



By W. W. EDGAR

The Stroller... Sledding passed the time for The Stroller

It's surprising what the passing years can do to a fellow.

There was a time when The Stroller waited with eager anticipation for the first snowfall. And for a good reason. It was a time for showing off his handiwork in building a new model bobbed and trying to outspeed all his competitors on the "slipping hills" back home in the Blue Mountains of Pennsylvania.

It was a much different feeling the other day when we had our first ground covering snow of the season. As The Stroller peered out the window, watching the white flakes come tumbling down, he didn't have visions of bob-

sledding or the old fashioned sleighrides we used to enjoy. Instead, his mind turned to the thought of how deep the snowfall might be - would he have to clear the sidewalk and the driveway and cut a path through the garden for the dog to take its morning and evening walk? And he couldn't help wondering if he would have to do battle again with the snow - blower that has been the "monster" in the household for the past year or two.

It may seem strange, but there was a time when the task of shoveling the snow was enjoyable and all the neighbors used to call to each other. It was like a winter frolic to be out there in the evenings calling back and forth. Finally, the years started taking their toll. To meet the crisis, The Stroller purchased a snowblower. He was looking forward to the fun of blowing the snow all over the place, much to the envy of the neighbors. But it wasn't that easy.

quires a few words with the Man Up There.

Finally, when the job is finished, The Stroller heaves a sigh and hopes that it will be a long time before the snow becomes deep enough to require the help of the blower. And if it doesn't snow again all winter, it will be all right.

It wasn't that way in The Stroller's youth. In those days, winter was a time for fun - bobsledding, hayrides and old-fashioned horse-drawn sleighs.

Back home in our little town, we used one of the main streets for bobsledding. It was the steepest hill in the area. And because automobiles were few and far be-

tween, it wasn't too dangerous to come flying down the hill across the main intersection.

Each winter - at the time of the first snow - it was much like our auto shows of today. It was a time for showing the new models in bobsleds and each fellow tried to outdo the other in design and speed.

The old-fashioned bobsled was steered by the manipulating ropes knotted into the frames of the runners. And they were built rather high to avoid any foot dragging at high speed.

So, you can imagine the looks on the bobsledders' faces the year The Stroller and two of his pals appeared

at the top of Pine Street Hill with a bobsled that seated 10 riders. More than that, it was a low slung affair, and it had a steering wheel, just as our autos do today.

It was a great moment as we became the envy of all the bobsledders. But the joy didn't last long.

Fate stepped in on our very first trip down the hill. The sled was built so low

that each rider had to hold up the legs of the person sitting behind him. Now, it so happened that in the rush to enjoy the first ride on this new model, a girl got the

seat behind The Stroller. She was a school mate named Montana Shellheimer and two of his pals appeared

she was an enthusiastic bobsledder.

She didn't mind in the least that her legs had to be held up and just laughed about it as we awaited the start of this maiden trip.

At last our turn came at the starting pole, and we were a very merry group starting on the long slide.

Alas, we never reached the bottom of the hill.

Something went wrong with the new steering gear. The bobsled swerved, left the hill and overturned.

There were screams and hollering as people came rushing to the scene. Amid the screams and shouts there was a most painful moan as we riders regained our

equilibrium, there was one still lying in the snow.

Would you believe it? It was Montana. She was grasping at her leg (the one The Stroller was holding at the start of the ride). When we finally got her to the doctor it was discovered that her leg was broken.

The Stroller often has wondered what happened to her. But her misfortune that evening on the Pine Street Hill is only one of the lasting memories of the days when the winter shows provided all sorts of fun and experiences.

Yes, the passing years do funny things to a fellow. Now when the snow falls all The Stroller can think of is whether the old snowblower will start.

Oh, for the old days on Pine Street Hill.

Miss Fell wins WSU honors

Joanne Fell of 2121 Oxford, Farmington, graduated with honors from Western Michigan University at its winter commencement.

She was awarded a bachelor of arts degree magna cum laude. Miss Fell majored in speech pathology and audiology teaching.

MTU lists 6 for honors

Six Farmington students at Michigan Technological University earned places on the dean's list for the fall quarter.

Nancy J. Scott, a junior medical technology major, achieved straight A's. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Iain M. Scott of 36331 Quakerstown.

The other five earned grade point averages of 3.5 or higher. They are:

Pamela J. Judd, also a junior medical technology major and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Kiebusch of 21080 Birchwood.

Thomas C. Judd, a senior civil engineering major, and son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Judd of 29964 Birchwood.

Peri J. Osker, a senior biological sciences major, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Sacid Osker of 29861 Woodbrook.

Jeffrey M. Sietoff, a freshman general engineering major, and son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sietoff of 28310 Harwich Drive.

Guy R. York, a junior civil engineering major, and son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. York of 25983 Castlereigh.

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