

**Tiny Redmile**  
**(Beatrix Cooper Redmile)**  
**b. 1921**

**Starting Out**

I was born on June 12, 1921. My parents lived in a small house next to the Bryn Athyn Cathedral. There was no landscaping around in those days. There were big shops for the carpenters and the stone masons. All around the church were sand piles in which we played. There were also huge stones all around. We had so much fun on the stones and in the sand. When I was around six, the people in charge of the church wanted to start some landscaping. They moved our house. Great excitement in those days. They let everyone out of school to watch it. The house was moved to Kistner's property. It is still there, but not kept up.

When I was a child at home, the meat man came around to houses here, just like the hucksters. We would always go out and talk to him. He would often give us a hotdog! He was not from Huntingdon Valley. I don't know where he came from. He had a route and came around door to door. He had regular customers. You wouldn't have to go to the grocery store. He came around with the meat, and the hucksters like Tom would bring produce to our door. The meat man had a refrigerated truck and I can't remember whether he had ice in it or if it was electrical. I doubt if it was electrical. Summer and winter, the entire year, he would come.

The only market was the American Store up at the corner of Red Lion and the Pike. When I was little and lived up the Pike we would walk with my mother to that store. We would take our wagon down to the market, she would do her shopping, and we would pull the wagon with the groceries up that hill (the Pike). I guess it's no wonder she died early because she had a heart problem, and walking up that hill didn't help. My parents never had a car. We walked everywhere; walking was just the thing to do for us.

We moved to the Iungerich house on South Avenue for a year or so. Then Dad bought the house from Doering's further down on South Avenue. That's where I spent my life until I got married. How did I become a Lower Moreland person? Ah, at that time, girls from Bryn Athyn did not go with boys from Lower Moreland, but there were some girls who did! I was one of them.

**Married Life**

Tom drove the huckster truck for his sister and brother-in-law, John Robinson and Jenny. They owned a produce route and they used to come around door to door to serve people. Tom was just a kid in Lower Moreland High School at the time. He grew up in Huntingdon Valley. I met him when I was only ten years old when he started coming around on the huckster truck. You know me. I just liked him very much. Tom didn't come to my house. Frank Pastore had a huckster truck and my mother bought from him instead of Robinson. I kept telling her, "Robinson's things were much better!" because Tom was on that truck, but she never did. But I had friends in Bryn Athyn who bought from him. They told me to come over any time I wanted, especially Wednesday and Saturday, when Tom came, and told my mother that I would be taking care of their kids then. So I knew Tom a long time before we ever started dating.

I have a friend who came down from Canada to go to school here and she was living in the dorm. Of course the dorm kids were not allowed to date outside the community. But the Flacks lived right next door to the dorm, and my friend used to date Ebbie Flack. I went with them some of the time when they went out. We used to just drive around the countryside. Ebbie said to me one time, "Wouldn't you like to double date with us?" I said, "I don't know any boys around here. The only boy I know is Tommy Redmile." "Would you like to go out with him?" asked Ebbie. I said, "Sure!" So the next time he came up he had Tommy Redmile in the car. When I went out with this other couple and Tom, Tom said he would come and get me and we would go out together some time. So we did. I would walk around "The Loop" (South Avenue/Alnwick Road) and Tom would come up and drive around. I'd go around the other side of The Loop so my parents couldn't see me.

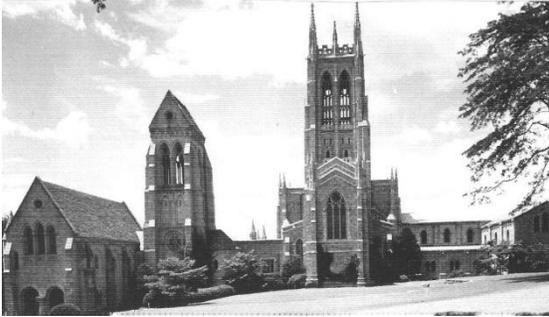
My parents did not know anything about it until we talked about getting married. We had been dating, well, I don't know, I was in nurse's training after high school and had one year of college. I was home for this particular weekend and Tom told me he was going to write this letter to my father. I didn't know what he would say. So one day my father said, "I got this letter this morning from Tommy Redmile. He told me you have been going together." I said, "Yep, that's right." He said, "Is there anything serious about it?" I said, "No we're just going together." We were engaged, really. But anyhow, about a month later, Tom asked Dad if he would announce our engagement. My dad said, "Before you do, I'd like you to come up to my office and I'd like to talk to you first." So I was scared. Everybody was scared of Dad. He was a very strict Englishman and he didn't take any nonsense from anyone.

So Tom went up to my dad's office with him one Sunday afternoon, and it seemed like ages before he came home. He was gone about an hour and a half. But when he came home he had the sweetest smile on his face. He told me afterwards, "I have never had a talk like that with anybody in my life. He was so wonderful!" I was thrilled. My dad explained to Tom why we didn't like our Bryn Athyn girls to date the boys from other places because we wanted the girls to marry someone from our religion. "If you both look to the Lord in the same way, you'll be a much happier couple. Your life will be much better if you worship the Lord in the same way." We are very strict about that in our church. I think that is true and Tom was very happy. Tom joined the church before we were married.



[Photo: Tiny and Tom's wedding photograph, 1943]

We were married May 30, 1943 in the Cathedral. We were going to get married in August of 1942 but my mother was in the hospital. I told Tom I could not get married without my mother being at my wedding, so we waited. In the meantime Uncle Sam grabbed him for WWII. He



[Photo: Bryn Athyn Cathedral; OYRHS]

went in the Army the end of November and was stationed down in Mississippi. We had a Furlough Wedding. You've heard of a Furlough Wedding? Tom was supposed to get home, for a break, on Friday, and Dad said, "Don't schedule the wedding for Saturday because lots of time the soldiers are late coming home. Better to schedule it for Sunday."

So we scheduled it for Sunday. Tom got home the Wednesday before and he had to leave that Tuesday to go back. So we waited and got married on Sunday because everything was set.

We moved down to Murray Avenue when we got married in 1943. Tom's mother was there, and Chick (Horace, Tom's brother) and Ellen were there. His mother, Mary Duckworth, was in her late 1970's when we were there. She had lived down the Pike somewhere where Campoli's used to live, across from Welsh Road and the Pike. Tom's family lived on a big farm back there on Moreland Road.

Tom's sister, Jenny Robinson, owned the house on Murray Avenue. We went there when we were married. Chick and Ellen had a baby, MaryEllen, born the day we were married. We lived there for two years all together. It's a big house. Ellen and I were both pregnant. We decided that three little kids plus both couples and Nana were just too much, so Chick and Ellen moved to Hatboro.

We stayed with Tom's mother, but I wanted desperately to move up to Bryn Athyn again. My brother, Geoffrey Cooper, had a house up there with a big apartment upstairs on South Avenue. It was plenty big enough for us. So I asked Tom if he'd like to move back to Bryn Athyn. He hesitated, and then said "Why do I have to make the decision?" I said, "You don't have to, but I'll tell you what it will be if I make it!" So he thought about it and after a while he said he'd like to do that. I told Chick and Ellen about it. They wanted to come back to Lower Moreland and the kids wanted to come back too. They had been in Hatboro for ten years; they had MaryEllen and two boys, and I had two girls. So on the same day they moved in while we moved out. Don't ever do something like that! It was so confusing for the movers. This was in October of 1952.

My husband Tom had two sisters and 4 brothers. Jenny was the oldest and then Bill, Frank, Chick, Jack, Tom and Emma. Emma was the youngest.

My brother had bought my dad's house. Before Geoff owned my dad's house he owned another house on South Avenue, two doors up at 2697. It had a real nice apartment upstairs. He called up and asked if we wanted to live there, so we lived there for a while. Then we turned around and bought the house and Geoffrey bought Dad's house. Later in 1966 we sold that house on South Avenue and moved to Orchard Lane, in the College Park section of Bryn Athyn. It was a real nice little house and easy to take care of. We loved that place.

My husband, Tom, went in the Army, and when he came home from the Army he tended bar for about six years because his brother, Frank, owned a taproom in Bethayres and his brother was not well at all. Tom hated every minute of it but he did it for his brother. Then he got a job in



the Huntingdon Valley Post Office which was the best thing he ever did in his life, outside of marrying me!. The Post Office was in Doctor Brown's to begin with. Then they moved down to Clayton's Store. Tom was on a route and he rode around and delivered mail in a truck.

[Photo: Bryn Athyn Post Office; OYRHS]

Then he applied for postmaster in Bryn Athyn because the postmistress was retiring. He didn't have to travel around anymore in the snow. For eight years he was postmaster, and then he retired. When he was postmaster I was raising my kids.

I did shopping at the American Store where my brother's bank is now. Bill's Market used to be there. We seldom went out to eat because we didn't have much money. Tom had a huge garden. He grew up, so he said, "between his dad's legs" gardening.

### **My Teaching Career**

Before we moved to Orchard Lane I used to have a nursery school in my home when my kids got a little older. Tommy was about five. I used to take the nursery school kids up to the elementary school and the students would put on little plays and things. David Simons, principal of the elementary school, always invited me to do this. That is when he asked me to come up to teach at the school. I said, "I can't teach at the school. I never went to college." "Well, we'll go see what Bishop Pendleton says about it," he said. So we went and talked to Bishop Pendleton. He said, "Would you be willing to work for one year as an apprentice year with the two teachers in first grade and learn from them. We'll pay you, but not as much as we would them." I said, "Sure, I'd be glad to do that." So that was my college education. I taught from 1965 to 1975. This would never happen today! Formal education is important, but I felt I certainly knew enough to teach these children, and I took all the education courses in the college while I was teaching.

I loved my nursery school. I had it four mornings a week, Tuesday to Friday. I had two different ladies to help. One came Tuesday and Thursday and the other came Wednesday and Friday. They loved it as much as I did. We started with worship in the morning. The kids loved the

worship, talking and learning about the Lord. Lots of time that would go to an hour. At 10:00 AM we would have milk and graham crackers. I used to buy special graham crackers; they would order them at the store for me. The kids loved them. I had a great big dining room table. I had twenty four children. They would sit on high bushel baskets that made wonderful seats at the table. I would cover the baskets with shopping bags so they weren't rough to sit on. I could stack them up and put them away every day. I had hundreds of puzzles, games, toys and things. It was mostly for the children to get used to playing with other children. They used to color; very informal. All of the kids, even the ones I taught in the school, come back to talk to me when they are grown up.

There was only one boy I ever spanked in all my years of teaching. I used to give the kids either a gold star or a black dot each week depending on how good they were. He never took a gold star home. I never would have spanked him that except his mother called up and said, "You know that paddle you have hanging on the wall? I wish you'd use that on him some day and see if that makes a difference. When you do, just call me up and let me know so I can reinforce it at home." So I kept him after school one day, and I hardly hit him with the paddle, not hard at all. Well, it must have been just the idea that this could happen; after that he never had a black dot. I couldn't believe the change. Now he has kids in college, and last July 4<sup>th</sup> at the community picnic, he grabbed my hand and said, "I'll never ever forget the day you spanked me in school." We both laughed and ever since we have had a wonderful relationship. Even the dorm girls who now live away keep in touch with me. A lot of them call me "Mom". It's nice. My own kids live so far away. It's been an extended family for me. Wonderful!

### **Dormitory Life at the Academy**

When I was teaching first grade, Bishop King called me up one day and said, "Tiny, I would like to know if you and Tom would live in Glenn Hall and be house parents in the dorm." I had applied for that job about twelve years ago before I even started teaching, and they turned me down flat. They wanted two teachers for that. I told Bishop King, "They already turned me down for that job, they won't take me." He said, "Oh, I think they will take you. Please don't tell me no today. Think about it a little bit and call me up in a couple of days."

Tom and I were living on Orchard Lane. We had just come home from church and had laid down on the bed and started talking. We talked all afternoon; forget about the time, talking about the pros and cons of going into the dorm. We didn't want to rent our house to anybody. Tom was always a gardener, and our back yard was one big garden; he didn't want to leave the garden, and if someone else was there he didn't want them coming in taking over the garden.

Now talk about the Lord taking care of you. Our daughter had to move out of the place where she lived at the time, so she moved into our house. This was perfect for us. We didn't have to do anything, and Tom could still keep his garden. So that was what we did. It was one of the hardest things I have ever had to do. I loved my teaching. A job as house mother of a dormitory, well, you have no idea what it is going to be like until you get into it. Terrific responsibilities, but I loved those young people, just really loved them. So I hemmed and hawed for a long time before I told him yes. What if I didn't like it in the dorm and I lost my teaching job. So the principal of the school, Kurt Asplundh at the time, came over. He said, "Do you think I could

help you make a decision, Tiny?" I said, "Boy, I wish someone could help me!" He said, "I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll give you a year's leave of absence from teaching. If you don't like it in the dorm your job is here for you when you come back." Which was just absolutely perfect. But I liked it in the dorm; Tom did too. We were there seven years, from 1975 to 1982.

### **Other Employment**

My life was full of so many things. Before I was married I worked in Philadelphia at Bonchur-Holmes Optical Company. Priscilla Greer and I worked there, cementing two pieces of glass together for lenses for binoculars for the war. We did that for a while, but we worked with two girls who were very nasty. They gave us a terrible time. We left there and got a job at Budds on Red Lion Road doing defense work. We put together engines on the planes that they made. All the planes crashed. I said, "No wonder. Priscilla and I were making that!" But that was not the reason. There was a defect in the engines.

Tom was in the Army when Priscilla and I worked at Budds. We would work from 3 PM in the afternoon until 11 PM that night. There was a Bryn Athyn man who worked there and used to drive us. One night we came out and walked down to the end to meet our driver, and I said, "Gee, that looks like Tom's car over there," not dreaming that that's what it was. We kept on walking, and when I got close enough to see the license plate I took off because I knew it was Tom's car. I ran down to the little office at the gate. Tom knew the fellow that was in there, and I said, "Where's Tom? I know he's here. His car is out there and I know he's here." The man said, "I haven't seen Tom anywhere." Well, Tom was under the counter there. I was thrilled to death.

Tom got out of the Army early because he was hurt. He was in the engineers, loading parts of a bridge onto a truck. One of the sections of the bridge slid off the truck onto his back. The Army did not believe in chiropractors. He even said he would pay his own way. All they did was put heat lamps on his back. Finally he said, "Just let me out of the army. You don't have to pay me compensation." They gave him an honorable discharge. It took him about four years of different doctors to find Dr. Ramey in Willow Grove. After several treatments with him, Tom said, "You know, this is the first time I haven't had the headache." He felt good. Tom was a heavy gardener, and never once had trouble with his back after that.

I did dressmaking. When we were first married and lived on Murray Avenue, I made a sports coat for Tom. I took it up to Yerkes Cleaners on the Pike (2571) to have it pressed for me and I thought if the coat were pressed it would look a little better. Bill Yerkes said, "Did you make this?" I said, "Yes." He asked if I would like a job. I said, "Like what?" He said, "My tailor always has too much to do and he can't keep up with all the work." I said, "Bill, I'm not a professional seamstress by any means." He said, "The work you do looks wonderful to me. I have a tailor and if there is something you do not know how to do, he will show you how to do it." So I worked for him. Instead of getting two dollars for hemming a skirt, I got eight or ten dollars! They paid me royally, much more than I charged anybody on my own. That was wonderful. Most of my work was hemming and mending. Bill had a truck and would drive around and pick up things to dry clean for people. He had a real big business. I worked for him until I started my nursery school at home.

I would sew for my family too. I remember making a corduroy outfit for all three of my children; white corduroy with red trimmings on everything. I made jackets, skirts for the girls and pants for Tommy. All the things I made were passed on to nieces and nephews. I bought fabric at Strawbridge's, Sears, even Wanamaker's. A lot of those stores had fabric departments.

I had a little, lightweight portable Singer sewing machine and I loved it. When my mother passed away Dad came and ate all his meals with us, and once I was having trouble with my machine. Dad went and bought a new Singer machine for me, one of these zigzag ones, really new in those days. It was a wonderful machine, but it was heavy. When we lived on South Avenue, on the first floor there was a big living room, big dining room, nice size kitchen, and in the back were two big rooms. I used one for my nursery school and the other for my sewing room. I had two great big desks that were left over from the bank. I put them back to back so I had all the drawers for storage, and then I had a huge cutting area on the top. A wonderful setup! I do have a sewing machine now, but I loaned it to my niece and told her that when I need something sewn, she can sew it for me. It's too hard now with my limited eyesight.

### **Murray Avenue Remembered**

What do I remember about Murray Avenue? I remember Enna Messina! She had her little store across from where we lived. This was during the war time, and ice cream was rationed. Vanilla ice cream was very much in demand and Enna used to save it for us. Every night we would take a large vegetable dish over there and get I don't know how many scoops. I remember a whole loaf of bread for \$.05 cents.

Cleve Ramson lived in the house on the other side of us. He had a garden next door. Then on the other side lived Nick and Helen Detky. Mrs. Spoerl had seventeen cats and lived on the other side of the Detkys. Grandpa Gray was Margaret Leedom Lenhart's father. They lived next to the Lodges next to the school. We used to sit on our porch and listen to the people in the church next to the True Reformers' Hall sing on Sunday morning. They sang beautifully! The people at the church were very good friends with Tom. Shep Barrett was the iceman. I don't remember where the ice house was, but when we were little kids we used to love having him come around. We would climb in the back of his truck and eat all the chips that came from cutting the ice. I had one of his carved peach pits, but I lost it. I think he carved little faces.

When our daughter Bea was about two years old Shep came up to our house one Sunday and we were talking about the trouble we were having keeping an eye on her. She would walk off with anybody. Shep said, "I'll fix her." He asked Bea to take his hand. He thought it would scare her. He said, "Bea, do you want to go for a walk?" She took his hand and walked right out the door and down the steps. He felt because he was Black she would never go with him. Didn't phase her. Color didn't make any difference to us. Do you remember the Trotters? They lived where the school driveway is. How about Bagley Trotter? They were all wonderful people.

Bert Freeman, Vivian Freeman's dad, worked up at the dining hall as a cook in Bryn Athyn. Do you remember the inn in Bryn Athyn? It was where South Avenue and Alnwick Avenue split. People used to stay there. It was a great big place. Several people lived there all the time and

then there were several apartments. The Black family who lived in the basement took care of everything. That was Clinton James who worked for Ed Bostock. Clinton worked as a handyman for the family.

I remember the Methodist Church on the corner of Red Lion, and Grandpa Gray. My little girl, Bea, who was maybe two years old, loved Grandpa Gray. We lost her one day and could not find her. Finally, we went down to Grandpa Gray's. She was sitting with him. He worked as a janitor at the Huntingdon Valley Bank. He was just a real nice old man, just dear, and everyone loved him. He was the Sunday school superintendent at the Methodist Church. A very sweet person, especially to Bea.

I used to cut up through Mason's place to the Pike. Then I'd walk to Clayton's store. When Deenie was just a little baby I pushed her in a coach up there one day. You know in those days you could leave the kids outside in a coach and do your shopping. Well, I came out with my shopping bags and walked all the way home. Nana said, "Where's Deenie? You didn't leave her there?" I was terrified. Nana was so cross with me. "How could you forget?!" I don't know! I was so embarrassed. I walked back. What if anyone saw me walking up there and then coming back with the baby. That was a bad time. Fortunately Deenie was asleep in the coach the whole time.



[Photo: Tiny and daughter Deenie]

We used to go to 5<sup>th</sup> and Olney to go shopping. We would go on the trolley, then the bus to Fox Chase and then the trolley. Ellen Redmile and I would go down together often. Once we bought a bird cage for Nana. Well, it stood a lot taller than us. Can you imagine coming home on the trolley with that! It was more fun. Nana had a sister Helen who lived down there. I just loved her. We would go say hi to her when we were there. She was the one who used to bring butter creams to me and say, "Now hide them so Tom doesn't see them."

### **Family History**

Chick's wife Ellen was a Baker. I don't think the Bakers were from Huntingdon Valley. Ellen worked at Fleck's Hardware Store in Jenkintown. Chick worked there too and that's where they met. After they were married Ellen worked in the school cafeteria with Helen Detky. Tom's oldest sister was Jenny. She married John Robinson, the huckster. She was the nicest lady. His other brother was Frank and his youngest sister was Emma. Tom's family lived down the Pike, across the Pike from the Campoli family, up in a big farmhouse somewhere behind Gloria Dei church. I think when his father got the job as janitor in the Lower Moreland schools, Tom's parents might have moved to Murray Avenue next. Jenny bought the house. Tom's parents didn't have much money so Tom's mother could stay there. Tom's dad died maybe a year before we got married. When we lived there we paid rent. Tom's brother Frank was best man at our wedding. Emma died not too long ago in a nursing home.

## Our Life at Cairnwood Village

When we moved back to our house on Orchard Lane our daughter had moved out and we made arrangements to sell it right away. We moved to our apartment here in Cairnwood Village; I've been here twenty two years. It was so nice because Tom was here until six years ago when he died. It worked out well and has been absolutely delightful!

Tom worked in the garden all the time; he loved it. When they wanted us to move up here I said, "We can't move there. Tom's whole life is his garden". We were told the community gardens were right there next to us at Cairnwood Village. Tom replied, "There are weeds in those gardens!" He would never have a garden in the community garden. His pride and joy was his garden. He would spend all day, every day, in his garden. But he was told that the Board of Cairnwood Village would give him the ground above the parking lot. There is a flat place there along the edge of the Pike. So that was where Tom's garden was. His pole lima beans were terrific. He kept his father's seed. A lot of people have his father's seed now. Oh, pole lima beans are so good. We froze them. Tom would give away almost anything out of his garden, but if some got pole lima beans that person knew they were special! We froze sixty to seventy bags of lima beans. Tom was written up in the paper. Tomatoes, peppers, eggplant, beans, carrots, beets, but Tom's big thing were the lima beans and tomatoes, but no weeds.

That was another thing. I said, "If we move up there to Cairnwood Village, we have to have a big freezer and place to put the canning, jars and all the kinds of stuff that goes with preserving. There's no room in the apartments for that". We were called back and told, "We talked to the board members. You can put your freezer down in the big kitchen and you can store all your canning stuff there too." So we did and I used that big kitchen for years. I did all my canning there. They didn't used to serve meals here, so a few years later when they had people come in to serve meals, the cooks took over the kitchen. I had to get rid of all my things.

## The Eagles

Every Sunday, I have a whole gang of my Cairnwood Village friends here to watch the Eagles football games. Once when I was watching a game, an announcer said "If anybody knows any good stories about the Eagles fans, write us a letter". Well, that was too much for me! I wrote a letter. I said, "I have a group of ladies, in their 80's and 90's, that come every Sunday and watch the Eagles game with me. I always used to go south in January for a couple of months, and every time I did that the Eagles lost at the end of the season. They never got to the Super Bowl. So this year I'm staying home because the Eagles are going to win this year." I sent this letter in. A while later I get a call from Channel 8. "We read your letter in the paper. Could we come out and visit and interview you?" I said, "Sure you could."



[Photo: Eagles fan Tiny]

The lady asked if I could get some of my ladies together so I called my friends and all of them showed up for this interview. There was a photographer too, and they interviewed us all and taped the whole thing. They put it on the news! So we are famous. I just love football and the Eagles.

Do I understand the game? Absolutely! When we were in high school, Stan Ebert was the athletic director in the high school. In the beginning of each school year he would come over to the girls' school and explain the game of football. He told us about all the plays. He said, "You don't always watch the player with the football. That's what most people do. You watch the other fellows on the line and how they fix it so that the one with the ball can run with it. That's just as important!" He taught this lesson every year to the girls. When you know what's going on it's a lot more fun to watch. Tom was an athletic guy. Baseball was his big thing, but he liked football too.

Who are some of my friends who come? Well, Doreen, Anna Pendleton, Adele Gladish who is 93, Betty David, Joan Price and Ruth Finkleday, and Margaret Howard. I sit close to see the TV; the girls have to tell me if they catch the ball. They all know the game too. Nothing needs explaining. They just tell me things I can't see. Lots of fun. Sometimes we order out hoagies, or lots of time I make a cake. It's like tailgating! I put up end tables. We were so excited last year for the Super Bowl. Channel 10 wanted to come out and watch the game with us, but the girls had a fit. They felt it would spoil the game!! Channel 8 was going to charge us \$80 for a copy of the tape. I said, "\$80?! Forget it!" So she sent me one free.

### **Bryn Athyn Thoughts**

After Tom and I got married, there was a big change in the feeling between Bryn Athyn and Huntingdon Valley. Tom was very fond of the Bryn Athyn people, and he figured out that probably the religion had something to do with why the people were like they were. He joined the church before we were married. That talk he had with Dad before we married. He never got over that. If you knew my dad you knew he was very strict. When he was curator of the Cathedral he would never let a woman go into the main part with slacks or pants on. If the girls came with pants on he would hand them a skirt and ask them to please change. He kept a couple of skirts there. Very strict for proper behavior. Every time I walk in church with slacks now, and I do often, I have a guilty conscience, and I know Dad's turning over in his grave.

One day, Adele Gladish who lives here in Cairnwood Village, called up one afternoon and invited me to come down to tea with some other ladies. I was in my old work clothes and I didn't feel like getting dressed up, so I went and got a pair of Tom's old work gloves and his old work hat, and I put them on and went down to tea. I walked in and said, "My mother always told me to wear gloves and a hat when you go to tea." They allowed me in!

We have two daughters and a son. Doreen is an excellent trumpet player who played for weddings in the Cathedral and is now a nurse living in California. Bea is also a nurse and is now working for Hospice. She lives in Montgomery, Alabama, is married to Gary Burch and they have two sons and one daughter. Tom went to computer school after having served in the Marines for twenty years. He and his wife Jennifer have six sons together. I have eight

grandsons and one granddaughter, and five great-grandchildren. None of them are around here so I don't get to see them very often. I really miss them.

I've had a wonderful, wonderful life, and I thank the Lord for all the blessings He has given me. I can't see and can't hear, but that's really minor. I feel so great all the time. And I can do so much.

I never was a true Lower Morelander. I am a Swedenborgian from Bryn Athyn and always will be, but I really loved my days on Murray Avenue. Tom and I had many friends there and they are still my good friends to this day! I have enjoyed meeting with Margaret Williams and Carol Terry whom I haven't seen in years. It is so much fun bringing back old memories!

Note: Tiny got her nickname because when she was born her older sister, who was one and a half years old, was called "Baby". The nurse created the name "TinyWee" to keep her from being confused with her sister. The name Tiny stuck. Her real name, Beatrix, is from the author of *Peter Rabbit*, Beatrix Potter.