# LV B4 TV

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*What it was like*

*Living Before Fat Free and E-mail*

**Walter K. Tuzeneu**

***(2nd Edition)***

# Contents

# Prologue

I became aware of the fact that time washes away and diminishes the reality of suffering and brutal torture of another human being when my granddaughter asked, “Pop Pop, I have to interview a veteran of World War II. Can I ask you to help me?” I had never talked about my experiences before -- first, because the horrors of that war were unbearable. Second, too many died needlessly, and the return home to peace and freedom was a struggle.

The interview was by telephone and letters by mail. I then realized that after thirty-five years or more, the young did not and could not understand or comprehend this tragedy and how the world was changed. It was not a change for the better but one of strife, turmoil, bitterness, anger and hate. Today, man struggles for choice and desperately seeks freedom, better government, and chance for happiness in living. Therefore, *‘LV B4 TV’* is written for elementary students – sixth to eighth grades – to arouse curiosity, pique interest in contrast and encourage research and, hopefully, an appreciation for their better way of living.

*‘The struggle continues between a choice in man’s living free and the curse of socialism,’* which means, as Chief Justice William O. Douglas said the phrase when he explained what it meant to be a slave -- complete control from crib to grave.

The United States of America is not alone in this struggle.

# List of Names and Characters

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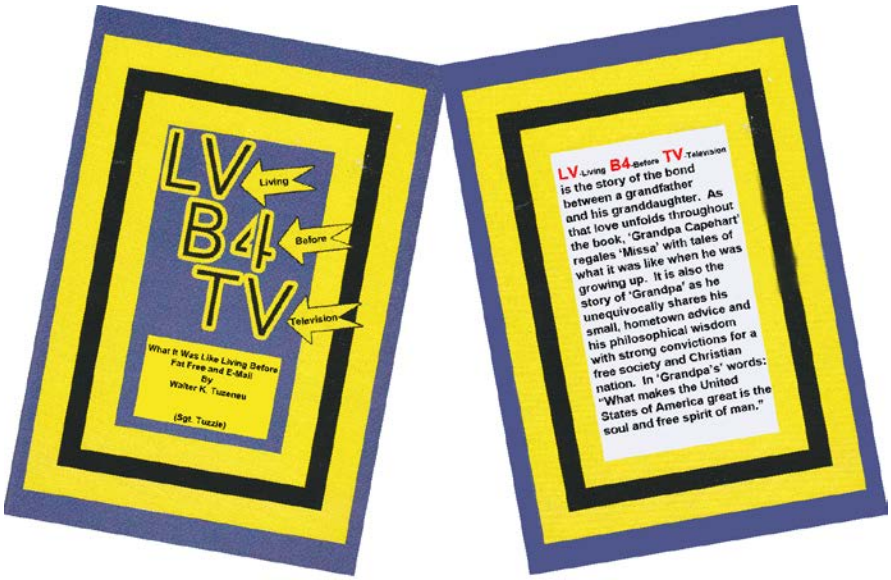
|---|---|
| Grandpa | Robert Franklin Capehart ('Frankie') |
| Grandma | Emma Mary (Pheele) Capehart ('Em') |
| Daughter | Jean Anne (Capehart) Barlow |
| Granddaughter | Melissa Elaine Barlow (Missa) |

## About LV-Living B4-Before TV-Television

***LV B4 TV*** is the story of the bond between a grandfather and his granddaughter. As that love unfolds throughout the book, 'Grandpa Capehart' regales 'Missa' with tales of what it was like when he was growing up. It is also the story of 'Grandpa' as he unequivocally shares his small, hometown advice and his philosophical wisdom with strong convictions for a free society and Christian nation. In 'Grandpa's' words: "What makes the United States of America great is the soul and free spirit of man."



# A Blustery Day

"Grandpa, can I ask you something?" my granddaughter asked one Sunday after a church service. It was a beautiful spring morning. "I have to talk or ask or interview – I mean someone who lived when there were no telephones, no TV's, no air conditioners, or any high-tech things like we have now. Oh, telephone is okay."

"Why, of course, Missa, I would be happy to," I said. She was a pretty and vivacious granddaughter that would make any grandparent's heart skip a beat. "When do you have to interview me?"

"Can I do it now? I have soccer tomorrow, Rainbow on Wednesday, music lesson on Thursday."

"I know – now," I said. "Now is just fine. Grandma's helping with coffee and refreshments. She'll be at least an hour. So we should have plenty of time."

They walked to the end of the hallway and settled into a small classroom away from the noise coming from the kitchen. No one could see or disturb them.

"How do you want to start? How – no what do you need to ask me?"

"I have to ask and find out what it was like living in those days. After you tell me, I got to write as if I lived back in those times," she answered so quickly. He wondered: Why do young people, especially girls, talk so fast all the time.

He hesitated for a moment and then began. "Today is a pleasant and warm May day. It makes … or rather reminds me of a very cold, blustery winter day in February. I won't tell you what year, but it was a long time ago. I can remember it and can bring it back in my mind as clearly as if it was yesterday." He paused and then glanced out the window as he got his thoughts in order and began again. "I left work a little earlier than usual that day in order to get ready for a lodge meeting. I walked home from Main Street where the driver for that day dropped me off. The sun was just setting below the treetops. The bitter wind forced me to button the neck of my great coat, pull up the collar, and shove my hands deep into my coat pockets. The rays of the sunlight reflected off the wispy streaks of clouds. The dull yellow light gave an eerie look to the sky. The yellow hue outlined the buildings, trees, and streetlights, which added to the urgency of getting home and settling into the Morris chair by the stove."

"The sun had fallen far below the horizon that silhouetted the treetops in a solid black outline. As I reached the house and climbed the steps, I sensed no one was home yet."

"I reached under the milk carton for the key. After I unlocked the door, I put the key under the milk carton and stepped into the warm and cozy kitchen. The teakettle was singing a slow, gentle sound from the back of the stove, and light from the coals

could be seen flickering between the lids that were tilted to one side to bank the fire. The teakettle was always filled with water and left at the back of the stove for warm water and to keep it from boiling dry."

"I quickly put my coat and hat in the corner closet and turned my attention toward the stove." *(See Figure 1, on this page below)*

***(Fig. 1 -- A Coal Burning Stove)***

"I had to shake the grates and add coal, so I had to lift the lids and move them to the back of the stove in order to add coal to the embers. I remember the handle to lift the lids was warm and felt good to touch. I opened the damper after adding coal and held my hands over the stove to see the coals begin to burn, and it felt warm to my hands. I put the middle section back where it belonged and put the lids in place so the draft would quickly fan the coals into a roaring fire. It was a pleasant sound, and the crackling sound was the noise from the coals catching fire that made the kettle on the back of the stove sound a little louder. Can you imagine what the sound was like? It was more like a hum, a very soothing and pleasing song."

"Oh, Grandpa, that makes me feel warm," she giggled.

"I stood by the stove for a few minutes until I was satisfied it was burning good and getting warmer so I could turn the damper a bit to cut the draft or air rushing up the chimney. Then I walked over to sit in the Morris chair to relax, get comfortable and cozy." He laughed and said, "I was getting dozy in a short time because the kitchen was quickly getting warmer."

"Grandpa, what is a Morris chair?" Missa asked.

"Morris chair? Yes, you wouldn't know that. It was very comfortable to lounge in … Sit in … it was called a lounge … It had a footpad to extend and stretch out your legs, and the back could be lowered so you could lay back and really get into a relaxing position." By her look, he could see his explanation didn't give Missa a good idea for her to understand why everybody would try to get in the chair first.

"Did you cook on that big stove?" Missa asked.

"Yes, indeed, I think things tasted better cooked over the old hot stove than on the stove in kitchens today, but the thing was, the sound you heard in the kitchen."

"What sounds?" she asked.

"My, heavens, all kinds of noise or sounds! The teakettle would hum a soft, pleasant tune, something like a flute or a violin note. You could hear the coals as they caught fire, which made a whistling sound. It was a nice, soft sound and very relaxing. Better than any kind of medicine. You could hear the stove crackle as it got hotter, and with the clock ticking, it all came together to create what I call 'the music or symphony of the kitchen.'"

"Gee, Grandpa, you make it seem … quiet … I mean peaceful," Missa said.

"Missa, you're right! It helped us … me, everybody, to realize our blessings. You think, 'He restores my soul.' I don't think that nowadays people have the time or even try to find the time or can find moments like this to enjoy. I think they should. That would give them a few minutes to realize how fortunate we all are and how comfortable we live."

“Grandpa, you make me feel really good. What do you mean, ‘He restores my soul?”

“These are moments when you have the opportunity -- you are enveloped in the peace and serenity of hearing coals crackling and burning and the teakettle humming on the back of the stove and the quiet and peace surrounds you. … Well, you are able to sense a well-being, a restoring of one’s soul. A sense of comfort that renews the spirit that is available from God.”

“Grandpa, is that the way to reach God?”

“No, no, no. You have to find the time. You have to make the time in this busy life. It is worth it, and it only takes a few minutes, no matter where you are!”

“Thank you, Grandpa, for making me feel good. … And, oh yes, helping with my homework. I love you!”

# Before Fat Free

"Grandpa, can I ask you something else for the interview assignment that I have to do?" Missa asked.

"Sure, you certainly can any time." Grandpa Capehart said and turned to look at Missa. "You can ask me anything you want."

"I have to ask someone who … I mean interview somebody who bought things before there was a supermarket -- where you bought bread, milk sugar, and yogurt like before there was fat-free … or olive oil."

He laughed. "We didn't buy things like that back then." The twinkle in his eye and the warm look made it plain to see how fond he was for his Missa. She would warm the heart of any grandfather.

"Oh, when is your birthday?" she asked.

"My birthday? It's on October 9. Why?" he asked, a little surprised at the question.

"Super! I'll remember that. That's when I have to turn in my paper," Missa giggled as she jumped up and down. "Do you remember back then, Grandpa?"

There was a slight tone of disappointment as he said, "Grocery stores, as they were called, had just about everything, you needed or had to buy. They were pretty little – I mean small," he replied quickly. He glanced at the flower garden in the backyard and rubbed his nose as he thought about the days when he was about the same as age as Missa. "The stores," he continued, "grocery stores, were no bigger than a Quik Check or service center you see at a gas station today, which had meat, milk, bread, eggs, canned goods, cereal, sugar, baking items like yeast, baking powder, and *'Shredded Wheat'. 'Shredded Wheat'* was a big cereal then."

"*'Shredded Wheat'?* What's that?" she asked.

"Now they are called *'Frosted Mini Wheats'* with sugar coating. They were like biscuits of dried grass and tasted just as dry for my taste." He laughed, "There were three in a row, and four rows with a piece of cardboard separating each row. I used these cardboards to make airplanes because I always wanted to be a pilot."

"I didn't know that, Grandpa. I thought you were a paratrooper," Missa said.

"Yes, I was airborne but not a pilot. Actually, I was in gliders. The 320$^{th}$ Glider Field Artillery Battalion," he said with a slight nod of his head to emphasize the difference.

"But, Grandpa, what kind of olive oil did you have back then?" Missa asked.

"Of course, my Missa," he said. "I should be telling you about fat-free. Now all we hear is saturated fat, polyunsaturated trans-fats, good fats, bad fat. I don't know

what else. Shucks, it makes you wonder if you should even smell the oil because you'll get fat just by smelling." He laughed as he brushed his hand across the table as if he was wiping something away. "I'm laughing because I remember Emma, Grandma, and I were standing at a counter and looking at a display of cakes, pies, tarts, and all kinds of goodies. Then a very pleasant and pretty young woman was admiring all the sweets and enticing goodies, and I said to her, 'You shouldn't smell them; you're going to gain weight by smelling.'"

"Emma said, 'Robert Franklin Capehart, that's a terrible thing to say. You apologize to her!'"

"The young lady said very quickly, 'That's all right, they all look so good. Just the smell makes you want to take something home. Ah, they do look so delicious!'"

"Emma said I should be nice. I said I always am, but, Missa, I was trying to tell you about *'Shredded Wheat',* he continued. "I said that they tasted like dried grass or hay."

"We can buy 'Frosted Mini-Wheats'," Missa said. "They have a frosted sugar coating, and they taste pretty good," Missa said.

"Let me tell you how I would eat *'Shredded Wheat'.* I would put one biscuit in a bowl and spread butter over the top and then sprinkle brown sugar and then pour warm milk to make them tasty."

"Oh, that's funny, "Missa said.

"Well, maybe that is funny," Grandpa said, "when you think about it."

"Grandpa, how can you tell … how can you know if anything is fat-free? Does it taste different?"

"Hmmm, I don't know for sure," he said thoughtfully. "The advertisements claim you can't tell the difference. Whatever they are selling, the package claims the taste is just as good. I wonder. I think eggs were the first product the Food and Drug Administration and the nutritionists, said were bad for you … were not good because of the cholesterol which clogged arteries and, gee, had so many bad fats – unsaturated, saturated, polyunsaturated … so many other bad things it makes you wonder what you can eat. Now, they changed their story and say eggs are good for you! It sure makes you weary and wonders what to think." Grandpa Capehart sat quietly for a minute and then announced a great discovery, "If it tastes good, it's bad. If it doesn't taste good, does that mean it's OK to eat it?"

"Grandpa, you are funny. I love you."

# Brown Sugar Bag

"Grandpa, Mrs. Howell says she remembers when she was a little girl that sugar was poured from a brown bag. Was it?"

Grandpa Frankie as he was called by all who knew him, especially those who heard Grandma Emma call him that when she was upset, rubbed his eyes as he looked at his granddaughter and settled his glasses to see better and answered, "Yes, I remember. That is right." He paused and looked down at the floor for a short time as if to reflect on why sugar came in a brown paper bag and how it was sold. "Sugar came in wooden barrels about this high" – he stretched his hand out to indicate the height was about thirty-six inches – "and this big around." *(See Figure 2 on this page below)* He formed a circle with his arms so she could see the barrel was twenty to twenty-four inches in diameter.

***(Fig. 2 – A Wooden Crate Barrel with hoops to hold the slats)***

Her wide eyes showed her amazement and curiosity when she asked, "How did they get sugar out of the barrel?"

"It was fun to watch the clerk. He had to pry out a ring – it was a hoop on the inside of the top of the barrel. He needed a hammer and a flat bar to pop the ring off.

Then he had to break out the wooded pieces by breaking them apart. Did I tell you? Well, let me show you" … He picked up a pencil and held it in his left hand. "If this was a chisel, I could hit it with a hammer." He used his right hand as though he had a hammer and moved the pencil to explain the way to split the wood. "It was easy to take out the other pieces after getting that first one out," he said.

"Then what did he do?" she asked.

"Of course," he continued, "the sugar was in a burlap bag that was tied at the top. He would untie the string and then roll up the edge so that it looked like a collar around the edge of the barrel."

"I know, I know, like a loose open top at the neck on a blouse," she said as she jumped up and down.

"That's right, that's right," he said. "Then after that, whenever a customer wanted sugar, there was a wooden scoop with a big round handle to make it easy to scoop up some sugar and pour it in a metal boat."

"What was a metal boat?" she asked.

"My gosh. I'm going to explain. I have to tell you about the scale."

"A scale? Grandpa, what is a scale?" she asked.

"Yes, it was on the counter near the barrel of sugar and looked like a … oh, I can't say. I will have to say there was a heavy base bolted to the counter and a 'T' mounted in the center with a chain hanging from each end of the 'T'. At the top of the 'T' was a round face like a clock. Just like the big hand on a clock it pointed to a zero. On each side it had numbers: one, two, three, four, and five. They were on the right side, and the numbers on the left side went backward and were opposite the same number on the right side of the pointer. Am I telling you this OK?"

"Yes, Grandpa. How does that make a scale?" she asked.

"Now it gets to the good part. The 'T' is an arm or fulcrum that turns around kind a like a propeller, but it is like as seesaw. You know, one sits on one side and a friend sits on the other end. If you are the same weight, you stay balanced. If one is heavier, than the other side, the heavy side goes down. It weights it down. When it does, you can hit the ground. Sometimes you bang pretty hard, right?"

"Oh, Grandpa," Missa laughed, "sometimes we'd jump off and let the other end really bang hard."

"I bet you did. You're a little rascal."

"How did the scale … I mean, how did you use it?" Missa asked.

"Well, you took a scoop of sugar first. Then you had to pick a brass weight, say five pounds, and put that on the side with the flat plate. The plate would go down like

the seesaw, and then you would pour the sugar from the scoop into the other side, 'in the metal boat', until the pointer was in the center, and then the scale was balanced and you had exactly five pounds. Then you poured this into the brown bag. The clerk would fold the top of the bag and tie a string around it so as not to spill any sugar."

"Where did he get the bag?" she asked.

"They were under the counter top in little slots, for one pound, two pound, five pound, ten pound, and twenty-five pound bags," he said.

"Grandpa, how much did it cost?" she asked.

"I would say about three cents a pound. I'm not sure; I don't remember. Grandma should remember better than I do. We will ask her. Honey!" he said. "I call her Honey 'because she's so sweet. Of course you know that."

"Daddy calls Mom, my Honey, that because he is in some kind a trouble," she said.

He laughed loudly and shook his head with a big smile on his face and said, "I think we all get in trouble sometimes and try to save ourselves by being careful like that. Honey!" he called again.

"Yes, what do you want?" she said as she came in the den.

"How much did sugar cost when we were young? I know that was a long time ago, but I said about three cents. Is that right?"

"I think … that is just about right," she said.

"Grandma, what does it cost now?" Missa asked.

"I would say about one dollar and ninety cents depending on where you shop," she said.

"Oh, Grandma, we woman are smart because we are sweet," Missa said.

# Butcher Shop

"What is a butcher shop?" Missa asked her grandfather. He was reading the paper with a ball game on the TV and sitting in his favorite chair in the den. *(See Figure 3, Page 17)*

Grandpa Capehart lowered the paper and looked over his glasses at his granddaughter. "Well," he said, "this is one of your interview questions?"

"No, Grandpa. We only had that one assignment. A boy in my class brought a cleaver to show-and-tell. He said his grandfather used this in the butcher shop where he worked. We didn't know what a butcher shop was?" she said.

"A butcher's shop," he hesitated. "I forgot about them."

"What was a butcher shop?" Missa asked.

"Oh boy … that's funny … that's hard to explain." He said. "I think … the best way to begin … is telling you how the butcher shop got the meat to begin with. A big truck with chunks of meat hanging from hooks inside the truck was like a clothes closet. You know, you could slide the coat hanger one way or the other to get the coat you wanted. Then you would take the coat off the hanger."

"What do you mean, Grandpa, you sweet thing?"

"The difference is the coat was on a hanger while the meat was on a hook. Half of a steer on each hook was hanging from a rail so the deliveryman could push the chunk of beef along a track to the door of the truck. Then he would lift the beef off the hook and carry it on his shoulder into the butcher's icebox."

"Oh, Grandpa," Missa laughed, "what is an icebox?"

"Of course," he said and then hesitated to get his thoughts in order to explain a butcher's icebox. "In the rear of the store … there was a space about the same size as a small bedroom. It had thick walls all around … and in the ceiling and even on the floor."

"The floor was … wood and covered with sawdust. To get in the butcher's icebox, there was a huge door with a latch … actually it was a lever that you push down to open the door. That is a lever like the one on our gate we open to get into our garden. After you push the lever down, you could swing the door wide like the gate. It was very heavy and thick, about this thick." He held his hands up to give her an idea the thickness was about six inches. "The lever was on both the inside and the outside so it could be opened if you were inside or outside."

"Why was it called an icebox?" Missa asked.

"Because there were big chunks of ice to keep the temperature about forty-five degrees," and he explained, "they opened and closed the door very quickly and then

tried not to open it too often. Believe it or not, the temperature in the icebox is about the same as our refrigerators today."

"How long did the ice last?" she asked.

"That is a good question." He smiled at her and nodded his head to approve and acknowledge her curiosity. Frankly, I don't know," he said. "I can't remember. You know I didn't work in a butcher shop so I wouldn't know how often they had to get more ice or how fast the chunks of ice would melt. I did see the iceman wield the big chunks in to the icebox with a handcar."

"Grandpa, how big were the chunks of ice?" Missa asked.

"I'm guessing," he said, "but I would say about thirty-six inches high," he held his hand out and looked down at the floor and then said, "That's about right, that's about how high they were …"He held his hands up for her to judge that each block was about twelve inches wide, each about three feet high and twelve inches square. "That would … They would be very heavy," he said.

"Grandpa," he said, "that is my grandfather used their cleaver to whack or cut off a chunk of meat." She wrinkled up her nose as though she didn't believe him at the show-and-tell.

He laughed out loud when he realized she wouldn't know how to whack off a piece of meat. "Mrs. Smith, should we say, was going to the butcher shop, and after the butcher asked, 'can I help you?' She'd say, 'I like a nice tender roast.' He would go in the icebox and cut off a portion of the steer and put it on the butcher's block. 'How much do you want?' he would ask. 'About five pounds would be good,' she would tell him. 'If you want to, you can tell me where to cut,' he would say, 'that will be the top round. Is that OK?'"

"'I think that would be more tender,' she would say, more like a question than an order.' He would agree with her and then he would whack the meat and cut the piece for her to see. 'That is dark red and enough fat to make it tender and tasty,' he would show her."

"Well, after he showed the piece to her, he would cut off a piece of paper; put it on the scale to weigh the meat. 'It's a little over five,' he would tell her. Usually she would say, 'That's okay.'"

"How would he know how big a piece to cut off?" Missa asked.

"A butcher was pretty good at judging the size needed to weigh whatever the customer wanted. Then he would fold up the paper … it was pretty heavy paper and had a waxy feel … that would keep the juices from soaking through. He would go to his adding machine and figure the cost and write the amount on the outside of the paper and hand it to her. Most times, 'a thank you, Mrs. Smith' would reward him with a smile."

“I still don’t understand icebox,” she said.

“Well … I think that’s enough for today.  Some time I would like to tell you about our icebox before we got a refrigerator.  That will be fun as you say, Missa,” he told her.

***(Fig. 3 – A Butcher Shop, at the counter)***

# Four Rings

"Grandma! Grandma!" Missa blurted out as she ran through the den and into the kitchen. "Umm … that smells good," she said. "What's that cooking?"

"Hi, dear. Oh, you look so nice. That's a very pretty dress." Grandma Emma bent over and gave Missa a big hug, and then as she always did pinch her cheek. "That is Irish stew, and I just baked some fresh buns too," Grandma said as she clasped her hands as a gesture of approval. She said, "I am a good cook! It does smell good!"

"Grandma, do you remember when you got your first phone?" Missa asked.

"Yes, I do. It was such a long time ago … gee, I can't remember for sure. If you had a phone, it was really a big deal. Before we had our phone installed we had to walk to the store and use that phone there. If you called someone who did not have one, whoever answered the call would say, 'wait a minute' and then run to get that person to come to the phone. Before we had a phone, we only used the telephone for an emergency," Grandma explained.

"I can't think what it would be like without a telephone," Missa sighed.

Grandma Emma said, "We did just fine. The phone company was called The *'American Telephone and Telegraph Company'*, but now it's called AT&T for short." She sighed as she remembered that time so long ago. "Mrs. Sherman, she was the switchboard operator, told us to wait for our phone to ring four times before we picked up our receiver." (See Figure 4, on this page below)

***(Fig. 4 – The Switchboard Operator)***

“Why?” Missa asked.  Her look showed she was confused.

Grandma Emma sat down at the kitchen table and motioned for Missa to sit next to her.  “Would you like some freshly baked oatmeal cookies and some milk?” Grandma Emma got the cookies and milk, and as she put them on the table, she said, “The four rings meant that the phone call was for you.  No one else should pick up their receiver; they could listen and hear everything you said.  Isn’t that something?” she stated.

“Wow!  What could they hear?” Missa asked as she took a sip of milk.”

“Oh, good heavens,” she smiled after realizing she would have to explain how a party line worked.  She reached over and took four cookies from the plate and placed them in the same manner as a four in a game of dominoes.  “Missa,” she said, “if you have four dots when you play dominoes on one side and four on the other side that makes eight, right?” she asked.

“Yeah, yeah, that’s a double,” Missa said as she took another cookie.

“Yes, and that makes or shows two party lines, that is each set of four dots were like four phones connected to that one line,” Grandma said it very slowly.

“But, Grandma, who would know … who should talk?”

“That is where the four rings come in,” she continued.  “The switchboard operator, who worked at the switchboard, that is what they called the office where the telephone central station was, she would know you wanted to make a call because a light would blink at the terminal on her board.  She would say, ‘number please,’ and you would tell her: ‘542, please.’  Each of the four phones had 54 and the last number was a 1, 2, 3, or 4.  That is where the four rings come in.”  She hesitated and then continued, “The operator would ring once for this phone.”  She pointed to one cookie and said, “Two times for this one,” and picked up another cookie and said, “Three for this and four for this one.”

“Now I know what you mean, Grandma,” Missa said emphatically.

“Oh, I’m glad,” Grandma Emma said, and it was easy to see she was pleased with the way she explained the reason for the different rings.  She continued, “Each cookie represents one phone, one family, or one name.  So, if Mrs. Ferron was here,” she pointed to the first cookie,” and Mrs. Johnson was here at this one and you, Melissa Barlow was number three that would make busybody Mrs. Fitzgerald number four.”

“Grandma, this is fun.  I mean this is funny,” Missa said.

“Yes, it is, and I’m kind a enjoying telling you how it worked.  Just think,” she said, “if you, Missa was number three, and you wanted to call say, Marci,” she pointed to cookie number two on the other side, “you would pick up your receiver and push the hook up and down to ring the operator.  Then the operator, Mrs. Sherman, would know you wanted to make a call.  She would put your line from your party line into the one

you wanted to talk to. She would say, 'number, please.'" Emma's tone was one of exaggerated sweetness.

"Make a call, that is funny," Missa laughed.

"Yes, of course," Grandma Emma continued, "but it did take a little time to make a connection. If you were here, as number three," she pointed to the first four cookies, "and wanted to talk to your friend, Marci, she is number two," she said and pointed to the other four cookies, then the operator would say 'number please.' Marci's number would be maybe 552 say. That means two rings for her. Yours would be three rings."

"I see, I see," Missa giggled.

"When Marci answered, you could hear the zing, zing for her two rings. 'Hello, Marci, this is Missa,' and from then, well, if Mrs. Busybody wanted to listen, she could hear everything you said. If Mrs. Busybody didn't want to listen, she could hang up her phone. If Mr. Busybody asked 'who was that?' She'd say or just tell him, 'That's 'M' talking to 'M', ha, ha,' in a haughty manner."

"But, Grandma what is a busybody?"

"A busybody just likes to know what everybody else is saying or doing so they can spread gossip."

"But, Grandma, if you're a busybody what do you do?" Missa's question showed she was very confused.

"Well, if Mrs. Ferron and Mrs. Johnson were spreading gossip, silly little bits of news, oh, maybe Mrs. Johnson would tell or say to Mrs. Ferron, 'Did you see that Joan throw her car wash in the middle of the street? She shouldn't do that!'"

Missa said, "Daddy does that, and he says it washes the street and keeps the dust down." Missa's hmmpf was easily understood.

"Well, he might be right. It certainly isn't anything terrible. I guess that's what keeps them busy. Maybe that's we call them busybodies."

"How can you be a busybody now, Grandma?"

"Yes, there are no party lines, no rings to count. So you just use your own phone. Gosh, everybody seems to have a cell phone now. It slows the gossip and that's safe to say."

# Eggs Crates

Melissa Anne Barlow was as bright and sprightly as she could be like an Irish spirit or dancer. Grandpa Capehart could see her skipping along the sidewalk to the front porch. It was a warm, pleasant spring afternoon of March 28. She stopped to watch a robin cock his head from side to side looking for a worm. The warm rain of the night before made the grass 'spring up,' and the worms would wiggle to the surface where the robin could easily pull them out of the ground to feed their young. She quickly ran up the steps and into the den where he was reading the newspaper. "Hi, Grandpa," she said as she walked toward him, "here's a kiss just for you." She kissed him on the cheek and then curtsied in a ladylike fashion.

"You are a pleasant sight to see," he said as he dropped his newspaper in his lap. "What are you going to ask me today?" The question was with anticipation and interest.

"Oh, Grandpa, how did you know that?" she asked.

"Lately, every time you come here you ask me, 'Did I know this or that?', so, I just know you want to learn what it was like when I grew up. What is it this time?"

"Grandpa, you're so smart. How did you buy eggs when you were little?"

"That is an interesting question, my sweet Missa, but how did you happen to think of asking that?"

"OK, OK, let me tell you what made me ask," Missa said very excitedly. "David Melone at lunchtime tried to crack an egg." She laughed out loud. "He thought it was a hard-boiled egg and got it all over his desk. Boy, it was messy," she giggled.

"It would be messy for sure," he agreed.

"He eats a hard-boiled egg, and lettuce, and celery, and fruit, and a cookie," Missa explained.

"That sounds like a healthy lunch to me," Grandpa Capehart said, "but tell me what happened?"

"Boy, it was sticky and hard to clean up. I never knew it could be so *icky*! It took Mrs. Howell six times to get enough paper towels to wipe it up. Then she said when she was little they brought eggs home kind a in a brown paper bag from the grocery store," Missa explained to say why she asked about eggs.

"It is complicated to say where eggs came from or how we did get our eggs," Grandpa Capehart began. "See many families had chickens, maybe fifteen or twenty chickens, ah and chicken coops with nests for them to lay their eggs and about once a

day, the hens would lay their eggs. When you wanted any eggs, you just went to the coop and took the eggs from the nest. You just reached under the hen or sometimes the hen would leave the nest to eat or drink."

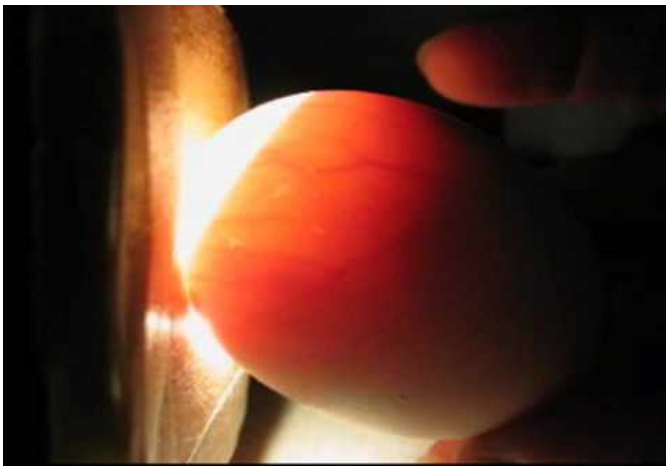
"How did they lay their eggs, Grandpa?"

"When the chicken wanted to lay her eggs, she would sit on her nest and squeeze and out would pop the egg. Usually she would cackle after that," and then he shook his head and said, "that kind a sounds dumb, doesn't it? I wonder if you can understand that."

"That is maybe dumb," Missa said.

"You know a bird; a robin for instance will lay three or four eggs and then sit on them until they hatch. You know if you take an egg or eggs from a chicken, the chicken will lay another one, maybe once a week. I'm not sure how often a chicken will lay her eggs. My gosh, I can't remember how long," he said.

"As I try to explain it to you, I have to laugh because it sounds weird, but after you gather five or six eggs a day, then you have to candle them to make sure they are good." See Figure 5, on this page below)



***(Fig. 5 – Candling an egg to see if it's okay to eat. If there are streaks in it, it is no good to eat as it is a fertile egg.)***

Missa wrinkled her nose and shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know what that means," she said. "I don't understand, Grandpa."

"Actually it is easy and quite simple, but very important. Let me explain. If you light a candle and then hold the egg up to the flame or light, you can tell if it is good. If it is dark or cloudy or has streaks in it, it's no good and you have to throw it away. Also, by the light you can see if there is any airspace at the round end of the egg and by that you can tell how fresh it is. The smaller the airspace, the fresher the egg is, and the bigger the space, the older it is."

"Airspace, Grandpa? How could air get in?" she asked.

"Here, let me show you." He picked up a pencil from the table under the lamp and drew a picture of an egg on the edge of his newspaper. "See," he said, "this line here on the round end indicates the air, and if I draw the line below this one, you can see the space is bigger. When this is small, the egg is fresh. When the egg is older, oh maybe a couple of days, the space gets bigger. So, the bigger the airspace is the older the egg. Mrs. Hallard could tell faster than anyone how old the egg was. She was unbelievable."

"Yeah, but I never saw an egg like that. I mean candled," Missa said.

"I think it is important to candle eggs. Today a conveyor belt travels over a section with lights shining under the belt so a bad one can be picked out and tossed in a disposable can. Oh, that reminds me, there was a farm not too far from here named Cobb Farm. Everybody bought their eggs from Mr. Cobb. The name was on a wood slab that was nailed to the gate. Under the name Cobb Farm was painted: *'If it is a Cobb egg it is a good egg'*. That sign is on display in the historical section in the library now. The Cobb Farm is gone, but now there are town houses and condos and a golf course in its place."

"I know where that is, the bus goes by there. There's a sign … Cobb something, I think," Missa said,

"You are right. It's *Cobb Country Estates*. A very fancy clubhouse with a guarded gate and the golf course is a championship course listed in the PGA. How come the bus goes by there?" he asked.

"When we play Riverdale in baseball," she said.

"I was thinking you meant every day, but I realize it is not in our school district." "May I tell you how eggs were delivered to our store -- our grocery store?"

"Don't they come in gray, paper kind a, cartons?" she asked.

"No, but each egg is in a space like the carton we get now. You know what that looks like. I think I remember how many eggs were in the crate. It was a wooden crate divided in half. Each side had four layers and each layer would have twenty-four eggs in a section and each side would have twelve dozen eggs in it. The top was nailed shut and it was heavy. Every once in a while someone would drop the box. It was surprising not many eggs got broken."

"How … or why did they come in wooden crates?" Missa asked.

"The boxes, crates, were quite sturdy with a lid that was nailed shut and you had to pry it off carefully so the crate could be used again. Nowadays they talk about recycling."

"These crates were used again and again for all kinds of purposes. You could see them in someone's shed or garage. Some college students used them as bookcases. They were good for that. They were piled one on top of another, and they were very sturdy and could be used for such things as paint, tools, oil, garden stuff, newspapers, and all things you couldn't imagine. They were firm and didn't wobble." He took a minute to see if she understood.

"Grandpa, how could they be shelves?" Missa asked and, with a flip of her wrist, opened the palm of her right hand to emphasis the question.

"We can buy plastic containers today that stack one on another and pile them, oh, maybe four or five high. It's the same idea with the crates, but they are firm and solid, while the plastic is more soft and flexible. It's the same idea, don't you think?"

"If they were in a crate, how could you buy them … the eggs?" she said.

"The clerk in the store was behind the counter and would get everything you wanted off the shelves behind him and put them on the counter so you could see that he got what you asked for. Then the last thing was the eggs. He put them very carefully in a brown paper bag. You know about brown paper bags, right? Then all the groceries were put in a big paper bag, the heaviest on the bottom of course. Last thing he did was to place the eggs on top of everything so you would be careful and not break any. That would make a mess. Who was it that thought he was cracking a hard-boiled egg and it was a fresh egg? That was a gooey mess for sure, and no one wants to clean up a sticky mess like that."

"You said recycled crates. Is that what they mean today to recycle just about everything?" she asked him very seriously.

"That term and act of recycling is not new. The idea is not to destroy, not to waste anything, not to abuse or especially not to overuse what we have is good." He hesitated and then continued, "That idea was ahead of its time. We put all table scraps and vegetable peelings, corn husks and things like that in the backyard. It was a compost heap, and we turned it over just the same as we do to plant a garden. That enriched the soil. We sieved the coal and wood ashes to spread them on the garden for potash, which is good for the vegetables. If there were chunks of coal, we put them in the bucket by the stove. In that way, we didn't waste anything. We believed *'waste not want not'*. We pulled the shades down in the summer to keep the heat sun out. We rolled them up or put them up in the winter to let heat in from the sun. When the weather was nice, we opened the windows to air out the house and blow all the germs out to let in the fresh air which was considered a good thing."

"Grandpa, that sounds so cool.  I'm going to tell that to my class," Missa said.

"Missa, there is a saying, maybe it's a proverb, no it is from a ritual, but it is wise advice:

> *All God's creation is a blessing granted to man.  What we see is beautiful, it is plentiful, it is sustainable, and, most importantly, we should appreciate and enjoy it and must not waste it, and it will return with interest every good thing man can possibly do and will give him flowers, plenty on his table and cover his remains within its bosom when man finishes his journey through life.*"

"Grandpa, isn't that what recyclable means?" she stated.

"Out of the mouth of babes," he laughed.

# Big Sea Day

"What is big sea day, Grandpa?"

"By golly, I didn't hear you come in my little Missa," Grandpa Capehart said. "But then, I'm usually in the den watching a game."

"That's why I came to the kitchen," Missa giggled and ran over to him as he put his arm around her shoulder.

"Careful, I don't want to spill my coffee on you," he said. He held the cup in his hand while he squeezed some papers he held under his arm. "Let me put these down so I can get a good hug. Let's go in the den," he said.

They walked into the den where he put his papers on the table next to his chair. "Now I can get my hug," he said and then put his arms around her in a way any proud grandfather would do. "Get your chair, Missa, and sit here where you usually do so we can talk."

She settled in her chair and wiggled on the cushion and folded her hands in her lap. He looked at her big smile and, after a sigh, said, "*'Big Sea Day'*, eh? They had *'Big Sea Day'* quite a long time ago. I can't remember the last time there was anything like that." *(See Figure 6, Page 28)*

"What was it, Grandpa?"

"It was a farmer's vacation celebration kind a thing. Every summer when the hay was cut and put in the barns and the corn was husked and put in the corn shed, there was a slow time. Most of the harvesting and hard work was done, and they had a chance to sit a spell and chaw a little."

"Grandpa, what's chaw?"

"Yeah, that's something I have to explain." He laughed. "They took time to sit on the lawn or porch and talk. Some, not many, chewed tobacco and some just put a piece of straw in their mouth while talking. Chewing tobacco became chaw which in turn meant to talk. Farmers would say. 'Let's sit a spell and chaw,' meaning to talk. That is when talk of going to the beach was a fun thing to think about and resting on the beach and jumping in the ocean was exciting. Of course, the daily chores still had to be done."

"What are daily chores?" she asked.

"Yes, these were the jobs that never stop." He shook his head to emphasize the importance of these tasks. "They had to feed and water all the animals, --horses, cows,

pigs, chickens, -- and gather the eggs, and milk the cows twice a day, morning and night."

"How could they go to the beach?" she asked with a funny expression on her face.

"Well, someone had to stay back and not go in order to do these things. You see, sometimes one farmer or farmhand could do his neighbor's farm so the whole family could get to the beach, Missa. It wasn't any kind of a certain day like Good Friday, Fourth of July, and Labor Day. or even Christmas. It was a day in summer, usually in early August, when talk after church or a Grange Meeting or a 4H Club meeting, talk was about going to the beach. It was a quiet time and the work was easier, and then they could chaw as I said, and the children could jump in the brook. Everyone knew it was time to pick the day. It had to be a day when all could get ready on that same day. Mostly, it was a Tuesday or a Thursday. They had to cook things and to pack food and goodies in baskets and fill the water kegs and tie them on the wagon. The women got out swimming suits, umbrellas, hats and towels, and a change of clothes. All things like that for their special day at the water."

"Grandpa, that sounds like fun," Missa said.

"Yes, it was fun, but you have to remember farming is hard work -- everyday all year. It has to be done every day even if is Christmas or Easter, and even if you get sick, and in all kinds of weather --hot or cold"

"Don't they get days off?" she asked in amazement'.

His laugh was loud and hardy. "No! Even when you get sick, the work has to be done. Sometimes they would need to ask somebody else for help with the chores. That's what you mean by the saying, 'he is a good neighbor'. They were all good neighbors. Preacher Healy said many times, 'you are good people, good stewards, and do what the good book says: Love thy neighbor as thyself and the Lord thy God with all thine heart. Alleluia. Amen.'"

"Grandpa, you are a good neighbor," Missa said.

"I think I have talked too much. I want to tell you some more about this. I know a couple of funny stories you will like to hear."

"OK, Grandpa," she said.

***(Fig. 6 – Big Sea Day)***

# Dust, Mist, and Sand

Grandpa Capehart looked over his paper to see out the bay window in the den and saw his granddaughter running up the walkway. He put his paper on the table next to his chair and put his glasses in the case in his shirt pocket. Just then Missa came bounding into the den and ran over to stand by his chair.

"You are full of energy today, Missa." He greeted her with a warm welcome and opened his arms to get his hug.

"Grandpa, can you tell me some more about *'Big Sea Day?"*", she asked. "I was telling Marci, my friend, and she never heard about it either."

"Would you close the front door, please?" Missa quickly closed the door and ran back to her chair by his side.

"I have been doing quite a lot of thinking, and I can say I have become very interested in the *'Big Sea Day'*," Grandpa Capehart said to her. "For one thing, I want to tell you about a romance story and about a friendship that started back then and has been passed along from one to another since that time."

"Oh, Grandpa, I'm ready," Missa said as she wiggled on her cushion.

"First, I want to describe the ride in the wagon, and the excitement they all shared, and the feeling and the great bond that kept them together. The wagons would crunch along on the dirt road and the horses would kick up a cloud of dust. The iron rim on the wheels would bump over stones and make the ruts deeper and wider as each wagon followed behind the one ahead of them. The crunch of the wheels and the creeks and moans from the wood in the wagon made the singing of the guitar and fiddle a pleasant contrast to those noises. The noise from the caravan was heard before it came into sight. The short distance remaining to get to the beach seemed to take just a few minutes. As the wagons started down the hill toward the sand dunes, all the children and some adults jumped off and ran through the opening between the tall grass and beach plums to get to the beach and to get to the ocean."

"I can imagine them running to the beach," Missa said and clasped her hands while bouncing on her cushion.

"As the caravan went down the slope toward the open grass, the Waggoner or wagon master, he was kind of self-appointed; he would motion to the other drivers to turn and stop along the dunes to leave enough room for each one to unhitch their team. It was like parking along a street now within the spaces marked off with white paint. After they unhooked the horses or mules, they would tether them in the salt grass just beyond the sandy area. "

"Grandpa, I asked about salt grass, but I don't remember what you said," Missa looked puzzled as she waited for his answer and wrinkled her nose whenever she was curious.

"Tall grass was like the lawns all along the coast that you see nowadays. It wasn't cut the way they do now. It was away back and just out of the sand that's along the beach."

"I think it was salty because of the moisture from the mist that blew off the ocean dried on the grass, and it smelled salty so it probably was salty if you tasted it. There were a lot of flies and bugs in the grass that bothered the horses. You could see them stamping the ground and flipping their tails to chase the pests away. Sometimes they would bite the horses' leg so much that later in the day they were taken down to walk them in the water. The saltwater seemed to help them feel better even if it didn't stop the flies and bugs from biting."

"Grandpa, I had a cold one time, and I went swimming in the ocean, and the saltwater made it feel better and seemed to clear my head," Missa said.

"You are right, Missa, the saltwater is good, and I know the horses seemed to like to walk along and splash the water all over them. Another good thing that grew along the beach in the sand dunes was beach plums. They looked like small plums and had a sort of a red tinge to their skins. They made very good beach plum jelly and the locals used to gather them to make jelly and what they called beach plum butter. That was like apple butter if you remember or know anything about that. Another thing was a type of grass that grew in the berm or hills of sand that helped to keep the sand from washing away."

"There is a name for the grass, but the only thing I can think of at this minute is to call it bunch grass. It grew in clumps and helped a lot to keep the sand from blowing away and washing away."

"Are there any beach plums that grow there now, Grandpa?" Missa asked.

"Yes, I think there is, but not along here where there are a lot of houses but in the state parks where the flora and fauna and growth is kept pretty much the way it was. I think the park rangers allow people to come in the park and pick those plums. I think they do. I wish I could remember the name of the grass because the state plants grass in the dunes to help keep them stable so the wind doesn't blow them away or a high tide washes away the sand. In that way it helps to prevent the erosion."

"Grandpa, did you say you knew of a romance. Is that what you said?" Missa asked.

"Oh, yes. I really want to tell that story because it's like a romantic movie or show on the TV nowadays. Frank, my friend, I told you about that lives up along the

shore, he told me his grandfather met someone at the *'Big Sea Day'* celebrations -- a beautiful young lady with gorgeous blonde hair and a beautiful complexion. He married her and always called her Lily. That wasn't her name, but he said she was so beautiful she looked like a flower that had a yellow stem, or whatever you call the tip in the center, and the petals were a beautiful white complexion, velvety to the touch, which made them a beautiful flower. He said she was fair to look upon because that was in the Bible. He said, 'I likes to say she was fair to look upon because she was beautiful.'"

"That sounds nice, Grandpa. I like that," Missa said.

"It was something that many people talked about and said that they were a very happy couple and loved to let people see how happy they were. My father told Frank and me he thought her name was Erica. They handed down their feelings of love to the next generation that became a lasting friendship. Frank says it continues to this day. He said the families still visit each other, and continue that relationship. It is an easy half-hour drive for them to visit each other especially at Christmas."

"I should tell you now what all the beach goers took and carried to the beach. They had their blankets and food and clothes and dropped them on the sand. It took them, well almost, an hour to get settled in clusters all along the beach. The woman would sit on their blankets with several of them together, and you could see them talking and waving their arms and giggling and just having a good time. Every once in a while, one of them would get up and walk to the ocean and then slowly wade to let the waves splash over them. When they went deep enough into the water and the waves were about to the middle of their waist, they would dump themselves up and down and splash, and we could tell they were having a good time. All of the farmers, all the men and boys, had white legs and white arms because they always covered their arms and legs."

"They worked in the sun, and even though it was hot, they covered their arms and legs and wore a hat. You could see their faces and hands were tan and the rest of their skin you could see was white. It was kind of funny to look at."

"They would look funny, Grandpa," Missa said. "I saw two men like that at the beach last week. They had tan faces and their hands were tan, but the rest was white. That was funny, but someone said they were police and didn't get much sun because they were always in uniform."

"Yes, their work makes it necessary, and it proves a tan isn't the only thing worth working for," he said. "I think I've talked enough for today. I hope I have been able to give you a good picture of those bygone days so you can tell your friend Marci."

"One last thought -- what everyone seemed to remember the most about their holiday was the whiff of dust, the salt mist, and the sticky sand they all shared and loved."

# Salt, Saw Grass, and Flies

"Ah, Missa, hello Missa, come sit in your chair. I have much more I can tell you about the *'Big Sea Day'*. In fact, I really got very interested and I asked a few friends if they remembered a *'Big Sea Day'*."

"I was telling Mrs. Holloway, my English teacher, and she said she never heard of a *'Big Sea Day'*," Missa said.

"It was a long time ago -- back about the time cars started doing the heavy loading and the work of the wagons."

"What do you mean, Grandpa? What heavy work?" Missa asked as she wrinkled her nose as she did every time she was curious.

"They loaded the supplies, equipment, bundles, and shipping crates they picked up at the railroad yard and from the docks on the harbor and then delivered them to stores and factories and warehouses," he explained.

"We see tractor trailer loads all over now, but we can't see what they are carrying," she said.

"Yes, planes, ships, and cargo containers nowadays. One of the company's names I remember was 'Twinkle Toes Catering and Shipping Co.'. It became a joke locally when everybody said it will arrive by 'Twinkle Twos Tomorrow'. The company didn't last too long," he claimed, with a slight tone of disappointment.

"'Twinkle Twos' instead of 'Toes'." Missa laughed.

He laughed with her and said, "Yes, it was a common phrase used every day, but I've talked to a friend that lives just up the street that I knew who lived along the ocean and would remember those days. I learned a lot from him about the fun and happiness of the one-day festivity. Every one enjoyed the occasion as if it was a special event of biblical proportions."

"Biblical proportions?" Missa asked with an astonished expression on her face.

"Oh boy, yes!" he said. "In the good book, the Bible, we read about the multitude that gathered to hear the profit, the Messiah speak. They were anxious to hear the Word of the Lord. They anticipated joy and happiness."

"Grandpa, that sounds wonderful," Missa exclaimed with a touch of conviction and a tone of acceptance in her voice.

Grandpa Capehart hesitated a minute and then said, "I am getting off track here. I wanted to tell you about Frank. He lived along the shore, and he told me he became

friends with a farmer his age that he met when he was walking along the beach and became curious about all the wagons he saw along the beach."

"All along the beach?" she asked.

"Yes. They would unhitch the horses and tethered them in the saw grass. That wasn't like grass in a pasture because the horses couldn't graze or eat the saw grass. They had to bring hay and corn and water in barrels to feed them and water them. The grass had a lot of flies and bugs that tormented the animals. They were constantly swishing their tails to chase them away and stamping their legs and brushing at the pesky flies with their head. Some of the farmers would take their horse to the beach and walk them in the saltwater to ease the bites and sores on their legs. The saltwater seemed to help. They would sniff at the ocean and then sneeze. That was funny to watch."

. "Grandpa, I remember I had a cold and I got saltwater up my nose and that made my cold better," Missa said.

. "That's right," he said quickly, "there is a saline spray for head colds that works very well."

"Grandpa, I think Mommy just got here. I better go now. We have to pickup Lori and Jamie for soccer."

"OK, I can talk some more about this another time. Bye, have fun."

# Big Sea Day Dunk

"Grandpa, can you tell me some more about *'Big Sea Day'*? I want to know how they went to the beach. I have something funny to tell you," she said as she ran into the den and stopped by his favorite chair where he usually watched TV.

"I'll bet you it is about baptizing," he said with a big grin as he shook his head.

"How did you guess?" she said, a little disappointed.

"I just know you, and when you said 'l have something funny to tell', I knew that was a good guess on my part, right, Missa."

"Grandpa, you are right. I just can't believe you guessed it though," she answered very quickly.

"Well, that is funny, my beautiful sweet Missa," he stated.

"There's a girl in my class. I think she's a Baptist. Anyway, I was telling her what you said about baptizing and how you thought 'wash all your sins away Lord' was funny and she laughed too," Missa said.

"That's good. I think that means I'm safe then. But didn't I ask you not to tell anybody?" he asked. There was a slight touch of dismay and pretending she was a bad little girl.

"I didn't tell, Grandpa, until after I heard her say she was baptized last Easter. Honest!" she said quickly. "Then I asked her if she was dunked all the way. When she said yes, <u>then</u> I told her what you said, and she laughed too. "

"Missa, it's all right. I wasn't really worried that you told on me. His laugh was a mix of fun and forgiving. "But now I want to tell you some more about *'Big Sea Day'*."

"Oh, good, Grandpa. I was going to ask you to tell me some more about how they got to the beach in their wagons," she clapped her hands in anticipation.

"I'll bet there were about twenty-five or thirty wagons in all. Some arrived early in the morning and some just before noon. I think I told you some of the kids … children jumped off and ran to be the first to get to the beach. The wagons were slow coming down the slope. It was soft and the wagons sank in the sand that made the horses pull harder to get to the hard dirt where the salt grass grew. That's where they unhitched the wagons and tethered the horses. There was a berm or a hill you had to climb over to see the sea." He laughed as he noticed Missa wrinkling her nose. He knew she would ask him about a berm.

"Grandpa, what's a … “

"I know' I know, what's a berm? I knew you would ask. A berm is a pile of dirt and rocks that a glacier pushed as it moved, and when it stopped, the ice would melt and leave the dirt and rocks in a pile or hill. A berm or hill on the beach is sand piled up after a storm by the waves. When you climbed the hill, then you could see the ocean and beach," he said, shaking his head when he realized she understood what he meant. “There weren’t any houses or stores and no boardwalk.”

"Grandpa, there’s a boardwalk where we go swimming.”

"Yes, there is, but you remember there are steps to get to the boardwalk and steps to get down to the sand and beach. That’s where you put your blankets and things."

"So there wasn't any boardwalk then?” Missa asked.

"No! No! That’s right. And they had to climb up over the hill and go through the sand after unloading the wagons and carrying all of the stuff to the spot they picked out. It was a hard trudging through soft sand. The sand wasn’t hot yet because it was early in the day."

“Grandpa, I can tell they were having fun from the way you tell it,” Missa said.

"Oh, sure, we have fun too, but we don't have to trudge through the soft sand as far and there are sidewalks and the boardwalk which makes it a lot easier for us.”

"Boy, the sand is hot and I mean <u>hot</u> by the time we get to the beach because we. don't get there too early in the day,” she said.

"I m taking too much time … and I'm talking too much again. I want to tell you about baptizing in the ocean. Preacher Healy was having a good time. He was more excited than anyone. He would take off his jacket and shirt and put on fisherman’s wading boots that came up to his waist so he could walk out passed the breakers. He would put on his robe and then take each person. I almost said victim." He laughed.

"Everybody crowded around as he held the hand of the first one, a boy, as they waded into the water. The boy had a beautiful blue robe. The little girl wore a white robe. She was cute. The waves made so much noise you could barely hear the pastor. He would put his hand over the person’s mouth and nose and then say, ‘I baptize you in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.' I was going to say plunge, but he immersed him completely under water. Everybody started clapping and singing, ‘Just as I am Lord I come unto thee.' It was a very happy and exciting thing to see. It was really a very auspicious occasion."

. "Grandpa, you meant dunk him, didn't you?" Missa laughed very loud and jumped up and down while clapping her hands. "Marci thought that was really funny too," she said.

"Well, yes, I guess it did wash all the sins away. Seriously, it was a moment of dedication and should be the start for a steadfast devotion."

# Hot Air or Wind

"Grandpa," Missa said, "I think every time I come to see you, I keep you from watching TV, a game, I mean."

"Missa, there's one thing for sure, I am so glad you come to see me. It is better than a game, and I enjoy answering all your questions. Give me a hug and a kiss would be nice."

"Oh, Grandpa, yes, I love your hugs 'cause you make me feel so good."

"Missa, would you like to know one thing I think is the most precious and gives me the most wonderful feeling."

"What, Grandpa?" she asked.

"Well … when you were little and I held your tiny hand in mine, and as we walked along the street, you looked up at me with the most wonderful smile and squeezed my hand. It was … it made me … no, I realized how it made me feel and what love really was and it filled me with joy!"

"I remember, I think we were going to church," Miss said.

"You may be right. I bet you have a question I can answer, right," he said.

"Steve Bolland …."

"In your class I know," Grandpa Capehart interrupted.

"Yes, in my class," Missa hesitated as she twisted her foot and turned on her toe. "He said the Belfort Scale was about weighing a lot of hot air. How can a scale weigh air?" she asked. Her skepticism, quite pronounced, was evident as she looked at him.

"Oh yes. A scale can weigh by adding a factor in order to understand a purpose or a force."

"I knew you would be able to tell me," Missa said. Her little giggle always proved she was interested in what Grandpa Capehart had to say

"It is called Beaufort Scale. It's spelled B-E-A-U-F-O-R-T" he said to emphasize the correct name of the one who devised the scale. "It was named after the man who studied the speed of the wind."

"How can you tell how fast the wind is blowing?" Missa asked.

"That's a very good question, young lady," he said. “The scale he devised used practical observation and then described the effect of the speed of the wind on different things like grass and trees and leaves and waves. I am not a sailor and nautical terms and expressions are like Greek to me. I only know the expression 'the sun is over the yard arm.' That means the sailors could get their rum and take it easy. I think that is right but I'm not real sure. But I was telling you about the leaves and trees and about how much they fluttered or how much the sails billowed or may be what sailors said was half sail and full sail." He laughed and chuckled as he waved his hands to signify the bulging or billowing of a sail. "How the wind filled the sails was important to a ship and that helped the sailor describe the speed or how many knots the ship was going."

"Grandpa, that's strange. I mean funny," she said as she shrugged her shoulders every time when she was very interested in his discussion.

"I have to admit I can’t recall or remember all the remarks and comments he wrote to describe the speed. I remember a few."

"What do you mean … comments or remarks?"

"That is the interesting part of the scale. I find I don’t remember how he described the movement of oh, grass, the leaves, branches, or clothes drying on the clothesline."

"Grandpa, what are clothes drying on a clothesline?" Missa asked as she wrinkled her nose.

"Oh, boy, I can see I m going to get in trouble here," he hesitated and rubbed his nose the way he always did when he stopped to think in order to explain to Missa so she would understand. "Let's see I think this will help explain what I mean. The left side of the scale was like a report card with the subjects you have and the grades for each class was on the right side for each marking period."

"Grandpa, what you say and tell me, I understand in a minute," she said.

"That’s because you are a very smart young lady and that’s why I like you to ask me things. Back to the scale. The left side of the scale, the column on the chart was labeled wind speed. Each row had a number for a speed that started with zero, then one, two, three and so on. The higher winds were by fives like sixty-five, seventy, seventy-five and so on. Does that help?” he asked

“Yes, I know you could tell me what wind was," she said. "But, Grandpa, what is a clothesline?”

"Oh, boy," he began as he said; “hmmm … hmmm … you don’t see clothes hanging on a line these days. Everyone has a dryer. Some towns passed an ordinance against clotheslines.”

“What do you mean against a clothesline?” Missa asked.

“They are called snooty cities because the clothesline restricts what you can see from the street. Like, you can’t have a boat parked in the driveway or on the property. That doesn’t make someone’s property look any better, but that doesn’t answer your question. A rope was tied between two trees or poles, and women would hang their clothes on the line with clothespins. That sounds silly to me now when I say clothesline and clothespins.” He shook his head as he smiled at her.

'You said a rope was tied between two trees,” she said.

"It was indeed a rope made from hemp, but it became a clothesline because that’s what everyone called it. So by everyday language, it was clothesline.”

"Grandpa, I think I saw a clothesline in somebody’s yard from the bus," Missa said excitedly. “I didn’t know that’s what it was."

“Grandma loved to hang sheets on the line because she said she liked the way they smelled when she took them down. She said they smelled so fresh. She also said that sometimes the wind blew so hard it would tear the diapers in the winter when it was so cold it felt like her fingers were frozen. That spring, we decided we would find some way to buy a drier. Uh, oh is that your mother I hear in the driveway? All of this explains that you cannot see wind, you cannot touch it, but you can feel it and you can see the damage it can do. Missa, do a research project on Beaufort Scale.” He laughed as he watched her go to get in the car.

# A Candle for Her Grave

Grandpa Capehart had just returned from the funeral service and celebration of the life of a very faithful friend. The gathering at the home of the family was a warm and a pleasant occasion. The atmosphere was one of happiness and great accomplishment. It was a celebration of the kindness, giving, and sharing of one person's lifetime while traveling through the time allotted by the grace of God.

He happily settled into his chair with a feeling of warmth, love, and tenderness. This feeling was given to him after attending the funeral of a very good friend. However, at many funerals, there is the feeling of sadness and loss and a sorrowful atmosphere -- a painful conclusion to the event.

His contented feeling was interrupted when Missa, his granddaughter, opened the front door and with a big smile walked toward him and gave him the hug he always enjoyed. "Thank you, you beautiful thing," he said.

"Grandpa, you always make me feel so good," she said.

"What is it this time you want to know?" he asked.

"Grandpa, what is candlepower?"

"Oh, my gosh," he said, "I didn't think you would be studying that in your grade in grammar school. I didn't think you would have to study that until high school in a physics class."

"We're discussing Paul Revere waiting to see a light from the Old North Church … you know … 'one if by land and two if by sea'" she said. "I know you know that, right, Grandpa."

"Yes, I do remember that very well because I was there." He laughed. "I feel like I'm that old sometimes, but candlepower means lumen, luminosity, brightness, and light intensity … light meters. I can't remember too much right now. I'll have to refresh my memory. I will think about that some more."

"Grandpa, I didn't really think about it being difficult to explain," Missa said with a slightly worried expression.

"Difficult … maybe," he said in a thoughtful and musing tone. It is difficult because there are many aspects … how should I tell you; … things change how you see them by candlepower which is light, my Missa. You can see light from stars and planets that are millions of miles from earth. There is light from the tiny birthday candle. Oh yes, a cigarette has a reddish glow that can be seen from 30,000 to 40,000 miles above the earth from an airplane."

"Gosh, Grandpa," Missa interrupted him. "I can see why you said it was hard to explain. I mean difficult."

"Light is measured by the light from one candle. That is one lumen; I think … I remember it was emitted from a … point or source of one candle. Wait, let me get the dictionary." He went to the bookshelves along the back wall of the den and started to open it as he walked to his chair. He turned the pages as he sat down and flipped the pages as he said, "L, LU, LUM. Ah, now let's see lumen, a unit of illumination equal to the direct illumination on a surface that is, where one meter from a uniform point source of one candle intensity, or equal to one lumen per square meter. "How about that! I was right. The dictionary explanation helps you understand how bright the light is one meter away and on the surface of one square meter. That will make you think -- right, Missa?" He laughed. "Give me another hug."

"Grandpa, I love to hug you. It feels so good. Grandpa, if I held my arm out about this far … is that how far the light will go?"

"That's very astute. More light from more candles would shine farther and wider and then define the measurement as so many lumen or watts. Like a seventy-five-watt bulb, or sixty watt bulb, etc."

"Gosh, Grandpa, lumen and light intensity ain't so easy to understand."

"You mean isn't, Missa. Don't you?"

"Oh, right," Missa shrugged her shoulder as she did when a little flustered.

"I didn't say that to upset you. I knew you do know the correct word is isn't." His smile and the twinkle in his blue eyes showed his joy and pride for his granddaughter.

"Grandpa, I love you too. I always learn the good things from you."

"Missa, sit here. Let me tell about something I remember that happened to me … well … it didn't happen to me, but it was a beautiful experience. It was more an expression of love. When I was explaining candlepower, I remembered when I was at the cemetery to put flowers on my grandparents' grave. I heard a car coming through the main gate and it made a funny noise. I stopped cleaning leaves and grass around the headstone and watched it approach me. As it got close to me, I heard a flop, flop sound. After the car stopped, I realized the noise was from a flat tire or it was going flat. I walked over to tell the driver as he got out that he had a flat tire."

"Grandpa, I had a flat tire on my bike once that made that kind a noise," Missa said.

He shook his head to acknowledge and approve of her comparison.

"I'm not sure flop, flop is the right word to describe the sound, but it did make that noise. I saw a little old man open the door as I went to tell him his tire was almost flat. He got out and walked back to look at his left rear tire where I was pointing to. 'Oh, my gosh, what can I do,' he said. 'I just wanted to put this candle on my wife's special place. Do you think it's good enough to drive back home?'

"I told him, that it will be okay. 'Do you have a spare?' I asked him. 'I can change it while you put your candle on your wife's grave.'"

"He straightened up and said, 'I think so. Maybe. … In the trunk.'"

"OK, give me your keys and I'll change the tire for you. You go ahead and put the candle on the grave."

"'Thank you. Thank you. Do you think it's big enough?' he looked worried as he held it up. The wick was black indicating it had been lit before."

"'It's fine. It is big enough,' I told him. When I told him that a little candle gives just as much light as a big one, you could see he was very happy."

"' Oh, good. I'm glad', he said and then hurried to the grave site. I watched him as I was changing the tire. I saw him light the candle and then saw him kneeling, and it looked like he was praying. When he stood up after praying, I was putting the flat tire back in the trunk. I put the jack back just as he came around the car and stopped to look at the tire."

"'Oh, thank you so much', he said. Then … he reached in his pocket and handed me three crumpled bills -- one dollar bills. I told him, 'No, no, I can't accept this.' Then he very quickly said, 'You have to! My Anna would be mad at me if I didn't. Please, please.'"

"Missa, I knew I had to take his offer, but Missa, it brought a lump in my throat and … a tear in my eye. Missa, I think moments like this … are so overwhelming … they wipe away many sad memories … sorrows … that they shine brighter than many candles."

"Grandpa, that makes me cry."

"My Missa, you are such a joy to me! I believe it is a grandfather's responsibility … a privilege, really, to help young people to know the truth and learn right from wrong and good from evil. If we can accomplish that, the world will be a better place to live in and there would be less stress and turmoil."

# The Icebox

"Missa, come give me a hug. You're a little earlier today." The hug was a warm embrace that they both enjoyed and became a much anticipated moment for each of them to share.

She waited a minute and then put her hand on his chair and looked at her grandfather and raised her right foot and moved it back and forth on one toe. "Grandpa, why does everyone call me Missa? My name is Melissa. My friend in school says that's my name."

"Marci, right?" he said as a question. “She is in your class, I know"

"Yes, that was her," she said. "But why does everyone call me Missa?"

"Does that bother you, my sweet little Melissa?" he asked.

"No, Grandpa, it doesn't bother me. I was just wondering," she replied.

"Well, when you were little, you used to play with your cousin Kate. She couldn’t say Melissa. The closest she could come to saying your name sounded like Missa. Then everyone started calling you Missa, so as not to upset little Kate. So we just say Missa automatically."

"Oh, it's OK, Grandpa," she said. "I kind of like it."

"That's good, that's good," he said quickly. "I didn't get around to letting you know you never outgrow a need for a good hug. I remember and thought about it the other day, and I have been meaning to tell you about a Mrs. Hugg. She was a very nice lady, very dignified, and always pleasant to everyone, and she always said 'let me give you a hug.' I remember she always liked to say, 'let me give you a hug. That is Hugg with two ‘Gs’ then she always had a little chuckle. Everybody called her Clair. Her name was Clarabelle. I don't know why or how she came to be called Clair. She always enjoyed saying 'let me give you a Clair hug with two ‘Gs’, which makes it better’, and then she would really have a good laugh. The correct spelling of course is with one ‘G’."

"So they misspell my name, Grandpa," she said and emphasized the miss spell by separating the’s’ and ‘p.’ She giggled and was very happy at her phonetic adjective.

"I just read in the paper yesterday the police caught a thug called ‘Ice’ and another one that was called Mr. Blood. I think it was, just ‘Blood’. But they pick the name that they want to be called. Boy, did I get off track here. His name, ‘Ice’, reminded me I was going to explain about an icebox," he said. *(See Figure 7, Page 44)*

"Oh, I forgot too, Grandpa," Missa said.

***(Fig. 7 – An Icebox, notice the lid on top for putting the block of ice into it and the pair tongs leaning in front of the icebox)***

"I didn’t find a picture yet, but I drew a picture. I think it gives a pretty good idea of what it looked like." He fumbled through some papers on his table until he found his drawing he wanted to show her. "See, the top had a lid that opened up so a chunk of ice would fit nicely inside. The inside was lined with galvanized tin so it wouldn't rust. There was a hole in the space or, well, on the bottom so the water melting from the ice would drip into a. pan and keep the kitchen floor from getting flooded. You had to empty the pan before it was full or the floor would get wet. It was not easy to wipe up the water under the icebox. Sometimes you had to move the icebox in order to mop and get the floor dry. Whew! What a job that was!"

. "Grandpa, what do you mean a chunk of ice would fit in the top?" she asked.

"Let me try to explain. I have to give you an idea of the size of a block of ice. The chunk was about twelve inches by twelve inches and maybe fourteen inches high." He held his hands apart to indicate the length was about the size of the opening on the top of the icebox. "The iceman,” he continued, "had a leather shawl like a small blanket. It was leather to keep him from getting soaked or drip water on the floor. Now let’s see. He used tongs to grip the block of ice, then flip it onto his shoulder, and then carried it into the kitchen. He held one side of the tongs with one hand and then opened the lid to drop the chunk into the icebox.”

"What do you mean by tongs, Grandpa?" Miss asked while wrinkling her nose.

"I love the way you scrunch up your nose every time you are puzzled,” he laughed. "They look like big iron scissors. Scissors have holes to put your thumb and forefinger in to cut something, right?" he said. “The tongs have holes big enough to put your hands in with gloves to hold the tongs and keep them from slipping."

"Grandpa, what are big enough holes," Missa said, "and with gloves?"

"Missa, I'll say one thing," Grandpa Capehart said, “you make me stop and think. We have an ice chest we take on picnics and go to the beach. Well, they have handles on the side. These are big enough to put your hand in and carry it to a picnic table or some spot you picked out where you wanted to set up for the occasion. But the handle on the ice tongs are wider and thicker so you can wear gloves. The ice cubes in the chest we get from our refrigerator are small pieces so we fill the ice chest with as much ice as we can.”

“What are tongs?" she asked.

"I just knew you would ask that again," he said. “A tong is a holding device with one tine of a fork and two holes for gripping or holding the tong. I'm sure you know what that means." He laughed.

"No, I don’t, Grandpa." She shook her head and wrinkled her nose.

"I have to stop and think what we use nowadays that is like tongs. I just can't come up with a good example. But if you close your hands to make a fist and then cross your arms at the elbows … my gosh, hedge clippers have two handles and a pivot and the blades to cut the bushes or hedges are sharp. A tong -- ice tong -- has the holes for gripping and at the pivot point the arms are curled. They swing open and close to grip the chunk of ice. The tine has a sharp point to stick into the block of ice. That way you can pick up the block and carry it into the house. Phew!" he exclaimed as he touched his forehead. The gesture was an indication he was happy to end the effort to explain such a simple tool even though it was used a long time ago. "Missa, I'll quit now while I m ahead. Is that OK with you?"

"Yes, Grandpa," Missa said, "and I know you know I love you. Oh, here's Mommy. Bye."

# The Ditch and the Dirt Pile

“Grandma, where’s Grandpa?” Missa blurted out as she came through the kitchen door.

Grandma Emma turned to look at her granddaughter and put her hands on her hips and said, “My, what a surprise. I think he is in the garage working in the shop. You come right over here and give me a big hug. Grandpa isn’t the only one that likes a hug.

"Grandma, I always like to hug you. You always smell so nice,” Missa said.

"Well, that will get you a cookie from the batch I just baked and a glass of milk," she said as she poured milk into a glass and put some cookies on a dish. "You sit here and let me look at you.”

“They smell good too,” Missa said just as Grandpa Capehart came into the kitchen.

"There," he said, as he put a pot on the table. ‘I fixed the handle so it won't slip any more. I made it good and tight.” He leaned over Missa and put his arm around her shoulder. He gave her a tender kiss on the cheek. “Do you have one of those for me? Em never gives me any of her cookies."

“No,” Emma said quickly, “he takes one before I even have a chance to, so there!"

"Grandpa, I want to ask you something,” Missa said.

“Of course, you can ask me anything, you know that.” He smiled as he shook his head in approval.

"Daddy told me you played with trucks with him in the dirt pile outside the kitchen window. I never saw dirt there. That’s what he said,” she added as though she didn’t believe him.

“Yes, I did. I enjoyed it very much. Sometimes after I got home from work and lots of times on the weekends we played for a long time.”

Grandpa Capehart paused, a minute, and stared at the pot he had just fixed in the middle of the table. "I remember one time we ‘developed’ a housing complex so we could connect a road to get to the interstate. I said we can call it I-295. Your dad said, 'no, no, I want to make a lake there, and I can fill it with water so when the dam breaks it will flood the whole town. That will be super.' He was so excited I had to say, ‘OK’!"

"I'm going to make him play with me," Missa said. "I'll be a doctor and I can take his temperature and give him an injection."

Grandpa Capehart laughed and said, "I think you should. When we had finished for the day, we wouldn't let anyone step on our roads or mess up anything so we could keep adding to our city. Your dad was very interested and he had a good imagination. He kept saying, 'I'm an engineer.' Well, he is an engineer, but not in construction. He is an electronic engineer and has his master's degree. Maybe, my playing with him encouraged him to develop an engineering mind and an analytical curiosity. Who knows? We really had fun!"

"Grandpa," Missa said, "Daddy said you were the best dad ever, 'cause you played with him all the time. That you had fun too!" She twisted her toe and wiggled her shoulders back and forth with a shine and twinkle in her eye.

"Missa, that's nice to hear! You play doctor and maybe you will become a doctor or do medical research."

"He told me," she added, "it was dirt. Uck!" She wrinkled her nose and shook her hands as if to get the dirt off. "Grandpa, <u>why</u> was the dirt there by the kitchen?" she asked.

"Missa, that is a good question. It came from two different times. Originally, it was put there when I first built the house and had the basement dug. It was what was left from after the basement was dug. After the house was built and we moved into it, there was a small pile left. That's the pile we used to build the 'development'. Your dad and his brothers used it to play with their trucks in it. Many years later, the *'dirt pile'* was added to from the ditches we had to dig when we had to hook up to the borough sewer line. We had to complete the hook up by … I think we had about three months' time."

"Grandpa, I mean, how did you put the dirt there from the sewer ditches?"

"That is a good question and a long story. As I said before, the dirt came from the ditches we had to dig to hook up to the borough sewer line. We cut the grass into squares and placed them in a row alongside the house away from the ditch we were digging. Then, after we took up all the sod, I had to make a decision, whether to hire a contractor or do it myself. I saw the neighbor across the street have his sewer line done by a contractor and his lawn looked awful; there was dirt from his house to the street. The fill dirt was piled or pushed back over the trench about eighteen inches high. I think it was a disgrace. It sure made his lawn messy."

"That's when I decided I would do my own because I wouldn't and couldn't have my lawn look like his front lawn. My property, my lawn, and my grass looked very nice. I had worked very hard at landscaping, planting bushes and flower beds, and all that. I wanted to keep everything looking nice and neat."

"What do you mean keep everything nice and neat?" she asked.

"Hmm, yes, it was quite a job." He paused. "Let me tell you and explain what had to be done. I had to dig a ditch from the back of house to the middle of the street where the borough's main pipeline was and then connect to that."

"How big a ditch?"

"I would guess -- no, I would say … sixty-five feet from the back of the house and along the side and then to the curb. I do remember because I had to buy enough pipes, and I needed seven ten-foot lengths and ten connectors. I had to make sure that I had everything to finish the job." He stopped a minute and looked at her to see if she understood. "Am I telling you well?" he asked, and chuckled.

"But where did the dirt come from?" she asked him again.

"From the ditch I had … we had to dig. I did make the choice between hiring a contractor and doing it myself. I knew the contractor used heavy equipment -- heavy trucks, a bulldozer, a big trench digger that would pile the dirt along the edge of the trench from the street to the back of the house. The equipment and heavy trucks would drive on the lawn and there would be ruts all over. I didn't want that. I saw my neighbor's yard. See, the ditch digger had treads like an army tank, and between the treads was a big wheel with scoops and claws that dug the trench or ditch."

"How did the dirt get in such a big pile in back of the kitchen?" she asked him.

"Oh yes, of course, the ditch digger would make a pile alongside the trench as it slowly moved over the lawn from the street to the back. Then after the pipes were put in the ditch, the bulldozer had to push the dirt back to cover it up. That would make the lawn look worse. I saw how the neighbor's yard looked."

"But, Grandpa, Daddy said, he dug it all?" Missa said.

"Oh, yes." He laughed. "He probably felt like he did it all. However, I did some digging and so did your dad as well as his brothers. Actually we took turns digging and wheeling the dirt in a wheelbarrow to the *'dirt pile'*."

"But Grandpa wouldn't that markup the grass?"

His smile and chuckle showed he was not disturbed by her question. "You are a very quick and observant, young lady. What I did was to put planks all along the ditch to make it easier to push the wheelbarrow and so as not to ruin the grass."

"Daddy did say it was hard work but it was fun," Missa said fun and laughed.

"Yes, it was tedious and hard digging, but we did an excellent job. After we put the pipes together and made the connections except the last one into the main pipe in the middle of the street the inspector had to inspect the work and give the OK for the sewer company to make the final connection."

"What do you mean give the OK?" she asked.

"I had to call the inspector, and I remember he came right away after I called him to inspect the job. He came over with his truck, his car really, and stopped at the curb. He bent over and looked up and down the trench. Then he put his right hand on his knee and his left hand behind his back. He was funny. After a few minutes looking up and down the ditch, he said, 'my god, that's beautiful, you should take a picture. I have never seen a better job. The sides are straight and the pipes are perfectly aligned. I hate to stop admiring the work.'"

"Did you take a picture?"

*No, No, I didn't. I should have taken a picture of the dirt behind the kitchen window as well as the ditch. I kind a wish I had now."

She ran over and gave him a kiss. “Oh, Mommy is here. I'm going to tell her what you said."

# Five and Ten Cents Stores

"Grandpa, what was a *'Five and Ten Cents'* store?" Missa asked.

"You pretty little thing, you give Grandpa a hug. You never outgrow a good hug, you know that," he said.

"Oh, Grandpa, you are so nice," she said and squeezed him tightly.

"Now what made you ask about *'Five and Ten Cents'* stores? Where did you hear about them?"

"Ms. Nancy, my Sunday school teacher, told us when she was little they went to the *'Five and Ten Cents'* store to get things for a Sunday school picnic. We didn't know what that was," Missa said.

"Well, I must say that was quite a long time ago for stores like that. I remember there was also McCoy's, a Newberry's, a Franklin and there were a couple of others. … Oh, yes – a Woolworths.

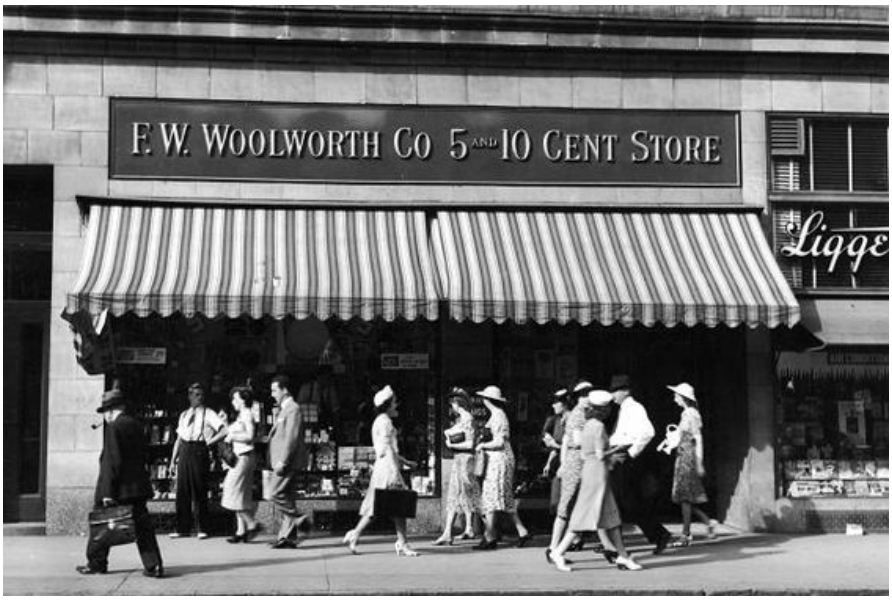
"Gosh," Missa said, "I never heard of them."

"Well, I can tell you that you could get a lot of things for a penny or a nickel and a lot for a dime. Things such as a pack of gum was five cents, shoelaces in all colors, all kinds, and different lengths for a nickel, toothbrushes, toothpaste, combs, lipstick, face powders, lipstick, and face cream for only a dime. Aftershave lotion was a popular thing for men in those days. I could ask my sister tomorrow and she may remember some more things you could buy at the *'five and dimes'.*"

'How is your sister now?" Missa asked.

"That's nice of you to ask, Missa. I'll tell her tomorrow you asked when I stop by to see her. She is doing quite well after her hip operation. A hip operation, I should say, is quite successful now days, but the therapy can be very hard and painful. It is necessary, and she is not complaining so much now as she does feel better. I am sure she will remember a lot about *'five and ten cents'* stores."

"There were four … maybe five of these kinds of stores on Cookman Avenue. The stores were next to each other on the south side of the street. In winter, the snow would pile up and there was only a narrow path to get through the door. They shoveled the snow and piled it up against the windows so you could hardly see the display."
*(See Figure 8, Page 52)*




***(Fig. 8 – The outside front of a '5 and 10 Cent Store')***

"Grandpa, what do you mean they had to shovel the snow?" Miss asked.

"Missa, in those days, there weren't any snowplows or snow blowers. Back then, the men would do the shoveling. Sometimes the manager would pay some boys if there was a lot of snow. They had big shovels that looked like a coal shovel."

"Grandpa, what is a coal shovel?" Missa asked as she wrinkled her nose the way she did every time she asked a question.

"Oh boy, and by gosh, how can I explain what a coal shovel looks like? I have to say it was just a little bit bigger than a regular shovel or a spade. Oh, oh, let's just say it was bigger than a regular shovel."

"Grandpa, what's …?"

"Oh boy … I know, I know," he said quickly, "It was smaller on the bottom and had a straight edge for digging turf and edging along a sidewalk."

"Grandpa, what is digging up turf?" Missa asked, and again wrinkled up her nose.

"I want to get back to telling you what the store was like," he said. "I want tell you about the *'five and ten'* and what they looked like inside."

"Oh, sure, Grandpa," she giggled and nodded her head to show she understood what he meant.

“Let’s see," he thought for a minute, "they were all the same. There were two counters in the center with a wide aisle between them and a counter along the front of each store.”

"The counters were about the same height as a table which is about thirty-six inches high. I wish I had a picture; however, the counters in front of the store were about maybe ten feet with a long and narrow space between each counter where the clerk stood to help people and to ‘ring’ up purchases.”

“The display counters looked much different than stores today. Everything was displayed in sections with a glass partition separating the different items. They were about eight inches wide for each item sold. The merchandise was right out in the open with the glass partition separating each item such as shoelaces, brushes, candy, handkerchiefs, ties, underwear, and by golly everything they sold. It was easy to see all the things and easy to reach anything and then give it to the clerk to pay her." *(See Figure 9, on this page below)*

***Fig. 9 – The inside retail space of a ‘5 & 10 Cents Store’. Notice the two open counters with the wide aisle betweenthem. If you look closely you might be able to detect how the merchandise was divided into sections by a glass partition.)***

"Grandpa, can you explain about the clerk in the aisle?" Missa said.

He laughed out loud, and his smile showed he wasn't telling or explaining why in a *‘five and ten cent’* store it was interesting and fun when shopping especially at Christmas. "Missa, my sweet little lady," he continued, “the two counters were like the letter ‘H’. The side of the ‘H’ where the customer stood was or would be very wide. The

aisle between the customer and the clerk where the clerk stood would be very narrow maybe eighteen inches wide. At the end of the aisle where the clerk stood between the counters were little doors for the clerk to open to go to work behind the counters. Oh yes, the little doors at the end of the counters opened and snapped shut easily."

"In the middle of the counter where the cash register was, the counter top would lift up so that the clerk could step out from the aisle. In other words there were four places for the clerk to get into and out of and to enter or stay between the counters."

"I think I understand what you say about the counters," Missa said, "but I'm not sure about the stuff in the sections."

"Yes, I can see how you might wonder about the display. To explain it a Iittle better let's say the clerks and the customer could see and reach everything. From the front a customer could easily hand his purchase to the clerk who could ring up the sale. Everything was easy to see and easy to reach."

"In supermarkets nowadays, you have several aisles of shelves that have the products on them. It is easier for you to find what you want, say cheeses, or meats, or special sales items as they are displayed on the shelf at say eye level. Well, that would help explain that all the shelves should be the same height and all counters would be that high throughout the entire supermarket."

"Let me finish telling you about the atmosphere of' *five and ten cent'* store at the time by saying people did not take things or did not steal anything even though everything was out in the open and easy to reach. How about that?! There was a feeling of mutual trust."

"Do people steal now?" she asked.

Grandpa Capehart said, "Not too much only because there are cameras, security guards watching, and tags on items that set off an alarm if it isn't deactivated or checked at the door to deter people from stealing."

"I know that," Missa, exclaimed. "They do that today."

"Missa, I have to say, if people didn't steal, the price of everything would drop 10 to 20 percent at least. Maybe even more than that. I don't know. I can tell you some more about this, if you would like, maybe after I talk to my sister." '

"Grandpa, it is interesting the way you tell about it. I can think of some more questions that I can ask you later. I have to go now. Bye! Bye!"

# The Soul and the Free Spirit

"Grandpa, what is a free spirit?" Missa asked her grandfather who was completely settled in his favorite chair reading the newspaper. He dropped the newspaper on his lap and held his glasses in his hand and looked straight ahead as he considered the seriousness and philosophical aspect of the question.

Then he began, “A free spirit is the exemplification of and added strength that surpasses or that overcomes the burdens and hardships from known facts and impossible hurdles that accept the doom of failure." He waved his glasses in a casual manner as a gesture of the pontifical tone or authoritative wisdom of his philosophy.

"Grandpa, I don't know what that means," Missa said.

"I know, Missa. Let me explain that a little bit better." He smiled a little and shook his head, showing he agreed with her for not being able to understand such a statement. "There are people," he continued, "that show the greater strength of a free spirit. Many veterans, many athletes, many accident victims overcome great problems when they are told after their tragedy they will not be able to run again, or they will not perform again, or they maybe will not dance as well again. I can think of two or three cases right off the top of my head. One of them was a veteran who lost both legs and now races in a wheelchair. Then there was an ice skater, who fell, but I don't know how she hurt herself, and then there was a local policeman who was injured and now he works in the office. He does not have to go on patrol or drive a squad car."

"Grandpa, my dad said he knows that policeman. He said he almost gave him a ticket." Missa laughed.

"There was that veteran who lost both legs when a bomb exploded that blew up the vehicle he was in and also killed the soldier riding with him. He knew he could not run again. I think he ran in every race he could for many years. There was a story about him that said he loved to race and just enjoyed the thrill of running and winning. This story or account did not mention how many races he won. After he was discharged, he did race again, but this time in a wheelchair for Special Olympics. There was a very nice write-up in the newspaper, and the reporter that interviewed him wrote about the great power he had, the excellent coordination, and his determination made it certain he would win. The reporter said he was always smiling and a very pleasant person to talk to," Grandpa Capehart said.

"Grandpa, I think I saw that on TV," Missa said excitedly.

"Yes, that was on TV, and there was a quick scene of him crossing the finish line and of him waving his arms after he knew he had won. Also, the ice skater I mentioned before was competing for a spot on the Olympic team when she fell. I do not know what

her injury was, but, she was not expected to be able to skate again. She had been a ballerina, almost as good as you, Missa," he continued after emphasizing almost, "and that helped her, doing ballet that is, and to look so beautiful and graceful when she was flipping and turning and twirling all around on the ice during a routine."

"I didn't know her," Missa said.

"You probably wouldn't, it was just before the last Olympics. Gosh, it won't be long before the next Olympics. Boy, time goes by so fast. She did make a remarkable recovery that amazed everybody. Just a little while ago, I heard or read that she was skating and doing well enough to perform a routine. There was a short story on the sport page and the reporter who interviewed her wrote, quoted her as her saying, 'l m going for the gold. I would say she had a free spirit, wouldn't you, Missa?"

"l think I would, too," she said.

"The one I admire is the local policeman. By local, I mean he was on the force in a town in a county just north of us."

"Grandpa, what happened to him?" she asked.

"He was involved in a high-speed chase that ended in a crash. His cruiser rolled over and over five or six times. He suffered multiple injuries -- a broken leg, maybe a broken back -- I'm not sure. He was hospitalized for at least three or four weeks -- a very long time -- before he was released from the hospital."

"Grandpa, we heard a policeman," Missa interrupted, "last year in school tell us about how speed is very dangerous, and he told us about that policeman."

"That's very good. All young children should be told how dangerous high speed is because that's what can happen in just a very few seconds." He shook his head indicating he agreed that it was important for them to hear that lesson. "He recovered quite well I would say, but he couldn't return to active duty. He was able to go back to work in the office at a desk job as a dispatcher, and he answered the entire emergency calls from the patrol cars. He was excellent for that job since he knew most of the members of the force and how to respond to them and help them. With his knowledge and his experience, it helped make it one of the most efficient departments in the state. I think he had a free spirit, wouldn't you say it, Missa?"

"l think I understand, Grandpa," she said slowly.

"Missa, to sum up or to say what I think is important, everyone has a soul which is guided, or determined is a better way to put it, by the free spirit. That spirit comes from the divine power of God. No one thing or person be a teacher, a lawyer, a doctor, and certainly no government official can give me a spirit. There are those today who

think they are the ones to give out everything.  That makes me angry," he said, “just to think about it.”

"Me too, Grandpa," Missa said.

# Lashes and Powder

"Grandpa, Grandpa," Missa said as she ran toward Grandpa Capehart in the den. “Where’s Grandma? I want her to see me." She stopped by him and stood still with her hands at her side. “Look," she said.

Grandpa Capehart folded his newspaper and laid it down on the table. He turned to look at her and held his hands out toward her and invited her to get close enough to see her face. "My gosh." he said in surprise as he looked at her face. "My, do I see lipstick and is that a little rouge on your cheeks?"

"Yes," she said, "I want her to see me." She jumped up and down and turned to see if Grandma Emma was coming.

Just then, Grandma Emma came in from the kitchen while she wiped her hands on her apron. She heard Grandpa just saying to Missa, "My, you are all grown-up and pretty." Her smile was enough for him to see that was the right thing for him to say.

Grandma Emma walked over and said to Missa, "Who is this pretty young lady?”

They both could see by Missa’s excitement and realized that moment was important and that it was necessary for them to show they were pleased with her accomplishment.

"Mother," Grandpa Capehart said to Grandma Emma, "isn't that a little lipstick?"

"Yes," she said, "and do I see a little rouge on each cheek?"

"Yes, you do. I'm surprised that you could see that," Grandpa Capehart said and then added, "Well, isn't that an eyebrow … “he hesitated, “pencil?"

"Yes," Grandma Emma said and then added, "it makes the eyebrows thicker to help outline the face and eyes," she explained and gave a nod toward Missa and said, "We women know these things, don't we?" Missa smiled with her approval.

"Mother, isn't that," he stopped, "see we men see things. Isn't that what do you call it … eyelash? … "

"Mascara or eye makeup," Grandma Emma emphasized makeup. "You men don’t notice the powder we use to make our skin look so nice and smooth. We get that from a tiny compact. It has a little mirror on one side and the powder on the other side with the powder puff between, and it snaps closed when we are finished putting on the makeup. Whenever we want to freshen up, we just open the compact and the powder is handy." She smiled at Missa and winked. "We women know this, and we can fool

the men all the time. Right, Missa?" Missa shook her head in agreement and waved her hand in front of her face to acknowledge her pretend importance of a ‘grown-up young lady’.

Grandpa Capehart turned to look at Emma and said, "I am going to have a talk with her mother. Isn’t this a little early for pretend?"

Emma answered, "Yes, maybe a little too early. Some mothers rush the phase, but the worst thing is they do not stop or help them through the pretend stage and that goes on for too long, I think. I have to get back to my stove before it boils over."

"The stove doesn't boil over," he laughed.

"I know the stove doesn't boil over. I am watching the pot roast," she snapped back at him.

"Missa, tell your mother you look very pretty, that you're all grown-up and pretending is fun. Pretending is fine. She must be careful to explain and help you understand pretending doesn't last. Only patience and understanding is needed and important to help you achieve and to reach the right moment for many wonderful things in life," he said.

"What kind of things, Grandpa?"

"Wow," he exclaimed, “like confirmation, a graduation, a job, or a marriage, especially marriage. Many young people pretend love and are not patient and don't understand that marriage is and should be a lasting thing to accomplish. It goes beyond the pretend stage." He stopped for a moment and reflected on what he could or should say to her. "Pretend is a fun thing and it is important. It's like a rehearsal or practice before a game. It helps you to get ready and you learn the importance of the right timing when you have to do grown-up things. Can you understand this, Missa?" he asked.

"I guess so, Grandpa."

“I'll have to tell you again when you're a little older, and I'll have to remind your mother how important pretending is and should be. Missa, let me give you a big hug because you look so pretty."

# Sacred Document and Man’s Word

"Em, it's so nice to have you sitting here with me.  You don’t usually come in this early."

"Frankie, thank you for helping me with the dishes so I could,” she answered. Her voice and tone was reflected by her appreciation as she looked over her glasses while reading the newspaper.

"Can I have the sports pages?  I’m tired of watching the news; it’s so boring.  You can’t believe anything they say.”

“Oh my god, look at what it says here!  You think that TV is bad?!  Let me read this to you.  ‘It says America is not a Christian nation.  Americans are not special,’" read Emma.

“Who the heck said that, Em?” Frankie asked.

"I can't even mention his name," she said, he is so bad,” she retorted angrily.

"I bet Missa will ask me about that,” Grandpa Capehart said as he stared out the front window.

"If she hears about it; she certainly will,” Emma said emphatically, “Didn’t she ask you a while back about how can you believe something you can’t see?”

"You heard that from the kitchen?” he asked her.

"Oh yes, I don’t miss much unless I'm making a loud noise,” she answered.

"Maybe, I’d better be a little more careful after this.”  He said this jokingly as he was not at all concerned.  “Thanks,” he added as he took the sport page she held out to him.

"Frankie, I hear you talking so seriously to Missa mostly in the early afternoon when I'm in the kitchen.  I enjoy what I hear,” she turned to look at Grandpa Capehart. "But I don’t like to butt in.  You are very good at explaining things and she listens very intently!”

"She is a very astute, pretty, and vivacious young lady -- not that I'm prejudiced at all," he said.

“Oh, of course … not a bit," she teased him. “But after supper we don’t talk too much. We turn on the TV to watch the news or the weather station or *‘Everybody Loves Raymond’* or some detective series or some other dumb program.”

"I’m probably all talked out by then," he laughed at the thought.

Emma said, "I am tired too and just want to relax. I am ready to watch a video, and before you know it, it is time to go to bed," she made the point with conviction to justify her comment.

“OK, so let’s talk,” his laugh was infectious. "I meant to tell Missa, last July or maybe it was Veteran’s Day, about our Declaration of Independence and our Constitution. They are sacred; they are safe; they are not lost; they didn't go missing.”

Emma put her knitting down and looked at him. "I'm not Missa, but what are you going to tell me?" she said jokingly.

"Oh, you’re funny!" he said, "but I admit I enjoy talking to you. What I was going to say was: what we see, hear, smell, and read today makes us think and worry, and we have to be careful in what we say and believe. On the other hand, what we eat, put into our mouths, nourishes our body but we must be careful about that too. However, what we observe, hear and see, can influence us and that might make us skeptical and bitter. Which of the two is the bigger fear?”

"Frankie, you just said the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution are sacred, and they are but because man gave his word -- his sacred word," she said with a firmness she did not often express.

“Emma, I know where Missa gets her smarts from. She would probably come out with that same idea."

"The founding fathers were honorable men, and their word meant something. It was sacred, and we know their word was good because they pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." Emma firmly asserted her conviction that she was right.

"Emma, you should join our discussions. I could not say it any better than that -- maybe not as good!" He confirmed his approval by a smile, and his affection for her was sincere and genuine.

She looked at him and said, "Thank you, Frankie. You usually are not that generous with your compliments. How quickly we forget so easily how much we mean to each other.”

“I think that our members of congress take an oath. I just happen to have a copy of it right here. Wouldn’t you know it? I can’t find it. I did put it on my desk because I

thought that I might need to show it to Missa? Now I can't put my hand on it," replied Grandpa Capehart.

"I can't wait to hear you talk about this to Missa. I'll have to listen when you do," Emma said. She leaned over and kissed him affectionately. "I enjoyed this tonight. We should get back to talking to each other more often!"

"OK, here it is. I knew it was right here." He was glad he found it and shook the little pamphlet as proof. "Let me read this to you. It is so important:

> 'I', as he gave his name in full and looked up he continued, 'do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, both foreign and domestic, that I will bear true and faithful allegiance to the same, that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion, and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter. So help me, God.'

My god that makes you wonder what good is a person's word. There can't be anything sacred in his word if he doesn't follow through and do what his oath binds him to faithfully discharge the duties of that office. You know what they have to say about someone who doesn't keep his word? His word isn't worth a tinker's damn," he added.

"Frankie, I'm going to bed. I will make sure I'm part of the discussion when you talk to Missa about this." She leaned over and kissed him tenderly.

"Me, too, I'll hit the sack as well. Let's go, sack," he said.

"Oh, you're pressing your luck. You are living dangerously," she chided him.

# The Masada Phenomenon

Missa slowly opened the door and saw Grandpa sitting in his chair in the den. She turned and closed the door very quietly. She heard the click as she pushed it shut. She turned and deliberately walked toward Grandpa Capehart and leaned over to hug him as she knew he always wanted her to give him his hug.

"My, you are very demure and quiet today. Is there anything wrong?" he asked. "Thank you for my hug, Missa, you sweet thing," he added.

"Grandpa, we had a substitute teacher yesterday and," she blinked as she stopped to think how to explain to him what she wanted him to know, "she told us about bravery and dying and being steadfast."

"What class or period was that?" he asked.

"It was history at third period. She was talking about George Washington, Valley Forge and the Revolutionary War. Oh, she said something like plains of Masada. It sounded something like that. I'm not sure."

"Yes, the plains of Masada," he quickly interjected. "That is a coincidence. I was talking to someone who mentioned the plains of Masada last weekend. Oh, by the way, is she Jewish?"

"I don't know what it is, Grandpa?"

"Did she give her name?"

"She said Muriel, I think." Missa wrinkled her nose as she did whenever she was confused or curious.

"What was she telling you about Masada? That was a very famous and important event in Jewish history. It exemplifies the Jewish faith … and their bravery. They were very courageous. They defied the power and might of the Roman Empire."

"That is what she said, Grandpa," Missa interrupted. She said that … Valley Forge, Gettysburg, and that Custer's Last Stand were all the same."

"Well, I think you are right or rather she's right," he said with a determined attitude. “They all prove that the strength and power that comes from faith, dedication, and stubborn determination can defeat evil."

"Defeat evil, Grandpa?" Missa asked.

“Yes, good can stop wrong, and yes, faith and determination can defeat the means and the greed that comes from those who seek power.”

"Grandpa, but didn’t the Indians kill all the soldiers -- all General Custer's soldiers?"

"Yes, they did. However, it was the same idea and determination of the Israelites -- the Jewish on the plains of Masada. They, the Indians, were fighting and killing to save their way of living just like the Hebrews. They were fighting the power and strength of the white man. They did not want to be controlled by the chief from Washington. Neither did the Continental soldiers at Valley Forge want to be under British control. At the Alamo the Texans fought … Oh, what was that general's name?”

"Was it Santa Anna, Grandpa?"

"My god, I think you are right. And then there was the war I was in. World War II was fought because of the Nazism of Hitler, the Fascism of Mussolini, and Emperor Hirohito of Japan. It was fought to save freedom and democracy and save the world from oppression. Then after World War II ended, there was the rise of socialism and communism promulgated by Stalin and the USSR – the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.”

Grandpa Capehart sat back in his chair and stared out the front window. He was quiet and rested his chin in his right hand with his index finger along the side of his nose. It was something he did whenever he was thinking and in a pensive mood while musing over the thoughts flitting through his mind. He dropped his hand on the arm of his chair and looked at his granddaughter.

“Missa, it seems to me that there is always someone who seeks power and wants the authority no matter who suffers or what misery it causes. There is a faction today, I believe, that is threatening our living and our governing. They are dangerous enough it makes you wonder if our Statue of Liberty will just become another tourist attraction like the Pyramids in Egypt, the Great Wall of China, the Aztec Temples, or maybe Stonehenge.”

Grandma Emma came from the kitchen, carrying refreshments. “Well, you two have been talking enough. How would you like some cookies and milk?"

"Thank you, Em," Grandpa Capehart said. "You are just like your granddaughter. You know she is a very astute young lady. 'We need more just like her."

# Gym Locker

Grandpa Capehart settled into his chair to relax in its comfort and softness and to rest his tired old bones as he was always noted as saying. He turned on the TV to catch the game and glanced at the headlines in the newspaper just as Missa came bounding into the den. Just behind her was Jean Anne Barlow, Missa's mother, who followed and softly and slowly closed the door.

He sat up as Missa stopped by his chair, and he exclaimed, "My, you're full of vim and vigor today, Missa. Why is your mother here today?"

"Hi, Dad," she said. "Can I talk to you about something awful, Dad? I <u>have</u> to talk to you. It is so upsetting."

"I want to talk to Grandpa first," Missa said.

"Missa, you go talk to Grandma. She'll be glad to talk to you. I want to ask Grandpa a very important question," Jeanie told her daughter.

"But, Mother, I <u>always</u> talk to Grandpa."

"Yes, you do … You'll get your chance. Please, go see Grandma. Oh, you can ask her for the recipe for my favorite chicken casserole that I love."

"What's that?" Missa asked.

"Oh, you soak chicken pieces in egg overnight and then mix together onions, chopped celery, and soup. You roll the chicken in bread crumbs and mix everything with thin spaghetti. Then you spread more bread crumbs on top … "

"Mother, you don't need a recipe. You know it already," Missa said with a slight pouting attitude.

"You just go along," she said with a stern warning. "Grandma has a special way of fixing it. Scoot," Jeanie snapped at her.

Grandpa Capehart and Jeanie watched Missa as she stomped into the kitchen, and as she left the room, he turned to look at Jeanie and asked her, "What is it so serious that you have to see me about? You usually just drop off Missa, and then you're on your way to run some errand or something else."

"Daddy," she started.

"Daddy," he said. "You haven't called me that in a long time. I can't remember the last time you called me, *'Daddy'* -- not since you were a little child. This must be serious."

"Dad," she said, “it just popped out. However, Missa came home from school yesterday and said her gym teacher … I won’t mention her name … said something to the effect of:

‘You can get help and support to protect yourself, and you don’t have to ask your parent’s permission. You don’t even have to tell them about it.’

That about sums up what the teacher said.”

"What the hell! … I mean what could she be referring too?” He raised his hands in a gesture displaying his disgust and anguish.

"Dad, what’s going on today? Teenagers are so vulnerable. They can't say things like that."

Then she added on a different note that the gym teacher told the girls that they would be checking their lockers. She stated, “No one can just look into your locker that would violate your privacy. I don’t know whether even a search warrant would allow that,”

"My god, you are probably right! I remember there was a news story about the police searching for something … marijuana maybe … in a hallway locker and the students and parents made such an uproar of disapproval.” He laughed a little then continued, “I don’t even think the school authorities should open the hall lockers.” “Why did the gym teacher want to look into the lockers?”

"Missa said one of the girls opened her locker in gym class, and she said the smell was so bad everyone had to hold their nose. She said it really did stink. Missa said, ‘I don’t think that she ever washed her gym uniforms.’"

“Why didn’t they tell the gym teacher? She certainly should have known about <u>that</u>. It is definitely unsanitary. It has to be unhealthy. Is that why they were going to check their lockers?” he asked.

“Well, yes, I guess so. I didn’t mean to imply that they were going to check their hallway lockers if that was the impression I gave you. The kids all said that would *stink*, no pun intended, because that would be an invasion of their privacy. I think *stink* isn’t the right word for that, but I can understand then saying *stink*.”

“*Stink* <u>is</u> the right word for the gym locker. Wouldn’t you say?” he asked her.

Missa came in from the kitchen just as Grandpa Capehart said *stink*.

“Well, let’s not continue this discussion,” Jeanie said firmly. “I have to stop and pickup a prescription. Oh, I know, I can talk to Debbie. She is the pharmacist. She has a girl in Missa’s class. OK, let’s go, Missa. I got a lot to do.”

He called after them, "This *stinks*, oh no, Missa, I said it again. Privacy, rights, freedom, even happiness, is going missing. A little of this … a pinch of this … a pinch of that and too much of one thing ruins the whole pot. That would be *stinky*. It's pretty scary. There I called it pretty not *stinky*," he laughed.

# To Obey or Not to Obey

"Grandpa, Ralphie said people only obey what they want to. Is that right?" Missa asked Grandpa Capehart who was dozing in his favorite chair in the den. The volume was very low on the TV and his glasses were held in his fingers and resting on his chest. He quickly sat upright when Missa spoke to him. "Oh, Grandpa," she said, "I'm sorry. I didn't know you were napping." She clasped her hands against her chest in a gesture of empathy and regret.

"Missa, that's all right. I just dozed off a little," he said. He quickly put his glasses on and sat up as he pushed the lever on the side of his chair to the upright position. "Missa, you never disturb me. I so enjoy everything you ask me. Now, come give me a hug as Claire Hugg says, 'That's double 'g' which is twice as good.'"

Missa quickly ran over, squeezed him, and gave him a kiss.

"Now, I think you said Ralphie, he is in your class, made a comment. I know he always has something of a shocking nature to say."

"Yes, Grandpa, he said some kids were talking on their cell phones and caused an accident that killed two people and two others were hurt because they thought they could get away with it and not get caught."

"I read about that in the newspaper," Grandpa Capehart said quickly. "They passed a law saying you could be fined if you were caught using your cell phone while driving."

"Ralphie said that proves people only obey the law if they want to," Missa said very quickly.

"Yes … mmmmmm." He made a sound like a low tone from a clarinet. "This time Ralphie may be right. He may have stated the correct analysis of the situation. I have seen people using their cell phone while driving. It can be dangerous."

"I have too," Missa said. "Marci has a cell phone, but she can't drive because she doesn't have her driver's license, but she saw a girl, a senior, from her school bus window, and said, 'Look! Look!' I think she was driving pass our bus."

"It is kind of sad to think she and many others believe they can get away with it. They don't realize the danger and that obeying the law and safety is far more important than a few minutes talking while driving." His tone was a very serious thought and one that should be recognized by everyone.

"Marci said the girl was holding the phone in her left hand to her ear and driving with her right hand on the steering wheel, and she was going pretty fast. Pete, our bus driver, was shaking his head as she went by the bus," Missa said.

“Missa, laws are made to help us and to protect us. There are a lot of laws that make good sense. Not using your cell phone while driving is one of them. It does make good sense. If everyone realized that, that law would not have had to be passed. Laws against robbery, break-ins, brutality, and other crimes should be enforced to the fullest extent of the law to prevent crimes. Ralphie has expressed an idea that suggests that if you want to use a gun to commit a crime every law on the books will not stop you. You can NOT legislate morals. If someone is going to circumvent the law, he is going to do it.” Grandpa Capehart shook his head firmly to show his conviction. “Missa,” he said, "oh my gosh, there are so many laws about gun control that you'd think no crime could ever be committed. That many laws have not worked. My sweet Missa, I have a gun,” he confessed. “I have a permit and follow every rule and regulation and safety procedures for the proper care and use. If people used good judgment and obeyed these common sense laws, no law would need to be passed.”

"Grandpa," Missa said with amazement. “I didn’t know you had a gun.” How long have you had it?" she asked.

"My gosh,” he stopped to think. “It must be over thirty years, maybe more. I only take it out once in a while. A friend of mine belongs to a gun club, and I go with him to the range on special occasions and events. He is a marksman and has an excellent record -- one of the best in the area. I’m not too good, but I thoroughly enjoy the friendship and camaraderie of the club.”

“Grandpa,” Missa started to say, “how do you not obey the law, I mean, how can you only obey a law if … that's not the way to ask it either … but Ralphie said, 'people only obey what they want to’. How can people do that? That is better!”

"Missa, off the top of my head, the first thing I can think of is our government officials and our representatives are supposed to govern with the consent of the governed, or that's what they should do. Today, there are too many officials and representatives who choose not to follow the spirit of the law, but they manage to rewrite or circumvent the law. They appoint or create agencies and authorities, gurus or henchmen, to do their dirty work so they will not be blamed. We did not vote for these appointees and therefore they are not governing with the consent of the governed, the citizens, and tax payers. That is plain and simple, period," Grandpa Capehart stated with a firmness and conviction that startled Missa.

"Oh, Grandpa, what does that really mean?” she asked.

"Yes, you are a little young yet. An agency or a task force is formed to study the situation, and their members are appointed. We didn’t vote them into office. There is one particular organization that I can think of who tries to force such things as tax dollars for abortion and anti-pregnancy measures for all nine year olds and older. Just these two things are very scary and dangerous.” He shook his head vigorously and with determination.

“Grandpa, Ms. Brockhill, our assistant coach, she teaches all the health classes in gym said … do you know what she said … ‘beware of Greeks bearing false gifts’. She said that means if someone tells you to go ahead and do it, no one will know; you might like it. … Don't. Don't do it. Don't listen to them. First, because they won’t care if you get in trouble and get caught. Then, Grandpa, I heard some guy say so loud that everyone could hear him, ‘Ms. Brockhill just wants to kill all our fun.’"

Ms. Brockhill asked, ‘what did you say?’ He said nothing. She yelled at him, ‘That's right. That is nothing. You see me after class’. Grandpa, that sounds like what Ralphie said, ‘people only obey what they want to.’” Missa stated with a look of understanding and conviction.

# The Veteran Interview

Grandpa Capehart heard a car door slam, laughing and voices in the driveway, and quickly opened the front door. He was surprised to see Missa with Ralphie, Marci, and another student. Behind them was a pretty young lady not much bigger than the other children.

Missa saw him at the door and ran up the walkway.

"Grandpa, Grandpa, look who came with me," she said very excitedly.

"I see, I see," he said. “What is this all about? Did you bring help to ask me something?" He held his hands out as Missa jumped into his arms.

"Grandpa, this is Ralphie. I know you know him, and Marci, you know too.” She waited. “This is David, David Melone, and … and this is our teacher, Ms. Halliard, our history and civics teacher."

“It is a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Halliard. My, you are so young and pretty. Oh, you are not much bigger than the children. Are you sure you are a teacher?" He smiled as he held out his hand. "You have a strong grip," he managed to say, “very strong for a demure and young lady."

Grandma Emma then came through the door and stopped by Franklin, Grandpa Capehart. "Well," she said, "what do we have here? It looks like a history class." They knew she heard Missa say Ms. Halliard, my history teacher. “Well, come in … come in please." She looked at Grandpa Capehart and in a low whisper said, "she is so young and pretty.” Then she winked at him as a warning and smiled.

Grandpa Capehart said, "Missa, bring that recliner over here for Ms. Halliard, and Ralphie bring those chairs over so you can see each other. There, there … that should do nicely." They settled in their chairs and moved them to make a circle to see everyone and get comfortable.

Grandma Emma said, "I think I should get some refreshments -- cookies, and milk for everyone."

"Can I have Coke?" David asked.

"Me too," Ralphie said.

"I'd like milk," Missa said.

"Me too," Marci answered.

“Frankie, can I get you something?" asked Grandma Emma.

"No, I have some coffee, Em. I'm fine." The smile and pleasant look was his way of showing her that he was pleased that she made everyone feel comfortable and at home.

"Grandpa, we have an assignment to talk to a veteran," Missa said. "Ms. Halliard said … gave us the assignment … we have to ask a veteran what it was like in World War II. I told her that you were in World War II. She said that you be fine to interview, and she would like to meet you."

"l feel I already know you, Mr. Capehart. I hear Grandpa said this or that all the time and Grandpa just knows everything." Her smile enhanced her beauty, and it was plain to see that he was impressed with Missa's history teacher.

"You people talk and I'll go get the refreshments," Grandma Emma said, and then she went to the kitchen.

"OK, who wants to talk first?" Grandpa Capehart asked. "Oh, this is an interview. You ask the question, and then I'll answer," he corrected himself. "So who wants to ask the first question?"

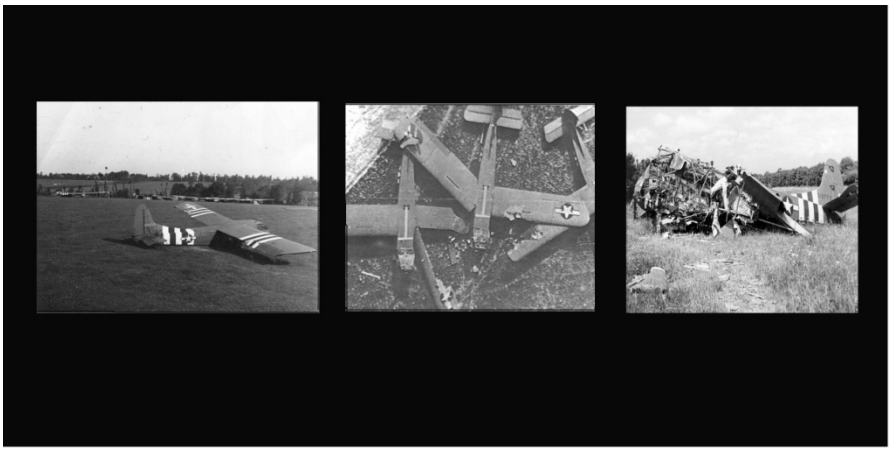
"I will. I will," Missa blurted out. "Can I, Ms. Halliard?" she asked.

"Yes, you can start, and then we all can take turns to give each one a chance to ask him a question." Her answer was more a direction than her approval.

"Grandpa," Missa started as she took a paper out of her pocket and unfolded it and smoothed out the creases. "You said you were airborne but not a paratrooper. Grandpa, what is the difference? What does it mean to be airborne?" She folded her paper and then put it on her lap.

He hesitated and took a deep breath. "The Eighty-Second Airborne Division had four parachute battalions -- the502nd, the 504th, the 505th, and the 506$^{th}$ -- and there were two artillery battalions -- the 319th and the 320th. It will take too long to name them all. I can't remember exactly all the numbers of the battalions. There was an engineer attachment, medics, headquarters and other support battalions. The artillery and infantry were glider battalions that were towed by a plane – a C-47. They were towed behind the plane and then cut loose when they were over the drop zone to land on the ground. The paratroopers jumped from a plane to clear the area of all the Germans so the gliders could land safely. The paratroopers jumped in daylight to see where they were landing. The gliders landed when it was almost dark so the Germans could not tell what was happening. The gliders scared them, and a trooper told me after they saw the first glider land, the soldiers ran away because they didn't know what was coming at them. We were able to release the tow cable from the plane, and pick a spot to land very quickly."

“I would say, there were twenty-two gliders in my battalion and two landed safely. I was in one of them. We landed D-Day minus one.” *( See Figure 10, on this page below)*



***(Fig. 10 – Images of some glider crashes. Fortunately, despite the large percentage of gliders that crashed most injuries were not serious or fatal – just some bruised muscles or broken bones.)***

"Mr. … Mr. … Grandpa Capehart," David Melone waved his hand while bouncing up and down on his seat. “What was D-Day minus one?"

"Sure, sure, that just means we landed on Normandy one day before the Allied forces stormed the beaches. It was Thursday. The official invasion was on Friday, June 6, 1944. We could see all the ships and landing craft in the ocean as we flew over them. It was almost dark then. One of the ships signaled at us, meaning they knew we were American not German planes. Some American sailors shot down our planes when we were invading Sicily, so we had white stripes on our wings and on each plane so that wouldn't happen again."

Marci asked, "Mr. Capehart, Mr. Capehart, what do you mean that wouldn't happen again?"

"Marci, that's very observant of you. It is a good point. After the Germans surrendered in Africa, we flew to Sicily, and there was an American ship. The sailors thought our planes were German and shot down our planes, our C-47s, so many there weren’t enough to fly us over and complete the mission. The sailors had no combat experience, and they were new sailors with no combat experience. Some called them green sailors. So the sailors mistook our planes for Germans. A German plane had been strafing the navy ships all day. Just before the paratroopers could jump, the sailors shot down so many of our C-47’s. The paratroopers landed in the ocean and struggled to reach the beach. Some of the paratroopers drowned in the sea as the water filled and soaked their boots, and they could not swim to shore as their boots became too heavy.”

"Oh, wow!" Ralphie said.

"Sicily was our target in late July, and the Normandy invasion was almost a year later, June 6, 1944."

"Grandpa, what were the white stripes for?" Marci asked after she affectionately called him ‘Grandpa’ instead of Mr. Capehart and then smiled as she realized what she had said as Grandpa Capehart started to explain about the white stripes.

"Oh, I have a book, *‘The Saga of the All-American Division’*. I got it when it was published after the war. That made me a life member of the association. It has the records, pictures, dates, combat missions, casualties, and comments by generals and politicians. I don't think I can find it right now, but it has a picture which shows the stripes. You can see all the stripes on every plane and glider. The quartermaster had the GI's paint the stripes in one day on every plane and glider. The stripes were about twelve inches wide with a twelve-inch space between each stripe on the wings, on the main body, and on the fuselage. They started painting the day before in order to finish in one day.”

“There were so many painting they looked like ants swarming all over the wings. They had to use flashlights to finish after dark, but they got the job done and ready for the mission.” *(See Figure 11, Page 75)*

***(Fig. 11 – A picture showing the white stripes that were painted on all the planes and gliders to identify them as Allied forces.)***

"Frankie," Emma interrupted him," you should tell them how many times you were going to land on airports. They would be interested in that!"

"You are right. After the Germans and Italians retreated from Sicily, we got ready to land on the Rome airport. We went back to Africa to load up and fly to Rome. Well, the Germans were retreating and used the airport for a staging area. It had tanks, guns, and soldiers all over. We would have had no place to land, and it would have been suicide."

"Wow," David said.

He laughed at David's exclamation, and continued, "but after Normandy and we went back to England, where we got replacements, supplies, and all our equipment in shape to land on the Paris airport, this time again, the Germans were retreating and used the Paris airport as a staging area with tanks, trucks, equipment, and soldiers on the runways. So, this mission was canceled also."

“We moved from southern England to an airstrip used by fighter planes. Our gliders were lined up on the field ready for our mission to Holland. Oh, I forget to tell you … I hope I didn’t tell … I don’t want to repeat myself. We had twenty-two gliders in the battalion and two of them landed safely. I was in one of them. The flight was in daylight, about mid afternoon. Interestingly, we landed on two different fields. One was dry and soft like powder. It hadn’t rained in a long time so that field was like landing on a feather bed. I landed there. The other field was planted with sugar beets. The gliders that landed there; it was like the landing had greased the runners on a sled.”

“Whoosh," he said, and he motioned with his hand to show how fast the gliders zoomed before they hit the fence rows. "I have to add that about eight or ten landed on the other side of the river, right on a German bivouac or camp. Of course, they were captured.”

“After we landed, we only had a chocolate ‘energy’ bar to eat. We did not have any other rations. The allies, mostly British, were supposed to break through to reach us and reinforce us. It was several days. I can’t remember how long. One day we saw two nuns coming toward us -- there happened to be a convent a short distance away. They were carrying a large pail between them. They heard we didn’t have anything to eat and brought the thing they had -- boiled potatoes and apples. I tell you that I never had anything taste so good. Two days they brought us the same thing.”

"Just after that, the British finally broke through, and then our kitchen and supplies reached us. Our cooks set up the kitchen and started cooking pancakes or flapjacks for almost the whole day we were so hungry.”

“What happened next?” asked Marci.

“Shortly after the *'Bridge Too Far’*, we went back to France and set up camp outside in a French headquarters building. We cleaned our equipment and got all our supplies and rations, hot meals, and replacements. We were combat ready. One night, late in the evening, we were assembled to hear the order: ‘There will be a mission to land on the Berlin airport. Be ready at 05:00 to go to the airfield for that mission’. Early the next morning at roll call, we got the news that this mission was canceled. Intelligence sighted German railroad cars loaded with big guns, a mass of tanks, trucks, and supplies and the German army assembled on the runway. We all had the same thought, ‘How lucky can you get? We can’t be this lucky.’ This was the third time that a mission was cancelled to land at an airport. First was the Rome airport then the airport in Paris and then lastly at Berlin.”

“Two days later, the Germans broke through our lines and marched through Belgium toward Antwerp. This became what was called the Battle of the Bulge, where the 101st Airborne were surrounded and this became known as the famous Battle of the Bastards of Bastogne."

"Mr. Capehart … Grandpa," Marci giggled as she affectionately called him ‘Grandpa’ again. "Isn’t that when the American general said 'Nuts' to the German officer who asked him to surrender? That was in a movie, Grandpa. … How many died in the war?" Marci asked with a reluctant tone.

“I don’t mind you asking me that, Marci. In any war, there are so many casualties, but there were fifteen hundred in the battalion in the beginning. In the 320th Glider Field Battalion, there were 615 of the original members at the end of the war. There was about ten, maybe fifteen, that were captured or killed alone when they landed over the river. That's doesn’t sound like many, I know. However, we were terribly upset at this especially as our first lieutenant, who was greatly admired, was one of the ones captured. When we captured some Germans shortly later that were wearing some paratrooper boots, – our boots we called them – we were terribly enraged. We settled or took care of this *injustice* because **NO ONE** wears paratrooper boots unless they earn them. There are a lot of casualties in war.”

Marci asked, “Mr. Capehart … Grandpa, what happened to those German soldiers that were wearing those boots?”

"Marci, I not sure that Mr. Capehart would want to answer that directly, but from the original battalion there were only about a third of the battalion that were left," Ms. Halliard said.

"I think you are right, Ms. Halliard." He smiled. "However, I believe one hundred sixty thousand American servicemen were killed during the war. Almost six million Jews were killed, gassed in the gas chambers, tortured, and sent to slave camps, and because of World War II, eighty-five million died including military, civilian and innocent people such as the old, the children, and the home guard.”

"That is why I hate the *‘-isms’*, and by that I mean, communism and socialism as well as fascism, Nazism, and imperialism. Russia was the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republic. I don’t like what's going on in our good ole United States of America.”

“Oh, my gosh … what do you mean, Grandpa … Mr. Capehart? …” Ms. Halliard exclaimed with a gasp.

"To explain, I think there are a few who say, ‘what’s wrong with a little socialism?' That’s like saying when a wife goes to the doctor and the doctor says, ‘she is a little bit pregnant.' He knows that you’re happy about having the child, but you know, there is no such a thing as being a little bit pregnant. You are either pregnant or you are not. You will care for your baby until full term and hope that he or she is healthy and grows up to be happy.”

Mrs. Halliard said, and again affectionately called Mr. Capehart, ‘Grandpa’. “You are right, Grandpa.”

"Neither is there such a thing as a little socialism.” He continued. “Socialism never, never ends. It continues, little by little, until it has complete control. It is like the difference between a scale and a platform.”

“Grandpa, I think you told me something about that,” Missa interrupted hlm.

"Yes, I did. I explained it as the difference between choice and control, as control from your crib to grave. First, I should say that came from a very famous person, Justice William O. Douglas when he explained what being a slave meant. So, democracy is like a scale while socialism is like a platform. I know you have seen Lady Justice holding a scale which symbolizes equal justice for everyone on some government buildings especially on court buildings where we go for a trial. Anyway, on a scale if one side is heavier than the other, it outweighs the other side. It is not balanced, and the heavier side goes down. It is also like a seesaw. If one person weighs more, it goes down until it touches the ground. When you add more weight to the lighter side, it will balance again just like a scale. To keep things balanced you must add more weight to the lighter side so both sides are even, or the same, or balanced. It's the same idea with our democracy you have to keep adjusting both sides of the *'democracy scale'* to maintain a truly balanced system."

"Socialism, on other hand, is like a platform that suspends from a common point. When you add more weight to the platform, sooner or later it will start to bog down and will continue to sag until it crashes. Once it starts to sag, it does not stop. Nothing remains standing on the platform as it crashes down. Socialism, like the overly burdened platform, is doomed to come crashing down or inevitably to fail. Weil, I think I have philosophized long enough. I think I have talked much too long."

Ms. Halliard stood up and hesitated for a minute. "Grandpa … Mr. Capehart, what you said is very interesting. I never thought about the difference between democracy and socialism like that before. I would imagine, I guess, that your philosophy, as you call it, was learned because of the fighting you accounted in World War II. We thank you for your service."

"Yes, I guess, it did. May I add I am a very lucky person to have had survived. I have such a wonderful wife, a wonderful daughter, four sons who are just as wonderful, and a special granddaughter. How lucky can you get?"

"I believe that," Ms. Halliard said. "Well, we have to go now, and I have papers to grade."

"Thank you, GRANDPA!" They all enthusiastically shouted as they quickly went out the front door.

"Frankie," Em said. "I never heard you say that before." She put her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately.

# The Modern Day ‘SS’
# Of Socialism and Secularism

Grandpa Capehart was amazed as he looked at Missa after she said her history teacher was going to talk about the difference between socialism and democracy especially so soon after her class assignment to interview a veteran. He wondered what more he could have said about socialism.

"Grandpa, did you hear me?" Missa asked. She looked at him, and her expression made him look at her when he realized he had been in deep thought.

"Yes, I did," he said. “I’m sorry, but I was thinking what more I could have had told your classmates that interviewed me about the ’–isms’ of Nazism, Fascism, imperialism as well as communism and socialism. I know Winston Churchill called it the scourge of all mankind. I should have said that at the interview.”

"She gave us all an ‘A’ that came to the interview. Ms. Halliard really did.

He smiled. "Oh that's good. I am glad. I was very impressed. She not only was young and pretty, but she was knowledgeable and well aware, well informed, about all the happenings surrounding this world crisis so much more than others of her generation."

“When will the discussions start?" he asked.

"Next week," she answered.

“What are you going to ask me today?" She reached over to give him a kiss and give him his hug.

"That always feels so good. I never can get enough of your hugs.”

"Grandpa, you always seem to know when I have to ask you something serious. How do you know that?" she asked.

“It’s a gift,” he said and then laughed. “But really it mostly is just little things that clue me in. Like today, you came in and walked over to give me a hug. I didn’t have to ask you for a hug so I just kind of knew that you were going to ask something,” he said.

“Why would that make you think that? I mean I just came in," she said.

Her quizzical expression made him say, "you see, Grandma pokes her head in from the kitchen, and I just know she will ask me, ’Do I want peas and carrots or maybe broccoli and cheese for dinner?’ One day last week before she could even say anything, after she came into the room, I blurted out, ‘a baked potato.’" He laughed at

himself. “She said the same thing as you just said, ‘how did you know I was going to ask that?’ I just kind of sensed it, and I really had fun with that,” he said.

“What else was she going to ask that you might have guessed?" Missa asked.

"Another time grandma was going to ask me, ‘What kind of potatoes do you want?’ I quickly said mashed potatoes because I knew that there was no gravy." Again he laughed at his cleverness and playfulness. "I am so clever don't you think, Missa? I did know there wasn't any gravy left from the pot roast. I like to tease people when I can anticipate what someone would be asking. But now, what do you want to ask me that was so serious?"

"Ms. Halliard said that on Friday we would be studying about the difference between socialism and democracy. What did she mean by that Grandpa? What is the difference between socialism and democracy?" Missa stated.

"I would assume that she teaches history or civics as we called it in my day,” said Grandpa.

"She teaches history and social studies," Missa said.

"That’s about the same thing that we studied when I was in school. I would hope that she considers the subject of socialism as the opposite of democracy. World War II was fought to defeat Nazism and Fascism as well as socialism and communism which are very similar. Russia was the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republic which is communistic and which lasted about seventy-five years. Nazi Germany lasted thirteen years and Italy and its Fascism about the same. All the ‘-isms’ that is communism, socialism, as well as Nazism, Fascism, and Japanese imperialism that happened during World War II vest control in a central authority or power. Democracy, on the other hand, gives the governing to its citizens so that there is **NOT** complete control over everything that the citizens do, whether it's where they live, where they work, or what they do for recreation or where they go on vacation, or even what happiness they enjoy.”

"Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, said, *'I will resist for all eternity every attempt at tyranny over the mind of man.'* That explains the difference between all the ‘-isms’ and our democratic republic." Grandpa Capehart was very definite and adamant as he explained the difference. His enthusiasm and forcefulness had a strong determination in the tone of his voice.

Missa noticed his excitement and said, "Grandpa, you really make democracy seem a lot better. I will tell Ms. Halliard that tomorrow," she said.

"I hope that you do, Missa. The biggest difference is between the freedom to make one’s own choices or being compelled from an outside source that you must have something. In church, the pastor might say the next collection is a free will offering for some special need. But it is a choice – not a demand that you must give something."

"Oh, Grandpa, I know what you're talking about. Last Sunday we had a free will offering to get new choir robes," Missa said.

"Yes," he said. "That is the idea. The regular collection really is not a demand either. It is a conscious choice that we willingly choose to help defray the costs of the church expenses and repairs. President Kennedy said it so succinctly with this simple statement that shows the difference between socialism and democracy:

*Ask not what your country can do for you. Ask what you can do for your country.*

In other words be content with what you have and do not be demanding like a spoiled brat and expect someone or the government to give you this or that, but rather do what you can to help each other. Isn't that like a free will offering? In other words, choose to help and do not expect anything in return."

"I didn't know that President Kennedy said that, Grandpa," Missa said, as she shook her head yes in approval. She seemed to wholeheartedly agree with the sentiment.

Grandpa Capehart continued, "World War II defeated the Nazism of Germany as well as Hitler's 'SS' police. Today we have the modern day 'SS' of socialism and secularism which is even worse. Ultimately socialism is total government control. It suggests or rather insists that the government knows what is best for you. You won't have a choice any more, but will be told what you need. How absurd?! Then the next thing that socialism will demand is to tell me when to be happy like **I** don't have a choice or *know* when to be happy."

"Grandpa, what is the modern day 'SS' of socialism and secularism? Missa asked.

Grandpa Capehart began, "Back before World War II, Hitler created his special 'SS' police or the State Secret police called the Gestapo to monitor people's compliance to the Nazi regime. If someone was not obedient and followed what the Nazi's said, that person would be sent to a concentration camp or prisoner camp You see the Nazi's thought that they had it all figured and wanted everyone to comply to their rules and if you didn't they would force you. It was total control over your free will."

"They did that!" Missa exclaimed kind of shocked that people would do something like that. "Why would they do something like that?"

"I don't know why they did it; they just thought that they had it all figured and wanted everybody to agree to it too," Grandpa said. "That's what socialism wants to oppose on people today. Socialism believes that its system has it all figured out what people all need and then gives everyone just what is needed. The trouble with that is that some central authority is controlling or deciding just what is important. You have **NOTHING to** say in what you want."

"Is that why you hate socialism, Grandpa?" Missa asked.

After emphatically shaking his head yes, Grandpa Capehart said, “Yes it is! There are two reasons, I think, that make socialism wrong. First, it puts all the power or control into one authority as the government or one of its agencies. The problem with that is that it creates a bloated beauocracy --the more you have, the more you need and the less chance there is of getting something accomplished. It’s like that with the many government agencies we have today. Tax dollars are appropriated to handle a particular situation, address a problem, or to give money to someone’s favorite project, a pork barrel project it is called. More workers are needed to do the work of the agency, and as it gets more involved more money is needed to carry out the work of the agency and more rules and regulations are needed to organize it. It is a vicious cycle. Then the second reason, I think, socialism is wrong is that there is **ONLY** so much money to go around. You can’t get everything that you want; you have to make a choice or prioritize what you need.”

“I never thought of it that way,” Missa said, “Is that how the government or one of its agencies is trying to control to you? Is it because there are all these rules and regulations that are put into place, which are laws, to make the agencies function, and then you have to abide by them if you want to get help from them?”

“You are absolutely correct. I couldn’t have said it any better,” declared Grandpa Capehart. Then he added, “There are also those people, the secularists, I will call them that want to remove God from every place and situation in our lives. The secularists believe that there is no need of God in the world; man, people really, can control everything. They can’t; they can only control other people. There is a God, a Supreme Being, that watches over everything – to guide everyone or everything that is people, animals, plants, and even inanimate objects as well as. Look at what a wonderful world the earth really is even with all its problems! It is so beautiful, and it is truly amazing how everything was made and continues to survive. Nothing but God or a Supreme Being could have created such a design. All people’s best inventions and technology, which are very good, cannot compare to what God has made. Take for instance the computer which it is people’s ersatz way of creating intelligence. It is artificial intelligence. It in no way comes close to the power of the brain that God has created.”

“The secularist belief is the exact opposite of what the Founding Fathers of our great country originally intended. They wanted to form a country that was one nation under God. That does not mean that everyone has to believe in the same things or have the same religion. Just because you show a belief in God does not mean that you are espousing one form of religion over another. The secularists use the argument that the United States Constitution or its Bill of Rights declares that there is to be a separation of church and state. There is **NO** provision in either the Constitution or Bill of Rights that states this. All the Founding Fathers intended were to make sure that the United States would not form a church-state in much the way that Henry VIII did when he broke away from the Catholic Church during the Reformation and formed the Church of England putting himself as its head.”

“Wow!” exclaimed Missa. “Do you think this is what Ms. Halliard is to going to say when she discusses socialism next week?”

“I sure hope it is Missa. We can only hope it is,” Grandpa Capehart said and then he suggested, “Maybe you can correct her if she doesn’t. Don’t you think, Missa?”

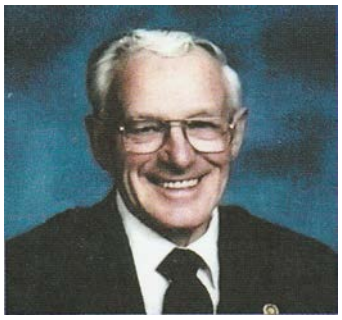
“I don’t know if I can do that,” said Missa, “after all, she is the teacher.”

Grandpa Capehart proudly stated, “I bet you can; you are a very smart girl. No, I take that back; you are a very smart young lady. I love you!”

“Oh thank you, Grandpa. I love you too!” Missa said as she gave him a big hug, that is a hug with two ‘Gs’ that is twice as good, like she always does, and then she quickly went out the front the door to her car as her mother just drove in the driveway and beeped the horn.

# About Walter K. Tuzeneu

## *(Alias Sgt. Tuzzie)*



Walter K. Tuzeneu, alias Sgt Tuzzie, was Christian, conservative, and a concerned citizen. He was dedicated to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Sgt Tuzzie was an honorably discharged veteran of WWII who served in the 320th Glider Field Artillery Battalion (GFABN) of the 82nd Airborne Division.

Sgt. Tuzzie, also, was a Mason for sixty-six years. He and his wife, Marguerite, raised five children who all pursued studies in post graduate work or had master degrees none of which smoked, drank, or used drugs. Sgt. Tuzzie helped others and donated as much as he could. He was raised a Baptist, who became a deacon in the Baptist church, but then at the age of 87 years he converted to Roman Catholicism.

Sgt. Tuzzie worked in meteorological research as one of the positions he held with the US federal government and as a result of that position he witnessed the first atomic test explosion, named 'Priscilla', which took place at a location in Nevada one and half miles from that ground zero site.

The outlook on life that sustained him since 1920 to the ripe old age of 95 was: safety, caution, Faith, and a sense of humor.