

# The Village Voice

*Bradford Village, a Brookdale Community*

*Resident Spotlight*

*“Remembering the 40s” by Don Dean Self*



**Issue 19**  
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Are you old enough to remember things that happened in the forties here in Edmond, or thereabouts? When the forties started I was in the fifth, then sixth grade. Most of us walked to school, sometimes as much as a mile or more. In those days, there was no school buses, at least not in cities. Parents didn't worry about their children too much – it was safer then. Even on the night of Halloween, children were allowed to walk the streets, knock on doors, “Trick or Treat” until after ten at night, and nobody would bother them.

Not everyone had cars, so city buses ran every thirty minutes. The prices was good, too – two ride tokens for fifteen cents!

Remember “Meadow Gold,” when delivering milk, still used horses to pull their milk wagons? This continued to the end of World War II.



A significant memory of the time was of President Roosevelt (F.D.R.) giving that great speech in 1941, unequalled before or since—other than perhaps the Gettysburg Address—when he announced the start of World War II, and the dastardly attack on Pearl Harbor by Japan. He had our whole country up in arms before he was through! We boys nearing our freshman year in high

school wished we were old enough to enlist and fight against Hitler, Hirohito, and Mussolini!

I left school after the eleventh grade to enlist in the Marines in time for the G.I. Bill, in 1946. Fourteen week's boot camp at San Diego, then two weeks more living in tents at the rifle range – in December. Two chartered planes were to take us to Washington State, but I came down with raging fever, so they put me in the Naval Hospital. The planes left, except one crashed, killing thirty-one enlisted men. I knew them and it hurt. But at the same time, I realized I had been spared.

I was re-assigned as a clerk, and sent to San Francisco. Though I

had to learn how, I liked my job and beautiful San Francisco. I stayed there until my enlistment was nearly over, sent south, discharged, and then sent home – I was only 19 and my homesickness was over! I was happy because my family was all there. My story went on as I entered college, and in sixteen months, the forties were over.



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# Around the Village

## *“I Know My Alphabet” by Sandy Binkley*

### **Matthew 19: 14-15**

*“Let the little children come to me, and don’t prevent them. For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,” And He put His hands on the heads and blessed them before He left.*

### **Luke 18:16**

*“Let the little children come to me! Never send them away!”*

Little children and the innocence that shines through their eyes are enough to make my heart skip beats of happiness. We should all long for that time when we accepted all that we saw and accepted, received, and loved the everyday events of life. Teaching first grade was a time in my life that I cherish with all of my heart. I see those unblemished little souls as vividly now as I did fifty years ago. Their faces shining, their minds open and eager, and their love dedicated and pure.

This is such a story.

A little boy, only five; his parents so impoverished that they had floors in their two room house which were only dirt. He had nine brothers and sisters, but despite the cramped and crowded living quarters, that home was as clean as anything I have ever witnessed. Melvin was so proud of his family when I made the home visit. He was thrilled to show me which cot was his of the nine cots lined up side by side. At the foot of each cot was a tiny trunk with every child’s belongings inside. Melvin was happy and proud! What a delight he was. His purity and innocence soaked through to my soul and has forever remained there. I have many stories regarding Melvin. This is one of my favorites.

### **“I Know My Alphabet”**

My first year teaching first graders was the most memorable nine months of my life. I was given the slower group of first timers. What they may have lacked in their ability to catch on to things quickly, they made up for in eagerness, individuality, and charm. I had fourteen students and I had fourteen favorites! One of those was, of course, Melvin, and Melvin was having an extraordinarily difficult time memorizing his alphabet. One evening, after an extremely discouraging day, I quietly told Melvin that perhaps it would be a good idea to take his alphabet home and ask one of his older sisters to help him with it. The next morning, I arrived at school about thirty minutes earlier than usual and was sitting at my desk when I felt small eyes peering through the big front

door. It was much too early for students, and so naturally I was surprised to see Melvin.

Before I could ask him why he was there so early, he exclaimed, “Mrs. B, you are going to be so proud of me! Guess what? Guess what, Mrs. B?”

I said, “Melvin, come into the room quickly and tell me!”

He stood before me in his crisp, clean overalls, hair still damp and freshly combed to perfection, eyes dancing with excitement, his Big Chief notebook held tightly under his chubby arm.

“What is it, Melvin?” I questioned, putting my arm around him.

“Oh, Mrs. B.,” he began, with bubbling, confident excitement, “I done what you told me last night; I took my alphabet home, and my sister helped me, and now, Mrs. B., and now, I KNOW MY ALPHABET TO A HUNDRED!”

I squeezed him ever so tightly and said, “Oh, Melvin, I am so very proud of you!”



# Letter from the editor

Calling all writers! The Village Voice is looking for contributors to the newsletter. What kinds of things can you share?

- ◆ Personal memories (see our two featured articles this month)
- ◆ Articles on a topic of interest (gardening, history, crafting or quilting)
- ◆ Favorite recipes
- ◆ Photographs

We also need writers to interview new and current residents. If you are interested in being a regular contributor, talk to Caitlin about joining our team!



## Team page of BRADFORD VILLAGE

### DONATE TO THE TEAM

Alzheimer's disease is relentless. So are we. As residents and associates of a retirement community, the fight to end Alzheimer's is personal. We all have loved or been close to someone with the disease.

Join our team for the Alzheimer's Association Walk to End Alzheimer's®, the world's largest event to raise awareness and funds for Alzheimer's care, support and research.

**\$5,022.68**

WE HAVE RAISED

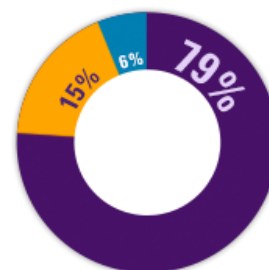
**\$3,000**

OUR GOAL

**167% ACHIEVED**

Thank you to everyone who walked, donated, and supported Bradford Village's fundraising efforts for the 2017 Walk to End Alzheimer's. We raised over \$5000! And the Alzheimer's Association puts your dollars to good work.

Check out the sidebar to see how the money is spent, and then see below to see all the fun we had at the Walk!



- Alzheimer's care, support, research, awareness and advocacy
- Fundraising
- Administrative

