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[We played] Allie Allie in Free--and they still play it today ... [and] Hop-Scotch ... [and] dodge with a ball. ... I used to play a little football and a little baseball. ... I played first base. ... [Football:] It was touch, and after a while it got to be tackle. ... My brothers could go there in the park, but [Mother] wouldn't let us go, so I ended up playing around here.

Dr. Davies ... when we used to see him come here, we always thought my mother was going to have another baby, and sometimes it would happen, but sometimes it didn't happen--one of the kids or somebody would be sick.

The science teacher, I think she was the teacher that made things easier for us if we were good. I always wanted to find out where she lived. I wanted to go see her, but I never did it. ... Some of the teachers, if you weren't working like they thought you should be ... they'd get a little angry ... When you're a kid, that doesn't help.

I went to the ninth grade ... at Robert Poole. [Then] I had to go to work for my father. ... He had bought my mother a new set of furniture and my sister, who worked, and her boyfriend weren't going to get married for a year, but the war came along and they decided to get married. Then my father was upset. He thought he didn't have enough money coming in the house to pay on this furniture. So I went to work ...

I worked first of all for Western Union, because they didn't have boys to ... deliver telegrams.

I don't think my father wanted me to ... work at the mill. He said it was too hard for a woman. I had thought about going out to Martin's [aircraft factory], and my father talked me out of that. He said, "You're going to meet rough people out there. I don't want you to ..." I worked at the May Company. ... I worked at Becker Pretzel for about a week. I worked over at Steiff's for a week. ... At Becker's] they cussed a lot, and they did terrible things ...

I stayed more with the bank than I stayed with anybody else. Because when I used to deliver telegrams, I had to go in the First National Bank building, and I used to see what a beautiful place it was, and I said to somebody, "I hope someday I can work here." But I didn't think I would. ... I stayed] probably three, four years ... [until] I got married.

I remember Mr. Ball. ... He sold all kinds of fruits and potatoes and vegetables. ... It was in a truck. ... I had never seen a truck like it before or after. ... You stepped up one step. He had the aisle up here where he could walk, and he had all his other stuff on the side.

I can't remember why, but I could never eat fish. My mother used to buy that every Friday. She used to want me to taste it. I said No. And I still to this day don't like fish. ... The man down the street, Mr. Stone, had the store, and that's the day he got fish in. Because there were some people who were Catholic, and you couldn't eat meat on Friday ...

**Millard Johnson**

There were several Johnson families on Stone Hill. Millard Johnson was the youngest son of the policeman, Johnson. Like most families on the Hill, the Johnsons lived in more
than one house. During the time Millard was growing up, they lived at 718 Puritan Street in the other half of the duplex with the Cook family.

Millard came to Stone Hill twice at my request, once for an evening of taped conversation, and once to be photographed.

No houses had locks on, and one of the reasons why I remember that so vividly was that if our parents were out and the laundry was hanging on the clothesline, and it started to rain, the neighbors were always kind, and they would take it in and put it in the house... It was never any doors locked... Ms. Cook, who lived next door, she and my mother were very, very close friends, and... they always did that. And along with the Selbys--same thing. You'd just help each other...

On the other side of Worth Street, which was Smith's, they had a privet hedge... If you went near their hedge, they'd kill you... Mr. John Smith... he was the rose grower--and beautiful, oh, beautiful... You had the hokey carts come by, horse-drawn carts, and when the horses would do their business, Mr. Smith would run out with his shovel and gather up his fertilizer... and also Raymond Cook.

Mr. Cook, he was a rose grower, also... [and] grapes... He used to make his wine--ceremonial wine, I guess, because he was a... devout Methodist and didn't believe in wine... He would offer it to my mother and father... [for] a special occasion...

Down in where the Ma and Pa Railroad used to run there was camps down there that the hobos had... They used to tell us some of the most fabulous stories of riding the rails... [I remember] how they would treat each other and how they would come up into the neighborhood for a day's work for a meal... But... our house, because my father was a policeman, was marked... [And] no hobos ever came to out house...

As kids, maybe ten, eleven years old [we] would go down into the hollow. And most of the time the hobos were unconscious from their drinking... Sterno... [and] wood alcohol... But a lot of times they would be awake, and they would be cooking... with their pot hanging over an open fire and cooking their stews... Most of them had blankets... I never saw a tent...

A hobo was not an habitual drunkard. A smokehound was. A smokehound would stay in one place. And he would panhandle enough to get a bottle to keep him drunk... As a matter of fact, I saw very few hobos drunk... The hobo camps were the ones where we would set around and talk. And we never were forbidden to do that, but we were forbidden to hang around smokehounds... It was two different areas where they hung out...

Hobos were a different class of people. They were cleaner. Their clothes were better kept... Smokehounds would be dirty, would be lice-infested. They didn't bother going to a bathroom... They just smelled terrible. Hobos were... very intelligent...

Down in the basement... you had a furnace... And to clean out the basement, my father hired a couple hobos... My father went to them, they didn't come [to him]... He just made it known that work was available... My father and Mr. Cook, and my father's brothers, they would always congregate on a corner, just like they do in Hampden today... And the word gets out real quick...

I can remember them doing lawn work for Mr. Smith and for Mr. Cook... You knew them... They belonged to the neighborhood--when they were in this area... They weren't strangers. They were trusted people... It would be mostly in the spring, summer, and fall... When cold weather hit, I imagine, they went south...

[I'll] try to put this without putting it in a racial light--which is actually what it was. Hampden was off limits to any dark-skinned people, whether that meant a Red Man, whether it meant a gypsy, or--as the term was then--a colored man...
What we used to call rag-bone men [were negroes]... It was men who would come by in a horse-drawn cart, young men. They would buy anything you wanted to sell... They would come in to Stone Hill, if they weren't familiar, but they would be harassed... by kids...

I was brought up in a very tolerant house because of my father being a policeman. My father worked for twenty-five years--his beat, his post, was Pennsylvania and North Avenue. I visited colored homes, played with colored kids. They visited my house. My mother and father would go to their house, and I would go there and I would play with whatever kids were available... We took some taunting because of it...

You had also white rag-bone men. They had their schedule, once a week. It was funny that people would save stuff for them. You might get a penny for a dress or something like that, an old rag... They might take an old piece of lawn furniture, an old bedspring or something like that, and give you nickel for it... A nickel was a lot of money then!...

The iceman I remember very, very vividly: Tink Snoffler. About my father's age, and big beer belly, big, muscular man from handling ice... Everybody had their ice cards that they put in the window with... the size ice they wanted to buy... Any chip that'd fall off, it was open season [for us kids].

He had his horse-drawn cart at first. Then he had a truck... old Chevrolet truck. The ice house used to be right down Old Falls Road... underneath what is now the 29th Street bridge--spectacular fire when it burned down. Beautiful fire!... It was right after the bridge opened...

Probably the cornerstone of the community was these small grocery stores. We had three of them... within a block. One was Child's, one was Stone's, and the one next door to Stone's was a larger food market. I remember it as Save-U food market... I worked there when I went to school...

I played for Stone's. Everybody played for Stone's... at Roosevelt Park. I had two uncles, Roy Johnson and Andy Johnson. Andy was a pitcher, and he [was] supposed to have been a major-league prospect at one time... They were my father's brothers... Andy was from Remington--Hampden Avenue. And Roy... he lived anywhere he could... He was the lover of the group...

The best, the literally best Tarzan tree was an old, old mulberry tree down on the lot where the Boy Scout headquarters is now--right down in the extreme end, near the bridge... Just absolutely fabulous to climb and build tree forts...

One of the [police] call boxes was right down here... in front of the Inge house [at Keswick Road and Bay Street]... [The police] would make the rounds, and we would make the rounds with them... We'd just hang out with them...

[Officer] "Pinchey"... we used to aggravate him and he'd pinch us... He used to chase us down Stony Run, and he'd catch us every damn time... Spency, Spencer, he was more oriented to talking to kids... [They were] two really good policemen. Police were respected... They taught you safety... That was part of their job, to teach kids...

Carroll [Cook] and Billy [Selby], their houses faced each other... and those two would have their tin-can telephones and their flashlights... And then when we got into the Boy Scouts we had the telegraph, Morse code... [at] Mt. Vernon Church with Carroll Kelbaugh. And we used to work. We had chores... Cutting grass, cutting the hedge, raking leaves, taking out the ashes, cutting kindling wood for stoves, washing dishes...

The three of us, now, we were the instigators of most of the pranks in the neighborhood--the Streeters, David... and my cousin Alfred [Johnson]... For instance at Halloween time... Nobody ever said a word, because they knew by the next afternoon everything would be back where it belonged. That was just part of the ritual, giving us something to do. Soaping was the biggest thing, you had to go around and clean up all the soaping that you did. But moving night--it was nothing going back the next day and putting everything straight again...
I had somewhat of a girlfriend that lived right down here, Marie Matthews... Cookie, his girlfriend was Noralee Streeter... And Bill Selby was the best looking of the three of us, and I don't think he had a girlfriend...

I went with a girl... that lived right next door here, the Holleys... John Holley was brought up here from down South to take over the mill... I went with Thelma [Holley] for a while--matter of fact, I took her to my high-school prom. Mr. Holley was one fine man...

My last year at Poly, we... had to go out to an industry... and write a thesis about this organization... what they paid, who the executives were, the manufactured products... Mr. Holley... took me under his wing and took me, mostly on Saturdays... through that mill, and he showed me everything, and gave me samples, and [told me] what this machine did and what that machine did. As a matter of fact, I got a hundred on my thesis!...

The time that I spent on Stone Hill just had to be the greatest time of my life... So many good things happened to me. School. I did well in school... Marie [Matthews]... Thelma [Holley]... Billy and Cookie... Everybody knew everybody. You never got in trouble, because you knew if you did get in trouble, the word would be home before you... The home was the center of your attraction. It wasn't television. It was talking, conversing, being with people...

Anytime that we wanted to fly a kite, we would just purchase the kite, and go down near the mill and wave them at the windows, and anybody that came to the windows knew what we wanted. Before we knew it, we had all the string that we could possibly want to fly our kite, so we never had to buy string...

When you're growing up, you think you're bigger that what you are. So, one time, one Christmas season, we got into Mr. Selby's garage, and we found some wine. So all three of us were drinking wine, and before you knew it, we were feeling mighty, mighty good. Needless to say, we were chastized...

Another thing we used to do... would be make ash bombs out of coal ashes: wrap up the ashes in newspaper and throw at each other. That used to make quite a mess!...

I can remember very vividly my first school day... School No. 55... I was the youngest of five brothers... I had somewhat of a reputation to live up to even at five years of age. They were all supposed to be pretty good students...

The only [teacher] I really remember was Ms. Brooks, and she was the art teacher... I liked art. And I can't remember her name, but it was the music teacher... She wanted me to take singing lessons, which of course was out of the question because of economics and whatnot...

My other brothers... didn't finish, didn't even finish junior high. And they had made up their mind that I would... Then I fooled them a little bit. I went on to Poly and I finished Poly. I don't regret that. And after thirty-five years I went back to school and got my AA degree in electronics.

I remember more of my mother, due to... my father's work schedule... My father being where he worked, Pennsylvania and North Avenue, he had to ride public transportation. So an eight-hour of shift work would entail sometimes fourteen, fifteen hours... With him working nightwork, say, he would probably leave for a 12 to 8 shift... 7:30, 8 o'clock, and maybe not return until 10 o'clock the next day, and I would be in school or in bed. It wasn't too much of a father influence.

But my mother, of course, was always there... She ran a very tight house. Discipline was very good... If Mom says do something, you better do it. There was never any physical punishment. It was, "You can't listen to the radio," or "You can't go out of the yard." That was more than punishment enough...
My father at times liked to do a little bit of drinking, and he had a heavy and vicious temper, but it was mostly all verbal, and then it would be sleepy time. My older brothers, they were physical. They liked to fight. They were Marine Corps.

The biggest rule was homework first. Friday and Saturday night, maybe 12 o'clock [curfew], but Sunday night we'd be back to 10 o'clock curfew, being ready for school the next day.

You wasn't allowed on Keswick Road, but you could go down to Chestnut Avenue. It's surprising, you were always within voice. You could hear your mother call you.

When we were younger, eight, nine, we used to play these games at nighttime: Rollio, I Spy, Tin Can Up... as long as you stayed near your house. Cookie, Bill, myself, Alfred (my cousin), and David Streeter, Charles [Streeter], Noralee [Streeter], Marie [Matthews]... used to play these games. Dorothy Walter had children... but they were more or less confined to their yard...

Then... when I was fourteen, fifteen years old, you got an influx of outsiders. A lot of them came with the mill, the wartime effort. And they took over a lot of these houses, the bosses... Gobbel, Shehan, and Mr. Holley...

Don and Mae Mortimer

I met Don and Mae Mortimer one evening when they invited the whole neighborhood to their back yard for a political rally. They did not grow up on the Hill, but Mae comes from a Stone Hill family, and her mother and her sister worked at the mill.

The Mortimer home is one of the few that does not have a front fence, and in nice weather, when all the flowers are in bloom, it is a lovely sight. The inside, as the accompanying photograph suggests, has been attractively restored and contains lovely furniture, and photographs of Mae's maternal grandparents and great-grandparents.

Mae has been working on a history of Remington and has a wealth of documents on the surrounding area.

Mae. I was about ten, eleven, twelve years old, and... after church on Sunday you'd go home and you'd have your dinner. Then you'd really hot-foot it up to the Hill, up to Stone Hill. And it would be a whole group in Erna's [Hood] house. And her mother had a lot of children, and she was used to crowds coming in. Then they'd roll up the rug, and we'd put the radio on and dance. Big deal! Great big deal!

When Don and I were married, we had a very small apartment, and I said, "I can't live in just two rooms. Let's go down and look on Stone Hill. I love it down there." And being the gentleman he is, he said, "Well, if you'll be happy there, that's where we'll live." So we've been here almost thirty years. It's been wonderful...

Don. This was around early in 1960 when I first became acquainted with Stone Hill... Mae was familiar with this area... and we would be lots closer to the Church of the Guardian Angel... But it wasn't easy to get [a house]...

Mae. Ms. Helen Way had a grocery store... on Keswick Road. Her husband was killed on the railroad... She had three daughters to raise, so she opened a grocery store, and