Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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The first thing I remember was my mother's dressing behind Grandma Hinkle's kitchen stove. My mother wasn't there. The only time this could have happened was in 1887. Grandma's only child, Alice, was born in 1887, so my mother must have been at Gloucester helping take care of her, leaving me to be cared for by my father and his parents, and stayed on for a while after the funeral.

Grandma Hinkle's tea had a special taste. Occasionally, I got Formosa Clorop that tastes a little like that, but only a little. She also had roast beef that was juicy and tender. Occasionally I got pot roast that is nearly as juicy and tender. I think both Mather and Grandma used to get their meat from E.B. Seattle who came peddling meat in a hitching wagon covered with white canvas, drawn by a horse that always had his tongue hanging from the right side of his
month. Remember hearing one of
them say that Mr. Searle sold good
meat, and charged a good price
for it—implying that his prices
were higher than they ought to have
been. But they continued to buy
from him until they caught him
giving short weight. I don’t know
where they got their meat after that

R.W. Anderson, deacon at
2nd Baptist B.H. had a grocery store
on Delight St. just east of
Maple. I don’t remember being in
that store very often, but his
order clerk called regularly (I don’t
remember whether once or twice
a week) took orders in a notebook;
and delivered the things in pm. He put
the orders in a book about 12 in.
wide and 12 or 14 inches high,
yellow paper. Brown fiber covers
when they were delivered. He would
cross them off with a pencil.
Mother would write down the
articles and prices on a sheet
of white paper about 4 x 4, with a thin pencil such as are used at dances. Then fold it up and stick the paper in a section of her purse. I never saw her do anything with the paper after that. No doubt she intended the men was a great bicycle rider. We thought he was the best in Holyoke. There was a road race, which went past our house, and we watched, expecting to see him in the lead. We were greatly disappointed to find him far behind. I should say perhaps 12 or 13 in out of a crowd of 20. We hoped he would get ahead later and finish among the leaders, but he didn't.

Occasionally mother would go down town shopping for food, and come in late in pm. When we were getting hungry for supper to pacify us she would have a box of animal crackers for us to eat. (see #3 kg 38)
When we lived in Swatow there were a few "department stores" which had a lot of things that interested me. e.g. Waterman fountain pens for Mv. $2.50; $1.25 brown & gray cufflink for half the Amer. price.

Another was animal crackers made by 马王 which they put into small as M.Y. San. Ignoring the fact that the surname is the word represented by 女. They also make similar crackers in the shape of goblins, brownies etc.

I used to take these home to the children. Also at Swatow or Shaoshing if I saw a lot of sale goods to take it home to slice; her Chinese name was "Beloved Lotus" and she was always pleased to see the flower; when its beauty faded I would give it to one of the servants who would wait for medicine
County Corns 1932

May
- Planting Corn May 20
- Washington May 21
- Sixth June 26
- Chittenden Oct 2

Fall. Harvest July 27
- Kaneville - Franklin
- Orleans

1930 in fall. Oct 17th

Kay

Mar 30

July 21 Kane

Alg 121

Ruth 127

Harr 130
Grandma Hitchcock was a very determined woman. We had a strawberry bed running from Beech St. west of the oak, up hill to about as far as the south side of the house; some 20 or 30 feet wide. In playing ball, we often threw, or tumbled, the ball into the strawberry bed, but usually could find it quickly. Once we couldn't find it at all and gave up. But Grandma hunted for it a long while after everybody else had stopped. Some time after she died, somebody found the ball. I told Mother that I hoped Grandma would know that. It would make her happy. Mother said she hoped not. For if Grandma knew that she would also know some other thing that would make her unhappy.

While Grandpa and Grandma were still with us, we never used to have knives at the table. A silver plated knife to use in buttering...
They tell me this is an illustration of Grandma Hilch's determination of will that one day she reported, "We came up that snickett." She had been driving the buggy along the road that leads from W St to Main St Holyoke and wanted to drive up Northampton St. Later they showed me the snickett near the Elmwood Cemetery. I should have considered it impossible.
1949

Nov 1. Retired

X1. Nov 13 faith to j to forgive
X2. Dec 14 for sale p for their rains

1950

X3. Jan 8 forgotten summer thread silk
X4. Jan 22 So illington just knitted 25
X5. Feb 19 Monkey said you broke up. Forgotten
X6. Feb 26 Thompson unwilling to forgive
X7. Mar 5 Mystic my body. Seriously not hit
X8. Mar 12 Baptism (Mystic Bapt)
X9. Apr 2 Holyoke 293 Palms
X10. Apr 7 Good Fri baptism forgiveness
X11. Somerville repentance
fread; and a steel knife with ivory (or imitation) handle to cut meat.
When these were washed the steel had to be polished with something called "bath brick," the scraping of which were rubbed on with a big cork. While that was being done one day, Grandma said "we must be punished for our sins," I thought "sins" was about the same as "tins," we had some nice string tins, and I didn't think we ought to be punished for them.

There used to be a big tin dipper hung over the sink at the right of the cold water fountain, about 2 1/2 or 3 quart capacity. I used to drink out of that dipper, and water has never tasted so good since. Of course it was crystal spring water. At that time Holyoke city water had an unpleasant taste. I still think water tastes better out of tin than out of glass or crockery.
mother used to take us driving out in the country. in the buggy. sometimes to get walnuts or chestnuts; sometimes just for the ride. Once we had a buggy with removable rear seat that was held in place by 4 iron bolts that ran down the the wagon belt & were held by wing nuts. Grandma it was on the rear seat, & I suppose the other passenger was my sister Kate. I was on the front seat with mother. The two wing nuts had come loose and fallen off. Mother hit the horse and he jumped forward and the rear seat and passengers fell out backward. A man who was working in a field near by came to help. As far as I can remember, no one was seriously hurt.

We once met Mr. Boston Way and Russell up near the Beacham place. We used to go to "Bear Hole" where there was a fine spring of water called Massaquoiat Spring. Hard to find the way. We usually had to stop at a farmhouse to inquire and the farmer's dogs were very noisy
Six Church Seal
Newent June 3.51 X25
Harover May 13.53 X40a

Good Friday
1943 Apr 23 —
44..7 —
45 Mar 30 2263, 8.45
46 Apr 19 belted by Johnson
47..6 2263, 8.45
48 Mar 26 327 forgive
49 Apr 15— 245 6 (Aber 324) 7 days
50..7 X10 forgive
5-1 Mar 23 X/6a 3 in 34
5-2 Apr 11 X34 1st Kings
5-3..5

Putnam Radio WPCT
May 29
and scared me, but didn't do any harm.
I hope to go there again some day.
Jean Cunningham says her brother
used sometimes walked there. I think
you go to Reinkale St. N. 852 and
then meet.

In bicycle days a popular
run was to Holy Smitre Shooting
As you come down the hill from
"White Church" now the Masonic
Temple, and the road bends to the left,
if you go straight ahead down
behind the houses you get to
what looks like the bed of a stream.
The spring used to be there, and
easily accessible, because there
were no houses there then. I tried
the place recently and couldn't
find any spring.
Sterling. Line 65. Grange R. May 21. 44
XIIa. X13

Mills X11a
Hill

Stonington Bapt X3
Thompson X6

Weybridge Cong X39

Downtown Bapt X40

Woonsocket Feb 28. 43. 8 102: X36-38

Willington X4

Westfield (see Danielson) Pigeon Fox X17
We had 2 grape vines on the Beach Street Farm. When we went to church, men or boys from Holyoke would steal the grapes. When Grandma H. was not able to go to church, she would be left on the veranda to scare away the thieves, but they were not afraid of her. I remember hearing Father say that she ought to have a gun and say to them, "If you take those grapes, I'll blow your hand out," but I don't remember myrter seeing a gun in the house. Grandma thought a better plan would be to play the hose on them, but Father said they would only consider it fun. I don't remember anything being done about either plan.
Grandma. It was sick, in our home. I think on the way to school, Kate Wood told me, as we went east on Barlow St. That Grandma was going to die. I didn't like that, and asked Kate if she wouldn't pray God to make Grandma well. She promised, and I knew I prayed. But Grandma died.
It must have been after grandpa retired from the mill, that he needed to sleep on the lounge in the day time. Then he would like awake at night. Mother claimed that if he didn't sleep as much in the day, he would be able to sleep at night. He had his side to let. He never used handkerchief, and he smoked honest long butt tobacca. I can't remember what sort of a pipe he smoked. These vivid memories of my ballingwood smoking a meerschaum as he walked to church. I don't remember grandpa walking to church. But I do remember his smoking a cigar on the way to church so he could throw the ash away and not have to carry the pipe into church. I remember he had a match safe that shut with a loud snap; I don't know whether it is the same one that had or not.
Don't think Grandpa # chewed tobacco, but he used to
snuff. He would take a pinch of
from his box (perhaps
the rosewood one that Shau used) and
snuff it up one nostril, another
pinch up the other, then sneeze
d and sneeze. I never could see where
the smoke came in. When Father's
uncle Jim came to visit us, he
smoked a cigar. I can't remember
his name—always smoked a cigar
except on one—always a pipe.

He used to have trouble
with his feet—probably because
arches. His shoes didn't feel good
but rubber boots did give him
comfort, and he wore them in
spite of remonstrances. (I can't
remember whether from Father
or Mother.) That they would draw
his feet. He even wanted to wear
them to church, to Mother's great
disgust. Don't remember whether he ever did.
Grandpa H. was very fond of Donnie. He used to call her his "Squeezlebug."  
And yes, after Grandma was dead, Mr. Brown invited Mr. and Grandma & Grandpa Elliston to Xmas dinner at his home. Corner of Everse & Chestnut. A reporter from Grandpa H. put himself between Grandma Elliston and Mr. Brown and acted as interlocutor.

"How did you go to the fair?"

"Yes, sir." "Oh, one says die & the other says no."

"Where three jolly boys all in a row."

"And you buy a gift for your wife yes."

"Yes, sir."

"She was the midlayer then Grandpa Elliston."

"How one says one & another says no."

"And so on for several verses."

"He had a good time that day."

"Later he went back to England & later on we heard he was married. I told Uncle Moses (who was Grandma H.)
youngest brother) and he said he knew Grandpa was going to do it before he went back to England.

Uncle Moses was a nice old man who used to come and putter around our place, helped keep it in shape. And often pulled up mother's nice flowers thinking they were weeds.

Once in a while mother would discard some of father's clothes and give them to me to give to Uncle M. Usually they were mostly vests which were not good shape when the coat & pants were worn out. Uncle M always seemed glad to get these vests but never could see why.

Uncle Moses used to grease the buggy using a wooden jack to hold up the axle. I was much interested how strong the jack was. Later I was interested to see that I could lift that corner of the buggy myself.
my father told me that when his mother died he used to invite his brother i.e. Uncle Moses to spend the night with Grandpa. After a while, Grandpa said, "John, I wish you wouldn't invite Moses to spend the night here any more." "Why not?" "Well, as soon as he gets to sleep, he begins to snore. He starts in low, and gets louder & louder. All finally, he gives a big snort and he's perfectly still, and I think he's dead. Then he does it all over again all night long. And I don't get any sleep."

One night when I was young Grandpa was put to sleep with me. He only wanted half the bed but he just naturally lay in the middle of the bed, and I was very uncomfortable.
Rev Frederick E Neff  Poughkeepsie NY

About 4 HL Son or Shefed left. Min.
5000 new ones. F.K. Read (or?)

What song to give

Let callsman Alice Drumnell Light
Recalled being short of convenient

No $1 for clergy.

Are you sure all hammers will
be brought to town? How many
one think? Do i have to get out
the county Union Banners too?
Stone time, anyway, we had 2 buggies; a small one for 2 people with no roof; and a “canopy top” with fringe around the edges for 4 people. I suppose this one had rain curtains but I can’t remember them. We also had a swanky glassed-in carriage for Grandma to go to church on rainy days. But we never used it and it was always covered with a “white” cloth. Later when autos were popular this was sold for practically nothing.

In its day I used to drive an old hack down town and hitch him in front of city hall. Just to walk up and down the streets or visit the library in search of bird books or visit the y reading room.

When I was young the Oakdale cars came only to about Sargent and Linden and none we used to us, as that was only about halfway to our house. We sometimes walked up to the Elmwood Terminal South of Northampton to take a trolley but not often. Finally they put the
Oakdale line this to our corner. After a while father decided it was cheaper to use the car than to feed a horse. Old Jack was very fat, and Father sold him to Abbott who had a soap factory just south of about three miles from my village. The man who bought him away said it was a shame to kill a horse that felt as good as he did. But Father knew that if he sold him, pretty soon Jack would be thin and abused. Abbott would call him and there wouldn't be any abuse. Richard cried when Jack was taken away. Then he said, "Can we have some of the soap they make from old Jack?"

Father told me that Mother couldn't make Jack go very well, but he could. Sometimes Mother would drive and say "Go on Jack," and hit him a little smack with the whip. And he would shake his tail, and that was about all. Father would take the reins and say "Well, Jack," and Jack would proceed to feel Mother couldn't see him or did it Father..."
1934 Publicity

Sept 13-14 Poster & Banner Award

Sept 28 Nothing much

Oct 4 Preliminary Progress
said to me, "It's a good deal more cruel to keep hitting a horse till it is to use a few hard blows to teach him that when you tell him to go ahead, he's got to go." This was very useful to me in the summer of 1909 when I was preaching at Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y., and boarded in a hotel with Mr. Tuttle and his family. They had a very fat buggy horse named Echo, and used to let me drive her. I would say "Go on, Thousand Dollars" and hit her where it really hurt, and she learned to go. When I was driving her, the she really was too fat to go too fast. In 1913, I went to Cold Spring Harbor and met Helen Tuttle out driving Echo. She invited me to get in, and drove with her usual "Go on, Echo," which didn't produce much result. I said "Go on, Thousand Dollars," and she went a pretty good rate all the way home.
Postage
Jan 27. 4 newspapers Moore Wright
1x7500 Kent 1x50 Alice Thelma
5x25 Zeinetta 2x6200
1x1/2, 2x1/2
Bill sent 2/24 paid

Letter to all for president
state officials sent Jan 31
134 @ 1/2
Bill sent for 205 paid 2.01

Postal
1x parcel of State
Mar 14 Stamps 2x
2x postage
16 Envelops 1000
Travel St 9.75
17 Stamps...
23. 68

Apr 26 Mnt to Bane 2x7 @ 5
Phone letter to Thelma Zeinetta
Keast FCW 3x12 7.00
WDD
Bill sent to Zeinetta Apr 7

18 6.11
I was very much interested in the motormen, and to a less extent in the conductors. I remember Jimmy Spedeman, who didn't like to drive #46 because it bothered his kidneys. But that was the car he needed to take most of the time. Woods was a grump, but liked him. Murchison was a very fine man. So was Whipple, father of Mrs. T. D. Jones of our church. (Vera) Jack Kane was at one time president of the trolley men's union. He told me that when his brother came back from the Philippines, he went to meet the train at 5 o'clock. It was late and the last trolley had gone. So his brother said, "Oh, well, just walk to Holyoke." The bus was used to make the trip. But Jack stayed in bed all the next day. Some motormen had fur coats in winter. And carried a wooden device to keep the cold air from coming in at the bottom of the door; and it was as good as a pair of overshoes. Indeed I used to ride in the front end and talk to the motorman every chance I got. It was against the rule, but every
Ruth - adult head of youth org.
If organize and they take the leadership.

Oct 15 - Nov 15 1931 are asking
leaders to give their time to
pro-prohib campaign.
Corresp.
with Burton still. Don't call it
a cont on prohib. But on alcohol.
Primaries next spring. elect next fall.
motorman that I knew would let me do it. Oakdale cars were usually the shortest—about 4 wheels, called single truck. Springfield cars were double—and ran much smoother. They were nicer cars too. But there was one double truck car with seats along the sides that sometimes ran on the Oakdale line. Once Bill Monroe couldn't stop the car with the brake so he pulled the reverse lever and the car stopped with a jerk. He explained to me that when the car was coasting, the motors acted as dynamos and built up a lot of electric force; and when he pulled the reverse lever, it was put into immediate effect against the forward motion of the car. But this was true only on the double truck cars.

The Amherst company used only single truck cars, and their motormen didn't know this. Once a Holyoke double truck tally car was sent to Amherst for some purpose. According to the custom, the Amherst company sent a man
As a rough guess, the document contains notes on a story or project, possibly discussing character development and plot. It includes names such as 'David' and 'Donald', and mentions of 'South America'. There are also references to dates and locations, such as '1931' and 'Christchurch'. The handwriting is informal and scrawled, suggesting a quick jotting of ideas or a narrative.
to the notch and he drove the car down the mountain; the Hotchkiss motorman went along to represent the interest of the owners of the car. But the worst man was supposed to know the roadbed. The worst man wasn't used to such a big car, and it got away from him; the trolley came off, and he didn't know what to do. When the Hotchkiss man asked him why he didn't reverse, he asked with the usual emphasis, "What good that would do with the trolley off?" So the Hotchkiss man just pulled the reverse lever, and the car stopped with a jerk, to the amazement of the worst man. He once asked "Pat Fitz" (Fitzsimmons) if you could do that with a single track car. He said it could be done, but not so easy; turn off the power of the controller; "overhead switch; pull the reverse lever, and turn the controller to flower full out. I never knew any one to do it, and don't know whether the scheme would work or not."
1931 Conv. Suggs.

Plan Budget Exhibits
Pre Conv. Prayer Service

Citizenship Play
World Friendship Play
Slogan

Registration Fee how much?

Take Mined & get out Banner Award
Basis Friday P.M. Must
Plan it out on Thursday Add

Expert Progressive Social Activities

I have to order Badges

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

Sept 10 Myrtle send questionnaires

How many did we have for lunche
Shippers at Ludlow?
The Amhurst Co had a storage battery at the foot of the mountain, as cars went down, they would feed that power they were generating into the line, and that would feed the battery. Then when the next car went up the mountain, the battery would help it up. In this way they could have a smaller power house than if they had to have all the time enough power to drive a car up to the notch. Cars went up that way once an hour. I understand that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul electrified its mountain division with the idea that trains going down hill would feed the wire and help trains go up hill. But I suppose they didn’t need the battery because they had trains going in both directions. Practically all the time an engine has been shown in this area of paper it was killed by a hit and run affair.

Old John Hawkins was the first motorman and the most skillful. When he was very old
He ran the car from our house to North Pleasant St. To go around a curve, he would shut off the power as he approached; as he entered the curve, he would begin to put the power on, a notch at a time, till at half way round the curve he would have half power; put it off, and again put it on, a notch at a time, till it was on when he got to the straight away; then increase to full power. It was a little slower and a little more effort than the scheme that other men used, but it was the smoothest way to get round a curve.

Another way, fairly smooth on the passengers, but hard, I think, on the car. Was to shut off the power on approaching the curve, put it all on with one down on the handle on entering the curve and keep it. Sound rough, but it was second smoothest method.
1931 Exh. S 79.1.7

Budget should be spent for tomorrow rather than bills (after).
my father sometimes wore boots with elastic sides and a loop (or loops) to pull them on by.

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

Father certainly didn't shave everyday. At night when he kissed me (us?), he would also give me a "bear kiss" which consisted in scratching his unshaven chin on my face.

In HS. one of the teachers had Brooks told me he shaved every other day, and he was disheartened that something important came on a non-shave day, so that he had to shave that day— but thought it would all work out by my Sunday.
In those days the Unitarian church was on the east side of Maple St., between Appleton and Essex. It was a brown structure. It must have been a very intellectual group that met there, for it included Mrs. Moses Brooks, the HS teacher, and the ex-teacher, Mr. Ballahan, principal of Highland Grammar Sch. Mrs. Burnan, vice-principal of HHS, and Lena Thayer. Also, I learned later, Roy Lewis. Roy sat in the seat next to me in HS study hall, and told me some of his views. He didn't believe in foreordination; I asked what that was, and when I said I didn't know, he said: "you have to, you're a Baptist." I didn't believe it, but I went to Mother's desk in the parlor and found a little pamphlet: "The Confession of Faith of the 2nd Baptist." I read it. I believe predestination. Roy also said he didn't believe the story of the flood. It was impossible, because transat is now a snow-capped mountain. I told him that scientists say the world is gradually cooling off, and maybe..."
Now this day the climate of Armenia was much warmer so as to make it possible for the flood story to be true. He said that was a very foolish argument, but didn't try to say why.

My father wanted me to go to Harvard, and said take the preliminary examinations, which were held at Springfield HS. on a hot morning. The man in charge told us that if we choose we could remove coats and neck ties. I said "keep your shirt on." I was a junior, so needed only to take the preliminaries. Roy Lewis was a senior, and was taking the full examination, but was not well prepared. He learned that it was possible to take part of the exam in June, and the rest in Sept. So he decided to take what he felt he could pass, in June; then engage more study as introducing the summer, and take the rest of the exam in the fall. But the man in charge apparently neglected to tell him that in order to defend his exam this way...
he would have to get a certain kind of certificate from the High School Principal. I had to get such a certificate, but I was sure I had good marks and no difficulty in getting the certificate so that I could take prelim & final exams in different years. They had not had good marks, and couldn't get the certificate. So I suppose this examination in that June was null and void. I don't remember that he tutored with Mary, and I think he gave up going to Harvard. I didn't want to go to Harvard. I much preferred to go to Amherst. My father told me that the High School Principal had persuaded him that it was better for me to go to Amherst. So he consented. I don't remember asking the High Principals to intercede for me. I think Father must have consented him, knowing that I wanted to go to Amherst. It was this same June that I met Miss Lane, who was planning to go to Mt. Holyoke. This made Amherst more attractive but I think I preferred it to Mt. Holyoke before I met her.
R. W. Sanderson was a deacon at the 2nd Baptist Church. The others were Grandpa Cline. M. Lamb. Newton C. Bain. T. Jordan Rand. and 2 others (Scriptural number.)

When the collection was taken, J. B. Whitmore took the east side of the building. He wasn't a deacon, but held the office of collector. East side of east aisle was Bain. He was a builder, and sat in that section of church. 2 rows in front of no. West side of east aisle, Grandpa B. East " " west. I think was M. Lamb. I think Mr. Sanderson had the west side of the building; I don't remember who had west side of west aisle. And someone took up the collection in the center aisle which at that time only went about half way to the front. When the deacons marched forward with the collection, two or more of them carried an extra box. Mr. Whitmore and others went
only as far as his own pew, sat down. The boxes were of some
wood like cherry, lined with green
plush, padded, and on a round stick
which the deacon held in his hand.
most of the
deacons wore cutaway coats, with
velvet collars.

At the communion, we moved
in toward the center, from our
normal place on the eastern-most
section. The deacon were not seated
on the eastern section or the western.

when the people had been served
red Mr. Sanderson, (father of P.W.)
who was deacon emeritus, served
the deacon. I think the senior
dacon had already served the man.
but the 3d was probably Mr. Ream
who lived on 50 Hadley Falls and had
a grape vineyard. He furnished the
unfermented grape juice which we
used. I never took real wine at the
communion till 1910 in Cork, Ireland.
Then when English Presbyterians had
It wi sur-
(eat landmark)
The family tradition is that when Grandpa was a young man he hated the taste of liquor. But he needed to go around with the other young fellows smoking all the time and getting thirsty. He had to drink something, and there were no soft drinks available so he took some alcoholic drinks. Even tho' he didn't like them, and became a drunkard. The family had a hard time, until finally Grandpa got converted and quit drinking. But Father and Grandma were always afraid the craving would get him.

When they came to Holyoke they lived on Allport Hill; the 2nd Baptist Church was not far away and they were Baptists so they joined. They were quite active. But they never would take the communion in... because they were afraid that if Grandpa tasted the wine, the craving would get him, and Grandma Father refused so as to make it easier for Grandpa to do so.

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

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

The 2nd Baptist church used to be between the R.R. and the street (Main or Race or canal). It burned, and the new ledge was put on Appleton St where it is now. I can remember my father standing on the platform by the depot pointing down to some blackened ruins and telling me that was where the church used to be. It is now a lawn adjoining the Water Co's office.
Father and Grandma saved their money, bought a tenement "the block" on the West side of Bond St., south of Appleton. They lived in it until they moved to Northampton St., and they owned it a long while after perhaps until Skinner wanted it badly enough to buy them out. Father was always late home to supper at night because he had to collect the rent. We kids were always starved when he arrived. He was normally depressed; collecting the rent was a hard job and there were always troubles, repairs demanded or a prostitute had got into the tenement and threatened to move out.

Cousin Ted lived in the block and I used to go visit the family. His youngest son (my uncle Sam) needed to play the violin. He offered me the chance to try but I couldn't make good music. In hope of improving it I rubbed rosin on the strings. He rubbed it off; rosin belonged on the bow hairs.
Riverside after breakfast a bath. The morning was foggy and misty, and the air was cold. I spent the morning reading some old letters and practicing some calligraphy. Fellows from the city, such as Tom and Bill, have arrived. They are staying with me for a week. The city is quite busy, with many people going about their daily lives. I have to continue working on a project for my professor. It seems to be going well, but I have to work hard to meet the deadline. The city is very busy, and more people seem to be moving around. The streets are crowded, and I have to be careful not to get lost. I have a lot of work to do, and I need to make sure I manage my time well. The city is full of people, and it seems to be bustling with activity.

Mr. Pearson from the college came by to see me. He was quite pleasant and we had a good conversation. He asked if I needed any help with my work. I told him I was doing well, but I still have a lot to do. We talked about some of the projects I am working on. Mr. Pearson is a very knowledgeable and helpful person. He has been a great mentor to me, and I am grateful for his support.

Mr. Taylor from the museum called me by phone. He told me that there was an exhibition coming up in a week, and they needed some volunteers. I agreed to help, and I am looking forward to it. The museum is a very interesting place, and I think it will be a great opportunity to learn more about art and history.

Both Mr. Pearson and Mr. Taylor showed me that the city is full of opportunities. I am excited to see what the future holds. I feel like I am growing and learning more every day. The city is full of life, and I am happy to be a part of it.
Probably the first thing I can remember at the 2nd is Miss Bates, the primary. She taught us about "John Bunyan" and "Pilgrim's Progress." I didn't understand the words "Pilgrim's Progress" or what she said about it. But I knew the words John and Bunyan. She told us to ask our parents when we got home, and I did. They immediately said "Oh, Pilgrim's Progress" and I recognized that these were the words that Miss Bates had said.

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

The first S.S. teacher that I can remember was Ella Randall. I used to call her Ella, which I now
think was very improper. The other two in the class that I can remember were Leo Blagborough, Herbert Clay, Fred Cleveland, Frank Haskell. He was rather wayward; the family moved away from us, and I don't know what happened to him. He had died young. Leo Frick was in the class for a while, and a boy named Berry who lived on Newton St.

When we were too old for the Primary Dept, we were put in the Intermediate Dept. I didn't like it as well. Mrs. Homer Straton, who had been the soprano in our choir as Homer Smith was the chorister. Shortly after that, the Junior Dept. was organized with my mother as Supt. I loved it up there but Daisy Wilson hated it, and did her best to make the girls discontented to be up there with "that bunch of kids." and I guess that as a result of her activity, her class and mine which was the same age, were put back in the 9th -
mediated left before the natural time.

For a long while our teacher was Marcelus Payor (pronounced
Marcellos, the man he was named for spelled it that way) who was
a very good man but very uninitiated. He thought a lot of us boys
and tried to do us good. He gave each one of us a Bible
and asked me to hold up mine
with his name on the flyleaf.

He took me for a straw ride
to Hampton Ponds (which I grew
up to call Hampden Ponds, but
the St. Ray be called it Hampton)
He hired a boat and went rowing
and then stepped out of the boat
on to some mud to get a flower.
We called it quick mud.

Later he had a teacher
named Birchard who was very
interesting. And for a while
was librarian when he had
these was easy. He persuaded
me to take that job. I had to
distribute the "Quarterlies" when they came. I don't remember whether I had to distribute the weekly papers or not. And I had to collect money from quarterlies, or something, and give credit to the ones who I had paid. I didn't do this very well. I would be sure I could remember who had paid, and not write the name down, and after a while I couldn't remember. I don't think I kept any money that belonged to thess. I think what happened is that I had to give the money to Mr. Shear and tell him I couldn't remember who paid it.

During M.S. I had a Bapt friend named Burton Holt who had a girl-friend whose aunt was Mrs. Georgia Barton. I have no idea what became of them all. I also saw a lot of Fred Maples and Ted Winston.
Mr. Bernard was near the suit at White's Wycloff, his sister Mrs. Maples. Her son Fred came to live in it; formerly they had lived in Norwich, Conn. Fred and also海淀 had a job at W.W. Reminiscing, he was running a printing press that just ruled paper, and he was dissatisfied with the job's state, (or wasn't Fred?) Later Fred left it, and I suppose he returned to Norwich. Never saw him again. He was between 1936 & 1940 when he came to Royalton Church & talked to me all the while, out in front of the church. Noticed he had a Scottish lale badge & spoke of it. He admitted that he belonged in Dec 39. When I moved to Conn. 40.

The churches at Kinton, Juntie & Firstie combined to pay stors as "brunification" & Fred was a savior. I talked to him one day I was in Norwich & met him 3 times. Met him at a Scottish Rite meeting & got the idea to put me on the mailing list & attended 3 or 4 times. Fred was in the East of the Blue Nile.
Judge and sermons preached in places outside Brooklyn since 1940

Arlington X 4 a on Mar 9. 52

Brooklyn X 29

W 26 S X 14 X 30.

Canterbury X 16 X 18 X 156

S Plains Nov. 15 42 aff 185 q 117

Central V FLT 28. 43 X 35 36 37 38

Bushing X 28 X 36 a

Dancilieon Baptist May 15 fr m Apr 20

Mar 25 43 Apr 13 44

Borg June 7 42 45 A June 20 43

X 39 a Nov 16 52

Meth Apr 30 44

Nogarone Apr 9 44
Our family always went to church 10:30 and stayed for 55
12-1. Whether we walked home
or rode, it would be about 1:30
when we got home and dinner
was not ready yet. But somebody had
the daft idea of having
a meeting of the "Board of
managers" after 55, and my father
was oh it. And it didn't meet
promptly, and I thought it never
would end. If Mother and me
kids could have gone home, and
let Father come when the Board
meeting was over. "We" could
have got the dinner preparations
going. But no, we moved as
a family. And when the Board
meeting was over T. Henry
Spencer (Supt) wanted to discuss
certain other matters with my
father. I thought we never could
get away and get home to dinner
which was usually edgebone on
which was Yorkshire
especially off the was
Pudding with it.

So I grew older I used to go to the mid-afternoon meetings at the YMCA. When I came home, Mother would ask how the meeting was, and I would say "Pretty good" without much enthusiasm. Once I fervently said it was very good, and Mother said it must have been really good that day.

Later, I used to go to the 6:30 meetings which came at 6:30 before the 7:30 evening service. It that time my parents used to go to that, and I would sit with them and go home with them. I went alone to the 6:30. (And to the 7.)

My father was vice pres of the Y, but he never went to those sun afternoon meetings. He preferred to stay at home.

Some time quite a while before I was 12, I felt a desire to join the church. I spoke to my father. He thought it was a good idea and told me to talk to
Grandpa Helion, who was a deacon, told me his "experience" which was so different from mine that I didn't see how his telling me could be any help to me. Eventually I had to talk to the pastor, Rev. J.T. Boothe, grandfather of Black Boothe, uncle of him, or when I was examined in prayer meeting, I was asked what made me want to join the church. I didn't have any good answer ready, so I said some sermon that the pastor preached a while ago made me want to. That might have been true. If I couldn't have told what sermon it was fortunately no one asked me.

At that time Grandma Hadinia told me about some friend who was immersed and said "It was a blessed experience." I don't find it so. I was glad when it was over. But I was glad to be a member of the church.
I didn't go to school at the usual age. I don't know why. Mother had a magic brand range with a lot of letters on the door. I asked her what one letter after another was and pretty soon I knew most of the alphabet. Then they bought me a primer and pretty soon I could read such sentences as "A man ran", which was under a picture of a man running for a train. My brother or sister, read it "A man ran for the cars." After I had read this primer and a reading book about steel and steel, I was considered ready to go to school and my father talked to the headmaster, principal of the little elementary school who told him school began at a certain hour, but he wanted me to come 15 minutes earlier, so I wouldn't be tardy. I went to school the first day with Ruth Allyn who lived across the street and who had been to school.
before, and on the way told me she

"hated old geography.

The school was a little, 2-room brick building on the
north side of what is now called Garfield St not far from
the present South St School campus.

It had 5 grades. In one room were
Miss Della Ely, daughter of Senator
Ely of the Grange and Mrs. Edith
Bartlett, sister of Mrs. Emil Reneau
and Rev. Walter Bartlett. One would
teach in the school room while
the other held recitation in
the coat-room. The pupils
stood up. They had grades
1-3. Mr. Redaway had 4 lands.

He was a tall, elderly bachelor
who lived in the house north of
the W. Mackintosh mansion.

with his unmarried sister. I

gather that he was also the
school janitor for he spoke
of wearing Canadian jacket while
he was hammering the doors etc.
and possibly 10 or 12, etc.
had to wear it all the time. There
was an outdoor toilet. One room
for boys. The other for girls.
I entered the 3rd grade but
didn't stay very long before I
was shoved up to 4th grade.

About all I remember of the
instruction is that I was one of
the boys assigned to go down
inside and sharpen pencils with
a knife which I didn't do very
well and Mr. L. and no boys (and
pens too). I probably) go to the black
board with a string measure the
circumference of a circle
of 6 or 8 inches diameter. We
didn't agree as to the length
but we all agreed that it was
about 3 times the diameter.

E. A Touch
We all agreed that it was a little
more than 3 times.

When I was ready to enter
the 6th grade we had to go to
the South-Western St. School
where we swarmed the poorest
grade teacher, so the more
The advanced portion of our class was temporarily put into the 7th grade. I stayed in 7th. I don't remember whether anyone else did or not. The year that I got ahead by doing this, was cancelled by the post-graduate year affords. But I think what I got in that Post-Grad year (Stenography & Typing, French, 3. Review of Algebra and Geometry in a new and interesting plan, plus a chance to rest and grow a little) was worth more than a year of not in Grade 6. I may have lost something by skipping Grade 6 but I have never missed it; I have never known what it was.

While we were at South Chestnut Street Sch the new South Street School was being built, and before the year was up we were in it. Miss Hayes was my teacher in 7th grade, a very nice young lady. Graduate of Mt. Holyoke. A young doctor was interested in her. My mother saw...
him riding rapidly south on Northampton St. His coat tails flying, something after 3:30 pm one day. Obviously he was hastening to the South St. Sch to see the 7th-grade teacher. Eventually he married her. We never thought he was much of a doctor. Soon the he joined the and Baptist and attended regularly, taught a S.S. class of young ladies and wore a very high linen collar. They had children, late in their married life, they were divorced. I don't know what became of Dr. Sackett. But a few years ago, thus the columns of the M.T. Quarterly and Angelina Weeks (who came to Boston with me on the Jovemar) I got in touch with Mrs. B. and had a nice little correspondence with her before she died, in or near Cleveland.

Grandpa Ellisor sent for me one day that year & said that the school didn't have any flags and ought to and he wanted
me to go out and get subscriptions to buy flags. He gave me to start off with, and I got some others but Flora Mertie, daughter of a SAR man had got ahead of me and most people had given their subscriptions to her. All I could do was to give the money I raised to the principal as a supplement to what she had raised. There was enough to buy a big flag for the school tower and a moderate sized flag for each room. At the dedication, Flora was the center of attraction. She was the one who hoisted the flag on the school tower. In each grade, one pupil was chosen to carry the flag for that grade in the ceremony. I thought that as I had secured a lot of the money, I might reasonably expect to have that honor. But Miss Granv啾 announced that the honor would go to the student who was best behaved from then to the time.
of the ceremony. As time went on, it was commonly rumored that Eddie Bozic would be the one chosen, and soon proved. Borukovitch Miss Banavan was my teacher in the 7th grade. Miss Hayes in the 8th, Miss Lilla Fadd in the 9th. Miss Fadd told me that out west where she came from, the folks who in New England are Congregationalists were Presbyterians; and she was she. But she and her family attended the Elmwood Baptist only a few blocks away. Later she married a man named William van Wagenen and I used to see her occasionally, but have not for many years. One day in English class we were passing sentences, and I asked how one would parse "What the dickens is the matter with you?" Miss Fadd sent me to the principal's office to think it over, and be sorry. And I was let off without any
punishment. In consideration of the fact that I was usually a well-behaved person, but my question wasn't answered. I don't think there is any correct way to phrase it as it stands; one has to invent the preposition "in" to make grammar out of it.

The principal of the school was Geo. H. L'Amsbrey. His father and mother went to the 2nd Baptist seat way up front. Remember once he stood up while the choir was singing an anthem, apparently thinking the song was singing a hymn. I suppose his wife wasn't there to tell him different. But she was usually there. A very fine woman. Remember Father once told a visiting minister what Mrs. J. had said about him and it was very complimentary. He told him it was said by the "sermon-taster: the sister of"
"Pep up". When I read Bonnie Bicker Bush many years later, I recognized the allusion to the Sermon Taster. But thought no 2 was as much more desirable a character than the Sermon Taster was, I knew at the time, that Mr Pepper was ex-President of Bobby College. At one time Father thought he would like to have me go to Bobby on account of Mr Pepper. But I went for the catalog, and it was a very dreary looking booklet. I thought Harvard would be better than Bobby. Mr Z was a recent graduate of Bobby. To keep up his dignity, he wore a beard. A short one with a point. And he used to stroke it steadily. We boys called him "Spinach," I think because a beard was called spinach in the slang of the day. In some way I learned that he was a clerk and remembered it. And when I was put in China, I learned that
all faster. father of Frank Foxer
whom we knew in friendship.
Marie was a Bobby alike. So I
asked him if he knew about
he said - said he was one of the
largest men in college. Along
while later either in 1919-20 or
1927-28 read in the paper
something about his wife.

I think there were the late
Preston R. Kramers, doing
something or other. Not long
afterwards I met Seo to him-
self and spoke of the article.
He said it was a mistake,
like an article of the American
International College (Springfield)
had died; the article was about
his widow. See note was
also teaching at A. I. C., and it
was easy to get them mixed.

I have a picture of the
old 2-room school with McKiernan
and his pupils on the steps. I
can name most of them.
I suppose Mr. LeBoeuf replied when
the South St. School was built.
I don't remember about his teaching
anywhere else. the I used to see
shirk from time to time. He used
a rattan and I can remember how
it felt on my fingers when I did
something with them that he dis-
approved of. I think I must have
had it on the palm of the hand
too. I don't remember that as
well. Probably I got it on the
finger atoner. I think he was
an Episcopalian and that he
went to church regularly but
his sister not at all.

The old brick school house
was torn down after the South
St. School was built. I don't
remember how long after. It
wasn't many years before the
555 was too small and they
built an annex about as large.
In my days there were 9 grades.
Most other states had 8. Mass
went back to 8 after a while
We used to go home for dinner. I don't remember it very well, but I certainly don't remember taking lunch and eating it at all. One day on the way home from school the kids in our neighborhood had a passing match. Charles Whitmore said he got bleeding on a buffalo. When he came back he broke his back.

Ruth Allen said Ruth Whittemore broke her slate coming home from school so late.

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

Mother used to insist that we come home directly from school, so she would know
where we were before we went anywhere else.

She made us wear mufflers when it rained. Attics in the winter. If we got wet we had to change shoes and stockings. If we got snowy it meant changing long drawers too. Nuisance. The Bolingwood boys didn't have to do such things. But Mrs. B. had to put up all night a lot of time because one of her kids had the croup. We never did. John had the croup one night in China, and we had to consult the "Doctor Book" to find out what to do.

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

The house yard had a steep lawn, some 6 feet or so where the arrow points. Below it a wall, then the roadway. He undertook to turn the back.
some sauce down that people which was an easy thing to do, and he had often done it. But this time he went too far and fell off the wall on to the roadway. I don't remember how he got into the house. I think I was in the street watching him when he fell. When I got to the house his mother was rubbing a discolored place on his shin with liniment and he was crying hard. They sent for the doc. Joe had a broken leg.

In those days the brook ran behind Sam Allyn's house and he ran his new pail into it. It ran behind Albert Allyn's house and he had a bridge over it. One day he lost his account book into the brook. It showed all the amounts his customers owed him, and the loss was a serious one. He went all the way to the tunnel which led the brook under Beech and Northampton Sts. into the Allingle and wrote a way down but I
don't think he found the book.

Allyn Bros need to raise peas
on the land just north of Cheyney St
from Northampton St west. When
it was picking time they hired by
lot like Belkoff Reed (Bunno)
and Jack Jessup to pick them.
I found where the brook
crossed that land there was a
swamp. It had white violets in
the spring. In the winter it got
flooded and made an ice pond,
that a very good one. Ruth Allyn
had a sled with a hinged device
and sharp points so that you
could drive the points into
the ice and propel the sled
forward. The seat was high and
there was a place for the feet to
rest. Steering was like steering
a boat - and as I knew how to
row. I considered myself the
proper person to teach everybody
how to work that sled. A few
years ago, when I met Ruth at
So. Raytheon Vt. I mentioned that
She remembered it said she thought she wanted to see it all the time, and it was her sled.

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

One year some of us tapped maple tree in the Beach寺 side of the Wingle near Hollings woods. It was very slow work matching the sap run and we didn't get much. We played fox and geese in the snow while waiting.

Once somehow we had a crow wounded in the wings. I think. I put it in a newspaper store box with a big stone on the lid, thought it was safe but while we were absent somewhere, the crow got out a we never saw it again.
In those days among those who contended for honors were Sibyl Smith, Helen Wilcoxon, and Muriel Mackintosh. And I think Sibyl usually came out on top. She was smart, but didn't have much money. During its last year she worked afternoons in the cashier's cage at Ball's Almy store where the Holyoke National Bank is now. Cora Hepburn Wolcott, this was probably good for her finances, but not for her studies.

The grammar school graduation was in City Hall. Each one of us had to go forward to get his diploma. There were two possible routes from where I was. I chose to go one way and come back the other. Father and Mother thought I was confused. They seemed proud and pleased to think I had graduated, but I couldn't see why. They took me to Heinz's drug store in Westwood to have some ice cream. Mr. Heinz said I seemed much interested in the war.
me that when he was an old school teacher he had done a
lot toward arranging to have
graduation exercises for the
grammar school.

One of the boys who
graduated that night was one
Stephen Grover Cleveland.
The name was called out as
"Grover Cleveland" & everybody
laughed. Wasn't Pres. E's "hand
Stephen Grover"? Maybe this
boy's name was something else
and I have put Stephen in it.
place from my memory of
Pres. E's name. Anyway this
boy's middle name was Grover
I was graduated from
grammar school in 1897.
That fall, when I went to high school, I found that the old on Elm St. north of all night had become so crowded that they had to partition off the assembly room to make 4 classrooms, so we couldn't meet there for assembly. We met every morning at Temperance Hall on the east side of Maple St. south of All night, and when assembly was over we marched up to the H.S. During that year the new H.S. was being built, and the following fall we moved into it. Since the previous year, the school board had got a new list of schools Preston M. search; a new H.S. principal Mr. Kepple pronounced it rhyme with Pierce, and a new music instructor Mr. L. set us to learn to sing an Italian Italian loves the sound of a sunrise of "C" & "G" song. The air from the bright sky lemony
Etc. We suspected he was an Italian. He certainly had dark hair and eyes. Another thing we learned was he was from Mozart's 12th Mass or was it 5th Mass?

I think Mr. Cornell stayed only the one year. His successor, Hugh Blair, wore a cutaway coat, had a "stick" & wanted us to "watch the stick." As I remember it, we didn't care for his pompous way. We liked Cornell. Mr. Search wanted to junk all the old books, etc. & get them (shelter?). He got the school board to authorize some of the changes; some he just did. The school board got dissatisfied & he was junked. I don't remember who his successor was. Whether he found things in a mess or not.

Mr. Kepes replaced Mr. Kirkland. I think. I don't remember what Mr. K did after he was fired. He stayed in Holyoke. I used to see him help train the
Grace Church choir when I went there with Fred Naples. (Or was he the former sax of schools? I guess he was. Mr. Judd must have been the #7 principal that was fired—never knew why. His son Sam was a classmate of mine, and later joined ROTC (my fraternity) at Yale. Mr. Judd, I felt, seemed to be to get popular with the students by being free and easy in his discipline. I guess the school room thought he was too free and easy. Grandpa Klein was on the school room then and used to ask me a lot of questions about such things as how the students chatted Mr. Hie afraid my answers were not as valuable as he thought. The bulk of the students, as I remember it, were Irish Catholics. I don't think I was a very good person to tell how they felt.
maybe Mr. Reyes stayed longer than search & destroy. But not many years. His successor had a hard time tightening up the discipline. His name was Wimbledon & others. He used to give his instructions & teachers by sending them pieces of paper (or cards) about 3 x 4. Staging W.C.A. He was not a very likeable person. Mr. Reyes was, and Mr. A's policy wasn't likely to make him popular. But I guess it was necessary.

The vice-principal was M.M. Smith. He had of the math dept. a little man and not glamorous at all. He wore rubber heels so he could approach quietly & catch boys doing things. He used to slide into the room, toilet to see if he could catch them doing anything. Such tactics were not likely to make him popular. When Mr. A's end got there. Mr. M was promoted.
to principal, but he didn't make good. I think I was away at college then. I suppose he went back much crestfallen, to be vice-prin and there an idea he died not long afterward. But he was a fine math teacher. I studied geometry with him sophomore year.

Using Wentworth's book and I admired the clean clean way in which he taught. In those day, if you wanted a certificate to enter college without exam you must have studied math during the last two years. Yale Harvard wouldn't accept a certificate, but Amherst would. However, it was the thing to take review math junior year, and especially desirable if you were going to later Harvard preliminaries at the end of junior year. As I was studying geometry again using Beman & Smith's book, which was interestingly different from Wentworth
Then I was to go to Amherst and I could get a certificate—but I was going to take a year’s grad work so I had to take math again this time Mr. N wrote his own book and I guess he’d had it mimeographed. It was very interesting and I liked it, liked the way he approached things. I wish his book might have been published but I don’t suppose it was.

Of course I took algebra freshman year but I don’t remember who taught it unless it was Miss Glaste. I got good marks for I could make the examples come out right but I didn’t understand algebra.

I can say this. Then I was in grammar school. I could solve complicated “problems” by arithmetic. When I was in th grade I wanted to do the same but I had to do them by algebra. By the end of freshman year
I had lost the ability to solve such problems in any way except by algebra (and I have never recovered it). But still I did not understand algebra. I could get the answers, but that's all. I took review algebra with my roommate. At junior year and senior year, and took freshman algebra in college and got good marks but still didn't understand. Then father wanted me to take the Oxford exams. Hoping I could get a Rhodes scholarship. So I had to study algebra again by myself, and that time I understood it. So there been a little skeptical about the value of its algebra. And yet during World War II when all the boys wanted to study airplane design — you can't get to 1st base without algebra. And engineering is becoming increasingly important.
I don't remember when.

but I once had a grammar school teacher named Bella Tarnham. From then on and "rot" red mud.

One afternoon I wanted to go to the toilet and she wouldn't let me. So I had to wet my pants and there was some discussion and notes to my parents, of which the most memorable is that they were inscribed "kindness of Ellison".

Sooner or later, she married this lady. She died before he did, and he was all broken up over it. I have often wondered whether she was amputation to an old maid named Fanny Tarnham who lived on the edge of the Highlands. They say that he asked her for some food, she gave him a slice of bread saying "I don't give this to you for your health because I don't think you deserve it. I'm
giving it to you for Jesus sake"
He said "Then for Gods sake
give us some better on it."
The Unitarian minister
in Italy he preached a very fine
sermon on the text "For Their
sakes sanctify myself"
This sermon was published in
the Transcript. This and
Miss Furneau told me it was
blasphemous. The 1st Miss
Furneau (Mrs. Nowsay) probably heard it. I wonder
what she thought.
I was born on July 17, 1884 in the north west room of the double house then numbered 427-29 Northampton St. Later... 1864-66. We lived in the north half of 427, 1864. The front room was the parlor and the dining room which we also used as living room than the kitchen. Grandpa and Grandma Hildreth lived in the south half 429-31 1866. They ate in the kitchen, used the middle room for sitting room and kept the parlor shut except for very special occasions. Our parlor was kept shut, too, but not so rigidly. I could go into it any time I wanted but I didn't go in very often. In the winter I don't think it was heated. I think all the children were born there. The only midwife I remember is "Auntie Johnson" whose picture I have. When I was born, Mother had another woman to help her. Abbie Kline. I have her picture, too. Mother used to say that Abbie thought a lot of me. I know that for years...
she used to send me a valentine, and I think it was the only one I got.

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

It was there that Father's 1st cousin Geo. wood was married to Mary Wilkinson. I was groom's man and Kate Wood was bridesmaid. The groom and bride stood in front of our 3-leaf screen which was decorated with clematis. The wedding was in the morning but I don't remember much about it.

I do remember that previously Mary had worked for Miss Aley on North St. and Grandmother used to call on her and take me. After the marriage, they lived in "the block" (see below). It was in the room also that Jennie was sick with diptheria, and for a long while we used to call it the "diptheria room" because it was briefer than other.
definite than any other designation. Over the kitchen were the bathroom and the linseed oil's room. The BR had a flush toilet which operated with a handle at the side of the seat. It shaped like that; you had to lift it. Once at least I dropped a button hook into it, and thought it was lost forever. But Mother rolled up her sleeve and fished it out. My memory of the bath tub and sink is pretty vague. I think the BR was of tin, boxed in with matched boards, and maybe the sink was marble? There was no down stairs toilet, but a "recess" was kept part way up the stairs for my convenience. In the front hall there was a desk table with a silver platter for calling cards near the door, and a hat-rack and umbrella-stand at the opposite end. This could be easily tipped over, and I remember when there was a noise of something being overthrown, Father used to say "A brown goes the hat rack." But I don't really
remember that her track falling. It had a mirror at a convenient height; but the
was not very well lighted. There was a lamp, hanging style, at the foot of the stairs, and
if it was let, that gave some light on the mirror; by daylight there
was light from the front door, which
had a big glass pane. not transparent
under the stairs. near the back
was a dark closet. At night, the only
light it had was got by opening
the door that led from the hall into
the dining room. Grandmama, I think,
had a hanging lamp at the foot of
the stairs. Like ours. One of them,
I don't remember which. had a
fine big shade, about 15 or 18
inches diameter, gorgeously
colored, with gorgeous glassings
I somehow like this. dangling all
around. Maybe both of them had
The dining room had a
bay window. and opposite it was
a big closet. alongside that closet
was a big room, that had a door
leading into the dining room another "kitchen. I think this was used to store dishes, but later was made into a down stairs toilet where my brother Richard used to sit and sing "I lay me the Free" to the tune of "Koehn in" wedding march. The dining room table was of walnut, made so that on special occasions one could put in "leaves" to make it larger. When I got a little older, that was my job. The table didn't extend enough so that one could put in those "leaves" easily.

The last 2 were about like and the pine lines had to be forced down with difficulty. It didn't seem to occur to anyone. certainly not to me, to plane one of them down a bit. Maybe that was because our plane was always dull. A neighbor used to borrow our tools, keep them a long time & return them dull or damaged. And I never grew up with good tools to use, and getting skill in using them; not till I went
to California, did I get skill in many tools. But I could cut a leather washer for a leaky faucet, and put it in place; and I could pull carpet tacks and lay carpets, and I could put up mosquito netting.

In the kitchen there was an old refrigerator near the outside door, with its back to the west wall of the kitchen. The cover lifted up. Of course it had a dishpan for the melt water. The range was against the east wall. It was a Maytag brand, and the oven door was hinged on the right hand side. The fire box was on the left and just under the lid...

A side was a small door just under the top; Mother used to put steak in a toaster and broil it over the fire. The juice would drip and sizzle on the steak tasted good, but I thought it was too bad to waste all that juice.

Mother told me, long after that, Nellie Scanwell, who worked for us liked steak, and used to work...
mother to have it often. Mother would say "Nellie when you are
married, you can have steak as
often as you think you can afford it.
I can't afford it any often than I do"
Later when Nellie was married
Mother asked her if she had steak
often now. She said Mother
was right.

The sink was on the south
side of the kitchen, with both cold
water. To the left of the sink
was the door to the storage that led
up. While to the right of the sink
was the door to the cellar stairs.
To the right of the stove was
the door to the buttery, later some-
time called pantry. I thought at
that time that the word buttery
had something to do with butter,
and the word pantry had something
to do with pans. I understand now
that neither idea is correct. Mother
kept her cook book on a shelf at
the right as you enter the buttery
and the bag by string a cloth
bag square, with a drawstring, on a coat hook behind the door hinges at the left of the door. In the SW corner under the "counter" was a flour barrel with a softer in it. I don't remember how one reached the barrel. The brown sugar was somewhere above the flour barrel, somewhere on the right was a knife tray, but I think the table silver was kept in a drawer under the "counter" at the left of the sink.

Down cellar was a furnace. a coal bin for the furnace, fed from one of the windows under the bay window, and another bin for the coal for the kitchen range, fed from the window at the east end of the house foundation. The hatchway, or cellar stairs, with a sloping door was to the right of the coal bin. Fairly early it was my job to take the coal down stairs, fill it from this bin, and carry it up and put it behind the range. Later it was
also my job to care for the furnace during the day. When father was away, I was well instructed in just what to do and did it successfully. But when I had a coal furnace of my own to care for, here in Brooklyn, and tried to remember what I had to do in Troy, I couldn't remember. It might have been a great help if I could.

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

I didn't know what black lead was; I think now that she meant stearin. My shoe shines often met with disapproval when I went up stairs. Once I remember, of the adults expressed loud disapproval as soon as I appeared. And Grandpa said, "Tom! Tidily say. When you black the shoes upon your feet mind you don't forget the heels."
which I thought was unfair, because
where he stood he couldn't see his
heels. He must have assumed that
if the fire were poorly shined
the heels were more worse.

Mother taught me to build
a coal fire in the range; first
scraped up some newspaper;
then put on some kindling; I think
this was soft-wood lodging; it came
from the saw mill, in lengths of
about a foot, tied with tarred
string in bundles about an inch
diameter. I can't remember whether
a thin layer of coal was put over
the kindling at the time the fire
was lighted, or later. But I have,
under her instruction, to light the
fire successfully every time. As I
remember, and I thought it was
easy to light a coal fire. It seems
as though it ought to be still easier
to light a wood fire, but when
I got to California and had to
light wood fires, I had a lot of
trouble. Maybe the wood wasn't too
good, and my dad. When I was doing Boy Scout work and one of the things to learn was how to build a fire without paper or kindling, and with not more than 2 matches. I thought that was quite an achievement to do that.

As far back as I can remember the house was lit with gas jets. Later we had Welso-Bach burners. At Gloucester, and maybe at Hespe, I was always bumping gas lamps unless a table was kept under them to keep me away. I didn't mind the ordinary gas jet; it hurt a little to bump them, but after a while I got used to it, and I used to say I had a callous spot on the top of my head from bumping them, so it didn't hurt. But if I bumped a Welso-Bach burner, that broke it. A new one cost money, and I'm not sure if a spare burner were always kept in the house. If not, it meant a trip to the store; those burners were very
fragile, and a slight jar would tear part of it, resulting in less light for the same amount of gas; a real bump would smash it to bits. To prevent my doing this, the family piled always to keep a table, or something, under the burner. But someone would carelessly move it away and I would walk under the burner and that's it.

Later some ingenious person put in a device for lighting the cellar light from the top of the stairs, you press the upper button and something electrical would turn on the gas and something else would make sparks to light it. When you came back upstairs you pressed the lower button and that electrically shut off the gas. Don't remember that it ever failed or gave any trouble. If you were down cellar and wanted to light the gas, you could turn it on.
by pulling a little wire, and then
light with a match. At the end
Baptist time there was a similar
device for lighting the big
ceiling gas lamps. They made
quite a noise, and the janitor
would continue the noise quite
a while. To make sure that
all the lamps were lighted,
apparently from the switch he
couldn't see the lamps.

At that time I think we
still had only gas for illumination
baker we had combination gas
and electric lights. Electricity
wasn't considered dependable
enough. Some years ago I called
on Mrs. Bacon and was pleased
to see that she still had that style
of lamp, and a lot of things that I
remembered we used to have in
my childhood days. But more
recently when I called again to
see those things, either the house
had been modernized or she had
moved to a different house, and
I was disappointed. She was the niece of Mr. Kimball, who was the first minister that I can remember about. I don't remember the man himself at all.

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

In the attic front hall there was a chest of 3 tiers of deep drawers, 2 (or 3; I think) to a tier. At one time a woman who had rented one of Father's stores sold out her stock (or was sold out) and we got this chest of drawers, perhaps in payment of rent. I remember dimly when they came. With them came a lot of millinery things of which some jet articles are all that I remember, but I remember some women who didn't know. Run over them and taking (undoubtedly buying) some of them. I don't know what became of the rest.
At one time I slept in the front hall, 2nd floor. I could see out on the lawn and the street. On the wall was a picture of something like a fairy, putting a cone-shaped hat on something flowering; I think the picture was entitled "autumn." Later, I think I slept in the attic, front bedroom. Later I had the south front attic bedroom and that continued to be considered "mine" after I was married and right up to the time the house was sold. But in between, i.e., before the south attic room, I slept in the south side bedroom 3rd from front—or on the verandah outside that room. When I had an extra-long bed, specifically made for me. When I went to America I think that was sent over to me to sleep in. I don't know what became of it later. I think it was a 3/4 bed. The picture of me on a pony shows the lawn surrounded by a barbed wire fence. I do not
remember the fence, but I remember hay being cut on the lawn. One or two men with scythes mowed the hay. I helped load and rake it. And (then or later) I remember treading the hay as it was put in the barn. It was a hot, dusty job. To go into that loft there was a stairway, which was still there, the last time I was in the barn. But we always went up a ladder on the north side of the barn. This ladder was made by nailing 2x3 (more or less) pieces between the studs; this ladder went up to a hole in the floor about 4 ft square. I think now that this was a dangerous arrangement, but it seemed perfectly natural then.

In the front of the barn the buggy & carriage were kept. In the back, north side, was a box stall where the horse was kept in the daytime. In the south side were ordinary stalls, each big enough for 1 horse. It was my job, each night, to transfer the horse to the stall.
near the house, whistle to him and then get straw down for his bed. Father told me the horse would fool him by holding his water (or part off it?) till the straw was put there, and then urinating on the straw. But father would then fool the horse by throwing some more straw on top. We had a jury count at first but I don't remember hearing them. I do remember reading about cavalry officers stroking the horses with white gloves to see if the man had carried them properly. And I remember carrying my own horse out in California. Just east of the farm was an enclosurie, a fence with pickets about 1 x 3 and as high as my head, more or less. In it were the manure heap and the ash heap. I was supposed to sift the ashes and use the unburned coal as kindling to start a new fire some time. I don't remember that the horse was ever turned loose in this enclosure.
although it looked as tho' it was made for him. In the SE corner of the carriage room was a big hop-
head of oats for the horse, fed along the middle partition (which ran east & west in the carriage 
house, beginning about half way and running east) there was a water 
faucet. It was never turned one off in the natural way. Instead 
there was an iron rod about ½ 
diameter, bent into a quarter- 
circle at the top. This ran down to the water main, which ran 
from Northampton St and fed our house and barn, Taylor's 
house and Bollingwoods. When 
you pulled it away from the 
partition, that turned on the 
water; let it come up the pipe 
to the faucet; when you turned it 
flat against the partition, that 
shut off the water; down at the 
main. In that way there was no 
freezing, as the main was below 
the frost line.
Originally we had a hen-house, which began close to the grape arbor on the north side, and ran to the east. In the front were bins where corn meal and other things were kept. I tasted the corn meal once and liked it. Then there was a passage way on the north side of the hen house, with doors to let one into each section; the sections were 20 feet or so wide, and had nests on the north side, up off the ground. Each section had an outdoor run, surrounded by a fence of long pickets like the enclosure behind the barn. There were lots of hens, and at least one big white rooster named Sergeant. Skunks got in occasionally.

After a while it was decided to quit raising hens, and the hen-house was sold, all except the east section. Some men came and paved the building into sections, at the mortises, and carried off a section at a time. Unfortunately I can't
remember how they got these sections on to a wagon. It must have been an interesting job. I don't know what a mobilizer was, but I heard them talking about it.

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

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

We used to have lots of fruit trees. Many kinds of apples, including Baldwin, Greening, Northern Spy, Porter, Royal, Ashensteck, and probably others. The biggest tree was just north of the parlor. It had 3 branches that grew right out of the ground. I used to wonder why.
for all the other trees I knew had a
trunk, then crotch. But this tree
seemed to have no trunk. Long
after, my father said that when he
bought the land, there was a
wind-gusty tree, and the tree
grew in the... When the ground
was drilled up, the fill came right
up to the crotch of the tree (see wind).

This tree was grafted $\frac{2}{3}$ Baldwin and
$\frac{1}{3}$ Greening (or vice-versa). After a
while the east limb died and was
chopped (or sawed) off. I don't remember
seeing this—or maybe it didn't fell.
I remember the stump of it, at the
Crotch. The other 2 limbs lived on.
There was another big tree, but not
as big near Beach St. but this died
earlier—before the San Jose scale. I
remember when this came. Father hired
a man to come and wash the trees
with Whale Oil Soap. Which was
supposed to kill the scale, and I
guess it did. But the neighbors didn't
bother to care for their trees, and ours
got reinfected. And after a few years
of whole oil soap Father got 100-

covered and the trees died of scale.
After all, the neighbors were farmers
and he was a city hick. Why should
he take better care of his trees than they
did of theirs? The last time I was in
the cellar of 1866 we still had a cow
or so of apple wood.

We also had peach trees but the
yellow ones got them. Plum . . .
black ones. We had 3 cherry
trees on the front lawn. (one of them
"black") and a poor pie cherry.
planted much later. I remember
when it was young. The others were
all there, as far back as I can re-
member. I used to love to climb the
trees and eat the cherries. I don't
think these trees had any natural
enemies (except "worm bugs") and they
died a long while. I guess they died
of old age! We had one or more pear
trees, and I guess they are still
there. Also, a little Sickle pea,
which is not. It was sweet and I
liked it. It isn't as much for the
Other peas. There were 3 grape vines, 2 on the Beech St. lawn and one in front of the hen house. I guess they are still there. There was a quince tree, and I didn't care for quinces. There were a lot of currant & gooseberry bushes and a few black currant. I liked to pick the currant, red & yellow, but didn't care for currant jelly. I didn't like to pick gooseberries on account of the thorns, but I liked to eat ripe gooseberries and I made jam. I think the gooseberries had to be picked green to make jam. I remember going down town in the buggy to pickle gooseberries among the English folks. When I was in China (I guess) these bushes were destroyed by agricultural dept. people because they smote (especially the black currant) intermediate hosts of the white pine blister rust.

We had a honeysuckle bush (pink) on the Beech St. lawn and 2 lilac bushes. Purple and white.
on the front lawn. One or two "syringa" bushes were present. "... dentzel bushes; my mother said her wedding wreath was dentzel. I took a look at one of them and tried to make it grow at Brooklyn Passage but it didn't grow. There were bridal wreath, purple and yellow iris, Johnny-jump-ups naturally in the front lawn; and also on "... a flowering current and a Japanese quince which we called firebrush, no forgetting I never saw or heard of the "... till long afterward.

The big oak is the most conspicuous tree on the place. But it was a little oak when the house was built. I have a photo of the 3 houses Rolligwood, Taylors, Hill Street when they were new. The oak tree is seen as almost ridiculously small. That photo shows the upper lawn (above the driveway) where Joe broke his leg.
When I was perhaps eight years old, Father had some elm and maple trees planted on our lawn. I think they were about 6 inches in diameter. Father wanted to play safe so he would not put the trees in the "tree belt" for fear that the tree street would be widened, and trees in the tree belt would have to be cut down. Sure enough, the street was widened and our trees were right in the tree belt. After many years, the street was widened again, and our trees were cut down.
Mr. Merrick was the founder of the Merrick Thread Co. I think he had died before I can remember. His widow (3rd wife) was president of the women's missionary society when my mother used to take me to it. She preceded with great dignity. There were 3 Merrick children: Charley, who sometimes played the violin at our church service; Mary, whom I thought very nice; and Ben who I think went to Harvard, and used to ride a bicycle with cushioned tires and spring forks.

The little Log House was inhabited by "Mr. Logan." I remember him, but I don't remember about him. Charley Macintosh used to smoke cigarettes. Mrs. M was very nice. They had at least 4 children: Helen, Malcolm, Jessie. While I was in grammar school, Mr. M planted a shrub garden along the north side of his lawn, roughly symmetrical with the drive on the north side. I think there was
a walk along side it. Don need to talk about the "thousand shrubs" of which he was quite proud.

In front of the boat house was an enormous elm. I remember when it was cut down. Later the house was removed. Don't know why. There were 2 bout boys. The younger Charley. The older one we called Rule. It must have been Reuel.

Mr. Bell was an old bachelor and very deaf. Occasionally I had to go to his place to get extra milk. I didn't like to. He was hard to find and hard to talk to. I remember his home as very clean and very bare and absolute. Robert Bell was my new and adopted son of Sam. He was a milkman. I was taught to call his wife "Auntie Bell". His daughter Ruth was about my age. Later their was another. Miriam. After a while they moved to West Springfield field. He took me down one day
for a visit. As we came to the underpass, he checked to his house. I reported it to my parents and they thought it was a good idea to signal someone approaching from the other side. That he was coming. I don't think it would have amounted to much. I never saw any of the Allyn's again until Ruth and Lincoln Ifley of So. Tumor (came and stood on the door step of the So. Royalton personage and asked if I knew who she was.

Sam Allyn had a 2nd wife who was very nice. I don't remember Sam. They had a lumberman, man, whose wife "old Kate" evidently acted as cook or something. She would go out by the barn and holler "Evan" in a voice like a rusty hinge but much louder. We used to hear her. She was a white colt. I recall she came to Brooklyn. The house was dark, no light. I remember the brook as we could not drink the brook water. It had a port-
cochere, and a fountain on the front lawn which usually meant workin.

Rob. Allyn was son of Sam. He got married. I and he (or his father) built the house for him. When I was old enough to remember. Mrs. A. was very nice. They had 2 daughters. Helen and Catherine. Mrs. A. became a Christian Scientist. Helen became deaf. and Mrs. A. wouldn't have any thing done to help her. so she got very deaf. McAllyn went to Portland and joined 507. He was an associate judge for a while. Father told me that Robert used to chew tobacco, and didn't want his wife to know. Once he was sick and as "off his tobacco". he got better. but didn't have any. So he phoned a deputy sheriff and said "Say Mr. you know those 5 brothers. well I wish you would call on them and bring them a message from them". Sometime 5 Bros was a plug tobacco that Robert red both children.
Father also told us that one Thanksgiving Day, after the turkey, Mrs. T said she thought it would be nice if each one of them mentioned something he was thankful for. Bob agreed and mentioned something; then Mrs. T. Then Helen Catherina said, "I'm thankful I've got a little room left." Mrs. T. asked if that was exactly a success. So after the dessert she tried again...But I said, "Well I'm thankful I haven't been all that much memory."

I don't remember anything about the Beery house except that it was red and had a round tower at one corner. But remember a lot about the Beeron house. You went in the front door; there was an entry hall then a bedroom on the opposite side. A parlor, one of which had big open shelves from floor to ceiling and near the ocean also a wooden circle with a lot of round bottom holes with marbles in them. I don't know what for.
Going from the bedroom on the hall one got into the dining room which had a desk on the north side and I think the enormous sideboard which we later had at 1566 was somewhere in that room. Then the kitchen on the south side and the pantry on north... and southeast of the dining room, accessible from the S.W. corner of the kitchen was a closed-in verandah with plants.

I had to go over there roughly every day to get milk, usually 5 pints in a tin pail with a cover down cellar. Grandma E. had a post with that nailed along its side East West, and others north south just far enough apart so that there was room for shallow milk pans on them, set there for the cream to rise. She would take the cream skimming and show inside the cream there give me the milk underneath. It came from Jersey cows and was rich enough. minus the cream
She used the cream to make butter in a barrel churn in the east end of the cellar. I remember seeing Mr. Petreault turning the churn. They often invited me to have some of their hot cakes which were very tasty, especially with good butter and thick maple syrup or honey, or they gave me some muffins. Those were the best muffins I ever tasted. Whether Grandma made them or Josie McCarthy... She often worked for Grandma. After hours she worked in Whitmore's store. I wish I knew the recipe but I'm afraid it is lost beyond recovery.

I don't remember much about the stairs. But the stairs ran straight ahead (east) up almost to third story, then turned in a curve and went up the curve of the wall alongside the stairs. More wood with some sort of an urn in it.

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

The front door of the barn was a big door, to drive in the loads of hay, to be pitched on to bays to north and south. The south half was over the horse stalls. There was another door, south of the main door, which led to a passageway along which the horses could be led to be put into the stalls facing north. There was a hinged arrangement so that the manger and (north) could be tilted into passageway
so that hay from the hayloft could be put directly into the mangers. South of the house stalls was a flat roof covered with tar and pebbles; I think the space under it was a shed for storing weapons etc. I think the cows were kept under the main barn. There was another barn, some distance behind the main barn, and between them, on the south edge was a corn crib, with slits, I suppose to let in the air; I never could see why it didn't also let in the rats. SE of the house in the house-yard, near the fence, was an out house for the hired man to use. And on the front lawn was an old pump, not used. I once worked the handle and thereby aroused some wasps who had their nests in the place. And one of them stung me on the leg, it hurt. The next day I was walking on the tea sidewalk in front of Sandylyn's. Barefoot. There was a cherry tree which overhung the sidewalk.
and draped cherries on it; kids would walk on them, and crunch them, and then bees would come to suck the juice; I stepped on one of these bees and got stung; and it hurt more than the wound. Grandpa E either owned or hired pasture on the east side of a road that ran north from Cherry St. Betman's pond and the Meacham place where the Brooks banks wing. The hired man used to go up there, in the summer, to milk the cows. One p.m. we were going to have a picnic up there and I insisted that we wouldn't need anything to drink, except milk from the cows. Mother said I wouldn't like it, fresh from the cow; it would smell of the cow. She was right.

The space between our house and Grandpa's bleachers was empty. I could climb the barbed wire fence north of our place. Walk thru the grass and weeds, and climb his fence. a fence of board rails
with a board nearly horizontal on top, and it was a little shorter than going by the side walk. But

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

Either John or later Michael bought this land between the houses, for house lots, andEaston Green St (east west) and Isabella St (south of Bowser St) 15 Bolingwood land. When the Hospital was built, the trolley can stopped at the end of Bowser St & At Jocks out to go to the Hospital.

In those days the village was a lovely natural scene with a brook. Beyond it was M.
Bull's hayfield, and beyond that Pat
Mountman's house & blacksmith
shop, a very interesting place. When
Grandpa was going to take old Jack
up to the shed, he would put me on
Jack's back, and I would try to draw
him with the check-rein (will style
not over back of head) but he
didn't seem to like the check-
rein and Grandpa always led him.

Mr. B had an older daughter named
a son Eddie (perhaps another.)

Adjoining the blacksmith shop was
a wagon maker's shop, which
had an inclined plane up which
wagon could be handled by a
mindsless to be worked on upstairs;
between the space for the wheels
was a set of cleats steps, up walk
up. I think Morris Bly was the
wagon maker; he had a daughter with
she was not the one who made a tryst for
my camera—at least saved the broken
all a power saw—and didn't charge
anything. But I don't think the tryst
was a success. I don't remember
some worry it.
How badly are we really in hole? Can we get out? Or is on path only to stay where we are get no deeper.

What do we need does that require? No? Why did we have the deficit last year? Have to spending more than in or too collecting less?

Get list of uses that haven’t paid pledges. And these does formally pay? And they pledge?

Last year (remember that) collected 2 of pledges what is the normal percentage what sources of income were we aside from pledges made at home?

What do we have U.S. Interior? What meaning of that thin sheet that Neil showed me?
I have only vague memories of the homes between Clay & DeKrey. But Fred Pomeroy lived there at one time. His mother was a former Gloucester girl, friend of my mother named Alice Davio. Fred was the oldest child; there were few younger ones. I liked him, but they didn't stay in H. long. He wanted to be a dentist (D.D.S.) when he grew up. I don't think that suggests that he was related to the 9th Pomeroy of Gloucester. Rather than the 36th Pomeroy's. Later his mother told me that Fred was married to a woman much older than he was and she felt badly over it.

Beyond Mr. Laddot was Old Vlomd Mackintosch, grandfather of Vlonnie. A widower, he kept house for him. Gremmer Vlonnie said he was going to hit up his grandfather to buy a canoe for him. I asked what he would do when he went to Cornell. "Take it with me," I thought it quite impractical. Don't remember whether he got it...
Beyond Mackintosh was Mr. Moore, whose daughter was a great friend of Melissa. Then Colston. Then Abbot's goes and his prettiest Ellen. Their little house where the daughter was Flora W. in Chester. Then the First Baptist Church and across South St. was the homestead, for Mr. Wilson whose daughter Helen Edna was classmate of mine (and of J. at Mt. H.) her son Frank was public librarian during my adult years, till he died. When I was a child, the librarian was Miss Sarah Fly, of the 2nd Baptist, who lived on the east side of Walnut St. just south of Appleton, with the family of her father, Mr. The library was then in City Hall in the rooms which face Jonas Jones, enter from 8th St.

On the south side of Colston St. was a Baptist family named Sage, and a bath "McKee". On the north side a widow named Stewart tried to make a living peddling "Stewart's Food" which
she baked. She had a son Stanley.
and another son who was a hunch-
back and used to sit, and presumably
study, at a window looking on the
street, with his right back toward
the window (same as mother's desk at
1866 while I did not like the arrange-
ment) he died. and L.B. Moore was
one of the bearers: may be he was the
landlord. i guess she is moved away.
There was a loud mouthed foolish girl
named Edna Marshall. On a side
street running north from Carlton
(perhaps an extension of the one
that runs east of the south st se)
was a girl named Maria Blayton)
On the road that runs south
side of the Merrick place (then
called Westfield Road) behind the
Merrick mansion was the Merrick
farm, then run by a man named
Shawyer. He had a daughter but
it was not Priscilla. Further up
was the Bray farm. There were
several children of the only one
I knew well was Grace. who
was classmate. at least at 8th
Appointive

Junior 2: Margaret Currier Base
  
  Margaret
  Stewardship
  BPCrowson
  Mt Holly

Missions: CCL: Hita Mahler
  Marion Crowe
  Publicity: Beatrice Edna
  Emily

Authority

C.E.W. Raymond Ingraham
  Field See: Russell & Alice
Picture of the Hoyt Scholars

Girls front row
1. probably Breikorn
2. probably Mona Clayton
3. Jamie Bournhall
4. Hattie King
5. Dolma Marshall
6. 
7. 

Girls mid row
1. Recla Hinton
2. Ruth Alyn
3. Pamela Newsome
4. 
5. Tommie Morgan
6. Floa King
7. probably Mc Armick
8. 

Boys in third row
1. Jeremiah Bos
2. Louis Koehler (pronounced Keeler)
3. 
4. Walter pronounced Walter
5. Benny May
6. probably Shepard Newsom (Chirly)
7. 
8. 

you report to Myrtle
made by me Sept. 29, 1931
Oct 5 35  Dec 22  32  46  6  35
  12  57   29  24  13  13  85
  19  69   14  5  50  20  28
  25  14   12  39  27  40
Nov 2  51   19  32
  9  21   26  39
  16  19  May  3  39
  25  42   10  29
  30  16   17  21
Dec 7  18   24
  14  15   31  77
  21  15  June  7  28
  28  15
Jan 4  15   21  82
  11  15   25  47
  18  19  July  5  33
  25  15   12
Feb 1  31   19
  8  33   26  57
  15  38  Aug  2
  22  50
Mar 1  47
  8  58
  15  28  20

+6 46-65.7
46-65-9.4
36.9
35-9.6
59-6.9
36-6.9
49.6
Pop in row with Mr. Reelroye
Kenny Brookshank

2. Tap
Frank Smith
Arthur Kjoller (pronounced Keeler)

3. Next to
Ralph Lyman
Bob Newberry (mouth open)
Howard Gunn (closed)

4. Light coat behind Frank Smith

5. Floorface?

In front of me Frank Kelly
behind him?

In front of middle of door Blasenece Rogers
slightly in front of him with paper
stuck up in coat pocket

Behind Howard in Eddie Kees
in front of me Eddie Bunnihan
Against wall bow tie. Eddie Morgan

In front at right of row of girls
Kendall Herbert Smith

Cap in right hand Specky Blanchard
Hands Teddy Lynmberelson
Inquire at Brandon

Howard Smith. What is going on at Hartford? what did Judge Penny do at or Hartford?

Berry. What is going on at Sharon and No Pompert
One evening when I was in school a man named Cullins came
to call, and was entertained in the
parlor (south half of house). He had
an ax and, but I don't remember about
that. He brought his concertina and
played "Joy to the World" and other
pieces. The only other one I remember
represents a man talking to his
dughter about how every evening
some one at half past 9 comes
up tap tap tapping at the garden gate.
Don't tell me it is the cat.
I know better than that.
But don't know when it is half past 8;
To come tap tap tapping at the garden gate.

Wishing I used to like to have
mother play the piano; Father used
not to like to come in and listen. I used
to like to have her play "Song of the
Ratner" cheap flashy music, and
Rameau's "Gallic shoe" somewhat
better, from the flute. Also, fortunately
some Beethoven and similar
music. The piano was a lovely
ebony Steinway upright that mother
had bought with her own money.
Executive Board Action Oct 11:30

If the same arrangement can be made with B & B Union that we engage
Bernard Klein as Field Sec.

That R.P. be designated as field

director to act as part-time field Sec. at a
remuneration, that we may agree on.

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

Field Director, in consulta
tion with Pres., to decide on method of
apportioning work of field Sec.

Myrtle writes:

Banner award goals.优选 "Field Billing"
Steward. No one else wanted to
name one. Myrtle suggests this or me
Earned as a music teacher. My way to think it was the best piano in the world just as Father's watch was the best watch in the world. Aunt Dian said there was a little crack on the sounding board, but to us it was perfect.

This piano had to be sold when the house was sold. There was no market for pianos then and it brought only $35.00 from a club of young fellows who undoubtedly founded it to death.

Mother tried to teach me to play the piano, but I didn't take to it. I didn't like the drill in lifting up (tendinitis) the fingers and pounding down; and I suspected that when mother played the piano her fingers were 5 and not 7 as she tried to teach us. I didn't get very far, and when I entered high school I persuaded her to let me drop piano. Because I was too busy. I really wasn't. Freshman year I didn't need to study at home practically ever. Sophomore year
Sept 29, 1937

Print Moko no #1

Later

Print Order 68 books.
Take hymn books
I had time enough to take French as an extra subject all the junior year. I guess. Ability to play the piano would have been much more useful and enjoyable to me than French. So I had appreciated knowing when I was a freshman at least I couldn’t read music. At the end of the year a classmate James W (Jim) Roberts offered me an auto harp with 5 "keys" (the same as I have now 3 B flat major and minor) for $125. And then I had played all the music in the autoharp book. I learned to read music, so that I could play hymns written in 3 in directly from the conventional music. Then I learned to play piano a bit only then can I add alto. When was at Bold Spring Harbor, summer of 1909, boarding at the home of 3 sisters and a brother. One of the was Helen. who was a music teacher. encouraged me to learn by myself to play if piano and occasionally would come in from the
Blair. Hope you are better.

But your Why Martin was VP - declining (Kelley). Saranetta Alvie 82. Why didn't
get to Portland. Comes nine 9 days more. CT week nearly over. Ges of 82. WM
& Lodge alleg 84th. Ernie Early.

metalla. Mr. Boylan. Mr. Paul Brahm?

Any
diff. from above. Shall be hit
testimony meeting be a dead letter
or try to remove it, or abandon
as out of date. From Bushman

will. ought CT be expected to
have a deposit to testify to?

Was telling anything to say on it?

Can't. Let ask 2 or you 2.

March 3. ans to Kings. Not many & argument in favor of my prof.
Kitchen. Maybe some day in hand to give me a suggestion. In this way I learned to play the pianos off the fashion. I liked to play pieces in some keys: 2.5. and 1 flat less enjoyably. I could play in Bb, but not in c or f sharp. If the piece was in 3 of 4 sharps I could transpose it into 4 for 3 flats, and usually did the accidentals by ear or instinct. This proved to be very useful to me in California, for often the organist didn't show up, and I played the organ myself, carefully choosing hymns that were familiar. in keys that were easy to me. But in later years I got out of practice and now there aren't many hymns that I can play in all 4 parts without a lot of practice in advance. So I put it away. I think I took the autographs to Cali. and when I was about to leave I sold it to Charley for more than I paid for it.
Mailings List

Sent #1 to Alice Mar 14 '36
2. "F.O.W."
3. "Gamala"
4. "Wolf"
I was graduated from grammar school in June 1897, the ceremony being in the City Hall auditorium, and that was when I first knew that there was such a place. Just in the back row on the platform and figured out which of 2 routes I could take to get to where I was to receive my diploma. When the time came I went by route and returned by the other, which made my father think I was confused and missed my way; but it wasn't so. I bowed and started thank you to the one who gave me the diploma as I had not seen most of them did, but some did not. The boy was named Forest Cleveland, and his name was called out "Forest Cleveland" which made everyone laugh. B. B.'s last term in White House was only a little way back. Another was John Baptiste, Andrew Heliodore Signore, and I think Francis D. Angus, ordinarily known as "Tink". I was a 5-name boy, but I can't remember his other 2 names.
Jan. 27, 1936. Arrived notice that I was chosen Pres of VT ET Union to fill term of Bob Arnold who freq P&M. sent notices to papers at Barre, Montpelier, St. J., & Burlington we were able to get their support. Will they entertain #36 come? Thelma in Wheel, where now? Garnetta home still.

More please ask right man to send me the draft of Left in study. Has he the CT deals?


Alice you are chairman of NonComm. Whom would you like for colleague? (See John 3) Please get report on Bounty Union. When did they meet? When will they? Can you go? Whom? Chaplain? Speake? El or 1 day tour? List of State Union offices 263 Press.
When the ceremony was over My parents took me to Elmwood Pharmacy for ice cream and asked us the graduation from grammar school was quite a thing and they were proud of me for doing it I didn’t tell why Mr. Neumy Proctor of the Pharmacy told me said that it was fine thing I had a graduation ceremony at the grammar school and he had been partly responsible for arranging to have it held when he was on the school a few years previously. In the fall I went to high school.The old No. 5 on Elm St. between Suffolk & Allwright had become too small and a new one was being built on the block bounded by Hampshire Pine Sergeant & Beech. But within meantime the old one had to be used and the assembly room had been cut up to make 4 class rooms so we had our morning assembly at Temperance Hall on the east side of Maple South of Allwright and after assembly we marched up Allwright to Temple St. I dont remember whether we were formed in ranks or just walked some passed And I dont remember any disorders
discipline. There had been an overhaul in school matters. The old Supt. B. K. Kirkland, quiet and nice, was out and a new Supt. PW Search took his place. The old H.S. principal, Judd (father of Sam Mabal), was replaced by B. H. Reyes (from Kige) and there was a new supervisor of music G. S. Borell. who had black hair & very dark eyes and looked like an Italian. He didn't talk with any brogue. He had seasons: "A Italian. Italian pleased. Land of humanity, of sunlight and song. The air from the bright skies removed. Still our fond heart for thee, even long etc. and the gloom from Mozart's 12th Mass.

None of these "new brooms" stayed very long. Borell was replaced by Hugh Borg from the 1st Gong R1. He wore a morning coat & striped pants, carried a stick which he wanted us to follow very carefully. Nobody seemed to like him very well or to be officially anxious or firing us. He wanted us to take jocks like Borell. Whether it got better or not I don't know. He certainly worked hard (had to) to get what he did.
Roy Curtis (Coch) to live in Silver Lake.

W. R. had me fix W. R. Adams July 26.

Addison: 7th. Pleasant Rd.

W. R. had me fix W. R. Adams July 26.

Nelson: 26 High St. Rutland.

Call to meet Fred near town.

Please allow this.

W. R. has left it.

Mr. Wheeler - Pleasant Rd..
Keyes was replaced by Wm. M. Peters. Keyes had been easy going and I hoped that would make him popular with the students and everything would go swimmingly. The school committee thought he was too lax and got Peters to tighten the discipline. He did all right, but his regime and he were not popular with the students.

One of the things he did was to give written orders on slips - the ones I remember were about 3 x 5, signed WMA (at least sometimes). I remember his putting his nails with a pocket knife (the only person I can remember doing it) while something was going on in the auditorium, at which he merely had to be present. Keyes was a big man with a jovial manner. He had a son Summer who parted his hair in the middle (a new style that I thought very objectionable) and was much interested in Charlotte Chase, a big girl who rode her bicycle in a very dashing manner.
Blair 1930.

Visited every county; 3 twice.
6 one week; if the next 5 every 2 wks. Bald or bald.

In Vermont 16 days besides state bow.

12 50

1 16

17 5 00

20 0 00

Blair charges 5 of a mile for auto

Salary $12.50 a day.

9 of 6 day week. / year = 11/2 of 26 =

286 days @ 12.50 = $3575. up

but this includes overhead share

After Burlington Boro. in 1922 tried

Henry field work done by local canvas.

Most claimed failure. Hop Ofic

1760
140
12 12
15
25 25
30 37
55 28
2090

We have manually furnished 1 speaker
free of charge to each county.
It was this year that I was interested in a red-haired girl named
Rebecca Bates, niece of Miss Emma
Bates. She and her sister Edna came
from Coffeyville, Kans. to Holyoke.
and stayed the year at the home of Mr.
Byron E. Frink, uncle to Miss Emma
Bates, who also made her home there.
They came to get a taste of Eastern
culture. It was a freshman, and Edna
was 8th grade, I think. If so, I must
have been a sophomore. That year
there was a Holyoke Music Festival,
and my father and mother had season
tickets, which they were not going to
use in the daytime, so I was able
to use their tickets, and the buggy to
take Rebecca to the concerts. I felt
rather big to do that. One of the things
given was Stravinsky's New World Sym-
phony. I remember first one part
of that section — just the part that
attracted truly one else. I don't remember
what other music was played. There
a girls joined the 2nd Baptist just before
summer vacation, then returned to Kans.
It wasn't very long before it was marrie
and had a baby. In fact, haven't heard
from her since it's days.
Agenda

Appoint Nominating Resolution
Banner Award

Comrades of the Crisis
R.B.W.
Pay off debt. give my
successor a clean slate.

SHBB lost testimony
meeting be a dead letter.

try to revive it or
abandon it as out of date.

Shift to Oxf
ought CE 15 6 B 8 expected
to have an expert to testify 63.

We have not chosen -- organized.
The new HS was ready in time for my sophomore year '98-'99. I received a postal card notifying me to appear at the south door at a certain time. It was addressed to 'Miss Halsey, Freshman Room.' I went and found a lot of girls at the south door; the boys were at north door. So I went there. I don't remember what we were there for.

'Freshman year I had 4 courses: Latin, math, Eng. Hist. There were 3 periods every morning, and the 3rd period every day was free for me to study. Usually I could do all the study needed to do for tomorrow's lesson during that 3rd hour so I didn't need to take my books home. 'Sophomore year I had Latin, Greek, math, Eng., and was getting along quite easily. Mrs. Brown offered me a job, but I was having too many a times. I ought to take 5th course. French. I agreed to do so and began on several weeks late. I took my first book home and Mother helped me get started; she had studied in HS. and knew what it was all about; after a few days I caught
Apr. 6, 1936

To: Carroll Wright

Re: Addison Douglas.

Will write to Carroll saying best hunt Fri. May 15 thru Sun. May 24. We would like part of it. Jack Wash 6 the Addison Shift.


Need help with:

Joan

Willow

Cap 20.00. 35.
on and didn't need her help any more. But it was a long while before I
caught on to one thing that was done nearly every day that we had the
class. My reading in concert. I
didn't even know it was reading.

The passage was from Sainte-
Claude's "La Alemière Blase" and it was in the back of the book.

But I had memorized about half of
it before I discovered the fact. I
can still remember a lot of it.

Le matin-là j'étais très en retard
en allant à l'école, et j'étais presque
peu d'être grande. Alors que M
Homel m'ent dit (that he would)
examiner nous on the role of the parti-
cipant), et je n'en savait pas le
premier mot. L'ordinaire, au
commencement de la classe, il se
faisait un grand tapage. Les
professeurs entrent. Hommel et la
grande règle de M Homel qui
départ sur la table. "Un peu de
silence". Eh bien, mon petit Frang, vous
Land runs out & farm abandoned. Farmer runs out. Government farm "Morten" & "Morten". And his owning a piece of worthless land. It might be run high quality. Grain brings more attention to Rhodes & Mode land which produces both hay & fodder. Rubic has run out too. Reason: "Oh are the claims of X?"

We haven't heard about it. The mayor is now visiting Germany. People have not a mayor's claims. Take it or leave it. Come to judgment & will come.
allez commencer dans trois.
J'enjambai la rame (et then noticed a lot of adults) l'ancien marié l'ancien pasteur, et le vieux Hauen avec ses lunettes. (Méham expliqua that this was to be the last French class) L'ordre est revenu de relever de ne plus enseigner que l'allemand dans les écoles de l'Alsace et de la Lorraine, comme je n'en voulais plus la fin du temps perdu. Des classes marquées à dormir après les midis (etc.) (he was called on to salute, how I would have liked to say something and clear) cette fameuse règle des participes (but he couldn't. he spoke to him kindly, and said that that had been the trouble, with no French for maybe resolutions I always put off our education until tomorrow. Then he urged them to hold fast their French) parce que quand nos peuples tombent en Waterloo, s'il était bien sa langue. Se comme si, si tout le clé de sa prison.
Réménan que on the way to school he was tempted with
I wonder if came. Along her

I COMMAND ADELE to the Qualified. Only

I don't think that I've taught

He has any concern for Russian.

Send the note to Erika.

Please, write to Andy.

PREPARED

I'm, I hand, And 1/8, And the

Handshake, Writing, And 1/9.
go; the black birds were whistling.

and in the fore; derrière la scie; à tellement; les Persian; pour; que l'exercice; 

that cottone; avait sa belle 

redingote verte and old Haller 

had his check; that the 

doves were cooping (or something 

of the sort) and cottone was going 

to have to leave at once; the new 

teacher would be on the job tomorrow 

I found Latin easy to learn.

Freshman year, and French sophomore 

year still easier. I don't remember 

showing any opinion as to whether 

Greek sophomore year was easy or 

hard. I felt that I wasn't learning it; 

and at the end of sophomore year I 

didn't know much Greek. But when 

I read Xenophon junior year, it was 

easy, so I must have learned Greek. 

Freshman year I was assigned to 

sect. 13, which met in room 13. Which 

pleased my father very much. He was 

married on June 13; and always said 

13 was his lucky number. Later when 

I was married in 1913 that confirmed 

it. I consider it my lucky number to
Thursday Morning, October 8

9:00 Convention Quiet Hour
led by Rev. E. Leroy Rice
Pastor Barre Cong'l Ch.

9:45 School of Methods
Prayer Meetings: How to have
the right kind of meeting
led by Rev. Stanley Vandersall...

of the International Society

of C & E.

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

10:45 Assembly in Auditorium:
Song Service
Open Forum: led by Mr.
Russell J. Blair
My section teacher was D. Scott, who was head of the Latin Dept. But my Latin teacher was Maude Zonen, who was very nice—I think she was a Pembroke (Brown) graduate and that she was some Latin Prof's favorite pupil. She stayed only 1 year. I don't know why she left. The other 3 years Mr. Scott was my Latin teacher. "Section" meant that my desk was in Room 13, and my study hour was spent there while Mr. Scott was teaching Caesar or Virgil. I remember hearing words like "form problem" which I didn't understand. Anne Miller was in the Caesar class and I thought she was very nice; Sister Charley Newcomb of our church was also in that class and she was completely dumb.

Mr. Blake taught Algebra, and I thought she was very nice. I got good marks in Algebra, but I didn't understand what it was all about. I wasn't able to solve the problems, and by the end of the year I lost the ability to solve such problems by arithmetic as I had enjoyed doing in grades 8 & 9.
Welcome to Bristol... For the Church. For the Village.

Response → Bowler

S. C. Announcement Appointment

Offerings: Music, Preaching, Preach, Read, Preach, Read, Preach. Read, Read, Read.

Spontaneous Offering:

Address:

838 Address

Rev. Cari
I can't remember the English teacher at the beginning of freshman year. I think her name was Turner. Rose Heywood taught for a while and had difficulty with discipline. Then we had a funny old lady, Miss Wendell, who had been to Europe. When we didn't want to write, one of us would ask her some question about Europe, and we didn't need to write the rest of the hour. We had desks in fours, and reading was my best subject. I think it was unusual for a boy and a girl to sit together. But we behaved ourselves and were not separated. Flora was older than I, and was not a freshman. I don't know why she was taking freshmen English. Her sister Ruby had been in the class with my sister in Elmwood. I don't remember seeing Flora since that year. Joe Magna was in that class. Brother John for Magna who sold flowers. His wife was a big shot in DAR or something. Joe used to
1931 Conv Program

1st cover page as corrected → New Conv Theme

Page 1, as corrected

Page 2

Page 3 → Bristol Comm

Page 4

Program

Wednesday Afternoon October 7

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

Wednesday Evening

7:00 Convention called to order → Invocation. Rev. Douglas Pierce of So. Torr.

Song Service, led by Rev. Torr. Devotional Service (or Worship Service)
repeat what someone had just said, as if it was his own idea. The every.-
body knew it wasn't. Mrs. Wendell used

to say "Don't be an echo: echo has no
brains." One day she told us that one
of the class complained that she said
she had no brains; but that she didn't
say that, she only said that echo
had no brains.

The other teacher was Mrs. Andrews, a little man, slightly hunch-
backed. He used to call Helen Berlin-
game. "Helen," but Isabella told who
lived across Walnut St. from Helen. He
called "Miss Pade" etc. for a long time,
till he felt acquainted; then he
called her by her or her first
name. I guess he must have known
Helen, before she was in his class.

The class was sleek & Roman history.
Helen had "red" hair. In talking about
Helen of Troy. Mr. T said he didn't
suppose she had red hair. The
principal happened to be in the room
he said "Oh, but she did!" I never
knew what the evidence was.

A little later Mr. Andrews
Friday Afternoon

2.00 Conv. Quiet Hour. Mr. Rice

2.45 School of Methods.
Building up the Local Program. Mr. Vandersall
Soel or Recreation Band

How to make missions interesting. C.C. Dorothy Doris

3.30 or
3.45 The War Problem.
(or Junior Hour. Marjorie)

Page 8

Friday Evening

7.00 Closing Session in
Service of worship.
Introduction of State Union
Officers.

Reports of Conv Comm.
Special Music. If this necessary
Address. Rev. Stanley Vandersall
married Miss Flade. She was a lot taller than he was. He quit teaching and went into business. Later he was on the staff of Amherst College, and I think, maybe finally, he used to see him occasionally and try to talk "old times" but he never seemed glad to see me at all. Maybe because I am so much taller than he. But if he felt that way, why did he marry a woman so much taller than he. Miss Flade was very nice. But there were other nice teachers in 1915. Stella Rogers was nice, and she was about his age. She married Bill Scott instead.

And Bill Scott was my English teacher sophomore year. He picked out P.F. Kennedy and me. We were a special class; rushed us this Caesar in one term, and then had us read Avid's metempsychoses which I thought rather childish and uninteresting. Along toward the end of the year I thought we didn't know much Caesar. So he had us read some more . . . We met in his bedroom in pm.
Friday Morning October 9
7:00 Sunrise Service Rev. Stowell

9:00 Convention Quiet Hour
Page 7

9:45 President's Address.

10:15 School of Methods
How to have the right kind of meetings. Mr. Vandersall
How to get Members & Keep them. Mr. Blair.

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

11:15 Assembly in Auditorium
Song Service
Business Session

Vermont - Northfield
my Greek teacher was not Mary. O'Flaherty, cousin of the Morgan family. She wasn't much older than we were, but we didn't realize it. She grew up in Hartford and went to Wesleyan University during the brief time that it was co-ed. Practically all the folks in her class were Irish. Then I called on her a few years ago at Hartford and mentioned that fact, she agreed, only said I should say 'Quirk-Americans.' The names as I remember were Pat Kennedy, Joe MacLennan, Dan O'Reilly, James Mallon, Tom Freaney. Some of us used to write our names in block lines more PAUL for 'Professor E. A.' The first name looks like a Greek word; the last one certainly does not. Mallon is a genuine Greek word. You need to write 'James A. Toone on the principle that no contracts to O.U. Board. But the English word James we in BNT spelled 'Iakwos.' There is one embarrassing passage in the Anabasis, concerning Pyrrh and the Carthagian woman. There
Friday

7:00 Outdoor Worship
9:00 Chaplain Larroe
9:45 Conf.
10:45 Business
12:00 Dinner
1:00 Photo.
2:00 Chaplain Larroe
2:45 Conf.
3:00 Recreation Rand
6:00 Supper
7:30 Worship
8:00 Speaker Al Pennet
are several in theeland with
the phrase ἑλείον ἐλαχίστως ἐξήγονεν ὁ Θεός τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἐκ
καί ἡ ἡμέρα, which ought
to be translated, "come now let's
get together on a bed of love." But
me always translated it "come let
us mingle in love and friendship"
and pretended we didn't know what
it meant. I don't remember whether
there were any girls in the class.
Miss O'Flaherty always accepted this
translation, as it was obviously incorrect.
I don't remember who my
English teacher was in sophomore
year. It might be Miss Billington.
I think graduate who belonged
to the Alpha Sorority. Far from
beautiful, but a very clever teacher.
Certainly I had her 1 or 2 years, maybe
3. She organized some of the girls
into the 2 clubs. I once called on
her in the afternoon, wearing golf
stockings. She was having a tea
with Ruth Kelton and 1 or 2 other
girls, and took me right into it. I
didn't know enough to blame her that
I was crashing the gate. Mother was
Thursday Afternoon

1.30 Convention Picture
2.00 "Drift Hours" Mr. Price
2.45 School of Methods: Building up the Local Program led by Rev. Stanley Vandervall
Social at Recreational Room

How to make missions interesting
CCC or Dorothy Bucklin
Mrs. Fowler

3.45 The Alcohol Problem

Thursday evening

6.30 Convention Banquet
Mr. Russell, cane & Chief Speaker
Mr. W.H. toastmaster
Bout of Union Officers
shooked that I had gone in, but I couldn't see anything else bold. She invited me in so cordially.

my geometry teacher was Mrs. Morarity, vice principal. He did a lot of the dirty work of discipline. He wore rubber heels, before they became popular, and he knew how to walk noiselessly and quietly up to a situation that was developing, and squelch it. The toilet was on the
bathroom side. Middle, girls on the south, boys on the north. He would slide into the boys' toilet from time to time to see if he could catch anyone doing anything. That was on the 2nd floor. I don't know who snooped the 1st and 3rd floors. And I don't know who snooped on the girls, or whether anyone did. Mr. M was an excellent teacher. So homely you would hardly want Wentworth's team. I have a copy of it thatRen H. Hilland attended at Babot, but personally, and I consult it occasionally. I try to find this thing in Wentworth. I took review math in junior year.
Perm Org perfected.


Franklin

march at orange small forty.

As little org as comm get on w small informal comm. better than full council of 2 for each ch.

Council = the org. Conf = the meeting at woodstock.

State YP. Conf. to be held in fall. Planning 3 big meetings.


May. Nov. Mon. or mid.?


YP Council 2 self-governing YP dept. in county council. Council of 8 dept.

Cwh = weary men &. Supt. is out election technically they are it. As matter of fact they welcome everyone who is only in YP. -- pr. of floor & voting.)
so that I would be ready for higher preliminary exams or the eligibility for a certificate. If I went to some other college, according to the rule, you must have taken algebra and geometry within 2 years. Or the certificate would not be valid. Junior year we had German smith geometry also. Good. Because I took a post-graduate year. I had to review math again. That time Mr. M had his own system, memorized. (Or some other duplication) He was a very elegant system. I wish it had been published.

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

Junior year I had Latin, recess with Mr. Scott, Greek. The boys is with Mr. O'Callan, review math. Mr.
Monetary English: probably for Dr. Physic's Jason Weaver. He was well up
in this subject and taught it well, but
he was a very queer looking person.
with a long nose and tall bottom feet.
At his home on the Highlands he had
a device by which the gas light on the
outside of the house near the front
doer could be turned on from the inside
of the house and some chemical reaction
would light the gas. He told me that Glazier
Neck, Gloucester was a dandy place to
camp; he and his wife had camped there some
time. I didn't think to ask him how he
got his equipment there; that was before
the days of "camp trailers" I suppose he had it
go in the baggage car, and then delivered by
expressman such as Wedgorth who
took our trunk to Rocky Neck and we always
wondered whether he would get it there
by bed time. Radio was a novelty then, but
he knew about it. He had a transmitter, a
relay to make the signal stronger, and a
receiver. And he successfully sent a
message by relay from one end of a large
laboratory the other. Remember I took
pride in writing up my experiments in
the present tense "the magnet was placed"
rather than the careful way "I put the magnet"
and was very proud of the way I worked
the Wheatstone Bridge. I understood it
then, but I don't now. His feelings of the
Northwest file told me that when he was
working for the elec. or phone co. if they
was a break in the line between he spoke of home. he could locate it within a few feet by the use of the Wheatstone bridge. I wish I knew how.

Senior year Virgil with Mr. Scott 

Glad with Mrs O'Toole. English 

Mrs. Fay. French Charlotte Horns. (Or maybe the French was junior year. And the Physics Senior year. I can't figure it out. 

I took the Harvard entrance exams p74 (preliminary) at Springfield H.S. at the end of junior year. and passed them. But I never was very keen on going to Harvard. I thought it would be better to go to Amherst. And after I met Miss Lane who was going to Mr. H. I thought that Amherst would be much, much better. 

And finally persuaded my father to approve Amherst. He still wanted me to pass the Harvard finals. But the H.S. principal persuaded him that I shouldn't be asked to go to that unnecessary labor. I think there was a fee for taking the examination too, and I could easily get a certificate to even Amherst. So the Harvard finals were just forgotten. To my relief. I was sure I could pass them, but exams are always a strain. I don't know why the H.S. principal talked to other. I didn't ask him to. It must be either that he knew I was going to take the H. exams, and came to help put out, or that her father consulted him.

I was born in 1884 and was graduated from H.S. in 1901. I wasn't too rugged.
Father (and others, I guess) thought it would be a good thing for me to take a postgraduate year, with a light course. Of course that was going to put me a year behind was done, and I never caught up to her. But I was very willing to take that last year, and shave always thought it was a wise move. In the house where I lived freshman year the others were 16 or 17, and I was 18. That extra year of maturity gave me a real advantage, all through the course, even the I didn't graduate at the traditional age of 21.

For my first year, of course I had to review math again. My other 2 courses were fashion with Charlotte Norris, and stenography and typewriting with Grace Ann, older sister of my classmate Harold Miner. She taught me Pitman shorthand, which I firmly believe is the best. My friends Lois Perfitt, Helena Klemm Rose, Mable and others had systems based on Isaac P. But with modifications which I thought were not improvements. But the opposite of course. All these have since been buried by Gregg, which I consider thoroughly unscientific and deplorable. Miss M. taught us to use all the fingers in the approved manner, but unfortunately she allowed us to look at the key board, so I never learned the...
Touch System. My fingers knew where most of the keys were and could reach them without being watched but I had to keep my eyes somewhere near the keyboard much of the time. I couldn't keep my eyes on the copy and trust my fingers to do their part by feeling. I have always felt that Mrs. Nelson treated me fairly. She should have taught us the Touch S. I think she taught shorthand pretty well. I still remember the consonants and vowels and combinations and could translate from English to shorthand without too much difficulty, but it would be very slow. Probably much slower than long hand. When I have had to take dictation at Bedacoff school and from Mrs. Marian Jones I have done it in long hand. At college I took notes in shorthand and it was a dismal failure. The professor had to lecture slow enough so that students who wrote long hand could get the gist so they put in a lot of padding. The student omitted the padding, I only wrote the gist. I was getting the padding and all. I found it was hard to read the shorthand notes and I had to copy them into long hand. Padding and all, or else do that the padding I found it better to write in long hand and omit the padding as the prof was doing. At Union Sem.
Classmate Dr. Hitch used to take his notes in shorthand. I have sometimes wondered how he felt it worked. I was able to get all of the lectures that were necessary, in legible longhand—more legible than this. Still I consider my notes are still valuable for reference.

Freshman year I had to go practically to City Hall 1 1/2 miles to get to H.S. assembly. But the last years I had only to go to the new H.S.—half a mile or so. Usually I walked, but had a book of streetcar tickets half fare and occasionally I rode especially on a rainy day. Sometimes I would start for school as Ella Healy came along, and I would carry her books. She was a plump, cheerful Irish girl who lived up Cherry St. near the "Back St." (now Homestead Ave.) intersection. Her brother used to drive, and I don't consider him much good. Later my father told me the driver had made quite a premature end. She had at least 2 older sisters who lived in the town, and were faded and wrinkled. Not very much older than Ella. Ella went to Westfield Junior School after she graduated. I think she was 14 or 15. I don't know what became of her. Whether she faded like her sisters. Sometimes Isobel Kapteen would happen to come out
just in time for me to carry her books.
I often thought she watched, as if it came out just the right time. She was a Protestant, the not a Baptist, and was a nice girl; after classes below mine sometimes Mr. Thomas Harleston on the way to the mill would pick me up and take me as far as it was in his suitcoat seat hungry and not say a word all the way. He lived on "Back St." and I don't take much interest in sports while I was in HS. I don't remember going to a football game or a baseball game. I do remember going to a track meet at Trent Field Amherst College, interscholastic, Springfield Westfield (4 spoke 2 others) and remember being at one in Trent gym, but perhaps that was while I was at college.

I did, however, attend the gym of a suitable age. My father got me a subscription as a junior, and I attended the junior gym of which Kenneth Rothbire was instructor. The maybe he was "secretary". Gabler was the physical director till he went away to study medicine. He was succeeded by Morgan, inventor of volleyball. That I remember he wouldnt "charge" as the others did, to lead the drills. The world wear pants and undershirt and not take a bath with the boys. Among those in the class were Hudson, whose father was one of my father's tenants.
a fact which did not seem to bother me. Phelps, the best dressed boy, Ernest Bishop, of Preston and Bishop, nicknamed Tishye from Junior Gym class was often seen and I don't think I ever saw him till after we came to Brooklyn. I was given the task of buying a "washer" for Bertha Baker to wash diapers when Judy was born. I chose one at P & B's and offered a check. The clerk took it to the office for approval, and Ernest said, "good for any amount".

For all practical purposes, Kamega; Azie Brown; Frank Stalker, of whom I saw a lot, and I still call on him and his stepmother who was sister of one of the girls. I need to call on occasionally. I used to get excused early from Remmowd School to go down a gym class. It was named Mitelfon, often got excused at the same time to go to a gym class at the Turn Verein, which we pronounced Yankee style: if I walked along with the girler way. When the gym was over, I walked home alone. Shawn was afraid of the road as being dark or lonely. There was an arc light at the bend in Beach St. below the statue, one on the flat before I got to Linden, one about the top of the hill near Magnolia (you can't see that hill now, but it was very noticeable then) one near oldman Ely's place; one
at the hospital entrance, and one at
the NW corner of Berry & Northampton.
and there was a gas oil lamp near
Bollingwood. So that there were
always at least 2 lights that I could
see. And there was a good sidewalk
I can remember my father and other
helping make that sidewalk, every
morning a man would come along
stick steel rods into 3 holes in
the poles, climb on those up to
rods that were permanently driven
into the pole, and climb up them
to the top. Remove what was left
of the carbon pencils and throw
them down, and put in new ones.
Those pencils were about the size
of the rods that he needed to climb
and to take some of the long ones
put them in the holes and try to
climb, but they always broke. We
must have had to dig them out in
some way. I never knew how. There
carbon evidently were not very uniform.
They were fed by machinery at a certain
cost. As the "arc" was just right, the
light was bright, different would
turn him, then bright again. Suddenly
"the red lamp lighter." I never knew why
he was always come with a short
ladder, climb on light the one
oil lamp at Bollingwoods. Maybe he
filled it them. We. I don't know it didn't
give much light.
To H. McKenzie
Friendship 04 5-47
line
Remember a lot of his teachers whose classes I did not take. Miss Hasbrouck who taught physical geography, an alternate to ancient history. I have often wished I had taken that. I guess I should have taken it my B. G. year, but that would have made it a fairly heavy course. 2) Miss Goddrie Swinney or Shively, anyway it was pronounced as " In the directory she was listed as Goddrie M. She taught Latin and I think something else. She was nice, but I was glad I had Miss Bonner freshman year, for Miss B was at least as nice and a very good teacher. 3) Miss Pratt, who I thought looked rather foolish. I think she taught the subject which had been renamed physiography. I think she taught history, and was also in charge of the school library which was along the walls of the Study Hall. In freshman year we had to study in our "sections" where classes were sometimes if not always going on and furnished a certain amount of distraction. The distraction in the study hall was furnished by students who didn't want to study. Either because the reasons they were supposed to study didn't interest them, or because they were trouble makers. One kid told me that he didn't intend to learn anything at all that year; next year his folks were going to send him to Williston. "They make you learn over there." Such
persons were far too common, and were a
nuisance to those who wanted to study
and an offense to the teachers who had
to take turns trying to maintain an order
in the Study Hall. I do remember Miss
Sawyer best by thinking of the way
she spoke to me when I had kept
"The Compleat Angler" over time. I hadn't
read much of it—just enough to wonder
why anyone wanted to read it. 5 Miss
Richie, who I think was sister to Miss
Jones, I was told that all of his patients thought
the world of him: he would do any-
ting for them, except cure them. Miss
Richie was plump and well coiffed,
and I can remember how her coiffes
would squeak at each breath.
6 Miss Sarah Eloise daughter of Eloise
and Williams, who was graduated from
Mt. Holy in 1899 and taught at Mt. Holy
when she married Mr. Arnold. 7 Miss
Maria Mt. Holy 1899 who taught at Mt.
Holy. She was very tall. Nearly as
tall as I was, and I felt small when
I stood beside her; aside from that I
liked her, but I don't see much of her
8 Miss Sarah "Ronnie" Todd who worked at 93
Rt. 93 on the edge of Canterbury, tells
me that she taught in Mt. Holy about
time. After graduating from Wellesley
I remember the name, but it is mixed
up with Sawyer. All the memories
that I can think of prove to be of
Miss Sawyer. 9 Miss Grace Godfrey
taught Domestic Science. She was very good looking and very nice. During her 5-day \textit{sometimes} took a lady teacher \textit{out} of town in the county. I took French, only one time for both. Miss Godfrey is the only one that I can remember taking.

The main teachers that I remember are Miss Brooks who persuaded me to take French as an extra subject sophomore year. By the way, one of the HS principals, \textit{within} those of Males

and seniors, \textit{we should not make college life too much a problem by thinking of freshman/sophomore.} \textit{Please do not! Instead we shall speak of 42-year students, 2nd year 3rd-year, 4th year students.} But it didn't work. Miss Brooks was married to Mathilda S. Wilder, and she told me their initials were MS. W-13. They were both very nice. They didn't stay very long in Westport, but while they were they adopted a baby girl. They lived on Walnut St in the house just south of Helen Ballantine's 3rd. Blown storms was Mr. Nichols, principal of the Hamilton St School whose son Charlie was a classmate of mine. But didn't graduate because they moved to New Haven where his father had secured a job in Hill House School. Some materials for physics high school. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks were Methodists. Amen.
Mr. Nichols was the author of a book called "Topics in Geography," which we used in grammar school. One of the dullest books I remember. The real geography book, with maps and pictures, was interesting. "Topics" was lists of things such as products to be remembered. I thought the products of every state were practically the same as those of every other state with only slight differences.
told me that he was disgusted that some thing had come up which made it necessary for him to shave that day. He shaved every other day. ... was the no-shave day. I then asked him if he shaved only every other Sunday.

James E. Clowrey, chemistry teacher, Amherst '97, whose younger classmate was my roommate. He was later headmaster of a school in Jamaica Plain so he must have been a successful teacher. But to me he was an utter failure. I undertook to study chemistry under him, and in the first experiment I broke my test tube; did the same the next day, and the next, and so on. All my general experiments behind the class, and no hope of catching up. For I still had not done the first experiment. And Mr. Clowrey didn't have gumption enough to come at the critical moment and help me produce the oxygen instead of breaking the tube, so I dropped the course.

If I was an extra one anyway. I have often wished I knew chemistry. But I couldn't take it at Amherst. Because it had the reputation of being a hard course. Even for the "scientific" student — and I was "classical" and also because it required a lot of afternoon work, and I didn't want to spend my afternoons in chem lab.
The Macdonald taught manual training. Between the "book-learning" classes and the manual classes there was a great gulf fixed. I merely remember that he was quiet and good looking.

Ronald McDonald was apparently a little bow-legged. As he stood in class, his cheek would wiggle in and out in a way that I found fascinating to watch. But nobody else seemed to notice it.

In the new HS they had sections, where we met the first thing in am & last thing in pm. Kept notebooks etc. But we didn't ordinarily study there. For these sessions were class rooms and classes were held there all day. I think my section was Miss Rogers' room sophomore year. I think it probably was in Miss Rogers' section the other years. It was because I was in Miss Rogers' section that I heard her singing with Roy Lewis on that hit band but I don't remember how I happened to be there. I don't whether we went to sections between classes to get the books for the next class; probably we did. Also to leave books when we went for recess, and/or lunch hour. I don't remember whether they were the same thing or not. I vaguely remember strolling on the sidewalks on Pine st. And I clearly remember the lunch counter in the basement on the Pine st. side. I think a
Manley carried a lunch and bought a glass of milk. Had a special lunch allowance. Many of the boys (probably girls too) ate "fried pies" apparently very indigestible. They were written up in an alleged poem which appeared in the High School Herald, a flimsy publication which appeared monthly. I think the representative would appear and all activities would stop while the heralds were distributed and money collected. The poem was

Peter, Peter, fried pie eater,
Had a nickel. Couldn't keep her.
Invested in a stale fried pie,
Now poor Peter's got no pie.

The moral of this sad and rhyme
Is, save your nickel and your dime
And put them where they won't be found
Until the herald day comes round.
During high school days I began to spend a strangely hard. and occasionally I was puzzled about the need of shaving. But I didn't pay much attention to that, for my parents had told me I'd better not start shaving. But when it was nearly time to go to college, I began to take the matter seriously, for I wasn't sure I'd be ridiculed if I went to college that way, and maybe not make a fraternity. So I packed up about it, and finally was told to go see the boy and see if he approved. He gave one knife and said "Go ahead and shave." So I bought a Star safety razor, which was just a piece of hollow-ground razor, self to cut like a knife, with a safety device to keep from cutting anything but hair. It was good enough for the moments that I had then, but sooner it became "dull as a hoe" and I grew a new blade. So I had a beard and bought a real razor and learned to shave. I still can. The 9 haven't used it much. For years during seminary days I bought a Gillette. I don't know what became of the Star and the real razor. And I don't know what became of the Gillette. Maybe it was the one left in the mail on the way to Thonga (our South China summer resort) and I borrowed a couple of real razors from an Englishman one of which proved to be reasonably sharp and I used it a long time — perhaps
until I found a Gillette in a brown case marked "Brownie" for me $1.25 which was less than 1/3 of the original Gillette price. But Gillettes have been sold even cheaper than that.

When at Haranovskoe, Siberia one night we were going to call on the British consul (or vice-consul) and his wife, and as we were getting ready, I realized that I hadn't shaved. Out my razor and outfit were up at the warehouse. So M. Emmons lent me his straight (hand's edge) razor and I said that all OK. In more recent years I have occasionally got out a straight razor of which I have several made including my father's and grandfather's. This and the barber home there. I like to shave that way, and think I can do better than with a Gillette—but I have to be very careful and I'm afraid my hand is not so steady as formerly, on the whole it is safer to use a safety razor occasionally, hand a single-edge razor but don't care for it. And I have used a Schick 'injector' and like it for 1 or 2 shaves. But it soon gets dull and I think it too expensive. Theoretically, a Venito Venlo, a safety razor that cuts like a barbers' razor is ideal. But I think the blades get dull too soon.
In the spring of 1902, my father (probably my mother too) took me over to Somervest and we called on Prof. Lemming, who was a Baptist. Either he or someone else whom they trusted recommended that I should not live in the dormitory, but in a private home; and he recommended Mrs. Lindsay at the corner of Northampton Road and South Prospect St. So we went there and engaged her middle suite: a bed room on the left side of the hall, and a study with desk and sofa on the west side. The faces south against a window. I think there was a porch which looked down the road that led to Pratt Field (athletic) and in the morning I was "studying" I could watch the postman coming up to bring our mail: also occasionally, I saw a young lady who lived down that road but attended Smith College and used to come up the road to get the trolley. I never knew her well, but often saw her on that road. When we got to college I found that the first suite study and room looking out on Northampton Ave. was occupied by Summer Goshen First Rand, whom we called Gosh. Who ought to have gained A Phi and E that he was married but foolishly preferred the bachelor.
adjoining the bathroom was held by
Bessie & Spear also B & X. And
there was a single room occupied by
Howard Augustine Newton, son of
George Newton in Wachusett,
Mass. Mr. Newton was a Delta Kr
and I suppose Howard was invited but he
was under the influence of an
upper classman Henry Key of
Wachusett, who persuaded him
that XP was much better as he pledged
under that. It seems that it was a mistake.
XP controlled the musical clubs but
Howard was not a candidate for these.
And XP had no other advantage for him.
The other XP men in his class were
not foot ball men - rough neck;
a literary man who became a heavy
drinker; and 2 other heavy drinkers
The upper classmen were not
especially congenial either. I made
a pretty choice, but both Howard and
should have been Delta Kr. If I had
Delta Kr would have seemed a big
killing as far as scholarship was con-
cerned. But both summer camp
laude men, and 2 other Phi Beta men.
I had always heard that
Wachusett was a great place for
fraternities and it was very important
to get into the right one. In it 2 days
I talked with Peter Grow at the Greek
reading room, and he told me to stop
understanding that Delta Omega and Phi Delta


were the two principal fraternities: that \( \Phi \Delta \Theta \) was a Catholic fraternity and \( \Phi \Sigma \) was a Protestant. This very misleading statement, largely on the fact that Perley Hyde and John Sharpe of Holyoke had joined \( \Phi \Sigma \), while Louis Badger and Jolin W. Gunwalt of Holyoke had joined \( \Phi \Delta \Theta \). But they were neither the only Catholics in it, nor the only Protestants. And these fraternities were \# 9 and 10 in a list of 11 fraternities; and prestige among fraternities was largely based on how long ago the chapter was founded. Yet these two of the three most recently founded. had been having a hard time to get established. \( \Phi \Delta \Theta \) had succeeded pretty well. But \( \Phi \Sigma \) had still been having a hard time. Eventually Peter G. went to Yale and joined \( \Phi \Sigma \); the one that \# 9 joined. But parts of Yale were in a special category. There were a few "junior southerns" \( \Delta \Phi \). \( \Psi \), \( \Lambda \Xi \), maybe others, but these 3 were the same as the top three at Harvard. If you got elected to one of these it meant a steep toward being "topped" for a senior society. The highest honor at Yale. If you joined another, that such as \( \Pi \Theta \) you were disinherited. Disowning yourself from any hope of being elected to a senior
Society. So usually the top-flight men go to such frats as Beta. But they go to good men, all right. The man named Geo. Hare had once been secretary of the Fraternity of Phi. He took an interest in me and tried to persuade me to want to join his frat, which was Beta, and improve the Fraternity. He persuaded them that I would make a good Beta. At any rate they invited me, and I accepted. I was also invited by Phi Kappa. I think they invited every one who had any qualifications at all, and that included almost every member of the class. I think that Heath Bridge or did all the entertaining as he was the oldest and most attractive member of the frat. He must have been very busy and very tired when he went to bed at night.

Another day it was the custom for a representative of each fraternity to meet all trains and welcome (from either Fraternity or Nonly) and escort anyone who looked as tho he might be a freshman and one after another would get an appointment with him, and give him a card on which was printed the name of their fraternity and the time and place where they were to pick him up. I think the appointments were for 7:30. Someone would call at his room and take him to the set of appointment. They would look over him and decide what to do. Some were invited to join; I was asked.
To promote that would not pledge to join any other fraternity until they started again as others were first "entertained" until someone came to take them away to his next appointment among these was "Gamma" returning from 1175. On my second visit to 1177 I was initiated and accepted and received a pledge button to wear in my coat button hole. That indicated that I was "pledged" to join BETT. But in my sophomore year I discovered that it didn't necessarily mean that I would become a member. For before initiation each man had to be "elected" by a ballot vote like the Masons. However, this doesn't mean any man who failed to be elected, however one member of my class who was "pledged" to BETT failed to keep his pledge. He showed such ability and promise that NPH invited him to join and he took this pledge to BETT. There was always supposed that the blood on money spent for this consequence over the matter but never heard him say so. We Beta were able to him but never admired him. The pledge button was stacked by something like 1175 something like the version of the Beta to pin and I don't remember the others except that one man was a corell divided into 3 colors, one was white and one was the monogram, there was another relation to the fraternity lodge. The Beta pledge button fit. I can't remember whether any other pledge button and on
I think that Howard Newton had an appointment with AR and an invitation to join, but turned it down. I didn't have an appointment. For some reason, no man didn't meet my reply. If I had been invited to join AR and had accepted, the scholarship record of AR would have been 2 Summer term seniors (Glasgow and 2) and 3 other 135. Carter, Hasl and Snyder are statistics more than anyone else except that I could over the record of 135.

A1C Bwalley, Walter Van Ellin 2
WY Behrends, Sirkle Tyler 3

A1C Stoddell 1

D4 Carter, Glasgow, Hell, Snyder 4
X4

X4 Track 1

Bolt, Dennis Hildreth 2

XX xwood Rand 1

HAB Burwell, Donovan, Gilmore 2

ITA Forbes, Peterson, Porter 2

KY Wilkenfield, Billword 3

Non fe Self Hayward, Matthew Norris, Steven
the total number of members is 30. There are 11 females and then non-fair
group. The average of the 12 would be 2 ½ members. The 2 left fair; and the
6 bottomones beat the average they had. But the non-fair group stood 5 and
that was left. However if Howard and I had joined all of them would have had 6

In three days of your average
at the end of the 1st semester of Junior
year was 88 or more. You were elected
1st on the “First Drawing.” I have
noticed three (in red ink) on previous
page. Bera did as well as anyone.
that if you had average 85 at
the end of 1st semester of Senior year
you got in on “2nd Drawing.” If you
had 85 at the end of Senior year
you got in on 3rd drawing. The first year that was there
we had 3 terms instead of 2 semester
at Xmas time I had an average of 85 ½
B+ was 85. A was 90. So presumably
B+ was 87 ½ or more. This was
high enough so that if I could
maintain it I would get in. Senior
year. But wanted to finish Junior
year. At the end of 2nd term still
B+. Walter Shawney had A both
times. He was safe. At the end of
Freshman year I had A. How
many times that I figure it out
(see next page)
But of course I must maintain at least elect any difficult courses, partly because I wasn't interested in them, partly because I could get good marks in them, and partly because I was interested in which were mainly but not exclusively foreign languages. Lectures. Senior year in German, French, Latin, and psychology; Senior year in Greek and Latin. Honors in German and Latin.

Of these 30 RBK 1 80% of which got his A. His being manager of the baseball team; Belongs on football team; Starts on baseball team; Newton on track team. Admitted to me that he needed to do the vault for 5 days, I urged him to go out for it at first. He said he was too good at it. But nobody else in the class either. And finally he tried; was good enough to be taken to the women's meet. And senior year got a point or so, which gave him 2nd. As remembered it, he was tied with 2 other fellows for 4th place. And—probably he was tied for 2nd at the Senior decathlon with points that belonged to 2nd, 3rd, 4th place. Anyway Howard got his A as well as gold key.
During the year (09-10) that I was teaching at Cedar Crest, my father had some muscle trauma in his leg which he called a "sticking" and the instructions were "Walk." So my father decided to have a walking trip around the British Isles and asked me to go along with him (at his expense) which I was very glad to do. But there was a wart on the bottom of my foot, and I needed to get rid of that. There was no chiropodist in Kimmell Square, so I went in to Philadelphia, which as I remember was about an hour's ride on the train and cost $1.25. The train left in the early afternoon, and I was able to get back on the train back to K S in time for supper. I don't remember whether $1.25 was one way or round trip. I went to a man chiropodist who said he would use an electric needle on the wart. That didn't sound convincing to me, so I went to another chiropodist, a woman, who said her treatment was to put acid on the wart (nitric, I think) to eat it away. It wouldn't hurt. I was to come at intervals of (I think) a week until the acid had gone. The wart was burning on the wart and was beginning to
attack the skin. At the next visit she would spray out the roots of the warts with tincture of benzoin and that would soak the head over, and the point. And so it did. Several trips. Perhaps 6 or 7.

25¢ for the chrysalis. 50¢ (or more) for the Pennsylvania R.R., and I was all ready to the trip. So far as the foot was concerned.

Mother and I went to Gloucester for the summer. I don't remember whether father or I went along with them. I know we started from Holyoke shortly after breakfast, which was had at Mrs. Adams'. I felt foolishly didn't pack till 2 days after that morning. It really was foolish, but I didn't have anything extra, and I had no trouble.

On one of our trips to Europe, I can't remember whether it was in '87 or '10. We went to Westminster and took the train for New Haven, where we had to change trains. I don't know why we went by that route.

On the way we had a "hot box". We had to stop and the blackman poured water on the axle to cool it and or mix it to seige, then poured in chunks of lubricant, which looked like licks of the round (not a cube or a square). We drove on and had to stop again. I don't remember whether we made our
connection, or had to take a later train. That is the advantage of going to New York the day before! In case of delays, there is still plenty of time to get to N.Y. Some dozen years ago, my father's brother, John, and his wife, Annie, came to Hopkirk for a visit. He was on some sort of old age assistance which was supposed to cover actual needs and not luxuries such as a trip to S.F. or London. He had to go and collect his check at a certain time, and he was going to take a boat which would probably get him to England in time to do it. If he missed the boat and didn't show up on time to collect his check he would have to explain why, and as a result he might lose his check. I happened to be in Hopkirk and wanted to see them and learned all this. I asked him when he was going to start for N.Y. and he told me to catch an early morning train to catch an afternoon steamship.

Plenty of time. If there was no trouble on the way, I asked him about our hot box, and strongly advised him to go to N.Y. the day before the steamship was due to sail. And he did. That is the way we did in 1909 and 1910.
I wish I could remember the name of the steamer we took from NY perhaps I can later. It was a boat that didn't stop at Queenstown and several of the passengers had tickets to L. They were on to Liverpool and the company would have to pay them out from £2 to £3. They felt quite happy on getting an extra ride at the expense of the company. But my father told me that the company wouldn't pay it; the agent who sold the wrong ticket, probably a poor "small business man" who asked as agent for the company but a thriving would hardly pay that expense and it would burn out all the money he earned on a lot of tickets. These men were going to Liverpool anyway but they thought it was nice to get a "free ride" from £2 to £3, too good for the poor agent.

I don't remember much about the steamer trip except that it wasn't nearly as hectic as on the Celtic in 07 and father had a speedometer which recorded how many miles he walked on the steamer and when he got off and turned to mean how many miles he walked on the steamer and was sure it was far more than the actual figure.
I suppose we landed at Liverpool stayed over night, and took about a boat to Llandudno, a famous resort on the shore of north Wales. I suppose we took a boat, because the ship shows that it would be very awkward to go from Liverpool to Llandudno by train.

I remember of is that there's shore on the beach, that we looked at some figures on the side of the mountains and figured that they must be snowed in a bit of the month, and that we went to a Baptist. The minister was pastor of a church somewhere in England. He preached in Welsh, and the whole service was in Welsh. But he recognized us as non-Welsh tourists and for our benefit, he gave his sermon in English. So that I might have some idea of what he was talking about. We also went to see in the evening, and I figured out somehow that "Tal Yr Mab" or "Holy Glen" meant Father Son and Holy Ghost. which is true.

Welsh is a funny language. I bought a couple of cheap books designed to teach foreigners how to talk Welsh and from them I learned that under certain circumstances some words change their initial consonant. e.g., "Blas" means holy. But it is changed to "Elen ni Llandudno" Holy Indroo, "St Yrud" Elenfau (St Mary) etc. And on the shores
of the Menai Strait. I saw a adjoining
bellas named Bryn Menai.
Bank of the Menai, and the Menai
I know what Bryn Menai means
for our cottage at Bettws-y-Coed
was called Bryn Afon - Bank
of the Afon. Bryn means as a
similar word, I have not much
idea what the means.
and that leads me to
Bettws-y-Coed. I was pronouncing
as in loose I y like i in gin
Coed like Floyd. Aunt Jan had
been there and said it was per-
fectly lovely and it is. Bryn Afon
that was a stone house, with
perfectly wonderful roof. Especially
remember the multitone green lid.
Don't remember how we got there
from Rhuddnnya. Probably walked.
Each one of us had a backpack
mine was made of saranette, a
rain coat cloth, and had a cloth
straps to go over my shoulders
and let the bag rest part way down
my back. Tether was made of a
sort of suflfenced cloth and he had
the strips over one shoulder and the
free under the other arm. Each of us
thought his arrangement was better
than the other. I guess they were the same
bags we had used on previous
hikes in MT, VT, and I guess that I
carried the linch stick that year.
and hillside in N.H. and that Father carved the alpenstock at the house (used in Switzerland in 1902 or 1903). I have both sticks out in the garage now. I think the alpenstock is pretty stout and has broken once or twice near the tip and the "spike" has had to be put on what's left--so it is shorter now. The bird has room to fit in it, so it is shorter, but it's still pretty good.

Each of us wore a camel skin on hitting. I don't remember whether we wore these clothes or not, but it seemed some folks thought we were Boy Scouts. An accident of the camel skin--Father had a mustache, and I was growing one. On Sunday we wore a soft dollar shirt, pants, or something of the sort. In general, once when Father mailed our sweater he placed on Monday in the place we expected to be next Saturday, but I can't remember on figure out how it could be done. We carried six socks, a handkerchief, undershirt, toilet articles, a sweater, and a book to read, e.g., a cheap edition of David Copperfield.

We enjoyed Bethany. God help I don't remember what we did, or how long we stayed. But we must have stayed the next Sunday at Bearnawon. And to get there we walked. Probably
South. Several miles to a village

Where the roads were all stone, and
the kids all wore clogs; and at the
sight of these 2 strangers all the
kids of the village ran up, with
a wonderful noise. Some wore shoes
with leather uppers, but thick
wooden soles, and something like
a house shoe on the sole and the
heel of each clog. My father said
that folks who work in places like
dye houses, where the floor is
usually wet, wear clogs because
they don't get wet. So leather shoes were
this place may have been
Kensington. I remember that
name. We turned right there and
went along past the edge of
Snowdon, which was out and left
up in the clouds. Father had hoped
to climb Snowdon, for he had done
that once when he was a young
man. But the weather was quite
impossible. In fact it rained as we
were going past Snowdon and we
got wet. We went into some sort
of a farm house and were given a
room with a stove in it. And we wore
our spare under shirt and Sunday shirt
while the other clothes dried. I
suppose we stayed there overnight.
Eventually we got to a
place in the hills which was the
upper terminus of the Gaernasow
Toy Railway, which was well named. It looked just like a large sized toy railway—the kind of toy railway that kids had in those days—and as it streamed into the station it looked too cute for words. I don't know how it was designed, but I could look over the top of the car, and yet I could sit in the car seat very comfortably. Narrow gauge, of course. They have a lot of narrow gauge railroads in India; it is so mountainous, and you save so much cost of excavation. Single track to, and as a fellow-passenger said, "It is operated on the ant-hill principle of the staff. Essentially the same plan as the red flag made in Y.S. when there is road construction, and single lane only. But on these narrow gauge railways, the train comes toward you only when it's absolutely delayed and you had to wait till it arrived. By giving the staff, and thereby giving you permission to enter the block." In 1918 when I travelled on the Chinese Eastern Railway, I noticed that they were still using a modernized version of the staff. But they didn't actually hand it to the conductor (like the red flag). They fed it into a machine which electrically actuated some.
thing at the other end of the block. They forbade anyone to enter it until one train had got to the other end. American hand signals passed between the conductors and the engineers, indicating when to go ahead. Because one agent at the other end of the block has been instructed to hold all trains until this one has got to the far end of the block. But maybe the Russians don't have good telegraph operators. Maybe the engineer conductor can't read very well. At any rate the mechanical transmission of the staff I didn't figure out how it worked, but I saw it working once.

Back to Wales. We took the Toy Railway down to Gower Harp. It was there that Joan Bynner and I went. There (or maybe at Conwy) I saw a castle formerly occupied by the King of England at tides. One room for the King and his gentlemen; one for the Queen and her ladies. Under the King's bed room was a passage for specially important prisoners. Built like a bottle, with one leg of the king's bed resting on the cork so the King could be sure the prisoner wouldn't get away while he was asleep.
We must have spent Sunday at Caernarvon. It was about the
time that a King of England was to be crowned and there was some
talk of relaxing the anti-Catholic oath that the King is expected to
take. The preacher Sunday morning preached on that subject strongly
opposing any change. I heard that
out as blasphemed and then enraged
and found I was right. I congratulated
myself that I was doing pretty well
in learning Welsh. But of course
I wasn't learning any at all. I was
just making an early guess from the
way the preacher talked. I have
already told you all I know about
the Welsh language, it isn't much
probably about Monday noon
we made our way to Holyhead
pronounced Hollyhead) & took the
boat for Dublin against a violent
westerly wind. Of course I was seasick.
father was always good sailor but
he was beginning to feel concerned
the boat landed at Kingstown,
and we had a short train ride to
Dublin. father told me about the
Marquis of Huntington, eldest son of
the Duke of Devonshire (Cowenish)
who was assassinated by some
patriots at Dublin. But my
encyclopedia says that the eldest son
was married and the man who was
assassinated while his younger brother was present, and saw the monkey, and finally the next day. Then, we took the train for Killarney, which is in County Kerry. Most of the "Irishmen" in Hollywood came from County Kerry, and it's a part of Irish patrimony to brag about the beauty of the scenery. "There's not in the whole world a valley so sweet as Watermeet." Well, Watermeet is a brook joining two ponds. There are bees around it, it's pretty but nothing to brag about. Maybe I would have been more impressed if it hadn't been raining. Ireland is the Emerald Isle because it is so green, because it rains so much. We had an accident (I forgot to mention them, and the rubbers) and we had umbrellas up. We saw women women walking along with uncomfortable shawls over their heads. We asked the driver if they always had shawls over their heads. "No, sometimes they have umbrellas. We said "I suppose when it rains they have umbrellas." "Yes." I remember telling someone to go to the brook at Watermeet. And I remember that long before we got to Killarney, runners from various hotels got on the train to get customers.
for their respective hotels; a dangerous situation, but the hotel we got to was quite satisfactory. May be all of them are.

Just Van had been to Slenguriff on Bantry Bay and thought it was wonderful. The railroad company's ads were emphasizing Portnasilla, but we went to Inish Duff, on first suspicion, and found it pretty good. In other hotels here a rule of would be fishermen, rather hear them saying what they hadn't caught any fish, but they had had 24 lakes, 24 miles, me they had been fishing for Mackarel, a hard fish that will sometimes live in an empty hock.

From there we went to Cork where we spent Sunday. Baptized in a m. Communion, with real wine, the first time in my life I had tasted it. P.M. we took a light railway to Bantry Castle. We didn't try to kiss the "stone", but we saw some that did. I saw the coins fall out of their pockets and felt Heel Kick them up — a jin money. Two boys may will take anyone who holes by the thighs and let him down to kiss the stone. I don't remember whether any women did or not. (A bit one end of her umbrella on the fixture and kissed the other end) On the return trip the train was crowded.
One fellow sat just on the edge of the seat (a wooden bench) when he stood up to say "I'm crippled." Back to Dublin where we took a boat for Heysham (pronounced Hee-shum) not far from there, is a place where Father said he once attended church of England. At 11:35 the mean was of bringing his "sermon." There are several things that came after the sermon, and the clock was striking 12 when the people came out. Of Dean remember the name of that place I'll write it here.

He had gone to Heysham so that we could visit Morecambe Bay, a lonely sandy beach, which Bradford people like to try to put as Lancashire people like to try to Blackpool. We spent a happy day at the beach, but when time was leaving me learned that Harry Sanders had been giving a show that afternoon. We would have gone if we had known. The only chance ever had to hear him. There are 2 railroads from Morecombe to Bradford. The ticket you buy is good on either. At the end of that year the company with the proceeds according to an agreement it sounded interesting. Wish I knew more about how it is arranged.
Andre we finally got to Bradford I don't remember that very well. I can remember a lot about Bradford but it is hard to distinguish between the visit of '07 and '10.
Early in my year at Hartford Seminary I went to a social of the girls’ dormitory and talked with an attractive fair-haired girl named Faith MacBracken who was a Student Volunteer. I asked her where she came from: Bakersfield, that part of baby? Near Fresno, that very hot summer. The boys talked with much interest about “the girl from Los Angeles.” And when I asked who that was they said it was Mary MacB. She made fun of them. But that was like calling someone from Burlington, VT “the girl from Boston.” Later it happened to mention Chimuba, and I at once asked her what she knew about Chimuba. “That’s my home, what do you know about Chimuba?” “That’s where Percy Fulton came from.” “Why, Percy Fulton’s mother was my mother’s best friend!” And of course tried to how I married Mr. Fulton to the old Presbyterian minister in Chimuba. I’ll write and tell it now. But I never got around to telling it in the Chimuba story. This man whose name I don’t remember now had been a Baptist missionary (I don’t know what Board) in Tahiti (accent on his pronounced high) and Chimuba was his first charge as a Presbyterian. When the Suff visited Chimuba he (the Suff) was a Baptist some babies. And the ex-Baptist had to introduce the ceremony with some gracious words about the appropriateness of infant baptism which must have embarrassed him, especially as the Suff
church united 25 years service that Sun-
day so the whole congregation could go
over and attend the Presbyterian church.
He was a nice old man. A minister, and
after a while he and Mrs. Fulton agreed to
get married. According to the law in which
marriages must first be performed by
a civil official. After which it was
permissible to have a religious cer-
mony. If desired, he wanted to follow
that custom. To have Judge Robert
Redwine, whose wife was a very
great Presbyterian, perform the civil
ceremony, and me perform the religious
so on the date set for the weding.
Among Mrs. Fulton and his mother
called at the presbytery. After a while
they lived in—nothing unusual. After
another while Mr. Redwine wandered in
quite ordinary. After a while we all
wandered out, separately in the same
casual way, except that Madame Fulton
didn't leave. And none of the neighbors
noticed that. In fact it was several
days before folks realized that the
marriage had taken place. And then
apparently they decided it was too late
to shirvance the couple: at any rate
they didn't do it. But that's not the end of
the story. Somewhat later Judge joined
down to Srants for the state convention
meeting. And this minister gave me the
job of calling on his daughter and per-
suading her to reconcile to her
father's marriage. Not too easy a job.
She wanted to know what sort of a woman
her stepmother was. I was able to get her a good recommendation, for she really was a fine lady, also her son was a nice fellow, and I was especially fond of his wife— which was beside the point. The last question was what he called his bride. I said, "He calls her modern, and she calls him doctor." And that seemed to satisfy her.
Fire arms that I owned:

Winchester 1906 .22 bought from Jimmy McDonald at Oak Aircraft. Traded to Neil Connors perhaps.

Winchester 1892 .38-40 which I think I had and shot a rattlesnake with.

Winchester 1894 carbine .30-30 got from Bryan Woods in exchange for fancy saddle and knife w/ leather sheath & 1 blade. Used at Chisum deer season & traded it for a

Winchester 1893 pump gun .44 which had a broken port and I fixed it to use at Clear Lake and on return trip also fixed at Galveston and got it replaced (something like 75¢). Guard it till I left and traded it and marble .22 to Nodler short for violin.

Marble gamegetter sniper barrel .22 double boxlock needs Remington barrel of about 40 ft and shot gun cartridge fatter.

Of some side: Pistol grip and folding skeleton stock.

I also had some connection with a Winchester 1890 .22 which I used to remember in connection with Jim Branchin of Cedarcroft.
Fire arms that formed

Winchester 1906 .22 bought from Jimmy McEnard at Badgerhaft
traded to Neil Bonner perhaps for W

Winchester 1892 .38-40 which I think I had and shot a rattlesnake with

Winchester 1894 carbine .30-30 got from Bryan Burns in exchange for fancy bridle and reins at leather

leather sheath & knife. Used at chile deer season & traded it for a

Winchester 1893 pump gun. It had a bad fault. Took it to local exchange & one time trip stopped at which
and got it repaired (something like 75 c) used it till I left and traded it and marble 39 to Amador chart for money.

Marble game getter .410 barrel .22 round barrel, used round ball of about 40 for and shot gun cartridge

of some side Pistol grip & folding skeleton stock.

I also had some connection with a

Winchester 1870 .22 which I knew to remember in connection with

Jim Branchin of Badgerhaft