Carolyn Ann (Kame) Cole

I was born in Dansville, New York on March 21, 1929. We lived at 41 Lincoln Avenue. Dansville was a factory town. Foster Wheeler was the big employer. My mother was 19 when she had me. I was an only child for many years. Dad didn't have much work given that this was in the time of the Great Depression. He did what he could to support my mother and me. We moved a few times while I was growing up. The only thing that comes to mind about the houses is that they were all grey. There was only one man who owned lots of property in Dansville and he painted all the houses grey.

We moved to Brockport in 1939. Initially, we lived at 19 Gordon Street. Then we moved to Sweden Center. Sweden Center was a small hamlet on South Lake Road, just south of what is now Colby Street. At that time, there was a grocery store and a gas station. Neither of them are there today. The last place I moved to with my parents was on State Street right across from Gordon Street.

I went to Brockport Middle School and Brockport High School. School was very enjoyable to me. I played the clarinet and was in the Marching Band. I met my future husband **Leland** in home room during high school. At that time, when a girl graduated from High School, she either got married, or went to school to become a teacher, a secretary or a nurse. I went to Nursing School at Highland Hospital. **Leland** and I got married while I was in Nursing School so I never graduated. As a result, I was not able to become an RN but did have the qualifications to achieve certification as an LPN.

After eighteen years, my mother had my sister **Mary Ellen**. After I got married she had two more children. They were twins. Their names were **Margaret** and **Robert**. We used to tease each other that we both had kids together.

Leland and I had four children, **Dan**, **Jim**, **Diane**, and **Phillip**. **Jim** died of AIDS. Our oldest boy, **Dan** lived in Arizona. He had a bad fall which caused a ruptured spleen. The rupture was so serious that he bled out. My daughter **Diane** is a nurse at Rochester General. She is still single. My son **Phillip** lives in Brockport and works in Maintenance at Brockport High School. He is now divorced but has one daughter, **Chelsey**.

In 1950, I started to work at Lakeside Hospital. **May Epke** was in charge of the hospital at that time. She came up to me while I was walking down Main Street in the Village and said, "Why aren't you working". I told her that I just had a baby. She said "your mother can watch the baby. You need to come back to work right now so you won't lose it!" In a way, I was hired on the spot that very day. My nursing career at Lakeside started in the old hospital. This is the big brown house on Main Street that is in the block just north of the Railroad Bridge on the West Side of the road. There was a lot of going up and down stairs. The nurses had to stoke the coal furnace during the night to keep the patients warm. The Delivery Room was right inside the front door. The patients said it was like delivering their baby right out on Main Street. In 1951, the hospital was moved to where it is today on West Avenue. At that time, nurses worked any place they were needed. In fact, I worked in every department except for Surgery. Working at Lakeside as a Nurse was something I loved very much.

In 1984, I retired from Nursing but not from helping out at Lakeside. After retiring, I volunteered for about 26 years. My first assignment was as a patient transporter until my legs and back gave out from all the lifting that was required. At that time, I switched to working at the Information Desk.

For thirty five years, I volunteered at the American Red Cross during Blood Drives. In addition, I took blood pressures at Lakeside Hospital, Royal Gardens, Park Place and the Senior Center.

In my "spare time", I've been part of the Sweden Senior Singers and the Catholic Daughters. In addition, I sang in the choir at Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary Church. My days in the church choir ended when I could no longer climb the steps up to the choir loft.

My husband and I lived on Carolin Drive for 52 years. We moved to McCormick Place in 2005. We were the second home to be occupied in what was then the newest housing development in the Brockport area.

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