

The Way It
Was

Memories from the

Cousins

1988

8611 N 67th Ave, # 265, Glendale, AZ 85302

May 19, 1988

For the Records of the Apple Valley Reunion:

The farthestmost back my memory goes of persons in the Waas Family Tree is of my grandfather Heinrick Willhelm (Henry William) Waas. his wife Sarah Elizabeth (Boles) Waas and her Mother. Mary? Boles. That was in my pre school days of the late 1890's.

They were then living about a half mile directly west of the Stone School and my parents with their first five children lived on the "Forty" three quarters of a mile south east of the school. I recall frequent enough visits in their home so that the house and surrounding are clear in memory. Memory of Grandpa is clear but of Grandma and Great Grandma Boles there is not as much clear memory, due to the death of Grandma and of Great Grandma going to live elsewhere. The most that remains clear about them is of Grandma being busy in the kitchen, and of Great grandma Boles sitting in a rocking chair by the stove in the Front Room and smoking a pipe.

After Grandma's death Grandpa made a trip back to Germany to visit relatives but evidently did some other visiting also for when he returned he had another wife who had a peculiar accent in her voice. And she did not want to be called "Grandma" but preferred to be "Aunt" Julia. She and Grandpa evidently did not have long together for I started to school in September 1900 and Grandpa's death came during that school term.

Bennie J. Waas.

Uncle Eddie's Wonderland

In one of those early years, almost before the beginning of time, I met Uncle Eddie for the first time. That wasn't the first memory of a "Waas" but it is one that has stayed with me for fifty some odd years. Eddie had made a very special car out of an Austin body and oversized wheels. I could not figure out how that little body was attached to those wheels as it sat up there among the rubber tires. The little car has probably been romanticized by the years but it and its maker were magical indeed. He lived in the upstairs of a shop which had more tools and equipment than Sears Roebuck! We didn't stay long, not nearly long enough to get answers for all of my questions and to take in the wonders, but the memory is a vivid one.

Sometimes wonder-filled things come around again, and that was the case with our family and Uncle Eddie. In the early 60's we found ourselves living within driving range of Ravenna, Ohio and so we went as often as possible to visit and marvel at his machinery and clocks and books and music boxes. He had a lot of love to share with our four daughters who held him in awe and marveled at his home and surroundings as I had back in Kansas. In our early visits we took him to local restaurants to eat, but Eddie really didn't enjoy eating out. His kitchen was too small to prepare for a whole clan, so we got into the habit of taking a picnic along. One Thanksgiving after we had moved to Indiana we decided to take a whole holiday dinner to him. Becky prepared it all and we loaded up the food and dishes and table cloth, even folding chairs and table - everything a Thanksgiving dinner demanded. Loaded in the station wagon we staggered off to Ohio and Eddie's wonderland.

That thanksgiving was at least twenty years ago, but it is a vivid memory for everyone in our family.

Bob! David

ELROY WAAS or "Grandpa"

The first thing I remember is Grandpa showing me fish at the bottom of a lake from a dinghy, telling me how they might think and try to avoid his hook. But he assured me that he was smarter than they were.

I also remember him telling me the story, "It was a dark and stormy night, and the Indians sat around the campfire" He could tell that same story to me a dozen times and always make me feel like something exciting was going to happen any minute.

He always seemed patient and calm. I never saw him angry or heard him raise his voice. I never remember him saying anything bad about anyone. He always seemed very old to my child eyes and yet he never seemed to get any older. Maybe it was the white hair.

I think he is the sort of Grandpa that will go on forever in the memories of my heart.

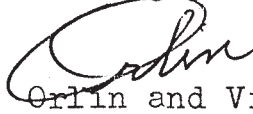
Diane Waas Bewsher

MEMORY:

The last time I saw my Grandfather, Frank S. Waas, was in Fresno, Calif. in 1935. I was eleven years old. He, my father, B.F. Waas, and my brother, Darrell, went on an overnight fishing trip near Modesto. He located an area He believed to be where his father, William, had worked as a wagon maker at a mining settlement.

Frank S. Waas would have been 73 years old at that time. My recollection is that of a tall (being taller than my Dad)man with a grey beard.

Looking foreward to the reunion,



Orlin and Virginia

One of my favorite early memories of Grandpa Bennie is the time he came to my girl scout troop and taught us to dance (does everyone remember "Put Your Little Foot"?) Of course the other girls were charmed by him and were soon calling him "Grampa" and vying for his attention. That made me a little jealous, but I also began to realize how fortunate I was. They might have him for the moment, but he was always going to be my grandpa!

*Evelyn Marchese
(PULLEN)*

Joe Studebaker

Remembering Things That Happened In Days Gone By

Grandpa Frank, "Papa", that is what we always called him, had a single edge razor blade sharpener. It was a round metal disc with leather attached to one side with a crank and arm like linkage. Papa would clip a single edge blade in this linkage, then as he would turn the crank, the blade would turn from side to side honing one side then the other between each turn. The thing that stands out in my mind besides the mechanism was the click, click sound it made.

Also about Papa's car, it was a 1925 or 26 Model T Ford touring. He had my brother, Calvin, lay or partially stand on the running board and fender and while he would drive the speed he wanted to go, Calvin would set the generator to charge a certain amount which would show on the ammeter in the car. This way in his driving he could look down at the ammeter any time and know if he was going the speed he wanted to go.

April 20, 1988

THE WAY IT "WAAS"

The memories of my Grandmother Lula Studebaker are mostly of her home and what we kids did while there. She had a swing on her front porch that we spent a lot of time "swinging" in. One night when we kids stayed the night I was small enough that I slept with two easy chairs pushed together, front to front. I couldn't fall out because of the arms. Grandma had a screened in back porch where her trundle sewing machine was during the summer months. She used to let us kids "peddle" for her. My memories of Grandma Studebaker are not as vivid as with her brothers and sister. I'm not quite sure why, I would guess my age had something to do with it, and I am sorry I do not remember more.

As the youngest (not counting Barbara's two boys) of the Fredonia "Cousins" knowing Aunt Mary, in the 1950's and 60's, my memory recalls a few things. Aunt Mary lived in Independence for the most part, in an apartment just down the street from the main part of town. It was only 30 some miles to Independence from Fredonia but at my age it seemed as though it took forever to get to her home from Fredonia. After getting there we were never at a loss as to what to do. I remember her record player (this piece of equipment is still in use in my family). One of the songs forever etched in my mind is the song "Rag Mop". We kids nearly wore that record out playing it when visiting her. Her living room had a table she had made that was covered with a cloth, under that cloth were some very interesting things to do; coloring books, games, magazines, etc. Aunt Mary had some of the most beautiful ceramic figures, in particular were three beautiful palomino colored horses, one standing on a wooden base and two matching horse head wall planters. I was very lucky to be the recipient of these three pieces. As a little girl the ceramic naked lady (made so her back was flat to the wall and her legs sticking straight out) hanging in her bathroom that she hung her necklaces on was very interesting (Doris has this pretty lady hanging in her and Joe's bedroom with her necklaces on it). Aunt Mary could make or repair anything. Her porch at her apartment was her workshop. She hand made each of her grand nieces a doll and each grand nephew a monkey. The dolls were made of flesh colored material stuffed and each with hand sewn eyes, nose and mouth. Their hair was of yarn and could be put in a pony tail it was so long. Their body parts, legs, and arms were each attached with a button. They had black cloth shoes and real child's anklets, the bottom of their shoes were cork. She would buy real child's underwear and make a dress for each one. The monkeys were the type made of socks with the red at the heel, for the head and back side of the monkey. There is a picture of all the nieces and nephews (except me) sitting on Grandmother Lula Studebaker's front steps with their dolls and monkeys. I do not remember the monkeys as well as I do the dolls. You ask how can I remember the doll so well? As the youngest of the fourteen grand nieces and nephews, I did not receive a doll as a young child. (Aunt Mary probably grew tired of making them or ran out of supplies to make these little toy people as the ages of these "cousins" were very close). On my 12th birthday I received my "dolly". Needless to say she is still in excellent condition and one of my most prized possessions. She is looking forward to meeting each of you in Fredonia in 1990.

Another prized possession of Aunt Mary's that I have is a quilt she made from material she had used for her sewing. The quilt is made up of many, many 2 inch squares stuffed with pieces of nylon stockings. This quilt is very heavy and very large. It makes a perfect top for our king size bed. Aunt Cecilia Studebaker had this quilt placed on the "Kansas Historical Quilt Registry" this past summer.

Aunt Mary would drive her old Chevrolet (I suppose back then it wasn't so old) to Fredonia when she came to visit. On one particular visit she had with her a new "steam and dry" iron. She was very proud of it. I remember the day she was at our house using her new iron. After she finished her ironing she immediately placed the iron back in the box to store it, then began reading the instructions about the care of the iron. She placed the hot iron in the box read the instructions and grabbed the iron back out of the box. The instructions stated "let the iron cool before placing it in an enclosed area".

In 1964, my family made a trip to Ravenna, Ohio to visit Uncle Eddie. I do not remember the man as much as I remember his home. His living quarters were small compared to his work area. His garage and upstairs were devoted to his clocks. It was a joy to stand in one of the three upstairs rooms when it was time for them to chime. The sound began and continued for minutes. His love for clocks and how they worked and his want to keep each of them working was amazing to a young girl. One of the most interesting clocks was very large; the works were on the second floor and the pendulum went through the floor and did it's "swinging" in his garage. He also had working music boxes. One in particular was very beautiful, it was in a wooden case with a glass lid, almost table height and played music from a cylinder you placed inside. What a joy it was to be allowed to listen to music played on this music box. I remember this music box well because as Carl (my brother) and I were playing the music the glass lid dropped shut. I can't remember if it broke but we were certainly scared that it had. Just a brief memory but one that will be with me forever.

As Uncle Bennie and Aunt Gladys traveled across the United States it was always a joy to have them spend time in Fredonia. They would park their "Air Stream" in my parents yard and spend a few days. We kids always enjoyed playing "Scrabble" with Uncle Bennie and Aunt Gladys, and especially listening to Uncle Bennie tell his stories. One trip through as we were playing "scrabble", we kids (as brothers and sisters will do) got in an argument about some aspect of the game. Uncle Bennie became disgusted with us and put the game away. It was a distinct pleasure for me to hear once again Uncle Bennie relate these stories at the Waas gathering in Dewey Arizona in 1986. I only regret that my children were not with me or that this unique presentation was not recorded for them to hear. Doris and Joe do have several stories and poem's on tape that Uncle Bennie recorded and sent to them. My boys have listened to his "tales", but to see Uncle Bennie tell the stories is as interesting as the stories themselves.

My family visited Uncle Elwood and Aunt Helen's home in California in 1961. I was completely in awe of the lemon tree they had in their back yard. Guess I didn't think lemon trees really existed. Elwood and Helen traveled throughout the years to Fredonia. It was always a joy to see them. I remember the family picnic we all attended at the Mill Dam one beautiful Sunday afternoon, Elwood and Helen, Grandma Studebaker and all her Fredonia family. The pictures taken that day are still looked at occasionally.

On that same trip to California we visited Uncle Paul and Aunt Meriam in Apple Valley. WOW! Desert, no yard to mow! We stayed at a motel that had a small mountain outside our door. We got to swim in the pool and see "Trigger" (he was stuffed). Doug if I recall correctly Paul took us to where you lived, but you weren't home. Did you have a woven wire fence around your home? I remember Paul and Meriam's home, it wasn't too big but the living room had a lot of windows. Paul and Meriam's yard was where we kids learned to use an "Eskimo-Go" !!! It was two balls attached to two lengths of plastic type string with a small plastic hand grip at one end of the string to hold them together, (the two strings were of different lengths) the object of the "toy" was to begin swinging one ball one way and the other ball the opposite direction and keep them both swinging without hitting each other and stopping. The "Eskimo-Go" didn't get to Kansas toy stores for several months, so we kids were real proud of that particular toy for quite a while!

TO EACH OF THESE VERY SPECIAL PEOPLE I SAY "THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES"

NANCY STUDEBAKER TIMMONS

An early memory of Grandpa Waas - Frank Waas, 1936

I believe Grandpa was visiting Uncle Bennie & Aunt Gladys and we met them in Sequoia National Park. It was a short visit so I didn't get to interact with him much. I was 20 years old and not as interested in getting to know my grandfather as I now wish I had been.

He seemed quiet, withdrawn, and very serious. I don't think I ever saw him smile. I understood a little better the austere atmosphere my father grew up in.

I have a picture taken that Labor Day, 1936 - five of the Waas men sitting on a big fallen tree in this order: Paul, Elwood, Bennie, Roy and their father, Frank.

Another memory of an elder Waas - my father, Roy, 1920

I was four years old and we were driving to Kansas in an open Model T Ford. My mother and dad were in the front seat, and I sat in the back seat. It's a happy memory of my father singing hour after hour, my mother joining in, and then I sang with them as I learned the words. We sang everything from Red Wing, Casey Jones, With Someone Like You, When You Wore A Tulip, to the Old Millstream, and many more.

Altonetta Waas Rasmussen

MY OLDEST MEMORY OF A WAAS

In the Fall of 1955 my parents, Laverne and Altonetta (Waas) Crites, decided to take me out of school for a few months, so that I could attend a regular session of 1st grade, as opposed to the "Mid-Term" session that I was currently enrolled in. The question then arose, "What to do with Christine while all the other children were in school?" My grandparents, Elroy and Lorraine Waas, generously offered to take me on an extended trip with them to Smith River in Northern California. I remember being somewhat apprehensive about spending so much time away from my family. As it turned out, I had some delightful experiences with them.

Grandma Lorraine was such an ardent admirer of beauty and was vociferous in expressing her impressions. I was never bored for a minute: "Oh! Look at the lovely flowers!"; "Oh! See the precious deer!"; "Oh! Isn't that a glorious view!"; "Oh! What pretty birds there are in that tree!". After a few weeks of this training, I became a serious observer. Grandma took me blackberry picking too, and we enjoyed the delicious fresh fruits of our labor. To this day, I am reminded that I have developed a similar passion for life's simple beauties and pleasures, and I am grateful to Grandma Lorraine for that gift.

My memories of Grandpa Elroy are of a more serene nature. It seemed that he was always in a contentedly peaceful mood, whether fishing, whittling or smoking his pipe. He made me feel like he cared about me - not in an overly demonstrative way, but with his subtle smile that signalled his understanding, his gift of a whittled branch carved with my name on it or his praise of my angling ability. Grandpa possessed a certain calmness that I learned to look to and rely upon during the weeks we spent together. One afternoon as we strolled along the beach, we came upon a horrible looking monster that was surely the biggest, smelliest, ugliest creature I had ever seen. I was terrified and awestruck at the same time. From my perspective, it seemed to be about 12 feet high and standing straight up, ready to attack us. Grandpa stopped to look, sucked in a little smoke from his pipe, removed it from his mouth and calmly observed, "Yup, it's a dead sea lion alright. Washed in from the ocean. He's a mighty big one too." Then he continued to walk on in a very relaxed manner. I'll never forget how impressed I was with his nonchalance.

It was a very special time to get to know my grandparents a little better.

MEMORIES

When asked to write about a favorite memory of the Waas family I am flooded with many memories. Tough job, but I guess among the fondest are my memories are the summers I spent with my grandpa and Grandma Elroy and Lorraine. I cannot write about just one of them because in their case the two had really become one flesh. Their effect on my life could not have been accomplished by just one of them.

Perhaps the earliest recollection was a visit to a wonderful place called Apple Valley. To me it was a wonderland of lizards, stink bugs and snakes, rocks, trees and dirt, wonderful dirt. I remember an old steel framed bed sat out in the driveway with a canvas cover on it. I thought it very odd that there should be a canvas cover on it, but then how else could the bugs be kept out. When I found out that Grandpa and Grandma slept in it I was amazed. Imagine, sleeping outside. My dad told me about the stars and fresh warm summer breezes and clean air. Humph, I had only thought about bugs and dirt.

In the fourth grade the opportunity came for me to go to Mexico with Grandpa and Grandma. Wow, I was going to be taken out of school for two whole months. I remember hustling and bustling in order to get everything ready. We met with the school administrators and Mrs. Shaver, my teacher, in order to arrange the work needed to keep me up with the class. Boy were they wasting time. I wasn't going to do any of it. There simply wasn't going to be enough time. I had no thought of the many hours on the road and how they would be filled. My Grandma did. She had bought a handful of little twisted nail puzzles and other miscellaneous little gadgets and toys. When I completed a lesson to her satisfaction she would stash a little something in the next lesson book. After a very little while, being such a bright little boy, I figured out that the little something meant the end of the lesson and that Grandma was pleased. I always looked forward to the next book and tried to please her because I knew the end and the little something would come sooner. One time I happened to catch her pulling a little something out of a bag and in excitement reached for the bag to see if there was any more. She pulled the bag away and began to cry. What had I done? How could I fix it. With my full attention she taught me about patience, anticipation, expectation, gratitude, and appreciation. Probably the first time I had ever thought of such things. It wasn't a really heavy lesson but one I remember. As we came into many of the towns, in the town square or at some central location there often was a statue of four men. As I recall, one with a pick, one with shovel one was looking through a surveyors transit, and one was reading out of a book and obviously directing the others. Grandma always said she wanted me to be the man with the book. I thought it was a dumb thing to say. I hated books, and I loved digging in the dirt. When I returned to school I was one reader ahead of the rest of the class. I had scored 100% on every spelling test and was one complete section ahead in my arithmetic book. She had completely tricked me. In the last years of their lives I recalled to them, with appreciation, the lesson of the statue. For the last time I saw my Grandma cry.

In Loving Memory,

Curtis R. Waas

AS I FIRST REMEMBER STUDEBAKERS & WAAS

by Cecelia Studebaker

In Feb. 1930 I was 9 1/2 years old when we moved into the Stone School District. A big 2 story house. Not far to the north was a bungalow-type house.

On George Washington's birthday, Feb. 22, a very warm day to be moving cattle, as I remember, Daddy had to be up during the night watching the sick ones.

When we came into the yard; I can remember so well seeing the 3 neighbor boys so busy tearing parts from an old car outside the back door of the house under cedar trees. They wore clean bib overalls, neat looking too, straight backs. All had good posture.

One of the first things was to get a garden planted, that is where I remember looking thru the hedge to over to the neighbors. The Studebakers it seemed to me, lots of cars were coming and going. More than I was used to seeing. Then we learned Grandpa & a high school boy were living there too. School was out and this high school boy was loading his Model T topless car so to go to California. Our thoughts were, so young and a long ways for a boy to go.

We would meet Grandpa going to the mail box 1/2 mile south from our homes. It made company for us going for the mail on a hot or cold or very windy days seem shorter time. Didn't any one of us care to go for the mail. Usually a good way getting out of doing something we didn't like doing.

Remembering another time. It was spring as I remember we were in the garden planting peas and the early garden, when my mother told us the Studebaker's were going to have a baby in the summer. This made going for the mail more interesting. We wondered each day if we would meet some of the family; we were anxious to hear when the baby came.

One day about noon Mama was in the sweet corn patch north and east of the house getting corn for our dinner. We 3 kids, Esther, Edward & I were playing around the house when Joe asked to speak to our Mother, he went to the corn patch to tell her he had a baby sister. But no name yet. So now we hoped to meet some of the Studebaker's or Grandpa Waas just to hear - what the baby's name is. We would hear its "Barbara" and then Sarah. Then Cavin went for the mail and told Mama it was Barbara Ann. We were never to sure, seemed like a long time to get a baby named.

Grandpa Waas had always been an old man since he was in his late 60's when we moved in the neighborhood. We knew him as reading his Bible. He'd tell us his belief of the "World coming to an end". He would dress in his suit, sit in the living room rocking chair with his Bible in hand waiting all day. When it didn't happen that day he would read of another year and date. He lived there 2 of those dates and told of one in early 1920's.

Calvin & I were married in 1940. Grandpa Waas had moved in town to live with his sister, Aunt Nellie Moore. In her dining room was a cot he used for day time to lay on or sit when we were there. Grandpa was an old man that lived a long time. He never seemed to change; he could pass to be 69 at 89 years. Until we were more acquainted with the families we learned it was Paul who graduated and went to California.

I will write just a little about two of my favorite elders. Papa and Aunt Nellie. Papa to me, being my Grandfather Waas, and his sister Nellie. Papa lived with us some as I was growing up. When he was not with us he lived with Aunt Nellie in Fredonia. My mother, Lula, went often to visit them. I learned to roller skate on her sidewalk and she had a fish pond in her yard that was a favorite of mine.

When I got my drivers license at 14 I drove Papa and Aunt Nellie to an old cemetary to visit the graves of their father, my great-grandfather. This cemetary is only about 2 miles from our home now.

Barbara Studebaker Tharp
Granddaughter of Frank Waas

My first memories of Grandma, (Sarah) Waas and Grandpa, (Frank) Waas was in 1921 at a family reunion at Grandma's and Grandpa's house at Fredonia, Kansas.

Fredonia was the town and post office. Grandma's and Grandpa's house was out in the country on their farm. As I remember they had a very nice farm, a big red barn, and quite a large white house with a porch all along the north side and it extended around the corner of the house and all along the west side of the house. I think there was quite a few bedrooms because it seemed to me that everyone stayed there at night.

Each morning we would all get up and go into the front room and Grandpa would read from the Bible and say a prayer. Then we all went into the dining room and had a big breakfast together.

After eating, we children would all scamper out doors to play. There was 5 of us Osborn girls, Altonetta and the twins Calvin and Cavin when we were all together. We were the grandchildren. Uncle Paul was Dorothy's age, so he played with us too.

I remember one day some of us picked blackberries. We got chiggers, but Grandma made the best blackberry pies ever.

I think that was the only time I saw Grandma to remember her, but I sure loved her. I know I had seen her many times before we moved from Texas to Colorado.

While I was living with Bennie & Gladys in Elgin, Ill. Grandpa came and stayed awhile. That was a good time to visit with him and get to know him better.

That was the last time I saw him, but I was always very proud of my Grandparents, and I still am.

OPAL OSBORN WYMAN

My first memory of my Grandfather, Frank Waas, was in 1930 when I was a guest in my Aunt Lula's house where Joe & Doris Studebaker now live. But the impression most prominent in my memory was about seven years later when he visited with us in Glendale, California.

He wore two pair of long handled johns, one on top of the other, which he never took off. He removed his outer clothing for sleeping and then replaced them the next day.

Living in California I guess I'd never seen long handles before so to see two pair on the same man at the same time in a summer month was quite an experience.

Before he went to bed he ate a teaspoon full of petroleum jelly as if it were ice cream. I never knew what it was for.

My very first memories of a Waas are those of my father, E.R. WAAS.

When I was two or three, on camping trips he would not allow me to walk across streams with a current for fear I'd wash away.

I remember crossing the Eel River, in northern California riding on my Dad's shoulders. I saw a crab shaped animal that was a vivid sky blue color.

He was a patient, quiet, man. He explained why Redwood trees are dead in the tops; why poisonous snakes have square jaws; why cream comes to the top of the bottle; why Ford painted all his cars black.

He would answer any question I would ask and he let me ride on the running board of his car sometimes.

When he read the Sunday funnies to me out on the front porch, (Mom wouldn't let him smoke in the house) he would point at the cartoon he was reading about with his pipe stem so I could follow along.

DOUGLAS ELROY WAAS

UNCLE EDDIE WAAS

It goes without saying that each member of the Waas clan is wonderful, interesting, even unusual! As I sort through the memories of times with these people, one individual stands out as exceptionally unusual - even fascinating! I wonder how many of us had the privilege to spend time with Uncle Eddie.

During my junior high years we lived in Ohio, close to Ravenna, where Uncle Eddie lived. Every so often we would take a Sunday afternoon and to visit him. I was not prepared for what I encountered the first time I entered Uncle Eddie's home. Shock, disbelief, and wonder mixed with a tad bit of repugnance as I was led through his most unusual home.

We entered through the garage (I can't recall any "front door"). Once inside we saw what would prove to be the general decorating style of Uncle Eddie's entire house. Before us lay a single path that led through the garage, up a few steps, into and through the rest of the house. The path motif remained constant throughout the house. What lined the path, filling the rooms and walls, changed from room to room.

The garage was filled with tools of all kinds. I don't recall any order to them. In fact, in my memory, every inch of space - floor, counter and wall, was covered with a jumble of tools and supplies. I'm sure Eddie knew right where everything was! There was a spot reserved, just big enough for his blue, VW bus (which now resides, still carrying tools, in my father's garage). Also there was

a space cleared for a swinging pendulum which hung from the second story to the floor of the garage!

The first room after the garage (labels such as living room, dining room, etc. simply do not apply) was what might be called the clock room. I never counted all the clocks in that room, but they filled the space, except for the pathway! The amazing and somewhat overwhelming thing, was that they were all ticking!

Next was a small room off the kitchen which also had clocks, but what I was fascinated by were the record players: a Victrola, a player for cylindrical records and one for tin disks (later to be moved upstairs).

The kitchen was the only room to bear any resemblance to any other house I'd ever seen. There was a sink, a refrigerator, and a small table. The path motif was still noticeable, however, lined by grocery sacks full of Welch's grape juice lids and boxes of Smith Bros. Honey and Lemon cough drops, and clocks! Many pictures of friends tacked to the shelf edge hinted that Eddie's solitary life was not always lonely.

There were two other rooms downstairs that I resisted going into - the bedroom and bathroom. I think I used the bathroom once in all our visits. The path here was lined with mounds of dirty laundry. I'm not sure of the color of porcelain in the sink and tub - although I remember a greenish hue. The route to the bathroom led through the bedroom, which was small and very dark. All I remember, as I gingerly stepped through the room, was a rumpled bed and a large dresser.

Upstairs is where we girls spent most of our time. The first of the two rooms looked much like the stacks in a library. There was even a couch here, where we sat and enjoyed the Nancy Drew or Hardy Boy book, the Bobbsey Twins and McGuffey Readers, the chocolate covered cherries Eddie always had for us, and the wonderful music box! This music box charmed us with not only the music, but also little bees that rang bells and little drums that beat!

The other upstairs room was full of more clocks. Especially Grandfather clocks - all running! Between the two upstairs rooms was a small mechanism - about the size of a light switch box attached to the wall. We were delighted and amazed to learn that this was attached to the pendulum that hung downstairs in the garage! Eddie had cut a hole in the floor to be able to house the old court house clock, and here in his home he kept it running!

Here, in the midst of this bizarre house, lived our dear Uncle Eddie. I remember, with fondness, his short stature (he was not much taller than I), his toothless grin, his everpresent overalls and flannel shirt, his easy laugh and comfortable, friendly presence.

Among my collection of precious Waas memories, this image of Uncle Eddie is truly a treasured one.

Deborah Anne Waas Gratz
May, 1988

Probably the earliest "memory" of the most senior member of our "tree" was when my Dad's (Bennie's) father (Frank S.) visited us when we were living in Fresno, CA. The word "memory" is in quotes because I'm not sure that I actually remember the visit other than knowing it happened or through pictures taken at the time, although I was 6-7 years old and was certainly old enough to remember it well. It seems that Grandpa didn't play with children or pay much attention to them, therefore he failed to make much of an impression on me at that age.

Of course, I remember visiting with Pearl at Opal's (and Pearl's) home in Denver. But the dinner at Mary's home in Phoenix when Pearl was 90 and was in Phoenix to have a multi-generation picture (five, I believe) taken, was really special. Elwood and Helen were there, as well as my folks (Bennie and Gladys) and Lavera. We ate at a long picnic table in the side yard.

Lavera