

THE LANDMARK

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Newsletter of the Friends of Old Annville
P.O. Box 99, Annville, PA 17003

Recent Changes on the FOOA Board of Directors • Growing Up in Annville • A Moving & Memorable Train Station Dedication

President's Message, by Michael Schroeder

It's my sad duty to open this issue of *The Landmark* by reporting two recent departures from the FOOA Board of Directors—and my happy duty to report two new additions to the Board, albeit one temporary.



Megan Ball

On the sad side of the ledger is the departure of Treasurer Megan Ball, who at the tail end of May relocated to Savannah, GA, along with her husband Matt, for job-related reasons. I first met Megan in winter 2019, when I put out a call on Facebook for help with a planned documentary history

of the Annville Historic District. Among the half a dozen or so people who responded, only she and Jordan Hoffsmith (now Board Member at Large) stuck it out to the end. Her help proved essential to the book's completion, and I'm proud to have her name listed (along with Jordan's) as the book's co-author.

In the two years that she served as Treasurer, Megan proved herself an invaluable addition to the FOOA Board. Not only did she quickly learn the ropes of the Treasurer's job, a task she performed with the utmost diligence, professionalism, and care, but she also jumped in with both feet on numerous FOOA activities and initiatives, including helping to plan and organize two annual dinners and several of our seasonal programs.

"I was nervous to accept the role of Treasurer with no previous experience as a board member of any organization," she told me when asked if she'd care to

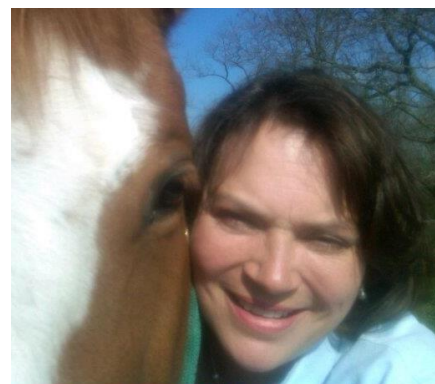
reflect on her service on the Board, "and also no prior treasurer experience. But my concerns were quickly assuaged as the other Board members helped to answer all my questions and mentor me as I learned how to fulfill the duties of Treasurer. I'm not a math-whiz or accountant, but I am a very organized and detail-oriented person, traits that helped me succeed as Treasurer. Potential future Board members should know that you don't need prior experience to serve on the Board—anyone who cares about Annville and its future would be a wonderful fit. The Treasurer role ultimately became quite fun for me and it was a very manageable time commitment. I feel honored to have served as FOOA Treasurer, and I am deeply thankful for the many friendships I have made by being a part of this wonderful organization."

Megan's was a voice of common sense, practical wisdom, empathy, and passion for helping to make Annville a better place to live, work, and visit, and she will be sorely missed.

Also on the sad side of the ledger is the departure of Board member Melissa Barlow, for health-related reasons. Melissa served ably and with distinction as Member at Large since January 2020, and as Secretary for the first months of 2021. She too will be sorely missed.

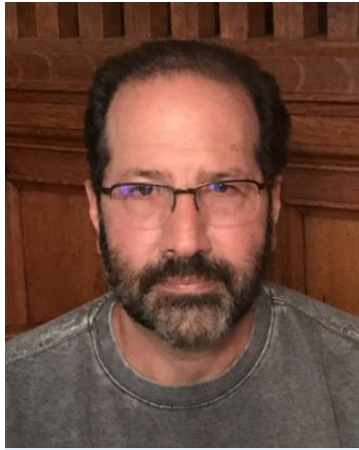
We thank her for her service, and wish her and her partner Ralph Fetrow and their family only good things moving forward.

On the flip side, I'm happy to report that former longtime FOOA



Melissa Barlow

Treasurer David Palanzo has graciously agreed to serve as Interim Treasurer until a suitable replacement can be found. David served for many years as FOOA Treasurer, and his temporary return to that role is especially welcome as we rapidly approach our 32nd Annual Historic Old Annville Day on Sat. Aug. 14, our biggest event of the year and our main source of fundraising for our Façade Grant Program and other initiatives.



David Palanzo

And to top it off, I'm especially delighted to report that Jeremy Long, a lifelong resident of the Annville-Cleona area, has agreed to join the Board as a Member at Large. Born and raised in Cleona ("fun fact," he says: "my great-grandfather John H. Long founded Cleona"), Jeremy graduated from A-C High School in 2002 and Lebanon Valley College in 2006 with a degree in Historical Communications. Since then, he says, "I have been a newspaper journalist in some form, whether it was working for a small weekly in Middletown, to working as a freelance reporter, to

spending seven years as a photojournalist at the *Lebanon Daily News* to where I am at now: City Hall reporter for the *Reading Eagle*. My girlfriend, Ashley Walter, and I have lived in Annville since about 2012. In 2016, we purchased a home in the 400 block of West Main Street. I'm still learning about our historic home, but it is a two-story log cabin structure built before the Civil War. We think that's pretty cool. I'm looking forward to working with my fellow Board members and community to advance the mission of FOOA."

The Board of Directors of an all-volunteer, non-profit civic organization like FOOA is necessarily a fluid and protean thing, never static or fixed but always in the process of becoming. We are lucky to have such a diversity of skilled and dedicated people on our Board, passionate about



Jeremy Long

helping to make Annville a better community for all. (For an updated list, see the Board of Directors page on our website, at www.fooa.org/administration/board.)

Save the Date!
Sat. Aug. 14
9 a.m.—2 p.m.
32nd Annual
Historic Old
Annville Day

♪♪ Music • Food • Fun ♪♪



“My Little World”: Growing up in Annville

By Pat Freeland

Editor’s Note: In the January/February issue of *The Landmark*, we invited readers to share their personal memories of growing up in Annville. We are delighted that Annville native Pat Freeland generously responded to our invitation with half a dozen brief reminiscences, the first of which, titled “My Little World,” we are publishing here, with further contributions to be included in future issues.

Omnia Annville in quattuor partes divisa est. Julius Caesar might forgive my paraphrasing his famous line, but he is not around to do any objecting. For the few readers who know nothing of Annville, they might like to know that Annville is conveniently divided into four quadrants. Main Street running east-west, and White Oak Street running north-south do the job neatly.

My little world was the northeast quadrant. I grew up at 44 College Avenue starting on September 11, 1943. I was surrounded by a lot of women because most men were off fighting the two H's, Hitler and Hirohito. I was the center of attention because my brother Michael was not due for more than three years. My father, Merl, was in basic training in Fort Polk, Louisiana, having been drafted away from the conservatory at LVC where he was head of the piano department. His Army buddies collected some money and he was able to come home to see his new offspring. A few months later he was in Europe.

In addition to my female admirers, there was my Pennsylvania family. (There was also my Oklahoma family whom I loved but rarely saw.) My



Proud father Merl holding baby me.



My boyhood home at 44 North College Ave.

grandmother lived at 73 Sheridan Avenue, now called Center Hall for LVC. My great grandmother, Mary Christeson, lived in a duplex at the corner of College and Sheridan Avenues. My great uncle, Gideon Kreider lived in what is now Kreiderheim with his wife, Aunt Alice. He was tall and massive, Aunt Alice was short and not massive. After the fashion of society ladies of the time she always had a silk handkerchief in one hand. They built the Annville Public Library; their portraits, painted by

Uncle Gid's sister Louise Strickler, hang in the front room.

Uncle Gid and his brother (my grandfather), Paul Kreider (nickname Pat) owned the Lebanon Paper Box Co. Uncle Gid also owned the Annville Water Company and was president of the Annville National Bank. Pat Kreider was known during the Depression for handing out Christmas presents to children of Annville. (An article about this event is included in the November/December 2006 edition of the Landmark, available on the FOOA website.)

Just before Christmas he would go to Haaks department store ("the store with the escalator") in Lebanon and buy all the toys in the toy department. Then, on a given day he would have his helper, Fritz Speraw who was dressed as St. Nick, spread the toys across tables. Children would form a line and choose a toy. While visiting the Chicago World's Fair he contracted amoebic dysentery in 1932 and died in March of 1939 not long before a cure was made available.

Our house was a thin white, 90-year-old structure squeezed between a large white house on the left and a large brick house on the right which contained three apartments. In the white house lived Reverend Wilt. I don't recall ever seeing Rev. Wilt, except when he descended the steps from his porch and climbed into his car, a '40s vintage Nash, or looming over the pulpit at the EUB church down the street. My parents, sitting in our little back yard enjoying a beverage, would occasionally bemoan the likelihood that he was peering out of a window angrily but silently condemning their wanton behavior. I was told by a fellow member of the cloth that on the day Victory was announced, people flocked to the church to express their thanks and found the doors locked. He turned them away saying that the church would be open as usual on Sunday.

My early boyhood friend, Bobby, lived in the apartment building on the right side of our house. He lived with his mother and grandmother. Of infinite fascination to me was that his grandmother had a full set of teeth in the upper right side of her mouth, and a full set in the lower left side, but nothing in the opposite sides. Unfortunately, I stared at her when in her presence and tried to imagine how one would chew, or alternatively, what you could eat given that dental challenge.

In another apartment lived a couple whose last name was Erickson, from Wisconsin. Dr. Erickson

was temporarily teaching math at LVC. Mrs. Erickson loved to come over to our kitchen because my mother had a "Mangle". Never heard of a Mangle? It was an iron, brand name was Ironrite. Now, if you were to name an appliance that was used to flatten wrinkles in clothing, I suspect you would never even consider the name "mangle". It would be like naming your dog food, "Poison".



Our Ironrite, ca. 1950s

My mother would take the wet laundry out of the wash machine, feed it through the two rollers on the top of the washer, and then form each piece into a tight roll. A woman of many fine qualities, my mother would never be a candidate for "homemaker of the year." Thus, often the wet rolls would languish in their wash basket for days looking like a basket of small white fish, and would grow their own personal crop of mildew.

To the rescue came Mrs. Erickson who would retrieve the pieces one by one, sit on the chair in front of the mangle and nudge a hidden lever with her right knee. A roller would descend on the piece of laundry and press it against a very hot curved metal plate, and feed it past the plate. The clean smell of steam filled the kitchen and steamed the windows in the winter. In the summer it steamed Mrs. Erickson who bravely and happily fed item after item into the roller. Piles of neatly folded shirts, trousers, face cloths, underwear, socks and miscellaneous other cloth objects would end up on the kitchen table for eventual transshipment to dressers and closets.

“The entire ceremony was perfect”: Dedicating the Annville Train Station to Blanche Schaeffer & Kathy Moe

On Sunday, May 2, Friends of Old Annville held its first seasonal program in more than a year, when a festive crowd of some fifty people gathered in the parking lot of 155 North Moyer St. to dedicate the Annville Train Station to the two women most responsible for bringing it back to Annville after its decades-long absence: Blanche Schaeffer and Kathy Moe.

Remarkably, the date would have marked Blanche’s 100th birthday! And a fitting birthday celebration & commemoration it was, with some two dozen members of Blanche’s family in attendance, including her son James from his hospital bed in Virginia, where he was recovering from a recent health issue (his daughter Alexis live-streamed the event so her dad could view the afternoon’s activities). “The entire ceremony was perfect,” James wrote in an email afterward. Also in attendance were numerous members of Kathy’s family, including her husband Owen and daughter Sarah, who served as the event’s official photographer. Owen recounted the convoluted history of the historic Train Station, while Kathy offered her recollections of the twisted path by which this historic structure ended up back in Annville.

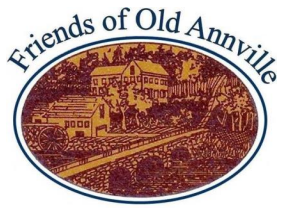
The afternoon’s events culminated in a ceremonial affixing of a handsome bronze dedicatory plaque to the Train Station’s exterior. It was wonderful not only being able to get together with family & friends again after more than a year’s worth of pandemic-related restrictions, but also to pause to acknowledge the hard work, commitment, and dedication of the people who’ve devoted so much time and energy to making Annville a better place to live, work, and visit. Hats off to Kathy Moe and Blanche Schaeffer and their families!



Kathy Moe and her husband Owen Moe at right, framing the dedicatory bronze plaque just after its (temporary) installation, accompanied by their daughter Sarah and granddaughter Isabella.



Getting ready for the ceremonies to begin, as seated attendees review the program booklet on the Train Station’s complex history compiled by Owen Moe and available on the FOOA website, with some members of the extended Schaeffer family making the trip from as far away as Virginia.



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MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL

Please note that your MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL DATE can be found in the line above your name and address on this issue of *The Landmark*. Please send your dues and address change to Rachel Noll, 1673 Louser Road, Annville, PA, 17003-8856. Questions? Call Rachel at (717) 867-2137.

Individual & Student \$ 5.00 Family (2+ persons) \$ 10.00 Business \$ 25.00 Friend of FOOA \$ 50.00 ★
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Larry & Sally Manning
Glenn A. Miller, Sr.
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Rachel R. Noll ★
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Brian & Lisa Pyle
M/M Robert Roberts
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Bob & Doris Yorty

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