



Pupils at Hillwest School in 1908. Seated: Mildred Thomas, Arthur Wetherby, George Wetherby, Gerald Broe, Ruth Wetherby, May Ariel, Arthur St. Onge. Second row: Moses Ariel, Leonard Thomas, Roy Wetherby, Clifford Thomas, Annie Wetherby. Back row: Clayton Pud-

vah, Addie St. Onge, Alberta Ariel, Ida St. Onge, Ruth Thomas, Homer Wetherby, Ray Wetherby, Irene Ariel, Jessie Rowse, Lonnie Pudvah. Madge Goodspeed, teacher.

(Photo courtesy Ruby Gelbar)

## Enosburg Town History

## Obituaries



MRS. IDA ST. ONGE MORAN

Ida St. Onge Moran, 93, the independent-minded farm girl who lived the first 17 years of her life on Hill West in Montgomery, and wrote her autobiography at 93, died Tuesday morning, April 18 at the Northwestern Medical Center following a brief illness.

Predeceased by her husband, John Geddes Moran, Sr. in 1980, she lived for the past three years at Brownway Residence where she wrote her autobiography long-hand on a yellow pad.

Born in Georgiaville, Rhode Island, she moved to Hill West with her family when she was three years old. After attending Montgomery schools, she left home for training as a nurse at St. Albans Hospital. When a district nurse she assisted at an operation of a small boy on a kitchen table. She cared for a family with typhoid fever in Belvidere.

For post-graduate she nursed at Harlem Hospital, and then at Mt. Sinai Hospital opposite Central Park in New York City, where she worked for the next 11 years.

In 1926, Mrs. Moran toured England and Europe. In 1927, she married John Geddes Moran in New York City. Together they owned and operated a boys' prep school in Great Barrington, Massachusetts for the next 25 years. The couple met in Montgomery, when he was assistant

Montgomery Junior

Mrs. Moran is survived by her two children, Peggy Ann Perry of Highgate Center, and John C. Moran, Jr. of Los Angeles, three grandchildren, John S. Perry of Highgate Center, Melissa J. Perry of Baltimore, and Jane Ann Luthy of Reseda, California, one great-grandchild, and two great-great-grandchildren.

A memorial service was held Friday, April 21 at Spears Funeral Home, with the Rev. Rick Eschenburg officiating.

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## PART I

I was born in Georgiaville, Rhode Island, August 31, 1895. I was told by my parents that I was a very sickly child. I did not have any hair on my head; it was covered with eczema. I was taken around to everyone they heard could cure me. I remember the nuns giving my mother some little papers, so I thought. There must have been some medicine on them. I remember eating them.

Someone told my father about an old doctor they thought could cure me. They went to see him, and he gave them some salve with tar in it. They used it on my head, and I had to have mittens tied on my hands so I would not scratch my head. In time my head got better, and my hair started to grow. I had a beautiful head of curly hair.

My scalp has always been sensitive. In the spring, it most always breaks out.

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I remember only a few things from when I was very young. I had two little brothers. Both died when they were infants. One was two years younger than I was. I had a little red coat with lots of white fuzz on it. He used to suck his thumb and pick at my coat. I remember the Christmas party we had at the church. My father was Santa Claus. We did not know that. When my name was called, I was so shy I would not go for my present. Santa had a good laugh. We were not told for a long time that our father was Santa.

I remember when my father was watchman at a cotton mill near where we lived. My mother used to take us down to the mill and make us a bed on a bale of cotton so we could sleep while she stayed with my father. At ten o'clock she took us home.

After my little brothers died, my mother became very sick. The doctor told my father she should live where it was high and dry. There we were living near a large pond. That is how we happened to move to Vermont. I was five years old at the time.

My father's brother, Napoleon, decided he would like to live on a farm, so the two families moved to Vermont. There were two farms for sale, one upper and one lower. My uncle had the most money, so he got the lower farm. He only stayed about one year; he did not like farming. He always had a store. He sold his farm to my father, so we had two farms. The lower farm was much

nicer. It had a very nice large house. They left us some of their furniture. On the upper farm, we had the most beautiful orchard of apples I ever saw. It had the largest variety of apples I ever saw. In the fall we used to pick and pack barrels of apples to send to our relatives in Rhode Island. We always wrapped them in paper so they would keep better. When we moved to the lower farm, we still kept that wonderful orchard. In my mind I can still see that orchard. I often wonder if it is standing after seventy-five years.

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I remember a few more things about the upper farm I will write about. My father had to stock up his farm, as that farm had not been used for a few years. The house was not old, and the upstairs had never been finished. We had two bedrooms downstairs. We three girls had to sleep together in one bed. One night our father went away to buy some baby pigs. When he came back, he came in our room with the little pigs in a grain sack. He stood over us, turned the sack upside down and dropped the little pigs on top of us. We were sleeping, but it did not take long to wake up. Of all the screeching and laughing--we had never seen little pigs before. Our father could not leave them long, but we did not want him to take them away. He had to take them away and took them out to the barn.

I remember one Christmas my aunt Marie sent me a beautiful doll. Aunt Marie was my mother's oldest sister, also my godmother. I was so happy with my beautiful doll, but my sister Addie was always trying to get her away from me. I did not want Addie to play with her because she was never careful with anything. Finally my mother tied my beautiful doll up high where no one could reach her. So all we could do was look at her.

Another thing I remember was when my mother asked me to go out to the barn to see if I could find some eggs. I think I was six years old. It was a cold windy day in winter. I was just able to open the barn door; it was a large barn. I did not find any eggs, so I decided to go back to the house. When I opened the barn door again, a gust of wind blew it shut, catching my clothes. I could not open the door to pull out my clothes. I knew I would freeze if I stayed. Being so young, I don't know how I knew what to do. But I did. My clothes were caught at the bottom, so I unbuttoned my coat, dress and petticoat, stepped out of my clothes and ran to the house in my winter underwear. I had stockings and overshoes on. My mother saw me coming. She was so nervous. She opened the door and put me near the stove while she got me some warm clothes. After she had cared for me, she dressed and went to the barn for my clothes.

A few miles up the road from where we lived, there lived a man and his sister. They lived in a log cabin, and had done so all their lives. They asked my father if they could buy our house, after we had moved down on the lower farm. My father sold it to them, and they took it all apart and moved it to their farm. They built a nice house with it. They were happy to have it.

My father had no boys to help him, so when we were old enough, Addie and I had to learn to milk. (My mother said she would never milk, and she never did.) Addie and I were called barn cats. My sister Rosanna stayed in the house to help my mother with the housework and care for the younger children. There were two younger ones, Arthur and Agnes. Whenever we walked into the kitchen with our dirty barn boots, Rosanna would take the broom and chase us out.

We not only had to milk the cows, we had to go get them. When we came home from school, we changed our school clothes for our work clothes. Then we would go into the pantry and each take two slices of my mother's wonderful bread and put molasses on them. We would eat them on the way up the mountain to get the cows.

We had a dog named Prince. He was a nice dog, but he wasn't a cow dog. My father could not afford to buy grain, so those cows would never come home. Sometimes we had to go in the woods to find them. We were quite young and afraid to go in the woods. There were bears in those woods.

One night we could not find the cows, even though several cows had bells. If they were too far away, we could not hear them. We came home and told my father we could not find the cows. My father started right away to see if he could find them. He never came back. It got dark and still he did not come. We were all so worried, my mother had us go to the neighbors and ask if they could go to find my father. They went, but came back saying it was so dark in the woods that they would have to go back in the morning. My father said that when daylight came, he found he was on the wrong side of the mountain. He said he could see a farm house not too far away. He went there and told the people he had been lost in the woods all night. He asked them if they would take him home because his family must be very worried. They said they would do that, so quite early in the morning a team drove into the yard, and there was my father. We were so excited and happy to see him. Those damn cows had all come down to the gate. They wanted to be milked. When I continue, I shall talk about our horses, old Pete and Ben, and how my father sold old Pete.

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Our horses were getting old and not much good for farm work. There was a man from the village that was an old horse trader. His name was Charlie Gates. He was from Montgomery Village. He would cheat the farmers every time he got a chance.

I hid in the horse barn so I could hear everything that was going on. Gates had a horse with him that used to be a racer, but now was wind broken so could not race anymore. He would still be a good work horse. I was worried we would let old Pete go, because I never could say good-bye to anyone without crying, and it was the same with the farm animals. I wanted to keep them forever. When I saw that man leave with old Pete I cried and cried. I stayed up there until it was almost dark. No one knew where I was. When it got too dark, I began to be afraid, so I came down. When I went in the house they said, "Where were you?" I told them I was in the horse barn crying because Pa sold old Pete. They told me about the new horse and knew I would like him better when I knew him. They tried to console me, which they did.

We used to go to prayer meetings on Wednesday nights. We had a red pung. We used to put a buffalo robe on the bottom and another to cover ourselves. We always stopped to pick up old lady Fitch who lived three farms down from us. We had the new horse--how he could run. We seemed to be flying through the air. It was only a mile to the church. One night on the way, Mrs. Fitch said, "I lost my teeth!" Nothing we could do about it. After awhile she called out, "I did not lose my teeth; I had them tucked in my bosom." Being kids, we laughed and laughed. It became a great joke for us.

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Children on a farm get attached to the young farm animals. My father always told us whenever we had a new baby calf, or some other animal, that they were ours until they were grown, then they belonged to him. He knew we would take good care of them. I had a pet calf; she was so sweet and dear. She would go to school with me and stay around until recess time. The other children would try to play with her, but she would only stay by me. At lunch time we would go home for lunch. We lived near the school. She always went home with me. Sometimes she would stop to nibble grass on the side of the road. I would keep walking, so would get ahead of her. When she would look up and not see me, she would run to catch up with me. She was quite a problem to my mother on Sundays because she wanted to follow me to church. My mother had to come for her and put her in the

pasture. I could go out after dark and call her and she would always come. Her name was Maggie. She was such a nice pet. After she grew up I don't think she knew me.

I must tell you about my mother. No one could cook like she could. She baked the most wonderful bread. In fact, all her food was wonderful. My father was very proud of her. She would go out and pick wild strawberries, come home, pick them over and make a large shortcake. She always wanted to try new things. One year she decided to raise turkeys. She did not realize how hard it would be. She kept them in a little pasture in back of the barn. There were a lot of breaks there so they began to hide their nests, and when the little turkeys hatched, the small wild animals would kill them. My mother decided that someone must track them and find their nests. That became my job, and how I hated it. They were tricky. They would walk miles before going to their nests so I would not find the eggs and little ones. The old gobbler was ugly. He would come up to me and try to fly at me. I had a stick and would hit him.

When we went to church we always walked. It was a mile from home. When we came back there would always be someone with us. When we got home my father would most always ask them to come in and have Sunday dinner with us. I always felt badly for my mother because she always had a nice Sunday dinner and I knew she would have to give up her nice dessert.

The church where we went on the hill was an Adventist church. Everyone that was not Catholic had to go there. Sometimes we would have a visiting minister come, and he would get the people all riled up. Sometimes they were real and sometimes they were a makebelieve minister.

I remember this one time the minister gave out an invitation to anyone that wanted to be baptized. Addie and Rosanna wanted to be. That pleased my father. I said I wanted to be also. Addie started in, "Pa, don't let her go; she does not know what she is doing." That was always the way. I never knew anything to hear her say it. She was only one year and one month older than I was. Well anyway, I was not allowed to go. I had to stay home with the younger children.

My uncle Napoleon used to come to see us at times. One time he came and brought silk stockings for Rosanna and Addie. He did not bring me anything. He looked up at me and said, "You have not proven yourself yet." Addie was doing the same things I was doing. I was supposed to be stupid. Addie was always telling my father, "Pa, don't you let her do anything; she does not know what she is doing."

I decided to read the bible, and one day the great Christian

came in the room where I was reading and said, "When you finish, you can tell me about it."

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I now must tell you about Haley's Comet. My father always went down to the barn the last thing at night to check on whether all was right in the barn. On the way back to the house he looked up to the sky and saw Haley's Comet. He knew it was coming. When he came in the house, he came to our room and called us to come outdoors. He did not wake the younger children, just we three older ones. We went in back of the house. We lived on a high hill, so the sky did not seem so far away. There was not a cloud in the sky. The sky was filled with stars. Among the stars was this large star with a long tail. We were so frightened; we thought the long tail would hit the earth and destroy it. Everyone around there thought the same. My father said, "You will not see that again for seventy-five years."

I remember there was a forest fire not too far from where we lived. It was not in our part of the woods, but lower down. The smoke was so terrible we could hardly breath. No one tried to put it out. In that day, no one knew how. Finally the rains came and put it out.

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I must tell of some funny things that happened. This is about myself. I had told that I had very curly hair. It was hard to comb. My mother combed it when I went to school, but during the vacations, she expected my sisters to comb it. But they would not do so. Well, I took care of my hair. I tucked it up in my hat and wore my hat all day. I even wore it when I ate my meals. I never sat down to eat, and I was never told to. And I know the reason. As the family grew larger, the chairs grew fewer. So two would have to sit on the same chair. It was great fun to push each other off. I got tired of that, and that is the reason I stood up to eat.

We had a little sister, Agnes, nine years younger than I was. She used to play around with her food, so Addie and I used to say, "If you don't want your pie, I'll eat it." My father got sick of hearing that. One day he said, "I'm going to have your mother make you each a pie and if you dare to touch it, you will have to eat the whole pie." We did not dare to touch it.

Another thing that happened: one day my mother made a beautiful

cake. She put a new kind of frosting on it. We had some of the cake for supper. After supper she said, "I don't want anyone to put my cake away; I will do it myself." We said, alright, let her put it away. We had a large pantry where we kept all the food. She took her cake and went into the pantry where the cake box was. She opened the cake box and went to put her cake in. Whatever happened when she was putting her cake in the box, it slipped off the plate and fell upside down in the cake box. We laughed ourselves sick over that. In this pantry we kept the milk separator. The only milk my father would let us have was skimmed milk, like we gave the calves. I did not like it. I liked milk with the animal heat in it.

My sister Rosanna had been keeping company with a man ten years older than she. His name was William, but we always called him Willie. He lived not far from where we did. They decided they wanted to get married. My parents did not like the idea because he was so much older. They finally gave in, and we had the wedding at our house. Just the two families. I think Addie and one of Willie's brothers stood up for them. My mother made the wedding cake. She served sandwiches and coffee. Rosanna was only seventeen years old.

Willie was in company with his father. They had a sawmill. We used to go across the pasture down to where they lived. As I remember, this was in August. I do not remember the year. My mother was not well; she was expecting another baby. When I write again, we will be leaving the farm.

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After living on the farm on the hill, Hill West that is, we are talking about moving. Before I go on, I must tell about our baby boy born in April. He was a beautiful baby; my mother loved him so much. I must tell about our Christmas on the farm. We girls used to have to get the tree. There was a steep hill just before we came to our house. At the foot of the hill there was a lot of trees. There was a brook we had to cross over. We used to go down across the brook in the deep snow to get our tree. We could not use an ax, so we had to use a hatchet. It was hard for us to cut the tree and drag it up that long hill to our house. My father used to nail a small piece of plank at the bottom so it would stand. We had no Christmas decorations; we used to pop corn and string it to decorate the tree. The night before Christmas, our parents always went down to Montgomery Village at Parker's Store to get our presents. They always got Rosanna and Addie the same things. I don't remember what I used to get, but it was not as much as they got. I always felt badly about that. My mother always had a nice Christmas dinner. We did not have

much money, but my parents always tried to have a nice Christmas for us.

Our lives will soon be changed. As soon as we can sell the farm, which will not be easy. Hill farms do not sell well.

Two business men, Mr. Draper, a banker, and Mr. Aseltine, an Insurance man, had gone in company and bought a large piece of timberland in East Enosburg. They approached my father and asked him if he would take the job of cutting the timber, sawing it into lumber and delivering the lumber to Enosburg Falls. They said they would put in a portable mill. I do not know how they knew my father. He told them he would have to think it over and let them know. He wanted to talk it over with my mother. They decided it would be a good idea. They would have trouble selling the farm. We had a neighbor that wanted the house, but no cows. He was not a farmer. This man had left his family and was living with this older woman. She was much older than he was. The house they lived in was just an old dump. They envied our nice house. My father tried very hard to sell the farm, but could not sell it. He finally had to sell his cows, but he kept his horses. Everyone was saying, St. Ongé will have trouble with his girls with so many men around. Not with me. Addie would be the one they would have trouble with. We had a lot to do to pack up to move.

My father told Mr. Draper and Mr. Aseltine he would take the job. They told him they would have the portable saw mill moved in and installed. They wanted Pa to tell them where he wanted it.

We could not sell the farm, so we sold the cows but kept the horses. Those people only wanted that nice house. I was sixteen when we were leaving the farm. We had lived there ten years. Our baby was one year old when we moved. We were not moving very far, just over the other side of the mountain into East Enosburg. Our new house was not much from the outside, but quite nice inside. It had a large kitchen, large pantry and a large room which my parents used for a bedroom for themselves, Agnes and the baby. Addie and I had a bedroom; Arthur had to sleep in the bathroom. The bathroom didn't have a tub, but did have a flush toilet. My mother used to laugh so: whenever anyone came, Pa always took them in the bathroom to show them the flush toilet, and he always had to flush it to show them how it worked. On the farm, all we had was one of Chick Sales' backhouses. We had a small living room. We had three bedrooms upstairs, so we were able to board six men. Our lives were so changed; this was a big job. My father had to hire many men, some men to cut down the trees, some to haul the logs down to the mill, some to saw the logs into lumber and some teams to take the lumber to Enosburg Falls. From there I do not remember what was done with it. That

was not my father's job. I imagine it was shipped on trains to where it was sold.

We had to help my mother feed the men and put up their lunch; we always had to have a big breakfast. After the men were fed and left for work, we would feed the children and ourselves. My mother had a lot of cooking to do. We had a lot of dishes to wash. We had to get up early, as the men had to go to work early. It was very different from farm work.

Addie and I always worked together. I don't know why, but she started to be mean to me. It could have been that she wanted to show off to the men. Try to show them she was smarter than I was. My father was very strict with us. No fooling around with the men. When our work was done, we had to go to our room. Arthur had a friend, just his age, Jack Carpenter. Jack lived on the farm down the road from us. They were always building something. Ma had a French name for it. I can't spell it. Something like show-toe.

I write so much about the dead, that I have been dreaming about them.

Since leaving the farm and coming to East Enosburg, our lives are so changed. We have to work hard, but our mother pays us for helping her. She has to bake bread every day and do a lot of other cooking. I am saving my money because Rosanna and Willie are talking about going down country to visit his sister who is married and lives in Revere, Massachusetts. We will go to see our relatives in Providence and Pawtucket. They told me I could go with them. We will be gone two weeks.

We have a Baptist church here in in East Enosburg. The minister comes from Enosburg Falls. One Sunday he said all those that wanted to be baptized to let him know. So one Sunday evening several young people were baptized in the church baptistry. I was one that did; Addie did not say anything.

Addie always thought she was Pa's favorite, but when Pa told us we were not to hang around the men after our work was done, that did not sit well with her. So she began writing love letters to one of the men that my parents did not like very much. I do not know how they got their letters to each other. One day I found some of her love letters and I showed them to my parents. I heard my mother say, "Ida never causes us trouble, but that one does all the time." They broke that up in a very short time.

We had some boys as our neighbors. We started going out with them. Our parents did not object to them. Some Sundays we would walk over the mountain and go down to see Rosanna and Willie. It was a long walk, but a lot of fun. Sometimes we would drive

over. One time we had to feed the men their Sunday night supper. With the help of our friends, we put Epsom Salts in their coffee. They said it did not taste right, but they said they would drink it just the same. They had to run to the bathroom all night. Not bathroom, but the outside toilet. My father was so mad at us. We did not try anything like that again. In the cellar way there was a shelf that the men kept their chewing tobacco on. They said it would keep moist that way. We helped to keep it moist by putting rotten apples on it. Pa told the men they were never to bring liquor there. If they did, they would lose their job. When I write again, I will tell all about what I did to their liquor. One man was an Englishman. He got very mad about what we did to the chewing tobacco.

Arthur was ten years old. One day he was playing with matches and set a whole meadow on fire. We had quite a time to put the fire out.

When my father hired his men, he told them never to bring any liquor there; if they did, he would not keep them. We saw no sign of any brought there, until one day when Addie took my mother to Enosburg Falls to do the grocery shopping. Before my mother left, she told me to clean the men's rooms upstairs.

I seemed to be left alone. I knew the baby was sleeping. Arthur was with his friend Jack. I did not know about Agnes; she may have gone with my mother and Addie. I got busy, as I had three rooms to clean. When I was trying to dust under the beds, I could not move the suitcases; they seemed so heavy. I pulled one out and tried to open it, but it was locked. I went to my room and got my key and unlocked the suitcases; every one was filled with liquor. I decided to take care of that liquor. I took a bottle in each hand and carried them out to the cow barn and broke them on a ledge near the barn. There was a barn across from the house and a cow barn further up at the side of the house. I did that until I had emptied six suitcases of liquor. I locked their cases back up and left them under the bed.

When the men came from work that night, they were thirsty. They ran upstairs. But did not stay long. My mother and Addie were back from shopping. The men went to Addie and asked her if she knew anything about what happened to their liquor. She was glad to tell them she did not know anything about it. They came to me and asked me if I knew. I said, "Yes, I broke them all on the ledge near the barn." They said, "We do not believe you; you must have hidden them." I said, "Go look for yourselves." They did, but they never dared to do anything to me. I told Pa as soon as he came home. He was so pleased. Addie saw how Pa felt, so she started to tell him that she had told me to do that. Pa knew better. And believe me, he slapped her down. He knew she was lying. She always wanted to take the glory, but it did not

always work. None of the men left, and I don't think they ever dared to bring liquor there again. They never did anything to me; they did not dare.

When I write again, it will be about our trip down country.

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Willie wanted to go to visit his oldest sister, Lydia, who lived in Revere, Massachusetts; so Rosanna, Willie and I went. We also planned on visiting our relatives in Providence and Pawtucket and other places where they lived. We planned on being gone two weeks. First we went to Lydia's. She gave us a nice time. We must have stayed there three days. While there, we went to Revere Beach. From there we went to Providence to see Uncle Thomas and Aunt Marie and all the family. Lea was not married at the time. She did not know if she wanted to get married because she had a good job and hated to leave it. We saw all Aunt Marie's boys. They had six boys and three girls. Eva and Lumenia were married.

While in Providence we went to see my mother's father. We saw him for the first and last time. While on the farm, Grandfather St. Onge came to visit us. We could not keep him long as he was very sick. My mother told my father she had too large a family to have to care for his father. He was a Civil War veteran and had that awful diarrhea that soldiers get in the war. He had been living with Uncle Alfred in Barton. They had been keeping him and got his pension. They had a large room off the kitchen where he stayed. He did not live long after he went back. He was only sixty when he died.

We went to visit Aunt Emily and her children. She was such a dear person; she was very close to my mother. They used to write to each other. Her husband was the one that taught my mother how to cook. He had a bakery.

We also went to Georgiaville and saw the house where we used to live. It was a two family house. In the other part from the one we lived in lived an old lady. Her name was Mrs. Ely. She did not remember us until we told her who we were. She said so many people had come and gone in the ten years we were away. We saw the Baptist Church where I told about the Christmas party. We went to Uncle Napoleon's and saw his store. We also went to Uncle Peter's. His wife was not very friendly to us. They had just bought a player piano and some of the kids were playing it all the time. On the way back home, we stopped at Lydia's again, just for one day. Then we went back home. We had a nice trip.

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The job at East Enosburg was coming to an end. We had been there four years. My mother and father were looking around for a farm. They finally were able to buy the Clapp farm near Montgomery Center. It was a beautiful river farm. The house was a large, beautiful house. It had a bathroom, and as I remember, it had eight or ten rooms. We did not have to milk. They had milking machines. Addie and I used to deliver milk. She always stopped at the Hall's to visit. She left me sitting in the wagon waiting for her. One day I drove home without her. When I got home, my mother asked me if I had the money, and I told her Addie had it with her. She was upset because there were a lot of kids at the Hall's, and she was afraid they would be able to help themselves to the money.

About this time, we went down to St. Albans Hospital to see if I would be accepted for training to be a nurse. Addie had never thought of being a nurse, and all my life I had wanted to be a nurse. Addie was a large, fat girl, and I was small and skinny. Miss Little, the nurse supervisor, picked Addie and turned me down. That was a bitter pill for me to swallow.

Before all this happened, I must tell how we used to go skating on the river when it used to freeze over in the winter. We had a nice place to skate, and kids from the Center used to come down. Our parents used to put a time limit on how late we could stay out. Now I must tell you about the woodbox episode.

We had a woodbox that half of it was in the shed and half was in the kitchen. The kitchen half had a cover. To fill the box, you had to fill it from the shed side. A partition came down and divided the box. One night we stayed later than we were told we could. We came home and everything was locked solid. We did not know how we would get in. We thought and thought; then we decided I would have to crawl through the woodbox. I did, and believe me, I was worried it might be locked on the kitchen side. It was not, and I unlocked the door and let Addie in. We just got upstairs when we heard our mother coming. We got in bed with all our clothes on. She came up and turned the light right in our faces. She thought we were sleeping. I don't know how we ever stood it without laughing. Next morning at breakfast, my father looked at Addie and asked her how we got in. She said Ida crawled through the woodbox. He said it is a good thing she is small or you would have never got in.

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After moving from East Enosburg to the Clapp farm near Montgomery Center my life has changed somewhat. After being turned down by Miss. Little, I am very low in spirits. All my life, as long as I could remember, I wanted to be a nurse. Addie was taken over me. She was a big fat girl, and that was what impressed Miss. Little. I was small, but I was a good worker. Addie stayed just one year. She was planning on getting married.

I did several things that first year. Rosanna had an operation and, I believe, she did not take time to get her strength back. She became very ill, and I went to her home to care for her. She and Willie lived on a farm on the Richford back road. They sold their farm and went to Florida. They thought the change would be good for her. I went back home, and later I met a very dear friend who did more for me than anyone had ever done.

## PART II

He was a student minister who was substituting for the Baptist minister, and the Richford one too, while they were on vacation. He was half English and half Indian, from India. I don't know how he happened to notice me. I was always so shy. He kept telling me I should leave home and do something for myself. He said I must have more faith in myself, and when I ever tried to do anything, just say to myself, I can do it. Never say I can't. We used to sit by the river, and he talked and talked to me. In college he was studying Self Mastery. He let me take his book so I could copy somethings out of it. I listened to all he told me, but I never told him I wanted to be a nurse. When the time came for him to leave, I promised to do what he had told me. He wrote a few times; then he stopped. He was going back to England. The big war was on, and he may have been killed in the war.

I always hoped I would see him again, but I never did.

I started doing what he told me. I went to see Dr. Abell to see if he could help me. He said if I would come that summer to help Mrs. Abell, he would do everything to help me get in the hospital training school. My mother was willing for me to do that.

When September came, Dr. Abell did what he promised. This time I was accepted. Addie tried her best to stop me from going. She kept saying, "Pa, she never can do it." My mother took my part. I went in training in 1917, the third year of the big war. I was twenty-two years old. I started doing what my friend Mr. Freeman had told me, and I found that everything was made much easier.

And now I am very happy, because I love my work.

Soon after I went in training Miss Little resigned. Miss Burns was our new supervisor of nurses. She was a lady of middle age. She had graduated from the St. Albans hospital. Some of the nurses did not like her, but I did. She was very nice to me. She knew I was a good worker.

As I remember, we were probationers for the first three months. Then we got our caps. We were put into the men's ward. Some of the men were nice; others were fresh to us. While on the men's ward I met Dr. Hyatt for the first time. He would do anything to embarrass a new nurse. One day he told me he was going to change a patient's dressing and he would need a certain instrument. He knew I did not know what it was. He was waiting to see what I would do. I went out and found a senior nurse, and I asked her if she knew what that instrument was. She said she did, and she got one for me. I hurried back in the ward and

handed it to him. He just looked at me with a sarcastic grin on his face.

This was wartime, and in Swanton they had an ammunition factory where they made the caps that went on the ends of the bullets. One night it blew up. I do not know how many people died and how many were brought to the hospital. We had a young girl brought into the woman's ward, and I was in there helping the doctors. That girl's face was covered with those caps. I had to stand on the other side of the bed holding the basin for the doctor to put the caps in as he took them out of her face. With the other hand I had to hold a light so the doctor could see better as he worked on her face. I had to stand there so long I thought I would faint. That poor girl said to the doctor, "I have a hair on my face", and she did have one. We did all we could for her, but she died in the night. Many sad things happened in the hospital, but I loved my work very much.

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I am now the district nurse. If anyone wants the district nurse, they leave a call at the hospital. In my day, we had to walk everywhere within the city limits. If you had to go outside, the doctor took you with him. I suppose in this day nurses have cars so they do not have to walk to make their calls. This was wartime, and the people were so kind and thoughtful to the nurses. They would give me sugar. That would make the other nurses happy. They did not like to drink their coffee without sugar. I don't know where the people got their sugar, unless they got it in Canada. In my day, St.Albans was a busy railroad center.

I remember one day we went out to a farm outside St.Albans and operated on a young boy; the parents did not want to take him to the hospital for some reason. They asked their doctor if he would do the operation at their home, and he said he would. So, one day two doctors and I went to this home and operated on the young boy on the kitchen table. We brought all our sterile supplies from the hospital. All went well; one doctor did the operation, and the second doctor gave the ether.

One day a man came down from Montreal very sick. He was a trainman. He was taken to the hospital, and because I was not too busy, I was told to stay with him all night. No one knew what he had or how to treat him. He did not live through the night. After he died, I went to the nurses home. Later I came down with the same thing. They did not know what to give me, so they gave me morphine. I could not stand it; it made me itch so. I refused to take any more. That was the beginning of that

awful flu in 1919. So many people died. If a woman was pregnant, she did not stand a chance of getting well. Many of the nurses got sick and went home as soon as they were able, but some never came back. I went home and stayed until I was better, but I came back to finish my training. My parents never got it. I have had the flu several times since, but never like that kind of flu. When I came back on duty, I was assigned to the operating room for three months.

The duties of an operating room nurse are many. In our small hospital there were no interns, so the nurse had to do everything. We had a sterilizing room where we sterilized all the things that were used in the operating room. We had to make our own sponges. We had two different kinds to make. We put them in packages, wrapped them up and tied them before we put them in the sterilizer.

When you wait on a doctor, you have to be quick; you can not keep a doctor waiting when he is operating. When he calls for a certain instrument, you have to hand it to him in a certain way. You have to keep track of the number of sponges being used.

I must tell you about waiting on Dr. Hyatt. He did an operation, and I knew how many sponges were used. After he finished operating, he started sewing up the incision and taking out the sponges he could see. Then he continued sewing. I said, "Dr. Hyatt, there is another sponge left in." He kept sewing; paid no attention to me. For the second time I told him there was another sponge left in. He kept on sewing. I could not stand to have him finish knowing there was a sponge left in. I was getting nervous, so for the third time I said good and loud, "Dr. Hyatt, there is another sponge left in!" That time he stopped. He opened up the incision, and sure enough, he found a sponge. He turned to me and said, "You were a pretty good guesser." What an insult; I prided myself on knowing what I was doing. I loved my work in the operating room. I assisted in many operations. Although some of the doctors were not so good, Dr. Davidson was the big surgeon in my day. It was a pleasure to assist Dr. Davidson; he was such a kind man.

Sometimes outside doctors would bring in a patient and ask to stay and watch the operation. We would put a sterile gown and sterile gloves on them and then watch them walk around with their hands folded in back on their dirty pants.

It is a wonder people lived. In that day, the doctors knew nothing about blood transfusions and saline solution. In that day, they did not do the complicated operations that they do today.

My parents used to come down to see me on my birthday, but on

this birthday they came down, but never got to see me. When a nurse is in the operating room, she is always on call in case of an emergency. On this day one came in. A young boy was playing with a gun and the gun went off and the bullet entered the right side of his abdomen and came out the left side. The doctor had to take out the intestines and go over them very carefully in sewing up the holes. It seemed as though we worked hours on that case. The doctor did a good job because the boy recovered and no complications developed. I am sure that boy never played with a gun again. The doctors were lucky because, as I remember, they lost few patients. We were very careful with our sterilization.

A nurse had to serve in the operating room for three months. This brought me up to my senior year. For the first six months of our senior year, two of us were sent to New York to work in one of the city hospitals. We were sent to learn more about obstetrics and general nursing. Miss Burns, our supervisor, told us before we left that we would see and learn many new things, but when we came back, we were to do as we always did. I often wondered why we were ever sent to New York.

When we got to New York we were sent to the Harlem Hospital, a black hospital at 125 St. and Madison Ave. We had never worked with black people before. I remember filling a long cart with the little black babies and taking them to their mothers to nurse. The black women were very nice; they did not ask us to do much for them. The hospital was not only for blacks; there were many different nationalities.

After we arrived in New York, that terrible flu broke out, the same as we had been having in Vermont, and it was at the time the boys were coming home from fighting in the big war. They were so happy to be coming home, but they did not know what they would run into. All the hospitals were full. Our hospital was terribly crowded. Where we usually had thirty beds, we now put in sixty. We put cots in all the available places we could find. I was in the men's ward. I only had an orderly to help me. The men were mostly delirious. They would pray and sing, and you had to be careful not to go too near them because they would grab you and plead with you to help them to get better so they could go home. They usually did not last long; they died so soon after they came in. We would have to rush to make up the bed fresh after the body was taken away so someone else could have the bed. Two of my patients jumped out of the window. One was a white man and the other was a black man. The white man struck something on one of the lower floors and was killed; the black man jumped in a big snow bank and lived. They had a lot of snow in New York that winter. Imagine how I felt coming from a small town and a small hospital. The police were nice to me; they told me not to be so upset, things like that happened all the time in the big city. I was told to make out two reports,

one for the City of New York and one for the hospital. I did not know what kind of reports to make. The police said they would help me, and they told me what to say on my reports. After having had that flu in Vermont and now being exposed again, I had it a second time. They brought in a big German doctor to see me. He asked me where I was from. I said Vermont. He said I should not mind the cold in New York. He was stupid; I did not mind the cold, I had the flu.

After this all blew over, we went sightseeing a lot before our time was up and we would have to go home.

After finishing our six months in New York, we came home. We soon had to go to Montpelier to take our state examinations. I did not have much money left after being in New York for six months. I never asked my parents for money; I knew Addie had done all she could to keep me from going onto training and I knew she must have told my father that I would be asking him for money all the time. My father was not very generous when it came to money. Our first year we were paid eight dollars a month, our second year we got ten dollars a month, and our third year we got twelve dollars a month. I always managed with what I got.

When it came time to go to Montpelier, I knew I did not have enough money. We would be gone three days. I went to my friends Carl and Versa Kidder and asked them if they would let me have twenty-five dollars and I would pay them back as soon as I started working, which I did. We were busy in Montpelier taking our examinations. After the three days were up, we came home. Several days later, while the nurses were eating lunch, Miss Burns came in with a letter in her hand. She said, "I wish to make an announcement." Everyone sat up wondering what she was going to say. She said, "Miss St. Onge received an average of 92 in her examinations." The nurses were clapping, and I knew my face was red it was burning so. I wish I had gone up to Miss Burns and put my arms around her and thanked her, put at the time I could not think of doing that. The nurses kept saying, "How do you do it, St. Onge?" I would not tell them. I knew how I did it: I was never afraid to try anything.

Things were going on at home. When Willie and Rosanna came back from Florida, they wanted to buy the Clapp farm from my parents. My mother did not want to sell. She loved the house and hated to leave it. Finally my parents did sell and bought the Henry Martin farm, a short distance from the Clapp farm. It was not as large a farm, but it was a river farm. My father could handle this farm because he was also working at one of the mills in Montgomery Center. My parents both died on that farm.

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I have now finished all my training, but I still have six months to go before I graduate, so it is decided to put me back in the operating room, which makes me very happy.

One day Dr. Davidson said to me, "What are you planning on doing when you graduate?" I told him I had not decided yet. He advised me to take a course in operating room work. He said, "You would make a fine operating room nurse." I thanked him and said I would think it over. In thinking it over, I realized an operating room nurse is very important in a small hospital, but in a large hospital, the interns wait on the doctors. I decided to write to the supervisor of nurses at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York to ask her if I could come and take a postgraduate course. She wrote back to tell me I could.

After I finished my six months, I graduated. This was nineteen-twenty, and I was twenty-five years old. I wanted to go home for a good while, but I had a case waiting for me in St. Albans. Paul Gates and his wife were expecting a baby and asked me if I would come when the baby came, and I said I would. I went home first for a little while.

After I was home, Dr. Clark, from Montgomery Center, got in touch with me and told me there was a family of seven with typhoid fever in Belvidere and wanted to know if I would go to care for them. There was a nurse from Burlington caring for them, but she was leaving. I told Dr. Clark I would go for a while. It was a terrible place to go. This family lived out in the country on a farm. Their well was near an old cemetery. They had been drinking that polluted water. There was a father, a mother, a boy twenty-one, a girl eighteen and three younger children. There was nothing to do with. The father was a rough type; he never would do what he was supposed to. One day he started bleeding, and I had to call for Dr. Clark to give him something to stop the bleeding. The girl had a boyfriend who did a lot to help me. He did all my errands at the store and kept us supplied with fresh water. We all lived on canned soup.

After three weeks, I was so tired I decided I would tell Dr. Clark I could not stay any longer. I had no place to rest myself. Upstairs they had only a mattress over some boxes, no bed; and I only had my mother's fur coat to cover myself. The mother was getting better, so I asked her to watch over the sick ones so I could rest for a while. When they were very sick, I had to work night and day. When Dr. Clark came he agreed that they should be able to get along without a nurse.

When Dr. Clark asked me to go there, he said the Red Cross would pay me, but I never received any pay. I felt that Dr.

Clark should have taken care of me, but he did not. The people were much too poor to pay me.

When I got home, I threw myself on a day bed my mother had in back of the stove that she would lie on to rest. This was in the living room. They did not have a furnace then. When it came lunch time, my mother made me a nice lunch of things she knew I liked. She said she tried to wake me, but could not. I did not wake up until three o'clock in the afternoon. I stayed home two days.

Then I went back to St. Albans where I had the Gates case waiting for me.

Right after I left home, Dr. Clark got in touch with me; the twenty-one year old boy had had a relapse and died. I do not know how that could have happened. The mother was better, and with Dr. Clark there, I never could understand what happened. Both that boy and the father gave me a lot of trouble. They never would do what I told them to do. I felt badly to hear the news. I had really worked hard caring for those people.

As I say, my case in St. Albans was for Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gates; they were expecting a baby any day. They had asked me to care for Mrs. Gates and the baby. The baby was born soon after I went there. He was a beautiful ten pound boy, but he was a bleeder. It was so sad; the doctors were so upset. They talked about blood transfusions, except no one knew how to give one. I stayed in the nursery for thirty-six hours. I held him in my lap as long as I could; at the last, I put him in his crib before he died.

I stayed with Mrs. Gates as long as she needed me, then I went home to get ready to go to Mt. Sinai to begin my post-graduate work.

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When I got to Mt. Sinai I was told to work along with the student nurses. It seemed to me we did more studying than nursing. When it came time for the student nurses to graduate, I was with them. I received a certificate for my post-graduate work. Jimmy Walker was the mayor of New York City. He gave the commencement address. He was very popular with the people there.

They had opened a new private pavilion a short time before I went there. I was given the position of head nurse on the fourth floor. This was a beautiful building. All the wealthy patients

went there. We had twenty-four rooms. I had a private office. In front there was a large window looking out on the information desk and the information clerk. People always stopped at the information desk to ask if they could visit the patients. Most patients had a private nurse.

Some patients were not so wealthy, so as soon as they felt better, they went on floor care. I had three student nurses on the floor to care for the floor patients.

I carried the keys to the medicine closet, which was in my office. Whenever a special nurse needed to make up a hypodermic, she had to ask me to open the closet. Even in those days they were worried about dope. The Mt. Sinai nurses resented an outside nurse and they let me know it. One day I had trouble with a private nurse. She wanted to give her patient a hypodermic. She asked me for my keys. I told her I would open the medicine closet for her. That made her angry. After she had given the hypo, she came back and threw the syringe, as hard as she could, at the medicine closet. I went downstairs to report to Miss Erwin, the nurse supervisor. She thanked me and said she would take care of it. When a Mt. Sinai nurse was taken off a case, she was not allowed to come back for some time. That is what happened to this nurse.

Miss. Erwin told me, one time, that I was the best head nurse she had ever had. I never allowed my student nurses to work overtime. I would help them so they could get off at seven. I was there for six years.

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I enjoyed being at Mt. Sinai. It was a beautiful building. The front was on Fifth Avenue and 100th Street, overlooking Central Park. Off from my office was a small living room with comfortable chairs for the nurses. There was also a powder room. The doctors had a private elevator. The elevator man's name was Joe. He had a wooden leg. They had a bad accident with one of the elevators, and Joe lost a leg. Every morning when Joe came to my floor, he always came over to my office to chat a bit. I don't know what nationality he was, but he spoke good English.

I must tell you about my name. One day Dr. Elsberg--he was a brain surgeon--stopped me in the hall and asked if my family had come from France. My great grandfather on my father's side had come from France. My mother was French also. Dr. Elsberg said he had traveled around France a great deal and in one province the name St. Onge was very common. The name Dr. Berg liked the best was Ida. Every morning when he got off the elevator he would call

out, "Ida! Ida, where are you?" I would be standing by my office door, and he would come over laughing and take my arm, and we would go make rounds. When we went into a patient's room there was no more fooling. Dr. Berg was very professional. Joe told me that when Dr. Berg got on the elevator he would say, "Take me up to Ida's floor". Some of the nurses were jealous and told me what a mean person Dr. Berg was. He was always nice to me.

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I had a friend that was a German girl. She had been head nurse on the fifth floor. She did not get along very well, so she left and went to another hospital up town. This is the girl I went to Europe with. She was born in the United States, but her parents had come from Germany. They lived in Maine. We were saving our money to go to Europe. I told Dr. Berg what I was planning to do, and for some reason, he did not like the idea of me going with this girl. I never knew the reason. She did not have a very nice personality. This was 1926.

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On Easter the head nurses had a half day off. This Easter I took the morning off so I could get a little extra rest. Some of the nurses thought up a plan to play a trick on Joe. They put a lily on my desk with a card saying, "May she rest in peace". When Joe came up to say good morning and chat a bit, he asked where I was. The nurses told him to look on my desk, which he did. He turned away looking very sad and said nothing. At twelve o'clock I came on duty. When Joe saw me he was so angry with those girls playing such a trick on him. I think he would have liked to kill them. I had a hard time to comfort him. I told him not to be upset. I was alive and that's what mattered.

At this time on my floor was a very nice man. He was an importer/exporter. I told him about my plans to go to Europe. He wanted to know which ship I was going on. I told him I was going on the DeGrasse, of the French line. He wanted to know what kind of cabin I had. I told him a inside cabin. He asked to see my ticket. I got in touch with Goldie--that was the girl I was going with. She brought me the tickets. I gave them to my patient, and he sent one of his men down to the office of the French line and had them changed to an outside cabin. No extra expense. It was such a nice surprise.

Goldie had a half sister living in Paris. Goldie wrote to her about our trip, and the sister sent back an itinerary for us of

all the places we should see. We took the itinerary to American Express, and they made all our reservations for us. It made the trip easy for us.

I think the reason Goldie left Mt. Sinai was because she was German and being in a Jewish hospital did not work out. Dr. Berg did everything to try to stop me from going to Europe with Goldie. I could not do that; our plans were all made. Goldie was nice to me. We got along well.

The last day I was on duty, when Dr. Berg was leaving, he pulled me through the exit door with him. When I came back, the nurses asked me if he kissed me. I said I had a cold and if he gets a cold you will know. He did not kiss me; he only wanted to say goodbye without the nurses hearing. He said he would miss me and wished me a good trip.

We sailed on September the first in 1926. I do not remember that I was ever seasick. We had a very nice crossing. We made friends with many of the people on the ship. We landed at LeHarve, and from there we took a bus to Paris. We stayed in Paris for a few days. We went sightseeing a lot. We went to Grasse, the perfume country of France. We saw large fields of flowers and beautiful rose gardens. We went through a perfume factory. They would not sell any perfume to tourists. They only sold to stores and fashion houses. The fashion houses would choose perfumes to go with their fashions. The chemist at the factory would mix these special perfumes.

We saw Millet's studio. As I remember, from Paris we went to Germany. Goldie's parents wanted her to visit her relatives. We spent a long time in Germany. I enjoyed the small towns much more than the big cities. Berlin was not divided then. I remember while we were walking in Berlin, some men met us and called out something insulting. Goldie would not tell me what they said.

One time some of Goldie's relatives took us for a boat trip on the Rhine. This was not too long after the First World War and the Americans, French and English had forts along the Rhine. Every time we passed one of the forts, the German men would shake their fists and call out names.

In Switzerland we stayed in a small village. A man used to drive his cows through this village. Each cow had a bell. I loved to watch the cows and hear the bells. I bought some bells there for souvenirs.

Goldie made quite a fool out of herself in Italy. Because she was blond, she had a notion the Italian men would attack her. She kept telling me that the Italian men were crazy about blonds.

We were in Europe two and a half months. That took us into the middle of November. In the hotels there was no central heating and the rooms were quite cold, so we decided to go home. We docked in New York.

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When we returned from our trip, I decided to go to Vermont to see my parents and tell them about my trip. Before I left I went to see Mrs. Clark to ask her if I could rent a room from her. She had a large apartment and some of the graduate nurses from Mt. Sinai were living there. I knew them and liked them, and that is the reason I wanted to live there. I stayed a few days to get settled before I went to Vermont. It was in Vermont I met my future husband.

He was the principal of the Junior High School. My youngest brother, Arnold, was going to school there. One day John and Arnold were fooling around and somehow John hurt his hand. Arnold said he would take John home with him because I was a nurse and had just come back from Europe. So they came down, and I dressed John's hand. At first John was afraid of me. I wish he had kept that way.

I went back to New York and was called on a case at Mt. Sinai. I had decided to do private nursing for a while. This case did not last very long, so I went back to Vermont. I saw a lot of my new friend. We used to go horseback riding a lot. One day John asked me to marry him. I was not too eager to marry; I was happy with my life as it was. My mother did not think it was a wise marriage. She told me John would never have any money. She told me how he spent all of his money on the kids at school, how he rented horses for the kids to go riding. I had not made up my mind.

When school closed for the year, John asked me to go to Amherst, Massachusetts, with him to meet his family. I went, but it was a big mistake. I overheard his mother tell him he could not get married. His mother and sister even took my passport out of my suitcase to check my age. My age was one of the things they held over him.

I took the train for New York and John came along with me. I thought he was only going as far as Springfield, but no, he went all the way to New York. We decided we would go the next day to City Hall to get our marriage license. I wanted to get married in The Little Church Around The Corner. The next day it was raining so hard, that we just got married at City Hall. That was

not the way I wanted to get married. The clerk mumbled a few words, then said, "I now pronounce you man and wife, put the ring on her finger and kiss the bride." I do not understand, but that marriage lasted for fifty three years. It should never have lasted that long.

### PART III

John stayed a few days, then went back to Amherst. Never did he do a days work all summer. He had a contract to be principal of the Highschool in Rochester, Vermont. That would not start until after the first of September.

I called to register again at Mt.Sinai. I wanted to work on private cases. I soon got a call. When I reported, the nurses told me what a terrible person I would have to care for. They said she demanded a different nurse every day. She was one of Dr. Berg's patients.

I took a menu and went into her room. I told her I was her new nurse and I had brought in a menu for her. She was so happy. And that was where the trouble was; she said she had never been given a menu before. She said that whatever the nurses had brought in she had to eat, even if she hated it. From that time on we became very good friends. She was a sweet dear person. She was a New York City school teacher.

She had had a colon cancer operation. She had wasted away so much, I used to pick her up in my arms and carry her to a chair I had made up by the window so that I could change her bed. She was so tiny and so thin. I was with her a long time.

I was using my money to pay for the furniture John and I had picked out. John used to write to me and tell me what a wonderful time he was having. I resented him telling me that when I was working so hard. I wrote and told him so. He sent me the meanest answer. It was such a shock to me, it made me sick. I was sick in bed. Mrs. Clark called him and told him what she thought of him. He came to New York and said he was sorry for what he had done. I did not care to go on with the marriage. But if I had not, I would not have had my children.

When Miss Weingart got well enough to leave the hospital, we went up to Highmont, New York. Her brother had a boy's camp up there. The family had a private cottage to live in. I stayed up there for several weeks. When I went on the case, Miss Weingart was fifty years old. When she died, she was eighty. My mother had the same operation and lived two years.

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After John got to Rochester he looked for a house to rent and was lucky in finding a nice one. He wrote and told me to ship the furniture. The day after I shipped the furniture, Vermont

had a terrible flood. The railroad from Bethel to Rochester was washed out. I was stranded in New York; our furniture was stranded somewhere between New York and Vermont. This was in the fall of 1927.

When school started, John was staying at a hotel near the school. Everyone was trying to think of some way for me to get to Rochester. The son-in-law of the woman that owned the hotel had to go to upstate New York, so John called me and told me go to such and such a place in upstate New York--I can't recall the name of the place--and wait for the son-in-law to pick me up. When he did, we started for Rochester, but in the most round about sort of way.

In Rochester no one believed we had any furniture. They gave us a lot of old junk to keep house with. I found it hard; it was so different from the way I had been living.

Months later--four or five--we received notice that our furniture was in Bethel. We hired a man with sleds to bring our furniture over the mountain from Bethel. The main roads were still washed out. When we finally got our furniture, it was covered with mildew. We ended up with two sets of dishes. I wrote and reported this and received a reply telling us to keep the extra set. Trying to get them back was too much trouble. I gave the extra set to my mother.

When the loud mouths saw that we really did have furniture, they had to eat their words.

I did not like living in Rochester. The younger people were not nice to us. The only friends we had were the older people. We stayed in Rochester two years. John was asked to stay longer, but he had an idea that it would be easy to get another job. He wanted to go to the Bread Loaf School Of English of Middlebury College in Ripton to work on his Masters degree. We did not have much money, but when I had graduated from nurses training, I had taken out a life insurance policy and had never used my dividends, so I did have some money. I decided to use that to get us through the summer. After summer school was over, John had no job, and we were expecting a baby. Just before school was to start, John got a call to be principal of the high school in Hyde Park, Vermont. Our daughter Peggy Ann was born there.

We stayed in Hyde Park one year. John was appointed principal of the High School in Littleton, Massachusetts. I was glad to leave the old house where we were living. I had never lived in a house as bad as that one. Even on the farm, we lived in nice houses. This house was old and cold. It had never been kept up. My little baby used to get so cold in her crib, I used to take her in bed with me.

When we moved to Littleton, we found a nice old house, over two hundred years old. It was a two family house. The people that owned it lived in the ell part; we had the main part. We had a kitchen, dining room and living room downstairs and two bedrooms and a bathroom upstairs. It was heated with a coal furnace. The name of the man that owned the house was Harry Mann. Mrs. Mann was from Austria, but Harry was a real Yankee. They had a gas station on the next lot up from the house, but poor Mrs. Mann was the one that usually took care of it. Harry went around doing painting and carpentry. There was a door leading from our kitchen to their part of the house. Mrs. Mann used to come into our part to visit and whenever she got mad at Harry, how she could swear.

I must tell you a funny story about what she did to Harry. He went out just about every evening to play cards with the seventy year old boys, and not only play cards, but also drink. He used to come home quite drunk some nights. One night Harry came home drunk and went right to bed. In the night he got up to pee and peed on the floor and crawled back into bed. Mrs. Mann got the mop, mopped up the mess and then mopped Harry's face with the mop. Mrs. Mann told me about it.

We were expecting another baby. The new baby was born on the eighth of November, 1931. I had the baby at home. My sister Agnes came to care for me.

Peggy Ann's birthday was the ninth of November. She wanted me to get up and bake her birthday cake. John told her Mrs. Mann was going to bake her cake. Peggy Ann wouldn't accept that; she wanted her mother to bake the cake. When she got older, she could never understand why John Junior's birthday came first when she was two years older. I used to bake one cake and cut it in two, but I didn't get away with that long. It had to be two cakes.

As soon as Agnes left, I was very busy caring for my two little children. It did not prove to be overly difficult, for I had had a lot of experience caring for babies during my nurse's training. Peggy Ann did not intend for the new baby to get all the attention. She would not allow the baby's crib to be near my bed. Her bed had to be next to mine, and the baby's crib had to be across the room. In the morning she always insisted that I get up and do things for her. At first, she used to watch Agnes and Mrs. Mann so they would not do things she wanted me to do. When Agnes went down cellar to tend the furnace, Peggy Ann would stand at the head of the cellar stairs and call down, "Don't you touch my daddy's furno!"

After my children were born, John's mother and sister seemed to

change their attitude. They were much more friendly.

We liked living in Littleton. John was tickled with his job. This old house we had was very pleasant to live in. We practically lived in the kitchen. It had once been a farm kitchen. Mrs. Mann used to come in and visit a lot. Whenever I cooked or baked something special, I always gave her some. She always said I was a great cook. Mrs. Mann was a very good friend. We liked each other very much.

The senior class always worked hard to raise money for their traditional, spring vacation, Washington trip. In those days, the only thing Washington meant was Washington, D.C. I told the kids that as soon as my children were a little older I would help them raise their trip money. When the time came, there was a man from out of town that came on Saturday nights and held square dances in the town hall. The senior class got the concession to serve refreshments. I shall tell later how I baked pies for the class to serve with hot coffee.

These dances were held during the winter months. One time the women from the Catholic Church said they wanted to serve one night for their causes. It happened, as things will, that the night was fiercely cold. Around sub-zero weather. The women served ice cream.

After my children were older, I went with John and the senior class on several Washington trips. Peggy Ann made such a fuss, I soon gave that up. One time we drove up to Vermont and left the children with my mother, and that was the only time Peggy Ann was happy. Peggy Ann loved my mother. When we got back, we drove up and picked up the children. Peggy Ann forgot her old Ida-Girl doll. Ida-Girl was a big old doll with all her hair pulled out. When Peggy Ann discovered Ida-Girl was gone, she wanted John to turn back to save her doll. How she did love her old Ida-girl. It was as bad as her old fuzz blanket. She even took that to college with her. My mother once told me that my brother Arthur and I were her only children that did not have some childhood quirks. I don't know whether to believe that or not.

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I have been a reader all my life. Here at the nursing home, I believe most everyone has a television, and many times when one of my family comes down to see me, they always ask if I want them to bring down my television, and I always tell them, no, because if I had it, I probably wouldn't read. I started to read to my children when they were old enough to understand. John and I used to buy children's books for them. This is sort of humorous,

but after awhile Peggy Ann told me she did not want me to read to her anymore. She wanted to read by herself. I think she was three to four years old. In her little books, after she heard the story read a few times, she would memorize it, and then she would associate the story with the pictures, and that is how she thought she was reading. Who knows, maybe she was reading. I had one left who always loved to be read too. Years later when John had his own private school, the boys, more often than not, would tell how their mothers never read to them. In my family, my father and I were the only readers. Rosanna liked to read, but not the way my father and I did.

When Peggy Ann was old enough to go to school, it was quite a chore to get her to go. She used to cry at the very thought. I could not understand why because she proved to be a very good student.

The school bus driver did not have to pick up my children because we did not live over a mile from the school. He always stopped for Peggy Ann and after school, he always stopped across the street and walked with her to our door. I always waited for the bus and when I saw it coming, I was at the door to meet her. When she saw me, she would rush into my arms crying, "Oh, Mama!" At school John would go down to the first grade and sit with her for awhile to try to comfort her.

When my children got older and were not as much care, I started baking pies for the senior class. I used to bake as many as ten pies in a week, some double crust and some single crust. I used to start in the middle of the week. I did the double crust pies first and put them in the refrigerator. We had a large refrigerator. On Saturday I finished the single crust pies. After the pies were picked up I was so tired I used to lie down on our day bed to wait for John to come home after the dance refreshments were served. We had a big yellow tom cat and when I was busy in the kitchen, he stayed under the stove, but when I was laying on the day bed, he came with me and lapped my legs.

\* \* \* \*

I remember this painful accident I had. John, Peggy Ann and I went to Lowell to get paint for the kitchen floor. Lowell was eight miles from Littleton. We did much of our shopping there. John let me out in front of the paint store and went with Peggy Ann to park the car. I waited a bit and then started into the store, which had its two large plate glass doors open. As I entered, the door to my right snapped loose and struck me a fierce blow on my right side. I was completely stunned. I just stood there. John came to me and said he had seen it coming but

was too far back to catch the door. When we got home, I had trouble getting out of the car. The next morning, I could not get out of bed. That began my round of doctors, insurance adjusters and law suits. My lawyer sent me to the Leahy Clinic. The insurance adjuster said I would have to prove it was not my fault. The Leahy Clinic said my back was damaged but would get better in time. I'm ninety-three and my back still bothers me. I was fitted for a steel brace which I wore for two years. For reasons that are far beyond me, John kept scolding me for being dependent on that damn steel brace. I did not have too many choices; when I sat down, I could not get up. Seeing he knew so much, maybe the large plate glass door should have struck him.

In 1939 we had a terrible hurricane. John was off, as usual; this time taking some kid to Boston to see about college. When the hurricane struck, the children and I watched tree after tree blow down. These trees were huge elms and maples. They were all around the house. One large elm totally crushed our garage. When John finally got home, he came in the front door and said he could not pull the car into the driveway. I said forget it, the garage is somewhere under that tree.

Some time before the hurricane, we had lost our little scottie dog. One day when John, Jr. was climbing around on the garage tree, he spotted a black object off in the field by the brook. It was Tammy. He had been killed, probably by larger dogs. His throat had been chewed out. We buried him after the spring thaw.

In 1941 John tried to enlist, but he was too old. That's about all I can remember about the second world war. Mr. Mann rebuilt the garage.

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After thirteen years in Littleton, we moved to Suffield, Connecticut. John had obtained the position of assistant headmaster of Suffield Academy. Suffield Academy was a boys preparatory school. We had to decide where Peggy Ann would attend school. We decided we would have her interview for the Chaffee School in Windsor, Connecticut.

When John took Peggy Ann for her interview, John Jr. and I were left alone in Littleton. John and Peggy Ann would be gone over night. John, Jr.'s friend Bobby Smiley came over to visit for the day. The Manns had some Civil War relics left to Harry by his family. One item was a powder horn. I don't know how those boys ever thought of it, but the powder horn had black powder in it. God knows where the powder came from. The boys made a small

bomb out of an aspirin bottle, with a piece of string for a fuse. It didn't work. Bobby went home for lunch, for some reason, and John, Jr. was left alone, to perfect the bomb.

I was cleaning upstairs when I heard the explosion. I thought a car had backfired. Then I heard John, Jr. in the kitchen yelling for me. What a sight for a mother; his face was covered with powder burns and he couldn't open his eyes. I still don't know how he made it to the kitchen so fast, completely blind. I got on the phone and had a very hard time finding anyone to help me take him to the doctor. We had to go to Lowell for an eye doctor. It took the doctor a long time to pick all the powder out of his eyes. John, Jr. wasn't going to be able to see for a while. That night he was so afraid, he asked me to read to him. I read and read until I could hardly make my mouth go. I read all night long. Somewhere toward morning, he fell asleep.

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What a lot of work it was to pack after thirteen years in Littleton. So many things were thrown out; so many of my things were thrown out. I had souveniers from my trip to Europe I wanted to keep. On the last night over, we had a party on the boat. I was dressed like a Chinese girl. I was dressed in a kimona and slippers. I wore my hair in bangs. I won first prize. The prize was a French book. I could not read French. What better prize could you give than a French book on a French boat to a Frenchman? I had pictures of that party; I felt badly to lose them.

Moving to Suffield was the best thing that could have happened to us financially. Not that John's salary was so great, but we received many fringe benefits. We were given a six room apartment with all utilities, including the phone. Meals were free to faculty members. John and John, Jr. ate all their meals at the school; Peggy Ann and I only went for dinner. I generally cooked Sunday dinner at home.

The only thing I did not like about Suffield were the snakes. I never saw so many snakes. I hated to work in my little flower garden. Across the lawn was the headmaster's house. Mrs. Hahn, the headmaster's wife, said she dreaded going into the cellar because she would always find a snake or two.

We lived in Suffield four years.

#### PART IV

My sister Agnes and her husband, Paul, were working at the Egremont Inn in South Egremont, Massachusetts. The people who owned the Egremont Inn also owned the Mt. Everett Inn in the same town. These people were looking for someone to operate the Mt. Everett Inn for the summer. Agnes thought it would be a good idea if John and I took the job. She came to see us to talk over the idea. We all agreed we liked the idea, so we went there for the summer. John managed the inn, I was in charge of the dining room, Peggy Ann waited tables and John, Jr. worked in the kitchen. I was not as well as I would have liked, because I had recently had a hysterectomy. We had a very busy season.

Among the guests was a very nice lady by the name of Miss Alderman. She was from North Carolina. She was at the Mt. Everett Inn for the summer with her niece and her niece's husband and two children. Miss Alderman was quite pleased with the way the inn was managed, and one day toward the end of the season, she had a talk with John; she told him he should buy an inn of his own. She told him she would help him financially. That is how we got into the inn business.

We found a beautiful inn in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, two miles from the center of town. Great Barrington is a small town in the Berkshire Mountains of western Massachusetts. Great Barrington and South Egremont are only four miles apart. The inn had once been the summer residence of a wealthy New York hotel man.

The inn was in the Mediterranean style with extensive grounds. Unfortunately, it had been sadly neglected, so there was a great deal of work to be done. We would have to start with a new roof.

As an inn, it would not be too practical because the bedrooms were so very large, and we would not be able to handle many guests at any one time. But we all fell in love with the place and decided to buy it. Miss Alderman gave John ten thousand dollars for a down payment. This is how we bought Barrington Hall, this beautiful inn in the Berkshire Mountains.

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After we bought Barrington Hall, there was so much to do; the place had been so neglected. It had changed hands about every year for a number of years.

Everyone went their own way: Peggy Ann to Vassar, John and John, Jr. back to Suffield for another school year, Agnes and Paul still at the Egremont Inn. I was left to work on Barrington Hall alone. I did all I could, but I got angry: how could I do everything alone? I did not like staying in that big place all alone. Little by little we were all able to work together; we were planning to open April first.

We had to buy a new range and steam table for the kitchen. Paul was the chef and he wanted what he wanted, not caring where the money came from. I did a great deal of painting: the bedrooms, the dining room windows, the stairs. With everyone working, we were able to open as planned. But no business. It rained for days. We had one guest, a lady from Springfield, Massachusetts. She stayed for one month. A few people would stay for one night and leave the next day. The rains continued until Memorial Day. A group of people from out west stayed for a night. They said that they had never seen so much rain. They rarely had rain at home. After Memorial Day, the rains stopped and business picked up. We had people come for the entire summer. We had a doctor and his wife from Baltimore, Maryland. He had had a stroke, so I gave them my first floor room off the office. He was unable to climb stairs. I stayed up on the third floor with Peggy Ann, John, Jr. and the people we had working for us.

Miss Alderman came with her niece and family. She was very pleased when she saw the inn. She stayed the entire summer.

After Labor Day, John and John, Jr. had to start another school year and could only help on weekends. I had to do all the bookkeeping. I did not understand the food tax. One day a tax man came and was mean to me. He said, "Don't you know anything?" I tried to explain that we were new in the business and were trying to learn about the taxes. He said, "You had better find out." The accountant the former owner of Barrington Hall had had sold his business to Kline and Orenstein, Accountants of Hartford, Connecticut. I contacted Mr. Orenstein for help. He was wonderful. He taught me everything I needed to know about bookkeeping. I will tell more about Mr. Orenstein later. We were all younger in those days so did not get discouraged so easily.

I remember that the inn had a beautiful long driveway covered with white pea stone with hedges on both sides. There was also a pine grove where the guests liked to sit during the heat of the day. Barrington Hall was a beautiful place.

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John, Jr. decided he wanted to go to Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Virginia. That fall we drove him down for his first semester.

Now with two children in college and an inn to pay for, John came to me and said he was going to start his own school. That was all I needed; I knew we could not swing it. John thought it would be easy to find someone to lend him money. Some people in Suffield did loan him some money, but they were not as liberal as Miss Alderman.

The inn was turned over to Agnes and me to run. We had control of everything. I still had charge of the dining room and all the office work as well. In the dining room I got to be with all the people. I seated them, gave them the menu, filled their water glass and passed the butter and salad. After the meal, I handled the check and change. Checks were only given for transient meals. For house guests, meals were included.

I had to write out the menus. Paul would jot down the menu for each meal, and I would write it out in long hand for a personal touch. There was plenty of screaming and swearing in the kitchen. Sometimes we could hear it in the dining room. Sometimes people would arrive after we had closed the dining room. Paul would always refuse to feed them, so poor Agnes would do it. We could not afford to refuse people just because they were late. Agnes was so wonderful; she would do everything to make the inn a success. It was a pleasure to work with her.

I'll tell you about our famous guest. She was an elderly lady. No one knew her age. All the inns around use to try to get her to come to their inn. She was very wealthy and that was the reason everyone wanted her. She always came with a large trunk for her clothes, a smaller one for her hats, also a smaller one for Sonnyboy's clothes. She always came with her little black dog, also her companion. She never came down to breakfast or lunch. She always had a tray taken to her rooms. She always had a special diet for Sonnyboy which made Paul swear plenty. For dinner at night she never came down with the house guests. She always waited for them to finish and only came down when we had outside guests come in. That is when she came down, wearing a long dress and a picture hat. She did everything to draw attention. Everyone would turn to look at her. She had a special place where she sat with her companion. John always sat with her to talk. He wanted her to take an interest in him. He was trying to raise money to start his own school. She loved having his attention, but never offered to help him. They used to talk for a long time. I felt sorry for the waitress having to stay on duty so late, so I used to tell her not to wait. I would clean the table.

Sonnyboy had all his special clothes: a raincoat, a warmer coat for when the weather was colder. The companion had to dress him when she took him out.

One night a black couple stopped and requested dinner, a room for the night and an early breakfast, as they were on a long trip. The next day our famous guest came down and said she had seen a negro couple leave and if we were going to take negroes she was going to leave. Her room was on the front of the inn. We never took any more black guests, for the reason that none ever stopped.

Some years later, after our famous guest had died, I met her companion downtown. She told me that Mrs. Tilden had willed her ten thousand dollars. The rest of the money was left to a dog cemetery. Mrs. Tilden had several dogs buried there.

When we bought the inn, we planned on keeping open the year around. The first year we did very well. We had a lot of snow, and the skiing was very good. The second year was a different story. We would get a lot of snow, and the next day it would rain. All our guests would go home. That was the end of our keeping open the year around. We would stay open until Thanksgiving, close for the winter and open again in April.

I'll tell you about the attempted murder. A group of dentists came and asked if they could hold a small convention over a weekend before we closed. We agreed to have them. All our help had left. The college girls had gone back to school. Our bellboy and dishwasher had left. We had to get some help before we could have the convention. John was in Cornwall, Connecticut, where he was starting his school. I called and asked if he knew where I could get some help for the weekend. He told me of a Mrs. Clay, a black woman, he thought would come. She did not come, but sent her son instead. He was a young man, very neat, and did his work well. He was both bellboy and dishwasher. When the convention group came, he took their bags to their rooms. In the group there was a lady about thirty-five. He kept his eye on her. One day he asked me for an extension cord. I told him my son had one in his room on the third floor, where the help had rooms. I told him I would go up with him. When we got to the third floor, all the night lights had been turned off. I asked him why he had turned off the lights. He did not answer. Later we found out the reason: he used to watch the cars coming up the driveway. He watched for that lady's car.

After the convention was over, this lady asked if she could stay a little longer. She thought the place was so beautiful. One night this black boy--his name was Julius--came down and went into her room--she hadn't locked her door--and stabbed her

repeatedly. She held the blankets up so he could not stab her stomach.

After the initial attack, Julius left. As he opened the door, the lady could clearly see who it was. There was a hall light just outside her door. She knew it was the black boy who had carried up her bags.

She locked her door and started to call Agnes: "Mrs. Santella! Mrs. Santella!" Agnes heard her and went up stairs. Agnes rapped on the door and told her she was Mrs. Santella and to open the door. She did, and Agnes said it was a terrible sight. She was all covered with blood. Agnes told her to lock her door and she would get the doctor and the police. Agnes came down to my room, which was off the office. I had my door locked as I had gone to bed. Agnes rapped on the door, and I got up to open it. When I did, Agnes told me that Julius had stabbed the woman in room #12. I was so shocked, I slammed the door in Agnes' face. She said, don't do that, we have to call the doctor and the police. Which we did. Two policemen came, and the hospital sent the ambulance. When the police came, Julius tried to deny he had done anything. There was a path of blood all the way upstairs to his room. He was taken to the lockup in Great Barrington, and the next day he was taken to the prison in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where he was kept until his trial. He was given eight years. He tried many times to have his sentence reduced, but he was always refused. His trial was held in January. It was so cold, and we were down in Cornwall, Connecticut, and we had to drive to Pittsfield every day for the trial. They even had a lawyer from the NAACP to see that he got a fair trial. He was kept in a locked area. We were glad when it was over. The lady did not sue us because she had not locked her door. That was the end of our inn business. The newspapers gave such sensational accounts that no one would come to the inn anymore.

At this time John was having trouble with his school in Cornwall. He was being pressured to buy the old school and the very old buildings. Agnes and I asked him to move his school to Great Barrington. John had great doubts about this move.

John finally decided to move his school to Great Barrington. There was a great deal to be done. The building could not be used as a school the way it was. John's enrollment was not very large. We could take care of the boys as the building was for a while. John had classrooms built. The two large living rooms were made into classrooms. The back porch was converted into two classrooms.

Another problem for us was where would we live? Hammer and Dempsey owned the farm next to the school. There was a large farm house on the property. Hammer and Dempsey approached John

to ask if he wanted to buy the house. We were happy to get it. All our furniture was brought from Cornwall, Connecticut. It was such a beautiful house. It was our home for thirty years. John, Jr., his wife Pat and their daughter Jane lived with me at the house. John generally stayed at the school. He had a bedroom off his office. Agnes and Paul stayed awhile to do the cooking. Later John would hire his own chef. As the enrollment grew larger, we took twelve boys over to the house. There were six rooms in the ell. The ell had its own entrance. There were two bathrooms and two showers. The boys always liked living at the house. They liked the privacy. John did not change the name of the school; it remained Cornwall Academy. It was a college preparatory, boys school. The graduates went on to a good many of the better colleges. In time we built another large building. It was for classrooms and dormitory rooms. John named it Geddes Hall. We also built a gym, put in tennis courts and turned a pasture into an athletic field.

When Agnes left, we figured how much each of us had put into the inn. I gave her her share for the seven years we ran the inn. She was very happy the way we settled it. She was able to do a lot of work on her house in Montgomery Center, Vermont. I will have to tell you all about my bookkeeping and about Mr. Orenstein, our accountant, and the way we worked together.

Before school was to begin, we always sent out invitations to the parents to come to our tea. This also included the boys. The boys did not always come, as they liked to stay and settle their rooms.

I had a beautiful table set up: I had a beautiful lace tablecloth, a silver service and a large silver tray. I always had special cookies made for that day. I served the coffee all afternoon until five o'clock. The parent always seemed to enjoy themselves, having coffee and visiting with each other. The men loved coffee. They came back for seconds and thirds. I kept my friend Marie busy making coffee and keeping the plates filled with cookies. Sometimes Pat would relieve me from pouring coffee. After the school had been in Great Barrington a few years, one of the parents gave us a large coffee maker. It held thirty-five cups and would keep the coffee hot all day. It had a gold finish and a spigot. The parents would walk through the three living rooms. John and John Chamberlain would never come over. John was always busy interviewing parents; John Chamberlain was busy in the bookstore. John Chamberlain was the assistant head master.

As I write it makes me long for those times again. It was a busy life and I loved it.

I was the school bookkeeper. All my bookkeeping was done at

the house. Once a month I sent out bills. I had to keep track of each boy's expenses, such as, bookstore charges, laundry, doctor's bills and such. I had a billing machine, check writer, adding machine, type writer and, of course, much other office equipment. Our accountant came from Hartford, Connecticut. He came once each month. He checked all my books, but I signed everything. I made out all the checks. Mr. Orenstein taught me everything I had to know. There were mortgages, insurances, taxes and so many things to pay. We payed taxes on the school, so we were not required to have a school committee. We owned the school property, so the school had to pay John and me. I used this money to pay the mortgages, interests and all expenses associated with the property. Besides all this work, I had some little one to care for. John, Jr. taught at the school and Pat worked in the office. I was left to care for the baby. Years later there would be two more, Melissa and Johnny, Peggy Ann's children. My friend Marie Carr would help me, but she had other employment, so she could not give me too much of her time. She was always there to make our lunch when Mr. Orenstein came. Every Monday morning I took a taxi to town to do my banking. I would go around to the stores and pay any bills. When Jane got older I used to take her with me. One day she said, "Meme, everyone knows you." I said, "Yes, because I am going to give them money."

All of this brings back beautiful memories, now that all I have to do is sit around and read.

The school grew very fast. We kept the name of Cornwall Academy. Our school was not a tax free school. John was too free in telling how much money we were taking in, and someone reported us to the Internal Revenue Service, and we were inspected and had to pay a big fine. We were sure it was one of the masters. John was taking many boys tuition free. We went through the blacks, Greeks, Panamanians, Cubans and a host of Americans. One father used to go to Las Vegas to gamble even though he sent his two boys to our school for free. A doctor in Pittsfield did the same thing, always promising but never paying. Mr. Orenstein used to tell me we had a gold mine in the school, if we ran it right. Mr. Orenstein wanted to council John, but I told him not to. I knew John; because he started the school, he figured he could do anything he wanted with the money. Unknown to me one day Mr. Orenstein did go over. Later I got a phone call from him saying he got fired.

John hired another accountant from Pittsfield, a good for nothing. He only came when he felt like it and left all the work to me. Sometimes he would send a young man who know nothing about the school. I began to lose interest in my work. These people were useless to me. It was not to last too many years.

Mr. Orenstein asked the Internal Revenue who had reported us. They would not tell. I know very well who did it, but I will not put his name on paper.

I had a good business head. If I hadn't, I never could have done the things I did.

Among private schools, it became popular to take the students to Europe for summer school. John liked this idea, so began his own European summer school. I went along on a few of these trips.

One time the summer school was held in Wales. William Randolph Hearst bought and restored a Wales castle for Marion Davis. The castle was eventually sold to the province of Wales and was used for a boys school. We were invited to use this castle for our summer school.

When we went to Wales, we first flew to London. After some sight-seeing, we took a charter bus to Wales. It was a long trip. We reached the castle just at supper time. In London I fell and hurt my leg. All the way to Wales, I looked for a drug store for a bandage, but there were none. I had a hard time walking for several days.

John Chamberlain rented a car, so I got to see a lot of the countryside. John was very generous in asking me to go with him. That year I took my granddaughter with me. She was supposed to room with our secretary, but she wanted to room with me. I had double beds, so I said she could. I thought the food was terrible.

In Wales it was still light at ten at night. Everything closed at ten. One night we took the teachers out to dinner, and the management told us we had to be out of there by ten. It was very beautiful in back of the castle. Steps led down to two swimming pools. Beyond the pools was Bristle Bay. Beside the steps was a rose garden. One pool was heated and the other was not. Kayaks were available to us. After our boys left the pools, I would stay with Jane so that she could kayak awhile. Jane was very good at kayaking.

The headmaster of the castle school, who's name was Admiral Hoar, stayed the summer with us. Some of his boys, who were also there, said that Hoar made them take a cold swim every winter morning before breakfast. We did much sight-seeing with our boys in a minibus. I never saw so much rain.

We took a trip down a mine. We had Jane with us, but she was not allowed in the mine because she was a minor. That was a big joke with the boys. We hired our friend with the minibus to take

us to the mine. It was quite some distance from the castle. We were given a miner's hat with the small light in the front. It didn't show off much light. We descended in a large elevator. It seemed as though we would never reach the bottom. It was so black down there. I can't understand how those men work down there. They warned us not to stray from each other. I felt very nervous while down there. To go from one section to another, you had to crawl on your hands and knees. I refused to do that. I had on a new pants suit, so I asked to be taken back to the elevator. Two men took me, one on each arm. They said there was danger of stumbling. As we were moving along, we had to stop for a large horse pulling a cart of coal. I never saw such a large horse. The men with me told me that the horses working in the mine went blind and the gray horse that had just passed us was blind. When we reached the elevator, I felt such relief. I sat on a bench waiting for the rest of the crowd. We picked up Jane at the office and went back to the castle. The folks at the castle thought we had been very lucky to have had the trip down the mine. They said that they had never been so lucky. John kept up these summer schools for twelve years.

After the formal summer school, we took the boys on tour. This would become the pattern of all John's summer schools. We toured England, Scotland, Holland, Germany, France, Switzerland and Italy. In Holland we did not see as many windmills as we expected, but when we finally did see one, the boys asked the bus driver to stop so that they could take pictures. To get closer to the windmill the boys jumped across a dike. We had a rather small boy who wanted to go with the bigger boys. John finally said he could. This boy's jump across the dike fell far too short, and in he went. He got wringing wet and had to stay that way until we reached the hotel that night. In Switzerland we had to cross the Alps. John became sick because of the altitude. Although we had box lunches for the trip, John could not eat. He lay on the ground while the rest of us ate. I was never bothered by altitude. In Normandy we saw the World War II invasion beaches and the American Cemetery. In Germany we saw the Berlin Wall. Germany had changed a great deal since my trip in nineteen twenty-six. To return home, we flew from Paris. When Jane got back to California, she never once told anyone she had been to Europe.

\* \* \* \*

One day in 1960 Agnes said to me, "Why don't you go to Pittsfield and apply for your Social Security?" She said she would take me. I told her there were two things I had been thinking about: applying for my Social Security and buying an oriental rug for one of my living rooms. I had already saved the

money for my rug. On our next free day Agnes took me to Pittsfield. At the Social Security office I identified that I wanted to apply for my Social Security. The clerk checked and said, "Mrs. Moran, it's all taken care of; you will be getting it soon." Agnes and I then went to pick out my oriental rug. I picked one with a good deal of red in it. It was beautiful. That was a happy day. It didn't last.

John had some trouble with Hammer and Dempsey, so put the house in my name as a precaution; and believe me, I kept it there. Later a terrible thing happened. John kept taking boys to Europe for summer school. When he made the arrangements, he would have to contract for a given number of boys and teachers. He could never sign up enough boys, so he would take boys for free to make up the number. Some parents would promise to pay after the summer school, but they never did. So John would borrow from the bank, and that stupid manager would always lend the money. One day I saw John with the bank manager coming up the walk. I had no idea what they wanted. I soon found out. The manager said to me, "We have been loaning money to John and he never pays us back. If I don't collect the money, I will lose my job and I am too old to get another bank job." John and the manager put great pressure on me. Finally I caved in and mortgaged the house, which I had fully paid for, and had to keep paying that mortgage with my Social Security for years. After John died and I had to sell the house, there was still ten thousand dollars owed. This has not been a happy morning reliving all that. Yet, God has been good to me, so I can't say anything.

I did well paying on the school, except John kept spending money. The main building and Geddes Hall were paid for. The payments for the gym were well along. John borrowed twenty thousand dollars to have his office redecorated. Not only that, he had a bedroom and bath built onto his office. He bought the most expensive furniture for his office and bedroom.

John Chamberlain died. He came down from his room and asked John for something for an upset stomach. When John pressed him, John Chamberlain admitted that he had a lot of pain. John immediately took him to the hospital. John was in the waiting room for only a short time when the doctor came out and said John Chamberlain had died.

Our school graduations were quite special. Before the exercises, we had a buffet. It was held in the dining room. We had long tables that reached across the room. At the end of the tables is where I served coffee. This was the last place people stopped as they served themselves. Marie would keep bringing me fresh coffee. We had a large variety of food. Some of the teachers would stand behind the tables to help the people. After everyone had eaten, they went outside for the open air

graduation. The exercises were held before our beautiful pine grove. When times were good, we would graduate as many as one hundred boys. I always stayed in the background because I always had some little one to care for. After everyone had left, the school looked a wreck. Soon it was time to make plans for summer school.

When I think back on those times I can not help but feel badly, for I have not totally adjusted to being in an old folks home.

There came a time when the caliber of our students deteriorated. The parents did not always tell the truth about their sons. They left it for us to find out the bad news. One boy had set fire to his father's drugstore. This boy sneaked up to his room one morning to smoke, which was never allowed. It was just before classes. In his haste, he touched off the plastic drapes as he tried to flip his half smoked cigarette out the window. He tried to brush out the flames, but he could not, so he tore down the drapes and threw them in his closet and closed the door. Then he rushed down to class. The fire spread rapidly. The fire department responded with little haste and did less. Later, the fire chief said it was low water pressure that had caused their ineffectualness, which was part of the problem, but not the entire problem. Much of the main building was destroyed. John was so distraught during the fire, I had to keep giving him pills to settle him down. We had to close the school for a long time. When we finally got the insurance money, the contractor we hired took the money and used it to do some work in Stockbridge. When he started on the school he soon ran out of money and could not continue. That was the beginning of the end for the school. We did carry on for a while, but could not attract many students. We used the gym and Geddes Hall for classes. Things did not go well. I think that this was the beginning of John's serious illness. In time we tried to sell the school, but there were no buyers. We finally did sell some of the buildings. John and I began living on our Social Security. We had had our school for twenty years.

## PART V

John's illness lasted for many years. He had heart trouble. There came a time he could do very little. Each year we planted a vegetable garden. John tried to help plant it, but he was not able to do it. He would drop in a few seeds, then have to rest. Then he would try again. I could see that he could never get the garden planted, so I told him to go in the house and rest; I would plant the garden. From that time I always planted the garden.

As John grew worse he spent a lot of time in the hospital. The hospital would keep him for a while, then send him home. He would be home for a few days, then back to the hospital. This went on for three years. Unknown to me he was writing to his friends in Greece. One day he announced that his friends had sent him a round-trip ticket and he was going to Greece. I told him a man as sick as he was could never take such a trip. I told him no doctor would approve. Whenever he had chest pains, he had to stand up; he could not sit or lie down. I could not see how he could go on a plane in that condition. He said that he was going in spite of what I said, but he never did.

Whenever he was in the hospital, I went every morning and stayed all day. He would have me help him get out of bed to sit in a chair. Then he would want to get back in bed. He had a roommate for awhile. That man used to tell me to call a nurse and stop trying to lift John. Whenever John was home and had chest pains, he would ring a bell for me to come, and I would help him walk. That was the only way he got any relief. Still, he was always mean to me. He seemed jealous of me because I kept so well. He would tell me all the things he had done for other people. It hurt my feelings, for he surely had done none of these things for me.

One night John was very sick. I wanted to call the ambulance, but it was so late I did not know what they would say, but as he became worse I did call, and when they came they scolded me for not calling sooner. They told me no matter how late it was, I should call. That sounded great, but what happened was quite different. The last time I called, John was having a very bad spell. I called for the ambulance, and in a very short time the door bell rang. There was a doctor and a policeman at the door. I asked where the ambulance was. They said they wanted to see Mr. Moran. I was insulted; I knew how sick he was. They went up to the room, but soon I heard them call the ambulance. That was the last time John went to the hospital. I went every day to be with him. At the last he became delirious. He kept going through the motions of washing his face and kept telling me that when he finished washing, I should take him home. The doctor

told me that I had better call the family. John was moved to a private room.

I had not had anything to eat all day. The nurse told me to go home and eat my dinner. Not long after I had eaten, the phone rang. The hospital said come quick. The doctor met me in the hall and said John was dead. He took me in a room and talked to me about John's death. I sat there and never said a word. I could not talk. I knew I had done my best for three years, but it had never been appreciated. I could only remember that every night when it was time to leave I always tried to make him comfortable and I always kissed him and told him I would see him in the morning. He would turn away from me and say to the woman who had brought me that she should kiss him too. I decided that never again would I kiss him, and I never did, because he died.

I had a nice funeral service for John. It was held at the undertaker's parlor. I only invited friends and relatives. The minister came from the North Egremont Baptist Church. I asked him to read the 23rd Psalm and three poems from John's book of poems. Rock Of Ages and Abide With Me were played. The minister kept looking over at me, which made me embarrassed. John, Jr. and Jane came from California. John Perry, Jr. came down from Vermont. Peggy Ann would not come. She found it too painful. My niece Carol came from Connecticut. John's niece Catherine came from Amherst. Pat Turner, my former daughter-in-law, came all the way from Arkansas.

When I got home, I found friends preparing a buffet. We had quite a large crowd to feed. It was so wonderful for my friends to do that for me.

I was not left alone. My grandson John Perry, Jr. stayed with me. I remember that he was afraid to stay in that big house. At this time I was eighty-five. I had to plan what I should do with my life.

I was left with the seventeen room house. I knew I could not stay there alone. Peggy Ann invited me to move in with her. I accepted and put the house up for sale. That was when my troubles started. Almost every day someone would ask to see the house. I used to have to take them all over the house, down cellar and out on the lawn to show them how much land went with the house. I even had to take them down to see the cesspool. Then they would ask me what I wanted for the house. The price was always too high. Then would start the long list of things they saw wrong with the house. I never argued with them; I just let them go. I was always so weary at night.

One day an agent came with a young lady and said this young lady would not look at any other house. The price was not an

issue. There was a time when I had put the house in Peggy Ann and John, Jr.'s names. Peggy Ann wanted to hold out for more money, but I insisted on selling to this young woman. When I was paid for the house, I divided the money equally between Peggy Ann, John, Jr. and myself. Everyone was satisfied.

That house had a beautiful hanging staircase. I told the young lady I hoped they would not change it, but they did. They removed all the white paint. They found that under the paint the wood was oak. Men worked on the house for two years. I have never seen it and I don't want too.

After selling my house, I had to sell many things I could not keep. There was a man in town that did such work, and he came to see me to plan a sale. All the things that were to be sold were arranged in the three living rooms. We shut off the stairs so that no one would wander upstairs. All the things I was keeping were put in the dining room. At that time I did not sell the electric organ. I later sold the organ to the North Egremont Baptist church. The young lady who had bought the house bought some of my things. She bought two of my file cabinets, a large one and a smaller one. She wanted to buy my oriental rug, but offered me very little. I sold the rug to a neighbor for a good price. Later my neighbor called to say how happy they were with the rug. The sale lasted two days. I had to pay a certain percentage to the man that ran the sale. When the sale was completed, Marie Carr helped me pack; I had to get out as soon as possible; men were already drawing plans to remodel the house.

The Humane Society came for my cat. I felt badly; she and I had been left alone so often. I used to like to sit in the breakfast room and read. There was a certain place where the light was good for reading. My cat used to jump up and stretch beside me as I read. We spent many hours that way.

My grandson John moved many of my things to Peggy Ann's house in Highgate Center, Vermont. My nephew Jack Colomb came for me and my remaining things with a truck. He took me to his home for two days before he took me to Highgate Center. I left my home for the last time. It was sad.

After I was with Peggy Ann awhile in Highgate Center, I traveled to California to spend the winter with John, Jr. I was happy to go for I like California. Unfortunately, before I left I became ill from drinking contaminated well water. Peggy Ann has well water, and the water had turned bad. I was drinking a large glass of water each morning. Whatever I picked up from the water, it lasted all winter. My main symptom was diarrhea. When I got to California, John, Jr. took me to the doctor. I wanted the doctor to give me antibiotics, but he said no.

To get to California I thought I would have to fly out of Burlington. This made me very nervous because I would have to change planes in Chicago. I had never done that and I was afraid to try. One fine day my niece Eris Colomb and her husband Jack came with a ticket for me to fly from Boston to Los Angeles. Eris and Jack took me to Boston for my departure. What a relief. On the flight I sat next to a young woman who was petrified. She drank a great deal. I didn't help. When I saw some snow on the wing, I pointed it out to her. I knew right away I shouldn't have done that.

John, Jr. took me to Maui. We flew from Los Angeles to Honolulu, then we took a local plane to Maui. While in Honolulu, we thought we felt rain, yet there were no clouds in the sky. The local people said it was a sunshine shower. Maui was gorgeous. I still wear my Hawaiian muumuus. One thing I took to Maui and brought back was my intestinal illness. The doctor never would treat me with antibiotics. In time I healed.

After being in California all winter, I decided I wanted to go home. John, Jr. agreed to accompany me. We went by way of Chicago to Burlington. We had to change planes. In Burlington John, Jr. rented a car. We reached Highgate Center at ten that night. John, Jr. stayed two weeks. He and I traveled around to see friends and relatives. We went to the cemetery to see the headstone I had bought for his father. John, Jr. had helped me pay for it.

Someone had given Peggy Ann a small dog. Sandy became mine. She would always sleep with me. When she would go down stairs, she jumped down from step to step. Peggy Ann used to think it was me. She scolded me for walking around at night, but I was not the one bumping down the stairs.

It seemed good to be home again among my own things.

Now I live at Brownway Residence in Enosburg Falls. One day at Peggy Ann's, after I had eaten my lunch, I pushed my chair back and caught the chair leg on the top of the floor furnace. I fell over and broke my left wrist and cut my head. I had to have stitches. The doctor said that I was having little strokes, not uncommon at my age, and must no longer be left alone. We decided I should enter Brownway, which is a boarding home for the elderly. I cried and cried; I did not want to leave home. I never could stand change. I used to have nightmares about it. I got used to being here and now I love it. From my window I often watch the birds. I have a lovely room. The blackbirds and robins are always fighting.

As I come to the end of my story, I am ninety-three years old. God has been good to me. He has given me long life and good

health. I have two children, three grand children, one great grand child and one great great grand child.

\* \* \* \*

Whoever reads my story, I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I did writing it.

THE END