

The Mailman's Party

Editor's note: Craig TenBroeck sent along this short story taken from a book his mother, Molly Ten Broeck, wrote about life on the Main Line. He tells us, "As yet, it has never been published, but I'm working on it!" He also tells us the title of his mother's book was *We, Scrapples*. But that's another story. Craig guesses the mail route began and ended at the Malvern Post Office and wound all over the Chester Valley and that his family's "six miles" was near their house on the southwest corner of his grandfather's farm just west of the intersection of Mill Road and Yellow Springs Road.

One of the nicest parties I ever attended was even more unpretentious than ours on Memorial Day. It was held on a macadam road, a few hundred feet off the Lincoln Highway, on a glowering wet day in March. We sat on the muddy grass with our feet in the gutter, holding umbrellas over our runny noses. There were no refreshments; there wasn't even a host or a hostess; we had a simply wonderful time,

This was "The Mailman's Party." It started when our Rural Delivery mail box discharged this alluring invitation:

Dear Neighbor on Malvern R.D.1

On Saturday, March 7, 1955, our good friend, "Ches" Weiler, our postman, will make his last official delivery. He has completed 50 years service and retires. Thirty years on R.D.1 is a long, long time. He wore out a horse and buggy and more than a dozen automobiles. His route is 52 miles, and he has more than 450 stops, allowing three to a family. More than 1200 of us folks get our mail on R.D.1.

Heaven only knows how many Philadelphia papers, and Daily Local News, magazines, letters from friends, a word of happiness, postcards, bills, bees, baby chicks, ducks, plants, seeds, department stores, Sears & Roebuck, and all the other mail order junk we folks would order — he delivered. We always took him for granted, sure as tomorrow, and like the dawn, he always showed up no matter the weather.

It does not seem right, neighbors, that we should let Ches go without a little remembrance from us.

Some of us thought of a watch — but heck, he's retiring and we sure hope and pray that he has plenty of time on his hands. Mr. J. Gilmore Wilson (Duke) thought of a better plan — a PIGGY BANK, and our first thought was to have the pig pass from one neighbor to another along Route 1. But you know about a pig. It would be too well fed, we hope; might get pretty heavy and may bust. So, some neighbor will call with a piggy bank sealed with a hole in it, and whatever you feel like putting in it, I am sure will be appreciated by Ches.

On Saturday, March 7, at about 1:50 to 2:00 P.M., at Mr. Blokzyli's on Moorehall Road, just north of the Lincoln Highway, Ches makes his last official stop. Let all who can, be there to present Ches the piggy bank and follow him to the Malvern Post Office, wishing him luck,

If any neighbor has ideas or would like to do something to make this a success and a credit to R.D.1, call me, Bill Vanneman, Conestoga Road, Bacton Hill. I'm always home after 5:00 P.M.

*Thanks again,
BILL VANNEMAN*

