

HARRY SACHSE

- o Resident from 1943 to 1945
and since 1976
- o Eaton student 1943
- o 50 years old

In about 1943, when my father was in the Army, stationed in Washington, we lived on Ordway and 34th Street. We didn't have enough gas rationing for the car so my father decided that we had to move into the District from Virginia, because he couldn't commute to work and back.

I think Cleveland Park was pretty well developed then, because most of these houses were built by the 1930's at the latest. But on the south side of Ordway, just East of 34th, I don't think there were any houses. I can remember we used to play in a ravine, where there used to be some big old deserted house that we thought of as a haunted house. It may have been the house that is now the National Child Research Center. All the kids would go wandering around in the deep woods.

I went to John Eaton School the second half of the fourth grade. John Eaton was about a year ahead of the school in Alexandria, so when I got into the fourth grade here I didn't know a thing the kids were doing.... multiplication tables....with flash cards. My biggest physical memory of it was that it was very hot. We were packed in these steamy schoolrooms.

I remember the teacher was a woman, who seemed middle-aged to me, which probably meant she was about twenty-five. The school was all white.... a segregated school. My guess is that the students were all from the neighborhood. Some of them to me seemed very tough. I remember I learned a lot of new dirty words.

I also was a patrol boy....I think on the corner of Newark and 34th. It was good to be a patrol boy, but it was bad not to be on the corner of the school, because you had to depend on the other patrol boys to signal to you when it was time to come in. And if they decided to play tricks on you, you'd be out there after school had started.

I can remember getting lost walking from John Eaton School to my house on Ordway and 34th Street. Somehow I got turned around and I went up Macomb Street, thinking it was 34th Street, and ended up on Wisconsin Avenue. I remember it as one of those real times of terror.

Wisconsin Avenue and Connecticut Avenue looked almost exactly the same as they do now. They were busy streets and a lot of the same stores were there. Reno didn't seem much different to me....pretty heavily traveled. I guess it wasn't bumper to bumper.