

But, I think that this was written by my father. no date was on it.

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When I was six years old, my family moved from New York City to Tivoli in Dutchess County. My father and two of his brothers had operated a wholesale butter, cheese and egg business in The Old Haarlem Market with their place located at 102cd street between 1st Avenue and The East River. My father was told by his doctor to move from this environment since the dampness would surely shorten his life. The doctor advised moving out into the country where father could "breathe the fresh air and get the goodness of the sunshine." There must have been something to this advice since my father lived to enjoy his 87th birthday! And so, we bought a farm.

This was some farm ! It had not been "worked" in years and was nothing more than a sea of weeds and broken down apple trees. To make matters worse, we discovered the land to be a mass of blue and red clay. Of course, we knew nothing about farming so father sought the advice of neighboring farmers. After much conflicting information, father sought the advice of what was then known as The Farm Bureau. After the bureau agent had made his inspection, he recommended the entire farm be sub-soiled with blasting powder and treated with as many ashes as possible. At that time World War I was in progress and one had to have a permit to buy the blasting powder. After much questioning to prove the powder was to be used for sub-soiling and not to blow up the town, the permit was granted. And so the blasting began. In the meantime, the schoolhouse had a huge pile of coal ashes to be disposed so we obliged them by taking the ashes off their hands-one wagon load after another. After a few years, the land really began to get in good condition.

During this time of soil preparation, we had to also turn attention to the dwelling house. There was no central heat, no plumbing, no electricity-but there was a "little white house" in the back yard.. Quite a come-down from city comforts! We finally had a telephone installed but, it seemed the whole town was on our ~~one~~ party line. When the phone bells rang three long rings and three short rings we knew it was our call. The tiny switchboard was located over the Otis Drug store and presided over by a female voice. This voice was replaced after school and until 9 P.M. by The Methodist Minister's son. After 9 P.M. the board shut down until the next morning but, one could call neighbors on the party line.

My father had forgotten to get the New York City school records, so I had to start all over again in first grade. The first and second grades were presided over by a Miss Feller. She was very stern but an excellent teacher. She rode to school on horse-back and in the Winter she wore a "Davey Crocket" style set of buckskins. This took a city kid some getting used to!

In the meantime, the farm started to go well and, every inch of ground, except the land for horse hay, was under cultivation. There were grapes, apples, pears, strawberries, currants, gooseberries, dewberries, raspberries, blackcaps, potatoes and cabbage growing in abundance and all laid out in military precision. No weed would dare rear its ugly head!

With all this production, there had to be a market for it somewhere. In due course of time we were visited by The Davis Company and The Gibbons company of New York. These were wholesale "commission marchants" who examined our products and deemed them worthy of shipment to the New York City Market. At last the farm was showing a profit! The post World War I inflation was a great help with everything in great demand. Mr. Gibbons saw our Lilac bushes coming into bloom and asked why we did not ship them, too! So we did. Mr. Davis asked us to ship our pears hard and green to Liverpool, England at \$20.00 per barrel on the dock at Tivoli. So, now how to arrange transportation to New York? A Mr. Feroe operated a boat dock on The Hudson River at Tivoli and he was also an agent for The Saugerties Evening Line.

The Saugerties evening line operated three vessels-The Ulster, The Ida and The Robert Snyder. Usually the Ida would be the first to appear but, sometimes the dock would be so loaded with fruit and produce, a second vessel had to be called to carry the rest of the load. There was a steep hill going down to the boat dock and, many times wagon loads of fruit and produce would be lined up for a half mile back on the hill. Good wagon brakes and good horses were needed!

Just North of the dock, Mr. Feroe operated a cooperage for making apple barrels and pear barrels. What beautiful odors emanated from there as the wood was kiln-dried before shaping into barrels!

Mr. Feroe also owned two ice houses. What a thrill for us kids to watch as the ice was harvested. It was never cut until it was at least 18" thick and then cut in to two feet by four feet blocks. All the cutting was done by men with hand ice saws. Then the blocks were floated to skidway. Here the blocks were grasped by huge ice tongs

and elevated by block and fall pulled by a team of horses and thus into the ice house. This all became the refrigerant for family "ice-boxes" since there ^{were} ~~no~~ electric refrigerators yet available.

Our school carried all eight grades and four years of high school. In the Winter the school was heated by steam heat and, although plumes of steam came from all the radiators, it was still quite cold. In high school we had an assembly every morning at which time the principal read a passage from the Bible and we sang hymns and familiar songs. Our high school had Roman Catholics, Protestants, Hebrews and even some Chinese but, no-one ~~ex~~ objected to the assembly as it was conducted. There was no plumbing in the school until much later but, there were two large outhouses, one for boys and one for girls. Needless to say, one did not "leave the room" except when very necessary. There were no "snow days". We lived about a mile from school and, since there was no cafeteria, we all walked home for lunch and then back again. Those who lived two or three miles from school brought a bag lunch. In the Winter boots were the "in thing" and, oh, what odors they gave off!

Yes, it was quite a transition from city life to country life. Mother had her problems getting used to using a wood stove which was a far cry from city gas. Yet, ~~depending~~ ^{depending} on the season, she had breakfast for us at 4 AM or 5 AM during the harvest season. Then she would join my father, my two brothers and me to gather the crops. After all, everything had to be at the boat dock by 5 P.M. or it was left behind to spoil. Summer "vacation" was spent on the farm working and, this was also our "recreation".

After eleven years, father sold the farm to take advantage of another opportunity. For myself, I have no regrets ^{wonder} ~~wonder~~ for the work and the effort that was put in on the farm. I often ~~wonder~~ how far the vandalism rate would drop if all our young people were kept as busy today as we were then.