

**BUCKEYE LAKE**

**SUMMER 1949**

**TAKE CARE OF PAULA FOR ME**

**PATTE BURGOON**

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*That Summer*

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## **DEDICATION**

To my “magnificent seven”: Lisa, Paul (dec.) Karl, John, Reid, Kristin and Gina who provided me with the necessities through good health and poor. You and the book have given me reason to put one foot in front of the other one on many dark days. To your mates: Richard, Marji, and Kevin who make you happy, I couldn't love you more. I dedicate my words to you all in thanks.  
...also to the United Hearts of the World for PEACE.

## **REMEMBERING**

**NANCY ZIMMER HELPMAN**

**DICK LEINDECKER**

**CHANCE (SONNY) BROCKWAY**

**JIM ROELLE**

**OTHO ZIMMER, SR.**

**OTHO (SONNY) ZIMMER, JR.**

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With love, Patte

## CHAPTER I TRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE

Paula Bradley returns to Columbus, Ohio after a 45 year hiatus. She is driven to retrace her steps to see if the amusement park at Buckeye Lake, Ohio is still intact. It's now spring, 1994. Why is she so shocked to find that nothing is the same? It was once called "The Playground of Ohio."



She recognizes only the fountain that graced the park entrance in 1949. Heading on to Picnic Point she is disappointed by the removal of weeping willow trees, which stood at either end of the foot bridge connecting the park area to Picnic Point. The Community Church and the shelter house are gone. A whole chapter of her life ... wiped out.

Sitting at one of the new picnic benches eating her peanut butter sandwich she catches herself humming an old Appalachian hymn that a few of her friends sang back then.

*"Hmm hmmm . . . a mountain railroad. Hmm hmmm engineer that's brave . . ."* She remembers the tune but some of the words aren't coming. She watches wakes made by a couple of speed boats. Someone launches a boat from winter storage using the new ramp. Paula is pleased to see a couple

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of portable toilets installed. The brisk wind on the point nudges Paula to return to her car. "*Hmm hmmm curves that fill the tunnel hmm hmmm. ...* "

Walking the shoreline on her way back to the footbridge Paula notices something snagged on a stick: protruding from the steep bank at the water's edge Paula squints then recognizes it to be a spent condom. The summer of 1949 floods her memory... her being. It forces her back through time, to relive her initiation into a different reality. One that replaced her dreams and expectations when she thought she knew a whole lot concerning what life was all about. If she could just get to the picnic bench, she could regain her balance.

\* \* \*

Buckeye Lake is a special place for Paula Bradley. The water's not blue. There's no tide. The floating islands are less than pleasant to touch when you slip out of the boat for a dip on a moonlit night. There isn't much sand. Everything a teenage girl could want is here in 1949: jobs, fun things to do, a place to hang out, bowling lanes, a swimming pool, skating rink and plenty of boys.





## CHAPTER II THE INVITATION

Father Porter makes the sign of the cross in Paula's direction in the confessional. "Say three Our Fathers, three Hail Mary's and make a good Act of Contrition." After murmuring absolution in Latin, he slides the hatched speak-easy door to the closed position. Paula slips out of the confessional and goes to the side altar to say her penance. The larger than life statue of the Blessed Mother is guarded by the flicker of the vigil lights and shrouded with the aroma of incense.

Paula quietly exits St. Francis church where she's gone to mass and attended school under the tutelage of the Dominican sisterhood for eight years. She is now a freshman at St. Mary of the Springs Academy under their continued guidance. It's a beautiful March day. Paula feels fresh and clean after going to confession. She notices opened daffodils and crocuses, and decides to walk home rather than take the bus. She needs time to process the changes about to take place in her life.

\* \* \*

Two blocks into her walk she sees Millie Chester, her next door neighbor and friend since third grade "Millie, are you lost?" Paula calls,

"Oh! Hi Paula! I'm not lost. I've been working on a class project with a school friend. I'm dead tired and starving. Where have you been?" Millie quizzes.

"I went to confession and decided to walk home. I haven't seen you in over a week and I have some great news to tell you." Paula continues as she changes shoulders for her purse so she can link her arm through Millie's.

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"I know. I've been so busy with homework, Easter clothes shopping and all. What's going on? How are the hillbillies working out?" Millie's family calls everyone south of Circleville "hillbillies."

Paula fills her in. "Mother moved us to the basement after some minor adjustments to the space. The Martin family from Portsmouth is renting our house temporarily while my dad and sister, Jeniece, are living in Junction City with my grandparents. Their health is not good, you know."

With a surprised look Millie says, "No! I didn't know."

Paula adds, "I've become sort of friends with Martin's son, George. I told him my rabbit is going to have babies, but I don't know when. He says he'll take a look at her for me. He might be able to tell me how far along she is because he used to keep rabbits in Portsmouth. He pulls 'Mopsie' out of her pen by her ears. I had a hissy fit because I hate it when people pick rabbits up by the ears instead of by the napes of their necks like you'd lift a cat. Anyway, he pets her and gives her a good feel. He busts out laughing. I couldn't get him to stop. He finally settles down long enough to give me the news."

"What's so funny?" Millie asks.

"George says in his best Appalachian Portsmouth accent, 'Your Mopsie ain't gonna have no babies very soon.' I ask, 'How do you know?' He blurts out 'Cause Mopsies got balls.' He stretches out 'balls' for at least three musical counts."

Millie and Paula laugh. Not only is the message a surprise but the way George says 'balls' is priceless.

Adding to their fit of laughter, Millie says "The other day I heard him call your dog a 'Cockerel Spaniard.'"

"You know," Paula reminds Millie, "I was going to give your little brothers a bunny each for Easter. So much for those plans! All I can do now is give Mopsie to your mother to cook for Easter dinner."

"No way!" Millie shrieks.

After more squealing and laughing, Millie interjects some news of her own. "Mother and dad decided to rent out the attic room since my grandma died and we kids don't use it for a playroom anymore."

"Yes. Well, we're growing up, aren't we?" Paula looks at Millie for agreement. "Much as we have to fight to get our parents to acknowledge the fact ... Remember my mentioning to you about my new friend at school, Annie Harper? She and I play duets together on the piano."

"Yes. What about her?" Millie asks as they turn left on Third Avenue.

Paula continues to explain, "Her family lives with her grandmother who owns the Parkview Hotel, around the corner from White Cross Hospital on Park St."

"I can't picture a hotel there." Millie says with a grimace.

Paula continues, "Next time you are on your way to Central High and the bus is going down Goodale St., look for a red brick building on the corner of Park and Goodale. It overlooks Goodale Park. Thus, 'Parkview Hotel.'"

Millie smiles, "Makes sense! So now I know 'who' and 'where.' So, what's the 'what'?"

"Two nights ago my mother gets a phone call from Annie's dad. He says how pleased he is that Annie and I have become such good friends and how Annie didn't know anyone when we started school in September. He and mother make small talk for a while. Then he says he's been separated from his wife for some time and finally decides to get a divorce. Annie never told me about a divorce ..." No sooner did she say that, Paula has an 'ah-ha' moment. "... maybe Annie didn't know."

Millie sympathizes, "That's so sad. I don't know anybody personally who's gotten a divorce ... just in the movies."

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As they pass Hoggets' drugstore, Paula offers, "Want a drumstick? You said you were starving and I've got some change."

"Sure! Sounds good. . . . That won't ruin my dinner. Back to Annie's dad. He didn't call just to tell your mother he's getting a divorce, did he? . . . Did he want to take her out for a beer?" Millie senses she doesn't have enough details yet.

"No, silly!" Paula fills in, "He wants her to know that every year before Easter he moves his family from the Parkview Hotel to Buckeye Lake, Ohio."

Millie interrupts, "Buckeye Lake! Can't wait! My family is renting a cottage in Millersport the last two weeks in July. You can join us for a few days like you did four or five summers ago."

"Just wait!" Paula shushes her. "He told Mother he heard my folks are living apart right now, grandparents being old, sick and all. Mother told him that Dad had already enrolled Jeniece in second grade in Junction City. So ... Mr. Harper asked mother if she'd consider letting me spend the summer at Buckeye Lake. He says Annie and I will be good for each other and that his eight-year-old son, Rusty, will be with him most of the time."

Millie draws in a deep breath and shoves Paula on the arm. "Are you kidding?"

"Nope! He's renting a furnished house and says he'll pay me to work for him in the Park- Buckeye Lake, 'Playground of Ohio.' Can you believe it?"

"All summer?" Millie shakes her head in disbelief,

"Yep! All summer. You know I was fighting against having to move to Junction City," Paula reminds Millie.

Millie reminds Paula back, "You always loved Junction City. Don't you miss your dad and little sister?"

"Yes ... but I'm 14 now. I have other interests besides swimming in the 'crick,' picking wild berries, and walking to

the farm across the road to see if my farm friend can play. And she never can. "That was 'kid stuff' ago."

"So, you want to go?" - Millie seeks affirmation. -  
"Thanks for the drumstick."

"Are you kidding? I have been dancing a jig ever since I heard about it. Mother talks to Dad that very night. He agrees it's a good plan. He doesn't want a sullen teenager on his hands in 'small farm town,' U.S.A. Dad said he'd rent a little house in town so that the three of them, mother, dad and Jeniece, can have some privacy as a family again. He can go out to the farm daily to check on Grandpaw and Maw Emmy. He said Buckeye Lake is close enough that if I get too homesick or unhappy for any reason, he can rescue me. Of course, he has to add ' . . . as long as Mr. Harper takes care of Paula.' Everybody wants somebody else to take care of Paula." She rolls her eyes and shrugs.

\* \* \*

Millie declares, "That is the 'what' if I ever heard it. Do you worry about being on your own, kind of? How will you handle that?"

Paula kicks a rock as if it were a football. "I've given it a lot of thought. As far as Mr. Harper's being my substitute parent for the summer, I don't know, Millie. I figure it this way. Remember all the talks you and I have had about religion and confession and all? I figure if I budget my sins like I budget my money, the sin budget will be my guideline."

"I don't get it. What do you mean by 'budget your sins!'" Millie questions.

Paula refreshes Millie's memory. "Remember? There are mortal sins, the really serious offences against the Ten Commandments. If you die without mortal sins being forgiven you go directly to hell. No passing 'GO.' No

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collecting \$200. Then there are the venial sins, which are little offences against the Ten Commandments. If you die without having those forgiven in confession, you just go to purgatory. Your soul burns until it's pure enough to see God ... more or less." Paula shrugs. She knows Millie doesn't buy all her beliefs, but Millie always wants to compare them with her own.

Millie frowns as if to question, "If you say so! But what does all that have to do with the price of tea in China?"

"Take today for instance. I just got back from confession. My penance (cost) for having my sins forgiven is to say three 'Our Fathers,' three 'Hail Marys' and make a good 'Act of Contrition.' Not too bad. So, I figure if I can control what I say, how I say it and not swear too much - you know how fond I am of saying 'shit' and 'damn' - avoid arguing with Rusty and Annie, and back-talking Mr. Harper, I can keep my penance to three 'Our Fathers' and three 'Hail Marys.' If I go over that, then I'm out of control. But, I'll allow myself that much. That's where the budget comes in. How does that sound?"

"Complicated!" Millie ponders the proposition. After a few minutes she asks, "When do you leave?"

"Not sure. I'll have a test run the weekend after Easter. We'll leave from school on Friday. We have an arranged ride with a guy named Ed McElroy who works for Curtis Wright. He's Mr. Harper's neighbor at the lake. He provides transportation for Annie until school is out. Annie will give me the grand tour of the park. She says there are a couple of guys she has her eyes on for us to hang out with, so we'll check it out."

Millie mimics, "Oh, magosh! Don't forget to check out the guys! First things first and all that. Call me when you get back. I want every detail. ...every dot over the i's and every cross of the t's."

\* \* \*

They turn the corner of Hill Place from Perry St., where both live at the dead end. Their bedrooms are about eight feet across from each other. They prayed together all through World War II, when everyone was uncertain what the future held. Paula goes to a Catholic private school and Millie goes to public school the same years that "Hop-along" Cassidy is the star football player for Central High where Millie attends.

As they reach home, Paula concludes, "I feel confident enough that my sin budget will keep me good enough not to give Mr. Harper too much trouble. Although Annie's family isn't Catholic, she's always attended Catholic schools, and Mr. Harper assures Mother he will make every provision for me to keep the rules and regulations such as mass on Sunday, no meat on Fridays and confession once a month. All agreements are made. The plans are about to be set in stone."

"You sure were right about having news. Talk to you later," Millie shouts as she goes up the steps to her porch.

\* \* \*

After supper Paula daydreams about her imagined future, *it will certainly be a change from my life now. Just when life settles down and gets the least bit comfortable, something happens ... the big stir in the sky. Moral of the story – don't get too comfortable because for sure, it won't last.*

*I'll have to have a back-up plan. 'Don't put all your Easter eggs in one basket,' as the old saying goes.*

Paula recalls five years ago, when Millie's family invited her to spend a week of their vacation with them two years in a row. They rented a cottage at Fisher's Landing on the banks of Buckeye Lake. When entering from the driveway we came into a large kitchen with two bedrooms and a bath on

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one side. On the second floor was a large enough living room with two bedrooms on the side. Walking out to a screened-in porch, there it was, Buckeye Lake. It was so peaceful at night. Millie and Paula played "Go Fish" with a flashlight under the blankets. They talked and giggled about what Millie's brother and his friend did and said.

*My life at home was mostly strife – but at the lake, all we had to do was make our bed and set the table for dinner. I did the same at home but it was always in the midst of arguments about money, family needs and mother asking dad, 'Do you still love me?'*

\* \* \*

Paula's mother had a habit of setting her up for punishment. One time, ten year old Paula was skating on the back sidewalk. She wanted to tighten her skates and then go to the front sidewalk to continue skating. She got her skate key from the nail behind the kitchen door. Paula told Mother, "I'll be out front skating."

Her mother answered gruffly, "I told you to stay in the back yard today, young lady."

The back walk stretches from the porch to the alley and is very narrow, bumpy and not good for roller skating. Paula finished adjusting her skate straps, then turned to the back door and stuck out her tongue in her mother's direction. She wasn't allowed to do that, or make snoots, talk back, or make any gestures like she'd seen other kids do.

Mother was waiting for Paula's response on the other side of the window curtain. That was one time Paula was grateful for her bobbed hair.

"Get in here, you insolent little bitch!" She grabbed Paula's hair to hurry her through the kitchen where she kept her handy yardstick. For many years Paula thought the sole purpose of the yardstick and the razor strap was to beat the



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kids. However, neither her brother, Fred, nor her sister, Jeniece, ever got the yardstick that Paula could remember. It seemed just Paula's name was on it. Many days she went to school with welts on her legs from yard sticks, switches from the stink tree in the back yard or the strap. So, yes, she looked forward to a week's vacation with her neighbors.

\* \* \*

After their chores at the lake house were done, the rest of the time was theirs to explore. They'd walk the train trestle barefoot to the general store in Millersport. The girls would buy something for their hope chest. Paula didn't know what she was supposed to put in the hope chest, but it seemed like the thing to do. Millie and Paula didn't want to spend too much money because they knew they'd have one day at the amusement park and one day for swimming at Crystal Pool. They'd always squeeze in some skee-ball games to add to their stack of tickets. The painted plaster of Paris dolls and stuffed animal prizes were coveted.



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Of course, they used to worry the grownups about letting the girls take the rowboat out on the lake. Sometimes they'd fish from the pier. Back then it was common to catch 40 lb. catfish and carp that made your eyes bug out. The girls didn't catch them, but some of the men did. Millie saw pictures.

That was 1943 and 1944. World War II was going on and everyone's life was turned upside down. Shoes and certain foods were rationed along with gasoline and tires. Everyone was issued ration stamps that resembled postage stamps, 'Lick 'm and stick 'm.' Paula got to do that after she colored the Dixie Margarine yellow. It was white while in the store and it came in a one lb. brick like butter did along with a small pack of the yellow coloring. If Paula didn't color it, her mother would just put it on the table as it was. White! While saying, "Oleo is oleo." It looked like lard to Paula and she wouldn't eat it.

\* \* \*

Paula remembers these special times. What will Buckeye Lake amusement park be like for a teenager without rations and looking for more special times? She can't wait to find out. Suddenly, life feels sweet. Paula's feeling on top of the world.

*I don't know Mr. Harper that well, but he likes me and I like his kids.*

It's hard not to sin when her mother sets her up for punishment. Especially now that she is fourteen and wants to flex her fourteen-year-old muscles.

Paula gives her situation some thought ...*I spend a fair amount of time figuring out how I'm going to conduct myself. I guess I'll Just act normal and whatever happens because of it, I'll just have to take it and learn from it. Mother threatens*

*to kill me on a regular basis but she hasn't. She just doesn't know how to get me to do what she wants me to do.*

*I really don't understand her. About two or three days a month I'd have just enough time to relax a little and think Mother really does like me a bit but just like foul weather, her personal storms seize the moment. I wish I knew when that was so I could prepare myself. I never really developed much trust for adults. Maybe that's why I used to be so shy around them when I was little. I'd be surprised with a spanking and not understand why I was getting it.*

\* \* \*

Mrs. Bradley's head is forever looking over Paula's shoulder, reading her diary, and listening in on her telephone conversations – according to her, it's to keep Paula on 'the straight and narrow.' So, with Paula's 'sin budget' plan, all should work out for her.

Even though she's excited about the thoughts of spending a special summer and being 14 which carries its own specialness, she also feels something else down deep; ... an unnamed excitement. It feels like dancing is going on in her belly. Paula is also feeling a bit uneasy about the separation from her parents. She was separated once before and she thinks she is replaying that whole scenario of 1940.

\* \* \*

Paula had been in kindergarten for a half of a school year at age five. It was February because she remembers giving valentines. Her mother took her to her maternal grandmother's in the small town of Marysville, Ohio. She didn't give Paula an explanation as to why she left her with 'Mom' as Paula called her grandmother. Paula knew she was a source of friction between her parents. Her mother was

widowed with six year old Fred when Paula's parents married. Her brother, as she calls him, seems to be the apple of everyone's eye, especially to her maternal grandparents. When Paula was born, Fred was nine. When Fred was 14 and Paula was five, Mother left her with 'Mom.'

Mom enrolled Paula in school. Since there was no kindergarten, she was put in the second half of first grade. She didn't know how to print yet like the other kids did. She couldn't read yet. She didn't know anyone and she had no idea why she was there. She felt very much alone. It was good that she loved Mom. Mom cut bangs which made Paula look cute. She bought her some cute clothes, new crayons and pencils and she helped Paula with reading. "Dick and Jane" was hard because Paula hadn't the benefit of the first half of first grade.

Paula overheard Mom asking the visiting church ladies one afternoon to pray for her parents. "They smoke, drink and fight."

Paula didn't know what to think but she was very sad, lonely and homesick. She loved her parents and Fred, but was sure they didn't love her. ... Her parents did those bad things only some of the time.

It wasn't until late June, after school was out, that Mother showed up at Mom's. She was furious that Mom had cut bangs – "how dare you make decisions about Paula's hair. Now I have to look at it till those bangs grow out. One more thing for me to take care of." Mother said.

Mother's going to take Paula back home. Paula was both excited and scared at the same time. Mom and Paula got along fine. Mom liked her. Paula didn't know if mother was still the same.

That afternoon when Mother came to get her, Paula heard crying in Mom's bedroom. She went in to find the source. A baby was lying in a dresser drawer.

"Paula," Mother called as she brought in a stack of diapers, "This is your new baby sister, Jeniece."

Paula was stunned. Not only did she have a new baby sister but she was told that her family moved to Richmond, Indiana and she would be starting over in first grade when she turned six. Paula asked about her dog, who was her best friend in the whole world.

Mother said, as if she had just waved good-bye to a neighbor, "Your dog ran away." Paula's eyes started to tear-up. "We'll get another dog when we get moved."

\* \* \*

Paula told her dog everything. She had so much to tell him. How could she share all that had happened to a dog she didn't even know? She just couldn't sort anything out now. She felt replaced by a baby she didn't ask for either. It seems that everything that's happening is always about her folks. They give no thought to how Paula feels about anything. Mainly, Paula feels she's 'in the way.' She's just a kid, not a person who matters. *When will I be old enough to matter?* she wonders while still feeling stunned over the whole situation.

Enter, alter ego.

*I'll still be with you.* She hears a voice in her head. Paula looks around but doesn't see anyone.

"Who is here? Where are you? Paula asks hesitantly.

*Well, since you are fond of rabbits and dogs ... you might think of me as a lamb.*

"Where are you? I can hear you but I can't see you?"

*I'm like your imaginary playmate that you talk to when you play by yourself and talk to yourself ... I can hold all your secrets for you. You can tell me anything. You can talk to me with your thoughts. Try it. Just THINK what you want to say to me. Nobody but you can hear me. No one can see*

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*me. You will be able to feel my presence if I'm needed or wanted. Just call on me with your mind.*

*OK! Do you mean like this? Do you have a name?*

*Just call me 'Leonard.' How's that? I'm kind of like a guardian angel. You pray to me every night, don't you? ... to whom God's love, commits me here ... ' so here I am. ... Try not to worry too much. I know you are scared right now with all the new stuff that's happened to you. Remember, I am right with you and you can ask me anything or tell me anything.*

Paula forgets and says "OK" out loud and hopes no one sees the look that must be showing on her face.

Paula smiles to herself as she is remembering her introduction to Leonard, her alter ego or guardian angel. She's willing to forego questions.

\* \* \*

Paula is really missing her dad and Jeniece. She knows Mother desperately wants to be with them. On the one hand, she's glad for Mother but also feeling guilty because Paula's planning a wonderful special summer. This time Paula is making it about herself. She supposes all this will sort itself out in time. Meanwhile, there are clothes to buy, kids to meet, exams to take and a new family to get used to living with. She always has the feeling of being outside of things. She learns a lot by observing.

### CHAPTER III

## ASSESSING THE WARDROBE

"For crying out loud, Mother, where do you find the shorts you pick out for me? Shorts have a style, you know. I want new ones with pegged legs and cuffs. I don't want Lana Turner, World War II, pleated shorts with four buttons on the front like sailors' front flaps. Did you buy me tap shoes to go with them?"

Mother gives Paula a disgusted look and replies, "No, Miss Smarty Pants. The shorts belonged to the neighbor across the alley. Some of her other clothes fit you and she thought they'd look nice on you."

Wise, Mother. Just because they look nice on me doesn't mean I should wear them. Why do you think she is weeding them out of her closet? It isn't because she's outgrown them now, is it? They are out of style. When I was in eighth grade you thought I looked nice in your remodeled plush coat that Betty Davis might have worn. You just can't go on embarrassing me like this. I don't want to stand out. I want to fit in. Do you think you might just try to understand that?"

Mother finally gives in. She takes thirty dollars out of an empty cigarette pack in the back of the Marlboro carton. "This is all I can spare right now. Make a list of what you need. Make it go as far as you can. You'll have to buy any extras you want out of your earnings. As far as this session goes, I've had enough. I'm going to put some Eight O'clock coffee on the hotplate. Where is the percolator?"

"It's in the clothes basket with the cake and pie pans." Paula points to a stack of blankets on top of the basket that hides its contents.

Mother says under her breath, "I'm going to listen to the radio. It's time for 'Ma Perkins' ... then take a nap."

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"Thanks, for the cash, Mother. I'll call Millie to see if she can go shopping with me."

\* \* \*

Paula goes to George's bedroom that used to be hers. She opens the window about a foot and a half. Millie's bedroom light is on. *She's probably pin-curling her hair for tomorrow. George will be home soon, so I'll have to hurry.* She told Mrs. Martin she has to use the bathroom. Since there is only one bathroom it has to be shared by the two families.

Millie comes to the window after Paula hits it with a tossed penny.

"You'd better stop throwing pennies on the bay window roof. If my little brother sees them, he won't be able to resist trying to get them. What's going on?"

"Can you come over? I need your help. I go to Buckeye Lake this weekend and I need to buy some clothes," Paula begs.

"Yes, but I can't stay too long. I have more homework to do." She puts her comb and brush in her dresser drawer and grabs a jacket.

"OK. Meet you downstairs." Paula says as she quickly closes the window, runs to the bathroom to flush the toilet so as to back up her story of having to use the bathroom. She nearly falls down the steps to let Millie in. They proceed to the new basement apartment, if you could call it that.

"Mother calls it 'cozy. I'm not allowed to say what I think it is ... welcome to our new digs. To the left, see the blanket strung on strong clothes lines. Move the curtains and the washing machine and rinse tubs are handy. You'd think we are kids making a playhouse. I'm sorry we have to be down here," Paula apologizes. She pushes Millie down on the davenport. "Here's a tablet and pencil."



Millie struggles to sit up. "Whoa! Am I promoted to secretary? I haven't finished my shorthand class yet. Don't worry about your new digs. It's for what? Two months, Paula?"

"Yes, you are the secretary. Here's what's happening. Mother gave me \$30.00 for my emergency summer wardrobe. Help me out, will you? You've got a way about getting down to business." Paula starts to dictate as Millie makes columns on the paper.

"OK!" Millie agrees. "Let's start with the train case."

Paula slaps her head with the heel of her hand. "Oh, magosh! I never even thought of the train case, the most basic and important item young girls have for overnights. See how flustered I am?"

Millie starts right in making a list . . . "a card of bobby pins, Breck shampoo, a bottle of Teel toothpaste, Kotex, a new sanitary belt. You are not spending more than \$5.00 on that stuff, no matter what. That leaves \$25.00. Where do we go from there?"

"Night, day, work, play, socks . . ." Paula's voice fades while she busies herself making a calendar in squares for a specific 'do-it' list.

Millie quickly adds, "Let's get your church clothes out of the way first. You ARE going to church this summer, aren't you?"

Paula cocks her head to the side, "Of course. Looks at Millie with a squint and says, "You really know how to reduce my clothes money. . . . I have that full skirt I made in Home Ec class. - The one with the huge flowers on it. I'll wear that with my white nylon blouse. My garter belt is OK. I can use a new brassiere and one pair of stockings. I have a slip. That's enough for church. I need pajamas. I'll do with one new pair. Forget slippers."

As Millie writes, she says, "Gotcha! Brassiere, stockings, and pj's . . . That brings us down to \$21.00, more

## PATTE BURGOON

or less. I guess I can erase your flowered skirt off my list for borrowing."

"Sorry." Paula continues. "I want three pair of pegged, cuffed shorts - red, maybe blue, and gray ones with three buddy blouses to go with them."

"Boy, oh boy. We should have started with the new look first," Millie notes.

"It's going to be for work AND play, Millie. That leaves about \$4.00 for socks and underpants. Want to meet me at Lazarus after school tomorrow?" Paula asks.

After checking her assignment book in the back pocket of her dungarees Millie says, "I can meet you, but I have to be home by 6:00 for my piano lesson."

"Tell you what. We'll start at Lazarus for the blouses, shorts and a Maiden form bra. '*I dreamed I went shopping in my Maiden form bra.*'" The girls both laughed. "Then we'll go to Woolworths five and dime for the rest. We'll save time and money that way. Of course, that's assuming we don't run into anybody we know who wants to play records in Lazarus' record shop. I'm counting on you to keep us on track, OK," Paula urges.