

When the 6 o'clock train went south last Saturday evening an era of postal railway service to North East came to an end.

Beginning Monday, trucks will carry mail to and from the local post office.

With the end of this service some nostalgic memories come to mind.

Probably the most vivid is the sight of Bob Reynolds pushing his hand cart up the street to meet the trains, a job he performed for 38 years, from 1902 until 1940. When the ground was covered with snow he pulled a big sled loaded with the mail, and despite his handicap of only one arm, made six round trips a day, representing twelve miles daily walking from

his home.

After his death, the job was taken by Charles Brown, a nephew, and he modernized the service somewhat by using a Mod. A truck.

When his services were required in other parts by Uncle Sam in 1942, the job and truck was taken over by the writer's father, J. C. Rhudy, and he held the position, except for one brief period until it was discontinued last Saturday.

Diminishing train service made the trucking of the mail inevitable, but with the loss of mail service goes another link with the past.