

Family and Mohr's Bakery
By Bob Gorman

We lived at 86 Linden St. when I was growing up. The family moved to 770 Main St. when I was in college. We lived upstairs over the gas station.

86 Linden St. was a block away from the gas station but directly behind it. But they were different levels. Linden St. was about 30 feet higher than Main St.

Behind the gas station was a large building – part barn, part wood, part brick, part 1 story flat roof, part 2 story hip roof, at least 30 feet high. This was Mohr's Bakery.

The Mohrs lived next to the Bakery at 18 Gorman Place. Gorman Place ran from Main St. to Linden St.

The brick part of the Bakery consisted of an office – bakery sales with display cases – behind that were the huge brick ovens and the larger tables where the bakers put together their concoctions. It was all done by hand. There was also a large warming room where the bread products were given time to rise. Then there was a packaging room. I remember there being a bread slicer which I think was a relatively new innovation and then there was a process where you rolled the bread in wax paper and put it into the space between two hot ends which melted the wax and sealed the bread.

Then on the far end of the building was where they loaded the wagons or trucks. I do not remember ever seeing horse drawn wagons, but across the yard there was a

large 2 story barn. The horses had been kept on the lower level. The wagons were kept on the upper level.

I remember when I was very young, 5-8 years old, running over the hill at 5 o'clock in the morning and watching/helping them load the trucks. It was not unusual to be the beneficiary of a stale cupcake.

Near the packaging room and off the loading area there were two special rooms. One was below ground. It was like a cold storage room where jellies and butter etc. were kept. Above that was a room that was tightly sealed and had a very good wood walk-in (?). I do not remember what was in there. Probably things like condiments etc.

One time I remember well was when I was probably 10 or 12. I know it was in the middle of the depression. The Mohrs took over a bakery in Hartford or West Hartford. It was called (?) or Pilgrim. The Mohrs bought six ^{NEW} ~~men~~ trucks which delivered door to door. They had a big Grand Opening night with a country western band. People were eating the pastries, the bakers were baking their goodies at the big tables – people were dancing, and I particularly remember one of the violinists. He was playing so hot that he wore out the bow strings. He even had a replacement set of strings. It was a real fun night and something I had never experienced.

As I said, the Mohrs lived next door to the bakery. There were 2 boys and 3 girls. Freddie was a year or two younger than I. Howard was a year or 2 older. We played together a lot. Once in a while I slept over. Their bedroom was like wall to

wall beds. Two double beds. It was not unusual to have a baker or a route driver share a bed.

I remember one day somebody had acquired an ice cream maker and we made ice cream on a summer afternoon at my side yard.

One prank they used to pull on visitors when you stayed over was when you used the bathroom, they would have you hold on to the sink and pull the chain on the electric light. Well I lived to tell the story.

We also on many days sat on the Mohr's porch, which faced Main St., and played games or could see the actions on Main St. Summertime was always an enjoyable time.

However, the expansion of the bakery was not successful and it didn't seem too long before the bakery closed. The Mohrs moved to Coventry. I don't think I ever saw the boys after that. They were a good family.