

MY MEMORIES

BY

RUBECCA IRENE ELY HAWKES SNIDER

MY FAMILY

Cyril Francis Ely, born Nov. 24, 1861, Newport, Vt.

Olive Clarisse Liberty, born Sept. 29, 1861, Canada.  
m. Nov. 30, 1881, Laconia, N. H.

Children

Ernest Alphonse, born 1882  
Florence Olive, born 1883  
Anastasia Iva, born 1886  
Victoria Clarisse, born 1887  
Helena May, born 1889  
Horace Eusibe (Frank), born 1891  
George Leo, born 1893  
Oscar Louis, born 1895  
Albert Richard, born 1897  
Rubecca Irene, born 1898  
Gertrude Rachel, born 1901

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BARRE, VERMONT

Cottage Street, (1898-1903)

I was born on February 28, 1898, in Franklin Falls, New Hampshire, but we moved from there when I was just six months old so my earliest recollections are of Barre, Vermont, and our home there where we lived for the next four years.

I remember the house very well. It was large to accommodate our sizable family, and it had big rooms, especially the front parlor. I recall that the kitchen sink was so high I had to stand on a little wooden box to reach the faucet. The dining room had a pretty bay window with hinge-top seats in which Mother stored things, and a fascinating dumb-waiter on which we kids used to ride up and down. There was a back parlor which was used much like the family room of today, but the front parlor was used only on special occasions and holidays. It was always well heated on Christmas morning before we went in to see the tree. I remember one wonderful Christmas when our tree reached the ceiling, and I received a very special gift - a pretty little dollhouse made by my dad - who lovingly hand-made many of our toys. We all loved music, so there was a piano in the back parlor and an organ in the upstairs hall.

But most of all I remember my tall, handsome father, my equally tall, aristocratic-looking mother, and my four fun-loving sisters who were in their teens and early twenties. We were an affectionate, happy family, and it was great fun to be little sister to these lively girls who were popular and had many beaux. They attended lovely parties and balls, and when I was quite young I was once taken to one of these evening dances by my sister Florence, took part in the Grand March with her, then, to my astonishment and delight, was invited to dance (or rather HOP) by her current suitor.

Since my sisters were dating I remember many merry parties in this house with music, dancing, and games - simple amusements,

but good, wholesome fun. In addition, they made taffy, popcorn balls, fudge and penuche, and there was always a barrel of delicious apples in the cellar as well as plenty of maple syrup for the "Sugar-on Snow" parties that I loved. To make "Sugar-on-Snow", we packed clean snow firmly into big flat pans, and poured boiling hot maple syrup onto it in lacy patterns, the lacier the better. When it cooled and hardened we lifted it off with a fork to eat it. We would have apple juice with it. Delish!

Winter in Vermont is very cold. Since we had only fireplaces and parlor type stoves in those days, the only rooms heated were those most used on the first floor. In the freezing bedrooms we slept on cornhusk mattresses or featherbeds, and snuggled under heavy home-made quilts. Sometimes, on bitter cold nights when a storm was raging and the wind was howling, Mother would let little Rachel and me sleep on the big couch in the back parlor. I still remember Mom and Dad's room with its big wooden bed in which I saw little Rachel soon after she was born in 1901, and where my brother Albert died of measles and pneumonia at the age of six. One of the bedrooms had a secret stair that was a bit disappointing since it merely led down to the horsebarn! Except in cold weather, when we scooted down to the kitchen, we washed ourselves in the bedrooms. Each bedroom had a commode (a small washstand with drawers and a compartment for the chamber pot). On its top would be a big china washbowl and pitcher, soap dish, mug, and toothbrush holder. The ensemble would be completed by a huck towel on the bar at the back. It was quite a chore to carry hot and cold water upstairs, then, after washing ourselves, carry it all down again.

Our toilet was an outhouse in the yard, with the usual Sears-Roebuck catalog instead of toilet paper. I always hated the outhouse. In summer it was very hot and there was always a hornet or a bee inside to scare me to death; and in winter it was icy cold. After dark the grownups carried a lantern to light their way, and hung it on a nail inside the door. After sunset, we children used chamber pots indoors for which we were duly thankful. How wonderful it was when we finally had indoor plumbing a few years later! Mom must have been very glad not to have pots to empty each morning!



We used kerosene lamps, and I remember how Mother would fill each one, clean its glass chimney, then cover it with a paper bag to keep it spotless until it was needed. There were no automobiles in those days. People either walked, or hired a carriage - some of which were rather luxuriously lined with nice thick material. I rode in one like that a few times, and I felt as though I were riding either in Cinderella's coach, or a queen's carriage! I think that a twenty-five cent fare took one almost anywhere in town.

I remember the fire wagons, perhaps because they were so frightening to a small girl. Pulled by galloping, snorting horses, they would go tearing by when the alarm sounded - the big hook-and-ladder, on which the firemen would be frantically struggling into their rubber coats and boots, and the big steam engine that left a trail of smoke and sparks. In zero weather, the results of a fire were spectacular because the water from the hoses would freeze on contact and encase the building in a sheet of ice, and beautiful glistening icicles.

Since there was so much snow, we did a lot of sliding down a steep, nearby hill that had a seminary (Goddard, I think) at the top. Girls' sleds were high and awkward and had no steering. We sat up straight on them holding the rope, trying to maneuver them with our bodies to avoid crashing into anything. Sometimes we were brave enough to go down in tandem, holding the rope of the sled behind, hoping to reach the bottom of the hill without incident. Boys were more fortunate. They had the Flexible Flyer, a super sled that I believe is still being made today. It was designed to go "belly bump", and it would fly down the hill.

There were exciting toboggans. And speedy double-runners that were made by mounting a long plank on two small sleds. These, being fast and dangerous, were steered by a self-styled expert (usually the owner) who sat in front. They held up to ten riders, one in back of the other, each holding up the legs of the person behind. I was so little that I can remember having only one or two rides. It was scary, but one of my big brothers would take me on his lap, hold me tight, and down we'd go! Perhaps my early experi-

ence with toboggans and double-runners marked me for life, for I never did enjoy roller coasters when I grew older. Out sliding, it would be very cold, and become even colder when the sun went down. Six o'clock was Dad's official suppertime, and he wanted no delay. We would go home in good time, frozen, tired, and hungry, and off would come our mittens, hats, coats, leggings, sweaters, earmuffs, and galoshes. We would thaw ourselves out, and finally sit down to a good hot meal in a nice warm house with our loved ones around us. How snug and secure we felt.

And we did have security because Mom kept us warm, well fed, and in remarkably good health. But how she managed this on Dad's low wages is still a mystery to me. Dad worked in the marble quarries as a stone-cutter, earning about a dollar a day. Although that may have been considered a normal wage at that time, I'm sure it must have been a constant struggle for Mother to make ends meet for a family of eleven, and to accept, with courage and confidence, the challenges and hardships of everyday living. But both my parents, with true pioneer spirit, not only accepted these challenges and hardships, but called them blessings.

Mother was a wonderfully capable woman. She kept us warm by having us wear a lot of woolen clothing, and knitting us sweaters, mittens, scarves and stocking caps. She fed us simple, but nourishing, meals - some of which I remember to this day. And she kept us well by intelligently using the home remedies at her disposal: - honey and lemon juice, Syrup of Figs, Castoria, Spirits of Niter, camphorated oil, mustard plaster, sulphur and molasses, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound! To ward off colds, she tied little bags of asafetida around our necks, and they smelled AWFUL!! Asafetida is a bitter, offensive smelling material obtained from the roots of a plant, and even the name, from the Latin Foetida, means smelly!

We had many friends in Barre, and I still remember a little neighbor girl who taught me to play tic-tac-toe all those years ago. I took Mother and Dad back for a visit in the 1920's, and they were delighted to find that an old friend still lived in the house across the street. They had a happy reunion, and a pleasant long visit.

Young as I was, I must have minded the cold in Barre, for I still remember that the house never seemed warm enough to me no matter how much wood or coal was put into the stoves and fireplaces. It was a freezing place to live. Since I remember this even today, I think I must have been glad when we moved to Massachusetts when I was about five years old.

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On our way down from Barre, we stopped for a week in Concord, New Hampshire, to visit Mother's older brother, Jim Liberty, and his wife, Myra. They had five children, all older than I - cousins Ora, Cora, Ida, Eva, and Arthur.

One day, when we children were riding with Uncle Jim in his wagon, we passed an old-fashioned carriage with the driver sitting on a high seat in front. Its occupant was a very elderly lady dressed completely in black. Uncle Jim turned to us and said, "That woman is Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of Christian Science. People come from all over the world to kiss the ground she walks on". Naturally, we were very much impressed. I was even more impressed when we passed her driveway and I peeped in and saw that her home was beautiful.



DANVERS, MASSACHUSETTS

Braman Street, (1903-1908)

When we came to Danvers we moved into a house quite near Aunt Victoria and Uncle Joe Morin, mother's sister and her husband. This was to be our home for the next five years.

Although it was a roomy, attractive house, I can remember no particularly outstanding features. For us children its main attraction was its sizable yard and garden where we spent much of our time. There was a charming little octagon pavillion in the garden, enclosed by slats, and partly covered by a big, spreading apple tree in which my brothers promptly built themselves a fine tree-house. The little pavillion was a perfect place for Rachel and me to play - when the boys weren't pestering the life out of us - and it was also a lovely place for tea parties. Sometimes Mother would fix us a tea there and shoo the boys, for the sake of peace, up into their tree-house to play. We and our brothers never got along well together for they considered us pesky kid sisters, and no doubt we were! Oscar was frequently punished for making us cry, and he always deserved it. I particularly remember one Christmas when he earned a little money and brought home a cute little toy grocery store with enticing miniature cans and packages of food. These he encouraged us to buy with our pennies, then made us return them but wouldn't give us our pennies back. Poor Rachel and I took a very tearful view of this! He and I shared the chore of doing the supper dishes and if I did all the pots and pans he would be nice to me for perhaps a whole hour! I was the first member of the family to try and win his approval by giving him candy or doing an errand for him. Years later, when he became a football star in High School, we became good friends and occasionally he would invite me to go somewhere with him. This was prompted, no doubt, by his desire to be with one of my girlfriends, but it was O.K. with me because his brief fame rubbed off on me, and I loved it.

Lying a short distance behind our house was a pond that contained some very large turtles and frogs which we liked to catch

and play with, and tadpoles that we scooped up and kept in bottles and jars. In the grass and weeds at the water's edge my brothers found harmless snakes that were of profound interest to them, but from which Rachel and I ran screaming. Needless to say, they found this highly entertaining and chased us with them whenever they had the chance.

These were "Gaslight Days" - the days before central heating, telephones, indoor plumbing, electrical appliances, supermarkets, cars, radio and television. But neither did we have riots, unchecked crime, permissiveness, nor widespread obscenity. We loved our country and our flag, respected our parents and teachers, and admired and trusted our police. In many established neighborhoods doors were often left unlocked, and we felt quite safe. The one exception to this was when gypsies came to town. We feared them because they were strange and different and had an unsavory reputation. Since we had been told that they kidnapped little children, we kids were terrified of them and dashed for home whenever we caught sight of them. Because they also had the reputation for stealing anything they could get their hands on, anything of any value was taken indoors when they were around - toys, garden tools, even clothes hanging on the line. Mother kept a watchful eye on them and was careful not to let them in the house. The women wore gaily colored clothes with full skirts, bandanas, and much jewelry-- earrings, bracelets, rings, and beads, beads, beads! They told fortunes, carried tambourines, and would play and sing as they neared our door. The men, who also wore bandanas and earrings, were dressed in dark pants, a wide colorful sash, beautifully embroidered jacket, and dark, broad-brimmed felt hat. I never felt at ease until they left our yard.

Hobos, however were not feared, and we never had trouble with any of them. When one came to the door and asked for food, Mom would give him a chore to do - perhaps chop wood and fill the woodboxes - then give him a meal. If it was cold, rainy, or very late in the day, she would let him sleep in the shed. The next morning after the family had left for school and work, she would give him breakfast, warm clothing if needed, and send him on his way.



After we moved to Danvers I was old enough to begin taking an interest in clothes and suddenly realized that my sisters were real "dressers" in their softly swishing taffeta petticoats, and pretty dresses with long leg-'o-mutton sleeves and high collars held up by little ivory stays that kept their heads fashionably, stiffly, and no doubt very uncomfortably, erect. They looked so elegant and dashing that I longed for the day when I, too, could wear long underwear with split pants, a boned corset pulled tight, a corset cover, a fake bosom pinned to my underwear, a chemise, a bustle, rustling taffeta petticoats, a long dress with a dust ruffle, and stockings that matched my outfit! Their skirts swept the ground, were longer in the back, and the dust ruffle did just that - picked up plenty of dust! I remember how they reached back to lift their skirt before sitting down - a gesture that took practice to do gracefully. I adored their enormous hats that were trimmed with veiling, fruit, flowers, ruching, lace and ribbon. They really were milinery confections. To keep such a hat on one's head while riding in an open carriage - and later in an automobile, a very large silk veil was worn that covered the whole hat and tied under the chin.

When I think back to the clothes worn in the early 1900's, I feel we should be thankful for the comfortable clothes worn today! Even what was then considered casual dress was long-sleeved, high-necked, heavy weight, and uncomfortable, and men suffered from being fashionable as well as the women. In winter they wore long, heavy underwear, a starched shirt with a stiff detachable collar, and a heavy woolen suit with a vest. In summer the underwear was lighter weight, but suits were still woolen - though not as heavy-weight. I remember the Palm Beach suits that looked nice until they developed wrinkles that stayed in for the rest of the day! The hats most commonly worn were the Fedora, the Derby, and in summer, the straw "boater". Men really hated the stiff, iron-hard collars that were attached to their shirts, front and back, with collar buttons. Besides being torture to wear, a dropped or lost collar button was a disaster that probably caused the late arrival of more than one beau in the good old days!

Even children had to wear plenty of clothes. For both boys

and girls there were ribbed undershirts and drawers, (long in winter, and how we hated those long underpants that left lumps on our legs no matter how carefully we folded the bottoms over before pulling up our stockings!), and both sexes wore waists with attached garters. Over this, girls wore flannel or cambric pants, petticoats, long-waisted princess-style dresses, and pretty bibbed aprons trimmed with lace. Boys wore blouses or starched shirts with stiff collars, and suits with short, boxy pants. These were of cotton with a wide sailor collar in summer, and wool, complete with a vest, in winter.

There were many types of shoes for every member of the family, ranging in height from ankle to calf, all with very pointed toes. They either laced or buttoned, and the latter needed a button hook to fasten them. The buttons were on the outside of the leg, and if one was left-handed it was difficult to cope - especially when there were ten or twelve buttons on each shoe. It was hard for us kids to handle all this, but we managed somehow.

Can you imagine what women went through keeping these clothes clean? Whenever I use my wonderful washer and drier I wonder how Mother ever did it. I certainly remember the unpleasantness of washday when I was a child. The big folding wringer-stand with the two washtubs and scrub-board would take up the middle of the kitchen, and the big copper boiler on the red-hot stove would be sending clouds of steam and the soapy smell of washday all through the house. Perspiring Mother would be hustling around heating water, filling the tubs, scrubbing out stubborn spots on the washboard, transferring clothes from the boiler to the rinse water with a long, flat stick, then putting everything through the wringer! As soon as I was strong enough, I used to help her by turning the wringer handle. Is it any wonder that, on washday, Mother planned to have a supper of leftovers, or a dish that could cook with little attention - a hearty soup, a rich stew, or a boiled dinner?

In the early 1900's, Mother, like many other women, made her own laundry soap, the famous lye soap of song and story. I thought this was an interesting process, because first she had to make the



lye - for which purpose she saved all left-over grease and fat.

To make the lye, she set a bottomless barrel on a large board and put in a layer of straw to act as a sieve. Over this she put a layer of lime, and filled the barrel with hardwood ashes. From time to time she poured in a pail of water which seeped through and, after several days, converted the lime and ashes to lye.

To make soap, she measured the lye into a huge iron kettle, added the proper amounts of boiling-hot grease and water, and stirred the mixture thoroughly. In a day or two the fat would solidify and rise to the top in the form of soap. It was skimmed off, put into large flat pans, cut into bars and stored in the attic to cure and further harden. This made strong, excellent soap. In later years I remember her using Goodwill and Fels-Naptha soaps, and Gold Dust Twins washing powder.

Clothes were always hung outside to dry - even in winter when they would promptly freeze stiff and eventually have to finish drying piecemeal on the big rack over the kitchen range. Long underwear, heavy pants, heavy stockings, and flannel nightgowns ALWAYS had to finish drying there.

I love the smell of freshly laundered clothes, and have always enjoyed ironing. Even when I was quite young, Mom let me iron the flatwork - handkerchiefs, napkins and pillow-cases. In those early days we used flatirons, or sad-irons that had a detachable handle. Today's electrically heated irons weigh about three pounds, but the ones I used weighed five pounds or more, and had to be heated on a hot stove. Although I enjoyed ironing I must admit that, especially in summer, it was hot, heavy work!

Those good old washtubs had other uses, and like everyone else in those days we used ours to bob for apples on Hallowe'en, to catch rainwater for shampoos, and to bathe in on Saturday nights. I loved those baths. It felt wonderful to be scrubbed clean in front of the kitchen range, then be put into a clean, fresh-smelling nightgown and be given a warm brick, called a free-

stone, wrapped in flannel, to take to bed. Rachel and I also took up to bed anything new that Mom had bought for us - candy, toys, clothes, even shoes.

I have lovely memories of Sunday at our house, for it was considered to be the most enjoyable day of the week - a day to which we all looked forward with anticipation and pleasure. However, attending church was looked upon as a duty, with the pleasant Sunday activities to follow. Mother was Roman Catholic, so we attended her church. In Barre she had had a pew, and you can picture us all sitting there in a row! All except Dad, that is, who never went to church although he loved to talk religion by the hour and knew God's laws. I remember making my First Communion wearing a white dress, little white veil, and white cotton shoes, and carrying a white gift Bible. It was supposed to be a very important day in my life and I must have been impressed, but I really didn't understand what it was all about. To tell the truth, I never did understand the teachings of the Catechism, so when I was about twelve years old I attended other churches with my girl friends. Fortunately, Mother never forced us to accept anything that we honestly couldn't understand.

After church, Aunt Victoria and Uncle Joe usually came over for Sunday dinner, and some of my sisters' suitors would also arrive in time to sit down with us at the table. They brought gifts of candy, usually chocolates, and we kids loved that! Mom was a fine cook and I remember, among other good things, the succulent roasts, lovely fresh vegetables, and delicious desserts she served. Her strawberry shortcake was unsurpassed - sweetened, crushed strawberries poured over big, light baking powder biscuits that were buttered while hot, and the whole topped with real whipped cream. They were wonderful. Sometimes she would make peach shortcake which was also excellent. No one ever made tastier, richer soups than my Mom, and her cakes, pies, thick molasses cookies and crisp sugar cookies were out of this world! She also made the best ice cream I've ever tasted, using whole milk, thick cream, and plenty of fresh eggs. My favorite flavor was French vanilla custard, but she also made peach, chocolate, strawberry and coffee. I remember how astonished I was the first time I was served ice cream in half



a melon. On Sundays and holidays in summer, the ice cream freezer was in constant use. We kids would help turn the crank, and when the ice cream was done, Dad would let us take turns lapping the dasher, then give us each a "first sample" as a fitting reward for our help.

How eagerly we kids looked forward to the Sunday "Funnies", as we then called the "Comics". We all loved "Happy Hooligan", "Foxy Grandpa", "Hairbreath Harry", "The Katzenjammer Kids", "Little Orphan Annie", "Their Only Child", "The Teddy Bears", "Bringing up Father", "Rosie's Beau", "Uncle Wiggily's Adventures" and "Mutt and Jeff".

We also read Dime Novels, which were for rent at one cent each - with a four cent deposit! My brothers were addicts so I read some very exciting tales. I remember "Secret Service", "The Liberty Boys of '76"; the "Deadwood Dick" and "King Brady" series; the "Frank Reade", "Wild West", and "Fame and Fortune" weeklies; and the "Jessie James" and Horatio Alger stories - the latter with very catchy titles - "Sink or Swim", "Pluck and Luck", "Work and Win" - in which the hero always won against unbelievable odds. However, I was finally weaned away from Dime Novels by such books as "Grimm's Fairy Tales", "Uncle Tom's Cabin", "Hans Brinker and his Silver Skates", and "Little Women". This last book was instrumental in helping me realize my femininity and setting me on the road to becoming a little lady with proper manners and a more feminine point of view.

Dad was very patriotic. He loved his country, and had a great reverence for our beautiful American flag - with its white for Purity, red for Valor, and blue for Justice. By his own example, he taught us all to respect this beautiful symbol of our country. He erected a tall flagpole in our garden, and on every national holiday he hoisted Old Glory there. Early every spring he would take the pole down and give it its annual coat of white paint. The golden ball that topped it was also given a new coat. I used to watch him, and one year he let me help gild it. To this day, nearly seventy years later, I can still remember my breathless thrill as that gold ball was raised back

up into the sky.

Because of our great respect for our flag, one Fourth of July stands out in my memory because I thought we were dishonoring it. Early that morning we had hoisted our flag as usual, then had left to spend an exciting day at Salem Wil-lows. Late in the afternoon a whopper or a thunderstorm came up and we had to scurry for cover. Since I had been taught that a flag should never be allowed to touch the ground nor should it ever be left out in the rain I was worried sick because our flag was still high on its pole - and it was pouring! Dad finally noticed my silent distress, found out the reason for it, and assured me that we were not showing any disrespect since the storm had come up when we were away from home. He told me to stop worrying for he would take care of the situation. As soon as we got home, he, George and Oscar braved the rain to lower the flag into our big clothes basket and bring it into the house. Then, without a word, they hung it up to dry in the big double doorway between the front and back parlors. Even though Dad had reassured me earlier, I was a much relieved little girl!

I remember the day I met my first hero. I must have been about eight years old. I went to the Tapleyville School, and each year on the Friday before Decoration Day - as Memorial Day was then called - all schools had patriotic exercises. I loved it when I was asked to speak a piece, and you may be sure that I did it with profound patriotism and overwhelming emotion! It was at one of these exercises that I saw him - a Civil War veteran wearing his faded uniform of blue. He was a sweet kindly old gentleman, and I could hardly wait for the program to be over so that I could speak to him. He took my hand as we went down the walk to the street, and I was so overcome that I could barely answer the questions he asked me. It was a richly satisfying experience, and I've never forgotten it.

Decoration Day was an important holiday when I was a child. There always was a big military parade in which Civil War veterans (their numbers diminishing each year) rode in carriages, Spanish-American war veterans marched, and bands played stirring Sousa

marches. We would follow the parade to the cemetery to watch the ceremonies during which wreaths were placed at the base of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument. After several inspiring speeches a gun salute would be fired, then the mournful sound of "Taps" would float over the crowd. It was a moving ceremony, one that made us proud that we were Americans. Before going home we would look at the military graves, each decorated with a flag, as they still are on Memorial Day. We would then place flowers on the graves of our loved ones, usually flowers from our own shrubs and gardens. Lilacs and mock orange always remind me of that day.

I visited Braman Street in 1977, and was disappointed to find the pond filled in, houses built over it, and an apartment house occupying the site of our old home. The little house next door was still standing, however, so I took a picture of it. The only people I knew at that time that I remember by name are Doris Giles, (whose father owned a bicycle shop), and the Shirleys. The Shirley girls and my sisters were good friends, and years later Nina Shirley became Al's secretary at Hawkes Plumbing and Heating Company on Church Street in Salem. That building is now a restaurant, but I have a snapshot of it - as well as the office on Saint Peter Street. All the structures that stood across from it are gone - they were torn down during the Salem Renewal Project to make parking space for the stores on Essex Street.

In 1905, the first member of our family left home when sister Anastasia married Joseph Poirier of Danvers.

In 1908, we left our home in Danvers, and moved to Salem.



## SALEM MASSACHUSETTS

208 North Street, (1908-1909)

Our new home was on the corner of North and Woodside Streets in North Salem. I saw it when I visited Salem in 1978, and noticed that it has had a glassed-in porch added to its right side. This was a grand home, for it contained our first gas lights, and our first bathroom with hot and cold running water. Rachel and I took three baths the first day we lived there - one of them as the second load of furniture was being carried in. I remember that exciting moving day, perhaps because we kids sat on big rolls of carpet enjoying a new treat, mollycoddles, that were somewhat like our lollypops, but came in much more enticing flavors: cinnamon, spearmint, peppermint, butterscotch and licorice, as well as the familiar strawberry, lemon and chocolate. There was a small variety store across the street and we visited it many times that day to buy more mollycoddles as well as bottles of soft drinks which we called "tonic". Rachel liked "Moxie", an herb drink that was reputed to be good for you, but it tasted like medicine to me and I hated it. However, since it is still being made, someone must like it.

In this house, big folding doors separated the two parlors. The front one was furnished with a horsehair seat, a green, plush-covered sofa and matching chairs, a whatnot, a pretty rug, elegant lace curtains, and rich heavy draperies. We appreciated the brightness and convenience of gas light, but we kids got heartily sick of the mantles. These were little woven cylinders about three inches high that were gathered at the top and mounted on small ceramic rings that fitted over the gas fixtures. They were like cheesecloth when new, but as soon as they were lit they became extremely brittle and would shatter to ash at a touch or a sudden vibration. Due to their great fragility, we kids were to constantly hear "Don't run or jump in the house! You'll break the mantle!"

At that time, the streetlights also were gas and a lamp-lighter came at dusk to turn them on and light them with a small

flame at the end of a long pole. He came again at dawn to turn them off, but I never was awake to see him then. We had only these dim lights at night, so the streets were really spooky. We children played "hide-and-seek", "run-sheep-run", and other games until the lamplighter came, then it was time to go in - Mother's orders.

Despite their busy lives, Mom and Dad, who were lively and sociable, always found time to spend with us and our friends. They seemed to enjoy sharing in our fun and games, and joined us happily whenever we gathered around the piano or the organ to sing. Dad made the best popcorn balls and chocolate fudge for us, and Mom made the most wonderful Divinity, vinegar candy, and molasses taffy - which meant hilarious taffy pulls.

Although we were a large family, we never seemed to be in want. Mom was very resourceful in always finding a way to stretch a dollar, so we had good food, and were kept well and warm. I treasure the memory of a wonderful life in the midst of a large family with a mother who was courageous, strong, and unselfish, and who had true faith in God to keep His promise to take care of her and hers in every eventuality. Her motto was "It Will Pass", and I never once saw her falter despite the hopelessness of a situation. My father looked to her to find a way to meet any difficulty, and she always found the answer to any problem with hope and confidence. I'm so thankful for her, and I thank God for her influence in my life, for by her example I learned how important it is to be generous, confident, and optimistic.

I loved being next to the youngest in the family because the hand-me-downs were wonderful. My clothes were special and I had many of them from my older sisters. Can you imagine - I had a gorgeous muff of my own when I was only fourteen? Florence had a gray broadcloth coat that had a collar of short gray fur, and a muff to match. I inherited the muff simply because I was taller than she, and it suited me better. With that wonderful muff I could come through a raging blizzard unscathed, for with it held up to my face or behind my head in a storm it would protect me from wind, rain, hail, sleet, and snow. I loved it!



I used to "borrow" some of my sisters' clothes and wear them to Grammar School. I wonder what my English teacher, Miss Ball, thought when I came to class in Victoria's light blue, panne velvet suit that had lace running up both sleeves to the elbows! I was Victoria's pet, so she never chided me, nor told on me. In some outfits it took a bit of doing to get out of the house without being detected, but I was a devious rascal, and I managed. I think that my taste for quality clothes stems from that time. Even to this day I will not buy a cheap dress, coat, or anything else. I wait for the sales, or do without until I find something suitable. It's cheaper in the long run, because good quality clothings lasts, and it is always a joy to wear.

In the early part of this century, transportation was by horse and carriage, or by streetcar. There were horsecars in some cities, but there were none in Danvers or Salem. It cost only five cents to go from Salem Square to the Willows. When I was small, there was a pump in Town House Square, and I believe that both people and animals drank from it. Automobiles were beginning to appear, but airplanes were still far in the future.

At this time, the main streets in the cities were paved, but the small streets were covered only with a layer of tar and sand. How excited we would be when a big, steaming tar wagon would come along to put down a layer of the hot, sticky stuff! The sweating, blackened workmen would tell us to stay on the sidewalk until the tar had been covered with sand, then rolled flat by the even more exciting steamroller that would soon come thundering up the street; but kids being kids, I'm sure that more than one poor mother would have tarry shoes to clean later in the day. There was always tar left unsanded in the gutters for us to pick up and play with, and we even chewed the stuff thinking it would whiten our teeth. It didn't, of course, and it tasted awful!

Sometimes, on hot summer days, a big sprinkler wagon - a tank affair with a pair of sprayers on the back - would come by to lay the dust. Naturally, all the kids in the neighborhood would run along behind it, madly trying to poke their feet into the spray. The driver would pay absolutely no attention, being fully accus-

tomed to this foolishness going on behind him wherever he went.

There were many delivery wagons in those days, from light spring carts to heavy drays. Mother bought some of her food supplies from deliverymen who came on a regular schedule, and, even as a child, I found some of their wagons fascinating.

The Friend's Bakery wagon was filled with delicious smelling breads, cakes and pies, the latter in shallow little drawers that were especially intriguing to me. The A & P Tea Company wagon smelled aromatically of coffee, which Mom bought in the bean and ground herself. The Kennedy wagon carried eggs in crates, butter in tubs, and cheese in enormous cartwheels.

The meat cart was kept very cold and very clean. Mother would go out with a big pan to choose the cut she wanted. Talking all the while, the genial butcher would trim the meat, weigh it, and bone it if asked. Then he would close the doors with a bang, wipe his hands on his apron - and add up the cost. After Mother had paid him, he would sometimes give a bone to our dog before going on his way.

The fish man announced his arrival by blowing a loud tin horn. The fish would be spread out on a bed of ice, and be very fresh. Can you imagine fish being only six, eight, and ten cents a pound? Mom would buy a big mackerel or halibut - or a large haddock which she would stuff and bake, or make into a savory fish chowder which she would serve with old-fashioned chowder crackers. I haven't seen any of those for years! Sometimes she would buy oysters for a rich stew, which Dad loved.

Hood's milkman came every morning, and left our milk in a gallon can, until bottles were introduced. It was unpasteurized in those days. In freezing weather, the cream would rise about an inch above the bottle top, and we liked to slice it off and eat it like ice cream.

The iceman came daily. Mom had an ice card with four numbers around it - 10, 25, 50, 100 - which she would put in the



window with the number denoting the pounds needed that day at the top of the card. The iceman wore a big rubber apron, and a protective shoulder pad. While we kids gathered around to chew on slivers and chips of ice, he would pull a large block of it to the tail of the wagon with a long hook, chop a line across it with his pick - he knew where, for it would split just right every time - grab the required piece with his big tongs and carry it into the house. Water from the icebox drained into a big flat pan underneath it, and this had to be emptied daily, a chore often forgotten. Many an overflowing icepan have I mopped up after! In winter Mother would put a lidded box on the porch in which to keep foods that wouldn't be damaged by freezing. How we rejoiced at the coming of the electric refrigerator! It's hard to realize that as late as the 1920's there were only ten electrical appliances available to the homemaker. Besides the refrigerator, they were - washer, stove, vacuum cleaner, toaster, hot plate, fan, dishwasher, clock and iron.

Many peddlers came through the streets selling a great variety of wares: pails, pots and pans, brooms, coffee pots, clocks, mirrors, health tonics, even hats! There were wily Armenian rug sellers, and Italians who sold statuary. There were drummers who sold corsets, linens, jewelry, brushes and combs, ribbons and laces, creams, lotions, and fancy soaps. They were glib talkers, and it was hard not to fall for their slick line.

In winter, the deliverymen used pungs, which were low wagons on runners, or wagons converted to pungs by having their wheels removed and runners substituted. These vehicles moved so slowly that we often hitched our sled to the back of them for a nice, effortless ride. Most of the horses wore bells, so the air would be filled with a delightful musical tinkling as the pungs glided over the snow.

We lived on North Street just a little over a year, then moved to Osborne Street, not very far away.

12 Osborne Street, (1909-1912)

Our new home on Osborne Street, just around the corner from North Street, was a big three-story house set flush with the sidewalk. In addition to the usual downstairs rooms, it had five bedrooms and an attic. Either the house was very drafty, or I was unusually sensitive to cold, for I remember what a comfort it was to me each fall when Dad put on the heavy storm windows and doors to help keep out the strong winter winds.

The large, bright attic was my favorite part of the house, not only because I slept in one of the finished rooms there, but because it was where I spent quiet hours alone, and happy, creative hours with my friends. The unfinished section of the attic was used for storage, and it held a clutter of broken, outmoded, and seldom-used articles that were a rich source of props for us. There were also several big, battered trunks that contained old pictures, souvenirs, discarded clothing, old hats, shoes, and other odds and ends that were fascinating for young girls to examine, dress up in, and play with. The contents of those trunks and a bulging ragbag made me the envy of the neighborhood! All these fabulous discards made it possible for us to live in a world of fantasy for a few hours and become anyone, or anything we wanted to be. Needless to say we made the most of these treasures, for we were incredibly inventive, resourceful, and blessed with lively imaginations. Using appropriate props and dress, we performed very odd weddings; we sang, danced, and even tried to warble opera; we played school and I loved being the teacher and exerting power over my pupils. I always had a ruler handy and would use it freely whenever my students failed to obey me, or pay attention to my instructions. (I can't, for the life of me, ever remember being a pupil!) That attic made a very satisfactory hospital where we treated the sick, performed surgery and, of course, delivered babies. The poor mother always had her tummy slit wide open (miraculously, without blood), and out would pop the baby. I don't remember our ever delivering twins, and we didn't even think of boy babies in those days. However, I'm sure that



some of the neighborhood parents were appalled at the knowledge their offspring acquired in that attic. With older brothers and sisters, I couldn't help learning of adult bouts with the world, and I imparted this knowledge freely.

When I think of my wonderful hours in that attic, I can't understand to this day why I didn't try to pursue a career in the theater - a career that would not only have been gloriously exciting, but I think one that would have suited me, for even as a child I loved pretending. I would imagine myself to be an actress, an opera singer, a ballet dancer, a lovely princess, or even a fairy queen who would grant her friends' fondest wishes with a wave of her magic wand. What marvelous dreams and flights of fancy were mine in that enchanted attic. Is it any wonder that it has remained a magical place in my memory?

Today, at the age of 81, I'm glad of my impulse, several years ago, to create "attics" for my two darling, imaginative, creative grand-daughters. I bought two foot-lockers, and filled them with antiques, mementos of the past, and some of their Daddy's early handwork. It was fun for them to come and visit me, and in due time they would ask permission to play with their "attics". It is gratifying to see that they are sentimental about things dating back through the years, and I'm happy to see that they care about my, and their Daddy's, souvenirs and keepsakes of past events and experiences. Family souvenirs and traditions are very important to me because we lost every personal possession in the Salem Fire in 1914. A few mementos that were in the hands of relatives have been given to me, and I treasure them - especially the old family pictures.

We had a lot of company in this house - suitors, friends, aunts, uncles, and cousins. Cousin Regina, from Nebraska, stayed a whole year. Whenever the Poiriers came to visit from Danvers, Oscar, George and I would rush to the corner of our street to meet the trolley, and fight to see who could get our hands on Ernest and Florence first - we loved those first grand-children.

My parents were both very practical, capable and industrious,



and, being skillful with their hands, were able to do many things, and do them well.

Mom was an excellent home-maker. She wasn't the type to appear in the morning in a robe; she came down fully dressed and ready to start a new day. She was blessed with boundless energy and kept herself busy from dawn to bedtime. Besides all the daily tasks connected with raising a large family, she did much canning, and made her own delicious sausage, pickles, picalilli, cottage cheese, butter, and jams and jellies. When we had apple trees, she also made tangy apple butter.

She was a fine seamstress and made many of our clothes - including suits for my brothers when they were young. Having been carefully taught not to waste anything, she transformed our out-grown woolens into handsome braided rugs, and her left-over sewing materials into lovely warm quilts.

She would sit patiently hour after hour cutting up old woollen clothing into long strips, deftly twist them into long braids, then, with strong thread, sew them into the beautiful thick rugs that looked so handsome in the halls and bedrooms.

I think she especially enjoyed making quilts. Using a cardboard pattern, she would cut fancy shaped pieces from the prettiest cotton and silk fabrics. These she would sew by hand into squares, then by machine into long strips that were joined to make the top of the quilt. On her quilting frame, she would lay the lining down first, then the batting, then the top. By hand, with tiny running stitches or fancy featherstitch, she would sew the three layers together. Simpler quilts were joined with only a knot tied in the corner of each square. Women often met for a quilting bee to enjoy an afternoon of companionship, gossip and refreshments - and to work together on one of these beautiful bedcovers.

Dad was an expert blacksmith, and in his later years an expert automobile mechanic. He had a creative, active mind, and was always thinking up new ideas for inventions that he

hoped to develop and sell. Some of them were clever and might have been successful if he had had the money to promote and market them. He was very proficient in the use of all tools and could repair and replace anything.

One of his chores was keeping our shoes repaired. Bringing up six girls and three boys gave him plenty of practice so he was an excellent cobbler. He used extra thick leather because we all had clamp-on skates that were hard on the sole. I used to like to watch him. He would put a shoe on the last and pull off the old sole. Then he would cut a new one, trim it to fit, file the edges smooth, and nail it on. He held the nails in his mouth, cobbler fashion, took out one at a time, and pounded it in with a good whack! Heels lasted much longer in those days, because good leather was used, and little metal pieces were attached to keep them from wearing out too soon. Dad also oiled our shoes to protect them from rain and snow.

I went to the Pickering School, and whenever we kids came in with wet feet we were allowed to take off our shoes, and the teacher would line them up by the stove to dry. It was fun to walk around in our stocking-feet until recess. At home, we put our wet shoes - upside down with their tongues hanging out - under the stove alongside the cat's bed and milk saucer.

Shoes were considered expensive in those days at \$1.50 to \$2.00 a pair. Unfortunately, my feet were hard to fit, because I needed a combination last - a long vamp and a narrow heel. I'll never forget the first time that Mother had to pay \$5.00 for a pair of Red Cross corrective shoes for me. Boy! I certainly took care of those!

When I was about eleven, I attended the Misses James' classes in Dance and Deportment, conducted by two dignified, proper spinsters. Miss Harriet taught us, and her sister played the piano. We girls wore white dresses, Mary Jane shoes, and short white gloves; the boys wore blue pants, white blouses, and red ties. We would file in in pairs to greet the ladies - the girls with a curtsy, the boys with a bow - then take our places on little chairs around



the room. When the music began, the boys, with a polite bow, had to ask us to dance - and it was quite plain from their expression just what they thought of this! We would circle self-consciously around the room under Miss Harriet's eagle eye, being gently corrected now and again, not enjoying ourselves very much, and not learning very much either, though perhaps a few of us did guide our feet into a decent waltz and a sedate two step. After class both ladies would station them selves at the door to receive our goodnight bow or curtsey.

In the early 1900's, before the advent of the automobile, radio, and television, our amusements were simple and unsophisticated. We visited. We went on picnics, to beaches, amusement parks, the theater, the movies, and the circus.

Like all kids, we loved to spend a day at the beach. There were grand long beaches at Swampscott and Lynn, with fine, white sand and crashing waves, but they were miles away, so we had to settle for our own little beach at Salem Willows, with its coarse sand and practically no waves at all. We didn't mind too much, however, since there were other things besides bathing for us to do there. The Willows was, and still is, a tree-shaded, much-used park on Juniper Point which juts out into Salem Harbor. We loved the few amusement rides, the shooting gallery, and what would now be called a penny arcade. Under the trees there was a unique, very old merry-go-round adored by all the children of Salem - on which I always sat on an outside horse so I could try to grab the brass ring that would entitle me to a free ride. There was an upstairs dancehall where popular dancebands played - which didn't mean anything to us - a bandstand for concerts on Sundays and holidays, a small private yacht club with a flotilla of boats moored in front of it, and a short pier from which boats departed for harbor cruises, and round-trip excursions to Marblehead. Three fine restaurants noted for their superb shore dinners attracted diners from miles away, but of more interest to us were the tempting foodstands that filled the air with the mouthwatering smells of hot dogs, hamburgers, peppersteak sandwiches, chopsuey, popcorn, and salt water kisses. Fortunately for the people of Salem, the

Hobbs family is still making the best popcorn and salt water kisses in the world. The latter come in the most delightful flavors: lime, orange, wintergreen, peppermint, anise, molasses, and my favorite - butterscotch with a peanut butter center. The frantically clicking and twisting machines are still in place behind the counter, and children stand wide-eyed, as we did, to watch one machine stretch the candy into a beautiful glossy ribbon, and another quickly cut it, efficiently wrap it, and toss it out into a big bin. Whenever I go to Salem, I visit the Willows and buy boxes of Hobbs' kisses to bring back to California.

Beaches were one thing, but a trip to Revere, an amusement beach between Lynn and Boston, was something else. This was an adventure, one of the big highlights of summer, and we were lucky to be taken there once a year.

Even getting there was fun. We would take the trolley to Lynn, then change to the Narrow Gauge train - so called because of its narrow tracks - for Revere. We looked forward to this part of the trip but I don't know why because it was always an uncomfortable ride. Since people always wore best clothes for such an excursion, we were overdressed. It was always hot, and the open windows allowed smoke, soot, and cinders to blow freely into our eyes, and settle in a gritty layer on our best clothes.

If we went bathing, we hired suits, and were they ugly!! Women and girls still wore the Gay Nineties suit with bloomers and long black stockings; men and boys actually wore the striped suit one sees in comedies today. We never stayed in the water very long because Revere Beach usually had a lot of stringy seaweed, and besides, we were impatient to get to the attractions whose thunderous roar and tinny music came wafting to us from across the way.

The amusements stretched along the beach for more than a mile, and we would walk the whole length to see them all. I remember the enormous Ferris wheel whose cars swung sickeningly in the wind; the Virginia Reel with big tubs that whirled as they zigzagged



down an ersatz mountain; and three roller coasters that more than lived up to their names - the Thunderbolt with its heart-stopping drops, the Cyclone with its incredible speed, and the Lightning with its vertical loop at the bottom that was scary just to look at! Of course, there were all the usual attractions of a seaside amusement park - Tunnel of Love, sideshows, Whips, funhouses, merry-go-rounds, distorting mirrors, and a mirror maze in which I nearly died of fright until I was rescued and brought out in tears. It was exhilarating to walk along with the crowd, a little dazed by the color and excitement, breathing in the sharp, salt smell of the sea that was enriched with the odors of frying hamburgers, sizzling hot dogs, salt water taffy, hot buttered popcorn, and roasting peanuts.

I remember the Hippodrome, the largest and most beautiful of the several indoor merry-go-rounds. I've never seen so many lights on a carousel, and it was gorgeously decorated with mirrored and painted panels outlined in gold. The elegantly ornamented horses, four abreast, rode up and down on shining golden poles that were topped by crescents of gleaming lights. It was exquisitely lovely, and its sparkling beauty was doubled by being reflected in long, central mirrors.

We all loved The Pit, the largest of the funhouses. It was popular with all ages, and on Sundays it would be full of husbands and swains trying to impress their wives and lady friends - who could watch all the activity from an upper gallery. There were slides, moving stairs, revolving barrels, spinning disks, chutes, and bridges with airblowers. How the women screamed when their skirts went flying up over their unsuspecting heads! All these contraptions were designed to help us break our necks, but it was great fun, and we adored the place. On weekdays children would bring lunch and stay all day.

The last train would leave for Lynn at eleven o'clock, filled with exhausted parents and fussy, sleepy children. Full of what is now called junk food, we would catch the last trolley at Lynn Square for Salem, already looking forward to next year's trip to Revere!

At some point during the summer, lurid posters would appear all over town, and we knew that the Circus was coming! In this day of colorful spectaculars, dazzling ice shows, and color movies and television, it is hard to describe just what the circus meant to us. It was our one glimpse of an unfamiliar tinsel world completely removed from the commonplace. How we kids looked forward to its arrival!

On the big day, excited boys would rise at the crack of dawn and rush down to the railroad siding to watch the cars unload, then follow the animals to the circus grounds, hoping to be chosen to carry water and feed in exchange for a ticket to the show.

There was always a colorful parade in the forenoon which we were let out of school to see, and I remember standing at the curb clutching a balloon, or a little yellow whirling canary on a stick, waiting with rapidly beating heart for the first cry of "Here it comes!" I would gaze in awe as the garishly painted wagons rolled by in which sat brass bands in uniforms of red and gold; performers in satins, spangles and plumes; and clowns in outlandish costumes. I would gape open-mouthed at the shambling elephants, snooty camels, and the wild animals in their heavily barred cages. I was always thrilled to see "Buffalo Bill", Colonel William F. Cody, who was a handsome man with a white mustache, white goatee, and long white hair. Dressed in western clothes and a big ten-gallon hat, he rode in a smart little carriage pulled by high-stepping horses, and was followed by his troupe of real cowboys, and group of Indians from western tribes. I was always sorry to hear the tootling of the calliope, because it signaled the end of the parade.

Performances were held in a huge, hastily erected tent in those days, and the ground would be covered with sawdust. We would visit the menagerie first to view the exotic animals; then go through the sideshow to see the Strong Man, the Fat Lady, the Sword Swallower, and the rest before entering the main tent and taking our places, usually in the cheap bleacher seats. These were rather hard and uncomfortable. But when the show began we forgot discomfort as we sat bedazzled by color and sound,



hardly knowing where to look first as daring trapeze artists flew through the air, nimble tightrope walkers danced on their wires, and brave animal trainers put wild beasts through their dangerous tricks. Between these thrilling acts came the clowns, making us shout with laughter at their ridiculous antics. It was superb, enchanting, wonderful!!

There was an extra charge to stay for Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, but it was worth it. His cowboys and Indians came dashing out on spirited horses and lively ponies to perform marvelous tricks of riding, roping, and marksmanship. Before 1900, Annie Oakley, the world's greatest markswoman, had been a featured performer of this amazing western group. The finale was always an Indian attack on a wagon train - accompanied by bloodcurdling whoops, piercing screams and noisy gunfire. It was almost too realistic and made us shiver in our shoes - but we loved it.

Today's circus in a huge indoor arena isn't the same. One can't walk around in the wet grass under the night sky listening to the barkers selling their wares, watching the roustabouts taking down the "big top" getting ready to move on to the next city, and filling oneself with peanuts and popcorn. It is a world that has changed, and I'm glad I saw it when it was perhaps a bit tawdry around the edges, but contained an aura of mystery and magic.

While we lived on Osborne Street, we witnessed an important historical event. We saw Halley's Comet in 1910.

In 1911, my sister Victoria and a partner, Marion Shapleigh, started a successful stenographic business - The Salem Perfect Letter Company - in a building opposite Webber's. I thought this was great, because I used to go down and earn a little money by folding letters and sealing envelopes.

In 1912, we moved to South Salem. By this time two more members of the family had left home. In 1910, Frank married Julia Holland of Boston, and in 1911, Lena married John Costello of Peabody.



10 Hancock Street, (1912-1914)

When I was fourteen we moved to Hancock Street, just off Lafayette Street, in South Salem. This was another nice house, and it had our first telephone, the kind that hung on the wall. My sisters were dating, so we had many lovely parties in this house.

During these years, I attended the old Saltonstall School, and also took dancing lessons, because I wanted very much to become a ballerina. I was more than thrilled when my dancing teacher invited six of us to participate in a program to be held in late June at a beautiful estate in Beverly Farms. We all worked very hard to perfect the classical Grecian number we were to perform as we came tripping gracefully over a velvet-green lawn, and Mother was making the pretty flowing costume I was to wear.

One Sunday Aunt Victoria and Uncle Jim came over for dinner and Aunt Vic wandered into the sewing room, saw the costume, and asked who was to wear it. When Mother told her about the tableau and said it was for me, Aunt Vic exclaimed, "Olive, you can't mean that you're going to permit Ruby to make a spectacle of herself with those long legs of hers!" I overheard, and have never forgotten those words, for it was one of the darkest moments of my life. I had always loved to express myself in dance and, until that shattering moment, had thought I was very talented.

Despite my aunt's cruel remark, I still would have enjoyed being part of that pretty program. But fate decreed otherwise. Just a few days before it was to be held, our home and all our possessions, including my costume, were burned in the Salem fire of 1914. Thus ended my dream of becoming a member of the Ballet Russe!

The same tragic event was also responsible for my not becom-

ing an opera singer, or a concert pianist.

I loved to play the piano and sing, and my Saturday chores included cleaning the piano keys. I performed all my tasks well until I came to the piano, then I just had to sit down and compose. Sometimes my songs were gay, and sometimes sad - the latter apparently the more successful for tears would fill my eyes, my breast would heave, and my voice would tremble.

Directly across the street from us lived a lovely elderly couple, Professor and Mrs. Alfred Newcomb. He taught piano and voice, was illustrious in the musical world, and was greatly loved and respected by everyone who knew him. Now, either the Professor knew real talent when he heard it, or he thought some improvement was in order, for one day his wife invited me to tea, and during the visit he asked me if I would like to study with him. Of course I accepted with delight, especially since I knew that he was nearing retirement and was accepting no new students. He offered to give me both voice and piano lessons if my parents would buy the necessary music books. This was quickly agreed, and I was told to rest my voice(??) and read a suggested book on musical masters during summer vacation. He and his wife were to leave in a few days to spend the summer at their cottage on Baker's Island in Salem Harbor, and my lessons would begin upon their return in the fall.

What a wonderful dream was mine! To be an opera star! A concert pianist! Or both!! But just a few days after that lovely tea, both their home and ours were completely destroyed in the fire. They remained at Baker's Island, and when we finally returned to Salem in 1915 I learned that he had died there.

The Salem Fire started in what was known as "Blubber Hollow", a section off Boston Street, at two o'clock on June 25th, 1914, and it spread rapidly.

That afternoon I had gone down to the little beach behind the Saltonstall School from which I had graduated only the night before. It was a very hot day, so bathing was a very welcome



relief from the oppressive heat. I heard the fire alarm, but didn't pay much attention to it. When it sounded a second time I became uneasy, and when a general alarm sounded I knew the fire was a serious one, so I became frightened and headed for home. By this time I could smell smoke, and could see a black cloud of it about a mile away. By the time I started up our street, embers were already drifting down and setting wood-shingled roofs afire, and people were covering the lower sections to keep the fires from spreading. Even Professor Newcomb was fighting a blaze on top of his porch. Since our roof was of slates, I thought our house would be safe. I was wrong.

While Mother was calmly deciding what to do, Dad suddenly appeared from Swampscott, where he was then working. He was deeply worried, for he had had trouble getting through to us, knew that the fire was a big one, and that it was spreading fast. He told Mother to gather together all the articles she thought were important to save and put them at the curb for him to pick up when he returned; meanwhile he would take some chickens we had, and Florence's trunk, which was packed with her best clothes for a vacation to the White Mountains, to a safe place just a short distance away out of the path of the fire.

Rachel and I helped Mother collect important papers, family pictures, clothes, blankets, and suitcases filled with silver and other valuables. I even put out my own little treasures, including my graduation gifts. But before Dad could return, the militia came through and ordered everyone to leave IMMEDIATELY, for the fire was burning only two streets away. Mother grabbed the family papers and her black seal coat, and I grabbed our cat, and she, Rachel and I started walking. I remember how frightened we were as we walked, with the other evacuees, down Lafayette Street, through choking smoke, stumbling over the network of hoses with which shouting firemen were still wetting down the smoldering ruins on both sides of us. We trudged about three miles, all the way to Hale Street in Beverly to the home of Marion Shapleigh's grandparents, with whom she lived. They were very kind and concerned, and invited us to stay with them as long as we wished.

Rachel and I were still very frightened, being afraid that the fire could yet reach us, but we had come over the Beverly Bridge and were safe, since Salem Harbor kept the flames from spreading to Beverly. We watched the Pequot Mills burn with a spectacular blaze that lit the whole inner harbor. Many people were homeless, and we heard families walk past all night long carrying big bundles of clothing. Those unable to find shelter with relatives or friends were housed in tents quickly set up on Salem Common. It took us two worried days to locate the various members of our family and find them all safe and staying with relatives and friends.

The fire raged for two days, leaving most of South Salem in ruins. The entire area was patrolled by the National Guard to prevent looting, and it wasn't until the fourth day that we were allowed to return. I remember Mother's shocked face as she looked at the site of our house, now just a blackened, rubble-filled cellar in which we recognized only a few furniture springs, some broken pieces of marble that had once been pretty table tops, and the twisted strings of our beloved piano. With tears in her eyes, Mother picked up a cracked, scorched teacup, and a partly melted spoon, and we kept these for years - the only reminders of that lovely home.

Mom and Dad were very valiant and optimistic. They assured us that we would soon have another home, and we did. About a month later, we moved into a rented house in Swampscott.

By 1914, another member of the family had left home, for George was married to Laura Pariseau of Salem in 1913.



SWAMPSCOTT, MASSACHUSETTS

Pine Street, (1914-1915)

Our new home was a compact little two-story house that I found quite attractive and livable. Before we moved in, Mother furnished it completely in one swoop when she heard of a home in Lynn that had its entire contents for sale. She promptly bought the lot - everything needed to furnish a parlor, dining room, and four bedrooms - including rugs, lamps, curtains, pictures, pots and pans, dishes, linens and bedding, a sewing machine, even a piano! Living with someone else's belongings was a new and interesting experience - it was almost like being a long-staying guest in someone's home.

Strangely, after going through that terrible fire, we moved directly across from a fire station! I really never knew whether this was just coincidence, or whether my parents felt safer there. The station contained only the big steam engine and the three big horses that pulled it. In the daytime, we loved to go over and pet the horses and the big Dalmatian (yes, there was one!), and talk to the firemen. But at night, for as long as we lived there, we didn't enjoy being jerked out of a sound sleep by the frightful racket that broke out across from us whenever there was a fire.

As soon as the alarm sounded downtown, it was repeated by a loud bell in the station. Then pandemonium broke loose! With much shouting, firemen would slide down the emergency pole, rush around getting steam up in the big boiler, and - with much jingling and clanking - hitch up the stamping, whinnying horses by lowering the already positioned, suspended harnesses onto their backs. By the time that engine rolled out and thundered off into the night hissing steam, belching smoke, and shooting sparks, the whole neighborhood would be very wide awake! As if this weren't punishment enough, the whole business was repeated in reverse when the engine returned, with the added grievance of a roll call - to which every man responded with a loud "Here".

From our house, it was a short walk to the sea at King's

Beach. This was a long, smooth expanse of fine white sand that sloped gently down into the water. There was a high seawall with short flights of stairs descending to the sand, and along its top ran a pretty lawn-edge walk with evenly spaced benches. This was a popular place for Sunday strolls, since it also extended the length of Lynn Beach, making it a pleasant seaside walk of several miles.

At this lovely beach the waves were not too intimidating, and we loved to bathe there, but occasionally it would be patrolled by lifeguards, and no one would be allowed to enter the water because of dangerous riptides caused by an irregular bottom formation offshore.

During storms, however, the surf was wild and spectacular. People would dress in rainclothes and go down to watch the huge angry waves come dashing in to smash against the seawall with a booming roar and send up great fountains of spray that drenched the roadway.

While we lived in Swampscott, Dad ran a little variety store on Ocean Street. But this did not provide a living, and besides, none of the family felt at home in Swampscott, so after staying there about a year, we moved back to Salem.



SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS

8 Ash Street, (1915-1916)

It was good to be back in Salem again. Our new home was a two-story house just around the corner from the old Federal Theater, and only a five minute walk from the stores on Essex Street, and Town House Square. In 1978, this whole area of Federal and Ash Streets was razed to make room for parking, but Federal Street, west of Washington, remains the same, with the handsome Tabernacle Church, and the stately Courthouses still standing.

It was on Ash Street that the large family reunion was held; a lovely affair. It was then that Mother's brothers, Uncles Jim and Oliver, presented to her, in a touching ceremony, the family Coat-of-Arms. There are two pictures that were taken during this reunion - one of our immediate family, and one of our family and all our guests.

Now that I was seventeen, I felt it was time for me to carry out my plans for becoming a nurse. Unfortunately these hopes were dashed when I learned that a weak back made me unacceptable for training.

In my early teens I had developed a curvature of the spine, and after suffering for two years, Mom took me to a specialist in Boston, Doctor Joel Goldthwaite, who gave me a brace to wear. This was a framework, similar to the back of a chair, that was to be worn under a heavy corset. It relieved the backaches, but it was miserably uncomfortable to wear, especially on hot summer days. I was bitterly disappointed in not being able to carry out my plans, for I felt that I would have made an excellent nurse. I also had to give up any idea of further schooling, and had to be content with home sessions in English and Literature.

In the end, however, I found it rather fun to start out in the business world and look for a job to earn a few dollars. First, I worked one Christmas at Woolworth's for a dollar a night. Then

I graduated to Webber's, where I worked in the toy department at a little better salary. But my most interesting job was with the Salem Telephone Company, where I worked as an operator, then as a Toll operator, from 1916 to 1918.

Before being allowed to try out on the switchboard, we newcomers had to attend classes to learn the techniques. If you've ever observed a board in a hotel or a business firm, you've seen one not unlike the one I worked on more than sixty years ago. It was a far cry from the modern, sophisticated ones of today.

It was made up of MULTIPLES, which were in numbered blocks of 100 JACKS, and each operator could handle all the jacks within her reach. The CORDS (one behind the other) and their corresponding KEYS were in front of her. She picked up a back cord to answer a light, and the corresponding front one to plug in the number asked for.

When a light went on, she would answer it by plugging in the back cord, opening the key that went with it, and say "Number Ple-ase?" She would repeat the number with the proper diction: Seven, ni-enn, thrrre, fi-uve for 7935, plug the front plug into the correct jack in the multiple (in this case, the 35 jack in the 7900 block in the multiple) open the corresponding key, and ring the number.

Our home number was 2347-M, so it was located in the 47 jack in the 2300 block. It was a six-party line separated into two sets of rings, and neither side could hear the other side's ring. M-J-X were the rings on one side, W-R-Y on the other. There was one ring for M and W; two for J and R; three of X and Y. Therefore our M number had a single ring.

Toll calls were handled by the Toll operator. Records of charge calls were made on slips, and the operator had to time each call when the red light came on at the end of the conversation. We worked an eight-hour shift, and were given our schedule each week. I believe that our starting salary was \$16.00, with a raise every six months. I also had some telephone stock!



The high point of my career as a telephone operator was winning first prize at the Telephone Operator's Annual Ball for the most original costume. I went as a "Hello Girl" with a novel, colorful costume that was covered with different countries, and had a wire leading to them from my mouthpiece. I even had one leading to Santa at the North Pole!

Unfortunately, my back problem had been troubling me, and it finally became so much worse that I had to give up this fascinating work.

When I was in my late teens, Saturday night was the most exciting night of the week, because everyone went "downtown." We thought we were the height of fashion, but we must have been a dull looking lot with our minimum of makeup, long hair done up in rats, and clothes down to our ankles. It was "the thing" to walk down Essex Street and join the crowd of shoppers, strollers, and people bound for the theater and movies. We would stop to listen to the Salvation Army band tootling away in Town House Square, and go into a dime store to listen to a piano-playing vocalist give an enthusiastic rendition of one of the latest song hits which customers would request before buying the sheet music. These nimble-fingered pianists also made the rolls for the player pianos that sounded so mechanical.

Admission to the movies was ten cents, five for children. "Please remove your hats" was flashed on the screen before every performance. The operator ran the projector - cranking it by hand - in a hot, airless little booth, and when the thousand-foot reel had been run through, he had to rewind it for the next show. For light source, the machine had an arc lamp which contained two rods of carbon. These had to be adjusted constantly, or they would burn away, and also they had to be centered exactly in front of the lens or the picture, not having enough light, would either go half dark or disappear altogether! When this happened - or when the film broke - both of which happened frequently, the audience would stamp and whistle, while the poor operator would work like mad in his torrid, stifling booth to adjust the rods or mend the film. For the latter, he had to scrape the broken

edges of the film, then splice it together by applying a very fast-drying cement that smelled like banana oil. When the film came on again, the audience would show its approval by stamping and clapping like crazy.

One was sure to meet friends, either on the street, at a drug-store soda fountain, or at Moustakis's, the fanciest ice cream parlor in town. College ices, coffee velvets, and ice cream sodas were very popular since they cost only ten cents. Fancy sundaes were fifteen cents, and banana splits were considered expensive at a quarter. Ice cream cones were only a nickel in those good old days.

I had the wonderful experience of being taken, by Victoria, to the Empire Theater to see Madame Sarah Bernhardt in "Camille". This was during her final American tour after having been sixty-five years on the stage. She was considered to be the world's finest actress at that time, and she was amazing. I remember how her voice trembled during the dramatic scenes. She traveled in her own luxuriously appointed railroad car. She died in 1923.

Florence was married to Lewis West of Vermont in this house in 1915.

In 1916, we moved back to South Salem.



10 Cypress Street, (1916-1919)

When we returned to South Salem, we moved into a house on Lyme Street, not very far from Hancock Street, and were horrified to find it infested with roaches and bedbugs. Mom didn't even bother to unpack, but immediately went out to find us a better home. On the very next street she discovered an attractive, modern two-story house for sale, arranged to buy it, and we moved into it in less than a week. She made sure that we had brought no vermin along with us!

It was from this house that Oscar left to serve in France with the American Expeditionary Forces during World War One. My sweetheart, Wesley Grover, to whom I had become engaged in 1917, also went overseas. He asked me to wait for him, and we planned to marry as soon as he returned. While he was away, I spent every spare minute embroidering lovely linens, which I stored in a new cedar "hope chest" until they would be used in our new home.

It was also here that I lived through the terrible influenza epidemic of 1918. I'll never forget that!

My sweetheart's brother, Harry, was in the Navy and stationed on a ship in Boston. Whenever he could, he came to Salem to visit his girl, Ruth Kennedy, who was a good friend of mine. On this particular day, he, Ruth and I went to dinner at his mother's in Gardner Park. Strangely, both Ruth and I had come down with splitting headaches that became progressively worse as the evening wore on. Since the members of my family were out of town and I was staying alone in the house, I asked Ruth to spend the night. Finally our headaches became so severe that I was frightened, and called Victoria in Boston and asked her to come home. She found two very ill young women and immediately took Ruth home. She called the doctor for me, and I have the distinction of being Doctor Hardy Phippen's first influenza patient. Since he had never seen the disease, he diagnosed it as the Black Plague! Fortunately, it was

just the beginning of the epidemic so a nurse was found to care for me; a week later nurses were impossible to find for they came down with the disease like everyone else.

To put it mildly, I was desperately ill. I lost all my hair, and my lips and tongue cracked from the high fever. My nurse stayed for three weeks, then she came down with the 'flu. After she had recovered she came to see me, and I still couldn't lift my head off the pillow. I remember that my mouth tasted of kerosene for a long time, and I raised phlegm for many weeks.

Rachel, who was staying with friends, came down with the 'flu just a few hours before I did. Not realizing how ill she was, she boarded a streetcar for Lynn, and reached Stasia's just in time to collapse on the doorstep. Stasia nursed her for weeks, along with Ernest who also caught the disease.

It was an especially virulent bug, and there was no known medicine with which to fight it. The death toll was appalling: 548,000 in this country, and 20,000,000 throughout the world.

When I was finally able to get out of bed, I was extremely thin and very weak. Florence urged me to come to the farm to recuperate, and as soon as I was able to travel I did so. With hearty country meals and wonderful country air, I finally regained my health and strength.

I remember Armistice Day that ended World War One. Mom, Dad and I were in Bridgeport, having driven down in the old Cadillac at George's suggestion that we get jobs at Remington Arms. We did, and for a short time the three of us worked in the bayonet division making \$25.00 a week, which was very good money in those days.

There had been a premature signing of the Armistice, but when it was officially signed at 11.00 A.M. on November 11th, 1918 - the eleventh hour, of the eleventh day, of the eleventh month - everyone, and I mean EVERYONE took to the streets, hysterical with joy. We cried, shouted, blew horns, banged on washtubs,



and hugged and kissed everyone we could get our hands on. Anyone who was alive on that noisy, happy day has never forgotten it. Churchbells rang, whistles blew, people danced in the streets and celebrated with anything that made a noise. There was music everywhere - by hastily assembled bands and orchestras, and by anyone who could get his hands on a musical instrument. It was a wild, mad, boisterous day. In the evening there were booming, dazzling fireworks that shook the earth and lit the skies from one end of the country to the other. There was never, and has never been since, a Victory Day like it!

I had a special reason for celebrating. Oscar and Wesley were coming home! Oscar arrived first, and we had a wonderful welcoming party for him, with all the relatives in attendance. When Wesley's ship came in, Mom, Dad, George, Laura and I went to New York to meet him. I was so thrilled at the thought of seeing him again! But to my astonishment, I found him completely changed, and he seemed such a stranger to me that I felt I hardly knew him.

We continued dating, however, but after a time we both realized that we really didn't know each other very well even after all that time. Wisely, we decided not to see each other for two months to test ourselves, and when this stretched to six months I knew that we were not right for each other, and I chose not to marry him.

In 1915, after renewing his courtship, Lewis West had proposed to Florence. She accepted him, and went to live with him and his parents on their farm in Vermont. Grandma and Grandpa West were a dear, elderly couple who had returned to the farm homestead in their later years, and Lewis had joined them there when he became fed up with life in the city.

I made many trips to the farm, and I loved visiting there. Even the journey up was fun! I would take three trains - one to Boston, one to White River Junction, and the last headed for Burlington, from which I would get off at Thetford, or Ely, to catch the mail stage out to my destination about five miles away. By the time I got there, I would feel like a world traveler!

The farm was large, and since its income was from dairying, there were many cows housed in a huge barn. Occasionally, Grandpa West would invite me to accompany him to town on creamery day, and I loved the stories he told me about the neighbors for miles around. I never knew my grandparents for they had all passed away, so I envied anyone who still had theirs. Grandma West was the only "grandmother" I ever had. She was a beautiful person who taught me much, and I loved her dearly.

Sometimes, on moonlight nights, we would all go down the road to visit a neighbor, and it would be lovely walking together in the soft, silvery light. A night without a moon was something else, however; there were no streetlights of course, so the whole countryside would be so completely plunged in darkness that I wouldn't dare venture out alone. Even my bedroom would be pitch black. Unaccustomed to country stillness in which every small sound is greatly magnified, I would lie in bed listening uneasily to the chirps and cries of the night insects, and the faint creakings of the old house, longing for a room-mate to keep me company. But all such thoughts would flee in the morning when I would wake to the cheerful sound of roosters crowing, and find my room flooded with daylight.

At the farm, I had my first experience with maple sugaring. The sugarbush, as a stand of sugar maples is called, was on a hill with a southern exposure. The sap would begin to run in late winter when the days became warm, but the nights still remained cold. The trees would then be tapped, the spouts inserted, and the buckets hung beneath them to catch the flowing sap. Since sugar maples are not tapped until they are about forty years old, some of the trees in the sugarbush were so large that they would have three, or even four buckets hanging on them. The snow would still be very deep, so the pails would be hung low in order for them to be within easy reach when the snow melted. I loved to ride out to the trees in a big pung with Grandpa and Lewis. It would be very cold, and very clear, and if the air was still I would hear the soft ploppings all around me as the sap dropped into the buckets. Grandpa had installed a long pipe, with wide openings in which to pour the sap. It then flowed directly down to a very large holding tank



in the sugarhouse. I would watch Grandpa and Lewis empty the buckets of sap into the pipe, then we would glide down in the pung to the sweet-smelling sugarhouse where sap would be boiling madly, sending great clouds of maple-scented vapor out into the frigid air.

I soon found out why maple sugar products are costly. It takes about two hours to boil down each batch of sap, which means burning a lot of fuel. It takes forty gallons of sap to make one gallon of syrup, and three gallons of syrup to make one pound of maple sugar! At that time, maple syrup sold for \$1.25 a gallon, and maple sugar was \$2.50 for a five pound can. Today, maple syrup costs \$14.00 a half gallon. But for years, I haven't seen the wonderful, soft maple sugar that we loved to eat on bread and pancakes. There only seems to be hard, molded maple candy that is sickeningly sweet, and almost tasteless.

Holidays were always a magic time for me and very special - perhaps because Mother loved company and our house was the meeting place for family get-togethers, celebrations, and holiday gatherings. By 1918, there were sixteen grandchildren, so when they and their parents all came at once the Cypress Street house was alive with fun and laughter. Mother was a wonderful Matriarch to her big family, and I have felt blessed to have succeeded her as Matriarch to this loving generation of her descendants.

I have always loved Christmas, and as it is in most families, it was a close and affectionate day for us - a day for the family to gather, and to include in our loving circle a few close friends who otherwise would spend the day alone.

I remember what Christmas was like when I was a child. The excitement would begin a few days before the holiday, when Dad would bring home the tree, and leave it outside for us to admire until Christmas Eve when it was brought in to be decorated after we had gone to bed. It would have cost about twenty five cents; but I remember one special tree, when I was about nine, that had cost a dollar. That was a whopper!

The traditional decorations at that time were apples tied on with yarn, paper loops and chains, candy and nuts in little net bags, popcorn and cranberry strings, Christmas balls, tinsel, delicate German ornaments, and little twisted candles in metal holders that were carefully snapped to the ends of the branches to prevent flames from coming into contact with any part of the tree. The room would also be decorated with red and green streamers, and the chandelier would have its sprig of mistletoe.

On Christmas morning, we would rush downstairs for our lumpy stockings that always had an orange in the toe, then other fruit, candy, small toys, and an inexpensive gift - perhaps crayons, a pencil box, a pretty handkerchief, or a string of beads. After breakfast we went in to get our first look at the tree, and to receive our gifts, some made by Dad, some knitted by Mother.

On Cypress Street, though Rachel and I were now young ladies and decorated the tree ourselves, we still hung up our stockings for exchanging small gifts. In the morning they would be as lumpy as ever, with the usual orange in the toe, and would also contain small items - sometimes amusing - from Mom and Dad, and Oscar and Victoria, as well as from each other. After breakfast, we would open out gifts under the tree before our company arrived.

Our guests would begin to come in the late forenoon, and what hugging and kissing would go on between all the relatives as they met! Dinner would be served at one o'clock, and with such a large crowd, a separate table would be set for the younger children, and either Rachel or I would eat with them.

Mom was an excellent cook and enjoyed getting a festive meal. In addition to the usual roast turkey, she would have chicken pot pie in a huge pan, and sometimes a beef roast as well. She always had white and sweet potatoes, mashed turnip and squash, boiled onions, peas, celery, radishes, pickled pears, cranberry sauce, and preserves. After Dad had carved the turkey, cut the chicken pie, and served them, the other foods were passed around family style. What delicious meals those were, and they were enlivened by animated conversation, private jokes, and much family banter.



We all tried to save room for dessert; pies, of course - apple, date, mince, mock cherry, lemon meringue and squash; plum pudding, and fruit cake.

After dinner, the women would visit as they cleared away and did the dishes. The men would smoke, talk, take a nap, or go for a walk, while the grandchildren played with new toys or went out to try new skates and sleds.

When it was dark enough, we would all gather for the lighting of the tree, which Mom did with a long taper, while Dad stood by with a bucket of water, a mop, and a pail of sand in case of emergency. As the tree sprang to life, sparkling and twinkling in the glow of the candles, we would exclaim with delight, and drink in its loveliness before the candles burned down, and its brief beauty was gone for another year. Then Dad, playing Santa, would distribute the mound of gifts remaining under the tree - ours to our guests, and theirs to us. We always had a few extra ones for unexpected guests, especially for children.

At this point someone would start playing carols on the piano, and we would gather around to sing. Gradually, one by one, we would gravitate to the dining room where turkey sandwiches, pies, fruit, candy (the delicious ribbon kind), nuts, and coffee would have been set out. Some relatives had to leave early to get sleepy young children to bed, but others would linger on all evening. Mother always would have made several fruit cakes in order to give each family a generous piece to take home. Even the birds shared our feast, for a few days after Christmas our tree would be put outside, still bearing its popcorn and cranberries for them to enjoy. I can still feel the warmth of those close, happy Christmas celebrations!

Thanksgiving was another wonderful family holiday, sometimes with a family dinner, but without the commotion and excitement of Christmas. Though the meal would be similar, after dinner the children would go off and play quietly while their elders would enjoy hours of pleasant visiting.

The Fourth of July was a grand holiday that we kids adored! Today, it is observed with back-yard barbeques, family picnics, and aerial fireworks set off by professionals. But when I was young it was a stirring, noisy holiday when fireworks of all kinds were allowed to be sold, and we could make every kind of racket without being scolded. When we lived on Cypress Street, it was wonderful to have so many young nieces and nephews with which to still enjoy it.

On the "Night before the Fourth" it was a Salem tradition to go to the big bonfire on Gallows Hill - to which I was taken for the first time when I was about eleven. A large crowd always attended this event, and from about eleven o'clock on people from every part of town would be headed in its direction.

Weeks before, on the highest point of the Hill, a huge pyramid of barrels would have been erected and crowned with an American flag. Now spotlighted, it would stand out against the blackness of the sky. The spectators would gather on a side hill opposite the stack, spread their blankets, and sit there patiently waiting for midnight. However, there would occasionally be loud explosions - followed by angry shouts and shrill screams, the result of some nut's throwing firecrackers into the crowd - a practice that was extremely unpopular!

On the stroke of twelve, we would all shout and whistle when the flag was pulled down, and a basket of flaming material was pulled up to set fire to the top of the stack. Since the barrels had been donated by local tanneries and had contained very flammable material, they caught fire immediately, and burned beautifully. The blaze that consumed them was always different, and was spectacular to watch. On a windless night, the flames would go straight up, burning the stack slowly with a pretty fire that would continue into the next day. But if there was wind, great sheets of flame would shoot off from the sides to shower us with live embers and make us shield our faces from the searing heat. Then the stack would burn briskly, leaving only a heap of smoking ashes by morning. It was an awesome sight, and it had a dramatic, compelling beauty that seemed appropriate for this national holi-



day.

We children, and in later years, our nieces and nephews, couldn't wait to get outdoors with our cap pistols, cap canes, torpedos, tin rattles, horns, and assorted firecrackers, and start making our share of noise! And what a racket we made with them!

Mother always prepared the same holiday meal of ham, potato salad, corn on the cob, watermelon, her luscious ice cream, and lemonade. Sometimes we would go to the Willows, and she would pack up the ham, potato salad, watermelon and lemonade, and we would have a picnic there in the shade of the big trees. We children would enjoy the amusements and the beach, while the adults listened to the band concert. After dark, we would watch the fireworks display, then go home and set off our own tame collection of sky rockets, Roman candles, Vesuvius Fountains, and small set-pieces. When the last spark had died away, we would be given flashing, starry sparklers to wave around in the velvet dark, a finale that we found particularly enchanting. A heaping dish of Mom's delicious ice cream before bedtime was the usual, very satisfying ending to a glorious Fourth!

An amusing incident occurred in the Cypress Street house. Mother went on a trip west to visit her brothers in Nebraska and Colorado, and while she was away the house was unoccupied, for Dad was in Bridgeport, and Rachel and I stayed with friends. Imagine Mom's astonishment when she returned and found the entire first floor alive with fleas! Absolute clouds of them that would move like a wave as she walked through the rooms! She immediately waged a one-woman war, and they didn't last long!

There were two weddings in this house. Victoria was married to William Quinn of Salem in 1917, and I was her maid of honor. In 1918, Oscar was married to Edith Gauthier of Worcester. Now the household had dwindled to four: Mom, Dad, Rachel, and me.

We thought that we were permanently settled in this home, but one day, out of the blue, Mom announced that we were moving back to North Salem!

30 Upham Street, (1919-1923)

This was my parents' last home, and the last one I shared with them, for I left it to be married in 1923.

Until Dad retired, we hadn't realized how much he had hoped, all during his working life, to someday own a small variety store and be in business for himself. His brief experience in Swampscott had sharpened his desire to operate a really profitable one. Mom felt that this was a worthy ambition in which she could join, so as soon as he finally retired, they began looking for a suitable place to start their venture.

Now, Rachel and I hadn't paid too much attention to all this, assuming that it might happen sometime in the distant future. But one day we were stunned by the announcement that they had found a house they considered ideal for their purpose, and we would soon be moving back to North Salem.

When they took us to see it, our reaction was violent, and immediate! First we were numb with shock. Then passionately indignant. Then mad as hatters. And no one could blame us, for what we saw was a dilapidated little house with its paint faded to a dirty gray, its shutters split and broken, and its roof missing some of its shingles.

It had been lived in for many years by a little old woman, practically a recluse, who had recently died and left it in this unbelievable state of neglect and deterioration. However, it was being sold at a very low figure, and Mom and Dad felt that the neighborhood would be a good location for their variety store.

We thought that the outside was bad, but when they took us inside we found it even worse!

The first floor consisted of a parlor, dining room and kitchen, plus a big shed at the rear. The walls and ceiling in the dining room were incredibly black with a thick layer of soot from years



of burning wood and coal in the ill-drawing fireplace, for there was no central heating. The kitchen was very tiny, it featured an old iron sink on rickety legs, and opened into the big, gloomy shed. The main entrance on the side of the house led into a small hall from which a murderously steep flight of stairs mounted to the second floor. There were four bedrooms, three of them small, and a large unfinished attic that had a steep flight of stairs leading down to the shed below. All the ceilings in the house were low, but up here, since the roof slanted sharply, they sloped to meet the walls only about three feet from the floor.

Throughout the house the doorways were low and narrow, the floors were worn and splintery, the paper was peeling from the walls, and the paint was flaking from the woodwork. For a final blow, the house was not piped for gas, nor wired for electricity. We learned that the old lady had cooked in the fireplace, and had used kerosene lamps!

None of these obvious obstacles to fine living even made Mom and Dad hesitate. They went ahead with their plans despite our anguished protests, and before we knew it they had put the Cypress Street house up for sale, had put a payment on the Upham Street one, and we found ourselves moved into that awful little house.

Even now, I marvel at what my parents accomplished with that hopeless ruin.

First of all, to make it at least livable, Dad cleaned out the fireplace and chimney, and arranged to have gas, electricity, and a furnace installed. Meanwhile, we cooked in the fireplace, and used lamps, as the former owner had done. When we finally had light, heat, and cooking facilities, the clean-up operation began.

The place was filthy and full of junk, so carloads of trash had to be carted away. It took weeks to scrub the gummy soot from the dining room, wash the woodwork and floors, remove the peeling wallpaper, and clean the grimy windows. Rachel and I, now that we were trapped and had to live there, grudgingly helped.

Mom had already decided that the big shed would be our new kitchen, so several windows were added, the interior was finished off, a new double sink was installed, and a roomy pantry was built at one end. The tiny former kitchen became a cozy den and, since the parlor would now be the store, the dining room would be used as our living room. Upstairs, two small bedrooms were turned into one, and the smallest, though cramped as a bedroom, became a large and pleasant bath. The attic was left unfinished and, with three double beds up there it served as a popular dormitory for visiting relatives, especially children, during all the following years.

When this basic work was done, it was time to decorate. We whitewashed all the ceilings, painted all the woodwork gleaming white, hung pretty wallpapers, and covered the floors throughout with attractive linoleum. When rugs were put down, curtains hung, and our furniture placed where it was to stay, the house was completely transformed! By this time, even Rachel and I had come to appreciate its quaintness - the low-ceilinged cozy rooms, the small doors with double-cross panels, the old H-hinged hardware, and the small, many-paned windows. The living room was especially pretty with its small fireplace, French door leading out to a small porch, and its multi-paned triple window.

My parents had been wise, after all, in choosing the location for their small business, because it proved to be just what the neighborhood needed. It wasn't difficult to change the parlor to its new use by cutting an entrance door to the street, installing shelves, some glass cases, a big refrigerator, and a counter. They did very well as storekeepers and, due to their kindness, "Ely's Variety" soon became a neighborhood institution.

Before long, every member of the family, and even some of the grandchildren, became expert at cutting cheese and butter, bagging loose sugar and tea, grinding coffee, and pouring molasses and kerosene into jugs! We all enjoyed waiting on the school-children who came in for penny candy.

Dad hung a bell over the door that jangled, and when it rang,



whoever was closest went in to wait on the customer. When a member of the family entered by that door, he would loudly shout "ME" to alert the family that it wasn't a customer.

Besides running the store, my parents supplemented their income in other ways.

After Dad had painted the house white with black trim, cleared out the weedy garden, and planted a side lawn and flower beds, he looked at the big empty yard and decided to build a garage which he could rent. It was a smart move, for it never stood idle, and added steadily to their income for the rest of their lives.

Another source of earnings was by baking beans! Dad made wonderful baked beans, and on Saturdays that heavenly aroma would permeate the whole house. One Saturday, a neighbor asked if she might buy some for supper, and a new business was launched. Finally the demand was so great that Dad baked his beans in a huge iron kettle in a dutch oven in the basement, and Mom joined the act by baking delicious brownbread to go with them. Every Saturday, from five o'clock on, a steady stream of neighbors would appear for their weekly beans and brownbread.

Mother loved flowers, and grew some very pretty ones in the beds beside the house. She had a green thumb and patience, so whatever she planted did well. When we moved in, a terrible-looking vine was growing rampant over the little porch and shutting out the light. At first Dad thought he would cut it down, but after thinking it over, opted for pruning it instead. How fortunate that decision was, for it turned out to be a gorgeous old wisteria that bloomed profusely, and of which Mom was very proud.

During this time, Rachel and I were dating. I had boyfriends, but wasn't serious with any of them. One day, a girlfriend asked me to go bowling with her and her fiance to make up a foursome, and I accepted. I was introduced to my blind date, Alvin Hawkes, whom I found to be good company and an expert bowler. We both enjoyed the evening. He invited me out several times during the following weeks, and I learned that he had lost his wife due to cancer, and

was very much alone. We dated for the next two years, had many wonderful times together, and I was completely happy to be with him. We became engaged in June, 1923, and in August we slipped away quietly and were secretly married in Newburyport. Martha Perry and Alden Ingalls came with us and were our witnesses. My sisters, Lena and Victoria, were in on the secret, were all for my marrying Alvin, and helped me get ready.

So I left my parents, and moved into Alvin's big, attractive house on Orne Street.

But 30 Upham Street continued to be the gathering place of the family, and there were many happy times in that little house. There was always room for relatives who came to stay - some of them for weeks at a time - and there always seemed to be a grandchild or two occupying the beds in the attic. In 1938, Mom and Dad celebrated their 57th Wedding Anniversary, and, besides friends and relatives, the whole neighborhood came to honor them.

Dad died in this house in 1941. Afterward, I brought Mom to California to live with me until she passed away in 1944. She was returned to Salem, and lies beside Dad in St. Mary's Cemetery.



44 Orne Street, (1923-1929)

This was my first home with Alvin. It was a large two-family, three story house just a short walk from Upham Street, and we occupied the two upper floors. I moved in with my clothes and my cedar chest, which was now filled with many pretty things. It was not necessary for us to make many purchases for our home, because it was completely and attractively furnished, and I was content to live in it just as it was.

In October, Alvin could conveniently leave his business, so we took a delayed honeymoon trip to Washington D.C., and since I had dear friends living there we saw the city with them, visiting all the important points of interest - including lovely Mount Vernon on its wide sweep of lawn above the river. Afterward, we took a boat down to Norfolk, then boarded another for Boston. It was an idyllic honeymoon.

Living together was wonderful. Alvin adored me, and no two people could have shared more happiness. Since he belonged to a country club and several fraternal and service organizations, he was well known, and we led an active social life in which we did our share of entertaining. But most of all, we enjoyed our quiet evenings together. We had a good radio, and after dinner we would put on comfortable robes and settle down to listen to the popular programs of the day. Through the years, we became great fans of Amos and Andy, Lum 'n Abner, Kate Smith, Bing Crosby, Ed Wynn, and many, many others. We loved to listen to the music of Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians, The Kraft Music Hall, and the orchestras of Andre Kostalanetz and Rudy Vallee.

In 1925, Alvin bought me a beautiful Chrysler Roadster, and was I proud of that! I loved driving it, and remember taking Mom and Stasia to the Myopia Hunt Club where we watched the Prince of Wales ride to hounds during his visit to the United States in the 1920's. I also drove to Vermont when I heard that Florence was very ill, and brought her to Boston to see a specialist. He

diagnosed incurable kidney disease. I brought her to our home on Orne Street where she died a few months later, at Christmas time. After the funeral, we discovered that Hester had come down with measles, so Lewis left her with us until the following September when we drove her back in time to start school.

At this time permanent waves were all the rage, and since all my friends were getting one, I got one too. They cost a dollar a curl, and with my thick hair I needed sixty of them. What a disaster! I looked like a Fiji Islander, and furthermore, I didn't need a permanent for my hair was naturally curly. It took ages for it to grow out and return to normal. Live and Learn!

In 1926, while attending a Kiwanis Convention with Alvin in Portland, Maine, I was dared to go on a hydroplane ride, and went. I was the only woman in the group brave enough to do so. The fare was \$15.00 for a flight over the city, and the plane had room for only two passengers and the pilot. We took off from the water, and when I looked down I was astonished to see how small everything looked; the city blocks were like tiny squares, and the long bridge was just a small line. I remember that it was too noisy to hear one another speak. We spiraled back down, and I was relieved when we landed safely. It was really a great thrill, but I didn't go up again!

In 1927, like every other American I was ecstatic when Charles Lindberg successfully completed his flight to Paris. When he came back to this country, I went to Washington, D.C. with my best friend, Beth Gifford, to see his wonderful welcome there. We went by boat to New York, then by train to Washington. I remember that it was very hot and muggy that day. When Lindberg came up the Potomac in the cruiser "Memphis", we saw his mother as she was escorted aboard to greet him, then both of them as they came off and were whisked away in a limousine to meet the President.

Beth's father, who was a Massachusetts State Senator, had arranged for us to be very close when Lindberg was welcomed by President Coolidge - within arm's reach at one time. We even took a bit of the greenery from the stand for a souvenir. Her



father had also obtained passes for us to visit both the White House and the Capitol, which we enjoyed.

We were still so thrilled at seeing Lindberg that we decided to go to New York and view the parade to welcome him there. From Washington, Beth called her cousin Walter Gifford, who was president of American Tel and Tel, and asked him to reserve a room at a New York hotel for us, which he did. When she called, she was told that he was unavailable - until she mentioned who she was - then he was immediately put on the line.

When we left our hotel next morning, there were absolute mobs of people lining the sidewalks waiting to catch a glimpse of their hero. He had been detained and arrived two hours late, but no one minded the wait. It was well worth it to hear and see the tremendous, exciting welcome he received as he rode up Broadway, almost buried in the overwhelming snowstorm of ticker tape. Everyone who saw him fell in love with this modest young man with the shy smile.

We were to meet Beth's cousin for lunch, but were trapped in the tremendous crowd and couldn't move. When we finally extricated ourselves and got to a phone, he had left his office, but there was a message that a Mr. Harriman would meet us and take us to lunch. We met at the appointed place, and he was very kind. After a pleasant lunch, we had time to kill, since the boat for Boston wouldn't leave until five o'clock, so he took us to the top of the Woolworth Building, then escorted us to the boat and saw us off after buying us magazines and candy. I've often wondered just which Mr. Harriman that was.

We lived on Orne Street for six years, and I enjoyed our home, but Alvin wanted something better for me. He bought land in Swampscott and had a handsome Dutch Colonial home built there, but we never lived in it. Before it was completely finished, we had, quite by accident, found our lovely dream house in Danvers.

We discovered Bonnie Hearsh one day, on our way to visit Al's dad in Newburyport. While driving through Putnamville,

which is a pretty section of Danvers, we saw an absolutely charming house for sale. More out of curiosity than any idea of purchasing, since we already had a house in Swampscott, we drove in just to look, and immediately fell in love with it, for we both realized that it was the perfect house we had been searching for. We contacted the realtor and found that the price was within our means. With no regrets, we put the Swampscott house up for sale, and not long afterward moved into our beautiful new home.



## PUTNAMVILLE

252 Locust Street (1929-1940)

My first impression of Bonnie Hearth was that it looked just like an enchanted house that had been lifted out of the pages of a story book. Standing in its well-kept grounds, its brown-shingled exterior blended perfectly with its attractive setting. It had been built for a Mr. Charles Ropes, and his daughter, who was an artist and a landscape gardener.

It was a large house, and the first floor had a living room, dining room, kitchen, breakfast room, butler's pantry, and a lavatory. Upstairs were four bedrooms, a big sleeping porch, a wonderful big studio, and a full bath.

The living room, though large, was pleasant and comfortable. It had an exposed-beam ceiling, bookcases on two of its walls, and a rough fieldstone fireplace that took four-foot logs. A pair of French doors led out to a screened dining porch, and wide casement windows overlooked a forty-foot long veranda. The dining room was formal, and had a button under the table that I pushed with my toe to summon the maid. Swinging doors led to the butler's pantry which had loads of open and closed shelves, and a small sink set in a marble counter where I used to arrange flowers. The kitchen was a pretty room in which to work. It had a cream and white linoleum, pale green walls, and both the Glenwood range and the kitchen cabinet, of which I was so proud, were a very soft shade of yellow. The draperies, repeated in the breakfast room, were patterned in big red and yellow tulips that looked as though they were still growing in a garden.

A broad staircase in the living room led up to the second floor. The studio was a handsome big room with a large brick fireplace with a built in wood box on its right, and beyond, a cozy, cushioned inglenook. Since this was an artist's workroom, it had a northern exposure, and spacious skylights set above the four casement windows that gave a pleasing view of the arborvitae-lined driveway that curved off to the two-car garage.

Unfortunately, we discovered that the skylights leaked when snow melted on the roof, so we finally had to have them removed.

The house was set in three acres of lovely grounds that were surrounded on three sides by rugged stone walls. The main circular drive was two hundred feet long, and lined alternately with maples and oaks. In the center of the huge front lawn was a gorgeous English double-hawthorne which was such a burst of rosy beauty in May and June that people would stop to admire it, and sometimes ask permission to drive in to examine it more closely.

Across from the long, deep veranda was a grove of blue spruce, and Lodgepole and Mugo pines. These made a splendid background for the long row of graceful forsythias that were a shower of gold in early spring, and the tall lilacs in white, purple and lavender. These surrounded a big ledge, and visiting children loved to play hide and seek among the high shrubs.

The north side of the house faced the orchard where pears, peaches, apples, crabapples, gooseberries, grapes, and quinces grew. I used to add quince to cranberry sauce for Thanksgiving dinner. The gooseberries finally had to be destroyed, for they served as a host plant for aphids which ruined new growth on the valuable, and valued, blue spruce. Beyond the orchard was the garden which provided us with string beans, peas, corn, lettuce, tomatoes, asparagus, and celery. There was a root cellar for storage of apples and vegetables. The trimming of our trees each fall provided us with much of our firewood.

The clothes-yard, enclosed by a sapling fence on one side, and a latticed fence on the other, afforded support for long-stemmed climbing roses - American Beauty, Silver Moon, and a gorgeous yellow one whose name escapes me. All third year growth was removed from them each spring, and in the fall they were lowered from the fences and covered with leaves to protect them from winter frosts and thaws. A brilliant, vigorous Paul's Scarlet climber practically covered one side of the garage.



The dining room, and the dining porch, looked out onto the elegant formal garden that had been carefully designed and planted by Miss Ropes. A long line of fifteen-foot arborvitae trees made a perfect backdrop for the pretty beds and herbaceous borders where grew, in their season, iris, lily-of-the-valley, violet, nicotiana, daisy, tulip, jonquil, hyacinth, dahlia, chrysanthemum, lily, and other lovely plants. A pleasing rockery with trailing, low-growing plants surrounded a pretty fountain that spurted a delicate jet, and there were many flowering shrubs about the grounds among which were spirea, bridal wreath, mock orange, and deutzia, which added beauty to the countless bouquets which we shared with family and friends.

But the crowning glory of the grounds was the rose garden. Mr. Ropes was a rosarian and belonged to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. Since he was very knowledgeable about roses as well as very fond of them, he had planted a spectacular bed of 150 varieties of hybrid teas. I loved filling the house with these exquisite blooms, and sharing them. In time, I even learned to use their fragrant petals to make gifts of sweetly scented potpourris and dainty sachets to be used in linen closets and bureau drawers.

I loved doing this. It may seem like a lot of work, but it wasn't when taken step by step, and the results were well worth the effort expended.

Each morning, I would pick off the old petals and put them to dry on the big veranda for several days on newspapers sprinkled with borax - stirring them daily. When dry enough I would put them in earthenware pots, sprinkle them with salt, leave them uncovered, and stir them daily for about ten days. At this point I would measure the petals and to each gallon I would add one ounce EACH of ground cloves, allspice, and pounded stick cinnamon, then cover the jar for about three weeks - except for daily stirring. The final step was to add  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounce EACH of mace, clove nutmeg, allspice, cinnamon, orris root, and dry lavender leaves. This was such a delightful way to use the beautiful aromatic petals that I couldn't bear to throw away!



I always used fresh bulk spices. The jars, usually pint size, were filled loosely, and a few drops of cologne or floral oil were added for alcohol, and the jars were stored away to season. They smelled heavenly!

During the years we lived at Bonnie Hearth our lives were full, joyous, and exciting. We were members of a lively bridge club, and were enthusiastic golfers. We went on interesting vacations, and enjoyed the sports at some of the well-known winter resorts. At home, one of our favorite winter activities was a sleigh-ride, and once or twice a year we would organize one, and invite a few friends to share it with us.

We would choose a moonlight night, and everyone would meet at Bonnie Hearth where the pung man would pick us up at the appointed time. We would all pile into the vehicle with its deep layer of sweet-smelling hay, and snuggle down into our blankets, or robes of bearskin, buffalo hide, or sheepskin. We would be warm as toast as long as we kept our faces out of the wind. It would usually be cold and still, and the quiet would be broken only by the muffled sound of the horses' hoofs, the soft swish of the runners gliding over the snow, the sleighbells, and our singing.

We always headed for Ipswich, about twelve miles away, for hot clam chowder, which tasted like ambrosia! The pung driver would sit with us, and his horses would be warmly blanketed while we ate. Back at Bonnie Hearth, we would have everyone come in for hot chocolate before they left for home. What lovely times those were!

This was Dana's first home, and what a beautiful place it was for a little boy to grow in! After his arrival, we used the breakfast room for his playroom with a gate placed in the doorway to the kitchen. His playpen was in there for a time, and he learned to stand up in it. Later, he had a radio which he could turn on himself; he loved music, and could listen to it whenever he wished. There was a telephone in the breakfast room, and he loved to take off the receiver and call his Daddy's number, which was Salem, 837. If his Daddy was out, Miss Shirley would answer

and talk to him.

We had to keep this young man out of the kitchen, for he would immediately head for the bread drawer. There is an amusing picture of him having a great time eating out the center of a loaf of home-made bread, which he loved! There are many good pictures of him at Bonnie Hearth during both summer and winter, with his bodyguard, "Ginger". He would listen for Alvin's Dodge as it came up Locust Street, and would run to the front door calling "Daddy", "Daddy". Gee-Gee, his nursemaid, would grab him and run him down to the mailbox at the end of the driveway so that he could ride up with his Daddy, who would be waiting for him there.

I visited Bonnie Hearth in 1977, and found much of its loveliness now gone. The present owners have replaced the gorgeous gardens with a lawn and a swimming pool.

"Bonnie Hearth" means "Gay Fireside", and it was rightly named, for not only we, but our family and friends enjoyed this serene and beautiful spot.

I have never forgotten the words of Doctor Milo Pearson, our minister at Salem Tabernacle Church. We were sitting quietly on the big veranda facing the pine grove one afternoon when he turned to me and said, "Bonnie Hearth is a bit of Heaven on earth. How glad I am that I can come here often to relax, and to be refreshed".

Since being helpful to others has always given me a warm feeling of accomplishment and satisfaction, my service with the Red Cross Nurse's Aide program, from 1939 to 1943, was one of the most rewarding experiences of my life.

In 1939, due to the war with Germany, there was an acute shortage of nurses, so the Red Cross instituted a program to train volunteer women as Aides who would be of invaluable help to hospital nurses. For testing the program, however, only women who were known to be responsible and dependable were carefully chosen and



invited to participate, so I was deeply pleased when I was asked by Mrs. Charles Ropes, our Red Cross Chapter president, to become a member of the first group being organized at Salem Hospital. The groups were to contain 25 women, and ours was the third one formed in the United States - the first was in Washington, D.C., and the second was in Boston.

We underwent a fairly rigorous three month training period which consisted of a six-week theoretical course, then six weeks of practical training "on the floor" under careful supervision. It was an exciting day when we were finally judged able enough to care for patients on our own!

Though our official title was "Red Cross Nurse's Aide", we soon became affectionately known as "Pink Ladies" because of our pretty uniform - pink and white striped dress, white coverall apron, pink hat with white band, and white shoes. We were not allowed to wear perfume, nail polish, lipstick, or jewelry; we could not have the odor of tobacco or liquor on our person; our hair had to be confined in a net; our uniform had to be clean, with apron and cap starched, and shoes spotless; and, most importantly, we mustn't be a minute late!

I loved working with the nurses, and caring for the patients. Though my back problem had made me unfit for training when I was young, I found that I could cope very well with the lighter duties of a Nurse's Aide, and felt that at last my life's ambition had been partly realized. I spent a happy year at this work, meeting new people, and having many interesting and satisfying experiences - especially with the elderly.

In 1940, I was greatly complimented when I was elected by the members of my group to be their first Captain, and I enjoyed my work in this capacity. Among other duties, I had supervision over the Pink Ladies, and served as "Voice of the American Red Cross", speaking to gatherings of New England women who were interested in forming a corps - I remember speaking to a group in Boston.



Since I felt that we should have a list of Rules and Regulations, I compiled one for our first group, and it caught the attention of the headquarters in Washington. A representative of the Red Cross came from the nation's capital to see me, and she complimented me on both my leadership and my list of Rules and Regulations, which were subsequently adopted officially as those of the Red Cross Nurse's Aide Program.

In this post I also had an outdoor uniform, and went to work in style, for a driver from the Red Cross Motor Corps called for me each morning, and drove me home at four every afternoon.

The program was so successful that two more groups were added to our corps, and I had seventy-five women under my supervision. These women deserve much praise and credit, for they worked very hard, and gave willingly and cheerfully of their time and ability.

Regretfully, I had to resign when we decided to come to California. I was given a marvelous farewell party, and received lovely gifts which included a suitcase, a purse, gloves, and a gift of money. I found that a unit was later formed in Los Angeles, and I would have joined it had my life not been quite so involved, but I was working as manager of the Kenmore Apartments, a demanding, full-time job.

Looking back, I am extremely proud of having served as a member of this splendid, unselfish group of women - the American Red Cross Nurse's Aides, the famous "Pink Ladies".