

All in the Family  
**Grandparents  
 And Kids**

By Sarah Child



My mother popped in for an unexpected visit last week and after she had left to make the 130-mile trip home, I thought all over again how much our children are missing.

In today's society, one's family can and often does live 3,000 miles away. I consider myself lucky that I am separated by a mere three-hour trip by car.

Still, for the children of this era, grandparents seldom play important roles in their lives. If they are fortunate they may see them on holidays or during a brief summer vacation.

Children do not know the grandparents; grandparents do not know the children.

As a youngster I had one set of grandparents a block away. The other set lived on a farm a half hour away.

My father who worked in a grocery store had Wednesday afternoons and Sundays off.

Saturday nights he worked until 9 p.m. In summer, those Saturday night hours were very meaningful. He would come home for supper and then my mother would take him back to work.

By 8:30, we children were bathed, dressed and overnight clothes packed and we were back in the car sitting under a large, shady maple tree waiting for my father to finish.

The ride in the dark through the country roads always began in pure exhilaration even if it ended in sleep for the children.

We were wakened by the car going over the wooden bridge that spanned the creek that ran along side my grandparents' frame house.

Then the flicker of the kerosene lamp at a window and the door opening to disclose waiting grandparents and a very young aunt.

Grandma would have spent the earlier part of the day making fried cakes for she knew her son-in-law loved them. For the children there were the "holes" from the donuts shaken in a bag of granulated sugar.

On the back of the black monster that was the coal stove, the coffee pot was sending out a fragrance that I can still smell.

In the dining room cupboard would be a yellow egg cake, minus frosting.

Then it was upstairs to bed in rooms none too warm but compensated for by beds covered with the warmest of colorful quilts.

**Cigarette Package  
 Myth Exploded**

The Better Business Bureau reported this week that the National Kidney Foundation had no knowledge of any way in which the saving of empty cigarette packages could lead to the purchase of a kidney machine.

A current rumor has generated calls to the Better Business Bureau and the Kidney Foundation, "and unfortunately, it is merely a cruel hoax on people who think they are doing something worthwhile," the BBB said.

Frequently we children spent long weeks there in the summer, with or without my mother, running through the fields and woods, swimming in the creek in what now seems to be an idyll without parallel.

We congregated at my paternal grandparents' home during winter weekends, never staying overnight for we were so close, but showing up most particularly for the "Sunday dinner" which was more than just eating.

It was a congregation of cousins and aunts and uncles and much talk and the smell of sour wine and heated conversation and falling asleep on couches to wake up with the imprint of Grandma's scratchy crocheted doilies on our cheeks.

It was the pounding of a piano, going out to see Grandma's rabbit hutch and upstairs to take a peek in her cedar chest at old shawls of silk and fringe that had come from across the sea.

If one of us were sick in bed it would usually mean a visit from one or both sets of grandparents. They came on holiday and for no reason at all. They came to see us and we went to see them because we were all part of a bigger family than today's little units.

Now our children wait for good weather to see cousins or visit Grandma. They love them but they don't know them very well.

All because of progress.

**A 'Move-In' Staged  
 At Columbus Civic Center**

Amidst girlish squeals, packing crates, and general confusion, the ninth floor of the Columbus Civic Center became "home" last week for 59 female Rochester Business Institute students.

"The city purchased the girls' former residence at 202 Chestnut St. as part of an urban renewal program," explained RBI president, Bernard Fortunoff.

"We looked at a great many other buildings before deciding on the civic center," he said. "Basically, I think it will prove quite adequate for our needs."

The civic center is just a five-minute walk from RBI, and offers a swimming pool and gymnasium as well as rooms.

Mrs. Dorothy Smith, civic center manager, has redecorated the ninth floor, brightening the rooms with plaid bed spreads and drapes. A room on the third floor has been converted into a lounge where girls may entertain friends. Kitchen

and laundry facilities also have been provided.

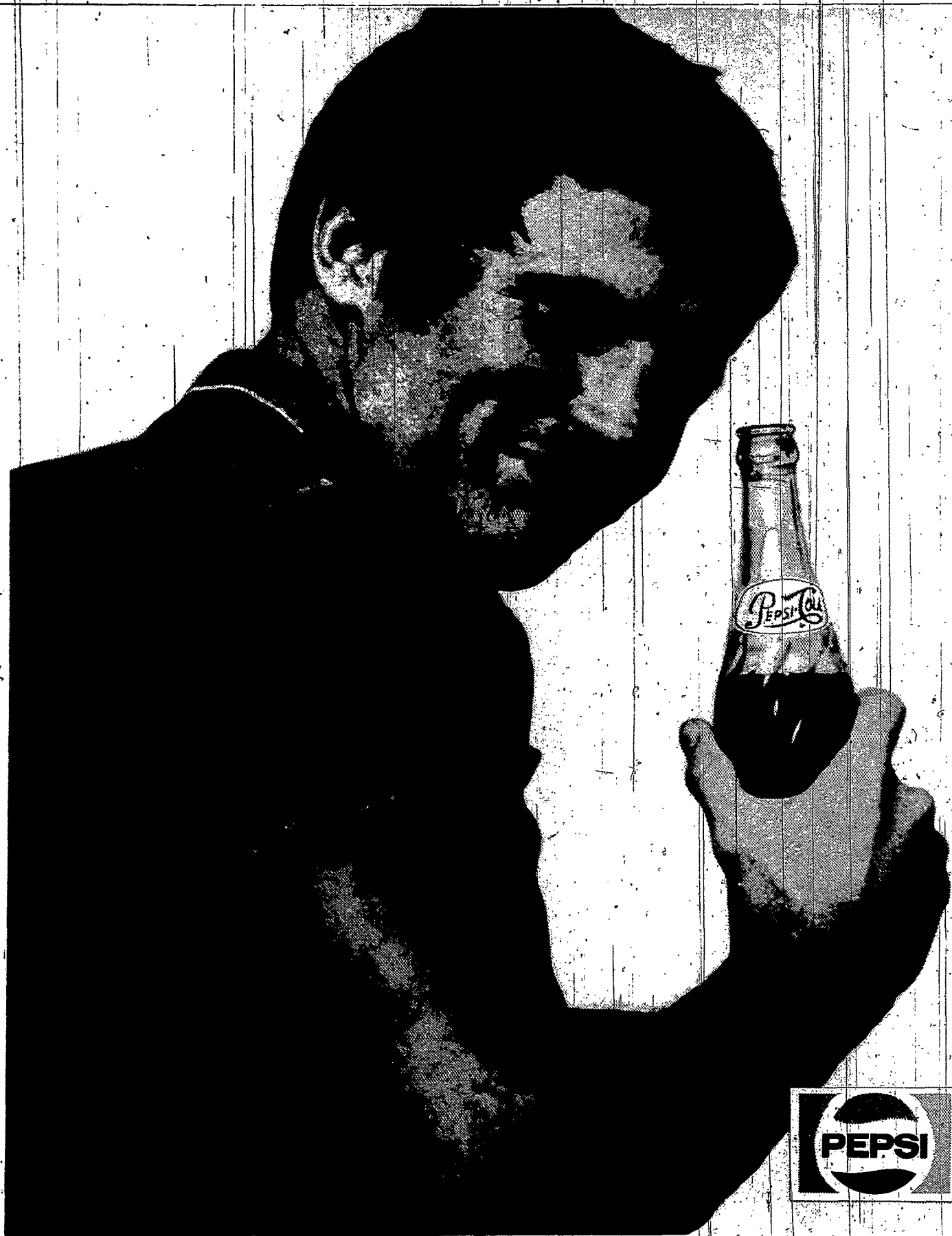
Although their surroundings may have changed, the school's old rules prevail.

Mrs. Margaret Adams, house mother for the 59 young women, explained that the girls have weekend curfews, and must sign out when they leave in the evening. Only immediate family and relatives will be permitted to visit the girls' rooms. Boyfriends must be entertained at the third floor lounge.

Generally the Center's new tenants seemed satisfied with their quarters.

Looking at the scattered luggage, hair dryers, posters and accumulated mementoes of the coeds, Mrs. Adams smiled resignedly.

"After the girls go through this period of adjustment, I'm sure things will work out just beautifully," she said.



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