THE BROWN FRUIT FARM

100 ACRES IN ORCHARDS

WORTHINGTON, OHIO

AN APPLE A DAY...
GROWING UP IN AN ORCHARD

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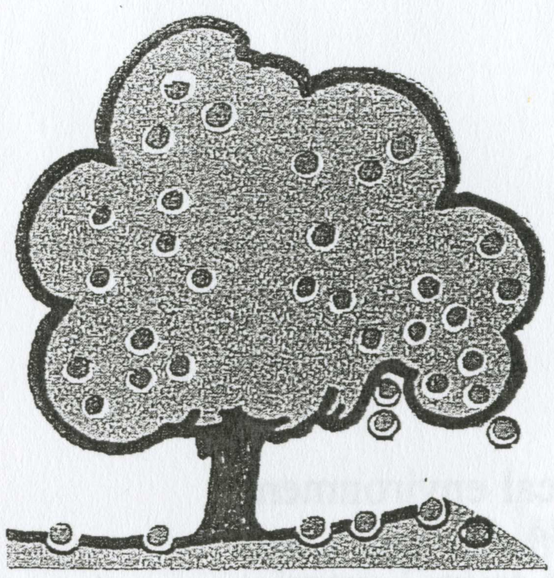

THE BROWN FRUIT FARM

MOLLY BROWN CAREN

100 ACRES IN ORCHARDS

WORTHINGTON, OHIO

TELEPHONE FR. 2-5281

APPLES
APPLE JUICE
APPLE CANDY
APPLE BUTTER
CHERRIES
PLUMS
HONEY

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INTRODUCTION

As one looks back at her or his youth, certain aspects of the physical environment and the personalities in that environment are remembered, especially if those years are remembered with warm, pleasant feelings.

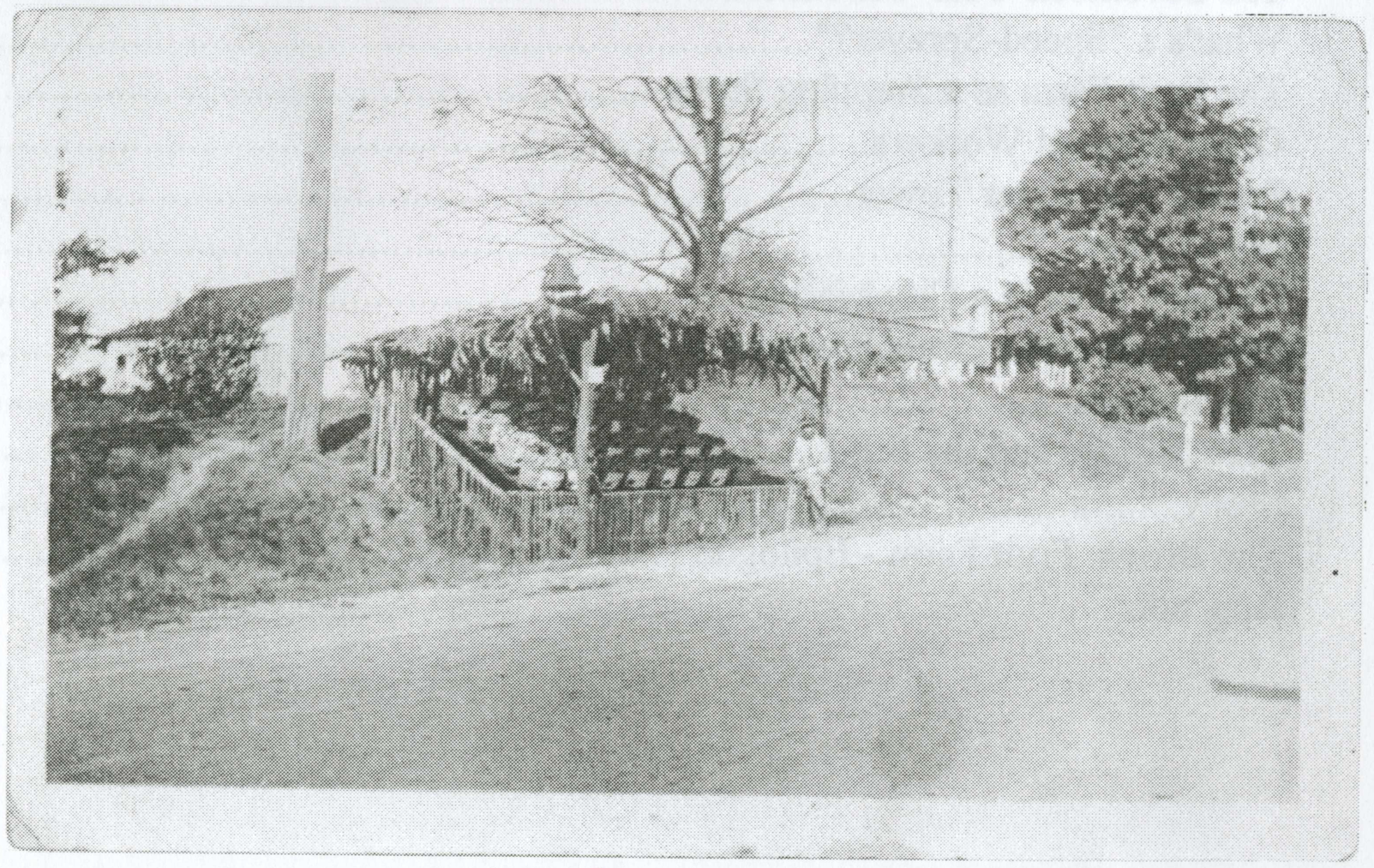
I shall never forget the scent of apple blossoms from several thousand apple trees as I stepped from my school bus each spring afternoon. The blossoms created an intoxicating, pleasant aroma and, with the sound of the sprayer and tractor motors in the background, I knew this was home and I was glad to be here.

I never considered my youth to be exceptional until I became acquainted with the many other lives of friends and associates in my adult life. These others may have been born in families of greater wealth and/or business and social prestige, but I considered myself to be one of the truly lucky ones to have arrived in the home and surroundings into which I was born. I had a father and mother who remained married for their entire adult lives. We lived in a small-framed, comfortable home in the middle of a hundred-acre fruit farm. I had an older brother and, much later, a younger sister and brother. Our yard was composed of apple trees with mowed areas in between. We were part of a unique farm system of five families, one of which owned the land, buildings, and equipment. It was at a particular time in history and a style of life that may never be duplicated.

The incidents which are recorded here are of the people involved, the economics of the time, and the relationships among families, individuals, and cultures. It was a time immediately before and after the Great Depression. How many persons actually worked on the farm as permanent, part-time, seasonal, or migrant labor will never be known. Likewise, how many lives were affected, directly or indirectly, and in what ways can only be presumed by those who lived or worked there during that time period.

I remember it as a life filled with excitement, nostalgic memories and, especially, love.

Brownie Cellar
June 1997



PROLOGUE

The last time I visited my father and sat watching him looking strangely at me, I knew I must write the events of my early years on the Brown Fruit Farm with him, my mother, and my brothers and sister. Here sat my best teacher and friend, knowing I belonged to his life, but not being able to call my name or remember how I fit into his life.

With my arm about him, I showed him pictures of his wonderful parents, his wife and our family, other pictures of the five families who comprised the nucleus of the farm's labor force during those years, and of the many different characters whom he had hired and labored with in all seasons. Pictures of tractors, sprayers, trucks loaded with apples, apple grading, cider making, pruning trees, and all the facets involved in raising and marketing thousands of bushels of apples each year brought smiles of minute remembrances to his face. His face would light up at certain pictures, but the dark shadows which covered his memory cells prevented real comprehension of the memories I wished to share with him. It was obvious that he knew the people and things belonged to his life in some way, for certain pictures elicited a pointed finger and a responsive smile.

When he died two days later in his sleep, I felt the need to describe to future generations a style of life which began in the Great Depression years and ended in the inflationary years following World War II. This fruit farm, with its five closely-knit families all depending upon the efforts of each member of each family for their livelihood, was a social institution that would probably never be duplicated again. Progress and so-called prosperity would be limiting factors for any such duplication. Though the years and economic times later separated these families and their members, it was a time which would ever be remembered by those of us associated with the farm.

The persons and events described in these remembrances reflect various ethics which some may view as being ultra-conservative or sadly outmoded when compared to the fast living, huge homes, overbearing mortgages, traffic jams, shopping malls, and ethics of a "grown-up" society. But it was a good life, for everyone was poor in money, but rich in love for family, neighbors, fellow laborers, and the natural world about them.

My father's life was a mirror of the lives of the many persons who crossed his path on the Brown Fruit Farm. This book is dedicated to him, Murrin Cellar, and to the many persons whom I so fondly remember as a child growing up amidst four thousand fruit trees.

THE BROWN FRUIT FARM

Riding home on my school bus that spring day of 1938, I knew this would be a special afternoon and evening. There had been a warm, southerly breeze all day, it was the middle of May, and summer vacation would soon be a reality. It felt good just to be a twelve-year-old and having a home in the middle of a large fruit farm with my parents and my older brother.

"See you tomorrow!" I yelled back to my friend, Reggie, who had his head hanging out of the bus window.

"Yeah, Shortstuff," Reggie answered back from his window seat.

Most of my classmates had called me that nickname from the first grade of school, for I was the smallest student in our class every year. My height had never bothered me for what I lacked in stature, my body made up for it by giving me the ability to run faster than the others and the good skills in most athletic-type activities. I could hold my own on the baseball field, the basketball court, or on the river ice-skating.

Thoughts of being so small for my age was immediatlely erased from my mind as I turned down the farm driveway and was engulfed by the wonderful smell of four-thousand apple trees in full bloom. I stopped, drew in a deep breath, and thrilled to the fact that this was my home.

"How great this is!" I mused as I broke into a run past the Apple House and the Cider House, past the two tenant houses and the equipment sheds, and headed up the small grade through the rows of trees to our home on Row 25 of the orchard.

"Hey, Mom, it's me!" I yelled as I opened the screen door of the living room. "Where are you?"

"On the back porch finishing a load of wash," the familiar voice responded. I tossed my books and papers on the dining room table and continued on through the kitchen to the porch.

Mom was putting the last load of wet clothes through the wringer of the old, reliable Maytag.

"How about putting these through the wringer, Brown, while I begin getting our dinner ready? she asked.

Using the wringer was one operation I liked, even though I didn't enjoy hanging the clothes on the lines in the yard beyond the porch. (It wasn't bad during the warm months, but the winter was more difficult for the clothes froze into odd shapes as I hung them.) I liked the smell of the freshly-washed clothes as they swung in the breeze on a warm day drying in the sun.

Finishing this task, I changed into my favorite shirt and shorts and headed out the back door into the orchard.

"Be careful out there" my mother called after me. It was her favorite phrase to her sons whenever we left her sight. I knew my brother heard this as he left for the Navy Air Corps in 1942 and it was my turn in 1950 and the Korean Conflict.

Mom knew I rode the tracter fenders when the spray crews were active and that I swam in the river anytime there was a crew working in that viciinity. She was possessive of her sons, but never prevented us from being with my father or

the crews in the orchard. She also knew that my father was a real taskmaster when it came to safety with us and any man of the orchard crew

As I left our yard and passed between the rows of trees, I could hear the put-put-put of a John Deere tractor near the equipment shed on Row 55, where the tractors and sprayers were housed. I ran faster, wanting to catch sight of that tractor before it disappeared among the rows of trees. Suddenly, the tractor appeared in the row in which I was running and I knew the friendly arm wave of my father.

"Hop on," he beckoned," I'm giving this 'beast' a test drive and I need to run it around a bit more".

"Was it a good day at school?" he asked.

"It was o.k. Nothing really exciting. Softball game at lunchtime and an afternoon spelldown."

"Be sure to tell your mother that you lasted in that contest. She was a spelling champ in her elementary days, you remember."

Po (everyone called my father, Po, a family nickname) drove the tractor along slowly, leaning out to listen to the pounding of the two big cylinders of the John Deere motor.

"I think I have it fixed. Sound good to you?" he asked, knowing I wouldn't have any idea if it was fixed or not.

In later years, I would treasure the times I had alone with my father, whether for a few minutes or a much longer time. He was always busy in conversation with employees or in other parts of the orchard most of the daytime.

As I bounced along on the tracter, my thoughts turned to 1936, when the owner of the farm, Frame Brown died of a heart attack. Mr. Brown had been given this orchard as a young man by his father. A Yale graduate, Frame Brown was not prepared to be a fruit farmer, but took courses at The Ohio State University in horticulture. He had other business interests other than the farm, but he so enjoyed living on the farm and all the pleasures and problems of running a large farm that he became a very skilled farm operator.

Mr. Brown was a people-person and always had a smile on his face.He was an initiator of new things to enhance fruit production over the years. He worked closely with many of the professors of the University and the farm was used as a "station" to advise other orchardists as to when to spray and what types of spray materials to use to eradicate the ever-present codling moth. He devised ways of making and marketing the apples, producing cider and apple butter, and other apple products. He had the orchard lined with an underground system of getting water to small "spray stations" from the nearby river and to have a source of water to irrigate the trees in summers of weeks of drought. He created a map of every row and every tree in the orchard and recorded the progress of every tree each year in fruit production. He supplied homes for the four permanent workers and their families and provided these homes with electricity, water, and any needed repairs from year to year. He was very community-minded and loved playing "Santa Claus" as he gave clothing to families in need during the Great Depression of the early 1930's.

"The tractor sounds fine, now," Po commented, "let's take it back to the equipment shed and head for home and supper".

As we passed tree after tree, the aroma of thousands of apple blossoms engulfed us.

"With all these blossoms, Po, does this mean that we will have a big crop of apples this year?"

"I've estimated we will have thirty to forty thousand bushels by October," he replied.

"And how did you get that figure?"

"Mr. Brown, myself, and the Ohio State people count the number of blossoms on each small twig and add the number of twigs on particular limbs and the major limbs on typical trees to come up with a "guesstimate" each year during blossom time."

"How accurate have you been in the past years?"

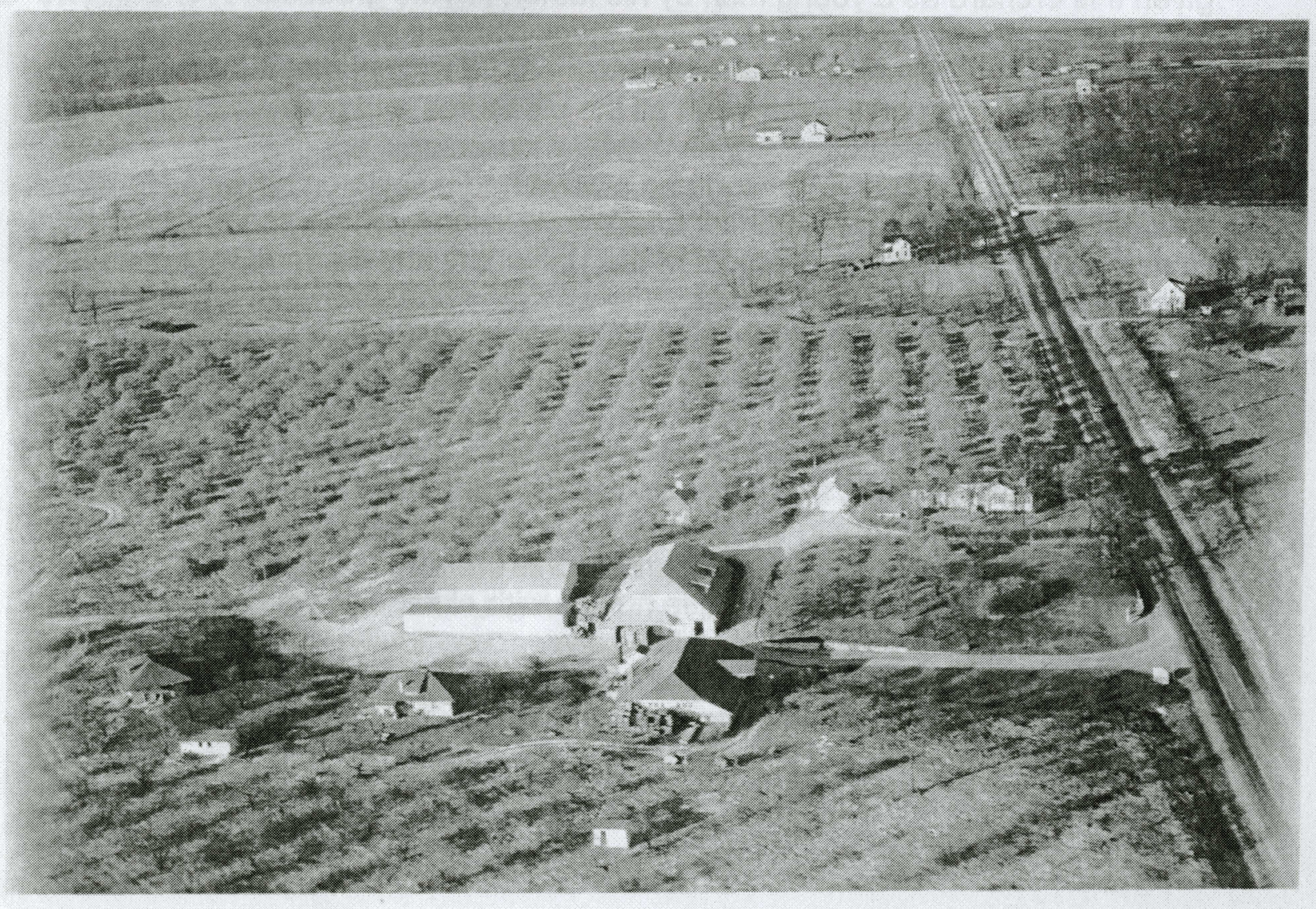
"Believe it or not, we do quite well in our estimates. The only factors we have to worry about are "freezes' from frost in the next couple of weeks and the wind and hail we might have during the summer months."

"So, every year is a gamble as to how well we will live, huh?" I mused.

"That's right, son. A fruit farmer"s wealth from year to year is a shot in the dark."

Po had a most serious look on his face as we finished our ride, as if he were remembering particular years that proved to be very lean, financially.

But, it was spring and the warm air and the sweet aroma of blossoms would not let me feel bad about anything this day!



TO THESE I WAS BORN

My father and mother met and married during the years of travel via "Interurbans." The rails that passed The Brown Fruit Farm were owned by the C, D & M Company (Columbus, Delaware, and Marion --- Ohio). The fruit farm was designated "Stop 27" of the line.

My father lived at Camp Johnson, a social agency camp, with his parents. As a teenager he worked part-time on the fruit farm until after high school, when he became a full-time employee.

The C, D & M Company had constructed a large dance hall in an area named Glenmary Park. This park was a hubbub of activity each weekend when young people from the city rode the Interurban cars for a destination of recreation. Dancing, ball games, picnics, and boating on a small lake were the main activities. My father was always a workaholic, so he worked the soda pop stand in the dance hall. My mother and her sisters worked in a shoe factory in the city and headed to this park on Friday or Saturday evenings. My father learned that my mother-to-be was a good cook and that the Brown family was in search of a new cook. They married a short time later and Mr. Brown provided them a cottage in the orchard. This cottage had only four small rooms as they began married life but, as my mother often related, it became the original model of a "ranch-style home." With the birth of each child, a room was added. My brother and I shared a bedroom until our teen years, when a kitchen and two other rooms were added.

It was a wonderful place for a youngster to live. My father was always somewhere working on the farm, and my mother was a housewife and mother. There was always someone at home whenever we came in from school or from playing at a neighbor's house. I had 160 acres of trees and fields in which to roam. There were varying types of work going on in the orchard at any time, and all types of persons with whom to interact. My mother sometimes worried about my ramblings in the orchard, but my father knew those he employed and also taught me the safety needed around people and equipment. I knew when I could ride on a tractor or truck and when I should not ask. I was taught not to interfere in orchard work or in the apple and cider sales rooms.

My older brother was not as adventurous as I, so the work crews knew me well. In the summer months, I wore only shorts and, having the dark hair and eyes of my mother, the sun browned my skin quickly. Thus, I was called "Little Brownie" or just "Brown" by most of the farm personnel.

Several trees in the middle of rows 22 to 25 had been removed when our house was originally built. Each tree in the orchard was "tagged" with a piece of metal, such as 11-23, which meant the eleventh tree in Row 23. This happened to be a large golden delicious tree. These tags were important in recording numbers of bushels of apples each tree produced from year to year, how old each tree was, and to aid spray crews and others to know work completed from day to day.

My father had replaced an old apple tree in our yard with a cherry tree. I fondly remember picking a quart of ripe cherries each day for a week or so each year from that tree for one of my mother's tasty cherry pies.

"Go out and pick me a quart of cherries, and we'll have your favorite pie this evening!" always enticed me to action. I always assumed my mother made the best cherry and apple pies in our community.

My earliest remembrances of my home are the sound of tractor and sprayer motors when night spraying was necessary, trucks passing with workers laughing and talking on their way to the day's assignment, and the wonderful smells of blossoms, ripening fruit, rains, and the singing of locusts and birds.

My father would become the general "foreman" of the farm, keeping Mr. Brown informed of the daily activities of the farm. I remember the evenings, after supper, when he would attend a meeting at the Browns' home to report the progress of the various work crews, materials needed, equipment to be repaired or purchased, etc. At Mr. Brown's death in 1936, these meetings would be with his daughter Molly, who kept the operation alive and well for many more years.

"PO"

My father was affectionately called "Po" by his children, his brother's children, and the employees of the farm who had worked for him over a long period of time. His formal education consisted of high school graduation only, but Mr. Brown, owner of the farm, had insisted he take courses at The Ohio State University in pomology and other courses relating to apple growing and marketing.

Po was a "people person" in all aspects of the phrase, for he had grown up in a camp setting where his father was a caretaker/manager. This camp consisted of a "settlement house" clientele, and adults and children of many cultures and backgrounds became familiar to him in his very early days.

On weekends he would sell soda pop at a large country dance hall, where the interurban cars brought many adults from the metropolitan area to dance and mingle. He learned to be responsive to people and their needs. At age nineteen, he was put in charge of various orchard crews, supervising the picking of cherries and apples by transient labor. He developed an empathy for all types of persons and the ability to direct them in work. All through my life I heard many persons state, "Your father was a great boss." I never met anyone who disliked him as an employer and supervisor.

I remember, during the Great Depression of the early 1930's, the many unemployed men who would sit on the hill by the storages waiting for him to come in from the orchard, hoping for a chance that jobs were available and he would employ them. The wages were 12 1/2 cents an hour then, and you earned a dollar for eight hours of labor. Your five or six dollars for a week's work did a lot in those days. I remember one employee with a wife and two children who lost his five-dollar bill on a Saturday as he plowed up a garden to raise vegetables, and how he and several neighbors turned the sod "back over" for hours, hoping to find the lost bill. Mr. Brown replaced the five once he heard the story on Monday.

But, in response to those men hoping to be hired, my father was forced to say, "Sorry, Boys, we can't use you now, but we will need extra help during the fruit picking seasons. Please leave your names and a way we can get hold of you, for something might just turn up in a week or so on the regular crews." Po often shared his feelings to us at mealtime, lamenting the fact that men who wanted to work could not find it. Welfare, and its contribution to the many who now choose not to work, was not available at that time. How sad that today, with many jobs available, many people do not choose to work. In the Great Depression, you either worked or your family suffered badly.

MR. BROWN AND MY FOURTH BIRTHDAY

It was 1930, the Great Depression had just begun, and I was celebrating my fourth birthday. I clearly remember this day, for the men pruning trees in the 100-acre orchard where I lived had wished me "Happy Birthday" and were reminiscing about the youngest age each could remember.

"I remember my first day of school," Bud had said.

Hermie remembered a birthday party when he was "four or five," but wasn't really sure.

"Should I tell you about my first date?" yelled Slim from the top of the tree.

"No way!" they all chimed together. "We can imagine that, and we have young ears down here."

"Anyway," said Bud, looking directly at me, "why don't you just remember everything that happens today, so that when you are our age you can always tell about the day you were four years old."

The years have passed, but I still remember that advice and the events of that special day. I wandered back towards our house in the orchard after I left the pruning crew, but decided to run down to the fruit farm office before returning home.

"Miss Ruth," the farm secretary for some thirty years, was pouring glasses of cider for several customers in the Cider House.

"Good morning, Brown!" She smiled at me, looking away from her customers. "I understand this is a special day for you."

"Hi, Ruthie. Yes, it's my birthday today!"

The customers turned and smiled at me as if they were included in this event. I would learn, over the years, that many, many people felt they were an integral part of our "farm family." Many families in a twenty-mile radius of our farm depended upon seasonal or permanent employment during the Depression for their financial survival. And people of all means journeyed to our farm the year round to buy apples, apple butter, cider, boiled-down cider, honey, and other products we offered for sale.

"Have you seen Po, Ruth?"

"Well, Brown, he was here a few minutes ago, but I don't know where he was going when he left. You know your father --- always on the move. Why don't you try Mr. Brown's office up on the hill?"

"Thanks, Ruth," I yelled, as I ran from the Cider House. I crossed the parking area between the Cider House and Apple House. I could see Marion carrying a bushel of apples to a display table as I passed the Apple House.

"Seen my dad, Marion?"

"Just left here to go up the hill," he pointed.

The two buildings where all the apples and apple products were sold were built in a small valley between the main orchard and the highway which served us. Up the hill, behind the Apple House, lay Mr. Brown's house, garage, and small office building. The frame house was surrounded by a neatly-trimmed yard and separated from the driveway and parking area by a thick row of bushes. The two-story house was rather expensively furnished, yet was not a "monument" to satisfy an ego of wealth as I would encounter in

the homes of others of wealth in my later life. It was a pleasant place for a four-year-old to visit, for Lorea the cook always saved a cookie or doughnut-hole for those of us living on the farm.

I stepped carefully on the stones leading to Mr. Brown's office and hesitated. "Should I be doing this?"

"Come in," a friendly voice rang out.

I opened the door and stepped in. The warmth of the kerosene burner added to the immediate embarrassment I felt. Mr. Brown looked up at me over the papers and books on his desk. My father and two other men turned in their chairs to see this intruder. I realized I had interrupted a business meeting of a sort.

Frame Brown, the owner of the fruit farm, always had a smile and a word of friendly greeting to the "wee children" of his employees. Most of us saw him only briefly, as he was a very successful man in his business and social world away from the farm. He was busy with other farm interests which demanded his time, and participated actively in several community social agencies. During the Christmas season his favorite activity was to become "Santa Claus" to families of need in the community. Two friends in a nearby small community would compile a list of families, by individuals, whose Christmas would be very meager. This couple provided their finished basement as the "party room" and furnished Mr. Brown with a list of clothing, shoes, warm coats, hats, mittens, etc., needed by each individual, adult or child. On a given eve before Christmas, he dressed as Santa and appeared at the party with large bags of presents. Children received complete outfits for the winter months at school, family games, and a toy or two of their choice. Adults received warm work clothing and baskets of food. Most of these families never knew who was hidden behind this Santa outfit. That was the way Mr. Brown wanted it, year after year. As children of farm employees, each of us always received a unique gift from the Browns.

I decided, after entering this office, to leave as abruptly as I had entered.

"You come in here!" a friendly voice boomed.

My father and the two well-dressed men still looked upon this young intruder. Mr. Brown peered over papers and books on his desk. I was about to say "I'm sorry" and to back out of the room when he suddenly said, "Step in here, young man, and let me see you! How big you are! I understand you are having a birthday today. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir," I answered shyly.

"Well, step over here and see what I have for you."

My father nodded silent approval as I approached Mr. Brown's desk.

"Would this help you remember your fourth birthday?" he said as he put a 50-cent piece in my hand.

"Thank you, Mr. Brown, this is the biggest piece of money I've ever had! Mom gives me a nickel sometimes, but --- wow!"

"Now, you have a nice birthday, and will you excuse us to finish our business?"

With this remark, he extended his arm and shook my hand, just as if I was one of the important business persons he met from day to day.

During the Great Depression, fifty cents was a lot of money to a four-year-old. But more importantly, I left that office with an admiration of a successful man who could take the time in a busy schedule to make a child feel very important! This man would die six years later on my birthday, and I would forever be thankful for the things I learned from him on each of our brief encounters on the farm: namely, how a gentleman relates to others.

FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

It was September 1932 and my first day of school. There was no kindergarten at our country school, so I was a first-grader at the age of five. We knew not of testing to see if we were of a mental maturity to begin school. The head teacher knew our family and my third-grade brother; that was enough for her to say, "He has bright eyes, talks clearly and incessantly, and I'm sure he'll do fine!"

She was correct in her assessment, for I loved being with the other children, outrunning them for playground swings, and I found reading a pleasurable adventure.

The bus came to a halt at the fruit farm driveway. I jumped off and gave a quick wave to my new friend Reggie. At once the smells of fall on the farm hit me: dry leaves falling from the trees, weed flowers along the road and, of course, the wonderful smell of the apples drifting from the apple storage and sales room.

I ran into the open building, immediately spotted my father at the apple-grader, rushed to him and exclaimed, "Guess what, Po? I can read this book to you!"

"That's great, Brown. You must have enjoyed your day."

I opened those few pages and began reading, reading the words so quickly that he held up his hand and smiled. "Whoa, you're going too fast for me. Let's sit down on this bench over here and begin again, slowly."

This was a trait that I would always admire in my father. No matter what I wished to share with him or any question I wanted to ask of him, he would stop any particular job he was doing to listen to me. I remember times when he would stop the complete grader operation and tell the others to "take a break while I hear what this boy wishes to tell me," or he would stop the tractor driver as he was spraying high on the big rig and say much the same words.

When I finished this first, short reading, he complimented me with "That's fine. Now why don't you run on back home and share this with your mother while we finish our work?"

With a wave to the grader crew, I ran from the Apple House, raced along the long row of equipment sheds, and skipped through the trees to our house. Our house had been built in the middle of the Staymen Winesap orchard in the 1920's. It began as a four-room cottage, but expanded a room at a time with the birth of each child. As my mother would say, "It is probably one of the first 'ranch homes' built before the concept ever developed."

The actual orchard encompassed 100 acres of fruit trees. A multi-use fifty-acre field laid along the north side of the orchard. Each section of the orchard was named by the main variety of apple grown there: the Grimes Golden block (about 3,000 bushels a year), the Jonathan block (another 3,000 bushels), and so on. Some blocks were diversified for reasons of pollination or just from history. The orchard produced up to 40,000 bushels of apples in a good year. On the bad years (when a late April or May frost would kill the developing fruit), we usually prayed for next year, had a big vegetable garden, and maintained the health of the trees and the condition of the equipment.

The orchard probably had its origin in the 1800's when the first settlers of the area began planting trees. The present owner had received the orchard as a wedding present from his father, a successful businessman who owned other lands in the area as well as the orchard plot. In my youth, the farm system employed four permanent heads-of-household who lived in tenant houses on the farm. My father was considered the "foreman" who was overseer of the many facets of producing and selling the fruit; another was "in charge" of the apple storage building and the apple sales room; a third was "in charge" of equipment and maintenance of buildings, and the fourth was the person in charge of orchard crews for thinning apples on trees and the picking process. Seasonal workers were hired as needed, usually during the months of June through October. In the winter and spring months, the four permanent employees shared the work load.

I was ever thankful in my life that I was born to this family living in this environment. There was always interesting activity of differing kinds occurring on the farm, I had playmates who lived in the other farm homes, and I could be with my father or mother at any time other than school time each day of the year. There were many adults in my life, especially in the busy months when the seasonal labor was hired.

I opened the solid walnut front door of our home.

"Mom, I'm home. Where are you?"

"Out on the back porch," came the answer from my mother. "Come on out and tell me about your day."

"I can read, Mom. Want to hear me?"

"Sure. Sit down here while I finish snapping these green beans for supper." She listened patiently as I read the small book, smiling that smile of approval I loved. "Oh, I'm so proud of you! Did you enjoy your first day?"

"Well, I was 'fraid for a while, but recess came and then we got to eat our lunches and play again --- and then it was time for the bus --- so I was O.K. I did have a couple of times when I wondered what you and Po were doing, but ---"

"Oh, you may have other times like that now and then, but you will get used to that," Mom said as she placed her hand on my arm. "You know that we are always here. Now, get your clothes changed and get ready for supper. Your brother is already here and is out in the workshed doing something."

I changed clothes quickly in the room my brother and I shared, and hurried back to the porch. "Mom, can I go back in the orchard for a while?"

"If you think you can remember the time and will get back in time to sit down with us," she smiled, knowing how I just liked to ramble and run from tree row to row and to visit with any of the crews at work in various sections of the orchard.

A SUMMER THUNDERSTORM AND AN OLD HORSE

The summer of my seventh year of life was the time chosen to build a pumphouse on the banks of the Olentangy River for irrigation purposes. A road was cut through the trees to the top of one of the high banks where a large gas tank would be placed, and where the "Pure Oil Man" could drive his truck to fill the tank in relative safety. From the bank on top of the hill, a copper line ran along the shale bank to the pumphouse below to carry gasoline to the Hercules motor within the pumphouse. A float would adjust the gasoline flow into the powerful engine. To build the pumphouse and to have access to it by a Ford Model A truck or our "Grasshopper" (a cut-down Model A body), a road was to be built from the top of the hill, through a ravine, and would end in a small turn-around by the pumphouse.

One hot, humid summer day, Po allowed me to take an auto innertube and go with the road construction crew. One of the employees had brought his draft horse "Old Bill" to the banks to pull a large scoop-digger to do the major road-building. I became interested in watching the construction for a while, grabbing concretions of various sizes as they were uncovered from the shale. When I tired of the heat and the sweat, I took my innertube to the river to cool off.

"You know where the deep potholes are, Brown, so keep up here near the rapids so I can watch you!" Po knew I was learning to swim by experience and would sometimes leave the safety of the tube to swim several strokes back to the tube. I had not been in the water half an hour when I heard thunder in the west. It seemed a long way off until the wind suddenly gusted in the trees along the river.

"Better get up here," Po called, "that storm's moving in awfully fast!" He was one of the best amateur weathermen ever, because of having to live and work by the weather all his life.

"I'm coming, Po," I answered as I grabbed by tube and scampered up the bank.

As the pumphouse did not exist yet, we all scrambled up the shale bank to the top of the hill to get under a huge tarpaulin which was carried on the truck for such emergencies in the orchard.

The many streaks of lightning and accompanying thunder told us that this was no average thunderstorm. Seven of us huddled under the tarp as the rain began pounding down.

"Aren't we too close to the big oak trees?" I said in fright.

"Do you want to get out now and run someplace else?" one of the workers yelled at me. I knew what he meant, for we were in mature woods, and for five hundred yards in all directions (except for the river below) there was nothing but large trees.

As I cringed with each flash of lightning and the almost instantaneous thunder clap, I remembered the workhorse, "Old Bill." "Where's Bill? Is he out there?"

"He's been through storms before," answered Hermie, his owner, "and we can't put him in here with us, can we? He'll be O.K., just wet!"

I thought that thunderstorm would never end. Most last ten or fifteen minutes on hot summer days, but this one lasted nearly an hour.

"I think this storm is going back and forth over us," my father mused. "But it'll end soon, now."

The rain finally abated to a fine spray and we slowly crawled from under the tarp. We were mostly wet, for the water had run on the ground under the tarp because of its volume. The crude roadway was a sea of mud. Old Bill was standing beside the truck, water dripping from his body, but he was unharmed.

"Poor Old Bill," I lamented as I rubbed his nose. "You had to stand out in all that. What a brave horse you are!"

As no more work could be done in those conditions, and as it was near quitting time, Po called, "O.K., Boys, let's call it a day. Can we get the truck started?"

I had visions of all of us plodding through the woods and 100 muddy rows of fruit trees to get to the storages and home.

But Hermie had taken the log chain from the truck and was hitching Old Bill up to the front bumper of the Model A. "I think he can pull the truck up through the woods if we walk," he offered.

When we reached the orchard, several workers dried out the truck's spark plugs and the engine fired. But the wheels just spun in the wet, sloppy mud.

Old Bill seemed to sense the situation. He began to plod forward, dragging the truck and its spinning wheels with him. With the power of the truck motor and Old Bill leading, we were able to ride in to the storage area. What a sight we were! Wet, muddy, and truck being pulled by a big workhorse. Those who waited for us were relieved that we were O.K., but the hero of the storm was Old Bill.

ROAD BUILDING AND A BROKEN COLLARBONE

Bulldozers did not exist when I was seven, so our road to the river pumphouse took days to build. As the ravine was widened day after day, new adventures were available to those of us not yet old enough to be employed. One day, a large grapevine was cut loose from the earth, but the huge tree to which it was attached was spared. The slowly swinging grapevine became an immediate attraction to an adventurer like me. I clasped the vine with both hands, took several steps backward, and realized I could swing over the road cut for several feet and then swing back to the bank created.

As I experimented further and became more aggressive, I found I could swing almost the full width of the ravine cut --- out and back. But could I swing out far enough to leave the vine and drop to the far side? I did not know Po was watching until I heard his voice.

"Are you sure you know what you are doing?" he asked.

"Well, the vine was just cut and isn't dead yet --- and it is really strong. It hasn't come down a bit since I began testing it," I replied with confidence.

"Just don't get hurt. You know how your mother is about her boys taking chances."

Oh, yeah, I remembered the sled trip on the frozen snow last winter and the cracked ribs. *But they didn't hurt too long, and that is past,* I rationalized to myself.

And so I began to increase my backward steps and to swing further and further out on the vine. Making sure Po wasn't watching, I made my first attempt. I felt like Tarzan as my vine swung me out over the road cut and I literally "flew" to a safe landing on the other side. How exciting it was! I ran back across the cut, grabbed the vine, and did a second trip! I was ready to show my father now.

"O.K., so you did it," was Po's comment after I gave a demonstration. "Just be sure to keep checking the vine each time before you make an attempt. Give it a good tug as a check."

After my vine successes, I went to the river to continue my attempts at my swimming self-instruction. All afternoon I kept thinking of sharing my grapevine with others of my age, so they could experience the thrill which the trip gave.

That evening, I didn't tell Mom anything about the vine experience. Po said nothing, either. But I shared with my brother the exhilaration of the experience. He suggested that we both go with Po to the road construction site tomorrow.

The next day was Sunday, so it was just my father, my brother Roger and myself who rode to the construction area. Po gave his usual "Be careful, you two!" and went on down to the pumphouse site. I grabbed the vine to demonstrate the technique to my big brother. I tugged on the vine and swung a few steps out to test the strength I had experienced. I had no doubts of its continuing safety.

"Well, go ahead," Roger pointed, "show me how to go all the way across the cut."

I stepped back the proper steps, reached up on the vine and sailed out over the road cut, landing safely on the other side. As the vine swung back, my brother called, "Wait there. Here I come!"

He swung gracefully out as I had. Just as he reached the half-way mark, I was horrified as the complete vine broke away from its high attachment and Roger hit shoulder-first on the shale bank below me.

"Lay still! I'll go get Dad!" I yelled in panic.

When Po came, we gently helped Roger to the truck. I knew his legs and back were O.K., but his left shoulder and arm were in real pain.

Father drove slowly and carefully back to the house, and then on to the doctor's office. X-rays showed a fractured collarbone. (We were never to swing on grapevines again, unless it was unknown to both Father and Mother.)

Fortunately, Roger healed and avoided injury in the years that followed. At seventeen, he enlisted in the Navy Air Corps at the beginning of World War II and became a successful pilot. He flew PBY's over the Atlantic, searching and destroying German submarines, and then F4U's in the Pacific Theatre after Germany surrendered. Unfortunately, he began smoking on the long Atlantic patrols, continued this on his return from the service, and died of lung cancer in his early years of marriage.

As brothers go, my brother and I always seemed to get along well. But he always accused me of knowing that vine was weak and would break with his greater weight.

SPRING: BUDS, BLOSSOMS, TRACTORS AND SPRAYERS

One of my most exciting seasons on the fruit farm was the spring of the year, when the apple blossoms gave promise of a bountiful crop and the farm families looked forward to a rewarding year for their efforts.

There was something particularly wonderful about jumping from the school bus, waving good-bye to friends still aboard, and turning towards the orchard on particular days in late April. Two melodious sounds could usually be heard: the throbbing of the large cylinders of two John Deere tractors, and the humming sounds of the two LeRoi engines pumping spray as the machines moved as units somewhere back in the orchard. The smell of apple blossoms engulfed me as I ran down the drive, through the storage area, and on through the several rows to my home.

"Hi, Mom, I'm home," I called as I ran from the front door to the room my brother and I shared. "Is it O.K. if I ride tractor with the crew until supper time?"

"Just don't get hurt!" was the answer I heard, an answer I had memorized from her from the time I began to spend time in the orchard as a very young lad.

After a quick change of clothes, I dashed through the yard to the sounds in the distance. I had just passed Row 40, when I saw my father atop a sprayer coming down the next row of trees. Bud was his driver, and I knew I would be welcome on either fender of his John Deere tractor. Bud was an employee of the farm when I was born. He trusted me to balance on one of the tractor's big fenders and to not get in his way as he drove my father from tree to tree in the spraying process.

When Bud stopped the slow progress of the tractor and sprayer, my father's concentration of covering every limb with spray brought his eyes to the tractor and he nodded as he saw me jump on the fender. He smiled, but returned to his task as the tractor began moving again. How I enjoyed that smile! It acknowledged me as his son, and that was all I ever needed from him.

Riding on one of the tractors was one of my favorite pastimes during the times it was necessary to completely spray the entire orchard. When my father had to spray at night, due to having the necessary wind direction, I would ride with the spray team from dusk till midnight. Never did my father worry about me leaving to go home alone in the total darkness.

"Your mother does enough worrying about you being in the orchard by yourself at all hours for the both of us," he would always say. These were times when a farm boy living on 150 acres did not have to worry about unfriendly persons in his domain. I could ride my bicycle safely on the main highway which passed the front of the farm, and even ride to the nearest golf course to caddy if I wished.

I watched that man on the sprayer, ever intent on his job. He loved every tree and could count the number of bushels of apples each tree would produce in the fall from the number of buds observed during the winter and spring.

I remember one night several years later, when I was the tractor-driver for him and fell asleep in the wee morning hours, driving right into a large Grimes Golden tree. Po yelled at me and I snapped awake in time to bring the tractor out of the tree with only one main low limb across the front of the vehicle.

"Why am I spraying these trees if you're going to demolish them?" he chided me. His words brought me to a wide-awake condition which I maintained until we finished at 6:30 a.m.

"How mad is he?" I wondered, as the sun arose and our "relief" crew met us at the sprayhouse.

One ritual upon which my father insisted was that each crew lubricate, fill gas tanks, and check oil in the vehicles they operated in the previous shift. Thus, every piece of equipment had excellent care throughout its life. (Our two 1929 John Deere tractors were purchased by the Deere company thirty years later for showpieces attesting to the durability of their product!)

As I greased my tractor's fittings and the other parts of this ritual, I kept glancing at Po. He went about his work, showed the new crew where they were to begin their spraying, but said not a word to me. As the day crew fired up their motors and left the area, he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "O.K., let's get on the truck and head to the house for breakfast and sleep."

Just before we reached our home, he quietly said, "I'm sorry I yelled at you, but I was tired and just reacted. I realize the responsibility you've had since the young men around here all left for the war. Most thirteen-year-olds were sleeping last night, and I just forgot how much I've asked of you to drive on the night crew all summer."

"Thanks, Po, but it was my fault. I have no trouble staying awake those hours before and just after midnight, but those two hours just before daylight get to me. I usually spot stars or sing songs during those hours. I just made the mistake of closing my eyes for a minute, and I was gone. I appreciate your confidence in me in putting me on your crew."

As I rode tractor fenders as a child, I often wished that I would be on a spray crew in the years to come. Not only would I be a tractor-driver, but during World War II I would become the person on top of the spray rig, and would be chiding my teenaged tractor driver to pay attention to my instructions. My teen tractor driver was called "Birdseed," a stout young fellow who would excel as a hard-hitting linebacker on the local football team in his high school years. We made a good team, for he had always wanted to be a driver on the spray team and he learned right-angled turns on the tractor quicker than many adults.

My problem as a "sprayer" during my teen years was wind direction changes and their effects upon my social life. We sprayed the trees with the prevailing winds. If the wind continued out of the same direction for several days, the trees were covered with spray on one side. To be sure that the codling moths were killed on both sides of each tree, we needed a wind change or had to spray at night when the wind might completely diminish. I can remember my father asking, "Do you have a date tonight for a movie or something?"

"Yes, Po, I do have a date."

"Well, you need to call her and cancel the date, for if you look at the wind direction arrow, you and I will be up on sprayers all night tonight."

Years before, a large wind direction instrument had been placed on the roof of our large apple storage barn and we were in the habit of watching it at various times of the day all summer. I began to plan my social life around that wind direction arrow.

"Hey, Jan, the wind is quiet tonight and I'll be spraying all night. I'll call tomorrow to keep you informed of spray or not to spray. Thanks for understanding the reason for canceling our date."

I enjoyed being a responsible member of a priority crew on the farm. Most of my girl and boy friends understood my situation and it never seemed to bother good relationships. During the war years, my father would reward me with a family gas stamp for a date later in the week. Then a car filled with teenagers could enjoy a relaxing evening at the movies.

SUMMER "SHOWERS" UNDER A WATER STANDPIPE

Taking a shower on The Brown Fruit Farm was an adventure of its own. We had one of those bathtubs which sat on four legs, and the water from our farm pumphouse was very "hard" due to the iron content. The soap suds actually became a bit orange in color as you bathed, and your skin felt drier than before you began. Thus, I found refuge in the standpipes of the farm watering system.

There were five of these standpipes, well-distributed over the 100 acres of trees, for use in irrigating when necessary, but more regularly for filling the spray tanks during the summer months. One of these standpipes had been placed six rows back of our house in the orchard and offered me privacy after 5:00 p.m. any evening. The work crews left for their homes, unless spraying was occurring and then there were only four standpipes involved. You could always hear the tractors and sprayers for many rows, so I had no problem with privacy at "my" standpipe.

After a day's work, I would strip to my briefs, grab a towel, a bar of soap, a clean pair of briefs and shorts, and head back to the standpipe. On my lucky days, no spraying or other water use had occurred and the water from the standpipe would be very warm for several minutes. I rationed this warm water by turning the valve barely "on," soaked my total body, turned off the valve, and soaped down. Then I would rinse my body with the warm water that remained. Once the water began to turn cold, I stayed in long enough to end up with a cool body. On 90-degree days, I would stand in the cold water, sometimes several hundred gallons a minute, to really get myself cooled off before donning clothes again.

My mother would frown on my evening showers after a summer's sweat, but my father would just say, "He has the whole orchard to himself. If someone would happen to come upon the scene, it is their problem, not his! We live here and anyone else is trespassing upon private property." I never had, in the six years or so of my summer showers, any breach of my privacy. It was mostly the result of no one in my family ever relating the story of my shower time, or that the standpipe was used.

Today, in the privacy of my own home and shower, I still remember the exhilaration of those many gallons of water from that standpipe pouring over my hot, dirty, sweaty body. It is one of the most favorable memories of my high school and early college years.

RIVER SWIMMING AND THE FREE MOVIES

Oftimes, in the hours after the Monday evening meal, I would ask my parents for permission to go with the McGhee boys to river-swim and then to the Free Movie at the nearby town of Powell. For the McGhee boys, the river-swim was the evening bath after a sweaty work day. We wore swimming suits; took soap, towels, jeans and sweatshirts for the cool evening at Free Movie; and piled into the black "gangster car" 1935 Olds Sedan.

There was a pull-off alongside the River Road north of Route 161 near the swimming hole we neighborhood kids called "The Three Willows." We parked the Olds, gathered our clean clothes, soap and towels, and walked the path across the cornfield to the river. The riverbank erosion hid swimmers from the roadway until the corn was tall enough, so we took off swimsuits and hung them on exposed tree roots.

We could dive into the seven-foot water hole below the three willow trees or could swing into the water from a rope swing tied to a tree branch out over the river. From the rope, I learned to do several sloppy dives: a "jack-knife," a "one-and-a-half somersault," and a "long dive."

No one knew who actually put up the rope swing or replaced it when it became worn or broken --- it was just always there. You climbed the tree roots to reach the swing, climbed up the few feet of riverbank, and just let yourself go out over the water. I considered this to be as near to heaven as a thirteen-year-old could get.

Once in the river, we soaped down in the cool water below the swimming hole for our daily "bath." After bathing, we would swim the width of the river, play underwater tag, or just swing from the rope and do crazy antics into the water.

Modesty was never considered at "Three Willows," unless another carload of young people pulled into the roadway pull-off. If a carload of girls arrived, they would always shout warnings that they were starting across the field, and we had ample time to be suited before their appearance on the riverbank. Several youngsters of my age that I met while swimming there became high school friends when we met after finishing one of the four elementary schools that served the area. Most groups kept to themselves while swimming at "Three Willows," as the swimming area covered several acres.

This swimming hole was a busy place on hot summer days, for only the very rich had their own small pools and the village had no pool at that time. The river was three to seven feet deep in this area, thus limiting swimming to those who knew how to swim. The water was clear and clean. You could feel rock bass nibbling at your legs if you stood motionless, and you could actually see fish if you swam underwater with eyes open. The river snakes, which were harmless, usually disappeared when noisy, splashing bodies invaded their territory. Occasionally, however, a winding wake of water on the river surface would betray the presence of a more curious one. In truth, we did not bother the snakes and they did not bother us.

When I remember that clear, cool water and the enjoyment shared by those who knew "Three Willows," I become angered at the people and activities that completely polluted this river over the next twenty years. Wealthy people from the city built homes on the river banks, and their septic tanks drained directly into the river. Small factories, businesses, and housing developments followed. Developers, who lived elsewhere in the larger community, saw fit to make their money here with no regard for the future of this

area. They called this "progress." The river's natural meanderings were straightened into a canal-like waterway by men and machinery. It seemed to me that these people had never experienced a clean river and floodplain in their natural state. Who were these people? What were their motives? Where did they go after they demolished this natural area? How could we, who lived our lives here, let this happen? This river and its beautiful valley could have been a landmark in how to handle progress and yet maintain a beautiful place in which to live and work had it been carefully planned. It was an example of "piecemeal development" by a few who reaped the monetary value of the area by the rape of a natural river and valley.

Today, the refreshing, clear water of the river I knew as a youngster is little more than a polluted canal.

As country folks had little money nor transportation to allow their children to attend movie houses in the late '30's, each town within five or ten miles offered "Free Show Nights." Monday evening was free-show time in Powell. Other towns cooperated by having their free shows on other days of the week. In Powell, a makeshift screen was set up in a vacant lot near the village center and the businessmen would rent a movie, usually an old Western, to be shown after dusk. Families and groups of young people gathered at dusk, bringing lawn chairs or benches or blankets to sit upon. It was a time of renewing friendships or of making new acquaintances.

Chatter ended when the movie began. After one or two reels, the projector would cease, the lights would come on, and the children would groan. It was "commercial time." Slides which featured local business advertisements would last about five minutes; then the movie would begin again, and the children would cheer. By the end of the movie, small children would be sleeping in mothers' laps or on their blankets. The older youngsters and teens would plan where to meet for ice cream, sodas, or milkshakes to end a perfect evening. Bicycle riders would leave on darkened rural roads for their homes. In those years of "free shows," there was little traffic, if any, to challenge a bike rider's return trip.

For most of us, rural living offered little opportunity for meeting young teens of our age other than those living two or three houses away in any direction. Thus, it was quite exciting to meet peers at a free-show who were new to us. Most young people in our area found ways to attend as many of these shows as possible in the towns offering them. The friends we met at these shows would later become friendly competitors in athletics or "dates" at school dances, etc., at schools other than our own.

PRUNING TREES AND RABBIT MEALS

Apple trees must be pruned on a regular basis. With four thousand trees in our orchard, many trees needed pruning each winter.

"O.K., boys, wear three layers up and two layers down tomorrow, for we start pruning every day without rain." "And," my father would add, "you can always take off layers of clothing if the day warms up, but you can't add clothing if it turns windy and cold and you don't have clothes with you."

This was one of Po's many "gems of wisdom" that I was continually reminded of when I ran track at school in the spring, or swam in the river on a cool evening in the summer, or went on a day's hunting trip with him in the fall. (My own children continue to hear these "gems" from their father, and usually repeat the "gem" before I get the recitation started.)

The twigs and branches pruned from the trees were piled in the middle of the rows of trees. One of the many farm "inventions" was a buck-rake which was attached to the front of either John Deere tractor during the pruning season. The tractor driver came down each row and pushed the brush the width of the orchard into the field to the north of the actual orchard. Large brush piles were created at various intervals in this field by March or April of each year. These brush piles became homes for the many rabbits and their young who took advantage of the ideal habitat of a fruit farm. The farm workers and neighbors who raised beagle dogs would train their puppies around these brush piles all summer and fall.

Po had a kennel of five to ten beagles most of his years on the farm. How exciting it was to train a young pup! For their first months of walking, we would kick up a rabbit in the field and say excitedly, "Tally-Ho!" and put their noses on the rabbit's track away from us. Up until an age of six or seven months, the pups would smell the spot we indicated; however, they either paid no attention, or smelled flowers, or just jumped and played in the grass. But, when their noses "came in" with a real sense of smell from a natural gene, it was great to say, "Tally-Ho! Tally-Ho!" and then hear the bark that would identify each of them to us for their years of life.

As the beagles matured, we would release two or three in the evening to hunt on their own. Po and I would sit on the lawn and hear their "songs" over in the field as they learned to work together as hunters. Rabbits run a figure-eight in a field or woods and usually return to their own nest or home area. We knew when the beagles picked up a fresh track, ran the rabbit trail to the woods, through the woods, back to the field, and finally when they lost the rabbit deep in a brush pile. Late at night I would awake from a sound sleep and hear the beagles on a new trail. In my mind, I would try to picture the trail the rabbit was leading them. In the morning, tired dogs slept in the yard, almost too tired to come when called.

By autumn and the rabbit hunting season, the beagles were ready for our Saturday hunts and we were ready for a Sunday dinner of rabbit meat. During the depression days of the 1930's, wild rabbit was one of the few meat meals enjoyed by farm folk.

The Saturday hunts were an orchard tradition each autumn. The young boys were given short poles and they climbed atop a brush pile. Three or four hunters would position themselves at spots around the brush pile as the boys struggled in a line across the

brush pile, yelling at the rabbits which could be seen sneaking through well-worn trails under the brush. Safety precautions were always discussed before this ritual, and we never had any type of firearm accident in these years. Many rabbits just ran back and forth in the big brush piles. But at intervals, a nervous rabbit would dash into the open field and head for the woods beyond. If a hunter missed his shot, he was the object of teasing and other remarks.

Those of us atop the brush pile had a good view of a beagle trailing the rabbit as it ran its figure-eight pattern. The amazing thing was the patience the hunters exhibited as they listened to the beagles on the trail, and watched for the same rabbit sneaking back to his own brush pile. Occasionally, a rabbit would run from one brush pile and into the next available one. Or, a rabbit would rush out from the brush, do a full twist in the air, and dive back in the pile from which he had emerged.

Having worked in the morning, the hunters were satisfied with one or two rabbits for a Sunday meal. Thus, there was no end to the rabbit population in those years. The hunt could also be justified in the knowledge that hungry rabbits created much destruction of young apple trees during long winter months. I learned many practical aspects of good ecology during those years, although the men who practiced these hunts knew little of professional ecological principles.

We had ring-necked pheasants, coveys of quail, and Hungarian partridge in the orchard and brush in those days. Our biggest wildlife problem, though, was one of irresponsible hunters who swept through the orchard without permission, shooting at anything that moved. One night, a shotgun blast very near our home jolted me from my bed.

"Get out of here!" my father yelled out a window to them. They were raccoon hunters with big "red-bone" hounds and large flashlights. In the morning, we found one of our favorite black housecats lying dead under an apple tree where the hunters' lights had been seen. "Ugly hunters exist!" my father would muse.

The brush piles created by the pruning process also served as a very valuable weapon against a late April or early May frost when the apple trees were in full bloom. A heavy frost could kill an entire apple crop and create a very lean financial year for all of us. The brush piles were burned on frosty nights, their smoke filtering from the north field across the orchard, protecting tender blossoms. As a youngster, I was always amazed at the relationships among the pruning process, brush piles, wild animals for food and enjoyment for family and family pets, and for the practical use of the brush piles as they were destroyed by fire. These relationships were improved upon each year for the maximum benefit of the total community which was the fruit farm.

THE APPLE-THINNING CREW

Following the cherry-picking season, the biggest task in the apple orchard was thinning the apples. Years later, a spray material was developed to limit the number of blossoms which could develop into mature fruit, but in the '30's and '40's the apples needed thinning by human hands. If no killing frost occurred during blossom time, an overabundance of apples on each tree would result in very numerous, yet very small apples. Therefore, many workers were hired to accomplish the thinning of apples from trees of particular varieties. This crew worked from 7 a.m. until 4:30 p.m. each day, with a half-hour off for lunch.

Each summer the several local high schools were represented by the teens who composed this crew. As these jobs were paid by an hourly rate, my father would select the best of the cherry pickers, who were paid by the number of quarts of cherries they picked each day. Those offered full summer jobs on the thinning and other orchard crews were ambitious guys who usually picked from 75 to 100 quarts of cherries in a working day. There were always good female workers in the cherry orchard but, due to the nature of conversation and lack of restroom facilities in the 100-acre apple orchard, only the hard-working males were hired to thin apples.

As a child, I spent many hours in the orchard listening to the chatter of these high-schoolers. Which school had the best football team or basketball team? Which ones had the best teachers and gave the best educational opportunity? I heard all types of language, learned about boy-girl relationships, and about all such topics important to these teens.

Later when I was only fourteen and most of the thinning crew was sixteen and up, I had proven my swiftness of hands with 100 quarts of cherries in eight hours from the time of my twelfth birthday. Having my father as the overall orchard foreman helped in my selection also. I was thus a member of this crew for several years. However, I could hear my mother asking my father at the beginning of each summer: "Aren't you concerned about the language and other things he may learn from the older boys?"

"He'll learn about life somewhere; it might as well be with these fine young men. I hired them and they are good kids," Po would respond.

Among these crews were future All-Americans in their sports, many daring pilots and officers in World War II, sons of wealthy families who would become highly influential in the economic growth of our community in the post-war years, and lawyers, doctors, teachers, and others who composed the work force of a healthy community.

In reality, these crews were an ideal cross-section of American society. I knew nothing of "minorities" or other social labels, which would appear in print during my later years, nor did my father pay any attention to these. A good worker was a good worker and that's how Po hired employees.

I later learned that as a crew member thinning apples was a boring way to spend the summer days. But in those times, most young people worked each summer. We all liked our own spending money. Very few of us had the "advantage" of having parents who could afford to permit their youngsters to spend the summer playing golf or tennis or lounging around a swimming pool. I always admired certain of my school friends who, although born into very comfortable homes, sought my help in getting themselves jobs on an orchard crew. My best friend's parents were quite wealthy, but his father insisted that

his son work as he did as a youngster, always with the comment, "How do you think I got where I am today?"

Learning to get up early, to pack a lunch, to get to the job on time, to use ladders and climbing ability to reach all limbs of mature apple trees, and to get along with fellow workers was an education each of us never forgot. We all seemed to develop a "work ethic" which would help us to succeed as adults and which we, of that generation, passed on to our own children. We learned how to pass the time with constructive conversation and how to enjoy each other's personalities. It was good to be busy and to have good peer companionship each working day. Our success in playing as a team in high school athletics and in helping each other in school homework was born here. And the rivalries among the high schools represented among the workers became constructive when these employees met on the athletic fields during the school years that followed.

As the summer weeks passed and we all longed for a break in the weekly work schedule, we would anxiously study the sky each day, hoping for clouds and rain to end our work prematurely. Our orchard foreman even joined in this speculation. If thunder was heard in the western sky, he would let anyone who wished to gamble on whether it would rain or not, and at what exact time the thunderstorm might arrive. We worked during small rain showers or took shelter under the trees or under the Model A farm truck until the shower passed. But as the foreman would declare, "If it rains enough to fully wet a board, we'll have to quit for the day. We don't want anyone injured working on a wet ladder or climbing on wet tree limbs." In the case of a thunderstorm approaching, we dashed to the truck and drove to the shelter of a building.

Thinning season usually began during the first week of July and ended in early August when the "summer apples" ripened and the picking season began. Some crew members chose to quit at this time to vacation with their families or to begin football practice or to have the remaining summer days for leisure. Many worked until the first day of school.

With the advent of World War II, a thinning crew became something of the past, for teens were lured into higher-paying summer positions related to the war effort. My mother, who vigorously opposed the inflation periods which were to follow, lamented, "We'll never get good farm help again, since our forty cents an hour cannot compare with the $1.00 and $1.50 the government pays high schoolers for just spreading straw on concrete runways for airports." Her predictions were accurate from that time until the present.

Farmers were to become dependent on chemicals, which were advertised as being cheaper to use and which would greatly increase yields. They did not advertise, or would not disclose, the long-lasting environmental effects of the chemicals they had developed for use on fruit farms and general crop farms. A chemical was developed which prevented many young fruits from developing, thus the thinning process was accomplished by particular spray materials. No longer was a teenage "thinning crew" needed.

AUTUMN

How wonderful it was at the end of each school day to jump from the school bus and run down the driveway to the Apple House of the Brown Fruit Farm, my home for the first twenty-three years of my life!

Fall was a particularly fine time of the year in the Apple House, for the apple-grader churned hour after hour, sorting the apples into various sizes for market, while workers on each side picked out apples with blemishes or bruises. The smell of Jonathan, Grimes Golden, Stayman Winesap, or any of the other fifty-one varieties of apples grown in the orchard was an aroma I always treasured from my early childhood.

To "feed" the apple-grader, a set of roller tracks was placed from the large apple-storage-barn to the Apple House, where the apples were sorted, put in baskets of various sizes, and placed in the showroom for retail sales. Crates of apples were placed on the rollers in the large storage and they rolled "downhill" out of the storage, across the roadway between the buildings, and into the Apple House. These rollers supplied the children of the five tenant families hours of pleasure for, when not carrying apple crates, the rollers became a raceway as we placed flat boards at the upper end of the storage barn and rode the rollers all the way from the darkness of that barn across the driveway between buildings to the Apple House.

Directly south of the Apple House was the Cider House where apples were cut, crushed, and pressed into apple juice. The apples sorted in the Apple House were dumped into a pit of water there and carried by water through an underground tunnel to the Cider House. A pumping system kept a constant flow from one building to the other during this procedure.

In the Cider House, a rather complex cider press had wooden paddles on a circular chain that picked the apples from the pit of water up into a cutter-crusher. The result of this operation produced an apple pumice, which we called "pummies." The freshly cut pumice emptied into heavy cloth material on large trays, where workers spread it out evenly and covered it over. This process produced layer upon layer of pumice. These layers were then moved to a large hydraulic press where the apple juice was squeezed out and collected. It was great fun to get a glass and fill it with the freshly-squeezed juice as it ran down to the collecting vat from the "pummies." After the juice was removed, the pumice was shoveled into a collecting bin where our neighbor loaded it and hauled it to his farm for use in feeding livestock.

The grading of the apples and the making of apple juice were but two of the fascinating operations which awed me as a youngster living on a fruit farm.

Over in the Apple House, I shared my first reader with my father "Po." He seemed excited about my new-found ability, an excitement he continually conveyed to each of his children, whether they were in a third-grade play at school or playing in a state basketball final. It was such a good feeling, knowing my father was always somewhere in that orchard if I sought to be with him, and that my mother was always at home cooking the next meal or visiting one of the other homes on the farm, all so close to the main farm buildings.

Po had finished high school, but my mother, who had lived in the southern hills of Ohio, had not had that privilege in the early 1900's. It was my mother, mostly, who encouraged me in securing a complete education. She read to my brother and me each evening, and made sure we knew and spelled many, many more words than found in any of our school "spellers." She had won many "spelling bees" in her young life, using the McGuffey speller with which I was to become closely acquainted while living in that home. (I remember "spelling down" our whole school, grades one through eight, when I was a sixth-grader and going to Columbus for a regional "spelling bee." My older brother could never spell well, even though he was a consecutive member of the college "Dean's List" after his Navy Air Corps and World War II experiences.)

Picking Gang 1925.

MISS RUTH

One of the most important employees of the fruit farm was a person who was a combination secretary, treasurer, bookkeeper, saleslady, and friend. My father affectionately called her "Miss Ruth," a name many of the seasonal employees used when receiving their checks from her.

"Thank you, Miss Ruth!" "You're a nice lady, Miss Ruth!" were their expressions of respect for the person who delivered the results of their labor. She was simply "Ruth," to those who worked with her, with the exception of Po.

Ruth had come to the farm from a large family who struggled financially, so she became very devoted to a position of permanence and a weekly paycheck. Ruth was one of the most frugal persons I ever met. She brought a meager lunch each day of a half-sandwich and a piece of fruit.

"Why don't you buy more food for a bigger lunch?" I would ask.

Ruth would respond with her usual smile and these words: "If I eat too much, I'd just get fat, and I'm saving my pennies to buy a farm of my own."

I never took this seriously as a youngster. Ruth lived in a rented room in town and I could never imagine her owning her own place. I was to learn several years later that she had purchased a house in the town. She rented out this house when she married a widower with two grown sons and lived in one of the houses owned by the farm system. It was at this time that my father and mother began gardening with Ruth and her husband. I remember evenings of picking and snapping green beans, of shelling lima beans and peas, and the enjoyment of just watching the sunset over the fields from their lawn.

Several years later, Ruth and her husband did buy a rather large farm several miles from the fruit farm. A wooden sign leading into the driveway read: "Penny Acres." It was the fruition of the many years of saving pennies and living wisely. As the years passed, my father and Ruth had one of the best gardens in the county. They added fruit trees and grapevines to their garden products and my mother never bought vegetables or fruits for summer meals in those years.

Ruth was a special friend to me in my youth and adolescence. We had a simple telephone system within the farm system but, if I needed to call a friend or the school, I needed to use the one phone in her office. During my high school years, Po shared with me the combination to the lock on the Cider House, which housed Ruth's office, so that I could arrange dates or talk to a friend privately.

Ruth's office was a place of warmth for me. Her office was heated, but the most important warmth was from Ruth and her ability to just listen as an adult. I loved my parents and communicated well with them, but I needed that "outside" adult once in a while to share ideas and things going on in my life. Ruth remained that friend years after the fruit farm came to an end.

As a farm employee, Ruth's role was varied. She kept the financial records, wrote the checks each week, kept the records of each tree in the orchard, and sold apples and poured glasses of cider to customers as they entered the sales buildings, especially during the winter months. On Sundays in September and October, when we retailed hundreds of bushels of apples and other products, Ruth operated the cash register hour after hour. She

was especially good on the telephone --- willingly discussing specific varieties of apples and even the personal problems of customers, many of whom she knew well.

Although we were never robbed on these busy days, Po and Ruth had arranged a system to remove large amounts of bills from the register to discourage any large loss of funds. She would nonchalantly remove cash from the register and place it in a plain brown sack which Po would carry to the in-ground storage area and place in an apple crate hidden among the crates in this remote area. They were cleverly sneaky in this operation.

I well remember the personal pain she experienced when Mrs. Brown died in August of 1936 and Mr. Brown passed away in December of that same year. It was from her that I learned of the death of each of the Browns. With the skill of a present-day school counselor, she broke the news to this ten-year-old.

I cannot remember Ruth missing work for any length of time. She was very conscious of her health and very dedicated as an employee. She was a friend to each adult and child who lived on the farm.

THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD MAESTRO

One of my father's favorite co-workers was Bud. Bud came to the farm as a summer "piece-worker" during his teen years. Piece-workers were paid by the number of quarts of cherries or bushels of apples picked. Bud proved to be a hard worker. He fell madly in love when he was seventeen years of age and, as he finished high school, he married his high-school sweetheart. Bud always seemed to know himself at a young age as he played school sports, as he dated, and decided upon marriage, so my father always kidded him as "orchestrating" his life. Thus, he was dubbed "The Seventeen-Year-Old Maestro."

My father and I volunteered to help move Bud, his wife and their son to a home near the farm. The birth of a daughter and his subsequent move to a home just two fields away from the fruit farm came two years later. When their third child arrived, they became an integral part of the farm system by moving to the old "boarding house" on the north side of the orchard. The house had previously been a rooming house for many of the seasonal workers in the summers and falls of each year. Bud and his family lived in this home until all of his children finished high school.

As Bud was a "people person" who could communicate with all types of seasonal employees, he was made the foreman of the various orchard crews. He was in charge of the cherry-picking season, with a crew of women and men ranging from twelve years of age to adults. He moved ladders, assigned trees to pick, and awarded tokens for quarts picked. Cherries were picked with their stems on, by hand, so many workers experienced sore fingers after several days of work.

Following cherry season, Bud picked the best of the teen-aged boys to be on the apple-thinning crew. I was allowed to join this crew when I was fourteen and met many of my high school friends-to-be. I enjoyed the many personalities of this crew over the next few years. Bud was a comedian in his way and made a rather repetitious job interesting. His remembrances of his high school days and the sharing of the other high-school workers became an education in itself.

In the fall, Bud was charged with completion of the apple picking. His ability to attract and keep good seasonal help from year to year contributed much to the success of the total farm. These picking crews worked seven days a week, and the workers came on individual schedules due to other employment. It was no easy task to keep the picking continuous from August through October.

In the winter, Bud pruned trees, repaired equipment, aided in cider and apple butter making, and performed the general maintenance jobs required of the permanent staff.

During the spring months, Bud was one of the men who operated the big spray guns from the platform of a sprayer as it moved slowly through the orchard.

I remember my last visit to Bud as he lay dying of cancer in a local hospital.

"Hi, Brown," he said with a smile. "You thought you'd never see me here, did you?"

"No, Moss," I answered with my favorite nickname for him.

He reached out his hand for mine and grasped it. I was in disbelief at that strong, firm grip he gave me. The more he squeezed my hand, the more we communicated the depth of our years of friendship. How could this man who could lift so much weight, could hit a softball so far, could do any physical labor on the farm, and could grip my hand so hard, be dying?

"We've had a good time, haven't we?" he chuckled.

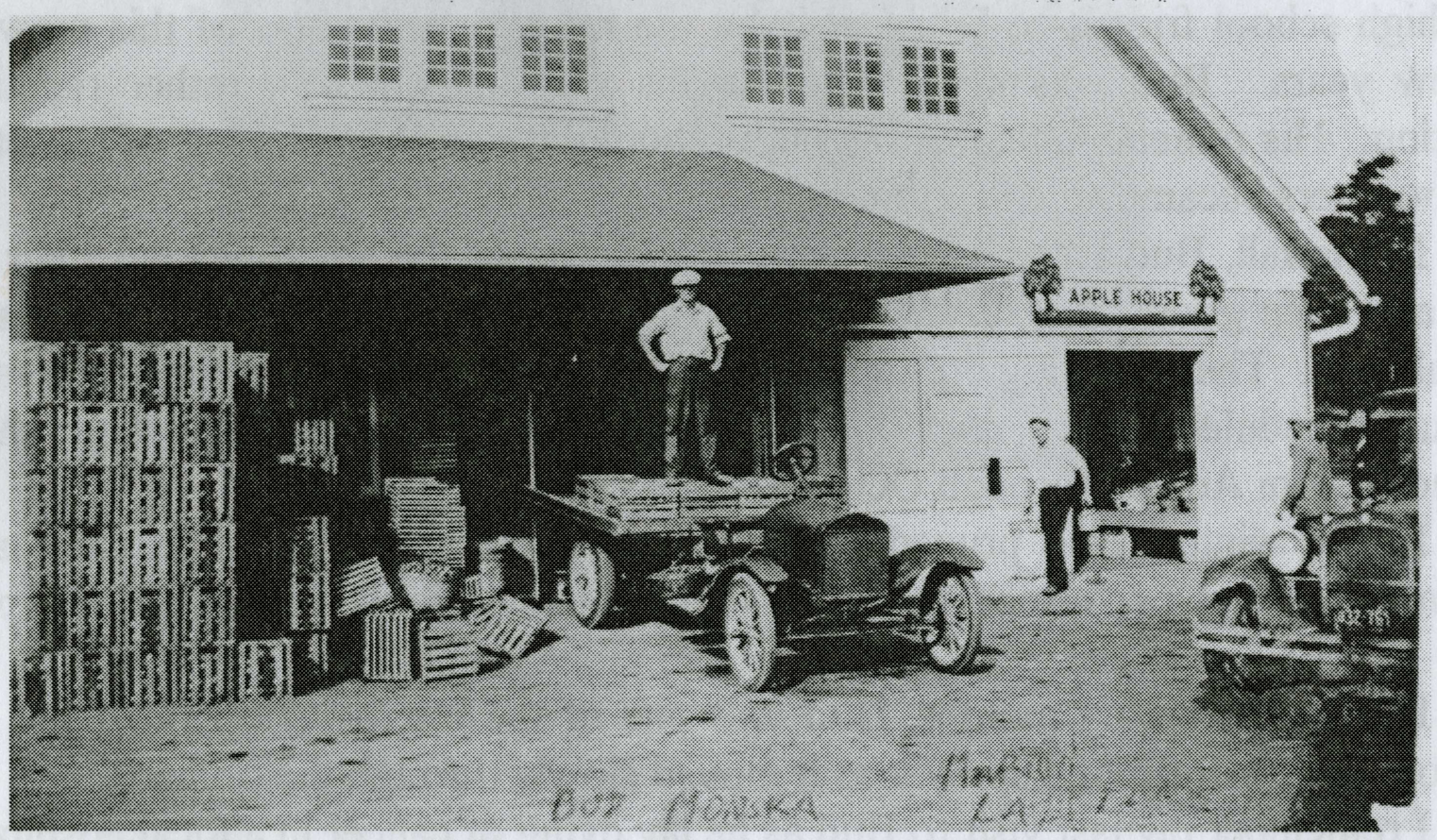
"I wouldn't have wanted it any other way," I replied.

"Thunderstorms, blowing stumps with dynamite, organizing our farm softball teams,... pulling stuck tractors out of the mud,... all those characters on seasonal crews,... selling apples on weekends,... watching Norm play football---" (Bud's son Norm was an outstanding linebacker.) He continued a bit more and then added, "I'm rambling, am I not?"

"Moss, I'm enjoying every word. Pictures are flying through my mind as you remember these things."

He closed his eyes, still gripping my hand firmly, until he fell into a deep sleep.

Three days later, Bud died. In his "rambling," he never once acknowledged any pain or complained about anything. That was typical of "The Seventeen-Year-Old Maestro."



WHAT'S A "SPEED-SPRAYER?"

"Would you believe that we're going to buy a "speed-sprayer?" my dad announced as he walked through the front door. He was returning from one of the regular evening meetings with the farm owners.

"What's a speed-sprayer?" I asked.

Po handed me a brochure which showed a long, tank-like trailer being pulled by a bulldozer-type vehicle. "See that little slit in the tank towards the back? Well, there's a big turbine fan at the rear of the tank which blows air out at 35 miles per hour. A small pump pushes a stream of spray from each nozzle along that slit in the tank, and that wind force creates a mist which is blown into the tree as the sprayer passes. We'll be able to spray against a wind of up to 30 miles per hour."

"You mean no more worry about the wind direction and having to do night spraying?" I asked.

"This sprayer can spray from both sides as you drive down between rows of trees. We should be able to spray the entire orchard in half, or less than half, of the time now required!"

"Wow! That's really good news, but won't that new outfit cost a lot of money?"

"True," Po replied, "but it'll save all those hours of labor which were paid using the old spray outfits. And now we'll only need a two-man crew to spray. One man drives the 'Cletrak' tractor and operates the spray pump and the big fan. The second man drives a separate tractor which pulls a supply tank of spray. While the sprayer moves slowly down the tree rows, the other man hustles to a stand-pipe to mix the next tank of spray. It only takes three minutes to pump the new spray from the supply tank to the big sprayer tank, and you can begin spraying again."

"I can picture the time it saves. When the old spray tank was emptied, it had to be towed to a stand-pipe to be filled, and then back to the row where it emptied. That took a lot of time and wear and tear on both tractor and sprayer."

"Right, Brown! The speed-sprayer is always spraying, excluding the three minutes to be filled from the supply tank." Dad was always like a child with a new toy when a major piece of equipment was purchased or a new method of improving our apple production was introduced. These things in his life kept his job satisfying over the years. He always responded to new machinery as I did with my first bicycle. He was a fanatic at keeping machinery clean, lubricated, and always in good repair. Each one of us had to check oil and gas, lubricate, and make any vehicle we used, in any job, ready to be used by the next person who might be assigned to it.

Po was just as particular about the safety of each employee. I remember the anger he vented if he ever caught anyone adding gasoline to a vehicle whose motor was running. The old John Deere tractors had to be started by manually spinning a heavy rotary wheel. Rather than having to do this labor, some tractor drivers would keep the motor running when adding gas. If seen by my father, he would lash out in one of his safety speeches. A second occurrence of this type could mean termination of employment.

Spraying became methodical with the purchase of the speed-sprayer and the supply tank. As a two-man crew, we learned to determine when and where the sprayer would need refilled. When the spray ceased to flow, the supply tank would pull alongside, the transfer hose attached, and the Wisconsin engine would begin pumping the new mixture into the sprayer.

The new equipment came outfitted with lights for night spraying, also. The new sprayer with the big turbine fan, added a different noise to the orchard noises. The tractors of the new equipment, with their bulldozer-like tracks for their movement, created a positive effect upon the soil between the rows of trees. The older tractors, which were equipped with spade-lugs in the spring to pull equipment through mud, created deep ruts and mud holes throughout the orchard each year. The tracks on the newer tractors were little affected by mud and ruts became non-existent.

My favorite incident involving the speed-sprayer occurred the day a salesman insisted on seeing my father, despite the fact he was operating the machine. I had just filled the sprayer from the supply tank and Po had climbed onto his tractor to engage the turbo fan. I saw the tragedy about to happen, but my voice could not be heard over the motor noises. The salesman made the mistake of coming upon us from the rear, and walking between the sprayer and the nearest tree. He wore a nice straw hat, and just as he passed the slit in the tank where the spray was emitted at 35 miles per hour, Po pulled the switch to initiate the turbo fan. I could not contain my laughter. The salesman was instantly spray-soaked and his straw hat was shredded throughout the tree. He was not injured, but he learned a valuable lesson about approaching farm equipment without prior notice!

THE FRUIT FARM AS A STEPPING STONE

Of all the part-time and seasonal workers who passed through the farm system on their ways to successful vocations, the most memorable ones were the McGhee brothers.

The McGhees lived on a 125-acre farm in Gallia County on the banks of Raccoon Creek. This farm provided an income sufficient to maintain a large family until the Great Depression of the 1930's. Two of the boys joined the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) shortly after their high school days to help with the family financial picture. Seeking regular employment, these two came to the Columbus area and joined the apple-picking crew at the fruit farm. As both were excellent workers, Po hired them to full-time employment over the winter months and into the next growing season. They lived in a tent near the farm pumphouse during the fall, but found rooms to rent over the winter months.

Signs of their future success became apparent when they saved enough money to buy a new Chevrolet and a used Oldsmobile some months later. They lived frugally, but enjoyed swimming in the river, going to "free movies" (which were offered in the nearby towns at least two nights a week), and returning to their home in the hills on weekends now and then. They proved to be good models of young adults for the children of the orchard families. I was invited to visit their home several weekends, and these proved to be very influential in my life.

As their home was on the banks of Raccoon Creek, we fished, hunted and trapped wild game, and boated in a small motorboat. This creek was one of the most natural, beautiful waterways in Ohio until World War II and the invasion of coal strip mines. Then sulfur in the Ohio bituminous coal residue would be carried by rain water into the creek and it became acidic. Reclamation of strip mine areas was not enforced, and this lovely stream quickly "died." This practice led to the poverty experienced by small towns and villages in southeastern Ohio as most of their fresh water became highly polluted with mine waste.

Three more of the McGhee family would become workers at the fruit farm until the late 1930's. With their work ethic and natural talents, these boys would enter the United States Armed Services and find successful careers following World War II. One became a specialist and consultant for the National Cash Register Company in Dayton, Ohio, over a period of forty years. Another became a technician with the Ohio Bell Telephone Company. The third became an associate and later an executive with the Greyhound Bus Company. And the youngest brother would become an Army pilot and advance to the rank of colonel in the Air Force.

During my fourth year of grade school, my teacher was invited to dine at one of our homes from time to time. One winter night, she went skating with us on our local pond and met one of the McGhee boys. They began dating and later married. It was a marriage which continues to this day. Ironically, my own children who now teach have had the McGhee grandchildren as their students. What goes around seems to come back around!

The McGhee family consisted of the parents, two girls, and five boys. They were typical of the strong families of that generation. They looked after each other throughout their lives. They were well-trained in a work ethic of dependability and responsibility. The children cared for their parents in their last years of life, and they were dedicated to raising strong children and grandchildren.

OTHER MIGRANT WORKERS

Typical of the migrant workers who always appeared during the apple-picking season were three men of differing backgrounds and personalities. Two were immigrants from Europe: one from Poland and the second from Italy. The third was a product of the so-called "slums" of the city. These three had several characteristics in common. They were highly independent in their life styles, they loved to work and to compete on the job, and they loved to travel from Ohio to New York to Florida and to California to harvest apples, peaches, oranges, grapefruit, and hops.

Each of these men could pick one hundred bushels of apples a day, even working in tall trees. They usually had a bet on each day's work as to who would pick the most. Whoever picked the most that day would get paid for the number of bushels above those picked by the other two, plus his own total. How they loved to compete!

"Is this Mr. Cellar?" the lady caller asked as my father picked up the phone.

"Yes, it is. How can I help you?"

"Well, Sir, I work at the County Jail and we have a man confined here who claims he must be released by Monday or he may lose his job as an apple picker at your farm."

Po turned to me and whispered, "I'll bet Chuck is back in town and in some usual trouble." To the caller he asked, "What is this man's name?"

Po was right. It was Chuck. The big thrust to harvest the fall apple crop was to begin Tuesday, so Po had guessed that he would hear from Chuck sometime after the summer months had passed. Chuck always appeared in September and worked until the last apple was picked. Chuck put a halt to his drinking problem during these months and always left in November with a sizable check.

"Can you keep him in jail till Tuesday?" Po asked his caller.

"Oh, yes, we can. We didn't want to release him until we knew he would be 'gainfully' employed," was the reply.

"Tell him we'll see him this Tuesday morning, bright and early," was my father's last message on the phone.

The second of this trio of special migrant workers was Frank. He always arrived in his converted school bus on the exact day, for he always called ahead to get the beginning date. His vehicle was a mechanic's nightmare, but the forerunner of the modern mobile homes of today. Frank cooked meals on his kerosene stove, used an ice-box for food storage, and read by lights from a battery separate from the motor's battery. He had a container for sun-heated water on top of the bus and showered from water warmed during the day. He bragged about the gears he had devised for this vehicle to get through mud or sand during his travels, especially in the less populated areas of the West. Frank was always working on an idea for a "perpetual motion machine."

I always looked forward to each fall with Frank. He was a most interesting conversationalist. While Chuck's moral views might have been a bit questionable, Frank was a dedicated Bible man. Their religious discussions, as their hands swiftly picked apples, were truly educational.

The third member of this outstanding trio was of direct Italian descent and a good Catholic. Antonio had a great sense of humor and always seemed to be the "moderator" in the great debates of Frank and Chuck. "If you two would work your hands as fast as your mouths work, you could double your production!" Antonio would often remark.

My interest in these men resulted from their continual stories of the people they met in their yearly travels, their descriptions of other farms, and of their adventures from state to state. Above all, their cultural and language backgrounds were fascinating to an Ohio teenager. It seemed each man had friends and some family members in the prime areas of their yearly work tour.

Men of this caliber were needed each to year to complete the picking. Those who picked throughout the total season were rewarded with a bonus for each bushel picked. The orchard manager gave them tickets representing certain numbers of bushels picked as they finished each tree and these tickets were exchanged for cash at the end of each week.

It should be mentioned here that the harvest crews consisted of other part-timers: whole families, college students, women, and "week-end warriors" who desired second incomes. There were those who were unemployed from week to week and professionals who might be between jobs, etc.

This crew was a composite of the work force of this country of those years. To be a part of this scene was an education in itself. I learned to play various card games, which filled their lunch periods, especially euchre and pinochle. I was amazed at the various talents these men had learned from their fathers and grandfathers. They were all to be employed in permanent positions as World War II activities demanded their skills. The younger men would enlist or be drafted into the armed services and we continually received news of their travels, units to which they were attached, dangers, and ability to stay alive during their service years. We all suffered together when we heard of the death of any one of these men with whom we had become acquainted.

PO AND THE WATER TOWER

The water system of the Brown fruit farm consisted of a pumphouse built over a deep cistern dug in the valley above the storages, an above-ground water tank in the middle of the orchard, and a system of four-inch pipes connecting the various stand-pipes scattered around the orchard. Water from a large pump in the pumphouse filled the water tank, establishing a gravity-flow water system. This water tank was typical of those used in small towns for a continuing water pressure to businesses and homes. It stood thirty-five feet above the ground and was covered at the top where an overflow hole was located. To know the amount of water in the tank, a float inside the tank was connected by a rope to an outside weight. As the tank filled with water, the float rose to the top of the tank and the outside weight dropped correspondingly alongside the tank.

One warm, windy day in the summer, I came in from the orchard with my assigned crew at noon and walked to our house for my lunch. Po was sometimes late for meals, so I began eating. "Where's your father?" my mother asked.

"I saw him a couple of hours ago, making his rounds in the orchard, but he wasn't in the storage area when I left it."

After twenty minutes or so, my mother showed her anxiety. "He is never this late for lunch. Do you suppose he's met with an accident?" My mother was a consistent worrier about her men and the machines and jobs we performed.

"I'll go outside and listen for a tractor motor or whatever," I volunteered. I stepped outside our back door and stood silently.

"Help! Help! Help me!" were easily heard. The words were not issued in panic, but were consistent.

"Mom, I hear him in back of the large sprayhouse and water tank area," I called as I began to run from our yard out through the rows of trees.

Our house was located on Row 25 of the orchard and my destination was on Row 52. As I passed Row 40, I could see a figure on top of the water tank and guessed it was my dad. He was just sitting there, saying, "Can anyone hear me?"

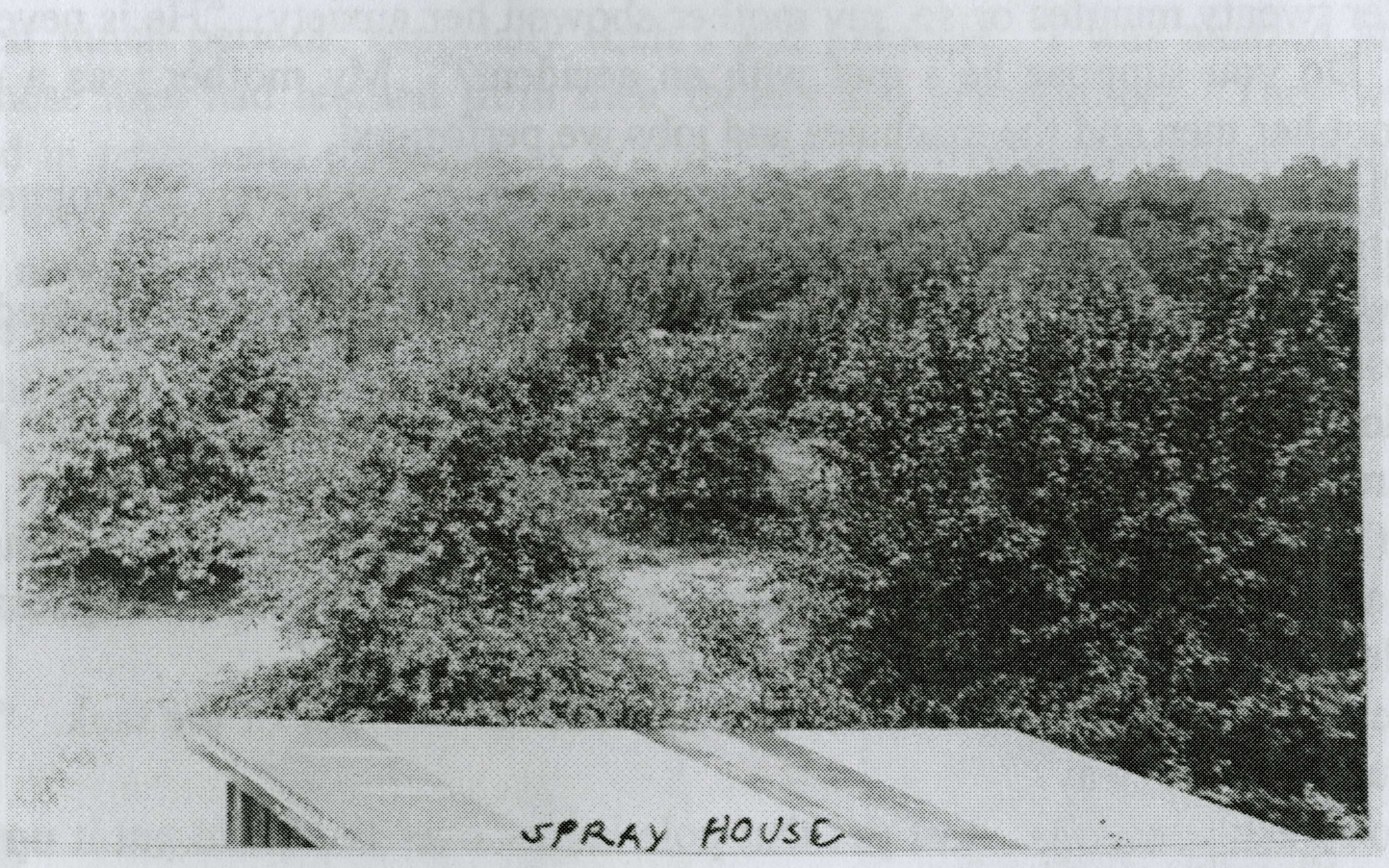
"Yeah, I hear you," I answered, as I approached the foot of the tank. "What are you doing up there, anyway?"

"Don't ask questions. Just get that pole ladder over there and put it up here so I can get down." At that time, dwarf fruit trees were yet to be developed and we used pole ladders to pick the taller trees in the orchard. These ladders could be leaned into a fork of a tree and were quite safe for pickers to use.

I began to see the humor of this situation, for my father was always instructing me on safety, yet here he was in a situation which was the result of a lack of safety. The float in the water tank had been stuck in the top position for several days, and Po had placed a pole ladder against the tank to climb up and fix it. After he had climbed out on top of the tank to repair the float, a sudden wind gust had hit the ladder and it plunged to the ground, leaving Po stranded on top of the tank. With all crews at lunch, his only means of rescue was his "Help! Help! I need help!"

Mother was most relieved when Dad and I came into the house to finish the lunch hour. I sensed this was just one of those adventures which my mother needn't know of, and of which the other workers need not be informed. Po and I had several of these incidents over the years. He never "squealed" on me when I was disking around the trees next to a small ravine at the back of the orchard and had to jump off the tractor as it overturned when I misjudged the center of gravity on the slanted hillside. Or "rode" a pole ladder down from tree fork to tree fork while picking apples. We always knew those ladders would stop when hitting a strong fork, so we always stayed with them if a limb support gave way far up in a tree.

It was an unwritten code between my father and me never to discuss such incidents. "Your mother has enough to worry about," Dad would say.



MY MOTHER

My mother never attended high school, for girls in her community and family situation were expected to enter the work force after eighth grade. She and her two sisters were very bright and won most "spelling bees" in their school. But, as her father was raising three girls alone on a cousin's farm, it was deemed necessary for the girls to move to the city and work in a shoe factory to support themselves.

Despite her limited education, my mother loved to read and became self-educated. She read to my brother and me each evening in our very young years and made a spelling champion out of me by my sixth grade in school. She used a McGuffey speller which consisted of lists such as "light, right, night, sight, might, bright, slight," etc. After I entered school, every new word she encountered in her reading of books or newspapers became a word in my vocabulary. When I demonstrated ability in mathematics, she learned algebra and the higher math subjects with me. In my college years, she would read my history books and I wish she could have taken my exams for me in the reading-based subjects. My father was skilled in mechanics and common sense, but my academic strength came mostly from my mother. She remembered everything she read.

My mother was an exceptional cook and homemaker. During our early years, she visited stores, got ideas, and bought patterns to make our clothes. I never recognized how great were her meals of chicken and dumplings, beef and noodles, wild pheasant and rabbit, all types of casseroles, tasty pies (she made her own crust), and tasty breakfasts until I left my family home. She knew we worked hard and fixed complete meals for lunch and dinner. She was a very loving person, but was not one to express this physically. I realized in my teen years that she always kept a physical distance from family or friends. She was not a hugger. Despite this, she was always home when we came in from school, always willing to take us to social or recreational activities of our choice, and ever concerned about our health and well-being.

Neighbors told me that my mother almost died when I was born, and I often thought that situation contributed to the particular relationship she and I enjoyed.

As for her contribution to the farm system, my mother had come as a cook for the Browns and had a real respect for both of her employers. As the wife of their orchard foreman, she worked in the salesroom on busy weekends and often helped with parties in the Browns' home. She had "fleet fingers" when it came to picking any type of fruit or finishing any activity such as labeling cider jugs. (My mother was a worker and expected her children to be workers also.) Any time she was asked to help in any aspect of the overall operation of the farm, she made herself available.

In my tenth year of life, I longed for a bicycle. My mother found a picture of one in a Sears catalog and promised, "If you'll pick cherries this year, I'll help as much as I can to get you this bicycle."

My mother was a natural cherry-picker. She could pick one hundred quarts in the regular eight-hour day. As she prepared breakfast and did the usual household chores, she could not join me in the cherry orchard until 9:00 or 10:00 a.m. I would begin with the other workers and usually had ten or so quarts picked when Mother joined me. And I tired out by noon on most days, so my picking was limited. Each evening Mother and I

would add our tokens and three days before the cherry orchard was bare of fruit, we had enough to send to Sears for my bicycle. That new bicycle was my "wheels" until I was sixteen and could drive the family auto. I often rode that bike to school, to visit neighbors in evenings or on weekends, and even to see "free shows" on Mondays in the nearby village of Powell.

Mother never really approved of any young lady that I dated. This may have been a selfish trait, which I also observed when my older brother dated. It was with satisfaction that I watched my mother "grow" in her later years as she accepted my wife and children. How she enjoyed her grandchildren! She was always a willing baby-sitter.

COUNTRY TEEN IN A CITY MARKET

Being a teenager on the Brown Fruit Farm during World War II gave me opportunity to use the farm truck to haul apples to the Central Market in the city. Our farm truck was a one-and-a-half ton Dodge. My father always said it was "too small to be a big truck and too big to be a small truck." I had learned to drive the truck in the hay fields and on the main transport roads of the orchard. Po had given me several opportunities to drive the truck to a nearby town to pick up items at the railroad depot there.

"Do you feel confident behind that wheel?" Po asked.

"Of course, Dad," I replied, as a typical, self-confident teen.

"Well, you've been with me on loads to Central Market and to the big store warehouses, so you know the routes to take. Are you sure you know our Market buyers? And you know you have to back in there and unload in tight quarters."

"Just let me do it, Po. You know it's a pain for you to take time out of work here to take those few bushels here and there at the Market. I'll be careful and watch speed limits, etc."

"Remember to be polite to our buyers, for they have been with us for some years now," he added.

I ran to the truck garage in anticipation of this new adventure. After bringing the truck to the storage, I helped Po load the various varieties of apples to be delivered in a sequence based on the series of stops I was to make at the Market. He gave me one of his smiles as I jumped into the cab to begin my trek.

"You know the responsibilities you are taking, right?" I nodded, shifted into the proper gear, and headed to the main highway.

I had no trouble with confidence until I reached the city "truck route." It wound through residential, business, and industrial areas featuring numerous traffic lights. Starting and stopping behind and alongside the big semi's was intimidating, especially when a burly semi driver would glare at me with a "what's this kid doing on our highway" look.

I had just the opposite feeling if I was at a stop and persons of my age, especially female, would smile at me in a recognition that I was someone of their age who had been given an adult responsibility. I became engrossed at the dress of city teenagers in various sections of the city. Some who were scantily clad would cause eyebrows to raise in our rural community.

I fought my way slowly through the Central Market streets and stopped in front of my first client's shop.

"Hey, he sent the son today," the owner called to his helper.

The helper ran to the street and stopped the traffic behind me. "Just pull up a bit and then back in," he called to me.

I had no trouble at this stop. I greeted the owner and began unloading the bushel baskets with his helper.

"That's fifteen bushel," I announced as we finished, and I handed him the receipt slip our farm secretary had prepared.

He was opening several lids as he signed. "They all look fine," he said, picking up an apple and taking a bite. "I'll have no trouble moving these. Thank you."

Several shoppers had already gathered and he began pricing the apples by the pound. I began to figure in my head how much he would make on each bushel he sold. When I thought of our retail price per bushel at the farm, I realized his profit. But then, most of his shoppers bought only a few apples and this was a convenience to them.

I looked up and down the crowded street and saw the value of this area to the city folk. Small trucks were selling freshly-picked corn-on-the-cob. There were stands with green beans and all other types of produce, and various permanent shops such as the one I just serviced. This was a most interesting, productive, service-related community. I wished I could spend more time here, just "people watching," for it was a completely new environment for me. Where did all this produce, meat, etc., originate? From what size farms or towns did these sellers travel to sell their products?

As I pulled away from the first stop and continued on my assigned route, I thought of this Central Market, its past and present, and hoped a place like this might always exist where city people could come here to one consolidated area and buy all types of fresh foods. Our fruit farm was fortunate in its location, for many people liked to drive out to us on Sundays and we were not that far from the city. Thus, we could retail the majority of our crop on our home site. But for the folk without automobiles, this Market served as a primary produce resource.

Most of our clients at Central Market bought a limited number of bushels, for they wished to sell all they bought from us within a few days. They could not store the apples for long periods of time as we did, therefore, spoilage meant loss.

The fruit farm did sell full truck loads to the large chain food stores when they phoned us from time to time. I had the privilege of taking loads to several of these large stores. After delivering a load of apples to one chain and then to a rival chain the next day, I always got a laugh at their advertisements in the local newspapers: "We have the best apples in our produce department compared to the *(so-and-so)* chain!" I knew they were the same variety of apple from the same fruit farm, so this was my first enlightenment of the advertising business. We continued these sales until the fruit farm ceased its activities.

Apple Sales Room 1944

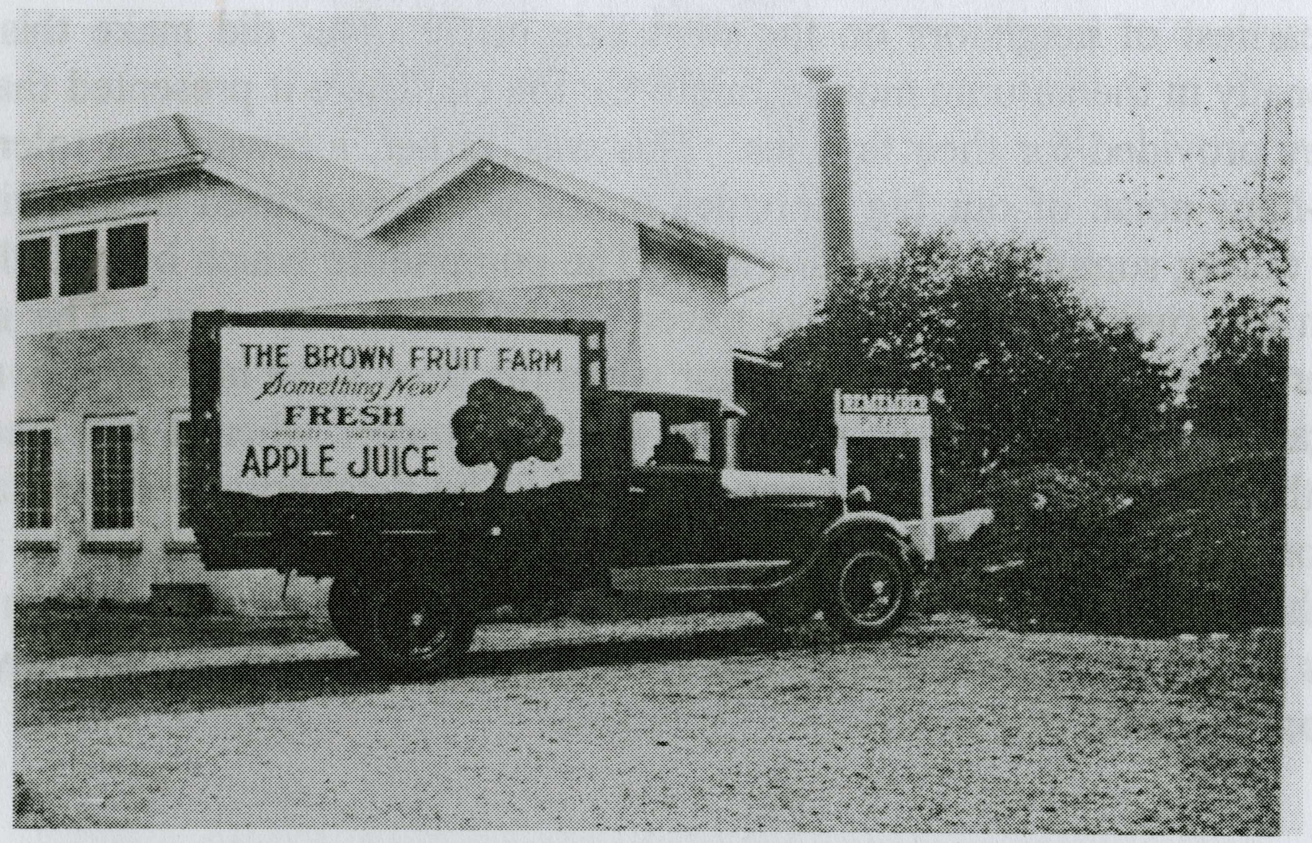
HAY FIELDS AND A GRAIN ELEVATOR

To counteract the days of drought which occurred more or less each summer, we mulched the trees with hay or, when available, corn cobs. This mulch would increase the "hold power" of rain water under the trees.

We made hay in the field north of the orchard and used this as mulch, but we were often offered hay from farmers' fields which had been ruined by rain. My father usually accepted these gifts of hay and sent a crew with the farm truck and hay forks to haul as much as possible. I enjoyed the variety of work this offered, for I learned to pitch hay and to load hay properly for transport. The only disadvantage of this work was being covered with chaff and occasionally having to survive a bumblebee nest or two. The job was finished when we placed the hay around the apple trees. Not only did this mulch hold water, but it supplied a cushion for apples which might drop before picking season. Many buyers preferred "dropped" apples for they were cheaper to buy and could be secured before the actual picking days.

Another job giving variety to the fruit farm work was the loading and unloading of corn cobs given to us by the local grain elevator. As they shelled corn from the cobs, the cobs would be piled into a large room on the second level of the grain elevator. This job was a very unglamorous one for, as I would rake the cobs towards the chute in the floor of the cob room onto our farm truck, the chaff from the cobs would coat my eyebrows, collect in my nose and ears, and cover my entire body, no matter how I was dressed. Anyone who has been employed as a laborer in a grain elevator would have an empathy for any person covered with chaff from corn cobs.

These cobs were used in the orchard for mulch, mostly in the tracks made by the spray equipment. Both of these activities contributed to conservation practices which always were promoted in orchard maintenance activities.



THE RAIDERS

Every autumn, when hundreds of bushels of apples were picked each day, there was always the fear of losing crates of apples to highway or neighborhood "raiders." At the end of each work day, my father labored with Bud, the orchard foreman, to insure the removal of all full crates of apples beneath trees along the major highway. This highway was a major state route and many automobiles passed by daily. On days when apples were removed from these trees, the employees who hauled the apples on the Model A truck usually worked an hour after the pickers had finished. I remember only one incident in which a number of full crates of apples were stolen by highway raiders.

There was also one confrontation with a raider truck which had come from the highway through our north field. My father heard this activity from our house late one night. He took his shotgun from the gunrack and quietly crept from the house toward the activity. To avoid actual contact with these raiders, he fired a blast into the air some rows before he reached the field. There must have been a driver seated behind the wheel of that truck, for the truck raced across the field chased by the raiders who had been loading crates on it. Removing all picked fruit from the orchard at the end of each day solved any future problem.

The "relationship" with the "raiders" who lived across the river from the west end of the farm was one which might be classified as a mutual-understanding truce. The geology of this area provided the source of this truce. Beyond the last rows of fruit trees, our farm had a very mature woods which extended to sharp, slate banks of some ninety feet in height which bordered a rather wide river. The slate banks extended some distance up and down the river. Large and small boulders, named concretions by geologists, had eroded from the shale over the years and had tumbled into the river. To wade across the river, which was four to six feet deep in normal times, to climb the steep banks, and to find a way through the woods to the orchard was a challenge even to a hiker. It was a real ordeal for anyone wishing to fill a bag with apples and return back this route to a home across the river.

The heartiest of neighbors on the west side of the river did make this trek for apples occasionally in the autumn months, more for the challenge it presented than for the few apples they provided for their families. This was, rather, a reward for tolerating the ten to twelve-hour noise of our big Hercules motor which was used in pumping water from the river during summer days of drought. The pumphouse which housed this motor sat directly on the river's bank and was never vandalized in any way. The neighbors across the river knew we only used this motor when the trees were in need of water. We need not irrigate at all in some summers and in the summers when it was needed, we pumped only those days until the next good rainfall. The neighbors in those days never complained, for we all were striving for economic survival and we knew them and their children and they knew us. I attended elementary school with all the children of these neighbors. As for losses from neighborhood raids on the orchard, my father always used the words "most negligible."

This mutual truce did result in several interesting interactions on our school bus from year to year. On occasion, as our bus would cross the bridge over our river, about one-and-a-half miles below our orchard, I would spot a few apples floating toward the bridge. "Does that look like apples to you?" I would ask our driver.

"Sure does," was the reply, "it looks like someone stumbled on a boulder and lost some apples from their sack in the river last night."

I would sit quietly until all the children from the small neighborhood across the river from our farm were on board. As we would proceed back our bus route and cross the river a second time, I would announce: "Hey! We saw apples floating in the river on our first crossing. Can anyone spot any apples now?" I would then look at the faces of the neighborhood children. Shy, knowing grins would tell me which of these probably had fresh apples in their lunch boxes this day.

In all my years living on the farm, no neighbor was ever caught "raiding" the orchard or accused of such an act. We knew any apples taken were never sold and we knew that these neighbors were very protective of our woods and orchard from outsiders. I knew that the neighbors' children enjoyed a good, crisp apple in their lunch and in a homemade pie as much as I. The situation was an ideal symbiotic relationship.

TREES STUMPS AND THE FBI

After thirty-some years, the large fruit trees would slowly drop in their production or would die of age, disease, or wind damage. Another job during the late fall or winter months was to remove these trees and to prepare the earth for new plantings in their spaces in the spring.

"Want to help cut firewood and blow tree stumps today?" my father asked.

"Of course," I would reply. I could always use extra money during the school months.

The farm system qualified for a government permit to buy and use dynamite. This was stored in a dry, locked storage room until used. Each stick of dynamite was carefully accounted for at all times.

We would load one of the Model A trucks with pruning saws, chain saws, and dynamite for the day's work. This crew numbered few for safety reasons and for the fact that cutting of limbs was frequently interrupted. When the dynamite was used to blow the stumps from their roots, each crew member was to cease his current work to seek shelter.

The small limbs of the selected trees were removed by pruning saws and would be pushed or hauled to the large brush piles in the north field. The larger limbs were cut into fireplace length, for income was generated by the sale of this apple wood. Another aspect of this operation was the collection of this wood and its distribution to buyers who loved the smell of burning apple wood in a fireplace.

Once the larger limbs were removed and cut into desired sale length, the barren stumps stood like sentinels in the orchard. Occasionally, a John Deere tractor could be attached to a weaker stump by a log chain, and by repeated pulls and jerks could break the stump from its roots. However, the main use of the tractor and its chain was to remove roots once the stump had been dynamited.

My father and Bud seemed the most experienced at drilling the necessary holes under the stump and judging the number of sticks of dynamite to use to blow the stump loose from its roots. The other crew members worked on other trees as the dynamite was placed.

"O.K., guys," Po would yell, "get ready for another shot!" Each of us would scramble down the rows of trees for some distance and hide behind large tree trunks.

"Everyone all set?" Po would look around, hoping to see no one in his own hiding spot. "Fire in the hole!" meant the fuse had been lit and he and Bud would run like mad to a previously selected spot.

A thunderous roar and shaking of the earth followed. It was then necessary to cover our heads and wait; clods of dirt would be falling down through the trees for some seconds after the blast. We waited beyond the time the last clod fell before moving in order to avoid being hit by a stray missile which might have been blown much higher than the others. Then we returned to the stump site to view the results. Most stumps would be leaning to the side of a large hole and could be pulled away by the tractor. Some would need another stick of dynamite to finish the job. Once in a while, a stump would actually be hurtled into the air above the blast. To finish the job, the larger roots were removed

and the earth smoothed for a new seedling. The stump was pushed to the brush pile area or cut for firewood if its size permitted.

None of us associated with the farm ever anticipated the end of this story. Old trees were removed and new ones planted to within several years of the closing of the farm.

Following the sale of the orchard, my father still lived in our original home although the other houses were rented to various young couples beginning their lives together. An employee of the firm which purchased the farm came one fall day to inspect the land and buildings. My father, in his seventies and living alone at that time, was unaware of the visit of this person.

Suddenly, during the afternoon as he sat in his favorite lawn chair, law enforcement vehicles with emergency lights flashing came speeding up his driveway. Lawmen from various agencies leaped from their autos and approached him as they might a vicious felon. Dad remained calm during all this, having no idea for all the attention. In reality, the fellow going through the farm buildings found in the old pumphouse storeroom a wooden box with the words "Dynamite - Dangerous" on it. Alzheimer's disease had been slowly affecting my father and he had long ago forgotten that the dynamite box still existed among other boxes stored in that facility.

To those of us who knew the farm and my father, it seemed like a Keystone Cop movie situation. Obviously, to the local law and the Federal agents unfamiliar with our stump blowing of earlier years, it was a grave situation needing investigation. I can think of no one who could remember the last year dynamite was used on the farm or that the storage box for the dynamite still existed.

In its final resolution, the authorities realized my father was not a dangerous radical, and they opened and removed an empty box labeled "Dynamite."

MOLLY

Molly and I grew up at the fruit farm in slightly different time intervals. Early pictures show Molly as a young teen with me as a baby. As I entered my school years, our lives separated somewhat as she attended different schools and was involved in their activities and social life. But we both shared the farm.

Our lives came together again during the unfortunate deaths of both of her parents in 1936. Her mother died in August and her father suffered a fatal heart attack the day of my tenth birthday in December. I never realized the influence of Molly's parents until the flowers arrived in August for her mother's funeral and again for her father's. I had never seen such an outpouring of sentiment from the entire local and urban community. Molly very suddenly became the owner and director of a large farm system.

I remember my mother and several of the other members of the total farm family lamenting about the future of our homes and job security. But Molly met the challenge thrust upon her, and the farm operation continued successfully. Molly's husband John, a lawyer, joined in the decision-making and my father met with them in evening meetings on a regular basis for years thereafter.

The advent of World War II affected many businesses and families in many ways. With so many young men going into the armed services and the increased salaries offered in defense plants, it was difficult to find good farm labor. Also, the families who had depended on the farm for their homes and wages for many years became attracted to higher wage offerings and the promise of owning a home of their own away from the farm. The farm survived the war years with teen-aged summer help and with those of us who remained.

As the war ended, Molly was able to hire several young veterans for permanent employment. My cousin Bill was one of these. Having recently married, he was overjoyed to have a home for his young family and he had always loved outdoor work. My father continued on, pleased with the new vitality of this younger generation of farm families.

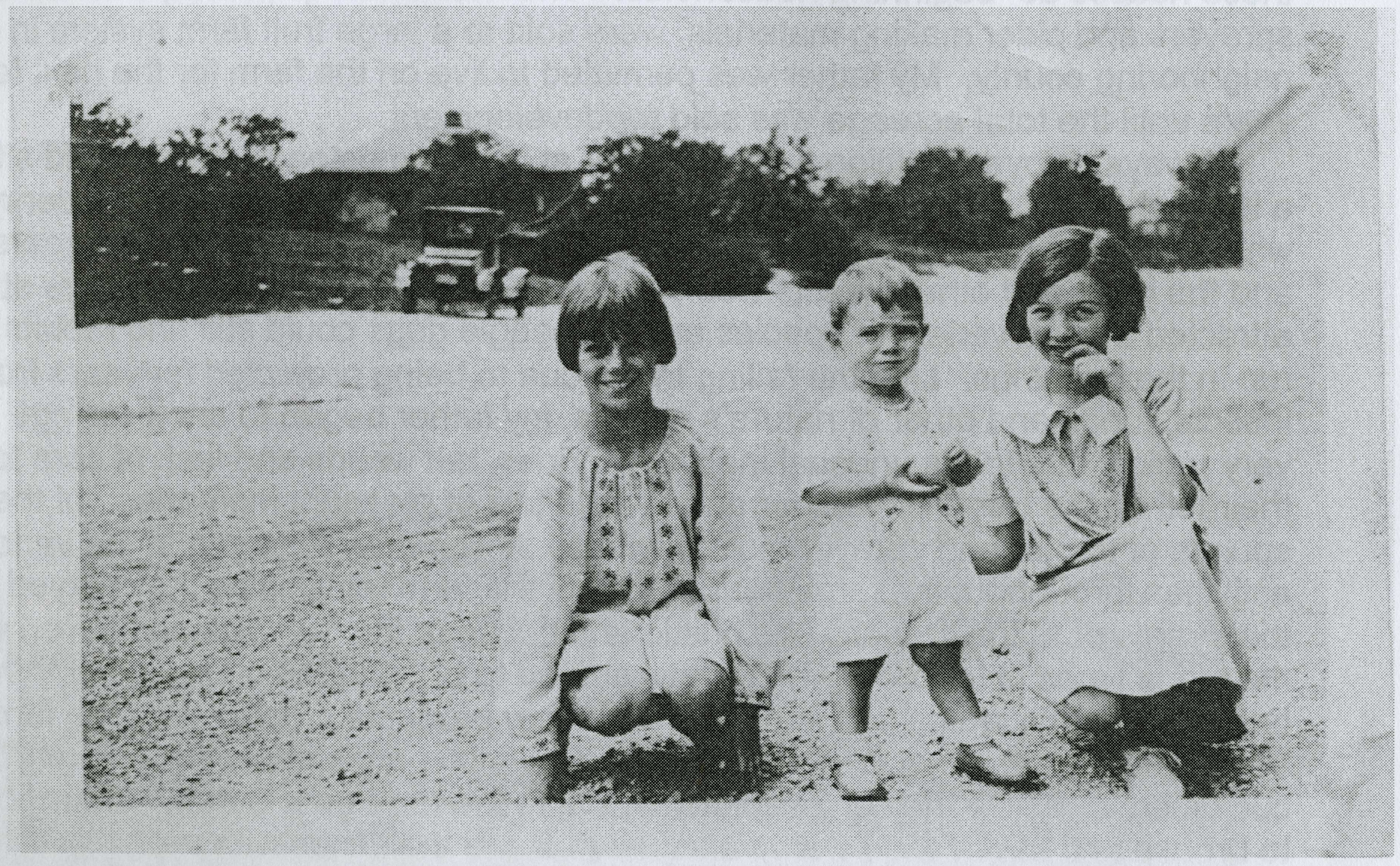
During the war years and those following, Molly always seemed to know of my desire for a continual "money flow" to participate in my high school and college activities. Not only was I employed full-time in summer, but she always informed my father of jobs I could do on weekends during the school months and during school break periods. During my first years of teaching, I was also able to continue weekend work as a salesman in the Apple House, directing the volumes of weekend traffic in and out, or working in the orchard.

When the time came that development growth and other factors forced Molly to sell the farm, my father was allowed to live in the house he had known for thirty-some years until he was physically unable to do so.

When Molly asked for my help during her late husband's last illness, I felt a certain pride in being able to assist her. She and her parents had been "rocks" in my family's life for all of my years. I never realized all this until one night when my wife Barbara and I arrived home after a dinner invitation with Molly.

"Did you notice how comfortable Molly makes me feel when we are together?" Barbara remarked. "She is honestly interested in us, our kids and their lives. She has traveled many parts of the world, she has met distinguished business people and politicians over the years, and has served on many boards and committees in community decision-making. And yet she expresses a sincere interest in us and our lives. I call that 'class'!"

I smiled in agreement. Molly and I have traveled many different paths, but our friendship needed no words, no explanations. Maybe this is what friendship is all about.



EPILOGUE

The Brown Fruit Farm ceased to be a fruit farm in the late '50s when the owner, Molly Brown Caren, moved with her husband to a suburb city. Land use in the area was increasingly being sought by developers and it became apparent that re-evaluation of the land and the taxes associated with this would be a handicap, financially, for such a farm to exist. Several years of early spring freezes and the resulting diminished fruit crops added to the demise of this land use for enough profit to support the families involved.

One by one the families who had lived here and raised their children to high school years and beyond were forced to find other employment and the resultant movement to other residences. My father was retained to act as a caretaker of the farm and to rent the tenant residences to young couples who would use these houses as "beginning households." The fruit farm equipment, tractors and sprayers and cider making materials, were sold to a large fruit farm system in a neighboring county. My father was permitted to live on the farm for the next few years until the total acreage was sold for development.

I always enjoyed visitiing with my father at our "homestead" as he would sit in a large chair in the yard, reading, relaxing, or just looking around, remembering what once was here. The trees blossomed to some degree in those few years and the bees and other insects would be active as before. His bird feeders still attracted a good variety of species and his beagle dogs could still find rabbits to run in the evenings. Like the failing trees, due to being protected for years from insects, fungi, and other of nature's attacks, my father began to show his age very rapidly due to his unusual inactivity. Vines, tall weeds and lack of care took their toll on the trees. My father and I would talk of pleasant memories: of the sounds of tractor and sprayer motors, voices of workmen engaged in the various activities throughout the farm, the children of the farm families as they played in their yards or in the orchard, the hustle and bustle of the fruit picking season with the many types of laborers who always arrived to bring in the crop, and of the busy week-ends of selling the apples and other products produced on the farm. We would speak of notable people in the Columbus area who were annual customers and how they enjoyed driving out to the farm on a Sunday afternoon to brouse and to buy their wares and just to share their lives with us.

We would always end up speaking of the loyal workmen and the ways that they affected our lives on the farm and in their later successes. We knew of so many that got "their start" by working on the farm during the Great Depression. Many had served in the Armed Forces during World War II, but later returned to be very influential in the vocations and businesses they selected as a life work. They were part of the group that Tom Brokaw, a noted news reporter and writer, would call "The Greatest Generation."

When I drive by the acreage that once was my home and our family's livelihood, I cringe to see condominiums, apartments, fast-food malls, and small business developments. Then I remember the words of my father as he watched the encroachment of developers upon the farmland of our community: "You know, of course, that they call this 'progress'."

THE BROWN FRUIT FARM

MOLLY BROWN CAREN

100 ACRES IN ORCHARDS

WORTHINGTON, OHIO

TELEPHONE FR. 2-5281

APPLES
APPLE JUICE
APPLE CANDY
APPLE BUTTER
CHERRIES
PLUMS
HONEY

APPENDIX

FROM A DUSTY POP W. MARION L. BILLS.

PARADISE = = = By Michael Desmond

WORTHINGTON, MAY 21.—For 20 years now I've been driving up and down this highway and each time I read the sign: "Brown's Fruit-Farm—2 Miles," I say to myself: "Some day I'm going in there and see what sort of a set-up they've got."

Coming down to the football games in the fall, the signs advertised cider and apple butter and always I've been going to have a look. Today, by Jiminy Crickets, I took time off to see it.

William C. Brown was one of the founders of Orr, Brown & Price, wholesale druggists. When he had made a little dough he bought this farm, about 100 acres, stretching from the highway to the high bank of the Olentangy River. Two years later he turned it over to his son, the late Frame Brown, who developed it to what it is today.

WHEN FRAME BROWN TOOK CHARGE, there were apple trees of all descriptions. He started weeding out many varieties. Now they have apples ripening on the trees from Yellow Transparents in mid-July to Winesaps in early November. They pick from 25,000 to 40,000 bushels a year, have sold as much as 30,000 gallons of cider and a thousand gallons of apple butter.

There are five regular employes, four of whom live on the farm with their families. At apple picking time there are as many of 50 pickers.

"They just come without asking and without advertising. Mostly old men, too," says Molly Brown Caren, the owner.

OF THE REGULAR EMPLOYES, Murrin Cellar has been on the farm since he was a boy, 30 years and more. Marion Lazelle worked part time while going to school, has been a regular 21 years. William Snoffer has been there 14 years.

"We all married Mrs. Brown's cooks," laughs Murrin Cellar. "She used to say we just hung around until we were sure they were good cooks and then stole them from her."

"But if you write about us," warned Molly Caren, "don't forget Ruth. Ruth Seidel is our bookkeeper. Has been for 16 years. We couldn't find her a husband on the farm, but she has a fine husband and so they live here, too, although he has his own job."

In the fall the Brown Fruit Farm has to have a traffic man on Sunday afternoons to keep the autos untangled. They have 13 salesmen on such Sundays. About 90 per cent of their trade is retail. They have a 1919 Model T truck, no part of which, except the fenders, is of the original car. Once they threw it away, then dug it out again, because its high wheels and low gear make it an ideal truck to work in the apple orchard. A Model A, stripped to one seat and the frame, is labelled the Grasshopper. It's a good picking truck, too.

IT SEEMS THAT THE "BOYS" on the Brown farm helped raise Molly Brown. Then the boys married and Molly Brown helped raise the boys' families. It's a kind of a family affair out there. And it is no empty remark to say it is a happy family.

Molly Brown was married several years ago to John M. Caren, attorney and executive secretary to Governor Davey. John has his law practice in Columbus and Molly runs the farm, or helps "the boys" run it. But John Caren got the itch, living with so many families of farmers. He claims to have the best grass in Franklin County in the yard surrounding the farm house. However, I noticed he was trying out a power mower, the day I stopped by.

Molly Caren took me for a tour of the place, past the pretty cottages where "the boys" live with their families, past the spray plant and on into the orchard.

AT ONE PLACE there is a tiny burial plot with a half-dozen head stones. The two tallest slabs are marked Joseph and Sally Pool. She doesn't know who they were, supposes they were the original owners of the land, so she keeps their burial place fresh. Joseph Pool died in 1818.

On farther into the orchard we went to a place where one big block of trees still were in full bloom.

"Aren't they beautiful?" remarked Molly Caren. "I've always lived here and I never get over how lovely it is here. And when I listen to these terrible reports of war I say: 'This is paradise. I wonder if it can last.'"

It is certainly just this side of paradise, and I hope it lasts forever.

WHEN AND HOW TO USE LEADING VARIETIES OF APPLES

The table below is dependable and authoritative. Preserve the list and consult it for information as to the best varieties for eating, baking, sauce and other uses. Note too the season in which each variety is at its best.

Variety	Eating	Baking	Pies	Salad	Sauce	Season
Yellow Transparent	Fair	Fair	Good	Fair	Excellent	July-August
Duchess	Fair	Fair	Good	Fair	Good	July to Sept.
Maiden Blush	Fair	Fair	Fair	Fair	Excellent	August-Sept.
Wealthy	Fair	Fair	Good	Fair	Good	August to Nov.
McIntosh Red	Excellent	Good	Good	Good	Excellent	Sept. to March
Cortland	Good	Good	Good	Good	Excellent	Sept. to Dec.
Grimes Golden	Excellent	Fair	Good	Good	Excellent	Sept. to Dec.
Jonathan	Excellent	Excellent	Excellent	Good	Good	Sept. to Jan.
Northern Spy	Good	Good	Excellent	Good	Excellent	Sept. to Dec.
Greening	Fair	Good	Good	Fair	Good	Oct. to Jan.
Red Delicious	Excellent	Fair	Fair	Excellent	Good	Oct. to March
Golden Delicious	Excellent	Good	Fair	Excellent	Fair	Oct. to March
Stayman Winesap	Good	Excellent	Excellent	Good	Excellent	Nov. to Feb.
Baldwin	Fair	Good	Good	Fair	Good	Nov. to March
York Imperial	Fair	Fair	Good	Poor	Good	Nov. to March
Rome Beauty	Fair	Excellent	Good	Fair	Good	Dec. to April
Newton (Albemarle)	Fair	Good	Fair	Fair	Good	Dec. to April
Winesap	Good	Good	Good	Good	Good	Jan. to June

Frame Brown

Murrin Cellar

RUTH HERRITT SEIDEL 1950

JUL 55
1955

FRESH APPLE JUICE
THE BROWN FRUIT FARM

Dispatch Photos

MOLLY CAREN turns a crank on the mixer part of an "A" size Hunter's New Lightning Sifter and Mixer she contributed to the Ohio State Farm Science Review's (OFSR) antique farm equipment collection. The unit was originally used on the former Brown Fruit Farm on Rt. 23 north of Worthington for processing spray chemicals for applications at the orchard owned and operated by Mrs. Caren's late father, Frame Brown. Antique and vintage equipment items are displayed in the Exhibits Building during each OSFSR.

THE COLUMBUS DISPATCH

Driver Only Slightly Hurt in This Freak Accident

W. E. HAAS, route 47, Delaware, was the victim of this freak accident in North High street at the Brown fruit farm Monday when he fell asleep at the steering wheel of his auto bound for Columbus.

The machine careened into a waiting room of the Columbus, Delaware & Marion Traction Co. Force of the crash wrecked the car and knocked the building down upon it. Haas extricated himself from the wreckage and was taken to University hospital by a passing motorist. He suffered minor injuries.

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