

Private the letter
to the Steele

120 Avian Drive
Vallejo, Ca., 94590

Tuesday Forenoon

Dear Mrs Steele, Joanne and Mary,

It's a wonderful feeling to go on a trip but there is much to be said favorably about the return. I've been at home over a week (with 3 days out to spend in Burlingame). I'm still tired enough to retire early and sleep the night through. However, if I do momentarily awaken I don't need to wonder "Now just at which town are we stopping - What path do I follow to the bathroom? - Are bags to be out at 7.30 - 8 - or 8.30. Do we stay here one night or two?"

The tour has provided us with memories to last forever. We traveled just under 4000 miles in a huge, comfortable motor coach. Our Cockney driver insisted that we not call it a bus! When we first ~~met~~ met him in London we were a bit apprehensive. He was a young blonde giant with long stringy hair. We needn't have worried - before we reached our hotel he had won our confidence in his driving ability. He had a good sense of humor - when we could understand him. Once he said to the tour guide "Ahll snape yer aid off! He played the tape 'Tie a Yellow Ribbon to the Old Bat Tree'. That

8/ In Ireland we had an Irish driver who entertained us with Irish jokes - and songs -

He didn't keep to the main highways but squeezed through rural lanes with rock fences & hedges on either side. In northern England there were miles of wild fuschia growing atop the stone walls.

We were amazed at all of the open space - miles and miles of it. The miles and miles of stone fences were almost unbelievable - He couldn't help but speculate as to who built them. He could just picture early early people having to pick up rock before they could plant a seed or pasture a sheep. Then as there had to be a place to put the rocks they made fences. It must have taken generations of people whose whole lifetime upon this earth was spent piling rocks. The rock enclosures in Ireland were much smaller than those in England and Scotland.

We were especially impressed with the friendliness of the people whom we met. The hotel workers we anxious to please - and those whom we met casually were happy to talk. Many of the latter were also on a holiday.

It was a privilege to stop at Oxford where we walked through and around some of the buildings - and to see some

3/ of the students.

We were delighted with the food that was special to each area. We ate haggis in Scotland. Meat pies anywhere in England. Soda bread in Ireland pasties in Cornwall. We tried The mead, Guinness, and Irish Coffee. In Devon a lady we met said "O you must have Devonshire Cream tea before you leave. Unfortunately it was served only at tea time and we missed it - until we got to Harrods in London. By then we didn't need another calorie but we couldn't resist - Two delicious scones, strawberry jam and heavy heavy clotted cream with our tea.

The standard dessert served to tour groups seemed to be trifel. Good - but it varied from place to place.

Instead of stopping at Turnberry we went on to Glasgow. That was the only change in our itinerary. We had some rain but not too much. We liked the overcast skies better than the sun as the sun made the coach too hot.

I still did not get into Westminster Abby nor the Tower of London. The morning we went to the Abbey it was closed in preparation for a memorial service

for King Olaf of Sweden. We did see the honor guard - then the people who were to attend the service. I never realized there were so many black limousines! Representatives from foreign countries carried their national flag on their car. Royalty was designated by a crown on top. The women who attended the service were smartly attired in black. They were beautiful to see!

In Stratford we stayed outside of town in an old manor house that is now being used as a hotel. The grounds were like a beautiful, well groomed college campus -

I hope I haven't bored you with all this - There is lots more but I'll save it till next time.

My friend and I came back still friends after 3 weeks of close living together. That doesn't happen in all combinations.

Love

Nanna.

A letter from Mary Deak

August 30, 1988

Dear Nanna,

What a wonderful letter you wrote! That arrived last Saturday - and there today, your lovely birthday card, enclosing the two precious Mothers Day recipe books. I didn't have the one from 1937 - and my own one from 1949 is very besmirched with flour, butter, etc, etc. Chrissy and Elsie will love having them. Both girls love to cook and make holiday treats for all their friends and neighbors. Thank you! Thank you! I just can't tell you how good it was to hear from you. I shared your letter with Jeanne, and she laughed, as did Joe, over the quote from Pinocchio. At 63 I'm not too likely to climb trees and take young birds from their nests. But I do enjoy

2/ our birds here. The Cardinals built a nest in the "Japanese Beauty bush" right next to our dining room window and we watched them raise a family in June. We've got gorgeous birds here on our woodsy property and they seem to trust us... So much for my infamous childhood. I do remember issuing the ultimatum: "No pancakes, NO SUNDAY SCHOOL!" "You must have had your hands full with me!"

We've had the hottest summer here ever. - Three 10 day heat waves. The thermometer hit 103° downtown and up here under our shady pines it was 98° much of the time. Joe's brother and his wife drove up from Florida to visit us and enjoy a cool Northern New England summer - and then we all sweltered. We spent all the time we could in their air-conditioned car!

Chrissy and Bill have come up many weekends this summer and brought their nice little 4 passenger inflatable motorboat. We've enjoyed exploring our Connecticut

3/ River - Viewing our river land from
the water and clamboring over
all the beautiful little islands.
(and then I wonder why I'm
so tired, come Monday and time
to volunteer again at Pediatrics...)

At pediatrics I get to cuddle three
premies: Michael, born in May at 2 lbs 10 oz,
Jeannie, born in April at 2 lbs 5 oz,
and Danielle - born mid July at
3 lbs 4 oz. Danielle seems much
the healthiest of the three. All
the babies are on monitors (Danielle's
vital signs are the most stable). Each
of those little guys have distinctive
personalities. But gosh! They are so
LITTLE. It is like holding a katydid.
Yesterday was busy, and they needed
me most in the playroom. It was
good to work again with normal
sized 18 month old twins, 2 two year
olds, assorted parents and grandparents
and visiting middle aged siblings. I
always think of what would Nanna
do, to make everybody in that playroom
relaxed and happy. You just can't
know how many times I think of
you there.

4

August 31st

Jeanne is leaving Friday after tomorrow for a 2 1/2 week tour of Russia; Leningrad - then into Georgia, Armenia, the Black sea & Moscow. She came up today to weigh her suitcases on our bathroom scale. I hope she has a wonderful time. We can hardly wait to hear about it.

Joey will leave Israel and fly to Zurich this Sunday. He will visit a Swiss girl there, and attend her brother's wedding in Appenzell. He hopes to travel from there to Budapest then on to Brittany to visit another friend. He'll get back to the states in early November.

I was delighted to hear about Mae's granddaughter and her family - And especially about your little namesake Joanna. Does that make her a grand-grand niece? Ahem - Great-grand niece? How nice that they live so near to you.

I wonder if any of your family members still live near Kenfield.

5/

That when we were little - 5 years old maybe, I was brought down to Lex's house to play, because you were leaving. I remembered that I cried so inconsolably that I got Lex crying, & caused quite a stir in the Zeman household. I have absolutely no memory of that. It must have been too painful for me. My memories of you are so wonderful. Long summer twilights by the tennis courts & river. Seeing the steamboats, Collier & Cranger go by on the Monongahela River - The push to Coal Center in a stroller - Your taffy & Jelly roll - the jokes over "Not so Good - T.M.G." Reading all the Dr. Do Little books, and Pinocchio - And "Today, let's be lazy bones."

Mother has mentioned so many times how grateful she was to you for your support. And she's always admired how relaxed you could be in the midst of hectic times. Poor, dear Mother - how I wish she knew how to relax. It would be so much easier for her, now, if

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She could. However, she's led a long and wonderful life, and she's been well up to the last four years. And been given opportunity as well as talent.

Another memory crowds in. You took me to Penfield when I was six. What fun it was. The corn roasts we had, and playing with Grace, and Helen, and a half brother of yours who was about 12 at the time.

Thank you, my dear, for so much goodness. What a contribution you've made to my life. I hope this finds you well. We love you, and think of you so often.

X4444 Mary

This letter is from
Frances. She is returning
my early autobiography

FRI 4M
Mon PM. Oct. 19, 88

Dear Joann.

I was planning on sending
your memory material back, but
I hadn't had it copied or typed,
and wanted to read it again. I
read everything so fast I forget what
I read. I doubt if Joan will ever get
around to typing all the material,
although she says she wants to read it.
I really enjoyed every bit of it. I am
not so sure Mac would be, even
though she reads a lot. I think
that is the reason no one makes
good in their own town. Your
relatives have a feeling or something
that it couldn't be so. You must
have come acrossed that. Everyone
has to get away from relatives or
home town influences to be a
success unless it happens in
a flash.

I didn't hear anything from
Penna. since I talked to you. I
suppose I owe letters instead of

expecting some one to write. Every one else is as lazy as I about writing.

The weather is supposed to turn cold this week. In some ways I'm glad, no more loud music or noisy airconditioners. So far I only changed back to storm windows in the attic. If everyone's green tomatoes were to freeze I wouldn't have to worry about making them hot pickled ones. Dick said they are bringing theirs up this week end. They will soon have to learn how to do their own. I make them and don't eat them.

So far I have done some for Joan. Bill doesn't eat them but she and her family do. Dick and Rita both like them and share them with a nurse friend of Rita's. She is such a nice person, but I don't get to see her often. She is Lebanese and they cook so different, once in a while they bring some of her treats. Stuffed grape leaves. (They can keep) stuffed cabbage is better.

I don't know if you know that
 every flower, or so, I've read has a
 weed that is a "cousin". Porchala
 we always called it Irish moss. I tried
 to find *coronilla* in the dictionary.
 I finally looked up Irish moss. It's
 called *coriaria* or something like
 that. Oh what one goes through to
 get to one wants to know. I almost
 called The Public Library, well
 any way Porchala is the cousin and
 Serbians use that a lot in cooking.
 I have tried it. I made it the way
 Grandma made Rande Lins, but I
 couldn't eat it. Even in the dictionary
 they say Irish moss is edible.

P.S. I decided it better send this pkg.
 back. I've been busy with tomatoes.
 It is supposed to warm up for a
 few days and I have windows
 to do and yard cleaning etc.

Lot of Love

Frances

JUNE 1994

It has been about twenty years since I wrote the first part of this autobiography. Much has happened since. Perhaps I should let well enough alone as my memory isn't all that sharp and I may do a lot of repeating. Now, where do I begin. I know I mentioned the Indian Service which I left in 1941. Let's see what I remember.

I had already taught 2 years in an 8th grade country school and 1 year in Weedville, in a fifth grade. I then saved enough money to pay tuition and board at Clarion State Normal School where I waited on tables in the dining hall where the pay was 25 cents per meal. I graduated from the required 2 year course and went to McKees Rocks near Pittsburgh on the Ohio River where I stayed for 1 year. By then the State of Pennsylvania upgraded the Normal School to 4 year colleges. The principal of Clarion Normal was promoted to President of California State College in Southwestern Pennsylvania.

The Steele family asked me to become a student there and work for my 4 year degree. I gladly accepted their invitation. I'm quite sure that I wrote in great detail about my life with that family in the first half of my life story. Even at this time, 1994, I still correspond with Little Mary who is now a grandmother in Hanover, New Hampshire.

I taught History and Geography for 2 years at Gallatin School in Uniontown, Pennsylvania while still living with the Steele's on the weekends.

Then I began to want to see more of the world. I guess one would say I got 'itchy feet.' Now the only way to see and get to know other parts of the world is to get work in other parts of the world. I inquired into Indian Service teaching. The Indian Service is run by the U.S. Government. To qualify one must take a Civil Service examination. I took the exam and I passed, fifth on the list. I was offered a position in Cheyenne River,

South Dakota. The Agency (headquarters for the Cheyenne River Indian Reservation) and a boarding school for Indian children were located about 25 miles from Gettysburg, South Dakota on the banks of the Missouri River.

In addition to the Agency, there were a post office, a grocery store, a small hotel, an Episcopal Church, a Catholic Church and an Agency hospital.

The Episcopal Church had an Indian priest whose English was hard to understand. He was not a good disciplinarian. Once a week in the evening he had a religious instruction class in one of the school class rooms. (We teachers whose rooms he used called it 'religious destruction'.) Next morning we found our room vandalized.

The Catholic priest was raised in Germany. He was trained to be a missionary in Africa where Germany owned Colonies. When Germany lost her Colonies he (the priest) was sent as a missionary to the Indians at Cheyenne River Indian School. He was very hard to understand.

Later, the Episcopal Church received from Headquarters a young minister, newlymarried, with a wife who was interested in their responsibilities. He did much good work.

Every Sunday morning all students donned their Sunday church outfits and were chaperoned to church and Sunday School and church service by the teachers. I chose to go with the Episcopalians.

We single employees were quartered in a building called the Mess. The dining room was on the first floor. I had a room mate, a Mohican Indian girl from Rhode Island. We had a room with a bath. All others who lived upstairs in single rooms had to share one bath.

Children lived in dormitories. Each had his and her own bed. The buildings were Large Boys' Building, Small Boys' Building, Large Girls' Building and Small Girls' Building.

In each building there was a matron and an assistant. In the Large Boys' Building, there was a Disciplinarian, a man who disciplined younger boys also. He also took care of sports for the boys.

We employees had to sign out if we ever left the campus. This was a safety precaution. In case of disaster, it would be a bigger disaster if most of the employees were gone when needed.

Very few employees had cars and there were miles and miles to go to get to anywhere. Only one teacher had a car. I think I told about our trip to Aberdeen in the 20 years ago story.

Being isolated from the outside world generated a growth of cliques. These were usually groups who entered the service at the same time or had worked together at other agencies. Gossip found a fertile ground among the cliques. Some was unfounded but in the hands of certain people could have a damaging effect on certain victims. Either these certain victims were transferred to other agencies or discharged from the service.

Brand new employees were eager to do their share and anxious to improve conditions. Older employees were ready to object vociferously or to keep quiet and let the new eager beavers find out for themselves to keep quiet and do not volunteer too readily for things that needed to be done.

After being at Cheyenne River for two years it was time to move on. I asked for a transfer. Luckily I was sent to the Carson Indian School, 3 miles out of Carson City, Nevada. This was a non-reservation school of about 500 pupils from Idaho, Oregon, Nevada and California. I was assigned to a fifth grade.

In the Indian Service employees were hired to work the whole year with one month vacation. An employee could accumulate a two month time off. Many teachers opted for the two months off in summer. If the teachers stayed at school there was plenty of work to do. Always there were children who for one reason or another had to stay at school. Teachers were used for many jobs they never would have dreamed they could do.

Some of the summer jobs I did were: take a group to clean the cemetery; be a dining room matron; be a matron in one of the dormitories; chauffeur, wherever needed; work in the office.

One summer another teacher and I were sent out to Nixon, Nevada to help the Boss Farmer (so called) with his paper work. He was in charge of an outpost on the reservation.

The teacher who went to Nixon with me was Ruth Motley. We bought groceries for a month. We were to live in a house vacated for the month by the day school teacher. He was not a very good housekeeper. We could not move in until we house cleaned the place!

We really worked, but we were young and energetic so we pitched in. We had arrived there about one o'clock in the afternoon. We worked steadily until eleven o'clock that evening when we began on the kitchen. What a mess!!!

Close to twelve o'clock we started on the linoleum floor. We were surprised to find that it had a pattern or design! We finished that and unloaded from my car our immediate needs which included Campbell's Vegetable Soup and crackers. Our next move was into our freshly cleaned bed and bedroom.

The Steeles with whom I lived at Pennsylvania State Teachers College were in the west for the summer. They had planned to visit me at Carson Indian School during their visit to the west. Now they would have to visit me at Nixon, Nevada.

Toward the end of our stay at Nixon, Ruth's boyfriend came to take her down to Carson for some Lodge affair. I would stay at Nixon waiting for the Steeles. On Thursday it began to rain - a deluge if there ever was one! Rain Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Road connections between Nixon and Wadsworth were eliminated. I was isolated.

Our original food supply was about exhausted. There was a garden nearby that produced peas. A worker supplied me with more peas than I'll ever want to shell again! He also brought free fresh milk. Lots of it.

I knew that when the road opened someone would bring Ruth back and the Steeles - four more - and they'd be hungry. I had peas ready to cook and custard pudding made from milk. We wouldn't starve if and when they should come.

On Wednesday morning an Indian Service Doctor and his wife, plus 2 nurses, brought Ruth back. She had bought 1 pork chop for each for our noon meal. Imagine the division of 5 pork chops among the five, plus the four Steeles and me. A miracle of loaves and fishes!!!

Another summer job I did was to take care of 10 Indian children on the Trachoma Program. It had recently been discovered by chance that a sulfa drug had achieved success in helping to cure trachoma. That is an eye disease that plagues primitive peoples, eventually causing blindness. I had 10 children who were affected with trachoma. WE lived in the Domestic Science Building. I worked in conjunction with the medical directors who were watching the program. In between, paper work, etc. I was just their Mama. We had fun and work. Trachoma had finally met its doom!

While at Carson Indian School each spring and fall children had to be transported to school for the winter term and back home in the spring. Most teachers refused to go on the school bus to such places as Hoopa Valley, Happy Camp, Idaho and smaller trips. Quite often trips were overnight. I was single, and didn't mind the bus ride. In fact it was fun.

THE END!

ADELINE

Adeline McCready was my first semester, second grade teacher in Weedville, Pennsylvania. Again, a few years later I was in her fifth grade in Caledonia. It was she who put me into sixth grade before the term was half over. When spring came, bringing school to a close, I was passed into seventh grade. (This fact made trouble for me when I returned to Penfield in the fall.) Former classmates who knew me through 3rd and 4th grades swore to the new seventh grade teacher that I should be in sixth grade. I managed to keep up with seventh grade work so she let me continue.

This started to be a paragraph or two about Adeline McCready. I got somewhat away from the subject.

Miss McCready was cheated by nature in facial beauty. She had none. Her hair, a dark blonde was sparse. She had an unusually broad nose and a receding chin, plus big teeth. However, she had a kind heart and she loved children.

Schools at that time made do with the barest of necessities - books, pencils and paper. Any nice extras were purchased by Miss McCready.

While in Miss McCready's second grade there were two Jewish children. They were Sadie and Max Breznek. They were absent quite often for Jewish holy days. Then, no doubt after Miss McCready talked with their father, they came to school. On those days they were allowed to read but not to write.

Miss McCready had always been a primary teacher but some emergency necessitated her taking over the 'upstairs room' in Caledonia School. She would have fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades.

These were older children, and where the first and second grades gave no thought to her homely face, these older ones were most unkind. Townspeople too added jibes and had many a mean laugh at Miss McCready's expense.

Our classroom, as did many in that era, had a slightly raised platform at the front of the room. We did much of our school work on the blackboard on the back wall of the stage. Miss McCready wanted all of us to look our best when working at the board. She bought black shoe polish which we applied to our shoes during recess or noon. We really did give them a good shine!

As we worked at the board in our shiny shoes Miss McCready insisted on good posture as we stood with chalk in hand and behind each back an eraser in the left hand.

Miss McCready boarded with a family in town but each Friday she took the train to DuBois to the home of a sister.

Miss McCready liked a hot meal. As most of the children brought lunches from home and spent the noon hour at school it was one of the implied duties of teacher to stay at school also. At about 11:45 Miss McCready dismissed Lizzy Reasinger to go pick up the hot lunch that her landlady had prepared. Miss McCready shared her lunch with Lizzie. I think Lizzie got most of it.

When it came singing time Miss McCready always had the class sing 'Sweet Adeline' (also Yale Boola Boola song).

Miss McCready continued to teach in Elk County but that year in Caledonia was her only term with older children.

Years later, I went back to Weedville (1926) to teach. Miss McCready was still teaching. She looked the same. People still made fun of her looks and her clothes.

I taught in Weedville only one year. From then I didn't hear much, if anything about Miss McCready. She grew old in the teaching profession and eventually retired.

I don't recall just where I was or when that my mother sent me a newspaper clipping. The headline read: 'Local Woman Immolates Self.' It was Miss McCready. She had gone to a local park, poured gasoline on her clothes and lit a match.

THE BLUE CAPE WITH U.S. ARMY BUTTONS

It's a beautiful rainy day. It's a wonderful time to stay inside, be lazy, do whatever one wants. It's a good time too for remembering. I don't know what triggered the memory of my reversible, blue and red cape.

The cape was made for me when I was between five and six years old. It was made either by my Mother or one of my then unmarried aunts. It was made from Uncle Frank's Army cape. It was a bright blue outside and bright red inside. It was finished off with real Army buttons. No other child in the whole world had a cape like it. I always wore it with pride. Each of my sisters in turn grew into it as the sister older outgrew it.

I don't know what happened to it eventually as it was still around years after we had all outgrown it.

Uncle Frank was my mother's second oldest brother. In his youth, he saw somewhere soldiers parading. He was so entranced by their performance that he just HAD to join the Army.

My grandparents weren't in favor but Frank ran off and joined. When his enlisted time was over he returned home. His father was still angry at Frank's disobedience and would not have anything to do with Frank. He didn't want him in the house. Our grandmother (Frank's mother) smoothed the impasse, Frank was once more a member of the family!

I barely recall his saying, or perhaps someone else saying that the soldiers had to do much more than to parade to marching music.

COAL MINING & COKE OVENS

When we lived with our grandparents in Penfield after the death of our father, all of our maternal relatives were easily reached as they lived in small towns along the branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad between Renoldsville and Driftwood.

There were coal mines in many of those towns. Farming and some lumbering also employed many people. About 4 miles from Penfield there was a mining town where coal was the only industry. Our Aunt Katie and Uncle Martin lived there so we were quite frequent visitors.

Tyler was a company owned town (Cascade Coal & Coke Co.). There were row upon row of homes built exactly alike. They were plain but substantial and comfortable. There were outdoor toilets. Water was piped into street hydrants from which families carried water into their homes. There was only one store. It belonged to the Coal Company.

Population was made up primarily of people from the 'old country' as they would say. The 'old country' could have meant Italy, Poland, Austria, Hungary, Serbia Croatia, Latvia or Lithuania. There were a few Germans but they tended more toward being farmers. As I recall most of the parents were first generation immigrants. They clung to their own 'old country' ways. Children went to school where they learned to read, write and speak English. Many of the children left school at an early age. Boys went to work in the mines with their fathers. Girls left school to marry young or to become 'hired girls' for more affluent Native Americans in nearby towns.

As I mentioned the people kept to their old country ways. Father and mother did not walk side by side. No, indeed, father walked ahead. Mother and children kept a respectful distance behind.

Nowadays a three cornered scarf worn on the head is a common sight but in the early 1900's only foreign women wore 'babuskas.' These were usually white. Folks who had been in America much longer laughed at these scarfs. Said they were diapers, and maybe they were.

Many of these families kept goats. There was no garbage or trash collections so each yard had its own pile of tin cans, etc. The goats chewed paper off the cans and that fact gave rise to the rumor that goats ate tin cans.

There was no green grass, no shrubs nor trees in the town of Tyler because of the fumes from coke ovens. Now you may think of coke as a refreshing cola drink. To the people in Tyler it was something very different. Coal as it comes from the ground burns giving off much smoke and while it makes a hot fire it is not hot enough to melt iron ore. Much of the coal mined in Tyler was made into coke at the ovens. Row upon row of brick ovens were lined up near the railroad tracks. Hot fires were kept going day and night. Other coal was put into heated ovens and baked to drive off all gases. After baking for a prescribed period of time the baked coal which was now pure carbon, called coke, was taken from the oven, left to cool, then loaded into railroad cars to be taken to steel mills in the Pittsburgh area.

The gas and smoke from the coke ovens polluted the air, killed all vegetation for miles around and dropped grimy black soot and ash throughout the whole area, so nothing grew.

Away from town and up in the hills some families cleared ground and raised vegetables for themselves in small patches. These they fenced with woven branches. The art of weaving brush fences was an 'old country' custom. These people had grown up in areas of the world where wood has been scarce for centuries. So branches weren't to be tossed aside.

The miners life was hard. He put on his heavy canvas clothing early in the morning and left home for the pits. On his head he wore a cap to which was fastened a carbide lamp. When water was added to the carbide granules a gas was liberated through a front hole. Gas was lit with a match so each miner worked with an open flame on his head. His lunch was carried in a metal dinner bucket. There were no thermos bottles to keep coffee hot. Coffee was carried in the bottom section of the bucket. Another section of the bucket fit over the coffee compartment. There the dry lunch was contained. A lid fit over this.

After working long hours, exposed to dangers of falling rock, explosions, darkness, foul air, perhaps in water, the miner came to the surface. He limped home because if the seam of coal where he worked was only 3 feet high he had to dig lying in a cramped position.

There his wife anticipating his arrival, had heated water to fill a wash tub in the kitchen. Then hurriedly put more water on the stove to have water to rinse him after a good soaping. The miner left his work clothes on the back porch and with the help of his wife scrubbed away and rinsed off the grime of the day. He donned clean home clothes, helped empty the tub and sat down to an evening meal with his family.

Even though the miner washed up each day, it was next to impossible to get all the grime off his body. His eyes and hair were always blackened.

Tyler was only one of many, many coal mining towns. As coal was mined out some towns disappeared or turned to other industry. Better methods were invented to make coke. Now in retort ovens gas that was formerly wasted in the making process is collected and made into hundreds of useful products. The old coke ovens have disappeared so completely that unless one knows where to look there isn't the slightest vestige of their existence.

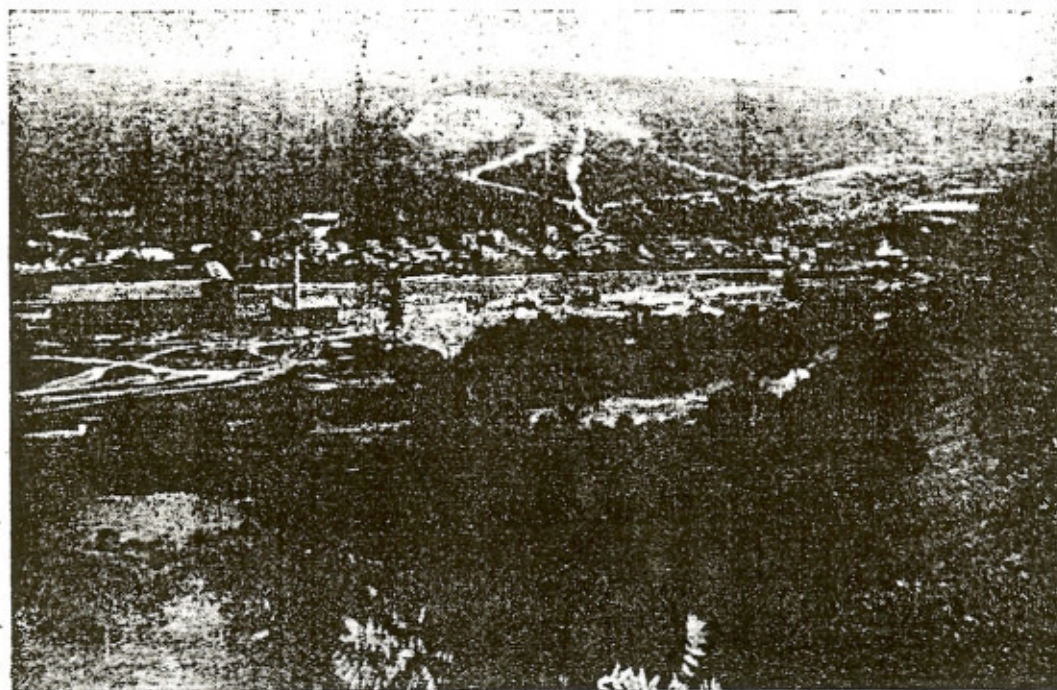
Somewhere in the 1940's on a visit to Pennsylvania, I wanted a few pieces of coke to bring back to California to use in school. Even though we combed areas of known ovens we couldn't find one piece of that porous, light gray, pure, carbon coke.

My Uncle August got me a few pieces from the Stockpole Carbon Company in St. Marys. That is a modern plant and the coke he got for me looks very different from the kind I remember.

ennetts Valley

-THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1978

Tyler At Its Best



The above picture, presented by Mrs. Verna Peters of Force, its best or during its most its best or during its most prosperous era.

Six hundred men were employed in the Cascade Coal & Coke Co. Mines and several hundred men were also employed in producing the coke that was sent to Buffalo, N.Y.

There was a large general store, hotel, roller skating rink, dance hall, doctor's of-

fice, and many church activities. One of the church activities that continued until the late thirties was the Catholic Church Celebration each year on August 15. Many Valley folks in their forties, fifties and sixties will remember the weekly dances at the Tyler Social Center. The Social Center today is a private home.

The Coke Oven were closed in the late twenties when a

new supervisor tried to remove coke from the oven by machine rather than hand and the ovens were destroyed.

George Baumer, father of Mrs. A. J. Palumbo of St. Marys was Supt. at one time and John Kelley, father of Mrs. Lulu Thomas of Weedville Rd was Ooke Foreman. Tyler was named for the Tyler family wealthy landowners.

Coke Ovens At Tyler, Pa.



By Jim Ross

Recently Carl Erickson who was born at Tyler returned to the area to visit from his home in Minneapolis, Minn. as he has been doing for many years. The lure of his birthright and the wonderful years he spent in the Bennetts Valley in his youth and an opportunity to meet and visit with some of his former school mates is the reason. I met him for an evening's visit and we drove out to Parker Dam down to Tyler and up the Valley, stopping at Mill Run to visit Mr. and Mrs. Jud Chalmersworth who he knew in the "Olden Golden Days".

Carl is a railroad buff, having spent his life working on them in Pennsylvania and then in the mid-west until his retirement. He has many fine old time pictures of these halcyon years of old time railroading. He was showing me these pictures and they gave me the idea for this story as I thought the one of the coke ovens at Tyler, Pa. would bring back many happy memories to the old timers and also give the younger generation

an idea what a great coal town Tyler was. These pictures taken by Carl in 1925 are all of the Tyler and the mines. I have turned them over to Clary Anderson - Bennetts Valley Historian to put with his great collection of pictures and artifacts that he has. He will be glad to share them with anyone who is interested in those days.

There are probably still many people in the Valley that can recall more about the Cascade Coke Company than I do, but the ride with Carl and the pictures brought back many vivid memories of those long ago days of the burning coke ovens. I lived at Medix Run in those days and when we would be returning home from DuBois I was always sure to sit on the side of the PRR coach. I could see the flaming ovens and the men working at them. They would light up the evening sky and send up clouds of black smoke.

As we would pass certain places and houses Carl would give me the history of them. The Tyler family - Baumers and many others. When I mentioned I had a sister born there (Mrs. Ruth Mohney) and that my family lived there for a short time and had relatives living there, Alec McCloud - Cal Levis and the Haley boys, he knew them all. It was a real trip down "Memory Lane" for both Carl and I. He hopes to come back this fall for another visit for he loves the Pennsylvania Mountains in their brilliant autumn dress.

*loads
Cars of coal were
dropped into top of oven*

*Coke was
removed from
door by men
with wide
forks
It cooled
here on
platform*

*Rail road cars
were loaded on
this level*

THE CHRISTMAS BRANCH

It was getting close to Christmas and I wanted to have a Christmas tree! That should have been no problem because we lived in a lumber cutting area and all one needed to do was to go out into the woods and cut one. We had a problem. Our father had been ill for quite some time. Although he was up and around he was unable to go out for a tree.

I had been sent to the company store on some errand. It was already dark. On the way home, I passed the Methodist Church. There, out front, men had just lopped off some of the bigger branches of the 'church tree.' I watched as they kicked the unwanted pieces aside. One huge branch looked like a tree to me. I dragged it home. When it stood on end it was taller than I.

My father made a support for it. As I recall he cut a hole into a wooden box and inserted the 'trunk' into the hole. Placed in front of a window my tree was the equal or better than any tree in Norwich!

We had no tree ornaments but my mother did have a piece of woven carpet too small to use for anything else. So she and I pulled yarn and rolled the strands into green, red, orange and yellow balls. These we hung on the tree.

From some secret source, which all mothers have, she brought out a sack of ribbon candy. We tied these to the branches. We were all delighted with our beautiful tree.

If I recall correctly, that was our father's last Christmas. I hadn't yet reached my 8th birthday, which would come in February. My father died the following August.



She reminds me of Hannu's daughter

December 24, 1978 CRIT 5

The Leaky Roof and a Christmas Miracle

True Story of Incredible Coincidence That Turn Disaster Into Yuletide Joy

BY RICHARD BAUMAN

When the Rev. Howard Schade was pastor of First Reformed Church in Nyack, N.Y., in 1954, he told this beautiful, true Christmas story.

A young minister had been called to an old church that at one time had been a magnificent edifice in a wealthy part of town. Now the area was in a state of decline and the church in bad shape. Nevertheless, the pastor and his wife were thrilled with the church and believed they could restore it to its former magnificence.

When the minister took charge of the church early in October, 1948, he and his wife immediately went to work painting, repairing, and attempting to restore it. Their goal was to have the old edifice looking its best for Christmas Eve services.

Just two days before Christmas, however, a storm swept through the area, dumping more than an inch of rain, and the roof of the old church couldn't stand it, leaking just behind the altar. The plaster soaked up the water as if it were a sponge and then crumbled, leaving a gaping hole in the wall.

Dejected, the pastor and his wife looked at the defaced wall. There was obviously no chance to repair the damage before Christmas. Nearly three months of hard work had been washed away. Yet the young couple accepted the damage as God's will and set about cleaning up the debris.

It was a depressed minister and his wife who attended a benefit auction for the church youth group that afternoon. One of the items put up for bid was an old gold-and-ivory-colored lace tablecloth. It was nearly 15 feet long.

Seized with an inspiration, the pastor was high bidder at \$6.50. His idea was to hang the ornate cloth behind the altar to cover the ragged hole in the wall.

ON THE DAY before Christmas snowflakes mingled with the howling wind. As the pastor unlocked the church doors, he noticed a woman standing at the nearby bus stop. He knew the bus wouldn't be there for at least half an hour, so he invited her inside to keep warm.

She wasn't from the neighborhood, she explained. She had been in the area to be interviewed for a job as governess to the children of a well-known wealthy family. She had been a war refugee, her English wasn't good, and she had been rejected for the job.

Head bowed in prayer, she sat in a pew near the back of the church. She found no

attention to the pastor, who was hanging the tablecloth across the unsightly hole. When the woman looked up and saw the cloth, she rushed to the altar.

"It's mine!" she exclaimed. "It's my banquet cloth!"

Excitedly she told the surprised minister its history and even showed him her initials embroidered in one corner.

She and her husband had lived in Vienna, Austria, and had opposed the Nazis before the Second World War. They decided to flee to Switzerland, but her husband said they must go separately. She left first. Later she heard that he had died in a concentration camp.

Touched by her story, the minister insisted she take the cloth. She thought about it for a moment and said no, she didn't need it any longer, and it did look pretty hanging behind the altar. Then she said good-bye and left the church.

IN THE candlelight of the Christmas Eve services, the tablecloth looked even more magnificent. The white lace seemed dazzling in the flickering light of the candles, and the golden thread woven through it was like the brilliant rays of a new dawn.

As members of the congregation left the church, they complimented the pastor on the services and on how beautiful the church looked.

One older gentleman lingered, admiring the tablecloth, and as he left he said:

"It's strange. Many years ago my wife—God rest her—and I owned such a tablecloth. She used it only on very special occasions. But we lived in Vienna then."

The night air was freezing, but the goose bumps raised on the pastor's skin weren't caused by the weather. As calmly as he could, he told the man about the woman who had been to the church that very afternoon.

"Can it be," gasped the old man, tears streaming down his cheeks, "that she is alive? How can I find her?"

The pastor remembered the name of the family who had interviewed the woman. With the trembling old man at his side, he telephoned the family and learned the woman's name and address.

In the pastor's old car they drove to her home on the other side of town. Together they knocked on her apartment door. When she opened the door, the pastor witnessed the tearful, joyful, and excited reunion of husband and wife.

Separated for more than a decade, believing each other to be dead, they were reunited.



When the Woman Saw the Tablecloth the Minister Was Hanging Across the Unsightly Hole, She Rushed to the Altar Exclaiming, "It's Mine!"

Some people would call it an extremely lucky chance happening; the result of a hole in the church wall, an old tablecloth, a pastor's ingenuity in solving a problem, and so on. But the combination of events was far too complex for it to have been merely "coincidence."

If one link in the fragile chain had been broken, the husband and wife could not possibly have been reunited that Christmas

morning. If the rain hadn't come, if the church roof hadn't leaked, if the pastor had decided not to go to the auction, if the woman hadn't been looking for a job or standing on that corner at just the right time, if—

The list of if's is virtually endless. It was simply God's will. And, as has been said many times, He works in mysterious ways.

GOLDEN GEESE

School was out and just to 'unwind' I went for a walk in the desert which surrounded the Carson Indian School. It was early in autumn and the sun had just gone down behind the high Sierras.

My attention was attracted by a sound in the sky. Looking up I saw a flock of geese. We saw them often in the spring and in the fall - but these geese were different. They were Golden! I stood watching until they were out of sight. The rays of the sun were just in the right position to catch the geese and transform them into a once in a lifetime rare delight - or perhaps I should say - serendipity!

The memory of those geese I have carried for over forty years. During that time I have experienced other momentary sights that give momentary spellbinding pleasure.

On a tour of Europe in 1972 we were on our way to Osterich, a small city on the Rhine in Germany. We were all tired, we were late and the bus driver couldn't find the White Swan Hotel where we were to spend the night. Several times he stopped at dreary looking places to ask directions. Each time we wondered, 'Surely this isn't where we are to stay?'

Well, after about 40 minutes of meandering and searching we found it. A beautiful, white, two-story building, surrounded by flower gardens. The Ah-h-h-h's of relief and delight that rose from the throats of every passenger deserves a spot in my memory of Golden Geese.

Once when my class of second graders were lined up at the door at dismissal time, awaiting the bell, I was entranced by all of those beautiful eyes focused on me -

On a Monday morning just before nine o'clock, in the yard at Highland School, where I was on yard duty, another golden geese thrill caught my eye. I think every child had had a shampoo - their hair was beautiful, neatly combed and clean!

In the Uncle Remus stories where Brer Rabbit lures Brer Bear into a bee's nest by telling him that it was a laughing place, Brother Bear disagrees. It was no laughing place for him. Brer Rabbit says, "Everyone has a laughing place. I didn't say this would be YOUR laughing place. You must find your own laughing place.

The same premise hold true for Golden Geese. Everyone experiences the momentary entrancement of seeing or experiencing a spellbinding incident. My Golden Geese may not be your Golden Geese.

HOW DID WE COPE WITH FLIES?

How indeed! To persons who are fortunate enough to live in areas where there are few house flies it is difficult to conceive that they can be anything but an occasional pest.

Before WWI and up until the early 1920 and 30's, flies were a terrible nuisance. Although screen doors and window screens were in use before the turn of the century only very affluent people could afford to buy them. So - flies had free access to all buildings. The noise they made, the fly specks they left, the annoyance they caused is (even in remembering) hard to believe.

Ceilings were black with flies. They settled on food, they bit people, sleeping babies were protected by a mosquito net over the cradle. If there was no net an older child was delegated to keep flies off the baby. Invalids were similarly cared for. At family meals each person shooed flies off his own plate with one hand while conveying food into his mouth with the other.

At a 'company' dinner when the hostess wanted everything pleasant, older children stood on each side of the table with leafy branches with which they switched flies off the food.

A few short hours of relief was provided by having chase. Several persons were needed for this activity. First, all rooms were darkened after windows had been closed. Fly chasers were armed with pillow case size cloths concentrated on one room at a time to shoo the flies out then closed the door. Thus, from bedroom to hallway to kitchen, most flies were shooed or chased to the open kitchen door onto the backporch. The door was closed and everyone coming in or out was warned, 'close the door quickly.'

Of course, the chase did not get all of the flies. Those left inside were now attacked with fly swatters if they were available, if not, a folded newspaper was used to swat the flies.

If the householder could afford it, fly paper was set out on tables or window sills to catch flies that escaped. Flypaper was purchased at the local stores. Two sheets of heavy paper were held together by some sticky substance. The papers were pulled apart, exposing the fly enticing surface. A well known brand name for fly paper was TANGLEFOOT. It not only attracted flies but also caught unwary humans or pets.

Another style of fly paper came rolled on a spool. The unrolled spool was suspended from a high place in the room where it soon filled with flies. However, being out of the way it was often forgotten and left to hang long after the paper was filled with fly victims. An ugly sight indeed!

After a fly chase, the family could enjoy a few hours of reasonable freedom, that is, if they could stand the heat of summer with closed doors. By evening usually one would never know there had been any effort at all made to clear the house of flies.

Somewhere around 1917 or '18 there came upon the market various insect powders that gave some relief from flies. Black Flag was the name of one popular brand. Usually on a Saturday night, after the flies had been chased into one room, one member of the family stayed up to attack the flies. Armed with a 'squeeze can' filled with powder, this person with hair and mouth protected, sprayed the powder everywhere in the room. The door was closed. All flies did not die immediately but buzzed off gradually throughout the night.

Next morning someone had to get up before other members of the family to sweep up the dead flies. This meant brushing them off tables, window sills, chairs, onto the floor. It was heavenly to come into the kitchen on a summer Sunday and to enjoy the quiet and freedom from pests for several hours.

Later liquid sprays were invented. These were a great improvement over powder insecticides. FLIT and FLY-TOX were brand names of two early sprays. Sprays were not aerosol cans that are now in use.

As the public became more aware of flies as a health hazard, in addition to their nuisance, a concentrated campaign was carried out against flies. People were encouraged to get screens. Posters saying, "SWAT THAT FLY" were tacked up where they were easily seen. People were educated to the danger of flies as a disease spreading insect.

Somewhere in the 1930's an insecticide DDT was hailed as the last word in fly sprays. It not only killed flies NOW but had a residual effect of killing flies for a long time after the first spraying. DDT caused a chain reaction of poisoning other animals life and was taken off the market.

REVIEW OF THE NEWS

Flypaper Still Hot Seller

By JERRY COHEN
For Wyman Riley

All you ever wanted to know about flypaper but never thought to ask:

If most persons suspect this venerable staple went the way of ice wagons and knock-knock jokes, most persons are wrong.

"It's in greater demand today than it was 30 or 40 years ago," said Richard Cowen, president of Aeroxon Products, Inc., of New Rochelle, N.Y.

Not only is Aeroxon sole distributor of the product in this country but Cowen is the great-great grandson of a fly-bedecked German baker who invented it 113 years ago.

The long-ago baker's name was Frederick Kaiser. He created beautiful cakes and baked mouth-watering breads in his tiny shop in the small city of Walblingen near Stuttgart in southern Germany.

But when he put them in his show window, flies danced and skated on his wonderful creations. The baker figured he must find a way to end the annoyance.

He thought and he thought. Then he acted. The baker dipped a big sheet of wrapping paper in molasses and hung it in the window. The flies liked the molasses even better than the baker's cakes and breads. And they got stuck in it and they expired.

"Soon people were coming by the hundreds, not to buy my great-great

grandfather's cakes, but to demand he sell them his 'flypaper,'" Cowen said.

The baker changed his occupation and he continued to improve his invention. No more molasses.

During the next century, the flypaper business which started in the little bakery in Walblingen expanded until today it has a virtual monopoly on the worldwide flypaper market.

Flypaper no longer comes in sheets, but in tiny rolls that unroll and hang from the ceiling. Through the years, competitors emerged to challenge the domination of the Kaiser family, but they have died off like well flies.

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LARKIN ORDERS

As I recall, it seems that I was aware of the word Larkin from the time I was born. Dentifrice, iodoform, Sweet Home Soap, etc. at different times, arrived in a box at my grandmothers. Occasionally I happened to be there when a dish, a stool, a chair or larger item would be happily awaited - all from the Larkin's.

At our house I was aware of young girls occasionally coming to the door with a printed list and pencil in hand. The pitch would be 'I'm taking up a Larkin Order. Would you like to order something from me?' My Mother took the list, studied it a bit, then ordered something, usually soap. In a few weeks the girls would return with the soap and collect the money.

The reward for taking up a Larkin order was the choice of a prize listed in the Larkin catalog or a percentage of the money collected.

The Larkin Company was located in Buffalo, New York and did a tremendous business supplying the wants of thousands of small towners. They not only encouraged individuals to go house to house taking orders of at least ten dollars but they encouraged the formation of Larkin Clubs.

To form a Larkin Club a woman would enlist at least ten friends to belong to her group. The leader would have to decide upon the price range for the members. Most of the clubs I ever heard of were either in the \$1.00 or \$2.00 range. Each member was obligated to buy that amount of Larkin products each month for ten months. Each member selected the prize she wanted. Each month one member received her prize. At the end of the ten month period the Leader received a bigger prize.

Over a period of years some women practically furnished their homes with furnishings from Larkin that were substantial and good looking.

I don't know when the Larkin order business discontinued as such. Sometime before World War II, I drove past the headquarters in Buffalo. It was then a big super market.

As I saw other kids taking orders and getting prizes or cash I persisted (pestered) until one day I went rapping at doors. "I'm taking up a Larkin order. Would you like to buy something from me?"

"Yes, little girl, let me see your list." As the lady gave back the list with her order she usually asked, "What are you going to get for your prize?" "I'm getting a pair of shoes with red tassel." I replied.

I must have been between seven and eight years old. I got my shoes!

MONDAY: A SYNONYM FOR WASHDAY

If someone cautioned you, 'Don't throw away that old broom handle, I need it for a clothes stick,' you may wonder if you had heard correctly. Yet the request was a reasonable one.

A clothes stick was just one of the essential items used in the Monday ritual of home clothes washing, before the advent of automatic washers when clothes can be laundered at any time, day or night - large load or small. Notice the special day of the week, Monday and wash day were synonymous.

Wash day began early. Water carried from the domestic water source - creek, well or rain barrel - was already heating in the wash boiler before breakfast. If there were several female adults in the family, some may have already begun the wash while others got breakfast work out of the way.

Two or three round tubs were brought into the kitchen and positioned on firm bases. Often a backless kitchen chair was used. Many families had sturdy benches of convenient height built purposely to support the tubs.

Hot water was dipped from the wash boiler into the first tub then cooled to a temperature that human hands could tolerate. The other two tubs held rinse water. A washboard (and there was a time when it really was a board) was put into the first tub. The up and down scrubbing was about to begin, after the boiler was refilled.

Clothes had been sorted into piles of similar colors and materials. Each pile rated its turn in the tubs. Sheets and pillowcases usually were washed first, then wrung out by hand and put into the boiler with chipped soap and actually boiled. It was here that the clothes stick came into use, poling, turning and lifting the boiling sheets.

While sheets were in the boiler the laundress (mother, big sister or hired girl) were engaged in washing in turn all other white items. When scalding hot sheets were lifted with the clothes stick into tub two, all other white items, mens shirts, girls petticoats, tableclothes, etc. replaced the sheets in the boiler.

Meanwhile someone had to keep the water supply going. Starch had to be cooked and ready for clothing as pieces came out of the last rinse water.

Hot sheets were wrung out and put through several rinses. The last rinse had to be clear cold water to which some bluing had been added. Bluing came from the general store in marble shaped balls. These had to be dissolved before adding to the rinse water. Indigo was for many years the source of blue dye used for bluing. Now it is made synthetically.

After the bluing rinse, sheets were ready for the clothes line. Someone had to take out the rope line and string it up from tree to tree or post or house corner. If one had a wire clothes line that stayed outside permanently, someone had to go out with a cloth to wipe the line clean before clean sheets could be hung out to dry.

It was a matter of pride among homemakers to get their wash out and onto the lines early, and to have that wash sparkling white. No TATTLE TALE GRAY!

White clothes that had been boiled followed sheets through the same rinsing process. Shirts, dresses, petticoats, and dresser scarves were dipped into starch of varied degrees of thickness. Clothes were carried out to the line in an oval wicker basket or a lined bushel size peach basket.

Clothes were not put onto the line haphazardly. There was a pattern to be followed. After sheets, table cloths and pillowcases came, mens white shirts, girls white dresses, etc. As each piece was taken from the basket it was given a vigorous shake to dislodge extra moisture and to eliminate some of the wrinkles.

Clothes lines often sagged from the heavy weight of the wet laundry. Here a clothes prop was used to support the line and to keep the garments from touching the ground. A clothes prop was usually a tough sapling stripped of all its branches except two at the very top. These were neatly shortened to form a V. Sometimes more than one prop was needed to hold up an unusually heavy wash.

Colored garments were washed with special regard to the dye used to color them. Colored articles were not boiled but were scrubbed on the board and put through various clear rinses.

Last items into the wash tubs were mens and boys heavy work shirts and pants. Perhaps a few kitchen rugs followed them.

At last, hurrah, everything was out on the line. But wash day was not over with. There was the clean-up. None of that hot sudsy water and good rinse water could be wasted. A bucket of suds and a pail of rinse water was used to scrub down the outdoor privy. Front and back porches were treated to a weekly scrubbing and rinsing. The kitchen floor was scrubbed after tubs, benches, washboard and boiler were put away.

Late in the afternoon clothes were dry and had to be taken in before birds and flies settled on them. Often sheets and pillowcases were put back onto beds from which they had been removed that very morning. What a delicious experience it was at night to sleep between sheets just off the line. If bed clothing was not returned to beds that day they were ironed next day with all other items.

That same evening, perhaps, after supper, the wash had to be dampened. That meant that each piece had to be sprinkled by hand with clean water then rolled separately and put into the clothes basket. The dampening process conditioned the clothing so they could be ironed smoothly on Tuesday.

Putting clothes out to dry in summer was rather a pleasant chore if one had no immediate demands upon ones time. In winter however, putting out and taking in the wash was sheer torture. Words are not adequate to convey the agony of a freezing body and icy fingers that accompanied that activity.

Unless one had an empty room or attic space in which to hang the clothes they just had to be put outside. They did not dry thoroughly but froze stiff and some of the water evaporated. These board stiff garments were draped over any available support inside the house and the drying completed by heat from the stove.

Some folks were financially able to send out their weekly wash to be done. Usually in every town there was a woman who earned her living by taking in washing. Some folks had a laundress come to their homes. Folks in moderate circumstances did their own wash in the manner described. No matter who did the weekly wash, IT WAS SHEER DRUDGERY.

IRONING DAY

WHAT - no electric iron!

That's true and what's more, there were very few items of clothing in the weekly laundry that required no ironing! About the only pieces that escaped ironing were knit underwear, towels, wash clothes and perhaps old pieces that were soon to be doomed to the rag bag.

Since Monday was usually wash day, Tuesday's were reserved for ironing. It was a job that took most of the day. Washed clothes were taken from the clothes line as soon as they dried on Monday. To leave them out too long after they dried risked collecting more fly specks or an afternoon shower.

Clean clothes right off the clothes line had to be dampened before they could be ironed. This process involved laying each piece out on a flat surface, then taking a handful of clean water and sprinkling it fairly evenly over the garment. The garment was rolled tightly and placed into a lined clothes basket. This went on until the whole wash was packed in the basket, covered with other items that needed no ironing. The lined basket and covering were needed to prevent the moisture from escaping.

Next morning, clothes and household items were evenly damp, ready to be ironed. A hot fire was needed to heat the irons. Often these were called 'sad irons.' I never knew why. Every family had a set of them. A set consisted of three or four.

The older irons looked like this. They were made of iron. Handle was part of the iron. When this type of iron was set onto the stove the entire unit heated. To lift the hot iron off the stove and to hold it while ironing, one needed a heavy cloth pad to prevent burning one's fingers.



There are irons like this still in existence. One finds them at antique shops. Folks buy them for door stops, book ends, etc.

An improvement came in the form of a detachable handle. The handle was made of wood. It would fit any iron in the set.



The ironing board was usually just a plain board. Some were tapered at one end. The board was padded with old cotton blanket pieces and covered with cotton sheeting, tacked to the back.

The ironing board rested on the backs of two kitchen chairs as boards with their own stands didn't come until later.

A piece of bees wax was needed to rub across the bottom of the iron to help it glide across the starched fabrics it was called upon to smooth.

To do a weeks ironing in a hot kitchen took hours of standing. Yet many mothers combined two hot jobs into one by doing the weekly baking on the same day.

As each item was ironed it was hung over an indoor clothes line or clothes rack. After the basket was emptied and the last piece ironed, clothes had to be folded and put away. Pieces that needed mending were set aside to be worked on after supper.

In PA we always had coal to burn in our stoves. But-domestic coal that we bought consisted of much slack or gravelly sized pieces. Good lumpy pieces made a hotter and cleaner fire. Usually, because we never lived far from the railroad track we older children went out with a bucket to pick up lumps of coal that had fallen off the engines and coal cars. We knew when trains were due to come by so we looked out for them. None of us were ever hurt.

MRS. CONDEL

Mrs. Condel was a fictional friend of mine. I was very young when she came into my life. I would venture to say that it was long before I was four years old.

All of my relatives and some friends 'knew' my Mrs. Condel. They asked about her and I always had news to give them.

Mrs. Condel was very rich. She was very beautiful. She wore beautiful clothes that swished as she walked. She wore delightful perfume. She ate only exotic foods. She was kind. She was intelligent. Her home was heavenly. She held her little finger up when she sipped her tea from the very best china cups. In fact, Mrs. Condel was so perfect that if God had had a sister she would have been Mrs. Condel!

It's odd as I think about her now that I never gave her a first name. Perhaps at that time I had never heard of a name exotic enough for her.

As I said, she was beautiful. In the Sears Roebuck catalog there was a picture of a lady standing beside a cream separator. I said that was Mrs. Condel.

I don't recall when Mrs. Condel receded into history but once in my late 50's I was visiting my mother in Ridgway, she asked if I had ever found Mrs. Condel. My answer was "No." Then in reviewing many of the wonderful women I had met in my lifetime I added "but I did meet many of her sisters."

MY FIRST AUTOMOBILE RIDE

As near as I can remember I must have been around four years old. We were living in Arcade, New York. At that time automobiles were a rare sight. Whenever we heard one on the street every member of the family ran out on the porch to see it.

Across the street from us lived a family called Coil. They had two children, Richard and Winifred, with whom my sister Frances and I often played.

One day while we were at the Coils, a relative of theirs drove to their place in a shiny red car. He had come to take them for a ride. Of course, Frances and I were taken along.

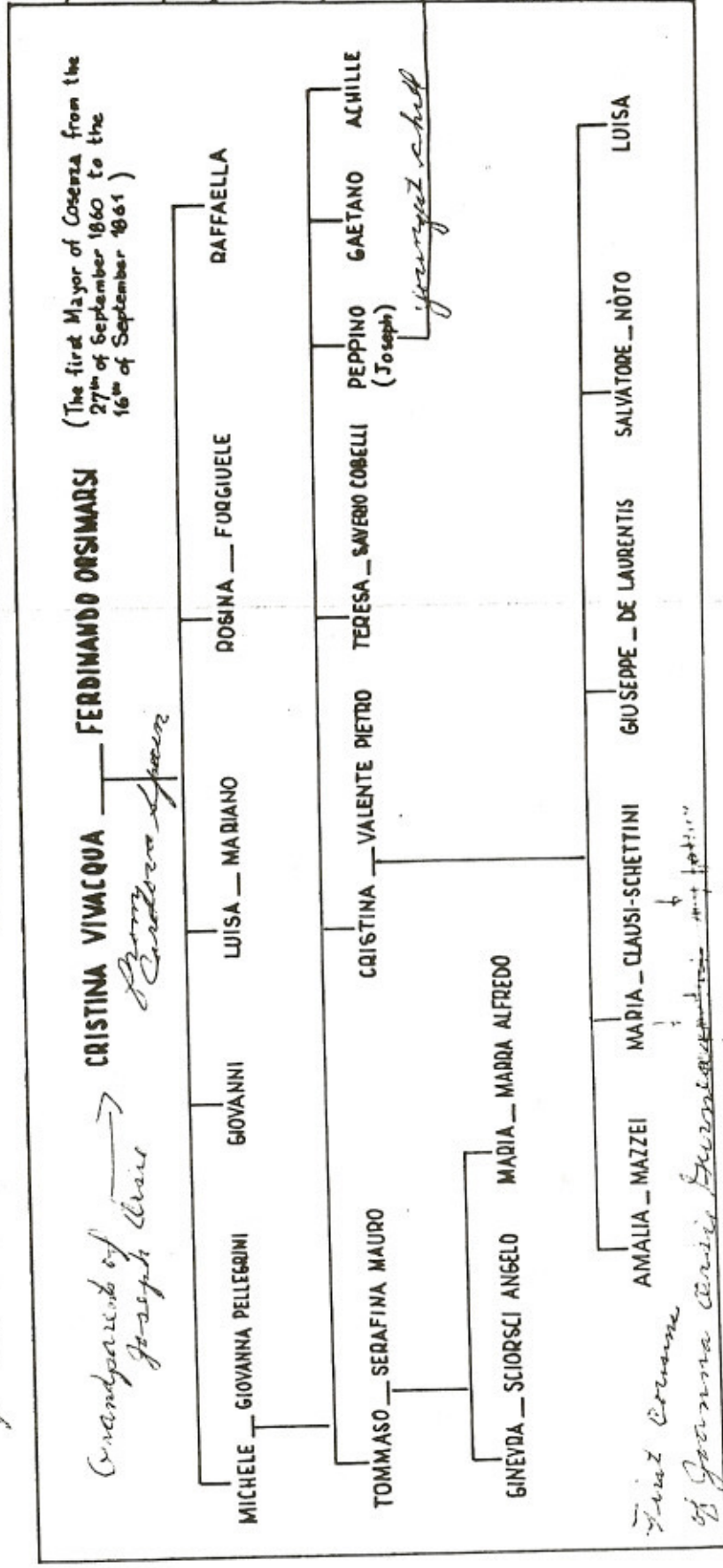
As we passed our house my father and sister Mae came out to see the automobile.

I don't know of anything since that has given me such a thrill. To be able to wave to them from such a vehicle! Ah! That was heavenly!

Italian Calatone

All the Orsimesi Family lived in Cosenza, Province (State)

The family estate which must have at times quite a large one in Lippone Cosenza. Much has been sold since olive production decreased. The home is still there also the oil mill.



Came to USA - married Helen Bell - they are presently Giovanni Orsimarsi, France House 1700 Main and Florence Mitchell

MY FOURTH GRADE TEACHER

Mr. P. W. Moyer was my fourth grade teacher. He taught fourth and fifth grades in a four room building in Penfield, PA. He was an elderly man who had already taught parents of many of his pupils.

Throughout the area he was called 'Pappy' (not within his hearing). His hair was slow to gray but he did have quite a bald spot. He was stockily built but not short. He walked with a limp as one of his knee joints was stiff.

Mr. Moyer loved children and he was especially delighted when a pupil brought a visiting cousin or younger brother or sister to spend the day. (It was permissible in those days to bring young visitors to school.) At noon or recess Mr. Moyer would gently lift the young visitor to his lap. The way his whole face lit up was a delight to behold. Mr. Moyer always kept in his desk drawer a supply of pink or white lozenges to share with pupils as rewards or to treat the young visitors. He dearly loved children.

Mr. Moyer's handwriting was beautiful. He took great pride in adding shaded flourishes to capital letters. Often we pupils had him write our names in his fancy way. Before the ink dried he sprinkled 'gold dust' over the name. These and the beautiful bird pictures that he drew were special treasures to us.

The school day began at nine o'clock. After pupils were seated the class repeated the Lords Prayer in unison. The teacher read ten verses from the Holy Bible. (This was state law) After roll call we had singing. Mr. Moyer especially enjoyed leading the class in hymns and old favorites. (It was permissible in those days to sing hymns in public school.) Many of the songs came from 'The Golden Song Book' printed by Hall McCreary Company. Many of those books are still in existence.

Mr. Moyer wasn't a music teacher per se but he thoroughly enjoyed singing. To get us started on the proper pitch he intoned a sound which to me sounded like 'sa-wooo.' He kept time with his hand while the classroom resounded with beautiful music. Some of the songs were: The Old Oaken Bucket; There were Ninety and Nine; Grandfather's Clock; Work For The Night is Coming; America.

At that time (1914) and for many years after there was no position as school janitor. Each teacher was responsible for the housekeeping in his classroom. Children usually volunteered to help teacher clean blackboards (chalk boards), sweep the floors and dust the erasers. Mr. Moyer never lacked volunteers. He paid a penny each day to usually 2 helpers.

When we learned the 'times' tables, Mr. Moyer had a contest in which he offered 25 cents as the prize. Ten cents went to the first pupil who wrote and completed the tables through the 12's. The next three pupils would receive five cents each.

I finished sixth and no one had yet won the dime. I confidently took my paper to the teacher! I 'knew' that my paper was perfect. However, in my haste, I had neglected to complete the figure 4 in the combination 8×3 . I wrote $8 \times 3 = 21$.

In Mr. Moyer's class for a language lesson, we were asked to write ten sentences, naming ten things we would like to be when we grew up. I recall writing. 'I will be a dressmaker. I will be a mother, etc. etc.' However, my 4th grade brain was ignorant of the many occupations open to women.

I didn't know what to write for my tenth sentence. All of the grown up single girls whom I knew earned their living until marriage by hiring out to homes in need of household help. Perhaps they earned three dollars a week. Working hours were long. They worked six or seven days weekly. I thought about them. Ah, there was my number ten sentence. I wrote, 'I will be a working girl.'

In explaining anything to the class Mr. Moyer had methods that were uniquely his own. In telling the class why it was essential to make good habits and how hard it was to break an established habit he called Frank Hatheway to the front of the classroom. Frank stood with his arms at his sides. Mr. Moyer wrapped a sewing thread around Frank's arms and body. He asked Frank to raise his arms. Frank easily broke the thread. Next Mr. Moyer wrapped two threads around Frank. Frank broke them but it took more effort. This continued with one more wrap around each time. Up to a point Frank broke the threads but with more and more effort. Finally Frank could no longer raise his arms. "That," said Mr. Moyer "is what a habit will do for you. Do be careful to make good habits and they will be of service to you forever. Do not let a bad habit become your master."

On Christmas Eve the big event in town was the program and tree at the Presbyterian Church. Although the program was open to everyone, Catholics seldom attended. At these programs, year after year, Mr. Moyer walked into town pulling a hand sled heaped with gifts for each pupil in his class. My gift was a book of 'Familiar Quotations' by John Bartlett, written first in 1855 and later in 1863, I still have the book sixty-three years later.

I often wondered how in the world from his pitifully small salary he was able to continue these generous gestures, year after year.

Mr. & Mrs. Moyer lived in a very modest home outside of town. They had no children. Their home was a delight to visit. They had many unusual plants, a small pool with real goldfish and a canary.

In 1918 when teachers were scarce due to the war (WWI) a cousin of mine received \$50 per month for teaching. So I would surmise Mr. M's pay to have been between \$35 and \$40. This was for an 8 month school term.

When I began teaching in 1923 my pay was \$85 per month. Around \$4 was taken out for retirement.

PICKING BERRIES

Grandma, what did you do to keep busy during the long summer vacations when you were a girl? True, the vacations were long but there was plenty to do.

During the first part of the century, schools in rural areas and small towns were in session only eight months of the year. Vacation began around the middle of April and school did not take up again until after Labor Day.

There were no summer school programs, no recreation programs, camping outs, movies, radios, not television to which children now are accustomed to expect during vacation.

For farm children the question of 'what to do' was no problem. Their help was utilized in the many farm chores which needed their muscle power. Children in small towns were similarly occupied although the home garden did not require as much time as a real farm.

Nature provided an activity in which both farm children and town children could take part. This was berry picking.

Wild strawberries were first to ripen in May. Gathering strawberries was a reasonable safe activity in which even small children could participate.

All fields not fenced or planted were open to berry pickers. Berries grew well on railroad banks and cuts, along roadsides in meadows. For some reason they seemed to thrive especially well in old cemeteries. Pickers needed only sturdy shoes, a sun hat, and a tin cup or small bucket and a larger pail into which the tins could be emptied. For the first hour not many berries were deposited into the containers. They were eaten as fast as they were picked. These red bits of juicy goodness were much smaller than the cultivated or 'tame' strawberries. They were delicious. Gradually containers were full and ready to be carried home.

At home the berries were capped (calyx removed) and washed. The mother during the pickers absence had baked a biscuit dough shortcake. Ah! Strawberry shortcake and good rich milk for lunch. As much as one could eat! Perhaps strawberry shortcake was a repeat on the menu for summer and many more meals as long as the season lasted.

After the family had enjoyed immediate strawberry delicacies, surplus berries were converted to jams, preserves and jellies for winter use. Surplus berries were sold in town to persons who had no children to pick berries and who perhaps couldn't go out to get berries for themselves. The going price was 8 to 19 cents per quart.

Strawberry season ended around the middle of June, then there were no wild berries until late July or early August when raspberries, low and high huckleberries, and blackberries ripened in succession. These berries grew in abundance after an area had been logged off and given a few years to get into production. They did not thrive in densely wooded areas. They needed sunshine but not open fields like strawberries.

Black raspberries were an especially fragile type. Thin and cap shaped they crushed easily if too many were put into one container. Wild red raspberries were so rare that they were eaten on the spot and not gathered in quantity. Thimbleberries were also eaten where found.

Although raspberries and blackberries did not grow in heavily wooded areas there was high vegetation and some trees. Berry pickers had to wear heavy shoes and stockings. Arms had to be covered for protection against thorns and briars. Girls who had brothers usually wore boys cast off overalls. At that time overalls were not part of any girls wardrobe.

Huckleberries grew in hilly areas open to sunshine. Huckleberries resemble blue berries that we now see in the markets but the flavor isn't the same. To one who has eaten huckleberries it seems that blueberries have no taste at all! Low bush huckleberries are smaller and a much darker blue than high bush varieties, they are softer. Although huckleberries grew without thorns one had to be on the alert for rattlesnakes.

Blackberries were just what their name indicates - BLACK BERRIES. They grew on thorny bushes in areas similar to that of the raspberry. Since they were larger than either raspberries or huckleberries, containers were filled in less time.

In eating berries right off the bush, one was often startled by a terrible taste. A stink bug had crawled across the fruit and left an acrid taste that was not easily erased from the mouth.

Elderberries grew on bushes along roadsides and meadows. They were easy to get. The round dark blue-berries grew on palm(hand) shaped clusters, resembling Queen Ann's Lace, when in blossom. Whole clusters were taken home by tubfuls where the berries were removed. These berries had an unusual taste and not everyone liked them. They did make good wine. The juice mixed with tart apple juice made tasty jelly. Mixed with apple sauce and boiled down they were made into elderberry butter. Elderberry fanciers enjoyed a pie made of these berries but folks who didn't care for elderberries called it 'bedbug pie.'

Choke cherries ripened in early September. These grew in easily accessible places along roadsides. These berries or cherries puckered the mouth when eaten raw but their juice mixed with plenty of sugar and apple juice made a palatable jelly.

In some areas wild grapes were plentiful. They were not easy to get yet people picked them. They made delicious jelly, wine and grape conserve.

Gathering berries was not children's work only. Many adults took part in gathering of nature's bounty if they could find time. Berry picking contributed substantially to the family food supply. In 'good years' the money earned by selling surplus berries added also to the family bank Account.

SARA SELFRIDGE

When we came to Penfield to live with our Grandparents we were new pupils in the school that fall. I was in the 3rd grade, Frances in 2nd, Mae and Veronica weren't of school age.

One of the new friends we met was Sara Selfridge. Sara was in 2nd grade and her brother Daniel in 1st. They were neat little children. Their mother was dead and they lived with their father and grandmother. I never did hear the straight story but the father seemed to have had some brush with the law and he lived under a suspicious cloud.

Sara had a great imagination and at noon when we ate our lunches outdoors, Sara kept us entertained with all of her imaginary exploits. She seemed to think she was an adult, or at least old enough for a boyfriend. She, at the time I most remember her, considered the school principal, Mr. Miller, her sole possession. He was young, single and nice looking. Whenever Sara saw him coming she ran to meet him, hold on to his hand and escort him proudly to school.

Toward the end of fourth grade I went to Caledonia with my Mother, Mae and Veronica. There we stayed for awhile with our Uncle Joe and Aunt Lizzie. (That finished my 4th grade in school.)

My Mother, at the beginning of my fifth grade kept house for an elderly farmer whom we called Grandpa Jackson. We three girls stayed with her and went to school in Caledonia. So, I didn't see Sara again until I was in seventh grade. By then her school attendance was irregular. Her grandmother, nor her father worried much about her irregular attendance. Perhaps she was needed at home to help care for her grandmother. About that time she began to wear her grandmothers clothes, even grandmothers glasses.

Time went on. I finished high school (3 years), then worked at the hospital in Ridgway for a year, then stayed in DuBois with Mr. & Mrs. Kelly to take my fourth year and graduate from DuBois High. I was then 18 years old and by going to teachers college, (Clarion Normal School) for nine weeks, I could teach school.

Somewhere during those years I heard that Sara had beaten up her grandmother and was sent off to an institution. Later she was released and sent home. Everyone commented on how 'nice' Sara was. She wore her institution clothes and seemed quite a capable girl.

I got a school, one room, eight grades at Stanley, out from DuBois. Before school started in the fall, all teachers had to attend institute at the County Seat, Clearfield. One day during our free time, a group of us decided to visit the County Jail. The Sheriff happened to be from Penfield. He took us through the men's area, then he said, "There is a woman prisoner upstairs. You can go up to see her. Just be sure to replace the padlock when you leave. The padlock isn't locked." Well, expecting to see some hardened criminal, we opened the door and no sooner had we entered than I was greeted lovingly and excitedly by Sara! She was so happy to see someone she knew. She had beaten up her grandmother again and was being detained at the County jail until some place could be found for her.

Sara's brother Daniel lived with his father. When grandmother had no more influence on his personal habits, he just let himself go. His hair was shoulder length and longer, in a time when long hair for males was unheard of! Folks began calling him Daniel Boone. Later that was shortened to 'Boone.'

Currently on television there is an excellent program based on books written by Laura Ingals Wilder. The girl who portrays Laura in the series reminded me of Sara. That memory prompted me to write her story.

Sara always called cupcakes 'gems.'

THE RAG MAN

Along with the Arabian Peddler Women, the Scissor and Knife Sharpener, and the Umbrella Mender, the Rag Man has passed from the American scene.

I don't recall how often he came to town in his old wagon drawn by an ancient horse. The horse wore a kind of loose fitting hood into which his ears fit comfortably. This kept the flies out of the horses' eyes.

As he drove into town the rag man announced his arrival calling out, 'Old rags, iron scraps, old bones,' etc.

From every house people came with what they had saved since his last visit. The rag man paid perhaps a nickel or dime for a bag of clean rags. Pieces of metal rated more and to this end boys saved tin foil which they rolled into balls. Some (very few) boys had tin foil balls perhaps 5 or 6 inches in diameter.

The rag man sold his purchases to larger junk dealers in the city.

THE REASINGERS

In the sketch I wrote about my grandfather and grandmother I mentioned a family named Doyle. They were neighbors of my grandparents in Caledonia.

The Doyles had a large family. The girls were friends of my mother and her sisters. After the Doyle children had left home and the parents passed on their daughter Mary who was married to Pete Reasinger lived in the Doyle house.

The Reasingers had a large family: Charles, Phoebe, Lillie, Jimmie, Joe, Martha, Ellen (named for my mother) and Katherine. There may have been more.

They were really the poorest people we knew at that time. The mother took in washings, she cleaned other folks houses, she had the job of cleaning the school house to ready it for opening.

Pete worked on the railroad at times but they never seemed to get ahead.

Pete liked the woods and forests. He supplemented his small income with whatever he could get out of the woods.

I can see him still, coming home with groundhogs, held by their tails. He would skin and clean them and the family rejoiced at the delightful supper of groundhog meat, gravy and their mothers delicious home made bread.

Pete picked berries in season. He sold most of these to add to his cash. Berries that the children picked were consumed at home. Mary used to make a baked dish which she called blackberry pig. This would be their whole meal.

Their home furnishings consisted of the barest essentials. In the kitchen a long table with benches, a wood burning cook stove and a bench where the 2 water pails and wash basin were placed.

They hadn't a rug nor curtain. There were window blinds. Bed covers when I knew them were quite worn, no sheets nor pillowcases.

There was a wood burning stove in the living room and one rocking chair. Seemed to me that there was always a baby being rocked by the mother or father.

They kept no cows, chickens or pigs. Perhaps they never could get capital enough ahead to invest in these. They did keep a garden.

They had no water supply except a nearby creek for washing and household needs. Farther away at the railroad tunnel, below the Foreman's house, where my grandparents lived, cool water dripped. The Reasingers set a barrel or two to catch these precious drips for drinking and cooking. It was the chore of Jimmy and Joe to carry all the water. And they did grumble! and grumble! and grumble!

Pete occasionally found ginseng in the woods. He seemed quite happy at finding it. Vaguely I remember hearing that he sold it to someone who sold it to Chinese who used it for medicine. Pete also did calls for the Saturday night square dances.

The Reasinger children, Phoebe, Lizzie, Jimmy and Joe were my school mates in first grade, the last half of fourth grade and the year I did 5th and 6th in one term.

It was always fun to go to their house. They treated us so nicely. Invariably if we were there at meal time they'd share their food with us.

Charlie was in World War I, Jimmy and Joe in WWII. Joe was killed in France.

When the family was raised Mary & Pete separated. Mary moved in with a family named Cooker. When I last saw her she was unable to get out of her chair.

When my daughter Jeanne was about six we drove east to see our folks. We went to Caledonia. The railroad track and tunnel were still there. The two railroad company houses were gone. Reasinger house was still in place. As we walked about reminiscing, a man who happened to be in the area spoke to us. He said that he had grown up in the area. Then he mentioned that when he was a boy that he and his brother had to carry water 'all the way from that tunnel to that house over there.' THE MAN WAS JIMMY.

THE VERSATILE FLOUR SACK

When flour and feed mills switched from the use of cloth flour sacks to paper bags a facet of American life faded into history. Persons who now find every kind of household necessity as close as the nearest dry goods market, can scarcely conceive the dependence put on the flour sack by every homemaker prior to World War I.

Baking was a basic home activity. Families were large - they consumed large quantities of flour. Flour was purchased in 50# or 100# bags. Pies, cakes, bread, cookies, doughnuts, dumplings, fritters and pancakes were made at home.

Aside from soda crackers, grocery stores carried no baked goods. There were very few bakeries and what self-respecting homemaker would depend upon them except in dire emergency! SO flour sacks accumulated. Calculating mothers had a programmed future for each one.

Uses were as many and varied as each individual homemaker's imagination. Flat items were easily made. Four large flour sacks were sewn together and made a sheet or the backing for a quilt. Bags stuffed with feathers made good pillows, ironing board covers, dish towels, curtains and children's underwear were but a few of the services provided by the flour sack.

In days before plastered home interiors, flour sacks were tacked to the inside exposed upright studs. Wallpaper was pasted over these. As the paste was made of flour, another sack was available.

To prepare flour sacks for use, they had to be processed. When the sack was emptied of its contents, it was shaken vigorously outside the house. Several soakings and rinsings removed the flour particles not dislodged in the shaking. Sacks then had to be boiled (remember the old tin washboiler?) to remove the printing. After boiling and rinsing sacks were spread out on the grass to dry and to continue bleaching in the sun. It was an established belief that bleaching on the grass was far superior to hanging on the clothesline.

Some print defied rinsing, boiling and bleaching and carried into their next phase of usefulness. Some names were:

PILLSBURY'S BEST; GOLD MEDAL; DULUTH IMPERIAL;
BAKER'S PRIDE; HARVEST HOME and DRIFTED SNOW, etc.

The stubborn unfaded brand names gave rise to many a chuckle or loud guffaw as finished undergarments were hung on the clothesline come Monday morning.

Turning flour sacks into usable items was an activity to occupy the hours of the girls in the household. Many future homemaker got her early introduction to sewing by making flour sack underwear. There were panties and panty waists to be made for the children.

Panty waists were sleeveless vest like garments, buttoned down the back. Around the reinforced bottom of the waist appropriately spaced buttons were sewn. Panties with a drop seat had no buttons but a series of buttonholes to match the buttons on the panty waist. Very young children sewed buttons and buttonholes onto their own garments. If the needed work was sloppy, well, summer was long, so the offending stitches were ripped out and done over, and over! If buttons were not firmly affixed someone was embarrassed later for her careless stitchery.

Of course, all of the items mentioned in this article had their manufactured counterparts for sale at dry goods department stores for a price. But, at a time when wages were low and flour sacks came free with flour, that one would have to buy anyhow, the uses to which the sacks were recycled was money in our pocket.

One can still buy flour sacks occasionally in dry good stores. These have already been washed and bleached. They sell for either 3 or 4 for a dollar. Who buys them? Usually persons who are working on a fancy work committee for a church or club bazaar.

They are hemmed and either colorfully embroidered or appliqued. They are almost too pretty to use - a far cry from the hard working sack of bygone days!

U.F.O.'s

Most of this week on the Merv Griffin T.V. Talk Show the discussions have been about unidentified flying objects (flying saucers). The consensus of opinions presented seemed to be that there are flying objects manned by creatures (men?) trying to make contact with earth. Be that as it may, the program did trigger this memory which has lain dormant in my mind lo these many years.

After the death of my father in 1913, my mother and her 4 daughters of whom I was the oldest, went to live with our grandparents in Penfield, PA. The house was located on a small hill with fields blending into forest higher up.

In about 1916 we moved about a short half mile into the town of Penfield. From our new abode we had a good view of our grandparents house and the hill behind it.

On warm summer evenings we were attracted by what at first seemed a lantern light traversing the hill. We thought at first that some farmer's cow hadn't come home on schedule and that the owner was out looking for her. We gave up that idea because the light moved faster than any human could move, and the light was bigger than a lantern light.

Other people in town saw the light also and it made for lively speculation. The family who owned my grandparents house before they (my grandparents) were named Dunn. Folks said 'Old Morris Dunn had buried money on the hill and now his spirit was back looking for it.'

Sometime later, perhaps in a science class, I read about escaping swamp gas that glowed with a phosphorescent light above swamps and bogs.

There was a swamp perhaps a half mile away from where we saw the lights on the hill so we thought no more about it. No one had ever heard then about flying saucers, etc. There was a book about that time and I think it's title was 'Men From Mars.'

Could it be that what we had seen were pioneering efforts of creatures from outer space - HAD WE REALLY SEEN U.F.O's?

Where Have All the Whimsy Dishes Gone?

Somewhere There Must Exist a Gigantic Nostalgia Warehouse Storing All That Past

By KAY BAKER, Staff Writer

Did you ever wonder where the things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone? The things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone. The things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone. The things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone.

And how many husbands, who would understand the old, have been left behind? The things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone. The things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone. The things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone.

Nobody said goodbye to the things that were so much a part of the American scene. The things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone. The things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone. The things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone.

night, watchmen might well be the last of their kind. The things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone. The things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone. The things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone.

And how many husbands, who would understand the old, have been left behind? The things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone. The things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone. The things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone.

The Shadow knows. Another mystery. The things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone. The things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone. The things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone.

Why was the vent in the front car window taken out? The things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone. The things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone. The things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone.

And where do you go today if you want an inner tube for your kid to use in an old swimming hole? The things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone. The things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone. The things that were so much a part of the American scene have gone.

All manner of things are gone, occupations to sights and sounds on the street. Remember when kids walked home from school for lunch?

every day and knew every blade of grass, every robin's nest, every crack in the sidewalk? Car-pooling and parent-chauffeur were unknown.

Speaking of kids, they now chomp down tasty chewable vitamins, instead of holding their noses for a dose of castor oil. Fine. But what could possibly replace the fun of peeling off a mustard plaster the next morning?

And at birthday parties, an all-time favorite was to see who could

drop the most clothespins into a milk bottle.

The evenings in those days were special, too. People sat on their front porches in double swings or rockers and visited with neighbors. At least until 8 p.m. on Tuesday. Then people scurried inside and turned off the lights. It was Uncle Miltie time on television, coupled with another replica—live singing commercials.

They All Loved Lucy

A similar phenomenon occurred on Monday nights. That was "I Love Lucy" time. Jeff Greenfield, author of "Television: The First Fifty Years," noted that many a small town noted a sharp decrease in water pressure at precisely 9:30 p.m. on Monday.

"That was when Lucy was over. It may have been the first rating system," observes Greenfield.

The Lucy show has been con-

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santly rerun over the years, so it is not really forgotten. But what of "Captain Video," who asked no quarter and gave no quarter, or "My Little Margie," or "Howdy Doody"?

As forgotten as big wicker baby carriages, bikes with one speed, skate keys or the Sunday drive.

Make your own list of things that faded away ever so quietly but don't forget monumental records on the Victrola, steamer trunks, obligatory white gloves and pillbox hats for interviews, fly paper, a singing cowboy, the ankle-high black sneaker, a beer or soft drink can that required a "church key," a first-grader with finger curls, car coats, a bumper without a sticker unless it happened to be election time, ball-bearing wheels, 3-D movies, kerosene amudge pots at construction sites, semiautomatic chains, garter belts, double featured, upright radios that were actually a piece of furniture, charm bracelets. Evening in Paris perfume, a drugstore with a counter where you could buy a cherry or lemon Coke, manglers, crinolines and hoop skirts, not to be confused with the Hula-Hoop, the sight of a wife ironing her husband's

shirt, tie clips, matching sweater sets, Trigger, necker's knobs on the steering wheel. . . . The list is endless.

And some people put things on the list that don't belong there, like drive-in movies. There are still more than 3,000, a rather consistent figure for the last 15 years.

Other erroneous nominees included the Fuller Brush man and the Avon lady. Both still going strong, although the Fuller Brush man has tended to become the Fuller Brush woman, as housewives took up the occupation more and more. Avon has more sales representatives now—415,000 in the United States alone—than at any time in its history.

But along with the photographer with the pony and the milkman, many an occupation has virtually disappeared. The ice man, the umbrella fixer, the knife sharpener, the man who could plug up pots where they had worn through.

Other occupations sharply diminishing include the elevator operator, the locomotive fireman—only 780 of them left—milliners, hand compositers, linotype keyboard operators, blacksmiths and railroad station agents.

MY ROYAL VIKING CRUISE

One of the most memorable events of my life began on May 8, 1975 when I boarded the Royal Viking Sky for a seventeen day cruise from San Francisco to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, through the Panama Canal.

About three years ago I had crossed the Atlantic on the Leonardo diVinci. I was delighted with that trip but it does not begin to compare with the delightful experience of my Royal Viking Cruise. For one thing, on the Leonardo, I traveled tourist class. On the Royal Viking there was only one class. That was FIRST.

I left Vallejo on a Greyhound Bus to go to San Francisco. There I took a taxi to the Embarcadero and Pier 35. The gleaming white Royal Viking Sky was waiting. I was the very first person in line. The boarding office hadn't yet opened. The line of eagerly awaiting passengers filled rapidly behind me. After check in we were free and I must say anxious to go aboard.

In an entry passage at the top of the covered gang plank a ships photographer waited to take pictures of each passenger or group as they came aboard. The ship's hostess was included in my picture. It just happened that almost immediately behind me a white coated ship attendant, carrying a plastic bag of gaily colored dresses over one arm and a box of wine over the other shoulder got caught in the same picture with me. It looked as if Joanna G. was starting in STYLE.

It was now close to nine o'clock. As I knew no one on the ship I was free to explore and to vicariously enjoy the pleasure of other passengers and their guests as they boarded and explored.

I also located my cabin expecting to find another 'lone' lady who would share the space in 283 with me.

Just before eleven o'clock a three piece orchestra began music for departure. Visitors were asked to leave. We were given streamers and confetti to toss to people on shore. The whistle blew and we were off! We passed Alcatraz Island then out toward the Pacific Ocean under the Golden Gate Bridge. Although the sky was a bit overcast we could see the Farallon Islands.

At one o'clock the dining hall opened for lunch. There was space enough to accomodate all of the passengers at one sitting. The dining hall had windows on both sides. It was a beautiful room. No matter where one sat at table there was a good view of the ocean.

At my table I met three most congenial ladies and we became friends immediately. We four traveled together on all shore excursions. We spent much time together on board also. We were at an officer's table. His name was Pers Eclund. He came only for the evening meal and some nights not at all. That first evening an elderly man traveling alone was also assigned to our table. One of the ladies had owned a Record Shop in San Francisco for fifty years. This man had worked with sound equipment for most of his life. He liked music. He took great delight in resurrecting songs (oldies) thinking to add a little spice to our lives. Maybe hoping to shock us. He sang nearly every night at dinner. He may have been well fortified at pre-dinner cocktail hour before he came in.

We were fortunate in having two excellent waiters, Luigi from Venice, Italy and Luis from Portugal. They took good care of us. There was a wine steward on duty at the evening meal to serve folks who wanted that type of refreshment with their meal. Wine was not furnished with the meal. No one paid for anything with cash. One signed a tab and the amount was added to one's account.

While I'm on the subject of food I may as well continue. Food service began at six thirty with Early Riser's Coffee. Here in Finlandia Bar one could have coffee, juice, and rolls until eight o'clock. At eight the dining room opened for regular breakfast where every kind of breakfast food was available. At ten, delicious hot bouillon and crackers were available again in Finlandia Bar. At 12:30 if the weather permitted there was a sumptuous buffet on deck. It was a sight to behold. At one, the dining room opened for regular lunch. I don't think anyone went to both lunches. My friends and I usually ate in the regular dining hall. We liked to be waited upon. Between four and five there was tea time. There were dainty cakes, sweet buns, and other goodies. After tea we played four card of Bingo. Bingo prizes were money collected from the Bingo card sales. Prizes ran as high as forty or more dollars.

Before dinner most folks came back to the main lounge where cocktails and hot and cold hors d'oeuvres were served or went to one of the smaller bars where hot and cold snacks were available. Dinner was served at seven thirty. Each dinner was a feast. At eleven thirty there was a midnight buffet.

It is no wonder that everyone left the ship heavier than when he or she boarded. Of course, no one was forced to eat but everything was irresistably delicious.

One could be as active or lazy as one chose. There were activities going on at all hours. In fact, at some times it was hard to make a choice as there would be two or three enticing choices available. Every evening there was entertainment, music and dancing. There were good films in the Sky Theater. Then too, it was pleasurable to walk the decks, or to sit in a deck chair and enjoy the ocean.

The captain had a special welcoming party for all of the passengers, also a farewell party. At these affairs, all kinds of drinks were free. At the Welcome Aboard party as the Captain greeted each of us individually, a photographer snapped a picture.

On Norwegian Independence Day, in the dining hall, one could either eat the regular menu or choose food from the Norwegian Smorgasboard. The tables were laden with most every kind of Scandinavian delicacy. Then just as we were about through eating all of the waiters went back to the kitchen. Lights were dimmed and in came a parade of waiters each holding aloft a flaming Baked Alaska!

At eight on Friday morning, May 9th, the Royal Viking docked in Los Angeles (Wilmington). We were there until four. Many more passengers came aboard. My assigned cabin mate was among the new arrivals. Her name was Nellie La Porte. She had come to California from Florida by train and was now on her way home. We got along very well. With the three new friends whom I had met at table the day before, we hired a taxi and went to Long Beach to see the Queen Mary. That was a worthwhile and fascinating tour. Part of the ship is used as a Hyatt House Hotel. Part of the bottom houses the Jacques Cousteau Museum. WE were also shown some parts of the engines and equipment that kept the ship running.

On the upper decks we were shown various types of accomodations for different classes of passengers. All quite elegant for the time that the ship was in service. There were shops on the upper decks just as there were when the Queen was new but these shops were not of the type that would have appealed to the rich folks who traveled on the Queen.

As the Queen Mary was used as a troop ship during WWII, one section showing how the soldiers were sardined into small spaces. Bunks were stacked so closely above one another that it would have been hard to turn over once one was in bed.

Our opinion of the Queen was that she may have been a wonderful ship in her day but we were glad to be on the Royal Viking.

We left Los Angeles at four in the afternoon of May 9th and were at sea until seven a.m. on Monday, May 12th. We docked at Mazatlan, Mexico. We took the shore trip that had been planned for us. This place had been a fishing village until quite recently. Now they are trying to attract tourist trade. They have a long way to go. Always on shore trips we were taken to stores selling items that hopefully might attract tourists. At one place we got to go inside a huge 'super' market where the natives shop regularly. It was a revelation. It was dark, hot and crowded inside. Food was heaped on counters, even meat, hamburger, everything, just heaped out in the open. Buyers brought their own containers, pots, bags, baskets, pails, etc.

Next morning at eight we were in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. This town has been in the tourist business for a long time so there were luxury hotels and beautiful shopping areas. After our bus trip we spent most of the afternoon enjoying the lovely garden area of one of the nice hotels near the beach.

This town was where Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton filmed the 'Nights of the Iguana.'

At one place we saw women sitting in a stream doing their laundry. Little children were enjoying a swim while Mamma scrubbed and visited.

On Tuesday evening we left Puerto Vallarta and sailed south. We did not see land again until Sunday morning, May 18th when we approached the entrance to the Panama Canal.

We saw schools of porpoises and occasionally some lone whales. We looked in vain for flying fish or luminous sea creatures.

We were about ten degrees above the Equator. There the amount of daylight and darkness are about equal. There isn't ever the long twilight that we enjoy in the northern latitudes.

Most of Sunday, May 18th was spent traversing the Panama Canal. That was a memorable high light of the trip. Most of the day we were on deck as we didn't want to miss a trick. We saw remnants of where the French had tried to build the canal before the U.S. got into the action.

One amazing fact we learned was that the canal had never been widened since it was constructed. How in the world could those planners have thought big enough to anticipate the sizes of ships that now use the canal???? At a number of places flocks of gaily colored tropical birds were a treat to the eye as they flew across the prow of the ship.

That Sunday night as we got into the Caribbean, the water was quite rough. That fact, plus the fact that we had spent most of the day in the sun, plus the fact that we had been eating too well for ten days, added up to only one conclusion - SEA SICKNESS!

Monday, May 19th, everything was fine. This was about our hottest day. We went ashore at Cartigena, Colombia, South America. Here we first went by bus to an old Spanish monastery where we could look down upon the entire city and harbor, a magnificent view. We also visited the old Spanish Fort of San Felipe that dominates the city. In fact, the entire old city of Cartigena is surrounded by a thick wall that is an extension of the fort. I had seen pictures of that fort in geography books many times and now not only to see it but to go inside was quite a thrill.

Our Colombian guide took us to a palm thatched place near the coast where we had a drink of coke and were treated to an exhibit of native dancing. Those dances, I just don't know how to convey an adequate word picture of them. I don't think a camera could do it. Those performers were so very supple it seemed their bones were all loose inside their brown skins. The themes of their dances bordered somewhat on the erotic.

Before we reached the dance place our guide said we would each be given a small sack of Colombian coffee, courtesy of the Colombian Coffee Growers Association. I asked him if Juan Valdez would be there to hand it out personally. He laughed. He knew about the commercial that we see on TV. He said that Juan is a Spanish movie actor.

In addition to coffee and petroleum, Colombia has emeralds for export. WE stopped in an emerald shop. The gems were exquisite but you can be sure that the prices were too. Street vendors in Colombia were numerous and persistent. There were many, many beggars.

At six the next evening we docked in the harbor of Curacao. This island belongs to the Netherlands. They also own Ariba and Bon Aire. These three islands have huge oil refineries to take care of the crude oil produced in Colombia and Venezuela.

The climate is warm and dry. The soil is poor so not much of anything of value grows. Early settlers tried to grow oranges but the product turned out a brown skinned, inedible fruit. Now the thrifty Dutch weren't about to let these oranges go to waste so they concocted a liquer from the skins. They called it Curacao. We visited a Curacao bottling works (and sales room). Here we were given a small paper cup of the brew. Most of us thought it too sweet. It must be used as a mixer with rum. I'm quite sure that we had some mixed with our 'free' drinks that were included in our bus fares.

The entrance to the harbor at Willemstad, the capital, is quite narrow. Only one ship can enter or leave at one time. The harbor itself is quite large and well protected. There is a pontoon bridge across the harbor to connect both sides of the city. It was quite something to see pedestrians hurry just as the bridge was about to open. Some even disregarded danger and leapt across the opening gap.

As we waited in our tour buses we wondered why we didn't get moving. Our guide explained the delay. At first we thought she was joking. She said there is a feud between the taxi drivers and the tour buses. During the winter when many tour ships dock there, there is work for both bus and taxi. Now with summer coming on fewer ships come. Competition gets nasty. Our buses were surrounded by a taxi blockade. It took police, with tow trucks, to dislodge them. Even after we were on the move one taxi got ahead of us determined to be a nuisance. Luckily a police spotted him, and we were given police escort on the whole island tour.

There are many goats on the island. These are turned loose daily to forage for themselves. They always return to their owners at night because they will be given water.

There was no begging in Curacao and no street vendors following passengers. There were many, many well stocked shops. There are beautiful hotels. The place is clean and people looked well dressed. There were interesting things for sale but there was nothing cheap. After our morning bus tour we spent most of the afternoon in the town.

We left on Wednesday evening and were out of sight of land until Friday morning when at eight we docked in Montego Bay, Jamaica. Here in Jamaica our shore trip took us to Rose Hall, a distance of about ten miles. On our tour we saw many banana plantations. We noticed that trees growing naturally hadn't much chance of survival. It's branches were attacked by orchid plants which are parasites. Strangling fig vines smothered them from below. Termites made huge mud nests in the few remaining branches.

Rose Hall was at one time a magnificent structure. It figured in early slave trading days. A wealthy person from the U.S. is currently restoring it to its original grandeur.

Montego Bay isn't quite the tourist attraction that Kingston is. There seems to be more order in its shopping area.

We left Jamaica at four on Friday afternoon and headed north west between Cuba and Haiti. Our destination was Port Everglades, Florida, U.S.A.

At ten on Sunday morning our Royal Viking Sky cruise came to an end. Although we had had a marvelous trip, we were happy to see a piece of the United States again. It was truly BEAUTIFUL!