The next Zephyrhills Historical Association meeting will be held on Tuesday, February 3rd in the meeting room of the Zephyrhills Public Library, 5347 8th Street. The business meeting is scheduled for 6 p.m. and the program is at 7 p.m. Refreshments include drinks, which are provided, and food brought in to share by members.

Speakers

Our presenters for the January meeting were our very own Rod Rehrig and his barbershop quartet, “Solid Gold!” These men donated their time and put on a great show! Those who attended were treated to some terrific tunes and some lively fun.

Our presentation for the February meeting will once again be musical. Elayne Morgan, a PEO sister of Clereen Brunty, who also joined us at our meeting in January will treat us to a brief discussion and some music. Her business card bills her as “Elayne and her Sassy Sax.” Come join us for a fun evening!

From the Desk of the Editor

You’ll notice from the header of our newsletter that we are beginning our seventeenth year of publication. It seems a perfect occasion for me to give a “shout-out” to our previous editor, Margaret Seppanen. In my opinion she, as much as any other individual, kept this organization going. She was Historian for the Zephyrhills Alumni and Friends Association for many years and did a great job there. I’m not sure how many years she and Bill Kustes spent inviting me to join here, but it was several. Margaret is a powerhouse, and she has a true love of history and this community. When she was putting this newsletter together it was literally a “cut and paste” publication. I can only imagine the hours it took her to put this out every month. At any rate I think we owe her a big “Thanks!”

Tuesday, February 24th, is our next Ruby Tuesday Scholarship Fundraiser

We are meeting up at 5 p.m. on that day, but you can come anytime.
Contact Patty Thompson (813-780-8559 – pattycakeclown1@aol.com) for flyer.

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Jeff Miller
Pasco County Historian
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Please consider contributing old photos for the website.
My email address is on the opening page

ZHA Mission Statement
The mission of the Zephyrhills Historical Association is to research, gather, and share local historical information with all generations, through our literature, programs, and scholarships, and to volunteer assistance to the Zephyrhills Depot Museum and WWII Barracks Museum.
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Margaret Seppanen

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Phone: 813-788-2547 email: jerry@pricher.net
Feature Article

Excerpts from a book shared by Louise Lashley & copied by Clereen Brunty

FROM COW CHIPS TO MICROWAVE

Memories of Mae H. McCrery ~ written in 1973

Mae McCrery was born in 1883 in what was then known as the Dakota Territory. If alive today, Mae would be 131 years old. When Mae was 90 years old, she wrote a book on her life’s story on how she ended up in Zephyrhills, Florida. It contains 106 personal memories. She said her life spanned the use of cow chips for energy to the use of microwaves.

Cow Chips

"Except for detested dish washing, the first work that I recall doing was after Mother said, “Mae, I want to iron and the chips are almost gone. Take the gunny sack and get it full of chips. Don’t forget your sunbonnet.”

“I emptied the gunny sack of the few chips by dumping them into the cook stove and put on my sunbonnet, stiffened with past board slats. As I went out to go to the pasture, the dry grass crunched under my hardened bare feet. When I reached the pasture, I was hot and perspiring. There, looking out from out from the sunbonnet that jutted ahead of my face like a tunnel, I began to pull up the chips, hard to pull loose because grass had grown through them. Soon the gunny sack was filled, for I knew by looking at them, which chips were ready for burning.”

“When I arrived at the house, with the bulging gunny sack dragging behind me, Mother had a fire in the stove and the sad irons on the lids. I left the sack of chips by the stove.”

A Prairie Vignette

“To me, an untraveled girl of the prairie, a trip to Chamberlain, eighteen miles away on the Missouri River and a picnic there at Quarnburg’s Mill looked like a trip abroad.”

“When the great day came, Father, Mother and I rode high in the wagon on which sideboards had been put to retain the sacks of wheat piled high inside. A wooden butter bowl held our dinner, wrapped in a red tablecloth and anchored by an iron skillet and a tin pail. The horses plodded, for the load was heavy.”
“It was not long before we were riding in town past small frame houses, the three-storied Taft Hotel crowned with a Mansard roof and the plain Court House, proud of its service to homesteaders. And down the street was Quarnburg’s Mill – a red hulk of a building on pilings at the river’s edge, its blush subdued by siftings of flour from every crevice.”

“Relieved to be out of the wagon, we watched the mill wheel dip and splash the yellow water; then Father took care of the grist and the horses, while Mother dipped a pail full of water to let it settle and fried potatoes over a small bonfire. Meanwhile I spread the tablecloth on the ground and put the food on it.”

“At last we sat down for a simple meal, hungry and thirsty. The water had settled to crystal – natives called it the purest water in the world – and we drank freely. Our fest was the unadulterated food of Dakota pioneers. While we ate, we watched the mighty river. Its clouded waters ran deep and still. In its greatness it was undisturbed by the mill wheel that stole from its power, by the pontoon bridge that bobbed and swayed on its surface, or by the resisting island in midstream. Mother told me that after countless years, the Missouri continued to uncover secrets beneath the prairie and to reveal them in the sculpture of its great valley.”

Teaching Career

“In the fall of 1910, (Mae was now 27 years old), I arrived at a small town in South Dakota to be principal of the high school there. The superintendent told me of the failure of the former principal because she could not control the students. In this way he intimated that my time in the school would be short unless I kept strict discipline.”

“He addressed the students on the first day of assembly and gave directions for them to follow. Students did not need to ask permission to leave the room. Instead, each one leaving the room was to leave his or her name on the rear blackboard and erase it upon return. No two were to be absent at the same time.”

University of Iowa

“Weary after a frustrating day of enrollment in the University of Iowa in September, 1925, I had walked across the campus to secure a required signature of one faculty member of the English department before the Dean’s approval of my planned course for a Master’s degree.”

Move to Zephyrhills, Florida

“I am simply Mae to Zephyrhills folk, where I have lived since 1951, except for a few Southerners who add Miss to it. They say it is a term of endearment.”

The City of Pure Water

“The water tank of Zephyrhills has a huge sign painted on it – “The City of Pure Water”. The water had a taste that everyone likes. For years the City Council has resisted state orders to chlorinate. Recently the legislature passed a law requiring all cities to chlorinate regardless of tests for purity.”
The equipment to do so will be expensive. The expense is minor in comparison to the fact that we must now drink vile-tasting water without any good reason for it. We have never had any sickness resulting from our pure water.”

Two Hairdressers

“My first permanent was given me by a blacksmith. He had accompanied his wife to Chicago when she went there to learn how to give permanents. The beauty school had persuaded him to take the course, too. So he really knew his irons when he took me on. My hair was wound on long steel rods and an electric current turned on. Then distant thunder rumbled. I was fearful all the time lest a sudden clap would end all. The clap didn’t come; the process was a success; but I was almost a nervous wreck.”

“For many years now I have gone to “Kut and Kurl” in Zephyrhills where Bill (the owner) offers service of both hairdressing and entertainment. While he cuts and curls, he tells fantastic tales about things he has done or will do. He often says, “If you believe that, I’ll tell another”. When I leave, I don’t know whether the hairdo or the fun refreshed me more.”

A Lifetime Spinster

“If my early attitudes toward the opposite sex were indicative of what sort of wife I would have been, it’s well I never married.” I was told I used to play house with an imaginary husband that I called “Mr. Hubbany”. Often I was heard saying, “Mr. Hubbany, if you don’t do as I say, I’ll put my foot down.” Where I got the idea of such talk, I don’t know. I’m sure I never heard it at home or in the family. Possibly some visitor had said something to inspire it.”

“In my teens, I witnessed a wedding where the solemn vows ‘as long as we both shall live’ were made. Right then I thought that was entirely too much to promise. I would never promise to do what I might not want to do later. So, instead of thinking of marriage, as most girls do, I turned to other things.”

I Had a Stroke

“It was in the early seventies that I awoke one night to think my left arm was asleep. I raised it with my right hand to rub it into circulation. Released, it fell upon me a dead weight. By that time it was apparent that I had a stroke in the arm and hand.”
“At the phone I was at first puzzled to know how I could hold the receiver and dial at the same time, but by putting the receiver down while dialing, I was able to call Dr. Wilkinson. The good man soon arrived and confirmed my fears, gave me prescriptions and definite instructions and called a neighbor to stay with me overnight and until other help could be had.”

“Onalee and Fred Boege came to stay with me the next day. Onalee is a registered nurse. She gave me a rubber ball to exercise my hand. At first I had to pry open my fingers to insert the ball. Gradually, the forefinger, after several hours, responded slightly to each painful effort. Finger by finger, movement began as the arm, too, could move slightly by itself. It was a happy day when I could toss the ball to Princess, a gay white poodle, who would bring it back to me for another toss until we both were tired out.”

**Honors**

“When I was seventy five, the alumni of Clarksville High School observed "Mae McCrery Day" at which about five hundred attended. On that day there was a program of music and speeches by former students. A reception followed. In addition to the student participation, many other residents of Clarksville showed me courtesies during the week of my stay in the town.”

“At ninety years plus I have had more happy observances of my birthdays than most. Besides, these honors have been given me:

- The City Council of Zephyrhills made me an honorary member of the City Library Board.
- Mrs. I.A. Krusen gave $500 to the Florida P.E.O. Home Fund in my honor.
- Chapter BG of Florida P.E.O. gave $100 to Cottey College in Nevada, Missouri to honor me.

“This note of honors is written only to show my appreciation of all these kind acts. You have made me accept them with deep appreciation and humility.”

**Television in 1950**

“It was about 1950 when I bought my first television set. At the time I believe it was the only private set in Clarksville. The two dealers, however, had them in their shops.”

“One day I called George, a former student, to ask him if he had one to sell. It was not long before he came lugging a Motorola upstairs to my apartment. After putting up an aerial on the roof and making necessary connections, he taught me how to get pictures and sound.”

“Some pictures came in so very weak that it was hard to tell what one was looking at. I recall one that I thought was a field of cabbages. It cleared up to show many hands of people in an audience. The music was usually good. Emma’s little terrier often climbed the stairs to my apartment to listen to it. She would even come up and sit before the set when no program was on.”

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**In Memory of**

Ryals Furniture Exchange
And Great Parents
Powell & Maude Ryals

From son James

God Bless America
“Upstairs, the callers would pile their coats on my bed and seat themselves on the floor to watch the pictures. When games were on, they asked to use the radio and cut off the television sound. ‘The radio tells more’, they would say.”

“Those were happy hours for me. I know of no programs of that day that are on today. Ed Sullivan is on no more. Only one person that I saw then is much in evidence today. Ronald Reagan lived in Iowa at that time and often appeared as a dramatic speaker. No one thought then that he would ever be such a prominent man – certainly not an aspirant for the Presidency. We Iowans should be proud of him.”

“What changes a little more than two decades have made in television. An expert’s list might be complete, but here are some changes I think of now: Multiple choice of stations, color, Telstar, transistors to replace some tubes, instant warm up and a variety of programs (day or night) channeled through an aerial on a ground pole. I have my fourth set today – a Motorola.”

The Microwave Range

“Now that I’m a nonagenarian some of my vim and vigor has disappeared. I’m fast becoming, as Shakespeare might say, ‘sans everything’. The thought of a nursing home doesn’t appeal to me. I want to stay in my home. To do this I must hire help for work too hard for me. Besides, help comes from convenience foods, a stove with a self-cleaning oven, a washer-dryer combination, a frostless refrigerator and a microwave range. That microwave wonder! Callers are almost forced to see it and hear me tell how it makes little food molecules change position two billion, four-hundred and fifty million times a second.”

“Always conservative, now I’m old-fashioned with long dresses while mini gowns are worn and a hair style of yesterday. I’m nether lib or anti-Nixon and my Victorian upbringing refuses to laugh at some present day jokes. It amuses my friends, therefore, to find me with present day gadgets. They accuse me of being ultra-modern. To add to their jesting, my good pastor gave me a clipping that showed a family with bowed heads at the breakfast table. Below were these words:

“Thank you, Lord, for this minute oatmeal, this instant coffee, the Redi-Quick cocoa and the pop-up waffles. In haste, Amen.”
LOUIE TAKES HIS SHOW ON THE ROAD

Louie Holt presented his picture collection “From Abbott to Zephyrhills” to the Pasco Historical Association on January 16, 2015. Clereen and Margie were in attendance, and I’m pretty sure he was warmly received. Madonna Wise is the current president and also a member and advertiser in our association. Keep in mind that we are looking to expand awareness of our association with these presentations, so if you can think of some group who might be interested let us know!

A New Meeting Location

I’m not sure how long we have been meeting at the Depot Museum since it was already the meeting place when I came onboard, but I know it’s been several years. While the Depot Museum is a wonderful place, wonderfully maintained, and certainly an appropriate place for any historical association to meet, it has come to feel a bit cramped recently. We are pleased to be able to move to a new location starting this month, since the new Zephyrhills Public Library is finally completed.

It's been a long road. I've been serving on the Library Board for almost two decades now, and for most of that time we have been working toward this goal. Vicki Elkins and her staff, and before her, Kathleen Burnside and her staff, have worked diligently securing funds through grants and constantly pushing the City Council to move toward a bigger and better library for our fair city. Their hard work, the cooperation of city officials, and Penny For Pasco funds have finally brought it all to fruition, and Zephyrhills has a new library all of us can be proud of. Those of you who have not seen the new library are truly in for a treat!

Clereen sent along some pictures of the library over the years, so I will share them here to give you an idea of how far we’ve come. I look forward to seeing you all there for our next meeting.