



*Grandmother's
Memories*

Mama,

12-25-93

I realize this is sort of corny, but
thought that some of the headings
would help you record some of the
important things of your past.

Someday I hope to be able to
share it with your great grand children
so that they have a sense of what a
wonderful, interesting grandma you have
been for me.

Much love.
Will



Will Wheeler and his Nana, December 14, 1999
on Dora Wheeler's 94th birthday



Dora Hughes Wheeler

These memories were written by

especially for
her family
in the year of
1994

*I have so many memories
that I've collected through the years,
dreams and thoughts and feelings
and favorite family times.
I share them with you now
as a legacy of love,
a personal connection with your past.*

When I Was a Baby

I was born on December 14, 1905

in East Cleveland, Ohio - the Sunnyside Apartments, Beresford Street

I was named Dora Lyndon Hughes

I was born with black hair and brown eyes.

When I was a baby, some people said that I looked like a Welshman (which I was, on both sides).

When I was born, my family lived at the Sunnyside Apartments, Beresford Road, East Cleveland, Ohio.

I remember our home as a happy one. Two years later, I had a sister, Marjorie. We lived in Cleveland, Chicago, New York, and Washington as we grew up.

When I was born, my family included Father (Samuel T. Hughes), Mother (Bertha Powell Hughes), sister (Marjorie Louise Hughes) - also several aunts, uncles, and grandmothers. My paternal grandfather died in 1891; maternal grandfather in 1910.

A story my family tells about me when I was a baby is at the end of Beresford Street, the street cars ran into Cleveland. Apparently, I was held up to the windows often, and my first understandable word was "car".



When I Was a Child

One of my earliest childhood memories is of living in a big white house on a hill on a main street called Broadway. I played in the yard, but was not allowed to run toward the street. When I was five, we left this place and moved to Chicago.

I started school at age 6. I remember my early school days as fun. I could already read (I taught myself from the comics in the newspaper) but my first teacher emphasized phonics, and that was fun.

The things I best liked about school then were the books we read: Heidi, the story of Joan of Arc, fairy tales, some Greek myths, and tales of American heroes.

My nickname as a child was Dee-dee *because* that was my father's name for me. He called my sister "Peaches".

Some of my favorite things to do were reading adult books, skipping rope, playing jacks, dressing up as an adult, learning to play the piano. My first teacher in Oak park, Illinois was Mary Edwina Walker, whose father, Edwin Walker was a famous piano teacher in Chicago.

The most popular games then were "Hide and Seek", "Run, Sheep, Run", "Tap the Icebox", "Going to Jerusalem", "Drop the Handkerchief", "Tag", and roller skating. I loved to skate.



My Childhood Favorites

Toys Paper dolls, a boy doll in the sailor suit, skates, Parcheesi.

Songs “Jesus loves me this I know”, “Prospect will shine tonight”, “Little gray home in the west”.

Books Heidi, Little Women and all the Alcott books, Uncle Tom’s Cabin, The Bobbsey Twins, etc.

Movies “The Million Dollar Mystery”, “Little Lord Fauntleroy”, Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark.

Activities Sunday School, Camp Fire Girls, piano lessons, learning to write well.

Some special things from my childhood that I’ll always remember are Starting school in Marywood, Illinois. My first teacher was Miss Peters. My favorite teacher, second grade, was Miss Sylvia White. I loved roller skating and always had good skates. I had long dark brown hair - never cut short until I was about 16. I had two special friends: Marjorie Jones, who lived on Grosmere Street (East Cleveland) and Lucille Burrell, who lived on Page Avenue. Marge was the smartest girl in my school room. Lucille was a year ahead in school, but in my class in Sunday School (East Cleveland). We all belonged to a high school sorority called E. Q. M.



When I Was a Teen

I remember being a teenager as a time of mixed emotions. I went to a different high school each year in East Cleveland (freshman and junior years), New Rochelle, New York, and Washington, D.C. (Senior). I was happiest in East Cleveland. The summer of 1923, I went to camp on Lake Erie (near Madison) before leaving for D.C.. It was a fine experience.

My favorite age was 15 because we lived in New Rochelle, New York and I was very active in high school activities, belonged to a good Sunday School class, and took voice lessons for the first time.

I had my first kiss when I was 14 years old. I began dating at age 13, and had my first real boyfriend at age 15. I wasn't allowed to go out much or alone.

Some of the things I remember about dating are Actually, a crowd of six boys and six girls starting dancing together (in the afternoon) in about sixth grade (age 12). We had been in school together since 4th grade. It was sort of a set formula - the couples stayed together. My friend was Carlton McNamara. He was a nice boy but I hardly knew him.

At that time for dates we usually went to the movies or to parties at someone's house. Nothing sentimental was involved as far as I was concerned until I met a boy in 1924 at the U.S. Naval Academy. He was John C. Broach from Jackson, Mississippi. I thought I was in love and promised to marry him later on.



For other fun on weekends I would This varied - depending on where we were living. In East Cleveland we went to movies and had girl-parties at friends' houses. We were not athletic, except for swimming, skating, and hiking. In New York, we could swim off the Sound in Narrowneck, go into New York to the theatre and opera. I saw Helen Hayes as a young girl in "Golden Days", heard Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen" and the Caruso Memorial Concert at the Metropolitan Opera. One Saturday we saw the "Chocolate Soldiers" at the Empire Theater. Going home, we bought a puppy in the Grand Central Station. He was a poodle and we loved him. He lived until 1938 - after I was married.

Some of the rules my parents set for me were We were expected to do homework before fun. We were not allowed to go out in the evening without adults. We were expected to be present for all family activities except by permission to go elsewhere. We attended Sunday School and church every Sunday - often on Wednesday evening.

And I was expected to help at home by doing things like keeping my room neat, helping with the dishes on the maid's night off. Sometimes I ironed my blouses. We always had a maid and laundress.

To earn spending money, I never earned a cent until I got my first job teaching school. We had allowances that were very small at first, then , increased as we had lunches to buy at school and were involved in outside activities. Baby-sitting was unheard of then. Most people had servants.



Some special things from my teen years that I'll always remember are My first movie date with a boy named Albert Green, I was either 12 or 13. His parents drove us to the movies in their car. No romance was involved.

Going to "Y" camp when I was 16 was marvelous fun. We lived in kiosks, ate in a common dining hall and swam in Lake Erie. This was near Cleveland on the Lake Shore.

The young people in our Baptist church provided a special group of friends, including my special friend, Lucille Burrell. Our mothers had been childhood friends and we were very close.

In 1924, I met John Broach, a U.S. Naval Academy cadet and went to the June Ball. I was just 18.

My education ended when I completed Hood College in 1929.

The things I best remember about those years in school are: In 1924 to 1926 I attended Wells College in Aurora, New York. I met there and roomed with Mildred Dawson, still a close and dear friend. I was her maid of honor in her first marriage in Hinsdale, Illinois. Two summers I visited her family at their summer home on Sister Bay, Wisconsin. The fall of 1926 I transferred to Hood College in Frederick, Maryland. I had been sick with bronchitis and the climate in Maryland was milder than Aurora, New York. Then, I received an A.B. degree in English and was qualified to teach. My roommate was Evelyn Covey (now Steward) my dearest friend to this day.



Your Grandfather and I

I met your grandfather, Richard Smith Wheeler in the spring of 1933 at the home of a friend in Washington.

My first impression him was vague. He was a nice boy from Michigan (A.B. University of Michigan) who had come to D.C. looking for a job. He was good looking and had nice manners.

Our first date was unexpected. I was spending the night with a friend and two young men dropped in,

and, after that, on a typical date we went to the movies, took walks, played cards with friends. I was working at Hood College and home only on weekends.

He proposed on It is hard to say when this happened. He soon took it for granted that some day we would get married and in October 1936, he gave me a ring.

We were married on June 3, 1937 *at* my parents home, 5044 Reno Road at 4 p.m. *in* Washington, D.C. *when he was 28 years old and I was 30.*

For our wedding he wore a summer outfit of white trousers with a blue jacket, *and I was dressed in* white satin - very plain - with my sisters tulle veil. I carried white roses and gardenias.

I remember our wedding day as one of the happiest days of my life. It rained in the morning, but cleared and the reception was in our garden.



For a honeymoon we drove to Scituate, Massachusetts and stayed at “Sea Lane” the home of President and Mrs. Henry I. Slater of Hood College. It was right on the ocean and we swam and fished off the pier. We also visited Plymouth, Cape Cod, and other historic places.

Our first home was at 2310 Ashmead Place,
in Washington D.C., a third-floor apartment.

I remember it as a small apartment with a poor view, but cozy and comfortable. We lived there one year, then moved to a garden apartment at 1420 Tuckerman Street, farther out of town. In 1938 we acquired a cocker spaniel named Robin.

Some of the things I remember about our early years together are I was learning to cook and poor Dick had some terrible meals! He was patient and a wonderful companion. We had very little money, but once in a while we saw a play at the National Theatre or had a small party. Life was never dull, especially when we soon expected a baby.

Your grandfather worked as a statistician for one of President Roosevelt’s new agencies, the F.E.R.A.

While I stayed home and expected a baby, which we lost at birth, May 12, 1938.

For entertainment we played poker and bridge with friends, read Life, Newsweek, and library books, went to the movies and had a little cocker spaniel named Robin.

One thing I like remember about our time as newlyweds is how happy we were together. Dick was a good companion and an interesting person. In 1938, we took a trip to Michigan to see his mother and his childhood home in Nashville, Michigan. We attended Aunt Ada’s mother’s 100th birthday in Jackson, Michigan.



When I was a young mother, I usually spent my days feeding the baby, doing the laundry, organizing dinner, and straightening the house. Later, when there were three children, Douglas went to nursery school, and I kept Dickie and the baby happy.

One thing I like to remember about that time is First of all, there is nothing as satisfying as a small baby, and I truly enjoyed mine - the first smile, learning to turn over, sit up, say "mommy". We lived at 234 North Abingdon and the house was small, but comfortable. I always had some help.

Favorite family entertainments were Douglas, Dick and David loved to play blocks, trains, and Parcheesi. There were 26 children in our block in Arlington Forest, our first house. It was a fine place for children to grow up.

Some of the things I most wanted for my children were a happy home with love for each other. I wanted them to have a good education and learn enough music to sing and play the piano. None of them liked to practice, and I did not push them. They all have good singing voices and at Christmas knew all the carols.

The rewards I feel as a mother are The boys are all loving, kind, and thoughtful. I depend on them for affection and for some companionship. In 1987 I moved into a retirement home so that I would not be a burden on any of them. Their father died of a heart attack in 1972. I have never really recovered from losing him.



My Life as a Grandparent

When I first became a grandmother, I felt surprised and delighted. Douglas called us from New York August 11, 1967 where Catherine had given birth to Ned at New York Hospital. I was getting over what the doctor later called an attack of rheumatic fever, but I went up to New York to be with the children for four days just to help a bit.

For me some of the most enjoyable things about being a grandmother are There is nothing like a little baby. I am sure no one ever enjoyed their babies as much as I did. So the births of Ned and Will were wonderful events. By the time Will came, Douglas and Catherine were here in Arlington, and I saw the babies a great deal and often baby sat with them. Will arrived November 14, 1970.

Seeing or talking to a grandchild brings back memories of I was fortunate to be able to fly to Houston Texas where Dick and Amy were then living to see Richard when he was only a few months old. He was a darling baby with brown eyes and hair. I spent Christmas 1972 with David and Cathey soon after Tom was born on November 23, 1972. They were living in Kearney, Nebraska, at that time. In 1974 I flew out there again for the christening of Susan Elizabeth Wheeler, my only granddaughter, born October 5, 1974. In the summer of 1976 I flew to Forth Leavenworth, Kansas to visit David and Cathey and also to see James Lyndon Wheeler, born May 13, 1976. His crib was in my room, and I thought he was the greatest baby I'd ever known.



My Family

Lewis T. Powell

My Mother's Father

David E. Hughes

My Father's Father

Samuel T. Hughes

My Father

Mary Ann Powell

My Mother's Mother

Dorcas K. Hughes

My Father's Mother

Bertha May Hughes

My Mother

My Brother and Sisters

Sister: Marjorie Hughes Canary - born October 3, 1907



Some of the things I know about my family history are When I was fifteen we were living outside of New York in New Rochelle. One Saturday we had been to see "The Chocolate Soldier" at the old Empire Theatre and were at the Grand Central Station waiting for a 5:30 train, when a man appeared selling a little dog - very young and somewhat dirty. Marge and I demanded to buy him, so I carried him home on the train in my coat sleeve. We named him "Petey Pink" and he lived to be seventeen years old. He was always my father's dog. He was a Maltese poodle, pure white, and rather naughty at times, but we loved him. I had three other dogs: Robin, Duchess, and Princess.



My Mother

(Your Great-Grandmother)

My mother's full maiden name is Bertha May Powell.

She was born in Montreal, Canada *on* July 15, 1872.

Her mother's side of the family came from Wales *and her father's side came from the* same.

In my early memories of her she is tall and somewhat thin, always busy but a happy person, frequently singing around the house. She read a great deal, taught Sunday School, and was a kind neighbor. She was a devout Christian and a strong family person, the eldest daughter in a family of six.

Some of the things I'll always remember about my mother are She had taught school in Cleveland for 13 years before marrying Samuel T. Hughes, an editor for the Scripps-Howard Newspapers. He was seven years older than she was, but their parents had all come from Wales and were friends. They were home-loving people and enjoyed their home and children. Mother was very much interested in our education and often supervised our homework. Daddy read to us and got us interested in Dickens and other novelists of that period. Daddy loved flowers and always had a beautiful garden. He never drove a car, but mother had a Detroit Electric runabout and later a Buick. They were wonderful parents and were strict but somewhat indulgent.



My Father

(Your Great-Grandfather)

My father's full name is Samuel Thomas Hughes.

He was born in Cleveland, Ohio *on* April 14, 1866.

His mother's side of the family came from Wales *and his father's side came from* Wales.

In my early memories of him he is a great playmate, always ready to carry us around or play games. He really gave us the desire to read. He was the Editor-in-Chief of the Newspaper Enterprise Association for a long time. Later, he was the chief of an information service of the Scripps Howard newspaper chain. He read us Dicken's Old Curiosity Shop when I was about ten.

Some of the things I'll always remember about my father are He was a lifetime democrat - he did not force his ideas on anyone else, but believed Democrats cared about people rather than money. He was a fine writer and editor, and when I was a sophomore in high school and having difficulty pleasing my English teacher, he sat down and taught me to write simple, direct prose. This was more helpful to me in high school and college than anything else he might have done. He played the piano - not brilliantly, but accurately and always played hymns on Sunday night. He was soft hearted and caring - always proud of his children.



My mother and father met for the first time at Newberg, Ohio (a suburb of Cleveland, Ohio). He was about eight years old and she was in a high chair. Their families were friends.

They were married on July 14, 1904 in Cleveland, Ohio at It was a home wedding attended by both families.

Some things my mother told me about their courtship and wedding are She knew Sam as long as she could remember. He started to pay her attention when she was nineteen, but she was expected to teach school and help pay for her sisters' and brothers' educations. Apparently, they were friends but did not finally get married until she was 32 and he was seven years older.

Their first home was at The Sunnyside Apartments in East Cleveland, Ohio, 88 Beresford Road.

My father worded as a reporter on the Cleveland Press, later an editor and my mother taught sixth grade at local schools.

Some of our family traditions are going to church and Sunday School on a regular basis. Daddy and Mother both played the piano and always played hymns for singing on Sunday night.

Families were important, my grandmother Hughes died when I was four. My grandfather Hughes died when my father was 25 years old. My grandfather Powell died in 1911. The only grandparent left was Grandma Powell, who lived at 2110 East 93rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio. She was a darling old lady, shaped like a sugar bowl. She spoke three languages (English, French, and Gaelic). She and all the Powells were strong on celebrations and Christmas, New Years and all holidays were special for us.



How the World Has Changed

When I was little, we didn't have some of the things we have today such as radio, TV, VCR, and automobile. The early cars were big, clumsy, and noisy. My mother drove a Detroit electric until 1923. After that we had a Buick and a Ford. Daddy never drove. When my parents traveled, they had a chauffeur named Henry Weeks.

However, some things we had then that we don't have now are When I was quite young, we had two stoves in the kitchen - a gas stove and a wood stove. The wood stove was great for baking turkey. We always had servants - a maid, sometimes two, and a yard team.

When I was growing up, I thought I was very fashionable when I wore white topped, button shoes. My last year in college I acquired a gray squirrel coat. It was beautiful. Before that I had a raccoon coat.

The most important events that I remember in my lifetime are an early airplane, about 1929 talking pictures, and Lindbergh flying the Atlantic. The beginning and end of World Wars I and II. The new states of Hawaii and Alaska, our first TV in 1949. The beginning of the U.N., our brief stay in Vienna.



I Remember When

When I was a little girl, my allowance was 5¢ a week. I could buy an ice-cream cone for 2¢, a candy bar for only 5¢, and soda pop for 5¢. A movie ticket cost 15¢ and popcorn 10¢. A hamburger only cost about 20¢ and a new bicycle was less than \$25.00. When I was a teen and young woman, a good salary was \$1,200 a year. A pair of shoes cost \$5-6 and I could buy a nice dress for \$12.95. A typical date cost less than \$1.00 (movie and coca cola). New cars sold for about \$600-800. A nice apartment rented for about \$55 per month and a typical house sold for about \$6,500.00. Our first house (Hughes family) cost \$10,000, but after Dick and I were married, our first house in Arlington Forest cost less than ten thousand.

I think some of the milestones and turning points in my life have been Learning to read. Moving places like Chicago (we lived in Oak Park until I finished 3rd grade), New York (my 2nd year in high school was in New Rochelle), and Washington. I graduated from Central High in Washington, attended Wells College, and transferred to Hood College in 1926. I never regretted the change. Hood was a small college with a superior staff. I later worked there as secretary to two presidents (Dr. Joseph H. Apple and Dr. Henry I. Stater) until I married in 1937. I married the dearest man I knew, Richard Wheeler. My three sons, Douglas, Richard, and David have been the joy of my life.

