**grandma tape side2**

We had a shower. The neighborhood put it on for us shortly after we were married and they brought gifts that usually come with a shower, sheets and blankets and dishes and pots and pans and so forth. And in Wayland there was a place where people brought in household things that they wanted to sell and then they auctioned them off. When Floyd could get away, we'd go to that.

We got table and chairs and a couch and lamps and things that we needed to set up housekeeping. School is going well. In February, we had program for Lincoln's birthday. We put on a play, Harold Welsh and Eva Saxton were eighth grade students. I enjoyed them and they acted out the parts about Lincoln and the other children were members of the play. It was a fun time. We didn't have the neighbors in or anything. It was just for the school people. On Arbor day we planted a tree. We didn't need a tree because the school was surrounded by woods, but that was the thing to do on Arbor Day.

The water came from a spring across the road. The bigger boys took turns going to get a pail of that each day. A dipper was in it and they brought their own glasses and filled them with the dipper.

We played outside, anytime that the weather permitted. I can remember one game. We played a lot was Annie, Annie Over. They were divided up in two sides on each side of the school and someone would throw the ball over.

And then if somebody on the other side of the school caught the ball, they could run around and catch somebody on that other side and then they'd have to join the side that caught the ball. And this went on trying to get one side completely captured. We used to have a lot of fun doing that. I played right along with them.

School was out in June. And we rented a house in Wallace, West New York on Henderson street.

It was a big thrill to have our own house. It was $8 a month. And that house hasn’t been changed at all. When I drive by, I notice many of the houses have been altered or added to, but this is just the same now as it was back in those days. I like to drive by and think about those days when we first lived there. That was an exciting time to us with our new baby and the new house or different house, at least to us. And we enjoyed it so much.

Floyd's sister Eva was married and lived up in Williamson, New York in the Lake Ontario area. Once in a while, they'd come down for a weekend. They had a boy older and another one, a little younger than Richard. So we'd go up there for Sunday dinner, the weekends that they were down. We used to enjoy that, comparing babies and talking about what they do and what they, how they act and so forth.

My father used to have a saying that said every mother's crow is the blackest. And I thought of that many times; it seemed like our own children were so superior to other children; they're either from either a little cuter or a little smarter or something. Of course we never voiced this, but we just thought it. I think that's the way the Lord made sort of human nature.

Floyd bought a dump truck and he worked at the County of Steuben. And things were going well then. The depression was still on. Everything was very cheap in the store. But we in the wages, I don't remember what they were, that he'd received, but I know that we got along good. It was a tough sort of time of prosperity for a little while.

Then the county began laying off and they didn't need this truck anymore. But we heard that if you lived in the town of Fremont, you could get a job with your truck on the Fremont road gang. So we moved up there to a house just inside the town of Fremont on Neil's Creek Road. And he worked at the town of Fremont for quite a while, and we had a good time there.

Then the fall of that year, Jean Elizabeth was born. She was a happy smiling, little girl, different from Dick. Dick was serious and shy and it made quite a contrast. She would meet people and smile and put up her hands. And Dick was always shy and wanted to stay by me. Floyd's work in the Town of Fremont went well. A house in Haskinville came up for sale. It was $1,500 for a house and barn and it was on the road that the church was on. We wanted to buy it. We thought we could pay the $300 a year okay. So we moved there in the spring. Jean was eight months old and Dick was nearly two and things went well for the first two years. We put in potatoes the third year, to make the payment. We had a real good crop. We put in 6 acres and we dug them and put them in the cellar to make the payment. But that fall potatoes were 6 cents a bushel. The depression was still on. Roosevelt had been elected in '32 and he promised a car in every garage and a chicken in every pot.

They had projects that worked later, like WPA and CCC, but they didn't work then. We hauled the potatoes to the dump. There was no sale for them anyway, but it would cost more to grade them going to put them in the bags than we could get out of them. So we lost that place. We moved back to Neil's Creek up over my parents for a while.

The Town Fremont got their own trucks. So Floyd traded the dump truck in for a stake body truck. He trucked potatoes for Bill Holmes and did some trucking for the Hornell wholesale groceries. In 1935, he went into business with the man named Logan. They formed the Logan Alderman trucking company. They trucked out of New York City and Philadelphia and Baltimore. They bought a big truck and a semi trailer.

They got what was called grandfather rights. That meant that no one else could truck to Hornell out of those particular places.

We bought the house that we first lived in there on Neil's Creek. It was on sale for $300. It had a house and a barn, six acres of land. And we lived in that house until 1951. Dick started school in the Swamp school district where I had taught. They said he was doing so well that they had him take the first and second grade at the same time.

He's always regretted that because he said he could do the work academically, but he was not up for the other students because he was always so much younger and he never recommended that later when he became a teacher. He was very much opposed to putting a child ahead of their years.

Jean started there too and did very well. Then they went to Avoca to school. The district voted to close their school and go to the central school in Avoca. There it was different. Dick was still very shy and he didn't get very good marks. I went for a teacher student parent consultation and they said, "Well, he just doesn't answer the questions."

And I know why he didn't get good marks. And I thought, well, he knows the material. So it isn't important if he doesn't get good marks, in these lower grades. When he got to the fifth grade, he did very well because he got over his shyness pretty much and liked his teacher and he did very well. And so did Jean; she continued to do well in the school there in Avoca.

In 1937, Caroline Fern was born. She was a happy little girl, but she was a loner. She was perfectly content to play alone. Dick and Jean did things together, all the while, played together, went to school together and all that. She was left at home alone and she was happy as could be.

She played, like she built a playhouse in the lilac bushes out in front of our house. She had broken dishes and some pieces of good dishes, different things that we could give her from the house. And she just had more fun in there. I'd hear her talking away to herself. And she had dolls with her and of course they were part of her family out there. She used to listen to the radio a lot and there was a boy named Johnny Heber on there, and that was her friend, Johnny Heber.

She talked everything about “Johnny Heber says this” and “Johnny Heber doesn't think that”, “I don't think John Haber likes that” she'd go on. He was just a little imaginary friend that went around with her. It was comical to hear her and she was so happy and never bothered that she was all alone.

Floyd's business was going good as it had been, getting along well.

We bought a Ford car. I remember we thought it was very nice. We liked it. And we planned to go to Vermont and visit my relatives there. When I was in the last summer, before I got married, my uncle Harry took me up there to visit them. He took somebody every summer. He had three weeks vacation.

And he would -- the first summer he took Fern and the next summer he took my mother and then that summer he took me and I enjoyed it a lot up there. And I had cousins; the boy was my age and the girl was older, so I wanted to go up and visit them again. So we went up there in 1938, got into the New England area.

And that hurricane of 1938 struck. Back in those days, they didn't have the means of forecasting weather like they do now. And there was nothing, but now and then a radio. Lots of people didn't have radio to even, and television was just in somebody's mind. So we went not knowing what we were getting into.

And then the middle of the night, this bad storm started and blew down trees right in front of us. When we finally found a place sort of on a hill to park and we had brought, I had Caroline and Dick and Jean with me and Caroline was a baby, having a bottle then. We had stopped and bought a quart of milk.

I thought of that so many times. I don't know what we would have done. The older children can munch on goodies that we had packed, but I don't know what she'd have done, but it worked out. I guess the Lord prepared us for it. And we slept in the car. I slept on the front seat and Floyd slept on the back seat. Jean slept on the window in back.

And Dick slept on four floor between the two seats and I held Caroline in front of me. So it worked out all right. We stayed there. In the middle of the night the water began raising round the car a little bit. So Floyd found a higher place to park it. We were very fortunate to be where we were because whole roads were washed out and rivers overflowed their banks.

It was just the typical hurricane like you hear about today, but we were spared through it and we got to my aunt's house the next day. My uncle had died that year that [00:15:00] I was teaching at Jasper so I miss seeing him. So we got there and Aunt Lena was very friendly and glad to see us and excited about all that we told about the way we had come and how we had gotten there safely.

My two cousins were both married then so we visited in their homes. Howard had two children. Catherine didn't have any, but we spent quite a little time with her, too. She was real interested in our children.

There were many places to go sightseeing up there that we had when I visited with my Uncle Harry, but then we didn't do too much because so much of the roads were washed out and the bridges were washed out and so forth. So we spent most of our time right there in their home. When we got home, we read the account of that hurricane in the papers and realized how very fortunate we were.

The Lord had really watched over us. Dick was real interested in reading all those accounts in the paper. Later, when he was grown, he was in the Air Force and his job was to be a meteorologist. And he said he thought his interest in meteorology was sparked through reading the accounts that hurricane, so forth.

The next spring, Floyd was home quite a lot of the time because with the two trucks they had a lot more drivers so he didn't have to drive so steadily and he took his dinner those days. And he was home and working in the office in Hornell. One day he brought his dinner pail home and set it on the floor for Caroline.

He had left a little bit in it each day, like a part of the cookie or piece of the sandwich. And Caroline would always get in there and eat that and think that was something special. And we always laughed about it. And one time I was just finishing the supper dishes and dinner pail was still on the floor.

I said, "Hand me the dinner pail so I can wash that and put it away." She stood up and looked at me and put her hands on her hips and says, "No, I won't." It was such a surprise to us because it was so out of character; she was really a very obedient little girl most of the time. And we didn't know what to do.

And I said, "Pick up the dinner pail and give it to me. I need to wash it."I wouldn't have said anything about it and just picked it up myself if I'd known what was going to happen, but I didn't think anything about it. And so I told her again, "I've got to have the dinner pail so I can wash it. Hand it to me." And she says, "No, I won't."

And I said, "Well, I guess then maybe you will have to sit in this chair until you want to." And so she got in her chair. She sat. It was quite often the way I punished her because she wasn't a very disobedient little girl, as I said before. So sitting in the chair was usually a place of punishment for her. So she sat there and I finished up what I could of the dishes.

We all went and sat in the other room, but I said, "Now don't you want to pick up the dinner pail so you can come in the other room with us?" "No, I want to sit." So we went in the room. Sat she did.

We were in there quite a long time and began to get time to go to bed. She still was out there. Floyd went out and said, “Do you want to come in with us? Do you want to pick up the dinner pail so you can come in with us?" She said, "Nope, wanna sit." So we didn't know what we were going to do. I knew I couldn't very well pick up the dinner pail and say, it's okay, because this was going to be a time of learning for her. So we sat there and wondered and wondered what we were going to do. Finally, in she came, all smiles, and she said, "I put it back on the table." And that was the end of it. Nothing ever more was said about it. It was sort of a joke, even around the neighborhood when I told the Pawlings about it. It got sort of a joke that people would something they didn't want to do, they'd say, "No, I'm like Caroline. I wanna sit."

As I look back on this recording I'm making I realize I've left out about the most important thing in my life. When we lived in Haskinville, I got to church more than I had any other place we lived. I taught Sunday school so that Dick could be in the class. He was so shy. He wouldn't stay in there alone.

I took Jean. She sat on the floor. Dick was happy to stay there. In the church service, the pastor spoke of total dedication. I had always considered myself a Christian. I didn't steal or lie or do any unkind things. Through his message, God spoke to me. I went to the altar and completely dedicated my life. I remember, I felt so clean and was so sure my heavenly home. I was really a Christian then.

Now to go back to my story. In the late thirties, there was rumble of war in Europe. Adolf Hitler was head of the German war machine. He had a trained army and he marched into neighboring countries and took them over. France and England were not so easily won, but World War II began with that. America did not want to get involved in it.

There was big controversies about it. Those that wanted to, and those who did not want to.

In the summer of 1940, Floyd Bruce was born. He was a happy, roly poly little guy. We enjoyed having him around because he was easy to take care of and smiling a lot. Caroline sort of mothered him. She would talk to him like a grown up. And she told him what Johnny Heber thought, what Johnny Heber didn't think. And he'd watch her and she entertained him a lot.

Then came Pearl Harbor Day in December of 1941. We all remember President Roosevelt's speech how this was a day that would go down as a day of infamy. Japanese had attacked America with no warning and then things changed completely. Cotton mills were turned over to the government to make cloths for that uniforms for the men. Power plants were turned over to make parts for tanks and other army vehicles. Munitions plants were started. All over it was different. And rationing began to be part of our lives. Many things were rationed out: sugar, meat, gasoline, especially. And we each had books for each member of our family. We had six in our family.

So we were fortunate because I had six books and of course Bruce didn't eat very much at that time. And so we got along fine with our ration books.

In April of 1942. Patricia Anne joined our family. I remember that gave us another ration book. I remember one time I was in the store and lined up to go through the cash register. And I had sugar because that was one thing that was hard to come by. You could only have a little bit each week, but I had a bag of sugar and a bag of 4x sugar and bag of brown sugar, because I had been out of those things and we wanted to make a cake for some reason.

So I got all those and the people in line, eyed me like I'd robbed a bank or something, but of course it was all legal, legitimate because we had five children then, and that gave us seven ration books.

About this time. Lewis Silsbee in Haskinville organized a Boy Scout troop. There were 17 boys in it from all the hills around Hanskinville and it was good time. Dick and the Pawling boys who were nephew of Pearl and Gladys that I've mentioned before and Bob Evans, of course Ward Silsbee. They were all close friends of Dick's and they all belonged to it.

And he was a good scout master. He made them obey all the rules and learn all the different things they had to learn to earn their merit badges. They had a good time. They met every Monday night and of course they walked up together. I mean, nobody had gas to waste on cars at that time. And so they had, it was a good time for all of them.

That group of boys that I mentioned used to come to our house to play a lot. They play baseball mostly. And Jean always played right along with them. She'd take any place where they needed her, one of the bases or one of the field jobs and she just loved it. She was a good player and the boys were willing for her to play with them.

She had two girlfriends. Eleanor Mattoon and Donna Collins. They came to our house a lot to play, too. So when they came she played with them. She really loved playing the sports games with the boys.

I remembered that Donna Collins' mother told me she said, "I just love going the Alderman's house. There's something exciting going on there all the time. Today, Bruce fell down the stairs." I didn't remember. I don't think, I thought it was very exciting, but I suppose it was to her, they, they had no small children and their house probably was pretty dull compared to our house.

Pat and Bruce played together well. They have a lot of fun together. I remember one day they took off all their clothes and started up the road toward Pawlings'. Why, I don't know, but I know that that's a common thing that two and three year olds like to do. Dick came down the road on his bicycle, and found them.

They were just near a big cornfield across from the Pawling place next to ours. So we hid one of them in corn field brought the other home. And then he went back and got the other one. He was on his bicycle. So it didn't take him long to. But he was thoroughly disgusted with them. I said, I know they shouldn't do that, but, and I was going to punish them for it, right.

To show them that they must never do it again. But I knew that time would take care of that. I didn't have to worry. It wouldn't be only a little while and they wouldn't want to do that.

By this time, the war news was beginning to sound very ominous. We didn't know whether Floyd would have to go or not, but they were beginning to take men with families. And so we used to sit and listen to the radio closely. There would be a program that gave the news of the war more than some other programs and we would listen to see how it was coming, the war was coming.

Some of the boys, younger men that worked for Floyd had received their draft notices, and had gone. There were six boys from Haskinville area who were drafted and taken into the service. Later it turned out that only five of them came back. Five of them were killed in action. Such a big number compared to the small area from which they were taken.

We watched the mailbox every day for the draft notice, because we knew that it was getting time, that they were taking men with five children. We received the draft notice in December, 1944. He was to go for his physical in the first part of January. So he went and he passed with royal colors. He was drafted into the Navy.

I thought, well, this is going to be terrible because he never liked the water. When he was a young child, a bunch of boys held him down under the water just to scare him. Of course, not long enough to hurt him, but it certainly affected his liking of water after that. He never wanted to go swimming and never liked to be in the rowboat.

He doesn't like anything about the water. And I thought, of course, I know some duties that the Navy has was not on a ship, but I couldn't help but think this is real bad for him. But then they whole load of people were, it was canceled. They didn't, he didn't have to go, but he had to go again for another draft notice to go for another physical.

And he went, that was the last part of January. And of course he passed again. And this time he was taken in the army and the date for the date for him to leave was March 14. So there were many, many things that had to be seen to, before he left. Things about the house that had to be fixed and many little details that had to be taken care of.

But one of the big details was the fact that I didn't know how to drive a car. And I had to know how to drive a car. We had to go to Hornell for our groceries and our dentist appointments and all the things that the kids needed, things that they need to go to school and so forth. So they all agreed that I had to learn to drive the car . Floyd had always been very opposed to women drivers. He sort thought that the whole cause of all the accidents in the world was women drivers. But he agreed that I had to learn to drive. So I got my permit. He was not about to teach me, but he took me up in the field between my mother's house and Pawlings house and I got in the car and he waved me on and then left. And I went hopping across the field because I didn't know anything about the clutch, of course.

I didn't know anything about anything. I figured I knew how to steer it. Then finally I got the hang of how the clutch worked. And I drove around the field awhile. Francine Dockstader, a neighbor down the road, was very nice about going with me when I had to go places. So I could have a licensed driver with me and still practice driving.

And I got along fine, it seemed sort of natural. I didn't have a hard time learning to drive. In fact, I passed my test on the first try. Of course, I think maybe the fact that I had five children, my husband was in the service had some part of it, but he couldn't have passed me if I did anything very, very wrong,

The neighbor's had a farewell party for him. That was very nice. They brought food and games and we played games in the evening and they gave their good wishes for his safe return and so forth. And it was a nice evening.

In the fall in 1944, the REA, Rural Electric Association was formed in Bath and they were going to bring them electricity up through the Neil's Creek area. And we were all excited about that because of course we'd had kerosene lights for years, but all around us, they had electricity and we just thought it'd be wonderful to have it.

But New York state electric, it was not to be outdone, so they started from the Hornell area coming up through the different places that didn't have electricity. Haskinville had had it for a while. So they came up through to Loon Lake area and down the Neils Creek area while the REA came up the Neil's Creek area.

And it was really funny because they were racing. It was a bad winter, deep snow, and hard to get through. But they worked so hard and dug holes through that snow and into the ground racing with each other. And they met right down below our house by Jim Lockwood's. So the wire, wiring came as far as our house. Floyd had gotten the house ready and wired.

Carl Akins and his son, Lyle, were people that did wiring. And they did, wiring for all the houses around that were going to now get electricity. My parents got theirs wired. Then Pawlings got theirs as wired and we did. And so we had to wait after they got the wires all hooked up and the pole all set and everything.

We had to wait for the electricity to be turned on. They promised to have it there the first part of March and we thought they would in, we were anxious for it to be there before Floyd had to leave. He had to leave at nine o'clock in the morning in order to be to Wayland where the bus just going to be to take them to Fort Dix, New Jersey.

He had to leave at nine. I remember Carl Akins took him because he didn't want me to leave the car there. And, and it was nine o'clock. He left. At 9:30 they came and turned on the electricity. I just was so disgusted with them. And of course it was a little thing. For years and years we've had electricity since but it seemed important to us to have it before he left so he could see how the house would look all the lighted up.

At first, he went out of Fort Dix. He went to Fort Sumter in South Carolina. He was only there for a short time. And then they gave him his what he would learn to do, would be to work with small parts of a motor. And he was sent to Fort Lewis in Washington State and that's near Mount Rainier.

He had a delay enroute so he came home for a few days then, and we had that time going around visiting relatives. Kids enjoy all things he could do. We went down, I remember to his sister Juanita's in Hornell and we stayed awhile. Different places we went. It was a nice time. We wrote every day. I wrote him every day and he wrote me every day.

So we kept up on everything that was going on. I would write and tell him how the kids were all there. A lot of times they all came to my house, summer and winter ‘cause seemed to be sort of central for the Pawlings and for Ward Silsbee and Bob Evans and so forth. And so they'd come there and play games in the winter, play out in the yard in the summer.

It's real nice. And I'd write and tell Floyd all about who was there and what they were doing and all about our pets. We had chickens; I took eggs to Hornell and sold, that it wasn't a little means of income. Of course, I got some money from the government to keep us while he was gone.

We also had a cow named Edna. She was a character, if you and call a cow a character. She could get out of the fence. Somehow she learned how to open the, we had a wire gate like that was fastened over a fence post that was supposed to keep her in, but she learned with her horns how to open up it, raise up that wire and get out.

She never went anywhere. She just wandered around the house, got in the woodshed and messed the wood all up, wandered around and stick her head in the doorway by the back door sometimes. It was sort of comical. She'd go right back in good and she just never bothered too much. And she gave real good rich milk. I made butter from it. We had lots of cottage cheese, and all the milk we [00:40:00] wanted to use. It was good to have her and Dick took all the care of her and she was his cow. She didn't want anybody else to milk her or be near her.

Shortly after Floyd left, Caroline began having pains in her knees and she would feel real bad. And I was worried over, I couldn't think what could be the matter with her, and I took her to a doctor and they gave her a blood test and found she had rheumatic fever and that she would have to have complete bed rest.

Well, that was not hard for Caroline, because she was a very quiet girl and could play games by herself and liked to read. I kept her supplied with little books that she could read. And it wasn't a bad time at all. And we felt bad because she had to be in there, but she really got better a lot faster because she did keep so quiet.

I remember the doctor explained to me, and I had already heard this from my mother, that if you keep perfectly quiet, when you have some kind of an infection, the body will take over and take care of the infection. And so that was a case with her. She had to be very quiet and she got better. We went back for blood tests periodically and she got better.

One day she had crawled out the window and it was real warm outside. And she went out and sat by the big tree in our yard and played with her doll out there. Of course, I didn't know anything about it, I'd be out in the kitchen, working on something, and then she crawled back in, but she forgot her doll in and she couldn't go back out cause I, in the meantime, had come in and, and so she just didn't say anything about it. Well then this is one of the days that Edna got out and roamed around and she stepped on the doll and broke her leg. And Caroline was heartbroken. Then she said, she knew that God was not punishing her for a disobeying and so that he allowed Edna to step on the doll's leg. She was so repentant. Of course I never scolded or anything. It was a natural thing for a little girl to want to be outside when it was a nice day. Caroline had started school when she was five. She had ?? because she only went half day and the bus would come and pick her up.

I remember the day she went, I knew she, she was shyer than lots of kids are. And I said, "I'll walk out to the bus with you." And she said, "No, I'm going by myself," and she straightened her little shoulders and out marched. I've thought of that so many times her whole life has been like that. She's always faced things that she had to face.

And when she got down to the Hammond house, Ellen Hammond got on. She was her age. And they became good friends, oh they just loved each other. They'd go back and forth for their birthdays and sometimes the mother would let her come up and play with Caroline and then other way around, we'd let her go down and play with Ellen.

They were real good friends and it was a nice time for it. In fact, it's lasted all these years. Now Caroline has lived in Rochester for many years and Ellen lives up close by there and they get together for lunch every once in a while, even yet.

Dick and Jean were very good when Floyd was gone. They were very obedient and home when they were supposed to be each time; they each had chores and they took care of them. It was very satisfying to me to have them and be there, be so helpful. We listened to the war news for awhile. In the summer it began to slow down. Germany surrendered in that summer and also Japan did in August.

So the war was officially over and of course they couldn't come home right off, but we knew Floyd would be home soon. They were keeping some men in their different areas to keep the peace afterward but they didn't keep men with five children. So Floyd came home in December that year. He wasn't gone a whole year, even but there were good things that resulted from that.

He had the right to go to the Army hospitals, like the one in Bath, free of charge.