



Sleep
Chapter Eleven
1932

06-14-2018 by Harry Zirkelbch

Even night the family slept peacefully, through to sunrise, for the bedrooms were unaware of the loss this family and all of their small community experienced every day.

This was largely due to the fortitude of the women of that Hamlet, Marion Hills, who continued the routine of the good times once the breadwinner was unemployed.

Typically this meant, Monday she washed the family clothing, hung it out to dry ail good weather; in winter and storm, hang the clothes to dry onside all the rooms of the main floor.

Then Tuesday a day of ironing; just about everything, that including the sheets and pillow cases of all three bedrooms.. These would be folded, stored for that next Monday Morning when the linen of the bedrooms were replaced, the removed going directly into the wash.

This 52 week cycle endless, a special delight to the children who were being taught out of classrooms that life's comforts were the results of the whole families

participation in chores. Because on Mondays with no school, both children would “do” the dishes after “clearing the table”.

For these children, slipping into bed was particularly rewarding in winter. The house cold, except the kitchen, they’d race up the stairs with mom, have her toss back the top sheet and covers, slide into that equally cold world, say prayers, exchange kisses with mom, cover all but the tip of the nose, and wait for the magic. In no time our small body would turn into a heat machine, and almost before Mom closed the bedroom door, the sheet would feel the warmth, relax the mind for immediate sleep.

It required time to realize this natural moment was universal, for sister Pat, Mom and Dad, all everywhere. The poorest and the richest, at least those having a bed and sheets. What a marvel, the human body.

Comfortable in bed and sleep, Pat and I were unaware of the tribulations of Mom and Dad, and most families on Marion Hill, where thought was on the next meal, payment for food and lodging from non-resistant sources, where hard work, willingness to toil for an income was denied by the economic system whose leadership was unable to come up with any thought that might create employment, any jobs with a paycheck.

Sudden awake in the very sheets Mom have covered us with the last night, we bound out of bed, scoot down to the kitchen, find Mom had been up and made a breakfast that we would share with she and dad on those days when he had not left before dawn in his endless search for non-existing employment, up-and-down the Beaver valley, its smokestacks unemployed too.

Then, this are days we would learn of later, when thy both left to search for work, for Mom had been Bookkeeper and Office Manager for an Insurance Company. before marriage, and knew her talent was transferrable to more than the home. Successful once, that employment ending with she and the owner were the only employees without income, yet a small warehouse of product for which they could find no customer.

Mom and Dad, our heroes, penniless, in debt, never ceased that search for paid employment.

Until the final realization;

The Beaver Valley held no hope for their family
Dad left for Erie, and employment with his Uncle's
Gasoline company.

Then that farewell, to friend of a small lifetime,
never to return;
only hope at the other end of that road.