

Elma Paulus Robinson
b. 1922

Sitting on the bus coming from Fox Chase to Southampton on Huntingdon Pike, my sister Edith would hear “All out for Sleepy Hollow” from George Pletcher, the bus driver, even if she was the only one on the bus.



[Photo: Bus operated by Reading Company in the 1930's]

Where was Sleepy Hollow? You would go back Papermill Road and then Cathedral Road, past the church, up the hill and about another one half mile. There were three twin houses, 6 homes, for the employees of the Raymond Pitcairn family. This little spot was called Sleepy Hollow. Past the houses was a barn with a carriage and work horses for plowing, and nearby was a chickery where chickens were raised and their eggs collected.

My father and mother with three children moved here from Louisville, PA to Bryn Athyn in 1921 to work for Raymond Pitcairn doing farm and dairy work. The only public school was Lower Moreland, and we had to walk to school a mile and a half. Pennsylvania law stated that if you lived less than two miles from the school, you could not ride the bus.

My dad had a huge garden only for us. He made a wagon, and my sister and I loaded it with fresh vegetables and sold them in Bryn Athyn. We took a short cut in back of the cathedral. Mother canned all summer, vegetables, fruit, and made jellies.

At six years old, I started school in Lower Moreland and most all of my classmates graduated together. There was no kindergarten. We all took paper bag lunches. The cafeteria was in the basement at the school (Red Lion), and the high school kids had to walk up Murray Avenue to the school if they wanted a hot meal. Mrs. Williams, a good cook, did the shopping, cooking and cleaning.

At that time, the town was so small, you knew everybody. Parents, brothers and sisters. We all started high school on Murray Avenue. The school held from grade 7 through grade 12. Things were interesting in 9th grade when the students from Siles, Trevoise and Feasterville were bussed to Lower Moreland because at that time there was no Neshaminy School. As teenagers we were looking everyone over for cute boys and pretty girls. By graduation a lot had quit school. We had football, baseball and basketball games to go to and a girls' soccer team was started. With such small classes you could make the teams if you worked hard.

Once a year the junior and senior classes put on a play which everyone went to. Always a full house. This was our entertainment during the year. On April 19, 1940, our class of '41 put on a

play "Second Fiddle", a comedy. It was a lot of fun being in a play with all the rehearsals, teasing and fun.

In May, the seniors went to Washington D.C. and saw all historical sights and how our government worked.

We looked forward to graduation and our prom with excitement, but there was also sadness leaving the friends we made during all those years.

On December 7, 1941 was Pearl Harbor. A lot of young people from Lower Moreland were in the service. Our class of '41 lost Bill Gantt in the Pacific and George Wright in Europe. Two fine young men, in prime of life and both very funny. May God bless them and their families. We owe them a debt we can never repay.

OUR TRIBUTE OF HONOR

JANUARY 7, 1945

THREE-THIRTY O'CLOCK P. M.

In Loving Memory of

GEORGE C. WRIGHT, JR.

SERGEANT, UNITED STATES ARMY AIR FORCES



MEMORIAL BAPTIST CHURCH

Rev. R. Gibson Forbes, Minister

Red Lion Road

Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania

[Photo: Church program]