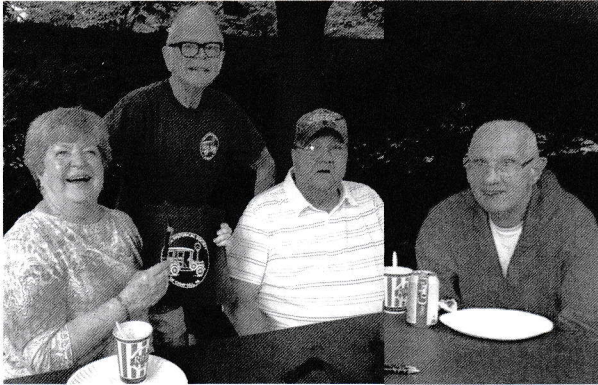


Historic Society at National Night Out



Marilyn Swartz, Wayne Yost, Marlin Swartz and Tom Brunner were handing out information, pens and small bags at Camp Hill's National Night Out. They are a smiley group especially since the evening was drizzly, but maybe it was enjoying the free food, drinks and Rita's Italian Ice.

Camp Hill Gets Carrier Mail

Starting November 1, 1925, Postmaster Harold C. Fry announced that there would be free delivery of mail to most areas of Camp Hill twice a day including parcel post deliveries. It was in response to a petition sent to Washington DC that was signed by 1000 residents where the population was about 2500.

Camp Hill was given two carriers and the installation of street collection boxes. The boxes would also be added to the areas that currently received rural deliveries. The Post Office would be adding new carriers in the near future.

All residents had to be equipped with mail receptacles, but the Federal Government preferred door slots for this purpose.

Those that preferred to use the former general delivery service or postal boxes at the Post Office would still be able to use that service.

Information taken from article in the Harrisburg Telegraph dated July 24, 1925 submitted by Nead Miller

Market Street Article, Continued

I have a few additions to Barbara Novak's interesting article on Market Street in a recent issue:

In the late 40's and early 50's, the apartment above Hiler's Store on the corner of 21st and Market was occupied by Elizabeth Newton, the high school's excellent Spanish teacher, (know, of course, as "Fig"). We girls sometimes visited her there and were fascinated by her exotic souvenirs from Mexico.

Our class had connections with the popular drugstores on Market: Ronnie Stepp, the son of the owner, worked at Stepp's, as did another class member, Barry Buchter, which made it a friendly place to patronize. Carol Heckmiller worked at Fickel's, and developed an impressive muscle in her right arm, I remember, from dipping ice cream from cones. Mr. Fickel discouraged student groups from getting too big and making too much noise, as after all, he had other patrons to attend to.

Further up Market was Ream's Tea Room, where the proprietors were curmudgeons who didn't like young people hanging around. After we'd handed over our nickels for their marble-sized cones, they'd shoo us off their front porch. Possibly, if they'd been more friendly, they'd have had more business, although they couldn't have competed with Stepp's or Fickel's.

There were amazingly few places for high school students to hang out in those days after school or in the evening. Eventually Ben Shields persuaded his father to open a drive-in a bit further out past 32nd Street. I think it was just called "Shield's", and it offered hamburgers, shakes, dancing to records, and for those who had cars, a place to get together. It lasted only a short time. I believe, but by that time our class had graduated and dispersed.

- Priscilla Cameron Oppenheimer Class of 1951



*Answer to the question "Remember This Guy?"
He was the barber located across from the Hill Theater.
Ed Crumlich AKA Mr. Muskie.*