

ON BEING A TWIN

Pauline Dickman Lawler

Let me tell you what it is like to be a twin. Our names, Paul and Pauline, tells you we were twins. I think Paul had a much better disposition than I did. I know he was brighter than I was. I made up in aggressiveness. Paul never picked a fight. I was always getting into fights - when we were in school I would never let anyone say or do anything against him. But I'm ahead of my story.

Mother was very proud of us and she was an excellent Mother. Of course, what I'm about to tell I heard from her or someone else.

She nursed us both until we were quite big, then she put Paul on other food, but still nursed me. She said he would stand at her knee with tears running down his cheeks and watch me nurse and I seemed to gloat over him. She also said that when we were still small I would take all the toys away from him. She was afraid Paul did not have any spirit until one day I pushed him too far and he turned on me and put me in my place. I don't think she came to my aid. Of course, we started school together and took the same subjects. I never could spell and was not good in arithmetic. Paul helped me in arithmetic, but couldn't do anything about my spelling.

My help to him as time went on was to keep him in school and keep him from running away from home. It seemed running away from home was the thing boys did in those days.

I was still aggressive and would try to fight Paul. He teased me unmercifully about being fat, my boyfriends, or what have you. I never got very far as he had far outgrown me by then and would hold me off with one long arm and I would flay the air. Up until we were about ten or eleven I was as large as he was.

Oh, yes, I want to tell you; when we were little he couldn't say Pauline so Mother taught him to call me Sister. So I was Sis, Sitter, or Sister and he could say it so sweetly. Paul was a natural leader and all his friends called me Sis. This went on all of our lives. Years later after the depression was over and Ruskin was reorganizing the Chamber of Commerce which Paul had kept alive by paying dues - they were about to elect me as President. The house was full and Paul was in the back of the room. He spoke up and said, "This is a man's organization and we don't want Sis as its President." I withdrew my name. Three years after that they did elect me President and I served longer than anyone else.

Paul was so busy with his personal affairs he never took an office, but he always supported very activity. One time, I went into his office and Lyle was with him. I have forgotten what I wanted but he said, "Sis, you never come in here but it costs us money." The "Sis" was still sweet.

I have to back-track again. When we started dating, his girlfriends were my friends and my boyfriends were his friends. So we were constantly together. Except during the First World War, his girlfriend got a job in Washington. Of course, he went to war, too, but for some reason was home and started going with a girl I did not like. Paul and I had bought a Model T Ford together. I was still aggressive and would not let him have the care to take his girl out.

There is one exception, when he accepted a public office. Hillsborough County had created a Budget Board; he ran for office and was elected and held the job until the Budget Board was dissolved. This Board passed on money being spent by the County. At one session they were discussing the price the Doctors were charging to deliver babies that the County had to pick up the tab. Paul told the Board about the doctor charging \$10.00 for him and \$1.00 for me. The Tribune the next day had a headline about

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the "One Dollar Baby." So that is how I got to be the One Dollar Baby.