who seemed to be the ringleader. His name was Patsy. It didn't occur to me to wonder what kind of last name he might have. BUT now knowing a name, I had someone to report. I told my father. He accosted Patsy, thereby stopping him and his gang. He, my Father, also talked to Patsy's parents.

After that unpleasant episode, our parents added an e to Orsi making no doubt about pronunciation of the name. It was now ORSIE. The name Orsimarsi means Ursa Major. Of my father's family there were no male descendants to carry on the name.

In a Philadelphia phone book I found the name of an Orsimarsi. I wrote to that person. I received a reply from a George Q. Marcy. The person to whom I had written was his brother. He said that his father had been an orphan and the name of Orsimarsi had been given to him by the Nuns at the orphan home where he was raised.

After Christmas and before I finished second grade we moved to Norwich, Pennsylvania. It was in McKean County.

The entire town of Norwich was owned by Goodyear Lumber Company. That was the same company that had logged off much of the area around Caledonia, Medix Run, etc.

There our Father had a job as fire walker in the forest. While we were there he went to Utica, New York seeking work. He didn't find what he wanted. I remember his leaving and returning.

I entered another school. My Father took me to school on my first day there.

While we were in Norwich our Aunt Veronica came to live with us for a while and to be with Mother for the birth of our new baby sister on March 20, 1912. She was named Veronica Catherine for Mother's twin sisters.

We weren't in that first house long before we moved to a large double house. Our neighbors in the other half were the Strausbaughs. This new house was across from the Catholic Church. We had indoor plumbing in the kitchen. We had an indoor flush toilet but no bath tub AND no hot water. After this second move our Father worked in the sawmill.

The sawmill was built over a creek. To get to the other part of Norwich, called Slabtown we walked through the sawmill. Heavy wire protected pedestrians from the machinery. We could see what was going on. A number of families from around Caledonia, Medix Run, Benezette, etc. had come to Norwich to work in lumber related industries. We went through the mill to 'Slabtown' to visit them. Hills around Slabtown had been logged off. Stumps dotted the area and in spring blazing pink honeysuckle bushes grew (wild azaleas).

There was a huge company store in town, also a hotel. There were boardwalks but no paved roads.

My second grade teacher was Miss Gertrude Keating. For some holiday she asked each of her pupils to buy a paper U.S. flag to bring to school. When my Mother and I got to the store all U.S. flags were gone. I settled for another color that I thought pretty. In school we paraded around with our flags. Mine was the only Greek flag!

Unless one lived in a large city where there were department stores one could not buy toys all year round. Stores stocked toys only at Christmas. The company store toy display was then filled with wonderful toys - most stamped 'Made in Germany.' That place was a paradise to visit in December.

In another article I have written about the 'branch Christmas tree.' I told about how I got a tree for our family Christmas when our Father was too ill to go out to cut a tree.

There was no regular dentist in Norwich but one did come to town on a regular tour.

My stubby decaying front teeth needed attention. They were in need of pulling as my second teeth were coming in behind them. Mother took me to the dentist. He propped my mouth open with a huge cork then gave me a whiff of gas. When I awakened, minus all of my front teeth, the dentist asked if I had dreamed anything. I replied, "No." BUT as I was being helped into my coat I told Mother that I dreamed I had been in bed with my two sisters and that they were pushing me out. The dentist overheard and said "I thought you must have dreamed as it is very seldom that patients don't dream after having been given gas."

I don't know just when my next trip to the dentist took place. It was when I began suffering with toothaches. These toothaches were doctored at home with cotton rolled into ground cloves then stuffed into the cavity. But when I got 'jumping toothaches' nothing stopped it or my howls - out came the tooth - no gas this time.

Our Father, one Sunday, took Frances and me to visit some Italian friends. It was a pleasant day and a group of people were sitting under trees visiting and drinking beer. I remember that Paup just happened to have my school report card with him and he showed it to his friends. I couldn't understand what they were saying but they looked in my direction and smiled. During the afternoon the folks gave us beer to drink. All we wanted - I don't know how much we wanted but whatever the amount it was too much!

When Paup saw what was happening he started home with us. Frances fell into the mud and Paup carried her home. I made it under my own power but I do remember feeling dizzy. Frances kept saying "The house is going around." Maum wasn't very much pleased.

Every Saturday Maum made a three layered yellow cake with chocolate icing. Paup always had cake and coffee for his Sunday breakfast.

For colds Maum made onion syrup. Onions and sugar were cooked together and the resulting juice was onion syrup. For upset stomachs we were given hot milk, flavored with whiskey. Another remedy was paragoric.

There were no band-aids for minor cuts but there was 'Court Plaster.' These were small colored sheets (perhaps 3" x 3") with adhesive backs. They were for sale at most grocery stores. These were cut to the size needed, licked and put into place on the injury. Iodine or tincture of iodine was also applied to cuts.

Paup never liked us girls to go barefooted. He said that we were little ladies - and little ladies wear shoes.

I used to walk in my sleep - usually looking for a toilet. Once in my walk I used my shoe. I had to wear it to school the next day. I must have outgrown this sleep walking by the time I was eight or nine.

The first presidential election I remember was the election of Woodrow Wilson. I knew there was a contest going on between him and William Howard Taft. I had

noticed that and political cartoons in 'The North American,' a Philadelphia publication. When the milk man came after the election I remember Maum asked him, "Who was elected?" He said, "Wilson."

In the Spring of 1913 Frances, Mae and I had chicken pox, then measles. I don't remember if baby Veronica, whom we now called Nonie got them or not. Our house had a Quarantine sign posted out front. Our Father was the only family member to leave or enter the premises.

When we were all well, which must have taken five or six weeks, as we didn't all get those diseases at once - but one after the other. Men came to fumigate our house. Windows and doors were sealed and a strong fumigant set off inside. We had to stay either in the kitchen or outside until evening. Then paper seals were torn off windows and doors. The house was thoroughly aired but the odor seemed to linger.

In late July, 1913 our Father contracted his last illness. He was in bed for two weeks. He seemed in great pain and Dr. Winslow came often. During his illness I refused to do something he asked. I had no reason to refuse, I just did and I've always been sorry.

It was a warm day and we had no screens. Flies there were in abundance. There was a leafy branch beside the bed, and he asked me to take the branch and keep the flies off him.

Our Father died on August 9, 1913. Our Grandmother, Aunt Rosa, Uncles John and August came to help Mother through the funeral. Our Father was 'laid out' in one of the rooms at home. Many neighbors and friends came to offer condolences.

On the morning of the funeral service, before the undertaker closed the casket, each of us girls were lifted so we could kiss our Father for the last time.

The service was held in the Catholic Church across the street. Next we got into buggies for the ride to the cemetery. That was in Smithport, 14 miles distant.

There was one automobile in the procession following the horse drawn hearse. The pace was too slow for the auto. It went on ahead. None of the family members were in the car. To get to the cemetery and back took a great part of the day.

My Mother was a widow at 25 with four girls to support. It was decided that we would all go to live with our Grandparents in Penfield, PA. Our Grandfather had been transferred back to Penfield from Caledonia. He was foreman of that section of track.

Twenty-nine years after our father was buried in Smithfield, Mother and I went back looking for his grave. We couldn't find it! Vandals had gotten into the cemetery and wreaked havoc with the markers. The undertaker had died, but before he passed away his place of business had burned. There were no records or maps in existence.

At our Grandparents home our Uncles John and August were still single and at home. Aunt Veronica was single but at the time was housekeeper for the Catholic priest in Tyler. She also played the organ for church services. Tyler was only four miles distant. Veronica came home often. Train fare between Penfield and Tyler was only 12¢ for adults - 6¢ for children the age of six and under twelve.

Our few pieces of furniture were stored in a shed. Mother and we four girls slept in a large room over the kitchen. There was a living room containing a leather couch, a big heating stove, a combination bookcase-desk, an organ, a Morris chair and a wicker rocker, oh yes, a nice dining table. There was a nicely furnished 'spare' bedroom. On an easel in the spare room was a large framed black and white charcoal drawing of Grandpa and Grandma. The picture was copied from a photograph and the artist made the two figures side by side as if they were of equal height. Grandpa was a big man, Grandma quite petite.

The living room and spare bedroom were only used for special company. The whole family lived in the big kitchen. There was cold water piped into the house from a spring on the hill. Otherwise, there was no plumbing. There were three porches and a large cellar.

There was quite a piece of ground that went with the house. All the food that could be raised was raised. No running to the store for every little thing. There was a hay field where hay was raised for the one cow, a Holstein. There was a pig sty for two pigs and a coop for a large flock of chickens. There were 8 or 10 apple trees on the place.

Penfield was mostly a farming area although there were coal mines. Surrounding the town there was plenty of second growth timber. First growth had been logged off years before.

The house was located on a rise above the tracks. We had a good view of Penfield.

Frances and I had no trouble learning to read and we wanted to make sure that Mae didn't have trouble, so we tried to have her read from my third reader. WE started with the word THE. We pointed out the word in different sentences. Then showed Mae the first sentence in my book. It read "Fire, Fire the horses dashed from the fire house pulling the engine," etc. We knew she didn't know the word 'Fire' so we pronounced it for her 'Fire, Fire,' now what's the next word? I don't know how long our lessons lasted but it paid off a few days later.

Among the word list on the blackboard, teacher had written 'the.' Mae's hand went up as she shouted, "I know that one." "What is it, Mae?" asked Miss Ada. "Fire, Fire, THE." answered Mae, then she glanced at Frances and me for approval. Miss Ada smiled.

The Penfield school looked much like the Weedville school. Four rooms, fourth room housed the eighth grade and the other side for boys. There were steam radiators.

In the fall it was great fun for the girls to make leaf houses. These were circles or squares of swept up leaves. The leaf wall center was separated into 'rooms' by partitions of more leaves.

Since school was a mile (more or less) from home we brought our lunches. In nice weather we ate outside. In cold weather we ate inside. If teacher brought a lunch she ate inside. However, if teachers wanted to leave the grounds for their boarding houses they were free to do so. Children were left unsupervised. In fact, I in all my teaching years, never heard of 'Yard Duty' as such, until I came to California. Fortunately for pupils, most teachers brought their lunches.

From Miss Ada's third grade I was promoted to Mr. Moyer's fourth grade. (I have written about Mr. Moyer in another booklet.) Mr. Moyer was an elderly man with a stiff leg. He wrote beautifully. We pupils would have him write our names on a special paper. He then sprinkled gold dust onto the wet ink.

In those days teachers were responsible for their own janitor work. They either did it themselves or paid a bigger boy to sweep the room. Many pupils just did the sweeping because they wanted to 'help teacher.' Mr. Moyer paid 2¢ each to children to sweep his room. Most pupils were eager for the job.

Most children had 'school clothes' and 'home clothes.' Most girls had a nice wool plaid dress for school. To keep it clean we wore an apron that could be washed easily. School clothes were taken off as soon as we reached home. Shoes and socks came off too if the weather was warm.

There were chores to do when school was over. Eggs to gather, chickens to feed, sweep the porches, gather apples that had fallen during the day. In potato digging time we kids picked up potatoes. We carried wood from the wood shed to fill the wood box behind the stove. We carried in buckets of coal. We weren't overworked as I recall.

When cornstalks had been stripped of their ears and piled into teepee shaped shocks, we girls burrowed into the shocks. Those were our teepees or wigwams. We also had the use of a leanto shed near the chicken coop for a playhouse.

All summer long there were berries to pick. We began with strawberries, then as summer progressed there were raspberries, huckleberries and blackberries. Oh yes, elderberries and chockcherries.

Early in spring we gathered dandelions. This was cooked like spinach. Very tender and the leaves were used as salad.

We ran errands to the store and post office. At our Grandparent's home most food was home grown. We went to the store only for sugar, salt, tea, kerosene (coal oil), etc. We had to go for kerosene often as it was poured onto kindling wood to get the kitchen fire started each morning. The grocer would put a raw potato on the spout to keep it from spilling out onto our legs.

In August, 1914, I remember that either our Uncle John or Uncle August came home from town with news that 'all the countries in Europe were warring with each other.' Grandmother looked terrified and made the sign of the cross.

While we were at Grandmothers in Penfield we attended Catholic Mass in Tyler. Some weeks the Priest from Tyler had services at a house in Penfield. While living there we (Frances, Mae and I) made our First Communions and I was confirmed at the Tyler Church. Uncle August saw to it that we learned our Catechism. WELL

One afternoon, one of the Uncles brought word that Frank Huff had shot his wife Blanche. My Mother and Uncles had grown up with both of them in Caledonia. Blanche had left Frank and was working at a nice home in Penfield. Our whole family was saddened. That was the first I had heard of murder.

This sounded so much like my experience with kerosene

FIRST OF SERIES

How Kerosene Lighted Way

By FLORENCE E. DOUGLAS

Mayor Emeritus Of Vallejo

(Editor's Note: Florence E. Douglas, former Mayor of Vallejo has written a series of articles about "Life in the Good Old Days." Here is the first with others to run periodically).

Does anyone remember the days of the kerosene lamps? We called them "coal oil lamps". We bought the coal oil in the grocery store, and it was fifteen cents a gallon.

We had to bring our own can which had a screw cap on top and a spout on the side for filling the lamps. The grocer would screw the cap on tight and stick a small potato on the end of the spout so the coal oil would not evaporate and so that we would not spill it on the way home.

The lamps were made of clear glass or tin in all sizes and shapes. The one over the stove hung in a bracket on the wall and had a tin reflector behind it to give more light upon the stove.

A brass colored cap screwed into the bases of the lamps. This held the wick which was a strip of woven string about an inch wide and six inches long which hung down into the coal oil.

With the little key on the side of the brass colored cap, the wick could be raised or lowered to give more or less light.

The string wick had to be trimmed every day to cut off the charred part to get a clearer light. The lamp chimneys had to be washed to remove the soot about once a week. This was my chore to wash the lamp chimneys.

First I wiped the soot off with a clean linen cloth and then washed them in soapy water and then rinsed them in tepid water.

The chimneys were very thin glass and I was always afraid my hand would go through one of them! It was a terrible fear!

We had a large lamp on the dining room table to study by or read.

The coal lamps gave out a yellowish light which everyone thought was a great improvement over the candle. My grandmother used to tell us of the beautiful chandelier she had with twelve candles. Each candle holder had a cup shaped ornament under it to catch the candle grease as there were no dripless candles in those days.

These had to be cleaned by melting the drippings in hot water, a slow operation. The individual candle holders also had a kind of a saucer under them to hold the drippings. Some of these were hand painted china and some were brass or tin. They are collector's items today. Many fires were caused by tipping over coal oil lamps. Everyone had to be very careful with them.

My mother would go ahead of us at bedtime to the bedroom which my sister and I shared and hold the lamp until we were safe in bed. Then she would take it downstairs with her and hold her hand over the chimney and blow it out.

We had lamps in every room, only to be lit if we were using the room.

We had a large lamp in the living room which we called the "parlor". It was two hand painted domes one on top of the other each one about a foot high made of white china with hand painted red roses on it.

My mother got it by saving "green stamps" for an awful long time! This lamp did not give out much light and was only lit when we had company in the parlor.

It was my mother's pride and joy, as working people could not afford to buy ornaments.

There were no street lights then so people did not go out after dark. If someone had to go out at night to go to work or for some emergency they carried a lantern burning coal oil. It was an eerie sight to see some one walking carrying a lantern.

Coal oil heaters were used in warm cold rooms. A wood fireplace heated the dining room and the wood and coal stove heated the kitchen. A fireplace in the parlor was only used on special occasions like birthdays and Christmas.

The bedrooms had no heat. Before bedtime my mother would put the coal oil heater in each bedroom for an hour to take the chill off.

In the winter she would wrap up the warm bed from the kitchen stove in folds of newspaper and put them under the covers at the foot of our beds so when we went to bed our feet would be nice and warm and the bedcovers were not icy cold.

My mother had to creep in quietly in the early morning to get the stove covers to get the fire going to get our breakfast. She never awakened us taking away the stove lids, but when she called us in the morning the lids were gone and a nice warm fire in the kitchen stove felt so good.

If it was very cold we could bring our clothes down to the kitchen and wash our faces at the kitchen sink and dress in front of the kitchen stove. It was quite a job to take care of a stove.

Coal was purchased by the ton and dumped down a shoot into the basement. Wood was bought by the cord.

The ashes had to be taken out of the stove and put around the plants in the garden and the iron stove with nickle trimming had to be polished continually.

It was no easy job to keep house in the "Good Old Days."

BACK TO CALEDONIA

Around February 1st, when I was in the fourth grade, Mother took Mae, Nonie and me to Uncle Joe's and Aunt Lizzies. Frances stayed with Grandma and Grandpa in Penfield. Uncle Joe was now Section Foreman for the railroad. He and his family lived in the P.R.R. Company house. This was the same house and job that our Uncle Frank had until he died. It was the same house where my Grandparents had lived and raised their family.

We stayed there and Mae and I started school in the very same school where I had started first grade. Now, being in fourth grade, I was in the 'upstairs room.' Mr. Ernest Ovell was our teacher.

Sometime during fifth grade in Caledonia, I was 'farmed out' to a Mrs. Wynkoop. She was an elderly woman who smoked a pipe. She needed a 'little girl' to run errands and to help around the house. I felt very proud that I was now 'working for my board.'

Once Mrs. Wynkoop's brother came to visit. It was he who carved a monkey from a peach seed. I kept it until Grandson Gregory Dewar was born. I gave it to him. It's in the Dewar's safety deposit box.

I stayed with Mrs. Wynkoop until school started in the fall and I was in fifth grade. Mrs. Wynkoop's niece came to stay with her. The niece Laura Johns and I became good friends.

My Mother began to keep house for 'Grandpa' Jackson. The farm was about two miles from both Caledonia and Weedville. I went to the farm from Wynkoops.

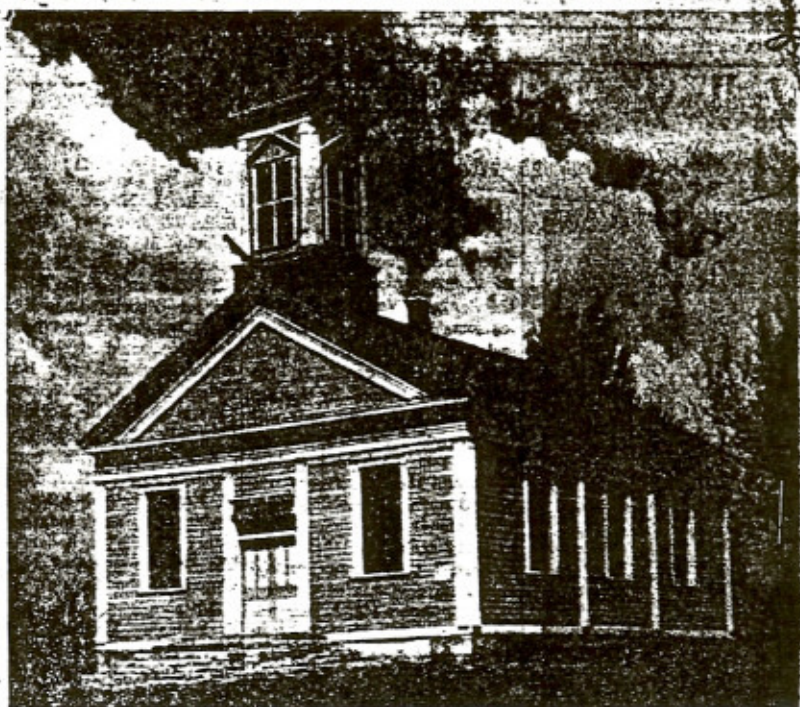
'Grandpa' Jackson's son owned a wholesale liquor business in Weedville and in St. Marys. They kept the farm going to have a country place, also to keep 'Grandpa' Jackson busy. It was a working farm with one hired man.

This Mt Zion Methodist Church was the oldest Church in Elk County. It was about a half mile from the Jackson Farm. It was just a ruin when we lived at Jackson. There was a fenced cemetery nearby.

The Jackson farm on which we lived was perhaps a mile from here. At that time the original building was in ruins from age. Cemetery was unsaved for. The need to find good straw was the reason.

BENNETTS VALLEY NEWS — THURS., SEPTEMBER 16, 1937

Where Memories Linger



In order for many Valley and former Valley residents to have a picture of the Mt. Zion Church, we are happy to print a copy of Mt. Zion, the oldest Protestant Church in Elk County.

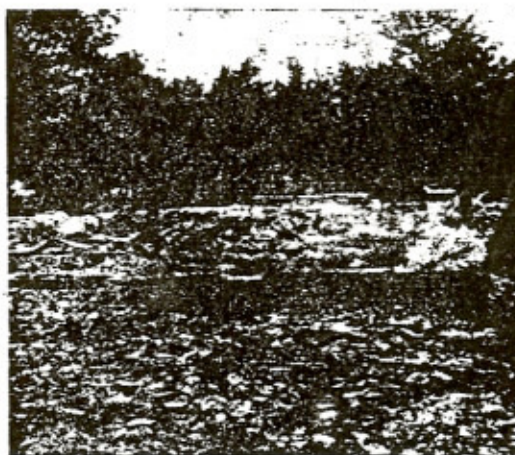
The land on which the church stood was originally owned by Alfred and Harriet Pearsall, a Baptist. When the decision was made to build the church, Mr. Pearsall se-

lected three men as a board of trustees, to supervise the building of the church, and to see that a board of trustees was always kept in reserve to care for the church itself and the lot surrounding it. The cemetery lot was also turned over to this board at the same time. The three trustees were: A. W. Grey, J. M. Brookins and A. E. Goff, who later owned the land surrounding the church and cemetery.

The cost to build the church was \$2,000. They raised \$1,500 by subscriptions of interested parties. Later they raised the \$500 to finish it by subscriptions made at a great sacrifice to the donors. It is the oldest Protestant Church in Elk County. It was started in 1852 and finished in 1857.

The church was used each year for the annual homecoming in Sept. and Sunrise service at Easter time.

"Gone But Not Forgotten"



Only the ruins remain of the Mt. Zion Church that was destroyed by fire early on the morning of Sept. 1. When the fire broke out, the church was in the hands of the fire department. The original building was in ruins from age. The church is gone but not forgotten.

and the church burned to the ground. Everyone who heard of the church being destroyed by fire felt that a part of them went with the flames. The original building was in ruins from age. The church is gone but not forgotten.

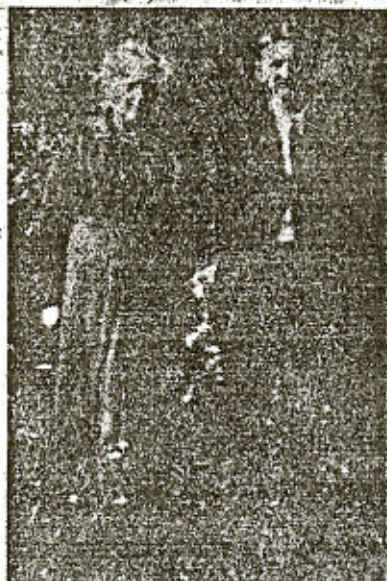
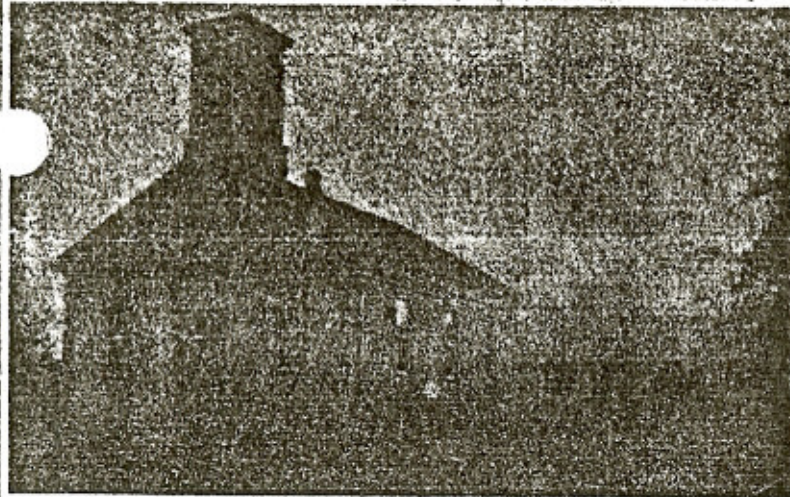
maximum amount to do an effective job.

Insulating an existing home that has no insulation, or only a minimum amount, may take a little ingenuity. It depends on the structure of the house, the space below the roof, as well as the sidewall construction.

Perhaps you'll need to contact an insulating contractor who has the equipment and tools to do a professional job in existing homes. A qualified contractor will give you an estimate of the complete cost before you contract for the job.

Since all forms of energy are increasing in cost, insulating homes becomes more important now than ever. Because insulation substantially reduces heating and cooling costs, you recover the money spent for the installation in a very short time.

The kids picked strawberries outside the cemetery.
After we left the farm some argumentation rebuilt
the church. Later it burned

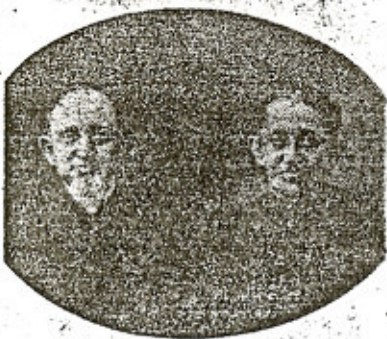


MT. ZION BACKGROUND

Due to a delay in getting the pictures for printing we were unable to publish the above pictures in accordance with the Annual Mt. Zion Homecoming which was held Sunday, September 9

The top photo's is a picture of the Mt. Zion Church when the shed was still standing. Horses were sheltered in the shed during services. This is the oldest church in Elk county. The couple in the top right photo is of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Burke, Sr. Both were trustees of the church for many years. Mrs. Burke is now deceased. Mr. Burke, in his middle 80's, lives at Mt. Zion.

Second row, first picture, is of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fox, of Woodville. Mr. Fox, along with Gardner, now deceased, repaired the church after realizing the sentimental value of the old



landmark. Mr. Fox is now 81 years young.

Middle photo - Mr. and Mrs. Charles McClintick, trustees for several years. Mr. McClintick is deceased. Mrs. McClintick is now 87.

The couple in the next photo is of Mr. and Mrs. Neil Meredith who were also trustees for several years. Mr. Meredith is deceased, Mrs. Meredith is in her



91st year.

The photo, bottom left is of Rev. and Mrs. Ebersole, he preached in Mt. Zion Church for 27 years. He died in 1913.

Photo, bottom right, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Goff, Mr. Goff is a great grandson of Mr. Pearsall who donated the land for the Mt. Zion Church in 1838. Both Mr. and Mrs. Goff are in their 91st year.

One morning Mae & I walked over to the Larkins house.
The snow drifts had melted. All the Larkins were
outside. No one spoke to us. Finally as we were about
to leave one of them said "You called our mother
a red headed sow". I'm sure I did not."

The Jackson farm was about a half mile from the Larkins. Their children were Annie, Joe, Charlie, Rosy, Eddie, Sara, Mary, Maggie and Isabel. WE visited back and forth. Did a lot of fighting too! Sara, Mary and Maggie were still in school so Mae and I walked with them each day to Caledonia. That was no problem until the snow came. Walking was impossible!

The school board offered Eddie Larkin \$25.00 a month if he would drive his sisters and Mae and me to school during the bad weather. He didn't want the job. My Mother contacted the school board to see what arrangement could be made for Mae and me. They offered to pay my board in Caledonia. Mae was under 8 years of age so they wouldn't pay for her. Our Uncle Joe's family had moved to Bennezett, otherwise we both would have stayed with them.

I stayed with Mr. & Mrs. Theodore Young until the snow drifts cleared. Sometimes Mother would take me back to the farm for weekends if the weather wasn't too bad.

The Youngs were an elderly couple who had lived in Caledonia for years. They were paid \$12 a month for keeping me. Their granddaughter, Frances Doyle lived with them too. She was a pretty girl whom I had admired even before I went to first grade.

The Young's gave Frances a lot of freedom. She could go visit friends at night. There wasn't much else to do in that small town. Frances usually took me with her.

One night we went to the creek to test the ice. It held for a while as we skated on our shoe leather. I hit a weak spot and broke through.

In fifth grade my teacher was Miss Adeline McCready. She was the same teacher I had had in Weedville. Always she had been a first grade teacher but Caledonia desperately needed a teacher for the 'upstairs' room and Adeline was chosen. (I have written an article on Miss McCready.)

*The Larkin parents mentioned on top of the
page were great grandparents of Gloria Larkin who
was raised by the Gurneaus (Gloria's great aunt)*

I wasn't in fifth grade very long until Miss McCready put me into sixth. When spring came and with it the last day of school, I was promoted to seventh grade.

While I stayed with the Youngs in Caledonia, a Revival Meeting occurred at the Methodist Church. Frances and I attended every night. If you, the reader, have ever attended a revival meeting you know what an emotional experience it can be! In addition to the 'warm up' opening speech there are persuaders stationed throughout the congregation pleading with folks to 'come up forward.' Well, they hooked me. I went up forward and knelt at the bench. It meant nothing lasting to me. I just wanted that pleader to let me alone! Now everyone in that little community knew that all of my relatives were staunch Catholics. When Mother came to get me for the weekend the first thing she heard when she got to town was about my 'going up forward' at the Free Methodist Church Revival! She seemed to understand what goes on at a revival so she wasn't angry. Her greatest concern, however, was that Grandma should hear about it and not understand.

While we were on the Jackson farm our Uncle John came to visit. With him was a tall pretty girl. He told us her name was Victoria. He added, "She is going to be your new Aunt." We were delighted. John was our favorite Uncle and anyone he chose would rate high with us.

The wedding took place in the Tyler Church. I got to go. I had to walk the two miles to Weedville to catch the 7 a.m. train to Tyler. There at the station my Grandparents, Aunts, Uncles and cousins were assembled to walk to the church. Our Aunt Veronica was housekeeper for the Priest so we may have waited sometime at that house before the ceremony.

After the ceremony everyone went to Force. That was Victoria's home. Force is between Weedville and Tyler. I don't know how we got there. Perhaps by train if one went at that hour. I don't think we walked and I don't remember riding.

Aunt Victoria's mother was dead and she had been taking care of the house for her father, her younger sister and brother. She was 16 years old at the time of her marriage.

I remember my Aunts talking while there. One asked "Have you been upstairs?" "Oh yes," replied another. "And do you know the floors are so clean you could eat off them!" We had good food to eat and everyone was happy. We stayed until the five o'clock train left. That took all the relatives home. Weedville was in the opposite direction so I went home with Grandma and Grandpa to Penfield then got the 7 p.m. train back to Weedville. It was still light enough for me to walk back to the farm to tell my Mother and 2 sisters all about the wedding.

One Sunday afternoon our Mother took Mae, Nonie and me for a walk toward Weedville. On the way we met a tall, well dressed man. I thought he was a stranger just passing by on his way to somewhere. Surprisingly, Mother and he talked as if they knew each other. He walked along with us as we turned to go back to the farm. He was Mr. John Hawk, a brakeman on the railroad. I don't know just how those two met but eventually we had a stepfather.

BACK TO PENFIELD

My Mother quit working at the Jackson farm and moved back to Penfield with our grandparents. It was near September. School was about to start.

When I told the teacher, Miss Harriet Evans that I was in seventh grade, pupils whom I had been with in third and fourth grades raised their voices in protest. I should be in sixth grade like they were. I had my promotion certificate. Miss Evans was new to the community. She didn't know whom to believe. She calmed the protesters and said "We'll see." I remember one instance (maybe more) where I was sent to the chalkboard with 7th graders. Miss Evans gave problems. I got mine done correctly. The protesters said I copied. Miss Evans put me and a known copier and poor student at a board by ourselves. I still got my problems right. She may have tested me in other ways. She let me stay in seventh grade.

You will notice that all my lady teachers were Miss. The only Mrs. teachers were widows. If a teacher happened to marry over the weekend she had no job come Monday! Boy friends for teachers had better be miles away, not in the town where the lady teacher taught.

This state of affairs went on until the 1930's. Some places then began to hire married teachers.

Among our extended family there was plenty of visiting back and forth. All lived within easy access of the railroad. There were at least 3 trains in each direction daily. Fares were very low. Our Grandparents and Uncles and their wives (if the Uncle were a foreman) rode for free.

Reynoldsville-----After Benezett, Uncle Joe & Aunt Lizzie moved here.

Falls Creek-----After Aunt Veronica married George Stojek they lived here.

DuBois-----This was the main shopping area for all these towns.

Sabula-----Mary Shivie Dixon & Frances Shivie Dixon lived here.

Uncle Joe & Aunt Rose Shivie and 4 daughters lived here.

Penfield-----Grandparents lived here.

Tyler-----Aunt Veronica at Priests House *at Tyler*

Uncle Martin, Aunt Katie Lesneski

Force-----Aunt Victoria came from here.

Weedville-----The Orsie family lived here before Norwich - I taught here one time.

Caledonia-----Grandparents lived here many years and raised their family here.

Bennezett-----Uncle Joe & Aunt Lizzie moved here after being foreman in Caledonia. *and before Reynolds vill*

Early in the summer after I finished seventh grade I was 'farmed out' again. This time I lived with an elderly couple whose family had grown. They had a daughter still at home who worked in a store. These folks were Mr. & Mrs. Clarence Weed. Here again I was earning my board.

Some time before this, I don't remember just when, I lived in Tyler with Aunt Katie and Uncle Martin. I helped take care of their three children, Martin, Dorothy and Joe.

After the Weeds I worked for my board at the Kelly's. Mrs. Kelly was Mrs. Weed's sister. I worked harder here than at any other place up to that time but I learned a lot too.

About this time the State of Pennsylvania was beginning a program of helping widows with dependent children. My Mother applied for that assistance. The State wanted to be sure they weren't subsidizing loafers or potential hoodlums. We were investigated thoroughly. A small group of people came to call on us at our Grandparents home. They talked with us children and asked to see our report cards.

We must have been o.k. Mother was granted a pension of \$12.00 per month, \$6.00 to be paid by the State and \$6.00 to be paid by the County.

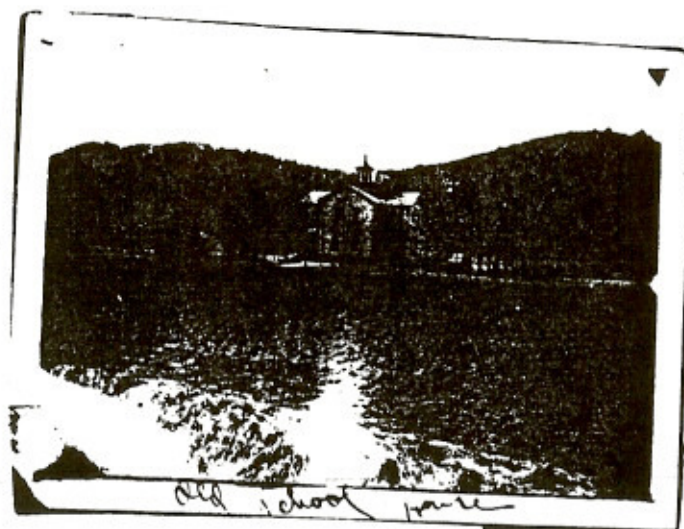
With \$6.00 per month Mother was able to rent a comfortable house in Penfield.

While I was with the Kelly's my mother got work in the only meat market in town. She rented a 6 room house for only \$6.00 per month. It was not far from the Hammond Meat Market. I quit staying with the Kelley's and went to live with my Mother and sisters. Our house was just behind the Kelly house so often I was called to do bits of work there (at Kelly's).

In September I began eighth grade. Eighth grade was in the same room as the 3 year high school. The Principal was Charles E. Miller. The 8th grade teacher and part-time high school teacher was Miss Anna Gross. She boarded with the Kelly's. Both teachers were from the Pennsylvania Dutch area around Lancaster. They were outstanding teachers. Mr. Miller's specialty was Latin and Mathematics. Miss Gross taught Science, Literature and History equally well.

Our country entered the war that had been going on in Europe, WWI. Mr. Miller was drafted during the summer after I passed the eighth grade exam for high school entrance.

Since the high school in Penfield served the whole township, eighth grade pupils came from other schools to take the exam. There was a room full of students mostly from one room rural schools.



Old school house

Penfield



August 1920

JOANNE

FRONT OF TINSAN HALL

When the results of the exam were returned, my name got into the newspaper. The article read 'Although she is the youngest pupil in the class, Joanna Orsie passed the exam with the highest grades.' The newspaper was a weekly publication called the 'Grit.' It was published in Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Miller was gone for a year. He was in the Army. His place was taken by Mr. Weidemier. Miss Gross was replaced by Mildred Reardon, a home town girl whose mother was a teacher in town.

During the war we saw many troop trains pass through on the Pennsylvania Railroad. I happened once to be in DuBois where troops were getting onto trains to leave for camp. It was not a happy occasion.

During my first year in high school a great influenza epidemic hit the country. Schools, churches, theaters were closed. People were asked not to gather in large groups. People died every day. Schools were used for hospitals.

Everyone in our family was down with flu at one time. Aunt Veronica who was now living at home with our grandparents, came to take care of us. Luckily we all pulled through.

The war was over on November 11. School opened sometime afterward. It wasn't long until our Freshman year in high school was over.

Mr. Miller and Miss Esther Kready came and saw us through our Junior and Senior high school years. (A three year high school.)

Sixteen students, 2 boys and 14 girls made up the largest class ever graduated from Huston Township high up until that time. I was 16 years old in February and graduated in May 1921.

During my high school years I had some especially good friends, Lily, Melva and Lulu Kelly. They lived on a farm with their grandparents and a bachelor uncle, John Bundy. They had been orphaned quite young.

Lulu was nearest to me in age, we were the best of friends. I spent many happy weekends at the Bundy farm. Those girls worked as hard as field hands. There was nothing around the farm from which they were excused. They were up before five in the morning to get all the chores done before they walked to school two miles away.

All of them quit school before they graduated. All left the farm and found work at the Elk County General Hospital in Ridgway.

Toward the end of my Junior year in high school our half brother Paul was born. Our Mother had married John Hawk some time before.

All the while John was seeing our mother we enjoyed his visits, but when they married and he came to live with us I think we resented him. We always called him Mr. Hawk and it wasn't until years later that we referred to him as 'Dad Hawk.'

Up to the time of his moving to Penfield with us, Dad Hawk had been a railroad conductor. In Penfield the only work was in the coal mines. That wasn't very steady work. Luckily Dad Hawk liked to garden so there was always plenty of fresh vegetables, home canned goods, chicken and pork.

We had to move to another house as the place we were renting was sold. This was during my Senior high school year.

We all loved our brother Paul. We hadn't even boy cousins except Aunt Katie's boys. Uncle Joe, Aunt Rosa and our family each had 4 girls.

Two days after graduating from 3 year high school at Penfield, I went to work in DuBois for the same Kelly's I had stayed with in Penfield. This time I worked for \$5 a week. Several other high school graduates also did housework in DuBois. High School graduation seemed to be the understood cut-off time for parental support.

Houston
Houston Township High School
CERTIFICATE
OF
CANDIDATE FOR GRADUATION
Penfield, Pa.

This certificate should be filled out in order that we may determine the student's scholastic rating in senior class.

Joanna A. Orrie
Full Name of Candidate

Houston Township High School
Name of School

Subjects	Text Book	No. of Weeks	Periods per week	Minutes per Period	Grade in %
English	Compendium of English	32	5	50	91
Latin	Collins and Daniels	32	5	50	95
Ancient History	Meyers	32	5	45	93
Algebra	Eureka Robbins	32	5	50	88
Plant Geography	Malby	32	5	45	95
Physical Geography	Lybort and Brigham	16	5	45	88
English	Lewis and Hoar	32	5	50	91
Coaching Book	Albion and Brown	32	5	45	97
English History	Montgomery	20	5	40	92
Plane Geometry	Textbook for Sen	32	5	45	94
Physical	Carhart and Smith	32	5	60	89
Agriculture	Warren	32	5	60	90
English	Lewis and Hoar	32	5	50	95
Ciceronian	Heckness, Kistler and Williams	32	5	40	98
Mathematics and History	Meyers	32	5	40	95
Algebra	Eureka Robbins	32	5	50	92
Botany	Bergman	16	5	60	94
Zoology	Jordan, Kellogg and March	16	5	60	96

May 14, 1923
Date

Signed, Chas. E. Miller
Principal of School.

Note. - This certificate should not be given to student but returned before May 10, 1923 to W. R. Baker, Principal of DuBois High School.

Passing grade 75 Graduated from this
3y. HS in May 1921

Transcript of my work at Penfield sent to DuBois

Penfield, Penn'a.,

February 4, 1923.

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that Miss Joanna Orsie was graduated from the Huston Township High School, Penfield, Clearfield Co., Pa., with the class of 1921 and that she completed the work in the following subjects with the annexed grades:

year 1918-1919

	Grade
English	91
Latin	95
Ancient History	93
Algebra	88
Civics	95
Physical Geography	88

year 1919-1920

English	91
Caesar	97
English History	92
Plane Geometry	94
Physics	89
Agriculture	90

year 1920-1921

English	95
Cicero	98
Mediaeval and Modern History	95
Algebra	92
Botany	94
Zoology	96

Chas. E. Miller,
Prin. High School.

I stayed with the Kelly's all summer. Then I wrote to my friends Melva and Lulu Kelly who were now working in Ridgway. They said there were two maids needed, so Lillie Wilhelm and I (Lillie was a classmate) went to Ridgway to work in the hospital for \$22.00 a month and board. Lillie and I roomed together. Lillie's job was to work with the cook at Nurses Home and to wait on tables. My job was to take care of the diet kitchen where trays for ten private room patients were prepared. Food was cooked in the larger kitchen. I just had to arrange it on trays. I made coffee, tea and cocoa. Between meals I had cleaning to do, in rooms, halls, etc. I really worked hard!

Lillie left in May to attend business college in DuBois and I inherited her job at Nurses Home. Another Penfield classmate came to take my place at the Hospital. She was Alta Singer.

I wasn't especially anxious to work at Nurses Home. The cook with whom I would have to work was a veritable witch! The hours were longer than hospital hours too. So, I was offered \$28 a month if I would go. As I was saving money for school, that extra \$6.00 made the decision.

I knew I wanted to go to school. I wanted to be a teacher. While working at the hospital I considered nursing. Then when Lillie went to business college I considered that too. However, teaching positions could be had if one were a high school graduate, plus going to teacher training classes at a State Normal School. That is a summer session.

Now a new hurdle was put in my way. One had to graduate from a 4 year high school. A solution came my way. During my time in Ridgway I had saved over \$100.00. I had had my dental work done. In fact, my very first check went into my two front teeth. That \$100 would take care of expenses if I had a place to stay and work for my board. Here again I went to live with Mr. & Mrs. Kelly on South Jared Street in DuBois.

I knew that Mr. Kelly had a terrible temper, and that he was quite opinionated. He was especially cynical and prejudiced about everybody, especially young people. (When I stayed at the home in Penfield he was seldom there as he worked and roomed in DuBois.) When I worked for them during the summer of 1921 I got a taste of his hatred but it was nothing compared with what I was forced to endure as a permanent resident there. He was a mean Archie Bunker. His wife was no Edith.

However, I was so anxious to go to school that I think I was prepared to take on the Devil himself!

Years later, after I was away from the Kelly's, I met many people who knew them. The comment was always the same, "How in the world did you stand to live there?"

To tell the truth I was afraid of leaving. I was afraid of what people might say. I would be considered an ungrateful teenager to leave a place where I had it so nice!

Well, I lasted until graduation. I was now 18 years old. I had made good grades in all my high school subjects. I was ready to teach school. If I could find a school! Toward spring a friend, Zylpha Connelly and I went one noon, armed with our report cards, to see a Mr. Kreiner who worked in a bank. We told him we were interested in teaching. We showed him our cards. He told us to put in an application in his district and that we would be considered. Mr. Kreiner was Secretary of the School Board in Brady Township. Brady Township adjoined Sandy Township in which DuBois was located.

I was hired to teach at Stanley school, grades 1-8, for the fall of 1923 at \$85.00 per month.

Now I had no money for the 9 week summer course at Clarion State Normal School. My Mother borrowed \$75 from our grandparents. That paid my tuition, board and school supplies. I paid the loan back out of my first 2 checks.

DUBOIS HIGH SCHOOL--PERMANENT-FINAL HIGH SCHOOL RECORD

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All of my high school courses are listed
I graduated from Huston Township High in Penfield,
in May 1921. The year 1921-22 I worked in
Ridgway Hospital. In Sept. 1922 I enrolled
at DuBois High for my fourth year. I graduated
from DuBois High in June 1923.

At Clarion I roomed with Alta Singer and her sister Lena. Lena had been a teacher for some years. Alta was a beginner like me.

Stanley was about six miles out of Dubois on the trolley. I boarded with Mrs. Daisy Haag. She was a widow with 3 children. Her husband had been the store manager at the Coal Company store. Although her house was a company house, like all the miners houses in Helvetia, her furnishings were much better. I paid \$22 a month for board and room. I shared the room with another teacher. I walked 2 miles to Stanley School from Helvetia.

That entire area was a coal mining and coke oven operation with many farms.

My job at school was to get there early enough to build the fire and have the room warm by the time pupils arrived. Usually the bigger boys kept the coal bucket and wood box filled.

I was my own janitor. Usually I had help from pupils. I taught 8 grades. There were about 30 pupils of many ethnic backgrounds. In my 8th grade there were 15 and 16 year old pupils.

On my way to and from school I passed by one house where the farmer owned a flock of geese. One day they were on my side of the muddy road. They began to chase me. I lost my shoes in the mud! I was rescued by the farmer who owned the flock.

On the way too, I passed by a field of mules. These mules were used to haul coal cars into and out of the coal mines.

Every Friday night I took the trolley into Dubois. There I'd spend a few hours with Aunt Veronica who was now married and living in DuBois or Cousin Frances Shivia Dixon until the 7:30 p.m. train took me to Penfield where I stayed at my mothers until Sunday morning when I caught the 9:00 a.m. for DuBois, then the trolley for Stanley.

School was out on April 30th. It would be six weeks before Normal School started for the summer so I did housework for families in DuBois. It seems that that time coincided with housecleaning time so the work was heavy. It would have been unheard of to go home to wait around six weeks. By this time, in addition to Paul there was a sister Helen at the Hawk house.

I taught two terms at Stanley.

My next teaching job was in Weedville. There I taught 4th and 5th grades. I stayed for a while with Uncle August and Aunt Ann, then with Uncle John and Aunt Victoria.

There I taught children of people who had been my classmates in Miss McCreedy's class. I taught the son of Patsy Assalone who had made so much fun of my name when I (as a child) came to Weedville.

I went back to Penfield every Friday night and returned late Sunday night. My Mother was happy for my help. She was pregnant again. Grace Hawk was born October 7th, 1925. My sister Frances had graduated from Penfield High School. Mae quit school in her junior year. Both had left home and gone to Ridgway to work in the hospital.

Mae was married to Claude Healy and their son Roy was born November 2, 1925. Frances went to Cleveland to work sometime after leaving Ridgway.

After teaching three years and attending three summer sessions I had quite a sizable amount saved toward a winter session - so this summer after Weedville I got a job working for the family of the President of the Pennsylvania School for the Deaf in Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania, just outside of Pittsburgh.

Mr. & Mrs. Manning lived in a spacious, beautifully furnished apartment in a building that housed the officers. They had a cook who was also the cleaning lady. My job for the summer was to take care of five year old Mary Elizabeth who was a spastic child and one year old Ruth.

I also waited table for the family and if needed, help the cook. I was paid \$40 a month and board. I had every other Sunday off. Otherwise I was at work all hours, whenever needed. I roomed with the cook in an area of the school set aside for maids.

The Mannings were especially nice to me. Since I had been a teacher and planned to further my education, they gave me privileges to visit classrooms at will. At times on drives they went out of their way to show me points of interest around the city. Since some of the places I wanted to see weren't open on my Sundays off, they gave me time off. Among these places were Heinz 56 food processing plant, also a milk processing plant, etc. That happened to be about the time Eskimo Pies were invented and I was thrilled to see how they were made.

Mrs. Manning was a stickler for nice table service. In Mr. Mannings position there were many guests from Harrisburg. I learned to serve properly.

During the summer of 1926, the Mannings took their vacation in Philadelphia. They took me with them. Mrs. Mannings parents lived in Germantown, a part of Philadelphia. Since Mrs. Manning grew up in Germantown, there were many friends to visit. Whenever the Manning family was invited to homes of friends and the children were included in the invitation, I was taken along. It was quite an education to see the many lovely homes and to learn how rich folks lived.

One day the Mannings took me to Valley Forge. On my days off (and there weren't many) I took a trolley ride into the city and explored. The Sesqui Centennial Fair took place that summer so I visited that too. I just couldn't believe all of this was happening to me.

Our Sunday paper at home was the Philadelphia Record. The Society pages always interested me. I almost felt that I knew those society people and their activities - then to be actually there - and to have the opportunity of getting into some of their homes with the Mannings - well, I could hardly believe it was happening.

I attended a Quaker church service. Everyone sat very quietly. The meeting lasted only an hour. There were only twenty minutes left and still the Spirit hadn't moved anyone. When there were only 15 minutes remaining a man stood and said a prayer. Next a lady sang, then silence. Just before leaving a man made an announcement of some activity that would take place on Fourth Day. A number of people shook my hand and invited me to return to next First Day meeting. Very few elderly people were dressed as old time Quakers.

For two weeks of that months vacation we went to Lavolette, New Jersey to stay in a cottage right on the beach. While we were there Mr. Manning had several groups of friends come for lunch and an afternoon of cards and visiting.

Manning's cook from the deaf school, came to Lavolette by train and stayed the two weeks. She wasn't with us in Philadelphia. She returned to Pittsburgh before we did. After Lavolette we spent a day or two back in Germantown.

Early August found us back at the Deaf School in Pittsburgh. During that month preparations were under way for an alumni reunion which would take place the last week in August.

Children who were current pupils at the school were taught lip reading. Most of the Alumni used sign language. It was quite a revelation to see groups of people standing about with animated expressions on their faces, and no sound. At the dance which culminated the weeks activity most people participated keeping time with the music, yet no vocal sound.

I left the deaf school on the 1st of September. I was ready to attend Clarion State Normal School for a whole winter and a summer term. At that time, that was what was required for graduation. I had already done 3 summer sessions. That would complete two years.

During two of those summer terms I had worked, one term in the cafeteria kitchen washing glasses and silverware, then a summer waiting tables in the main dining hall. I would wait on tables when I went back for winter term. Pay was 25¢ a meal or 75¢ per day.

During summer terms the enrollment ran around seven hundred. Students included beginning teachers just out of high school to older teachers who had taught many years.

Now when I enrolled for the 1926-27 winter term, most students were just out of high school that spring, or the previous year. A few like me had taught 2 or 3 years and had finally saved enough money to attend a whole winter.

Before World War I and for a few years after, girls and women all wore their hair long but not loose. It had to be 'put up' into rolls, buns, heaps, figure 8's or whatever. These hair do's were held in place with many hair pins. After WWI a few daring women had their hair cut short or bobbed. Well, if that didn't cause a lot of adverse comments. Many employers would not hire a girl or women with short hair! This especially held true for teachers. During my first summer at Clarion Norman there wasn't one bobbed hair student. That was in 1923.

In the newspapers if any girl or woman committed any criminal or unsocial act, headlines were sure to break the news by calling attention to her hair style. She was labeled 'a bobbed hair' bandit! In 1924 there were a few students with short hair. In 1925 there were more short hair do's than long and so it went.

In 1926 when I enrolled for winter term we had a new principal. His name was Robert M. Steele. His wife, who was prematurely gray, had short hair, and his two children, 9 year old Joanne and baby Mary, just one year old.

The Steele's took their meals in the dining hall. The student who waited on their table, plus one student table, was my friend Ora Kirkland. I had the next 2 tables. Quite often there were guests at the Steele table and they and the family sat at table longer than the students. Ora had to stay on the job until they were finished. I stayed to keep her company. Quite often little Mary wanted out of her high chair so Ora and I used to take her out and amuse her until her parents were ready to leave. Nine year old Joanne had been excused and was out with playmates by then.

Little Mary resembled Ruthie Manning. My recent experience at the Mannings both in child care and table serving came in handy.

One day Ora had dislocated a toe in gym class and I was given Ora's two tables. Without any ulterior motives I gave the Steeles the same service I had been taught by Mrs. Manning. I poured their water for them. At student tables I did this too but no other tables got that extra bit of attention. It was there that the Steeles saw how I handled Mary.

Ora was back at work in a week but the Steeles asked the dietician for me as their regular waitress. Ora took my tables. We were still good friends but she was relieved to be free to leave the dining hall when other students did.

The Steeles began to have me babysit for the two children whenever they had to leave them alone. If they had guests for dinner in their apartment, I was asked to serve. When school was out in the spring I stayed with the Steele family in their apartment.

When summer term was over and I had earned my two year teaching credential there would be about 5 weeks until I would go to McKees Rocks near Pittsburgh to teach so again I stayed with the Steeles being more than a baby sitter.

During that time the Steeles were going to drive to Louisville, Kentucky to visit some of their Columbia University friends. They took me with them. WE stayed in Louisville until I had to be in McKees Rocks, PA. On their way home they drove me to the Deaf School where I would visit my friends, then get a trolley for McKees Rocks.

I thought, and so did the Steele's, that our close association ended there. It was not to be. Whenever they had a student come to babysit Mary would say to the student, "Don't sit down. Don't sit down. Go home. Nanna will come."

During the winter of 1927-28, whenever the Steeles came to Pittsburgh for a days shopping, I would meet them at Joseph Horne's and relieve them of the children. They were then free from any care. This was about once each month. Over Thanksgiving I went to Clarion to spend the four day holiday with them.

McKees Rocks is a steel manufacturing town on the Ohio River. It adjoins Pittsburgh. It was as grimy with its smoke stacks belching smoke as Tyler was with its coke ovens! A Clarion friend Bell O'Neill and I had light housekeeping rooms fairly close to her school but a good mile from mine.

To get to my school I could walk down between the steel mills and arrive at school with a grimey face, or I could go another way where I would have to cross a bridge that spanned 35 or more B. & O. Railroad tracks. We were sure to have a train or two cross under the bridge, puffing smoke before we reached the other side. You can imagine the color of our skirts, petticoats and hose when we took that route.

In McKee's Rocks I taught history and geography at Wilson School. There were around 500 pupils in that school. The area in which it was located was populated almost entirely by people from Eastern Europe. Very few parents spoke English. There were no black children. When bread was delivered by the bakers truck it was put unwrapped on a front windowsill. At the stores in the area, if a teacher sent a child to make a purchase, the storekeeper would ask, "Is it for teacher?" If so, he would wrap the purchase in newspaper. If not, it was carried home as is.

A truck equipped to make waffles came into the area. Children would buy, then tuck the hot waffles inside their jacket and run home fast.

Our school superintendent T.K. Johnson insisted on near military discipline. Children marched into and out of the building keeping time. No slouching in! T.K.J. made his rounds every day to every school. He furnished each teacher with a goodly supply of rattan switches.

Being from Eastern Europe most of these people observed Christmas on January 6th. We had very few pupils on that day. Many of the mothers worked at night cleaning offices in Pittsburgh.

Although the children lived so close to the city, many had never been there. Many Saturdays I would take 2 at a time into Pittsburgh. They were just as amazed at what they saw as children from remote rural areas would have been.

I signed a contract in the spring of 1928 to return to McKee's Rocks for the term beginning September for \$1,400 per year, a ten month term.

I had a letter from the Steeles. They were leaving Clarion Normal School and going to California Normal School located about 50 miles south of Pittsburgh, in a town called California PA, in Washington County.

The Pennsylvania Legislature had converted all 14 normal schools in the state to teachers' colleges, aiming at further improving education of Pennsylvania's children by improving teacher education. Dr. Steele would be President of California State Teachers. Would Nanna like to come there for the summer season? I would live with the family and they would pay my tuition. I'd buy my own books. Well, there was nothing Nanna would like better, so there I went!

When summer session was completed I stayed on. My first job was to be responsible for the children, after that I was to help in any capacity where needed. Just before time to go back to McKee's Rocks, they asked me to stay on and work toward my 4 year degree in education.

My first thought was, I'd love to stay, but had I saved enough money? Then I decided that I couldn't afford to say 'no' to such an opportunity. So in September, 1928 I enrolled as a full-time student at California State Teacher's College!

I was so happy to be living with such nice people, meeting other nice people, doing work I liked!!! etc.! My time however wasn't my time, so all of my studying had to be done after the children were in bed and if there was entertaining I couldn't study until all that was over. Often I got up very early in the morning to get my school work done.

After attending summer session 1929 I needed about a semester more to get my BS degree. Dr. Steele thought I should teach that coming winter 1929-30, take classes on Saturday, the summer of 1930 and more classes during first semester of 1930.

Credit wise I finished in January 1931 but graduation wasn't until June 1931. That was the first time degrees were bestowed at a Pennsylvania State Teachers College.

I taught in Uniontown, PA for two years. I came home to Steeles every weekend to California. My vacations were spent with the Steeles. I worked all the while I was there.

There was a hired maid from Monday to Friday. Prepared food for daily meals came from the college kitchen unless we were preparing for something special.

As I grew up we always had plenty of food, good plain wholesome food. We were constantly cautioned however against waste. At the Steeles I was encouraged to try new things. If a little food was wasted in experimenting it was no big deal. Here too I learned ways of cooking, baking and serving that I had never dreamed of.

I am at a loss for words to adequately state my admiration for the Steele family. They were super!

If I listed all of the attributes I could ascribe to an ideal king and queen, the Steeles would come closer to topping the list than anyone I had ever met.

It was now 1931. Although I was very happy with the Steeles I felt that I should try striking out for myself.

After all, it was through Dr. Steeles influence that I had obtained teaching positions in Uniontown and McKee's Rocks. (If there had been a Peace Corp in existence then, no doubt I would have been a volunteer.) I was 26 years old at the time.

I made an application to the Bureau of Indian Affairs for a teaching position anywhere in the United States. I preferred the Southwest or East Coast.

I had to take a Civil Service examination. When notified that I had passed I was also informed that I was seventh on the eligibility list. Chances of employment were excellent.

Toward the end of summer I was delighted to receive an appointment to Cheyenne River Indian School, Cheyenne River Agency, South Dakota.

Financially, it was a fortunate move. The depression of 1928 was getting worse. When I went back to PA the next summer (1932) teachers in Uniontown Schools had just received their warrants for the month of February.

The bank where I had my small savings also did not 'go under' as many others had.

I was to be in Cheyenne River by September 1st. I left from Pittsburgh for Chicago. It was my first experience on a Pullman car! In Chicago I changed trains and eventually ended up in Sleepy Eye, Minnesota. From there I boarded a train for Blount, South Dakota. From Blount a smaller train took me to Gettysburg. From Gettysburg a stage (not a stage coach as I expected but a car) took me and two other employees to Cheyenne River. One girl was Mildred Glass, an Oklahoma Indian who would be an assistant Matron at the school. The other, Bernice Jackson, a part Mohican from Newport, Rhode Island, who would be a teacher. She would also be my roommate. Bernice or 'Jackie' as we called her, was a delightful person with a precious sense of humor. Together we shared many a laugh.

Cheyenne River Agency was located about 60 miles north of Pierre, South Dakota on the Missouri River. We were surrounded by low grassy hills. The only natural trees were cottonwoods that grew on the river banks.

Cheyenne River Reservation was quite an extensive piece of land mostly prairies. WE were at the western boundary of Central Time Zone. Across the river Mountain time began. The agency was the central office for the reservation. Besides the Agency offices there were small white cottages to house all married agency workers. Some single workers had rooms in a small hotel. Teachers lived in the Mess. That's where all singles and transients ate their meals.

School buildings included a school house to accommodate 8 grades, a dining hall, a bakery, kitchen, a farm, dormitories for boys and one for girls, a domestic science cottage and a hospital. There was a combined store and post office, called the Trading Post.

There were two mission church buildings. The Catholic Mission was run by a priest who was German. Before WWI he had trained to be a missionary in Kameroon, Africa. When the war was over Germany lost her African colonies so Father Schneider was sent to the American Indians. The Episcopal Mission had a native Sioux Indian Priest. He did not speak English well at all.

If I may digress a bit here from the Cheyenne River story, I'll explain a bit of my religious history.

Our family were Catholics. We were all christened and confirmed. However, we seldom lived where there was a Catholic church close by. In Penfield when we lived with our Grandparents we were taken to church in Tyler on the train. Some Saturdays the priest from Tyler held services in different Penfield homes.

After we left our Grandparents home we lived directly behind the Presbyterian Church. As many of our friends were Presbyterian we girls would often go to Sunday School with them. This arrangement was alright with our Mother but she didn't want Grandma to know about it.

When I lived with the Steeles they attended the Presbyterian Church. The Catholic Church was a mile or more away. If I attended services there I had to walk to very early services and be back in time to take the Steele girls to Sunday School at which time I went into a class for College Students. Eventually I quit going to the Catholic Church. I belonged to the Presbyterian Westminster Guild and even served a term as its president.

The Steeles had a small cabin at Foxburg, PA on the Allegheny River. Between school terms we went there. While there we attended the Episcopal Church. I liked the church especially well. I liked the ceremonial aspects. It was so very like the Catholic rituals. I liked the friendliness of its members.

When I worked at the Indian School, teachers had to chaperone children to church services. I chose to go with the Episcopalians. That became my religion for the rest of my life.

Our nearest town from the Indian School was Gettysburg, South Dakota, about 20 miles away. Not many folks had cars so we didn't get into town often. It was a treat to go there to have our hair done and to have a facial.

One of the teachers who had a car would take us to Gettysburg and back. WE visited with friends of hers and were amazed to see them using good ears of dried corn for fuel. Corn wasn't selling for much and they couldn't afford wood or coal. They were not alone in this.

'Jackie' and I sort of kidded ourselves saying we didn't miss the urban areas back east. I think we actually believed it. After being on the reservation for 2 months the teacher who owned the car asked three of us to drive to Aberdeen, South Dakota, a town about 90 miles distant. We were delighted to go. Aberdeen was a much larger town than Gettysburg. WE were so delighted to be in a town again we felt like shaking hands with the police and mail carriers. What a euphoric sensation!

Pupils lived at school from September until June. Then those pupils who had homes and parents were taken home. Orphans stayed at school the entire year. Teachers were hired for the year with a one month vacation to be

taken during the summer. During the other two summer vacation months teachers were assigned to any work that needed doing. That meant office work, dining room work, matron substitute, helping to clean the cemetery or any job that needed doing.

Cheyenne River School was a boarding school. Only members of the Cheyenne River Reservation could attend. I think I haven't mentioned that this was a Sioux Indian Reservation. On the reservation there were also Day School. If there were enough Indians to justify keeping a school for day pupils one was opened. Here there was one teacher and one housekeeper who cooked for the children. Quite often these positions were filled by a husband and wife team.

Names of our pupils were interesting. These are some I remember:

1. Samson One Skunk
2. Enoch Eagle Bear
3. Taylor Hand Boy
4. Homer Blue Coat
5. Kenneth Brings the Horses
6. Leonard Shoots the Enemy
7. Tom High Eagle
8. Archie Pretty Boy
9. Abraham Low Dog
10. Claude Iron Wing
11. Theodore Iron Moccasin
12. Melissa Chase the Bear
13. Melda Bird Necklace
14. Bessie Big Horse
15. Marty Buffalo Woman
16. Nancy Dancing Bull
17. Jenny Smells the Log
18. Mary Brave Buffalo
19. Rosie Iron Lightning
20. Eva Chase the Rabbit
21. Nellie Chasing Hawk

Before Indians were listed on Government records their names could be changed at different times during their lives. That was a given name, not a family name.

When names were written on Indian Rolls by government workers, the one given name, like Bear Eagle, was put down as a family name. Then all of Bear Eagles family were called by that name.

Sometimes in the Sioux language a name might mean something very different from its English translation. Take for example, a translated name BIG HEAD. To the English speaking person Big Head means someone who is very opinionated, puffed up with ideas of his own importance and in fact a disagreeable person. In Indian perhaps the name meant wise one, someone who thinks clearly, etc. In explaining the name to the census taker the name 'Big Head' turned out very different from its Indian meaning.

Some of the children laughed at each others names. From Montana came a family of Two Bellies to the Rapid City South Dakota Indian School. Those children were teased about their names. They decided to change it. (This was long enough ago when many folks, no matter how remote, ordered goods by mail from nationally known mail order houses.) These children went to the Superintendents office. They asked to have their names changed. "To what do you want to change your name?" asked the Superintendent. "Montgomery Ward and Company." came the reply. No amount of arguing could change the children's minds. "So be it." said the Superintendent. He sent a directive to the School Principal saying that the two Belly children should be called Montgomery Ward and Company. Well, in addition to Montgomery Ward and Company, other children called them Sears Roebuck and Company, National Mail Order, Chicago Mail Order, Bellas Hess and Company. Another directive came from the Superintendents office. "The former Two Belly children were to be called Montgomery."

I worked at Cheyenne River School for two terms. Then I asked for a transfer. I wanted to go to the Southwest or to the West Coast. I was sent to Stewart, Nevada, to the Carson Indian School. This was a non-reservation school about 3 miles from Carson City.

I had bought a one seat Chevrolet that spring and hadn't driven much but I was ready to go. The dairyman's wife wanted to go to Logan, Utah to visit her parents so she and her 3 year old daughter accompanied me that far. This was in June 1933. When I reached Carson City, about six in the evening, I stopped at a restaurant to eat. I asked how far it was to the city. The waitress said, "This is it. You are in the center of town. Keep straight ahead and you'll come to a sign pointing to Stewart."

After having crossed so many miles of sagebrush desert I could hardly believe my eyes when I got to Stewart. I know how Dorothy must have felt when the tornado blew her to the land of Oz! Stewart was an oasis in the sagebrush desert. The superintendent there at that time loved flowers, trees and green lawns. Boys were on detail day and night to keep the hoses rotated.

Stewart was an ideal location. We were 30 miles from Reno, 14 miles from Lake Tahoe and about an 8 hour drive to San Francisco. There were many more employees so it was not mandatory that we be confined to campus every weekend. Just the law of averages kept enough employees there at all times in case of emergency.

The term, Non-Reservation School meant that we had children from many reservations: Oregon, Idaho, Utah, California and of course, Nevada, as opposed to children all from one reservation as at Cheyenne River.

Grades at Carson Indian School included first through 12th. At different times I taught 4, 5, 6 and 10th. Then for two years I had charge of the Library, half days.

One of the interesting projects we did at Carson was our Wildflower Show. When it was first mentioned we employees looked at each other all wondering 'What wildflowers?' The place was all desert. Its amazing the number of flowers we found: Meadow flowers, desert flowers, mountain flowers, range flowers..... The project grew each year and attracted much attention.

Each year we 'put on' an Indian pageant. One year I wrote the pageant story. It was about a mythical bird called the 'Ong.' The dropping of its feathers formed small mountain lakes. Where the ONG finally dropped formed Lake Tahoe.

Each fall pupils who had gone home for the summer had to be gathered. Each spring they were taken home. A teacher chaperone was always sent along with the bus driver to care for the children. The trip to Hoopa Reservation and Eureka, California took two days with an overnight stop in Weaverville, CA or Clear Lake. I enjoyed going as chaperone where most teachers didn't, so I went every year. I even accompanied our band to a Regional Band Concert in Long Beach, California.

One summer I drove a government car to take pupils who needed special care, to Santa Fe and Albuquerque Indian Sanatariums, by way of Grand Canyon.

One summer during my time in Nevada, my Mother and Sister Grace came to visit me. We did a lot of exploring around Nevada. WE went to the World Fair in San Francisco and to Yosemite.

During two summers of my time at Carson Indian School a number of us teachers attended the Service training. These were 4 week sessions where teachers of Indians from all over the United States were brought together and taught by members of the Department of the Interior, Indian Bureau. One summer we went to Riverside, CA. Another summer we attended school in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

At both of these schools our week ends were free to explore surrounding areas. While attending Riverside we spent a weekend in Tijuana, Mexico.

In 1938 a new assistant boys advisor and athletic director came to Carson Indian School. His name was Simon Sidney Gurneau. He was half Chippewa Indian from Bayfield, Wisconsin. He had attended college in Elkins, West Virginia. WE became friends. He left Stewart in 1940 to work on Mare Island Naval Shipyard in Vallejo, CA.

On that trip to Pennsylvania we saw Gloria Larkin who was just one month old. She was the daughter of my niece, Patricia Mitcheltree. Four years later, Gloria became part of our family. Jeanne and I went to Pennsylvania to bring Gloria back to Vallejo. Gloria was then 4 years old.

Jeanne was a Girl Scout through high school. I wasn't a Scout leader but was always ready to help. We had a station wagon and Jeanne's Dad was always happy to drive us and other Scouts to outings. One year we took Scouts to Yosemite for a week. There were always church and school activities.

Our Cedar Street house had only 2 bedrooms. Gloria and Jeanne weren't happy at sharing a room. So we bought a 2 bath, 3 bedroom home at 112 Fairfax Court.

Simon's health had been deteriorating for sometime. He had been retired on Disability from Mare Island. He worked on maintenance at one of the schools for 3 years. He couldn't keep it up. He passed away on March 18, 1963. The final cause was a heart attack. He had also developed diabetes.

By then Jeanne was a student nurse at the University of Nevada. Gloria and I lived on at Fairfax Court. I kept teaching and living there until I retired in 1970. In 1971 I sold the house and moved into an apartment at 120 Avian Drive.

Gloria finished high school and Jeanne finished at the U. of Nevada. Both were married. Jeanne married Malcolm Dewar on June 5, 1965 and Gloria married Raymond Burdick in March.

In April, 1971 I went on an American Express tour of Italy. I flew from San Francisco to New York. Then across the Atlantic to Milan. I didn't know anyone on the tour. I roomed with a lady from New York City. WE had a wonderful tour guide. It was a delight to see many of the places I had read about. When our tour reached Sorrento I spent the night there. Next day the tour was scheduled to go to Capri. I had pre-arranged with my travel

agent in Vallejo for a car and driver to take me to Cosenza on the instep of the Italian Boot. There I visited with a first cousin Mara and her daughter's family at Via Carmela Bruni 16. My driver spoke English and Italian.

We drove from Cosenza to Lappano to my Fathers birth-place and boyhood home. There I met another first cousin Genevra. She was a sister to Maria Mara who came along with us from Cosenza. Another first cousin Luisa Valente was there too. WE returned to Cosenza for a midday meal and drove back to Sorrento. From Sorrento we visited Pompeii, Viterba Rome, Genoa and then back to Milan and from there the U.S.A.

I spent some time with Gloria's family in Norfolk, Virginia. From there I went to PA to visit my sisters and to attend my 50th High School Reunion in Penfield.

The first year of retirement was a delight to be free of teaching, so I just enjoyed many other activities. However, after going on this first trip to Italy I figured 'Why not substitute teach and save all I earned for travel.' I did just that for a few months. Then stayed at Jeanne's helping out with Greg while Jeanne awaited David's arrival on July 24, 1972.

With money I had saved, plus some accumulated interest, I was able to go to Europe again. On August 25, 1972 I boarded the Leonardo DiVinci for a twelve day ocean trip to Naples. From Naples I took a train to Cosenza. I had to make a change at Paola to a small gasoline train that wound through the mountains. At some places it seemed we cut through peoples back yards. The gasoline train took me to Cosenza. There I stayed for ten days with the Mazzei family and my cousin Maria Mara at Via Carmela Bruni 16.

We drove to many interesting places around Cosenza. I met other relatives in Rovito. I spent a day at my fathers home in Lappano. I visited the grave site of my Uncle Tomasso, Cousin Genevra, Aunt Maria and her husband.

After a huge Italian dinner we started back to Sorrento where we spent the night. For a few more days we would be in Milan and on our way to the U.S.A.

After spending time with relatives in Italy I took a train to Rome. There at the Holiday Inn I waited for an American Express Tour with which I had signed to travel through Northern Italy, Lucerne, Switzerland, Austria, Germany, Holland, Belgium to Paris then London. A very good friend came from Vallejo and from Rome we traveled together until New York City. There our ways parted. She flew home to Vallejo, I flew to Pittsburgh and then took a bus to Ridgway, PA to visit my sisters. I stopped in Ohio to visit Frances in Cleveland.

The following winter I did substitute teaching to earn enough money for a tour of the British Isles. My Vallejo friend, Frances Barnhizer went with me. We visited England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. This trip is written in detail in a separate paper.

Although this was my second time in London I still didn't get to see all that I wanted. WE didn't get into Westminster Abby because there was a memorial service for the recently deceased King of Sweden. WE missed the Tower of London too but on a previous trip we saw the outside.

For a period of four years I quit substituting. During one of those years I tutored an eighth grade girl. Another year, 1979, I took care of and kept house for a lady with a broken hip.

For two years I did volunteer work with the Red Cross, Senior Citizens, Episcopal Church and the Y.W.C.A.

There were many short trips available so I took advantage of them. A four day trip to Disneyland, Los Angeles, Rose Parade and Knotts Berry Farm. I also went to five Islands in Hawaii, Frances Barnhizer made this trip with me.

In all the years we have lived in Vallejo there have been very few in which we missed trips to beautiful Lake Tahoe. When Jeanne was little we usually stayed at a cabin at Camp Richardson. Now with Malcolm, Jeanne, Greg and David, we stay at the Hyatt.

Hyatt Beach has wonderful memories for me. During the years I worked at Carson Indian School we often brought children to enjoy Incline Beach. Several times we brought children to camp for a whole week.

In January, 1980, substitute teachers were needed again so I went back to work until 1986.

RELIGIOUS HISTORY

Grandfather and Grandma Golla with their eight children were strict Catholics. Most of the children and their grandchildren also were and are Catholics. However, as time goes by there are changes. I am an Episcopalian. Jeanne and her family are Presbyterian.

HEALTH HISTORY

Before finishing this autobiography I think I should include a bit of health history. It may help make some of my descendants aware of what diseases are lurking in their backgrounds.

On my father's side of the family - that is the Italian/Spanish side - the Orsimarsi (Great Bear) - Vivaqua side, most people were long living. Their homes are in Lappano, Cosenza and Rovito, Italy.

My Father, Joseph Orsi, grew up in Lappano where his family had olive groves and grapes. All sons except Tomasso came to America at one time or another.

In those days in Europe, people were aware of the disease Malaria. Malaria meaning 'bad air' was associated with swampy lowlands. People built homes and villages on hillsides. Those who could afford to, took ocean trips, etc.

As I remember my father he was not in good health. He died when I was eight years old, leaving my mother with four young girls to raise.

My mother and many of her descendants have a tendency toward diabetes. I have been hit by leukemia beginning 10 years ago. I've been under steady treatment during the year of 1994 my legs have been getting weaker, my right knee slips out of joint

My Grandmother Golla I sure do

At that time in America not much was known about Malaria. Doctors didn't know any treatment so patients just died. It wasn't until some time in the 20th century that a medicine was discovered in Peru, South America that could control Malaria. It was Quinina - the product of the Cincona tree. I doubt that our Dr. Winslow ever heard of it. So my father died - with 'stomach and kidney trouble' written on his death certificate.

On my mother's side of the family (Joseph and Frances Golla) Diabetes is the disease to fear. My mother lost a young brother - Frank Golla, to it. At that time Insulin had not yet been discovered. Many of the Golla family have diabetes. I somehow escaped it.

I, Joanna, Mother of Jeanne Dewar, have Leukemia. It is currently being controlled by medicine and blood transfusions.

During menopause I was treated with estrogen - a miracle drug, that had its defendants and enemies. The enemies held up their hands in holy terror screaming - potential for cancer! Maybe so, but it was a wonderful aid when I needed a lift! Now I have Leukemia, cancer of the blood.

On the Dewar side of the family there is cancer, so Greg and David be on the alert.

A note here on tooth health may be in order. All of the Golla descendants have had to get dentures quite early in life. I, Joanna, have been the exception. Why? At age 12 my front teeth developed cavities. I had a fear of being toothless by sixteen. My Mother took me to a dentist in DuBois where I had 2 front cement fillings. All my life I've taken care of my teeth. Always I had money to pay the bills.

Indian My husband Simon - he was a football player. He played on a team at Elkins College, West Virginia. There were three other boys who were on the same team. At that period in history many small colleges were happy to have real American Indians on their teams. They were big attractions and money makers. They played big colleges. Their health was a main concern of the faculty dietitians. There was no alcohol allowed.

Simon said that he could remember several times waking up in a hospital having been carried in off the field. His knees gave him great pain ever after.

His alcohol problem began after he left Stewart Indian school and came to work on Mare Island Navy Shipyard in Vallejo, CA. As his knee problem worsened his drinking increased.

Eventually he was discharged by the Navy Yard where he had been a rigger during the war. He got work as a janitor for the school department. Eventually that was lost. He became a diabetic. That plus the painful knees and heart condition ended his life on March 18, 1963.

1970 to 1994

How have I spent my time since retiring from school teaching in 1970 at the age of 65?

The first year of no teaching was wonderful! It was the first time in my life I had so much free time. As I went for walks and passed by school houses where teachers were shivering with cold and windy weather, I would think to myself 'Good for me. I don't have to do that anymore!' But when the first of each month came, my checks had shrunk in size. I began to do substitute teaching. Wonderful - the pay was good. The work was pleasant. I began to travel.

I went on a trip to visit relatives in Italy. The first time was a plane tour. I left one day with an Italian driver to go to Cosenza in Southern Italy. There I met many Italian relatives.

Next year, after substituting I went back to Italy on an Italian boat. I stayed 2 weeks with relatives in Cosenza then finished up with a tour of Central Europe and the British Isles. Another trip was Great Britain. Hawaii was another lovely trip.

Leaving Vallejo almost weekly were many one day trips to interesting places throughout the State of CA.

During that time too I was a Red Cross Volunteer. I tutored an eighth grade girl each morning for one winter.

I kept house for a lady who was recovering from a broken hip.

I went East on the Royal Viking through the Panama Canal. I stopped in Hollywood, Florida to see cousins, then went on to see my sisters in Pennsylvania.

My last volunteer job was the Vallejo Naval & Historical Museum here in Vallejo, CA.

THE END!