

The teacher I remember the most was Miss Pugsley in fifth grade. It was that year I represented our school at Art Gallery classes. I won a picture of Madonna and the Child for our school.

Bob and I were in the same room quite often. He had skipped a grade. In the third grade the teacher asked him to stop talking. He probably didn't stop because she started to call him "Betty". I took offense at her cruelty to my brother...I cried and pouted to show my loyalty to him.

One Memorial Day for Palmer my Dad drove us with some other kids from our class through the parade downtown. We had a big banner on our car with PALMER on it.

Physical environment: We always had a car. At age three we were riding to visit my grandparents in Jamestown. It was common to have flat tires. When we had a flat tire we would all get out of the car and watch Dad fix it. My mother recalled my saying, "Don't be afraid. God will take care of us."

Dad walked to work across the bridge. He would put the car on blocks in the winter time. Sometimes he would say, "Just before suppertime you children walk to the office." Then he would take us across the street to the Gladstone Cafe. It was so much fun to be served waffles, and pour syrup out of little individual cups.

We stored our food in an icebox. Bob would take the cart across the street every other day to get a 25 lb. block of ice.

One day Aunt Jessie promised us an excursion...a ride on the streetcar to the end of the line where there was an ice cream store. What a disappointment when I got "car sick" and couldn't enjoy the ride or the ice cream soda.

It was exciting to get a new radio...an R.C.A. Victor. The salesman said, "This square (about 5 inches) is provided so that when television comes in this machine can be converted to TV." During high school days I enjoyed soap operas while knitting and embroidering.

Periodically our walls needed repapering. Uncle Pete Jonker Pell did the work. He had a big mustache which would get wet in his coffee. I was awed when he would suck it dry.

Dad had office hours every night but Thursday. He wanted to accomodate the working man. Every summer I had to work as "office girl" while his regular girl had a vacation. I had to sterilize the instruments in boiling water, fill syringes, and mix silver fillings.

We lived next to a dry good store. This was bought originally for my father's sister who was widowed with three small children. Sometimes I would help mark goods in the store. One Saturday night the store burned. It was an awesome sight with the crowd of people and the fire engines. The whole floor caved in. In the following days I helped sell goods at the fire sale. Tables were set up in the back yard.

On day I went to my mother's bedroom and put her diamond ring on my finger. I lost it when I went out to play. Sometimes my mother would see dew on the grass and think it would be her diamond. She gave it up for lost. But one Sunday my cousin Evelyn, from Wayland was playing in the backyard with us (croquet). She said, "Look what I found!" and I can remember her mother cleaning the diamond ring, stone intact, with tissue paper. The ring had been lost a year or more.

Mother managed apartments in the building and in the house on Quimby. She cleaned, kept accounts, and dealt with all the tenants' concerns and complaints.