**Side 5**

That's what they did in the summer, helping Floyd on the farm, mowing lawns, things like that.

And I forgot to tell you about the boys’ teenage years earlier; they both had projects outside the home.

Brian was a member of the scout troop in Avoca. That wasn't too good planning because it began at seven o'clock and Floyd wouldn't get home from work till six. He'd have to eat and then he'd have to take him to meetings. And times he was late, he, they wouldn't go because the meeting only lasted till half past eight so it wasn't really a need of going. But he'd still earned quite a few merit badges. He enjoyed those boys down there, but his big interest with mechanical things. He was a bright boy, but he just was not interested in reading, writing, and arithmetic. He really wanted to take things apart and see what made them tick. And if they didn't tick to fix so they did. He wasn't one to study in books. He wanted to do things with his hands.

So he started a bicycle shop. He had it and then little woodshed in the back part of our house. And it was really nice. People brought him parts of bicycles. They brought him bicycle chains and different parts. And they brought him bicycles to repair too. Usually it was minor things like the chain was tangled and or some of the links were broken, the spokes were bent or something like that. It wasn't major things, but he had a lot of fun working with them. He didn't earn much money, it cost more than to get the parts then it did to fix them but he had a lot of fun at it.

I had always thought that he would go on after he'd got through school, he'd go into working with vehicles of some kind, repairing automobiles or trucks or something like that. Of course, that never happened, but that was what I had pictured Brian doing as an adult.

Gerry, on the other hand, belonged to the 4-H club that met in homes around Haskinville and Arkport and Fremont and those places. We had one of the meetings at our house. I remember at least one, maybe more. So he was interested in that and he wanted to get a calf of his own. So he bought one from Joneses, a registered calf; they had only registered animals. And so he bought one with those. And I remember the day he was going to get it was on a Saturday and it was weekend that we were going to Jean and Jumbo’s for the weekend up in the Adirondack area. He just did not want to go, getting that calf and going up there and visiting Jean and Jumbo, but we insisted on his going because it didn't make any difference that they had kept the calf and got it so that it could drink by itself and so forth. so one week wasn't going to matter. He was disappointed, but he went anyway.

Well, he got the calf and he named her Hopeful; he was hopeful of having a whole herd of Guernsey cows. He worked with that calf, leading him around getting him so she was tame and willing to go do what he wanted her to.

When she was two years old, she was going to have a calf. He was just like an anxious husband. He just watched her so closely, get home from school, he'd tear down there to make sure she was all right or home from work. I think it was during the summer that she was going to have her calf and he'd get back from helping Floyd and tear down to the pasture. She was in the pasture all the while now because he wasn't milking her; she wasn't giving milk or anything then.

And he went down and there came the day that the calf was definitely due and there was no calf. He fretted, stewed, what could've gone wrong and why didn't she have a calf? And it did seem odd because the cows are remarkable for having calves on the day they're supposed to, but she didn't. Anyway, he went down and checked her at night and she didn't have any calf.

And then he went to work the next morning and then during the day somebody had gone by there and said, "I see you got nice little calf running around the pasture down there." And when he got home or that was about the time Jerry got home, he tore down there. He was so excited. I just always have laughed at him because he was, acted like it was his own child.

But anyway, it was a bull calf. He wanted to raise a herd from Hopeful, but he couldn't raise that one because it was a bull calf. He also bought another cow from Joneses. So he had two, or the other calf and raised it to cow. But he didn't get the calf from either one of them to start his herd that he wanted to, but he planned to take them to the fair, anyway. The one, Hopeful he was going to take.

So he led her daily and got her so she'd lead real nice the way cows are supposed to when they're parading in the fair. And he curried her hide good so she looked real smooth and he kept her toenails polished and kept her tail all combed and nice.

He worked real hard to have her be a good show animal. The time came to go to the fair. And he went down the day before and took her and got her all registered and everything. And then I wanted to go to the judging the next day. And I hurried around to get ready to go to be sure not to miss any of it.

And then my father says, "Well, of course, I'm going with you." And I hadn't even known that he wanted to go cause he hadn't wanted to go to the fair the last few years, it was just too much for him. So we had to rush and rush and I felt bad because he was going to be all tired all the time he got there because we had to rush so getting him dressed, but he didn't have his clean clothes on or anything. And I don't remember, I probably had to shave him and everything else.

So anyway, we got there in time and there was no sign of Gerry and I thought he, the only other cows seemed to be standing with their owners. They were all to wear white shirts and white pants and a little black bow tie, and they all just looked so nice and they were all just kids and, you know, 13, 14. And so I went looking for him. Here he was down on his hands and knees by a little puddle of water, cleaning her toenails. I could have wrung his neck. He had looked so nice in that white coat. He was not one bit concerned about the mud on his knees. It was the mud on Hopeful's toenails that concerned him. He had polished them real carefully, and then she'd gone, stepped in the mud. Crazy cow.

So we watched the judging. They led them around and around before the judges. And she was very good. She went along, she looked real nice. And a couple three times they called him out of the ring for the judges to look his cow over carefully and I thought, "Maybe he's going to win." But he didn't, but he did get honorable mention.

So that made him feel good, anyway because there wasn't too many of them so he really got some praise for all his work. He had to stay there about a week with that cow because they had to stay in the stables for folks to go through and see them. And so we went down one night to take him food for the next day, and went in where the cow was and there was Gerry sound asleep. The barns were real cool. Back then the fair was in the fall and we got cool nights and he was cuddled right next to the cow. Sound asleep. I said, I wished I had a camera to take that picture. We didn't have, but anyway, the next time the Farm Journal came out on the cover was that very same picture of a boy sound asleep in the fairgrounds barn only that was a black and white cow. Of course, Gerry's being a Guernsey, she was red and white.

Gerry was interested in the sports. In the fall, he did the wrestling. And in the spring he did pole vaulting. In the wrestling, he set a record for a while for the shortest time to pin. But then Mike Kasiah, our almost next door neighbor, took it away from him and he did it in less time. But in the pole vaulting the last I knew he still had the record, but I haven't heard late years. Somebody may have surpassed him now.

When he went into the service, he had to sell his cows and he had a horse, too, that he thought lots of and he sold them when he got ready to go.] He graduated in 1969 and the week after graduation, he went into the Marines.

Debbie was sort of a loner and then there was nobody in the close neighborhood near her age. When she was 10 or 11, there was a girl scout group met at the Marie Moores', Marie Meyers she was then. With them she had fun. They did things Girl Scouts do and she enjoyed that.

And then the Pawling girls used to come over for weekends, come once in a while. And in the winter they came for the Christmas vacation and stayed down with Jumbo's parents and so that she had lots of fun with them. They formed a club and Dick's girls would come up, twins would come up once in a while too. So they'd have these club meetings and they met in Debbie's clothes closet upstairs, pretty close quarters, but they had a lot of fun.

They had some kind of initiation thing that each of them had to do something in order to become members. I remember they told about Kathy had to go, in was in the winter time and Kathy had to go to the mailbox bare footed and get the mail and bring it and give it to her father to Floyd, I mean. And so she did, and she thought, of course, she'd get a good bawling out.

But he never looked at her, he just took the mail. Never even noticed that she was barefooted. So he didn't bawl her out. So it wasn’t very much of a punishment for her except that she had cold feet. Debbie had to fill his favorite cup with sand and leave it where he kept it or where it would be on the table where he'd see it.

I didn't know anything about this at the time. I've heard it since. And she said all he did was dump the sand over into another container. I suppose he thought that for some reason, somebody in the house wanted sand, so he saved the sand and washed the cup out and used it. So nobody got very bawled out for that, either. They had a lot of fun and Kris and Colleen were too little at that time.

And Robin was more into, by herself, reading. The twins came over once in a while and all of them would have good time together. In fact, one summer, they all went to Chambers Camp and Debbie said, everybody in her cabin was a niece to her except for the lady that was the chaperone.

They all called her "Aunt Debbie." They thought that was big a deal.

Gerry got along fine in basic training in the Marines. Being a farm boy, he had lots of exercise and used to hard work. So it wasn't easy but it wasn’t difficult like it was for a lot of them. He used to say he felt sorry for the kids that had never done much of any work or exercise and they're really were hurting the night came. Then the second year of his Marine Corps time and he was in Viet Nam and that was not a good time. It was hard to listen to the news and worry over him but he came back all safe and sound. He got two purple hearts because of minor injuries and one quite serious one to his foot. But other than that, he came through it fine.

In Debbie's high school days, the Youth for Christ in Bath, Kanona built a building. And then they changed the name to Family Life Ministries. They had a rally every Saturday evening. And Debbie went to most of them. Sometimes I took the whole load, but the whole neighborhood took turns taking the load of kids around Haskinville down. It was a nice time for them, give them the right things they should hear and they had lots of fun down there.

About this time, Dick got a call from Houghton College asking him to come there and work as an administrator. So he decided to do that. The family stayed in Canisteo because they wanted Karen to finish out her senior year there. There was a boy in her class named Bruce Bossard. I remember when we went to the graduation, Bruce got most of the awards, just a very bright boy and did very well in school. Karen went to Houghton for a little while, but then she quit. She and Bruce got married.

Carol didn't want him to leave Canisteo school so she stayed with a family in Canisteo to go to school there. And Cheryl went with her parents and so they graduated in different schools and there was no way to go to all the graduations. Of course, I went to the one in Canisteo because it was easier than going to Houghton. [Editor’s note: Cheryl stayed in Canisteo and Carol went to Houghton.]

In the meantime, back in Avoca, Debbie became very interested in a boy named Phil Wilson. She was more interested in him then he was in her when she first saw him. So she went to him and claimed that she could not do math and that he was so good at it. Would he help her with her math lessons? Since then she's laughed over with it and said he ought to take over the keeping of the books.

They were both in the same class. And so they were going to graduate together and they planned to be married right after graduation.

In the meantime, my sister had worked in Rochester for many years, 20 years, in fact, and she moved to Hornell and took an apartment and that was nice. She came up every once in a while for a weekend. And sometimes during the week, she'd be up for a few days. She didn't work or anything so she'd come and go as she pleased.

Debbie had a pretty wedding. Pat and Bob came up to the weekend and Pat arranged the flowers. They'd gotten big tubs of daisies and she picked out the nice looking ones and they got some flowers from Jesse Isseman, pink and blue delphinium, and they worked those in with them and it just made pretty bouquets with those white daisies.

Her maid of honor was Kathy Pawling. And then MaryAnn, Phil's sister, and Sue Schutt were bridesmaids. Sue was her very best friend in high school, and she still is a good friend. They still get back and forth sometime during the year, each year; she lives in Washington now, but she is home to this area every once in a while.

And Dan Weaver was the best man. Dick Wilson and Bruce were ushers. They had Doug Prentiss and Pam Wilson were ring bearer and flower girl. They were so cute. Both of them were so scared at the rehearsal. They cried and cried, but the day of the wedding, they marched down there like little soldiers.

She was married, of course, in Haskinville Church and held the reception down there in the basement like the other girls had, and then they left after that for their honeymoon. And when they came back, they lived in a trailer on Dick Wilson's farm and he worked for Dick for a while. It was an interesting summer. Debbie knew sewing real well, she took home-making in school. In fact, she made her own wedding dress so she could sew very well, but she hadn't had much experience cooking. Every once in a while she'd call up and say, how do you make this and sometimes she'd say, now what do I do? Pretty funny. But it was the only chance I ever had to do that. The other ones always lived so far away, it'd be long distance to call up and say, mother, what do I do now? So I just had Debbie to help. She didn't get over too often, but she called me up a lot.

In the fall of that year, my very first great grandchild was born. That was Joshua when he was born to Karen and Bruce. I didn't get to see him for a little while, but then I did. And he was a beautiful little boy, I just enjoyed him what little I saw of him.

Robin graduated that same year that Debbie did up in her school up near where they lived in near Cambridge. All the girls went to that same school. And so, of course, I couldn't go to her graduation. I was too far away. I missed out on those that lived away. I wanted to get all their graduations of course, but that was not possible.

Kim got married that fall. She married a boy from their church named Gary King. She had two more years of school so she wanted to go on and finish because she always wanted to be a nurse like her mother. 1974 brought more babies into our family. Daniel Floyd was born to Deb and Phil and then Maria was born to Kim and Gary.

Robin graduated the same year that Debbie did, and she went to Houghton and the next year Kathy graduated from the same school up in Greenwich and I couldn't get to any of those graduations because they were too far away. Kathy went to Houghton too. A lot of our grandchildren went to Houghton later on. We had quite a bunch there.

I continued to have the summer picnic each year sometime in the summer. They'd pick a date when one of them that was away was home, why that'd be the time they'd set the picnic; it didn't have any special date. They always had a good time and I was glad that I had a big house and a big yard because they were outgrowing my house already, but there was the big yard where they could play baseball or pitch horseshoes or do something, or just sit on the porch and talk. It was always a nice time. I always enjoyed that. The fall was the same as it had been other years, I had Thanksgiving there and that came quite a project with our family growing.

I remember that year, I set up three tables, one on the parlor, one in the living room, one in the kitchen, but we enjoyed the meal, had a good time. And Christmas was the same way, that it was crowded, but families pretty well stayed at their own homes that year for Christmas because they all had children by then and they wanted to be home for Christmas.

The twins had graduated that year and they also went to Houghton.

In the summer of '75, Kris graduated and she went to Houghton. So we had four Pawlings there. [Editor’s note: Kris graduated in ‘76]

In the fall of 1975, Matthew Lavern was born to Deb and Phil. He had a bad start and had to stay in the hospital a while. And I had Danny for a few days so Floyd didn't have to stop there on his way home on Saturday. He’d said, You can't guess where I’ve been, and of course I knew he'd been over to see Danny.

That same fall Gerald was married to Kathy Curry.

They lived in the little house that Gerald had built on Matoon Road. David Aloysius was a year and a half old then and we enjoyed him.

Shortly after Gerry and Kathy were married, their house burned. They lost all their wedding presents and all their clothes, everything. They lost everything. It was a sad time and they moved in with us. Of course, our house was empty then cause Debbie was married and gone. And so there was nobody there. So it was nice having somebody else move in with us. And we had so much fun with David.

Gerry drove truck in the winter when he wasn't flying. So he was gone quite a lot of the time and Kathy and I got really acquainted in those days that we had together there. Thanksgiving and Christmas were the same as they'd been other years; we enjoyed them. Floyd was working hard at the warehouse every day, grading potatoes, shipping potatoes to chip factories. They had to be kept at a certain temperature all through the winter, so he had to check each time or wherever he stored his potatoes to make sure the furnace was working and they were kept at that same temperature because he sold them all for chips, just chip factories.

One time when he was loading a truck load of potatoes, he slipped as he stepped from the warehouse to the back of the truck and grabbed the iron and he hurt his elbow and arm real bad. He had a big black and blue strip from the middle of his forearm up almost to his shoulder, but it wasn't time for his doctor's appointment or anything so he didn’t do anything about it and didn't think anything about being important. In the last part of February he began feeling real bad. He'd get up in the morning and I'd say, "Well, the potatoes are all gone now, all you're doing is grading seed; can't you just stay home a day?" And he'd say, "No, I gotta keep working at it," and go every day and come back every day. Always so tired.

And so he had the regular doctor's appointment and the doctor said -- he told him how tired he felt. And he said, "I'll send you for a series of tests." So he sent him and they gave him the works: upper and lower GI and EKG and chest x-ray. All the things that he thought he needed testing he did. And then he scolded him for not to tell him about that bad bruise on his arm, because he said, "I could have sent you something, you should have been taking something and not let that big black- blue spot stay there."

So he went along the middle of March. Back for another appointment, he read the report to him. He says, "Every one of these checks this out perfect. Oh, you're healthier than I am." He just let it go at that. Floyd still felt so bad. He didn't know why he felt so bad if he was in such perfect health.

That was the 13th of March he had that doctor appointment.

Anyway, he was bowling right along. It was the end of the bowling season and they were going to have their state tournament. That year it was in Albany. So it was especially nice to go that year because that was where Jean lived, up in that area. And so when we went to the state tournament we could go and spend the time with her because it took two days always.

But he said he didn't feel good, he didn't know if he ought to go, but Gerry and Phil and Bruce and Floyd were the ones on the team. And Phil and Gerry both wanted to go the state tournament so bad and he sort of hated to let them down. So he went and we did have a good time with Jean. And this was the 21st of March and he had, he didn't, usually, he bowled both sections on Saturday, there'd be the singles and the doubles. But this time he said he just didn't feel well enough to do them both. He'd just have to do one of them on Sunday.

So he left in the morning to go bowling. And I went to church with Jean and Jumbo, but I said, I'd get back to the bowling alley before he was through bowling because it ran from about 12 till whenever they ended, we’d be out of church at 12, so we could get there for most of the excitement. So we went to church and came back to the bowling alley and everybody was just standing around and Kim came up and said, "Grandpa fainted while he was bowling and they've taken him in the hospital." And I said, “Well, I suppose it was so hot in there.” It always gets so hot and stuffy in those bowling alleys when everybody's smoking and everything.

So we just went right to the hospital, but when we got there, they were all very glum and Bruce said, "Mom, you gotta know, he never breathed all the way to the hospital. I sat right in there with him." But it just didn't register somehow. I just thought, "Well, Bruce is just excited and he doesn't know," but then they came in and told me that he was dead.

It was a terrible shock. Just never, I just never dreamed that that was going to be the answer they'd give me. I knew he didn't feel well but what was the matter with him that would kill him. It was just an awful thing to go through. I had to try to reason it out, try to believe that that was right. It was an awful time.

So we went right home. I went up with Bruce and Erin, and Phil and Deb and Gerry and Kathy went together. They stayed at Pat's. And Floyd and I and Bruce and Erin stayed at Jean's.

The body was going to have to be shipped by plane and it wouldn't get there till Wednesday. So they set the calling hours for Thursday all day long because they know it's going to be a big, big crowd. So many business acquaintances and so many relatives. And it was a long, long day because there was just a line waiting all the time to come through.

I got through it all right. They fixed the place upstairs for us to alternate going down, but I stayed by the casket most of the day. The funeral was on Friday; a big, big crowd at the funeral, too.

The doctor we had came to the funeral home. And he looked at him and he said he thought that he had a blood clot in his lungs. They had not given any reason for his death up there. I forgot the term they used, but it was just natural causes and he said, he thought there was a blood clot in his lungs by the coloring on his face. I don't know if he really thought that or he wanted to, he couldn't believe. He thought a great deal of it personally. He wrote me a nice letter afterward telling me what good friend Floyd had been to him and how he admired him and so forth. He probably did feel real bad to think that he hadn't diagnosed something that would have saved this, but I guess it was all in God's good timing.

Then came the decisions that had to be made. We, of course, had the reading of it will and that was no surprises in that. And then we had to decide what to do about all that equipment and all those potatoes that were left. There was so much to decide and I just felt overwhelmed. I remember one time before that, Floyd had owned land around Avoca, Dyer Hill and up on Jacob's Ladder and Job's Corners and like that. And then he rented land around Avoca, too. So that all around were parts of this machinery left in the field. And I remember one day I said to Bruce, "If anything happened to Floyd I wouldn't know anything what to do”, and Bruce said, "I know where everything is so I'll take care of it." I've thought so many times that that was such a boon to me. He did step in and moved all the machinery.

We had to have an auction. And we had to set it quite quick. This was March 21st that he died and it should be right off because in April and May, but especially April farmers begin buying their machinery that they needed for the next year's farming. So we had an auction set in April. And all the kids came and helped with it. They came and stayed two or three days, getting all with machine lined up and all the tractors in a row and all the plows in a row and all the trucks in the row and so forth. There was so much to sell. And they all came and worked. Dick sort of took care of handling the money. The rest of them all did whatever jobs needed to be done. I didn't even go. I didn't want to be near it. I just stayed home. Anyway, they did well. They sold off everything and cleaned out the warehouse and it was done.

Then life got back to everyday living. I was glad that Kathy and Gerry were there, gave other people in the house and not making it quite so hard as it would have been. Nobody else had been there. They were building their new house up on where the old one had burned. And that was taking their time and their interest quite a lot.

I've always been so grateful that I learned to drive a car; that would never have taken place if Floyd didn't had to go to the service. So there were good things came of that, but I had a lot to see to. Just settle things, going to the lawyers, settling the estate and all that that has to be done at a time like this.

And my sister was sick real bad for quite a while. She was in and out of the hospital and I was down there quite a lot. And she came home and stayed with me after she got out of the hospital. She was there over the summer and into the fall. And I got sick that summer, too, had surgery in September, and I went to Juanita's for a little while after I left the hospital, but then I came home because my sister was real sick and she was home there and I got along fine as far as healing and so forth, but it was hard because Fern was so sick.

She had an apartment in Hornell, I guess I mentioned that before. But she knew she couldn't keep it. So we all went down there and sort of divided up her things between the family, different ones got different things. I don't know just what. I remember Pat got a pretty set of dishes that she bought in England. And now today, Pat has added to that, so she has a nice big set, it’s a beautiful, well, it's a very popular set now that the people they can buy it here in America. And of course, anything, anybody else didn't want we gave to Kathy because everything was gone from her household, where her house had burned me. I remember she had a big basket of things, just kitchen utensils, ordinary things that you need but the others had, so they didn't want.

At Thanksgiving time we were planning to have them all home there because Gerry was going to have the windows put in his house. Bob Krein worked for a lumber company there in Saugerties, and he could get the windows through a company in Syracuse at a better rate than Gerry could have if he’d gone as an individual.

So he went up early in the morning and got them and the rest of them were coming that next day to, that day to get them but we had a tragedy that day. My sister Fern died very suddenly. It was great shock and very disappointment because I thought she was going to get better. And there was, and we would just be the two of us and we could do things together that we never had done because I was always tied up with family things, but that was the way it was.

They all came to help put in the windows and we had Thanksgiving there and then we had calling hours on Friday and the funeral was on Saturday, so that we got through that, another time that it was trying and harder but God is always faithful. Christmas time was coming again.