

PRESERVING THE PAST

two or three times a day. We butchered our own hogs. We cut it up and salt it and smoked it and hung it up. When you wanted some, you'd take a slice off and fry it. We made sausage, too.

My dad was killed by a bull, a tame bull. You can never trust a bull. He went in to feed him or something and the bull just got him up against the wall and crushed him. We found him-- we were in the barn then.

My granddad Smith was kicked by horse and died. So I guess it runs in the family. It's a dangerous job sometimes being a farmer.

We used to make apple butter. The neighbors would congregate the night before and peel between 15-20 bushels of apples. The next day we'd cook the apples outside in a large copper kettle over a wood fire, which took stirring constantly all day. We always hoped for a nice day. This was done in the Fall of the year.

The Smith family got one stained glass window in the church. I imagine those windows were put in in the 1950's. At that time, everybody worked together. That parking lot was all trees. That's what they tied their horses to; there were no automobiles. My dad had one of those fringed-topped surreys. We'd drive over there and tie the horses to one of those oak trees. Then everybody got automobiles. Everybody went together and took all the trees out and took all the stumps out. Jack Noble had the team of horses and he pulled stumps to beat the band. My mother and dad and grandmother all went to St. Paul's. We all helped put the front part of the church on. Charlie Sauter helped put the front entrance on too. There were different seats in there and we all helped put new seats in. We put new windows in; there were plain glass windows before.

There's three ceilings now. I helped with that, too. We hauled all the dirt out from the basement in wheelbarrows. We put the restrooms in. There used to be a sign up in front with the year the church was built. There used to be a pump organ at church that they used before they got an electric one. We didn't use the little cups for communion; everybody took a sip from the big one. Pastor Martin confirmed me at St. Paul's.

I do my grocery shopping at Risch's. I remember when that was a small store. Used to be you'd walk in and tell them what you want and they got it off the shelf for you, now you have to get it yourself.

Now I still live in the farm house. I live a very quiet life. In the summer I drive the tractor when the hay and straw is baled and also harrow the ground in the spring and help plant the seed. In the winter, I help with the barn work and feeding.

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by Mazie Smith Sarver

We were all born over on Monroe Road. When I was born, they said the snow was from post to post. They didn't plow the roads open like they do now. If they did it was for a funeral and that was about it.

I had diphtheria and Grandma Smith lived with us. I was the only one that had diphtheria. I was upstairs and my dad stayed with me and every morning he would put sulfur in the open grate fire place. They put those big signs on the porch "Quarantined" and nobody was allowed around the house.

Grandmother Smith was the one that spoiled Alfred. He had long black hair and everyday she had to curl his hair. No one was allowed to touch it or cut it. She used to smoke one of those corn-cob pipes and she'd give Alfred the tobacco and he'd carry it around in his hand and lick it and he'd get sick. Dad had bees and Alfred would go up and rap that old box and those bees got all over him and run like heck and mother would have to take the bees off him.

We went to Knob School just up on the hill. It was a one room school, eight grades. We walked through the fields to go to school. We still had more fun than the kids do now. In those days, Mother used to play with us around the hall--chase us you know. We had those old rag rugs. Mom used to make her own rag rugs; she had a loom. She'd send to Sears Roebuck and get the cord and then we'd have to sit and sew. Instead of having quilting parties they would have nights set that they would congregate the neighbors and they would sew the rags together and we kids would wind them in a ball and the person we liked best, that's the one we worked the hardest. We did a lot of hand work in the winters--quilting, crocheting, etc. Taffy pulling time was what I enjoyed. Glen Cramer and Harold would always come before Halloween and we'd crack nuts and we'd pull taffy. Mom always made the best bread in the old brick ovens outside and I would always eat the crust--both ends.

We used to ice skate on the pond and sled ride down the hills. We didn't have skates; we skated with our boots on. We'd slide around on the ice or grab hold of somebody's coattail and let them pull you. Dad made our sleds; he made a bobsled. It held six or seven people. He put a piece of metal on the bottom for a runner and it had a brake on it, too.

Alfred would go hunting and when he'd come in he'd always set the gun on his toe. Mother and Dad would say, "Don't do that, one of these days it'll go off." This one day he came in and the thing went off and I'll bet the hole is out there yet.

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I was married here at home by Rev. Ortner. They didn't have weddings at church then. Most of them were in the homes or they went to the parsonage or wherever the preacher lived. Elvia was married in Freeport by Rev. Martin.

We always walked to Sunday School at St. Paul's. We'd start here and pick up others on the way. We'd have the whole church by the time we got to St. Paul's. We had 30 or 40 go to Sunday School every Sunday. Sunday School was at 9:30 a.m. Everybody was upstairs for Sunday School. You didn't listen to anybody else, just your own teacher.

I never got to high school and had to take a test in Butler. I worked at Concordia Home and while working up there, I started going to school. I went to nursing school and became a licensed practical nurse. I worked at Allegheny Valley Hospital for five years. I have three children and five grandchildren. My husband died in 1960.

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By Walter George Wiegand

I was born on a farm in Winfield Township (part of the farm was in Buffalo Township), in a log house covered with straw and mud and chip-tapped siding. There were five rooms, three downstairs and two upstairs. It was heated with a cook stove and a slack burner stove.

I was the oldest of four children. My siblings were Andrew, Mary, and Charles. Andrew and Charles are deceased. Mary and I are members of St. Paul's Lutheran Church of Sarver.

The house became too small for the family. My father built a new one. Twelve neighbors came with cross-cut saws and axes and cut down the timber in the woods. We hauled them to one place. Then the saw mill, owned by the Sell brothers (the father and uncle of Ernest Sell who is a member of St. Paul's Church) came and set up. It was powered by a steam engine. The logs were sawed into 2 x 4; 2 x 6; and 1" boards. They were stacked and left to dry till next Spring. The wall was built of stone and then Charles Sauter and Sam Falkner, the carpenters, came and built the house. Charley Sauter and Sam Falkner were also members of St. Paul's Church. It was completed by December, 1920, and we moved in the new house by Christmas. What a difference to have eight rooms and bath and basement.

We went to school (Freehlings) past St. Matthew's Church in Winfield Township. It was a church known as "Little Germany." I can mind as a boy they had one Sunday a month that the service was conducted in German. I didn't understand the service. On November 11, 1918, the day the Armistice was signed ending World War I, the school bell and church bell rang for 15 minutes. The school teacher (Lula Cruikshank) asked us to go outside and listen to the bells. We could hear St. Matthew's loud and clear.

One day after a thunder storm, on the way to school going past St. Matthew's Church, we saw the church was struck with lightening. The steeple was torn off, and the double doors were blown across the road. They repaired the doors and steeple. They didn't build it as high. The bell never sounded the same.

I was janitor of St. Matthew's church for a few years. It was my job to fire the two pot belly stoves, one on one side of the church and the other one on the other side of the church. I would go to the church and kindle the fire in both stoves, clean and dust the church, then slack down the stoves for Saturday night. Sunday morning I would go early and have the fires going again.

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I also rang the church bell. I would ring it exactly the time of service as long as it took me to pray the Lord's Prayer. The bell had a clapper on it that was used at every funeral. I tolled the bell each minute from the time the body was lifted at the home till the time they came to the church, then rang the bell continually till the body was in the church.

St. Matthew's Church closed down in 1952 and the church was taken by the Pittsburgh Synod. The bell was given to St. Paul's. Oliver Grimm, Ralph Stobert, Addison Cogley and Harold Falkner (members of St. Paul's) took down the bell from St. Matthew's and brought it over to St. Paul's. The four men erected or built the tower and placed the bell in it. So all my life of 85 years, I can say I attended church services under the same church bell.

I graduated from 8th grade in 1925. Then I went to high school in Cabot at the old Academy on top of the hill. Twenty-nine students attended the school. Most are now deceased. I walked over the Ford Sand Plant and up to Cabot along the Pennsylvania Railroad which was three miles. I didn't miss a day and never was late. Then the last two years of high school, I attended and graduated from Butler High School. I graduated on the Honor Roll and could have gone to college, but didn't have the money.

In 1929, the Depression came and you couldn't find work. I stayed at home and helped on the farm. Worked a few days for a neighbor for \$1.00 a day. At that time you didn't need much money. Most places were family-owned farms. They had their own meat. They had raised swine for pork, a steer for beef, chickens for eggs and meat; wheat that was ground into flour to bake bread, and vegetables to can and eat fresh.

Each week they seemed to follow a schedule: Monday was wash day, Tuesday - iron day, Wednesday - clean day, Thursday - market day, Friday - churn day, Saturday - bake day and Sunday - church day in the morning and visiting day. Nearly every Sunday, we went for dinner or had some one at our home for dinner, from members of St. Matthew's Church and relatives. We had our own meat, chickens, milk and butter, flour, apples, sauerkraut, canned goods of tomatoes, beets, peas, peaches, pears, cherries and peppers. So you didn't buy much, only salt, sugar and yeast.

The farmers had a yearly schedule to follow. They started the year by cutting wood to smoke the meat that was in a barrel of salt water for six weeks or more. They smoked it for two to three weeks then put borax on it and covered it with flour sacks. Then get the plow out and start plowing as soon as the ground was fit. We had an Oliver Chille left handed 12 inch plow pulled by a team of horses. We plowed the sod first; then the corn stocks, planted oats in the corn stocks then planted corn and potatoes and made a garden.

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We would cultivate the corn three or four times. Then made hay and stored it in the barn, cut the wheat with the binder, shocked it and after it dried, stored it also in the barn. Then the same process with the oats. The thrasher would come and neighbors thrashed the wheat and oats. The thrasher was owned by the Sell Brothers (the same ones that had the saw mill) then cut corn, put some in the silo and ear corn, then planted wheat, made cider, made sauerkraut. Then did the butchering. Then the new year came and started all over again!

I spent all my life in Sarver. You know, an apple doesn't fall far from the tree. Sarver is located on the Butler Branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad. It went from Butler, to Brinker, Herman, Great Belt, Marwood, Cabot, Sarver, Sandy Lick, Monroe and Butler Junction. Sarver was a busy place of business. The farmers came to Sarver to buy and sell. There was the railroad station, grocery store, post office, another grocery store, a feed store, a hardware store, a butcher shop, a watch repair shop, a pool room, and an ice cream parlor. Sarver is now history. No more places of business, no railroad. It went from rails to trails. It is a great trail of nature now. You can see all kinds of trees, water running in little Buffalo Creek, birds, rabbits, skunks, squirrels and deer. Whoever thought things would make such great changes. Now we go to different malls. I think the automobile and good roads had a lot to do for the changes.

On Sunday, in October, our family visited a family of St. Matthew's Church; after church we had a delicious chicken dinner. After dinner, we boys got sugar sacks and went to the woods and picked up chestnuts. The chestnut burrs had fallen and chestnuts fell out of the burrs. We came home and Andy and I went to a chestnut tree on our farm. The burrs hadn't fallen, so I climbed the tree and shook the limb so the burrs would fall. During the process the limb broke and I went tumbling down to the ground, approximately 50 feet. I woke up and Andy and I went to the house. I knew I was badly hurt. My father and mother took me to the doctor in Cabot. He examined me and found I had both arms, my nose and collar bone broken. Then they took me to the hospital in Butler. The next day they operated on my arms by a bone specialist. The next few days blood poison set in and I was a very sick boy. But after 23 days I came home. My left arm, my nose and collar bone came all right, but my right arm continued to be infected for two years. Finally, I went to Pittsburgh Hospital and had part of the bone removed. After that it healed up, but left me crippled, but I never left it get me down. I could shift the gears in the cars and trucks, and got along well.

I never asked anyone for a job. They always came to me and offered work. One morning my mother saw a man taking elder berries from a fence row and asked me to tell him she wanted those berries. I did and he brought the berries to the house and gave them to my mother. He turned out to be the watchman at the Ford Sand Plant. He asked me if I would like to be a

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substitute mail carrier at Sarver. He also was a mail carrier and watchman. I went with him for one week then carried the mail for 15 days, which was his vacation. Then I learned the other route. There were two routes in Sarver. They paid \$6.12 a day. That was a great difference from \$1.00 per day. That was in 1930. Gasoline was 12 gallons for \$1.00. What a difference with the price of today. Today the price is \$1.15 for one gallon.

One day Harry Cooper, known as Squire Cooper, came to the house and asked me if I would like to be a farm checker on the Conservation Farm Program. He said it required going for instructions for four days. So I went to Butler for the instruction that was given by a Penn State graduate. He explained the farm practices which the farmers could receive payment for applying lime fertilizer and seeds, also for ditching low, wet places in fields and farming on the contour. After taking the instructions, I was assigned four townships which were Buffalo, Winfield, Clinton, and Jefferson. It took me about three months in the Spring explaining the practices to the farmers and about the same amount of time in the Fall figuring out the amount of payment each farmer would receive. I also measured one field with the chain that was 66 feet long. A year later they took area photographs of the county. They flew the airplane across the farms and snapped pictures every four miles. It was surprising how plain the photos showed up the farms. I showed the photos to the farmers and checked the fields and lettered the fields A-B-C-D-E and so on depending on how many fields there were on the farm. Nine times out of ten, the farmer would call his wife to see the photo. Sometimes the children, when they came home from school, would look at them. I had a good time at this job and like it very much.

The roads were big problems. There were very few hard roads. The mud in the Spring would get axle-deep. I can still see Albert Reinhold hauling milk down the Bear Creek Road picking up our milk and Otto Wetzal pulling the truck through the mud. He hauled for the D.C.S. Amos Bicker hauled the milk to Cramer's Dairy. The milk was shipped in five gallon cans. They started to improve the roads. Route 356 and the Bear Creek Roads were improved. Charles Martin, a county commissioner, lived on the Bear Creek Road, so the Bear Creek Road was improved first, which was good for us.

One day when I was delivering milk to Kitty Montgomery, who was the boss for building roads under the P.W.A. program, he asked me if I would be interested in being time keeper for him. I accepted and went to work the next day. My job was to get the names and addresses of each employee, check them in each morning and out in the evening, and at the end of each pay day figure the number of hours worked and total the amount. Also, there was a certain amount of money for a project figure, the amount spent each day, and adding up from day to day the pay was \$0.50 per hour for labor and \$0.55 for supervisors. It was quite easy. I divided the number of hours by two and added two zeros.

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We built 228 through the town by Sarver to Route 356 with thirty workers. They broke the stone with sledge hammers, put fine lime stone on top of the stone and rolled it in. This was a Federal Project.

Having all the other jobs, I could always take a day off and carry the mail. One week I carried mail with the horse and mail wagon. They were owned by Alfred Thompson. He had two horses. He kept one at home and the other one at Jimmy Hunter's farm. He would carry half of the route, change horses, then carry the other half of the route. I carried one week with the horse wagon. It seemed like a very long day. The horses seemed to know where the mail boxes were. They would come to the mail boxes and stop without you telling them. One day I was carrying with the horses, the mud was axle deep and going down the Lardintown Road, the horse fell down. I was really frightened! My on my, what will I do? I got out of the wagon, loosened the horses from the wagon and pulled the wagon away from the horse. Then I walked down the road for help. I happened to look back and behold the horse was standing up! I never was so glad in all my life! I hooked up the horse again and finished the route. The collar was too tight, and choked the horse.

I was carrying the mail when the Second World War broke out on December 7, 1941, on a Sunday when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. On the 8th, I was traveling with the mail through Lernerville; and Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the President of the United States, declared war. He said, "I now declare a state of war between United States and Japan, between United States and Germany, and between United States and Italy."

One other occasion, both carriers wanted off the same day. I carried Route 2 came back to the post office, and Emily Sauter, the Postmaster, said, "Do you want to take the other route, too?" She said she will let the clerk go with me to put the mail in the boxes. The clerk was Grace Heim. We got along well; in fact, she became my wife. We courted for a year and were married on a very cold, frosty morning on November 1, 1944, at 7:30 p.m. in St. Paul's Church by Reverend Fetterly. During the excitement, I forgot the marriage license. Reverend Fetterly said you must have them. My brother, Andrew, and I got them and came back in time for the wedding. We had a church full of relatives and friends, approximately 200. We had a reception in the church basement. We went for a honeymoon, then took Viola, Grace's sister, home to Baltimore, Maryland. It was a long trip and we got lost. The gasoline tank was getting empty. Finally we found a gas station, and found our bearings.

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We stayed at our farm for six months. Grace and I saved our money, and in 1945 we bought the little house on 430 Sarver Road and have lived there for 50 years.

Grace went to work at the Cabot Post Office and I was called to carry mail. I carried for 143 days. I put the chains on the car and didn't take them off the whole time. I would stop at Cramer's Ice Cream Parlor for an ice cream cone. The last day I carried, Roy Cramer asked if I was going to carry the mail all the time. I said, "No, in fact, this is my last day." He said, "How would you like to work for us?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Come out in the morning." I did, and worked for 28 years delivering milk to houses, stores, and schools. As I said before, I never asked for a job. The job paid \$34.50 a week plus commission. That was the first steady employment. The first month, there wasn't any commission. After that, there was more than the base pay.

The milk job required getting up at 2:30 a.m., delivering the milk to the houses first, then to the stores when they opened. I finished by 10:00 a.m., took a nap, ate lunch, then went to the farm and worked. That made a long day. I was glad when it rained and I couldn't work on the farm. I did this work till my father passed away in 1949.

Our family consisted of three daughters. They were all born in the Butler Hospital. We had good times and bad times. Two girls broke bones and they all had some sickness, but the good times exceeded the bad times. They all attended elementary school in Sarver and the Freeport High School. Janice graduated and went to work as a clerk in Butler. Alice and Charlene went to secretarial college in Pittsburgh and got good jobs. They are all married now and still working and have families. We have five granddaughters, one is married, that makes one grandson.

I served on the school board in Buffalo Township for eight years. It was a great experience. I was on the Finance Committee all eight years. I helped make out the budget and imposed the tax to meet the budget. The board always had enough money to meet the budget. Also, while on the board, we built an addition on to the elementary school and built the new high school. You can see my name on the plaque at the school.

We were friends with Bill and Viola McFarland. Viola is Grace's sister. We went on vacation many times when the children were small. After the children left home, the four of us went on a tour of the Western U.S.A. in 1969. We liked it so much that we planned a vacation when I retired, February 24, 1972. We went to Alaska, then to Newfoundland in 1973, and to Florida in 1976. We toured 44 states of the U.S.A. and 9 provinces of Canada. We also took short bus trips.

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We became weary of traveling. One day, Butch Falkner asked me if I would mow St. Paul's Cemetery. I debated, and finally said yes. I mowed it for thirteen years. It was a fascinating job. It is surprising how many people visit the cemetery to see their relative's graves and place flowers on them, and others making a family tree.

We celebrated our 50th Wedding Anniversary in 1994 in Heide Hall at St. Paul's Church, given by our daughters and sons-in-law, with over 200 relatives and guests attending. They were from the Church, the Senior Citizens, and the Card Party. We received 106 anniversary cards. They took pictures on video and also snapshots. Grace and I really enjoyed the occasion very much.

I give credit for my long life to my wife, Grace, for her loving care and being an excellent cook, a baker, and dress maker. Yes, it has been a wonderful life thus far!

I keep busy teaching Sunday School Class, attending church service, shoveling snow, washing the car, mowing the lawn, going to the mail box, taking out the garbage, burning the papers, reading the paper, making a garden, and playing cards.

I always liked this poem:

Life is real, life is earnest, And the grave is not its goal.
Dust thou art, to dust return, Was not spoken of the soul.

Walter Wiegand has announced that he is looking forward to spending more time with Grace as he enters his new life of Retirement from mowing the church lawn.

The members of Church Council believe Walter should hold his head high and wears a smile since he can be proud of the service he has offered his Lord through years of beautifying this Holy Place. Walter has to be one of the few Groundskeepers who have had the Bishop acknowledge his outstanding service.

Congratulations on Your Retirement and thank you for years of outstanding service.