

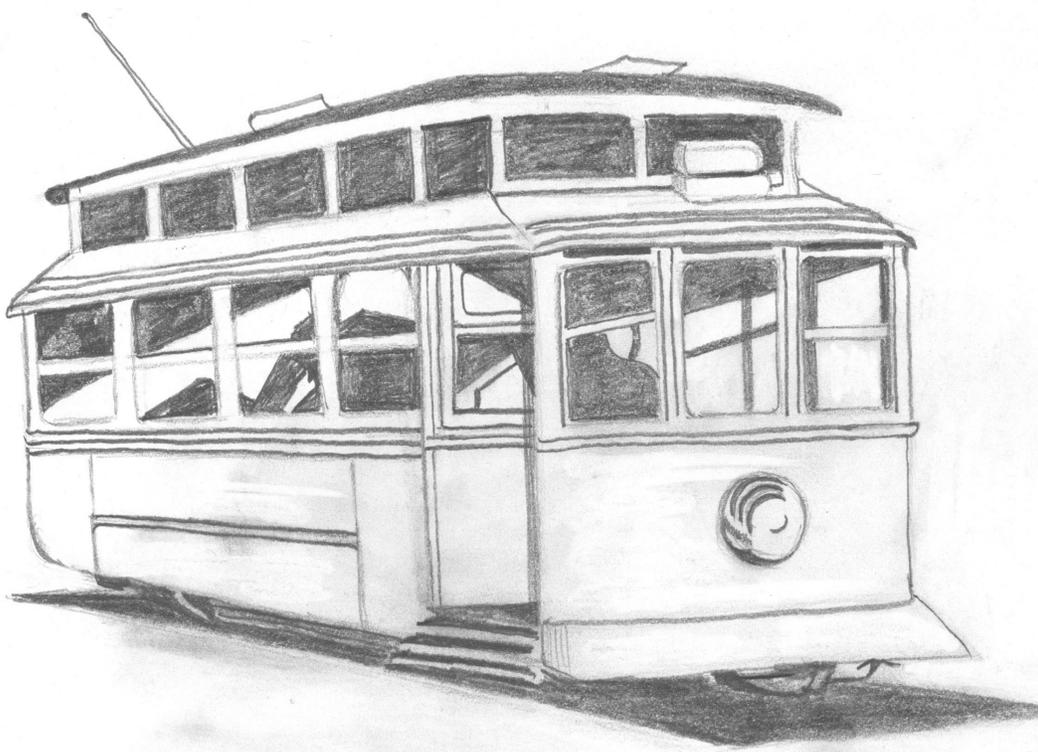
WINSTON, N.C., 1909—The family didn't wait long before the streetcar came down the tracks toward them.

The streetcar arrived without the noise that the train made or the racket of the few new automobiles that caused so much commotion in town. Except for the clanging of the bell as it approached them, the streetcar was quiet. It had a long pole on the top that reached up like an arm to the electric wires above and carried the power to speed the streetcar down the tracks.

When it stopped, Papa lowered Jack to the ground and stepped up into the streetcar. He spoke to the motorman standing at the front. "I have all my family with me," he announced as he paid the fare, "and we're headed to Nissen Park for the rest of the day."

The others crowded in behind him. Cal was pushing for the best seat. "Let me sit by the window," he said as he pressed past everyone to get there.

Inside the streetcar, the wood and brass gleamed, and the breeze blew through the open window. The passengers laughed and chattered. As they rode, Helen could see around Cal to the stores and warehouses downtown.



*Streetcar*

At the courthouse square, they made a turn onto Main Street and headed out beyond the edge of town.

After they got off at the park, Harry looked for Alan. "He's over there," Papa said as he pointed to the end of the streetcar line where Alan was watching the driver take down one pole and put up another.

"Come on," Harry shouted to him. "We're waiting for you!"

As Alan joined them and grabbed his side of the trunk, he looked over his shoulder at the streetcar. "Isn't that smart?" he commented. "The streetcar won't have to turn around. Now the rear

motor will drive it, and the back will be the front."

Mother had walked down a hill with Mabel and Bradley to a spot near a big oak tree. They had already spread a cloth on the ground when Harry and Alan came with the dinner. The picnic was a treat of sandwiches, cold chicken and pickles. The chips were salty and delicious, and the apple pies were as good as Mabel had hoped.

After dinner, Harry and Alan went to explore the park with their cousin, Richard, and a friend of theirs. Jack fell asleep with his head in Mother's lap, but the other children left to watch the boys' bowling on the grass and

going to be singing during the band program!" he exclaimed. "The director saw that our quartet was here tonight and asked if we could perform. Of course, we said we could."

Alan's quartet sang their special version of, "In the Good Old Summertime."

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On the way home in the streetcar, Helen and Cal were tired and shared a seat in silence. Helen was thinking of the song Harry and Alan had sung at the bandstand. Summertime was the carefree time that she loved the best. It was the time to be on the porch and in the yard, trample through the woods with Papa on a Sunday afternoon and share a picnic in Nissen Park.

Summer was almost over, and school would begin soon. Helen worried that school would be difficult for her this year. She had missed many days during the quarantine and while she recovered from her burn. She would be behind the others in her grade.

Then she remembered what a fortuneteller at the park had said that day. "You will go far. I see that you will grow up to help others. You may become a teacher or perhaps a nurse." Well, she couldn't do either of those without school. The fortune was worth the penny she had paid.

**next chapter—What's in the store?!**

*Adapted and reprinted with permission. Written by Helen Marley based on her mother's stories; illustrated by Thorne Worley. Provided by the N.C. Press Foundation, Newspapers in Education.*

**ACTIVITY:** The Sharp family enjoyed their picnic in the park. Use grocery ads to choose foods for and figure out the cost of a picnic for your family and/or friends.

**HISTORY:** Located at the end of streetcar lines, parks attracted riders, offering such activities as music, picnics, games rides, bowling, zoos and movies. When cars and buses displaced streetcars, the parks closed.