

Pittsburgh Oral Histories

Pennsylvania Department
Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh



DY

Interviewed by Barry Chad

Interviewed at Seneca Hills

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Interviewer's Note

Ah, a roller coaster enthusiast—riding roller coasters well into her mid-eighties.

*And selling buttons, “beautiful buttons,” at Gimbel’s—like so many of the interviewees—her worklife reflected a different time and a different America. And then there’s the tale of the Pearl Buck “Good Earth” buttons. And customers would also come in for thread, saying, “I want a spool of black thread.” And I’d reply, “What shade?” And the customer would say, “Black, you know, **black**.” Well, then you’d pull open a tray and say, “What*

would you like?” “Oh!,” says the customer, “I didn’t know there were that many shades of black.” Yes, a different time and a different world: You would give the customer a spool of thread and it was amazing how many people would charge, say, ten cents, and put it on their bill!

Interview

bc: It’s the Roller Coaster Association of America?

DY: It’s A. C. E.—American Coaster Enthusiasts.

bc: I would imagine you became interested in roller coasters when you were a little kid.

DY: Right! When our school would have their picnic at Kennywood [Amusement Park]. My father loved roly coasters. Mother would not go on one. But my father and I rode roly coasters at every picnic that we went to at Kennywood. And I remember [going to] Kennywood, we would go over on an open streetcar and that would be a streetcar that had a board that went across so that you wouldn’t fall out. And my mother would sit at one end and my aunt would sit on the other end to keep us kids in the middle so we wouldn’t fall out. And we would go to Kennywood and that’s when Kennywood had all dirt. Everything was dirt. There were no cement walkways. It was just dirt. And the best roly coasters then were what they called the Pippin and then they had the Racer and the Jack Rabbit. Now those were wooden coasters. Kennywood still has them. I like the wooden coasters better than the steel coasters.

bc: What was the difference for you?

DY: I loved to hear that “Clickety clack, clickety clack” going up the hill. Or, what makes Kennywood special is the Pippin and the Jack Rabbit. In almost all of the

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other parks that I have been in—when you come out of the station, you go up a hill. At Kennywood, the Pippin and the Jack Rabbit, you go down a ravine and then up and around and back down again and then come up and around. There's not another coaster in the whole United States that has that and that's what makes Kennywood unique. And I love that.

bc: How many amusement parks have you been to? How many coasters do you think you've been on?

DY: Oh probably maybe 20 different coasters in different parks. I've been in Michigan and Texas and Opryland. Then, when I was in Europe, my son and I rode one in a little town in Germany. I can't tell you the name of it now. It was just a small coaster, but one that we could put down on our list that we rode. The last time I rode a coaster I was around, I guess, 85-years-of-age, and then I sort of retired [she says somewhat sadly.] And I haven't ridden any since.

bc: I tend to over-react when I ride a coaster.

DY: Well Channel 4 (WTAE-TV) did a documentary on my son and I of riding the coasters together. My husband would not ride, but my son was one of the officers in the [chapter] here in Pittsburgh of the American Coasters. So we did do a lot of riding.

bc: Are you familiar with the author Charles Jacques [author of Kennywood; More Kennywood Memories; Goodbye, West View Park, Goodbye]?

DY: Yes. I know him.

bc: We have his amusement park photographs in our collection at the Pennsylvania Department of the Carnegie Library.

DY: And there's another fellow that wrote too—David Hahner. He also wrote a book about Kennywood [titled Kennywood]. Oh yeah. We always had what they called "Kennycon." And that was a meeting of all the people in our area that belonged to the Coaster club. And they were called Kennycon, and we'd go over and we always had a banquet and then we all rode together. And that was fun! And now it has grown so. When we first started, I think we had about maybe 20 or 30 and now it's a couple hundred. How that has grown up!

My son has since passed away, but he was a great lover of the roller coasters too. He had a lot of memorabilia that I gave [away]....

I've been to Knoebel's Grove in the center of the state. Oh we've been to Hershey and we've ridden the roly coasters at Hershey 'cause we had a little meeting up there of the Coaster Club. Oh that was fun! You just get on there and you just forget who you are, you know...and you yell and holler. By the end of the day I was tired. But it's marvelous; it's wonderful!

bc: You were born and raised here in Penn Hills.

DY: Yes.

bc: Did you have a work life?

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DY: I worked at Gimbels. I sold buttons. Beautiful buttons.

I graduated, I guess, in '34 from Wilkinsburg High School and went to town one Monday with my mother. And it was in May because I remember it was lilac time. And [my mother and I] were getting something and the salesgirl said, Are you looking for work? And I said, No, I just got out of high school. And she said, Oh, we're hiring for the "lilac time sale." Why don't you go up and see if you can get a job--which I did. And I worked there for about six years before I got married.

Then, of course, after I was married I worked for our local dairy in Penn Hills—Turner's Dairy. [The Turners] were a wonderful family to work for. [At Turner's Dairy] I took the children through on their field trips: showed 'em how to milk a cow...and I did that for—I don't know how many years...all the children in the school. I love children. I taught Nursery and Beginners at the Church for so many years. And, had I gone on to college, I wanted to be a school teacher, but I just never did. But I love children, so that's why when Mr. Turner...and he knew I had spent a lot of my summers on a farm up where the Crooked Creek dam is; and I was around animals and cows and so forth; and I wasn't afraid of the cows; I could go right in with them; and the kids loved it when I said, Now come on, you can pet the little calf; and I'd hold the little calf for them to hold; and they'd squeal with delight; and they'd go home: "I touched a calf today, Mommy!" It was wonderful just to see those city kids.... I can tell you a story about a little boy and he was standing in the milking parlor, looking down at the cow; and he turned around and he said to me: "See them things hangin' down there?" And I said, "Yes." He said, "Well my daddy told me that one of those things you got white milk and one of those things you got orange juice, but what do you get out them other things?" [She laughs.]

I enjoyed working there. I retired from that and my son came home one day and he said to me, "Mother, I got you a job." I said, "I don't want to work anymore." He said, "How would you like to be a hostess at Dick's Diner in Murrysville?" He was a manager there. So I worked there 'til, I guess I was in my late 80's—when I retired. So I've had a little bit of everything in my life.

bc: Where do you buy buttons today?

DY: You don't. You just don't. We were talking about that at lunchtime. [In the past] you could go into all the different stores and buy a spool of thread. Try and buy a spool of thread today. JoAnn Fabrics is about the only place, I think, you can buy...or Pat Catan's is another place...those are the only two places that I know that you can buy thread.

bc: The idea that you would be at a counter, helping people with buttons...that's a different time.

DY: Oh yes. At Gimbels we had two kinds of buttons—what we called staples—and I had all the pearl buttons. Those were the buttons that you would use on men's shirts and little girls' dresses, and then the lady that had the other staple, she had what we called coat buttons and those were the big ones with the four

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holes in. Lottie had all of those; I had all of the pearls. And then we had all the other buttons between us. I'll tell you a story: when Pearl Buck came out with [her novel] The Good Earth, they had a button that was sort of a tan button that would be the color of the earth and the people would come in and they'd say, Oh I would like that "Good Earth" button: what is that like? Well, if they had the material.... All we just did was went over and got the old tan buttons and bring them out and put them on the counter. And they [the customers]...Oh is that the color? Oh this is the "Good Earth" color?—We had no idea, you know! "Good Earth" color is tan and we would sell that button as the "Good Earth" button. That was at Gimbels.

bc: Were you also involved in ordering the buttons?

DY: No, we would tell Miss Brown, the buyer. And we would tell her like if we had a call for certain kinds of buttons, we would tell Miss Brown. And then, and I remember the man's name, Mr. Colard, who worked for Bailey and Green...they were a button company that we used to get buttons from...and we would tell him what we wanted and once in a while we would be called to go up into Miss Brown's office and look at different buttons and what we would think might sell because we were the ones people would come to and say, I need this kind of a button and do you have it? And we would make recommendations, you know: That's a good button. When you're working with them, you would know what people want. And then maybe the next order that would come in, we would get all these nice new buttons and buttons sold and they were expensive then, back then too. Some buttons were maybe 50 cents apiece, a pretty-good-size pearl button then. And thread, speaking of thread, people would come in and they'd say, I want a spool of navy blue thread. And Mrs. Clifford sold the thread and we had racks that she would pull out and sometimes she had two whole racks, and, I would say, there [may have been] 15 spools of thread of different shades of navy blue. And also there's a number of shades of black thread. People'd come in and say, I want a spool of black thread. "What shade?" "Black, you know, black." Well, then you'd pull open a tray and say, What would you like? "Oh! I didn't know there was that many shades of black thread." And it's amazing: way back then that people didn't know that there were different shades of navy blue and different shades of black. You would get a spool of thread (and oh I forget how much it was) and it was amazing how many people would charge, say, ten cents, put it on their bill. And they would charge a spool of thread. And you would have to write it up: we didn't have the charge cards like we have today. We had a book. Each girl had a book (and I forget what my number was now) but we had a book. And we would write it up in our book and then, at the end of the day, we would take the money out of our change drawer, whatever we sold, and put it in a little bag and took it downstairs and put it in the office. But they don't do that anymore—you just give them the card and that's it, and you get a slip. But then we had to write everything out. We had to get their name and their address, put that on the sales slip, and put the date on, and put "one spool of thread ten cents" or whatever it was, and you gave them a copy, and then you tore out your copy and put it in a little envelope.

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And my husband worked at Union Switch & Signal and he worked seven days a week ten hours a day during the [Second World] War. We built our house during the War and the only thing we had to wait for was a bathtub. We had to take a bath in a little round tub. And that was the only thing we had to wait for—was a bathtub. [My husband] worked on a lot of war things at Union Switch.

bc: Where did you meet?

DY: At our church, at Hebron United Presbyterian Church—Young People's. He was on a committee with my mother for the picnic, and she had a meeting at the house...they planned the picnic...and I helped mother.... (I was an only child.) And I helped mother get some coffee and whatever she was going to serve. And he stayed and he stayed...and before he left, he came over and he said to me—this is funny—“How would you like a date?” [She laughs.] I said, “Well, I'll think about it.” And then he called; and we started dating. And that's how we met: through our Church. I forget how long we went together. We were married 62 years when he passed away. And we just had the one son. And he worked those 50 years at Swissvale, at the Union Switch. He was a toolmaker and worked real hard. Evidently he was good because one of the men that is here [at Seneca Hills], knew him and said, Any time he would make a recommendation for or if somebody needed a certain tool, he [DY's husband] would have to fill out a paper; and he [her husband's fellow employee] said, I never had to call him and say, “What size, or...?” He said, Everything was perfect on that paper. So evidently he knew what he was doing. They made dies and he was a die maker. [My husband] and his boss were called to go to Detroit to make a die for the Shuttle. They tried to make it up in Detroit and they couldn't make it; and they called down to Swissvale to the Switch. His boss came in and he said, Tomorrow we're flying to Detroit. (My husband was scared-to-death to fly.) And he said, Can I drive? He said, No, we have to be up there. [So] he went up to Detroit to this shop and he made this die that was a little, tiny thing that was about that wide and it had two little curves in it and it was made out of platinum...and, by golly, he made that...he made one that they were able to use. He got a [recognition] for making this thing. But he worked there [at Union Switch & Signal] for 50 years. Almost all of the men are gone now that he worked with. And then here I am.

bc: As an only child were you spoiled?

DY: Yes and no. I can remember Easter. (Of course my father spoiled me.) We would go into East Liberty and that's when East Liberty was a marvelous, wonderful town...to shop. My father was a foreman in a mill up in Verona...I think it was called the American Steel Foundry Company...and he was in the pattern shop. He was a foreman. On Saturdays he would come home and mother and I would be ready and we would go into East Liberty and we'd go early and we'd go into the old Sheridan Square where they had vaudeville and we'd see vaudeville and a movie. Then we would come out and go up to Highland Avenue to...I'm trying to think of the name of the restaurant...and we'd have dinner, and then we'd shop. They had the most marvelous Five-and-Ten's. They had Mansmann's, a lovely department store and there was a charm shop. And daddy would say, Well, we have to get you your Easter outfit. We would go in the store

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and I'd get a coat and a hat and shoes—and all dressed up for Easter. Then we would come out and we would go out to Frankstown Avenue to the Triangle Theater. They had nothing but Wild West—with Ken Maynard, and Hoot Gibson and all those cowboys in it. We'd see a cowboy movie. And then, right across the street, was a bowling alley. My dad and I liked to bowl; mother would trail along. She didn't like to [bowl]. But daddy and I'd bowl. My father was a good bowler. He bowled in a couple of leagues and so did I. Then we'd come home. We'd go out and get our car.

We had an old Ford—you had to take and put the isinglass windows on them. And it had spokes in the wheels. [Speaking of our car, I can remember—the Liberty Tubes were not built yet; and, to get over Mount Washington, you had to ride up the Incline in the family car. That was exciting, and something I always looked forward to.] [So, after bowling], we would come home. We would have some coffee or whatever mother got at the bakery shop. And that was what we did when I was a little girl on Saturday—until I was old enough not to go with them! [She laughs.]

bc: What kind of vaudeville shows did you see?

DY: Oh I can remember one—[The song that DY recalls the vaudeville performer singing depended on stuttering for its humor.] Oh I can remember him singing that song—and he must have sung it two or three times. Isn't that funny how you remember something as silly as that? There were acrobats.... Yeah, they had vaudeville there and then after the vaudeville, you saw the movie. And I can't even tell you what the names of the movies were. And that was when I was just ten- or twelve-years- old.

And then one of the things we used to do when I was a teenager, we went into East Liberty to the Enright Theater. (Now that was named after the first boy that was killed in the [First World] War.) And Dick Powell and his Pow Wow Club. He was [live] on-stage. And Bernie Armstrong played the organ. Bernie Armstrong lived in Edgewood. And Dick Powell was the Master of Ceremonies. And we girls would sit there...like they do now... (she laughs)...I don't think we were that crazy. I can remember going to the Enright and watching.... Dick Powell was a good singer, and he was handsome. And then he left and went out to Hollywood. I forget who took his place.... The kid across the street and I used to argue about the two of them—which was the best—Dick Powell or.... I can't remember who it was who took his place.... All I can remember was Dick Powell.

bc: You said you wanted to be a school teacher, but it never happened. What got in the way?

DY: I got married. [She laughs heartily.] It was as simple as that: I got married. I didn't go to school then. And now I often wish that I would have. Even after I was married, I thought I could go to night school, but I never did. Then my son was born.

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[Now I live here.] [And] when people say, Where do you live? and I tell 'em “on the 50-yard-line.” And they say, What do you mean? Well, the old high school stood here, the old Penn Hills High School. My son went there and we spent four years sitting on the bleachers, watching football games. [There is a plaque from the old Penn Hills High School in the foyer of Seneca Village.] I'm a football nut. I watch football constantly. My niece, her husband, is a National Football League official. He was a referee and then he went to head linesman; now he's in a booth. He's one of the guys that sits up in a booth and says, Well yeah it's a touchdown, or it isn't a touchdown.... The girls here get angry at me because I won't play Bridge. But Monday nights and Thursday nights—that's football. Saturday's football. Sunday's football. And I love to watch football.

bc: I'm guessing, from what you've said, that you've always been active in church affairs.

DY: Oh yes. I belong to Hebron Church. I was twelve when I joined Hebron Church. (Hebron United Presbyterian Church.) And I've been a member ever since: so that's a good many years. And during those years I taught Nursery and Beginners. And also our Sunday School class—we just disbanded after 61 years—and I was a charter member of that. I have helped with anything the Church had to do. One of the main jobs that two of my friends and I—we did all the decorating in the Church—all the special...at Easter...at Christmas...and every Sunday we made sure that there were flowers on the altar...we were like the Altar Committee. And Hazel Mae and Doris and I—we did that for a good 30-35 years until just recently. Doris and I resigned.

I am also an accredited Flower Show judge. And I judge flower shows. I did belong to the African Violet Society. And right now I have 17 African Violets on my windowsill that I am talking to every morning and making sure that they're watered. My apartment is right upstairs and I get this light here and they are just blooming. They're beautiful.

I judged one year at the Philadelphia Flower Show. And we judged gardens—all the little gardens. And I didn't get there this past year, but we're going next year. And then we always entered the Allegheny County Fair—when they had the Fair and they always had a garden [section]. We always made [flower] arrangements for Mr. [Frank] Curto. He was the man who was in charge. And we always put a flower arrangement in for him and we would go over and change it, go back and put in another one. Hazel Mae and I did that a lot for him, and she was also a flower judge.

bc: In your home you had a garden—you had house plants, and an outside garden?

DY: Oh yes. I was on the Garden Federation of Pennsylvania. I was on the State Board for 20 years. That meant that I was responsible for different committees. And the one that I liked the best was “Junior Gardeners.” And we had a project, that, when they were starting to re-do the Statue of Liberty...a friend [had suggested] to me...she said, “Why don't you have the Juniors all over

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Pennsylvania earn a penny...and that money would go to paint or refurbish the Statue of Liberty?" And we did. And that was our theme—the Statue of Liberty. And every garden club that had a Junior Garden in it let me know. We sent them the information—what they were to do. And at every meeting I went to, these ladies were bringing me in [tins] of pennies. At the Convention I would put a can out and I'd say, Help the Juniors to get the money to help paint the Statue of Liberty. That was our goal. And we aimed for a mile of pennies. My husband measured it out—how many pennies we would have to have.... We did a mile and an eighth of pennies when we were all through. That's how much money that we gathered.

bc: You gave the people a check...you didn't give them pennies?

DY: No no. I would take it to the bank. At night my husband and I would count and put all these pennies in wrappers. And then I would take the money to our [Garden Club's] State Treasurer. And the kids loved that [project]. So many of them, when they would visit the Statue of Liberty, would say, I helped paint that. That was one of the best projects I ever did with the Juniors.

I've been Judges Council Chairman, Membership Chairman.... I can't remember all the chairmanships I've had over those 20-some years.... I hate to brag, but just recently I was awarded a hummingbird pin for all the work that I have done in the Federation and in our local district (we're in District Seven). All that work that I have done...and, of course, I'm still active...and they presented me with this Hummingbird Award...and it's a beautiful pin.... And I'm still active in the Penn Hebron Garden Club of which I've been a member since 1948. (I'll be 91 in August.) We'll meet in October and I'll have a gardening tip of some kind to give them. Or, I usually take a plant, a new plant and show them or I'll answer questions. But I still keep active.

In fact, yesterday, I got Park's seed catalog. And I thought to myself, Oh gee...and I was looking through it.... They tell me there's little plots out here...and I have a notion to see what kind of ground there is and maybe put in a couple of tomato plants...but if there's a little place out there that you can dig up...a couple of tomato plants, maybe a zucchini plant and just see what happens. I know there's deer around here...and the squirrels, 'cause I can watch the squirrels from my window when I'm sitting in my living room....

The property next to [where I used to live] has some old evergreens and it has the most beautiful bittersweet, if you know what bittersweet is...that orange vine that you see in the florist shops starting around October...and that's just loaded with bittersweet...and the lady that owns the property, I said to her, "Do you know that you have a fortune here?" And she said, "You mean that old junk?" I said, "That's bittersweet." I said, "People give their right arm for a piece of bittersweet." And she said, "Take all you want." Well, that was a bad thing to say when she said that. So, if I see something someplace—like when we were down in New Orleans at a national convention and we were walking along the street—and I saw in this lady's yard some lovely pods, some kind of pods that I wasn't sure of; and I said

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to my friend, "Ruth, I'd like to have some of those." So, I opened the gate and went in, knocked at her door, and I said to the lady, "There's some pods laying in your yard." I said, "Could I have those?" "Oh dear," she says, "Take all you want." And, if I see something and I have to cut it, I don't mutilate the bush. I make sure that I take something that isn't going to do any harm to the bush or make it look lopsided or something: I'm careful when I do my pruning....

[When I lived with my parents,] at home we always had a garden... 'cause way back then, you did a lot of canning. And [my father] would always dig a little place for me for a flower garden--and I could not read then--but he would take me with him when he'd go to buy the seeds for the garden and I would look at the pictures of the flowers and then I was allowed to have maybe three or four packets of seeds and he would show me how to make the rows and I planted those, but I had to keep that garden weeded and so I was taught from the time I was little.... And also my grandmother... [she didn't] live too far from us... she always had a garden and herbs on her windowsill... so I got to know flowers and herbs from when I was a child.

I enjoyed being in the Garden Federation. It certainly was a wonderful organization. It's an organization that does so much for people. With planting and showing [people] how to plant, doing the roadside cleanup... all their projects... different ones that they have. So I've been active in it and I'm still active in it.

bc: You said you went to Wilkinsburg High School. What was Wilkinsburg like when you were going to high school?

DY: Penn Hills did not have a high school... we were the last class to graduate from Wilkinsburg High School when this [Penn Hills] high school was built. ...the streetcar started up in Oakmont and came down through Verona through the woods along Verona Road up to Frankstown Road where it went into Robinson Boulevard [as it is known now] and then it went into Wilkinsburg and went down around Wood Street and back up Penn Avenue. And, we could have gotten off early, but, of course, we always had to ride that whole way around and we all walked up to the High School together. And, of course, in the winter time, once in a while, we would be late with the streetcar... but I spent the four years in Wilkinsburg. We never locked our doors in Penn Hills. And, if my neighbors wanted something, they could go in... and when I'd come home, I'd say, I borrowed a cup of sugar, or, I borrowed a hammer or something.... And you never thought anything of it. And Caldwell & Graham was at the corner of Penn and Wood Street—a wonderful department store. And they had, when you went in, there was this little track that went around... and they would put the [sales] money in a little thing and put it in a chute, and it would go up to the man that was sitting up there and [who would] make change and then it would come back down. I can remember I was so fascinated with that even when I was a little girl when we would go into Wilkinsburg. [Another interviewee remembers the same mechanism thusly: Caldwell & Graham operated with one cashier who was located on the balcony. Sales clerks wrote sales slips which were put in little

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“buggies” or carriers along with the customer’s cash and pushed into a constantly moving belt system to the cashier, who then made change and returned it to its origin.]

It was a wonderful little town. After a football game, I can remember everybody getting behind the band and walking up Wood Street up to Penn Avenue up to Graham Field. Of course I went to every football game while I was there ‘cause I always liked football. And the stores: there was Woolworth’s and Isaly’s. After school, we’d go down to Isaly’s and get one of those big ice cream cones and also a Klondike and, if you found one with a pink center, you got a free one. I can remember getting a Klondike and the first thing you did was you hurried up and looked to see if you got a pink center and then you’d get one free. The Rowland Theater was the movie theater right on Wood Street. I can remember taking my son in for shoes. There was a little shoe store that they had children’s shoes and my son always liked to put his foot in [a fluoroscope] where you could see if they fit. He couldn’t wait ‘til he got to the shoe store to put his feet in those shoes.

bc: I did that too. You could see the bones in your feet.

DY: And then there was Kregar’s who had the most marvelous butter and lunchmeat. And [Ray’s] Bakery. And then there was Burkes Candy Store. We used to go there and get a sundae and buy their candy. Then Mr. Bass—Mr. B. I. Bass—sold us our high school rings. We had to get silver; we couldn’t get a gold ring like they have now. We had to get silver—because of the War. Mr. Bass was right there on Wood Street. And there was another hardware store there. And [Fowler’s]...Fowler’s Furniture Store that was on Penn Avenue.

[Wilkinsburg] was a marvelous, wonderful town to live in and to shop in. Most of the time we would go into Wilkinsburg to shop. And the William Penn Hotel! they had dances in there. Oh it was a super place. For many many years we would go into Wilkinsburg on a Saturday, and do some shopping and come home. As I say, we never locked our doors. But it has certainly certainly changed.

I wouldn’t live any other place [than Western Pennsylvania]. The changing of the seasons, [she says wistfully]. Where I lived, I would look out and I could see the leaves changing on the trees. We had woods down in the back of our place. We had two lots, and the back lot was sort of sloped and we had planted fruit trees, little miniature fruit trees down in the bottom; then came the woods. One day I came home and I pulled in the driveway and a firetruck was in my driveway. I thought, What on earth! Somebody had set the field on fire down in the back and burned all my little trees...[only] one of them came back, a little apple tree. We had like three quarters of an acre in the back and part of that we put into a garden. And we had [a gentleman], and he had a horse and a plow, and he would come out in the Fall of the year and he would plow it up and sow it in rye grass. Then, in the Spring, he came back and plowed that under. I’ll tell you—one year we had yellow beans and green beans ‘til I think I couldn’t give them away. But it was a marvelous, marvelous garden. It was good soil because that was old farmland—the old Morrow farm. And we bought part of their farm. When the folks died, the two boys—one boy had one side of Jefferson Road and the other

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boy had “our side” of Jefferson Road. Then they sold it off in lots. That’s how that little area got to be. We bought our lot and two of the men from our church built our house. And, as I said, the only thing we had to get was a tub. We always had a garden. I always had a flower garden. Right now, my prize tree—I had what they called a [Fantell] Willow tree that the flower arrangers loved because the branches would come up and they would curl or they would [take] all kinds of different forms. But the deer have ruined it. They’ve eaten it. And the old buck has come up and rubbed his horns on the trunk of it and has killed it. And I noticed, when I left, there was just one little part that was still living, but it’ll have to be cut down. I had lilacs, different colors of lilacs. I had dogwood trees, crab apple trees, lots of holly. I spent 65 years in that house when I left.