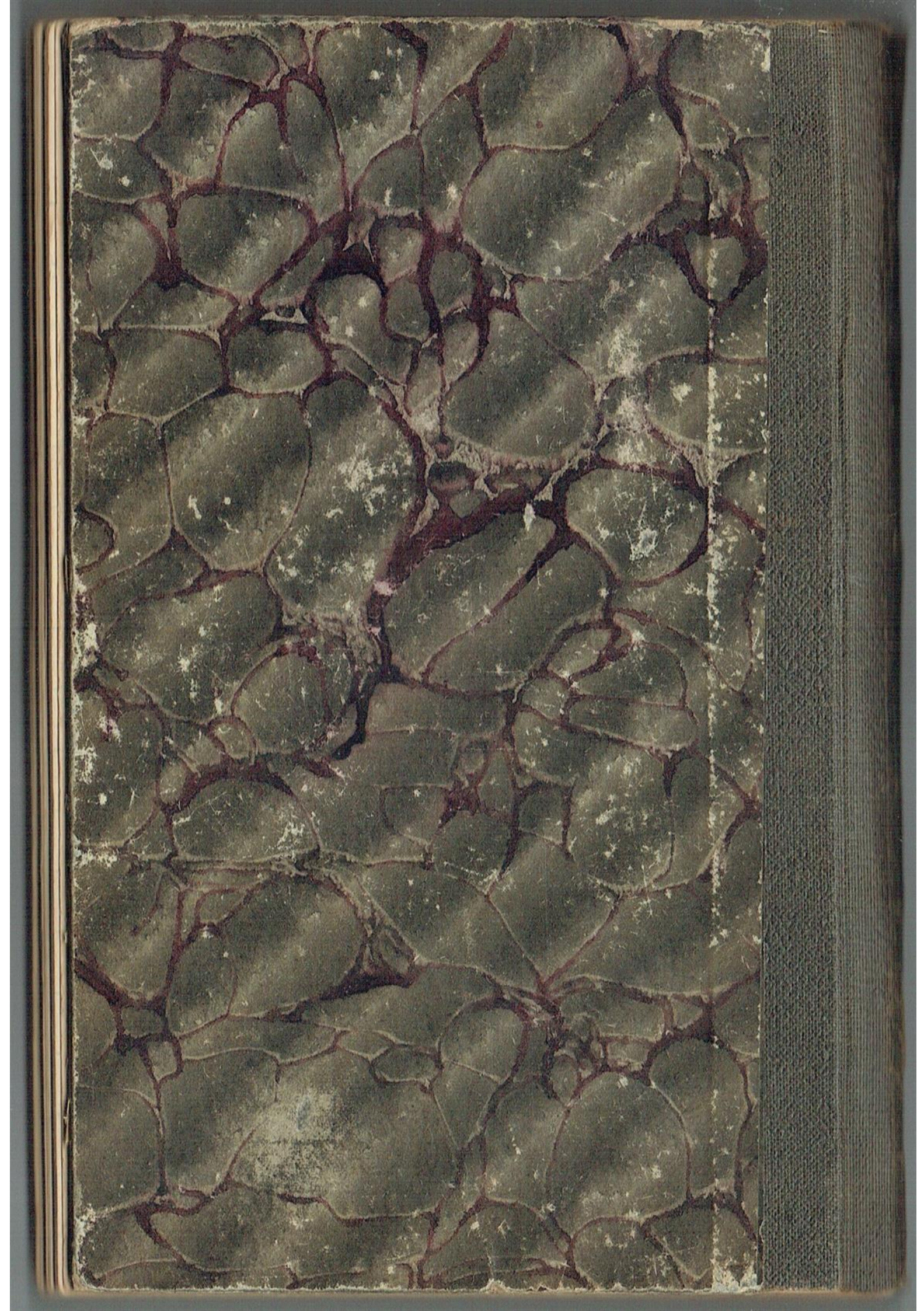




My Autobiography

GRACE PELTON HOLBERT



2002-06-13-01

Grace Felton Holbert



F

Walton, Grace B. Peltan

My autobiography.
[written Spring 1918, when she
was finishing 8th Grade, Adelphi
Academy, Brooklyn]



Chapter I.

It was Friday morn
When I was born
The twenty fourth of June
And in this state
I filled the date
That neer arrives too soon.

Yes, such it was. No one can
call me other than a Brookly-
nite, born on Dumoy Street in
an apartment. Having two older
brothers, Mother and Daddy were
glad I was a girl. So am I. There
is nine years difference between

100
I mention, I haven't noticed
myself. Wait till I get there
again. Only a month be-
fore school closes.

My brother in camp wrote
two weeks ago that he is all
packed up to go somewhere.

A week ago we received a
certificate stating that he had
passed a Signal Corps course
under a French officer. This
morning, May 14, we received a
letter stating that he was
still in camp. So, luck
go with him when he does
go.

10
were your sweet little dresses.
They were the prettiest you ever
had.

But I teased her that at
last she remembered a turkey.

When I went out walking with
my nurse, this turkey would
always follow. One day, to get
rid of me, they rode me down
to the springhouse in my baby-
carriage where the men were
working. And Mr. Turkey,
Royal Guard followed as ever
and strutted around me
until I went back. I probab-
ly ate that turkey the next
Thanksgiving, but I thank
him just the same for

keeping away the evil spirits.

u
All these pictures to come, I
posed for. The first, I admit



is quite shock-
ing but I hard-
ly ever did shock-
ing things and
you can forgive
me this once.
I liked to have
my pictures
taken with
Dr. Pussy.

Dr. Pussy slept most the time
and never scratched and I liked
her immensely. On the next
page, I don't look as though
I was so pleased trying on

Born June 24, 1904; Friday.

Died July, 1990; Mrs. Grace Holbert Bennett.

Ruggles' hat. But what makes
the picture nice, is to see ^{that} my
darling brother has his arm
around me. But I ~~wanted~~ ^{amuse} the



picture closer and find that
my arm is around him! After
all, maybe we are just posing.

The next is taken at
my other aunt's house. They
had a little dog named "Ixi".
He was quite small and

I wasn't afraid of him. It is



funny, but I can remember
when that picture was taken.
It seems absurd but I think I
do.



Smelling lilies was a very good pose and it shows how small I was and what nice flowers we have in the country.

And there! I didn't mean to shock you again at all.

But the cat seems to be having such a hard time of it that it's quite funny.

I don't know what doll I

have in the

nest but it looks as though I was having a strenuous time



keeping hold of it. The bed of flowers back of me is one of Auntie's prettiest.

It always makes ^{us} happy when people going by, look and comment ^{on} our flowers.

This picture shows me with an awful load, Dr. Fussy. The cat must have been enormous or ^I was awfully small because she made an



awful load.

The cat that summer had a much more exciting ^{time} than I. That cat certainly had nine lives, being almost killed many times.

She roamed the fields and barely missed the handle of the mowing machine. Once, it cut off one of her toes and the next time some more toes and the end of her tail. She certainly was lucky to come out alive.

Roaming the woods, one day some hunters shot at her probably mistaking her for some other animal. You could feel the shot inside of her through her fur.

But as this is not the cat's auto biography, I will leave out the other escapades except one, the tin can episode. That's too funny to leave out.

One quiet Sunday morning, Doctor Pussycat thought she would take a climb. So, climbing the grapevine, aired herself a few moments ^{on the roof spinning the vine.} Auntie said she saw her and thought nothing of it. Then, after she had been in the house a few moments, an awful commotion arose. She ran out and there Dr. Pussycat was in a regular trap. She had fallen off the roof, head first thus jamming her head in an old tin can. And it was so

tightly wedged that Auntie had an awful time getting it off especially as the cat clawed and fairly fought. Auntie thought she would pull the cats neck off.



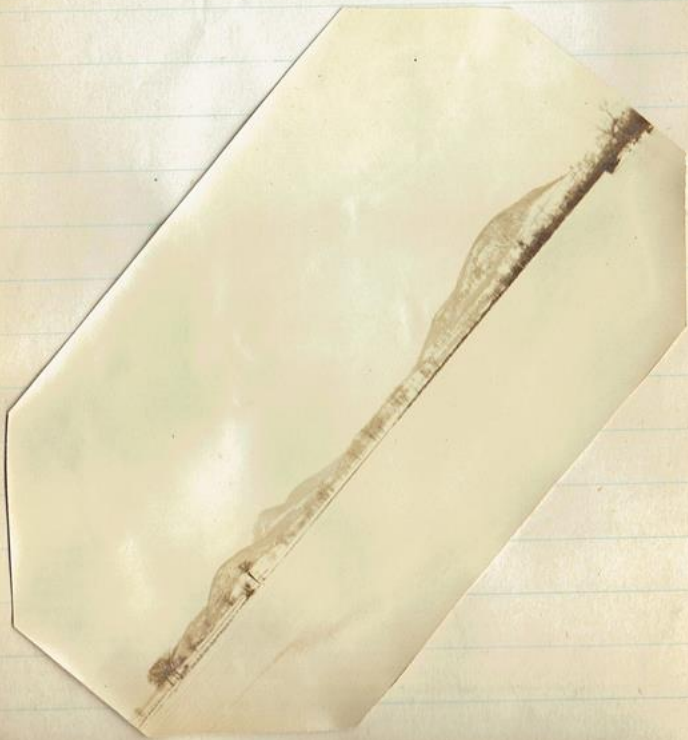
The cat came out of it better than Auntie, who had scratches showing for weeks afterward on her arm. Here is Dr. Pussy arising from a nap in a peach basket. The picture is not very clear but it shows you her little white-well we call it broach and all the rest of her is black.

The summer when I was there, we began going to Grandpa Holbert's for the summer.



This farm is not so far from the first, just six miles. They are on opposite sides of the village. This farm I do not like so well. Although it had the beautiful ^{hundred} eighty acre Whickham Lake just - say one quarter mile away. I suppose I would have liked it better, had I anyone of my age to play

with but my only friend lived
about two miles away. How-
ever, we often saw each other
and had good times together.



21
This is Wickham Lake in
winter. You can see the ice
on it. They ought to put a
lake that size in Prospect
Park where a lot of people can
enjoy it, but it's must too
endless for just a few to
skate on. I never skated there.



Here is
Grandpa
Globe. I
looked like
one of my
aunts, his
daughter
and often
he called

me by my aunt's name,
Minnie. "Grampa" was up
with the dawn although he did-
n't go to bed very early. I
never tried to beat him up.
If I did, I was walking in
my sleep. Here's a picture



that must have been taken

when I was about five.
I am with my cousins Harriet
and Billy, the only cousins
I have on my Mother's side.
This was taken at the Pelton
farm.

In the summers at
Grandpa Roberts's my cousins
four in one family, came
to visit and usually staid
two or three weeks. I enjoyed
when they were there as bet-
ter than I did all the rest of
the summer. On the next
page you see us lined like
a pair of stairs. I'll begin
at the top step and name
down. Marion, me, Joe;

me by my aunt's name,
Minnie. "Grampa" was up
with the dawn although he did-
n't go to bed very early. I
never tried to beat him up.
If I did, I was walking in
my sleep. Here's a picture



that must have been taken

when I was about five.
I am with my cousins Harriet
and Billy, the only cousins
I have on my Mother's side.
This was taken at the Pelton
farm.

In the summers at
Grandpa Hobbitt's my cousins
four in one family, came
to visit and usually staid
two or three weeks. I enjoyed
when they were there as bet-
ter than I did all the rest of
the summer. On the next
page you see no lined like
a pair of stairs. I'll begin
at the top step and name
down. Marion, me, Joe;

me by my aunts name,
Minnie. "Grampa" was up
with the dawn although he did-
n't go to bed very early. I
never tried to beat him up.
If I did, I was walking in
my sleep. Here's a picture



that must have been taken

when I was about five.
I am with my cousins Harriet
and Billy, the only cousins
I have on my Mother's side.
This was taken at the Pelton
farm.

In the summers at
Grandpa Stoberts my cousins
four in one family, came
to visit and usually staid
two or three weeks. I enjoyed
when they were there as bet-
ter than I did all the rest of
the summer. On the next
page you see us lined like
a pair of stairs. I'll begin
at the top step and name
down. Marion, me, Joe;

me and my younger brother. So I came petted, everybody spoiled me and don't deny that they do yet.

There was no squabble about my name. At least I didn't begin an exciting life. And there, I forgot to tell! Mother says that when I was born, my brothers were in the country. They were greatly interested I suppose. At least one wrote (and Mother has the letter yet) a good hint for a name. He suggested that I be named after "Jenny" after a favorite mule he rode! Brothers always do upset anyone's mental poise! Well, they had

a good reputation for me when I reached the country. They thought I cried all night. So my brothers put in a good night's sleep before I came and I, three weeks old, rose to the occasion and did not utter a sound all night. Mother says I quite rose in their opinion.

Auntie, Mother & I
Ready to
Start.



24
Betty (Betty's are always gigg-
lers. She looks as though she
would about "burst") and the
last George or "Manny."



George has bright red
hair but is very bright
and awfully funny.

The next picture was
taken when we went on

25
a picnic. I wish I could find
Uncle George's picture eating
melon. Regular "pickin' away"
at it. The dog in the picture
would help us dig. He was
an awful big dog and he got
woefully dirty. I'm in the
background. Marion is the one
digging.

What's
a farm
without
kittens?



I don't know because we
always had some to any farm
I was ever at. Here's a pussy
in a dangerous position. I
had an awful time trying



to keep the racket ^{gh} straight too.
 You see he is very much
 striped. I like striped bit-
 tens. My first ~~specimen~~ was
 a bout a striped kitty.



And here I am with my
 brother Ruggles. I can remember
 what an awful time I had
 holding those catfish up.
 Somebody took that picture
 just to tell what wonderful
 fishing one could catch in
 Wickham Lake. Let me tell
 you the truth. They came
 out of our ice pond when

it was drained.

And here is the family



Chariot. " Good looking car when it was new. That car is still running minus four or five things and can't make a hill but can still go to town, for the mail.



When I came back to the city, I found a friend Mother

said I froze on to her and wouldn't get off. Everybody does get a friend sooner or later. So, ~~on the next page~~, here we are. I don't know where that monkey ever went to but, after I saw the picture, I remembered it. " You took a very good picture Mrs. Monkey's Jean Morris was always a

tiny thing with spindle



The old end of the
Pelton Homestead
good.

legs. I
felt like
taking
her to
a farm
for a
summer.

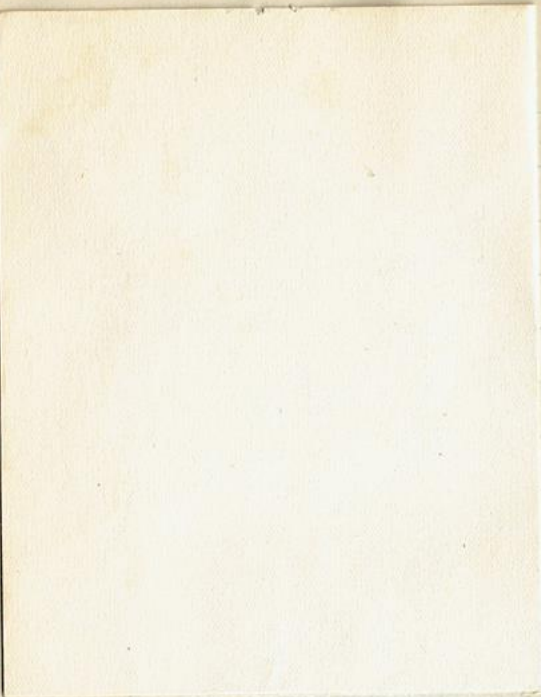
It would
do her

When I was five years
old, I began going to kinder-
garten. Mother says I began
in about ^{the} March before I
was ~~six~~ ^{five}, so wasn't to school
very long when I was
~~four~~ ^{five}. I can't remember

anything about kindergarten.
I had a lot of stuff around the
house that I made there but it
vanished into air when I wanted
it. Miss Larney, now the dean
of the college, was one of our
teachers. Miss Roethgen also. I
see her every once in a while.
She ^{once} said about a year ago:
"I can remember the big
red bows you wore on top of
your head."

I don't remember the bows
except to know they were in
my way.

I have now found quite a
few things of interest. First comes
my attempt at art. This was



Kindergarten work and the only thing I have left that I did. And now comes Connecting Class. I think this is a very interesting grade because here is where you really begin reading

riting and rithmetic.

Mrs Rice just told me a story of my connecting-class life. She said I came up to the desk to ask the teacher a question and, after I had taken my seat, she said to Mrs Rice,

"That child is very much spoiled. she has two older brothers and everybody pets her".

Now she got the wrong end of things because having two older brothers means you are ^{teased} ~~from~~ petted, not necessarily spoiled.

And here is what everybody must go through - their first writing. This next page certainly proves I am one of



told me a story
 lass life. She
 to the desk to
 question and, after
 eat, she said

is very much
 a two older
 body pets her".
 the wrong end
 , having two
 and you are ^{traced} ~~from~~
 naturally spoiled.
 what everybody
 - their first
 next page
 I am one of

everybody

The dog
 The dog
 The dog
 The dog

Open this paper and the other
 I can remember one event
 I think happened in this

Ball
 Ball
 Ball
 Ball

grade.
 The Teacher was bringing
 in charts and explaining the
 different parts of animals which

everybody

The dog eat the cat.
 The dog bit the cat.
 The dog bit the cat.
 The dog

ll
 ll
 ll
 ll

Open this paper and the others
 I can remember one event
 I think happened in this

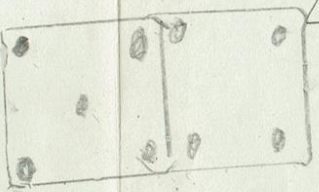
grade.
 The Teacher was bringing
 in charts and explaining the
 different parts of animals which

everybody

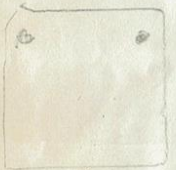
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5 5



9 9



2 2

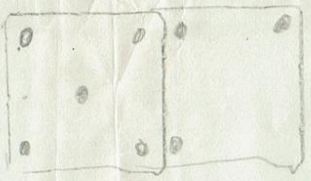


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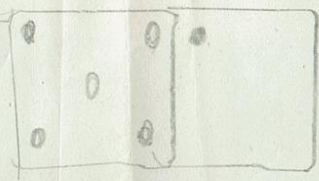
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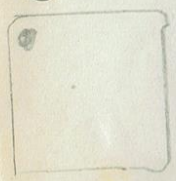
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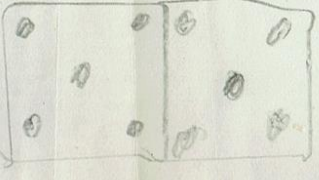
4 3



6



1 1



10

was bringing explaining the animals which

everybody

The dog
 The dog
 The dog
 The dog

Open this paper and the others
 I can remember any event
 I think happened in this

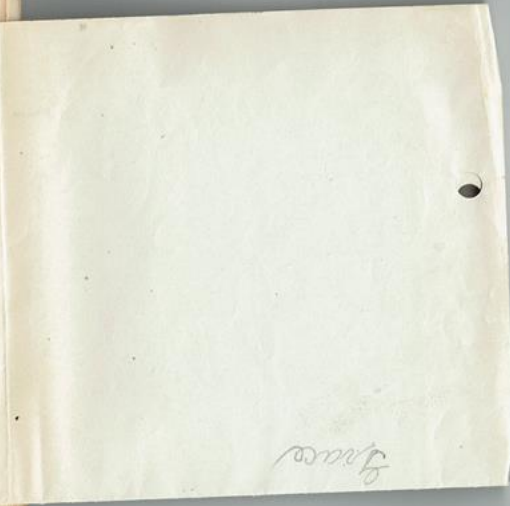
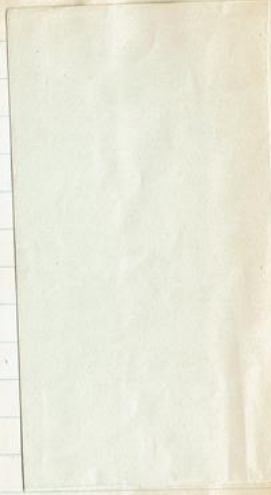
grade.
 The teacher
 in charts in
 different parts

0010

my hand
 my hand

everybody

The dog
 The dog
 The dog
 The dog



Spencer

Open this paper and the other
 I can remember one event
 I think happened in this

grade.
 The teacher was bringing
 in charts and explaining the
 different parts of animals which

appeared on the charts. Evidently I was not interested because I did something and the teacher ordered me to the corner with my back to them. Well, I cried and I can remember how mad I was at that teacher. Oh!!!!!! It just seemed to get my goat as though I thought she had meant it as an insult.

I was ~~seven~~^{six} when I was in the connecting class. Here is some of my spelling. I was never good in spelling. It was one of my weak points to gether with arithmetic. In

- 1 ack
- 2 had
- 3 back
- 4 track
- 5 rack
- 6 tack
- 7 stack
- 8 pack
- 9 track
- 10 track
- Crack 19

english, I was always pretty good. I remember an incident in the first grade, I think it was. We were having drawing. Pumpkins was the subject and I was having a fine time following

in orange paint. So when I became ready to paint the stem, I talked to somebody and Miss Moore wouldn't let me go on. Then I remember I was mad at her. I'm sorry my memory runs to such things but I have to put down what comes back to me.

Here is a paper I did in the 3rd.

Yes! That was Miss Common's grade. I remember that one pretty well considering my age (then), not now. I remember the awful long division and multiplication. I became so nervous when doing them, that to-

$$\begin{array}{r}
 81 \\
 81 \overline{) 6561} \\
 \underline{648} \\
 5881 \\
 \underline{81}
 \end{array}$$

day, nine chances out of ten when I try to do one, I will get it wrong. That year I failed in Arithmetic. I remember, also,

in orange paint. So when I
 became ready to paint the atoms,
 I talked to somebody and Miss
 M. was wouldn't let me go on. Then
 I remember I was mad at her. I'm
 sorry my memory runs to such
 things but I have to put down
 what comes back to me

Here is a paper I did
 in the 3rd

Yes! That was Miss
 Common's grade. I remember
 that one pretty well con-
 sidering my age (then) not
 now. I remember the awful
 long division and multipli-
 cation. I became so nervous
 when doing them, that to-

Grace P. Holbeck.
 3 B.

Home Work.
 May 28, 1913.

world's - world is Mr. = Mister
 don't = do not Mrs. = Mistress
 I'm = I am Pl. = Place
 there's = there is N. Y. = New York
 He's = He is U. S. A. = United
 States America

72	58	
72	4176	58
360	x	72
576		116
576		406
		4176

61	99	
61	6039	99
549		61
549		99
549		594
		6039

how I would have to stay after school with division and multiplication examples to do. Me for a figuring machine, no woodays!

That year fall (according to my report book) I weighed 60½ lbs and the same year spring 62. Height, fall, 51.1 inches, spring 52.5 inches, a gain of an inch and over from spring to fall.

My first report in the 3rd grade, I had two F's. one Arith. metric, the other spelling. Then I slowly grew better and didn't go lower than C the rest of the year. My semester average marks for the 3rd were: Arith.

B. Reading: A, Spelling: A, Geog: B, Drawing: C, Singing: A, Writing: B. Days absent, 20. I was sick an awful lot all through the lower grades. I haven't been absent so much in the last three or four years.

Ha

how I would have to stay
 after school with division
 and multiplication examples
 to do. Me for a figuring
 machine, nowadays!

That year fall (according
 to my report book) I weighed
 60 1/2 lbs and the same year spring
 62. Height, fall, 51.1 inches, spring
 52.5 inches, a gain of one inch
 and over from spring to fall.

My first report in the
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B. Reading: A, Spelling: A, Geography:
 B, Drawing: C, Singing: A,
 Writing: B. Days absent, 20.

I was sick an awful lot all
 through the lower grades. I haven't
 been absent so much in the
 last three or four years.

29	5	10	6785
	17		463
18	3		520355
	34		4071
9	1	17	46710
	2		27140
56	15	3015	316,181
	17	3417	

91170
 529148,230,016

4761

620

529

910

529

3817

3703

1146

1058

88

~~72~~ x 108 x 31 x 21 x 1
 63 124 78 21 12
 21 x 12 8
 x 1 1
 1

Here is a 4a sample of
Arithmetic. Possibly some
of this art was done in that
grade.

Here's a
turkey.
Looks pos-
sibly fair.
Probably
because the



teacher helped me on it.

This pumpkin as a plac-
card looks as though it was
done about this time by
the writing in side. My
report in the fourth shows
following Physical measur-

43.



ments: Weight, fall, $61\frac{1}{2}$ lbs,
Spring $66\frac{3}{4}$. Ah! Talk about
going to the country to get fat.
Height 53 inches fall, Spring 54.2
Another inch. It does not

Here is a 4a leaf of Arithmetic of this grade.

Here's a turkey. Looks pretty fine. Probably because the teacher helped.

Grace Pelton
Holbert.

This pumpkin as a placard looks as though it was done about this time by the writing in side. My report in the fourth shows following physical measure-

ments: Weight, fall, 61 1/2 lbs, Spring 66 3/4. Ah! Talk about going to the country to get fat. Weight 53 inches fall, Spring 54.2. Another inch. It does not

give feet dimensions. I wonder if they grew by the inch?

I was nine in the 4th grade. Now we will turn to the country during these summers.



But before, here is a picture on our front stoop. I must have been nearly eight.

The next picture shows me with a kitten in

my lap and Bobby at my feet. If it were brought up to date the cat would be up a tree with Bob

barking at it. But then he did not chase them then.

I think it is awfully cute, this picture, everybody looks happy, even the dog wearing a smile. You don't believe me?



Alright, come have a look at the pictures?



And here are all my cousins in the Harris family. I'm the middle in the picture and



The Pelton Homestead, 100 yrs old

Nothing very exciting happened in that first summer. I lived a healthy, out door life even if I was so tiny. Mother says I grew so fat they thought I would not walk very young. Just one thing, though. We had a little Oldsmobile, I guess it was the first model. you

see it here.

I was older, though when this picture was taken.



Well,

Mother and Daddy took me out for my first auto ride. When we were going nicely, Mother looked at me and yelled. I was white, almost yellow, gasping for breath.

"Stop" says ma. I can imagine how Daddy jumped. I recovered but Mother says it did scare her.

in age.
Here are
Bobby and I.
I can
remember
when
that
was
taken.



We
are both
squinting,
How dont?
believe me?
Come and have
another look. You
find I'm quite
truthful dont you?

There are two things which I have
forgotten to tell and cant leave out.
I am sorry I have to put it in
here.

When I was about six, it
was in the summertime, I was
swinging with a girl that had
come to visit me. I fell out by
some joggle or another she gave
and landed right on my shoul-
der blade. I didnt cry at the
time but when ever I got a
joggle my shoulder hurt and
so, I was taken to a vergon.
He said I had sprained my
collar bone. It would have
been a break with an older
person with older bones but

mine were supple and stood it and just bent. He bandaged me all up with my arm across my breast. My but it was hot! But the worst hadn't come yet. He had to rip it off. Mother said he pulled skin and everything along with it. But, in return, he gave me a Japanese doll and I have it yet.

Then when I was about eight, I had the happy duty of being a flower girl. It was a country wedding and the first one in the little, village church. My Partner

was Ruth Lange. I can remember well how, in the wedding march, I tried to make her keep in step. She didn't seem to have any sense of rhythm.



Here is the picture. We both look as sour as pickles. I

didn't take to her much. I
 (include this picture) because
 it was taken the same sum-
 mer. Billy insisted on
 driving the car. Glad it
 was "pretend" as we would
 have been in the ditch.



Then, to take up my story
 again, I present a picture



My big brother's camera, of a
 group that could be found most
 any time at the farm. They are
 in front; Betty Harris. Second
 Row, left; Marion Harris, I,
 "Billie" Dunning, Joe Harris
 and last, standing in the
 "Olds" "Manny" otherwise George.
 Then here are some views a-

didn't take to her much. I include this picture because it was taken the same summer. Billy insisted on driving the car. Glad it was "pretend" as we would have been in the ditch.



Then, to take up my story again, I present a picture



My big brother's camera, of a group that could be found most any time at the farm. They are in front; Betty Harris. Second Row, left; Marion Harris, I, "Billie" Dunning, Joe Harris and last, standing in the "Olds" "Manny" otherwise George. Then here are some views a-

and its mate. I went up that



as I shall relate soon. The top
of Sugarloaf has been ^{burnt} off.
It must have been a grand
bonfire to see it burn.

Well, there's nothing like
the country!

Don't you
say so too?



Chapter III.

Years go by and I have
nothing to relate about them
everything went along peacefully.
My energetic brother and his
camera, now wasted his films
on "girls." But when I was
twelve, that was last year, I
got a camera of my own and
so have something to show for
it. Pensen took this but
only because Mother wanted
him to so I could send them
out on calendars for Christmas.
I love to feed the squirrels in
Prospect Park and I think
it was a very good snap

when Remmy got him so madly. The summer before, ~~but~~ I was eleven, Grandpa Halbert died, so we now go again to Mother's old home. I think Grandma Pilton died when I was ^{eleven} twelve. But Auntie got sick the spring before I was twelve and Mother stayed with her all that summer here in the city. So I went to Auntie's Geraldine's about ten miles from Waidick, near the village of Chester. There



I took my first picture ^{and it was burn} so I won't include it. But here's



a picture Remmy took and it shows the same view I tried to

take: It's Auntie's house. In the extreme lower right hand corner can be seen a stone wall. It's about five feet high. The creek runs at the foot of it. The picture is taken from the bridge. Here is another of Remmy's pictures ^{that} he took on a

hurry visit
I am with
my cousin
Billy. We
had a good
time that
summer. I
acted like a
regular kid



and never healthier! Let me
recommend Auntie Gearline's
doughnuts. And Grandma
Durland's custard pie! Its
a wonder they could pay
grocery bills, the way I ate.
Here is a good, refreshing,
farm picture. My Uncle
John's on top of the load. This

picture was taken at the
other farm.



That summer, we were in-
vited to go up Sugarloaf,
our highest mountain. It isn't
really very high but one side
is very steep. We went up
the other side across the me
and there was only one place
we had to scramble. My cousin
was sick ^{and couldn't go.} We had a good

time and I found many wild flowers to add to my collection.

Then in the same friends' auto we took a thirty-mile trip to Newburg, took the River Trip and spent the day in Bronx Park. We got home a-

bout half past twelve, very tired but very happy.

That night I slept so soundly that in the morning I was stiff from lying in the same position so long. However, I was up as usual at six o'clock.

Now I will turn

to the subject of poetry. I like to make it up but whether anybody likes ^{to read} it or not is the question.

Well, here's how my first inspiration came. One morning when I was about 9 years old, I woke up, probably about half past four. I looked out of the window, saw a Bob White and began to imitate him. This woke Mother and Daddy and under their volley of words, I subsided. Not for very long, however. I began to hum "I Think to Me Only

with thine eyes." And my first poem was sort of a parody on this song.

My! There was nothing more wonderful at the time! Now, how funny it seems. Mother told me again to keep quiet, so I said, "Shall I go back to bed, or get up?" "Go back to bed", says Ma

"Get up," says Pa. I got up and was out on the porch to see the sun get up. But somebody beat me, Grandpa. I really would like to know what time he really did get up!

Well to bring my poetry up to date, I will copy one I made up at the outbreak of the war, during the first battle of Verdun. It's the best one by far that I have ever attempted. Poetry runs in our family. My brother makes it up and so does my Aunt, only

My Kitty.

Oh my kitty, Oh my kitty.
has a three ringed tail,
And on her head there are some
stripes but they are very pale,
and on her sides there are some
stripes but they are hardly
seen.
She loves to walk on the
grass when it is very green.

My! There was nothing
more wonderful at the time!

Now, how funny it seems.

Mother told me again to
keep quiet, so I said: Shall
I go back to bed, or get up?
"Go back to bed", says Ma

"Get up," says Pa. I got
up and was out on the
porch to see the sun get up.
But somebody beat me,
Grandpa. I really would
like to know what time
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attempted. Poetry runs
in our family. My
brother makes it up and
so does my Aunt, only

she sticks to solemn
subjects.

I
The Germans are a bunch
of bums,
They cannot take Verdun.
Though loud their big ar-
tillery hums,
The French have always
won

II
• Although they strive with
might and main,
And all their ammunition;
They cannot reach the
River Seine,
And catch the Frenchman
'fishew'.

III
A German zeppelin sailing
strong,
A sausage in the sky;
Behold! A Frenchman comes
along,
And smites him in the eye.

IV
A Frenchman's plane comes
sailing thru,
Into our little scene;
And all the bloomin' Dutch-
man do,
Get spotted on the bean.

over.

I

England's fleet upon the sea,
Does make it hot for Germany.
Old Kaiser William sucks
his thumb
He can't import our Spear-
ment gum.

VI Continued

And when the German
fleet is sunk,
By English arms and English
spunk;
When German armies meet
defeat,
And down in prison take
their seat.

VV

We'll all rejoice and shout to
see,
The Allies King of Germany!
End.

And I sincerely hope it
will come true!

The last report I wrote
was in the fourth grade. I'm
sure you will be interested in
the others.

My semester marks in
June ^{in the 5th grade} were: Arithmetic C²; English
Composition and Grammar B¹; Read-
ing A; Spelling C²; French C²;
Drawing, B¹; Sewing A; Sing-
ing A; Writing B¹. Days at
sent for the term 16 1/2 days.



My picture, my first picture in fact, you see me in long dresses. It is my Auntie Almida holding me. She is almost like a second mother to me, so much have I lived with her.

My next picture behold! I stick my little hand out just lovely. Couldn't do ^{it} more dramatically to-day. Mother

says I was a very pretty baby. It seemed to come from sincere depths but I leave you with my picture to judge.



In September we went to the city again. I never did much in the city. Here is



a picture of me with daddy. His keys always fascinated me. I must have visited the country that

My Physical Measurements shows: Weight (Fall) $69\frac{3}{4}$ (Spring) $77\frac{1}{2}$
Height (Fall) 55.4 (Spring) 57.6 - a gain of two inches !!

My marks in the 6th grade, Average June, Arith - C'; English Comp. A; English Grammar B1; Reading a; Spelling B⁺; French F; Geog. B'; Cooking A; Drawing B1; Singing A; Writing A. Days absent the whole year 21.

My Physical Measurements are: Weight (Fall) 78 (Spring) 90 lbs. Height (Fall) 58.8 (Spring) 61+ - a gain of three inches !!!

In the seventh grade, my Average in June = Arithmet. - A; English Composition A; English

Grammar A; Reading A; Spelling A; French C'; Geography B'; Singing A; Drawing A; Writing A. The days absent for the year, two and none the first term.

My report in the seventh grade is a decided improvement on all the other grades. I really did very well and if it was not for French, I would have had an honor certificate. French is my drawback, and, although I managed to pass it, I was never good. My physical measurements were:

Weight (Fall) $94\frac{1}{4}$ (Spring) $95\frac{1}{2}$
Height (Fall) 62.2+ (Spring) 63.4

I'm cutting down on the

growing of which I'm very glad. I don't like girls that are too tall. It isn't so bad with a boy. My brother's a six-footer, but Mother isn't, so there's hope.

That year, Easter Vacation, I went to my cousin's in the village of Warwick.

We had grand sleigh riding so different from this year.

This year I went to the same place and we played out in our sweaters.

Last summer I certainly had a good time. First I went for about two

weeks and a half to Germantown, Philadelphia to visit my cousins, the Harrises. I went to there alone and was met at the station by most the "kids." We went back in Marion's, "Metallic Elizabeth" that was her sixteenth birthday present. I certainly had a good time there and it is the first I had been to visit them for long.

Then I went to the country for a little while.

The usual line there. Then I went down to the city and slept overnight at the

Rices'. The next day we Mr. & Mrs. Rice & I, took a one hundred and seventy five mile trip. We had 190 miles to go but couldn't make it, so we stopped at a hotel. The hotel I shouldn't doubt was at one time a mansion. There was an old fashioned spinnet in the upper hall. It wouldn't play but probably did at one time. In the morning we discovered in the diningroom an old fashioned, grandfather's clock. It would have delighted Mother! The next day

we made the rest of our trip. When we arrived at the Henderson "shack" we were glad to have ended the trip. It had been raining most the way and wasn't as pleasant as it might have been. How brown the people looked. But you didn't notice it after the first few minutes. We went in swimming every day, something I had never done before. So I learned to swim. Not much because I got punky when I went beyond my depth. But I learned. That's something.

Then for the long trip home. I had had a good time and didn't want to go. But I had to, so I carried Betty along with me. Everybody remembers that hot week when the thermometer never went below 90°; well, we made our trip that day. One hundred ninety miles in that stuffy train! We made it. Mother met us at the Grand Central. Then we went to the Restaurant ^(my Pod) for dinner and caught another train for Warwick. That was sixty miles. We changed

cars to the one tracked Warwick branch from the Erie. Coming from Woodstock, where Betty was, we had electric lights on the car. On the Erie, we had gas, on the Warwick branch we had oil lamps.

Betty said, "Look at those funny lamps!"

I guess she thought we were going to the back woods.

One thing; we slept some that night. Also we both [^]exclaimed when we washed. We were exceedingly dirty. No wonder after 250 miles traveling

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in one day!

We both turned into farm girls. We drove the hay fork. Now to city people that would be Greek. It was to Betty at first. I'll try and ~~discover~~ describe it to you. The hay wagon is driven on the barn floor. Then the fork is let down by ropes that its fast to and it is planted into the hay. It carries now about $1\frac{1}{2}$ load at a time. By a rope rope attached to the horses, it is pulled up. The horses are driven out until they yell whoa! and then driven back. The horses strength carries

77
the hay to the roof where it is taken by a car (an affair of two wheels) to the mow and dumped. That's as clear as I can make it. The next picture is a view of our farm. I will tell you about the homestead. About 130 yrs. ago the Petbons from Connecticut came here. They made a log house near the creek, which is down the road from the present house. Then the stream and the dampness of the land gave disease and they built a new home as far from the creek as their land would allow. The meadow that this picture is taken from is not ours. The line fence is

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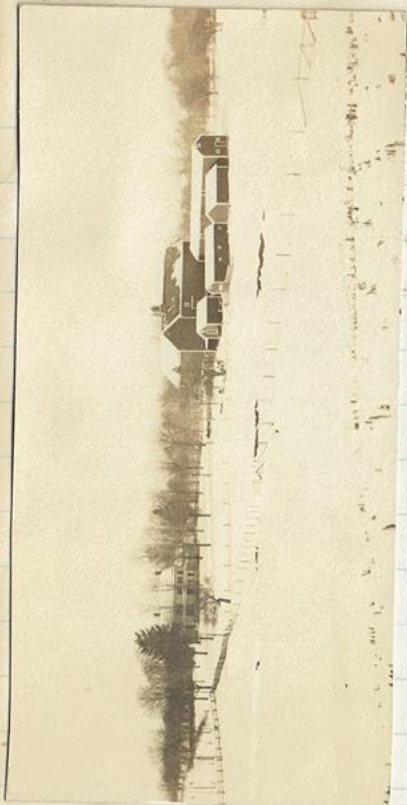


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clearly seen.
The barn that stands at present was not built at the time of the house. It was built about twenty five years ago.
My grandfather, who was tall and always

bumping his head in the old barn told the workmen that if they made one place where he could bump his head, standing, they would hear from

him. The house has been altered quite a little. On the 4th page of this book is a nearer view of the house. You notice the right wing looks old. It is. It is over one hundred years old. The two ^{left} ~~right~~ windows are in the new part of the houses. Our dining room and sitting room and M other room above are all left the same. When you get into it, its quite some house. These are the rooms on the first floor; The new wing; Parlor, back parlor and Blue room. It is interesting to note that the little ~~blue~~ ^{blue} room was Grandama's kitchen when she

started in house keeping. My grandfather's parents lived in the other part of the house. Then the old part, the sitting room, dining room and kitchen.

The old wing was once a kitchen and now used as a store room. Off the old kitchen is a bed room. That makes eight, not counting the good-sized hall. We have three pairs of stairs. We only use two now. The one going up from the back parlor is closed.

Then upstairs is: Mother's room, Auntie's room, the spare room, Grandmas bedroom, bath room, and two more bedrooms

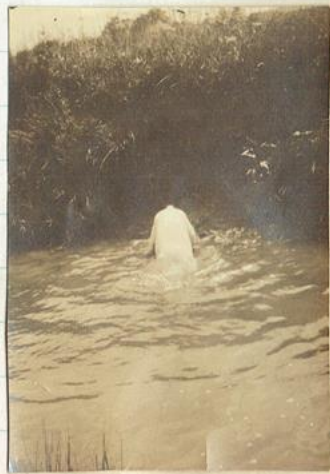
and a maids room. Over the old kitchen are two little bedrooms. Then there are two closets that are almost rooms. I forgot, there is the hall bedroom, now just a hall. That makes eleven not counting the hall or closets. There is a garret over all of this and a cellar under all of this. Some house!!! More like a mansion. But then, two families used to live in it. Now there is, in the wintertime only Auntie and Mrs. Rundle, nurse and general housekeeper. We have many old fashioned things, probably more than anybody around. Especially old china

pewterware, bed clothes and
 so forth. We use those bed-
 clothes yet. They were hand
 woven. The barn is
 also enormous. I forgot
 to say. Where the barn stands
 and all that field, it must
 be six acres, was all a pease
 orchard once. There are a few
 trees standing yet. The new
 orchard is behind the house.

The picture on page 30 of
 this book was taken before the new
 kitchen was added. Back there
 is only a shed. Our new kitchen
 is so nice because it is
 cool. It has three doors and
 five windows. Two doors are

right opposite each other which
 makes a breeze through. After
 Betty had gone away, I only
 had a month to myself and
 it seemed like such a short
 summer to me.

These are some pictures
 I took that summer.
 Now, nobody
 can guess
 what this
 picture is.
 I've only
 struck one
 so far that
 got it
 first thing.
 It was



taken in the brook where I
gather my gentians. They
never fail me and I al-
ways pick just one so that
the others may go to seed.

Here is a
picture of
Bobby and
my brother.
I left some
of his hand-
some figure
out but
it doesn't



really matter. I also have
the land scape slightly sloped
but it is very clear, anyway.

We all thought that the dog
was going to be killed - ^Lskorformed.
But he never was and I guess
never will be. So I took a lot
of pictures of him. Indeed, I
wasted a whole film on him.

When I get up in the country,
I have some more pictures to add
and so will leave space for
them.

This fall we had our auto trips up to the country. It was a friends car, our second cousins car. He and his brother, he was about 24, his brother 16. We went a way that was new to them and had to go over some awfully bumpy roads. Now we in our old car would have thought it grand but they had been used to Long Is. traveling and it was so funny to see how disgusted they were. Now I suppose my brother would object if I put his picture in but here it goes. Its so funny a picture of me. All you can see is the white

middy. I was supposed to be out of the way and I thought I was. Then I came back to begin this year's work at school. Its no dif-



ferent than she had before only harder. ^{Last} This Christmas, I went to my Auntie Geraldine's. With the creek so near, we had wonderful skating. That's where I learned to skate. We had cut out on the trees and Nut-hatches, Downy Woodpeckers and so forth fed there all the time. The same back of this

house is awfully steep with many curves and many rocks. it runs like this
 Where the star is ^{practically} top
 I took a lovely dump. Orchard
 I scratched my arm hay lot.
 up considerably and covered my self with - not glory but snow. Well, the more dangerous a slide is, the better we like it. Where ---- is shows the steepest places. Beyond & my star in that steep place, my cousin ran into deep snow and it sent him off the front of his sled and stood him on his head. He said he nearly broke his neck. It certainly looked so. It

winter for these pictures
looked as though I was bun-
dled for cold.



The cat
seen here is
"Doctor Pussay."
My brother
christened her.
It was sup-

posed that
she was offi-
cial doctor
of the barn
cats.



It seems that my brother had
to endure the hardships once in a
while, because I found this to prove
it.



Next summer, that is when
I was two, I guess I wasn't very
much to look at. I try to extract
news concerning myself from
everybody I think knows. They
don't give much information
"All I remember" says Auntie

was so funny a fall, I laughed and he was mad. Christmas day the whole family came. A turkey came along with an uncle from Cincinnati. Some feast. I hung up my stockings. My cousin got a train and he was so elated over it that he wasn't content 'till he broke it.

I passed successfully my exams in January this year.

Easter vacation, because my aunt was still in the city, I went to my cousin Harriet's in Warwick. I succeeded in having a good time but also succeeded in going Aunt

on with German measles and Uncle John had cold. One day, we walked two miles to another village to a chocolate factory there and got 3 one pound cakes of chocolate, one of which I sent to my brother Ruggles, who is in camp Jackson, on for his birthday April 13th. Ruggles enlisted in the Signal Corps and his letters are very interesting. He seems to enjoy his work very much and never makes a complaint.

This brings me up to now. I shall add news as it comes along.

I made up the poem

"History of the Eighth Grade" and hope to get the prize. If I do, it goes for a W. W. S. I'm real sorry I've finished because I've had a good time finding out about myself. I know myself better than I ever did before.

Here for graduation in June!

Michael's quilt received word that my brother, Pug-ger who works in camp, has been promoted to Corporal. Daddy had a fruit cake made him in the restaurant. It weighed 19 lbs. It was for his twenty-third birthday. Mother said all that cake would make him sick but

Daddy said he would die it and there wouldn't be much left for him.

Here is the corporal. He wasn't a corp. when this was taken but I don't believe he has changed his looks any becoming one.



Somehow it looks as though he had no teeth, but he has, you will see if you look closely.

He sent us the picture the last of Feb. and, as the trees are in blossom, it is a good proof of Carolina's climate.

Chapter IV

Here I will include some new findings. On page ten I spoke of my devout turkey and here he is! The date on



the back of this picture is April 14th, 1908. That makes

me three when that event occurred. The barn in the distance all our neighbors.

Then I found some real country scenes about our

farm. This is the creek in the woods.



It looks very wide and deep. It is in winter but in summer it's shallow and good only for paddling.



These are some of our cows. They are under a choice nut tree.

I'm always a bit scared of cows but I've found there's

no sense in being scared.



Here is our
little brook.

I cannot
tell exactly
where this
picture was

taken but I think from the
bridge. And now to come
to the house. Here is the sitting-
room

fireplace.
The iron
in side
of the
wooden
frame



is not as it used to be but

is built inside of the original
fireplace. We have no use for
such a big one now and
this way also there is a better
draft.

This is
the din-
ing room
fireplace.



The

warming pan and old
andiron and tong set go to
complete its old fashioned
loveliness. On the next
page is the same fire place
but much more picturesque
don't you think, because Aunt
tie is included. Auntie can-



not spin. She's just "making out that she can. However great grandmā could and it's the family spinning-wheel. I asked Mother how old she thought it was and she says there was now telling. The Pelton's came over in 1630, moved and settled in Boston. When in 1803 they came to New York State, they brought that spinning wheel. At lowest estimates,

then, we would guess that it was two hundred. Lots of funny things are in the garret. We have a pair of old shoes, homespun tops of the Roman stripe pattern; a carpet bag that resembles a knitting bag of to-day only homespun; flintlock guns used in the colonial wars, a hair trunk and many homespun shirts and clothes. We use those shirts yet. Peter dekes & mugs abound & we have a pair of spurs very old and a funny pair of square glasses - spectacles I mean. We have lots of old china, also. Indeed, our house is a regular museum. Lots of the things