



THE OLD
WEST
SIDE

1988

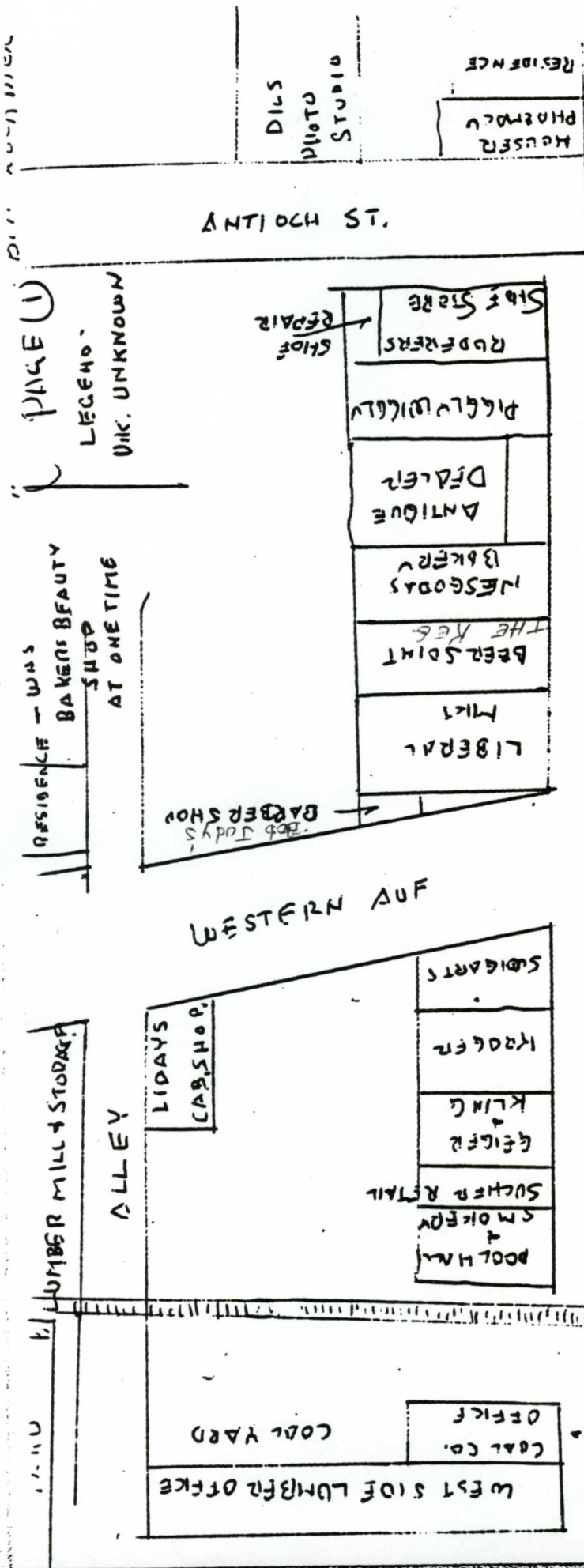
I wanted to call this the West Side Story
but Linda said it's already been done.

This is the way we remember the West Side.
Some of the businesses may be in the wrong place,
or not mentioned at all, but we were just kids
and this is the way we remember it.

The Great Miami Blvd is now Edwin C. Moses Blvd.

Western Ave. is now James McGee Blvd.

Summit St. is now Paul Lawrence Dunbar Blvd.



PAGE 1
LEGEND -
UNK. UNKNOWN

RESIDANCE - WAS
BAKER'S BEAUTY
SHOP
AT ONE TIME

LUMBER MILL & STORAGE

ALLEY

LIDAYS
CAB SHOP

WESTERN AVE

WEST SIDE LUMBER OFFICE
COAL CO. OFFICE
COAL YARD

POOL HALL
&
SMOKER
SUGAR RETAIL

GIGGER
&
KLING

KROGER

SUBGARTS

BARBER SHOP
BOB JORDY'S

LIBERAL
MILK

BEER JOINT
THE KEF

MESSGOOD'S
BAKERY

ANTIQUE
DEALER

PIGGLY WIGGLY

ROOFERS

STOVE
REPAIR

SUB STORE

ANTIOCH ST.

HAUSER
PHARMACY

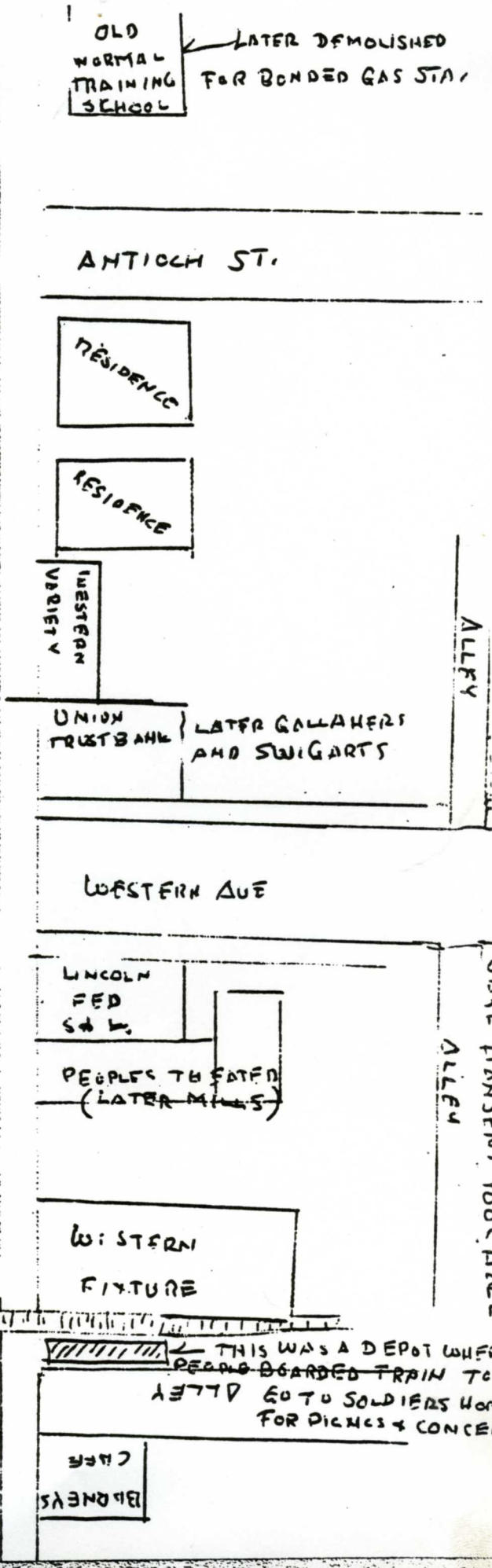
DILS
PHOTO
STUDIO

RESIDANCE

REFER TO
PAGE 2

THIRD ST.

REFER TO
PAGE 3



OLD
NORMAL
TRAINING
SCHOOL

LATER DEMOLISHED
FOR BONDED GAS STA.

ANTIOCH ST.

RESIDENCE

RESIDANCE

WESTERN
VARIETY

UNION
TRUST BANK

LATER GALLAHERT
AND SWIGARTS

WESTERN AVE

LINCOLN
FED
S & W

PEOPLES THEATER
(LATER MILLS)

WESTERN
FIXTURE

THIS WAS A DEPOT WHERE
PEOPLE BOARDED TRAIN TO
GO TO SOLDIERS FOR
PICNICS & CONCERTS

BARNEY'S
CAFE

Bill Lockman

PAGE (2)

WARREN -
COULD THIS HAVE
BEEN OTTO KUEHNS,
WARE HOUSE - I DON'T
REMEMBER TOBINS
AT THE PLACE -
YOU STATED.

NOTE:
LATER MOVED
ACROSS ST.
205

TOBINS
WAREHOUSE
&
STORAGE

DILS
DURO
STUDIO

RODEOS
SHOE STORE

ANTIQU ST

HOUSERS
PHARMACY

RESIDENCE

WAS BROZIER
&
WALLACE GRAC

BEER JUNT
305'

DRIVE

WAY

LIBSON
BARBER SHOP
205-305

U.K.

SEVERAL TENANTS
ONE WAS AN
EVANGELIST -
EARLY 30's

HOUSE
(COTTAGE)

BARBER
SHOP
205-305

TORNENTS
FEED STORE

BRIVEWAY

UNITED BRETHREN

CHURCH

THIRD ST

EUCLID AVE

TIRE HOUSE
13

HOLLAND
TURNACE 40's

FURNEYS
(FURNITURE)

U.K.

THOMAS
U.K.
MOVING

BEAUTY SHOP
AT ONE TIME

LANTZ'
MERRY GO ROUND
BAR & CAFE

BROZIER & WALLACE
MOVED HERE IN LATE 20's
LATER CHILI PARLOR 30's

COLLEGE

NORMAL
TRAINING
ROOM

WOODEN BUILDING
2ND GRADE
3RD GRADE

ANTIQU ST

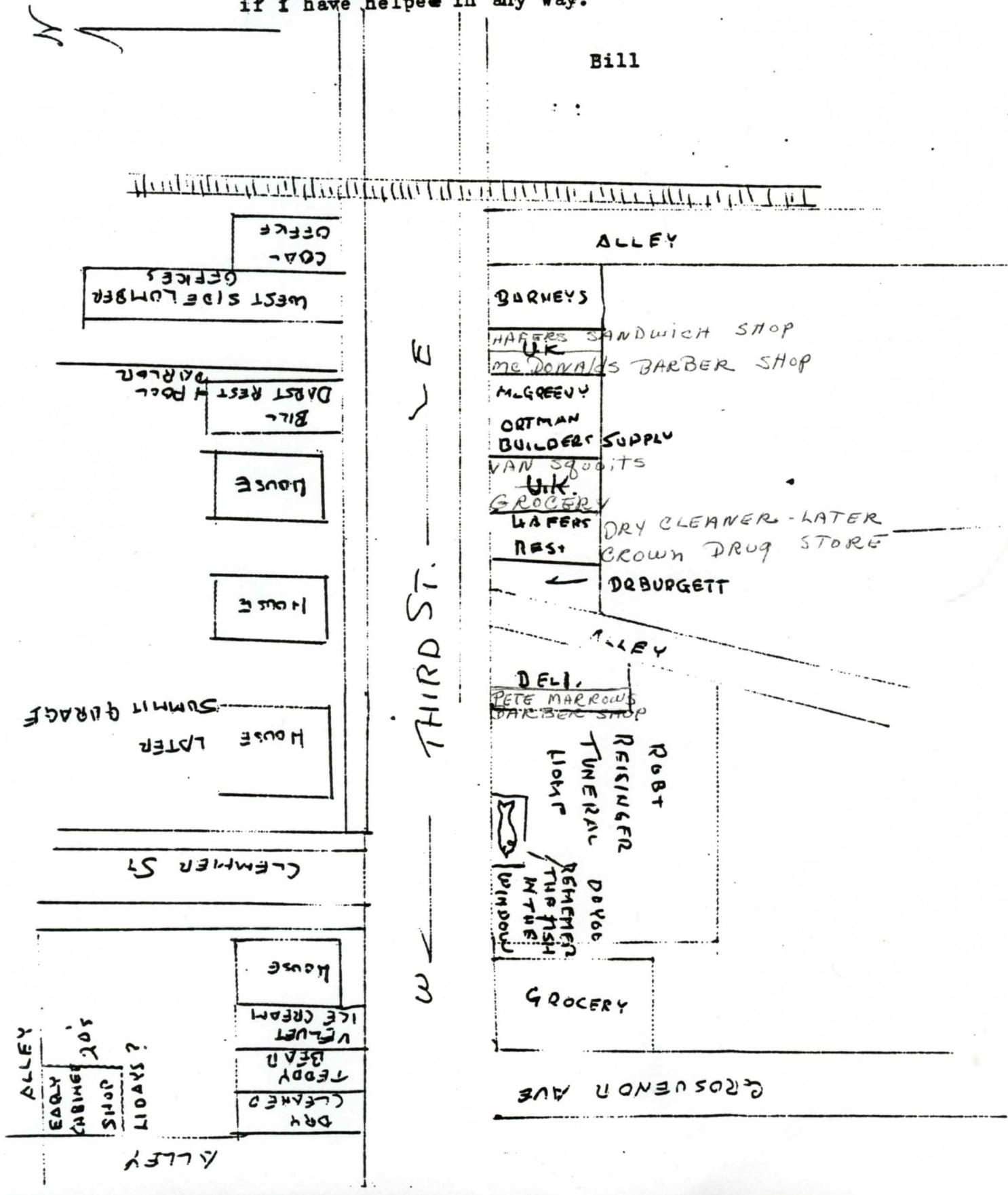
MERCER AVE.

Dottie:

Don't know how much I've helped, tried going back in my memory but that's a long time ago. I'm glad if I have helped in any way.



Bill



Warren Worley 3/4/1921

I lived at the corner of Parker and Home Ave. and then we moved to Westwood on N. Western Ave. and then to 1846 W. Fifth St.

I was in the second grade when we moved to Fifth St.

I went to Weaver School on Howell Ave., between Orchard and Mathison Streets.

The Liberal Market was on the north east corner of W. Third St.

As a boy, my brother and I sold newspapers on that corner.

Abe Schear was the owner of the store. He sold vegetables outside, in front of the store. His wife and kids ran the store.

His kids were named Orb, Red, Hyman, Gene and another boy and a girl.

Abe Schear, founder of Liberal Mkts. use to take a truck to Cincinnati to get produce. He was standing on the running board of the truck directing the driver as he backed up. He fell off and I think he hit his head and he died from the fall.

On the south east corner of Third and Western was the Union Trust Co., a bank. It went under during the depression.

Swigarts Drug Store was on the N. W. corner of W. Third and Western. When the bank went under they moved over there. They later sold out to Gallahers.

The Western Variety Store was next to it. It was like a ten cent store.

Behind the bank, on S. Western Ave. was a Malt Store. A lot of people made "home brew" during the depression and this is where they bought their malt for it.

On the south west corner of Third and Western was the Lincoln Federal Bank.

Dr. Hilty, an M.D. and Dr. Smith, a Dentist were above the bank building.

On Western Ave., going north, behind Swigarts Drug Store, on the alley was Lidays Cabinet Shop. On the other side of the alley was West Side Lumber Company's mill where they did their sawing.

Going west on Third St., next to Swigarts Drug Store was Krogers Grocery Store. Geigers and Kling Store was next to Krogers.

Next to Geigers was a Smokery. That was where men played cards.

Next came the railroad track and then a Coal Company that I've forgotten the name of.

Next to the Coal Co. were the offices of the West Side Lumber Co.

Next was Bill Darst Restaurant. That's where we got good bean soup for five cents a bowl.

There was a row of houses and then the Summit Garage, on the corner of Third and Clemmer.

On the other side of Third and Clemmer was Jim Tobins Moving and Storage Co. Next to that was Lantz' Restaurant. Lantz' moved downtown and became Lantz' Merry-Go-Round and the Velvet Ice Cream Co. went in where Lantz' was.

Next came the Teddy Bear Restaurant, then the B and B Ice Cream place. They had carmel corn and that's the first time I ever tasted carmel corn.

Next came the Peoples Movie Theater and then a Sandwich and Ice Cream Shop that everyone thought was a pharmacy. After the ice cream shop that everyone thought was a pharmacy, came Mathison St., and between Mathison and Orchard Ave., on Third St., was Roosevelt High School. It took up an entire block.

The next block was all houses until you got to Woodward Ave. At the corner of Third and Woodward was Kennedy and Lightners Used Car lot. I worked there.

Next came the National Home Bakery and then another Krogers Store. Krogers later moved to the north corner of Third and Orchard.

Next to the Citizens Federal Bank, on the south west corner of Third and Western was a small restaurant, then a Dry Cleaners and then the Movie Theater. It was Peoples, Atlas, Mills, and then the Park. Saturday Matinees cost five cents. There was always a Serial (Green Archer), a News Reel, Coming Attractions, a Cartoon and then the Cowboy Show. They usually had a double feature. Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, Bob Steele, Tim McCoy, Ken Maynard, Johnny Mac Brown, Buck Jones, Hop-A-Long Cassidy; Gene Autry and Roy Rogers were a little later. They also had Amateur Contests.

Next to the movie was Western Fixture Co. and the railroad track. The West Side Police Station and a King Benzol Gasoline Station were there later.

Next came Barneys. It was a used furniture company and they later changed it to a Beer Joint, as we called them, or a Cafe.

Hafers Sandwich Shop came next and then Ben McDonalds Barber Shop. McGreavy and Ortmans Coal Co., Van Scoyks Grocery, a Dry Cleaner, Crown Drug Store and a Dr. Burgett's office on the corner of the alley. He drove an old Packard. Next came a Delicatessen, Pete's (Marrow) Barber Shop, Frank Reisingers Funeral Home. Then there was a grocery store at the corner of Third and Grovesvenor.

On the other side of Third and Grovesvenor was a Church.

Next to the Church was Kuhns Moving Co.

There was a Doctors office next to Kuhns but I don't rermember his name.

On the North West corner of Kilmer was a church. It was initially built as Resurrection Church Rectory.

Just west of Kilmer on the south side was Long's Auction. Everyone went to the auctions.

Just west of Long's auction, in back of it; was Youngs Field, which later became Dayton Ducks, and the Dayton Indians. They were Baseball Teams. The reason they named it Dayton Ducks was because Ducky Holmes was the owner and manager. They were in the Mid-Atlantic League at that time.

I think Clemmers Mkt. was located at W. Third and Abbey Ave. It later became Gershows Mkt. Miceys bar was across the street.

Next to that was Schaffers Greenhouse.

At the corner of W. Third and Western Ave. on the N. E. corner, going towards downtown, was Liberal Mkt., next to the Liberal Mkt. was the Keg, a bar, Schears owned the bar.

Next to the Keg was Nesgodas Bakery, then there was a Stamp and Coin Shop. Later Spencers Barber Shop and Dry Cleaners moved in where the Coin Shop was.

Piggley Wiggley was next and then Roderers Shoe Store at the corner of N. Antioch St.

Housers Drug Store was on the N. E. corner of N. Antioch and Third St. There were a couple of houses and then Otto Kuhns moving company. It was a body shop before it was Otto Kuhns. Next to that was Franz' Barber Shop.

Then there was a Used Furniture Store, as I remember. Then Forney's Feed Store, a Hardware Store and then a United Bretheren Church on the corner of Euclid Ave.

On the other side of Euclid was a big house. They made it into a New Furniture Store. And then Phoebus Bakery. They made the best peanut rolls you ever tasted.

There was a row of houses and then Hafner's Book Store and Dry Cleaners.

At the corner of Summit St. was a Gasoline Station. On the other corner of Summit St. was a Tire Co. and then Dayton Malleable Iron Co., then Conover St.

There was a little triangle shaped building that was a restaurant, the Quick Lunch. You could get a complete lunch, including a piece of pie for nineteen cents.

There was a railroad track. It had gates and an overhead guard shanty. Charlie Elliott was the guard and he raised and lowered the gates by pumping a handle up and down.

Next to the Railroad was an Upholestry Shop, a restaurant named the Hungarian Village, and several little shops and then Steve Kendors Night Club

Next was a little clothing Store, then a Tailor Shop and then the Mecca Theater.

The Melody Nite Club was at the N. W. corner of W. Third and Broadway.

There was a big building on the N. E. corner of W. Third and Broadway and the Broadway Grill was located there. Next was a little "open all night" Restaurant. Ellis'. They had good chili and they had home made ice cream. Their peach ice cream was delicious.

Then came a series of stores and Wright's Bicycle Shop was along there. Later that became a Gallahers Drug Store.

Wrights moved their shop over on N. Broadway. It was across the street from Dr. Horwitz' office.

On the other side of the Alley was the West Side Wall Paper Store.

Murdocks Candy Store was right along there. Their candy was delicious. They had the best peanut brittle you ever ate. During World War II sugar was rationed and you were limited to two pounds of candy. It sold for forty cents a pound and that was expensive, but it was worth it.

There was a small Drug Store just before you got to the corner.

Just around the corner on Williams St. was Winters Bank. They later moved to the S. E. corner of W. Third and Broadway.

On the N. E. corner of W. Third and Williams was a Drug Store, then an old theater, the Gem Theater. Later the Salvation Army moved in there.

Next came Gem City Ice Cream Co. Frank Gade made all of the fancy ice cream.

After the Gem City Ice Cream Co. there was a couple of houses, then a street and then Albers Grocery Store.

Behind Albers was Wiley and Crow's Body Shop. That was a big body shop then.

There was a series of houses for a couple of blocks.

Jenkins Plymouth and Dodge New and Used Car Dealers were on W. Third St.

The White Truck Co. was next to Jenkins and then Sunset Ave. and then the river.

On the south side of Third St. between College and Euclid Ave., on the alley, was the Harry Thomas moving Co. I worked for him. On the east side of the alley was a little store that sold baked goods. That was next to Holland Furnace Co. I hauled furnaces for them when I worked for Harry Thomas. Next was Fire House #13.

Between Euclid Ave. and Summit St. there was a couple of houses and then Rankin Radio. Then some more houses and then Sunnit Garage where they towed all wrecked vehicles. Later they tore out the garage and put in the Palace Bowling Alley.

At the corner of W. Third and Summit was a Doctors office. I think it was Dr. Grandon.

On the other side of Summit St. on W. Third St. was a grocery store and then there was one house and Frank Reisingers Funeral Home. There were some more houses and then The Dayton Malleable Iron Co. and then Conover St. and more of D. M. I. and then the Railroad track.

Next came a Barber Shop, Miami Pool Hall, Kerrigan's Restaurant, which later became The Silver Restaurant where I met Dotty. It was bought by John and Tom Alex. John couldn't remember my name so he called me "Captain".

Next to the restaurant was a little store where they sold used tires and repaired tires.

Then came the City Ice and Fuel Co. I hauled ice out of

there for Bish and Lee.

Next came Transportation Twins Ford Co. where they sold new and used cars. They moved and this became the Western Auto Supply.

There was Sacks Department Store. It was owned by two women. I don't remember if they were sisters or Mother and Daughter.

There was a Pool Hall, a Coney Island place owned by Mr. Dawson. You could get three coney's for ten cents and they were really good.

There was a grocery store on the S. W. corner of W. Third St. and Broadway.

Continuing on, Winters Bank was on the corner. Dr. Boyles, a dentist had offices above the bank.

Next was Woolworths Ten Cent Store, Best Auto Supply, Rubenstein's Department Store, The West Side Furniture Store, some small stores and then the Famous Clothing Co.

Sometimes when I would go to Rubensteins and buy something, I would flip a coin with the one Rubenstein brother, not Dude, and I would pay double or nothing.

Every Saturday the farmers would bring in eggs and chickens and produce and set up tables on the south side of W. Third St. between Broadway and Williams, in front of the stores, and sell their products. Everyone enjoyed the "farmers market".

Going south on Western Ave., on the west side, was Jake Hansons Restaurant where the men played cards and gambled.

Next to that was Spencers Barber Shop.

At the corner of Fifth and Western was a Texaco Gasoline Station. I worked there. They had the old fashioned gas pumps and you had to hand pump ten gallons into the glass tank at the top of the pump. There were numbers up to ten gallons and you sold the customer the amount of gas he wanted. These pumps couldn't have been very accurate.

I think you could get about five gallons of gas for a dollar.

We had an outside grease rack, hoist, where you lubricated cars.

Then there was a series of houses and then there was Bonbrights Radio Shop and then Howards Lunch on the corner.

In back of Howards lunch, Otto Kuhn had a moving and storage place. They had two or three places around there.

In the block between Howell and Home Ave. was the City Railway streetcar barns.

Starting at Third St. and going down the east side of Western Ave. there was a malt store.

There were a couple of houses, then a fish market, then Flanders Used Furniture Store and then there was a store room where all of the Dayton Daily News boys picked up their papers.

On the corner of Fifth St. and Western Ave. was Blums

Grocery Store. On the other corner of Fifth St. was Peoples Drug Store.

There were a few houses and then a little grocery store.

Then there were some more houses to Howell Ave. and in the next block between Howell Ave. and Home Ave. was the City Railway Offices.

On Fifth St., on the south side, going east was Judys Barber Shop. He later moved to Third and Western behind Liberal Market.

There was one house, then an alley and then the Old Time Bar.

Then there wasn't anything but houses until you came to the Library at Fifth and Euclid.

At the corner of Fifth and Barnett was Garfield School. Right across the street was Kammers Grocery Store.

There was also a grocery store at Fifth and Conover.

There were houses until you got to Fifth and Broadway and then there was a big Bonded Gas Station and then the railroad track.

On down on Fifth St. past Williams on the south side of the street was Shortys Barber Shop. He would cut your hair for fifteen cents. Around the chair the floor was worn about half the way through where he had walked around the chair for so many years.

The Palace Theater was across the street from Shortys Barber Shop. This was a movie theater for Blacks.

There were some business places then the West Side Cab Co. and then the Classic Movie Theater which was also for Blacks.

Doris Freeman Worley Born May 8, 1922

We lived on the corner of Parkerd and Home Ave. We moved to Barnett St. and I started kindergarten at Garfield School located at the corner of Fifth St. and Barnett St.

The white kids went to kindergarten in the morning and the colored (Black) kids went in the afternoon.

We moved to 313 N. Antioch St. and I went to second grade at the school located on Third St. between College and S. Antioch St.

There was a brick two story building facing W. Third St. and a little wooden building behind it. The second and third grades were in the wooden building.

By the next year the new school was finished and I went there in the third grade. That was Grace A. Greene. It was located on Edison St. That was much closer to our home.

Grace A. Greene had classes through the sixth grade, then you went to Roosevelt High School. I graduated from Roosevelt in 1940.

Our mascot was the Teddy Bear because the school was named for Theodore Roosevelt.

On the corner of Third and Antioch was Housers Drug Store. Behind the drug store on N. Antioch St. was Dils Photography Studio.

In the 300 block of N. Antioch St., across from our house was a city park, Antioch Park. There were no trees or grass but we didn't need them.

It had a ball diamond, a shelter house, swings, a sand box, a teeter totter and a volleyball court.

We would go over there and spend the entire day in the boiling hot sun and we had fun. The boys played ball and we watched.

The sun would shine on the slide and get it real hot and you would burn your rear when you went down it. If the slide wasn't slick enough, you would beg an empty bread wrapper from your mother and go down the slide sitting on the bread wrapper and it would make the slide slick. The bread wrappers had a heavy coat of wax on them.

At the end of the street was the Antioch Coal Co. That was at the corner of Dakota St. and N. Antioch St.

Suchers Packing Co. was located on Dakota and Western Ave. Sometimes the odor from the packing company was really bad.

On Western Ave. on the north side of Rosedale was Westwood Ball Park. Next to that was Westwood Swimming Pool.

South of Hoover Ave. on Woodward was Reisingers Casket and Vault Co.

I think I swam in Westwood Swimming Pool once or twice. We usually swam in Wolf Creek.

Doris Worley Memoirs

In March we were in Florida and Bill Lockmer said he had been writing his memoirs. I read them and thought it would be fun to write down some of the things I remember as a kid.

One thing I especially remember is how long the seasons lasted. When it was cold and there was snow on the ground it seemed the snow lasted for months. In the summer it seemed we would never have snow again.

In the evenings we would gather on the corner and play "Pussy wants a corner" and "Ring around the ice box". Sometimes the bats would start flying around the street light and that ended the game in a hurry.

Sometimes the street light would be out and then we knew Bill Lockmer had been busy. He had pretty good aim and it only took a couple of rocks and that was the end of the street light for a while.

The ice truck would come around in the summer. Everyone had an ice box. There was a pan under it to catch the water as the ice melted. Sometimes Mom would forget to empty the "ice pan" and when you got up in the morning there was water all over the floor.

Everyone had an ice sign. On the sides it said 25-50-100. You would hang it outside on a nail and depending on how you hung the sign, the ice man knew how much ice to bring in.

The Partlow Brothers had the route by our house. The one brother was fat and the other skinny. As they chipped the big blocks of ice there was always pieces laying in the truck. The skinny guy would chase us away but the fat guy would sometimes chip a little extra so we could all get a piece to suck on. It was delicious.

In the winter time you had a box that sat outside the kitchen window. You could just open the window and put your food in the box and close the window.

Since there was no good refrigeration, Mom went to the store every day. Usually she would forget something so she would send one of us kids to the store. There was a railroad behind the house and that was the short cut to the store. She would usually give you a penny to spend for candy. A lot of times it was an indian head penny. They were very common in those days. You could usually find someone to go with you. They had candy that was two for a penny or three for a penny so depending on how many kids went with you was what you bought. Everyone was pretty good about sharing their candy.

The White Bakery delivered bread and rolls around the neighborhood. The wagon was pulled by a white horse. Sometimes the delivery man stood and talked to the women too long and something would spook the horse and he would run away. That would be exciting. The wagon would be going down the street real fast and the bakery man would be running real

fast, shouting to the horse to stop.

The railroad track behind the house was a spur track to Suchers Packing House. That was a meat place where they killed pigs and cows, etc. Sometimes that place would have the entire neighborhood smelling awful.

We would put pennies on the railroad track when we would hear the train coming. Sometimes they would jiggle off. Other times the train ran over them and mashed them flat.

About once a year the train would derail and they would work a day or two getting it back on the track.

One time they left a box car parked on the tracks. It was full of white sand and it was also full of kids playing in the sand. Glen Miller had a brand new pair of shoes. He lost them in the sand. We all helped him look for them but I can't remember if we found them or not.

There were two little neighborhood stores. One was Plocks and the other one was Brattons. Mom would always tell us to go to Brattons because to get to Plocks you had to cross Western Ave. and that street had so much traffic on it she didn't like for us to cross it but we always went to Plocks anyway.

All of the kids had roller skates. You put your skate key on a shoe string and wore it around your neck. Your skate key was one of your most precious possessions. Sometimes Mom would send me to the Liberal Market on the corner of Third and Western. I didn't like to go there because clerks had to wait on you. Beans, crackers, etc. all came by bulk. If you wanted a pound of beans, they would weigh it on the scales and mark the price on the bag. Then they would get a big sack and mark all of the prices on it and add it up. Then they used that sack to bag your groceries. They waited on all of the adults first, even if it was your turn. Then when you got home, Mom gave you heck because it took you so long.

I was about 8 or 9 when I would go to the store I would see Warren and Hank Worley on the corner of Third and Western selling newspapers. Their Dad would be there making change for them. Little did I ever dream that I would grow up and marry Warren.

We had a little Boston Bull Terrier dog that Aunt Cora gave us. One Easter Mom had bought a big beef roast and put it in the kitchen so she could cook it the next day. Trixie got the lid off the roaster and ate the entire roast which was about as big as she was.

One day when the man came around to read the meter, Trixie got out and ran away and we never saw her again. I don't think Mom was too upset.

Mom always had canaries. I always loved cats and of course, they had to stay outside. I remember the first time I ever saw an airplane. We heard it and we all ran outside to see it. Someone left the door open and my cat got in the house and ate Mom's canary. There were just a few feathers

left in the bottom of the cage.

The flies were terrible when I was young, but it's understandable. No one had regular garbage cans with lids in our neighborhood. You used any old container you could find.

The garbage wagon was an open wagon drawn by a horse and driven by an old negro. you could smell it when it was blocks away and the flies would be swarming over it.

Mom would have fly papers hanging from the ceiling and if you weren't careful you would run into it. It was real sticky paper and it was covered with dead flies. Yuck!!

You would tell summer was here when the women would roll up the rugs from the living room floors. They took them out and hung them on the clothes line. Everyone had wire line. I don't see how Mom managed to get the rug on the line. She wasn't very big. Maybe Dad helped her.

We had a wire rug beater and we would go out and beat on the rug and the dust would fly. After you had beaten on it for a couple of days she would take it off the line and roll it up and store it in the big closet under the stairsteps. We had lineoleum on all of the floors.

The city would come along and spread oil or tar on the street. You would get tar on your bare feet and track it into the house. You would sure catch heck for that.

We moved to Antioch St. when there was about six weeks of school left so we finished at our old school, Garfield School. It was quite a distance away. Everyday when we would get about halfway there I would start crying because my feet and legs hurt. Leona would put me on her back and carry me the rest of the way to school.

For a while Mom worked at the Inland Manufacturing Company. She would give us kids twenty five cents a week to keep the house clean. On Saturday, when I received my quarter I would head down the railroad tracks for Plocks. I would get a huge bag of candy for twenty five cents.

One of the candies I remember was a little tin dish filled with a very very sweet candy. You got a little tin spoon to eat it with. You usually cut your lips on the spoon but then you had dishes and silverware for tea parties with your favorite dolls.

We had a stove in the dining room, a heating stove, and you lived in that one room all winter. We would close off the living room and as soon as the supper dishes were done the kitchen was closed off.

You had piles of comforts on the bed. You changed clothes behind the stove and then ran upstairs and hopped in bed. In the morning, when you woke up, there would be ice all over the inside of the window. In the summer Mom would take down the stove and put it in the closet under the stairsteps.

This was during prohibition and everyone made "home brew". One time Leona and I stole two quarts of Mom's home brew and hid them in the bowl of the stove in the closet. After all of the home brew was gone we snuck ours out of the

house and drank it. I don't remember any ill effects.

You used to have to use a match to light your gas stove. The Foust family were the first people in the neighborhood to have a stove with a pilot light. They would take us kids into the house, one at a time, to see their magic stove. You could light it without using a match and we were really impressed.

At Christmas time we would string popcorn and make paper chains to decorate the tree. I think we had a couple of "store bought" ornaments.

Since the living room wasn't heated, we would put on coats to go in there on Christmas morning. One time I remember I received a book of "Little Red Riding Hood" from Santa.

Mom used Wilson's milk all year. She saved the labels and she would turn them in and get me a beautiful doll for Christmas. The first year the "sleepy" dolls came out she got me one. When you laid it down she would close her eyes, sit her up and she opened them.

The Wilson's milk Mom used was a condensed milk. You would dilute it half and half with water to use on cereal. I hated it.

At school they sold a half pint of milk at recess for 2 cents. They sold a glass of skim milk for 1 cent. Sometimes Mom would give me a penny but I didn't like the skim milk.

When we took down the Christmas tree we would cut it up and burn it in the heating stove. It would be pretty dry and would burn fast. It is a wonder we didn't burn the house down.

Mom didn't bake very often unless we were going to have company.

When we had company for dinner the "grown ups" ate first. The kids got what was left and a lot of times there was not much left, especially pie or cake.

Aunt Fannie was Dad's sister. We would go to her house a lot because Mom and Dad liked to play cards with Aunt Fannie and Uncle Ralph. Aunt Fannie always had baked stuff and lots of it. She would let us eat as much of it as we wanted.

Aunt Fannie's birthday was a day after Violet's. They always got together to celebrate their birthdays. Aunt Fannie always baked a big cake so we all looked forward to Violet's birthday.

Mom's family lived in Marion, Indiana. When we went to see them it took us quite a long time to get there because Dad always had a Model T Ford. We would usually have a flat tire and Dad would have to fix it.

If you had to go to the bathroom they would just stop the car and you would have to squat along side of the road. I always hated that.

We would get mail delivery twice a day and the milk man and the bread man came every day. They did this until World

War II. Then with the manpower shortage we got mail once a day and milk and bread every other day. That way one man could cover two routes.

We took the evening paper. It was the "Herald". The Dayton Daily News was also an evening paper and the Journal was the morning newspaper. The paper cost 2 cents a day and the Sunday paper cost 5 cents. The paper went up in price to 3 cents and 7 cents so Dad quit the paper. He said we couldn't afford it.

Ed Thompson was a negro man who lived next door to us. He had been injured when he was a baby and his left arm and leg were paralyzed. He was very handy with tools. He had a shed on the back of the lot and he worked out there. He made rubber guns for us kids. You would cut strips from an old inner tube for your gun. He also made himself a new artificial leg. You could tell all of your hopes and dreams to Ed and he never repeated them to anyone.

Ed's Mother had been a slave when she was a young child and we were all fascinated by that.

We lived in a double house and my best friend Dorothy Bossinger lived on the other side of the double.

Dorothy and I would go to Wolf Creek and catch some tadpoles. We would find an old pan and fix up a rock garden. We would go to the school yard and find some pretty stones. We would dig a hole and put the pan in it. We changed the water in the pan every day. A lot of times our tadpoles would grow front legs but they never managed to turn into frogs. Too much attention I guess.

Mom wouldn't take us kids to town with her.

We had a two story house and when she would go to town I'd go upstairs, open the bedroom window and crawl out on the roof of the porch and play. I would crawl back in before she came home, but one day I looked down the street and there she was, hurrying as fast as she could. I hoped she hadn't seen me, but she had. That time she used the razor strap on me. I don't remember if I tried that stunt again or not.

Mom would buy a pound of black jelly beans and hide them from us kids. I don't know why because none of us kids liked them. I love jelly beans but I pick out the black ones and throw them away.

All of us kids had a sack of marbles. I was pretty good and when we played, we played for "keeps". Paul Grow would beg me to play marbles with him. After I had won a lot of his marbles he would go crying to Mom and since his Mother was Mom's best friend, she would make me give his marbles back to him.

There were so many butterflies and grasshoppers when I was little. Some days we would go out and catch butterflies and there were a lot of different ones.

One winter Dad made us a wooden sled. It looked nice but there was no way you could steer it. There was a big hill behind Grace A. Green school and it was pretty steep.

Most of the kids went sledding there but I was afraid.

All of the girls had jump ropes. Usually part of someones old clothes line. In the winter you had to dry the clothes in the house. We didn't have a basement. Mom would criss-cross rope lines around the rooms and hang clothes. When you came downstairs in the morning the wet clothes would slap you in the face. In the spring, when the inside clothes lines were put away, I could usually talk Mom out of a nice jump rope.

You could always find a couple of girls ready to jump. We didn't let the boys play because they jumped so funny.

Our newspapers had colored front pages. The Herald was green and the Dayton Daily News was pink. I'm not sure if that was every day or just on Sunday.

In the Sunday funnies there were always paper dolls. We would cut them out and keep them in a box and we would design our own clothes for the dolls.

If someone in the neighborhood had measles, mumps, scarlet fever, etc. the Board of Health would put a quarantine sign on the house with big printed black letters that said "MEASLES" or whatever it was. No one was allowed to go in or out of that house for three weeks. The men had to work so I guess they stayed with relatives. They would buy groceries and leave them on the porch. When we kids saw one of those signs on a house we would cross the street. No way would we walk on that side of the street.

I caught measles and brought them home and gave them to Leona and Violet. I wasn't too sick but they were both very sick. They had real high fevers and were out of their head but Mom never called a doctor. I guess she didn't have the money to pay one. At that time doctors made house calls!!

When someone died they always put a wreath on the front door. At that time they brought the bodies home and put the casket in the living room. They would have the funeral there.

Uncle George was Dad's brother. He made linament and he would take it to Longs Auction and sell it for one dollar a bottle.

Bill Lockmer reminded me of the old "Medicine Shows". A truck would pull up and stop in a vacant field and someone would get on the back of it and start playing a guitar and singing and they would tell jokes and as soon as they had a good crowd gathered they would start selling medicine. It usually cost one dollar a bottle and would cure everything. Money was scarce, but people would buy it.

Popsicles cost 5 cents. Sometimes when you ate the popsicle and got down to the stick you would find it said "free". That meant you could turn in the stick and get a free Popsicle.

Someone named Townsend came up with the idea of giving every old person a certain amount of money and they had to

spend it all every month.

Grandpa and I would sit on the front porch in the swing and he would swat flies and we would plan on how we were going to spend all of the money as soon as the Townsend Plan went into effect and we knew it would be just any day.

The very first thing we were going to do was get me a bicycle. I never did get a bicycle.

At the end of the afternoon Grandpa would sweep up a dust pan of dead flies, but we sure had fun spending that money.

There was always a "Haunted House" in the neighborhood. It would be an old deserted house that no one had lived in for years and it would be run down and have no paint on it. The windows would be broken and the door would be hanging by one hinge and all of us knew it was haunted.

At Roosevelt High School, the girls were required to wear hose. No anklets were allowed.

I went to Grace A. Green School at 503 Edison St. the first year it was open. I was in the third grade.

Mom used to tell us if we weren't good she would give us to the "rag picker" the next time he came around the neighborhood. The "rag pickers" were black men who had built themselves push carts with big iron wheels. They would push these carts around calling out, "Papers, old rags" and if the women had any they would bring them out and throw them in the cart. When he filled his cart he took it to the junk yard and sold it. We kids usually took off for the back yard when he came around because my Mother wasn't the only one who threatened the kids with the "rag picker".

My brother had a radio, the first one I remember, and you had to listen to it with headphones. you would slowly turn the dial trying to get something to listen to. Usually all you could get was static. There weren't too many radio stations in those days.

WING was known by the call letters WSMK. They had a country music show at 12 noon called "The Sky Larkers". Cliff was my sister Ellowene's husband and Penny was my sister Leona's husband. Cliff played the violin and Penny played the guitar. They appeared on the Skylarkers show and I was thrilled to death when I'd hear them announce, "And now here's Cliff and Penny".

Cliff really wanted to be in show business. He worked up a magic act and he would juggle Indian clubs and walk a tight rope. They had amateur shows at the Lyric Theater which later became the Mayfair.

Cliff met Ellowene and I at the stage door and let us in so we could see his act and the movie free.

Bill Lockmer played a guitar. he played with Lou Wampler's Band and they would be on WHIO on Friday nights. This was fun to listen to because he was from our neighborhood. Later he married my sister Violet.

When I was six or seven years old we would go out to the

Lakeside Park on Home Ave. The guy who ran the Merry-Go-Round liked Ellowene so he would give me a ticket so I could ride and then when he collected the tickets he would pass by me and not collect my ticket until his boss came around.

In the winter time you would let the water in the faucet turned on a little so the pipes wouldn't freeze. Sometimes they would freeze anyway. Dad would twist newspapers up tight and light them and hold them against the pipes. It would take a long time to thaw the pipes this way. I was always afraid Dad would catch the house on fire, but he never did.

Warren said they used a torch and he said he was just a little kid when he started thawing the pipes.

Bill Lockmer Lived on Edison St.

August 25, 1913

The row of brick houses that were all connected was called Chadwick Row and the owner, Mr. Chadwick had a big yellow brick house on the northwest corner of Edison and Summit. He owned all of the land from Summit St. west to where Grace A. Greene school stood. The number of houses in Chadwick row was, I think, no more than eight, nor less than that.

The big brick building across from the school was originally Bonebrake Seminary and then was the Normal Training School. It later became Monsanto Chemical Co. and there was a big, high fence around it.

The building on Third St. between College and Antioch St. was also the Normal Training School and when it was torn down they built a Bonded gas station there.

The store across the street from Liberal Market at Third and Western was Western Variety. At one time there were houses on that site and when they were demolished they built the Union Trust Bank on the southeast corner which later became Galahers after the bank collapse of 1929.

The northwest corner of Third and Western first had a saloon (in the '20's), then Swigarts Drug Store and then Dutch's.

West of that point there was Geiger and Klines Clothing Store which later became a Krogers and then west of that was a Suchers retail meat market (for a short time - maybe two years).

Beyond that was a saloon and another building I can't recall at the railroad. I think Warren knows pretty much what was on Third St. beyond that point, but at the railroad there was the coal company, then the West Side Lumber offices, a driveway and then Bill Darsts restaurant and card room where you could get a good lunch for thirty cents.

Next to the Liberal Market was Nesgodas Bakery, then a bar and then an antique shop and then the first Piggly-Wiggly which I remember shopping, with the turnstiles as you go in.

Roderers Shoe Store was on the corner. I don't remember all the stores east of Housers Drug Store except there was a grocery at one time that moved across the street to the corner of Third and College, known as Brosier and Wallace. Later it became a chili joint.

Still on the north side of Third was Robsons Barber Shop and then a collection of little shops, one of which had an Evangelist for a while, then Fortneys Feed Store and then the big church on the corner.

On the south side of Third between College and Euclid, Lantz's Merry-Go-Round was there for a while and also Holland Furnace. I am not sure about the other stores but it seems to me that the feed store had moved over there at one time.

The south side of Third St. from Western west, Citizens Federal was on the corner but I can't remember what was there

previously.

Then there was Peoples Theater, a fenced in area and then Western Fixture.

At one time at the railroad there was an old depot between the railroad and the alley: and the train that they called the "Dummy" would load passengers there to take them to the old Soldiers Home (now the V.A.) for band concerts and picnics. The cars were open-air as were the old summer street cars. Beyond this point west, Warren can remember better perhaps, but I remember Barneys Bar at the alley and the building supply, was it McGreevy and Ortman's?

There were other businesses with Dr. Burgett at the alley and then the Deli. Beyond that point Reisinger Funeral Home took up most of the block with a grocery store on the corner.

Some incidentals now. Violet says she thinks that coal company at the end of Antioch was Antioch Coal Supply and that sounds familiar to me.

Actually the area bounded by Summit, Wolf Creek, First St. and east to Sunrise was pretty much known as "Hunk Town". It really didn't include Chadwick row.

These homes were all single family bricks, each having its own well pump out front and an outhouse and a smoke house in the back.

i think Blotners was the name of the owner of the little grocery on Western before Plocks bought it and of course, Brattens was there for years.

Lucaks Grocery and bar at Western and Dakota was Benners Saloon prior to that.

Jake Hansen ran a pool hall on S. Western behind Peoples Theater and there was Blums Grocery Store on the southeast corner of Fifth and Western.

There were only two Catholic Churches on what would be called the West Side. The Holy Name Church which was primarily Hungarian was at the end of Conover St. at Wolf Creek. The other one was the one we went to, Resurrection Church on Gramont Ave. There was another church north of Riverview St., St. Agnes, but that was known as lower Dayton View.

I can remember when they had horses to draw the fire trucks at fire house #13. Of course, I was pretty young at that time and maybe I just remember it from my Dad telling about it.

I do recall an incident in the twenties when there was a street car strike and a car went off the track on Western Ave. They said it was from a bomb on the track. I know it was pretty ugly for a while.

Going through some old newspapers I picked out some address from the 1930's.

Standard Tire Co. 1345 E. Third 7/36

Central Motor Sales 816 W. Third 7/36

Demaree Local & Long Distance Moving 2123 W. Third 7/36

Dan F. Limbert Moving 1547 W. Third 7/36
 John Wollery Used Cars 2424 W. Third 7/36
 Transportation Twins 1218 W. Third 7/36
 Jenkins Auto Sales 643 W. Third 7/36
 Lantz Merry-Go-Round 222 S. Main 10/39

Otto Kuehn at one time had his headquarters at 1909 W. Third. All his vans were horse drawn. That was 1914.

There was a small state liquor store on Third between Broadway and Williams. Between the Mid-Nite Deli and the corner of Williams, I bought pints of Cherry Grove 100 proof whiskey for 80 cents.

Also in the late 20's there was a dentist. Dr. Early had an office next to the church at Third and Euclid. It sat next to an alley and I had some dental work down there.

Just north of Third and Summit, sandwiched in between the Dayton Malleable Buildings was an old brick church where free movies were shown every Saturday morning.

The Transportation Twins (a Ford dealership) was originally in the building occupied by the Western Auto next to the City Ice and Fuel Co.

Also, remember the little railroad that crossed Third at the Malleable and the flagman that risked his life every time he tried to stop traffic.

Don't forget the big news at May 9, 1939 when the tornado hit the West Side and Edgemont at 6:37 A. M. I remember it hit Howard Steeles house on W. First St. and tore out a big tree. It also knocked Evans' chimney down on Antioch St.

I checked with Warren and he said, "It followed the railroad track and started hitting at Summit St. Between First and Second St. was the Reliable Jack Co. and it almost leveled it. It tore up a lot of houses on Conover St. between Second and Third. Then it continued down the railroad track and tore up some of the Dayton Malleable Iron Co. and tore up property all along the railroad track."

"It leveled the Bonded Station at Fifth and Broadway. It did small damage to houses between Fifth and Washington St. and some damage to Peter Kuntz's Lumber Co."

"I was carrying newspapers that morning and I saw a lot of things flying through the air. Was I scared? You better believe it!"

Last of all, we can't forget Paul Lawrence Dunbar's house on Summit St.

---A Few Remembrances from the Early Days

When you had to crank a car to start it and sometimes ended up with a broken arm when the engine reversed itself from the compression. When you could drown before you could get the side curtains up on the old touring car. Trying to drive with one hand while operating the manual windshield wiper with the other. Saving the old crankcase oil to put on the street to keep the dust down. Having to remove the floor board to check the condition of the battery. When a screwdriver and a pair of pliers would fix most anything on the engine. A tire required sixty pounds pressure and it would take an hour to fill it with a hand pump. A drive from Dayton to Toledo would take seven to eight hours and that was considered 'good time'. When you needed at least two spare tires to drive any distance - you could count on at least one flat tire. When the whole family would keep watch for the signs on the telephone poles to indicate you were on the right road. When cars were set up on blocks in the winter time and the battery was removed 'til spring. When oatmeal would seal a radiator leak and coal-oil, or kerosene as is it is now called would keep it from freezing. A popular tire size was 30 x 3 1/2. When gas was pumped by hand from a glass cylinder on top the pump. For a dollar you could get eight gallons of gas plus a quart of oil. The night you surprised your mom by taking her home in the old 'flivver'. The first time you had ever driven it. When the gas tank was right in front of the windshield and you measured the contents by inserting a special ruler or measuring stick in the tank. Being able to check how fast you were going with the speedometer, racing the Dayton-Western out Eaton Pk. and always losing. The little roll down shades in the back window to keep the sun out. The cut glass vases on the door posts to hold a posey. The folding luggage carrier that fit on the running board. When traffic lights were new the pedestrians crossed on the amber light while a bell sounded for their safe passage. The policeman who directed traffic at all the main intersections prior to the traffic signals. The big dill pickles that you could buy at the Arcade for a nickel. The delicious soft pretzels three for a dime and the ginger bread squares that cost just a nickel. The butterscotch candies and the cheese crackers Mom would buy me when she shopped downtown. Getting tar from the construction site of the new Roosevelt High School and chewing it. It was supposed to make your teeth white. Carrying home bundles of wood strips in from the West Side Lumber Co. to use as kindling to start fires in the stove or save the better pieces for lattice or other projects. How I built a little cabin on a sled for my niece Betty Lou so she could stay warm and even a windshield so she could see out. How we would slide down Chadwick Hill which was behind the Grace A. Greene School and was a hill that was bumpy and you sometimes lost

your sled. You would come home wet and frozen but didn't seem to mind it. Knocking down bats at night under the street light and sometimes having them swoop down at you and you would have to duck fast to keep them out of your hair. The donkey next door that would bray and everyone would try to imitate him. Getting your bare feet black as coal after the streets were oiled to keep the dust down. Tracking footprints all over the sidewalks. Snitching pieces of ice from Partlow's ice wagon on a hot summer day and sometimes getting chased. Watching the switch engine go by to the packing plant and often running off the track while we watched the crew get it back on the track again. The neighbors dog that barked incessantly and mostly at night. Playing Andy-I-Over over the old garage with the girls in the neighborhood and hide and seek. the time I almost hanged myself in an old deserted shack and how if it hadn't been for a neighbor who saw my legs dangling I wouldn't be writing this today. Good old Ed Thompson the handicapped black man who always seemed to have time to help you or to listen to your troubles. Walking down the street in the evening and hearing all the radios tuned to Amos 'n Andy and Walter Winchell. The day our canary died and we buried it in a cigar box with a headstone yet. Raising rabbits and my Dad and I getting greens for them to eat. The cosmos flowers and maple trees I grew in the backyard and I would give the little trees to the neighbors to plant. The time in the late twenties when the KKK were prospering . Remembering the crosses that were burned in the yards of the people they professed to hate and the funeral of the Klan member where all the mourners showed up in sheets and pillowcases. Never could understand their philosophy. guess you could call it ignorance. Listening to the Grand Old Opry on a Saturday night on the old Atwater Kent radio and envying our neighbor who had one of the first crystal radios and he would let you listen to KDKA in Pittsburgh with the earphones. Listening for my Dad's whistle as he came home from work at the Dixie Sales Co. You could hear him two blocks away. The day the kids next door swiped a Christmas tree from Abe Schears store (Liberal Market) and got away with it, among other things. The steel rimmed wheels on the horse drawn garbage wagon making a ringing noise like bells and the clouds of vapor pouring from the horses nostrils it was so cold. Looking forward to the free Saturday morning movies in the old brick church on Summit St. Paying ten cents (if you had it) to see moveis at either the Gem, Mecca or the old Peoples Theater. The time the banks went bust at the start of the Great Depression and most of the money I had saved from selling papers and junk went down the drain. Many people wiped out, lost their homes and all they owned. Finding out that one of Dad's good friends couldn't handle it and killed himself. Finishing grade school and enrolling in high school. Twenty-five cents would buy lunch and carfare.

Would save most of it by walking to school and cutting back on the lunch. Had men teachers (brothers)-didn't have too many wise guys in those days. Graduated at the start of the Great Depression -not much chance to get any kind of a job. Spending a lot of your time with your buddies playing cards. They were in the same spot as you were. Recalling getting up at five o'clock to walk across town to the Frigidaire plant where as many as 500 men would be waiting to get a job. Maybe one or two would be lucky. Men would crawl thru the windows of the employment office so they could be inside in case there would be a job opening. This would happen day in and day out. I was never lucky. We did have some good times even if the economy was bad. We would walk out to 'The Bluffs' we called them south of town and climb up the big water tank and scratch our initials in the paint on the top. We had to cross a long railroad trestle and one time we were caught in the middle of it by a passenger train. We escaped with our skins somehow. I don't think we crossed that bridge again. Recalling the night we kept warm under the exhaust fan behind Nesgodas Bakery and could smell those delicious donuts baking. We could sometimes beg old sleepy eyes - we called him that because his eyes always looked half closed. we would beg a donut or two from him and he would punch a hole in it and it would fill up with sugar glaze. We would get day-old baked goods-sometimes I think they were a week old. Paid a quarter for a big box and we would get a quart of milk and have a feast, generally on the fire escape in back of the old Normal training School at Third & College. We used to go to Bill Darst Restaurant and get a bowl of chili or bean soup, a piece of pie, generally I got Chocolate, and a hamburger, all for a quarter. There was a place on S. Western Ave. where you could get a delicious steak sandwich for a quarter. We would stop there after coming home from the skating rink. The skating rink at Lakeside Park would be so cold in the winter time you had to keep skating to keep warm as all they had for heat was an old stove at one end and you had to stand on top of it to keep warm. Inviting my best girl to my graduation ceremonies. Despite the fact that somewhere down the line we took separate paths for awhile we discovered each other again and got married. Remembering how I bought a ukelele and learned to play it along with a harmonica and eventually graduated to a guitar. Along with my buddy Howard Steele and his sister Dot we formed a nucleus for an eventual string band. After the repeal of prohibition we played at various beer gardens and anywhere else they needed cheap entertainment. We played at old radio station WSMK on their new Skylarker program and on weekends on the barn dance program. We didn't make much money but we had a lot of fun. Recalling some more depression memories - when my best buddy Howard wore the same trousers all thru high school. He said you could see yourself in the seat they were so shiny. People standing in

line for their weekly relief order. Throwing coal off the freight train as it passed thru town to replace or augment your supply. You could see all kinds of containers being used to carry the coal from baby buggies to wagons to gunny sacks. Somehow no one was ever caught. Having to go to bed at times to keep warm. Cooking beans over the coal oil lamp when the coal supply ran out. Trying to half sole your shoes and using a box of tacks in the process. When you didn't see a car parked for blocks and if you did it was probably for lack of gas. Riding the trolley for a nickel and a penny transfer. Remembering the summer it was so hot people slept on their porches, in the parks, and anywhere else they could keep cool. And the winter that followed was the coldest ever with the temperature dropping to a -24 degrees one night. When the standard joke was the WPA or the CCC which were implemented to give people jobs and keep them off welfare. When a 40 oz. fishbowl of beer would cost ten cents and a pint of good 100 proof whiskey sold for eighty cents. When you walked most everywhere you went and thought nothing of it. The annual Christmas party at the Robert Reisinger Funeral Home when all the kids would line up for an orange or candy and some would be lucky and get a doll or some kind of toy. The German band that entertained across the street on the front porch of a house while the party was going on. The fascination of watching the goldfish in the show window at that same funeral home on our way home from school. Recalling how some people had burned a hole thru the floor of their house burning their furniture to keep warm.

Some Personal Glimples Into the Past

Skinny dipping in Wolf Creek beyond Black Bridge and how we all ducked the day the girls Sunday School Class came by. There was some squealing going on. Catching fish bare handed at the mouth of Wolf Creek as they came upstream to spawn. Lying in the long grass on a summers day eating wild garlic. Swinging on the rubber belts hung from a creek-side tree at Dayton Rubber. The old swinging bridge that served the Dayton Rubber employees at Hoover and Western Ave. The city dump that contained uncounted treasures and exuded both stench and a horde of crickets one year that invaded everyone's house. The one o'clock whistle at the Inland Mfg. Co. and the twelve o'clock at Suchers. Helping unload hogs at Suchers and sometimes being rewarded with a string of Weenies. Living next door to practically the only telephone in the neighborhood. Watching the baseball games between the black Marcos and the Hungarian Magyars at Westwood Park. Watching the special interurbans (we called them tractions then) from Hamilton unload fans for the annual football game with the then powerfull Rossevelt Teddies. Remembering the street car strike and the day they dynamited a car on Western Ave. Watching big-eyed as the medicine show troupers did

their routine. Cutting wood with Dad all summer so we could save on fuel the next winter and staying up all night to keep the fire going in the stove when the mercury hit - 24 degrees. The delicious aroma when Mom was 'putting up' pickles and relish. Our pet Plymouth Rock Hen getting a leg cut off with a switch engine and Dad made it a peg leg. She learned to walk good as new. the time I painted that same hen green. Fascinated with airplanes and the then famous Barling Bomber. Watching each night for the nine o'clock mail train. Lying in bed and listening to the fading sound of the Pennsy 'Spirit of St. Louis'. Joining the crowd at the water tank to watch the Jeffersonian whiz by at 70 mph with the sparks flying off the wheels. The daily trek out the railroad for our regular swim at Black Bridge. Going fishin' with Dad and being allowed to bring my lone fish home. Watching the kids eat bread smeared with lard and sprinkled with salt and pepper. The night the big fire destroyed the Campion Meat Packing plant on Riverview Ave. near Dayton Rubber. Fighting off the crawdads at the swimming hole at the end of Webster St and how your feet would sink into the gooey mud bottom. Splitting the two for five cigars with your buddy. Asking and getting a pennys worth of candy at Flocks Deli. When you had fun with the "damfino" candy bar. Walking home from school with your best girl and remembering how you helped her with her map drawing. Her kid sister accusing us of 'lolly gagging' as we sat on the front porch swing. The sights and sounds of the Saturdays' Farmers Market in Library Park and on W. Third St. when you could buy most anything. When carfare was a nickel and the morning paper sold for two cents. watching for the daily Sports report in the window of Brattens Grocery Sotre. Sitting on the corner with your buddies and trying to identify the makes of the cars as they went by. The night we were admiring the movie posters in the lobby of the old Peoples Theater and were advised by the police to go in or take a ride downtown.

Three Cent Day at Lakeside Park

This was the day when all the amusement rides cost three cents at this Dayton Amusement Park. When you took your first ride on the 'Derby Racer' roller coaster named the 'Blue Streak' and never forgot the thrills of it. It would take your breath away on the steep curves and hills. The sulphur smell of the Dodgem cars as you whirled around the floor. Cuddling up in the boat on the 'Old Mill' ride and sometimes stopping the boat and having the rest of the boats jam up behind you. the 'Hilarity Hall' where you could ride on the saucer or slide down the super slide and always lost skin off your arms. The 'Penny Arcade' where you fought to get a prize in the machine with the mechanical arm. the waffles frying and always smelling so good but were so

greasy. Feeding the monkeys on 'Monkey Island' and watching them try to get food out of water without getting wet. Going broke trying to win a kewpie doll by throwing baseballs at the milk bottles. Loosing your last nickel thru a crack in the board walk. And the day we found out how to get under that walk and loaded up with the lost coins before we were chased out. Listening to the sweet sounds of the big bands in the dance pavilion. The band concerts at the 'Old Soldiers Home' when the family brought a lunch and stayed all day. the beautiful arboretum where you could see bananas and pineapple growing. The white long necked swans swimming gracefully on the lake. the tremendous crowd that would watch the annual fireworks display on the Fourth of July. Listening to the music playing on the Merry-go-Round and trying to catch the brass ring as you went round and round.

MELITTA MASSEY SMITH
APRIL 15, 1949

As a toddler and up to age five, I lived at 365 Bolander Ave. That would have been approximately 1951-1954.

I have several distinct memories about our neighborhood and a few things that happened to myself and my family.

When I think of that and living on Bolander Ave, the first thing that comes to mind is our house. I picture it in my mind as a plain white frame house with a front and side porch and a garage. There was a grape arbor and a snow ball bush out back. I got in trouble for tearing up the snowballs and making it snow all over the yard.

I remember "Pop", my grandfather, building a bird feeder out of some scrap lumber. When he finished I went in the house and begged paper and pencil from Mom. Then asked her to write "here birds, this is for you", to hang on the feeder. A lively discussion occurred as to why birds can't read even though they have eyes. Eventually I won, the sign was put up.

We had a piano in the dining room, an upright, (which I still have) that I got in trouble for climbing on. I remember crying on the phone to my Granny because Maw Maw had spoken harshly to me (for some good reason).

Mom said I fell down the steps every day. I remember crying when she put the ice on the bump on my forehead. Also, being afraid to step on the furnace intake at the bottom of the stairs, having burned my feet at my Aunt's house on the grate over their floor furnace.

I was standing looking out the back door and on the metal cistern cover was a huge black snake. My Mom didn't believe me though until she saw the neighbor lady chasing it with her hog. She killed it. I can still see it hanging on the hoe handle, and hearing Mom saying, "well, Melitta said she saw a snake out there but I didn't believe her". I wonder why?

Maybe because of the rabbit incident. We had Aunt Bev and Uncle Grover at our house. The men were turning ice cream. I was getting in the way so Pop said "Go catch a rabbit." I took off. A little later he calls me back to give me a bowl of ice cream and I said "I can't take it because I have a rabbit in my hands." He takes the rabbit and gives me the bowl. So much for my creditability.

Flashes -- wiring the Christmas tree up in the corner, the blue cellophane on the window over the couch with silloutes of the Nativity on it. Wearing my grandmother's glasses, walking down the hall and it feels like I'm going down hill.

My brother falling out of bed. Praying at night "Now I lay me", painting the kitchen chartruese. Getting stuck in the basement--followed Mom down, she forgot I was behind her

and shut the door--I couldn't reach the handle. Didn't know to knock or pound, sat down and cried. Pop making a bed for me, me watching, getting saw dust in my eye. The neighbor lady giving us cookies, visiting my Sunday School teacher Mrs. -- who lived down the street.: Going trick or treating. Taking a walk around the corner.

Smelling the bread from Sunshine biscuit Co. Going to a week of nursery school at the recreation center. Church Sunday School and V. B. S. at the E. U. B. The hardware store on the corner of Cincinnati St. Going to a church friends house to play with her grandson. He had those German made wooden trains and tracks. Where Rikes (Lazarus) warehouse is used to be an open field. I remember Maw Maw putting us in the buggy and pushing us down the street to watch the elephants raise the circus tents. It's funny - I don't remember the raising, but the walk there. The anticipation.

I remember sitting in a high chair with balloons tied up--trying to use a spoon in my drink like a straw, spilled it all over me.

Burned my hand on the metal bowl with pie in it--tried to get it out of the oven without a hot pad.

Remember Sally Flowers on TV - Pop watching news--me wanting somethin else--Ding Dong school, someone reading comics to me.

Learning to write my name to write out valentines - trying to read a book - Hansel and Gretel - bought home to me because I had measles. I was set up in a darkened living room. Took the book right to the little bedroom light in the dining room (closed curtains in there too). Mom and Maw Maw got upset with me. Bought me a necklace with a picture made from butterfly wings, too.

Remember going out the door to go to church--oh, - no panties on. Felt the cold air blow up my dress.

Mom telling me that my navy blue sock were not black. Braids with plaid ribbons tied on the ends. Little blue ruffle dress Mom made. Red shoes.

Drank water from a cup on sink--had bleach in it--made me eat raw egg or something equally repulsive.

Pop making me pick up tomato top--saying "Pick up that spider"--terrified of spiders for years--hysterical. Shot Pop with my gun fingers on the basement steps--he played dead--scared me out of my wits.

Buttyercups beside the house, between the walk.

Dead mouse in a trap behind chair. I came out holding it by its tail-- Maw Maw wouldn't touch it-- scooped it up with a pan--threw trap and all away.

Writing in my book with a crayon on empty fly sheets--got in trouble. I thought that's why they were blank--for my contribution.

We were the first or second on our street to sell to blacks. I guess the neighbors let Pop have it. To him

though, people were people. If they had the money and wanted to buy who was he to deny them-this was in 1954 or 1955, long before Equal Rights Amendment.

There was a dime store next to the hardware. Dick, my cousin, used to buy those plastic bubbles there. he always had such neat stuff.

I remember sitting on the river bank watching fireworks and the Carrillon. Especially Easter morning.

I remember Mom finishing High School and going to here graduation from Co-Op. She had a friend named Aimee there who she talked a lot about.

I remember a fire in a house down on the side street. The fire ran up the downspout. I don't remember anyone getting hurt.

We took our naps out on a blanket in the yard, under the snowball bush.

This is what I remember about living on Bolander St.