

Memorable events -

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When I was a sophomore, Mrs. Rosenfeld was my English teacher. I hurt my ankle and was on crutches for about 3 weeks. Since I lived in town, I walked to school. While I was on crutches Mrs. Rosenfeld gave me a ride to and from school every day until I could walk again. She was wonderfully kind to me!

I remember going to Mr. Sevens house and seeing the rocks he tumbled and the jewelry he made from them.

Jr's + Seniors had study hall together. I was in 7th grade and a Senior kept bothering me. My brother was a senior - he picked on me too, but when this other kid picked on me - my brother - bigger + stronger - went up to him and said "Nobody picks my sister (I felt so protected ... for a moment!) except me!" He never bothered me again!

I remember girls weren't allowed to take shop - I really wanted too! And, I had to choose between Art and Music - I wanted both, but I chose Art. It made sad.

Valdron -

When I was 5 the lumberyard burned down. My parents owned the Nursing home - at the end of the block - 3 bldgs away. It was at night. My mom sent my brother Vic up to get Kern + me dressed. I remember looking out my bedroom window and seeing nothing but orange fire. So much heat was coming in - I couldn't touch the window.

We went down stairs. All of the patients who could walk were up and dressed. Those who were bed ridden had their sheets pulled loose so they could be picked up in the sheet and carried out. Lots of neighbors were there to help if we had to evacuate.

The kitchen was busy fixing food + drinks for the fire fighters. We didn't have to evacuate.

When I look back on that event it brings me to tears as I think about the way the community pulled together to take care of everyone.

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I lived at the nursing home until I was 10 - when my parents sold it. That was devastating to me - I lost a lot of "grandparents." I helped feed some of them, I helped figure out what some stroke patients wanted, I watched TV with some of them and did my homework in their bedrooms. I went for walks with some of them. One lady taught me to crochet, the men played checkers and cards with me. There was no such thing as a boring, rainy day!

My Mom would allow me to go back to visit - she didn't want the new owners to feel like she was looking over their shoulder. I understand that as an adult - as a kid it was hard!

I remember the Waldron Community Club! They had Oyster soup dinners, pancake & sausage breakfasts, Halloween Parties, Christmas parties, and of course the 4th of July Kiddie Day!

I knew almost every one in every house in town. On my way home from school I would stop and sit with widow women on their front porches and swing & talk - until my Mom would come looking for me.

I would walk up to Olie Benson's house and visit. She always had date pinwheel cookies - she was like a grandma to me.

When I was learning to ride a bike I remember riding up the street and a car stopped in front of me. I didn't know what to do - I ran into the back of it! It was Betty Benson - she put me in her car and took me ^{home} - I don't remember that - I just remember hitting a car and waking up at home.

The rule was "be home after the streetlights come on". Our little group of "Townies" would ^{walk RR} the tracks to St. Paul to get a drink & ice cream - we could get those in Waldron, but what fun was that? We'd also ride our bikes to Middletown. We go down & play or swim in Coons Creek. I don't know how we didn't get hurt!

In the summer at dusk & after dark we would play kick the can and hide in all the neighbors yards - no one ever got mad at us - we thought they didn't know - I doubt that is true!

There's a little triangular patch of grass on the southwest side ⁽³⁾ of Waldron Rd. and south of the RR tracks. That's where we played baseball! An adult like driven past there in disbelief because it is so small! Kids who could hit the ball across the tracks were really awesome!

The cement bridge on the west side of town - we called it the "new bridge." We remember when it was an old iron bridge. We spend a lot of time under that bridge - swimming in Conns creek, catching crawdads and fishing. My friend, Diana, and I would sneak down there at night and dance to songs from musicals! If a car came, we ran and hid until they were gone.

At the edge of Suits's property was a little patch of trees - we called it Suits's Woods. One day, some high school girls brought a lot of cigarettes - all the neighborhood kids were there "learning" to smoke. We felt well hidden, but a cloud of smoke rose above the trees and someone called the fire department!

They stored telephone poles behind the greenhouse - that was our fort to play in. A large grassy area in the middle made a perfect cemetery - we would pick up road kills and take them there & have a funeral service and bury them.

In the winter when there was a big snow - they didn't salt streets like they do now. My Dad would get out his backhoe and tie an old car hood behind it. Any kids who wanted to get on were welcome. He pull us all around the streets in town under the streetlights! Then Dad would make a big pot of real ^{hot} chocolate - milk heated up and chocolate syrup! It was a great time!

Dad would take his backhoe and start clearing driveway of the snow. It didn't matter if they could pay him - they needed to be able to get out and he was the one who could make sure they did!

I don't know if any of this interests you, but I had fun remembering things! God bless you on your project!
Pita Sue Nasby Denner