SCHOOL TABLET
45 SHEETS
SIZE 8 IN. X 10 IN.

NAME
GRADE
No. 4-6224

25c

QUALITY
QUANTITY

DOUBLE Q

SCHOOL TABLET

Acc 000502

SCM
ALLIED PAPER INCORPORATED
Marion, Ind. 46952
Dated 10-10-92

I am Perma Louise Haas Robbins. I was born Oct. 13, 1919, in Muncie, Indiana, at 9:17 A.M., on Saturday. I weighed 11 pounds.

My mother was Mabel Marie Werthen Haas. My father was August Haas. I had an older sister, Wilma Meroa Haas. She was born April 14, 1918.

Our father worked at Rexingray—later to be Ball Brothers. He worked there till he got sick and passed away in 1943.

Our mother worked at the bank also.

In 1921 another girl, Olive Jean Haas, was born—April 25.

In 1923 another girl, Mayrie Ruth Haas, was born June 16.

We went to Stevensc school—its was on Mock avenue between East 17th and 18th street. Grades 1-3.

I remember all the vacant lots around us. We would play in the
fields. Across 17th in front of our house was a large field where we played baseball and our dog we were running around. I ran into a barbed wire fence that was rusty and in need of repair. I still have the black mark on my leg where I went into it.

There was a street light just West of our house on 17th St. All the neighborhood kids would gather at the light and we would play games like kick-peek-the-car, tag and many other games plus just talk.

We had a very good Christmas each year. Mother would make our clothes today made us a big wooden cabinet and table and chairs bought us dishes and games to play with.

In the Winter we had a playhouse Daddy built. In the Winter coal was stored in the playhouse. In the Summer we'd go, being burned all Winter long to warm our home small but a very loving home. We had a wood stove would scrub it redesigned our play furniture, plus a big chest Mother had in and decorate it. We had dolls tell tales with our furniture Daddy made us.

In later years Daddy dug a basement. He worked hard...
And long but soon he had it done ready to rent it. That Winter the coal was stored in the coal bin in the basement. We didn't have to truck our playhouse any more. We had many many fine days in the Playhouse. When Mother passed away in 1978 it was still in the spot where we played in it.

It was used for storage in later years.

When I was in the 9th grade we had a new baby girl and our little sister. Barbara Jean Haas was the delight of our young minds. We were so happy to have a new baby sister. We wanted a brother, but were very satisfied when we saw her. We were in our bedroom when Barbara was born in Mother and Daddy's bedroom, just a wardrobe away. We got to watch the one nurse clean her up and dress her for the first time. We thought God had sent an angel for us to see. We loved her so much.

We had a fruit filled yard: apples, peaches, grapes, pears, Mulberries, strawberry, cherries. We had so many cherries one year, we cleaned and put them by the tub full. I really don't care for cherries to this day. Mother made pies, jelly and canned a lot of fruit. I remember she used to make lemonade and put cherries in it to make it look pretty appetizing. She made homemade bread - oh delicious, we would go...
around from house to house to sell it. She also baked
parkeries and made big sandwiches. She sold
the sandwiches to the employees of Bell Brothers. They
really did enjoy them.
I also remember she would fix noon meals
for the teachers at Stevenson. They would come
down from their house and eat their lunch.
We went to Industry U.B. Church Sunday School for
many years, then started to Valmier St. Baptist Church.
When Gibson's opened the Skating rink in 1938, everyone
stood around and talked. Barbara fell and skated. Barbara wasn't
injured but did skate. Margerie and I skated all the time.
We met lots of friends, I eventually married Walter, one
that I met at Gibson's. (after ice skating)

Before roller skating we had ice skating at Gibson's
I learned to skate reasonably well and enjoyed it. Mother and
Daddy and Barbara skated too. Mother fell and broke her arm
skating.
Margerie's roller skating at the armory - Selma, Hector
Upper Spring Valley & Gibson's. We ice skated too. at
Gibson's.

We also rode our bicycles on long Sunday rides. Our father
Wouldn't get up a speck - we had to wait till we could afford on ourselves - he said he didn't want to be responsible if we got hurt or st. The traffic was too bad he thought I do respect him for that but you have to be real alert and careful in traffic. I remember Marjorie got her like at Goodyear in Minie. I bought mine at Western Auto, it was grey. Dazey. Marjorie's was blue & white. I sold mine when I was going to Arizona to be with Walter in the Service.

I worked at Wilson's bakery picking white in school next I worked at John Wilson's Bakery store on W. 125 St. I worked at Ball Brothers & Glee. Luxury Tire & Woolworth's as a Navy Inspector. I quit to go with Walter to Colorado Springs Interco. Marjorie, Alice & I joined Church in 1939 being baptized on Easter Sunday service. Mrs. Clark picked us up at home & brought us back home. We went to Sunday School and it served all day.

We went into John Wilson's & I class washed parties & Youth group he was the sponsor. That is when we started skating. The three of us sang in the Church Choir. When the girls went to the service I kept going to church. I married May 29, 1943. I had Cliff Dec. 28, 1944, but him baptized by sprinkling. I went to church 'till Walter was gone.
When he came home, I quit going to church.
When the children were small & living on the big
farm ( cerca ) I started going & taking them to Eaton.
We sold the farm in 1958, bought the Stone House.
Walter & we went to Delville to church. We sold
the house & moved to Delville; I quit going again.
The church moved from Walnut St to St Rd 3 &
changed the name to Shawnee Heights.
I went to the Yorktown Baptist church until that
for a few years.
I went back to our old church again. I became a
deaconess in the missionary group. After Phil died in
Jan 1977 I quit again. I started again 10-11-92 - while
Marjorie was here for a visit. She left for homes on 10-15-92.

We started our married life May 29, 1943. I lived with
Mother till Walter came home from service. 7-15-45. Also
Cliff was born while I was at Mother's 12-38-44.
We rented an apartment from welma & Johnson in Cheyney
St. Walter went back to service after a 30 day leave - he had
just came home from overseas during W.W.II. He went to Calif. to
got to Japan & before he left the Waverleda didn't have to go. He was
out of the army in a short time - he visited Marjorie & Frank & when his discharge was received, he came home 10-13-45
We stayed at Wilma & John's till we found our first home, 116th St. It was a nice house - needed some changes -
a bath room, kitchen change - so few other things. We went to work at CHE. Muncie in Nov. (Before we moved to our house)
Phil was born on 116th St. Oct 10, 1946. Another beautiful healthy baby. I didn't drive, so I didn't go when Walter was at work (he worked night shift 3:30 - 11:00) We sold the house bought 5 acres on E. Centennial, just West of Country Club Rd. Phil was just about 2 years old was gone one day - I looked & looked - got real penny. I found him across the road at a neighbor's house. he wanted to play with their little boy. At the time they were using our old road as a highway. We improved this house and put in a bathroom. So we sold it & bought 30 acres in Dexter. The house was an old schoolhouse not too bad - but the roof leaked like a wet patch. We cleaned it up - remodeled the house & barn. I was slowly learning to be a farm wife. I had to milk the cows - no running water in house - we had a pump house right by the house & had to get our water there. Now, you realize
that next. No bathroom one again. So now here we go again, remodeling, changing the kitchen, adding a bathroom. It was nice except for the ceiling. They were 9 feet high I stood on the top of an 8 foot ladder painting the bedroom ceiling. I could barely reach the ceiling but I got it done.

Janet was born here Dec. 17 1949. We took the baby to Walter's parents. Walter took a short cut to the hospital, got lost, my water broke a mess in the car. Got to the hospital, they didn't prep me, put me in bed in labor room. In just a short time they were taking me to delivery. I said, It's too late, they said, It's too late. They didn't check me till they got me into delivery there Janet was back, with blood rings in her eyes. The first thing they did was put me out. I fought them. I wanted to see what was going on. It is a wonder we end up with our beautiful little girl. I couldn't see her for 3 days. Had surgery the next day. I told doctor I could not see her. I thought she got around her neck twice. Something was wrong with her. But she was ok. Came home on Christmas Eve. I glad to have