

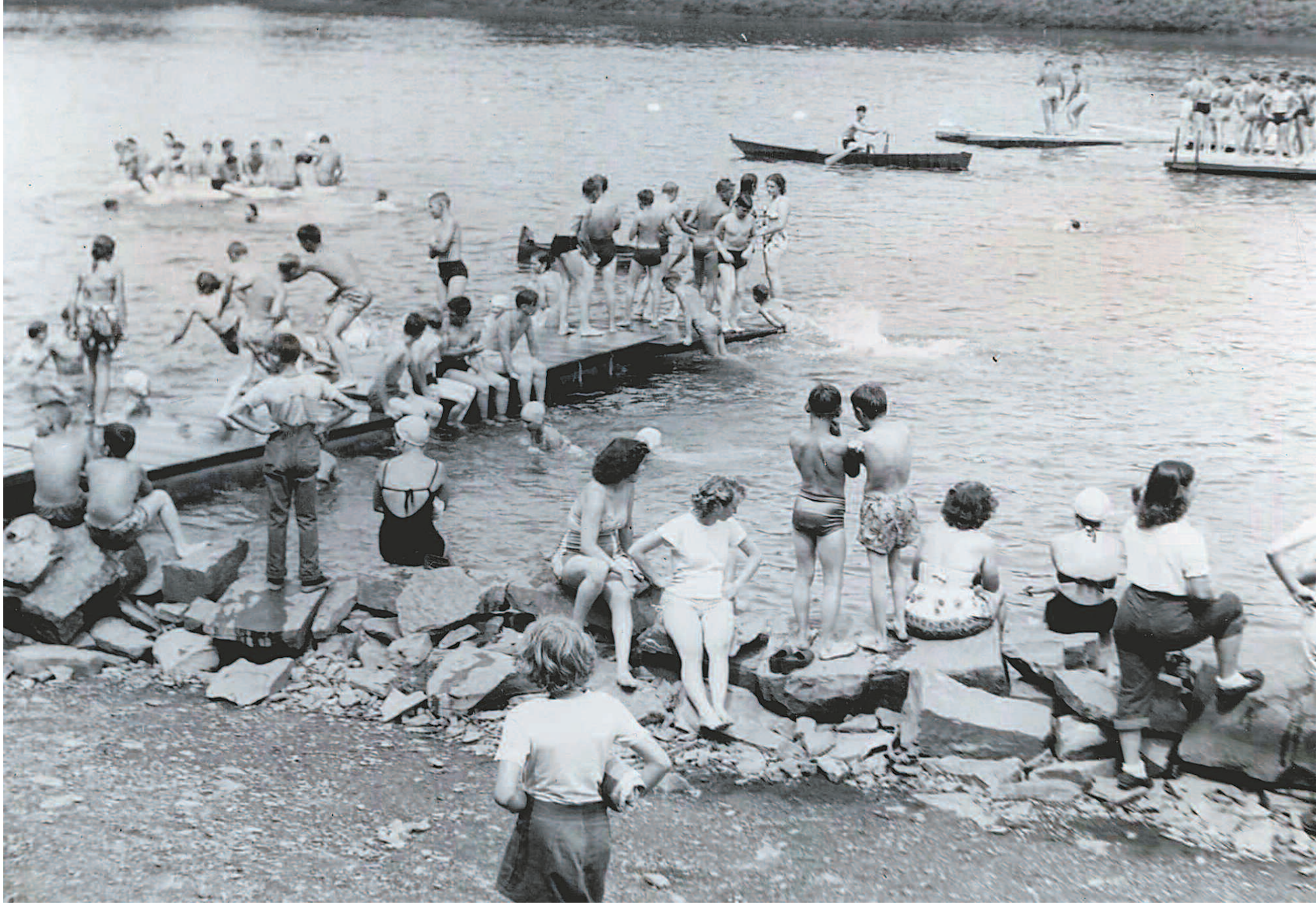
I REMEMBER WHEN

EXPRESS READERS REFLECT ON DAYS GONE BY

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Supplement to The Express

24 Pages • 2010





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Express readers take time to 'Remember When'

We asked our Express readers to respond to our request to think back to the good ole days and submit their memories for inclusion in our second annual "I Remember When..." special publication.

And as always, we had a wonderful response.

We've compiled all of those memories on the following pages, along with some great photos discovered in The Express' archives.

■ On Page 4, Weldon C. Cohick Jr. of Linden

remembers growing up with his dog, Jack, who even followed him to school and was well-loved by his teacher and classmates.

■ Beryl Roach of Lock Haven writes about her teenage years as an employee at The Express, making \$20 a week. Her story is on Page 5.

■ On Page 8, Deb Rupert remembers trips as a child to Unkel Joe's Woodshed when she would get a big stick pretzel upon entering and picking out a lucky

number chip for a 10 percent discount at the check out.

■ The Santa Hut has been in Triangle Park at Christmastime for many decades. On Page 13, children crowded around the hut waiting to see Santa years ago... just as they still do today.

■ On Page 14, Carol Matheny recalls the beautifully wrapped gifts from the ladies clothing stores that once graced Main Street — Grossman's, Luria's and the

Smart Shop.

■ Cathy Kline of Lock Haven remembers growing up in a big family — 10 children — on Page 16.

■ On page 19, Ralph E. Crouse Jr. of Renovo remembers his dad's hunting camp, Camp Lookout, near Keating.

■ Check out the bathing beauties on Page 21 and see if you remember any of these men. They were contestants in the 1962 Miss American Pageant.

These are but a few of the interesting stories submitted by our readers for this special publication.

We must note that this edition is made possible through the outstanding support of The Express' loyal advertisers. As a matter of fact, some of these businesses have been around for quite some time and their history is tied directly to the history of their communities and the lives of our readers.

We hope you'll enjoy the stories, photos and advertisements ... and "Remember When."

I REMEMBER WHEN...

I remember when I was little (the 1940s) and my grandmother and grandfather lived in Renovo. They had an old black phone. No dial piece or private lines and their phone number was 32R. Today it's a much more modernized world.

■ Darlene M. Wallen, Jersey Shore

Directly across the river was the corner of Race and Water streets. There was a gas station on the up river corner, alongside the station there was an outdoor hydraulic lift used to service cars. Just before the water overflowed its banks the gas attendants put a car on the lift and raised it about six feet off the ground to where they thought it would be safe.

■ W. Clair King Jr., Bellefonte

We watched with anticipation and finally about mid afternoon the high water swept the car off the lift. We were about ages 9 and 7 at the time and needless to say it made our day.

I REMEMBER WHEN...

I remember Coach Davis when I played with the "Purple and White Bobcats" on the real grass at J. Painter Stadium.

In those days, real football was on the real grass and there was a special feeling in the air!

Back then, there was Nels Hoffman, Don Malinak and those times when we walked out of the locker room with the clip clop of the cleats up the street across the overhead bridge and onto the field.

We agreed that once a Bobcat, always a Bobcat!

Also, we agree that Purple and White is a true classic color!

End of an era!

■ Charles Miller, Jersey Shore

I REMEMBER WHEN...

I remember when we had dances on the weekend. We had the Teen Canteen up over the police station, then we had dances at the YMCA, first on the first floor and then on the second floor. The Venture Den was caddy-corner from the Y. Then on Bald Eagle Street... the 300 block... there was Randy Dixon and his band.

■ Dianna L. Miller

I REMEMBER WHEN...

I remember when my brother and I stood in our front yard watching the muddy water in the Susquehanna River roll by during the Great St. Patrick's Day Flood of 1936. We had an excellent vantage point as our home was on the terrace on the Lockport side of the river.

■ Anson Brookens

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I REMEMBER WHEN...

Back in 1940 before the start of World War II, my family moved from Chestnut Street in Mill Hall, down to Spook Hollow in Piatt Township, below Jersey Shore. My sister June and I had finished our second grade in the Mill Hall school which still stands on the banks of Fishing Creek. We welcomed the drastic change from the Mill Hall School to the one-room Martin Grade School up Spook Hollow, which had one school teachers, 26 students, no electricity, no running water, no indoor bathroom, a hand-fired wood and coal furnace and no white or chocolate milk, which was available at Mill Hall.

■ *Weldon C. Cohick Jr., Linden*

A whole new world opened up to me for the first time in my short life. I was in the country, I could fish, swim, build hideouts, climb trees and do everything that only the native Indians experienced in their lives. Soon after moving up Spook Hollow, I started exploring the large tracks of forests by myself, out of curiosity. As though I was led by destiny through the wooded area about a mile from home, I discovered a little female Dachshund, as she exited from a large brush pile in a very aggressive manner. Someone had abandoned her and she chose this brush pile as the place to give birth to her five little puppies. I carried water and food to her for several days and every visit she began to accept me more and more. Finally she allowed me to retrieve her pups and hold them in my lap.

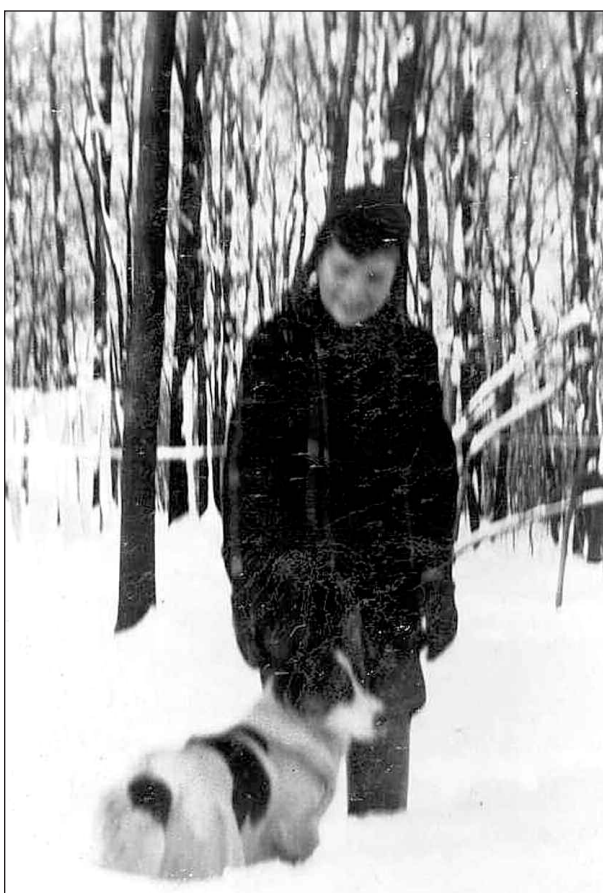
When they were about six weeks old, I brought my pick of the litter home. The first night after dark and for several nights afterwards, this little weiner dog mother would follow my scent for a mile through the woods and scratch on the front door of our house. I would let her in, at which

time she would nurse my pup until he was full. She would then go to the door and want out. In the dark she would return back to the brush pile to feed and protect her four other pups. I soon found homes for the other four pups and also for this amazing mother dog, whom I still remember after 70 years.

I named my pup Jack, and I took a picture of him laying on the porch of the Martin Grade School in the 1940s. Jack went to our one-room country school every morning and stayed all day. The students and teachers accepted Jack as an icon. In the winter months Jack would lay by the teacher's desk. If he had to go outside he would come back to my desk and whine. Then bark to be left back inside.

Because there were six children in our family, there was always some of the Cohick children attending this school through the years. Jack brought joy to all students and teachers who attended this Martin one-room school from 1940 to 1953. The students all carried their lunch and they enjoyed giving Jack treats from their lunch box. Jack claimed the land and the school house as his domain. No dog or stranger was allowed to tread on it. Jack was a friendly dog, but he could become very defensive or protective, if the occasion arose. He once attacked a black bear that wandered into our yard, which our mother had witnessed from the commotion outside her bedroom window.

I enlisted in the United States Air Force after graduating from the Jersey Shore High School in 1951. Because of the Korean War, I was assigned to the 20th Air Force Headquarters on the island of Okinawa. I said good bye to Jack upon leaving. I often wonder if Jack missed me while I was gone. I'm convinced he did. I never saw my brush pile buddy again, but at age 78, I still harbor the previous memories of moving up Spook Hollow as a small boy, and how I grew up with the first dog that I ever owned. Jack passed away before I came home from the Korean War.



Weldon Cohick Jr. with his pup Jack

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I REMEMBER WHEN...

I remember the snowy winter days in the 50s and 60s. If it snowed, the buses still came and we had to go to school on the bus. They didn't cancel school for snow days like they do today. If you happen to see a light coating of snow on the highway, everything's shut down now.

■ *Judy Joy,
Bellefonte*

I remember where MacIntyre's car dealership is today, is where the city used to dump all the snow from the streets. We used to play over there and sometimes we'd find some loose money. next to that in the open field was an ice pond. I think the city filled it up to freeze. What fun that was. I didn't have any skates, so my cousin Pat Miller and I shared his. Back then, there were lots of high snow storms. During the summer, there was a carnival in the same place where the ice pond was.

I remember the railroad and there were houses side-by side the whole way through the town. There are no signs of that today. Hodes Junk Yard was in the area of Jassamine Street. Across Park Street near Kephart Plaza there was a playground. It's still there. If you went early in the morning everyone said the Pledge of Allegiance to the flag before we were allowed to play. Most times we waited until that was over to go so we wouldn't have to join in. That's the way kids are.

Next to the playground was the Little League ball field. I spent many nights there then, as my son was a pitcher on the Elks team. Also, behind the ballfield there were white government housing units. I don't recall how many, but I remember they were long and I believe they had one floor.

Also on Park Street near Kephart Plaza was a small grocer store, like the old mom and pop stores. It was Heiny's Store. The man and his wife lived in the back of the store. Some of the kids in the neighborhood would get wagons and go around and collect soda bottles and take them to Hodes and get five cents each for them. Then they would take the money and go to Heiny's Store and buy popsicles and candy.

It was really great to be in Lock Haven back then. The town wasn't full of drugs back then like it is now. You could go to bed, not lock anything up, not your house or your car. It was pretty peaceful then.

A couple of years ago, my friend Pat Powell was in town and we spent some time together, and the first thing she wanted to do was go up Main Street. Well, she said, not much has changed. We just laughed.

I REMEMBER WHEN...

I remember when we kids went to the Teen Canteen for dances, to the Allegheny Creamery for their wonderful chocolate malt, to Jock Peddie's for a soda, to the skating rink, and Friday night school football games, ice skating on the canal in Flemington, the Woolrich Community Center and the Girl Scout Camp Minooka. We did not have expensive electronic toys, and if we did have a phone it was at home and was probably a party line, but we had fun ...lots of fun.

■ *Yvonne
(Taylor)
Weaver,
Loganton*

I REMEMBER WHEN...

I remember when they had the Snack Shack by the creek in Castanea ... when we could go trick or treating every night of Halloween... the 1927 flood when we had to wade water up to our waist to the railroad tracks to get in a fire truck to go to LHU ... when they had the biggest fireman's parade ever.

■ *Dianna
Miller, Mill
Hall*

I REMEMBER WHEN...

I remember when I went to work at The Express at age 17 plus one day... 5 1/2 days a week for \$20... that was 1943. I worked in circulation under Bob Forney and at that time had the privilege of getting to know the "old timers" —

■ *Beryl
Roach, Lock
Haven*

Frank D. O'Reilly Sr., publisher; Frank D. Jr., Johnny Wynn, Martha Zeigler, Elizabeth Moyer, Gerard Putnam, Helen Hennessey, Maude Fleming, Collette Haag and composing room people Minn Barrett, Mary Poorman, Whitey Tolbert, Alfred Fahringer, Ed (?) Nonemaker, Bill Grugan, Elmer Eyer and others I may not remember.

Those were the days when the paper was put together letter by letter in large metal trays. I especially remember being in town when WW II ended and everyone was called in to put out the special edition — late in the day.

About the end of three years I asked for a raise to \$25 and Mr. O'Reilly said the job was not worth that much, and if that was what I wanted, to look for another job, which I did of course. A good learning experience. Becky Gross was in the service at that time, but on occasion would be in the office.

Congratulations!

The Jersey Shore Hospital Board of Directors and Medical Staff wish to congratulate Dr. Thomas Connolly, orthopedic surgeon, for recently passing his re-examination boards from the American board of Orthopedic Surgery. For re-certification, Connolly had to pass a stringent, three-hour oral examination in Chicago. Prior to sitting for the exam, he was required to complete 120 hours of continuing medical education and undergo a stringent peer-review process. In order to maintain board certification, this process must be performed by orthopedic surgeons every ten years. This is the third time he has passed this exam.

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I REMEMBER WHEN...

I remember when I was in elementary school. I attended Woolrich Elementary School from 1964-70. It was the best. We were blessed with wonderful teachers who instilled a love of learning in all of us.

Mrs. Walker was my favorite teacher.

She taught third grade. Everyday after recess, she would have us sit in our seats with our heads down and read to us. I think my love of reading comes from her and my dad. Mr. John Barry was our principal and sixth grade teacher. He was like a father to all of us. He was stern when he needed to be, but very loving and encouraging. I remember the wooden paddle being used, but I remember seeing many many more hugs and head rubs handed out.

We learned to swim with lessons at the YMCA, and we attended plays at Lock Haven Teachers College. I remember sitting in that huge auditorium waiting for the play to begin and singing "B-I-N-G-O," and then on the way back on the school bus, singing "100 bottles of Beer on the Wall." We probably wouldn't be permitted to sing that now.

Halloween brought trays of white powdered donuts from the Stroehmann Bakery in Williamsport and fresh apple cider provided by the PTA. And then, when it grew colder, Mr. Barry would flood the tennis courts so we could bring our ice skates to school and skate at recess.

We would play Whiskey. Oh, to have that much energy now!

I remember at Christmas time, there was always a very tall tree set up in the front hall and all grades

■ *Philippa Barton VanGorder, Lock Haven*

would decorate it and sing O' Christmas Tree. I cannot hear that song and not think of Woolrich Elementary. We had a school nurse who wore her white cap. It was awesome. And people who did not attend Woolrich never believe this part, but when you got a scrape that needed Mercurochrome applied, she would paint your first initial on your nose. It was like a badge of courage. Seriously, I am not kidding. Ask anyone who went there! We always knew who got hurt at recess that day.

The classes were big back then, no aids or helpers... only parents for class parties and programs. The same names were in almost every classroom: Schlesinger, Eggler, Dugan, Colucci, Copenhaver, Williamson and Calhoun to name a few. Even the kitchen staff was wonderful. They were like our mothers... telling us to clean up our plates. And every year on the last day of school, everyone would ride their bikes to school and we would have a big picnic at the Woolrich Park. And sometimes, yep, sometimes, I would cry because it was the last day of school and because it was all over for another year. I would have to wait all summer to go back. Yes, I remember Woolrich Elementary School, do you?

I REMEMBER WHEN...

I remember when West Bald Eagle Street was closed to cars and traffic so kids could ride sleds down the hill. It was a lot of fun and we would be cold to the bone, but we'd keep walking up the hill so we could go down again. Anyone else remember ice skating on the river?

■ *Shirley Moore, McElhattan*

I REMEMBER WHEN...

I remember the Great Depression. I also remember when you didn't need to lock your doors at night or if you went away.

I also remember when we didn't have school buses or snow days. At one time we knew all our neighbors.

I remember bums knocking at doors and asking for something to eat. They also had places where they cooked and slept on the ground. They rode in box cars. My dad said they had our home marked some way because so many showed up. They knew we would feed them.

I remember when gasoline was 15 cents a gallon, a pound of coffee was 19 cents. I remember when you didn't have to be afraid to stop and help people if they were having car trouble or other troubles. When I was in fourth grade our teacher told us we were going to vote for a national anthem and we got what we voted for. It seemed unbelievable. People talked and dressed decent and our government wasn't rotten.

I remember when our veterans went to Washington and President Hoover turned the guns on them.

■ *Verb Laubscher, Lock Haven*

I REMEMBER WHEN...

I remember when Bud and Faye Davis had a restaurant on Main Street, across the street from the Texas Restaurant. They had delicious food. During the war, they were open 24 hours a day. They were great people.

■ *Patricia Poorman, Lock Haven*



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I remember when I got up at 5 a.m. to bring the cattle into the barn at about 6:30 a.m. the milk truck would come and bottle the milk or can it. After we milked the cows, we would have breakfast... sometimes fried eggs, fried potatoes. In the summer, I would come to the farm and help out. We had horses and tractors. We would drag the hay from under the loader with the fork. We would butcher pigs in the fall. I worked the farm until I was old enough to work in a store. I worked in that store for 35 years and retired in 1976 and have been worn out ever since.

■ Glenn Andrews,
Lock Haven

I REMEMBER WHEN...

I remember when I was little, Glenn Thompson used to come to our place down on Hanna Street with my brother, Floyd Herr, who was a milkman. He worked for Confer's Dairy at Howard.

■ Marietta Mary (Herr) Estes,
Lock Haven

I remember my dad, Charles E. Herr ... he made a boat in our backyard to take his baby (me) for a ride. He died before he finished it. I loved my dad and family.

I REMEMBER WHEN...



A CENTURY OF WORSHIP

This plain, simple church building, surrounded by its historic old burial ground, celebrated its 100th anniversary in 1951. Does anyone remember the name of this church?.....Dunnstown Methodist Church

I REMEMBER WHEN...

I remember when I was a teenager. I worked at Henry's Restaurant on Main Street. Every morning I would have to bring coffee and a donut over to WBPZ Radio Station to Jim Remick. They were upstairs over the old Sandwich Shop. All the people would come in the restaurant for Dave's famous pies and good food. I worked for 50 cents an hour. We made good tips also. I was a junior in high school.

■ Betty Reidell,
Lock Haven

I REMEMBER WHEN...

I remember when... in the early 50's a group of 23 BPOE Elks and their wives got on board at the Lock Haven station a coal burning train from Williamsport with a big bunch from Billtown heading to Chicago, Ill., for the inauguration of Howard Davis from Williamsport as National Grand Exalted ruler. No pullman sleeper cars, only coach and gritty soot. BPOE #182, who had over 1,100 members, paid half of the train fare which included a bar car.

■ PER Howard Casselberry,
Lock Haven

I REMEMBER WHEN...

I remember when every family in the neighborhood had at least four to six kids. Every night all summer long, we'd choose someone's yard and the whole neighborhood played kickball.

■ Teresa Bartholomew

I remember when pop bottles were worth 2-5 cents each, so we'd take wagons and scour the whole neighborhood then cash them in and buy candy at Nicastro's little store. We'd all split the candy and everyone was happy.

I remember when the Snack Shack pizza parlor was on the creek road. And we'd have it for dinner on Fridays. Best pizza ever.

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I REMEMBER WHEN...

I remember when there were trees lining many of the streets in Lock Haven and how much fun we used to have with the leaves that fell from them during the fall. I remember shuffling through those leaves as we walked home from school and collecting them into piles and jumping into them when there were friends to play with. We would be walking along and there would be showers of pretty leaves. We gathered interesting ones and pressed them in books for school projects or we would put them between two sheets of wax paper and press them with mom's iron, usually on her ironing board. Then we would make a book cover with it.

■ *Marcia Waite Barner, Mill Hall*

Along with those leaves there were horse chestnuts that fell to the ground, especially along West Church and West Main streets. My mother and I were recently reminiscing about Lock Haven and things that we kids did when I went to school. We were laughing about how those horse chestnuts were like treasures to us. We would gather them and stick them in our pockets and our mothers would find them when they went to do laundry and we would string them to make bracelets and necklaces. The boys liked to use them for ammunition for cops and robbers. We truly thought those two gifts of nature were real treasures.

I remember when I began going to the Ross Library and got my first card. I was about the age of 5 and you entered the Children's Library through the back door on the library building. My mother finally allowed me to make regular visits on my own because I only needed to cross the alley that runs behind the library building and

I thought that it was just great to be able to go and hear the stories and borrow the books. So when we moved to Grove Street in the city, I began attending Penn School. I was having trouble with reading and a teacher named Miss Ruth Rote took me under her wing and worked with me to help me to improve my reading skills. Years later she found a couple of special story books which I had taken to school from home to use for practice and she gave them to my younger sister, Nancy, to bring home to me. I was so surprised to get them back. I will always be grateful for the caring teachers that I had all through my public education years. My interest in the library and love of reading grew from those elementary school years.

I remember when Beth Yehuda Synagogue was being built while we lived on West Church Street. My mother was always warning me to stay away from the construction site which was just across the street from our home and I had a friend who lived next door to where the building was going on. We got a few splinters from being around where we weren't supposed to be, but never got seriously injured. Later on when we moved to Pearl Street, Rabbi Sussman and his family moved in next door to us. Their daughter Jeanne was a little bit older than me but she extended a couple of invitations to me to come along with her and her mother or father to take care of some errands at the Synagogue and she showed much about the items and traditions within their house of worship. It was odd to be able to go into that building after having been around while it was under construction just a few years before.

I remember when we walked to school every day from up on the hill. We moved to Pearl Street from downtown. Most of the children from Bennage Avenue, Woods Avenue and on down attended Lincoln School,

where Dickey is now. Winters were quite interesting because we encountered so many hilly areas in our treks. Bald Eagle Street is especially steep from Highland to Fairview and it was quite tricky getting to school without falling on your behind when ice would form on that particular part of the sidewalk. I would always hope that there would be some snow thrown on there to get some "tread" or the kids would join hands and away we would go sliding right on through, trying to put on the brakes at the corner of Fairview.

I also remember Mrs. Probst and the bible School sessions that she held in the basement of her home one day a week after school. I still have some little Bible verse cards in my Bible that she had given for incentives to learn. And I remember that the Overhead Bridge was a daily part of our route to school when I began seventh grade. It was neat to get up on that bridge and look out over, especially when a train was coming through the area. We sure used that bridge a lot because we went back and forth across to the athletic field for gym classes and pep rallies. Now that was exercise.

I REMEMBER WHEN...

I remember when my mom and I used to go to Unkel Joe's Woodshed and soon after you walked in the door they would give you a big stick pretzel and when you left the store you got to draw a lucky number chip. If your number matched your shopping bag, you got 10 percent off. I still shop there to this day. Everyone has always been very nice.

■ *Deb Rupert, Lock Haven*

Lynda Anne Carey

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I REMEMBER WHEN...

It was in the late fall of 1928 when I went to T.M. Kunes store to buy a penny's worth of candy. And in the window I saw her ... a doll ... the dearest baby doll I have every seen. She looked so soft and cuddly, just what I wanted and needed. I hated the stiff dolls I got at Christmas. They were so very stiff and not cuddly or soft. She was in the store window for sale for the coming Christmas. So for November and December I ran to the store to look at the doll I would be getting for Christmas.

But my mother kept telling me I would not be getting her. Before school in the morning and after I had my lunch I ran to the window. She was still there. Gloria, she was so sweet and cuddly. I just couldn't wait for Christmas to come and she would be mine. Any faith I had in God told me I would get Gloria for Christmas in spite of what my mother said.

Christmas came and I went into the living door where the Christmas tree stood. She wasn't there. I sat down in the kitchen and pouted. I was so let down. No Gloria. The family coaxed me to go into the room where the tree stood and all the other seven kids were happy with what they got. I wasn't. I wanted Gloria. I knew what I would be getting for Christmas — the usual stiff doll, a pair of stockings and a book. I would not go in to see that stuff... no way.

My mother called Dorothy my sister who was two years older than me. She took her into the pantry and talked to her. When my mother did something like that, you knew something was about to happen. I knew right then I was going to get Gloria. My mother reached up to

■ Lois
Kessinger,
age 91,
Beech Creek

her sugar bowl where she kept her little money. She gave Dorothy something and she left the house. Later she came back bearing my beautiful doll. I loved that doll. I loved her so much but there was something wrong. I could see my mother taking the money from her cherished sugar bowl, with the little money she had in it. I could see it all. She needed that money ... every penny ... for our home. We were desperately poor. The big depression was going on. But I had to have that doll, but the money was needed elsewhere.

I REMEMBER WHEN...

I remember when my dad, Roy Douty, from Greenburr, would load up all us kids and go to Lock Haven on Saturday. This was in 1947, 48 and 49. He gave each of us money and we would go to Newberry's. Our first purchase was comic books. Then we bought candy to take to the movies.

There were three movie theaters in town... the Roxy, Garden and Martin. We had to spend our money with care, so we always went to the Martin. We loved the cowboy movies. The short serials left us excited. What would happen next week?

Lock Haven was a lovely busy town. My mom (Florence) went shopping and my dad (Roy) went to Montgomery Wards and then on to the Sandwich Shop of Texas. There he would see a friend of his, Harris Lipez. Mr. Lipez always asked, "Roy, how is my radio station (WBPZ) coming into Sugar Valley?" My dad would say, "Well, Harris, I can hear you fairly good up to 5 p.m. and then I lose you."

■ Vivian
(Douty)
Gentzel,
Loganton

After a nice day in downtown Lock Haven we would go home. If oysters were available, my dad would make oyster stew for supper. After we ate, we read our comic books.

It was another wonderful day of childhood

I REMEMBER WHEN...

I remember when Blanchard had many stores. There was James Garage, Vonada's store, Milt Kunes' store, George Page's store, Gerard Courter's shoe sales and repairs, Sohmer's Market Clover Farm, Al Moon's store and pool room, Bill Dietz store, John Joy's Meat Market, Norris Harter Garage and Filling Station, John Campbell's store, Edgar Bechdel's Dairy and undertaker, Bill Kessinger's store and Cider Press, Salisbury's Garage and Bill Fudge Gas Station. They're all gone now.

■ Robert
Pat Davy,
Blanchard

I REMEMBER WHEN...

I remember when my best friend and I would play paper dolls for hours. We'd keep them in old cigar and Fanny Farmer candy boxes. We had names for all of them. Somedays we'd dress up in our mother's old clothes (hats, high heels, beads) and walk down the sidewalks with our dolls in doll carts, pretending that we were married to rich husbands.

Times were so simple then, no TVs or computers, but we had fun. Supper was "hash" made out of leftovers. My grandchildren will miss those good ole days.

■ Carole
Anderson,
Jersey Shore



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IT'S A LONG TREK

It was a long, cold walk home for these youngsters after spending the day sledding down onto the river. A clean path can be seen next to the long trail of children. Does anyone remember sledding during the winter months?



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Youth 6-13 yrs	N/A	N/A	\$75	N/A
Teen 14-18 yrs	\$66	\$132	\$264	\$22/month
College Student	\$72	\$144	\$288	\$24/month
Adult 18+ yrs	\$111	\$222	\$444	\$37/month
Senior Citizen (62+ yrs)	\$84	\$168	\$336	\$28/month
Couple	\$135	\$270	\$540	\$45/month
Single Parent Family	\$144	\$288	\$576	\$48/month
Family	\$150	\$300	\$600	\$50/month

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* Each new membership is subject to prorated fee dependent upon join date, total fee will be calculated at the time of join.

* For information or questions about your potential YMCA membership, please contact the YMCA front desk.

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YMCA GUEST PASS/FEES 2010

Daily Guest Passes (Includes use of weight room, fitness center, locker rooms, sauna and gymnasium)	\$5	
Gymnasium Passes (Includes use of only the gymnasium)	\$3	
Climbing Wall (1st/3rd Fridays 7-9 pm)	\$3/YMCA Members \$5/Potential Members	
Public Swim Passes (Available Tue/Thu 6-8 pm & Sun 1-3 PM)	\$5	
Pool Punch Cards	\$40/15 punches	
Fitness Classes	Free/YMCA Members \$5/Potential Member	
Fitness Punch Cards	\$40/12 punches	

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Rental Fees (per hour)

Facility	Member Rate	Potential Rate
Gymnasium (1/2)	\$45	\$60
Dan Piper Pool	\$65	\$75
Rock Wall	\$35	\$50
Riverview Room	\$15	\$25
Teen Center	\$15	\$25

* Equipment including chairs, tables, trash cans and cleaning supplies are available upon request.

Party Package (per hour)

Package	Member Rate	Potential Rate
Swim-n-Gym Package Includes: 1 hour in gym and 1 hour in pool	\$90	\$115
Climb-n-Run Package Includes: 1 hour in gym and 1 hour on rock wall	\$70	\$100
3 in 1 Package Includes: 1 hour in gym, pool and rock wall	\$125	\$150
Birthday Party Package Includes: 1 hour in pool and room for cake/gifts	\$75	\$90
Adventure Package Includes: 1 hour in pool plus 1 hour for moonbounce/rockwall	\$150	\$175

HOURS OF OPERATION: Mon.-Thur 5 am-10 pm; Fri. 5 am-9 pm,
Sat. 8 am-8 pm; Sun. 11 am-6 pm

I REMEMBER WHEN...



John Sementelli and his brother James working on 'The Dinky'.

I remember when our dad, John Sementelli Sr. and his brother, our uncle James Sementelli worked at the Lock Haven Papermill. they worked on the railroad train called "The Dinky." I would take our younger brother, Tommy over to the mill and they would give him a ride. He was

■ Patricia Overdorf

about 4 or 5 years old. he looked forward to the trips over there.

I remember back in the late 1930s my oldest brother, Tony Sementelli, worked for the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) over in the Loganton area. Brother Jimmy had a car and took dad and myself along over for a visit. It took us forever to get there and to come home to Lock Haven. I never though we'd get there.

I REMEMBER WHEN...

Attention shoppers, there is currently a sale on...whatever. It's a common announcement on loudspeakers at super department stores. There are some advantages to having the conveniences of shopping in a huge store, as we can buy everything we need in one trip. I enjoy this convenience as well as anyone else.

■ Sharon Wagner, Avis

But wait... are we missing something that is pretty much phased out nowadays? What are we missing with the loss of many of the "Mom and Pop" businesses that are now few and far between in our business world? It used to be that most businesses were family owned and run. We may have needed to go to more than one store to get everything we needed. These businesses tended to specialize in one type of merchandise, rather than all types of merchandise. But believe me, they fully understood and took pride in the merchandise they sold us! No matter how good of a job a hired clerk or store manager does, I don't believe that the job will be done with the same attitude of pride that a person will do when he or she

is the owner of the business. Hired clerks and managers come and go. They will leave a job or maybe transfer if a better position is available somewhere else. I can understand this, but miss having the business owners stay in the same store for many years.

Most importantly of all, most small business owners cared about the customers. Many of them lived in the community where their business was located. They cared about and were a part of the community. Most of them were on a first name basis with their customers. We were able to watch the business owners' families grow, and they would also watch our families grow. If the store wasn't busy, we would sometimes talk about our families or the store owners' families. I think that we have really lost out on the sense of community and pride that the family-run business brought to this area, and indeed; so has our entire country. We probably won't be able to reverse the trend towards conglomerate businesses, but I think that all of our remaining small business owners should be commended and patronized by us. They certainly have a lot to offer to their communities.

SANTA IS COMING!

Santa's Hut has been located in Triangle Park for many years. In this photo, date unknown, children swarmed around the hut waiting to visit Santa following the annual Christmas parade, just as they do today.



BITTNER'S STORE

This store on Bellefonte Avenue was buzzing with customers, or visitors, when this picture was taken. Mr. Bittner was the owner of the store. He stands, with an order book in his hands in the middle of the store.

I REMEMBER WHEN...

I remember Fran Rossman and his TV-radio repair shop. When I first met Fran, I was a very young teenager. Fran had his shop on Henderson Street, right below Jimmy Lapanas' Barber shop.

■ Mike
Ryan,
McElhattan

When you walked into Fran's shop, you were overcome by the smell of melted rosin core solder, ozone and the odor of burned transformers, it was so thick and rich you could almost cut it with a knife.

I walked into the shop one night carrying a grocery bag with all of the tubes from our tv set in it. My father had pulled them out and wanted me to have Fran test them. Dad wouldn't go in himself because he didn't want anyone to think he didn't know what he was doing. He parked up the street in front of Peddy's hardware store and sent me down to have the tubes tested.

As I walked in, Fran was working at a bench on a tv set chassis turned on its side with an oscilloscope hooked to it.

He looked at me appraisingly and said what do you want? I said that I'd like to have the tubes in my bag tested and he said, I don't test tubes. I said I'm sorry I interrupted you and thank you for your time. Before I go to the door, he said what is the matter with your tv? I said we have picture but no sound. He said what kind of tv is it and I said it was a wards Airlive. He then asked what the cabinet looked like. Then he said get in your bag and see if you have a SC4 tube in there, which I did.

He then directed me to a box full of used tubes all with a piece of white adhesive tape on them and the tubes number. He said get a SC4 out of there and see if it doesn't fix your set, bring me my tube back then.

He was absolutely right, our set worked perfectly. When I went back with his tube I offered him fifty cents for it as per dad's instructions.

He said no, your dad's already cheated me out of a service call, if he wants a tube from me he is going to pay the retail price for it because I have to eat also.

I walked to the car and told him he would sell us a new tube for \$1.95 but not the used one. After a few choice

words concerning Fran's lineage, dad gave me the money for the new tube.

Some years later, I asked Fran why he had helped me. He told me I had been polite and he realized I was stuck between a rock (dad) and a hard place (himself) that's why he had helped me.

He was a good guy and I mourn his passing Oct. 26 this year.

I REMEMBER WHEN...

For your birthday or Christmas, it was extra special to have a bright pink box under the tree or a green box beside your birthday cake or a white box with gold ivy on it for a special occasion. Those presents were from Grossman's, The Smart Shop or Luria's. It was always very exciting. We still have some of those boxes and bags and it brings back great memories.

■ Carol
Matheney,
Mill Hall

Since 1951, The Anastos Family continues the tradition dad started, serving food in Lock Haven.

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CITY REFRACTORY

The old city refractory was located across the street from the Immaculate Conception Catholic Church on Water Street in Lock Haven where the Lock Haven Catholic School stands now. Who remembers when the smoke from the refractory lofted over the city?

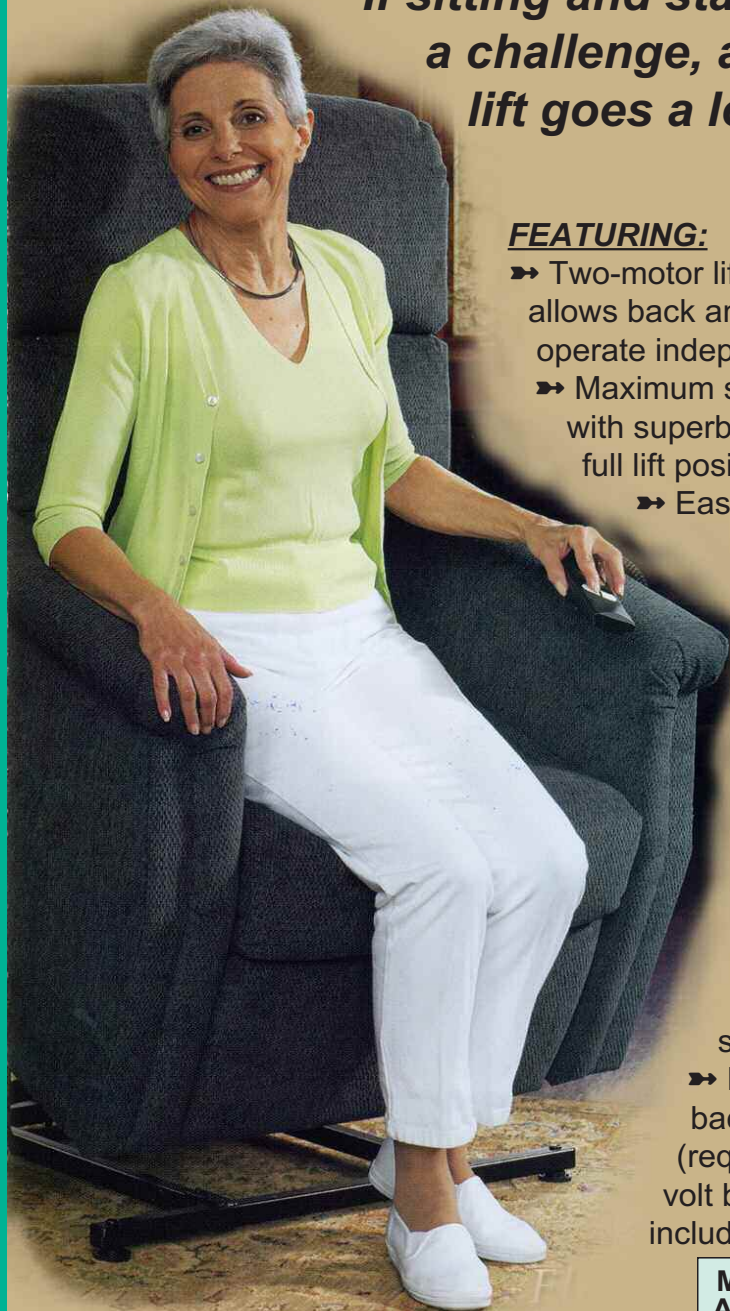
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I REMEMBER WHEN...

I remember when Christmas was the excitement of the play at church and the aroma of the great Christmas dinner being cooked. The whole month of December was spent stranding around the piano singing Christmas carols with the family. There was no TV, no computer, no cell phones ... not even a house phone until I graduated from high school. And there was no mention of Santa Claus in our home. There was just excitement over the celebration of Jesus birth, born long ago and placed in a manger in Bethlehem.

If I could turn back time, I would celebrate Christmas with such simplicity and pure joy as there once was. Gifts back then were simple and meaningful. At the

■ *Cathy Kline, Lock Haven*



Donald Miller sits on the sofa with seven of his 10 children. The youngest three children weren't yet born. The picture was taken in 1959.

age of 10, a candy bar and an orange probably gave me more happiness than my grandchildren will have over this year's expensive electronics. I still remember a neighbor boy getting a watch for Christmas and I couldn't

understand such extravagance since he was already wearing a watch. This was almost 50 years ago. I was born in 1952, the middle child of 10 children born to Donald and Freda Miller of Beech Creek.

I REMEMBER WHEN...

DANDELION

The other day it was so fine,
We went pickin' dandelion.
Tina, Aunt Zanny, Aunt Donna, Aunt Molly,
We had fun it was so jolly.

■ *Donna C. Berry, Cross Fork*

Aunt Molly won, she is so quick.
She gone done first, she sure can pick.
We filled our bags "til I said, "stop,
Quit picking Molly, or I'll give you a bop."

We headed for the car and I'll tell you,
Molly kept pickin' - she said, 'just a few.'

We got 'em home; it's time to clean 'em.

Danedelions everywhere, you should have seen 'em.

Clean 'em and wash 'em, I'll tell you then.

It's clean 'em and wash 'em all over again.

I cooked a pot full with taters and bacon.

I was so tired my body was achin'.

I threw some in the freezer for us to use later,

With garlic and oil or another old tater.
Just how you cook 'em really don't matter,

They're wonderful good sitting there on the platter.

You can boil 'em or fry 'em or put 'em in fritters,

In soup or in stews, why your palate will twitter.

They're good for what ails ya', ya' really can't beat 'em,

One thing for sure, I do like to eat 'em.

Maybe next spring we can do it again.

I'm full of 'em now, but I can't wait 'til then!



CAUGHT IN THE ACT

These kids were shoveling walks in the North Broad Street area of Jersey Shore following a snow storm in 1925. They are, from left, Carolus Powell, Guy LeJotte and Lee Davidson. The picture was lent to The Express by the latter's mother, Mrs. Mable Davidson.

I REMEMBER WHEN...

CENTURY FARMS

Clinton County's five Century Farm families were honored in 1977 at the Clinton County Fair and 4-H Round-up. They received citations from Clinton County Extension Service agent Chester P. McMinn, right. The families were in continuous operation for at least 100 years. Shown, left to right, are McDowell and Helen Earon of Beech Creek, Shirley and Daniel Schrack of Loganton, Doyle V. Heltman of Mill Hall, Janet and Stewart Ramm of Lock Haven and McMinn



I REMEMBER WHEN...

I remember when we had to use red tokens for meat and white tokens for sugar. That was the only way we could buy these two items.

We were only allocated a few per month, so these times were really precious to us, and we did not waste either of item, ever. In fact, we did not waste any food in those days.

■ Fern Biesecker

I remember going down to the Piper Playground, which was located at the end of Piper Aircraft, and having jack and checker competitions, baby parades which consisted of decorating our doll babies and buggies with streamers of crape paper and just having a great time playing on the swings, slides and other playground items.

I remember when we saved the tinfoil off of chewing gum wrappers, pulling the tinfoil off the paper and adding it to a roll that we had started, in order to take it to school for the war effort. Also, we washed, smashed and saved tin cans to take to school for the war effort.

I remember when I stood in our backyard and watched the mail plane swoop down and drop a bag of mail before hooking a new bag from a wire attached to two poles, down at the airport.

Things have sure changed since then.

I remember when the Freedom Train came through our town and stopped at the train station depot for the folks to walk through and see all the wonderful and precious documents and treasure of this wonderful country, The United States of America.

These items, which included the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, the Gettysburg Address, and even the Iwo Jima flags, among other items, were on this memorable train. These are just a few of the original, wonderful and precious documents and items that were on display which were incidentally, guarded 24 hours a day by our brave and wonderful U.S. Marine Corps personnel.

I remember when we could leave our front or back doors open and unlocked all the time without anyone bothering to even try to enter. People had respect for other people's property in those days.

I remember when the winters got so cold, we could ice skate on the river almost all winter.

I remember when we would go up to Hanna Park (Price Park in those days) and go swimming in the river. This was our public pool in those days. There was even a lifeguard in service during daylight hours.

I remember when we could stop a Greyhound bus at any corner and get on or off.

I remember when we could go to a Saturday matinee for ten cents, and we never wanted to miss a Saturday because then we would miss that chapter of the "Serial" which would run for several weeks. No one wanted to miss one of those.

I remember when coming home from school, we would all stop in at the Dairy Bar which was located next door to the Roxy Theater and have a cherry or chocolate coke. Those were the days!

I remember when the Big Scandal of the era was when James Mitchum was arrested for having marijuana. That was a big no, no in those days. I wish that was all we had to worry about today. How in the world did we ever let the drugs of today get such

hold on our young folks?

I remember when we would go up to the third floor of the Opera House building on Saturday night and go dancing at the YMCA. Yes folks, that was where our YMCA was years back. And the Teen-Can-Teen was another great place to go on a Saturday night.

I remember when the main highway was down Water Street and on down the river road. The Constitution Bridge opened in 1939 and I remember that event.

I remember when we went up town on a Saturday night and just say in a car and watched the people. Saturday night in Lock Haven, back in the 40's was a big event. The stores were really busy and the streets were full of people. We had several restaurants in Lock Haven back then. There were Henry's, Davis's Herlochers, the Sandwich Shop, to name a few, all of which were located within a block of each other. These were all big restaurants and were always busy. And Saturday morning, there was market. All up and down Main Street, on the left hand side, it was loaded with farmers and their wares. Cold or hot, rain or shine. It was nothing to see livestock among their items for sale.

I remember when Adam C. Dickey, who had a car dealership on Water Street, would, during the time when the new cars came out just before Thanksgiving, give away many, many turkeys. This would really draw the people into his place of business. And you didn't not have to buy a ticket. The ticket's were handed out free whenever you came into the showroom. What a drawing card that was.

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I do.

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I REMEMBER WHEN...

As a young boy, I remember when my father and his hunting companions were preparing for their annual hunting trip to Camp Lookout, above Keating. They would get together and complete their grocery list, which was filled and delivered by Gullbergs General Store in South Renovo.

Johnny Kane was the delivery person. He brought the groceries to our house in Renovo in wire handle baskets. Meats and cold cuts, cut up by Harold "Flick" Gullberg, the store butcher, were stored in our refrigerator. Flick prepared nice roasts, rolled rump roasts, etc. The groceries arrived on Saturday, the day before the trip to camp in their automobiles, no four-wheel drives. I always had to sample the cookies, which were loose in brown bags. They tasted better than Mom's homemade cookies at the time, probably because I snuck them out of the camp supplies. Cookies, like everything else, came in bulk, in big barrels - no prepackaged.

My father's camp buddies were Jack Huff from Keating, Bob McCloskey a Renovo jeweler, Fent Krautzer of Geneva, N.Y., and Ray and Scopey Waddington of New York. These were the original camp members at that time. This camp was built in 1925, with rough lumber from Dad and Jack's sawmill at the base of the mountain. It was brought up the mountain by horse and wagon. They hired a cook to prepare all their meals... three square meals a day. Jack always told me they were "gentlemen hunters," to the cabin for meals; there was no such thing as carrying a lunch out

■ *Ralph E. Crouse Jr., Renovo*



Ralph E. Crouse Jr. of Renovo remembers hunting trips to Camp Lookout above Keating.

into the woods. In those days, other camps respected your hunting area and did not infringe upon your area. The cabin was as rustic as any cabin could be, carry your water, outhouse, oil lamps, cut your own wood, heating with log stove and cooking on a wood stove and flat spring bunks. The flue went through the ceiling in the center of the building. You had to be really prepared when you left town, because if you forgot something you went without. The members gear and attire were strictly Winchester, Remington, Woolrich and L/L. Bean boots. I remember the old leather boots because they were around 16 inches high and laced up the front, and they also had "hobnail" soles.

The floors of the cabin today still have the hobnail markings of way back then. The main room of the cabin has a 6-inch maple tree, with bark on it, in the center of the ridge pole for support. It's still there today and has an old chestnut table cut to fit around it. Great conversation piece as is the twisted cable that holds the walls together.

They had a good supply of funnel-capped canned beer, and steiny bottles and lots of homemade wine and assorted whiskeys, and they never forgot their flat-bottled cold medicine bottles. This proved true when we dug up the old garbage pit and found many assorted vintage bottles. This was not only a week of serious hunting, but companionship, good eating and fun. Back then, the limit of deer was six per camp, no matter how many men you had on your roster. When a deer was harvested, it was brought back to camp, strapped to a two-man pole and then hung on the camp pole. When the week finally came to an end, they stored the mattresses in a 1/4-inch mesh cage to prevent the mice from nesting in them.

Camp at that time was rarely used for anything other than hunting season. Their deer-kill always ended up at our house on Sunday for a full day of butchering. Hunting knives and meat saws working away, they enjoyed leftover wine and beer in the process. They never deboned any of the meat and it was divided among all the men in the hunting party. The hide and antlers always went to the shooter. This was truly a back woods Pennsylvania hunting camp. All members had respect for each other and the environment in which they had the privilege of hunting.

Hunting out of this camp today, for me, brings back a lot of memories and tales told to me by the members who have passed on over the years. My first hunt out of this camp was in 1950, and I've been there ever since.

THEN



This 1909 photo is of the Schwarz Paint Store in Lock Haven. Operated by Lee J. Schwarz.

*Celebrating
116
Years
in
Business*

NOW



This 2009 photo of the current Schwarz store which has been operated by Tom Galitski since 1998.

HISTORY OF SCHWARZ STORE

Established in 1894 it is the oldest established business in Lock Haven. In 1906 the store was moved to 118 Vesper Street. In 1909 the store moved to its present location at 109-110 Bellefonte Avenue. The store is a family business, operated by Lee J. Schwarz from its inception until his death in 1945. The store was willed to Hayes K. Schwarz and his three sisters. In 1946 Hayes K. Schwarz became the sole owner by purchasing his sisters shares.

He successfully operated the store until December 31, 1971 when he sold the entire interest to his daughter, Mrs. Arlie N. Galitski. Mrs. Galitski worked for her father since 1951 and has much experience in the business of selling wallpaper and paint. Tom Galitski took over in 1998 until present day.

Schwarz Store
Est. 1894

108 Bellefonte Avenue, Lock Haven, PA

(570) 748-2163

Monday-Friday 8 am to 5 pm; Saturday 8 am to 2 pm
and we are closed on Sunday

I REMEMBER WHEN...

Let's go back a lot of years ago, and remember how Valentine's Day was celebrated in a one room school house, where, there was one teachers and maybe twenty to twenty-five children and we were all in one room.

■ Shirley
Hale Cozzi

Bless this teacher for she was a beautiful lady, and a lady who also loved children. Her first name was Hetty, and we all loved her. She treated us so well and she treated us all the same, she had no pets.

Now then, the week before she and two of the oldest boys would get the Valentine Box ready for the big day. It would be a very large box and would be covered with red crepe paper and on the sides of the box would be white angels who always made me a little suspicious, for the looked very much like the angels who adorned our windows for the Christmas season. We would make our own and we brought our own paste to school in a little jar, paste made with flour and water.

The teacher would give us the paper to make our Valentines, and I can see her yet, standing at the front of the class and saying to us, "boys and girls, be sure you make a Valentine for each of your classmates so no one is left out". We then would begin in earnest to do each other in, each of us wanting to make the prettiest Valentine of all. We always made one for our Mother and for this we were given dainty little white lace paper doilies, and one red heart was pasted on the white lace paper and we went on from there, trying to make a beautiful Valentine for our mother. That really was the true meaning of the class.

We each made our Valentine for our teacher the day before at home. My mother always helped me and my sister, I'm sure that the other mothers did the same thing because Hetty always had a pile of very pretty Valentines. After she handed the Valentines out to each of us, we were told to put them away but not before she came to each child and told us how very pretty they were, and then she would see us put them in the brown paper bags that we brought to carry them home in. After that, the best part of the day would begin. She would call one or two of the older girls to help her and we would have homemade heart cookies of all sizes and little red hat heart candies in small homemade paper boats, that our teacher made at home for each of us.

Our mothers would bake a cake or two with lots of cupcakes and donuts, whatever the mothers sent to school, and always hot chocolate which she made on our pot-bellied stove that sat in the back of the room, where these was a great big wood box which the boys filled each morning, and some times through the day, and always before going home.

In the winter months school was dismissed at three in the afternoon, in the months of May and June, we went home at four. If the sky clouded up and it looked like snow, the class was dismissed and told to go straight home. Some of us lived far out in the country, and we went straight home because we understood how dangerous a heavy storm could be.

That long ago, the weather was much different than today. It started to snow in November and it snowed off and on all winter, right up until the end of April and many times into the first week of May. The older people said if it snowed and the wood violets were in bloom, it meant a very hot summer. Then we had four seasons, spring, summer, fall and a long cold winter.

Such beautiful days and times, I'm sure there are many of us who can remember our beautiful Valentines made with flour paste and love, the nicest kind of all.

On each child's birthday, the mother made a lovely cake and brought it to school and it was shared by the entire class, of course after we all sang Happy Birthday.

This was for the older children also, we had three in our class who we thought of as adults, two were sixteen and seventeen and one was fifteen. Their mother had died when they were very young and they had not much of a childhood, and missed lots of school, so our teacher made it very clear to them that they could always come to school whenever they wanted to.

The fifteen year old was a young boy who always shared my lunch because my mother always put enough in for him too. Our teacher and others in the class would bring something for him and his one sister. He was the one who carried the water, at least three times a day and liked to get out because he chewed tobacco. We thought of him as all grown up and quite the man, the innocence of childhood, he had no one who cared if he chewed or not, but he grew up to be a very nice person.

In my own home, we had a Valentine from our mother. In those days, you could buy a marshmallow chocolate covered heart in a little red box and we all received one. My father always bought her a very fancy Valentine in Widman and Tea's Drug Store in Lock Haven and that long ago, a Valentine from a store was a piece of art.

I remember one that my mom had of a little boy and girl on a swing. When you opened the card, they sat on a piece of ribbon and the ribbon ran up the sides of the card so that they had something to hang onto. Her dress was all crepe paper and flowers and it was very pretty.

Valentine's Day has come and gone again, and even I

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received a few. The most lovely of all was from my eight-year-old grandson. It was covered with Elmer's glue but lots of love went with it and into the making of it.

I hope everyone out there received a Valentine or two made with lots of love and I'm also sure you can look back and remember a certain person and a special gift on this favorite day.

It's good to remember to hang onto our memories, everyone has a few, so take them out and live them over again, remember how it was and not how it is, life has changed so.

So make a Valentine or two, send one, hang one in your window, be old fashioned, it's a really great way to go!

A Happy Valentine's Day to you with Love!
were submitted by her daughter, Karen Cozzi Ferrara.)

I REMEMBER WHEN...

I'm going to try and tell you what wash day meant, 60 odd years ago. I'm sure this will bring back memories to many, for there are still a great many ladies around today who, I'm sure, have lived through many of these back-breaking times.

The night before, my mother and father together would bring the wash tubs in the house and my father would bring in a large wooden bench, big enough to hold these two very large tubs. One was for hot water and one was for cold water to be used for rinsing your clothes. This unsightly mess was of course put in your kitchen where you would be close to the big wood stove so you could at least every 20 minutes feed this stove with large pieces of wood, which my father cut and sawed every day of the summer and fall.

■ Shirley
Hale Cozzi

Now along with all this, there was a large copper boiler that was placed on the stove the night before and filled at least half full of water. Into this went blueing, a large piece of soapy substance that was shaved off and put into this boiler of water. The blueing was meant to whiten the clothes, so only the whites were added and this was done the night before. My mother had a long wooden stick with a leather strip on the end where, when not in use was hung on the wall in back of the stove. This stick was to move the clothes around in the hot water so that the blueing would penetrate each piece of clothing and help the white to stay white. Sometimes they were so white they had a bluish cast to them. Oh, and yes, of course there was the washboard, the main instrument.

You must understand, the water was all carried into the house because we had no running water, only the pump on the back porch, where the big wooden bench always sat with the water buckets on it. When you needed water you went outside, pumped it, and carried it in the house for your washing, your cleaning, your cooking and every other use. There was no running water in any of the homes of the day. We lived in the mountains on a very small farm that my father operated by himself.

Now, along with the washboard, went a very large cake of soap called P&G, made by Proctor and Gamble, and I think you can still buy it if you look hard enough, although I myself have no need of it. I'm sure no one does today. There was a soap powder called "Rinso" that was a familiar sight in my mother's house.

When all of these items were brought together, then you started your day. And it started very early... like 6 or 7 in the morning and you washed clothes the entire day.



BATHING BEAUTIES

Here were the contestants on the 1962 'Miss American pageant'. Contestants shown are, from left, front row: Ernie Kerstetter, Dorsey Mitterling, John Mokle, Fred Peters; second row, Victor McCollum, Chris Dwyer, Blair Heaton, Don Frederick, Dick Yohe, Norman Wilson; back row, Don Weil, Dick Seltzer, John Yost, Jim Remick, master of ceremonies; Frank Girton, director; Murray Thompson, Dr. James Vanemon, Lock Haven Mayor Douglas H. Peddie.

In between washing, my mother got me and my sisters off to school, my father off to work and when we came home from school she was still washing and supper was almost ready. It was my job to undress my sisters and change their school clothes and then I would set the table and help my mother hang clothes. The small items were hung anywhere you could find room. There was a wall rack that opened in a fan shape and small socks and dish towels were hung there.

My father would come home from work at the Paper Mill in Lock Haven and he would do his farm work and then he would wash all of his own work clothes. He said that it was too hard for my mother after all she had done that day. After the evening meal, together they would empty all the tubs. The big bench would go back on the porch, the water buckets would be filled, one in the house and the other outside. The stove would be cleaned because the water and soap made large white patches all over everything and of course, there were many pieces of clothing that were starched and this was made in a very large pan of hot water with flower and water made into a paste which was stirred into the hot water. You could make the starch heavy or thin, depending on whether you liked your clothes heavy or very lightly starched. After the kitchen was cleaned, the heavy pieces were hung from a line or two on the back porch and on the lines in the yard.

The irons, five in all, all sizes were then placed on the back of the stove so they could be warm the next morning. And when the fire was made again the next day, it didn't take long for the irons to heat. The irons were always cleaned with bee's wax. It kept the bottoms nice and clean and the iron was easier to use.

Now, you can guess what my mother did for the next two days? You are right. She ironed. Anything that needed mending was laid aside and my grandmother would come and sew everything in sight. Sound hard? You bet it was. But every day wasn't like that, although I don't think there ever was an easy day.

It was a hard life, but a good decent way of life. Anyone who can say "I remember" must look back with longing and some regrets. I wish with all my heart that I could go back for awhile and live those great happy filled times once again. Things were not all that awful as I have heard some people say... because after all the work was my father would make a plate of the greatest fudge - you can't imagine how good - or a big bowl of popcorn and we would all sit around the kitchen table and tell each other of our own personal day while coloring the embossed paper napkins that had just become the thing.

There were many wonderful things for everyone to do, and when evening came, no one had to ask, "Do you know where your children are?" We were all home safe and sound.

I always and I mean every night would look out the window to see how big or small the moon was. I loved the moon and still do. I see the moon sometimes slinking through my bedroom window and I get up to look, and I see faces and I remember how good life was. It has never been or ever will be that way again.

So I do remember and I miss it. I'm so thankful for all my beautiful memories.

— — —
(Shirley died April 10, 2010. Her memories were submitted by her daughter, Karen Cozzi Ferrara.)

I REMEMBER WHEN...

Harry Milton Gates (born Aug. 23, 1898). He was my mother's brother. Uncle Harry was musically inclined as was his father. I was very close to both of them. This poem explains one reason for our special family relationship.

■ Lloyd
Emerson
Kramer,
Mill Hall

WITH UNCLE HARRY GONE

The days are full of sorrow now
With Uncle Harry gone.
To me just like a brother;
In my memory — number one.

I remember in my childhood
By the hours, we would sit
And play the tunes of olden times,
While the womenfolk would knit.

Along with his old daddy
Who could play the fiddle well,
And Uncle on the mandolin,
O, how my heart would swell.

I chorded on the guitar
And how the time would fly,
When we would get together —

Grandfather, Unc and I.

Uncle Harry was a whittler, too;
Many carvings did he make.
He gave the most of them away —
Made them for giving's sake.

His patience — something to behold;
His knife was razor-sharp.
The many things he did create —
It was a work of art.

The mandolin is silent, now:
The fiddle and the bow.
The good times we enjoyed then
Are now no longer so.

The knife he used to whittle with
Now lies upon the shelf.
The master-carver's resting now —
It can't whittle by itself.

My life has lost some meaning now
With Uncle Harry gone.
No longer can I visit him,
Nor hear his voice in song.

So, with this poen I say good-by
To a friend I loved so well
And treasure all these memories
And bid him a fond farewell.

I REMEMBER WHEN...



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I REMEMBER WHEN...

Anybody know where the Greene Hill is in Flemington? Any Redeye could tell you that it's on James Street. It starts at Sturdevant Street and runs for two blocks down to Huston Street.

■ Frances J. Young,
Flemington

Back in the 50's and 60's, in snowy weather, it was the place to be. The sledding was great on that hill. Back then the borough didn't plow those two blocks. They never cindered or ashed the hill either. It was ours! At the crossroad on James and Bressler Street, the borough put up a "caution - sledding" sign and hung a lantern on the bottom, which was refueled and lit at dusk. Also, at that intersection you could find a coal shovel nearby, usually sticking out on a snow bank. Many of us kids, and adults too, would use them to throw snow on the bare spots that would start to show up. Anything to prolong our sledding.

During the daylight hours, us kids took turns watching the intersection for cars, and letting the other kids know it was safe to slide down. At night there

were adults there looking out for our safety. They would stand at the intersection and click their flashlights on and off, when it was safe. If we were to wait, they waved their lights back and forth. All the drivers would keep an eye out for us also. They would give us a huge wave or thumbs up as we went 'sailing' by. Where do you see that now?

The Greene Hill was popular in the other months also. Riding your bike down the hill with your hands in the air. It gave you the feeling that you were flying. Do you remember the roller skates that clamped onto your shoes? Well, some of us would skate down the hill in them. Some made it, some didn't. Skateboards were usually home made. Only a very few tried the hill on those. Again, only a couple ever made it.

Another popular place in Flemington was Grove's Pond for Ice Skating. This was owned by the Grove's on Furst Street and was located down the hill, behind their house. Mr. Grove and his son, Johnny, were the ones who maintained it. Everyday Mr. Grove would walk the ice to make

sure it was safe. Sawhorses and cones were placed in areas he felt were unsafe and places to avoid.

Mr. Grove and Johnny made sure there were snow shovels available for us to shovel the snow off the ice. There was fire wood for us to build a bon fire, to warm ourselves by. On a Saturday some kids would bring hot dogs to roast on the camp fire. That way they didn't have to leave for lunch.

He also had large spot lights mounted high in the trees that lit up the whole pond, so we could skate at night. Even families and friends from Lock Haven and Mill Hall would show up to enjoy the pond.

Now, if you were a 'dare devil', which I was, this is what we did. On Furst Street, right below the Grove's house was a steep hill that looked down onto the pond. We would start at the top of the hill and skate down the zig-zag path, jump a narrow road, down another small hill and jump the dock, onto the ice. It's a wonder no one ended up with more than bumps

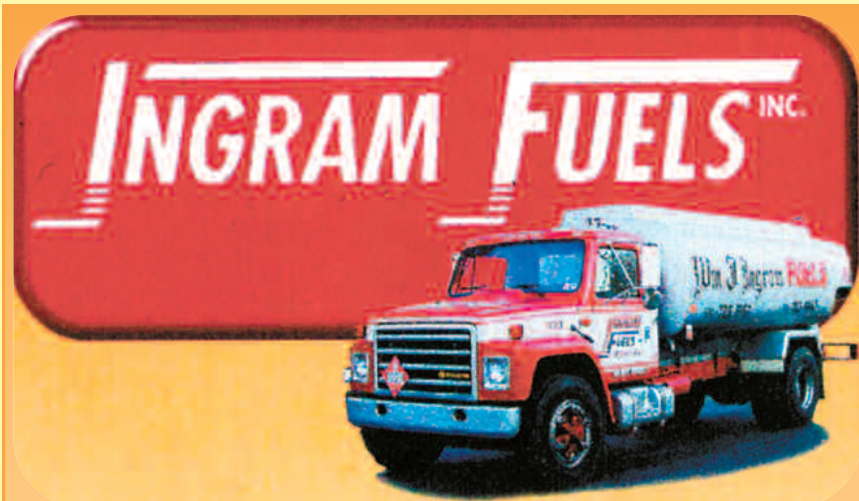
and bruises. If my mom ever knew I did that, I'd have been grounded for life. All my dad would have said is, "You better not let your mom find out," or "If you get hurt, we're both in trouble."

On the hot days of summer, some people would be brave enough to swim in the pond. A lot of us didn't. You couldn't see below the surface and it did have a sort of smell and some slime on the one end. But, come winter, everyone was there.

I remember hide-n-seek at night, kick the cans in the middle of the road, water balloon fights. We would start in one yard and end up in someone else's yard, playing anything and everything. Or, sit at someone's picnic table playing board games and cards. Playing baseball in the field above us or at the carnival grounds was also fun. You don't see that now.

I'll always remember. And boy do I miss those Lazy Hazy Crazy Days Of Summer, the Greene Hill and Grove's Pond. To me, they're just fond memories.

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