

Post Card

1-19-2015 by Harry Zirkelbach

In my youth the penny Post Card was in wide use. First Class mail was three cents. These costs were a reflection of the Pony Express days of that past century and the Wild West.

Mail was delivered twice a day to all homes. It was customary to flag the mail box when some epistle was to be picked up from the home. Junk mail was unknown.

Our family never had a phone; few did. Communication was by word of mouth at home, factory, school, any gathering, lastly of course, the US Mail. During the most trying time for our family, I would learn much later, the Mail man carried Mom and Dad's cries to relatives, brought their replies. The penny Post Card was the carrier. And the Mail Man knew our secrets, kept them from neighbors. We had the same Mail Man over those tough year, and on occasion, he would ask Mom how things were with a distant relative or friend, for she had not heard from them recently. He was our extended family, as he was to our neighbors.

When we lost all, left that community that had been my parents honeymoon valley for a dozen years, we moved to a warren that was home of Dad's relatives. Half of the letters ended forever. And those to and from Mom's family in Pittsburgh lessened, as our family had a breadwinner at last.

Today communications is an instant, endless garble. Further, whoever is President must face nasty fingers and words, "Why

is the Postal Service losing billions”. For on the back of the Mail Man today, they carry the hopes of the businessman, flyers delivered to you impersonally, Resident, urging you to mail your money to them, for merchandise the average home would never require.

In the lobby of 9335 E Center, neatly labeled mailboxes await the mailman daily. Nearby is a trash can, where on most days, the fort-four unit owners can dispose of ads immediately.

Yet, every resident in our community looks forward to the Mail Man, visit one another awaiting his arrival, in anticipation of getting a personal correspondence, with genuine news.

Our extended family retain the tradition of celebrating birthdays by mail; love to read, and share, those received.

The Penny Post card is no longer a penny. But it can carry all the personal information, love and friendship of yore. And from our lobby I can assure you that all residents of Windsor Gardens are interested, worthy and eager to hear from their friends, courtesy the United States Mail Man.

