

8/29/29-

8129/22-7



Sedgwick

8/29/22

20-6

231

297

242

25 2

264

325

107 E. Smith St., Painesville, Ohio

This is my first memory of where we lived Bill, Mary Lou, our Mother & Father. I remember well listening & watching 4th of July fireworks from the flats across the River while we kids — it must have been in 1929 as we were in an upstairs bedroom — should have been in bed and all three of us were somewhat frightened by all the noise and anxious for it to get dark & for our parents to come home and get us out from under the baby sister (who I assume was keeping an eye on us.)

I remember building - a very rudimentary tree house in our back yard and waiting for my Dad to bring home from work a transparent wrapper to serve as a window covering. — It wasn't a large enough wrapper and I didn't want to tell my Dad after he had gone to the trouble of getting it for us.

How about the Christmas of 1929 when my father took me to
a friend of his house to see — but not to touch — an elaborate
electric train set that resulted in our getting one — an American
Flyer that had a baggage car that picked up mail bags from a
track side pedestal. There were lights in all the cars (passenger
and observation car with a platform). That train traveled with us
from coast to coast and only gave up the ghost when we were in
High School in ^{Laramie}~~Cheyenne~~ SD in 1946.

That same train Christmas also got me a pair of high top boots with a patch on the side for a knife — I can remember

what May & Bill got — and really didn't care. I was in the train

The night before — on Christmas Eve we all went to Grandpa
Camp's house and waited reasonably patiently for Santa Clause to
stamp up the front porch & ring the door bell. ~~The~~ On Christmas
Day — it had snowed in the night — we tied an sled to
the bumper of Dad's Model T and ^{he} proceeded carefully & slowly
back to the Grandparents on Erie St for dinner

Among other early memories are watching my father pl
tulips in our back ~~yard~~ yard — (this must have been in the fall of
1929 as he was killed in the air plane crash in April 1930) He
demonstrated in simple terms what centrifugal force did to a banked
aircraft — it had to be simple for a 7 year old kid.

I was attending State Street School — I think in the 2nd
at the time of the accident which was witnessed by my Mother, M
L & Bill — the owner of the plane — Fritz Hakala (I think)
was thrown or jumped free when the plane hit but my father
apparently got hung up in the front ~~cockpit~~ cockpit and died
the ensuing ~~fire~~ fire. I had gone to the Saturday afternoon
movie with a friend and were met by a neighbor who saw my
friend and took me into the house where my Mother and ~~other~~ ^{was}
~~was~~ in an understandable state of shock and tried to explain to
that my friend ~~wasn't~~ ^{wasn't} going to be coming home ~~again~~ ^{any more}. This, in response
to one shall we off Mother used to take us three
kids to Englewood Canyon to picnic near my father's grave