

## Ellen Jane Buckwalter Mumma's Memoirs

### Paternal Grandparents

Freeland Neff Buckwalter ) Buried: Mellinger's Mennonite Cemetery, Lincoln Highway East, Lancaster PA  
Henrietta (Hallie) Zimmerman Buckwalter

### Maternal Grandparents

Elam J. Huber ) Buried: Mellinger's Mennonite Cemetery  
Mary Nolt Buckwalter Huber

### Parents

Freeland Neff Buckwalter, Jr. - Born June 20, 1902, East Earl, PA -- also lived in New Holland (also known as F. N. Buckwalter)

Florence Mae Huber Buckwalter - Born January 2, 1902 near Bird-in-Hand and lived in Witmer, PA

Married: March 28, 1923

Buried: Mellinger's Mennonite Cemetery

I was born at Witmer, PA (East Lampeter Township) on September 8, 1925. My older brother, Leon H., was born December 21, 1923. When I was born, my parents farmed grandpa Huber's farm in Witmer. The house on the farm was a large two family house, so during the time they farmed the farm, they lived on one "side" of the house. Then in the Spring of 1927 my parents moved to the farm they bought located between Leola and Talmage on Center Square Rd. and I lived there until I was married March 7, 1948.

We called both sets of grandparents grandmam and grandpap and my father was papa and when we got older he was just "pop." Early on mother was mamma, and then mother or mom.

Grandpap Huber had been a victim of polio in his younger years. He wore a brace on one leg and walked lame. I always thought walking went rather hard for him. Grandpap caned chair seats. Seats of chairs were caned by using heavy straw like material which in time would tear and folks would bring their torn chair seats to grandpap to have them caned. Caning was done by weaving the straw like material in a beautiful pattern - - a real work of art. Also I remember watching grandmam making baskets - - mostly smaller ones such as toothpick holders, sewing baskets, etc.

Of course, I have no recollection of living in my grandparents house in Witmer. One of my earliest recollections is of my Buckwalter grandparents coming to our farm and helping my parents with various chores. Grandpap had married when he was around 40 years old and was 15 years older than grandmam. They lived in a row house on New Holland Ave., Lancaster and since grandpap did not drive a car, they rode the trolley to get to our farm.

My mother had no living brothers or sisters. One brother, Walter, had died at a very young age. My grandparents were foster parents to Elmer Huber who was not a relative of theirs. After he was married and had a family, they lived in a house across from grandpap Huber and often one of the family would wander in when we were with grandpap's but my mother never personally kept in touch with the family.

Pop had one older brother - - our one and only uncle - Isaac Zimmerman Buckwalter, generally known as I.Z. He was General Manager of Lancaster Newspapers, and was married to Mabel Groff. Aunt Mabel was our only aunt. They had three children, Dick, Bonnie, and Jack - our only cousins. They lived on Watson Ave., Lancaster just south of the Columbia Pike. They often visited our farm, but to them we were "country jakes". Well, to us, they were "city jakes"! During the summer we farm children would spend several days with our city cousins and vise versa. It was during one of these over-night visits that I went along with my cousins to a circus and also a movie. This was quite an experience for me as I had never been to either since the movies and the circus were a no-no for Mennonites.

In my younger years pop farmed our farm with horses. We also had a riding house named Dixie. I spent time riding her on the country roads around our farm. At times pop also hitched Dixie to a wagon to go on errands instead of taking the "machine" - referring to the automobile. Dixie had the habit of "bulking". I remember being along on an errand to Lancaster. We stopped for a red light and when the light turned green, Dixie didn't want to go so pop had to get out of the wagon and lead her to get her started. We were holding up traffic while this was taking place.

Uncle Isaac also had a riding house which he kept on our farm.

Pop bought his first tractor when I was 10/11 years old. I was still going to school with the Amish children and they told us that their parents remarked that the farmers who bought tractors to farm were lazy farmers.

Early on we had around 10/12 dairy cows on our farm plus steers and pigs and we grew the usual farm crops - hay, wheat, corn and tobacco. Later pop remodeled the barn for all dairy - no more pigs or steers. I spent lots of time outdoors around the farm. I'd much rather be outside than in the house and enjoyed doing farm chores a lot more than house work.

December 5, 1928 my sister Marian Ruth was born. My mother stayed in bed approximately two weeks. We had a nurse maid during that time and also when Kathryn Irene was born January 19, 1932. The maid took care of mother, the baby and did the cooking and household chores.

The early 1930's were the days of the Great Depression. I really have little recollection of these days --- I was too young to grasp the problems we experienced because of the difficulties during these years. Later on I learned that pop was able to keep his farm with Uncle Isaac's financial help. He was a successful business man and capable of helping. During the years I knew Uncle Isaac would offer advice regarding farming which I knew pop didn't always appreciate, but I did not know til later why he felt free to give advice even

though he didn't know too much about farming!

My earliest memory of a car is one that didn't have a starter. To start it, it had to be cranked outside below the radiator. Sometimes the cranks "kicked" (malfunctioned in some way) and broke the arm of the person doing the cranking. Of course, the cars had no heaters. In the winter we either stayed home or covered with a car blanket. A pretty car blanket was virtually a part of the car. Every car owner had one. To keep the windshield open in cold and snowy weather a defroster was attached to the windshield and connect to something in the car to produce heat to melt the ice and snow. All it kept open was a small spot for the driver.

For seven years I attended a one room school -- Stormstown - located 1 ½ miles west of our farm along Bushong Rd., now Quarry Rd. We walked to school in fair weather, hot or cold, with our neighbors; Levi Stolzfus' children (Amish) Becky, Amos, Barb, Rachie, Fanny; and the Horst's - Mildred, Marvin and Florence. We were also usually joined by the Griffith children who lived on a farm next to the Horst's. In cold weather, the teacher's first job when we arrived was to thaw out almost frozen fingers. We all wore long underwear which we hated - it made lumps under our long tan stockings and we were always glad when Spring arrived and we didn't have to wear them. In rainy or snowy weather the three families took weekly turns driving us to and from school. When the Amish turn was, we rode in an Amish market wagon which had no seats in the back so we set on the floor or on straw bales. When there was snow in the winter we rode in a sleigh. The winters usually produced a lot of snow and were often bitterly cold. I remember one winter there was snow the fences were covered and the bitter cold weather had formed a hard crust on top of the snow, so we could walk, sled - go most anywhere without a fence in sight.

The teacher in our one room school taught all grades -- 1 through 8. The day started with the teacher reading from the Bible, then we said the Pledge Allegiance to the Flag followed by the teacher leading the school in singing a few songs. We sang mostly Stephen Foster songs, patriotic songs and hymns. The class that was in session sat on a bench at the front of the room and the remainder of the students were "supposed" to be studying. The

younger children sat in the smaller seats towards the front of the room and each year as we got older we moved further towards the back of the room. (The further back you go, the more grown up you felt). With the teacher at the front of the room conducting a class and the older pupils farther away from her, there were frequent discipline problems. All the teachers I had in the one room school were ladies and the older boys often tried to see how much they could get away with. I recall an incident when the pupils and the teacher were outside at recess time, an older fellow nailed the school door shut. (I don't recall how we got back in).

Our studies consisted of Reading, Penmanship, Arithmetic, History, English, and Geography. Every Friday afternoon the whole school had drawing, as we called it. (art) We mostly made pictures out of construction paper. I don't remember being encouraged very much to do free-hand drawing. Our school was located near Stoltzfus' Stone Quarry and the windows would rattle when blasting was done and stone delivery trucks sped past our schoolhouse regularly. There was no drinking water, or any water, at the school, so the older children took turns carrying water in a bucket from a neighboring farm. Two pupils carried the bucket between them on a stick - probably an old broom handle. At School the water was kept in a large crock like water cooler with a spigot. We each brought our own "tin cups" to school to drink from.

To heat the schoolroom there was a large coal furnace at the back of the room. The teacher tended the fire. The fire was not kept burning over the week-end so the teacher would have to arrive early Monday morning to start the fire and have the room relatively warm by the time we pupils arrived.

During the seven years I attended this one room school I had three different teachers, Miss Shoop, Miss Eshleman, and Miss Good. Miss Eshleman would occasionally take pupils - 2 at a time - along to her home overnight. She lived on S. Ann St. in Lancaster, a fairly nice residential street at that time. This was quite a treat for us, especially the Amish, to spend a night in the city.

I need to say that when the Amish children started school, they spoke only Pennsylvania Dutch so the teacher had to teach them to speak English. I'm sure she had no training to do this but she got it accomplished somehow!

Occasionally a school director would drop in to visit the classroom - naturally to check on the teacher - this was a visit no teacher looked forward to and she hoped the visit would be on one of her days.

In those days usually students who went to one room schools completed the 8th grade then quit going to school. They had to be 14 years old to quit, so if they completed 8th grade before their 14th birthday, they would repeat 8th grade till they were 14. Also usually older farm boys (and some not so old) got permission from the school district to stay at home from school at the beginning of the year to help harvest the farm crops. School began in early September and we went barefoot as long as we could. The school term ended around April 21. We usually had a picnic the last day along a nearby creek, by sometimes it was almost too cool to do so.

We Buckwalter siblings did not quit school in the 8th grade - our parents had other ideas for us. They planned for us to go onto high school. We needed to pass a test to get to high school and the transition from a one room school to high school was made in the 7th grade. However our high school, Upper Leacock located in Leola (known as ULHS) had burned down at the time I would have entered 7th grade, so I waited until the 8th grade to go to high school. The school was located about 2 miles from our home and was serviced by only one school bus which didn't come our direction to pick up students so we had to find our own transportation. My parents bought me a bike to ride to school and occasionally after I was 16 I drove the car. I studied the "Commercial Course" and graduated in 1943 - a class of 22. After graduation I got a job in the office of Steinman Hardware Co. located at 28 W. King Street, Lancaster. I started working for \$16.00 a week - 6 days a week. To get to work I rode the trolley. A week's pass cost \$2.25. The trolley ran about a half mile from our house - sometimes I walked but usually I rode my bike and left it at a house where I boarded the trolley. I worked at Steinman Hardware for 2 ½ years, then I began working in

the office of Ephrata Shoe Co. in Ephrata and worked there until I was married in 1948. I also rode the trolley to Ephrata to work for a short time then it was replaced by bus transportation.

When I was eight years old, October 1933, my Buckwalter grandparents were both killed when they were struck by a car. They had spent the day visiting Uncle Isaac's and were struck by the car as they were crossing Columbia Ave. to board the trolley to take them to their New Holland Ave. home. The funeral was held at Mellingers Mennonite Church where they were members.

Grandmam Huber passed away at age 65 when I was 17 years old. She had breast surgery 5 years earlier but it appeared she died of a heart attack. Two years later grandpap married Fannie Wenger. He lived to be 88 years old but had suffered a stroke sometime earlier and had been bed fast for sometime.

Our family attended the Stumptown Mennonite Church located near Monterey until I was 15 years old. Our ministers were Dave Landis and Elmer Martin. Early on Sunday School was held every Sunday and church services every other Sunday. Stumptown and Mellingers Church shared ministers -- the Sunday Stumptown did not have church services, the ministers were at Mellingers and vice versa. I was baptized at Stumptown when I was 14 years old by Bishop Abram Martin. Then when I was 15 years old Carpenters Mennonite Church emerged. The building located just east of our farm and we started attending services there. The Church of the Brethren had at one time held services here, but they had discontinued services sometime earlier. One of the main reasons the Mennonite Church started holding services here was to relieve crowding at neighboring churches - Stumptown, Metzlers and Groffdale. In time Michael Wenger was ordained minister and we became a part of the Groffdale District with Mahlon Witmer as our Bishop and our family transferred our church membership from Stumptown to Carpenters.

Our farm house was rather far removed from being modern. We did not have electricity until I was 9/10 years old. In the kitchen we had a bright gas light hanging over the table and

in the parlor (living room) we had decorative table lights. When we went upstairs we carried a small kerosene lamp with us - as we moved the flame flickered and made dancing figures on the wall--scary! When we went outside we carried a lantern or went by the light of the moon. Lanterns were used for light in the barn and it was not uncommon for the lantern to be upset causing the danger of straw being set afire. Later my parents and two neighbors built an electric line to their farms from the main line - a distance of approx. ½ mile - so we could say good-bye to our oil lamps, gladly without complaining. But years later I wished for those oil lamps which were valuable antiques by then!

Neither did we early on have running water in the house or barn. I recall a dry sink in our kitchen and how happy we were when it was replaced with a drain. For water to use at the sink we carried water pumped from a cistern just outside the back door. Our drinking water was carried from a well located approx. 50' from our house. The farm animals were watered at a trough in the barnyard with water from the well. The water was pumped from the well to the barn by a gasoline engine attached to the well pump. And, of course, we did not have a bathroom - at no time when we lived on the farm did we have one; so a bathroom was not a part of my life until I was married. We took a sponge bath using a tin tub in our bedroom, or if it was too cold there were found a warmer spot where there was at least a little privacy.

How did we survive the bitter cold winters? Our house was built of clapboard with no insulation, no storm doors or storm windows! The house was built in such a way that the kitchen was detached from the main house and was reached by crossing a porch. We lived in this kitchen during the Spring, Summer and Early Fall - then we'd move the kitchen to the main part of the house for the winter. The kitchen range then could be used for heating as well as cooking. There was also a wood and or coal burning space heater in the parlor. The kitchen range and space heater were the only heat we had so its very apparent that we did not have a very warm house! However, when I was probably 7 or 8 years old, my parents remodeled the house so we could live in the kitchen all year so this ended the moving every spring and fall. Also a coal burning pipeless furnace was installed in the cellar and heat from the furnace would come up into the house through a large square

register in the floor. This kept the house some warmer, but still nothing to brag about. The downstairs rooms were heated fairly well and there were small registers in the ceiling for each bedroom which was a little help in heating the bedrooms - but not all that great. I remember mother had a large wooden folding rack that she placed around the furnace register to dry the wash in the winter when it would not be hung outside to dry.

Besides not having electricity in my younger years, neither did we have a telephone. As with electricity, my parents had to build a telephone line to our farm. Our telephone was part of a "party line". Something like five or six household shared one phone line so there were times when we lifted the receiver to make a call, someone was already using the line-sometimes it was someone who had a lot to talk about and we had to wait too long. We may have become impatient and sent signals by lifting the receiver occasionally and left the user know someone else was waiting to use the phone. Neither was there anything but our conscience to keep us from listening in on a conversation in progress. Each household on the party line had their individual ring since everyone on the line could hear each other's ring. I remember our ring was 3 short rings, others 1 long and 1 short, 2 longs, etc.

When my sister, Mary Evelyn (Evie) was born on August 21, 1937, we became a family of 4 girls and 1 boy. Our family remained as such until 10 years later when I was 22, my brother Jay Clair was born on June 2, 1947. Mother was 45 Years old. Eve and Clair both experienced quite a different life growing up than we older siblings experienced.

Farm life was a good life but not a easy life. My mother was a very busy person. I can't recall her just sitting and relaxing very often. On summer evenings if she wasn't working in the garden in the evening or had some other special project going such as canning, etc., she would be sitting on the porch mending clothes. Mending and patching were a big thing with a family of children and limited resources to buy new clothing. We all wore hand-me-downs---even the oldest except for my brother, but I certainly would not have worn any of his clothes - no boys clothes on girls those days! My hand-me-down clothes came from Aunt Mabel's neighbor girl. The dresses, etc. were very nice - more sophisticated

than I was accustomed to since there were "store bought" and mine were homemade so I did not mind wearing them. Besides mending and patching, mother made all our dresses for we 4 girls. That must have been quite a chore even though our wardrobe was quite limited. She also taught us girls to sew, so by the time we were 14/15/16 years old were helping to sew and started making our own clothes. Mother also taught me to crochet and we all embroidered which we did in our spare time (before the advent of TV).

We had a big garden which mother tended with our help. We all spend a lot of time in the summer hoeing and picking strawberries, raspberries, peas, beans, etc. With all these vegetables mother did lots of canning and we girls spent a lot of time on our screened-in back porch getting vegetables ready to eat and to can. There were not home freezers until I was older. Community freezer "lockers" located in a building in local towns were the forerunner of home freezers. Here families could rent freezers or "lockers" as there were known where the food would be frozen and taken out by the renter as needed. Mother also canned lots of peaches which were bough at a local orchard. She also canned sweet and sour cherries. They were usually brought from Adams Co. by a neighbor. I remember too mother's pickled cantaloupe and watermelon rind which was really good! All the canned goods were stored on shelves in the cellar and the various colors created a pretty scene. Sometime during the winter our neighbor, Ross Albright, came to our farm and butchered a steer. I remember the heart, liver, kidneys and a few cuts of meat laying on a table in the washhouse where it was cold enough to keep the meat until we used it; however mother canned most of the meat. Canned meat was really good, but certainly a lot of hard work - cutting the meat from the bones, then cooking it in the cans until the meat was soft. Pop took some of the meat away to be ground and made into bologna.

Evening milking time was a family affair-almost every one from a toddler to my parents were in or around the barn feeding the cattle, milking, doing any chore that needed to be done, or just playing and being with the family. I started helping milk by hand around the age of 12 - mornings before I went to school and evenings after school - seven days a week. I did this until I finished high school. Besides milking I also washed the milk straw or any foreign matter that might have gotten in the milk during milking. Cows were different,

some were calm and collected and easy to milk; some were nervous and didn't want to stand still to be milked; sometimes a cow would kick and spill a bucket of milk; some were easy to milk, others we would have to force the mild which made milking a harder job. In the summer when the cows were brought in from the pasture after a heavy rain, water running off the cow would drip on us as we milked and we may have gotten swished by a soggy we tail! - so milking really wasn't ho-hum. We always had plenty of barn casts so we had a container in the barn where we poured milk for them. Sometimes to tease the cats as we were milking we would "spritz" them with a stream of milk fresh from the cow! Before we had electricity our milk was stored overnight in a cooler kept cold with ice. The "milk man" came every morning - he had large chunks of ice on the truck to keep the milk cool as he hauled it. He sold the ice to the farmer for his milk cooler. Before we children (no kids those days) were old enough to help with the farm chores, pop had hired a man who lived at our house. I know he had several different ones, but the only one whose name I can remember is Bob Witmer. He was probably with us longer than any other. I do remember one hired man got homesick and pop had to take him home. We had several hundred chickens to provide eggs for household use and to sell for a little extra cash. The chickens were housed in a chicken house located in a fenced in area so they would not roam all over the farm. They were left outside during the day, but at night-time the "hole" was closed so no stray animal would get into the house and kill chickens. Chicken thieves would also go to the farms at night and steal chickens. Feeding the chickens in the evening and gathering eggs was part of our daily chores. We cleaned out the chicken house every other Saturday. We threw out table scraps etc. over the fence to the chickens. Trash was burned, and every now and then a junk man would come and buy anything around the farm that was worn out or no longer needed. Whitewashing was a chore we children did each Spring. Lime was mixed with water and with a large brush attached to a handle, we would whitewash the barnyard fences. This was done instead of painting (I don't know why). So in the Spring and early Summer the barnyard gleamed white, but each rain took its toll on the whitewash so by the time Fall and Winter appeared there wasn't much left on the fences. It was a job we didn't much like! It was a messy job and by the time we were finished we looked as if we had been whitewashed!

Mowing yard was done by a push mower-we girls pushed. Farm men did not have the time. We had a real large area we mowed. Most farms had a fence around the yard with a gate at the walkways. The fence kept any stray farm animals or fowl which sometimes roamed the barnyard from getting into the yard. Chickens liked to scratch in the flower beds! So in addition to mowing the yard, we mowed some grassy areas outside the fence. Also as we children got older, we helped in the fields with whatever chores we could. Growing tobacco created a lot of work. -hard work-but that was the main cash crop for the farmer. I recall helping pull the plants from the beds, then helping plant the plants in the field, then when it was time to harvest the tobacco, I would help spear the stalks on lathes, haul it into the tobacco shed, help to get it hung on rails to cure; then in the winter evenings and Saturdays we would "strip" it and bale it - ready for it to be sold. Often the farmer did not get paid very well for the work he put into raising tobacco. Haymaking, wheat harvest and silo filling were busy times-not only for the men-folk but also for the farm ladies. At these times the neighbor farmers got together and helped each other. Of course, these men needed to eat so mother cooked many a meal on hot summer days for 10/12 farmers (maybe more). When the work was finish at one farm, the men moved on to another farm with their horses (later tractors) and wagons-it was then that wife's turn to do the cooking.

In the Fall the corn that was not put into the silo was cut by hand, put in shock and the ears of corn husked by hand and put on a pile. Pop would husk the corn during the day, then after school we children would load the corn on the wagon, haul it into the corn crib and unload it. A portable hammermill mount on a truck came to our farm and ground corn to feed the cattle. We also used a hand operated corn sheller to shell corn for the chickens. One would feed the corn into the sheller, and the other person would turn the sheller by hand which, of course, was the hardest job. We probably squabbled as to who would do what!

Supermarkets were non-existent...mostly our groceries were bought at Kurtz's Grocery Store in Leacock (now Leola). Since Mother did not drive, she made a list and Pop with a few of us children in tow would go for groceries. We took a basket along to put the groceries in. The storekeeper, Charlie Kurtz, Mrs. Kurtz, their son Ward and his wife Kitty would at different times be behind the counter ready to get the groceries off the shelf as we

asked for them. I remember the long handled contraption they had to get groceries from the upper shelves. They also sold shoes, yard goods, thread, buttons, etc. With living on the farm, we had a lot of food that we did not buy at the grocery store. Of course, on a dairy farm we had our own milk. We used all raw milk-knew nothing about homogenized or one or two percent. If we wanted cream for whipping or to make ice cream, we would skim the cool cream from the top of the milk after it had set overnight. Pop wasn't all that anxious for us to do that since it lowered the fat content of the milk on which payment was based. Our flock of chickens provided us with all the eggs we needed, and if we wanted chickens for dinner, a rooster in the flock got his head chopped off! Pop did this with an ax. We put the rooster in boiling hot water so the feathers could easily be plucked. We children usually had that job; then mother "dressed" it. As we girls grew older we were taught how to "dress" a chicken. It was something farm girls "needed" to know. With our garden we had plenty of vegetables to eat during the summer and lots of preserved for winter eating. We grew potatoes, several acres in fact; some were sold and the rest kept for eating. They were stored in the tobacco cellar and we usually had enough to last one growing season til the next and even though by the end of the season they were no longer very nice, we used them anyway! Most farm children in those days knew what a back breaking job picking up potatoes was.

Pop took wheat that had been grown on the farm to the mill to have it ground into flour for baking. We dried ears of field corn in the cook stove oven which were also taken to the mill and ground into cornmeal. One thing the cornmeal was used for was to make mush. To make mush water was added to the cornmeal and slow cooked in a iron kettle at the back end of the cook stove where there was the least heat. Mush was s-o-o good served hot with milk and sugar. The remaining cooked mush was poured into loaf pans and when it had cooled, it was sliced and fried for breakfast. Spread with molasses, it was yummy good. Before breakfast we had already milked the cows and did various farm chores so we were ready for something "good"! Cocoa also was always a part of our breakfast. I remember the yellow delivery truck from Cooper's Bakery in Leacock driving in our land several times a week to deliver the bread we needed-so our food did indeed come from a number of sources other than the grocery store.

Shopping centers and malls were not a part of the landscape and since there was not a lot of money available for shopping, we "shifted" along with what we had---we went shopping when we had to and not when we wanted to. When it was necessary to do some shopping, we usually went to downtown Lancaster where there was a number of department stores. Garvin's-located on East Kin Street next to the courthouse was a favorite. It was moderately priced and had benches in a waiting area under roof in front of the store. It was a popular meeting spot for those of a family who had gone their separate way shopping. It was also a good place to meet up with other folks you knew who were also in the city to shop&especially on rainy days when farmers would be seen "around town". Penneys also moderately priced, was located across the street from Garvin's. On Penn Square was Watt & Shand and Hager's was located just down from the Square on West King Street. This store had a "Plain Clothing" Department where the plain folks shopped for their needs. There was also a McCroy's and Woolworth store known as 5 & 10 cent stores and a few specialty shoe and women and men's clothing stores. A vendor with his stand located next to Garvin's Store and one on the first block of North Queen Street sold soft pretzels. Penn Square was the hub for all trolleys coming into the city. With people coming and going, it was a congested spot. Lancaster Square did not exist. Something we also shopped in New Holland, and less frequently in Ephrata. Rubinson's Department Store in New Holland catered to the plain people.

The land into our farm buildings went through the pasture with a gate at the buildings and one at the entrance from the road; so when the cows were in the pasture, two gates had to be opened each time a car came in or left our farm. When our family went away, we children had the "privilege" of opening and closing the gates. This usually caused a hassle. Very few times did we go through those gates without an argument. Each one of us had a reason why it was not our turn to get out of the car and tend to the gates. I guess pop got tired of this. Anyway in the course of time he put a fence along the land and the gates were no longer needed.

Groff's Run, a small stream, flowed the entire length of our farm, literally cutting the farm in

half. We spend a lot of time playing along this stream in the summer especially at a certain spot that flowed not too far from our house. In the summer it was not uncommon for the stream to overflow its banks during and thunderstorm and flood the meadow.

Starting when we children (no kids in those days) were probably around 8 years old, we would spend part of a week each summer with our Huber grandparents. They still lived in Witmer-two houses away from the mainline railroad which ran from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and in those days a very busy railroad. there was a railroad station at Witmer where the trains frequently stopped and from our grandparents house we would wander down to the station to watch the "going's on" there. When the trains rumbled by, my grandparents house would vibrate. We noticed this mostly at nighttime when were in bed! On Fridays my grandparents would load their car with vegetables from their garden, eggs from their hen house and cup cheese made by grandmam and "peddle" them to regular customers in Lancaster. After "peddling" was finished we went downtown, usually to Watt & Shand (also known as the New York store) where grandmam bought me something, probably a sweater or something in the clothing line. This was something I looked forward to. Very very seldom did my parents go away without us children-have someone stay with us-or drop us off at our grandparents. Babysitting was not a household word those days. The word didn't even exist. Our parent "kept" us until we were old enough to stay home by ourselves.

Neither were there yearly vacations, but we did take a few breaks from the farm. One day each summer 4 or 5 of the neighbor families (not Amish) spend the day "swimming" at Holloway Beach - located along the upper reaches of the Chesapeake Bay near Northeast MD. Of course, we always did the milking before we left and after we came home. It wasn't always the pleasantest thought when we were away that we had to do the milking when we got home. Ascension Day (40 days after Easter) was a no no as far as doing any work except the necessary farm chores. No one worked in the fields and the ladies definitely did not do any sewing that day. Some folds went so far as to say sewing on Ascension Day would bring "bad luck". I thing my parents scoffed at such a notion, but mother did not sew on the day. And since no on worked on this day, it was often a time for

our family. We'd pack a lunch and between morning and evening milkings we'd take a drive. I can remember spending a day in York Co. and also in the coal mines region. We didn't go very far, but then we weren't driving on Interstate Highway's at 70 MPH in today's modern car!

Every so often, another "long trip" we went on was to visit pop's aunt and uncle Henry and Barbie Bixler (she was grandmam Buckwalter's sister) who lived in Palmyra. I never enjoyed driving there especially when I was real young and pop was driving a Model A Ford. There was a long steep hill that we needed to travel over. This hill frightened me - I was sure the car would "run away" going down hill or that we would never make it back up again. The hill was not paved and it did take all the car had to get over it. I always had a headache after our trip to Palmyra.

I can remember another instance that was really frightening to me. We frequently visited mother.s cousins, Clarence and Bertha Huber who lived near Strasburgh were the Pequea Creek flowed behind their house. They had a small motorboad in the creek and getting a ride in the boat was a part of the visit. I wasn't very old but I recall how scared I was to get on the boat and how I screamed while I was on the boat.

Early on I remember these cousins coming to visit us in their "touring" car. This was one of the first cars made. Along the side, instead of windows there were curtains with ison-glass (something like heavy clear plastic). In the summer these curtains could be removed and they had an open air car.

Sunday afternoons and evenings we often visited relatives or friends. Relatives and friends also were entertained at big Sunday dinners. There were usually quite a number of people invited---sometimes so may that some folks had to wait to eat at the second table after the first group had finished. I wonder how it was decided who would wait! I often think about how busy farm wives were during the week and then they would prepare those large Sunday dinners!

Monday, and only Monday, was wash day. Before we had water in the house, mother made a fire in the fireplace in the woodshed and heated water in a big iron kettle. The woodshed was a building behind our house used for storing firewood and later coal or anything that needed storage. Washing for a family of six once a week meant a greater part of the day was taken up with washing. We didn't change clothes every day or every other day; still I can remember very well the big washes hanging to dry on the lines that stretched all over our back yard and along the side of the house. Before we had electricity, we (probably mostly mother since we children were not all that old) operated the washer manually. A long handle was moved back and forth to operate the agitator. no easy task. All washing was done in the same wash water. We also used a hand operated wringer to take the wash from the washer to the rinse water and then from the rinse water to the wash basket - ready to be hung out to dry. There was no drain in the was house, so after the washing was finally done, we carried the wash and rinse water outside by bucket. With all this activity there was no need for exercise classes!

Tuesday was ironing day. There were no synthetic fibers - all cotton- this called for a lot of ironing. Before we had electricity mother heated heavy cast iron flat irons on the cook stove. There were several irons, so when he iron mother was using got cold she put it back on the stove and took one that was hot. A detachable handle fit on the irons. Cook stoves where wood or coal were involved were not always the cleanest, so it could have happened in the process of ironing that a black streak was "ironed" across a white shirt! Of course, after we had electricity, washing and ironing were somewhat easier - there were no automatic washer however to make washing a lot less time consuming.

Every Spring and Fall was housecleaning time. Before electric sweepers and other modern cleaning devices, this was a major undertaking. Weekly cleaning was done with a Bissell sweeper, a broom and maybe a mop. With coal and woodburning stoves a lot of dust and dirt escaped weekly cleaning. So at housecleaning time we rolled up the carpet and rugs, took them out and threw them over the washline, then beat them with a carpet beater. With every beat the dust would fly and we kept beating til there was no more dust. While this was taking place outside, someone was on their hands and knees with a bucket

of warm water and a rag washing the floor. The furniture which had probably been pushed to one area of the room got a good dose of furniture polish. Of course the windows and woodwork got a good scrubbing being dirty and dusty from the wood and coal burning stoves. The green window shades were taken down and cleaned. Early on, the green shades were the only covering for the windows, but gradually during the years, "lace" curtains were also hung at the windows. When these curtains were washed, they were stretched on a frame to dry. If they were hung at the window without being stretched, they would have been "taily" and look awful. After all this, the house should have had a good clean smell!

Winters were rather severe. Usually we had a lot of snow. The road to our farm would often drift shut at certain places, so we stayed home, or if it was necessary to go away, cars would drive through the fields. Sometimes the milkman could not get through to pick up the milk. I remember pop loading the milk cans on a horse drawn sleigh and taking the milk out to the main road for pick-up. There were no township snowplows so when the roads were closed, often with big drifts, neighbors got their shovels out and shoveled the road open. This was no picnic-it was a lot of hard work. I recall one winter there was so much snow the field fences were covered, then the bitter cold weather formed a hard crust on top of the snow, so we could walk, sled, go most anywhere without a fence in sight.

There were homeless men, but they were not walking the city streets; rather they could be seen roaming the country roads. We had a name for them-bums or tramps and we children were rather wary of them when they were around. At mealtime they would show up at a farmhouse-food was handed out to them and they usually sat on the porch steps to eat. Word was that these roaming men passed word along to one another as to which farmhouse they could get the tastiest food. Also in the evening they would wander into a farm and ask the farmer if they could sleep in the barn which usually meant the haymow. I'm sure pop never turned anyone away and I can remember he asked for any matches they might have so they would not strike a match and set the hay on fire. There was also evidence these men "camped" in our back meadow. We would see crude cooking utensils and where they had made a bonfire. There was also a line strung between two trees for a

washline. This was a rather secluded area with the stream flowing by which provided them with water for cooking and washing. an ideal place to hang out.

A few "peddlers" also walked the road. They were a bit more genteel than the roamers. They carried a suitcase containing items for sale which a housewife might need: tea towels, shoe strings, sewing items, dish cloths, etc.

On a given summer day we may have seen a horse drawn carriage come driving in our farm lane driven by a Negro. (as they were known those days) He was coming from his home in the Welsh Mountains to sell huckleberries which he had picked there on the mountain. Huckleberries were good. We ate them with sugar and cold cereal. Sometimes our family went down to the mountain and picked the berries ourselves. The Welsh Mountains are a small range of not very high mountains located south of New Holland. I remember pop saying he was born in the shadow of the Welsh Mountain.

Chicken thieves were common in my growing up years. Many farmer was wakened at night-time by a rumpus in the chicken house - a sign thieves were disturbing the chickens. The accused were often from the mountain area, so generally we didn't have the best feelings regarding the "mountain" folk.

We experienced World War II while I was in high school. My parents had already experienced World War I 25 years earlier-the war that was to end all wars! Living in secure Lancaster Co., PA, World War II had only a minor effect on our lives as compared to the people who lived where the war was fought-Europe, England, Russia, and the South Pacific. So even though U.S. was involved in the war because of the bombing of Pearl Harbor by the Japanese, we knew nothing of the horrors people suffered because of air raids and advancing armies.

The war did bring about some minor changes in our way of living. Discussing the war was a major part of our history class and our graduating class was not permitted to take the usual senior class trip to Washington. Since many manufactured products and food were

needed by the military the general public was rationed certain items. For this reason Rationing Boards were organized to issue rationing books containing stamps for gasoline, tires, shoes and sugar. We had to learn how to make the stamps last until a given time when the rationing board issued a new set of books. Since gasoline was rationed, the speed limit was reduced to 35 mph-hmmm! We didn't get very far very fast in those days. Bicycling became popular-instead of driving the car to visit friends, we'd gather together on our bikes and go biking together.

Generally automobiles were not manufactured during the war years - military equipment was produced in the plants. Since many men were shipped overseas with the military, women were hired to work in the defense production plants. Prior to this very few women worked in manufacturing plants.

Victory Gardens were planted in back yards, vacant lots, window boxes, etc. to help with the food supply.

Because there was not guarantee the U. S. would not be attacked in some way U.S. was on the alert and took precautions. The coast was heavily guarded. Along the coastal highway leading to Ocean City, MD, lookout towers are still standing.

Communities were ordered to practice "Blackout Drills" at night-time in the event we would be attacked by planes. When a certain whistle blew in the community, all lights were to go out. If cars were on the road, they had to pull aside and turn off the lights. In the house either the lights had to be turned off or the shades pulled so no light shown through to the outside. Air raid wardens policed the community to see that the drill was obeyed.

Draft Boards were organized to register all men between the ages of 18 and 25. All registered men who passed the required physical examination received a 1-A Classification indicating they were available for the military and could expect to eventually be called to serve. Those who did not pass the physical examination received a I-F Classification and were exempt from serving in the military.

The Mennonite Church, Brethren Church, and other "peace" churches sponsored the Conscientious Objectors program. Young men who could not conscientiously fight in the war were granted a 1-W Classification and the U.S. government permitted them to participate in what was known as the C.O. Program by serving during the duration of the war in hospitals, mental institutions, fighting forest fires, conservation work, etc.-constructive work instead of destructive. Of course, because these young men did not serve in the military, we plain people were often the object of criticism-blunt jokes, called yellow, etc. I should say that in order for a young man to receive a 1-W Classification he was required to write a statement about his beliefs and why he could not conscientiously serve in the military. These statements were reviewed by the Draft Board and the board decided if the young man was sincere and warranted a deferment from the military.

Farm young men were permitted by the government to stay on the farm and help with the farming. Certain criteria had to be met in order to receive a farm deferment. The farm had to consist of the required amount of acres and the number of persons available to work on the farm was a factor considered by the draft board. If there were 2 or 3 brothers in a farm family of draft age, one or two of the brothers may have had to leave.

Naturally, in a war of this magnitude there were many casualties. It was not uncommon to open the newspaper and read the name of a local casualty. One of my high school classmate's brother, Leon Grabill, was the only casualty that I personally knew.

During the war television was not as yet a household "staple". War information came mostly by way of the daily newspaper or the radio, so as horrible as the war was, it was not portrayed on the screen for us to see firsthand.

I was working in Lancaster when whistles blew throughout the city signaling the end of the war. Everybody sighed a big sigh of relief but many families would forever suffer the cruel effects of such a huge conflagration.

We did not have a lot of planned recreational activities-no sport complex to go to climb a wall! Our lives pretty much revolved around the farm and the church. Rarely did we miss a church service and if we did it was more or less with a guilty feeling. Revival Services were held each Fall every evening for two weeks. Our family did not attend every evening, but we were more or less expected to do so. At these meetings, especially on weekends, the church house was full and overflowing-people stood along the walls for the entire service unless some kind soul sitting nearby would sometime during the service exchange places with someone standing. The middle isle would be filled with people sitting on folding chairs-no fire codes!

Prayer Meeting and Bible Study was held every Wednesday evening&we stopped the farm work and attended. Preparatory Services were held Saturday afternoon before Communion Sunday (observed every Spring & Fall). There was no question whether or not we were too busy to attend. We just naturally stopped work and attended. I recall when I was older and working in an office, I asked off from work to attend. During the summer our church youth group was involved with "God's Acre". A church member would give the youth a plot of ground where beans, corn, or some other crop was planted, cared for and harvested by the youth. The commodity was sold and the money given to some worthy cause.

Even though planned recreational activities were scarce, I really can't recall feeling bored or complaining I didn't know what to do. We played in and around the barn a lot...on the barn floor and in the haymow. And later we had bikes, we spend a lot of time with them. I remember Leon getting his first bike- a used one which for some reason did not have handle grips...and how determined I was to learn to ride that bike. I know I fell quite often and I still have a scar on my arm where I was cut by the handle bar. I was a used bike-not in tip-top shape. We always attended the Harrisburg Farm Show, and we went to the New Holland and Ephrata Street Fairs more than once during the week they were held. It was some place to go.

I took piano lessons for two years from Viola Huber of Neffsville. She came to our home to

give lessons but did not drive a car so her husband brought her and waited for her while she gave the lessons. The lessons lasted a half hour. Leon took lessons at the same time so she spent an hour at our house as her husband waited.

Aunt Mabel always made our Thanksgiving dinner, so we shared that day with our only relatives. Christmas was spent with our Huber grandparents. I looked forward to this evening even though I had no cousins or aunts or uncles to share the day. Christmas gifts were not elaborate...clothing, books, toys or games. Pop usually bought a crate of oranges. This was a real treat as oranges were not a part of our regular diet. From Sunday School we always received an orange and a box of hard candy.

Preventative shots for contagious childhood diseases were unknown. Sooner or later every child "came down" with whooping cough, measles, mumps, chicken pox or German measles. An older brother or sister going to school often contracted the disease in school, then brought it home to the younger children at home...so if one child in the family contracted something, usually the rest of the siblings were whooping with whooping cough, etc. When Leon, Marian and Kathryn had measles, I somehow escaped them and to this day have not had the disease. I remember pop bringing the beds downstairs so mother could more easily take care of the sick. At that time doctor's orders were that those with the measles be kept in a darkened room so the light would not damage their eyes. If a member of a family had a communicable disease, the household was quarantined for 2 weeks&no one could come into the house or leave it to go somewhere.

One "shot" all children did receive was a vaccination for smallpox. When I was in my mid-teens, there was a smallpox outbreak, so at that time children and young people were given another vaccination. The first vaccination was given before we entered school. Incidentally, entering school meant the first grade-Nursery School and Kindergarten were not a part of the educational system.

Polio was a disease everyone feared. It would strike young and old, but as I recall children were more often the victims. It usually left a limb or limbs shriveled and paralyzed. I'm not

sure how old I was - probably sometime when I was in high school-there was a polio outbreak and children were barred from public gatherings.

Oh yes, our feed bag dresses. The mill delivered feed for our animals and chickens in bags instead of bulk as farm operations were not large enough for bulk delivery. Around the time I was in the 6th/7th/8th grades, feed was delivered in bags printed with dress designs and suitable texture for dresses - not the regular burlap. Mother took these bags, opened them so they would lay flat, give them a good washing and made we girls dresses. It was a new dress - so what if it was originally a fee bag! (There had to be several bags of the same design in order to have enough material to make a dress).

Eating out - what's that? Going out to eat in a restaurant wasn't a part of our life. In the first place there were not local restaurants. Leola boasted a hotel as each little town did; but no way would we have gone into one of these.

Neither did we go to Ephrata or New Holland which had a restaurant or so and a drug store which usually had a soda fountain. Second place - there probably was not money available to give the cook a break and the family go out to eat. Moreover, cooking meals was very much a part of the family life. Sometimes pop would buy us and ice cream cone when he stopped for gas at the gas station in Leola - this was quite a treat for us and probably the closest we got to eating out! When we went away for a day trip, we packed a picnic lunch and watched for a nice shady spot to stop and eat.

There were no school cafeterias. In grade school we had pretty lunch boxes to carry our lunch, but in high school we used paper bags. Loaves of bread from the bakery were wrapped in wax papers - we saved this paper to wrap our lunch food in.

In high school we ate in the home ec room and there we could buy ice cream popsicles which we were permitted to do about once a week. If we were "lucky" when we were finished eating a popsicle, the word "free" would be printed on the stick which meant we were entitled to a free popsicle. So the next time we wanted a popsicle, we gave the

"free stick" and go the popsicle for free. How lucky could we get??

Our first radio was battery operating and the reception wasn't too great. We could hear the local station fairly well, but to hear a program from further away, say Philadelphia, we would have to sit with our ear to the speaker in order to hear. I don't recall what type of programs were aired, but I do remember one popular show "Amos 'n Andy", a fifteen minute comedy.

.....And that's how it was:

Before television invaded every household.

Before Lancaster County became a tourist attraction.

Before tourism became a world wide enterprise.

When I room schools dotted the countryside.

Long, Long, before the age of technology.

Before housing developments and industrial parks were the "in" thing.

When super highways were non-existent.

Before Pizza & Subs were the "order" of the day.

Sunday, March 7, 1948 at 2:99 p.m. I was married to John Stern Mumma of Marietta R. D. 1. His parents were Clay B. & Lizzie Stern Mumma. The ceremony took place in our living room at home and was performed by Bishop Mahlon Witmer with our parents, brother and sisters and grandparents present. We had a light lunch afterwards then left for a 2 week weeding trip to Florida - all the way to Key West. The trip cost less than \$200.00. There

were no motels. We stayed overnight mostly in small roadside cabins for approximately \$4.00 per night. Orange juice was given away for free at roadside stands. When we returned, our parents held a wedding reception for us at Hostetter's Banquet Hall, Mount Joy. (Presently known as the Gathering Place).

We moved into an apartment above the garage at the A.K. Mann home, Millersville Pike. John was the grounds keeper and I helped with the house work. From here we moved to John's home to help with the farming. When Lolita was born we were living in a small farm north of Rheems and when John II and Karl were born we were living south of Mountville. John was driving tractor trailer for Penn Dairies. Later we moved to poultry farms in the Mount Joy and Elizabethtown areas. During this time John was driving school bus for Johnson Bus of Mount Joy and later drove motorcoach. He drove for a number of years for Johnson then transferred to Penn Highway Bus Co. in Lancaster where we worked until retirement. During these years we also operated our own bus tours for approximately 15 years. We traveled throughout the 48 states, made 3 trips to Alaska and traveled most of the Canadian Provinces. We attended Lanisville Mennonite Church and for 19 Years lived in the historic house built in 1740 located beside the church parking lot. During the years we were there, we were caretakers of the church property. We moved for our retirement years to a modular home in Pheasant Ridge Park.

For a number of years I did sewing in my home for other people. I also worked for Johnson Bus driving handicapped children to schools throughout the county (in a station wagon). For a number of years I was hostess and cashier at Clearview Diner. When we ran bus tours I planned the tours and was escort for all tours.