

YOUNGSTOWN STATE UNIVERSITY

ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

World War 1939-1945 - Women

Personal Experience

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JULIENNE GAGLIARDI

Interviewed

by

Joseph Lambert, Jr

on

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JULIENNE GAGLIARDI

Julienne Gagliardi was born and raised in Canfield, Ohio in 1924. Her childhood years were spent in happiness as she roamed the open fields of her family home. The 1930's were not too dreadful on her family and she does remember needy folks being employed on her family residence, performing odd jobs for a simple meal during the trying years of the Depression. She completed her education in the Canfield school system, graduating in 1941, and spent her first year of college at Youngstown College.

After encouragement from a friend, she got a job at U.S. Steel in the McDonald Plant in the early 1940's. The United States entered the war in December of 1941 and in February of 1942, spurred by patriotism, Mrs Gagliardi got a job at Youngstown Sheet and Tube, the Campbell works. There she worked in the metallurgical department. At this time, she worked the midnight shift. At eight o'clock the following morning, she went to college until ten o'clock. She has many memories from her years in the mills but one that she dreads recalling is about the large rats that lived in the mills. As the war drew to a close, she looked forward to leaving this type of work life. Though she did have to wait until the returning soldiers were retrained.

In 1949, she married her husband, Leonard J. Gagliardi, whom she met in college. She gave birth to four children, Cathleen, Carl, Marina, and Leonard J. After giving birth to her children, she needed to get back into the working life. She received a B.A. from Youngstown College in 1947. In 1962, she received a B.S. in Education from Y.S.U and also a M.A. from Kent State. Since 1962 she has been a teacher. She started in the Salem school system that year. From 1964 until 1967, she taught at Ursuline High School. She has been in the Boardman school district since 1969 and

has no plans to retire in the immediate future She hopes someday to learn sign language and to work with children who have problems hearing.

She has always resided in Canfield where today she lives with her three cats Her husband passed in 1980. She is involved in her church, the Canfield Historical Society, the League of Women Voters, and the United Education Association. She enjoys traveling and reading. Environmental problems and Animal Welfare take up much of her concerns.

--Joseph Lambert

L: This is an interview with Julienne Gagliardi for the Youngstown State University Oral History Program, on Women's Experiences in the Mills during World War II, by Joseph Lambert, at 77 North Hillside Drive in Canfield, Ohio on October 19, 1990 at 6.15 p.m.

First of all, Mrs. Gagliardi, can you tell me where and when you were born?

G. I was born here in Canfield. When? 1924. January of 1924. I was born in the house that is right next door to the board of education--the current board of education. I will let you do the arithmetic to figure out how old I am

L: Can you tell me a little about your family growing up?

G. All of my family was in business. My dad's family was in business here. In fact, they are part of the founding family, Wadsworth. Some descended from the founding family on my father's side. My maiden name is Delfs. We had a business which was founded in 1885. It started out as a tannery and then my great-grandfather became a broker, then he took his sons into business. My grandfather and his two brothers. My son, now, is the fifth generation in business. We have been established here right along. My mother's family moved here. They lived in Youngstown. The Beedes. Dyke Beede was my mother's first cousin. That family was mostly in Youngstown. I am local. Of course, if I go back far enough, I will go back to the Connecticut land country. Some of my ancestors were surveyors who came over and surveyed this part and liked it, so they settled here. I have traveled a lot, but I have not traveled far from my roots.

L Can you tell me what it was like growing up in Canfield?

G: It was very different from the way it is now. We were always a town. I cannot tell you the date that Canfield was incorporated, but I know it has been all of my lifetime, so it is been quite a while. This town was the type of place that when I was five years old, my mother could give me a couple dollars, send me down to get my hair cut at the barber shop and to pick up a pair of boots to fit the shoes I was wearing. I had to walk from what would be called the west side of town to the center of town. That would be, I would think, maybe a mile that I had to walk. It was perfectly safe. There were still horses on the streets. There were cars--do not misunderstand me. I do not mean back to the last century, but there were hitching rails. The Christian Church was over on the corner of Main Street and Maple Street. It is been a while since I lived over in that part of town. There were hitching rails for the horses that came in. I remember the woman that sold eggs. She would come in her Model-T [Ford] in the spring after the

rains were over. You could always tell when winter was coming because she would put the Model-T up and get the buggy out and her horse and she would bring the eggs into town. I was born after World War I, obviously

Of course, I was a girl. I was a tomboy. Where I live now, in this part, this was part of a farm. This was really very swampy land, but this is where I would pack a sandwich in my pocket and my books and come over here and hike around and read. [I was] perfectly safe. I could be gone all day. Nobody would worry about me, because everybody in town knew me to begin with. I could not do anything. My mother got a report on every bit of mischief I ever committed. I guess it could be called the nearest thing that the Norman Rockwell world ever was. You know, that type of small-town life. That is pretty much what Canfield was when I was growing up. It still is a pretty place. It was a pretty then, although I did not think of it as pretty or not pretty. It was just home to me. There were all these fields. Now, all of them are built up. As I said, this whole area that I live in now was just a farm. It was my world, my play world. I was very active. I was a tomboy, but at the same time, I liked to read and to climb up a tree with my apples and my books. [I liked to] go off into the world like Emily Dickinson says. "My poetry, with prancing feet, takes me all around the world." It was a nice way to grow up.

L: What was it like in Canfield during the Depression?

G: We did not see that much of it, as far as soup kitchens and things of that sort. I can remember there was a family that I played with. The first time I ever saw a man cry. He came home. He had to apply for relief because he could find absolutely no work. He had a family. He could find nothing that could even buy a loaf of bread for it. He had to apply for relief so he could have some money to buy some food. So things like that hit me. With my family in business, we did not have a lot. I did not have a bicycle until after I was married. I always had clothes to wear. I always had food on the table. I did not have to worry about being dispossessed from my home. We had a feed mill. We used to grind and sell cornmeal muffins and things like that. We used to give that away. And we gave coal to all the people. I was aware that there were people worse off than I. In fact, I was made very conscious of it. Did you ever read *Of Mice and Men*?

L: Yes.

G: Those were the ones. We also saw the ones that traveled in families, but we had people like that who came around. My mother had dishes that she kept that she did not feed the family from. It was the cracked dishes. But she always had food that she could offer them. She gave them corn bread because corn meal was so cheap. We got it for free from our mill. She was very good at soups and stews. Her Pennsylvania Dutch mother taught her a lot. Those are the things

that you can extend a little bit I can remember taking the food out to the people on the porch, so I was aware that there were some people that were very unhappy. Then we saw families and I saw children my own age in these dilapidated cars Of course, when I read *The Grapes Wrath* later on and then read, of course, *Of Mice and Men*, and of the lonely men, the hoboes, by themselves. You know, it is funny, I was never afraid of those people. Again, I think this town is a very secure place to live

As I say, I was definitely aware of the Depression. We used to say, "Clear skies means empty stomachs " Sometimes they said, "empty lunch pails." It meant the same whichever way they put it. We did not know about pollution in those days When the skies were cleared up, the mills were not working because, for years, I could see the red glow. You always saw the red glow. Of course, after the Depression, during [World War II], it was seven days a week. At that time, I was in the midst of it. I sort of felt at home there, simply because I had seen the glow. It had been part of my life all along, except during the Depression when there was not enough of that. Of course, this town has always been connected with mills. There are not that many industries here, so most of the people here did not work elsewhere They were very dependent on the steel.

I saw soup kitchens occasionally, if we were in town for any reason--shopping and that. I would see the lines of people waiting to get the handouts. It touched me more with friends whose clothes were makeshift, and kids who concealed what was in their lunches because it was just bread and lard. Things like that, I would see that once in a while. Of course, it was my mother's idea that we would have something to share, I think, influenced me a great deal. I remember these people and their sad eyes coming around asking. They wanted to do a job, anything--some little job that they would offer to do. Once in while she would send them weeding the garden or something like that, just to save their prides a little bit. It was a sad time. It was such a gray world. My students, sometimes, are interested in it. I was a happy child. I do not mean I was not happy. I always thought the world I looked at was a gray world. It was a sad world.

L: Can you tell me about your education a little bit?

G: Of course, I graduated from Canfield high school in 1941. We are having our fiftieth anniversary, our reunion, next summer. My family, several of them, had gone to Hiram. This was 1941. There was some recovery because the steel industry was picking up at that point with selling munitions abroad and that, although we were not in the war yet. We were before that year was out, of course. There just was not the money at home. I was the oldest of three children. My parents could pay my first year at Youngstown. It was Youngstown College, then. So, I did not go away to school Because I was able to work, I

could work in the school cafeteria and I worked in the public library and jobs like that. I started saving during my first year when my parents paid my way. Then, in the second year, I was on my own. It was not that they did not value my education. They certainly did. I have doctors and lawyers in my family. They wanted me to have the education, but it was something I had to go get myself, which of course, makes me very proud of it

I quit in 1943 and I worked for a couple of months at U.S. Steel. Then I got my job at Sheet & Tube. After I got established there, I asked for night turn so that I could go back to school and go part time. My junior year, I took part time at night. I would go to school from 7:00 to 10:00 at night. I would work from 11:00 p.m. to 7:30 a.m., then [I would go] home and sleep in the daytime. I did that for a little over 2 years. Then, I went back to finish my senior year in college and I met the man I married. Then, of course, I settled down to domesticity briefly and [went] back into the work world.

When my husband said when our youngest child was in kindergarten, he told me one day, "You are turning into a turnip. You need to get out and do something. Go back to college." [I had] four children. He thought I would be a good teacher. I had always said when I was growing up, three things: I was never going to get married. I ate those words. I am never going to have children. Of course, in my generation, if you did not get married, you did not have children. There was just no argument about that one. I did not know what I was going to do for sure as a career. I knew I would never, ever be a teacher. I have been a teacher for 25 years. So much for thinking you know everything at the age of 16 or 17.

I went back to school and I got my second degree. I originally had a Bachelor of Arts degree. I got the Bachelor of Science in secondary education to complete my social studies major, because I already had an English major. I earned my master's degree at Kent [State University]. My status, now, is what they call super-max. In other words, I have 30 hours beyond my master's degree. I have lost the time now, but I would have needed perhaps, about 18 semester hours to finish for a doctorate. But after teaching in college for a few years, I decided my forte was high school, so I went to Boardman [High School] in the fall of 1969. As I say, I took courses. I am not saying that I am finished taking courses. I might, even yet. I am a perennial student. Of course, all the education comes from outside the classroom as well -- life education, too.

L: Can you tell me a little bit about your husband?

G: He was born and grew up on the East Side. He was the foreign fellow. That was a family joke because my husband was born right on the East Side but, of course, with an Italian background. My sister married a man who actually was a foreigner. He grew up in Scotland, but everybody called my husband a foreigner because of the Italian name. He was the youngest son. He had a brother and

two sisters older than himself, and a sister younger. His brother graduated from high school. His sister graduated from high school. The next sister took nurse's training. Later, years later, after she had seen me in school, she went back and got her nursing degree. She took the three years before. My husband graduated from Youngstown in 1949--two years after I graduated. He had planned to be a teacher. He always had that yearning. I think that might be why he pushed me into it a little bit, but he became a businessman.

He bought into my family's business. He owned it outright; by that he had bought my father and grandfather out. He owned in outright, and of course, I inherited it when he died in June of 1980, and I sold it to one of my sons. He was a businessman. He was a charter member of the Canfield Kiwanis Club. He was very active in the American Legion, local, state. He was state rehabilitation chairman at the time of his death. He was vice-chairman of the Public Relations National Committee. So, as I say, he was very civic-minded. He was involved in politics, too. I am sort of apolitical. I am interested in politics. Do not misunderstand me -- I love a good political argument, but I find it hard to stay loyal to a party, whereas he was more likely to

L: What year did you get married?

G: [In] 1947. Right after I graduated.

L: When did you meet him?

G: I met him at school, at college. As I say, I grew up in a Norman Rockwell town and [we] met the traditional way. He [my husband] had just come out of the Navy. One of his friends was one of the cheerleaders. My sister was also a cheerleader. He and my sister did not get along very well, but he noticed me and he got himself introduced to me, and I sort of snubbed him because I was not really interested in him. You know, I was not going to get married. So he followed me around. Pretty soon, I got used to him following me around. I would say our courtship was pretty typical, although we were older by this time. I had worked and he had been in the Navy. We were not teenagers anymore. We sort of knew what we wanted out of life. We had more poise in that respect. We held hands, walked each other to class, and were married. At the end of the course Psychology of Marriage, we both got "A's"

L: Can you tell me how you felt when you heard that Pearl Harbor was attacked?

G: I do not think I will ever forget that day as long as I live. I shiver, even now, when I think of it. My dad was a fan of the New York Philharmonic. They used to play, it was in the afternoon. It was like one or two o'clock. We always ate dinner late on Sunday. He had been adjusting the radio in the living room. Our

house had a central hall and the living room was here and the dining room was across the way My chair was where I would look into the living room He had just adjusted it and he was coming back and there was a crackling sound He turned back looking in annoyance It was the announcer coming on to announce that the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor. [The announcer said,] "Ladies and gentlemen of the United States " I still cannot say it without shaking because, of course, I was months short of 18, in college. My college classmates, high school classmates, were almost inevitably going to go. My dad had been predicting this. Like most people, I did not want to believe it because, as I said, it was a terrible moment

L: You were going to school at this time?

G: I was going to Youngstown [College]. I was a freshman I was still living at home. In that day and age, girls stayed under the direction of parents as long as you were not married. While you were living at home, Mom and Dad had the upper hand. So it was a thrill being in college and making choices, even though I had to work and pay for it. My first year was being paid for. As I say, it is almost impossible to put into words the emotion that you feel. That is 50 years now. I can still feel that jolt. That, and the Kennedy assassination. I can remember those two moments more than, I think, anything else in my life. That one even more than the Kennedy assassination. I was a little older by that time and that was sort of the disbelief, whereas with the Pearl Harbor, it was almost that you had the feeling that the world was collapsing around you [You thought] this cannot be. The war to end all wars. What happened to that? The war to make the world safe for democracy. We knew it was not because we had seen the dictatorships rising.

L: Can you tell me how you landed a job at U. S. Steel?

G: I was getting restless. I was in school and all the young men that I had dated had already left. It was not that I could not go to college without any men around. Do not misunderstand me. I just had the feeling that the world was coming apart. By this time they had formed the WAF's [Women in the Air Force]. I thought about that, but I had pneumatic fever when I was young, so I took the exam and they would not pass me. If I had been 21, I probably could have signed a waiver and gone into the Women's Air Force.

At the time I went to U.S Steel, this friend was working as an inspector in the McDonald plant She suggested that I apply. She said that they were hiring So, I applied and got myself a social security card. I had never had one. I did not need it So, I got myself a social security card and was interviewed. I was hired. She said that I could ride with them, because I did not know how to drive at the time. So, I could ride with them, which I did The labor gang, that was

interesting. We were cutting wheel rims for jeeps. They were made in real long pieces. It took a team of three and one would stand with a hook pulling them down off the stack with the big bundles. The machine operator would put them into the machine and press the foot pedal. The third person was the piler. Pick it up and put it on. We would put the Carnegie bands on them and then call for the crane to take them away. I worked all through, but the gang that I usually worked with, I was the best piler of the three because my piles did not fall over and when you put the band on, they stayed. I took the moment to make them secure, so they usually make me the piler, which meant that I, of course, developed pretty good arm muscles in a hurry.

Then they began cutting back our time. You see, we were supposed to work 40 hours a week. This was the labor board. If we were cut back, we were supposed to notify them. If we were cut back too many times, they had to release us. See, once I had that job, then I could not leave that job. I was frozen on the job, but when I went in the second week in a row that I was only given 32 hours, they signed the release. So, I left there. I could not make up my mind what I wanted to do. I worked briefly in one of the department stores selling books, thinking about the army and then realizing that the army was not going to take me. Then I applied at Sheet & Tube. I just went in and filled out the blanks and I was hired to work in the metallurgical laboratory in February of 1944.

L: U.S. Steel was 1943?

G: Yeah. I was only there a couple months. I really do not remember now. They were going through some kind of changeover, I think. I think that is why we were cut back. That was a labor gang. They kept moving them around. Of course, there was a limit to what you could do. There was a legal limit, the amount that you could pick up. I think that was part of why they might have cut back our hours. I think they were making some changeovers. Sheet & Tube, of course, there was no problem of being cut back there.

L: How did your family feel about you working in a steel mill?

G: My father did not have much to say about it. My mother sort of cheered me on. My sister refused to speak to me if I was dressed in my clothes. I had to wear steel toed shoes. I had to tie my hair up and out of the way. In that day and age, women did not wear slacks when they went downtown in Youngstown. We wore skirts. About the only time you wore slacks was if you were going on a picnic or you were cleaning the garage or something. You just did not wear slacks. Here I am in jeans and a plaid shirt that guys wear. In fact, it was a man's shirt I usually wore because it was easy to get. You could not get feminine clothes at that

point, right at the beginning, that met the need. You were doing rough work.

I worked in the hot strip finishing mill. Actually, I worked in the metallurgical laboratory and it is in between the cold strip and the hot strip in Sheet & Tube, Campbell. The other was such a short time. I came home filthy dirty, of course. What used to drive my sister crazy was the fact that it would rain inside the building. Have you ever seen in a steel plant? After all, the steel is finishing at 2500 degrees. That is hot. Hitting the cold winter air up there, what are you going to get? You are going to get condensation. The condensation is going to have a lot of soot in it. So, here I would be with this black streaking on my face. I would try to work the extra half hour because women did. We were supposed to have a half hour lunch, so the men would work 11:00 pm to 7:00 am and I worked from 11 pm to 7:30 am. I had to work; many times, if they were running special orders, I had to be over to check it and use the micrometer over there to make sure that they were staying on temperature. What we were doing was checking the accuracy of the chart. The roller usually knew. They had that feeling about it, but they had to have the record and that was why they would have us settle it in the lab.

I would be eager to get home and to get on the bus. Of course, here I would be getting on the bus and everybody is going to work and I am coming home from work. The office girls and all this are in their crisp little frocks and what am I? Streaked, messy, and since we would perspire, I probably did not smell so great either. I do not know, I think I might have developed adult poise at that point. People would edge away from me a little bit. Especially women.

L: How did you feel about that?

G: At first it bothered me a little bit, but I got to thinking, "Hey wait a minute. They are talking about the war effort. I am the one wearing the badge. I am the one going in there and working. They are in their nice, safe, little jobs. Who do they think they are to look down on me?" So, I just decided that I did not have to back off. If they did not want to sit beside me, that was their problem, not mine.

L: Did they have locker rooms for women?

G: We had a lavatory. I had to be dressed. In other words, I did not try to change clothes there because this building that I worked in, there was a lab and on the other end, a small emergency hospital unit, and there was a lavatory in it. It was just the typical little powder room and there was really not much room for changing clothes there. Then upstairs were the offices. There was some kind of cluster of offices up there. Some of those girls would start out wearing skirts and would quickly learn that it

was not such a great idea, partly because of comfort and partly because of the whistle. When you came down steps, you got whistled at, so you were much better off in the masculine-looking clothes. I would go to school. I would wear my work clothes.

Of course, I would start out with clean clothes each day. I would get on the bus wearing, of course, these steel toe shoes, which I had to wear. I did not put the scarf on my head until I actually got there, so that my hair would be flying free. My badge was usually pinned on a jacket. Sometimes I would take that off if I felt self-conscious about it. But, most of the time it was still on. It was a picture tag that had my number and my picture on it. I had to have that on. They would not let me in without it. So I would have that and a jacket. See, that marked me as a patriotic war worker. So I could wear the slacks and they accepted it. People sniffed. There were some people that sniffed. "Those girls are not any better than they ought to be." The same thing that I think the girls in the services ran into. You know what they were up to. You know what they were there for. I do not know what it was in the Army, but I do know that a steel mill is not exactly a great place to carry out a great passionate affair. It is not that romantic or glamorous. When I looked back on it, there were times that I got very annoyed at the way people acted. But, it was momentary.

That is not my chief recollection of it. My chief recollection was that I was proud and I had a selfish thought, too. That was the first time that I ever had a chance to earn money any way with a man around. I think that is why I think a lot of women were reluctant to give up those jobs, because it is kind of hard to go back to a job even though we had discriminatory pay. I started as a tester helper learner at Sheet & Tube at 59 ½ cents an hour. A man starting at the same as I did would start at 71 cents an hour. At the end of three months, then I would go up to 71 cents but he was always going to be three months ahead of me. I resented that. I was really getting set up to be a feminist. I never claimed myself to anything, but definitely, equal pay for equal work. It became one of my principles at my very young age. I knew that was unfair. Also, there was something else. I could work my 48 hours and get my time and a half. Men could give up that time because they could give up that seventh day. It was against the law for us to give it up.

L: Where was the union at this time?

G: Keep in mind what year we are talking about. The recognition of the unions was in 1937. We are talking 1944. The union has not been established that long. They are doing a lot for people at this time. But remember, they have been asked, the unions have been asked to become part of the patriotic effort and to accept the women. At first, the unions did not want the women in them, but the fact that we worked and took seniority, the men would not get their jobs back and the men were

not guaranteed their jobs back. But we did not have seniority that went beyond the war. Duration plus six months, just like men in the Army. We could not fight for our seniority. The men coming back could bump us out. I did not want to stay. I suppose maybe the majority did not want to stay. By that time, we were ready to go back to being women. But there were those who did want to stay and they had no chance to stay. They had to go back to clerical jobs and jobs that paid much less. Of course, that did not last very long because there was that first surge of domesticity back to Norman Rockwell again. Everybody got married. My four children were considered just a nice average family. Daddy brought home the bacon, Mommy cooked it, and the family did family togetherness things. I am not mocking it. We actually had a wonderful time. There was an old song from World War I, "How are you going to keep them down on the farm after they have seen the city?" How are you going to keep women in the kitchen permanently after they had a chance to earn money?

My husband told me I was turning into a turnip and getting restless. It was very good to be supportive when I had four children in six years. It would have been a little hard to be earning much at that time. Although, I think I was earning it. I was earning my share, but the idea that my services had value in the market place and had been wanted during the war and during this time, it was back there. My husband was remarkable in that he recognized this and did not resent it. He did not resent it. Some men of our generation did. The next generation, less so. My sons and my sons-in-law, we are even Steven here. The baby gets changed by whichever parent is free. Only one of the eight -- four children are by marriage -- is not working. One daughter is not, and she just had a baby three weeks ago. We will let her not work for awhile. She will once that baby is in school. She worked for nine years before they had any children and now they have the two. So she is enjoying being Mommy at home for awhile. She will get restless and go back too, because once you have had a paycheck in your own name, you think, "It is mine. I earned it. I have the right to decide about it." It is just very hard.

That is one of the outcomes of the women being in the industry, was the fact that we developed a sense of self-worth. I know people ask me if I think of retiring. You know, I just do not like to think of that. I have worked so many years. I have had a paycheck. We tend to measure people in this country by what they do, what they earn. I do not want to give up my yardstick. I just do not want to give it up. In fact, now I am thinking I am going to learn to sign so I can work with deaf kids. I have got a deaf student right now. I think I would like to learn signing. I will probably have him next year since he has good rapport with me. And I think when I cannot take the classroom work and the grading papers and all of that, that maybe the next stage would be to work as an interpreter for the deaf. That would be interesting. It would not be quite as much work. And I certainly am going to have a good retirement. Ohio has an excellent retirement

I cannot get social security, of course, because my own account was too small. I worked for a too short a time under social security. I cannot get my husband's. Only women who never worked can get that.

There is still discrimination, as far as I am concerned, but that is the way it is. I do have retirement. The state of Ohio does have one of the best. But that check is not going to be quite the same as a check I get for services rendered. As I say, it came directly out of my feeling at that time, my pride. I could do a job. In other words, I was not just a woman because I did a job that men had done and men were going to be doing again. I am quite sure that it did a lot for my attitude toward myself. I am just sure.

L How did the men treat you?

G: I do not know. You would probably get varying answer on this. From my personal experience? I never had anybody come on to me. I got the little teasing leasers, you know. But, I think that most women did. Now, this is not going to be always true, because some women may have been lucky in not meeting some that come on strong or be rotten, regardless. But I think that we pretty much set the pace ourselves. We were not flirtatious. I was there to work. I was not dressed in glamorous clothes. Most of the time I was the only woman around, because I asked for the night turn after I was trained so I could do the job. I asked for the night turn and, unless a couple of rats in the scrap box were female, there was nobody else around because the offices were closed. The nurse. The nurse would be on the other side of the building and I would stick my head in and talk to her once in a while if we were not busy. I did not even have to go for coffee. The men went for coffee, I did not. They would always bring me back coffee if they went down.

I worked with three different turns. I had a different relationship at each turn, but it was always a friendly relationship. One of the rollers was very fatherly toward me. He was forever giving me advice about friends. Once in a while he would come over if they had a shut down for awhile, because I had my school books with me. If we were not very busy, then I would sit and read. He came over and checked my worries. He had a daughter, I think, about three years older than I am, so he took a fatherly interest. There were little attempts at flirtation, but I did not rise to meet those. My nickname, of course, was "College Girl." They would say, "Why do you not come over and have coffee?" Or, "Hey, College Girl, we have got Limberger cheese and onions." There was one turn that used to bring the food in. I used to wonder sometimes if they really knew my name, because they always called me "College Girl."

As I say, I had a lot of big brothers and uncles around. On one turn, I actually did have a relative. So, naturally, that turn was not going to monkey with me. But I really never had any problems. I suppose, maybe that is remarkable,

considering the way things are now. I did not think of flirting. That might have shown; I did not feel flirtatious. I felt proud of myself because of what I was doing. I do know that some men did resent having us around in the lab. I did not notice that on the hot strip and contact with the cold strip, which is usually rather brief. I might run over there once in a great while but usually they brought test strips for me to punch out and make up the blocks, the testing blocks. I would do that if I were not observing, then I would be making up blocks for the day turn to work on.

Some of the day turn people, I would leave notes for them on the rollers and that. I would leave notes. I would get nasty notes back, and these are from people that supposedly are my fellow workers. There were just two that pulled that kind of stuff, and I ignored it. It stopped being fun when I did not pay any attention to it. I would just continue to write the same kind of notes that I always would write and usually addressed them to the clerk and not to these people who were doing the snipping. I ignored their notes completely and only worked with the clerk. I was only passing on messages from the people. I was not giving orders myself.

As I say, I personally did not have any real problems. I was more apt to be snubbed going to and from work, especially coming from work in the morning. There were some instances at Camp Reynolds. Once in awhile, going out Sunday night for the Monday morning turn -- it started at 11:00 Sunday night -- there would be soldiers on the bus. Where they were getting stuff, I do not know, but they were full with the joy juice. Sometimes, they would make smart alecky remarks, because of the way I was dressed. I usually sat near the driver if I could, because I was getting on the bus downtown, so it was easy getting a seat up close to the driver. A number of the drivers knew me because I was riding the buses six nights out of seven. I was on pretty much the same bus because I had to be at work the same time every night. The drivers knew me. I did not really have to fend off anything. The drivers would make a comment or two. They were husky guys, therefore I did not have a problem. It was a great experience. It was interesting.

L: A couple of minutes ago, you mentioned rats. Were you making a joke or were you serious?

G: Did you ever see them? They have to be the ugliest thing on God's green earth. They were huge things. I feel like they were about that big, but they were actually like this [indicating size of rat]. There was a story behind that. They would get in the scrap boxes and so what I would do is, I would get the janitor's broom just before I would go in the door into the lab and I would bang the broom and that would make them scurry around. Once in a while one of them would get in the wastebasket and I would get the clerk's seat and put it on top and trap it in there and then I would put a

sign on there -- this is where I would get the smart alecky notes -- "rat". I would just put the big word, "rat" Of course, you could hear the rat in there.

I am afraid of rodents I am not afraid of snakes, but I am afraid of rodents because I was bitten by a mouse and they had to cauterize it. It was very unfunny. I was nine years old and I never have forgiven any rodent since. Those rats were big, ugly things, anyway. Ounce for ounce, a rat is the most vicious creature on the face of the earth They are. Of course, even a mouse can bite right to the bone This mouse that bit me went right to the bone. A rat, of course, is much bigger Did you ever see their teeth? They have big, yellow fangs.

They would kill them. I would be on the hot strip. The rollers table was set up here. It was a slanting table Then there was a little space where I could walk in. I had to walk in between and I would check that and then I would go out between numbers nine and ten and take the reading and then come back and check. While I was in there checking the chart, they would put a dead rat up over the edge of the thing so when I would turn around, I was face to face with it. They were big. This one turn thought that was so funny because, of course, the first time they did it, I screamed. It was too bad I screamed because I probably would have been better off to faint or something, I guess. They got to thinking that was funny. I could never control my expressions. They were very dead, but it took every bit of courage I could muster to look at those horrible creatures. Of course, they had grease on them from the big finishing rolls and the darn things would get burned. And so they would have this burned look across the back and this grease on them I do not know. The good Lord must have had a reason for everything he put on the face of the earth, but I would like to know what their purpose was.

They were in the scrap box. Fortunately, they did not come out if I was actually in the lab. If I was working in the lab all evening, then I would hardly hear them. But, if I banged on the door, then I could hear them scurrying around. Once in a while if I heard them scuttling around, I would have to capture them or try to scare them out. They set traps for them They would eat the lunches. They were scavengers. There was just no way that you could keep them out. I suspect that they had a lot of rats abandon the place when they shut the mills down. I do not know what they could do because they certainly did not encourage them They tried killing them but, of course, they were breeding. There was just nothing you could do about it.

I actually walked with a flashlight. I carried a flashlight for the dark corners and that. Of course, going across to the mill, the hot strip, I did not have to worry about it. I sometimes needed it going across the cold strip. It all depended on whether they were working on the part in between I had to go across several units to get over there I sometimes needed it. And going down to the commissary, if I were going down to get something to eat or coffee, it was pretty

dark along part of it. I was not afraid of the people. They never bothered me, but I was afraid of those rats, so I would flash my light. Generally, a rat will not attack unless you corner it. I wanted to make sure I was not going to corner them. I had the beam out ahead of me and if I saw them, stopped and flashed the light, then they had a chance to get away from them. I do not think I could have moved anyway because usually when I saw one, I was just paralyzed. I was not just overwhelmed. This is not the pied piper. But there were enough of them around. Every three weeks, I could be sure I was going to be face to face with them a couple of times.

I made one observation between roll number two and three. I had to go up above for that. Up there if you saw me coming, he just reached down on the steps and mice and rats and anything that were there or anything would run. The ones that they put right at my place were the ones I did not like. I was not wild about the ones in the scrap box. You did not see them on day turn much because, naturally, they were not going to be out with a room full of people. I was in there by myself. We were supposed to dispose of the food items so that would not encourage them. But, people got careless and things like that. I never have become fond of rats or mice. Of course, I have got these guys now. I do not think a domestic cat could handle those vicious creatures. They were big and vicious.

L: You mentioned training also. Did you have some type of formal training for your job?

G: Actually, I was not trained in a classroom or something. When they hired me, of course, they wanted to know my education. I had two years prior to that time when I was hired. They indicated that they were going to put me in the lab. I told them, "I did not get very good grades in physics in high school." They were describing the job to me. They said, "No problem," and that they would teach me. I learned right on the job. I was taken in there and shown how to punch out pieces, because what we did was we made up the blocks.

We had cards that we filled out with where the material came from, the slot number, and all of that. We made up blocks and put them in a kind of press. Then we drilled them and ran bolts in them. The head of the bolt always had to go in on the first piece, on thicker steel, you might have ten or twelve. In thinner steel, you might have as many as 16 or 18 pieces in this block. Then you grind them down. You had two rough grinders. We drilled them. As I say, they locked into place. Then the rough grinders went to course sandpaper; then fine sandpaper, then the wet sandpaper -- three of those. Finally, the last one looked like a black soft cloth with a milky fluid on it. That would polish them. They would look at them through the microscope. We had to etch them with sulfuric acid. I had yellow fingertips because I would dip my fingers in. We would check

the size and the shape of the grain and the color of it. Of course, we would have the cards so that at the end, we could tell. We were starting from the head end. We could tell if something was out of kilter. We could tell where it was, which steel it was.

That was one of our main jobs, to test every bit of steel that we went through. We tested for hardness. We had a machine. We could put it in and turn it down and if it did not meet the hardness, then we would have to put a hold on that. We would have to call the metallurgist to check it. If he confirmed what we said, which he usually did, as we got more experienced of course, they always checked everything I did at first. I got to the point by the time I was a senior tester where they would accept my word for it. In fact, I would do some of the things at night. The cards would be on the clerk's desk. They just did not question me, because they knew I knew what I was doing. Once in a while, they would spot check me because they had to do that.

Sometimes we would go over when they were building machine guns. The machine is out in the metal fence. That was the bend test. You would have to bend it over one way and bang it down and see how it cracked. If it shattered then that could not be used because that could jam the machine gun. Bend it one way and bend the other way, because you had this piece that was bent two ways. Once in a while, as I said, they tend to rarely do that. That was done on day turn.

Once in a while I would work the day turn. They needed to pull me back again. That is to say, after I was originally trained, I stayed on day turn for a while and I was on day from three to eleven. Then I decided I wanted to go back to college if I could, so I asked them if I could. You always had trouble getting work at night turn. Nobody wanted to work the 11 to 7:30, so I said I would. You asked about the union a little while ago. The union, of course was working for better pay conditions. And ultimately, toward the end of the time I was there, they got the differential pay of four cents an hour. This was retroactive to cover the whole length of time I had worked there. Retroactive four cents an hour for the afternoon turn and six cents an hour for the night turn. And since I worked time and a half, after that sixth day, every day that I worked there, I got six cents an hour. Every sixth day I got nine cents. I got that in a lump sum check. I paid for my first baby, would you believe, with the check I obtained after I had left. We got these checks later. With that, I had my first baby.

L Was there some type of recruiting going on for women?

G Yes. There were ads in the newspapers and on the radio. Of course, there was no television. The ads were urging women. You would see billboards urging women to help take the place of the men while the boys were away to hold the homefront. They had a few of the "Uncle Sam Wants You" posters. I do not remember them coming up to the college in

particular. Of course, I was already working, so I probably would not have paid much attention anyway. By the time I went back to school, I was already working. There were a lot of, as I say, billboards, posters, encouraging, "the patriotic thing to do." "It is the womanly things to do." "We need you." "March side by side with our fighting men," and all that usual patriotic stuff.

As I say, on top of everything else, I was glad to be patriotic, but at the same time I was not sorry to make the money, because since I was earning my way through college. It was an awful lot easier to pay my tuition and also have a little bit of a savings, so when I got married, we had a little bit. I had a little bit saved. That sort of got us launched in the first place. The appeal was not for the money; it was for the patriotism and the fact that our country needed us. They set something in motion there. Of course, I suppose you could go back to the nineteenth century and the suffragettes who got the vote for us. All of them contributed. I think that was a big push; because women had the vote but had not really done a whole lot with it. You just had an awful lot of women making money and being out and seeing their own value in the marketplace as a result.

L: Was it dangerous? Was your job dangerous?

G: It was considered dangerous to a degree. We had to keep our hair tied up because we could get caught in the drill or the grinders. Of course, if I were careless, I could get my fingers scraped in the grinders. You wore gloves part of the time, but you could not really wear gloves doing that work. The first couple grinders could put a pair of gloves on, but after that, you really could not because you could not manage the clock. You had to feel the block in your hands. It was only about so big. If you could not feel it, then you really were going to get in trouble. Just like everybody else, we had to stop and take cover if the cranes were moving over our heads. The hot strip, once in a while there, you would not get it up in the upper end. See, these big blocks, glowing red hot, almost white hot, would come out of the furnace and then start along through the rollers. The places that were most likely to happen was between nine and ten, which is where I was taking my temperature reading just before it went to the final roll and down to be coiled. The rolls would malfunction and I would be looking through, and here I had the glowing color and the numbers in there and then suddenly the red is gone. Well, when that happens, run like hell! The thing would whip up and it looked like the German candy except it was about 2,500 degrees. It would go whipping up and come rolling onto the walkway out there. That meant you got out of the way. I never had a near miss -- do not misunderstand me. I quickly learned to get out of the way and get out of the way fast. Not only was I going to get out of the way of that, but I was going to get out of the way of

the men that I had to deal with. They had to deal with it. All I had to do was get back out of their way so they knew I was safe. So that was potentially dangerous.

Fortunately, as I say, I do not recall anybody getting hurt, but that was because these men were careful. They knew their job. They were careful. That was one of the things they told me the first time I went over there, that if the color disappears, run! Do not ask, just run. The first time that I saw it, I was standing talking to the assistant roller and he says, "Look out! She is going." He pulled me back and I watched this thing. Incidentally, that is a fantastic sight to watch, that big coil of steel. You could watch it all right down along. I used to see it once in a while if I was not too busy. I would watch for them to come out and I would just follow it down. These huge rollers were just rolling it thinner and thinner and thinner. It was still glowing hot. It is still red hot. It was 2000 or 2500 degrees. It might be down as low as 1800 degrees. It was pretty cool at that temperature. That was not exactly what you call cool. It went on down the rollers and it bounced along going down to the coiler way down. I did not have anything to do with that. It would go through various processes and wind up on the cold strip usually, or wind up coiled, depending on which kind of steel they were running.

We knew what kind, because different companies had different specifications. We were doing Ford, Chevrolet, General Motors. They were making jeeps and the jet tanks for airplanes. They would carry gasoline in them and they would jettison them after they used the gas out of them, rather than try to carry them back and land with them. They had certain specifications for that. That is why when we checked the grain, we had to know what the material was and what it was supposed to be used for. Different specifications. There was one thing for a machine gun and another for machine gun bullets or the jettison tanks. We were making steel. We were not forming bodies, but because of the fact that they were going to be molded in their next stage, they had to be able to stand certain stresses, and that is what our job was; testing. Of course a place like that, if you have ever been in the mil, you could stumble and fall in a place like that -- up and down the tricky steps there is trash and soot around. You can slip on it. There are a lot of things that could be dangerous. I do not really think I thought that much about danger. Of course, I was 20 years old, I was invincible.

L: Can you describe the noise or the smells?

G: Well, there was constant noise going on. In fact, not to hear noise was eerie. On rare occasions, if things went down, at the very least you would hear trains coming in and out -- trains that would convoy mostly were coming in to pick up coils of steel that were being loaded. Trucks were coming out being loaded. You still see those trucks around today, and

they would be loaded right across the roadway from where I was when I was in the lab. You heard the crane whistles warning you. The banging. These big blocks would come through and make a sound like crash, crash, crash. It was noisy but, you know, I was never conscious of it disturbing me. I could carry on conversations I had no trouble carrying on a conversation. It was noisy there is not doubt about it. I guess maybe I was just interested in what I was doing. Noise does not bother you as much as if you were interested in what you are doing. If you hate what you are doing, everything is going to irritate you.

Of course, I did not hate what I was doing. I had mixed feelings. In a lot of ways, I hated the idea. I lost friends. I did not like war. I was having a chance to earn money. I had a chance to see a part of the world that I probably would have never seen. That was strictly a man's world. I was part of it. I was an important part of it. They needed me They needed my work. My work was appreciated.

Mills do not smell great either Although, I think some of the worst smells had to be the greasy food at the commissary. That was more bothersome The metallic smell; it was not terribly pleasant if you got around where something died like a dead rat or something. That was not a customary smell There was just the smell of polluted air, I guess, is what we were smelling there. I did not find them distressing myself. Neither smell nor the sounds. It did not bother me because I had grown up in this valley and that sight and smell and sound, that was prosperity. That smelled like prosperity It was when you do not have it that things are bad. I suppose now with the mills having been gone so long that if we returned to that, I might react differently I suspect that I might because I have been away from it for so long But at the time, having come so recently from the Depression, I would not have found it offensive I think most people who work around here would have a similar feeling. Have others reacted the same way?

L: Yes.

G: This was part of our world Our world was normal when those smells and sounds and the atmosphere was that way. That was a nice, healthy, normal world People were doing well then

L: Can you describe the Mahoning River?

G: My grandfather used to describe that. He walked every inch of it. He used to describe it to me. I used to think he could not be right. He talked about the sparkling water and fishing in the Mahoning River. By the time I saw it, it was a murky rusty color. You almost had the feeling that it would quiver under your feet if you would step on it. Of course it would not, but you would just get that feeling. They had the feeling that you are probably better off if it was murky

because what might be lurking under there is something you really would not want to see or touch. It was pretty ugly and there is no other way to describe it. As I say, it was just plain ugly. Our school song, "By old Mahoning's River," it speaks about it being so fair. I do not know who in the world wrote the song, but it had to be somebody who had not seen the river down by the mills.

Of course, if you got way out at the origins of the river, it was not totally polluted, the whole length of it. But, the part that I saw definitely was. That was the part that we saw if we went in town shopping or when I was working. I did not see the parts very often. At least not during the war. I did not see the parts that were still friendly toward fish and plants and that. So, my view of it was almost obscene looking. Now looking back and with our environmental concerns, how can we take that so calmly? I wonder about us now. We took the air pollution calmly. A red glow across the skyline -- I mean, come on. Now we know, but I wonder why we did not know then. But we did not. It was, as I say, the smell and the taste and sight of prosperity, and so we forgave those things. It was our age of innocence, or something like that.

L: Can you describe the last few days as the war was winding down? How were you feeling at that time?

G: I was excited. I had reached a point that I worked, incidentally, after the war for a while because they had the men coming back to be retrained. But are you thinking V-E or V-J?

L: Both of them.

G: All right. V-E Day, I was working when the announcement came. They blew the whistle and I stopped. I was on the grinder. I can still see myself on the grinder. I flipped it off and, it was almost as though I was off balance, because we had prayed so much for this, you know. We wanted the war to be over. As I say, I had lost friends. I did not want to lose any more. I wanted things to be back to normal. I do not even think I knew what normal was, but that sense of "now what?" Then, of course, a reminder that we still have the war in the Pacific to finish. When that one ended, that was shocking because of the atomic bomb. Frightening. We wanted the war to be over. That ended the war because within days, the Japanese surrendered. With that one, I guess my instincts were right. A sense that we have not heard the end of this yet. In other words, because of seeing the pictures, and remember that we did not have television, we had to see it in movie theaters or still pictures in the newspapers. When I saw them the first time in a movie theater, somehow it had not hit me so much. We heard it announced and we saw the pictures in the newspaper and then I went to the movies. I was not much of a movie goer. I never

have been, but I did. That was when I saw that. That is, of course, after the surrender. The interval between V-E Day and V-J Day, that was nerve wracking, because we had ended one and we still had this other one to fight.

By this time, we were almost frantically eager to get our lives back together. This one, there was a celebration. All the shouting in the streets. You have seen all the pictures of that. Then that sense of "we still have that other one to do." That is, of course, where our war had started. Yet we felt we had to go off and fight this one. How long will that take? The Japanese were saying that they would never surrender. So there was this fear and this sense of anxiety. Then, when the atomic bomb was used, that sense of relief, but also that sense of horror. At least that is what I had, that sense. Now I would say it is like having a tiger by the tail. You do not want to let go, but you do not want to hang on either. Then it was just that sense that "where are going from here?"

I have told my students it is 1945, of course. We speak of the modern period as everything from Victorian era and 1903 as the modern era. I said, "We are going to have to have a new division. I will tell what it is. Mark this down and remember it. Even if I am gone, still remember that I told you that. 1945 is going to be the cut off. I was born in this world and grew up in this world, and I know the difference." Kids born in that period, my children and my grandchildren, say things are different. They are right because I lived in this world and I know how different that was from the world my children grew in. My children grew up in the same town I did. They graduated from the same school as I did, but it is a different world. I have got three grandchildren going to this school and two over in Austintown and two in Canfield. Just the ones going to school here, it is again a different world.

A friend of mine said we have undergone the most change since the medieval period to the Renaissance. The greatest change. I believe him. I agree with him. I think I was born in an interesting time, to tell the truth. I was born in this world, this naive world that said, "No more wars. Everything should be peaceful." I had a few years of that. Then, of course, this funny fellow over in Germany, we could get his speeches in short wave. My dad could understand a little German so he would translate some of it. Then he began to get this sense of foreboding about this and no good was going to come of this. He was a reader and a lover of history, as I am, too. At first, we did not want to believe it. Of course, we had to. Then the Depression sort of diverted people away from it, I think. I heard him preach at the dinner table, because dad understood a little bit, so at that time, I would hear a lot about this. I did not want to believe him. I wanted to believe that it was not so.

Of course, as I say, I had to face it that day, that Sunday. The radio broadcasters interrupted and that is right. My world is changing. Even then, even though I felt that sense of fear and uncertainty, I did not realize just how much of a change this really was. It is in retrospect that I have seen this, but I

did not know at the time when they announced the atomic bomb. I did know it had to be monumental. That had to signal a wild new world. I could not have given a name to it like Space Age or Atomic Age or anything like that. I did not have a name to it. I just knew the world was changing forever. That is no genius on my part. I think that should have been obvious to a lot of people and it was.

I feel a little sorry for these kids I teach now, because I grew up in a world where, how would we entertain ourselves? We read and we built things. A couple of boxes and a couple of wheels that we found in a dump? Hey, we had cars. A rope and a tire? We had a swing. Sometimes, we needed some adults to help us get these things put up, but we had them. We used our imaginations. We had to because we did not have very much in the way of toys. We did not need them. We had lots of fields to run around in. Sometimes we would take our blankets and our cotton blankets out in the yard. I can still see my whole family, Dad, Mom, my sister, my brother, lying on the blanket and looking at the stars and naming all the stars. How many people do things like that now?

I can remember, my dad flew very well when I was between the ages of six and nine. He was quite a pilot. He had friends. He had these things they painted on roofs. The flights flew so low that they used those as landmarks. Since Dad was a pilot, we would be buzzed by his friends. We would run out in the yard and wave to them. We could see their faces. They were flying so low we could see their faces. They wore long white scarves and the helmets. They would have them, too. That was an era when people heard an airplane, they ran outside and watched it. They left the dinner table and went outside. How many people do that now? You do not even do that with a jet. But we did. We would lie out and watch the stars. I guess it was a life of innocence. The last grasp of innocence.

Of course, it was the Depression. That woke us up a little bit. Actually, it was hard to escape. Sometimes I picked it up in *The Grapes of Wrath* and in *Of Mice and Men*. We saw enough of it. I did not see that much and I certainly did not feel it. I never felt hungry in my life. I have had an appetite, but I have never been hungry. There were plenty of people who were. But just as we started to recover, then there was the war. Then came normalcy, normality. Then we all got busy and had our requisite four children. Then suddenly, we realized, "Hey! This is not all there is."

- L: How do you feel today when you drive around the valley and all the mills were shut down?
- G: I feel sad because we lost a lot of good people. People had to leave to follow where the jobs were. It makes me wish that the people a generation ahead of me had been a little more far sighted, that we were not a one industry. At the time, it did not seem bad. We were one of the largest steel centers of the world. Not just the United States -- the whole world!

Birmingham, Pittsburgh, Youngstown. Youngstown was even bigger than Cleveland when it came to the math. They had finishing work up there, but the production of steel, we were big enough that we had blackouts during the war and that, because our mills were vulnerable. If they had used the great circle rocket that the Germans had, with their long range that they were developing, had that war gone on very much longer, they could have come right across there and we would have been one of the prime targets. It still was important. We did not think that at the time; this is retrospect, you see.

At the time, I did not realize by having one industry being such a large and taking pride, everything we were taking pride in was going to kill us eventually. Now I think there is so much right here This is a nice part of the country. We lose our young people because what is there here? There is nothing left here. Too many are leaving, even now. We really have not found anything to really replace the mills I do not miss the mills per se, but I miss what they stood for. happy, prosperous people.

L: Is there anything else that you would like to talk about?

G: I do not know. I could probably rattle on I guess I sometimes think I would like to keep the income I have now and the prices from the old days. I have just been talking about these things because I teach a play course. I have to translate the amounts of money, the buying power of the money. I really do wish that we could find some way to restore this. I cannot think of how we can do it How can we bring it back? Now, we have got college centered here We have got medical centers that are notable. We have so much here We have got the Butler (Institute of American) Art. That is in the catalog of art museums This valley has so much to offer and yet the things that we want here -- industry and jobs for people -- are not coming in. I do not know what the answer is. I do not know whether it is labor problems, whether they fear labor problems. Good heavens, wherever there were workers, there were labor problems. In 1937, I remember that. That is when the union made their stand and gained recognition. But there were no more strikes, here than there were anywhere else. It was getting a little rough, I remember, in 1937 My dad was fire chief at the time and they were bringing scabs in from Akron Akron was one place I think maybe some of them were coming in from Cleveland, but they lined them up, they turned the street lights off and lined the fire trucks up and with their lights, they blinded the people coming in. You should have seen the arsenal. I saw it because they my dad was the fire chief and he took us down to see the weapons that they had taken away from people. They would have been massacred. They did that in Poland and I think in Austintown I was young enough then that

I was more aware of my dad's roll in it than anybody else. But, then that was not the worst of labor problems, because really, people were not. They took their stand and they won their point. They kept the scabs out. The union won its recognition and you did not have the kind of carnage that you had some places or that you had in earlier years.

You know, the nineteenth century and the early twentieth century, there was a lot of bloodshed over the organizing. So, I cannot believe that it is union problems that has killed this area and has kept us from regrouping because it still has not been gone long enough. The only thing I can think of, and I do not know how accurate this would be, is that they held on to the idea of bringing back the past. In other words, I think they were living in the past too much. I think you have got to let the past go. I suppose that sounds funny for somebody of my age group to say that, because we are always accused of living in the past. You cannot live in the past. There might be things in the past you would like to keep. There are things in my life that I would love to change, but I cannot and there is no point in my brooding and saying, "I wish, I wish." I can say it would be nice, but this is where it is. This is where I am and this is the place that I came from.

I think that is something that this valley needs to do to. It needs to take a sharp look. We had that glory. That glory was fun. They were building a museum and you are connected with it. Build a museum but do not bury yourself in the museum. The museum is going to tell the people the future what was here. What was here; not is here. I belong to the local historical society. Sometimes I call it the hysterical society, even though I belong to it. They keep wanting to make great chunks of the town, you know, freeze them. I tell them, "You know history is progressive." You go to Europe and you see all kinds of architecture. You can chase the centuries in one town. You have the quaint old buildings. You can see the various materials that they used and the various kinds of furniture. They did not stop and say, "This is it. Now we are going to freeze everything here." No because that gave way to the Renaissance, gave way to new ideas. They brought ideas in from the rest of the world and they are still growing even today.

This town, I can take you around town here and show you the architecture that goes back to, well, there is a house up here that was built shortly after the revolution. The house I grew up in was built right after the war of 1812 on Fairview. You could look at this house, the architecture on the inside of it. My dad designed this and built it. I do not like this or the cute look. I much prefer the early American. Look at the cushions I have got and look at the furniture I have got. You can see what I like. That is on the inside of the house, but this does not match what you see on the outside at all. Incidentally, the planning commission tried to stop dad from building this place. They wanted him to put a peaked roof and things like that. I wish he had because the snow on this roof causes roof problems. I still have a damaged living room ceiling because of moisture coming in. A flat roof is very hard to clean, but that is besides the point.

The point is that the hysterical society needs to recognize -- I keep telling them this periodically -- they have to recognize that if you are really a historical society, do not try to stop history in its tracks. Keep going with it. Preserve the best of the past but do not preserve the present so that the future can learn from our records. We need a continual record. The museum will be part of that continuing record. You cannot stop there and the steel industry is gone. So granted, while you have a chance to get the past to get all these records, to get these artifacts, to get these pictures and that, your aim is not to bring it back. Your aim is to record it for posterity so they can see these are the things that people did here. They started out there. That was a farm community and then it grew. Because of the river, it grew. The river may sparkle again. The river is already recovering because they have been working on it. The river may come back again when they go through another metamorphosis. Let us hope the next industries that come in will not damage it. But, you cannot stop time. You cannot stop it. If you stop progressing, you are going to regress. The moment you stop, you are into regression immediately. I firmly believe that.

L: Thank you.

G: Thank you.

End of Interview