

March 30, 1994

REMEMBRANCES

These are things I remember that I think of once in a while when I am just sitting or driving or when something is said or done to bring them back to me. I am going to put them down so I can just sit and read them and bring back my remembrances. There is no order to this so here goes.

PATRICK:

When Patrick worked on the DPW (for all of us) he used to bring home the coupons from cans and my mother used to have us all sit down and cut them out so we could get whatever was on the coupons. He would borrow some money from me (a few cents) at times and say he would pay me back on his pay day. Sometimes he would forget because he would bring all his money home for our family. I used to go up to the town hall occasionally on payday and sit on the steps and when he came out I would go the bank with him to get my money first. Used to piss him off sometimes.

One of the best vacations we (Me and Pauline) ever had was in 1979 when Patrick, Toots, Pauline, Mike and I went to Florida on vacation. We left from the KOA campground in Marshalls Creek. It was a warm day and we left early in the morning. We were quite a way down route # 22 going south when all of a sudden we could smell something burning. Lucky for us there was an off ramp there and I got off to check the truck. (It was a 1970 International crew cab). We could find nothing wrong so were going to leave. I turned around to close the hood and there he was pissing on the front of the truck. I said "what the hell are you doing", he said that he had to pee. OK with me. Our first stop was going to be in southern Virginia. There was a little screw driver that I had that I liked but I had broken it about a month earlier and I put it together so it would look like it was OK. Patrick said he was going to check to see if he could find out what had caused the smell. I said go ahead. He took my tool box to take off the kick plate on the drivers door, but I did not know this. He comes to me with the screw driver all in pieces and said it broke. I said holly shit, that was my favorite screw driver, how the hell did you do that? He got all upset and said he would get me another one but I told him they did not make them anymore. He was getting very agitated so then I told him I had broken it a month earlier and not to worry about it. He called me a prick.

On the way down we passed a very large, round building that was advertising cigarettes. We all commented on it. When we got to Florida we stopped at the welcome station. When we left and got on the highway a truck like from the Grapes of Wrath came by with an old black guy and a young boy and as they passed us they were laughing because they were going faster than us. When I got up speed we passed them and I did not think anything of it until Patrick yelled, "that will show you. I wish I had that big cigarette tower full of piss to throw on you".

Doreen and her girl friend were going to come down to stay with us, but they were flying down. When we were to go to the airport to get them it was night. Toots said she would wait for us there. When I left the campground I turned right and we only went about a mile and a policeman pulled us over. He said my tail lights were out. I told him I had all my lights on and I did not know they were out. I knew right away that the smell we had on route # 22 must have burned something out. He said that I must have a burned out fuse. Wanting to be nice I asked him if he knew where I could get a new fuse. He told me to go left at the next light and there was a gas station there. Thanked him very much. Went to the gas station and the guy did not have the fuse I needed. Left there going towards the campground and kept on going. Patrick said that we passed the campground. I said I knew that and we were going to the airport a different way to so the cop would not see us. Silence. We get to the airport and met

Doreen and her girl friend, (Edie). They were getting a rental car. Mike went with them and I told them I would watch for them across the street in a parking area. We did not see them so I took a drive around the airport area that they were supposed to get the car at. Did not see them. Went back to where we were and waited a few minutes. They did not come. I took off and started down the highway for the campground. (about 30 miles away). They (Pauline & Patrick) said "where are you going?". I said back to the campground. They said "what about the kids?". I told them that I rode around a couple of times looking for them in a car that we did not even know they had and would not recognize if I saw it and that if they were looking for us they sure as shit would have seen this big white truck. Then the fun began. They said many things like: Are you just going to leave them there all alone? I said we found the prick of a place all the way from PA and they should find it from only 30 miles away. Besides Mike was with them and he would show them. Down the BEE line expressway I went and I tuned them out. Such language you never heard. We get back and go in the trailer and I asked Patrick if he wanted a beer. He said no. Toots wanted to know what was wrong. Pauline told her and now I got three people on my ass. You left your kids stranded? All shit like that. Pauline said I should go up to the office and call the airport and see if they would be able to find them.. I told her I did not know the phone number. She said to look it up in the telephone book or ask information. I told her if she knew so much about all of this that she should go and make the call herself. Another difference of opinion argument ensues. A car pulls up and blows the horn. It is Doreen, Edie, and Mike. Everybody is happy. I asked if they had any trouble and Doreen said "No, we had a good time and Mike took us right to the place, the only trouble we had was that Edie kept pulling the hood release instead of the brake release and they had to keep getting out to shut the hood". Asked Patrick if he wanted a beer and he said yes. Good day for me.

On the way home we were going to St. Augustine because we had reservations at a campground there. The traffic was like the Garden State Parkway on the 4th of July. We were going over the bridge at Daytona when all of a sudden the truck filled up with smoke. Lucky we were in the right lane. I shut the truck off and jumped out and opened the hood and pulled the cable off the battery. Pauline jumped out and was directing traffic around us. Patrick, Toots and Mike were on the curb on the bridge. A tow truck was going by in the other direction and asked if we would need a tow. I told him we would and he said it may be a while before he could find a place to turn around and come back to us. We waited a little while and then I told Patrick to put the battery cable back on the battery while I would see if there was anymore smoke in the truck, and if there was to pull it off again. He put it on and everything seemed OK. I tried to start the truck but nothing happened. Then I saw that I had it in gear. I put it in park and tried it and it started right up. I yelled "get in". They did not like that idea but they got in.

We stayed at a campground near St. Augustine and were right next to a lake. Mike was out playing and the rest of us were in the trailer when all of a sudden he comes running in yelling for a big stick or something to beat a duck with. We asked him why he wanted to do that and he said some big duck jumped on a smaller one and was trying to hurt it. Toots was looking for something to give him and Patrick said, "leave them alone". Toots said that the big duck might hurt or kill the small one. Patrick said, "how would you like it Mame, if when we are going at it, someone came and started to beat us with a stick"? Toots said "is that what they are doing"?

On the way back we were going to camp in the lower part of Virginia, just over the line from North Carolina and off of route # 95. It was getting late in the day and Toots said that if we would stop at a Kentucky Fried Chicken place that was up the road that she would get some food there and we would not have to cook that night. We pulled into the place and Toots and Pauline went in. When they came out you could see that something was wrong. As it happened, after they had ordered the chicken the girl asked if they also wanted some rolls. Pauline told her of course they did and they were supposed to come with the chicken. The girl had a southern accent and her and Pauline got into an argument about the rolls. Toots kept saying that she would pay for the rolls and Pauline said that they came with

the chicken where we came from and the girl said they were not part of the order. I never did find out what happened but we had rolls in the bags. When they came in the trailer Pauline was still mad and Toots told us what had happened. We were supposed to eat the food at the campground when we got there but Mike said that he was hungry and wanted some then. Toots said to Patrick "do you want to eat now"? Patrick said "if Mike eats, I eat". We all ate there in the parking lot. Pauline kept telling us how dumb these people down south were.

Owen Thomas used to like fishing. One day he was down the shore and on his way back home he stopped at our house to see us on Dodd Street above Dukes. After a while he said that he had to leave and did not like the idea of driving home alone. This was on a Saturday. Joe said he would go with him for the ride, so Me and Bobby said we would go too. We had a good time on the way up to Scranton and told Owen to drop us off at Patrick's house. It was getting a little late and Toots said Patrick was not home from work yet. We told her we were going to go out for a while and wanted Patrick to go with us. He had a car. She said he was usually tired when he came home and did not like the idea but as long as he was to be with us it was probably OK because she knew he wouldn't get in any trouble with us. He came home and we went out. Do not know most of the places we went but we ended up in the Dutchland on Moosic Ave. (I think that is where it is). We stayed quite a while and when we were leaving it was now Sunday and they were not supposed to be open. The bar tender opened the door (it was locked) to let us out and the fun began. Joe was first and then me. Bobby was helping Patrick. I see some guys coming in and one of them was getting ready to take a punch at Joe. I leaned over Joe and gave him a punch in the face and knocked him back and then all hell broke loose. There was about 8 or 10 of us going at it. All of a sudden Joe recognizes the guy that was going to hit him and he asked him what the hell he was doing. The guy said that he recognized Joe coming out and was going to greet him with the Bachelors Club greeting from Central High School. I never belonged to that so I did not know the greeting. (They used to let on they were going to punch you but they would shake hands instead). Didn't work this time. Everybody had cuts and bruises and I wanted to go at it again. Bobby had Tom's shirt ripped off him. Patrick lost his watch. Joe said to stop fighting so I went and sat in the car. We went to a place called Tony Hardings to get something to eat. The other guys came in too after a little while. Him and Joe were very sorry about what had happened. The guy said I started it and I jumped up to go at it again. Joe made us leave. I asked him where we were going. He said the train would be leaving soon so we had to drive Patrick home. I was the only one with a drivers licence. We got him home and we knew Toots would be mad. We rang the door bell and when the lights came on in the house, the three of us ran like hell up Providence Road to the railroad station. Another good day.

A couple of days latter our phone rings on Dodd Street and it was Patrick. He was at Swifty's and half goosed and they were telling him that he had been in a fight with his brothers. He had a crying jag on and asked me if it was true. I told him it was. He was very upset and wanted to know if he had hurt us. I told him that we were fighting someone else. He wanted to know if we had won. I told him yes. End of crying jag and he felt better.

Patrick was up in Scranton (this was a while after he had moved to Jersey), for a wedding. I don't know whose wedding but when they left the church they were to follow another car to the reception. Some car cut between Patrick and the car he was to follow. This is war. Patrick went flying and when he saw his chance he cut in front of the other car. Bad timing. A police car saw him and pulled him over on North Main Street by the fire house that my father used to work in. Patrick told the cop where he was going and was afraid that if he got cut off he would be lost. He told the cop he was from Jersey and he didn't know his way around. The cop let him go.. Patrick knew more of that section of Scranton than the cop would ever know.

When Patrick got married (8/29/41), we used to live on Court Street in Scranton. I don't remember the number but it was catty-corner from Julius Tavern. They had the reception at the house

as was the way things were done in those days. Someone called the cops about too much noise. The cop came (I think it was Bull Griffit), and told them they had to knock off the noise. All of a sudden he saw my mother and asked her if she lived there. She told him she did and that Patrick had just got married to Toots. Bull wanted to see him so they took him downstairs to the cellar where they were all drinking. He had a few. (Bull was a good cop). Next think you know another police car pulls up and wants to know what the hell is going on and where the other cop is. (This is before radios in cars). Bull comes up from the cellar and tells the guy that Patrick just got married. He has a few drinks too. The phone rings and it is the police station. He wants to know if the cops are there. Bull gets on the phone and tells the guy what is going on and wants to know who is making these complaints. It is the guy next door. Bull goes over and tells him what is going on and to knock it off or he would run him in. The guy told him he didn't know about the wedding and comes over to apologize to my mother. He ended up downstairs and had a hell of a good time. This was a very good day.

When we were all at home together at home in Scranton in 1943 at one time, we were going to have a party at Swifty's Cafe. Most of us were in the back room but Patrick was still out at the bar buying drinks for some people. Bert went out and said that we were waiting for him. Patrick told him he would be right in after he bought another drink for Burns (can't remember his first name) because he was home from the war too. Bert told him that Burns'e was not in the service. Patrick said that he was because he had his Navy Uniform on. Bert told him that he was a conductor on the railroad and that was the uniform he was wearing. We had to drag him in the back room before he tried to kill him. Everytime a railroad train went by after that you could hear Patrick muttering about the damn conductors. This was a good day.

TOM

After my father died Tom was usually around the house so if anything went wrong he would usually straighten it out for us. A good rap in the ass used to do the trick. No matter how far we went from home we were supposed to come when he called or whistled for us. We might be near the Red Sea or up on the column dump, but we always listened for his call. When we didn't come in time we knew we were in for trouble. I always used to take my dog Spike with me and when Tom would whistle, the dog would run for home and I would be right behind him. I don't think that Jack or Bobby ever figured out why I always wanted the dog along and I would not tell them. I knew that if they learned my secret that they would take the dog sometimes when they went somewhere and then I would be late.

We used to go camping at the dam at Lake Winola most every year. There was Tom, Harold Macker, Buddy McGowan, sometimes Billy Macker and me. A lot of other people used to come up and stay anytime they wanted to. I remember one time that Joe and John McCarthy were up and it was dark and we were walking from our place (tents), over to the lake. As we got near the lake we (Buddy and me) told them to be quiet. Joe wanted to know why. We told them that there were three tents of guys near there and they told us if we make noise that they would kick the hell out of us. Joe and John started to make noise and these guys (about 6 or 7 of them) came out yelling. Joe and John beat the shit out of them and told them that if they ever bothered us that they would be back for them. The guys told us we could make all the noise we wanted from then on.

We were near the highway also and every now and then Tom and Harold would go to Scranton to get some food and other things. They were out on the highway and Harold was thumbing a ride and Tom was behind him sitting on a big rock. Tom was half goosed. Every once in a while a car would slow down to pick them up but then all of a sudden it would give it the gun and keep going. This happened many times. One time as one car was slowing down, Harold turned to Tom to tell him he did not know

why they all took off all of a sudden and that he hoped this car would stop. There was Tom on the rock with his fingers up to his nose and his tongue out at the driver. No ride that day.

Every time the mines would go on strike Tom and a couple other guys used to go in the mines and take out all the copper cable that was used to run the coal dinkies. When the strike was over they had to re-wire the mine.

Tom and Kelly (I forget his first name but his father was Fire Chief) got half goosed one night and went into the mill that was behind our house. It was a block long but empty, because they had moved their business to Niagra Falls. They did not know that old man Stasko was taking the flooring up and putting it in his back yard for fire wood. Tom fell between the floor joist and crunched his balls. He was so mad that he came into the house and took a roll of player piano music (the Baggage Coach Ahead) and put it into the open flooring and set it on fire. The whole mill burned down. My father nor the Chief ever knew how that fire started.

My mother used to make fruit cakes and she used to put a lot of booze in them. One day I had a cough and someone told me that a drink of the booze would help clear it up. While my mothers back was turned I took the bottle off of the table and went down the cellar steps and started to drink from the bottle. Nothing happened so I took some more. Next think I know it was all gone and I could not stand up. I could hear some yelling upstairs and my mother was blaming Tom for taking the bottle. Someone found me under the cellar stairs fast asleep. John McCarthy made me walk around the block with him about ten times to sober me up. When I was felling better and we went home, Tom beat hell out of me and kept saying, "you son of a bitch you didn't have to drink the whole thing. Why didn't you save me a little?"

Me and Tom used to work in Loppacker Chevrolet after the war. I had a 1933 Chevrolet, one of the best cars ever made. We were working on December 26, 1947 when it started to snow. We got 27 inches of snow that day and all that we were doing was putting on chains for cars. Tom told me to bring my car in and have my chains put on. I did and when we got done he said we were going to McCarthy's tavern in Watsessing Center. We got in the car and had no trouble with the snow but everybody else was stuck all over the roads and we had a hell of a time getting down Orange Street. When we got just past the fire house there was a bus sideways blocking the hill. Tom said to go to the left and up Charles Street to Watsessing Avenue. We did by going around cars that were stuck and when we got to Watsessing Avenue at the railroad there was another bus sideways blocking the street. We were about 50 feet from McCarthy's. Tom said turn around and go back to Loppacker's. We did with cars all over the street. When we got back there I said "now what?" He said bend over and he hopped on my back and said we were going to McCarthy's. I slipped and slid and fell all the way down Orange Street and every time I fell Tom would yell "get up and giddy-up", like I was a horse. We finally made it and I asked him why he didn't just let me carry him to the tavern when we were on Watsessing Avenue. Said he didn't think of it then. We had a good time.

Tom, Barney Kainey, Bill Miller and me were going crabbing one day to Red Bank. Tom and Bill were in the back and Barney and Me were in the front. This was before the Parkway and I did not know how to get there. We came out of a side street into a line of traffic and all of a sudden a cop pulls me over. He asked where I was going and I told him I didn't even know where the hell I was. All the time he kept watching Tom and Miller in the back seat. (I didn't blame him. They looked raunchy). He told me I was going too fast in their Town. I told him it did not look like a town because there were no houses. That pissed him off. Barney told him we were going crabbing and he was giving directions to me. He let us go. We went about 20 miles and Miller wanted to know where I was going. Barney said he was giving directions and not to worry. About 20 miles further Miller was mad and wanted to know where we were going. Barney yelled for me to not listen to him and keep on this route 35. I told Barney that the 35 was the speed limit sign not the route number. (We were on route # 9). Barney said he left his glasses home.

We stopped at a tavern on the roadside and got drunk. No crabbing that day. At least not the kind we went for.

Another time we went crabbing at the Schrewsberry River. (Where ever the hell that is. I think it was around Red Bank). We rented the boats and put our stuff in them and Tom was in the boat. Barney was trying to get in but the boat kept moving. Tom said to jump. He did and missed the boat. We got him out of the river and the three of them were yelling at each other. Lucky I was still on the dock and I kept my back turned and laughed like hell. It was funny. No crabbing this day either. This was a good day.

We went crabbing another time and we made this one. We used to have a system that one boat would have all the beer and the other one would have the can opener. (In these days they did not have self opening cans). When one boat would yell the other would go over and we would all have a couple of beers. One time while under a bridge in the river, while we were drinking, Barney said "hey Chick (Toms nick name) there is a paddle floating down the river". As it turned out it was theirs. Me and Miller went like hell and caught up to it and brought it back. They were arguing over whose paddle it was. We caught a few crabs this day. Another good day.

We had a block party in Watsessing Center one year. I think it was about 1947. It was in the summer time and everybody in Watsessing was invited and I think that most everyone came. People were walking all over the center on the road and the sidewalks. We had scheduled a fishing trip for the next morning and when the time came to leave for Brielle I think that everyone was goosed. I remember getting into a car at about 4:00 AM in front of the Watsessing Bank. There was 5 of us. The driver was a non-drinker, I think. I sat in the left rear near the door. Tom was in the middle next to me and Miller was next to him. Barney was up front with the driver. I was half asleep and half awake and feeling no pain. I had just left McCarthy's back room after a good time. On the way down I had to fart. I left one go and it was a silent one but what a stink. Everyone blamed Tom and they were yelling at him. A little further on toward the shore I had to leave another one go. Same results but madder at Tom. I sat in the corner with my head turned and was laughing to myself. They thought I was asleep. This went on about 4 or 5 times more and they were going to throw Tom out. When we got to the fishing dock in Brielle and had just stopped I decided to give them a parting shot. Damned if it wasn't a noisy squeaky one. They looked at me and started to yell that I must have been doing it all the time. I jumped out and started running for the restaurant that was open near the dock. I was younger than all of them and had no trouble getting away. They would not talk to me for about an hour. When we got on the boat they would not give me a beer. I found our bottle of whiskey and was starting to drink that. Tom chased me trying to get it back. I had no trouble getting away from him but I turned to see where he was and I fell down the hatch on the boat. They brought me up and let me sleep on the deck. I was so sunburned I could not move for 3 days. Taught me a lesson. Stick to beer.

We all went to church on Christmas day and Tom stayed home to watch the house. We lived at 7 Dodd Street at the time. Tom was in the kitchen and there was knocking on the front door. Tom went as fast as he could and the knocking kept up. Tom was pissed off. When he opened the door it was the garbage men. They said, "anything for the garbage men for Christmas?" Tom said "yes you black bastard, there are 3 cans in the back yard alongside the garage and don't come beating on the door anymore". They took the garbage.

One day me and Tom came home from work after our regular stop at McCarthy's tavern and Tom had to pee as soon as I pulled up alongside the house. (7 Dodd Street). I went in and started up the stairs to the kitchen when Margaret and Mary came running down and asked where Tom was.. I told them he was outside yet. Me or Tom did not know that Peggy Barret (she was a Nun), and her Mother Superior was in the dinning room having dinner with them and they wanted to surprise Tom. When he came in Margaret yelled, "where were you?" Tom yells "outside taking a piss, what the hell do you

care." Margaret ran downstairs and Mary ran in the back room. Tom went in the dinning room and when he sees Peggy he says "how the hell you doing Peg, who is this with you?" They really surprised Tom.

Another time we come home from work after our regular stop and Mom was mad at Tom for something. She yelled at him and he lost his balance and fell down the cellar stairs. My mother had just vacuumed the rugs and had emptied the bag into a box in the cellar. Tom's head ended up in the box and he could not breathe. My mother started screaming and Mary came running to see what had happened. They got him out and were hugging him and asking if he was OK. I knew he was OK because I could hear him cursing so I stayed in the kitchen and had a beer. Another good day.

Another time at 7 Dodd Street was when they took in a boarder. I think his name was Oscar and he was a friend of Pauline's parents. He came to New Jersey from Massachusetts to find work. There was nobody living on the third floor so Mary said she would rent it to him. Nobody told Tom. This one night we were sitting in the front room and the door opens and Oscar comes in and goes right upstairs to his rooms. Tom is looking and all of a sudden he says "what the hell was that." Mary tells him what she did and Tom told her that he did not want the guy drinking any of his beer. Let him buy his own if he wants some. About a half hour latter Tom says "what the hell is he doing up there." Mary said he must be reading or listening to his radio. Nothing said for a while and Tom says: "How the hell can you make that poor bastard sit up there all alone? Tell him to come down and have a couple of beers with us." Mary was wrong again.

At one night every week we used to have a Plectron Test. This was to make sure that the radios worked in an emergency. It happened every week so we did not pay too much attention to it. This one night we are sitting in the front room and Tom gives the test. There were about six test to test all frequencies. The had to give the day and date of the test on every test. Tom comes on and starts with the Bloomfield Fire Dept testing on January 10, 1906. We started to listen then. Next test was for March 19, 1910. Next test was April 8, 1915. Then comes June 28, 1926. He ended up in 1939. We were laughing so much that we could not talk so Wendy called the Signal Station to find out what was going on. When Tom answered and Wendy asked what year it was. He said "you little prick, you had to hear that. I dropped my notes and could not find them when I started and I had to make up some dates. I was coming close though".

One day while at the dam at Lake Winola, Tom and Harold were going to a clambake at Lake Sheridan. Buddy McGowan and me were to stay at our camp area till they came back. Sometime in the afternoon there was a lot of yelling and hollering going on and then the car pulls in and it is full of guys. They had run out of beer at the clambake and wanted someone to go into Scranton to get another barrel. Tom and Harold said they would go. Some of the people there did not know them so they said they would send someone they knew to go with them. I think they sent John McCarthy. After they get the barrel they head for Lake Winola. On the way they see a couple of guys thumbing a ride. It is Joe and his friends. They pick them up and go to the lake. After they get there they can't get the barrel out of the car. They did the only thing they could. Broke the windshield and pushed it out that way. It came bouncing off of the hood and down the hill into the dam. They jumped in and pulled it to shore and left it in the water to cool. Good party followed. Never did find out what happened to them guys at Lake Sheridan.

Mr. Macker, Harold Macker and Tom used to go up to Black Mikes Tavern and The Lame Duck tavern in Dunmore to drink sometimes. Beer was a nickle for 18 ounces. I was too young to go. One time on the way home from one of those taverns, they had an accident right in front of the Dunmore police station. Harold was driving and Tom was asleep in the back seat. Harold and Mr. Macker were argueing and yelling at the people in the other car. Made so much noise that the cops came out to see what was going on. Cop had a hell of a time trying to stop them from fighting. He was going to let

everyone go if they would shut up. All the noise woke up Tom in the back seat of the car. Tom opened the door and was going to get out. The only one handy to lean on was the cop. The cop didn't expect this and Tom pushed him over on his ass. The cop gets up ready to fight and Tom is asking him why the hell he knocked Tom over. Cop calls for help and all three end up in jail. They let them out latter after they found out why the cop got knocked down. This must have been a good day and I missed it.

Another time Tom and Harold were out drinking somewhere up around Lake Winola. On the way home they had trouble with the car and it wouldn't run anymore. They got out and were pushing it but were not watching where they were going. The car starts going downhill and they couldn't stop it. Ended up in some lake somewhere and may still be there. Another hitching a ride home for them. I think they forgot where they were and could not find the lake anymore.

BERT

Bert was always never there until you needed him. He was always busy and doing what he could for our family but it seemed that no one noticed. That is the way it is with people that has others in mind when he does things. It seems that he was always married because I was young when he married Mary and I did not know what that meant.

Bert and Mary used to live in our house on Johler Ave. when they first got married. One day they had a baby. (Mary Lou). We (Jack, Bobby And Me), were in bed in the next room when she was born. They woke us up and took us into the other bedroom to show her to us with Mary holding her in bed. I wanted to know where in the hell she came from. Someone said they found her in the coal bin. OK with me. Next morning when they got up they could hear a lot of noise coming from the cellar. They came down and I was pulling coal all over from the pile (about 10 ton) and they asked what I was doing. I told them that there might be another in there and I wanted to find it. First of many good ones. This was a good day.

Bert used to work at the lumber yard at the end of Diamond Avenue in the 1930s. It was owned by a Jewish guy and Bert was glad to get the job. One day in the middle of summer when the temperature was very high, Bert stopped while loading a truck with lumber. At this time there where no machines to help. The owner came by and Bert had stopped to wipe the sweat from his face. The owner asked him what he was doing and Bert told him. The owner told Bert to keep working that the sweat would fall by itself. Jobs were hard to come by then.

He used to tell me about Mr. Nazar. That was his father in law. They got along very good. One day Bert and Charlie and Mr. Nazar were moving a piano somewhere. I think it was into the father in laws house. Bert and Charlie were breaking there balls trying to get it up the stairs to the house when all of a sudden Mr. Nazar decided to play a song on it. I don't even know if he could play the piano but they had one hell of a time.

Mr. Nazar got Bert a job in the mines and they worked together. Forget the name of the mine but I think it was in southern part of Scranton off of South Main Street. (Marvin mine I think). One day near quitting time Mr Nazar was setting a dynamite charge to go off to loosen up some coal so they could make a good days pay. He sets the charge in the hole and him and Bert go back around a corner to wait till it goes off. They wait and it did not blow. Bert wanted to go see what was wrong. Mr. Nazar said for him to wait a couple of minutes. Bert wanted to go home so after a while he wanted to go again to see if it was a bad charge. Mr. Nazar said to wait. They were in the dark with there carbide lamps off and Bert was getting mad. Finally Mr. Nazar said they could go and check the charge. Mr. Nazar started out and Bert could not see so he started his carbide lamp to give some light. You have to cup the front of the lamp in the palm of your hand and spin the flint (like lighting a cigarette lighter), to make it light. When

Bert did this there was a loud popping noise that usually happened. When it made the noise it scared the shit out of Mr. Nazar and he thought that the dynamite exploded and they were both done for. He called Bert for all the dumb Irish bastards that were ever born and went after him with his pick and shovel. Lucky Bert was younger than him and he got out of the mine. Bert quit and Mr. Nazar was happy.

Bert got a job with the Scranton National Bank and till this day I think it is the best thing the bank ever did. He used to take me on jobs to teach me the different trades and he knew them all. (Except welding, he never did do that). He was re-wiring a house for the bank and I was helping him. It was somewhere over the bridge from the Lackawanna Railroad station. Near the end of the day I was tired. Bert was hooking up the wires in the fuse box at the bottom of the stairs in the cellar. I was sitting on the stairs, half asleep, watching him. All of a sudden he dropped a nut he was putting on a connection in the box and it was falling down between all the other connections. Sparks started flying and I stated running up the stairs. Scared holly hell out of me. No more electrical work for me.

On December 7, 1941 we were wallpapering a house just over the column dump from Joehler Ave. near the Fire house. We were both getting tired and it was getting late on this Sunday afternoon, when we looked out a window where we working and there was a girl practicing to be a cheerleader for Tech High school. Little bastard was naked. We watched to see how she was doing. Put another half hour onto our work. Wasn't doing that good either. This was the day Pearl Harbor was bombed and we did not have a radio and did not know this. Not a good day this time.

I did not see Bert or Patrick too often while we lived on Joehler Ave., because they were always busy working.

MARGARET

I remember that Margaret used to have a dog (poodle I think), this was in the 30s while I had my dog Spike. Her dogs name was Mike. Nice dog but he had the mange. Had no hair on his ass and was always scratching it. I didn't want my dog near hers but they were good friends and were always together when they were home. I used to make my dog come with me whenever I left so he did not get the same thing. I would not tell Margaret because she would get mad if she knew.

Margaret and Tom McCarthy got married and were going to move to somewhere in south Scranton. Bert borrowed Speed Culkin's truck to help him move. I call it a truck but it was a shit box. (I think that is where the name came from). It would run sometimes and when it wouldn't we would have to push it. We got a lot of furniture moved and were coming back to Joehler Ave. to get some more. Bert was driving, I was in the middle, and Tom McCarthy was on the right side. We came to this corner where there was a wide, sweeping left hand turn. It was near the D&H railroad I think. The right door flew open and Tom McCarthy went flying out and he grabbed the door post at the window and was hanging on and yelling. Bert kept going and told him to stop screwing around and get back in the truck because we had more stuff to get. This was a good day.

When Tom and Margaret had just got married, Jack, Bobby and me were having fun up in the bedroom at the top of the stairs on Johler Ave.. We were jumping from the end of the bed and doing a summersault when we landed in the bed. They yelled at us to stop the noise and go to bed. My brother Tom was not at home so we ignored them. I was doing my turn at a summersault when Mac (Tom McCarthy) came up to our room as I was going over the end of the bed. He gave a whack on the ass and knocked me on the bed. I was pissed off. I told him that when he had a kid I would beat the shit out of it. A little while later Patsy was born. Mac asked me if I was going to beat the shit out of her because they had a kid. I was so happy to see her that I told him that I do not beat girls but if he ever had a boy I would beat him. Little did I know.

Around 1941, Tom and Margaret moved to Bloomfield. I was with them when they were moving their furniture in some other truck. Speed's would never have made it. They were moving to 139 Orange Street. We did not know where it was so we stopped on Bloomfield Ave. (across the street from Loppacker Chevrolet) and could see the sign across the street said Newark Ave. We looked like a truck from the Grapes of Wrath and the man we asked just stared at us for a minute. He told us to turn right and that was Orange Street. We couldn't see that sign. This was a good day.

After I graduated from Central High School in February 1942, I went to live with Tom And Margaret in Bloomfield. Little did I know that this was probably the best thing that ever happened to me. There was no work in Scranton and if I had stayed there I don't think I would ever find work. John McCarthy, (Tom's brother), got me a job in Walter Kidde's and I used to like it. I wanted to join the army so after a couple of months I went back to Scranton and joined the army. If it was good enough for my brothers it was good enough for me. Margaret took my dog Spike in to stay with them. The dog was not used to all the traffic so when he wanted to lay down he did. He used to block the # 96 bus from going down Orange Street. Driver used to come in and yell at Margaret to get him the hell off the street. Margaret used to say she never saw the dog before. Used to piss the driver off.

Margaret was going to have a baby in 1946 when she lived on Sycamore Street and me and Mac took her to St. Mary's Hospital in Orange. It was late at night or very early in the morning, I don't remember. When we went to the back door it was locked. We banged on the door but nobody would come. I ran around the front, (this was a block long hospital), and started to bang on the front door because this was locked too. A Nun came hurrying to the door and wanted to know what I wanted. I told her that my sister was going to have a baby at the back door and to open it. She said that they were already in the hospital and being taken care of. Mac and I waited and Margaret had Tommy. When we went home to see my mother and tell her, my mother asked what it was. Mac said that it was another damn girl. Mac is a good ball buster too. My mother got pissed off and started yelling that it made no difference. He finally said that it was a boy and my mother was very happy about that. She was still pissed off at what he had said at first.

When Mac and Margaret moved to Thomas Street she decided to have the house wall papered. I was the only one there that knew how to paper so I got the job. Margaret and Pauline used to work in Tung Sol Lamps from 6:00 PM to 12:00 PM every night. This one night when I was papering, Wendy started to cry and said she didn't feel good. I knew she just wanted to go home and I was near done and I wanted to finish the job. She kept crying and I was getting madder. I told her that if she didn't shut up I would kick her ass. They came home from work and I was done so we went home. Wendy kept crying. Pauline checked her and called Dr. Degnan and told him what she thought was wrong.. He said to get her to the hospital right away and he would be right there.. She had appendicitis and he took them out and said we were lucky to get her then right away. I sold and gave away all my wall papering equipment and have never done that work again.

When Margaret use to go shopping we used to tell her that we were always listening to our scanners to see if she would get caught changing labels on the item. Used to piss her off,

They had a christening at Bert's Bobby's house when he used to live in Bloomfield up off Broad Street. I was working and me and Freddie my driver went up to visit this night. Everybody was there and we were having a good time and the beeps came in. Freddie runs to the front door and turns the handle to go out and it comes off in his hands. He didn't know what to do. I told him to go out the back door and come around to the front and open it. I figured this would give me a good chance to finish my beer. We get out and go to Car 30 and Margaret and a few others are there and we had to wait a few seconds (after we could not open the door) before Central told us where we were to go. Margaret said that was what was wrong with them (Central) and that we should get on their ass. They come on the radio and tell us

where the alarm came from. It was my brother Tom. When Margaret heard his voice she insisted that there must have been something or somebody else that caused the delay. Nuff said.

MARY

Mary used to teach dancing at Weston Field. She used to be able to use her feet pretty good. Especially when there was work to be done. (Only kidding, but to make sure ask Margaret). One time she got the bright idea of getting all of us guys from the area to do dancing. The Stasko kids were part of the group. We only did it to help her out and because Ma said we had to. The Stasko's had about three or four soles on their shoes so they wouldn't wear out. The banging and other noises that used to come from that room could be heard all over the Providence Road district. She had to call the lessons off because the janitor came up to the room one night (that is where we used to practice) and told Mary that he was afraid the floor beams were going to break and we could not have the room anymore. Nice fellow.

When Mary used to go around to the different playgrounds in the summer to teach dancing, I used to go with her. She was the instructor for all of Scranton. I used to like to ride in the car. While she taught I would have fun in the playground and got to know a lot of the kids from around town.

One day she took Mom, Margaret and me for a ride up to the Notch. We were coming back on Oak Street and for some reason we were in a hurry. Mary went around a right hand curve in the street that was a long swing to it and the car started to tip to the left. We all thought we were going to tip over so we put our hands out the windows to stop it if we did. Lucky we didn't tip.

One day while we lived in Bloomfield, we had to go over in East Orange for something. On the way back on Prospect Street when we came to Park Ave., we were stopped at the light and were arguing with other people in another car about something. I was mad and kept yelling at them. Mary was telling me to forget it and keep going and don't get in any trouble. One lady in the other car called us bastards. That got Mary mad and she was yelling at them that we had a mother and father that was a lot better than theirs and she wanted to get out and beat the shit out of the girl. I had to go like hell to get her out of there before she could get out of the car. Don't remember whether the light was red or green.

When she got engaged to Dick Dean we had a party at 7 Dodd Street in East Orange where we used to live. We had just bought my mother a new stove and she was very proud of it. During the party Dick's brother (Les I think) leaned back in his chair and was leaning against the stove. Tom told him to stop because he might scratch the stove. Les said not to worry because his brother was going to marry Mary and he would be running things around here from now on. He ended up out in the yard on his ass in about 6 inches of snow. When Dick heard this he got mad and didn't think it was nice to treat his brother that way. Mary took the engagement ring and threw it out the side door into the snow and Dick with it. Next day he came back hunting for the ring and everything was forgotten by then and all was OK. Glad it was because he was one hell of a good guy and friend to all of us.

We used to live on Dodd Street in Bloomfield, above Duke's Restaurant and across the street from the Savoy Theatre after the war. Tom used to work at Loppacker Chevrolet and every thanksgiving he used to give his employees ALL the makings for the thanksgiving dinner. We lived on the second floor and there were about 15 to 18 steps to get up to our apartment on the second floor. Tom brought his turkey home this day and they were fresh turkeys and everything else in a big brown bag. (This was a little before home freezers). After he left McCarthys he goes across the street and starts up the stairs. The bag is heavy and he drags it up the stairs. He gets to the top stair and the bag breaks. Mary and my mother are in the kitchen and they hear the apples, oranges, cranberry sauce, turnips, etc., tumbling down the stairs. They thought Tom fell down the stairs. There was a long hall from the top of the stairs into the front room. Tom had the door open and the turkey by the neck and gives it an underhanded swing and it goes flying down the hall and lands on the couch. Mary had just made it from the kitchen

and Ma behind her when the turkey goes flying by their face. Tom yells at them that there is their turkey and the rest of the makings are at the bottom of the stairs. Scared the hell out of Mary when the bird went flying by. Ma couldn't decide whether she was mad at Tom or happy he didn't fall down the stairs. Not too sure what Mary thought.

JOE

The first thing I think of when Joe comes in my mind is sports. Joe was very good in all sports he wanted to do. I always remember that if I needed any help with anything, all that I had to do was ask. Maybe a couple of kicks in the ass when I did wrong, but always the help. He made us aware of what we could do with ourselves if we tried. We tried. He was on the undefeated Scranton Central High football team and also the team for Saint Thomas College team, (now known as University of Scranton). He was exceptional in sports. He is my brother.

He belongs to the Batchelors Club from Central High. (You may have heard of that). They used to have parties and meetings at different houses but the guys used to want to come to our house because of my mothers cooking. One night they had a meeting and my mother, Margaret and Mary had a problem taking the potatoe salad (not mis-spelled, I am a Republican) into the dining room. They spilled it before the guys came and did not have time to make more. They scooped it up and put it in the big bowl and put it on the table. Guys said it was the best salad they ever had. Must have been where the dog used to go where they spilled it. (Only joking).

One time we were at a football game and Joe was doing good. They were playing some other College and Joe had a couple of touchdowns. Joe takes off on a long run and it looks like another touchdown. Owen Thomas jumps up (he made all the games), and starts yelling to stop that sun-of-a-bitch. My mother told him it was Joe that was running and Owen told her that he knew that and that he had promised him \$5.00 for every touchdown he made. (That was a lot of money in them days).

We used to have what we called a midget football team in the 1930s and Joe was the coach. We always won because used to make us use the Notre Dame Shift. That was when before we snapped the ball the quarter back used to wave his hand to the left or the right and we would shift in that direction and screw the other team up. We used to play every Armistice Day and when the whistles and horns sounded at 11:00 o'clock, we would stop to remember what our soldiers did and pay respect to them that died. (The reason for 11:00 o'clock was that the first World War ended on November 11th, at 11:00 AM, "11-11-11"). One day I was running for a touchdown and Bobby Burns was getting close at about the 30 yard line. I stopped and gave him a punch in the mouth and then made the touchdown. I got kicked off the team.

I used to see Joe in the dinning room going over maps and other military papers when he was studying to take a test for Lieutenant in the National Guard. He passed. He is that kind of guy.

In 1943 I came home from Africa with the German prisoner from the Africa Corp., which was the best fighting group in the German Army. We beat their ass and captured them. I had 30 days off and it just so happened that Joe, Jack, and Bobby were getting home at the same time. We had a great time together. Can not tell you how it felt knowing we were each to leave each other and not know where we were to go. One night while Joe and me were at the Dutchland Tavern, Joe knew the bartender very good and he introduced me to the guy. Joe said that anytime I came in that I could have anything I wanted and that he (Joe) would take care of it. Next night, Jene Swift and me were drinking in Mikulas bar and we had no money. I said we would call a cab and go to the Dutchland. We got there and I told the bartender to pay the cab and give me \$20:00. He did this and we had a good time there. Next night I was up there with Joe and I had a hangover. Joe puts \$10.00 on the bar and ask for two drinks. We get the drinks but no change. Joe said to me that this bartender was a ball buster. Joe ask for two more

drinks and the bartender ask where his money is. Joe told him that he took his \$10:00 and he did not get any change. Right there I remembered about what had happened the night before and I went to the toilet. I could hear Joe and the bartender yelling at each other and the Joe tells him that I have no more credit there. I guess I killed the goose that was trying to lay the golden egg.

I remember some times when Joe and Clair used to go out that when they came home (they used to stay at Bert's house), that Joe used to haggle with the cab driver. He did not have a drivers licence at this time. This was before 1952. He would tell Clair to go in the house until he straitened the bill out. As soon as Clair went into the house, Joe would jump back in the cab and tell the driver to get going. Many a donny-brook used to follow the next day. This was a lot of fun.

When Joe and Clair lived on Governors Island in New York they decided to buy a car. They got a new Chevrolet in a dealer in New York. One problem. Joe did not have a drivers licence. I went over and drove him from the dealer to his house on the island. Joe knew how to drive but he did not have a licence and had to take a test. He had no trouble passing. A little while latter he got orders to go to Korea. He used to say that he liked that car so much that when he wanted to fart he would go down to the car and do that. He said it even smelled better there. I am_not going to say anything about the oil.

We were all over at Jack's house one night for something. When we left to go home we were half goosed. Joe was living somewhere in Newark. All I remember is getting a phone call from him to come and get him and his car in Branch Brook Park. He had hit a cement light pole and knocked it over. His cars right front headlamp was shinning way out to the right side. I drove it to my place and Pauline took Joe in our car. It looked strange the way I could see everything I passed out of the right front door window. Next day I had to work and Jack took him down to the Park Police Station in Branch Brook Park to see if there was going to be any trouble about this because it was so late at night, nobody saw it. The police told Joe that if he payed the cost of fixing the light that they would forget about everything. They did not know Joe. Joe wanted to know why in the hell they put the light right in the middle of the street. Cop said it was on the side of the street. Joe told him the road made a sharp turn and it looked like it was in the middle of the road. Good argument I missed. Cop said pay for the light or go to jail. Joe told him he was going to sue. Jack asked the cop that if he got him out of there now, would everthing be OK. Cop told him to get him the hell out of there and stay out of Branch Brook Park. Joe still wanted to sue but Jack got him out. I think this was a standoff. Pissed me off because I missed it all.

JACK

Jack and I did not usually travel around with the same people. He went with Iggy Tigie, Monahan, and some of the other guys. I went with the Stasko's, Macker, and guys like that. But whenever I needed help, Jack was there. How he did it I do not know.

They used to have movies at Weston Field in the gym. I think it was a nickel to get in. They also used to have movies outside in the back and they used to use the big wall at the back of the gym. These movies were free. One night I was going to go to the show inside and I heard a lot of noise and a fight on the steps where we went in. Some guy said that he heard that Jack was a pretty tough guy. All of a sudden this guy hits him. Jack takes off and knocked the guy up the stairs and back down the stairs. Guy never came to the movies anymore. Guess he found out that what he heard was true. I missed most of the fight but saw the end. Shit.

When we lived on Court Street by Jullias Tavern, Jack was the coach of our basketball team. We had a game that afternoon and this one guy was belting the hell out of Billy Macker everytime they went up or down the court. When I got in I got the guy near the stage where there was a door and I pulled him in, shut the door and beat shit out of him. Referee was kicking hell out of the door until I opened it. I got kicked out of the game. Other guy couldn't play anymore anyway so I felt better. When we get

home and are eating supper Jack says that I am kicked off the team. We were yelling and Mom wants to know why I can't play anymore. Jack tells her I was fighting and I tell her that the guy was beating Billy. Mom said that if I can't play, then Jack couldn't go out any more. I was back on the team.

When I worked nights I used to go up to Jack's house at times and we would bat the breeze and stuff like that. Freddi DiPialo was my driver. This one night we were up there till about 10:00 o'clock and when I went home the next morning Pauline was yelling at me (again), about staying out so late. I asked her how she knew when I came back and she said she noticed the time when I called back in. End of argument. Next night me and Freddie goes out and up to Jack's again. We came back about 8:30, and Freddie said to me that I had forgotten to call back in. I told him I knew that but I would call them on the phone when I got into the office. I called them and said I was back in quarters there was no need to put it on the radio. Next morning Pauline was yelling that I had stayed out all night. I asked how she knew and she said she stayed up listening to the radio. I told her what I did and said for her not to believe everything she heard. She was still yelling at me when I left for work at Park Service Rambler. I felt good. No supper that night.

One night while I was up at Jack's, with Freddie, my Jimmie was there too. Jack and Jimmie get into an argument about the Fire Dept. and all of a sudden they are up and wrestling with each other. I forget who else was there but they said to me that I should stop them. They bumped the table and I let out a yell and told them to watch what the hell they were doing, that they were going to knock the beer over on the table. They stopped and sat down and we all started to talk calmly. I was scared because I had just poured a fresh beer and they near tipped it over. Pretty good night.

One night after an FMBA meeting I went upstairs at the bar in the White Eagles Tavern. Kelly Karpowitz was there and we sat together. He was drinking soda. I was having a beer and Jack comes up and sits besides me. He tells the bartender to give me and everyone else at the bar, including himself a shot of whiskey. I told him I didn't want one because I don't drink the stuff. Kelly said he was on the wagon and he didn't want one. Jack told the bartender to pour the drinks. We all got a drink. I was not going to drink mine. All of a sudden Jack says "happy birthday". We look around and I asked whose birthday it was. He said it was mine. He was right, I forgot. We drank there, somewhere in Clifton, I think Paterson, and a couple of other places. They drive me home at about 5:00 o'clock in the morning. Don't know how I got into the house. Pauline was berating me (she was getting used to it by this time, practice makes perfect), but I did not hear her. I was asleep. Jack takes Kelly home then he goes home. Jack gets a phone call at about 7:00 o'clock and it Kellys wife. She want to know if Kelly was out with us. Jack says yes and she don't believe him. Latter on she gets a divorce. (He was with us and I think we had a good time).

When we were to take the oral test for Deputy Chief I stayed home and went to bed early to be ready for it. The other guys did the same. Not Jack. He got a very high mark on this and I asked him what he did. He said he was out till early in the morning, having a good time. I learned another lesson.

One Sunday some people came in from Jerome Place complaining about a cat in the tree that they could not get down. I asked them how they tried to get it down. They told me that there was a lot of people trying to get it down.. I told them that if I was the cat I wouldn't come down either with a pile of people under the tree. Pissed them off. Later they come back and one guy said that he wanted either a ladder or rope to use to get the cat down. Told him that it was department policy from the chief not to help get cats from trees. He gets mad and asked if I heard of Councilman X, (I don't remember the name)? Told him I heard of him and he says he is that man and as councilman he demanded some help. He had about 10 people with him. I told him I didn't give a damn who he was and he was not getting any rope. He said he would call the Mayor. Told him I did not care because the chief sets policy for the Dep't, not the mayor. He asked for the chief's phone number and I gave it to him. I knew the chief was away and I was smiling to myself. At 5:00 o'clock Deputy Chief Russ Caridad comes in to relieve me. I

tell him what happened and he tells me that he did not like that councilman anyway. Who comes in the Deputy's office but the councilman, madder than hell and demanding some rope. Told him that I am off duty now because I was relieved by D.C. Caridad and he could talk to him. He didn't even get a chance to open his mouth when Russ jumped all over his ass. Told him everytime we wanted equipment, rope, ladders, etc., that you guys in the Council gave us a hard time. Russ told him how much rope was lost for egg hunts etc., and was never replaced. I said "Good Night" and went home. Russ was following the guy out the front door telling him how "no good" they were. Next week in The Independent Press there is a letter to the editor from the councilman saying how arrogant, offensive, non-cooperative, etc., that Deputy Chief Flaherty was. Everybody knew Jack, they didn't know me. They all thought he was talking about Jack. Jack asked me what the hell had happened and people were on his ass. I told him I figured it would go that way and that is what happens to be so well known. This was a good week.

We used to have to sit in the entrance to the cellar and crack coal on Saturdays. Jack, Bobby and me. Don't ever remember Joe doing this. We would all rather be out playing and we would be mad as hell. Jack used to be good at being able to crack the coal in such a way that some of the pieces would hit me and Bobby. We would yell about this for a while and then when it happened a couple of more times we would end up throwing coal, hammers, railroad track pieces, (these were small pieces of track that we put the coal on to crack it) and anything else we could find. Tom would come down and stop us. Then he would check the sizes of the coal we cracked and tell us they were too big. Back to cracking coal again.

I think it was Jack that used to have fun with the rag man. The rag man used to come around the streets with his horse and cart and buy rags, clothes, junk etc.. We used to tell the man that we had some things to sell and they were in our back yard. He would come back to look at them and give us a price. (Like 2 cents or even as high as a nickle sometimes). Jack would be out front and he would change the reins on the horse. When the junk man came back out and would leave on his wagon we would all watch. When he came to the end of our street he had to turn right. The reins in the horses head set were changed so when he pulled right it was telling the horse to go left. Much yelling and hollering by him and we would all be laughing. He would have to lead the horse down the street by pulling him. Horse must of thought he was an asshole.

BOBBY

I do not know how to explain my relationship with Bobby when we were growing up. As I write these remarks about how we all grew up I have come to realize that we were not always with each other as I thought we were. We did a lot of things together and seemed to be with each other all the time but I guess I just took him for granted. Glad of that. If I had trouble in school, Joe would help me. If I got into trouble with any guys, Jack would be there to help. I tried to do the same for Bobby. I now realize that it was Bobby that took care of all of us guys from Patrick on down to me. I didn't realize that. This is what a family is for.

One day Bobby and me were over at the Red Sea. This was a place that all the water ran into after they washed the coal. On the way back home we were walking the railroad tracks, (not in use), and we came to a spot where a mine cave in had happened under the tracks. The hole was about 30 feet wide and he was in front of me. I had a hatchet in my hand was hitting the ties as we walked over them. I slipped and the axe went out of my hand and went flying. We were both looking down in the cave to see where it went. I looked at Bobby and it was sticking out of his head. We ran over to the power house for the mine and there were a couple of guys sitting outside eating there lunch. One of them pulled the hatchet out and took some wax paper, (this was before saran wrap), from around his sandwich and spit on it, put it on his head and told us to go home to our mother. We ran home and Tom and my mother

cleaned the cut. Tom asked Bobby where he was and what happened. Bobby told him. Tom beat hell out of him for where we were because we were supposed to stay away from there. Served Bobby right.

Joe got me into the C.M.T.C. in 1938. (This stands for Citizen Military Training Corp). It was a 30 day training to teach you how to be a soldier. (Or a reasonable facsimile). After going for 4 years they would place you in the army as a Lieut. I think. (I believe I ended up with some of these guys as my officers when I was in the service.) On the second year Bobby went with me. This was in Fort Mead, Maryland. We used to get weekend passes and go to Washington, DC. Billy Macker's girl, (now his wife), Pat Gibbons used to go there to visit her cousin for the summer. One day me and Bobby went to see them on the outskirts of Washington. We sat out on their glider on the front porch. Pat and her cousin said they were making fudge for us. Someone screwed up. We had to eat the fudge with spoons. As it got late I was getting tired and wanted to leave. Pat wanted us to stay and talk for a while and said that when the street lights went out we could go. Damn things didn't go off until about 5:00 AM. Bobby fell asleep as we sat on the glider. He was on the right, then me, then Pat and then her cousin. All of a sudden he lets a rip roaring fart go. Embarrassed the hell out of me. The two girls look over to see where the noise came from. There is Bobby with his hand in his pocket rubbing his balls. I didn't know what to do so I said that he must have some money in his pocket and he was trying to hide it from me, did you hear it rattle? This was a long night.

After we left there we took the trolley into town. I was really tired and fell asleep. Next thing I know I am fighting with a couple of people. The trolley driver said that we had to get off and they could not wake me up. Finally got me off and I spied a bench by the curb and fell asleep again. Didn't know we were in front of the police station. Cop hits me on the bottom of my shoes and tells us to go inside the station house and get some sleep. Nice cops.

Next weekend we are in town again and had no place to sleep. Don't know how we made it but I said to Bobby that we had to go to church because it was Sunday. We found a church on 10th and "G" Street. Bobby was going to lay on the lawn in front of the church and go to sleep. I told him he couldn't do that in front of the catholic church. I told him we would go across the street where there was different church and lay down there. We rested a while and went to mass. I kept dozing off and Bobby kept giving me the elbow. This happened a couple of times. I finally told him to leave me alone. He did it again as the priest was in his sermon. I jumped up and yelled, "If you do that one more time I am going to knock you on you ass". Then I saw everybody turn around to see what the trouble was. We bowed our heads and left church. Didn't go to town no more.

One time me and Pauline rented a motor home from Two Guys. When Bobby saw it he liked it and rented one from there to. We were going to go to Canada but Bobby didn't want to go that far so they were going to go to Tuncanock. As me and Pauline were getting our home stocked up for our trip we saw a motor home being towed past Watsessing School. Kidding I told her that Bobby was on his way to Pennsylvania. Little did I know that it was his and wasn't working right so they towed it away and gave him another. His cat had kittens at around this time, and they did not know what to do with them. Bobby took them up to Brookdale Park in a box and left them there. When he gets back to the motor home there was a Park Cop that was watching what he had done. After asking Bobby why he left the box there the cop looks in the box and saw that he had left food and drink for them and wanted anyone that found them to take them home. He realized Bobby was not just leaving them. He told Bobby that he would take care of them but to leave and not come back again. Bobby was glad. He leaves and all of a sudden there is the cop alongside the motor home again with his siren going and tells him to stop. When he pulls over the cop tells him he is going the wrong way on the one way street. Cop stops traffic and helps turn the motor home around and go the right way. Bob didn't go to Brookdale Park for a couple of years after this. We had a good time at the re-union at George and Izzys anyway.

One day we had a smoke condition at Tom's house. There was Freddie, Me Jack, Earl, and I don't know who else. Earl wanted to see how Tom's new scanner worked. Tom started to show him and the scanner calls Car # 30. Earl says that it was fast. Tom tells him he didn't even start yet. Again they call for car # 30. Earl says again that it was fast and Tom is starting to get mad and tells him he didn't finish programming it. This goes on for about 3 more times and then Tom finally says that it is set now. All this time we are having a beer. The phone rings and Jack answers it and says it is Bobby and he wants me. He ask me what I am doing and I tell him we are having a beer. He ask me if I heard Central calling Car # 30. I told him I thought it was Tom trying to program his scanner. I call Central on the phone and tell them to send the first due company to what it was. (Cat in tree at animal shelter). Next day Bobby ask what the chief said because I didn't answer the radio. I tell him he didn't say anything because he was there too and didn't know what the hell was going on either.

We used to have smoke conditions at Bobby's house too. One day some guy was at Fredrick's Tavern and he said he wanted to see Bobby about something and did not know where Bobby lived. They told him to go down the street and he would see a fire engine, two fire cars, a fire truck and garbage truck parked outside a house. They told him to listen to the noise coming from one house and that was where Bobby lived. These were good days.

One day there were a bunch of us in our back yard on Glenwood Ave. having a couple of beers at the picnic table. Bobby had to go in the house and take a leak. Mrs Carden said it would be funny if we put the toy snake we had in his bottle of beer. Wendy and Kathy Flanigan got it in just before he came back. He was talking for a while and then started to take a drink. He saw the snake in the bottle and let out a yell and started running like hell. He realized then that it was only a toy but made us get rid of it anyhow. He blamed Wendy and Kathy. This was a good day.

We used to go over by the railroad tracks near the mule barn. There was a steel pipe about 12 inches in diameter that the mines used, to get fresh air into the mine. When they shut down we used to go over and dump gasoline down the pipe and throw a match into the pipe and it would send up a sheet of flame into the air and make a whooshing noise. One day we dumped the gas down and threw the match in and nothing happened. Stevey Stasko went over and looked down the pipe. Just in time for the fire and whooshing to come and get him in the face. He was running around yelling and we were laughing because all his hair was gone. Stevey didn't like this day.

When Bobby was small he got hit by a truck on Providence Road in front of Mike Horvath's store. He was in bad shape for quite a while and in the hospital. Me and Mom used to kneel alongside the bed every night before going to bed and pray for him. When he came out I think the only thing that was wrong with him was that it made him left handed. Can't have everything.

We used to go over to the refinery tanks at the railroad tracks (across the street from where Bert lived), and take a 55 gal drum. We would have some calcium carbide and water and a newspaper. We would put the calcium carbide, and water into the tank and wad the paper up and stuff it in the top opening of the tank. The calcium carbide and water used to make acetylene gas. This was what the miners used in their lamps to give light in the mine. Then we would all hurry up on top of the column dump and wait. In a little while the gas would meet the paper burning and blow that drum all over the place with a load bang. People would come running out from all the houses to see what blew up. We would be pointing to where the drum blew up and they would all be over looking at it. They knew we couldn't have done it because we were way up on top of the hill when it blew up. This was fun.

We used to go around the corner to a place where they used to get sand in coal cars. If no one was around, we used to get up on the roof (it was a flat roof), and run and jump into the sand car. One day Bobby jumped too far and smashed his face and lip on the top of the sand car. We took him home and he was bleeding like hell. Tom wanted to know how it happened and we told him. He beat Bobby's ass

to teach him a lesson and then took him to the hospital. There was no such a thing a thing as child abuse in those days. They used to teach us a lesson.

FIRE DEPARTMENT HAPPENINGS

While I was on the department they were the best men anybody would want to work with. If you needed any help for any reason, they were there to give it, no questions asked. I was very fortunate to be a part of that group of men.

We used to paint the firehouse every year to get ready for the Memorial Day inspection and parade. This included painting the main floor. One year Jack Hague was painting up front by the chief's car area. We all hurried up and painted the rest of the floor from the middle to the back so he could not get out. He looked around and wanted to know how the hell he was supposed to get out. We were all laughing and told him that was his problem. He picked up his paint and brush and walked through the paint we had just put on the floor. We were mad as hell with him. As it turned out we had to walk back through the paint and try to repaint where he had walked. He screwed us and had the last laugh. Later we all laughed at this.

Another time we were painting the main floor and Mike Fummifredo was out in the middle of the floor. We were going to take a break and we let on that we were cleaning some of the brushes. Someone went in the kitchen and mixed some baking powder with coloring for cooking. We dabbed it on his car trunk and bumper. Mike thought that the day started and ended with his car. Next to his family that was what he lived for. He walked out and saw the spots on his car (paint, he thought), and started his mama mias, hail Mary's and everything else he could think of. We told him it was an accident and we did not try it. Finally got him back in to paint and then we took a damp rag and wiped off all the marks. When he came back out the back again I was standing there with some sandpaper and wire brush and told him I got it all off. Another round of mama mia's and all the rest. We finally told him what we did before he collapsed from anger and freight. This was a good day.

When Mike had his first midnight watch he stayed up all night. I usually came down stairs about 5:00 AM and made the coffee and sat at the kitchen table until the men came down. When I got downstairs this day Mike already had the coffee made. I looked around and saw that the coffee can was not opened. I asked him if he found the new can alright. He said that he didn't use the ground coffee that he used the instant coffee. We had a 25 cup pot. I told him that the men would hang him as soon as they tasted it. I made new coffee. Mike told me not to say anything to the men because he would be embarrassed. I told him not to worry. When the men came down, after a little while I asked them how the coffee was. They said it was good. I told them what Mike had done and they got a big kick out of it. Mike said "Chief, I thought you said you wouldn't say anything". I said "I lie".

When Ken Hutchinson worked at station # 3 he was painting his car with some new paint that had come out and it was to be put on with a powder puff. Did pretty good. As soon as he finished, Capt. Wujek walked down to the tower where Ken was painting and told him there was a phone call for him. He goes in the fire house and when he comes back out he said there was no one there. He looked at his car and it was full of feathers from some pillows. He looked at it a while and said it was very funny.

Another time Hutch went on vacation and he had a small car he left at the firehouse while he was gone. The guys got together and picked it up and wedged in between four trees. When he got back he wanted to know how the hell he was going to get it out. They told him he got it in, now get it out. He called a tow truck and the guy had to hook onto the side frame and pull it out that way. When he did, all four tires popped off. Poor Hutch.

When the paper mill moved out there were a lot of good trees on their lot that we could use by the back fence of the station so people could not see into the yard. Capt. Wujek told Hutch to take his truck

and go over and get some trees. While Hutch is over there a police car pulled up and wants to know what the hell he is doing. Hutch tells him that he is getting some trees for the fire dept. back yard. Cop says that they got a call from the fire house that someone was steeling trees from the lot. Capt. Wujek called.

We had a pretty good snow storm one day and the ramp was loaded. The men cleaned the ramp. Capt. Wujek did not like the job done on the sidewalk area so he said he was going out and clean it a little better. He was doing a good job and throwing the snow into the street. Police car pulls up and tells him he can get fined for doing that and to stop. Joe comes in madder than hell. He says that he knows who reported him because he saw the guy watching him as he walked down the sidewalk across the street. Joe could not remember the guys name so he calls the police station to find out who reported him.. Cop said that the call came from Station # 3. Joe didn't think this was funny.

On Saturdays when the men had to clean the whole firehouse, they would sometimes bring in frozen dinners. They would put them in the oven about 10:30 and they would be done when the work was finished. Many times they would come back and take them out of the oven and they would be still frozen. Wujek used to turn the oven off. One time Wujek brings in a frozen dinner and he saw the guys wanted to turn the oven off on him. He told them he was a little smarter than them and was going to sit in the kitchen watching the oven while they worked. Comes time to eat and Joe is all smiles. He opens the oven and the dinner is still frozen. The guys went downstairs and turned the gas main off. Joe said that this was not funny.

Freddie Klein could not read very good. They used to send him over to the store on Hoover Ave. with a note to get their sandwiches at times. Freddie goes in the store this one day and gives the guy the note and the guy jumps back. He knew Freddie and asked him if he wanted what was on the note. Freddie said he did and hurry it up. The guy reads the note to Freddie and it says "this is a stick up". Freddie grabs the note and comes back to the firehouse, madder than hell and would not go to get sandwiches anymore.

Joe Moriarity came in the firehouse one Sunday afternoon and he had a monkey with him on a long rope. He took the monkey upstairs to the guys in the rec. room. This was when the whole second floor in the back was the rec. room. There were no offices up there then. After a little while the guys told Joe to get the monkey the hell out of there because they wanted to watch TV. Joe was going to go downstairs by the Montgomery Street side. This was a very hot day and that side was always cool because it was away from the sun. Joe sees Tony Maffie down at the bottom on the floor, fast asleep. Joe lowers the monkey down just above Tony's head. The monkey started to make some noise. Tony opens his eyes and did not know what the hell it was and he lets out a scream. That scared hell out of the monkey and he shits all over Tony. Joe pulls up the monkey and Tony is mad as he can get and starts running to the shower. Moriarity had to go down and clean up all the crap. It was all over. Joe never brought the monkey back again. This was a good day for most of us.

Every once in a while they would turn off the water in headquarters to do some plumbing repairs. When they did this I would take a walk around the fire house and flush all the toilets, urinals, showers, sinks, etc.. I used to make sure no one would see me do this. I opened the faucets in the slop sink first to drain the water. Then I would sit in the D.C. office and wait till the water was turned on again. All of a sudden you would hear someone upstairs yelling and cursing. I would run up and ask what had happened. There would be someone standing and yelling with crap all over his rear end. When they flushed the toilet the water would explode into the toilet because of the air trapped in the pipes and it would blow most everything out of the bowl. I would tell them to get in the shower and get cleaned off. They would come running out of the shower when they turned the water on because of the air in the pipes there. They used to come up with curses I never heard before. I used to go back to the D.C. office, shut the door and laugh like hell. Lucky nobody knew who did this. They thought it just happened by itself because the water had been turned off.

We used to get sandwiches at night when the guys would get hungry. They would ask what each one wanted and Mendel would call the order in and then we would send one of the men out to get them. Hutchinson was always hungry. This one night when the guy comes back, Hutch finds the sandwich he ordered and was going to eat. Mendell told him to wait till he sorted them all out and he would then give them to the men. He gets all done this one night and we are one short. Hutch ask where his was because he didn't get one. Mendell told him that his didn't come. I felt so sorry for Hutch that I gave him mine. I wouldn't have enjoyed it anyway.

One night we got pizzas. I used to eat my pizza and keep the crust to chew on after the other part was gone. This one night, my fingers were oily and I went in the wash room to wash them before I ate the crust. When I came out my plate and the crust were gone. I started to yell about where my crust were. John Gehringer said he threw them away because he thought I was done and he cleaned the table. I was yelling and hollering about how I keep the crust for last because I liked them so much. Johnie G. felt bad and I went into the D.C. office madder than hell. I got to thinking after awhile that John was doing what we wanted done after we eat and he cleaned the table. I felt so bad that I went back in the kitchen and apologized to him. Made me feel better. Still wish I had the crust though.

When Chief Gussner died they had his casket in Fire Headquarters the night before his funeral for Fire Dept. services. They closed the two doors from the rear entrance and had his casket in front of the doors. Nobody told Boots Law about this. We were required to come in and gather upstairs and when it was time we came down stairs and paid our respects as we passed the casket. The Fire House was packed with people paying their respects to Chief Gussner. Boots was late as usual and came dashing in the back door and was trying to get in the two doors that was closed. He kept pushing the doors and the casket was falling forward and everyone was yelling and trying to keep the casket from falling. He near dumped the Goomba on the floor. They finally stopped Boots and took him upstairs. He kept wondering why nobody tells him what is going on. This was funny after it was all over. (For some of us).