

drafted, but he was a good dancer and fun to be with. I remember we went several times to the Patio Rathskeller, which was in the basement of the Carew Tower, where the Comedy Club is now located.

When we went downtown to the movies, you wouldn't believe how beautiful the movie houses were in those days. They were all plush, with beautiful colored lights. Sometimes they had vaudeville shows before, or after the movie. When the words, "The End", would flash on the screen a filmy curtain would draw over the words, so that you could still read them, and then you would hear a drum roll and an orchestra would strike up, and be slowly elevated up to the stage level, and take over the entertainment.

When the show was all over and we were leaving, we would usually stop in the rest room lounges to repair our makeup, or whatever, and it was such a pleasure just to go in the lounge and sit. It was like being in a millionaire's house. The movie houses of today do not compare at all. The rugs seemed to be two inches thick, there were great pictures on the wall, beautiful lamps, and very expensive lounge chairs.

Finally, in 1944, we had another beautiful baby girl, whom we named Eileen Marie. When she was two years old, her brothers who belonged to the Boys Club of Cincinnati took her to the club when they were having a little sisters' beauty contest, because they knew she would win it. and naturally, she did.

On December 4, 1945, Patrick Michael was born. Ed and I were lucky enough to be his godparents. On Christmas Ed and I became engaged to be married the next June. Bernie and Ann Raffaelli became engaged, then too, setting a wedding date for the next October.

Ed and I were married on June 1 1946, in Blessed Sacrament Church. Jeane Wessel was my maid of honor, Ann Raffaelli was my bridesmaid, and my sister, Dottie, who was fourteen at the time, was my junior bridesmaid. My brother, Don, was Ed's best man. We had our wedding breakfast at Pooch Lavatori's house, where Ann was living at the time. Our wedding dinner was held at Peggy's Grill in Price Hill right near Phillips Swim Club. Our reception was at the Roller Grill Recreation Hall, where the Racquet Club is today on Ferguson Road.

We spent our wedding night at the Gibson Hotel, the largest hotel in downtown Cincinnati. Even though the war was over, it was still difficult to get hotel reservations. However, we did have reservations, and Carl and Jill Lottman our good friends said that they would ride us downtown to our hotel. After we told the front desk that we were there, they said it would be a moment or two before the room was ready. Unknown to us Carl had spoken to the desk clerk. Anyway Carl and Jill left, and we sat there for about an hour. When we asked them what was going on, they said that they had to put a bed in the room. Well finally they took us to our

room, and it was the Hamilton County Good Government League Room. It was huge and very pretty, but it did have a desk and plenty of literature to read. It had one of the biggest bathrooms I ever saw in a hotel room. It was different!

Anyway the next day we went to Sunday Mass, had breakfast and took a cab to Union Terminal to take a train to New York City for our honeymoon. You wouldn't believe the number of trains that came in out of the Union Terminal in those days. While we were in New York, we went to the Belmont Race Track, sightseeing, night clubs, and many other places. I still remember how eerie it was when we went into this one place in China Town. We went to the top of the Empire State Building where we took pictures. Ed always said that I had my finger over the lens when I snapped the pictures. The hotel which we spent our honeymoon in was the Hotel LeMarquis. Just recently I heard on television that Leona Hemsley went to that hotel when she got out of jail. They said that it was a not so elegant hotel. Let's face it, it wasn't new when we got married.

When Dick and Bob, grew up, I always thought of them as ambassadors of the family, because they used to stop at each of our homes a lot, and they would keep us apprised of what was happening. Of course, when they married and had children, they didn't have as much time to visit. I missed that.

Mother's brother, Paul, never married, and her brother Bob, the youngest child in her family, and who went into the marines when he was eighteen didn't marry until 1945. However they did have seven children. The only one I ever met was their first child, whom they brought with them, when they came to visit just after our daughter, Cheri, was born. I never saw them again, because they lived in Riverside, California, and they never came home again, and we never got out to see them before he died in the seventies. I was disappointed that we didn't have a chance to get together, because we had been very close. Whenever, he came home on leave during the war, he and I would go bowling, to dinner, and to night clubs afterwards.

Because they were not building houses during the war, it was very difficult to find a house or apartment to rent when all the servicemen came home and started getting married. We were like most of the other young couples having a hard time finding a place to live, so we were living with the Wessels at their apartment. Luckily they had the use of the third floor, because Ed's sister, Rita, and Ed Schneider who married while he was in service were living there, too. We were or constant lock out for an apartment, but it took awhile.

On May 12, 1947, the day after Mother's Day Cheri, our first child was born. We spent the day before visiting with both families, and at the Wessel's everyone was jumping rope, so I did, too. I don't think it made Cheri too jumpy. Cheri was a beautiful baby. She

was so round and fully packed, weighing in at seven pounds and thirteen ounces, my largest baby.

In April of 1948, we finally found a house we could afford to buy at 1056 Rosemont which was just two blocks away from where we were living with the Wessels. It was a two family house with a big yard and two porches. It cost us all of \$8100, and we could swing it with a GI Loan. We rented the second floor to Ed's parents, because the owners of the house which we had been living in were going to sell that house.

When Cheri was eleven months old, she started to walk, and once she was walking real good, she walked everywhere with me, never complaining that I was walking too far. One time when she was about two, she and I walked from Rosemont Avenue to Eighth & Elberon to a drug store which had a soda shop in it and treated ourselves to a soda. Of course, I had to borrow two telephone books to put Cheri on, because she was too short to reach the table, and in those days, they did not have booster seats.

I always kept her hair long and lots of times in braids. She never liked to wear jeans or pants, and she never seemed to get dirty. One time when she was playing ball with the boys at St. Williams School yard, Father Coughlin asked her if she just had a bath. She always worried why he asked her that, never knowing that she was the only one that was still clean. She could outrun all the boys on the block.

On July 14, 1948, our last little brother, Dennis William, was born weighing in at 7 pounds and 13 ounces. He beat me out for being the smallest baby my mother had. He had both a niece and a nephew when he was born, Cheri and Bernie had been born the year before.

In 1949 when Ed went bowling on Tuesday evenings, he was intrigued with the Milton Berle television show which was the rage of the few people who had television sets, so he bought a TV for me, so that I could see it, too. While I thoroughly enjoyed the TV, I didn't know why we needed it, because no one I knew had one, but it did grow on me, and certainly came in handy. Early in January I became pregnant again. In the afternoon, when I wasn't feeling too good, I could lay on the couch, and I knew Cheri would sit and watch the TV, if she didn't take a nap, of which she didn't take many. I remember her first year we didn't get much sleep at all. There were times when Ed would take her out in her pajamas and a blanket and walk with her until she went to sleep, and then bring her in very quietly, and lay her down, and she would wake right up.

That year Ed bought a second hand Pontiac. He had never driven a car, because his Dad didn't have a car, but he did have a driver's license. His two sisters worked at the drivers's license bureau, and in those days you didn't have to take a test, so they just got

him a license when he came home from service. We had gone to Walnut Hills to buy the car, and he was supposed to pick the car up after work the next day. When he picked it up he found out the brakes didn't work too good, and since it was a shift stick, it would roll back a lot when he was on a hill. Being a new driver, having trouble with the car, and not knowing the area, he got lost. He didn't get home until about nine o'clock that night. I was worried to death. When he drove up he had every light on the car on. I told him to turn them off, and he said he didn't know how to turn them off. I never saw so many lights on a car in my life.

Another event that year was that Ed was promoted to manager of a brand new Kroger store at Bridgetown and Glenway. Good thing he bought a car, because the bus service was not too good to Bridgetown. Manager's at Kroger's just get paid every four weeks. One Friday, a pay day, as he and the last two employees were leaving the store, they were accosted by two men, with a gun and ordered back into the store and to the safe.

Ed, remembering that he had cashed his check that day managed to drop his billfold into the potatoes, to protect his money. I don't remember how much Kroger money they got, but after that they started putting signs up stating that it took two people to open the safe.

Because of the good information that Ed and the two others gave the police, they finally caught the two robbers, and after a trial they were sent to jail for five years.

That year, 1950, on September 14, Mark, our only son was born early in the evening. He weighed either, 6#4 oz, or 6#7 oz. He had red hair, and was so long that he looked like a poor little skinny bird. When we brought him home from the hospital, he slept from Midnight until six o'clock the next morning, and the next night from eleven until five a.m. He slept about twenty-two hours a day. Really all he did was eat and sleep. In three months he had gained so much weight that he weighed exactly what Cheri had weighed at that age.

When Cheri started to the first grade of school, and we were hearing her lessons, and if it took a while for her to get it, Mark, who would be laying on the floor coloring in his book, would blurt out the answer.

In 1956, we sold our house on Rosemont and bought another two-family on Sunset Avenue. Grandmother and Grandpa Wessel moved into the second floor. The house had three floors. There were two big bedrooms on the third floor, and Cheri and Mark used them.

Mark started to school then, and he was a quick learner. That was good, because he had to have a hernia operation when he was in the first grade, and missed a bit of school days, and he still kept his

grades up. In the second grade, the teacher asked him to help the boy behind him with his math, because he had trouble learning it.

We wanted more children, but I don't know what happened, because we didn't have any more for eight years. When I told Cheri and Mark that we were going to finally have another baby, they wanted to know if we were going to adopt. They had given up hope, and they knew that you could adopt, because Aunt Rita and Uncle Eddie had adopted Christine before that. When I told them, "No," they joined us in patiently waiting for our next baby who, who was kind enough to hold off long enough for me to enjoy a birthday dinner which Grandmother Wessel had prepared for Mark on Sunday, his birthday. On September 15, 1958, about 3:15 a. m., Mary Jo came into our life, and I suppose we all spoiled her.

When Mary Jo was eight months old, we bought a new house on Nandale Drive. We kept our house on Sunset, and Grandmother and Grandpa Wessel stayed in the second floor apartment, and we rented the first floor a mother and a son. Mary Jo learned to walk before she was quite eleven months old, and to run shortly thereafter. There was a little girl friend, Lynn Masten, for her living on one side of us and a little boyfriend, Tommy Robertson, living on the other. There were three Masten boys, named Gary, a year younger than Cheri, one named Ronnie, who was Mark's age, and another Mark, who was two years younger, and an older sister named SuAnn. Tommy Robertson was an only child.

The first winter that we had Mary Jo the flu was going through the family. Mark got it first, I believe, and when he was recuperating, I came down with it, and I was really sick. He took care of me, and he would bring Mary Jo to me when it was time to feed or change her. He was a great little helper.

When our next child, Nancy Marie was born on February 16 in between severe snow storms, Mary Jo was only seventeen months old, but she sure knew how to navigate. She kept a person thin just keeping up with her. Nan, as we called her, had red hair like her brother, Mark and was a baby almost as good as he had been. In the summer we had a nonclimbable fence installed to keep Mary Jo in her own yard. She climbed the fence the first day to get to her friends, with whom she was use to playing.

Nan was a good eater and a good sleeper, so even though she was one of my smallest babies, she was a pretty baby, and by the time she was a year old was as husky as the rest. I never can remember whether she or Mark weighed 6# 4 oz or 6# 7 oz. Nan always wants to know where she was when she looks at family pictures that were taken when she was very young, and finds that she wasn't on them. I tell her she was sleeping. She was a very good baby.

When Nan was twelve months old she started to walk, and that summer we all went on a vacation to Ocean City Maryland, with the Chase

Family, who had children, the same ages as ours, and the Sorn family. One of the places we went with the children there was Frontier Town, which was a good place to take children. They had a stage coach ride, which was always robbed of the gold that they were carrying, and Mark was thrilled to death, because he got to carry the bag of gold. All of the kids loved the ocean, except I think Nan didn't like the fact that the waves always caught up to her as she was trying to outrun them.

We had a station wagon for that trip, and I thought it would work out fine, but the kids argued a lot, and moved around the back, so much that I said we would not take any more vacations until we could fly.

In August of 1962, our last little baby was born, Teresa Marie. She weighed six pounds and 13 ounces. She was born in the wee hours of the morning. She was a beautiful baby as were all the other ones. Teri had colic for five months. She would cry from five o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the evening unless I carried her over my left arm. By that time she was so tired, that she would sleep the night through. If you are going to have colic, it's better for the parents if you have it during the day. You don't get anything done, but at least you get to sleep.

Nan had two special school friends, Terri McCulloch, and Michelle Poli. We had given her an old tape recorder. They would play for hours with the recorder, interviewing each other. It certainly was good practice for speaking over a mike. I suppose that is why she doesn't mind talking to a group of people when she is teaching today.

Teri had two friends, Skip Koesterman, two doors from us, and Sally Hardy, who lived across the street. I had told all my children that they could not cross the street by themselves until they were five. Well Teri and Skip played together, and Teri and Sally would play together, whenever any of us could cross one of them to the other's yard. However, when we didn't have the time to do that, Sally and Teri made up the game of house numbers. They would each stay on their own side of the street, and sit on the side walk and copy each house address on the street. They enjoyed themselves, because they were sharing the game.

You kids thought your Father was the Pied Piper of Hamelin, and so did the neighbor kids. Everytime he opened the car door, it seemed as if half the neighborhood ended up in our car. It didn't matter whether he was going to the drugstore, or the icecream store.

Remember how you all got dressed up in your best clothes before your Father came home on Saturday night at seven. Then we would eat dinner, and play games, or whatever. You even played games when he came home for lunch. I don't know why you always hid in the same place, the clothes hamper.

Well, your Father and I were blessed with good, healthy, and happy children who grew up to marry good husbands and a wife, and we now have beautiful, healthy families of whom we are very proud. We love you all very much, and now our story becomes your story.