

#### Remember When

In 1930 our street were paved with brick, not gold. Vehicles were slow moving and never seemed to mind waiting while children crossed the street gingerly trying not to step on the cracks that might break their mothers back.

In the early morning you could hear the clip-clop of the horses hooves with the bump-de-bump of the milk wagon it pulled along the uneven street. No one worried about snow removal, things just moved slower, sometimes even grinding to a halt.

One of the treats of winter was the cream freezing and rising from the neck of the milk bottle. Mother would scoop it off and let us children enjoy the frozen delicacy before she put the bottles in the ice box.

Ice boxes were kept in the back entrance hall, convient for the ice man to make deliveries. He knew when to stop, as the housewife would place a cardboard sign in her window which read "ICE".

The iceman was very popular with the children of the neighborhood on hot summer days. We would follow along behind as he made his deliveries. Waiting patiently, as he used his ice pick to cut out the piece of ice to be delivered, knowing that before he lifted the ice to his leather covered shoulder, he would scoop up the chips that had broken off and give them to his adoring audience.