**Grandma Tape 1 Side 1**

I'm trying to recall the things that happened to me in the last 80 some years, I've had a very good life. Many things have happened that I didn't understand, or that I thought was a little cruel, but all in all, I've had a good life. God has been so good to me.

I don't remember much before the age five. We lived in a big house on Neil's Creek road that my grandfather and father built in 1899, the year my parents were married.

I had a brother, Lyle, and a sister, Fern, and all three of us went to the Swamp School. I only went for a little while. I didn't stay all day because I was just in what would be now the Kindergarten. And I came home early. I remember one day coming home that I stopped to play. The horses and buggies had made the dirt in the road fine, like flour. And I just love to play in that fine dust alongside the road and pile it up to make little hills and valleys and little roads through it. That was my fun time. But my mother got worried because I wasn't home when I should be. So she came down to see where I was and she brought a little switch with her.

I remember I didn't like that at all but I never did it again.

My father and grandfather ran a feed mill down to the foot of the hill on another road by our house. I used to like to go in there and hear the big roar the wheels turning. They had dammed up Neil's Creek, the Creek that ran down and back by our house that the road was named after. And made falls that it ran over, to run the wheels of the big mill.

And I thought it was great fun to go in there and watch the men working and hear that roar. I never got in very far because I was always afraid that I'd fall into one of the big holes where they entered the feed and get ground up, like the feed did. My brother was 13 at that time and he had finished the eighth grade there in the Swamp School and my parents wanted him to go to high school and there was no way to get there unless you went every day with a horse and buggy. Very few people went beyond the eighth grade in the rural districts. No bus systems like there are today. So they decided they'd have to move to Hornell so that he could have his schooling.

I remember we piled all the furniture we had on a big wagon drawn with horses, of course. And we went to Hornell on top of the wagon. They had tied a big rocking chair that I loved and I think back on it now it must have looked like the Beverly Hillbillies looked when they went to California. It was an interesting time to me and I suppose a very trying time to my mother. First place we lived in Hornell was on North Main Street. I remember that house was different because you went in the back door and that was a kitchen. Then you went upstairs and the living room and bedroom for up there. It was different than any house that I'd ever been in, in my short life.

I went to the Washington school and I lived on North Main Street. I don't remember anything about it. All I know is it must have been like Kindergarten is nowadays. We started to learn to read and do math and so forth. Then we moved to Kansas Avenue. There I went to the Irving school. My grandfather always lived with us and it was a trying time for all our family, because there was not much work.

My father would have jobs that lasted a little while and then we'd be out. He'd be out of work. And I remember it was very trying time for my mother to try to make ends meet. And it was a hard time for my grandfather too. He had always been a hard working man and to just sit around and do odd jobs, wasn’t about his way of living.

He used to walk in the other parts of the city and visit cousins that he had there. It was, that was his one joy to go and walk and visit people.

World War I was on at that time, it didn't affect our family personally, but we had, my father had cousins in the war and we used to wonder about them. One of them never left the States, but the other one was over in Germany. We used to always listened to the news and wonder if he was all right. The war ended in 1918 and that was a big day of celebration.

I remember we walked up and down the street and pounded tin cans and I really didn't know much about what it was, why we were doing that. But of course, I thought it was fun to pound the tin cans. So we walked up and down the street, did that and celebrated in our own little area. I had other little girls to play with there. We played house a lot of the time I remember we wheeled our baby carriages up and down the street pretended to visit each other and like little girls do.

I went to the Irving school here and I stayed there until the beginning of the fourth grade. Then we moved to Florence Street where we stayed five years. And there I made other friends. I remember the school there much better. I had teachers that I thought lots of, especially my fifth grade teacher. I thought she was really something.

I don't expect that she was any better teacher than any of the rest. But to me, she was really something. I enjoyed her so much. I remember I gave her my picture. I've thought since I wonder if she ever cared about it, but she made a big deal of it. When I came back to school after Christmas vacation she just hugged me and said, Oh, she just loved my picture. She was just one of those kind of people that made you feel like you were special.

Everybody skated to school there. Or, everybody. But I think most everybody did. It was something we just did. And we skated nights on the sidewalks and we had skates that fastened on our shoes with a key, which we wore around our neck. And that was sort of a status symbol. If you had a key around your neck, that meant you had a new pair of skates and you were you, that was something special.

I have to think it must've been a trying time to the teachers because when we'd get there, we'd take off our skates and bring them in, line them up outside the room we lived in, went to school and, and we'd pile the skates along the wall. It must've been a clanging noise for those teachers to put up with. At the time, I didn't even think of it being anything, but that's the way kids are.

I had a friend there named Helen Gunther. She was about two years younger than I was, but we had lots of fun together. Her parents had much more money than my parents did, but that didn't seem to matter then. He owned a silk Mill company and so they used to go to the things going on at the country club, which was the elite people's meeting together there ain Hornell.

And sometimes they'd bring favors home for Helen and I. She had a brother named Henry that was just my age. I remember because he graduated in the same class I did, and he always sort of picked on us, like older brothers do, like we were not very important people on the earth. But we had lots of fun together.

I remember his parents went to some kind of a ball there at this country club and there were balloons all over so they brought a ballon home for each of us, for Helen and I, and one of them had a hole in it. And so. They weren't looking at, I mean, thinking oh, one's got a hole in and Henry, the boy, piped up and said, "This one with the hole in it's going to last longer than the other one. So we ought to give that to Dorotha." Even then at that age I knew that that was not true. I knew that the balloon would break quicker than the one without a hole, but what could I say? I was not the one making the choice. I've always laughed about that, thinking I wouldn't know enough to know that that balloon would break quicker than the other one. But there were lots of fun things we did there.

I knew her through high school, but she wasn't in with the group that I know very much, but she was always friendly. We stayed friends through school.

My grandfather still continued his walking. There was a family that was cousin to him that lived not far from us there. He used to go down there quite often, stay for supper and visit them and come home and it was a little break in his routine. One time he came home and said, well, I won't be going there again. And my mother said, why was that?

She's been eating dried apples.

I pondered that in my mind, but I guess it wasn't important enough for me to ask why I probably wouldn't have been told anyway, because we didn't talk about those things. That meant that she was pregnant, in his way of talking. I never did know why I couldn't ever see, since then, I don't see any connection, but his term for somebody being pregnant was that they ate dried apples.

At this time, my father had bought out a livery and delivery system from a man named Page. He bought the horses and he made new wagons that could deliver the groceries and the dry goods and it had different sections for it. And then the lower section, where you could put kerosene oil because most everybody bought that to run their, start their fires and some still had kerosene lights, although of course Hornell had electricity. So he ran this delivery system. He also had a livery system where people could rent horses and go for a ride if they want to, just for the fun of it or to go somewhere if they didn't have cars. Most people had cars, but lots of families didn't and they liked to go visit somewhere they'd rent a horse.

Streetcars were our main source of getting from one place to another. I can remember riding on a streetcar. Several times we went to Canisteo that way to visit relatives down there and we went from our house to our street in Hornell if for some reason we had a lot to carry or something, we took a street car. It only cost 10 cents and we'd ride as far as you want to on that 10 cents, as far as that particular track went.

These were happy times. I remember thinking back as I think back now, these were all happy times. Of course, I was always happy because my mother saw to it that I had good times and didn't have anything to worry about.

Then things began to change. The stores bought trucks for their deliveries, so they no longer needed my father. And one by one, the different stores would buy a truck, so he wouldn't have their work. And it got so there was nothing left but the livery system and that he didn't make enough on. It was a sad time, ‘cause there were, he had a lot of work. There was Tuttle and Rockwell, Babcock, and Davidson. They were the two big dry goods stores. There was no store that carried everything like the malls do now. Woolworths 5 and 10 was the closest to that. You could get a variety of things there, but the main ones that you bought your clothes or cloth from, were those two stores.

I was ready, then we had moved to Oak Street then and I was ready for the seventh grade. I remember that area of town was where the wealthy people lived that went to the Colombian school. They were always very, friendly, and nice to me, but I still kept with the friends and Brant school. I didn't live too far from some of them and I still kept friends with them.

I graduated from the Colombian school and was ready to start high school. By this time Lyle and Fern had both graduated from high school. And we moved back to Haskinville area and lived down the Neil's Creek road in our old house where I had lived when I was born. My father worked for the road. They were building the Stroughsenbough?? Highway then, the one that goes from Hornell to Wayland. And he worked on that quite a lot of the time. He bought horses with them and there they needed horses to pull where now they have the big trucks, but then he worked there with his horses for a time. I really don't know how long. And he had other the jobs around.

We had cows, so we had our milk. We had a garden, so we could can our food and we had chickens, so we had eggs and we got along all right. I don't remember that it was a hard time there, just different.

Lyle got a job working for a newspaper there in Hornell. It was a branch of the Elmira advertiser in the Hornell area. And he was a reporter for that paper. Fern got a job in the First National Bank after she graduated from high school. So that was nice for her. She had new friends there and she enjoyed her work there a lot. She was always good in math. I never was. So working in the bank was right down her alley.

Now it was time for me to go to high school. We tried to figure out a way that I could go. There was a cousin that lived there. Another one of my father's cousins and she had small children. So she said I could come there and work for my board.

I remember I washed dishes and folded clothes and dusted and did odd jobs that needed doing. And I stayed there till October, and then they moved to Canisteo so I had to find some other place to live. There was a lady who I had a family of children. I went there, I liked it there, they were Italians. And that was sort of new to me because I didn't know very many Italian families, but they were, I enjoyed it there. And I loved the baby. She had a little girl about eight, nine months old. Then she got real sick and had to go to the hospital and they had to hire a full-time person to come in because they had five children. So then I went and stayed with Aunt Jenny. My uncle Will was my mother's brother and they lived just outside of Hornell.

And so he worked at Hornell????? Toys, bring me down in the morning. Then at night, I go over to where my sister boarded and stay till it was time to meet him, to ride back home with him to his house. I liked it there. And Jenny was always a lot of fun and she had two children Orville and Anice. Anice got married while I was there.

And that was an exciting time.

I always went home weekends, usually went home weekends. My father would come with a horse and buggy and horse and cutter and get me. I enjoyed my weekends home. It was a lot of fun around Haskinville. We didn't have much of any social life, but I used to go down next door to the Pawlings, two maiden sisters that lived there, we just played games and mine enjoyed being there.

And there were other kids around the neighborhood. It was sort of a central place for them to come. We used to play Coca Nole and, checkers, and games like that. And then that would take up my Fridays and Saturdays I would have a laundry to do and regular housework to do. On Sundays we always went to church. We always walked to church.

There wasn't any reason to hitch up a horse to go to church. It was only a little over a mile. We always walked. I've thought of it since, people wouldn't think of doing it now, but of course it wouldn't be safe to do it now; it's hard to walk along a country road. It isn't wide enough. And with cars like they are, it's really not good to be walking along the road.

Then summer came and that was the usual things going on Sunday School, picnic, and family reunions. There was always the Hornell fair. We always went to that. We always took a horse, but many people did. Most everybody had a car, but still was a lot of horses on the road and we enjoyed that. I used to love to go to that.

That was discontinued, but I can't remember when that was, but I know the first few years that I went to high school it was on and we came every summer.

In the fall, when I came to go back to school. My sister had rented a room in a house and we cooked our own meals. And I lived with her. That was a nice time. My sister was always so good to me. She did for me so many nice things I thought afterwards. I never appreciated it. I just took it for granted.

I always went home on the weekends. And so I didn't get in on the sports or anything like that. It would have been nice. I would love to play basketball. Though I was not very good, but I could have gotten better I'm sure. But I just didn't ever stay there for any of the practices or any of the games. So I was not involved in sports at all.

I made friends there in Hornell of course, in my classes, I had a good time and I got along well in school and never had any problem with getting good marks in school.

I liked history and geography and English; now history and geography is called social studies. But back then it was two different subjects. And I always got along well in those subjects. I liked them, and that was my big thing. Math was never my high point in my life.

I hated algebra. I remember I liked geometry, but that wasn't math to me; that was solving puzzles. To this day I love to solve puzzles.

The next year we moved to another place. We couldn't do our own cooking there, but I remember it was $8 a week for both of us at that place. It's unreasonable, but of course she only made about $24 a week. So that was a lot of money to her. I did some babysitting, but not much. Most everybody had a grandmother or an aunt or an older child to do their babysitting. Once in a while, I'd go places and watch their children while they went to a banquet or something like that. Social life wasn't as active back then as it is nowadays, people stayed home most of the time.

I made friends with a girl named Louise Graham. We stayed friends up until the time she died later in life. But we were good friends back then; she was the oldest of big family. So she had lots of work to do. I used to go over the evening and wipe dishes or help her with whatever work she had to do so she could have more time to do what we wanted to do. And I did that a lot. We enjoyed each other and it was a fun time for us.

Fern and I enjoyed each other. Ever in the winter sometimes the roads would be so bad that I wouldn't go home for the weekend. And I would go to the First Baptist church with her. And there was always things there to do in the evening during the week. They had social clubs that they went to they made favors for the banquets that were are coming up and they did fun things and I was always invited to do those things.

Uncle Harry, my mother's brother, another brother, lived there in Hornell. Now his wife had died and so he was all alone and he used to like to go to the movies, but he didn't like to go alone. So he would take Fern and I to them.

My brother was living in Canisteo at that time. He was engaged to a girl named Francis VanSkiver and they got married during that time. They didn't have a wedding. They just went to the minister with their attendants and got married; and they lived in Canisteo. Once in a while weekends that I didn't go home, we'd go down there for the weekend. Very rarely but I remember that we did, and that was, we enjoyed that.

In my junior year, the officials of the school decided that they were no longer allowed football to be played in the Hornell high school. And that really raised the rumpus. Some of the students loved football and all the other schools around are still allowed to have it. And they didn’t think that it was at all fair.

So the student council voted to have a strike and a strike we did. We marched up and down the streets with banners at read "Citizens awake. Why paid taxes when we future citizens are denied rights." The storekeepers came out with baskets of apples and oranges and they clapped and the whole town thought it was hilarious, but the faculty and the principal and superintendent did not think it was funny at all.

Some of the students went to school because their parents made them go. I remember there was a minister, had three sons in the school and he was taught that he should set an example. So he drove him to school and they went in one door and out the other, I think he probably knew they would, but he had to do what he thought was the proper thing for a minister parent to do. The one boy was one of the leading players on the football team and he just felt terrible to be left out, not allowed to play.

After this, the high school officials relented and they let football back into their curriculum and it's still played there today, according to all the news we hear in the papers. There were headlines in the paper all around about our strike in Hornell high school. And when we had an assembly after that and the superintendent came to speak and he said, "I hear there was a strike here. And I hear it was in headlines all around the nation, even in a Paris paper, they had the headline about it." Of course, we all felt that it was great.

And my senior year I had a good time. I was chosen to be in the senior play. And of course, being in the senior play was a big thrill. I never was in very much because as I said before, I never stayed down weekends. So I didn't geti n on a lot of the things that went on in the academic life, of the other life, besides the academics.

I only had a tiny part. I was maid and I came on the stage twice on time. I said, "Dinner is served." And then my one time, I said, "You are wanted on the phone, sir." Big deal. But it was fun me, like I said, it was really important to be in the senior play.

In Haskinville there was an organization called the white PB. That was the young people's branch of them WCTU and they met once a month. And the whole neighborhood came to those meetings. We always look forward to them. That was the big social life of the whole area except for church. So in this program, there'd be somebody planning it and somebody would have a reading or somebody else a song and there'd be a lesson on temperance and we enjoyed going. And then the rest the evening was spent in games. We met very many times down to the Pawling house. They were always so willing to have everything there for the young people.

They didn't have very many in their own family. Their brother was married and had small children but there was nobody else in their family that was young.

During my senior year, I applied at the teachers training class in Bath. I always had thought I wanted to be a teacher. And that was a way to do it. You could go there and teach for three years, and then you had to go on farther to school. So I applied and was accepted.

My graduation time was a happy time. I received gifts from people. My mother and father got to come to the graduation, a neighbor, Earl Evans brought them. I always appreciated that. Earl always did lots for the neighborhood, taking people places in his car and so forth. It was a nice time. And then I came home for the summer and I got ready to go to the Bath training class in the fall.

The summer was as usual except for the fact that I met Floyd that summer or in fact in the spring of that year I met him. I met him at a Grange meeting where they had a sugar social that was held during maple syrup time. And you bought a small dish of maple syrup and stirred it until it became sugar. And that was always fun to do. We didn't have it often, because there was only that time or year they did it. But Floyd was there. And I had never seen him before. And he took me home. That was the first of many times together with him.

During the summer, we went to the usual things that are in the summer, family reunions. I went, of course, to his family reunion and met all his cousins and cousins and cousins. They were a big family and we went to our family reunion. And we went to the Bath fair, but that was later, it was in September that they had that and I was already in training class. And we did the usual things that you do in the summer together. Then in the fall, I started school in Bath.

I worked for my board the first part of the year, and then I don't remember what happened, but she decided not to have anybody work for their board there anymore. So my sister found a place where I could stay. She was still the one that always helped me out. And there were two other girls that lived in this house. And they had a double room and I had a single room and we had fun together in the evening. We did a lot of fun things there. The schoolwork was very demanding there. They had to crowd a whole lot in that one year that we went there to learn how to teach and so forth. And it was interesting, and lots of homework, lots of hard work.

I didn't go home every weekend. But, some of the times I did. I had to once in a while, because there was no way to do my laundry there. So I had to go home once in a while and take my suitcase and get my laundry caught up. I used to take a bus as far as the end of the Neil's Creek road from Bath up there and then I'd walk up the road to my house, which was six miles. I don't remember thinking that it was any big hardship. I would now but I didn’t then, sometimes somebody would come along that I knew where that would get me a ride but not very often.

I didn't see Floyd very much. He worked and back then you worked six days a week, so he didn't have anything but Sundays off. And like I said, I came home lots of times and that. He didn't have a car. He stayed with his brother and his wife there and in Bath and worked at a place there.

Then came the time to try to get a school to teach in. They were very good about trying to place us. And I didn't find a school right around there, but I got one in Jasper, so I was very happy even have a school.

I got $23 a week and I thought that was good. Although some places got $25, but I was glad to get 23 because there were more teachers in there were schools.

Floyd had a car then so he used to take me over to the school in Jasper. He got a job in Painted Post at Ingersoll Rand and his sister and her husband live right near there. So he stayed with them and worked there at Ingersoll Rand.

I stayed with a couple named Harold and Esther Dennis. They became good friends. I kept friendly with them for years afterward. They were very nice and I enjoyed staying there. The school wasn't the very best because it was only three students and two of them were poor students. So they weren't any challenge much.

And there was one little girl that was a good student. I enjoyed her. She wanted to learn and could learn, but she left in January. So my time with her was short lived. Her family moved away.

This was in 1929. I graduated high school in 1928 and from teachers training in 1929. And then the fall there at Dennis's we used to listen to the radio a lot because there was so much talk about the stock market going up and down. None of us knew anything about the activity of a stock market, but it was interesting to hear the reporters coming on with such dire sounds in their voice, like something awful was going to happen.

And it did, in October of that year was the big stock market crash that began the beginning of the Great Depression that we've heard about for years and years now. It really didn't affect us too much. He was a farmer. He had cows and they raised their garden stuff. I paid board of course, to stay there, but they seem much affected by it. They didn't go any. They stayed home there and I'd go home weekends, whenever Floyd would come and get me. The rest of the time, I'd stay there. We visited in the evening, once in awhile, we'd play games. The stock market crash was all I heard about. Big corporations went broke. People who had invested in the stock market with a lot of money lost everything. It was a bad time for those people, but it didn't affect us much. Floyd lost his job at Painted Post. And he came home and planted potatoes in the spring. During the winter, he just did odd jobs.

While he worked at Painted Post he used to take me to Dennis's on Sunday afternoon and stay for the evening. And then he'd go on over to Painted Post. It was just over the hill from Jasper so it wasn't out of his way really to drop me off. And one time when he brought me back, it must have been a long weekend for him or something, he must have been extra tired. Anyway, he went to sleep on his way to Painted Post, climbed up a steep bank and then rolled back down. It completely totaled that car. We thought lots of that Ford coupe. It was gray color and it was really special. But it was completely gone. So I had no way to get home. He lost his job after that anyway, so he wasn't around.

Sometimes his mother and father would let him take their car to come get me and bring me back. But not often, they didn't have money like that. In the spring, it was decided that all the schools around Jasper would go to one central school there in Jasper. And so the school where I was teaching was a little country school and it would be closed.

They had told me that the school there in Swamp district, in my own district was going to need a teacher. So I applied and got the job.

We had our usual busy summer going to picnics reunions and so forth. Floyd was busy working because he put in potatoes and he worked other hours for other farmers. So he was busy all the time. We were talking of marriage all this time and one day my mother said. "Did he ask you to marry him?" I thought about it and I thought, well, no, he never did that.

So I told him when I saw him next time, I said, we talked marriage all the while and you've never even asked me to marry you. So he did it very properly then. I laughed about it ‘cause it was so comical that he had to really propose that way.

The school had 16 students at that time. It was one of the first grade, some in the third grade, some in the fifth grade, some in the seventh grade and some in the eighth. So we had a busy schedule there, but we got along fine. I remember Christmas program was really nice. People complimented us on it, because kids learned their parts good and did a good job. We talked about marriage all summer and decide to be married that fall.

No one back then had church weddings. We were to be married at home. Fern and I shopped for my wedding dress. White was not the in thing then. I got a nile green ankle length dress. Fern's was rose colored. And we stood in front of the two windows in our living room and I carried pink and white mums. Fern had a similar bouquet. Glen Alderman, Floyd's brother, was best man. Pastor in the Haskinville church married us. His name was Arthur Depew. It was his first wedding. So he stumbled through it just about as much as we stumbled in our answers. But we were married, anyway. Afterwards we had a dinner with a cake and roast chicken and the usual things that people had for a big meal like that, just his family and my family was there except Uncle Harry came up to it. He was always closer to our family than any of the other brothers of my mother's family.