

Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers

They Mailed Her to Grandma

On Feb. 17, 1914, a little girl from Grangeville, Idaho, was mailed to her grandmother's house.

Decades before overnight shipping or priority mail became the quickest way to mail goods around, the United States Postal Service was still figuring out how and what can be mailed.

One of the most poignant deliveries was that of Henry 'Box' Brown, a black slave who in 1850 mailed himself in a three-foot box from Richmond, Virginia to the Anti-Slavery office in Philadelphia. The delivery took 26 hours, after which time Brown emerged from the box safe and sound. He sang a Biblical psalm to announce his newly-gained freedom.

The Post Office first offered free mail delivery for city residents in 1863 and it wouldn't be until 1890, the same year Idaho became a state, till free delivery was even considered for rural residents. At the time, people had to go into town to pick up their mail. In 1899, free delivery was finally offered on rural routes and came to Idaho in 1900.

It wasn't long until people in rural areas were trying to get larger goods delivered to their front door. So the U.S. Postal Service began parcel post delivery, making it possible to send something bigger than a breadbox to someone's door. People definitely took advantage of it, shipping everything from bricks to children.



May Pierstorff

Limits on what could be mailed changed three times in 1913, going from three pounds to eventually 50 pounds. So parents found that they could mail peculiar parcels through the post office.

"Folks were just trying to be innovative and use this new service to the ability that they could, and in a way, they were really pushing the limit," Hannalore Hein, an Idaho historian, said.

Between 1913 and 1915, seven children were mailed, according to the National Postal Museum. One Idaho girl was one of them and one of the last.

Continued on Page 2

BEST SELLERS READING LIST

- "How to Write Long Novels"*
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by Claude Miarmoff
- "Classic Children's Songs"*
by Barbara Blacksheep
- "Heart Surgery in Ireland"*
by Angie O'Plasty
- "Crossing the Sahara in 7 Days"*
by I. Rhoda Kamel
- "School Truancy in the U.S."*
by Marcus Abcent
- "My Life as a Cloakroom
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by Wade Ago
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Economy Cruise

A man was walking down the street in Dublin when he saw a sign in the window of a travel agency that said “River Cruises - 100 Euros.”

So he went into the agency and handed the guy €100. The travel agent then picked him up, carried him outside and across the street, and threw him into the river.

Another man walking down the street five minutes later saw the sign, walked in the agency and pays the guy €100. The travel agent picked him up, carried him outside and across the street, and threw him into the river.



Sometime later, the two men were floating down the river together, and the first man asked, “Do you think they’ll serve any food on this cruise?”

The second man said, “I don’t think so. They didn’t do it last year.”



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WHEN EACH MOMENT COUNTS

(They Mailed Her to Grandma—Continued from Page 1)

“She is known as ‘Mailing May,’” Hein said. “A little girl that was shipped through the mail, through the postage system.”

Five-year-old May Pierstorff lived in Grangeville and her grandmother lived in Lewiston and the train ticket to get them together was too expensive, nearly three times more than mailing the little girl, according to Hein.

On Feb. 19, 1914, May was sent packing with her 53-cent postage pinned to her coat, and just shy of the 50-pound limit, she was shipped off. May made the 73-mile journey through the woods and to grandma’s house riding in the mail compartment of the Camas Prairie Railroad.

“If you could figure out a way to box it, you could figure out a way to ship it,” Hein said.

Free rural delivery and low-cost bulk mail service led to a steep rise in mail traffic. The low prices encouraged businessman W.H. Coltharp to send more than 80,000 bricks via horse-drawn wagon and train to Utah for the construction of a bank building in 1917. This in turn resulted in the imposition of a maximum weight limit for mail of 200 pounds per customer a day.



The U.S. Postal Service is one of the few government agencies authorized by the U.S. Constitution. It has always sought to utilize the quickest means available for mail delivery. From horses, ships, and trains the Postal Service moved on to cars and airplanes.

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How can you drop a raw egg onto a concrete floor without cracking it?

Any way you want, because it's really hard to crack a concrete floor

Take As Instructed

An elderly gentleman went to the doctor. After the examination, the doctor told him, "You have some problems with your heart, but if you take these pills and follow my instructions carefully, you should be fine."

So the doctor gave the man the pills, and the patient asked, "Do I have to take them every day?"

"No," replied the doctor, "take two on Monday, skip all day Tuesday, take two on Wednesday, skip all day Thursday and go on like that."


Two weeks later, the doctor walked down the street and saw the patient's wife.

"Hello, Mrs. Jacobs," he said, "How's your husband?"

"Oh, he died of a heart attack," she said sadly.

"I'm so sorry to hear that," says the doctor, "If he took those pills as I directed, he should have been fine."

"Oh, he took the pills just fine," said Mrs. Jacobs. "It was all the skipping that killed him!"



Original or Crispy?

My teacher asked the class what our favorite animal was. When it was my turn, I told her, "Fried chicken."

She said I wasn't funny, but she was wrong, because everyone else laughed.

My parents told me to always tell the truth. I did. Fried chicken is my favorite animal.

I told my dad what happened and he said she was probably a vegetarian. He said they love animals very much.

I, too, love animals. Especially chicken, pork and beef.



Anyway, my teacher sent me to the principal's office. I told him what happened, and he laughed, too. Then he told me not to do it again.

The next day, the teacher asked me what my favorite LIVE animal was. I told her it was chicken.

She asked me why, so I told her it was because you could make them into fried chicken.

She sent me back to the principal's office. He laughed and told me not to do it again.


I don't understand. My parents taught me to be honest, but my teacher doesn't like it when I am.

Today, my teacher asked me to tell her what famous military person I admired most.

I told her, "Colonel Sanders."

Guess where I am now.

Shout out to everyone who can remember their childhood phone number but can't remember the password they created yesterday.



Old age has come at a bad time. Just as I was beginning to know everything, I'm now forgetting everything I knew.

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Bad Luck of the Irish

Father O'Malley answered his phone.

"Hello, is this Father O'Malley?"

"Yes, it is."

"This is the IRS calling. Is Patrick O'Connor a member of your parish?"

"Yes, he is."

"Did he make a \$20,000 contribution to your parish Fund?"

"He's about to," replied the father.

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Milestones



Chris Wade
 March 24, 1928—96 years
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Frances Winkle
 March 13, 1930—94 years
 Nyssa Gardens



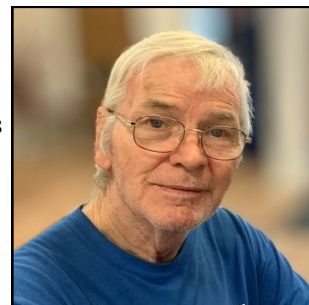
Diana Hartman
 March 19, 1944—80 years
 Fruitland



George Rogoff
 March 22, 1944—80 years
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Senior Goldmine honors the following Milestones:
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David Moyer
 Feb 2, 1949—75 years
 Weiser

Patrick and Martin are working on a building site. Patrick says to Martin, "I'm gonna get the day off. I'm gonna pretend I've gone mad!"

He climbs up the rafters, hangs upside down and shouts, "I'm a lightbulb, I'm a lightbulb!" Martin watches in amazement.

The foreman shouts: "Patrick, go home. You've gone mad."

So Patrick leaves the site. Martin starts packing his tool bag up to leave.

"Where do you think you're going?" asks the foreman.

"Well, I can't work in the dark, you know!" says Martin.



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