

**Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers**

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The first thing I remember; I was  
 morning I awoke behind Grandmother  
 Hildal's kitchen stove. My  
 mother wasn't there. The only time  
 this could have happened was in  
 1887. Grandmother died in  
 1887. My mother must have ~~been~~ <sup>gone to</sup>  
 at Gloucester helping take care of  
 her leaving me to be cared for by  
 my father and his parents, and (she)  
 stayed on for while after the funeral

Grandma H used to have tea  
 with a special taste. Occasionally  
 I get Fomosa (Colon) that tastes a  
 little like that - but only a little.  
 Her tea was fragrant and delicious.  
 She also had roast beef that was  
 juicy and tender. Occasionally I  
 get pot roast that is nearly as  
 juicy and tender. I think both Mother  
 and Grandma used to get their meat  
 from B Beale who came peddling  
 meat in a butcher wagon covered  
 with white canvas, drawn by a  
 horse that always had his tongue  
 sticking from the right side of his

month. I remember hearing one of them say that he scale sold good meat, and charged a good price for it, implying that his prices were higher than they ought to have been. But they continued to buy from him until they caught him giving short weight. I don't know where they got their meat after that.

Ros Anderson, Deacon at 2nd Bapt Ch. had a grocery store on Dwight St just east of Maple. I don't remember being in that store very often, but his order clerk called regularly (I don't remember whether once or twice a week) took orders in a m.; and delivered the things in pm. He put the orders in a book about 4 in wide and 12 or 14 inches high. Yellow paper. brown fibre covers when they were delivered he would cross them off with a pencil. Mother would write down the articles and prices on a sheet

of white paper about 4 x 4, with  
 a thin pencil such as are used at  
 dances. Then fold it up and stick  
 the paper in a section of her pencil.  
 I never saw her do anything <sup>with</sup>  
 the paper after that <sup>but she says she</sup> ~~did not neglect~~ <sup>the</sup>

One of Mr Sanderson's  
 men was a great bicycle rider.  
 We thought he was the best in  
 Holyoke. There was a road race,  
 which went past our house,  
 and we watched, expecting to see  
 him in the lead. We were greatly  
 disappointed to find him far  
 from it; I should say perhaps  
 12 or 13th out of a crowd of 20.  
 We hoped he would get ahead  
 late and finish among the  
 leaders, but he didn't.

Occasionally Mother would  
 go down town shopping for food,  
 and come in late in pm. When  
 we were getting hungry for supper  
 to pacify us, she would have  
 a box of animal crackers for  
 us to eat. (see so six days)

When we lived in Swatow, there were a few "department stores" which had a lot of things that interested me. e.g. Waterman fountain pens for Mex \$2.50 = US \$5.00 Brown & Shays clippers for half the Amer. price!

Another was animal crackers made by  $\frac{E}{F}$ ,  $\frac{F}{E}$   $\frac{E}{F}$  which they got from

put into English as M. J. Sam.

Knowing the fact that the surname of the word represented by M.

They also made similar crackers in the shape of goblins, brownies etc

I used to take these home to the children. Also at Swatow or Chaotouf of I saw a lotus in sale used to take it home to Alice; her Chinese name was "Beloved Lotus" and she was always pleased to see the flower! When its beauty faded, I would give it to one of the servants who would use it for medicine



Grandma Hildeth was a very determined woman. We had a strawberry bed running from Beech St. west of the oak, up hill to about as far as the south side of the house; some 20 or 30 feet wide. In playing ball, we often threw, or fatted, the ball into the strawberry bed, but usually could find it quickly. Once we couldn't find it at all, and gave up. But Grandma H hunted for it a long while after everybody else had stopped. Some time after she died, somebody found the ball. I told Mother that I hoped Grandma would know that, for it would make her happy. Mother said she hoped not, for if Grandma knew that she would also know some other things that would make her unhappy.

While Grandpa and Grandma were still with us we used to have 2 knives at the table; a silver plated knife to use in buttering

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They tell me ~~an~~ an illustration of Sandra Hill's determination will be that one day she reported "I've come up that snitch!" He had been driving the buggy along the road that leads from W Spr to Main St. Foleyok. and wanted to drive up Northampton St. Later they showed me the snitch near the Elmwood cemetery. I should have considered it impossible

1949

Nov 1. Retired

X1. Nov 13 <sup>sat</sup> faulted a j to forgive

X2 Dec 18 <sup>plunged</sup> for love of - for their sake

1950

X3 Jan 8 <sup>strongly</sup> for given summer bread of

X4 Jan 22 So in Kingston just kidding 23

X5 Feb 17 Mon. saw you & B. Key. forgive

X6 Feb 26 Thompson. unwilling to forgive

X7 Mar 5 Mystic my body. seriously not let

X8 Mar 12 Baptism (Mystic Bapt)

X9 Apr 2 Holyoke and B. Palm S.

X10 Apr 7. Good Fri divine forgiveness

X11 Somerville repentance

bread: and a steel knife with ivory (or imitation) handle. to cut meat where these were wasted the steel had to be polished with something called "bath brick", the scrapings of which were rubbed on with a big cork. While that was being done one day, Grandma said "we must be punished for our sins." I thought "sins" was about the same as "tires". We had some nice shiny tires, and I didn't think we ought to be punished for them.

There used to be a big tin dipper hung over the sink at the right of the cold water faucet; about 2 1/2 or 3 quart capacity. I used to drink out of that dipper, and water has never tasted so good since. Of course it was crystal spring water. At that time Holyoke city water had an unpleasant taste I still think water tastes better out of tin than out of glass or crabsy

mother used to take us driving out in the country, in the buggy. Some- times to get walnuts or chestnuts: some time just for the ride. Once we had a buggy with removable rear seat that was held in place by 4 iron bolts that ran down into the wagon belt & were held by wing nuts. Grandma it was on the rear seat, and I suppose the other passenger was my sister Kate. I was on the front seat with mother. The wing nuts had come loose and fallen off. mother hit the horse and he jumped forward and the rear seat and passengers fell out backward. A man who was working in a field near by came to help. As far as I can remember, no one was seriously hurt.

We once met Mrs. Edna May and Russell, up near the Peacham place. We used to go to "Bear Hole" where there was a fine spring of water called Mammont Spring. Hard to find the way. We usually had to stop at a farmhouse to inquire and the farmer's dogs were very noisy

# Six Church Song

N. Went June 3. 51 X25  
Hanover May 13. 53 X40a

## Good Friday

1943 Apr 23 —  
44 " 7 —  
45 Mar 30 ΠΑΡΑΘΕΙΩΝ Δ. 42  
46 Apr 19 behold thy son  
47 " 6 ΠΑΡΑΘΕΙΩΝ 1. + 2  
48 Mar 26 327 forgive  
49 Apr 15 245 b (after 324) <sup>245</sup> <sup>246</sup> <sup>247</sup> <sup>248</sup> <sup>249</sup> <sup>250</sup> <sup>251</sup> <sup>252</sup> <sup>253</sup> <sup>254</sup> <sup>255</sup> <sup>256</sup> <sup>257</sup> <sup>258</sup> <sup>259</sup> <sup>260</sup> <sup>261</sup> <sup>262</sup> <sup>263</sup> <sup>264</sup> <sup>265</sup> <sup>266</sup> <sup>267</sup> <sup>268</sup> <sup>269</sup> <sup>270</sup> <sup>271</sup> <sup>272</sup> <sup>273</sup> <sup>274</sup> <sup>275</sup> <sup>276</sup> <sup>277</sup> <sup>278</sup> <sup>279</sup> <sup>280</sup> <sup>281</sup> <sup>282</sup> <sup>283</sup> <sup>284</sup> <sup>285</sup> <sup>286</sup> <sup>287</sup> <sup>288</sup> <sup>289</sup> <sup>290</sup> <sup>291</sup> <sup>292</sup> <sup>293</sup> <sup>294</sup> <sup>295</sup> <sup>296</sup> <sup>297</sup> <sup>298</sup> <sup>299</sup> <sup>300</sup> <sup>301</sup> <sup>302</sup> <sup>303</sup> <sup>304</sup> <sup>305</sup> <sup>306</sup> <sup>307</sup> <sup>308</sup> 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<sup>1095</sup> <sup>1096</sup> <sup>1097</sup> <sup>1098</sup> <sup>1099</sup> <sup>1100</sup> <sup>1101</sup> <sup>1102</sup> <sup>1103</sup> <sup>1104</sup> <sup>1105</sup> <sup>1106</sup> <sup>1107</sup> <sup>1108</sup> <sup>1109</sup> <sup>1110</sup> <sup>1111</sup> <sup>1112</sup> <sup>1113</sup> <sup>1114</sup> <sup>1115</sup> <sup>1116</sup> <sup>1117</sup> <sup>1118</sup> <sup>1119</sup> <sup>1120</sup> <sup>1121</sup> <sup>1122</sup> <sup>1123</sup> <sup>1124</sup> <sup>1125</sup> <sup>1126</sup> <sup>1127</sup> <sup>1128</sup> <sup>1129</sup> <sup>1130</sup> <sup>1131</sup> <sup>1132</sup> <sup>1133</sup> <sup>1134</sup> <sup>1135</sup> <sup>1136</sup> <sup>1137</sup> <sup>1138</sup> <sup>1139</sup> <sup>1140</sup> <sup>1141</sup> <sup>1142</sup> <sup>1143</sup> <sup>1144</sup> <sup>1145</sup> <sup>1146</sup> <sup>1147</sup> <sup>1148</sup> <sup>1149</sup> <sup>1150</sup> <sup>1151</sup> <sup>1152</sup> <sup>1153</sup> <sup>1154</sup> <sup>1155</sup> <sup>1156</sup> 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<sup>1529</sup> <sup>1530</sup> <

7

and scared me. but didn't do any harm  
I hope to go there again some day  
Jan Birmingham says her brother  
Geo sometimes walks there. I think  
you go to Revindale St. W. 3 p.m. and  
then meet.

In bicycle days a popular  
run was to Holy Smoke taking  
As you come down the hill from  
"White Church" now the Masonic  
Temple, and the road bends to the left,  
if you go straight ahead, down  
behind the houses you get into  
what looks like the bed of a stream  
The spring used to be there, and  
easily accessible because there  
were no houses there then. I visited  
the place recently and couldn't  
find any spring

Stirling. Line at Grange FL May 21. 44  
X10a - X13

Miller X11a  
Hill

Stonington Bapt X3

Thompson X6

Whitbridge Cong X39

Voluntown Bapt X40

Wauwagan Feb 28. 43. of 102: X36-38

Willington X4

Westfield (see Danielson) Pilgr. Feb X17

8

We had 2 grape vines on the Beach Street lawn. When we went to church, negro boy from Holyoke would steal the grapes. When Grandma H. was not able to go to church, she would be left on the porch to scare away the thieves, but they were not afraid of her. I remember hearing Father say that she ought to have a gun and say to them, "if you take those grapes, I'll blow your brains out," but I don't remember ever seeing a gun in the house. Grandma thought a better plan would be to play the hose on them, but Father said they would only consider it fun. I don't remember anything they done about either plan.

Grandma H was sick,  
 in our home. I think on the  
 way to school Kate Wood  
 told me, as we went east on  
 Carlton st. that Grandpa was  
 going to die. I didnt like that,  
 and I asked Kate if she wouldnt  
 pray God to make Grandma  
 well. She promised and I know  
 I prayed. But Grandma died.

It must have been after  
 grandpa retired from the  
 mill. that he used to sleep  
 on the lounge in the day time.  
 Then he would like awake at  
 night. Mother claimed that if  
 he didn't sleep so much in the  
 day, he would be able to sleep  
 at night. He had his side to left.

He used a red bandanna  
 handkerchief, and he smoked  
 Forest King Cut tobacco. I can't  
 remember what sort of a pipe  
 he smoked. tho I hear vivid mem-  
 ories of Mr. Gallagher smoking  
 a new schaum as he walked  
 to church. I don't remember  
 grandpa walking to church,  
 but I do remember his smoking  
 a pipe on the way to church,  
 so he could throw the ash away  
 and not have to carry the pipe into  
 church. I remember he had a  
 match safe that shut with a  
 loud snap; I don't know whether  
 it is the same one that I have or not

Don't think Grandpa #  
 chewed tobacco, but he used to  
 snuff. He would take a pinch of  
 " from his box (perhaps  
 the rosewood one that I have) and  
 snuffit up one nostril, another  
 pinch up the other. Then sneeze  
 and sneeze. I never could see where  
 the fun came in. When Father's  
 Uncle Jim came to visit us, he  
 smoked a cigar. I can't remember  
 his using snuff. " " "  
 Grandpa smoking a cigar  
 except for an - always a pipe

He used to have trouble  
 with his feet - probably broken  
 arches. His <sup>shoes</sup> didn't feel good  
 but rubber boots did give him  
 comfort, and he wore them in  
 spite of Remonstrances. (I can't  
 remember whether from Father  
 or Mother.) that they would draw  
 his feet. He even wanted to <sup>wear</sup> <sup>them</sup>  
 to church, to Mother's great  
 disgust don't remember whether he was



youngest brother) and he said he knew Grandpa~~tt~~ was going to do it before he went back to England.

Uncle <sup>Mose</sup> was a nice old man. who used to come and putter around our place; helped keep it in shape. and often pulled up Mother's nice flowers. thinking they were weeds.

Once in a while Mother would discard some of Father's ~~clothes~~ and give them to me to give to Uncle M. Usually they were mostly vests. which were in good shape when the coat & pants were worn out. Uncle M always seemed glad to get these vests but I never could see why.

Uncle M <sup>used</sup> to grease the buggy using a wooden jack to hold up the axle. I was much interested how strong the jack was. Later I was interested to see that I could lift that corner of the buggy myself.

my father told me that when his mother died. he used to write her brother. i.e. Uncle Moses to spend the night with Grandpa. After a while. Grandpa said "John. I wish you wouldn't write Moses to spend the night here any more." "Why not?" "Well. as soon as he gets to sleep. he begins to snore. he starts in low. and gets louder & louder. till finally he gives a big snort and lies perfectly still. and I think he's dead. Then he does it all over again all night long. And I don't get any sleep."

One night when I was <sup>a few weeks</sup> young, Grandpa was put to sleep with me. He only wanted half the bed but he just naturally lay in the middle of the bed. and I was very uncomfortable.



V 750  
Rev. Frederick E. Melf. Pulney VT

Order of VT Song Sheets left. Min  
500 new ones. Ask Rand (or?)  
What songs to give

Let call on Miss Barnwell  
Rec'dal Sing show of consecration

No \$/ for clergy.

Are you sure all Barnwell  
th brought "Gons"? How many  
are there? Do I have to get out  
the County Union Banner to buy

At one time, anyway, we had  
 2 buggies; a small one for 2 people  
 with no roof; and a "canopy top"  
 with fringe around the edges for 4 people  
 I suppose the one had rain curtains  
 but I can't remember them. We also  
 had a sweaty glassed in carriage  
 for Grandma H. to go to church on  
 rainy days. But we never used  
 it, and it was always covered with  
 a "white" cloth. Later when autos  
 were popular this <sup>carriage</sup> was sold for  
 practically nothing.

In 115 days I used to drive old  
 Jack down town and hitch him in  
 front of city hall. just to walk  
 up and down the streets or visit  
 the library in search of bird  
 books, or visit the <sup>or library</sup> reading room.  
 When I was young the Oakdale  
 cars came only 5 about 3 o'clock  
 and Linden and mine no use to us,  
 as that was only about half way to  
 our house. We sometimes walked  
 up to the Elmwood Terminal South  
 Northampton, to take a trolley, but  
 not often. I really they put the

At Kdale line this to our corner. By  
 after a while Father decided it was  
 cheaper to use the cars than to feed  
 a horse. Old Jack was very fat  
 and Father sold him to Pott who  
 had a soap factory just south of  
 Smith's very village. The man who  
 took him away said it was a shame  
 to kill a horse that felt as good as he  
 did. But Father knew that if he sold  
 him, pretty soon Jack would be  
 thin and abused. Pott would call  
 him and then wouldn't be any at all.  
 Richard said when Jack was taken  
 away then he said "Can we have  
 some of the soap they make from  
 old Jack?"

Father told me that Mother  
 couldn't make Jack go very well.  
 but he could. Sometimes Mother would  
 draw and say "Go on Jack." and hit  
 him a little whack with the whip.  
 and he would shake his tail. And  
 that was about all. Father would  
 take the reins and say "Well, Jack"  
 and Jack would proceed to go. Mother  
 couldn't see how he did it. Father

1934 Publicity

Sept 13-14 Poster & Banner Award  
" 20-21 Reversed Banner Award  
along with Mrs. Richards & A.  
Sept 29 nothing much  
Oct 4 Prelim Progr

said to me. "It's a good deal more  
cruel to keep hitting a horse than  
it is to use a few hard blows to  
teach him that when you tell him  
to go ahead, he's got to go." This  
was very useful to me in the  
summer of 1909 when I was preaching  
at Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y. and board-  
ing with Mrs. ~~Smith~~ <sup>Truman</sup> ~~Smith~~. They had a  
very fat buggy horse named Goho.  
and used to let me drive her. I would  
say "Go on, Thousand Dollars" and  
hit her where it really hurt. And she  
learned to go, when I was driving her,  
she she really was too fat to go in fact  
In 1913, I went to ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~State~~ <sup>State</sup> and met Helen  
Tatum out driving Goho. She in-  
vited me to get in, and drove with  
her usual "Go on, Goho" which  
didn't produce much result. I  
said "Go on, Thousand Dollars"  
and she went a pretty good rate  
all the way home.

Postage

Jan 27. 4 newspapers more weight  
 2 Air Mail 11 pps Alice Helma  
 Earnetta 2 other ones if 42  
 bill sent & paid

2000 all soc presidents  
 state officers sent for 31  
 134 @  $\frac{1}{2}$  = 2.01  
 bill sent for 205 & paid

Postals	.04
" parcels of State	.15
Mar 14 Stamps	.30
16 Envelopes 1000	1.75
Travel H. G. B. H.	.40
17 Stamps	.30
23 "	.18

Apr 5 87  
5.23  
 .70

Apr 6 Post to Barred 2 x 7 @ .05  
 2 line letters to Helen Earnetta  
 Keast PCW .12 3.00  
 Bill sent to Earnetta Apr 7 15  
6.11

I was very much interested in the motormen, and to a less extent in the conductors. I remember going to Hedman, who didn't like to drive #46 because it bothered his kidneys. But that was the car he used to have most of the time. Woods was a grinch, but I liked him. Morehouse was a very fine man. So was Whipple father of Mrs T O Jones of our church (Vera). Jack Kane was at one time president of the trolley men's union. He told me that when his brother came back from the Philippines, he went to meet the train at Sp. It was late and the last trolley had gone. So his brother said "oh, well, just walk to Holyoke" the bro. was used to marching. But Jack stayed in bed all the next day. Some motormen had fur coats in winter. And carried a wooden device to keep the cold air from coming in at the bottom of the door; said it was as good as a pair of overshoes. I used to ride at the front end and talk to the motorman every chance I got. It was against the rule, but every

Ruth = a belt head of youth for  
forgiveness and they take the leadership

Oct 15 - Nov 15 <sup>1931</sup> are asking  
leaders to give their time to  
Pro-Prohib Campaign. Bureau.  
w/ Roy Burdett. Don't call it  
a Conf on Prohib. but on Alcoh.  
Primeries next spring that <sup>not</sup> fall.

motor men that I knew would let me do it. Oakdale cars were usually the short ones - with 4 wheels, called single truck. Springfield cars were double - and ran much smoother they was nicer cars too. But there was one double truck car with seats along the sides that sometimes ran on the Oakdale line. Once Bill Morehouse couldn't stop the car with the brake so he pulled the reverse lever and the car stopped with a jerk. He explained to me that when the car was coasting the motors acted as dynamos and built up a lot of electric force; and when he pulled the reverse lever, it was put into immediate effect, against the forward motion of the car, but this was true only on double truck cars.

The Ankerst Company used only single truck cars, and their motor men didn't know this once a <sup>double truck</sup> trolley car was sent to Ankerst for some purpose. According to the custom the Ankerst company sent a man

1931 Com Suggs P2

Banner Award Com. last yr Fuller  
Try Percy Grant Donald  
Ruth Armstrong Alice  
Margaret Christie  
Blanche & Alice

If Pierce goes back on us - try  
Lundy. or Frazier - trees at  
Mass. - hard to get

Publicity Com Betty

Send Postal to Round of Experts &  
Prof.

New Com. ~~of Ballou~~ Spidell.

Margaret Sherwood

Giff

Clay

Guy  
Smith  
Wright

who is Frank Low - suggested alternate  
for Proj 2

Alternate Chaplains. Fowler Hagar  
Spidell Bryant  
(Giff & Stanley C not with ICE)



1951 Conv. Suggs.

wed early Exec. Comm.  
Plan Budget & Inv. a/c.  
Pre-Conv. Prayer Service

Citizenship Play.  
World Friendship Play  
Slogan.

Registration Fee how much?

Take time to get out Banner Award  
Basis Friday P.M. Must  
Plan it out on Thursday Add  
Expend. Progressive; Social Activities  
I have to order Badges

Print Postals to tell Socis that  
Banner award Reports must be  
in by Oct 1. (Oct 10 was misprint)

Sept 10 Myrtle send 2 airmails

How many did we have for lunch &  
supper at Ludlow?

The Amherst Co had a storage battery at the foot of the mountain. as cars went down, they would feed that power they were generating into the line, and that would feed the battery. Then when the next car went up the mountain the battery would help it up. In this way they could have a small power house there if they had to have all the time enough power to drive ~~the~~ a car up to the notch. Cars went up there only once an hour. I understood that the Chicago Milwaukee & St Paul electrified its mountain division with the idea that trains going down hill would feed the line and help trains go up hill. But I suppose they don't need the battery because they had train pumps in both directions practically all the time. <sup>with the idea that the</sup> <sup>power from the</sup> <sup>poor battery was killed</sup> by a hot and run driver

Old John Haskens was the first motorman, and the most skillful. When he was very old



to run the car from the lane to North Pleasant St. To go around a curve, he would shut off the power as he approached; as he entered the curve he would begin to put the power on a notch at a time. till at half way round the curve he would have half power; put it off, and again put it on, a notch at a time, till it was on when he got to the straight away; then increase to full power. It was a little slower, and a little more effort than the scheme that other than used. but it was the smoothest way to get round a curve.

Another way, fairly smooth on the passengers. but hard, I think, on the car. was to shut off the power on approaching the curve. put it all on with one swing of the handle on entering the curve and that J. sounds rough. but it was second smoothest method.



my father sometimes wore boots with elastic sides and a loop (or 2 loops) to pull them on by.

He used to shave by gas light and I used to watch him twisting the gas fixture about 20 or 30 feet the right where he wanted it. Once I did some of this twisting. Kate said there was a bad smell and she thought it was due to what I had done. I didn't think so, but she went and told Mother who came up & said I had turned the gas on. She turned it off.

Father certainly didn't shave every day; at night when he kissed me (no?) he would also give me a "beakies" which consisted in rubbing his unshaven chin on my face.

In H.S. one of the teachers Harold Brooks, told me he shaved every other day, and he was disappointed that something important came on a non-shave day, so that he had to shave that day - but thought it would all work out by next Sunday.

In those days the Unitarian church was on the east end of Maple St. between Appleton and Essex. A dark brown structure. It must have been a very intellectual group that met there, for it included Mr & Mrs <sup>Widdie</sup> Mow & Brooks (he was a HS teacher & she an ex-teacher) or Callahan prof of Highland Summer Sch. Mrs Mow's niece was Prof of HS, and Rosa Thayer also. I learned later, Roy Lewis. Roy sat in the seat next to me in HS study hall, and told me some of his views. He didn't believe in preordination; I asked what that was, and when I asked Gurdant, he said "you have to, you're a Baptist." I didn't believe it, but I went to mother's desk in the parlor and found a little pamphlet, the Confessions of faith of the 2nd Bapt ch; I don't include predestination. Roy also said he didn't believe the story of the flood. It was impossible, because Ararat is now a snow-capped mountain. I told him that scientists say the world is gradually cooling off, and maybe in

Noah's day the climate of Armenia  
 was much warmer <sup>then now</sup> so as to make it  
 possible for the flood story to be  
 true. He said that was a very foolish  
 argument, but didn't try to say why.

My father wanted me to  
 go to Harvard, and I did take the  
 preliminary examinations, which  
 were held at Springfield Ms. on a  
 hot morning. The man in charge told  
 us that if we chose we could remove  
 coats and neck ties - I said "keep your  
 shirt on." I was a junior, so needed  
 only to take preliminaries. Roy Lewis  
 was a senior, and was taking the  
 full examination, but was not well  
 prepared. He learned that it was  
 possible to take part of the exam in  
 June, and the rest in Sept. so he  
 decided to take what he felt he  
 could pass, in June, then engage  
 Mary Lady as tutor during the  
 summer, and take the rest of the exam  
 in the fall. But the man in charge  
 apparently neglected to tell him that  
 in order to divide his exam this way

he would have to get a certain kind of  
 certificate from the principal.  
 I had to get such a certificate, but I  
 worked hard had good marks & had no  
 difficulty in getting the certificate  
 so that I could take prelim & final  
 exams in different years. Roy had  
 not had good marks, and couldn't  
 get the certificate, so I suppose  
 his examination in that June was  
 null and void. I don't remember that  
 he tutored with Mary, and I think  
 he gave up going to Harvard. I didn't  
 want to go to Harvard, I much preferred  
 to go to Anhalt. My father told me  
 that the U.S. principal had per-  
 suaded him that it was better for  
 me to go to Anhalt, so he consented.  
 I don't remember asking the U.S. prin-  
 cipal to intercede for me. I think Father  
 must have consulted him, know-  
 ing that I wanted to go to Anhalt.  
 It was this same year that I met  
 Miss Lane, who was planning to go  
 to U.S. This made Anhalt more attractive  
 but I think I preferred A. to U. before I met her.

'Rev. Sanderson was a deacon at the 2nd Bapt Church. The others were Grandpa Bellion? Mr Lamb. Newton L. Bain. Ferguson Rand. and 2 others. (Scriptural number.?)

When the collection was taken J. B. Whitmore. took the east side of the building. He wasn't a deacon. but held the office of collector. Instead of east aisle was Bain. He was a builder, and sat in that section of church. 2 rows in front of no West side of east aisle. Grandpa B. East " " west. I think was the Lamb. I think Mr Sanderson had the west side of the building; I don't remember who had west side of west aisle. And someone took up the collection in the center aisle which at that time only went about half way to the front. When the deacons marched forward with the collection, two or more of them carried an extra box. Mr Whitmore and others went

only as far as his own pew, & sat down. The boxes were of some wood like cherry, lined with green plush, padded, and on a round table which the deacon held in his hand.



Most of the deacons wore cutaway coats, with velvet collars.

At the communion, we moved in toward the center, from our usual place on the eastern-most section. The deacons were stationed on the eastern section of the pew, where the people had been seated. Old Mr. Shadron, (father of P.W.) who was deacon emeritus, served the deacons. I think at some deacon had already served the min. And the 30 was probably Mr. Hunt who lived in 30 Badley Falls and had a grape vineyard. He furnished the unfermented grape juice which we used. I never took real wine at the communion till 1910 in Cork, Ireland then when English & Methodists had it in 30. (of 30th mark)

The family tradition is that when Grandpa H was a young man he hated the taste of liquor. But he used to go around with the other young fellows smoking all the time. & getting thirsty. He had to drink something, and there were no soft drinks available so he took some alcoholic drinks, even tho he didn't like them, and became a drunkard. The family had a hard time, until finally Grandpa got converted and quit drinking. But Father and Grandma were always afraid the Creeping would get him.

When they came to Holyoke they lived on Depot Hill; the end Depot St was not far away, and they were Baptists so they joined, & were quite active. But they never would take the communion cup, because they were afraid that if Grandpa tasted the wine, the creeping would get him; and Grandma & Father refrained, so as to make it easier for Grandpa to do so.

The deacon noticed this, and

told the pastor. He came and talked to Grandma, and learned why: then he consulted the deacons, and they agreed that if communion wine was a stumbling block, it ought to be removed. Fortunately the Lamb, with his vineyard, was able to provide the fermented grape juice.

In those days we used the silver goblet. I don't remember when we changed to individual cups, but it was quite a while after I had joined the church.

The 2nd Dept Bk need to be between the R.R. and the street (Main or Race or Canal) It burned, and the new bldg was put on Appleton St where it is now. I can remember my father standing on the platform by the depot, pointing down to some blackened ruins and telling me that was where the Bk need to be. It is now a lawn adjoining the Water Co's office.

Father and Grandpa saved their money, & bought a tenement "the block" on the West side of Bond St, south of Popston. They lived in it until they moved to Northampton St. and they owned it a long while after - perhaps until Skinner wanted it badly enough to buy them out. Father was always late home to supper Sat night because he had to go & collect the rent. We kids were always stirred when he arrived - & he was usually depressed; collecting the rent was a hard job & there were always troubles, repairs demanded - a prostitute had got into the other tenant were threatening to move out.

Cousin Bob lived in the block and I used to go visit the family. His youngest son (my uncle's son) used to play the violin. He offered me the chance to try but I couldn't make good music. In hope of improving it I rubbed rosin on the string. He rubbed it off; rosin belonged on the bow hairs.



Probably the first thing I can remember at the ~~ch~~ is Mrs Bates. The primary <sup>teacher</sup> ~~was~~ telling us about "John Bunyan" and "Pilgrim's Progress." I didn't understand the words "Pilgrim's Progress" or what she said about it. But I knew the words John and Bunyan. She told us to ask our parents when we got home, and I did. They immediately said "Oh - Pilgrim's Progress" and recognized that those were the words that Mrs Bates had said.

Mrs Annie Silvey was helping Mrs Bates. I don't remember whether there were any other teachers or not. Mrs Silvey was not an educated woman, but she was a wonderful S.S. teacher. Almost every girl that she had in her class joined the church. When I joined, remember she said, "Annie, you are my brother in Christ now."

The first S.S. teacher that I can remember was Ella Randall. I used to call her Ella, which I now

that was very impolite. The other  
 top in the class that I can remember  
 were Geo Blagborough, Herbert G  
 Fred Cleveland Frank Haskell. Geo  
 was rather wayward; the family  
 moved away from H. and I don't  
 know what became of him. He had  
 died young. Leo Furbo was in the  
 class for a while and a boy named  
 Perry who lived on N. Clinton St

When we were too old for the  
 Primary Dept, we were put in the  
 Intermediate Dept. I don't like it  
 so well. Mrs. Homer Stratton who had  
 been the soprano in our choir as  
 Louise Smith, was the chorister.  
 Shortly after that, the Junior Dept  
 was organized with my mother  
 as Supt. I loved it up there but  
 Daisy Wilson hated it and did  
 her best to make the girls discon-  
 tented to be up there with "that  
 bunch of kids," and I guess that as  
 a result of her activity, her class  
 and I moved which was the same  
 age. were put back in the Junior-

mediated left. before the natural line.

For a long while our teacher was Marcellus Peyer (pronounced Marcellus, the man he was named for spelled it that way) who was a very good man but very uninteresting. He thought a lot of us boys and tried to do us good. He gave each one of us a B Agassiz Bible. I still have mine, up in Maine, with his name on the fly leaf.

He took us for a straw ride to Hampton Ponds (which I grew up to call Hampton Ponds, but the St Ray so called it Hampton) He hired a boat & we went rowing Geo B. Stepped out of the boat on to some mud, to get a flower and sent a long way into the mud. We called it ghost mud.

Later I had a teacher named Birchard, who was very interesting. And for a while I was librarian. When Geo. Chase was supt. he persuaded me to take that job. I had to

disputate the "Quarterlies" when they came. I don't remember whether I had to disputate the weekly papers or not. And I had to collect money from quarterlies, or something, and give credit to the ones who had paid. I didn't do this very well. I would be sure I could remember who had paid, and not write the name down; and after a while I couldn't remember. I don't think I kept any money that belonged to the S.S. I think what happened is that I had to give the money to Mr. Shere and tell him I couldn't remember who paid it.

During H.S. I had a kept friend named Burton Hall who had a girl-friend whose aunt was Mrs. Georgia Dalton. I have no idea what became of them all. I also saw a lot of Fred Maples Jr and Leo W. Burton Jr.

Mr. Richard was near the  
 supts at White & Wyckoff. His wife  
 Mrs. Maples. when son Fred. came  
 to live in H; formerly they had lived  
 in Norwich. (son Fred and also  
 Bery had a job at W & W. I remember  
 Bery was buying a printing press  
 that just ruled paper. and he  
 was disappointed w the job "is fatmie"  
 (or was it Fred?) Later Fred left  
 it. and I suppose he returned to  
 Norwich. I never saw him again  
 - till between 1936 & 1940 when he  
 came to Royalton Church & talked to  
 me a little while, out in front of  
 the church. I noticed he had a  
 Scottish Rite badge & spoke of it;  
 he admitted that he belonged to  
 deg 9. when I moved to Conn<sup>see</sup> up  
 the churches at Burton just the episcopal  
 combined to give stamers "brun fixation"  
 & Fred was a solist. I talked to him one  
 day I was in Norwich & met him 3 times  
 I met him at a Scottish Rite meeting at for  
 the sea to put me on the marching list so  
 I attended a few times. Fred was in the  
 East of the Sta & Maple



Our family always went to Church @ 30 and stayed for SS 12-1. Whether we walked home or rode, it would be about 1:30 when we got home and dinner not ready yet. But somebody had the rash idea of having a meeting of the "Board of Managers" after SS, and my father was on it. And it didn't meet promptly, and I thought it never would end if Mother and we kids could have gone home, and let Father come when the Board meeting was over. We could have got the dinner preparations going. But no, we moved as a family. And when the Board meeting was over T. Henry Spence (Supt) wanted to discuss certain other matters with my father. I thought we never could get away and get home to dinner which was ~~statistically~~ edgebone or antebone and my food especially if there was Yorkshire

pudding with it

so I grew older I used to go to the mid-afternoon meetings at the Y.M.C.A. when I came home. Mother would ask how the meeting was, and I would say "pretty good" without much enthusiasm. Once I fervently said it was very good, and Mother said it must have been really good that day.

Later, I used to go to the B.B. meetings which came at 6:30 before the 7:30 evening service. At that time my parents used to go to that, and I would sit with them and go home with them. I went alone to the B.B. (and to the Y) my father was vice pres of the Y but he never went to those sun afternoon meetings. He preferred to stay at home.

Some time, quite a while before I was 12, I felt a desire to join the church. I spoke to my father. He thought it was a good idea, and told me to talk to

George Nelson, who was a deacon  
 He told me his "experience" which  
 was so different from mine that I  
 didn't see how his telling me  
 could be any help to me. Event-  
 ually I had to talk to the pastor  
 Mr J W T Boothe, grandfather of  
 Frank Boothe Luce. I talked to  
 him, or when I was examined in  
 prayer meeting, I was asked  
 what made me want to join the  
 church. I didn't have any good  
 answer ready, so I said some  
 sermon that the pastor preached  
 a while ago made me want to.  
 That might have been true. But  
 I couldn't have told what sermon  
 it was fortunately no one  
 asked me

About that time some  
 Lavinia told about some friend  
 who was unwell and said  
 "it was a blessed experience"  
 I didn't find it so. I was glad  
 when it was over. But I was glad  
 to be a member of the church

I didn't go to school at the usual age. I don't know why. Mother had a magic board with a lot of letters on it. I asked her what one letter after another was, and pretty soon I knew most of the alphabet. Then they taught me a primer, and pretty soon I could read such sentences as "A man ran", which was under a picture of a man running for a train. My brother or sister read it "A man ran for the car" after I had read the primer and a reading book about Hal and Clare, I was considered ready to go to school, and my father talked to Mr. Kealey, principal of the little school of school who told him school began at a certain hour, but he wanted me to come 15 minutes earlier. So I wouldn't be tardy. I went to school the first day with Ruth Alyn who lived across the street and who had been to school

before, and on the way told me she  
"hated old geography"

The school was a little,  
2-room brick building on the  
north side of what is now  
called Carlton St not far from  
the present South St School corner.  
It had 5 grades. In one room were  
Miss Della Ely, daughter of Senator  
Ely of Ely, Granger, and Miss South  
Bartlett, sister of Mrs Emil Lewis  
and Rev Walter Bartlett. One would  
teach in the school room while  
the other held recitation in  
the coat-room. The pupils  
standing up. They had grades  
1-3. Mr Kellogg had 4 and 5.  
He was a tall elderly bachelor  
who lived in the house north of  
the Mackintosh manacorn.

with his unmarried niece. I  
gather that he was also the  
school janitor for he spoke  
of wearing "Carayan jacket" while  
he was building the fire etc.  
and getting used to it so he

The way to the  
the way to the  
the way to the

had to wear it all the time. There was an outdoor toilet one room for boys. The other for girls.

I entered the 3rd grade but didn't stay very long before I was shoved up to 4th grade. About all I remember of the instruction is that I was one of the boys assigned to go down cellar and sharpen pencils with a knife. which I didn't do very well! and we had to boys (and girls too probably) go to the black board with a string measure the circumference of a circle of 6 or 8 inches diameter. We didn't agree as to the length but we all agreed that it was about 3 times the diameter. I all agreed that it was a little more than 3 times.

When I was ready to enter the 6th grade we had to go to the South-Chestnut St. School. where we swamped the 6th grade teacher, so the more

advanced portion of the class was  
 "temporarily" put into the 7th grade  
 I stayed in 7th. I don't remember  
 whether anyone else did or not.  
 The year that I got ahead by doing  
 this, was cancelled by the post  
 graduate year efforts. But I  
 think what I got in that Post  
 Grad year (Stenography, Typewriting,  
 French), Review of Algebra and of  
 Geometry in a new and interesting plan.  
 plus a chance to rest and grow a little,  
 was worth more than a year spent  
 in Grades. I may have lost some-  
 thing by skipping Grade 6 but I  
 have never missed it; I have never  
 known what it was.

While we were at South  
 Street and Street School the new  
 South Street School was being  
 built, and before the year was  
 up we were in it. Miss Hodges was  
 my teacher in 7th grade, a very  
 nice young lady, graduate of  
 Mt Holyoke. A young doctor was  
 interested in her. My mother saw

him riding rapidly <sup>on his bicycle</sup> south on Northampton St. his coat tails flying, something after 3.30 pm one day. Obviously he was heading to the South St. Sch to see the 7th grade teacher. Eventually he married her. He never thought he was much of a doctor. Even tho he joined the and Bapt. Ch. attended regularly, taught a S.S. class of young ladies and was a very high lunch cotter. They had <sup>two</sup> children. Late in their married life, they were divorced. I dont know what became of Mr. Sackett, but a few years ago, thru the columns of the Mt. H. Quarterly and Angelina Weeks (who came to Boston with moon on the Iovana) I got in touch with Mrs S. and had a nice little correspondence with her before she died, in or near Cleveland

Grandpa Ellison sent for me one day that year & said that the school didn't have any flags, and ought to, and he wanted

me to go out and get subscriptions to buy flags. He gave me a list to start off with, and I got some others but Flora Mellice, daughter of a BAK man had got ahead of me, and most people had given their subscriptions to her. So all I could do was to give the money I raised to the principal as a supplement to what she had raised. There was enough to buy a big flag for the school tower and a moderate sized flag for each room. At the dedication, Flora was the center of attraction. She was the one who hoisted the flag on the school tower. In each grade, one pupil was chosen to carry the flag for that grade in the ceremony. I thought that as I had secured a lot of the money, I might reasonably expect to have that honor. But Miss Banavan announced that the honor would go to the student who worked hardest from then to the time

M. read to Rose  
sept. 30 '54

of the ceremony. As time went on, it was commonly rumored that Eddie Hicks would be the one chosen. And so it proved

bovachon. Miss Sanavan was my teacher in the 7th grade. Miss Hayes in the 8th. Miss Lilla Judd in the 9th. Miss Judd told me that out west, where she came from, the folks who in New England are Congregationalists were Presbyterians; and so was she. But she and her family attended the Elmwood Bapt. Ch. only a few blocks away. Later she married a man named Villier Wagon and I used to see her occasionally, but have not for many years. One day in English class we were parsing sentences, and I asked how one would parse "What the dickens is the matter with you?" Miss Judd sent me to the principal's office to think it over, and be sorry. And I was let off without any

punishment, in consideration of the fact that I was usually a well behaved person. But my question wasn't answered. I don't think that is any correct way to pass it as it stands; one has to insert the supposition "in" to make grammar out of it.

The principal of the school was Geo. H. W. L. Moore and his father and mother went to the 2nd Baptist as a regular congregation. ~~The father~~ was very old and bald and feeble. I remember once he stood up while the choir was singing an anthem, apparently thinking the song was singing a hymn. I suppose his wife went there to tell him different. But she was usually that of my fine women. I remember father once told a visiting minister what Mrs L had said about him, and it was very complimentary. He told him it was said by the "sermon-taster, the sister of

"No Pepper" When I read Bowditch  
 Bush many years later,  
 I recognized the allusion to the  
 sermon teacher, but thought Mr L  
 a much more desirable character  
 than the sermon teacher; I knew, at  
 the time, that Mr Pepper was ex-  
 President of Colby College. At  
 one time father thought he would  
 like to have me go to Colby, on  
 account of Mr Pepper. But I  
 went for the catalog, and it was  
 a very dreary looking booklet.  
 I thought Harvard would be better  
 than Colby. Mr L was a recent  
 graduate of Colby. To keep  
 up his dignity he wore abroad  
 a short one with a point. And  
 he used to stroke it steadily.  
 We boys called him "Spinach"  
 I think because a beard was  
 called spinach in the slang of  
 the day. In some way I learned  
 that he was a Vete  $\text{L K E}$   
 and remembered it. And when I  
 was put in line I learned that

Mr Foster, father of Grant Foster whom we know in friendship. Name was a Galby date. So I asked him if he knew Scott O. He did - Said he was one of the laziest men in college. A long while later - either in 1919-20, or 1927-28 I read in the paper something about Mrs Scott O.

Lemouaux widow of the late Prof Scott O Lemouaux, doing something or other. Not long afterwards I met Scott O himself and spoke of the article. He said it was a mistake. Helen Bironx of the American International College (Springfield) had died; the article was about his widow. Scott O was also teaching at A. I. C. and it was easy to get them mixed.

I have a picture of the old 2-room school with Mr Kelley and his pupils on the steps. I can name most of them p. 106-107

I suppose Mr. DeLoyst retired when the South St. School was built. I don't remember about his teaching anywhere else, tho I used to see him from time to time. He used a ratten and I can remember how it felt on my fingers when I did something with them that he disapproved of. I think I must have had it on the palm of the hand too, tho I don't remember that so well. Probably I got it on the finger after. I think he was an Episcopalian, and that he went to church regularly, but his sister not so.

The old brick school house was torn down, after the South St. School was built. I don't remember how long after. It wasn't many years before the S.S. was too small, and they built an annex about as large. In my days there were 9 grades. Most other states had 8. Mass. went back to 8 after a while.

We need to go home for dinner. I don't remember it very well, but I certainly don't remember taking lunch and eating it at school. One day on the way home from school the kids in our neighborhood had a passing match. Charley Whitmore said

Joe Joe took his too  
 Riding on a buffalo.

When he came back he took  
 his tack

Sliding on a railroad track  
 Ruth Allen said  
 Ruth Whitmore broke her  
 coming home from school  
 so late. slate

One boy had a tomato and  
 threw it so it hit the back  
 of another boy's coat. Maybe  
 Alon Mackintosh was the one  
 who threw it — maybe the one  
 who got it.

Mother used to insist  
 that we come home directly from  
 school, so she would know

where we were, before we went  
anywhere else

She made no near-suffers  
when it rained. Aftice in the  
winter. If we got wet we had  
to change shoes & stockings. If  
we got snowy it meant changing  
long drawers too. A nuisance.  
The Ballingwood boys didnt have  
to do such thing. But Mrs. B.  
had to sit up all night a lot  
of times, because one of her  
kids had the croup. We never  
did. John had the croup one  
night in China, and we had  
to consult the "Doctor Book"  
to find out what to do.

When I was able to turn  
a somersault. Joe claims he  
could turn a back somersault.

They had a steep lawn,  
about 6 feet  
or so where the arrow points.  
Below it a wall. then the road etc.  
He undertook to turn the back.

somehow down that slope, which was an easy thing to do, and he had often done it. But this time he went too far and fell off the wall on to the roadway. I don't remember how he got into the house. I think I was in the street watching him when he fell. When I got to the house his mother was rubbing a discoloured place on his skin with liniment and he was crying hard. They sent for the Mr. Joe had a broken leg

In those days the brook ran behind Sam Allyn's house and he ran his sawage mill it ran behind Albert Allyn's house and he had a bridge over it. One day he lost his account book into the brook. It showed all the amounts his customers owed him, and the loss was a serious one. He went all the the travel which led the brook under Beech & Northampton Sts into the Allingle and quite a way down but I

don't think he found the book.

Allyn Bros used to raise peas on the land just north of Shervist from Northampton St west. When it was picking time they hired my pop. like Elliott Reed (Burrus) and Jack Jessup to pick them.

About where the brook crossed that land there was a swamp. It had white violets in the spring. In the winter it got flooded and made an ice pond. Not a very good one. Ruth Allyn had a sled with a hinged device and sharp points, so that you could drive the points into the ice and propel the sled forward. The seat was high and there was a place for the feet to rest. Steering was like steering a boat - and as I knew how to row, I considered myself the proper person to teach anybody how to work that sled. A few years ago, when I met Ruth at 50 Royalton St. I mentioned that

sled. I remembered it said she thought I wanted to see it all the time and it was her sled

We didn't have very good sledding. Most of where the drive is now, it wasn't very steep. East of the oak it was steep enough but the vines etc under the snow didn't make a very good surface for sliding.

One year some of us tapped maple trees in the Beech & side of the Ojibwa near Bollingwoods. It was very slow work watching the sap run and we didn't get much. We played Fox & Goose in the snow while waiting.

Once somehow we had a crow wounded in the wing. I think I put it in a wooden starch box with a big stone on the lid & thought it was safe. But while we were absent somewhere, the crow got out & we never saw it again.

in the south  
of Utah

On Thursday among those who con-  
 tended for honors were Sibyl  
 Smith, Helen Wilcox & Don MacLennan  
 and I. I think Sibyl usually came  
 out on top. She was smart but  
 didn't have much money. During  
 HS she worked afternoons in the  
 cashier's cage at Bank of America  
 where the Holyoke National Bank  
 is now. Cor. High & Colby. This  
 was probably good for her  
 finances, but not for her studies.

The grammar school graduation  
 was in City Hall.  
 Each one of us had to go forward  
 to get his diploma. There were 2  
 possible routes from where I  
 was. I chose to go one way & come  
 back the other. Father & Mother  
 thought I was confused. They  
 seemed proud and pleased to think  
 I had graduated, but I wouldn't tell  
 why. They took me to Remitz's  
 drug store in Belmont to have  
 some tea & cream. Mr Remitz  
 seemed much interested & told

me that when he was on the school board he had done a bit toward arranging to have graduation exercises for the grammar school.

One of the boys who graduated that night was one Stephen Brown Cleveland. The name was called out as "Brown Cleveland" & everybody laughed. Wasn't Pres. B's name Stephen Brown? Maybe this boy's name was something else and I have put Stephen in its place from my memory of Pres. B's name. Anyway this boy's middle name was Brown.

I was graduated from grammar school in 1897.

That fall, when I went to High School, I found that the old <sup>113</sup> " " on Belmont south of Alwight had become so crowded that they had to partition off the assembly room to make 4 classrooms. So we couldnt meet there for assembly. We met every morning at Temperance Hall on the east side of Maple St. south of ~~the~~ Alwight, and when assembly was over we marched up to the H.S. During that year the new H.S. was being built and the following fall we moved into it <sup>such</sup> the previous year.

The school board had got a new set of schools Preston W Search; a new H.S. principal Mr Keyes pronounced to rhyme with Page; and a new music instructor B J Bowell. Mr. Satt no to learn to sing a Italia. Italia's beloved

Road of sunshine of <sup>land</sup> a song  
 Tho' a far from thy bright sky  
 Still our fond hearts for the sun love

etc. He inspected he was an Italian. He certainly had dark hair and eyes. Another thing we learned was Slava from Mozart? 12th Mass. or was it 5th Mass?

I think Mr. Bonell stayed only the one year. His successor Hugh Craig wore a cutaway coat, had a "stick" & wanted me to "watch the stick". As I remember it we didn't care for his pompous way. He liked good

Mr. Search wanted to junk all the old books etc & get new (cheaper?) He got the school board to authorize some of the changes; some he just did. The school board got dissatisfied he was jumped. I don't remember who his successor was, nor whether he found things in a mess or not.

Mr. <sup>Search</sup> replaced Mr. Kirtland, I think. I don't remember what Mr. K did after he was fired. But he stayed in Holyoke. For I used to see him help train the

supposed  
with  
some

Grace Church choir when I went down there with Fred Hayes. (Or was he the former sept of schools? I guess he was. Mr Judd must have been the HS principal that was ~~for~~ fired - I don't know why. His son Sam was a classmate of mine, and later joined BDT (my fraternity) at Yale

Mr Hayes' idea seemed to be to get popular with the students by being free & easy in his discipline. I guess the school comm thought he was too free & easy. Grandpa then was on the school comm then and used to ask me a lot of questions about such things & how the students liked Mr K. I'm afraid my answer was not as valuable as he thought. The bulk of the students, as I remember it, were Irish Catholics. I don't think I was a very good person to tell how they felt.

maybe Mr Keyes stayed longer than Search & Cornell, but not many years. His successor had a hard time tightening up the discipline. His name was W. Minifred O. Akers. He used to give his instructions to teachers by sending them pieces of paper (or card) about 3x4. Signed W.O.A. He was not a very likable person. Mr Keyes was. And Mr. A's policy was it likely to make him popular. but I guess it was necessary.

The vice-principal was <sup>3117</sup> M.M.S. Moricity. Head of the math dept. A little man, and not glamorous at all. He wore rubber heels so he could approach quietly & catch boys doing things. He used to slide into the boys' toilet to see if he could catch them doing anything. Such tactics were not likely to make him popular. When Mr Akers got there, Mr M was promoted

to principal, but he didn't make  
 good. I think I was away at college  
 then. I suppose he went back  
 much earlier, to the mis-  
 and I have an idea he did not  
 long afterward. But he was a fine  
 math teacher. I studied geometry  
 with him sophomore year.  
 using Wentworth's book and I  
 admired the clean clear way  
 in which he taught. In those  
 days, if you wanted a certificate  
 to enter college without exam,  
 you must have studied math  
 during the last 2 years. Yale  
 at about would accept a  
 certificate, but at least would.  
 However, it was the thing to  
 take review math junior year,  
 and especially desirable if  
 you were going to take Harvard  
 preliminaries at the end of junior  
 year as I was. So I studied  
 geometry again using Beman  
 & Smith's book, which was  
 interestingly different from Wentworth's

Then I was to go to Andover. and I could get a certificate — but I was going to take a post grad year, so I had to take Math again. This time Mr. M wrote his own book, and I guess had it mimeographed. It was very interesting, and I liked it; liked the way he approached things. I wish his book might have been published but I don't suppose it was.

Of course I took algebra freshman year, but I don't remember who taught it unless it was Mr. Glade. I got good marks for I could make the examples come out right but I didn't understand algebra. I can say this. When I was in grammar school, I could solve complicated "problems" by arithmetic. When I was in H.S. I wanted to do the same but I had to do them by algebra. By the end of freshman year

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I had lost the ability to solve such problems in any way except by algebra (and I have never recovered it) but still did not understand algebra. I could get the answers, but that's all. I took review algebra

p. 12 with no novelty. That year year a p. g. year and took freshman algebra in college and got good marks but still didn't understand. Then father wanted me to take the Oxford exams, hoping I could get a Rhodes scholarship. So I had to study algebra again, by myself, and that time I understood it. So there been a little skeptical about the value of it's algebra. And yet during world war it when all the boys wanted to study airplane design - you can't get to 1st base without algebra. And engineering is becoming increasingly important

I don't remember when.  
 but I once had a grammar sch.  
 teacher named Ella Tarnham.  
 Tracy prinn and 'est' old maid  
 one afternoon I wanted to go to  
 the toilet and she wouldn't  
 let me so I had to wet my  
 pants. and there was some dis-  
 cussion and notes to my  
 parents, of which the most  
 remember is that they were  
 inscribed "Kindness of Ellison"  
 Sooner or later Mr

Mortuary married this lady.  
 She died before he did. and  
 he was all broken up over it.

I have after wondered  
 whether she was amputation  
 to an old maid named Tarnham.  
 or Tarnham who lived on the  
 edge of the Highlands they say  
 that a tramp asked her for some  
 food & she gave him a slice  
 of bread saying "I don't give this  
 to you for your love because I  
 don't think you deserve it. I'm

5

giving it to you profusely" sake"  
He said "Then for gods sake  
give me some letter on it."

The Unitarian minister  
in Holyoke preached a very fine  
sermon on the text "For their  
sakes I sanctify myself."  
This sermon was published in  
the Transcript. This 2nd  
Miss Farnham told me it was  
blasphemous. The 1st Miss  
Farnham (Mrs Nowanty)  
probably heard it. I wonder  
what she thought.

I was born on July 17 1854 in the north west room of the double house then numbered 427-29 Northampton St. later.. 1864-66. We lived in the north half ie 427, 1864 the front room was the parlor next the dining room. which we also used as living room. then the kitchen. Grandpa and Grandma Kildeth lived in the south half 429. or 1866. They ate in the kitchen. used the middle room for sitting room. and kept the parlor shut except for very special occasions. the parlor was kept shut, too. but not so rigidly I could go into it any time I wanted but I didn't go in very often. In the winter I don't think it was heated. I think all the children were born there. The only midwife I remember is "Auntie Johnson" whose picture I have. When I was born. mother had another woman to help her. Attie Elvire. I have her picture too. Mother used to say that Attie thought a lot of me. I know that for years

she used to send me a valentine, and I think it was the only one I got

Upstairs the front room was the spare bed room. Father and Mother slept in the middle room and it was there that Father used to shave by gaslight (see below)

It was there that Father's 1st Cousin Geo Wood was married to Mary Wilkinson. I was groom's man and Kate Wood was bridesmaid. The groom and bride stood in front of our 3-leaf screen which was decorated with clematis. The wedding was in the morning but I don't remember much about it. I do remember that previously Mary had worked for Arwin Allen or Allen or Rowat St and branded it and to go call on her and take me. After the marriage, they lived in "da block" (see below). It was in this room also that Anne was sick with diphtheria, and for a long while we used to call it the "diphtheria room" because it was blue & more

difficult than any other designation  
 over the kitchen near the bathroom  
 and the lined girls room. The BR  
 had a flush toilet which operated  
 with a handle at the side of the  
 seat. It shaped like that; you had  
 to lift it. Once at least I dropped a  
 button hook into it, and thought it  
 was lost forever. but Mother rolled  
 up her sleeve and fished it out. My  
 memory of the bath tub and sink is  
 fairly vague. I think the BT was of  
 tin, boxed in with matched boards,  
 and maybe the sink was marble. ?  
 There was no down stairs toilet but  
 a "recess" was kept part way up  
 the stairs for my convenience. In the  
 front hall there was a ~~side~~ table  
 with a silver plate for calling cards  
 near the door, and a hat rack - and  
 umbrella stand at the opposite end  
 This could be easily tipped over.  
 and I remember when there was a  
 noise of something being overthrown  
 Father used to say "Albion goes  
 the hat rack." But I don't really

remember that, but rack falling.  
 It had a mirror at a convenient height  
 but the " " was not very well  
 lighted. There was a lamp, hanging  
 style, at the foot of the stairs, and  
 if it was lit, that gave some light  
 on the mirror; by daylight there  
 was light from the front door, which  
 had a big glass pane, not transparent  
 under the stairs, near the back  
 was a dark closet. At night, the only  
 light it had was got by opening  
 the door that led from the hall into  
 the dining room. Grandmamma, I think,  
 had a hanging lamp at the foot of  
 the stairs. The ours. One of them,  
 don't remember which, had a  
 fine big shade, about 15 or 16  
 inches diameter, gorgeously  
 colored, with gorgeous glass things  
 of something like this, dangling all  
 around maybe both of them had

The dining room had a  
 bay window, and opposite it was  
 a big closet. Beside that closet  
 was a big room, that had a door



to California. did I get skill in many tools. But I could cut a leather washer for a leaky faucet. and put it in place; and I could pull carpet tacks and lay carpets. and I could put up mosquito netting.

In the kitchen there was an Eddy refrigerator near the outside door with its back to the west wall of the kitchen. The cover lifted up. Of course it had a dish pan for the melt water. The range was against the east wall.

It was a Magic Brand, and the oven door was hinged on the right hand side. The fire box was on the left and just under the lid " " "

Below was a small door just under the top; Mother used to put steak in a toaster and broil it over the fire. The juice would drip and since the steak tasted good, but I thought it was too bad to waste all that juice. Mother told me, long after, that Nellie Scannell, who worked for us liked steak, and used to wipe

mother to have it often. Mother would say "Nellie when you are married you can have steak as often as you think you can afford it. I can't afford it any often as than I do" Later when Nellie was married mother asked her if she had steak often now. & she said mother was right.

The sink was on the south side of the kitchen, with hot & cold water. To the left of the sink was the door to the stairs that led up. While to the right of the sink was the door to the cellar stairs. To the right of the stove was the door to the buttery, later sometimes called pantry. I thought at that time that the word buttery had something to do with butter, and the word pantry had something to do with pans. I understand now that neither idea is correct. Mother kept her <sup>the</sup> cook book on a shelf at the right as you enter the buttery and the bag of string, a cloth

bag, square, with a draw string, on a coat hook behind the door hinges at the left of the door. In the S.W. corner, under the "counter" was a flour barrel with a sifter in it. I don't remember how one reached the barrel. The brown sugar was somewhere above the flour barrel. Somewhere on the right was a knife tray, but I think the table silver was kept in a drawer under the "counter" at the left of the sink.

Down cellar was a furnace; a coal bin, for the furnace, fed from one of the <sup>cellar</sup> windows under the bay window; and another bin for the coal for the kitchen range, fed from the window at the east end of the house foundation. The hatchway, or cellar stairs with a sloping door was to the right of the coal bin. Fairly early it was my job to take the hod down stairs, fill it from this bin, and carry it up and put it behind the range. Later it was

also my job to care for the furnace during the day, when Father was away. I was well instructed in just what to do, and did it successfully. But when I had a coal furnace of my own to care for, here in Brooklyn, and tried to remember what I had to do in Holyoke, I couldn't remember. It might have been a great help if I could.

Somewhere in the cellar was the place where I had to go from time to time to take my shoes. Grandma used to say "Heavy strokes for black lead light" "shoe polish"

I didn't know what black lead was.

I think now that she meant stove polish. My shoe shines often met with disapproval when I went up stairs. Once I remember, 2 of the adults expressed loud disapproval as soon as I appeared. And Grandma had said "Tom I idly say, when you black the toes upon your feet mind you don't forget the heels";

which I thought was unfair, because where he stood he couldn't see the heels. He must have assumed that if the toes were poorly shined the heels were worse.

Mother taught me to build a coal fire on the range; first crumple up some newspaper; then put on some kindling; I think this was soft-wood edging; it came from the saw mill, in lengths of about a foot, tied with tanned string in bundles about 8 inch diameter. I can't remember whether a thin layer of coal was put over the kindling at the time the fire was lighted, or later. But I learned, under her instructions, to light the fire successfully every time, and remember, and I thought it was easy to light a coal fire. It seems as tho it ought to be still easier to light a wood fire. but when I got to California and had to light wood fires, I had a lot of trouble. maybe the wood wasn't too

good. And in Cabot, when I was doing Boy Scout work, and one of the things to learn was how to build a fire without paper or kerosene, and with not more than 2 matches. I thought it was quite an achievement to do that.

As far back as I can remember the house was lit with gas jets: before we had Welbach burners. At Gloucester, and maybe at Holyoke I was always bumping gas lamps unless a table was kept under them, to keep me away. I don't mind the ordinary gas jets; it hurts a little to bump them, but after a while I got used to it, and I used to say I had a callous spot on the top of my head from bumping them, so it didn't hurt. But if I bumped a Welbach burner, that broke it. A new one cost money, and I'm not sure that spare burners were always kept in the house. If not, it meant a trip to the store; those burners were my

fragile, and a slight jar would  
 break part of one, resulting in  
 less light for the same amount of  
 gas: a real bump would smash  
 it to bits. To prevent my doing  
 this, the family tried always to  
 keep a table, or something, under  
 the burner. But someone would  
 carelessly move it away and I would  
 walk under the burner  
 and that's it.

Later some ingenious  
 person put in a device for  
 lighting the cellar light from  
 the top of the stairs. You press  
 the upper button, and something  
 electrical would turn on the gas  
 and something else would make  
 sparks to light it. When you  
 came back up stairs you pressed  
 the lower button, and that electrici-  
 ally shut off the gas. I don't  
 remember that it ever failed,  
 or gave any trouble. If you were  
 down cellar, and wanted to light  
 the gas, you could turn it on

by pulling a little wire, and then light with a match. At the end of the trip there was a similar device for lighting the big ceiling gas lamps. They made quite a noise, and the janitor would combine the noise quite a while, to make sure that all the lamps were lighted. Apparently from the switch he couldn't see the lamps.

At that time I think we still had only gas for illumination. Later we had combination gas and electric lights. Electricity wasn't considered dependable enough. Some years ago I called on Miss Bacon and was pleased to see that she still had that style of lamp, and a lot of things that I remembered we used to have in my childhood days. But more recently when I called again to see those things, either the house had been modernized or she had moved to a different house, and

I was disappointed. She was the niece of Mr. Kimball, who was the first minister that I can remember about. I don't remember the man himself at all.

Up in the attic, were the hall, the front bedroom, and the room over the depository room. Back of that was all "unfinished" meaning there were a few boards laid on the joists, to walk on.

In the attic front hall there was a chest of 2 or 3 tiers of deep drawers 2 (or 3; 2, thing) to a tier. At one time a woman who had rented one of Father's stores sold out her stock (it was sold out) and we got this chest of drawers, perhaps in payment of rent. I remember clearly when they came. With them came a lot of millinery things, of which some yet articles are all that I remember; but I remember some women whom I didn't know, passing over them and taking (undoubtedly buying) some of the stuff I don't know what became of the rest.

At one time I slept in the front <sup>11th home</sup> hall, 2nd floor. I could see out on the lawn and the street. On the wall was a picture of something like a fairy, putting a cone-shaped thing on something flowery; I think the picture was entitled "Autumn". Later I think I slept in the other front bed room. Then I had the south front other bed room and that continued to be considered "mine" after I was married and right up to the time the house was sold. But in between, i.e. before the south other room, I slept in the south side bedroom 3rd from front - or on the veranda outside that room. When there, I had an extra long bed, especially made for me, which I went to Amherst I think that was sent over to " for me to sleep in. I don't know what became of it later. I think it was a  $\frac{3}{4}$  bed

The picture of me on a pony shows the lawn surrounded by a bank of more trees. I do not

remember the fence, but I remember  
 hay being cut on the lawn. One or 2  
 men with scythes mowed the hay,  
 I helped to bind and rake it. And (then  
 or later) I remember treading the  
 hay as it was put in the barn loft,  
 a hot dusty job. To go into that loft  
 there was a stairway, which was  
 still there, the last time I was in the  
 barn. But we always went up a  
 ladder on the north side of the barn.  
 This ladder was made by nailing  
 2x3 (now or less) pieces between  
 the studs; this ladder went up to a  
 hole in the floor about 4 ft square.  
 I think now that this was a dangerous  
 arrangement, but it seemed perfectly  
 natural then.

In the front of the barn the  
 buggy & carriage were kept. On  
 the back, north side, was a box stall  
 where the horse was kept in the  
 day time. On the south side were  
 2 ordinary stalls, each big enough for  
 1 horse. It was my job, each night  
 to transfer the horse to the stall

near the house. I whistle to him  
 & make him urinate. and then to  
 put straw down for his bed. Father  
 told me the horse would fool him  
 by holding his water (or part of it?)  
 till the straw was put there. and  
 then urinate on the straw. But  
 father would then fool the horse by  
 throwing some more straw on top.

We had a very low & thick but  
 I don't remember being them. I do  
 remember reading about cavalry  
 officers stroking the horses with  
 white gloves to see if the man had  
 carried them properly. And I re-  
 member carrying my own horse  
 out in California. Just east of the  
 barn was an enclosure, a fence  
 with pickets about 1 x 3 and as  
 high as my head, more or less. In it  
 was the manure heap, and the ash  
 heap. I was supposed to sift the  
 ashes and use the unburned coal as  
 kindling to start a new fire some time  
 I don't remember that the horse was  
 ever turned loose in the enclosure.

altho it looked as tho it was made for  
 him. In the S E corner of the  
 carriage room was a big hop-  
 head of oats for the horse. This  
 along the middle partition (which  
 ran east west in the carriage  
 house, beginning about half way  
 and running east) there was a water  
 faucet. It was well turned on a off  
 in the natural way. Instead  
 there was an iron rod about  $\frac{1}{2}$   
 diameter bent into a quarter-  
 circle at the top. This ran down  
 to the water main, which ran  
 from Northampton St and fed  
 our house and barn, Taylor's  
 house and Bollingwoods. When  
 you pulled it away from the  
 partition, that turned on the  
 water let it come up the pipe  
 to the faucet; when you turned it  
 flat against the partition, that  
 shut off the water, down at the  
 main. In that way there was no  
 freeze up, as the main was below  
 the frost line

Originally we had a hen-house, which began about the grape arbor on the north side, and ran to the east. In the front were bins where corn meal & other things were kept. I stacked the corn meal once, and baked it. Then there was a passage way on the north side of the hen house, with doors to let one into each section; the sections were 20 feet or so wide, and had nests on the north side, up off the ground. Each section had an outdoor run, surrounded by a fence of long pickets like the melon one behind the barn. There were lots of hens, and at least one big white rooster named Sergeant. Skunk got in occasionally.

After a while it was decided to quit raising hens, and the hen-house was sold, all except the east section. Some men came & sawed the building into sections, at the morning, and carried off a section at a time. Unfortunately I can't

remember how they got these sections on to a wagon. It must have been an interesting job. I don't know what a morille was, but I heard them talking about it.

The east section was kept for a long time. At one time a couple of rabbits were raised in it. Richard called them Bunny and Frisky. He used to call Bunny Bunny Bunny and Frisky, Frisky Frisky. That helped me to understand the meaning of what the Latin grammar says.

It takes at least twice as long to say Frisky Frisky as it does Bunny Bunny. After a long time this section disappeared. I don't remember how.

We used to have lots of fruit trees. Many kinds of apples, including Baldwin, Greening, Northern Spy, Porter, Parson Royal, Starcasket and probably others. The biggest tree was just north of the parlor. It had 3 branches that grew right out of the ground. I used to wonder why.

for all the other trees I knew had a trunk, then scotch. but this tree seemed to have no trunk. Long after, my father said that when he bought the land, there was a wind-gully there, and the tree grew in the ". When the ground was leveled up, the fill came right up to the crotch of the tree (see wind). This tree was grafted to Baldwin and to Greening (or vice-versa). After a while the east limb died and was chopped (or sawed) off. I don't remember seeing the — or maybe it rotted & fell. I remember the stump of it, at the crotch. The other 2 limbs lived on. There was another big tree, but not so big near Beech St. but this died earlier — before the San Jose scale. I remember when this same father hired a man to come and wash the trees with whale oil soap, which was supposed to kill the scale, and I guess it did. But the neighbors didn't bother to care for their trees, and ours got reinfected. And after a few years

of whale oil soap father got dis-  
 couraged a bit the trees die of scale.  
 After all, the neighbors were farmers  
 and he was a city fish. Why should  
 he take better care of his trees than they  
 did of theirs? The last time I was in  
 the cellar of 1866 we still had a cord  
 or so of apple wood.

We also had peach trees but the  
 yellows got those. Plum " " "  
 black " " " " " " " " " " " "  
 black " " " " " " " " " " " "  
 We had 3 cherry  
 trees on the front lawn. (One of them  
 "black") and a sour pie cherry.  
 I planted much later for I remember  
 when it was young. The others were  
 all there as far back as I can re-  
 member. I used to love to climb the  
 trees and eat the cherries. I don't  
 think these trees had any natural  
 enemies (except "some bugs") and they  
 lived a long while. I guess they died  
 of old age. We had one or more pear  
 trees, and I guess they are still  
 there - a little little I called pear,  
 which is not. It was sweet and I  
 liked it. I don't care much for the

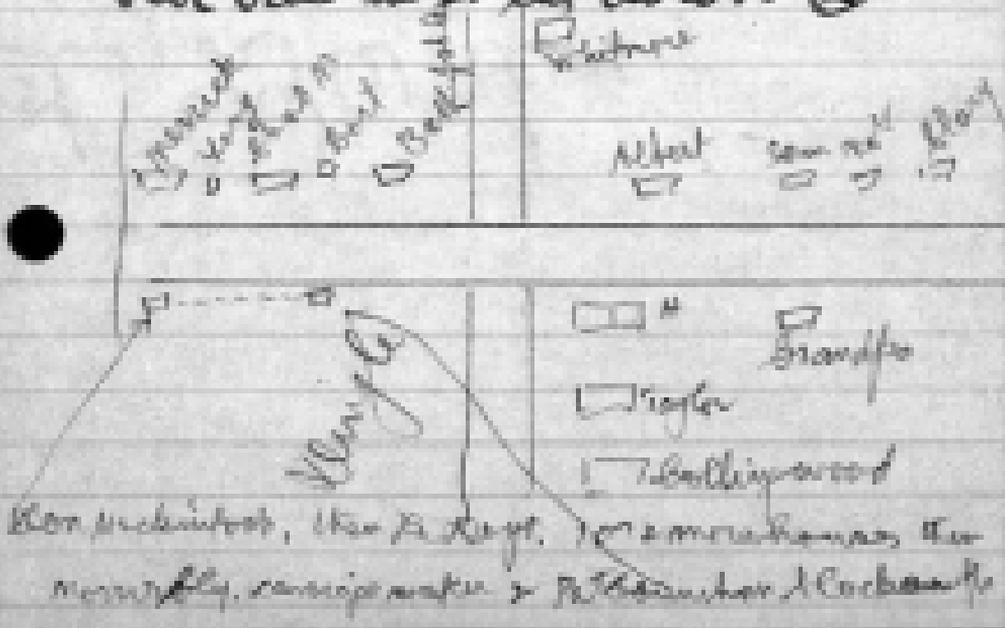


on the front lawn. One or two "syringa"  
bushes very fragrant. " " " deutzia  
bushes; my mother said her  
wedding wreath was deutzia. I took  
a slip of one of them and tried to  
make it grow at Brooklyn passage  
but it didn't grow. There were Budal  
wreath, purple and yellow iris  
Johnsny-jump-ups naturalized in  
the front lawn; and also on

" " " a flowering currant  
and a Japanese quince which  
we called 5-inch bush. As I forget the  
I never saw or heard of the "  
till long afterward.

The big oak is the most  
conspicuous tree on the place. But  
it was a little oak when the house  
was built. I have a photo of the  
3 houses Hollingwood, Taylor &  
Hildreth when they were new. The  
oak tree is seen as almost  
ridiculously small. That photo  
shows the upper lawn (above the  
driveway) where Joe broke his leg.

When I was perhaps eight years old, father had some elm and maple trees planted on our lawn. I think they were about 6 inches in diameter. Father wanted to play safe, so he wouldn't put the trees in the "tree belt" for fear that the tree street would be widened, and trees in the tree belt would have to be cut down. Sure enough, the street was widened, and our trees were right in the tree belt. After many years, the street was widened again, and our trees were cut down. (2)



Don McIntosh, then A. Kay, 1st & 2nd, then the  
 newly, carpenter & A. McIntosh & Co. & Co.

Mr Merrick was the founder of the Merrick Thread Co. I think he had died before I can remember. His widow (and wife) was president of the women's missionary society when my mother used to take me to it. She presided with great dignity. There were 3 Merrick children; Shady, who sometimes played the violin at our church service; Marie whom I thought very nice; and Ben who I think went to Harvard. and used to ride a bicycle with cushion tires and spring forks.

The little Long house was inhabited by "Mr Long" I remember him. but don't remember about him.

Shady Mackintosh used to smoke cigarettes. Mrs M was very nice. They had at least 4 children: Elton, Helen, Malcolm, Jessie. While I was in grammar school, Mr M. planted a shrub garden along the south side of his lawn. roughly symmetrical with the drive on the north side. I think there was

a walk along side it. (Don used to talk about the "thousand streets" of which he was quite proud.

In front of the boat house was an enormous elm. I remember when it was cut down. Later the house was removed. I don't know why. There were 2 boat toys. The younger & smaller. The older one he called Rube. It must have been Rube.

Mr Bull was an old bachelor and very deaf. Occasionally I had to go to his place to get extra milk. I didn't like to. He was hard to find and hard to talk to. I remember his house as very clean and very fine and desirable.

Robert Allen was nephew and adopted son of Sam. He was a milkman. I was taught to call his wife "Auntie Allen". His daughter Ruth was about my age. Later there was another - Miriam. After a while they moved to West Springfield. He took me down one day

for a visit. As we came to the underpass, he checked to his horse. I reported it to my parents and they thought it was a good idea the idea being to signal to someone approaching from the other direction that he was coming. I don't think it would have amounted to much I never saw any of the folks again until Ruth (Mrs Lincoln Sibley of 50. Tunbridge) came and stood on the door step of the 50 Royallton parsonage & asked if I knew who she was

Sam Allyn had a 2nd wife who was my niece. I don't remember Sam. They had a laborer, Dan, whose wife "old Kate" evidently acted as cook or something. She used to go out by the barn and holler "Dan" in a voice like a rusty hinge but much louder. We used to hear the bot white calling behind the barn, but I never saw a bot white till I came to Brooklyn. The house used to drain its sewage into the brook so we couldn't drink the brook water. It had a port -

cochine, and a fountain on the front lawn which usually went working.

Rob Allyn was son of Sam. He got married, and he (or his father) built the house for him, when was old enough to remember. Mrs A. was very nice. They had 2 daughters, Helen and Catherine. Mrs. A became a Christian Scientist. Helen became deaf, and Mrs A wouldn't have any thing done to help her. So she got very deaf.

Mr Allyn went to a night class of and paid 500. He was an associate judge for a while. He told me that Robert used to chew tobacco, and didn't want his wife to know. Once he was sick and so "off his tobacco"; so he got better he wanted a chew, but didn't have any so he phoned a deputy sheriff Ed Elliffe, and said "Say Ed, you know those 5 brothers. Well I wish you would call on them and bring me a message from them"

Deputy 5 Bros was a plug store that Rob & Ed both called.

Father also told us that on Thanksgiving Day - after the turkey. Mrs A said she thought it would be nice if each one of them mentioned something he was thankful for - Rot agreed and mentioned something. Then Mrs A - then Helen. Catherine said "I'm thankful I've got a little room left". Mrs Ayn didn't that was exactly a success. so after the dessert she tried again - ~~both~~ "Well I'm thankful I haven't ~~but~~ I don't remember anything about the Gray house except that it was red and had a round tower at one corner. But I remember a lot about the Selmon house. As you went in the front door the parlor was on the right then the reading room bedroom on the opposite side 2 parlors one of which had big sea shells for us to listen to and hear the ocean. also a wooden circle with a lot of round bottom holes with marbles in them - I don't know what for.

Gony from the bedroom or the hall one  
 got into the dining room which had  
 a desk on the north side and I think  
 the enormous sideboard which we  
 later had at 1566 was somewhere in  
 that room. Then the kitchen on the  
 south side, and the pantry on  
 north. And south of the dining  
 room, accessible from the S.W.  
 corner of the kitchen was a stand in  
 verandah with plants.

I had to go down there, roughly  
 every day, to get milk, usually 5  
 pints, in a tin pail with a cover  
 down cellar. Grandma E. had a  
 post with flats nailed along its  
 side East West, and others  
 north south, just far enough  
 apart so that there was room  
 for shallow milk pans on them,  
 set there for the cream to rise.  
 She would take the cream skimmer  
 and shove aside the cream, then  
 give me the milk underneath. It  
 came from Jersey cows and was  
 rich enough, minus the cream

She used the cream to make butter  
 in a barrel churn in the east end  
 of the cellar. I remember seeing Mrs  
 T. Stewart turning the churn. They  
 often invited me to have some  
 of their hot cakes which were  
 very tasty, especially with good  
 butter and thick maple syrup,  
 or honey; or they gave me some  
 muffins. Thos. drew the best  
 muffins I ever tasted, whether  
 Grandma made them or - Josie  
 McCarthy " " " She often  
 worked for Grandma. At her house she  
 " " in Whitmore's store. I wish  
 I knew the recipe but I'm afraid it  
 is lost beyond recovery.

I don't remember much about  
 up stairs. But the stairs ran straight  
 ahead (east) up almost to the  
 2nd story. Then turned in a curve  
 and up the curve of the wall  
 alongside the stairs - was a niche  
 with some sort of an urn in it.

In the front room of the  
 cellar was a gas making machine

the motive power of which was a great big stone, as big as a grindstone, over a foot thick, which as if gradually fell pulled on a wire which turned the machine that made the gas. I have the impression that it was cheaper than city gas, but not specially satisfactory. Sometimes the light would be a little dim, then get brighter. Probably he got the machine before city gas got out there.

The front door of the barn was a big door, to divide in the loads of hay, to be pitched on to trays to north and south. The south bay was over the horse stalls. There was another door, south of the main door, which led to a passageway along which the horses could be led to be put into the stalls, facing north. There was a hinged arrangement so that the manger end (north) could be tilted into passageway

socket hay from the trays could be  
 put directly into the manger. South  
 of the horse stalls was a flat  
 roof covered with tar & fettle;  
 I think the space under it was a  
 shed for storing weapons, etc. I think  
 the cows were kept under the main  
 barn. There was another barn  
 some distance behind the main  
 barn; and between them, on the  
 south edge was a cow-crit,  
 with slits, I suppose to let in the  
 air; I never could see why it didn't  
 also let in the rats. SE of the house  
 in the house-yard, near the fence,  
 was an out-house for the hired man  
 to use. And on the front lawn was  
 an old pump, not used. I once worked  
 the handle and thereby annoyed  
 some wasps who had their nests in  
 the place, and one of them stung  
 me on the leg; it hurt. The next  
 day I was walking on the (the  
 sidewalk in front of Southlyn),  
 barefoot. There was a chimney  
 which overhung the sidewalk.

and dropped cherries on it; folks would walk on them, and crush them, and then bees would come to suck the juice; I stepped on one of these bees and got stung, and it hurt more than the wasps. Grandpa either owned or hired a pasture on the east side of a road that ran north from Cherry St between Bill Murray's rice pond and the Meacham place where the Brooks-banks live. The hired man used to go up there, in the summer, to milk the cows. One day we were going to have a picnic up there and I insisted that we wouldn't need anything to drink. Except milk from the cows. Mother said I wouldn't like it, fresh from the cow; it would swell of the cow. She was right.

The space between our house and Grandpa's place was empty. I could climb the barbed wire fence north of our place, walk thro' the grass and weeds, and climb his fence, a fence of board rails

with a board nearly horizontal on top, and it was a little shorter than going by the side walk. But

One of Father's cousins - it must have been John Henry Wood, made a kite for me, and we flew it over that field, until the string broke, and the kite crashed into a maple tree some  $\frac{2}{3}$  of the way over, and was ruined. This same maple tree was hit later by lightning and a big branch broken out.

Either then or later, McInnes bought this land between the houses, for house lots, and laid out Green St (east west) and Sacheda St (south of Green St to Ballywood's land. When the Hospital was built, the trolley car stopped at the end of Green St & let folks out to go to the Hospital.

In those days the Village was a lovely natural scene with a brook. Beyond it was M.

Ball's hayfield, and beyond that Pat  
 Gounham's house & blacksmith  
 shop, a very interesting place. When  
 Grandpa was going to take old Jack  
 up to the shed, he would put me on  
 Jack's back, and would try to drive  
 him with the check-rein (saddle style  
 not over back of head) but he  
 didn't seem to steer by the check  
 rein and Grandpa always led him.  
 Mr. G. had an older daughter, Annie,  
 a son Eddie (perhaps another.)  
 Adjoining the blacksmith shop was  
 a wagon maker's shop, which  
 had an inclined plane up which  
 wagons could be hauled by a  
 windlass to be worked on upstairs;  
 between the space for the wheel  
 was a set of clefts, steps, to walk  
 up. I think Morris G. was the  
 wagon maker; he had a daughter, I believe  
 he was not the one who made a tripod for  
 my camera - at least saved the wheels  
 of a power saw - and didn't charge  
 anything. But I don't think the tripod  
 was a success. I don't remember  
 ever using it

What is the... of...  
... of...  
... of...

How badly are we really in hole?  
Can we get out? or is our jump  
only to stay where we are a bit  
no deeper.

What do we need to do this year?  
... .. no \$?

Why did we have the deficit last year?  
Due to spending more than we  
or to collecting less?

Set list of soc's that haven't paid  
pledges. What these soc's  
finally pay? What they pledge?

Last year (when that) collected  
 $\frac{2}{3}$  of pledges. What is the  
usual percentage

What sources of income have we  
aside from pledges and others?

What do we owe U.S. & Internat?  
What meaning of that the

sheet that Neil showed me?

... ..  
... ..  
... ..  
... ..  
... ..

I have only vague memories of the houses between Gley & the Doyt. But Fred Pomeroy lived there at one time. His mother was a former Gloucester girl, friend of my mother named Alice Lavis. Fred was the oldest child; there were four younger ones. I liked him, but they didn't stay in H. long. He wanted to be a dentist (D.D.S.) when he grew up and that suggests that he was related to Mr. J. H. Pomeroy of Gloucester, rather than the Holyoke Pomeroy's. Later his mother told me that Fred was married to a woman much older than he was and she felt badly over it.

Beyond the Doyt was old Donald Mackintosh, grandfather of Connie, a widower. His daughter Etta kept house for him. I remember Connie said he was going to hit up his grandfather to buy an auto for him. I asked what he would do when he went to Cornell. "Take it with me" I thought it quite impacticable. Don't remember who he got it

1970 cover Receipt

Field Adm. cover / Cont'd

1923 GCO 40.87 267.37  $\frac{2799}{276.52}$  364.87 830.0

1924 GCO 798.53 344.54  $\frac{4300}{4300}$  964.14

1925 GCO 719.07 519.70  $\frac{2240}{1582.64}$

1926 GCO 253.02 204.76 1589.27

1927 GCO 774.91 242.74 1534.67

1928 GCO 771.72 114.31 975.76

1929 ARM 103.21 337.80

1930 ARM 745.52 16.83

1931 ARM 237.19 147.22

1932 ARM 237.19 147.22

1933 ARM 237.19 147.22

1934 ARM 237.19 147.22

1935 ARM 237.19 147.22

Beyond Mackintosh was Dr. Mace, whose daughter was a great friend of Nellie Lee. Then Carlton St. Then Wright goes and his sister Ellen. Then a little house where the daughter was F. Louisa W. in-  
 chester. Then the First Baptist Ch. and across South St was then the parsonage, Rev. M. A. Wilcox whose daughter Helen Lida was classmate of mine (and of L. at Mt H.) to an Frank was public librarian during my adult years, till he died. When I was a child, the librarian was Mrs Sarah Gly, of the 2nd Bapt Ch. who lived on the east side of Walnut St just south of Appleton, with the family of her husband. The library was then in City Hall in the rooms which face you as you enter from the N. St

On the south side of Carlton St was a Bapt family named Sage, and a bath "McCombie". On the north side a widow named Stewart tried to make a living peddling "Stewart's Food" which

30-31

1950

Bills approved

~~By the way, I had a meeting for the Board of Directors on Oct 23rd.~~

Oct 23	Majorie Travel	14.30
	Printing	5.75
	Mrs. Koolidge Sunset	75
	Small M. Wright hotel	11.25

Nov 30 (1951)	Gene Postage - 1951	
	for 7 Oct / Bulletin	3.00
	for 11 Oct / Bulletin	3.20
	for 11 Oct / Bulletin	6.50

Gene 5 stamps	1.25	
PP	1.07	
2 1/2 in paper	2.00	
1/2 in paper	1.00	
1/2 in paper	1.00	
		5.67

~~We are to receive purchase orders from the American Professional for the year.~~

~~It is no longer in the book - but we can look it up in the book.~~

she baked. She had a son Bailey, and another son who was a hunch-back and used to sit, and presumably study, at a window looking on the street, with his right side toward the window (same as Mother's death at 1866 when I did not like the arrangement) He died, and L.B. Moore was one of the beavers: maybe he was the landlord. Guess no S moved away.

There was a loud mouthed foolish girl named Adna Marshall. On a side street running north from Carlton (perhaps an extension of the one that runs east of the South St - 5th) was a girl named Maria Blayton.

On the road that runs south side of the Merrick place, (then called Westfield road) behind the Merrick mansion was the Merrick farm - then run by a man named Shraway. He had a daughter, but it was not Priscilla. Farther up was the Bray farm. There were several children; the only one I knew well was Grace, who was classmate, at least in 5th

Appointments

Junior 2 Margaretite Curtiss Bass  
1 Marjorie

→ Stewardship P. B. Crowson M. Holly

Missionary C. L. H. H. H. H. H.  
Rayton Crow

Publicity ~~Edna~~ Edna Lundy

~~Edna~~

C. W. Raymond Ingraham

Field Secy Russell & Alice

Picture of M. L. Wight's scholars

Girls in front row

- 1 probably Orei Kora
- 2 possibly Dana Clayton
- 4 James Cornish
- 5 Hattie Krug
- 5 Oona Marshall
- 6 ?
- 7 ?

Girls in 2nd row

- 1 Leila Anderson
- 2 Ruth Allen
- 3 Pamela Newcome
- 4 ?
- 5 Fannie Morgan
- 6 Flora King
- 7 probably Mc Cormick
- 8 ?

Boys in third row

- 1 Johnnie Ross
- 2 Louis Kochler (pronounced Keele)
- 3 ?
- 4 Walter pronounced Walter
- 5 Benny Ross
- 6 probably I. Ward Newson (Chirch)
- 7 ?
- 8 ?

YPU. report to Myrtle

made by me Sept. 29. 1931

Oct 5	35	Dec 22	32	27	35
12	51	29	24	15	45
19	69	Apr 5	50	20	28
26	14	12	39	27	40
Nov 2	51	19	32		
9	21	26	39		
16	19	May 3	39		
23	42	10	29		
30	16	17	31		
Dec 7	18	24	—		
14	15	31	77		
21	15	June 7	28		
28	15	14	23		
Jan 4	15	21	32		
11	15	28	47		
18	19	July 5	33		
25	15	12	—		
Feb 1	31	19	—		
8	33	26	—		
15	38	Aug 2	—		
22	50	9	—		
Mar 1	47	16	—		
8	58	23	—		
15	38	30	—		

21-10-1931  
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 29-12-1931  
 30-12-1931  
 31-12-1931

107  
top in row with me & Kay  
1 Kenny Brookbank

2

Jap

of back south

4 Arthur Kjoller (pronounced Keele)

Next row

1 Rafe Lyman

2 Edgar Henry (mouth open)

3 Howard Ann (bump)

4 light coat behind front Smith

5 flowered face ?

In front of pencil post Frank Kelly  
behind him ?

in front of middle of don Blanche Rogers  
slightly in front of him with paper

stick in, with out of pocket <sup>mouth</sup> <sup>mouth</sup>  
behind Howard in Eddie's <sup>mouth</sup>

in front of me Eddie Bonarhan

against wall. low tie, Eddie Rogers

low the one highest up

In front, at right of rows of girls

Kraby behind Smith

cup in right hand Sparty Blanchard

2 hands Ted Lyman (Edgar)

Inquire at Brandon

Howard Smith. What is going on at  
Hartford? What did Julia Henry  
do at Hartford?

Berry what is going on at Sharon  
and No. Pomfret

108

One evening, when I was in school a man named Collins came to call, and was entertained in the parlor. (south half of house) He had an organ, but I don't remember about that. He brought his concertina, and played "Joy to the world" and other pieces. The only other thing I remember represents a man talking to his daughter about how very necessary some one "at half past 8 comes tap tap tapping at the garden gate" don't tell me it is the cat I know better far than that

But don't know when it is half past 8. To come tap tap tapping at the garden gate

Evenings I used to like to have mother play the piano; Father used to like to come in and listen. I used to like to have her play "Song of the Minstrel" cheap flashy music; and Schumann's "Ballade" somewhat better, from the Opus. Also fortunately some Beethoven and Schubert music. The piano was a lovely thing. I think way up right that mother had bought with her own money

Exec Board Action Oct 11 30

If some arrangement can be made  
with B. C. Union that we engage  
Passell Blair as Field Sec.

That T. P. be designated as Field  
Director  
to act as part time Field Sec. at a  
remunera. that we may agree on.

That V. P. have entire charge  
of Field Campaign. What does that  
mean?

Field Director, in consulta  
w Pres. to decide on method of  
apportioning work of Field Sec.

(Myrtle Whites)

Some word goals Pres et Field Sec  
Judgment of Min G. Mark Johnson Pres  
Stewardal to one left with to  
name one. Myrtle says this a me

109  
learned as a music teacher. We used  
to think it was the best piano in the  
world. Just as Father's watch was the  
best which in the world. Aunt Sam  
said there was a little crack on the  
sounding board, but to us it was  
perfect.

This piano had to be sold when  
the house was sold. There was no  
market for pianos then and it  
brought only \$25.00 from a club of  
young fellows who undoubtedly  
pounded it to death.

Mother tried to teach me to  
play the piano, but I didn't take to  
it. I didn't like the drill in lifting up  
(holding) the fingers and providing  
bars; and I noticed that when  
mother played the piano her fingers  
were  and not  as she  
tried to teach me. I didn't get very  
far, and when I entered High school  
I persuaded her to let me drop  
piano. Because I was too busy.  
I really wasn't. Freshman year I  
didn't need to study at home  
practically ever. Sophomore year

Sept 29. 1937

Print make up no #1-

Print  
Order  
Take  
Take higher books

Take  
BE books.



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I had time enough to take French as an extra subject. A little junior year, I guess. Ability to play the piano would have been much more useful, and enjoyable, to me than French. This I had appreciated knowing. When I was freshman at Anshut I couldn't read music. At the end of the year - a classmate James W. (J.W.) Roberts offered me an auto harp, with 5 "keys" (the same as I have now G, E, A major and minor) for \$1.25. And then I had played all the music in the auto harp book. I learned to read music, so that I could play hymns written in G or F directly from the contemporary music. Then I learned to play piano, air only; then air and alto. When I was at Cold Spring Harbor, summer of 1909, boarding at the home of 3 sisters and a brother. one of the  
Mrs. Helen, who was a music teacher, encouraged me to learn by myself to play 4 parts and occasionally would come in from the

plain hope you are better  
got your why Martin was VP. (Alley. Samella June. 02) why didn't  
go to that Co. comes out a day mostly  
CE meet nearly over Scotland. W  
& Dodge all right. Feb. 7 is early  
metaphor. When perhaps? Why  
did you know. Should be  
testimony meeting be a dead letter  
or try to revive it. or abandon  
as out of date. (P. C. C. Bucher  
was; what CE & we expected to  
have a paper to testify to?  
the following anything to say on it?  
Samell. let ab? or you?.

March 3. One by Kings. Not a single  
argument in favor of my prof.

kitchen. maybe spoon in hand to  
 give me a suggestion. In this  
 way I learned to play the piano  
 after a fashion. I liked to play  
 pieces in 3 or 4 flats: 2, 5. and 1  
 flat has enjoyed. I could play in  
 G & B. but not in 2 or 5 sharps.  
 And if the piece was in 3 or 4  
 sharps I would transpose it into  
 2 or 3 flats, and usually do the  
 accidentals by ear, or <sup>instinctively</sup> intuitively.  
 This proved to be very useful to me  
 in California, for after the organist  
 didn't show up, and I played the organ  
 myself, carefully choosing hymns  
 that were suitable in key & that were  
 easy to me. But in later years I  
 got out of practice, and now there  
 must many hymns that I can play in  
 all 4 parts, without a lot of prac-  
 tice in advance. Scott's <sup>mountain</sup> 125  
 I'm not sure, but I think I took the  
 auto-harp to Calif. and when I was  
 about to leave I sold it to Charley  
 just for more than I paid for it

~~Mailing List~~

- sent # 1 to Alice Mar 14 '36  
2. " F.W. "  
3. " Pamela "  
4. " Wolf "

I was graduated from grammar school in June 1897. The ceremony being in the City Hall auditorium, and that was when I first knew that there was such a place. I sat in the back row on the platform and figured out which of 2 routes I could take to get to where I was to receive my diploma. When the time came I went by 1 route and returned by the other, which made my father & mother think I was confused! and missed my way; but it wasn't so. I bowed and about thank you to the one who gave me the diploma. as I had noticed most of them did. but some did not. One boy was named George Forest Cawland. and his name was called out "George Cleveland" which made everyone laugh & B's last term in white house was only a little way back. Another was John Baptiste Audet Beliodore De juore. And I think Francis X Ruffley. ordinarily known as Frank, was a 5- name boy. but I cant remember his other 2 names.

Jan. 27 1936. Received notice that I  
was chosen Pres of VT CF Union to full  
term of Bot kindly resigned

P.M. sent notices to papers at  
Banc. Montp. St. J. & Burlington  
and wife. Hops of Bulletin.  
Will they entertain 1936 row?

Shelton & where where bow?  
Sanetta Stonehill.

More plans and right man to  
send me the stuff Bot left in study  
has he the CF seals?

Frank Wright. How are finances?  
Do you need paper? Distances of colleagues  
Keast binding pieces bill  
Have you ever typed it? & mine?  
Please send report.

Miss John as chairman of Hon  
Comm. & how would public be  
colleague? (Scott & Blankens?)  
Please best report on Bounty Union  
when did they meet? when will they?  
Can you go? when for Chapman  
speaking? 2 1/2 or 1 day how? List  
of State Union officers also Pres?

When the ceremony was over my parents took me to Elmwood Pharmacy for ice cream. and asked if the graduation for grammar school was quite a thing and they were proud of me for doing it. I didn't see why. Mr. Heinritz, proprietor of the pharmacy told that he said that it was a fine thing to have a graduation ceremony for the grammar school. and he had been partly responsible for wanting to have it held. when he was on the school board a few years previously.

In the fall I went to high school. The old HS on Elm St. between Sufferalt & Dwight. had become too small. and a new one was being built on the block bounded by Hampshire Pine Sargent & Beach. but in the meantime the old one had to be used. and the assembly room had been cut up to make 4 class rooms. so we had our morning assembly at Conference Hall on the east side of Maple south of Dwight. and after assembly we marched up Dwight to ~~Maple~~ Elm at the HS. I don't remember whether we were formed in ranks or just marched across planned. And I don't remember any disorder or

- 1 Birch B. Alice Anderson Lura Whitemore
- 2 " " Marguerite Gaudi Albin
- 3 " " Frances Blad.
- a. Cabot
- f E Bane & Alfred Berman Sifford Owen
- s Brantley P. Jeff McKeen John Morrison
- f Montpe B. Matulka apt 4 F with Ruth
- c c. Egan Spalding? Marion Perkins?
- d North B. Black Stone Sam White Jr.
- e Roxbury B. Malcolm Woodbury Madeline Spalding
- f Shady Hill B. M. Ruth Macy Stanley Leonard
- f Water Fed. Blue Backs Donald Stafford
- g Woburn B. Wood: wife & George
- h Winstony C. Catherine McPherson Libenatcaugh
- I Waterbury C. John Wright Nora Grant
- J Berlin 16 ave Howard Stone Fred Stone

Pres. Ruth Armstrong Lane P.  
 1st VP Sifford Owen E Bane  
 2nd Nancy Morrison  
 Sec. Alice Red Bane B  
 Treas. Grace Pay  
 Invites Frances.  
 Junior Marguerite-Bernie Bane

Founded 1914  
 Edw Phil Study File  
 Publicity Play to Sell Bonds

discipline. There had been Anonoturn  
in school notes. The old Capt. G. L.  
Kirtland, quiet and nice, was out and a  
new Supt P. S. Search took his place. The  
old H.S. principal, Judd (father of Sam Strobel)  
was replaced by B. H. Rayco (from Kige) and  
there was a new superintendent of music  
G. S. Bonnell, who had black hair & very  
dark eyes, and looked like an Italian tho  
he didn't talk with any brogue. He had  
no ring "O Italia, Italia beloved, Land of  
beauty, of sunlight and song, the afar from  
thy bright skies removed. Roll our fond  
heart for thee ever long" etc. and the chorus  
from Mozart's 12th Mass.

None of these "new brooms" stayed  
very long. Bonnell was replaced by Hugh  
Loyd from the 1st Cong. Ch. He wore  
a morning coat & striped pants, & carried  
a stick which he wanted us to follow  
very carefully. Nobody seemed to like him  
very well, or to be specially anxious to  
sing as well as he wanted us to, folks  
like Bonnell, whether H.S. got better  
music out of us I don't know. He  
certainly worked hard (had to) to get  
what he did.



Keyes was replaced by Winnifred  
 S. Hens. Keyes had been easy going &  
 hoping that would make him popular  
 with the students & so everything  
 would go swimmingly. The school  
 however thought he was too lax & got  
 Hens to tighten up the discipline.  
 He did all right, but his regime, and  
 he were not popular w the students.  
 One of the things he did was to give  
 written orders on slips - the ones I  
 remember were about 3x5, signed  
 W. H. H. (at least some times) I remember  
 his paring his nails with a pocket  
 knife (the only person I can remember  
 doing it) while something was going on  
 in the auditorium, at which he surely  
 had to be present. Keyes was a big  
 man with a jovial manner. He had  
 a son Sumner who parted his  
 hair in the middle (a new style  
 that I thought very objectionable)  
 and was much interested in  
 Charlotte Chase. a big girl who  
 rode her bicycle in a very  
 dashing manner.

### Blair 1930.

visited every county; 3 times  
 to one week; if the rest  
 they come back hold this man down?  
 In Vermont 16 days visited State Gov.  
 12.50  
 175.00  
 200.00

Balance cancelled  
 its date. May be  
 able to arrange in fall.

Blair charges 5¢ a mile for auto  
 Salary \$12.50 a day.  
 If 6 day week. 1 year = 11 M of 26 M  
 = 286 day @ 12.50 = \$3575.00 per yr  
 but this includes overland share

After Burlington Gov. in 1922 tried  
 long field work done for local counties  
 most dismal failure. Day after

17.60
12.40
13.40
50.00
26.00
12.25
30.37
58.28
<u>210.90</u>

We have normally furnished 10 papers  
 free of charge to each County

It was this year that I was  
 interested via red-haired girl named  
 Alberta Bates, niece of Mrs Emma  
 Bates. She and her sister Edna came  
 from Coffeyville, Kans to Holyoke,  
 and stayed a year at the home of Mrs.  
 Cyrus R Frink, uncle to Mrs Emma  
 Bates, who also made her home there.  
 They came to get a taste of Eastern  
 culture. I was a freshman, and Edna  
 was 9th grade. I think. If so, I must  
 have been a sophomore. That year  
 there was a Holyoke Music Festival,  
 and my father and mother had season  
 tickets, which they were not going to  
 use in the day time, so I was able  
 to use their tickets, and the buggy, to  
 take Alberta to the concerts. I felt  
 rather big to do that. One of the things  
 given was Borok's New World Sym-  
 phony. I remembered just one part  
 of that symph — just the part that  
 attacked long one day. I don't remember  
 what other music was played. Then  
 a girl joined the 2nd Baptist just before  
 summer vacation, then returned to Kans.  
 It wasn't very long before it was married  
 & had a baby - several. I haven't heard  
 from her since it's days.

response to police...  
much better than...  
the... but it is...  
Agenda

Appoint <sup>require to</sup> nominating <sup>the</sup> ~~lines~~  
Resolution  
Banner ~~and~~

Comrades of the Crisis  
B & W.

Pay off debt. give my  
successor a ~~complete~~  
a good boat

Shd BB let testimony  
matter be a dead letter.  
or try to revive it or  
abandon it as out of date

Ch. Sec. & Conf. Sec.  
Ought CEAS to be ~~asked~~  
to have one refer to testify to

we have not chosen - ~~ourselves~~  
put in ~~our~~ ~~own~~

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The new HS was ready in time for my sophomore year 1949. I received a postal card notifying me to appear at the south door at a certain time. It was addressed to "Blaise Hildebrand". I went and found a lot of girls at the south door; the top hole at north door. so I went there. I don't remember what we were there for.

Freshman year I had 4 courses Latin, math, Eng. Hist. There were 3 periods every morning, and the 3rd period every day was (for me) study. Usually I could do all the study I needed to do for tomorrow's lesson during that 3rd hour so I didn't need to take my books home. Sophomore year I had Latin, Greek, math, Eng. and was getting along quite easily. A man's books got after me & told me I was leaving to relay a time. I ought to take a 5th course. French. I agreed to do so, and began on several weeks late. I took my 5th book home and mother helped me get started; she had studied Fr in H.S. and knew what it was all about; after a few days caught

Apr. 6 1936 Conf. Alice  
to Correll Wright  
Jaylord Douglas.

Will write Correll saying best bet  
Fri May 15 to Sun May 24  
we would like part of it. Just  
want 6th address sheet

Send Coley May 29. Returns June 7

<sup>and it</sup> need help  
Toam <sup>from</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~of~~

yellow <sup>6th</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~

Apr 2nd 35

me and didn't need her help any more. But it was a long while before I caught on to one thing that was done nearly every day that we had to recite my reading in concert. I didn't even know it was reading.

The passage was perhaps Claudet's "La Dernière Classe" and it was in the back of the book. But I had memorized about half of it before I discovered the fact. I can still remember a lot of it.

Le matin-là j'étais très en retard en allant à l'école, et j'en eus grand peur d'être grondé, parce que M. Homel eut dit (that he would examine me on the rest of the participle) et je n'en savais pas le premier mot. L'ordinaire, au commencement de la classe, il se faisait un grand tapage. Les pupitres soulevés, formés, et la grosse règle de M. Homel qui se posait sur la table. "Un peu de silence" Oh bien non! M. Homel me dit doucement. "Va vite à ta place, mon petit orange, nous

Land runs out a farm stand if  
farmer runs out. Government  
farm. Find his <sup>my</sup> <sup>own</sup> <sup>piece</sup>  
of worthless land

Trying to run highest dairy  
farming primary intent to  
harvest a real land which  
produces hay & fodder  
Bijl has run out same reason

not over the claims of X?  
was the effect of you?  $\rightarrow$  A  
We haven't tried at all to  
keep records on what we were  
growing & why. Ad of life  
not a lawyer's claims  
take it or leave it come  
Bridget come to judge but I  
say v. But the judge  
will come

allons commence sans toi"  
 j'engainai le banc (2 tiers volées  
 a lot of adults) l'ancien maître  
 l'ancien facteur, et le vieux Hausser  
 avec ses lunettes. (Arthur explained  
 that this was to be the last of such  
 class) L'ordre est venu de Berlin  
 de ne plus enseigner que l'Allemand  
 dans les écoles de l'Alsace et de  
 la Lorraine. Comme je n'en  
 voulais du temps perdu, des classes  
 manquées à courir après les  
 nids (etc.) (he was called on to course  
 how I would have liked to say but  
 not clear) cette fameuse règle des  
 participes (but he couldn't. Mr. H  
 spoke to him kindly, and said that  
 had been the trouble. With us French  
 (or maybe Germans) always put off  
 our education till tomorrow. Then  
 he urged them to hold fast their French  
 parla que quand un peuple  
 tombe, c'est sa langue, s'il n'est bien sa  
 langue, s'il connaît, dit tout le  
 clef de sa prison.

I remember that on the way to  
 school he was tempted not to



90; the flock birds were mobbing.  
 Et dans la prière derrière la scène  
 les Prussiens faisaient l'exercice:  
 What M'Hamel avait sa belle  
 redingote verte, and old Homan  
 had his abdo daine: that the  
 doves were cooing (or something  
 of the sort) and M'Hamel was going  
 to have to leave at once; the new  
 teacher would be on the job tomorrow

I found Latin easy to learn.  
 Freshman year, and French sophomore  
 year still easier. I don't remember  
 having any opinion as to whether  
 Greek sophomore year was easy or  
 hard. I felt that I wasn't learning it,  
 and at the end of sophomore year I  
 didn't know much Greek. But when  
 I read Xenophon, junior year, it was  
 easy: so I must have learned Greek

Freshman year I was assigned to  
 slot 13, which sat in room 13. which  
 pleased my father very much. He was  
 married on June 13, and always said  
 13 was his lucky number. Later when  
 I was married in 1913 that confirmed  
 it. I consider it my lucky number to

Thursday Morning, October 8

9.00 Convention Quiet Hour  
led by Dr E Leroy Rice  
Pastor Barre Congl. Ch.

9.45 School of Methods  
Prayer Meetings. How to have  
the right kind of meeting  
led by Rev. Stanley...  
Vandersal...  
of the International Society  
of C. E.

How to get members & keep  
them: led by Mr Russell J  
Blair Field Secretary

10.45 Assembly in Auditorium  
Song Service  
Open Forum. Led by Mr  
Russell J. Blair

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My section teacher was Dr. Scott, who was head of the Latin Dept., but my Latin teacher was Maud Bonner, who was very nice. I think she was a Pembroke (Brown) graduate and that she was some Latin Prof's favorite pupil. She stayed only 1 year. I don't know why she left. The other 3 years Mr. Scott was my "Latin teacher." "Section" meant that my desk was in Room 13, and my study hour was spent there while Mr. Scott was teaching Cicero or Virgil. I remember hearing words like *patris pater* which I didn't understand. Aunt Miller was in the Cicero class and I thought she was very nice; Dr. W. do. Charley H. W. Comb, of our church, was also in that class and he was unthinkably dumb.

I was glad taught Algebra and I thought she was very nice. I got good marks in algebra, but I didn't understand what it was all about. I can't solve the problems, and before the end of the year I lost the ability to solve such problems by arithmetic as I had enjoyed doing in grades 8 & 9.



I can't remember the best of  
 teachers at the beginning of freshman  
 year. I think her name was Turner.  
 Rose Heywood taught for a while and  
 had difficulty with discipline.  
 Then we had a funny old lady,  
 Miss Wendell, who had been to  
 Europe. When we didn't want to  
 recite, one of us would ask her  
 some question about Europe, and  
 we didn't need to recite the rest  
 of the hour. We had desks in  
 pairs, and Ruby Keeshing was my  
 seat mate. I think it was unusual  
 for a boy and a girl to sit together,  
 but we behaved ourselves and were  
 not separated. Flora was older than  
 I, and was not a freshman. I don't  
 know why she was taking French  
 English. I'm sure Ruby had  
 been in the class with my sister Kate  
 in Elmwood school. I don't remember  
 seeing Flora since that year. Joe  
 Magna was in that class (brother  
 of Mrs. Magna who sold badasses  
 & whose wife was a big shot in  
 D.A.R. something. Joe used to

Wed Early Execs Conv 4:00  
" " Pre-Conv. Pr. Serv 2:30

1700

## 1931 Conv Program

1st CONV Page as corrected  
→ New Conv Theme

Page 1 as corrected

2 " " → verify Prices  
of meals. Ify & Boots

3 → Bristol Conv

Page 4 Program

Wednesday Afternoon @ October 7

2:00 - 6:00 Registration and Assign-  
ment of Delegates. Headquarters  
at Baptist Church.

Wednesday Evening

7:00 Convocation called to order  
→ Invocation, Rot

Song Service; led by Rev.  
Douglas Pierce at Saxon  
River → & ...

Devotional Service  
(or worship service)

repeat what someone had just said, as though it was his own idea. The very body knew it wasn't. Mrs Wendell used to say "Don't be an echo. Echo has no brains." One day she told us that one of the class complained that she said he had no brains; but that she didn't say that, she only said that echo had no brains.

The other teacher was Miss A. Andrews, a little man, slightly hunch-backed. He used to call Helen Burlingame "Helen", but Isabella Park who lived across Walnut St from Helen, he called "Miss Park" etc for a long time, till he felt acquainted; then he called her by her or her first name. I guess he must have known Helen, if she was in his class. The class was about Roman history. Helen had "red" hair. In talking about Helen of Troy, Mr A said he didn't suppose she had red hair. The principal happened to be in the room. He said "Oh, but she did!" I never knew what the evidence was.

A little later Mr Andrews

Friday Afternoon.

2.00 Conv. Quiet Hour. At Rice

2.45 School of Methods.  
Building up the Local  
Program. At. Vandetsall  
Soc'l or Recreational Land

How to make missions more  
interesting. Rev. Dorothy Davis

3.30 or

5.45 The War Problem.  
(or Junior Hour.  
At Joria

Page 8

Friday Evening

7.00 Closing Session with  
service of worship.  
Introduction of State Union  
Officers.

Reports of Conv (Comm)  
Special Annu. <sup>(is this necessary?)</sup>  
Address. Rev Stealy  
Vandetsall.

Award of  
Banner

married Mrs. Glad. who was a lot taller than he was. He quit teaching & went into business. Later he was on the staff of Forest College. and was I think, maybe finally, Pres. I used to see him occasionally and try to talk "old times" but he never seemed glad to see me at all. Maybe because I am so much taller than he. But if he felt that way, why did he marry a woman so much taller than he. Mrs. Glad was my niece. But there were other nice teachers in H.H.S. Ella Rogers was nice, and she was about his size. She married Ed Scott instead.

And Ed Scott was my Latin<sup>121</sup> teacher sophomore year. He picked out P. Kennedy, Jos MacDonnell and me to be a special class; worked us thru Caesar in one term, and then had us read Ovid's Metamorphoses, which I thought rather childish and uninteresting. Along toward the end of the year I thought we didn't know much Caesar so he had us read some more. We met in his bedroom, in pm.

V 7<sup>th</sup>

Friday Morning October 9

7.00) nurse service Rev. Strull

9.00 Convocation Quasi House  
in Rice

page 7

9.45 President's address.

10.15 School of Methods

How to have the right kind of meetings. Mr. Vandersall

How to get members & keep them. Mr. Blair.

Junior work. led by Mrs Alfred A. Crandall. State Junior Superintendent

11.15 Assembly in Auditorium  
song service  
Business session.

VERMONT - NORTHFIELD

my Greek teacher was Mary P  
 O'Flaherty cousin of the Donoghue  
 She wasn't much older than the  
 mine, but we didn't realize it. She  
 grew up in Hartford went to Wellesley  
 Univ during the brief time that it  
 was co-ed. Practically all the  
 folks in her class were Irish.  
 When I called on her a few years ago  
 at Hartford and mentioned that fact,  
 she agreed, only said "I would say  
 Irish Americans." The names, as  
 I remember were Pat Kennedy, Joe  
 MacConnell, Dan O'Hall, James Toole  
 Henry Mallon, Tom Geaney. Some of  
 us used to write our names in Greek  
 Mine was ΕΝΙΩΡ ΙΩΤΙΩΡΙΑ ΕΝΤΑΘ.

some  
 typed

The first name looks like a Greek word:  
 the last one certainly does not. Μείνω  
 is a genuine Greek word. Toole need  
 to write Ίαμος Α Το Ιαο on the  
 principle that oo contracts to ou.  
 Bored. But the English word James  
 in an GNT is spelled Ίακωβος  
 There is one embarrassing passage  
 in the Analysis, concerning Cyrus  
 and the Gallician woman. There

Friday

7<sup>00</sup> Outdoor worship High

9<sup>00</sup> Chaplain Larous

9<sup>45</sup> Conf.

10<sup>45</sup> Business

12<sup>00</sup> Dinner

1<sup>00</sup> Photo.

2<sup>00</sup> Chaplain Larous

2<sup>45</sup> Conf.

3<sup>45</sup> Recreation

olympic  
Park

6<sup>00</sup> Supper

7<sup>30</sup> worship

8<sup>30</sup> Speaker Al Penner

are several in the book with the phrase ελπίστε ἀγαπᾶτε μίσητε φιλοφρονεῖτε καὶ ἐσθίετε. which ought to be translated. "come now let's get together on a bed of love". But we always translated it "come let us mingle in love and friendship" and pretended we didn't know what it meant. I don't remember whether there were any girls in the class. Mrs O'Flaherty always accepted this translation. tho it was obviously incorrect. I don't remember who my English teacher was in sophomore year. It might be Miss Lillian Fay a Smith graduate who belonged to the Alpha Society. far from beautiful. but a very clever teacher. Certainly I had her 1 or 2 years. maybe 3. She organized some of the girls into the 2 club I once called on her in the afternoon wearing golf stockings. She was having a tea with Faith Kelton and 1 or 2 other girls. and took me right into it. I didn't know enough to realize that I was crashing the gate. Mother was

# Thursday Afternoon

1-30 Convention Picture  
2-00 " Last Hour Office

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2-45 School of Methods.  
Building up the Local Program. led by Rev Stanley... Vandersall.  
Social... or Recreational Round

How to make missions interesting  
CC. of Dorothy Bucklin.  
Mrs Fowler

3-45 The Alcohol Problem  
→

# Thursday evening

6-30 Convention Banquet.  
at Russell Lane  
T. W. H. chief speaker  
Toast m.  
Cost of Union Officers

shocked that I had gone in, but I  
couldn't see anything else to do. she  
invited me in so cordially

my geometry teacher was <sup>p 63 60</sup> M.S.  
Mortarty. vice principal. He did a lot  
of the dirty work of discipline. He  
was rubber held before they became  
popular, and he knew how to work  
noiselessly and rapidly up to a  
situation that was developing, and  
squellch it. The toilet were on the  
back st side. middle. girls on the  
south. boys on the north. He would  
glide into the boys toilet from time  
to time. to see if he could catch  
anyone doing anything. That was on  
the 2nd floor. I don't know who super-  
vised the 1st & 3rd floors. And I  
don't know who snooped on the girls,  
or whether anyone did. Mr M was  
an excellent teacher. Sophomore year  
we used Wentworth's geom. I have a  
copy of it that Rev H L Hilliard  
abandoned at Babot parsonage.  
and I consult it occasionally. It  
is easy to find things in Wentworth  
I took review math in Junior year

Person Org Perfected.

Add R  
to a 50 W.  
Franklin

Benn? V with  
W R V. Lamotte

back with Orange small party

As little org as can get on w/  
small informal comm. better than  
city council of 2 for each ch.  
Council = the org. Conf  
= the meeting at Woodstock.

JP

APF  
10  
16

State YP. Conf to be held  
in Fall.  
meetings

Planning 3 big  
meetings. Benn. Burl. Brattle.  
May/Nov. Montp or Middlet?  
Sugg'd Fri in Sat. night & Sun. Thanksgiving.

YP Council a self governing YP  
dept w/in County Council of the Bd.  
(wh = every month a Sept w/out  
election; technically they are it. As  
matter of fact they influence anyone  
who is not in Bd. - priv of office  
& voting.)

so that I would be ready for Hawaii preliminary exams or the eligible for a certificate. if I went to some other college. according to the rule you must have taken algebra and geometry within 2 years or the certificate would not be valid. Now you we need German maybe geometry. also good. because I took a post graduate year. I had to review math again. That time Mr. M had his own system, unimproved. (or some other duplicate) It was a very elegant system. Wish it had been published.

My English teacher was Ella Rogers. little. plump. well rounded vivacious and attractive. She always in her room, and she was working with Roy Lewis, trying to pound some German into his head and not succeeding very well. I guess he couldn't remember the word for Germany, so she turned and asked me what it was. And I told her Deutschland. I hadn't studied my German, and I don't know how it happened to know the word I don't know how to pronounce it and gave the 1st vowel as in loon, instead of as in oil, but I got by.

Junior year I had Latin classes with Mr. Scott; Greek. Mathematics with Mrs. D. & Liberty; review math. Mr

Mowatt. English: probably Mrs Fay  
 Rhymer's Jason Walker. He was well up  
 in this subject and thought it well, but  
 he was a very queer looking person,  
 with a long nose and bell bottom pants.  
 At his home on the Highlands he had  
 a device by which the flashlight on the  
 outside of the house near the front  
 door could be turned on from the inside  
 of the house and some chemical reaction  
 would light the gas. He told me that Green  
 Neck, Gloucester was a dandy place to  
 camp; he and his wife had camped there some  
 time. I don't think to ask him how he  
 got his equipment there: that was the first  
 day of "Camp Kaitai". I suppose he had it  
 go in the baggage car, and then delivered by  
 expressman such as W. Levitch who  
 took our trunk to Rocky Neck, and we always  
 wondered whether he would get it there  
 by his time. Radio was a novelty then, but  
 he knew about it. He had a transmitter, a  
 relay, to make the signal stronger, and a  
 receiver. And he successfully sent a  
 message by relay from one end of a large  
 laboratory to the other. I remember I took  
 pride in writing up my experiments in  
 the present voice: "the magnet was placed"  
 rather than the cinder way "I put the magnet"  
 And I was very proud of the way I wrote up  
 the Inebriation Bridge. I understand it  
 then, but I don't now. Mr Perkins of the  
 Haskell firm told me that when he was  
 working for the elec. or phone co. if there

wade back to the line between Holyoke  
attemp he could locate it but with a  
few feet by the use of the wheel and  
rod. I wish I knew how.

Senior year I rail with a Mr Scott.  
I had with me O'F. ability; English  
Mrs Day; French Charlotte Kovacs. (I might  
the French was junior year, and the  
Physics Senior year. I can't figure it out.

974 (preliminary) at Springfield H.S. at the end  
of junior year. and passed them. But  
I never was very keen on going to Harvard.  
I thought it would be nice to go to  
Amherst. And after I met Mrs Lane, who  
was going to Mt. H. I thought that  
Amherst would be much, much better;  
and I finally persuaded my father to  
approve Amherst. He still wanted  
me to pass the Harvard finals. But  
the H.S. principal persuaded him  
that I shouldn't be asked to go to that  
unnecessary labor. I think this was a  
fel for taking the examination too. and I  
could easily get a certificate to enter  
Amherst. So the Harvard finals were just  
forgotten. to my relief. I was sure I could  
pass them, but I was not always certain.  
I don't know why the H.S. principal talked  
to father. I don't ask him to. It must  
be either that he knew I was going to  
take the H. exams, and came to help me out,  
or that father consulted him.

I was born in 1884 and was grad'd  
from H.S. in 1901. I wasn't too bigged.  
1884

Father (and others, I guess) thought it would be a good thing for me to take a post-graduate year with a light course. Of course that was going to put me a year behind most here. And I never caught up to her, but I was very willing to take that easy year, and I have always thought it was a wise move. For the horses when I had finished year the others were 16 or 17, and I was 18. That extra year of maturity gave me a real advantage, all the the course, even tho I did not graduate at the traditional age of 21.

For my program of course I had to review math again. My other 2 courses were French w/ Mrs. Charlotte Norris, and Geography and Typewriting with Miss Alice, older sister of my classmate Harold Kiser. She taught Ives Pitman shorthand which I firmly believe is the best. Tho my friends Lois Puffel, Fella Klemm, Rosa Marselle and others had systems based on Isaac P. but with modifications which I thought were not improvements. But the opposite of course all these have been buried by Stagg, which I consider thoroughly unscientific and deplorable. Mrs. Norris taught us to use all the fingers in the approved manner, but unfortunately she allowed us to look at the keyboard, so I never learned the

Touch System. my fingers knew where most of the keys were and could reach them without being watched but I had to keep my eyes somewhere near the keyboard most of the time. I couldn't keep my eyes on the copy, and trust my fingers to do their stint by feeling. I have always felt that mine do what that input fairly. It should have taught us the Touch System she taught about it hard pretty well I still remember the consonants and vowels and combinations, and could translate from English into shorthand without too much difficulty, but it would be very slow, probably much slower than long hand. when I have had to take dictation, at bedacrest school, and from Rev. Marian Jones. I have done it in longhand. At college I took notes in shorthand and it was a dismal failure. The prof had to lecture slow enough so that students who wrote longhand could get the gist. Today put in a lot of padding. The student omitted the padding & only wrote the gist. I was getting the padding and all. I found it was hard to read the shorthand notes and I had to copy them into longhand, padding and all. or else so that the padding I found it better to write in longhand and omit the padding, as the prof was lecturing. At Union Sem. my

classmate Gus Fitch used to take his notes on shorthand. I have some things wondering how he felt it worked. I was able to get all of the lectures that was necessary, in legible long-hand - more legible than this. And I consider my notes are still valuable for reference.

Freshman year I had to go practically to City Hall 1/2 miles to get to H.S. assembly. But the later years I had only to go to the new H.S. - half a mile or so. Usually, walked, but I had a foot of st. Ry. to spend tickets, half fare and occasionally I took especially on a rainy day. Sometimes I would start for school as Ella Kealey came along and I would carry her books. She was a plump cheerful Irish girl who lived up Cherry St near where "Back St" (now Forest St Ave) intersects it. Her father used to drink and I don't consider him much good. Later my father told me the drink had made him very prematurely old. She had at least a older sister who lived on the farm, and was faded and wrinkled, the not very much older than Ella. Ella went to Westfield Normal School after she graduated. I think she was '02. I don't know what became of her. " " " whether she faded like her sisters. Sometimes I wish Regina would happen to come out

just in time for me to carry her books  
 I often thought she watched, as if to  
 come out just the right time. She was  
 a Protestant, the not a Bapt., and was  
 a nice girl; a few of her class fellows made  
 something of Mr Thomas Hameston on  
 the way to the mill would pick me  
 up and take me as far as the in his  
 single seat buggy - and not say a  
 word all the way. He lived on "Back St."

didn't take a much interest in  
 sports while I was in HS. I don't remember  
 going to a football game or a baseball  
 game. I do remember going to a track  
 meet at First Field (under College).  
 (Conrad Scholastic, Springfield Mansfield  
 Holyoke & others) and I remember being  
 at one in First gym. but perhaps  
 that was while I was at College.

I did, however, attend the gym at  
 First at a suitable age. My father  
 got me a subscription as a Junior  
 and I attended the Junior gym. of which  
 Robert Kenneth Robie was instructor.  
 He maybe he was "secretary". Gabler  
 was the physical director till he went  
 away to study medicine. He was succeeded  
 by Morgan inventor of volleyball & stuff.  
 I remember he would say "change" as  
 the others did, to lead the class he would  
 wear pants and undershirt; and not  
 take a bath with the boys. Among  
 those in the class were Hudson, whose  
 father was one of my father's tenants.

A fact which did not seem to indicate me  
 & him: Phelps, the best dressed boy,  
 Ernest Bishop, of Preston and Bishop  
 nicknamed "Tally" from Junior gym  
 days I don't think I ever saw him  
 till after we came to Brooklyn; I was  
 given the task of buying a "waster"  
 for Beatha Baber to wash diapers  
 when Judy was born. I chose one at  
 P & B's and offered a check. The clerk  
 took it to the office for approval, and  
 Ernest said "good for any amount"  
 for a P & B's. I saw: George; Abe Brown;  
 Frank Walker, of whom I saw a lot,  
 and I still call on him and his step-  
 mother who was sister of one of  
 the girls I used to call on occasionally.

I used to get excused early from  
 Lincolnwood school to go down to gym  
 class. A girl named Breitorn  
 often got excused at the same time  
 to go to a gym class at the Turn  
 Verein, which we pronounced  
 yanta style; if so I walked along  
 with her part way. When the gym  
 was over, I walked home alone. I never  
 was afraid of the road as being dark  
 or lonely. There was an arc light at  
 the bend in Beach St below Sologans;  
 one on the flat before I got to Linden;  
 one about the top of the hill near  
 Kaganas (you can't see that hill  
 now, but it was very noticeable then)  
 One near old man By's place; one

at the hospital entrance, and one at the NW corner of Berry & Northampton; and there was a gas oil lamp near Colleywood. So that there were always at least 2 lights that I could see. And there was a good sidewalk. I can remember my father and other helping make that sidewalk. Every morning a man would come along, stick steel rods into 3 holes in the poles, climb those up to rods that were permanently driven into the poles, and climb up them to the top, remove what was left of the carbon pencils and throw them down, and put on new ones. Those "pencils" were about the size of the rods that he used in climbing. I used to take some of the long ones put them in the holes and try to climb, but they always broke. He must have had to dig them out in some way. I never knew how. These carbons evidently were not very uniform. They were fed by machinery at a certain level if the "arc" was just right. The light was bright. Different would have dim. then bright again. I wish "The Old Lamp Lighter" I would know who he was would come with a short ladder, climb and light the one oil lamp at Colleywood. Maybe he filled it then. No. I don't know. It doesn't give much light.

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H. McHargie

Friendship 04547

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Remember a lot of H.S. teachers whose classes I did not take. Miss Hasbrouck who taught physical geography, an alternate to ancient history. I have often wished I had taken that. I guess I should have taken it my 11<sup>th</sup> year.

But that would have made a fairly heavy course. (2) Miss ~~Bell~~ Lewis Twining or Stoeny. anyway it was pronounced as

In the directory she was listed as Sadie M. She taught Latin.

and I think something else. She was nice, but I was glad I had Mrs. Bonan freshman year, for Mrs. B was at least as nice and a very good teacher. (3) Mrs. Peck, who I thought looked rather foolish. I think she taught the subject which had been

renamed physiography. (4) Miss Sawyer. I think she taught history, and was also in charge of the school library which

was along the walls of the Study Hall. In freshman year we had to study in our

"sections" where classes were something if not always going on. and furnished a certain amount of distraction. The dis-

tractions in the study hall was furnished by students who didn't want to study.

either because the lessons they were supposed to study didn't interest them, or

because they were trouble makers. One stud. told me that he doesn't intend to leave any-

thing at H.S. that year; next year his folks were going to send him to Wilketon.

"They make you learn even there" said

Persons were far too common, and were a nuisance to those who wanted to study and an affliction to the teachers who had to take turns trying to maintain an order in the Study Hall. I can remember Miss Sawyer best by thinking of the way she spoke to me when I had kept "The compleat spher" over time. I hadn't read much of it - just brought it wonder why anyone wanted to read it. Miss Wixson. Who I think was sister to Mr. Wixson was told that all of his patients thought the word of him: he would do anything for them, except cure them. Miss Wixson was plump and well covered and I can remember how her corsets would squeak at each breath.

⑥ Miss Inez Cloane daughter of Cloane (and Williams) who was graduated from M.H. in 1899 and taught at O.P.S. H.S. when she married Mr. Knold. ⑦ Mary P.

Wiggins M.H. 1897 who taught at H.S. all her life. She was very tall, nearly as tall as I was, and I felt small when I stood beside her; aside from that I liked her, but I don't see much of her.

⑧ Miss Sarah Louise Hadley who lives on St. 93 on the edge of Canterbury tells Fetter that she taught in H.S. a short time, after graduating from Wellesley. Remember the name but it is mixed up with Sawyer. All the memories that I can dig up prove to be of Miss Sawyer. ⑨ Miss Grace Godfrey

taught domestic science. she was very good looking and very nice. During H.S. days I sometimes took a lady teacher out buggy riding in the country. I took school. only one time for such Miss Gouffey is the only one that I remember taking

The new teachers that graduated are (1) Mrs. Brooks who persuaded me to take French as an extra subject sophomore year. By the way. one of the H.S. principals either Dyes or Hkers announced "we shall not make college life aunched lawon by talking of freshman, sophomore, jr & sr. but instead we shall speak of 1st year students, 2nd year 3rd year, 4th year students." But it didnt work Mr Brooks was married to Matilda Swilder. and she told me their silver was engraved M.S. W-13. They were both very nice. They didnt stay very long in Holyoke. but while there they adopted a baby girl. They lived on Walnut St in the house just south of Helen Guilinane (added. down stairs was Mr Nichols, principal of the Hamilton St. Sch who's son Stanley was a classmate of mine. but didnt graduate because they moved to 17th Faxon when his father had secured a job in Hill Street School. some initials roughly like H.S. G. Mr & Mrs Brooks were ~~Hamilton~~ ~~Street~~ ~~13~~ ~~over~~

Mr Nichols was the author of a book called "Topics in Geography" which we used in grammar school. One of the dullest books I remember. The real geography book, with maps & pictures, was interesting. "Topics" was lists of things such as products, to be remembered. I thought the products of every state were practically the same as those of every other state, with only slight differences.

told me that he was disgusted that some  
 thing had come up which made it  
 necessary for him to shave that day.  
 He shaved every other day. I think what  
 I mean is he shaved only every other Sunday.  
 (2) James E. Conway, chemistry teacher  
 at about 97, whose younger classmate  
 of mine at about 100. I think  
 he was later headmaster of a school in  
 Maine. I mean so he must have been  
 a successful teacher, but to me he was  
 an utter failure. I undertook to study  
 chemistry under him, and in the first experi-  
 ment I broke my test tube; did the same  
 the next day, and the next, and so on.  
 all my general experiments behind  
 the class, and no hope of catching  
 up, for Jabill hadn't done the first  
 experiment. And Mr Conway didn't  
 have judgment enough to come at  
 the critical moment and help me  
 produce the oxygen instead of breaking  
 the tube. So I dropped the course:  
 it was an extra one anyway. I have  
 after realized I knew chemistry. But I  
 wouldn't take it at about 100, because  
 it had the reputation of being a hard  
 course, even for the "scientific"  
 students - and I was "classical"  
 and also because I required a lot of  
 afternoon work, and I didn't want to  
 spend my afternoons in chem lab.

③ The second round of target manual training. Between the "book-learning" classes and the manual classes there was a great gulf fixed. I merely remember that he was quiet and good looking.

④ Royce W. Arnold was apparently a little bowlegged. As he stood on class, his chest would wiggle in and out in a way that I found fascinating to watch, but nobody else seemed to notice it. He married Mrs. Bloane.

⑤ In the new HS flag we had sections, where we went the first thing in am & last thing in pm. I kept our books etc. But we didn't ordinarily study there, for those sections were class rooms and classes were held there all day. I think my section was Mrs. Rogers' room sophomore year. I think I probably was in Mrs. Rogers' section the other years. It was because I was in Mrs. Rogers' section that I heard her shuffling with Roy Lewis on the stairs but I don't remember how it happened to be there. I don't remember whether we went to sections between classes to get the books for the next class; probably we did. Also to leave books when we went for recess, and for lunch hour. I don't remember whether they were the same thing or not. I vaguely remember a stroll up the sidewalk or P. in it. And I clearly remember the lunch counter in the basement on the P. in it side. I think I

navally carried a lunch, and bought  
 a glass of milk. Had a special lunch  
 allowance. Many of the boys (probably  
 girls too) ate "field pies" apparently  
 very indigestible. They were written  
 up in an alleged poem which appeared  
 in the High School Herald, a flimsy  
 publication which appeared monthly  
 & such. The event above would appear  
 and all activities would stop while the  
 records were distributed and money  
 collected. The poem was

Peter, Peter, field pie eater,  
 Had a nickel, couldn't help her.  
 Buried in a stale field pie,  
 Now poor Peter's got to die.  
 The moral of this sad, sad rhyme  
 Is, save your nickel and your dime  
 And put them where they won't be found  
 Until the Herald day comes around.

During high school days I  
 began to sport a straggly beard, and  
 occasionally I was ridiculed about the  
 need of shaving. But I didn't pay much  
 attention to that, for my parents had told  
 me I'd better not start shaving. But  
 when it was nearly time to go to college  
 I began to take the matter seriously  
 for I was sure I'd be ridiculed if I  
 went to college that way, and maybe  
 not make a fraternity. So I spoke up  
 about it, and finally was told to go  
 see Mr. Cox and see if he approved. He  
 gave one look and said "Go ahead and  
 shave". So I bought a Star safety  
 razor, which was just a piece of  
 hollow ground razor, set to cut like  
 a hot, with a safety device to keep  
 from cutting anything but hair. It was  
 good enough for the weeks that I had  
 them, but soon it became "dull as a hoe"  
 and I grew a real beard, so I had it  
 ground and bought a real razor and  
 learned to use it. I still can. The I  
 haven't used it much for years. Every  
 anniversary day I bought a Gillette. I  
 don't know what became of the Star  
 and the real razor, and I don't know  
 what became of the Gillette; maybe it  
 was the one I lost in the river on the  
 way to Thompson's (over South Whina summer  
 resort) and I borrowed a couple of  
 real razors from Mr. Stewart one of  
 which proved to be reasonably sharp  
 and I used it a long time — perhaps

until I found a Gillette in a brown case marked "Brownie" for Mex \$1.25 which was less than 1/2 of the original Gillette price. But Gillettes have been sold even cheaper than that.

When at Habarovsk, Siberia, one night we were going to call on the British consul (or vice-consul) and his wife, and as we were getting ready realized that Shashit shaved - and my razor and outfit were up at the warehouse. So Mr. Brown bought me his straight (beaver's eye) razor, and I used that. All OK. For whole recent years I have occasionally got out a straight razor of which I had several now including my father's and grandpa Kildeth's, and had the beaver none than. I like to shave that way, and think I can do better than with a Gillette - but I have to be very careful, and I'm afraid my hand is not so steady as formerly, so on the whole it is safer to use a safety. We have cut myself with that. I have occasionally had a safety-edge razor but don't care for it, and I have used a Schick injector, and like it for 1 or 2 shaves but it soon gets dull and I think it too expensive. Theoretically a Gillette-Klapp is a safety razor that cuts like a beaver's razor is ideal. But I think the blades get dull too soon.

In the spring of 1902, my father (probably mother too) took me over to Amhurst, and we called on Prof. Searney, who was a Baptist. Either he, or someone else whom they trusted, recommended that I should not live in the dormitory, but in a private home; and he recommended Mrs. Lindsey at the corner of Northampton Road and South Prospect St. So we went there and engaged her middle suite; a bed room on the east side of the hall, and a study with desk and sofa on the west side. The "faced west, against a window. I think. There was a porch" which looked down the road that led to Pratt Field (athletic) and in the morning of "Jwas" "studying" I could watch the post-man coming up to bring our mail: also occasionally, I saw a shrew, a trim young lady who lived down that road but attended Smith College and used to come up the road to get the Camp truly. I never knew her well, but often saw her on that road. When we got to college I found that the front suite, study & bed room looking out on Northampton Ave. was occupied by Sumner Goldthorpe Rand, whom we called Goldie. who ought to have joined A.S. & said that he was invited but foolishly preferred O.S. The back suite

at joining the bathroom. was held by  
 Clarence A Spear, also  $\Phi \Delta \chi$ . And  
 there was a single room occupied by  
 Howard Augustine Newton, son of  
 a Congl Minister in W.chester  
 Mass. Mr Newton was a  $\Delta \chi$  and  
 I suppose Howard was invited but he  
 was under the influence of our  
 upper class man. Hurry Gray of  
 W.chester, who persuaded him  
 that  $\chi \rho$  was much better as he pledged  
 & joined that. A serious mistake.  
 $\chi \rho$  controlled the musical clubs but  
 Howard was not a candidate for those  
 and  $\chi \rho$  had no other advantage for him.  
 The other  $\chi \rho$  men in his class were  
 a foot ball man - rough neck;  
 a literary man who became a heavy  
 drinker; and 2 other heavy drinkers  
 The upper class men were not  
 especially congenial either. I made  
 a better choice, but both Howard and  
 I should have been  $\Delta \chi$ . If we had  
 $\Delta \chi$  would have ~~made~~ a big  
 killing as far as scholarship was con-  
 sidered. With both similar con-  
 laude men, and 2 other  $\Phi \beta \kappa$  men.

I had always heard that  
 Amherst was a great place for  
 fraternities and it was very important  
 to get into the right one. In 11-12 days  
 I talked with Peter Gow at the  $\Phi \beta \kappa$   
 reading room and he told me that he  
 understood that  $\Phi \Delta \Theta$  and  $\Phi \Gamma \Delta$



of Society. So usually the top-flight men  
 wouldn't join such frat as B.O.P. but  
 they got good men. all night 181591

A man named Geo. Whym Hall  
 had once been secretary of the Holyoke  
 of M.O.A. He took an interest in me.  
 Tried to persuade me to want to join  
 his frat, which was B.O.P. and I refused.  
 Tried to persuade them that I would  
 make a good Beta. At any rate they  
 invited me, and I accepted. Over the  
 winter by O.K. I think they invited every  
 one who had any qualifications at all.  
 and that included almost every member  
 (the 2000). I think that Heath More or did  
 all the inviting as he was the ablest and  
 most attractive member of the frat.  
 He must have been very busy  
 very tired when he went to find it hard

In those days it was the custom for  
 a representative of each fraternity to  
 meet all trains and hotels (from either  
 Holyoke or Hamp) and accept anyone  
 who looked as though he might be a freshman.  
 And one after another would get an  
 appointment with him, and give him  
 a card on which was provided the name  
 of their fraternity and the time & place  
 where they were to pick him up. I think  
 the appointments were for 2 hours. Someone  
 would call at his room, and take him  
 to the 1st appointment. They would look  
 him over, and decide what to do. Some-  
 times at once invited to join; I was asked

to promise that would not pledge to join any other fraternity until I had started. (Then again) others were just "entertained" until someone came to take him away to his next appointment. My brother was "Sammy" Downing from ITTB, on my second visit to B&B I was invited, and accepted and received a pledge button to wear in my coat button hole. That indicated that I was "pledged" to join B&B. But in my sophomore year I discovered that it didn't necessarily mean that I would become a member. For before initiation each man had to be "elected" by a ballot like the ones. However, I do not remember any man who failed to be elected. However, one member of my class who was pledged to B&B failed to keep his pledge. He showed such ability and showed that A&B invited him to join and he broke his pledge to B&B. I have always supposed that he had an uneasy spot in his conscience over the matter but I never heard him say so. We certainly spoke to him but never convinced him. The pledge button was shaped like something like that, a simplified version of the Beta pin. I don't remember the others except that one was a circle divided into 3 colors (1) and one was the monogram (2). These two had no relation to the fraternity badge. The Beta pledge button did. I can't remember whether any other pledge button did or not.

I think that toward Norton had an appointment with ΔΥ and an invitation (I'm not sure) but turned it down. I don't have an appointment. For some reason we & ΔΥ may decent just my belly. If I had been invited to join ΔΥ and had accepted the relationship record of ΔΥ would have been 2 Sumner Lamonde (Glasgow and I) and 3 other of ΔΥ Carter Hill and Snyder probably had more than an anyone else represented.

	look over the record of ΔΥ	high class	
ΔΦ Swain	Chapman Van Klee	2	3
ΔΥ	Behrens, Steele, Tyler		3
ΔΚΕ	Endell		1
ΔΥ	Carter, Glasgow, Hill, Snyder	3	4
Χφ			0
Χφ	Frank Norton		1
ΒΟΠ	Benio, Helander	2	2
ΕΑΧ	Atwood, Rand	1	2
φΔΘ	Brown, Manney, Gilmore	2	3
φΤΔ	Forbes, Patterson, Porter	2	3
φΚΥ	Willson, Field, Woodward		3
ΝΟΜ	for Chapman, Norton, Norman, Seaman		

The total number of members is 30. There are 11 flats and then non flat group. The average of the 11 would be  $2\frac{1}{2}$  members. The 2 top flats and the 3 bottom ones bear the average. They had 3. But the non-flat group had 5 and that was tops. However if Howard and I had joined A & Y they would have had 6.

In three days of your average at the end of the 1st semester of Junior year was 88 or more. You were elected to A & B on the "First Drawing" I have noted there in red ink) on previous page. B & T did as well as anyone on that. If you had average 85 at the end of 1st semester of Senior year you got in on "2nd Drawing". If you had 85 at the end of senior year you got in on 3rd drawing.

The first year that was here we had 3 terms instead of 2 semesters. I knew that I had an average of B + B was 85. A was 90. So presumably B + was  $87\frac{1}{2}$  or more. That was high enough so that if I could maintain it I would get in. Senior year. But I wanted to get in Junior year. At the end of 2nd term at B + Walter Osburn had a high time. He was safe. At the end of freshman year I had A. How many times did I figure it out (see next page)

B+ = 87.5  
 B+ = 87.5  
 A = 90

226.5 / 88.4  
 24  
 25  
 24  
 10

out of course I must maintain it. I don't elect any difficult courses, partly because I wasn't interested in them, partly because I could get good marks in the courses I was interested in which were mainly but not exclusively physics. I was interested in physics, Greek, Latin and Junior year Greek. I was interested in Newton's law of gravitation, Latin and psychology. I spent year in Greek and Latin. I had hours in German and Latin.

of these 30 FRK I AS Organ of his A by being manager of the football team; he was on football team; Storta on baseball team; Newton on track team. I admitted to me that he used to do the job would in 15 days. I urged him to go but for that he said he was the good job. But nobody else in the was like he finally he tried; was good and to be taken to the work meet. And James you got a point or so which gave him with AS. I remember it, he was had with 2 other fellows for 4th place. But probably he wasted for 2nd so was 3rd. I remember the points that belonged to me. I had 10th place. Anyway Howard got the 1st and 2nd gold.

A9

during the year (09-10) that I was teaching at Cedarcroft Sch. my father had some muscle trouble in his leg which the doctor called a stricture. and the instructions were "walk" so my father decided to have a walking trip around the British Isles and asked me to go along with him (at his expense) which I was very glad to do. but I had a wart on the bottom of my foot. and I needed to get rid of that. There was no chiropodist in Kinnell Square. so I went in to Philadelphia. which as I remember it was about an hour ride on the train and cost \$1<sup>00</sup>. The train left in the early afternoon. and I was able to get on another train back to K.S. in time for supper. I don't remember whether it was one way or round trip. I went to a man chiropodist who said he would use an electric needle on the wart. That didn't sound convincing to me so I went to another chiropodist, a woman, who said her treatment was to put acid on the wart (nitric, I think) & let it away. It wouldn't hurt. I went to come at intervals of (I think) a week until the acid had hurt some. which meant that the acid had nearly finished burning out the wart and was beginning to

Attack the skin. At the next visit she would yank out the roots of the wart with forceps. and that would end the treatment. The place would heal over, and be OK. And as it did several trips, perhaps 6 or 7. 25¢ for the chiropodist, \$25 (or more) for the Pennsylvania R.R. And I was all ready for the trip, so far as the foot was concerned.

Mother and I went to Gloucester for the summer. I don't remember whether father or I went along with them. I know we started from Holyoke shortly after breakfast which we had at Mrs Taylor's. and I foolishly didn't pack till 9<sup>30</sup> of that morning. It really was foolish, but I didn't care anything out, and I had no trouble.

On one of our trips to Europe. I can't remember whether it was in '07 or '10. we went to Weyfield and took the train for New Haven. where we had to change trains. I don't know why we went by that route. on the way we had a hot box. We had to stop and the fireman poured water on the axle to cool it and shrink it to size. then poured in chunks of lubricant which looked like lumps of the road (not cheap fuel) We held on and had to stop again. I don't remember whether we made our

connection, or had to take a later train. That is the advantage of going to New York the day before. If you are delayed, there is still plenty of time to get to N.Y. Some dozen years or so ago my father's cousin Tom and his wife Annie came to Europe for a visit. He was on some sort of old age assistance which was supposed to cover actual needs and not luxuries such as a trip to the US. He had to go and collect his allowance at a certain time, and he was going to take a boat which would barely get him to England in time to do it. If he missed the boat and didn't show up on time to collect his allowance he would have to explain why, and as a result he might lose his allowance. I happened to be in the States, and went to see them, and learned all this. I asked him when he was going to start for N.Y. and he told me a certain early morning train, to catch an afternoon steamer. Plenty of time, if there was no trouble on the way. I told him about our hot box, and strongly advised him to go to N.Y. the day before the steamer was due to sail. And he did. That is the way we did in 1907, and 1910.

I wish I could remember the name of the steamer we took from NY. Perhaps I can later.

It was a boat that didn't stop at Swansboro, and several of the passengers had tickets to it. They would go on to Liverpool and the company would have to pay their fare from L. to it. They felt pretty bad about getting an extra bill at the expense of the company. But my father told me that the company wouldn't pay it; the agent who sold the wrong ticket, probably a poor "small business man" who acted as agent for the company & ate out a living, would have to pay that expense, and it would wipe out all the money he earned on a lot of tickets. These men were going to Liverpool anyway. But they thought it was nice to get a "free ride" from L to it too good for the poor agent.

I don't remember much about the steamer trip, except that I wasn't nearly so sick as on the Baltic in 07 and father had a pedometer which recorded how many miles he walked on the steamer (and on the trip) and when he got old I used to hear him tell how many miles he walked on the steamer, and I was sure it was far more than the actual figure.

I suppose we landed at Liverpool  
 stayed over night, and took a boat to  
 Llandudno, a famous resort on the  
 shore of north Wales. I suppose we  
 took a boat, because the map shows  
 that it would be very awkward to go  
 from Liverpool to Llandudno by train.  
 All I remember of " " is that steam  
 shone on the beach, that we looked at  
 some farmhouses on the side of the  
 mountains and figured that they must  
 be seaweed in a lot of the winter, and  
 that we went to a Baptist. The minister  
 was pastor of a church somewhere  
 in England. He preached in Welsh, and the  
 whole service was in Welsh. But he  
 recognized us as non-Welsh tourists  
 and for our benefit, he gave his  
~~text~~ and the points of the sermon in  
 English, so that we might have  
 some idea of what he was talking about.  
 We also went to church in the evening.  
 And I figured out, somehow, that "Tad ar  
 ysbecth" meant "Father  
 Holy Spirit" which is true  
 Welsh is a funny language.  
 I bought a couple of cheap books designed  
 to teach foreigners how to talk Welsh  
 and from them I learned that under  
 certain circumstances some words  
 change their initial consonant. eg.  
 "Sant" means holy, but it is changed to  
 "San" in Llandudno (Holy Tudno = St Tudno)  
 Clonfawr (St Mary) etc. And on the shores

of the Menai Strait. I saw adjoining  
 hills named Bryn neuai.  
 bank of the neuai. and Tra Fesai  
 I know what Bryn neuai means  
 for our cottage at Bettws-y-Cold  
 was called Bryn Afon bank  
 of the Afon. Bryn neuai is a  
 similar word. I haven't much  
 idea what Tra means.

and that leads me to  
 Bettws-y-Cold. [as pronounced  
 as in loose] y like i in fun  
 cold like cold. Just Jan had  
 been there and said it was per-  
 fectly lovely; and it is. Bryn Afon  
 that was a stone house, with  
 perfectly wonderful food. I especially  
 remember the mutton & green peas.  
 I don't remember how we got there  
 from Rhandudus; probably walked.  
 Each one of us had a pack sack  
 mine was made of cravanette, a  
 raw wool cloth. And had 2 cloth  
 straps to go over my shoulders  
 and let the bag rest part way down  
 my back. Otho's was made of a  
 sort of rubberized cloth and he had  
 the strap over one shoulder and the  
 bag under the other arm. Each of us  
 thought his arrangement was better  
 than the other. I guess they were the same  
 bags we had used on previous  
 hikes in N.H., Vt. and I guess that I  
 carried the birch stick that I cut

are built in NH. and that father  
 carried the Alpenstock to the bay  
 near a quarterland in 1902 or  
 (thereabouts). I have both sticks  
 out in the garage now. I think  
 The alpenstock is pretty full and  
 has broken once or twice near the  
 tip, and the spike has had to be  
 put on what is left - so it is  
 shorter now. The stick has gone  
 so it is shorter. but its still pretty good.

Each of us wore a flannel shirt  
 or knit top. I don't remember whether  
 we wore these clothes or not but  
 I know some folks thought we were  
 Boy Scouts. I'm a scout of the flannel  
 shirt - the father had a mustache  
 and I was growing one. On Sunday  
 we wore a soft dollar shirt, pants  
 or something of the sort. In general,  
 one flew fast to mail one letter  
 to page on Monday to the place  
 we expected to be next Saturday  
 but I can't remember, or figure  
 out how it could be done. We  
 carried: six handkerchiefs, several  
 quilt articles, a sweater, and a book  
 to read e.g. a cheap edition of David  
 Copperfield

We enjoyed Beths. y. Good but I  
 don't remember what we did, or how  
 long we stayed. But we must have  
 spent the next Sunday at Coernayon.  
 And to get there we walked, probably

South. Several miles to a village  
 where the roads were all stone, and  
 the kids all wore clogs; and at the  
 sight of these 2 strangers all the  
 kids of the village ran up, with  
 a wonderful noise. They carried  
 with leather spurs, but thick  
 wooden soles, and something like  
 a horse shoe on the sole and the  
 heel of each clog. My father said  
 that folks who work in places like  
 dye houses, where the floor is  
 usually wet, wear clogs because  
 they don't get wet, as leather shoes would.

This place may have been  
 Klamberg, for I remember that  
 name. We turned right, then and  
 went along past the edge of  
 Snowdon, which was now just  
 up in the clouds. Father had hoped  
 to climb Snowdon, for he had done  
 that once when he was a young  
 man - but the weather was quite  
 impossible. In fact it rained as we  
 were going past Snowdon and we  
 got wet. We went into some sort  
 of a farm house and were given a  
 room with a stove in it, and we wore  
 our spare undershirt, and Sunday shirt  
 while the other clothes dried. I  
 suppose we stayed there overnight.  
 Eventually we got to a  
 place in the hills which was the  
 upper terminus of the Caernarvon

Toy Railway, which was well named. It looked just like a large size toy railway - the kind of toy railway that kids had in those days and as it steamed into the station it looked like cute for boys. I don't know how it was designed, but I could look over the top of the car and yet I could sit in the car seat very comfortably narrow gage, of course. They have a lot of narrow gage railroads in Wales; it is so predominant and you save so much cost of excavation. Simple track in and as a fellow passenger said "It is operated on the antiquated principle of the staff" essentially the same plan as the red flag used in U.S.T. when there is road construction, and single line only. But on these narrow gage railways, the train coming toward you was often badly delayed and you had to wait till it arrived, tripping the staff, and thereby giving you permission to enter the block. In 1978 when I travelled on the Chinese Eastern Railway, I noticed that they were still using a modernized version of the staff. But they didn't actually hand it to the conductor (like the red flag). They put it into a machine which electrically actuated some-

thumped the other end of the block, forbidding anyone to enter " " until our train had got to the other end. American train des patchers hand the conductor and the engineers paper authorizing them to go ahead. Because the agent at the other end of the block has been instructed to hold all the trains until this one has got to the far end of the block. But maybe the Russians don't have good telegraph operators. Maybe the English conductor can't read very well. At any rate they need the electrical transmission of the staff. I didn't figure out how it worked, but I saw it working once.

Back to Wales. We took the Toy Railway down to Barmarvon. It was there that I saw Bryn Penai and Trefnai. There (or maybe at Conwy) I saw a castle formerly occupied by the King of England at times. One room for the King and his gentlemen; the " " queen and her ladies. Under the King's bed room was a prison for specially important prisoners; built like a bottle, with one leg of the King's bed resting on the " cork " so the King could be sure the prisoners wouldn't get away while he was asleep.

We must have spent Sunday at Caernarvon. It was about the time that a King of England was to be crowned and there was some talk of relaxing the anti-Catholic oath that the King is expected to take. The preacher Sunday morning preached on that subject strongly opposing any change. I figured that out as I listened, and then inquired and found I was right. I flattered myself that I was doing pretty well in learning Welsh. But of course I wasn't learning any at all. I was just making an easy guess from the way the preacher talked. I was already told you all I know about the Welsh language & it isn't much probably about Monday noon

We made our way to Holyhead (formerly called Holihead) & took the boat for Dublin against a violent head wind. Of course I was seasick. Father was a very good sailor but he was beginning to get seaweary. The boat landed at Kingstown and we had a short train ride to Dublin. Father told me about the Margrave of Huntington, eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire (Devonshire) who was assassinated by some Irish "patriots" at Dublin. But my encyclopedia says that the eldest son was Marj and the man who was

assassinated w<sup>o</sup> his younger brother  
 we went to Phoenix Park and saw  
 the monkeys, and probably the next  
 day Tues. we took the train for  
 Killybegs which is in County Kerry  
 Most of the "Irishmen" in Hollywood  
 came from County Kerry or County  
 Cork. And it's a part of Irish patriotism  
 to brag about the beauty of the  
 scenery. "There's not in the whole  
 world a valley so sweet as . . .

Watermeat." Well Watermeat is a  
 brook joining a pond. There are  
 trees around it, yes, pretty but nothing  
 to brag about. Maybe I would have  
 been more impressed if it hadn't  
 been raining. Ireland is the Emerald  
 Isle because it is so green, because  
 it rains so much. We had our rain-  
 coats (I forgot to mention them, and the  
 rubbers) and we had umbrellas up.  
 We saw women women were a little  
 walking along with uncomfortable  
 shawls over their heads. We asked the  
 driver if they always had shawls  
 over their heads. "No, sometimes  
 they have umbrellas." We said  
 "I suppose when it rains they have  
 umbrellas." "Yes"

Remember seeing a nice fish  
 rod that someone had (temporarily)  
 left by the brook at Watermeat.  
 And remember that long before we  
 got to Killybegs, runners from various  
 hotels got on the train to get customers

for their respective hotels: a dangerous situation, but the hotel we got to was quite satisfactory. Maybe all of them are

front on had been to Slingshuff on Gantry Bay and thought it was wonderful. The railroad company's ads were enthralling. Parting with fat we went to Slingshuff, on foot I suppose, and found it pretty good. In our hotel were a couple of would-be fishermen. Father heard them saying that they hadn't caught any fish but they had had bites. A he told me they were fishing for mackerel, a stupid fish that will sometimes bite at an empty hook.

From there we went to Bork where we spent Sunday. Left on in a m. Communion with Val and the first time in my life I had asked it. P.M. we took a light railway to Blarney Castle. We didn't try to fish the Stone, but we saw some that did. Saw the ~~at~~ coinfall out of their pockets & held below kick them up - pin money. Two burly men will take anyone who smokes by the thigh and let him down to kiss the stone. I don't remember whether any women did or not. (If you one end of her umbrella on the fore and kissed the other end) On the return trip, the train was crowded

One fellow sat just on the edge of the flat (a wadded bench) when he stood up. He said "I'm crippled." Back to Dublin where we took a boat for Heysham (pronounced Hee-shum) not far from there, is a place where Father said he once attended Church of England. At 11:55 the vicar was about to give his "sermon". There are several things that come after the sermon, and the clock was striking 12 when the people came out. I don't remember the name of that place I'll write it here.

We had gone to Heysham so that we could visit Morecambe Bay, a lovely sandy beach, which Bradford people like to go to - just as Lancashire people like to go to Blackpool. We spent a happy day at the beach, but when the men leaving me learned that Harry Lauder had been giving a show that afternoon, we would have gone if we had known. The only thing I ever had to hear him.

There are 2 railroads from Morecambe to Bradford. The ticket you buy is good on either. At the end of that year the company decided to proceed according to an agreed plan. It sounded interesting. I wish I knew more about how it is arranged.

And so we finally got to Bradford  
I don't remember that very well. You  
remember a lot about Bradford but  
it's hard to distinguish between the  
rest of '07 and '10.

Early in my year at Hartford

Seminary. I went to a social at the girls dormitory. and talked with an attractive fair haired girl named Fannie Newbush who was a student volunteer. I asked her where she came from: California; what part of Calif? Near Fresno. That evening at supper the boys talked with much interest about "the girl from Los Angeles". And when I asked if that was they said it was Miss MacB. So I made fun of them. and said it was like calling someone from Burlington. It "the girl from Boston".

Later Mrs M. happened to mention Olinda. and I at once asked her what she knew about Olinda. "That's my love; what do you know about Olinda?" "That's where Percy Fulton came from" "Why Percy Fulton's mother was my mother's best friend" and of course I told her how I married Mrs Fulton's the old Presbyterian minister in Govele. I'll spare a tell it now. but I never get around to telling it in the Govele story. This man, whose name I don't remember now

had been a Baptist missionary (I don't know what Board) in Tahiti (accout on his pronunciation high) and Govele was his first charge as a Presbyterian. when the Supt visited Govele, he (the Supt) was a Papaya some tribes, and the ex-Baptist had to introduce the ceremony with some precious words about the appropriateness of infant baptism. which must have embarrassed him. especially so the Supt

church invited to marry someone that Sunday. As the whole congregation could go over and attend the Presbyterian church. He was a nice old man. A widower, and after a while he and Mrs Dalton agreed to get married. According to the law in which marriages must first be performed by a civil official, after which it was permissible to have a religious ceremony, if desired. He wanted to follow that custom. To have Judge Robert Adams, whose wife was a very ardent Presbyterian, perform the civil ceremony, and me perform the religious. So on the date set for the wedding, I found Mrs Dalton and her mother called at the parsonage. After a while I dropped in - nothing unusual. After another while Mr Adams wandered in - quite ordinary. After a while we all bumbled out, separately in the same casual way, except that Adams Dalton didn't leave. And none of the neighbors noticed that. In fact it was several days before folks realized that the marriage had taken place, and then apparently they decided it was too late to shivaree the couple; at any rate they didn't do it. But that's not the end of the story. Somewhat later I was going down to Santa for the state convocation meeting, and this minister gave me the job of calling on his daughter and persuading her to be reconciled to her father's marriage. Not so easy a job. She wanted to know what sort of a woman

her strength was. I was able to give  
the old lady a good recommendation  
for she really was a fine lady; also  
her son was a nice fellow. and I was  
especially fond of his wife - which was  
beside the point. The last question was  
what he called his bird. I said he  
calls her madam. and she calls him  
doctor. And that seemed to satisfy her

## Fire arms that I owned

W. Winchester 1906 .22 bought from  
Jimmy McDonald at Cedarcroft  
traded to Mal Souver perhaps for

W. Winchester 1892 .38 & w/ which I think  
I had and shot a rattlesnake with

W. Winchester 1894 carbine .30-30 got  
from Bryan Adams in exchange for  
fancy handle and knife w/ leather  
pouch & 1 blade. Used it this  
deer season & traded it for a

W. Winchester 1893 pump gun . . . 9a  
which had a broken part  
Took it to base at Clear Lake and  
on return trip stopped at Ukiah  
and got it repaired (something  
like 75¢) Used it till I left and  
traded it and made 40¢ to  
Amador Court for money.

Maule gave better upper barrel .22  
carbinal used round ball of  
about 40 ~~gr~~ and shot gun cartridge  
tablets

of same side Pistol grip and  
folding skeleton stock

I also had some connection with a  
W. Winchester 1870 .22 which I never  
to remember in connection with  
Jim Branalin of Cedarcroft

Finance

## Fire arms that I owned

W. Winchester 1906 .22 bought from  
Jimmy McDonald at Cedarcroft  
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I had and shot a rattlesnake with

W. Winchester 1894 carbine .30-30 got  
from Bryan Adams in exchange for  
fancy bottle and tube w/ leather  
brush & 1 blade. Used it this  
deer season & traded it for a

W. Winchester 1893 pump gun .12 ga  
which had a broken part  
Took it to Acee at Cedarcroft and  
on return trip stopped at Utah  
and got it repaired (something  
like 75¢) Used it till I left and  
traded it and Maible had to  
Amosler shot for miles.

Maible gave getting upper barrel .22  
lower barrel used kind ball of  
about 40 ~~gr~~ and shot gun cartridge  
table

of some side Pistol grip and  
folding skeleton stock

I also had some connection with a  
W. Winchester 1890 .22 which I refer  
to remember in connection with  
Jim Braslin of Cedarcroft

finance.