

Lancaster County Historical Society
Oral History Project

Interviewee: Alexander Stein
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B: This is Gerald Brus interviewing Alexander Stein. Mr. Stein is going to recall for us his memories of Lancaster.

S: Let me start with some of the earlier things that were part of the scene in Lancaster. First of all, we had three gas lights, which were, in effect, illuminated with gas mantles, and were lighted each evening by the street lighter. A common scene in the center of Lancaster was Blind Johnny, who played the accordion and made a very sparse living through coins that were tossed into his hat. Everybody knew Blind Johnny.

In the downtown area, a few of the older stores were Hirsch's Clothing Store, Rohrer's Liquor Store; these were in the area of the square. [Hendren's] Cigar Store, with its very attractive wooden Indian, always displayed on the outside, [Seldomridge's] Grocery Store, which was on West King Street, [Steinfelt's] Store, which was the newspaper and magazine store as well as cigar and cigarette store and tobacco store of the community on North Queen Street. [Scyllus's] Shoe Shine Parlor on the corner of the square and South Queen Street. [Spreckler and Gaunt's] Hardware Store, the New York Store, which is now Watt and Shand, [Linebach's], [Stauffer and Brennerman], [Garvin's] and of course a multitude of corner grocery stores, which appeared on almost ever block of the city, and the corner saloons which were just as numerous.

In addition to the above stores there was [Donnelly's] Ladies' Store, [Dietz's] Shoe Store, [Todd's] Shoe Store, [Baer and Whitmoyer], and, of course, numerous other stores in the central part of the city.

One of the early scenes that I remember as a child were, of course, our unpaved streets. On South Prince Street, for example, between West King Street and [Engle Side], on a Saturday and Sunday the young bloods of the city would have horse races, either way, or both ways. Which ever way they went, they raised clouds of dust and a lot of interest from the neighborhood.

B: Do you remember about what year that was?

S: This might go back to, at least, in 1910. And interesting side light, of course, is that in those days there were hardly any automobiles, most transportation depended on horses. And the side light really is that the horse droppings didn't remain on the street very long. The thrifty housewives were out with shovels or dust pans, gathering the droppings for their flower beds. It's also interesting to remember from the point of view of the bird life that the sparrows depended very heavily on horse droppings for the undigested oats. So that these were common things in those days.

At least once a week cattle were driven on the streets of Lancaster, either to slaughterhouses or to the stockyards. And I remember very distinctly, we had an iron fence with spears. And one of these drives of cattle, one of the steers tried to jump over our fence and became impaled on one of the spears. It finally struggled off, but it was really mortally wounded and dropped dead about two blocks from our home. It was the kind of a gruesome sight that remains on a child's memory. But it certainly pointed out the close connection between the countryside and the city. There were quite a few things that show the relationship between the two types of life. For example, April first.

The whole community was- Revolved about April first, really. Leases for homes were usually expiring the last day of March each year. We knew that on April first- Most real estate properties settlements were held on April first. For the farm population because that's when the new crops had to be set and the ground prepared, and the new year of farming begin. And in these days, the lawyers frequently sat out on the curbs, on the pavements, really, near the curbs, with desks. And there were really, literally, hundreds of people crowding the pavements, and the lawyers held the settlements between the sellers and the buyers, or the renters... or the leasers and the lessees. And this was a big occasion. Lawyers held as many as twenty, thirty settlements on that particular day. Mortgages, too, were generally payable on April first.

It's interesting to remember that the mortgage rates were as low as three and four percent per year. There're, of course, lots of changes of that sort. In those days, too, the ice was delivered on ice wagons pulled by horses, with a platform in the rear. Where the kids in the neighborhood always jumped on to the platform, hitched a ride and a little bit of the cracked ice, which was always very refreshing in the summertime. We also used to watch for the people who brought in watermelons from the farmlands. Because, invariably, they had come cracked watermelons, which they would sell for about five cents or three cents. And we had an old, used refrigerator that we kept out in the yard, and when we'd get one of these watermelons, we'd, somehow, get some ice and make it really cold, then all the kids in the neighborhood would have a feast. That was also pretty common. Candy pulls in those days were the way people helped to amuse themselves. We had baseball games at the garbage plant.

B: What is a candy pull?

S: A candy pull is a- Well, it starts with a big mess of molasses mixed with sugar and flavoring. A huge ball of it, maybe twenty, thirty pounds, would be thrown over a hook on a wall and pulled, literally pulled, so that, instead of being possibly twelve to fifteen inches long, it would be pulled out to maybe five feet or six feet long. That, in turn, would be wrapped around the hook, and the process repeated, the thinner strands of candy would be held together, molded together by the pulling process, until finally the whole thing became relatively stiff and then cut into sections for eating. It was a very happy kind of thing.

B: Like taffy?

S: Yes, yes. And, needless to say, it was really delicious.

The Saturday games at the garbage plant with the [Greenwood ACs] were quite a way for all the sports of those days to enjoy themselves. This also goes back to maybe 1910, 1915. There were other ball teams. There was a ball field out near the stockyards. It was much better, though, than the one near the garbage plant, but the garbage plant's the one that I am very familiar with. And, in order to maintain the equipment, the seventh inning stretch was accompanied by the passing of the hat, among the crowd, for donations. And I'm sure there weren't many donations that exceeded twenty five cents in those days. And if the kids put in a few pennies or a nickel, that was all that was expected of them.

In our particular area on South Prince Street there were two very interesting blacksmith shops. [Wolfe's] was in the four-hundred block of South Prince Street, and [Grape's] was near Engle Side. [Wolfe's] was characterized by a beautiful white Arabian horse they had and a huge Newfoundland dog. One of the familiar sights of the city was a fine looking gentleman by the name of A.C. [Raufins] , who founded the [Raufins Elevator House]. He had a beautiful set of mustaches, a mustache and beard, and a pair of beautiful horses and a beautiful carriage, which he drove as though he was really the lord of all he surveyed. It was a beautiful sight. He motored through the whole city. There were, in those days, too, a lot of people who rode horseback for pleasure. And having horses was much more common than it is today. Pleasure-riding horses.

Now, in those days, most people had coal stoves. I don't remember any really wooden stoves, except, so far as the barrel stove was the wooden stove. In most instances, the barrel-shaped stove was the coal stove, too. I personally don't remember any Franklin type stoves *in use*. Because coal stoves in those days were the usual kind of stoves in kitchens and the houses, and they all had waterbacks. Now what was a waterback? A waterback was a cast-iron, hollow, oblong-shaped container for water, which had an inflow and an outflow, and the circulation generally was between the waterback and a twenty five or fifty gallon galvanized tank, which was then connected to the water system so that you could have constant hot water. And you told whether or not you had enough hot water by running your hand on the tank, which was in an upright position, and of course the hot water was on the top. So that, if you ran your hand down from the top and came to where it was cold, you knew how much hot water you had.

Lighting for the homes? It ran from, and developed from, the coal-oil lamps and candles, to gas lights. Now, the first gas lights were slotted pieces of composition, which allowed the gas to come out under some force, but which spread the flame into a hand-shaped flame; the center part of which was not ignited, but the outer edge of which would ignite and cast a yellowish kind of illumination. And then the [Wellsback] mantle was invented, which consisted of a mesh of some kind of thread, which, when lighted, would burn and leave a fairly rigid little amount of mesh ash. So that they usually would hang in a little bag-like mantle, and you then would turn the gas on and this little mesh bag would glow with a white light, which was far superior to the gas lights. Then, of course, we got the electricity, and the old- Well, if you had a nice gas chandelier, they were electrified; converted into electrical chandeliers by running the wires through the pipes and then putting the bulb fixtures where the gas fixtures had been.

The kids had a lot of fun gathering chestnuts, butternuts, hickory nuts in the countryside. And black walnuts. And this was part of the fall occupation of the kids.

Strawberries, the sweetest there were, would grow along the railroad tracks, and I'm particularly acquainted with those that we picked below Engle Side.

One of the most spectacular local fires in Lancaster County, was the [Lavan's] mill fire, which took- Really was occasioned by spontaneous combustion. And the fire horses ran with the fire engines till they could no longer run, and they actually walked to the fire. And as a little child on my little bicycle, I beat them to the fire because they were just exhausted.

B: How far was it? Was it out of town?

S: Well, it was on the New Danville Pike, I would say about a mile south of Engle Side. And that bridge- Not the bridge, the dam, which set up the millrace for the mill, was partially destroyed, and ultimately disintegrated. And it's still one of the projects of the Conestoga Valley Group to restore that dam so that the level of the water in the Conestoga will be backed up, and make it a much more beautiful stream.

B: Did that mean the end of the Lady Gay going up and down the river?

S: Oh, now we'll get to the Lady Gay a little later, if you don't mind.

B: Fine.

S: The streets really were very interesting in those days. You'd see the fish peddler with his wheelbarrow, walking along the street, calling out- Tooting a horn first of all, a simple tin horn. And then yelling, "Fresh fish! Fresh fish!" And people would come out and he'd open his wheelbarrow, and if he had fish that you wanted, he carried a little scale with him. He didn't clean the fish; the ladies had to do their own cleaning of the fish. That's the way it took place in the very early days.

Then you'd hear the call of a rag man. His call would be, "Rags! Bones! Bottles! Old iron!" And people would have saved their junk for the visitations of these junk peddlers, and they would, oh, maybe give ten or fifteen cents for a huge pile of junk and that's how you got rid of things.

Then there were the, I suppose you'd call them the "old-fashion tinkers," who either had a little one-wheeled thing or carried their equipment on their backs. They fixed umbrellas, they sharpened knives and scissors, and some of them did a little mending with soldering irons.

And we had curb markets in those days. The farmers would come in and back up their buggies to the curbs, and take their horses to the Swan Hotel most of the time to rest up and to be fed during the day. And they stayed with their buggies with their back gate open, and their farm produce displayed in the buggies. There were also the market houses, too, but apparently there was no charge for parking the buggies. And on, I think East King Street and South Duke Street, there were the farmers' curb markets in those days, and this goes back, oh, maybe 1912- Before the first World War, really, when eggs were twelve to fifteen cents a dozen, and butter might have been twenty cents a pound. Of course, in those days, too, when people could rent a fairly decent little home for fifteen dollars per month, and their utilities cost so little. Of course, they made only ten or

twelve dollars a week in the mills, like the [Fronam Cockney] Mills. But, generally speaking, it was a very contented population. And a lot of families were a lot more contented after they rushed the growler. Now the growler was a bucket of beer! They'd go to the corner saloon and get a bucket of beer for- I don't know how much they cost, it might have been fifteen or twenty cents; it was very reasonable stimulation.

Kids bought [Hocus Pocus Snowballs] in those days. They were flavored scraped ice you scooped up in an ice cream scoop and give them to you in a piece of semi-waxed paper. Kids also bought broken pretzels from the pretzel bakers. They used a full sheet of newspaper, wrapped them into a cone-shaped receptacle, and filled them with broken pretzels. When the price was high, that was two cents worth.

B: Wow

S: In those days, it was interesting to know that soft pretzel vendors were discouraged by the school system, because they felt that they contained so much lye that they were injurious to the system: to the person's system. And I remember the superintendent of schools in those days, who was H. B. [Work], did everything to have the teachers chase the vendors away from the schools. But, of course, that didn't keep the kids from eating soft pretzels.

An annual event in the schools was Cleanup Week. And there was really a great deal of clamor and enthusiasm about that. Yards would be cleaned up; fences would be white-washed; everybody would be careful not to throw paper in the streets. And it was really- And it always took place in the spring, to sort of revive the city. And it was very nice. We could use that kind of a thing today, I think.

Now, just to mention a few incidentals at this point, things that are now maybe not quite out of date, but certainly out of date for their purposes, were the big brass spittoons that were featured in hotel lobbies. They were in passenger cars, railroad cars. Which, incidentally had, at that time, coal-oil lamps for lighting, and the sort of velvet velour seats that were pretty warm. Not quite as warm as plastic, but pretty warm.

During Cleanup Week, you'd hear a lot of noises of something slamming and slapping something else. Frequently that would be the carpeting of the house was taken out, hung on lines, and beaten with beaters that were made of wire (generally), in the shape of a tennis racket. And the dust was literally beaten out of the carpeting, so that when it went back in the house it wouldn't be as dirty as it was, because we had no vacuum cleaners in those days. We had an ordinary carpet sweeper which took the surface dust off, but nothing more.

On holidays, our parades were almost always headed up by Old Pete [Fordney]. Now Pete was at least, I would think, six and a half feet tall. He was one of the giants of the community. He would always dress up in red and white striped pants and jacket, and a star-spangled replica of a top silk hat. But it was in the patriotic colors with stars on it. And he always strutted at the heads of the parades and made quite something out of it.

B: He was our Uncle Sam, then?

S: Yes, he was our Uncle Sam, literally.

And another character that everybody knew more or less of, actually, was [Patent Leather Clarence]. Rumor has it that Patent Leather Clarence was engaged to a woman who wore patent leather shoes. And, for some unfortunate reason, the engagement was broken off. And thereafter he became, (he had not been before, at least), thereafter he became somewhat mentally affected. And if you wore patent leather shoes, he was sure to stop you and look to see if they were kept in clean condition. Some people rather viciously said that he wanted to see if there were any reflections that would give him views that he shouldn't have received, but I doubt that that was true.

Another famous character in the city was Jack [Fazig]. My guess is that Jack was at least seven feet tall. He was a huge man. He walked like a sailor would walk, with his feet spread apart and protected against the roll of the ship. Whether he was ever a sailor, I don't know. But whenever any visiting strongmen came to the community, he challenged people to remain in the ring with him, mostly wrestlers. He almost invariably won. And he'd win fifty or one hundred dollars, which was a lot of money in those days. I guess that was a sort of a favorable characteristic, to be able to do that. I'm sure he didn't have too many other favorable characteristics.

I would like to mention some few of my wonderful teachers in the school system. There was a Miss Black, a Miss [Hertzler], a Miss Bowers, a Miss Suydam, Miss Lynd; the only ones that are still living are Miss Hertzler and Miss Bowers.

B: Are any of your teachers married? You mentioned they're all-

S: No. They were all spinsters. But those that I've mentioned has hearts of gold, they loved the children. And they imparted character to the children, because they really loved them. They were not of the school who would let the children take advantage of them; they weren't martinets. But they kept good discipline, and generally the children, at sometime during the day, had to sit erect, with their hands behind their backs, quiet as mice, just to observe some personal discipline. It wasn't harsh, it was just one of those things that the kids went through, and it really wasn't bad at all. At times they got whacked over the rear in the (*recording skips*)

-school, which was in the seventh ward, was then a Mr. Shibley (I think it was a B and not a P). He was a civil war veteran, wore a full beard, and his greatest claim to fame was that he had a bullet which penetrated his anatomy during the civil war, and reappeared in the shape of bulges under his skin from time to time in various places. And of course, he loved to show this to the kids, and we'd see it one time at his wrist another time up at his elbow. And apparently it just traveled through his system without doing him any harm. It could have been taken out with a slight incision, but I think he was too proud of it to take it out.

Now, I had, I really had some personal knowledge of the Hex of Rye in the community. My father had a cigar factory and tobacco warehouse, and we had numerous cigar makers. Quite a few of the women, at least three, had more or less the aptitude for Hex of Rye. This is the art of practicing hexing. Their art was particularly aimed at the removal of warts and things of that sort. And they each had their own way of doing it. One would buy a wart for a penny and tell the seller of the wart it would disappear within a certain time, and almost invariably, it would disappear. Another would tell the one with the wart to bury a potato under a rainspout. When the potato was rotted, their wart would

be gone. Rather recently, I talked to a dermatologist, who indicated that some warts are just a matter of appearing because of nervousness, and that by giving this strong suggestion that the wart would disappear, that it actually has that effect. I'm sure that some of them were just coincidence, just as a cold disappears. Most warts probably would disappear, but by the power of suggestion, it helped them disappear.

This isn't anything that isn't used today; psychiatrists use the power of suggestion to cure a lot of mental attitudes. And I sort of believe that the type of quasi-hypnosis, or suggestion, that these somewhat modernized witchdoctors used, could well have had the effect they said it would have. I've never personally followed any of their... or consulted any of them, except that I settled the estate of [Mal Koenig], who was probably the outstanding actor in Lancaster. And she had one famous case where the son of a very wealthy family had what was known as the [opnoma?], which was known as the waste. It's a disease that causes the body to lose its flesh and to waste away. And she, after the doctors gave this person up for dead -that is, not for dead, but one to whom they could offer no cure- she gave this fellow a number of treatments, suggestions, that might have involved the old Shakespearian spider webs and eyes of a frog or odd eccentric things like that. Before too long, he was all right. I'm sure that you take those cases of cancer that seem to cure themselves; it's no more remarkable than that was.

One of the annual affairs was the county fair, which was held out on the old Harrisburg Pike where the [Donnelley] Printing Place now is. And that was a great community thing. You could take the train from the station at Chestnut and North Queen, and go to the fair for five cents a person. Now this was a great train ride of possibly three miles. But you got off at the fair, and there was hustle and bustle, all kinds of things going on: agricultural exhibits, poultry exhibits, cows, horses, steers, bulls, sheep, all kinds of unusual types of fowl. And then there was the -I'm not sure what it was called. It was that portion where there were games of chance, and they were always attacked by the local ministering association. Reverend [Trombley] was the very active, aggressive head of the ministerial association, and he saw to it that those places were closed; they couldn't hook the roofs.

He was so active that I remember [? O'Bara in *The Vamp*??] was a silent movie, a famous movie. She was a famous vamp of the time. And they had a portrait of her with a v-neck in her blouse, which the reverend thought was over exposure. And he went through the very simple procedure of simply arresting the portrait. It was very effective; it was taken away and just wasn't shown.

Rocky Springs, which was really, along with Long's Park, offered swimming in the muddy Conestoga -now this is what's referenced to Rocky Springs: swimming in the Conestoga, a rollercoaster, a roller skating rink, and great spring water. It had a penny arcade; it had famous ice-cream cones, because they baked the cones separately on a little baking machine, and they were simply elegant. And I think, even in those days a cone with a small ball of ice-cream was ten cents, which was quite a sum.

I would say that Coca Cola and Pepsi were not known in those days. They had a dispensing vehicle out then. It looked like the old steam engine part of the fire brigade, like a tall cylinder. Well, it was almost like a big [?], but instead of the fire inside to build up pressure, or to add pressure to the stream of water in the fire engine, it was occupied by the vendor of Moxie, which was a somewhat indifferent, sweet, un-carbonated drink. And it was really, pretty well patronized.

At Rocky they had a fenced in enclosure with prairie dogs and a cage with monkeys. This park, and Long's Park, and Williamson's Park were very popular for family picnics, especially on Memorial Day, Independence Day (which of course was the fourth of July), and Labor Day. And they always had contests, especially on Labor Day; racing of all kinds. And I remember, they one of these things that, for a nickel, you would take three swings with a sledge to see how high you could make a thing go up. It was on a lever, and you would hit the end of the lever, which was, the fulcrum was near the middle let's say, and on the end was a channel with a rubber thing like a hockey puck, it would go up! And if you were really strong, you could hit the bell at the top. But otherwise you would just test you relative strength with that. They also had a shocking machine; for a penny you could hold on to two, I guess a positive and negative, and it would send a shock through the system. And it was a pretty good shock, too. And of course the penny arcade had, in effect, very early moving pictures. There were a bunch of cards that would be the equivalent of cartoon slides, that, when they were shown rapidly, they simulated motion. They were always very busy. They were the then equivalent of our present pinball machines. The kids loved those things.

We had, oh yes, the three-legged races. Three-legged races were races that consisted- Two individuals would be stood up side-to-side and their, you might call them their center legs - the one right leg and the one left leg- would be tied together, so that in effect, this was a three-legged two persons. And, of course, when they ran, they would trip and fall all over the place. It was really much more for the benefit of the onlookers than for the racers.

Dancing at Rocky Springs and the starlight roof on top of the old Woodworth Building. The old Woodworth Building was maybe seven or eight stories high, I don't remember, but they had dancing on the top, on the rooftop. [Himmen's] Auditorium on the first block of West Orange Street was popular for dancing. Big affairs were held at the Brunsworth Hotel and the Stevens' House. There were three short golf courses around Lancaster that were free to the public: Long's Park, Williamson's Park, and Brook Brothers' Park. They were short, nine-hole courses, but were very well patronized. Tennis was played at all three parks, plus Buchanan's park. There were no charges at any of those. Ice skating was available on the Conestoga Creek (now know as the Conestoga River), Mill Creek, the Little Conestoga, and Herr's ice pond on the Columbia Pike.

Now, Herr's ice pond was really quite something. First of all, even around, I'd think maybe as far back as 1920, they had an electrically-driven ice truck. It had a huge group of storage batteries that ran it, and they had to be recharged every day, but the sight of this ice truck running around town delivering ice was quite a sight in those days. In those days, too, there were a few electric automobiles. They were mostly above the chassis level, were mostly glass, and they were elegant vehicles and they were mostly owned by the very wealthy ladies of the town. I doubt if there were more than half a dozen in the whole town. They were steered by a lever, a steering level, rather than a steering wheel. And with some urging, they could probably go about thirty miles an hour downhill.

We had - and I had forgotten this, somebody told me about it the other day- we had a Rowe Automobile... I'm not sure if the whole automobile was built here, or just the motor. The Rowe Motor Company is what comes to my mind; I can't be sure about that. In the ladies' electric automobiles, part of their elegance, they always had one or two

glass vases to hold cut flowers. So from that you can tell the type of elegance, really, that they represented.

Across from Rocky Springs Park was People's Park. You got from Rocky Springs to The People's Park by an overhead bridge. People's main attraction, as I remember it, was an aquarium. I don't think it was a success financially. But Rocky Springs was a pretty good place to spend your money. I'm not sure of this, but I think there was a miniature railroad running along the east bank of the Conestoga from somewhere around Bridgeport to Rocky Springs. I may be wrong about that, but I think it's true.

Now, the Lady Gay was a paddle steamer, small one of course, that also wended its way from Bridgeport to Rocky Springs. Sometimes it ran aground. It was never really much of a commercial adventure, but it was something to see; when we think of the Robert Fulton [Park] in matter of steam and transportation by boat, that might have had special significance.

Rowing and canoeing were romantic activities that kept the Conestoga busy. There were boathouses along the Conestoga with the boats stored in them, the canoes stored in them, and on a summer evening, the river was really busy with young fellows and young girls paddling their canoes and rowing their boats on the river. This was really a beautiful thing. At the foot of East Strawberry Street was [Schopffstall's] Landing. Freddy Schopffstall had rowboats at this place. He would ferry people across the Conestoga probably for five cents. But you could rent a rowboat for a whole day for about thirty cents. I remember one time I took a rain-soaked cigar, it was thrown out from the cigar factory my father had, and gave it to him, and for that we had half a day's rowboating. The boats were supposed to be returned to the landing, but some irresponsible renters would row downstream because it was much easier. And then they'd beach the boat and leave it right there. And it was a common sight to see Freddy Schopffstall going downstream, hooking on a couple boats on to his boat and laboriously rowing them back to Schopffstall's landing.

Those things really leave impressions on people.

I remember there was a sandy beach which was a swimming hole. One of my brothers dived in there and hit something. And it turned out to be the body of a person who had drowned.

We frequently got a fierce skin inflammation of what was called burn hazel, which is a weed that, if you contacted it, really created an inflammation of the skin.

The ice plant of course was at Engle Side. During the winter, a hard winter, they would cut ice from the Conestoga and sell it just as it was. That is, sawed into blocks. They didn't have to manufacture that ice.

When the ice broke up in the spring and the floods came along and then subsided, it was nothing to see hundreds of fifteen, twenty pound carp caught in the little hollows when the waters subsided. And people just when in and slugged them over the head and took them home. I don't think they were very good eating. The [gasworks' offal], which was an awful gassy kind of liquid, was dumped right into the Conestoga. It was impossible to get the gassy taste out of the carp. Carp were pretty tough fish; they could live out of water for quite a while. (By quite a while, I mean an hour or two.)

The trolley system. We had a great time with the South Queen Street trolley. It was like a [Toonerville] trolley which supposedly met all the trains in the cartoons; a very bumpy track. The South Queen Street trolley, I think, went down to about the eight-

hundred block of South Queen Street, then came back to the square. And really it was a wonderful, little, old-time tinker kind of a trolley. The brakes were handbrakes; they were tightened by a revolving brass handle and a cog arrangement that tightened a metal band around the portion of the wheel of the trolley. So there was really a mechanical stopper. Sort of a safari on the trolley system was a trip to Pequea from Lancaster, by way of Millersville and [Mumgardener's] Station.

In those days, the Pequea Hotel was a decent place with accommodations for summer visitors. And a couple times a summer, our family used to go down there and stay for a couple days. And I well remember how rocky that was, that ride, because I got "seasick" on one of those rides and left a very interesting trail all the way to Pequea I think. In any event, in the summer time they used open trolleys; no sides, just benches: really benches on a platform. The benches were reversible, so if the trolleys went one direction as far as they would go, then you would come back, they'd reverse the benches so that you would sit facing in the direction in which you were traveling. A big improvement over those first trolleys which required two people to operate, the motorman and the conductor, was the one-man trolley where the motorman and the conductor were consolidated into one person. This was a much smaller trolley, much lighter, and much more modernized. We used to have fun putting penny coins on the trolley tracks and having them flattened out to about five or six inches long, after the trolley would run over it a couple times. Just one of the kinds of things kids had fun doing.

Eating Places. Brunswick and Stevens' house furnished good food for the traveling public, as well as The Webber, the Hotel Webber. And then the other accommodations were the restaurants known as The Crystal, The [Rustic Dairy] Lunch, [Farmerstocks'], Nestle's, and [Cowitz's]. Now [Cowitz's] was famous for its sign; it had a fat man and a thin man, and a tall sign I think would be about ten, twelve feet high. Underneath the fat man was the legend, "I eat here" and under the skinny man a legend, "I don't." That was really quite famous. [Metfets'] were famous for oysters. [Metfets'] were next to the northern market, at the corner of Walnut and North Queen Street. And [Metfets'] were next, then Layman's Fancy Foodstore was next, and incidentally, all these places delivered without charge for orders of groceries and seafoods and so on. [Veet's] was famous for its turtle soup, Auntie's Café and the Delmonico's Cafes were on the square. And then, some of the things we seem no longer to have were the ice cream parlors, which were at Woolworth's Store, Miller's Drug Store, Hubber's Drug Store, Cooper's Drug Store, The Imperial, and later on, [Miessie's]. Milkshakes were about ten cents a piece, sundaes were fifteen to twenty cents, large portions of ice cream about ten cents. And this was one of the happy things of the days, to be able to sit in an ice cream parlor, and really enjoy life by eating some ice cream. And I forget how much a banana split was, it might have been maybe twenty cents. (Probably fifteen cents.) With all the goo, and all the nuts, and all the syrups that you could possibly think of, slopped on to one dish.

A familiar sight along the streets were the foot patrol men on the police horse. And they were really, very well respected, especially if they could twirl their Billy clubs. These were nightsticks, leaded inside the wood at the end to make them particularly effective if needed. And they're fastened to the wrists of the policemen by a thong, a leather thong. And the policemen became very expert at twirling these things. Much like

a western gunman was able to twirl his revolver, the foot patrolman twirled his nightstick. And I don't really remember hearing any of them use them. I'm sure they did, but they were not overused, let's say. And instead of having these two-wave radios they now have, there were call boxes on the telephone poles. The policeman would reach a certain point in his rounds, and he'd put in a call to the police station, reporting where he was. And he could also call for help or whatever, if need be.

In the days of prohibition we had... Well, of course prior to prohibition, we had at least three breweries in Lancaster: Whacker's, Wicker's, and Springer's Breweries. I think it was Whacker's Brewery, during prohibition that the bootleggers ran illicit beer through the sewers of West King Street, through fire hoses. Where it ended up, I don't know, but they apparently bottled it wherever the hoses ended up, and sold it that way. And the whole thing ended up in quite a scandal with the police force, which was then really reorganized, and has been a very highly respected police force ever since.

The music of the community, so far as I remember, was furnished by the city band and the [Malta] Band, groups like that. The Salvation Army, of course, was visible on a Saturday evening, I believe, where they sang and played to save the souls of the people. And the German bands came around with their big brass horns, and their [rumpus?], and really made quite a show of themselves. Now these, the German bands, expected people to gather around and throw coins on the pavement near them, so that they could make a little money that way. And, of course we had the Hurdy Gurdy people. A man would come around with his organ grinder, which was really, sort of, a very enlarged music box. And he'd turn the handle and the music would come out, and he usually has a monkey that would take off a little hat that was strapped on to his chin, and hold it out asking for people to put money in it for the organ grinder. And gypsies! Gypsy bands used to come through Lancaster, fairly frequently, and they were a troublesome group, really. They stole whatever they could put their hands on. They told fortunes by cards or crystal balls, and they'd tell anybody's fortune if he crossed their palms with silver, as they said. Usually the police arrested them to such an extent that they got out of town pretty quickly. *(tape cuts off)*

(tape resumes with a poor quality, and interviewee's voice is muffled and indistinct)

S: I think you should remember that the [span that was] between the rich and the poor in those days was really great. The success of migrations of people to [go to] America brought the poor and the hungry, mostly, and they survived religious persecution: [the Huguenots], the Mennonites, the Amish, [and a few unlucky Jews (mostly from the old country)??]. Then they were succeeded by the successive waves of migrations, and it was the poor that were lured, [the poor and the under class??] who were lured by the freedom and opportunity in America. [If you have noticed, the opportunities seem to be effective in, _____ to be] considered to be, normally, a type of opportunity. But that's the progress of the different races. [The so called "___s" of Boston, a city that] various groups dominated Boston as they came and then more or less left it as they elevated themselves, became more educated, and opportunities were right at their making, too, then. An interesting side light of how people thought [they were advancing themselves]; no matter how poor the poor were [that came there] that had the opportunity to really make something of themselves if they were [diligent and ? and intelligent?] about it. It was normal for a person to resort to almost night schooling. **(2:05)**