

Adam and Eve



Sharon, Michele and Jim Roberts

Jim and Sharon Roberts met each other when Jim won another promotion with F.W. Woolworth Variety Stores in 1970. Each year since joining the company he had been moved up to a more responsible position. This time he was made manager of a Woolworth's in a suburb of Baltimore.

Sharon had been bookkeeper at this store for six years and like the other employees was curious about what kind of person the new manager would be.

When she first saw the new manager she was surprised how young he was, and how slim.

As she got to know him better she was constantly surprised how broad his interests were; including water skiing and motorcycling.

No romance on job

But there was no hint that the new young manager had any romantic interest on his very able bookkeeper.

It was Jim's strict policy never to get romantically involved with any of his employees.

Several weeks after Jim became manager of the store, another Woolworth's in downtown Baltimore was having trouble with its accounting and Jim volunteered to lend his skilled bookkeeper, for a while, to the other store.

Loses bookkeeper

The manager of the other store was impressed by Sharon's abilities; he offered her a 35 per cent salary increase if she would come to work for him permanently.

Sharon accepted, and Jim was without a bookkeeper. He hired a new bookkeeper, and then another, and still another. No one could be found to fill Sharon's shoes at the store.

In desperation he called Sharon and asked her to stop in at his store after work and help him try to straighten out the books.

Sharon agreed, and every evening she stopped at Jim's store, which was near her home, and went over the records with him.

A place to eat

On evening after working late together, Jim said, "Well, I guess I'll have to look for a place to eat tonight."

Sharon said, "Why don't you come to my place for dinner?"

Jim accepted her invitation—and their relationship stopped being purely professional.

Married

One year after becoming manager of the Baltimore store, Jim was transferred to the new Woolworth store in Park City, Lancaster. Weekends he travelled to Baltimore to see his former bookkeeper.

One year after coming to Lancaster, Jim and Sharon were married and she moved into his apartment near Landisville.

Moving up

But Jim's successful career with Woolworth's took him next to Bradford, Pa., where he was made manager of a new store in the shopping mall there.

Jim and Sharon bought their own home on a mountainside with a beautiful view of the wooded peaks around.

Michele arrives

A year after coming to Bradford their daughter Michele was born.

With Michele, Jim and Sharon started to think about their life.

Every year Jim had been moving up in the Woolworth company. The next logical move from a 30,000 square foot store in Bradford would be to a store in a big city, Philadelphia or New York.

A new life

They didn't want to bring Michele up in a big city. They wanted to live closer to their parents families, Jim's in York and Sharon's in Baltimore. And they wanted to have their own business.

Jim investigated a number of business opportunities and finally decided on opening a Western Auto Store in Mount Joy as the best opportunity of all. From having lived in Lancaster they knew Mount Joy well.

Mount Joy

They sold almost everything they owned, property, stocks, bonds, etc., took

their savings out of the bank and put it all into their new business in Mount Joy.

In 1974 Jim, Sharon, and Michele moved into Harvestview Apartments in Mount Joy and opened their new Western Auto store.

A "new" house

They wanted their own house but having put all their money into their new business, they could not afford anything very nice. They purchased one of the most run-down houses in Mount Joy at 123 West Main Street. Before they bought the place last spring it had been inhabited by the Sons of Satan, who parked their bikes in the living room and who used to startle neighbors by revving up their motors indoors in the middle of the night.

Jim and Sharon's parents had always been impressed by their children's good sense, but they wondered what had gone wrong when they saw their "new" house.

Transformation

In a month's time, however, Jim and Sharon had fixed up the house enough to move in. In two and a half months' time it was almost completely done over.

In that short time the appraised value of the house almost tripled.

Neighbors help

The miracle of transforming the house from a wreck into a truly beautiful home was accompanied by Jim and Sharon working around the clock, sometimes till 5 a.m. It was also accomplished with the help of neighbors who pitched in, sometimes as many as nine at a time, eager to assist their new neighbors. Harvey Stoner, next door at 121 West Main, worked many hours each day and also gave the Roberts lots of practical advice.

Jim and Sharon Roberts have a whole new life, of their own choosing and their own doing.



Jim working on the roof

Timberdoodles spied

by J. L. Biesecker

A dreary, damp darkness was settling into night as I drove past the State Game Lands at Mount Gretna last Thursday evening. Although I was heading home from work to a waiting supper, I pulled off the road when I spotted an old doe and a yearling sneaking along the edge of the nearby woods.

As I got out of the car to watch the deer a little more carefully, a brown blob suddenly burst into the air several feet away from me. Whistling wings and a familiar peeping sound registered in my startled mind, telling me that a Timberdoodle was airborne. Several more exploded into the air in quick succession, flying off in different directions. In the next several minutes eight or more of the little fellows flew over; their

unique silhouettes against the late evening sky confirmed that these were indeed Woodcocks.

Woodcocks (Timberdoodles) are small (8 1/2 inches long) with short legs and tail, but with a long thin bill.

Wood brown feathers with black bars help them blend into the background. Since the Woodcock eats mainly earthworms they can most frequently be found in damp, but not wet, bottoms and thickets.

Migratory flights of Woodcocks pass through this area each fall on their way to the Gulf Coast after summering in eastern Canada and New England. My experience indicates that the greatest numbers come through eastern Pennsylvania in early November. However, only small numbers actually stop over in the Donegal area. Each year I

manage to get some shooting at these interesting, and tasty, little fellows.

Although they fly slower than the pheasant or grouse, the Timberdoodle is often considered a more difficult target by many shotgunners. This is due, in part, to their ability to dip and twist as they fly out in front of a surprised hunter. The small size of the bird also enables them to fly through holes in the pellet pattern.

Switching to a smaller size of shot will increase the number of birds in your game bag. Quick reactions also assist in taking birds. Whistling wings and the unique peeping of the startled Woodcock are usually heard before the bird is seen. With this warning, one can usually bring the gun up quickly and shoot deliberately. Of course, all of this is easy to say, but remembering to do it all at the right time is difficult.

Everyone should go out

looking for our stocky little visitors in the next week or so. The non-hunter will capture the thrill of the sight of a skittering Timberdoodle, while the hunter will appreciate the flavor of Woodcock slowly simmered



drawing by J. L. Biesecker

in butter and red wine. Cold weather pushes them on to Louisiana all too soon, but we can relax in the knowledge that the little fellow will return again in late February, forcasting the rebirth of Spring.