

Mr. Steve Lopez, newsroom
The Philadelphia Inquirer
400 N. Broad St.,
Philadelphia, PA. 19101

Harold Weisberg
7627 Old Receiver Rd.
Frederick, MD 21702
3/22/95

Dear Mr. Lopez,

When we get old and do not move well or easily we sometimes take shortcuts that are not that at all. But I never dreamed that the Philadelphia Post Office would not be able to deliver a letter addressed to the Inquirer. Or that it would use a stamp that includes another reason, without indicating which was meant.

From the time I was born in Philadelphia in 1913 and as long as we lived there there were two men we saw twice a day. One was the mail carrier, the other the man who lit the gas street lights in the evening and turned them off in the morning. And both services were excellent.

Quite aside from my reason for writing you, with this inability of the post office to deliver a letter addressed to the Inquirer, if you are interested in how other things were for a boy there in the late 1910s and early 1920s I have some clear recollections. Of how before radio we kept up with the baseball scores and the series, how people got to and from Baker Field and Shibe Park, even of the massive privy at Claghorn I school on Susquehanna between 20 and 24 Streets in the colder winters we then had.

I should have remembered the street address often as I was in your building before World War II when I was the Washington correspondent for a picture magazine Triangle Publications then owned.

Odd that I remember the name of the lawyer who came for light readings of my exposes (Kalish) and not the street address!

Can you believe that bread and milk were delivered from horse-drawn wagons with the horses knowing when to start and stop? True. The ice man usually had to tell his horse but it was rare when the bread or milk driver had to.

Even the ambulances then were similar carts. Whether or not all were, I remember that Lanckenau's were all black. I used to wonder why Lanckenau's came when half a block away (from 2340 N. 9th) was the Women's Homeopathic Hospital.

My dad I love those rides on the open Park trolleys from 33 Street in Fairmont Park to the Parkside Avenue end near ^{where} two great-uncles and -aunts lived!

It was a great place for kids then, and safe except from themselves. Safe enough for me to be trusted when I was about eight to go to the library about a mile away on Berks near Broad. And to the movies for the 10¢ Saturday matinees of Hook Gibson, Art Acord and the serials like Pearl White. That was only about a half mile. Wm. S. Hart, too.

I hope the enclosed interests you. The people should know about it, I think.

Sincerely,
Harold Weisberg

