Ruth Louise (Bowen) Lord

Essex Aggie Class of 1921

This is my story.

This was started just before my 90th birthday. It will be long and probably boring, but I knew very little about my Mother's and Father's life when they were growing up because I never asked questions. I never even knew when they were married for that matter, very little about ancestors, except in the book my Mother wrote.

That is why I'm trying to tell you about our growing up and how different it was from what you are living today. Don't think I did this all at once, I would write a page or two, when something would come to me. A lot of it has been written in bed when I couldn't sleep.

If this is boring, you can blame Lorraine Adelman. She was the one who kept telling me I should write down things that I remember.

I have left the back pages blank, so I can fill in if I think of something else pertaining to that period.

Note from Bruce Lord: Ruth's son.

This was originally hand written in spiral notebooks. I have added, where appropriate items from Ruth's brother Harold's writings. (Harold, Essex Aggie Class of '31) These are in italics. At the end have been added some of her other writings and comments that she has done over the years. Since these are her writings, I have not edited except for some clarifications, grammatical corrections and spelling. As she notes, she never did that well. I have also moved some of the material around to keep like with like.

RUTH LOUISE LORD, HER LIFE AND A FEW OF HER MUSINGS

My Father Henry worked at the Chronicle office when I was real small. At that time, it was in the basement of the first block going down Central Street. He took me down there to show me what he did, and I guess that's where he got printing ink in his blood, because that is all he talked about after that.

That first printing press, of course, was made of heavy iron and worked like a sewing machine with a pedal. In the back was an arm that went up and down as the rollers with the ink rolled across the type and printed the paper. My twin brothers were about four at the time and liked to put their arms on it and go up and down. One day we noticed that they were kicking their feet quite vigorously and my Mother realized their head was caught (the only thing they ever did alike). She reversed the press and fortunately they were more scared than hurt.

Another time, Roland got his hand caught in the cogs. It evidently just caught the fat in the back of his hand but; left a scare which lasted the rest of his life. He nicknamed it the cat because that's what it looked like.

The day we moved to Rowley Jim Wile's father moved us. When it came to the press, they got it out onto the piazza. It fell through. The air must have been blue because no one could swear like my father when things went wrong.

The press was left there overnight. The next morning, they came with a lift of some sort and took the press to Rowley, to a small shed on Main Street, diagonally across from Pleasant Street. That's where he had his first print shop.

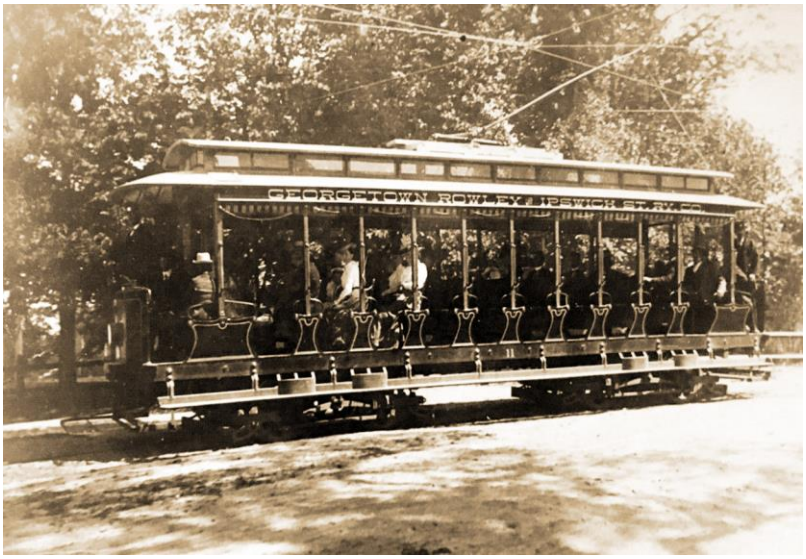
We were just ordinary kids. My sister was a schoolteacher. After she went to teaching she was not home very much except on vacations. She always seemed to have some place to go when it was time to do the dishes.

It was up to me to do the dishes, which I hated (and still do). To enjoy doing them a little more I would sing. My Father would say: "You know if you sang a faster song, maybe you'd get the dishes done faster." It didn't seem to help.

Chet was a clammer, also a pain in the neck. Whenever he could he would tease me. This was the joy of his life. He kept it up until I got angry, then I got punished and he went Scott free.

I remember the last whipping I got because of him. I was in the eighth grade and my girl friend Millie had come over to do our homework. He started calling me names, over and over, until I finally screamed at him (this was a no-no) and I got the whipping and was embarrassed to death. I think I always held this against my Mother. I don't think I'll ever forget. I always did as Mother told me for fear of a whipping.

In Rowley we lived across the corner from Heald's Store. An uncle who was old and probably deaf tended the store. All the kids in the neighborhood used to sneak candy. Somehow, I guess we never really thought of it as stealing. One night after supper, my Father started telling about this. He didn't mention any names, but he told us what he thought about it and we listened. When my Father talked you listened because he had a ferocious temper. I don't know about the rest of the kids in the neighborhood, but our family never took anything that didn't belong to them again (at least at Heald's Store).



Harold was inducted in the Army, spent one year in Colorado at Camp Carson and then was discharged because of a nervous condition, which he had all his life.

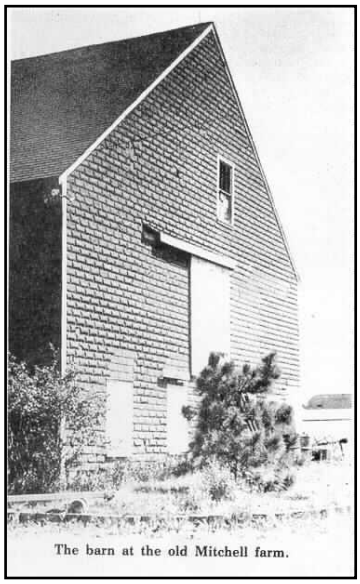
Roland was rejected because he was too thin and under weight and not up to the physical condition that the military required. He had a small appetite and never gained a pound. He would have made a good soldier because during the war he was in the Auxiliary Police and served well.

While in Rowley, I was in the eighth grade and came on the electric cars to the Manning School as a freshman.

MUDDY RIVER (1909-1916)

We moved to Muddy River (Mitchell's Farm) when I was about five or six years old. This was the fifth house that we had lived in since I was born. I was born on September 1st, 1904 on upper Summer Street (Pickle Player's house). Then we moved to Lower Summer Street (Marion MacGilvary's house), Lord's Square (George Lord's house), Kimball Ave (2 houses in) and then Muddy River.

It wasn't much more than a camp. It had not been lived in for some time and was very low rent. Water was from a well. The privy was out back. I remember a hole in the kitchen floor where tramps that traveled the railroad (walking) had built a fire to keep warm. My Father put a board over it and fixed it later. There was no plaster on the walls, just plain wood beams. Later he took cardboard cartons and nailed them on for the walls, then papered over them. This gave quite a bit of warmth, although it did not make any difference in the bedrooms upstairs. The pot froze under the bed



The barn at the old Mitchell farm.

There were four rooms, as I recall, two upstairs and two downstairs. Susie and I had one room, Chet and Henry another. Ma and Pa were downstairs and the kitchen. There must have been three upstairs because the twins were five years old and I remember Rolly coming down stairs in his sleep and my Mother turning him around to go back up.

Summer was beautiful there. Winter was bad because we lived about a mile down Mitchell Road from the corner of Mitchell Road and Route 1A where we took the electric cars to go to school (from the corner now occupied by the Dairy Queen.)

I used to take my dolls up on the refrigerator to keep my feet warm. If I hadn't had my dolls to play with it would have been a lonely place because there was no one to play with. Guess that's why I can always find something to do.

The summers were beautiful at Muddy River, but the winters were brutal. The wind and cold were with us most of the time. I don't think my feet were ever warm. It was very difficult.

My father was a clammer and would go to the flats in almost any kind of weather because he had six kids to feed. It was difficult work, took muscle and perseverance.

My Mother did the cooking with whatever she had, also the sewing, mending, washing and ironing and at times the gardening. Exercise was her middle name. No wonder she never weighed over 100 pounds. Along with six kids that had to have their hair combed and my Father's temper.

We always had chickens and a pig if my Father could find money to buy one. We ate a lot of pork, chickens and clams in those days. Beef was a treat. My Mother made our bread.

While we were living at Muddy River, my Mother brought up all kinds of animals. One day my brother Chet brought home some pheasant eggs and they were put under the nesting hen. Soon we had baby pheasants. She raised a baby woodchuck whose mother deserted or died. It became a very large one and then one day it left. We taught the woodchuck to nurse with kittens and go to the cat box. She raised a chicken that had no feathers and made a sweater for it. There was also a chicken that had only one leg; the mowing machine cut the other off.

One Memorial Day we went down to see the Parade and while we were gone, it rained. The roof leaked in the baby chicken's house. My Mother took them into the house, put a blanket in the oven and placed the baby chickens on it. Quite a few recovered.

We always had desert in the form of fruit, gelatin or simple pudding, cookies or doughnuts and cake. There was never anything to eat between meals unless we found something outside like apples or berries.

I remember my Mother went outside for something and the mulch around the house was on fire. She was all alone. She saw two tramps coming up the tracks, so she screamed, and they came running. They put out the fire with buckets and water from the well. She told them "There is not a thing in the house to eat that I can give you." So, she thanked them, and they went on their way.

We always thought the train, which ran a few yards from the house, probably sent a spark from the engine and that set the fire. Years later when we lived on Summer Street, my Mother heard the twins discussing this. They had just got up from their nap and found some matches and set the fire. There wasn't much she could do to them for punishment; they were 20 years old by then.

I write a while and then my mind goes blank. My mind has started working again.

At the back of the house on Muddy River, there was a pair of stairs outside which went up to the door in the second-floor bed room. One night we had a terrible blizzard. It blew in the door upstairs. When we woke up in the morning there was a pile of snow in the middle of the bed room floor. According to the stories, Scappy Kent of Rowley had lived there with his family and had the staircase built so he could go in and out at night without his wife knowing.

One day, Frisky, the cat, disappeared for about three days. My brothers and sister went looking for him and finally found him in the woods. His head was quite infected from a gunshot wound. It was covered with maggots, which probably saved his life because they eat the poison. They put him in a burlap bag and brought him home. My sister nursed him and washed his head with Sylpho-Nathol every day until he recovered.

I must tell you about the first night at Muddy River.

The B & M tracks were quite close to our house and there was a "block signal" just beyond. This was to show there was a crossing (road with gates, where the hay wagons crossed). Just before the train got to the block signal, it gave two loud blows of the whistle.

That first night everyone was asleep, and the Midnight train came through. When the whistle blew, my Father sat right up straight and said very loud, "Jesus Christ, what's that?"

Susie was probably in high school and she belonged to the Camp Fire Girls. I don't know whether they are still in existence now or not. Their uniform was a medium brown cloth dress with fringe. For the different things that they did, they put beads on a leather string, which they wore, and a band around their head.

Susie had invited a group to come down to our house for the day to practice some skills. She decided to serve Bean hole-baked beans. The Saturday before we had spent almost the whole day down in the woods looking for a place to dig the holes. We found a place in a clearing and dug the hole. It had to be quite deep. I'm not sure of the dimensions or how to do a bean hole. We got the hole dug, then placed rocks in the bottom and whatever else was needed. We made a fire pile so that it would be all ready to start when it was time. Then we went home, which wasn't more than a quarter of a mile away. We were so excited.

The next day, when the girls were supposed to come, it was pouring rain. I never did find out how it worked. I know it can be done because we were at Kingston Park on a church picnic and there was a Boy Scout troop there and they were having bean hole beans. When they took off the cover of the beans, you could smell them all over the park. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=P9YERrMRBUs

I think I've told you enough about Muddy River. Despite the hardships, we were happy. I think probably this is where I learned about the flowers, birds and animals.

Harold Bowen, my brother, published many stories in his books Tales of Olde Ipswich. Where appropriate I have added his stories to mine. They can be identified in italics.

Have you ever wondered how certain streets or roads got their names? Occasionally I will try to explain for you how some names came about.

One that comes to my mind is Mitchell Road, which is off High Street, perhaps because I lived on this road many years ago.

I have spoken many times about Muddy River, where I lived. Mitchell Road leads to Muddy River. You take a right off 1A in front of the Dairy Queen and you will be on Mitchell Road. Although it is in more or less of the remote section of the town, it has always been a fairly busy road.

Years ago, two brickyards were located here. The Greenbergs' Junkyard was here. Today, the bituminous concrete plant is located on Mitchell Road and a furniture warehouse, a banana plant, a plumber and an electrical contractor. Almost all of the business involves heavy trucks.

But most important of all is the old Mitchell farm from which it gets its name. In later years the farm has been owned by the Hetnar family and later the Bell family. But before that it was William Mitchell, whom I knew.

But in looking at an old map of Ipswich of 1870, it was then Mitchell Road which means the road must have been named for the ancestors of William Mitchell.

William Mitchell was a dairy farmer and gardener. Many times, when walking out to take the trolley car to school we were given a ride in Mr. Mitchell's wagon. He had a large barn, which is still standing.

In those days, when autos were few, the tramps and hoboes who walked the railroad tracks directly behind the barn at night would ask Mr. Mitchell if they could sleep in his barn. He never turned one down but made them promise not to smoke or steal anything. Not once did they let him down.

William Mitchell was a kind and friendly old man and was well-liked by everyone. His wife, Mabel, was a devoted member of the Methodist Church. They had four children, two boys and two girls. Roland, the only living living child, is in Vermont.

His son, Frank, who was an artist, was my first drawing teacher at the Payne School. One of his paintings, a watercolor of the Methodist Church, hangs in the vestibule there today. It was a gift from Frank in memory of his mother.

A grandson, William Mitchell, is a summer resident of Ipswich, and a grand-daughter, Mrs. Eleanor Thomas, resides on Arrowhead Trail.

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell finally sold the farm and moved up town to what is now the Whittier Funeral Home, where he died. But the name, Mitchell Road, still remains.

For those who may not know where Muddy River is located in Ipswich, take Mitchell Road off Route 1A, High Street, and follow it to the end beyond the Belcroft tree farm. There is a lovely open space beyond the woods was once the house we used to call home. It has long since disappeared from the scene, hut memories of it are still fresh in my mind.

I was only three years old when we moved to Muddy River from Kimball Avenue. We lived there for three years, and it was there that my first remembrances of life began.

The house contained the bare necessities of life and no modern improvements, with an old well for water. In comparison with 1974, it was a place where we had so little and appreciated so much. Today, we have so much and appreciate so little.

Christmas is the time that I remember best at Muddy River. Finding a Christmas tree was no problem, for there were plenty nearby. But decorating the tree was another matter. Our decorations were plain and simple-popcorn and cranberries strung on string and then hanging the string around the tree was the first step.

As there was no electricity, we used candles although we were never allowed to light them. We made paper cones from colored paper or wallpaper, and filled them with nuts, cranberries and candy. These made decorative ornaments. A white sheet on the floor created an illusion of snow around the base. Our decorations took many delightful hours to create. I have seen apples and other fruits used as ornaments, also.

Then came the presents. There were mighty few. I can remember mother always received her full share of hairpins, and father received several shaving balls. What is a shaving ball? All of us kids would take days in making them, and always when Pa was away. I am sure he always saw us, but he never let on by mentioning it.

Take some tissue paper, colored or plain. With a saucer trace around and cut out 50 pieces. Then fold each circular piece into eighths. When all are folded, string them with a needle and thread. After they are threaded, pull the two ends together to make a ball. Then tie a piece of string about 15 inches long to hang it up try. You have a shaving ball.

In those days, there were no safety razors, only the old blade or strap razors. So, when father would shave with his face covered with lather, he would pull one of the folded pieces of tissue off the shaving ball and wipe his razor, as you would use Kleenex today.

We kids most always received a nightgown for Christmas from Ma and Pa. My uncle, who was manager of a store in Beverly, would always get together a box of toys left over from the previous year and send it to us on Christmas. For days we would look for the mailman to bring us that box.

In those days, Christmas wasn't much and I don't think our family was very different from the average family household. But whatever we received we cherished and took care of because it would be a long time before we received more.

In our home and in our hearts was the real spirit of Christmas, particularly at Muddy River. —HAROLD D. BOWEN

THE SNOW APPLE

When we were growing up down Mitchell's Road, the Mitchell's Farm was just a short distance before you would come to our house.

Mr. Mitchell had quite a large apple orchard. Over to one side next to the fence was a Snow Apple tree. These apples had a bright red skin all over and inside it was white as snow. The flavor was similar to a banana and sweet and very tantalizing. They were a summer apple and did not store well.

My brothers and I used to crawl under the fence and get an apple or two, and then crawl back, hoping Mr. Mitchell did not see us.
https://www.gardeningchannel.com/snow-apple-tree-history-and-resources/

THE OLD BRICK YARD

There was an old brickyard on Mitchell's Road. The Brown family owned it, up by the overhead bridge.

Perhaps the reason I remember it so clearly is because we lived down Mitchell's Road, which was then named Muddy River. The brickyard was still in operation when we moved down there around 1910. I was in the second grade at the Payne School.

Its location was where the Wiles Transportation Company is at the top of the hill where Mitchell's Road divides into two sections, one section going to High Street, the other by the Dairy Queen.

We had to go on trolley cars to get to school so we traveled past the brickyard every day. At that time, the brickyard was in full operation only in the summer. I don't remember it being in operation in the winter.

There was a very large barn like structure where the bricks were piled up. Outside, there were long roofs that went for quite a distance. The clay was obtained from a pond that now is all grown up and cannot be seen. My brothers and I used to go fishing there with a bent pin and catch fresh water eels and hornpout.

There were men, with only short pants and no shirts, someone said they were Negroes from Africa, but they were always so covered with clay dust that it was hard to tell whether they were black or white.

The clay was packed in racks of probably a dozen bricks and piled under the roofs. They were left there to dry. When they were dry, they were put into a carrier, much like what the bricklayer carries up to the roof. Then they would run with their load into the barn, where the bricks were piled up so that there was an oven-like opening every so often. When the barn was full, a fire would be built the length of the ovens. The heat from those ovens would penetrate up through the great pile of brick and turn the bricks red, as we know them.

I do not remember it being in operation too many years after we moved there, but the bricks were there for many years afterwards.

Quite often in a snowstorm, we would go into the shelter of the barn to get our breath before we finished the walk home. We lived about a quarter of a mile beyond what used to be the Mitchell's Farm, later the Hetnar Farm.

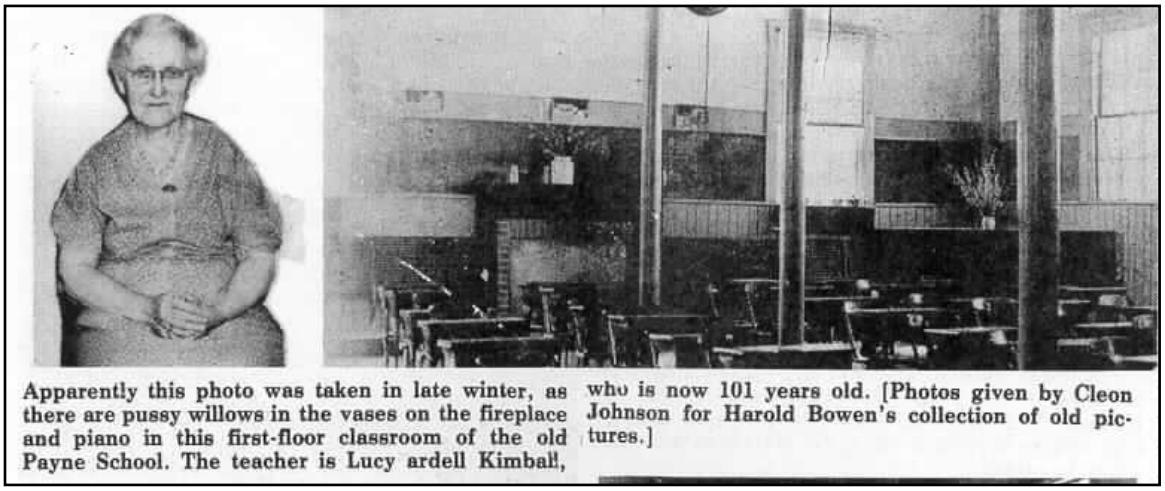
The bricks slowly disappeared, and it was rumored that a number of people had new chimneys and fireplaces. Of course, I was only a child and people didn't tell me things like that, but I was a good listener.

Most of the time Mr. Mitchell was in town with his honey cart.

THE OLD PAYNE SCHOOL

The old Payne School was where I spent my formative years. The first grade in the little school, as we called it, which is now at the corner of the Highland Cemetery, being used for an office. The second and third grades in the lower floor of the larger building and then upstairs for the fourth and fifth grade. How we longed to be old enough to be fourth graders, so we could be in Miss Appleton's room upstairs.

There were the large round stoves that just ate up the wood and coal, but they kept us fairly comfortable, except when the old northeast wind would blow up a blizzard and the wind would whistle down the fireplaces.



Apparently this photo was taken in late winter, as there are pussy willows in the vases on the fireplace and piano in this first-floor classroom of the old Payne School. The teacher is Lucy ardell Kimball, who is now 101 years old. [Photos given by Cleon Johnson for Harold Bowen's collection of old pictures.]

The large building out back with its double row of holes, a partition between the boys' side and the girls', although once in a while, one or more of the more athletic boys would shinny up the wall to see what went on the other side of the fence. He was kept after school for all of his trouble.

Then there was the little mouse who came out at noon in the cloak room to feast on a piece of crust or a crumb of cake that could be spared from the lunch boxes of the children who rode on the electric cars to school.

But the cloakroom was not always used as a place to eat. Unruly boys were sent there, and one could hear the switch of the rattan and sometimes an "Ouch!" Most of the boys were tough and stubborn and not a sound would you hear. They were not all boys who were sent to the cloakroom to feel the sting of the rattan.

The old music books, with the first song entitled "The Village Green" which we learned to sing by the notes first then later the words. To this day I can still sing this song by the notes, but the words have long been just a memory, Do-re-me-me, Do Rae me.

The boys would loop the long curtain strings into knots and the teacher would have to undo them before she could use the curtain.

Miss Appleton (Later Mrs. Greenache) used to stand on the steps ringing the old hand bell with a vim and a vigor that the younger generation will never muster. No one ever questioned her authority. When she said "March", we marched. A very stern personality, but beloved by all, and beneath that expansive chest, a heart of gold.

Many a child, who had no rubbers, was taken to Tyler's store, where a pair would be purchased. These were not in the school budget but were paid out of her own bottomless pocket book. I was the recipient of a pair of rubbers and a warm sweater (a luxury for me) when Miss Appleton decided that my coat was too thin to protect me from the wintry blasts.

One of my pleasant memories was spending Saturdays over at her home in the village by the pumping station. I walked from my house on Mitchell's Road to her house and back again. I can still taste the delicious peaches, which grew in her yard.

Each child from the first to the fifth grade was examined by her when they went home to make sure that their coats were buttoned, their rubbers and mittens were on and the scarves tied tight to protect them from the cold. She was a mother away from home. Editor's note, Miss Appleton reminds me of Miss Dove,
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LQB2uvcIjF4

Then there were the last day of school parties with cakes made by mothers who could afford to make them. Each person brought a nickel to pay for ice cream, which was quite a treat for most of us.

Across the street was Billy Richards' store, where for a penny we could purchase a big lollipop, a big hunk of candy gingerbread, two large sticks of licorice, four caramel daisies, candy baked beans measured with a real crockery bean pot, or for a nickel, a large sour pickle from the barrel. Billy was a little man, but he had a heart for the kids and had a way of sneaking in an extra piece of candy in the bag for some of us who were less fortunate than the other children.

There were iron posts at the entrance at the front into Lord's Square. These posts were about two to three feet high and probably and probably three or four to an entrance. A boy was pretty special to all the girls when he could leap frog over these posts. A miss left a ripped pant seat. Sometimes a girl would try it but with petticoat and it was a little more difficult. Besides, nice girls didn't do such things.

I first went to the little school that stood by the side and is now used for the Cemetery Superintendent's Office. Only the first graders went there. Much to the shock of the town, my teacher ran away with a married man. She never came back to Ipswich to face the consequences and by now I'm sure she must be long gone.

The Second year I moved into the big school on the lower floor, which housed the second and third grades.

A large round stove stood on the floor and the boys would fill it with coal and despite the drafty windows that rattled when the wind blew, it was usually nice and warm.

It was here I received my second vaccination, done by the doctor who took Dr. MacArthur's place while he was on vacation. Dr. Mac never gave out a certificate if you were his patient. If you didn't have a certificate, you got vaccinated again. This brought the wrath of many mothers down on the good doctor's head.

A good many of us lived quite a way from school so we were brought there on the electric cars and brought our lunch. We had a pet mouse that seemed to know when it was lunch because he would appear at the hole in the wall. It was a good place to get rid of our crusts of bread or anything else in our lunch pail that would not please our palate.

Go Through the Motions

Point your toe away we go
Up and down the merry row.

With your hand go clap, clap
And your fingers tap, tap.

Point your toe, away we go
Up and down the merry row.

Learned in fifth grade at Payne School.

There have been many changes in the Lords Square area, but one building that remains the same is the one which once housed the Payne School.

The interior is different today, but the exterior is just about the same as it was in years gone by. Well, perhaps that is not entirely true, because the building has not always been located on its present location.

Originally it was near the old fire station (now the antique shop in the square) and was a one-room schoolhouse when it was first built in 1802. The building was built from voluntary contributions.

In 1831 the building was badly in need of repairs and the town voted to repair it. Then in 1891 it again needed repairs and it became crowded. It was decided to level off a knoll back of the building and to move it to its present location and add another story. Thus, we have the present building.

Many years later a smaller school located at Ipswich Village was moved down. beside the larger building. This building is now located in the Highland Cemetery.

Every child who resided in the High Street section, or the North District so-called, attended either one of these schools.

Lucy Ardell Kimball, who is now more than 100 years old and is in a nursing home, was teacher at the Payne School for many years.

Eventually when a larger school was built the Payne School was closed.

Rules for teachers in 1872

A reminder of what the school teacher's life was like more than 100 years ago is published in the February issue of the newsletter of the Ipswich public schools. The nine "Rules for Teachers" follow.

1. Teachers each day will fill lamps, clean chimneys.
2. Each teacher will bring a bucket of water and a scuttle of coal for the day's session.
3. Make your Pens carefully. You may whittle nibs to the individual taste of the pupils.
4. Men teachers may take one evening each week for courting purposes, or two evenings a week if they go to church regularly.
5. After 10 hours in school, the teachers may spend the remaining time reading the Bible or other good books.
6. Women teachers who marry or engage in unseemly conduct will be dismissed.
7. Every teacher should lay aside from each pay a goodly sum of his earnings for his benefit during his declining years so that he will not become a burden on society.
8. Any teacher who smokes, uses liquor in any form, frequents pool or public halls, or gets shaved in a barber shop will give good reason to suspect his worth, intention, integrity and honesty.
9. The teacher who performs his labor faithfully and without fault for five years will be given an increase of 25 cents per week in his pay, providing the Board of Education approves.

—HAROLD D. BOWEN

IPSWICH CHRONICLE – 12/30/1999, MEMORIES OF THE OLD PAYNE SCHOOL
By NANCY LIGH

The memories linger since I enrolled in 1910. Each day I rode the electric car from Mitchell Road to the grammar school. During those formative years, grades one through five, we longed to be old enough to be fourth-graders, so we could be in Miss Appleton's room upstairs. I can see her standing on the steps ringing the old hand bell. No one ever questioned her authority; when she said "march," you marched. She had a very stern personality but was beloved by all for her heart of gold. Miss Appleton would examine each child to make sure coats were buttoned, rubbers and mittens were on, and scarves were tied tightly. She was a mother away from home. If you needed rubbers she would take you to Tyler's store to buy them out of her own bottomless pocket book. It was a luxury to me when she bought me a sweater one wintry day. A pleasant memory was spending Saturdays at her home in the village by the pumping station. I can still taste the delicious peaches that grew in her yard.

Back in school, there were two classes in each room; about 36 pupils in my room. A large, round, stove stood on the floor eating up wood and the coal that the boys shoveled into it. The windows rattled when the wind blew, and you could hear the wind whistle down the fireplace. I remember slates and pen wipers. I remember the music book with the first song, "The Village Green." We learned to sing the notes first and then later the words. I remember wearing a petticoat under my dress. I remember receiving my second vaccination. I remember the cloak room and the water closet.

There was a little mouse who seemed to know when it was lunch time. He would come out of a hole in the wall at noon in the cloak room to feast on crumbs from the lunch pails of the children. The cloak room was not always used for a place to eat. Unruly pupils were sent there to feel the sting of the rattan. You could hear the swish of the rattan and sometimes an "ouch.'"

In class you had to raise your hand with one finger up or two fingers up to tell the teacher how much time you need in the water closet. The long building out back had a double row of holes, 12 on each side with a partition between them. The high board fence separated the boys' yard from the girls' yard. Once in awhile, one of the more athletic boys would shinny up the wall to see what was happening on the other side of the fence; then he was kept after school!

The last day of school was always a party. Mothers who could afford to make cakes would bring them to the classrooms. Each pupil brought a nickel to pay for ice cream. After school we could go to Billy Richard's store across the street. A penny would pay for a big lollipop, two large sticks of licorice, or four caramel daises. For a nickel you could buy a large, sour pickle from a barrel.

Some years ago, the Ipswich Grange preserved the old grammar school and occupied it. The town had promised to shingle the roof, but the finance committee turned it down. One day it rained so hard that the roof leaked and damaged the ceilings, walls, and floors. The Grangers left the building to the elements and the pigeons. Then the building became so dilapidated that it was a disgrace to the town. Ipswich wanted to tear it down for a filling station. Instead it finally got saved and remodeled.

Ah, yes, the memories still linger of the little, old school. It is where the administrative office building sits looking out onto Lord Square, the new Payne School.

Nancy Light is the guidance counselor at Winthrop School and an old friend of Mrs. Lord.

MEMORIAL DAY AROUND 1913 -- WHEN I WAS GROWING UP IN IPSWICH

Memorial Day, we looked forward to this day, the whole year, because there was a parade and lots of music.

In the morning, we would look for cobwebs on the grass, to make sure, it wasn't going to rain. I don't remember it ever raining on Memorial Day.

We were always scrubbed until we shown and then we would put on our Sunday school clothes, the girls always wore white dresses. Mine was a thin cosmier type white material and I felt like an angel when I wore it. The dress was handed down from a cousin. The boys would have to wear a tie and their good suits. Our shoes were polished, bright and shining, because we only had one pair. I never had a pair of white shoes until I bought them myself, even when I graduated from Essex Aggie in 1921.

My mother must have packed a lunch because we didn't come back until late in the afternoon after the band concert, which was held on the band stand (long gone) on the rocks in the center of town.

We would meet the parade at the Locust Grove Cemetery.

The G.A.R. (Grand Army of the Republic) would line up in front of their lot, where all the little flags were flying on the graves. I would wave to my grandfather, who was in the line. He fought in the Civil War. He enlisted at 15 years old as a drummer boy.

One of the songs the band would play was "Nearer my God to Thee". I still get a thrill listening to it. Of course, at the end, the trumpets played the taps. It was all so thrilling and still is whenever I hear them.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rwLl5nY5WPI

From there we went to High Street for services at the cemetery on High Street and the Highland Cemetery. From there we went to the South Side Cemetery then on to Choate Bridge. There was no Veterans Memorial at that time. At Choate Bridge the W.R.C. Auxiliary of the G.A.R joined the parade. The ladies, all in white, would march to the bridge, with their flags, and have a service. Their flowers, each one carried a small bouquet, were thrown over the bridge into the water. It was exciting to watch the flowers drift down the water with the tide.

From there we went to the Soldiers Monument at the top of Town Hill, where services were held, and General Edwards orders were read. Then down the hill to the Unknown Dead and then on to the bridge where the parade was disbanded.

A dinner was served at the Grand Army Hall, which was on the third floor of the Caldwell blocks. Later after the Memorial Building was built, it was held there for a number of years.

We would follow the parade all the way. There were never any shenanigans because my brothers and I knew if we didn't behave ourselves, there would be punishment when we got home.

We arrived home late in the afternoon, tired and hungry and happy and looked forward to another Memorial Day next year.

The schools had services before Memorial Day. Only so many classes would go at a time. There were two staircases at that time in the High School. The boys would go up the staircase on the left and the girls up the staircase on the right, to the large hall at the top of the building.

After we were all seated everyone rose, as the Grand Army of the Republic would march in, looking so proud in their Navy-blue uniforms. My grandfather Bowen was with them until about 1910 when he passed away.

But the years went by and the ranks got thinner and their places were taken in the school by other people who have kept up the tradition the tradition over the years. They have taken the places of those elderly soldiers and now we decorate their graves each Memorial Day.

The Ipswich Chronicle, May 29, 1999
Remembering more than burgers on Memorial Day, as told to Janet McKay Smith.

A reporter looking for a story idea the other day asked me about Memorial Day ... was it to celebrate veterans or deceased loved ones in general?

I can only assume the reporter was asking me this question because I'm starting to take on the look of an old relic.

Anyway, I said it started out as a holiday in memory of Civil War dead, but that I believed it had morphed into an observance of dearly departed in general.

Of course, somewhere along the line Memorial Day became an observance of the hamburger. Somehow, we tend to associate the day more with backyard barbecues and six packs of brewskies than with quiet observances and remembrances of those who have gone before us.

It seems that with every passing year, the local Memorial Day observances become smaller and less obtrusive than the year before. Heaven forbid, the parade might interfere with traffic -- and the other parade, that of countless SUVs on their way to out-of-town backyard barbecues.

It was not always this way. In earlier times, when my hair was still naturally brown, and I could sit cross-legged for an hour without having to call the Jaws of Life to get back up again, the Memorial Day parade was a big deal indeed, or at least so it seemed to me.

The parade marched right down High Street, in front of my house, as all parades did in those days. Crowds of young and old lined both sides of the street, of course preferring the opposite side of the street, which had concrete sidewalks. Our side was simply dirt. (I assume that was some political statement on the part of the town, but I can't verify that.) But I digress.

Those parades were never like the Jimmy Fund parades. There were no clowns (except of course on those occasions when some local politician decided to use it as a campaign opportunity). But there were lots of veterans and scouts and the high school band. I can remember my own dad marching with the vets at least once and how proud I felt. But he didn't march every year, and I never really knew why. Maybe because the old Army uniform didn't fit, or the idea of walking all those miles had lost its appeal somewhere during the Battle of the Bulge.

I also remember part of Memorial Day weekend was going up to the cemetery with my grandmother to put red geraniums on the graves of family members I never knew. We'd got to Hetnar's stand to get the flowers, then to Locust Grove and to the top of the hill. All on foot, of course, because my grandmother didn't drive -- or at least she didn't have a license, a little distinction she loved to make with a twinkle in her eye.

As I got older, I would go down to the County Street Bridge and watch as the flowered wreath was thrown into the river in memory of those who had died at sea. Ruth Lord and other ladies of her generation would read poems and dedications and the flowers would float away, toward the ocean. To me that was always the most somber moment of all, imagining those flowers going out to that vast, watery resting place.

Eventually parades stopped going down High Street. The route now is more complicated, but shorter, presumably to accommodate both the age of the marchers and the demand to keep traffic moving. Lest we forget the importance of that.

Times change, and so do holidays. But it's good to remember. Especially on Memorial Day.

CLOTHING

We always had plenty of snow and cold weather, not the kind of winters that we have now. About the first of November, you would put on your rubbers over your shoes and not take them off before April 1, except, of course, in the house. When you did finally get to the weather where you could take them off, your feet were so light; you would feel as if you were dancing.

In Rowley between Warehouse Lane and George Bradstreet's Lane, the snow would drift to 2 or 3 feet deep over the road. There were no houses there except the Todd Farm and Carl Hale's house. They are still there. Men used to shovel through there because the plows couldn't make it. That's how many men and the older boys made pin money. After the roads were shoveled then they would do the sidewalks.

We wore long johns about as long as we wore rubbers. What a relief when we could discard them. In the summer we would wear drawers, sort of like bloomers without the elastic leg. There was lace on the ruffles. My Mother made them. An undershirt with only straps was worn in the summer. Over the long johns we wore an under waist with garters attached.

My Mother made everything except my shirt and stockings.

Then we had petticoats that buttoned at the waist, then long black stockings. The boys had wide rib stockings; the girls narrow rib stockings. We pulled them up and tucked the legs of the long johns into the stockings. They were pulled above the knee and clipped to the garters on the waist.

I'm not sure about winter dresses but they were probably wool. Wool makes me itch. They were probably handed down from somebody or my Mother made them from something else. I remember only one winter dress, which had been my sister's, and my Aunt Bertha made it for her, so it was very good material. It was red, not a bright red, as I remember, more like fuchsia. It had a pleated skirt (I loved pleated skirts, still do.) and small daisy like flowers sewed to the collar and sleeves. It buttoned all the way down the back to below my waist. I could only wear it to Sunday school and a few special occasions. It was what they called French Serge, very soft.

In the summer, my Mother would make my dresses out of gingham (*lightweight plain-woven cotton cloth, typically checked in white and a bold color*.) with pique collars.

I don't remember having a sweater until one of my teachers bought me one because she thought my coat wasn't thick enough.

We always, boys and girls, wore hats of some sort in the winter and we never went to church without a hat. The hats we wore in winter were stocking hats, long ones or short ones or a tam o'shanter. Usually mittens as well. We always wore a hat when we were dressed up.

The boys wore knickers; shirt, necktie, long black stockings and an underwaist like the girls when we were real young. Later their knickers would hold the stockings up or they had a piece of black elastic about one inch wide. Also, a sweater if they had one.

Our shoes were of leather and of good quality because my father used to say: "those cheap shoes weren't worth buying". He would pay about $3.00 for our shoes. I would have high-laced shoes in the winter and sandals in the summer, one of each. If the sole wore through, my Father would get a piece of leather or a sole to fit. He would then take off the old sole and slip on the new one, then tap the shoe with a short nail or tack. If you got a hole in your toe, it was too bad if it wasn't time to buy (or money to buy) new ones.

I also wore long gaiter leggings. They went over the shoes with a stirrup to hold them down. The rubbers would go over those. There were buttons all the way up your leg and a large safety pin would hitch them to your long johns.

We took a bath once a week and changed clothes once a week. I'm sure I smelled by the end of that week. I said this many years later and one of my sons said, "Why did you worry because probably everybody else smelt the same way"

My brothers could go barefooted when we were young. I couldn't because I was a girl. It didn't stop me from climbing trees, dresses or not. Slacks or pants were not known for girls and I tore many a dress or petticoat climbing trees or fences.

We usually wore two petticoats. Once I was in Salem Depot coming home from Aggie. I was just about to step onto the train when the button came off my petticoat and it dropped to my feet. What did I do? I stepped out of it and shoved it into my student bag and got on the train.

Later, Gordon and I were spending the weekend at his sister Inez' and Rob's. We were sitting on the back steps. I was sitting on the railing too close to the post. I went down, and the post caught my petticoat and ripped it all the way down the back. This was before we were married.

My Mother washed our clothes by hand on a scrub board. There were two tubs. One to wash them in and one to rinse them. Every Monday morning, no matter what, the wash boiler was put on the stove and yellow soap was cut into strips and put into the water in the boiler. By the time my Mother got some of the white clothes washed, the water was warmer, and the white clothes went into the boiler. She had a forked stick which she would turn the clothes and poke them, so they would all get boiled. My Mother always had nice white clothes (no bleach at that time). After rinsing, they were set on a wooden bench and passed through a wringer that had a handle that was turned by hand.

My Mother would put them in the same place on the lines. She could go out in the dark and not have to look for anything because she knew where everything was. Then she had to iron them because they were cotton. She was very particular with her ironing. I was allowed to iron the handkerchiefs.

We usually had only one nightdress at a time and if it didn't get dry, it was brought in and with a newspaper to protect it from burning, she would put it on the oven door. We couldn't go to bed until it dried. My nightdress was dried first because I couldn't stay up beyond eight o'clock.

I can still smell that boiler with the soap in it.

All the water we used at Muddy River had to be drawn from the well out side, about 15 to 20 feet from the house. We (but not me) would fill the pails and lug them into the house.

Of course, the iceman did not come way up on Muddy River so things that would spoil were under the trap door in the kitchen. It was nice and cool under the house. There wasn't any cellar, just a closed in crawl space. Butter and milk were put in a pail and hung down in the well.

Things were primitive there, but we kept reasonably warm, the food was good, and we managed with very little. When we went to live in Rowley things got much better.

ILLNESS

Perhaps you would like to know what we did when we were ill. I don't remember being sick and having a doctor from the time I had the measles when I was five years old until we all had the flu at the time of the epidemic when I was around eighteen.
https://historicipswich.org/2014/09/01/influenza-1918/

My mother had her own medicines and we all grew up, so I guess it worked. If you had a fever, you would get Niter and paregoric, a little sugar and hot water and then went to bed.

I had tonsillitis every year and my throat would be so sore, so my mother would take a strip of old flannel; Spread it with Antivejestine; get it good and hot and wrap it around your throat; rub your chest with Musterole and you wore that wrap for a week.

If you had a bellyache, you got hot water, sugar, soda and a drop of peppermint. If you had a cough, you got Rabiau Balsam. "Ugh!" I can still taste it. If you cut yourself, you soak it in Sulpher Napthol.

My father always kept a pint of whiskey in the closet. When he had a cold he would have my mother make hot whiskey and he'd drink it. Only thing he ever drank, as far as I know.

When my sister had menstrual pains, she was given hot Pennyroyal tea. It was like catnip and grew in the back yard.

Only when Susie was in the hospital and Chet had "Bright's Disease" did we have a doctor.

If you got lice in your hair, you would stay home from school and my mother would rub kerosene all through your hair and you would sleep with it there. The next day you got a good shampoo. I would get them, but my sister didn't.

I had my tonsils out when I was in high school so no more sore throat. Tonsillitis usually lasted a week.

My mother had a friend and no matter what she had, headache, sore throat, cut, she would put kerosene on it. So, it was kind of a joke in our family, when anybody had something the matter, somebody would holler "Get the kerosene Can!"

ROWLEY (1917-1920)

It was about 1917 when we moved to Rowley on Railroad Avenue. The twins had started first grade in Ipswich, but after a snow storm they came down with the whooping cough and never went to school again that year.

In Rowley they started school in the first grade in the East End School with Anna Collins as their teacher. She taught there many years. They seemed to have got along very well under her supervision but in their second grade we moved back to Ipswich.

In Rowley we had running water, if you worked the pump in the sink. We still had the privy outside. It was a big divided one because there were two families.

With the kitchen stove, another in the sitting room and with the heat from the down stairs on our floors, we were quite comfortable. Of course, the bedrooms were cold.

Ruth Lord, left, and Mildred Houston

Life was much pleasanter in Rowley and the people were friendly.

There was a gang of kids and quite often at night (in summer) they would gather at our house to play games outside. Hide and Seek, Relivio, Run Sheep Run, Creep in – Creep out, Kick the Can, Duck on the rock and many more filled our nights. The kids nowadays never heard of any of these. They must be supervised; everything planned for them, no imagination.

Millie and I are the only ones living of that gang. Millie was 90 in February.

In those days everything was bought by the yard. Dish towels, diapers, napkins, etc. I remember my Mother telling my Father when there was a need for a new dishtowel: "Remember cotton and linen." Plain cotton didn't absorb the water very well. The linen was stiff at first but the more it was washed, the softer it got. He would go to Tyler's Store down town. Mother would cut the towels in the length she wanted and sew the towels on the machine.

I made all my first baby's clothes by hand. Later we got a Singer Sewing Machine (used) for $20.00 and it lasted for many years. Gordon sewed the seams because I was pregnant. He used to sew the long seams (side seams) and hem the diapers on the machine. There wasn't much he couldn't do, except simple crafts where he was all thumbs.

I went to Center School for the eighth grade. We had a teacher by the name of Alvin Lewis. He was a good teacher. Later he married one of the other teachers, Mrs. Webster, and they left Rowley.

To get your eighth-grade diploma, you had to pass your first year in high school. I did (flunked in Spelling) and received my diploma.

Quite a few of the people I knew at the time as children now belong to the Golden Age Club in Rowley.

In October, queer things happened down on Railroad Avenue.

One of the things they used to do was to tip over the toilets. They never did tip ours over because it was a double one and it was too heavy. One Halloween my Mother,

Mabel Emmons, Louise Morong and Addie Reid were out helping the kids with this exercise.

Some kids pushed old Mr. Chinan's buggy down off the boat landing in to the river. They also drew a baby carriage up to the top of Grandpa Morang's flagpole. He was a Civil War Veteran and put a flag out every day.

MY FAMILY

Perhaps I should give you some history of our family.

SUSIE

My sister Susie was seven years older than I was. She graduated from Manning High School with honors and went to Salem Normal School (Salem Teachers College, now Salem State College) and later went into teaching. Susie was never as healthy as the rest. She had pneumonia when she was 12. Later she had appendicitis and after that something else. Later she had asthma. She died in a hospital at age 70.

She taught, after Salem Normal School, for a year in New Britain, Connecticut for a year. Then she substituted in Ipswich. Susie went to Maine to teach, around 1918, to Lisbon Falls, Maine. She taught a group of Slavish children from the paper mills. She had eight grades in one room. She taught several years in Lisbon Falls then she went to Brunswick, Maine. She lived there as well. She never came back to Ipswich except for vacations.

In 1923 she married Howard Sylvester. He was a nice guy and always called me Ruthie. They had one boy Howard Sylvester, Jr. He later married and had five children. The oldest, Diane, was a nurse, went to California and was murdered. As far as I know they never found the murderer. The others were Donna, Howard, Henry and Joanne.

Susie died in 1967 and Howard died a year and a half later. His family said he died of a broken heart. He was using an electric saw to cut brush at their camp. He stood the saw up against a tree and fell to the ground and that is the way they found him. He was never sick as far as I know.

Susie and Howard Sr. and Jr. are buried in Brunswick, Maine.

HENRY, JR.

All of us kids were about two years apart. Henry went to Manning High School until he quit. Henry tried several times to get into the U.S. Army, but each time, he was too short. When he finally did get accepted, the Armistice was signed and so he never did serve his country.

Not long after that he went to work for the Boston & Maine Railroad. First, he worked on the freight in the baggage car, then as a brakeman and last as a conductor. He was a very well liked

because he took notice of the kids on the train. He stayed with the railroad until he retired in 1962 at age 65.

I used to come home from school and wash his white shirt, so it was clean the next day. They used to call him the neatest man on the railroad.

In 1921 he married Lorena Falvey. In quick succession they had Henry, Jr., then twins, Carol and Caroline, and then Wendell. Caroline died when she was 18 years old.

Little Henry almost died of the rickets. After he grew up he would take off and we wouldn't see him again for four or five years. Then he would come home and stay awhile and be off again. For a while he was working at the Pine Street Inn in Boston. Last I heard he had died in Las Vegas in 1995.

Wendell got into trouble with the law and spent six months at the Myles Standish Prison on the Cape. He married and had five children, later divorced. I haven't seen him since I lived on Fellows Road. He now lives in Maine.

Carol lives in her father's house in Beverly. She is a recluse living upstairs. The downstairs is vacant. Her daughter Dona Lee is living in Ipswich.

Henry made good money, but Rena spent it as fast as they got it. She was not a good housekeeper. Henry lived to be 92.

CHESTER

Chet had Bright's Disease, a kidney infection, when we lived in Rowley and almost died. Mildred and I went up to the hospital to see him, and we were telling him things that had happened, when suddenly, his eyes rolled back into his head and he started twitching all over. We ran for a nurse and got out fast.

They told my parents later that we had talked so fast that in his condition, he couldn't take it and caused him to have convulsions.

Chester went to work in Boston first. I don't know what he did.

Chester married Dorothy Arnold and had six children (not including Dorothy who died at six months). The surviving children were Chester, Jr., Melvin, Donald, Howard, Barbara and Bernice.

Chester, Jr., at six, had one of his legs amputated. He always wanted to be a professional baseball player but obviously could not. He wore an artificial leg the rest of his life. He was a very brilliant boy and was always at the head of his class. In High School he was President of his class for four years. Then he went to the University of Massachusetts where he was editor of the school newspaper. He died at the age of 21 of an abscess in his brain. There is a trophy at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst given each year in track that is named for Chester, Jr. (*Chester F. Bowen, Jr. Outstanding Performance in Track*)

Later, when Gordon and I lived on Summer Street, Chet and Dot lived across the street. Chetty was a year older than Kenneth. The two used to walk hand in hand up Summer Street or down Water Street. They were always together. Kenneth couldn't be fenced in. Four or five times a day we would be out looking for the two of them when they were two and three years old. They were always into something. What one didn't think of, the other one did.

Both Chet and Dot were telephone operators as were my father and Roland.

Chet's favorite pastime was teasing me. He threw my dolls' furniture out the attic window, which broke them into pieces.

ROLAND AND HAROLD, THE TWINS

The twins were born the same day when we lived on Kimball Avenue, about fifteen minutes apart. Harold always said he was the oldest because he was born first. He was also the tattler of the two.

Harold was nervous. If you shook a screen door spring at him he would scream. Same with a feather. He was always on the move.

Roland was just the opposite. Nothing much ever bothered him. He was always very calm. When he was old enough to work, he did it well. Never hurried and never would work overtime.

The twins went to the Shatswell School at age seven.

Harold worked all hours and he was musical, playing the accordion. Roland was not.

One time when I was Lecturer of the Grange I had my twin brothers and the Thompson twins sing for entertainment. It wasn't bad, but it also wasn't good. They never did it again.

SUMMER STREET (1920-24)

We moved to Summer Street when I was a sophomore at Manning High School. A French family had lived it in before and it was not in very good condition. We still had to go out to the shed to go to the bathroom. My parents added a bathroom later, but not while I lived there. We did have a faucet with water in the sink, such as it was.

My Father bought this house. I think my Aunt Bertha (his sister) bought it and he paid rent to her. When he didn't have the money, my brother Henry paid the rent because he was making good money on the railroad by then.

None of us, except my Father, cared about the house. It had been built in the 1700's, was very low studded, wooden floors that were not very level. The stairs were steep. Everything that crawled lived in that house and there were plenty of drafts including five fireplaces. The wallpaper in the parlor was said to be fifty years old and looked it. It was horrid.

There were five fireplaces without dampers. The kitchen fireplace was blocked up so that you could use a stove. There were no drafts in the fireplaces and you could look up and see the sky. Many times, when it snowed, we had snow in the bedrooms from the fireplaces.

There were fireplaces in each bedroom upstairs except the smaller room in back away from the chimney. There was also a fireplace in the parlor and one in the sitting room. These two were sometimes used, the rest were not.

The fireplace in the parlor had a bee hive oven. I could never have figured out how the heat from the fireplace got to that oven. Some years later when Harold living there he arranged for an expert in old homes to look through the house and determine what to do with the house. As a result, Harold got some money to make repairs. The chimney had to be fixed and painted. Drafts were put in all five fireplaces.

In looking through the house, he looked at beams, etc. and the posts in the corners of the house. He discovered that the posts called gun posts because they look like a gun, supported the roof, but the posts only went to the floor of the second floor. After examining the attic and the upstairs, he determined that it had originally been a one-story house. At some time in the past someone had raised the roof.

The house had been constructed in three different times. The two rooms downstairs first, then the roof was raised, then the ell part. (*an ell is a wing of a building that lies perpendicular to the length of the main portion*)

He also told Harold that if he took out a layer of brick in the parlor fireplace, he would find another fireplace underneath it. This Harold did later on and there appeared also a hole in the back, which heated the fireplace oven. The chimney was a large one with four sections and it had to be taken down to the roof and built up again.

The house had only a small cellar dug out of solid rock because the whole of the hill is solid rock. When the town put in gas with the WPA (*Works Projects Administration*) on Summer Street they couldn't put it in that house because of the ledge. Later they did get it put in by drilling through the ledge.

Life was much easier because we could walk to school, to church, the movies and shopping. My parents lived there until they died (although my Mother lived with Chester and myself when she could no longer take care of the house. Harold was the last of the family to live there. He died in 1979. Chester died in 1990 and was the last of my family except for me.

By the time we had got settled on Summer Street, the rooms cleaned and repainted and papered, the print shop was beginning to make us a little more money, so things were not quite so sparse.

By then I was a sophomore in high school, but I wasn't doing very good. Geometry was an absolute blank to me. It made no sense at all. After failing every subject, my father decided that there was no need of me going to high school. He enrolled me at Essex County Agricultural School.

I was getting one or two baby-sitting jobs, so I had a little money of my own. When I got a real baby-sitting job later I had to give my parents $3.00 of what I earned. The first real job I had was working for Mary Sayward on Green Street taking care of her little boy Sonny. He wasn't quite 5 years old. He was very well acting when I had him but when his mother arrived, he was a brat. He was known all over town for his actions.

I graduated from Essex Aggie in 1921. When we graduated, we all made our dresses of white organdy. Here is a picture of me in mine. My parents couldn't afford white shoes and stockings, so I had to wear my black ones.

At that time there was only one course at Aggie. Sewing, cooking and millinery (I hated it) and then we had home nursing, house planning, clothes design, waiting on tables and any other study that would be used in home making. It really gave me a foundation, which I still, use every day of my life. I am still fussy as to how my bed is made. I watch people's clothes and wonder why anyone of that size would buy that dress. I never had any idea what I wanted to do, so I just did what came along.

The first day I went to Essex Aggie, I went with my father. We had to go by train to Salem, walk from Salem Depot to Town House Square, where Essex and Washington Streets come together. From there we had to go a short distance up Essex to an office on the second floor where we would obtain our monthly ticket to ride the trolley to Danvers where Essex Aggie was located.

As we went up the stairs we met Bertha Woodworth, who I had known since the first grade. She had lived in Ipswich, moved to Rowley and so I hadn't seen her in several years. I asked where she was going, and she said Essex Aggie. We became friends and remained so. She married a man named Fairbanks and is now widowed. She had four or five children. She lives in Groveland.

I was born on upper Summer Street and at fifteen years old; I was back living on upper Summer Street, so I made a complete circle. Coming back to Ipswich was like coming out of a time warp. By then my Father's print shop was beginning to pay for itself and there was still more money.

We had a home of our own with a yard out back and we were within walking distance of trains, trolleys, church, schools, movies and stores which we had never been before. So, life began to be a little more normal and there were many more things to do. More like we have in the present.

Henry was married in 1921 about the time I graduated from Essex Aggie. Lorena was pregnant and Henry 3d was born in January 1922. He was known as "Little Henry" to differentiate him from my Father and brother.

Susie was married in 1923. She had a small wedding at the house. I stood up with her. I made my dress, which was pink crepe de chin. I also made her "Going Away" dress that was tan crepe de chin. It was the same pattern.

Howard Sylvester, her intended, came up earlier, but his brother, also his Best Man, and his mother and aunts were coming from Brunswick, Maine just in time for the wedding. About an hour before the wedding we had the worst hailstorm I ever saw. Hail was as big as golf balls. When it was time for the wedding, their car had not arrived. We waited a while. Finally, his father called. They were held up in Portland by the storm. They stopped under a bridge. (Cars were not as protected then as now). Chet stood in as Best Man and the wedding went on without them. They arrived, however before Howard and Susie left.

Susie was 27 and a typical schoolteacher. She was very careful to take everything from the car before they went into the hotel, so nobody would know they were just married.

When they got to their room and opened their suitcases, they were packed full of confetti. Of course, my brothers pleaded not guilty.

GIRL SCOUTS & OTHER CLUBS

We also became more active in a number of things in Ipswich and I had more friends. I joined the first troop of Girl Scouts started in Ipswich and stayed in it for about four years.

The Girl Scouts were much different then in the way they were conducted than later when I was a leader. The two top officers were the Captain and her Lieutenant. Each patrol was made up of eight girls. Each patrol had a patrol leader and her assistant.

We met at the Methodist Church once a week. The first fifteen minutes of our meeting we practiced marching. We made a much better appearance than the Scouts marching today.

We went camping at a cottage on Treadwell's Island for a week. I only went for a few days because it was all we could afford. I don't remember much about what else we did.

Our uniforms were a khaki blouse and skirt and a black tie, black or brown shoes and stockings and a hat with a stiff brim, much like the state police wear. We kept the brim stiff by putting sugar and water on it and ironing it. In a trunk up to Paul's there is a pair of knickers that I made from the skirt years later and dyed it brown.

My Mother had joined the Grange in Rowley in 1919 and liked Rowley so much that it wasn't until 1923 that she transferred to Ipswich Grange. By then my Father and I had joined the Grange in 1922. My Mother insisted my brother Chet join the same night, but he didn't want to and said, "Okay, I'll join but I won't go!" He never went to a meeting after that and later was dismissed for nonpayment of dues. His wife Dot joined later and was very active until she died.

THE GRANGE (PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY)

Following the Civil War, during the reconstruction period when industries and farming were at a standstill, Oliver Hudson Kelly, a farmer himself, was appointed by the Department of Agriculture to journey through the Southland to evaluate the damage the war had done to the land and industries.

Because of his affiliation with the Masonic Order, he was given a warm welcome.

When he returned to Washington, he decided that what was needed was a farm organization which would bring the farmers together to discuss their problems. With the help of six other men, they developed the ritual and founded the Order of the Patrons of Husbandry on December 4, 1867.

The Grange is founded in agriculture and the name Grange means a large plantation. Its officers correspond to the people who one would find serving on the plantation, Master, Overseer, Stewards, GateKeeper, also they added a Chaplain, Lecturer, Secretary, Treasurer and Executive Committee.

The Grange is founded on the basic principles of the Bible and many of its passages in the ritual are taken from the Bible and Agriculture.

In every Grange meeting, from the subordinate to the National, one will find the three Goddesses of Agriculture, Ceres, Goddess of Grain, Pomona, Goddess of Fruit, Flora, Goddess of flowers. The four Degrees which one must receive to be a member of the Grange are based on the four seasons of the year. There are three other degrees which are voluntary, the 5th degree of Pomona, the 6th degree of Flora, and the 7th degree of Ceres and the Court of Demeter. This is the highest one can attain in the Grange.

Women were not admitted to the Grange until 1878. Since then everyone in the family can join the Grange because of the Juvenile Grange which has its own rules and rituals.

Whenever there is an item being brought up in the Congress in Washington pertaining to Agriculture, the National Master is consulted. The Grange owns a large building in Washington, which is open to the public at all times. It is concerned with many subjects, with active committees of Agriculture, Conservation and Legislative. Many thousands of dollars are contributed each year from the Granges across the country to the many charities and foundations.

Many bills in the legislature have been passed because of the support given by the members of the Grange.

Seven founders of the Order: William Saunders, O.H. Kelly, F. M. McDowell, John Trimble, A. B. Grosh, J. R. Thompson and W. M. Ireland.

My Mother also belonged to the Dames of Malta, the Rebecca's, the D.A.R., the W.R.C. and the Congregational Church. When she would make a cake, we'd ask, "where are you going tonight?" It used to make her mad, because she always made enough for the family. We also said, "If you want to see our Mother make an appointment."

Of course, my Father joined a few too, but he was usually home because he had the print shop in the back yard.

This book probably seems rather disconnected, but I write things down as I remember them and sometimes I wonder where they came from, for instance "Fish Head Chowder".

FISH HEAD CHOWDER

Fish head chowder was very flavorful, and it was also cheap and filled your belly. At the time they practically gave away the head of Cod. I don't remember my Mother using any other head. The head of a cod was fairly large and had cheeks, in fact you could buy cheeks and tongue by the pound.

First the eyes were taken out and anything else that didn't look good. Then rinse it good, put it in a good size kettle, cover it with water and boil it until the fish meat would come off the bones. That was my job, to pick the fish off the bones.

Save the liquor that the fish was cooked in. Make the chowder with salt pork and potatoes and onions as you would any other chowder. We never had a lot of milk, so my Mother probably used evaporated milk. I still do when I am cooking.

Try the chowder. You'll like it, if you can find a fish head.

The bones became so soft in the cooking that the cats could chew them all up. A treat for everyone.

CHARACTERS

There was a man who was a friend of my parents. He had gone to high school with them, but they were very poor (he had a sister as well) and he had very few clothes and never took care of what he had. After high school, he was very smart; he spent a lot of time in the Library. He claimed he had read every book in the library. Later he opened a print shop down on Union Street. In his way he was what most people call lazy. He was a very large man with a black beard and black hair.

He always walked all over town, whistling, so he was called "Whistling Jesus" by the kids. He also had a duck that followed, and he always had an armful of books. If he was reading a book and had an order come in for printing, he would go up to my father and ask him to do the job, so he could finish the book. He was one of the many characters we had in Ipswich.

Another was Mr. Willcomb. I can't remember his first name. He had a sister named Eva Willcomb (Polly Willcomb) who taught in the Ipswich Schools for many years. She was a good teacher, very strict from what I hear and a little old. I never had her, but my sister, my brother Henry and Gordon did. She taught the fifth grade at the Dennison School.

When she was younger she said her brother was crazy (or retarded today). She had him committed to Danvers State Hospital. There he spent his life until after Polly died. Then he got his release and came back to Ipswich.

He was a little man and would go wandering around town playing on a tin whistle. He didn't bother anyone. Sometimes if you had a piano, he would go in your front door, sit down and play a tune. I guess he could really play the piano. We had one once and my Mother would be in the kitchen and there was this music. She knew that when he was through he would finish and go out again.

My brother Chet's wife's family had a German Shepherd dog given to them. They fed him but took very little notice of him. After a while, he started following Mr. Willcomb and finally left the house entirely. He and the dog would be seen all over town. One day they were going through a field (where the High school is now) once known as Dales' Farm. Mr. Willcomb climbed the fence for a short cut to High Street. There was a bull in the filed and he charged. When he charged Mr. Willcomb, the dog ran to defend him and was gored and died. I think Mr. Willcomb was hurt quite bad and died later. I'm a little fuzzy on this, but this was in the twenties so there aren't many people who would remember it anyway.

[Side Note]

This has been written by hand. If it had not been typed up, you could probably tell how much I wrote at a time by the different pens and the way, I wrote, sometimes good, sometimes bad.

It is hard sometimes to make my pen do what it is supposed to do. My spelling is getting worse, was always my worst subject, but sometimes my pen writes the letter.

COURTSHIP

About 1921, I went out on a date with Gordon Lord. There was to be a boat ride down river. They were quite popular at the time.

I was attending the Baptist Church (I've been to most of them at one time or another) at this time and was acquainted with Natilie Wright. She wanted to know if I was going on the boat ride. It wasn't any fun going alone, but I wasn't allowed boy friends. I was too young.

Natilie had a boy friend (We called them fellows), so she said I'll get one for you. Most of the young people at the church were already paired off. They were all young people and eventually all got married. We stuck together for quite a while. One thing I do know is that Gordon and I, and his brother Harold and his wife Dot were the only ones who didn't have to get married. It happened then as it does now, but it was kept very quiet then, more than now.

So Natilie asked Gordon if he would take me. My Mother couldn't object because he was part of her family. His father was my Mother's uncle, making us second cousins.

Gordon picked me up and we went down to the wharf at the bottom of East Street to get on Fred Hull's boat. Fred "Dr. Proud" Hull did not have as nice a boat as others did. He wasn't particular about it, but it was cheaper. (I don't know where the nickname came from) We went over to the Life Saving Station on Plum Island. We got off the boat, but I don't remember what else we did, there wasn't much there. We returned to the wharf, or we tried. The tide was going out and we got stuck in the river and had to wait for the tide to come back in. I think it was around 2 a.m. when I finally got home.

Fortunately, we had a good excuse and many witnesses, so my parents had to believe my story, besides Gordon was part of the family.

After that trip I never had to want for a partner. He was always waiting. I never had a boy friend before that though there were several who walked me home, but that was all.

Harold, Gordon's brother, and Dot were married about the time we met. Esther was the oldest of their children and we sort of adopted her. On a Sunday afternoon we would take her in her carriage and go out for a walk. Some people thought that she was ours.

The four of us along with Esther used to go canoeing up river. This was Esther's first summer (6 months) and we would fix her blanket in the bottom of the canoe and then she would ride and never a word out of her. We always would get pond lilies to bring home.

The first time we went canoeing I told my Mother. She worried all the time we were gone so after that we told her when we got back. It cost thirty cents an hour. We usually went for two hours.

Gordon was not the handsomest man in town, nor was he the homeliest, but his face was kind and he was also. His manners were excellent. He was neat and clean and never talked dirty. It was many years before he would tell me an off-color joke. His clothes were not of the first quality, his Mother sent to Montgomery Ward for them. His clothes didn't always match, but in those days only suits matched. He always wore blue serge for many years, until I won an argument and he got a gray one. His last one was green and that was the best-looking suit he ever had, so that went with him.

He always wore a necktie no matter how hot it was. All the men did. Sport shirts hadn't come into vogue at that time.

One night he came to take me out, I guess to the movies, and it was a very hot night. My Mother told him to take his tie off and unbutton his collar. He said he couldn't take me out looking like that. She won the argument and we left the tie at my house until we came back.

Gordon had the "Lord" shape to his head but had the Freeman chin (His mother was a Freeman). Johnny has it also.

BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT

Gordon went to Concord, Mass. to work on a dairy farm, but he didn't like it. It was too far away from me, he said, so he gave it up and came home.

Shortly after that he read about a job in Tyngsboro, for a man on a farm. He applied and was soon working in Tyngsboro for Dr. Arthur Gage, a surgeon at Lowell General Hospital.

In the meantime, a Mrs. Morton, who lived on East Street, came up to our house and asked my Mother if she knew any girl who would go to Bristol, Connecticut to help her daughter. She had married the son of the owner of the Ingraham Clock Factory, had two small children and needed help.

I was sitting there listening and suddenly, I decided that I would go.

My Mother was kind of dubious about my going because I was only 17 and had never been away from home. I convinced her that I wanted to go. In a week's time I was on my way to Bristol, Connecticut.

They lived in a large house and the children were about three years and six months old. They were very nice people and were really good to me. They took me to church with them and introduced me to girls my age. I was taken into their club.

Mr. Dudley Ingraham had a beautiful tenor voice. Every Sunday morning before church, he would practice because he sang in the choir.

They had another maid, Hattie, who was about 40, who used to go out with men down in the foreign section. I was not allowed to go out with Hattie. Mrs. Ingraham, having been brought up in Ipswich and knowing my family, said, "they were not the right kind of people that I should be seen with."

Dudley Ingraham was the one who introduced me to "Angel Food". He asked me if I knew how to make it because his mother used to make it. I took the Boston Cooking School Book that they had and looked through the eggs and found the recipe for "Eggs ala Golden Rod". To our family it was always "Angel Food".

I was in Bristol all winter and never wore my overshoes. It was the law in Bristol that "your sidewalks would have to be cleaned off after the snow stopped by a certain time, all sidewalks were paved and cleared.

It was only a short distance to the center of town. I could take Seymour, the oldest child, in his stroller and walk down town. The Ingraham family had three boys. Seymour was a songwriter and was killed in the War. I learned this years later.

Mrs. Ingraham died, and the Methodist Church in Ipswich was renovated inside with the money that Mr. Ingraham gave in her memory. There is a plaque in the back of the church in her memory. Her family had been very active in the church.

One day, Gordon called. Luckily the family was out, because all I had on was a robe. We talked quite a while. Gordon said there was a job in Tyngsboro for me. Could I come? I gave up my job in April and went up to work at Burry Head Farm in Tyngsboro.

TYNGSBORO

This house was a seventeenth century house and at one time had been a roadhouse, sort of a hotel and dance hall. It was shaped like an L lying down.

Dr. and Mrs. Gage lived in the main house. The manager lived in the ELL. The second floor was the "dance hall". They partitioned off the end to make a room for the hired men to sleep in (two men).

The work was not hard. Mrs. Gage never made me do anything she wouldn't do herself. When I was through, I went to the other part of the house to be with Gordon.

At first when he went up there he milked cows and things on the farm. He couldn't drive at that time.

There was a Ford roadster that the men could use to go into the movies or into Lowell. Sometimes he went on the milk route with the other guy. By watching the other guy drive, he learned to drive and got his driving license. Then he went on the route for good, to deliver milk.

The cows that Dr. Gage had were registered Guernsey's. His milk was special at 25 cents a quart. Most milk sold for 10 cents a quart at that time. Most of his customers were on special diets, especially children. Everything had to be done just right and the butterfat checked. Every month the Inspector would come to look over their records. Dr. Gage was really fussy about his cows and the milk.

One of the cows was "Electra". She was registered in the National Register. When she became too old (3 or 4 years) to make her record, she was sold for beef. She had been pushed so far and fast that she was not any good for breeding. Electra did have twin calves, but that was all. After that she went downhill.

The registered bull that they had was mammoth. His name was "Mixer Disturber".

We had a day and a half per month when we would come home to Ipswich by train. We had to take a train in Lowell and change in Salem for Ipswich.

Gordon bought his first car in Tyngsboro, a second hand one. They must have seen him coming because it was a lemon. He was no good at getting a bargain. If it was cheap in price, he thought it was a bargain. Down through our life, there were many times that this happened.

One weekend, we decided to come home in the car. We had a couple of flats on the way home, but we finally arrived.

On Sunday, we started back around 4 p.m. so as not to have to drive in the dark. It was pouring rain. We had one flat after another. I was no help, so I stayed in the car.

In those days there was an inner tube in the tire. That had to be taken out and patched with a patch and rubber cement. One always kept a can of this patching stuff in the car.

We arrived back at the farm around midnight, soaking wet. The car also leaked. We should have made it in an hour or two.

Not long after that Gordon got rid of the car, not to have another for many years.

MARRIED

We had talked about getting married, but I don't think I was too serious about it. I did not have the initiative to find out how to go about doing it.

We used to have block dances down town in Ipswich. They would block off the whole of Central Street from Conley's to Market Street. Sometimes some of the gang would go up to the old Baptist Church, sit on the steps and listen to the music.

One night, Gordon asked me when he could put a ring on my finger. I said, "Any time." So, we went looking for a ring.

I do not care for diamonds and Gordon knew it. He said, "How about a Sapphire?" That was my birth stone. We couldn't find a blue one, so he bought me a pink sapphire next Christmas.

My Mother had said she didn't want me to marry until I was 21. I was probably 18 or 19. This was in the summer, so I probably was 19 in September.

I did Gordon's washing, cleaned his room, his ironing, mending, darning in Tyngsboro. We might as well have been married. Then I'd only have one room to clean.

We explained this to my Mother and she finally gave in. I could have married without her consent, but I didn't want to.

We had been home in October, so we decided that we would be married the next month on the first. At that time everything happened on the First because that's when we got paid.

Mrs. Thomas, the Manager's wife and I went into Lowell to get a dress, hat, shoes and other things. When I bought my shoes, the man told me: "you have an expensive foot." I asked him why, but he only said, "You'll find out." I did. I have a small size with a narrow heel.

CARS

After the car in Tyngsborough, Gordon didn't have another car until he worked at Greenslits. They let him have one to drive and they paid for the gas. It was a Ford Roadster with a trunk. He took off the trunk cover and made a rumble seat of wood so that four or five could ride in it rather than two. The seats were always full.

We often went bowling or to a Grange meeting. We bowled once a week at the alleys in Beverly. All the Granges had teams and we bowled against each other. Beverly, Danvers, West Gloucester, Essex, Topsfield, Rowley, Peabody and Ipswich. At the end of the year we would have a banquet. The alley was on Cabot Street underneath an ice cream parlor.

We joined the Grange before Tyngsboro in 1922, I graduated from Essex Aggie in 1921, I gave up Connecticut in 1924, and we were married in 1924.

MARRIAGE

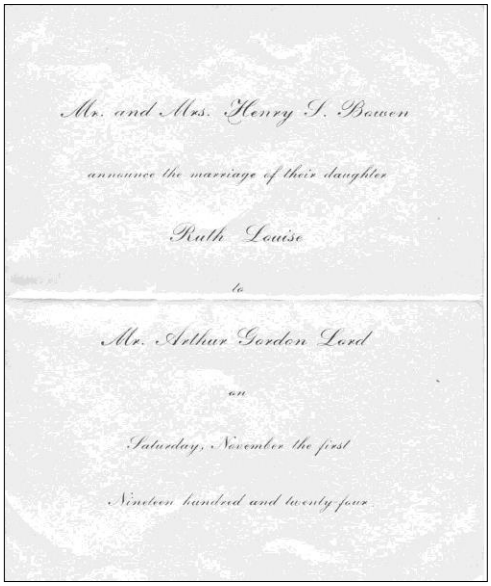
As my memory gets closer to the present day, I cannot recall as much so I am not sure how far I will get.

In 1924 Gordon and I decided to get married. We decided to hold the ceremony over in Newbury because Harold and Dot Lord were going to stand up with us and they lived there.

They made arrangements with the Congregational minister there. His name was Charles Sumner Hofton, quite well known in this section of the country. He was their minister. We weren't sure about either of our mothers, whether they could do anything to stop us.

Gordon's mother was not too keen about me. She said I was too noisy and I think maybe she thought I wasn't good enough, although she had married into the same family.

Ebenezer Lord was my great uncle and my mother's mother was Sarah Lord, Ebenezer's sister. Gordon was my second cousin.


Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Bowen

announce the marriage of their daughter

Ruth Louise

to

Mr. Arthur Gordon Lord

on

Saturday, November the first

Nineteen hundred and twenty four

We each wrote a note to our parents, so they would get it on the day we were married. We decided on the first of November. Gordon had been born on the first of August 1901. I was born on the first of September 1904.

My dress was brown crepe de chine, with ecru lace and satin ribbon. There is a picture of us taken the next day somewhere.

Of course, I had a hat, everybody wore one. It was a brown brocaded velvet with a gold thread running thru it, the tassel was brown. Kind of a turban. Tassels were quite the thing at that time. I wore the coat that I had worn for the last two winters that had been handed down.

We walked up to the minister's house, at the end of a pond, in Newbury. About a mile. It was not exactly warm. The only ones who were there, besides Harold and Dot and us, were the minister and his wife.

The minister asked us how we came. Harold told him we walked, so he said, "I'll get my coat and take you home in the car."

We spent the night in Newbury. The next morning, we took the trolley car home. We packed our suitcases and took the train to Brunswick, Maine and stayed at Susie's until Wednesday. We had to go to work the next day.

While we were gone Mrs. Gage (owner) and Mrs. Thompson (manager's wife) took the Men's bedroom apart, cleaned, got new curtains (ruffled ones), put in a larger bed and other furniture, a carpet on the floor and a new spread. They must have worked all the time we were gone because it was the prettiest bedroom I had ever had.

We stayed at Burry Head Farm and our first baby was born in Lowell at Lowell Corporation Hospital, now St. John's. Arthur Gordon Lord, Jr., born October 10, 1925.

Dr. and Mrs. Gage were having a cottage built for us, just down the hill from the farm. Everything that was done to that little four-room cottage, there was an argument about it between the Gages.

I was still working for the doctor and so I heard the arguments, every single mealtime. I ate alone in the kitchen.

I was pregnant, and the baby was born on October 10th. From the first he cried a lot and would not keep the milk down. When the nurse would bring him to me to be nursed his mouth would be wide open and his little hands would be waving. He weighed five pounds and he lived about a week. He reminded me of a baby bird.

He died in the afternoon. They were to have a conference as to whether they could operate. They weren't sure what the matter was, so they asked me if they could perform an autopsy. Gordon came around five o'clock and told me, and then I went all to pieces.

Dr. Gage (my doctor was Dr. Tabor) told me later after I came home that the baby's intestines were in a knot and nothing went any further and he starved to death.

Recently I read an article about this and there is a name for it. If he had been born now they could have saved him.

About a month before the baby was born, the cottage was finished, and we moved in. We stayed with the doctor for another year, I guess, and then he gave up the milk route and we had to move.

Gordon got a job (same thing) with the Kidd Dairy and we moved to Canada Street in Lowell. It was a lovely house. We lived on one side and the owner lived on the other side. They were Scottish. He was the pharmacist at McCord's Drug Store in Lowell and they were very nice people. He would give Gordon all the packing boxes to use for firewood. Everything came packed in wooden boxes in those days.

There was an orchard out back and we could have all the fruit. There was an Alberta Peach Tree, so I practically lived under that tree while I was pregnant with Kenneth. "Wonder he wasn't born with a peach on his nose!"

Nothing very exciting happened when we lived there except Kenneth was born on October 3, 1927, at the same hospital in Lowell. I lost my wedding ring 2 weeks before he was born. In this hospital the baby was in a bassinette in the mother's room.

One of the young prob nurses had a particular walk. Kenneth would be crying and would stop when he heard this nurse coming. He knew if she came into my room, he would stop crying and she would take him to the nursery across the hall. But if she didn't and went into the nursery, he would start crying again.

Even at 3 days old he liked to argue. Like the first baby, I had loads of milk for him and fed another baby who was kind of sickly. He was the only one of my children I nursed. The rest were brought up on evaporated milk and Karo syrup and water. Except John, who was allergic to syrup. He just had milk and water.

The house on Canada Street was kind of on a back alley. Originally, I think, it was on Lincoln Street, but they evidently, from what I heard, straightened out Lincoln Street, which put this house back from the road. Then they built two three deckers in front of the house, with the alley between.

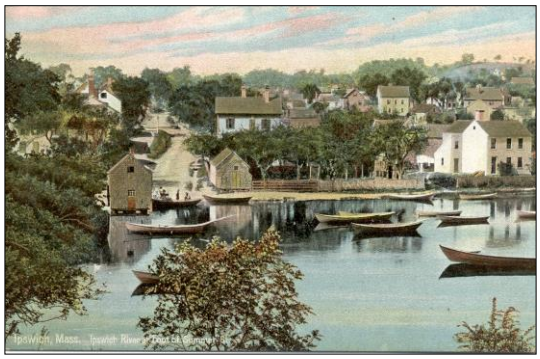
This was why we got it for so cheap rent. Canada Street ran in front of the orchard, so it was hard to find us and quite a few of Gordon's and my family came up to see us but couldn't find us. We didn't know anyone in Lowell and so I got kind of homesick.

We had a large gray cat called "Scamper." There was a swamp on one side of Canada Street and the cat would go down and bring home a snake, stun it just enough so he couldn't get away, then the cat would lay it across the back step. Gordon hated snakes and when he came home he would make hash of it with an axe.

We also had a dog that had some Airedale in him. He was jealous of Kenneth and we didn't dare leave them in the same room.

One day a man came selling something. The baby was asleep on the back porch in his carriage. When I went to get my pocketbook, the man took a step backwards to look at the baby. The dog jumped between him and the baby. We never had any more trouble with the dog. We had him for 12 years. Rex I, the first Rex.

LOWER SUMMER STREET



Not long after we moved back to Ipswich. Kenneth was 6 months old. We lived with my parents for a short time until we found a house down on Summer Street. We lived there until 1937.

My brother Chet & Dot and their family lived across the street. Chetty was almost a year older than Kenneth and they would go hand in hand up Summer Street or down Water Street. No matter if you fenced Kenneth in, he was out before you got back in the house. We used to call him "Houdini." Four or five times a day we would be out looking for them. They were between 2 and 3 years old. What one couldn't think of, the other did. The things those two did were numerous. Kenneth was a student at the Aggie and left to go into the service in 1943.

Chetty lost his leg when he was six years old, had an artificial one, and died at 21 when he was to go into his third year at the University of Massachusetts. A brain tumor. There is a trophy out there that is presented for track in his name each year.

Shortly after we came to Ipswich to live, Grammy and Grampy Lord came to live with us.

When Kenneth was about a year and a half, Grampy Lord shoveled the driveway after Gordon told him not to, but being a Lord, he was stubborn. The next day we took him to the hospital with pneumonia. He died six days later, December 17, 1928.

She elected to have him waked at Whittier Funeral Parlor instead of the church. No one from the Baptist Church came to the funeral and they ostracized her for the next two years. Grammy Lord was a good Christian, read her Bible each day and never said a bad word about anyone, but she was a frisky little lady. When things didn't go her way, she would get mad. We would have to take her to one of her other children's, but she would always come back to our house.

[Footnote: I should explain. Funeral parlors were just coming into vogue and were not considered the place for the funeral of a husband. But in order to get anyone out of the old Baptist Church they had to take a window out because the vestibule was not large enough to move a casket. Grammy Lord had witnessed one of the family being taken out that way and she said very definitely that her husband was not going to be taken out the window.]

Barbara MacGilvary and Adele Porier would babysit for us (50 cents a night), sometimes my mother, so we could go to Grange or bowl. We had joined the Grange in 1922 before we were married. In April 1995 I had belonged to the Grange for seventy-three years. Doesn't seem possible. Gordon and I received our 50-year jewel at Pomona not long before he passed away. Massachusetts State Grange is the only one of the States in the country that gives a jewel for 50 years' membership. Of course, everyone gets a certificate. You'll find ours and the National ones in my things somewhere.

[June 1995]

It's been quite a while since I wrote anything. Just haven't been able to remember anything. Sometimes I write other things, like writing for the paper about something at the Plantation. Many people have told me they like what I write.

One night a week we took 6 Grangers to the Beverly Bowling Alley on Cabot Street to bowl. Gordon was a good bowler with an average of about 96, I think, but he was very good. He played not as a game but as something to win. He never seemed to relax. The only time that he really relaxed and had fun was later, when we bowled with the Couples League (Paul and Leatrice too). That was the year we bowled with Anne and Walter Skinner. We missed out on the trophy by one point. I had a pretty good year although I never averaged more than 76. Only once I got over 100 (101).

Gordon worked for Gardner Caverly on the Moth Department for a while. The three of us had been friends for many years. He had told Gordon if we came back to Ipswich he would have a job for him.

Somebody told him Mr. and Mrs. Greenslit needed a handyman, so he went down there and got the job and stayed there until the Robinson's Shipyard opened. There was more money there so Mrs. Greenslit told him to go get a job there, but he worked for her in his spare time for 40 years until she died.

We always were provided with a car and gasoline. The Greenslits lost a lot of money in the Bank Crash in 1929. After that we had to pay for our own gas when we used the car. It was always a Ford.

One morning when Kenneth woke up. He was about a month old; he had three little bites in a triangle on his arm. Three or four sets of bites. Of course, I thought he was coming down with something.

I called my mother, up at the top of Summer Street, (we were at the bottom of Summer Street) and she came down. She took one look at him and said, "Bed bugs!" It seemed that the people who lived there before us had a big family and probably had them.

My mother got "Black Leaf 40" and sprayed the bassinet and my bed and that was the last we saw of bed bugs. If you should squash one, they have an awful odor.

A gang of young people, almost all members of the Grange, would come to the house every Sunday night, usually about 8 people. We would play croquet, horseshoes or other games until dark, and then we would go in the house and play card games or board games. Then I would give them something to eat. One night I gave them "Banana Fritters".

It happened that one of the fellows had brought a different girl with him. She was from Rowley and we took her home. I don't think I saw her again until Many years later after I had moved into the Rowley Plantation elderly housing. Her mother is one of my friends at the Plantation. I saw this woman over at the Hall and I looked at her and she looked just like her mother. I said: "Is your name Eleanor?" She looked at me and said, "Banana Fritters".

I must have a face that never seems to change because people always remember me even after many years.

Kenneth was a healthy baby and grew to be a very active child. One never took your eyes off him because you never knew what he would do next. Everything went into his mouth. He was also stubborn and probably hyper.

One night, after I put him to bed, the gang came in. Kenneth came down stairs and walked into the sitting room stark naked. He was probably about two years old. Shortly after I found him going down Summer Street pushing his cart with nothing on below the shirt.

One of the things that Kenneth could not understand, was that the other children in the neighborhood had lights on their Christmas tree, "Why couldn't we?" We didn't have electricity or and indoor toilet on Summer Street. Finally, Gordon went downtown and bought a couple of dry cell batteries and a light with a sort of flower around it. He put it on the top of the Christmas tree, hitched it up to the batteries and "presto" there was light on Kenneth's Christmas tree.

He went out and told all the kids in the neighborhood (there were plenty) and each one had to come in and see the light on his Christmas tree. He was happy.

On March 17, 1930, we had a little girl. She only lived three days. She was a blue baby. Now they could have saved her, but at that time they didn't know what to do.

My mother said she was the prettiest baby she had ever seen. She was born at Cable Memorial Hospital but died at North Shore Babies Hospital in Salem. She is buried in our lot in the Highland Cemetery. Her name was Phyllis Louise.

Paul came along January 27, 1932. He was just the opposite of Kenneth. Paul had golden ringlets all over his head. I never thought any of my children would have curly hair because mine was so straight. Of course, Gordon had wavy hair. Paul's stayed that

way until we had it cut to make him look more like a boy. Everyone thought he was a girl with the nice curly hair.

Paul was one to take care of himself. At nine months, he threw his bottle out of the crib and never again used it. At 9 months I also never had a wet bed. He practically trained himself because he couldn't stand being dirty. So, what did he grow up to be – an auto mechanic, one never knows.


Paul & John

One day Paul said, "I want to go to the toilet the way Daddy does." So, I had to open the fly and show him how. He was always independent. He knew where kitties and puppies came from long before Kenneth did.

Two years and four months later, Johnny came into the world at 4:30 a.m. on one of the coldest nights of the year. It was ten below zero. Gordon called Dr. Collins at 4 a.m. and he arrived about 4:30, just about the time Johnny arrived. (His car froze up) The mercury they put in the baby's eyes had frozen and he had to thaw it out. The next day his eyes were like big bubbles. We never saw his eyes until he was week old. He could have gone blind.

During the time I was in bed, the temperature never went above zero. It went to – 25^{o} one night. Johnny was ten days old before it went above zero.

Johnny never buttoned a coat or wore a hat for very long. He never minded the cold.

FELLOWS ROAD

We decided to move and looked at several houses before we found the one on Fellows Road. It had not been lived in since July and this was the last of January 1937.

Grammy Lord was living with us but at the time was safely up to her son George's in Lowell, or so we thought. The day we moved in the final articles, they showed up. George said: "They could not talk her out of it."

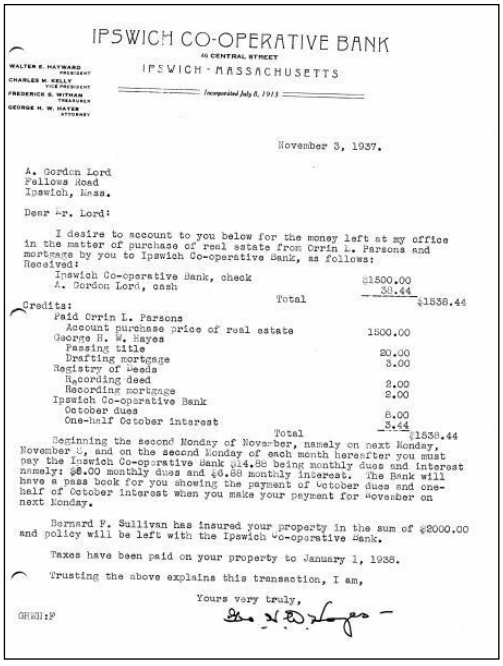
That was understandable because she was stubborn (a typical Nova Scotian) and when she made up her mind, that was it.

We put stoves in the kitchen, sitting room and her bedroom and had a kerosene oil stove in the bathroom (later it almost asphyxiated us. Those oil heaters are now outlawed but sometimes you read about them in the paper). Grammy would let her fire almost go out (to save wood), then put on a shawl and run outdoors to find dry kindling to start it again.

Inez came and took her to Lynn. She came down with pneumonia, the same as Grampy Lord. She lived just a week thereafter and was buried on St. Valentine's Day 1938. She lived in the house on Fellows Road about seven days.

[May 9, 1996]

We were going to buy the house on Fellows Road, but the bank would not take it until some repairs were made.



IPSWICH CO-OPERATIVE BANK
46 CENTRAL STREET
IPSWICH - MASSACHUSETTS
Incorporated July 8, 1913

WALTER E. HAYWARD, PRESIDENT
CHARLES M. KELLY, VICE-PRESIDENT
FREDERICK S. WITHAM, TREASURER
GEORGE H. W. HAYES, ATTORNEY

November 3, 1937.

A. Gordon Lord
Fellows Road
Ipswich, Mass.

Dear Mr. Lord:

I desire to account to you below for the money left at my office in the matter of purchase of real estate from Orrin L. Parsons and mortgage by you to Ipswich Co-operative Bank, as follows:

Received:

Ipswich Co-operative Bank, check	$1500.00	
A. Gordon Lord, cash	30.44	
Total		$1538.44

Credits:

Paid Orrin L. Parsons		
Account purchase price of real estate	1500.00	
George H. W. Hayes		
Passing title	20.00	
Drafting mortgage	3.00	
Registry of Deeds		
Recording deed	2.00	
Recording mortgage	2.00	
Ipswich Co-operative Bank		
October dues	8.00	
One-half October interest	3.44	
Total		$1530.44

Beginning the second Monday of November, namely on next Monday, November 8, and on the second Monday of each month hereafter you must pay the Ipswich Co-operative Bank $14.88 being monthly dues and interest namely: $8.00 monthly dues and $6.88 monthly interest. The Bank will have a pass book for you showing the payment of October dues and one-half of October interest when you make your payment for November on next Monday.

Bernard F. Sullivan has insured your property in the sum of $2000.00 and policy will be left with the Ipswich Co-operative Bank.

Taxes have been paid on your property to January 1, 1938.

Trusting the above explains this transaction, I am,

Yours very truly,

GHWH:F

The dining room ceiling was about to collapse. The squirrels had stored their nuts up there and the ceiling was dropping quite a bit and had to be repaired immediately. Gordon pulled it all down and with it nuts, buckets and buckets of them. In no time we had a new ceiling.

The stairs to the third floor was thick with more nuts. This was January and it hadn't been lived in since July.

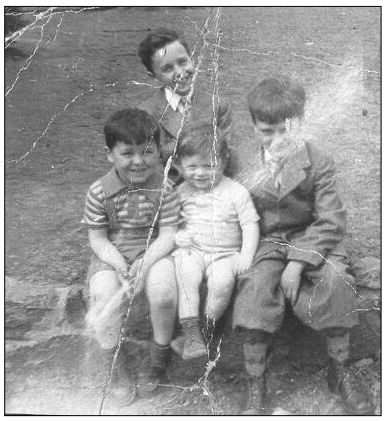
The front door was on the northwest corner of the house, with two doors that opened in the middle and a hall that went through a doorway to the dining room. It was open to the third floor.

Later Gordon closed the door to the dining room and made a clothes closet. He also, much later, took out the French doors that went into the sitting room and made an arch. It made the room bigger and circulated the heat better.

Of course, there were no storm windows. They came later. The cellar was always a disaster. Made of rough stone, it was always drafty and cold.

But it was a place to live. Finally, after six months, the bank accepted the mortgage. We paid four dollars a month on Summer Street and three dollars on Fellows Road when we first moved into the house, but it was ours.

[January 31, 1997]



Strangely enough we lived on that corner for almost 50 years. Although there were plenty of kids playing on that corner, no child was struck by a car. Plenty of cats and dogs who did not know enough to get out of the way were struck and killed.

One year later Dean was born and three years later Bruce came.

[March 17, 1997]

Today would have been my daughters 67th birthday. I wonder what she would have been like.

My father passed away on December 31, 1961 and my mother on May 3, 1965. From then on one after the other passed away including Linwood, Susie, Howard and Teeny and of course Dianna's murder. As far as I know that was never solved.

Gordon passed away on October 27, 1972 of cancer of the lungs. He was sick actually about a year although it wasn't too noticeable until about May, when we were dancing to Guy Lombardo's Orchestra. He only made half around the hall at the V.F.W. in Ipswich.

Gordon had been with Tim Clark for over 25 years. They didn't do much for the family when he died. Mr. And Mrs. Clark and the six children came to the funeral. Except for Tim, Jr., I have not set eyes on any of them since. I did read in the newspaper that Mrs. Clark had passed away.

We lived in the house on Fellows Road, but the children were growing up and leaving home to get married.

Two years before Gordon passed away, Blanche brought the six children and said she would go shopping and be back in an hour. We never heard or saw her again for four years. Previously, she had left Johnny and taken the children to Newburyport. John was living at home.

We brought up David, Karen, Kevin and Brenda. Cindy was adopted by her Aunt and Uncle. Holly was brought up by another family. Two years after their arrival, Gordon died. I brought them up the rest of the way.

R.S.V.P.

Around 1975, I joined the R.S.V.P. which is a volunteer program. I was at many different places: The Winthrop and High School, Heard House, Information Booth, Baptist Church and several others.

The one I enjoyed the most was the Seaview Nursing Home. At first, I went for singing in a group, but not being much of a singer, I asked about something else. When I told them I could sew, there was plenty to do. I mended, patched, made over, anything in the sewing line and enjoyed every moment. At first it was monthly, but then it was weekly.

The patients would sometimes come in and talk. As my hearing is not as good as it might be, even with my hearing aid, I quite often wouldn't know what they were talking about and at times they didn't either.

Arthritis was taking its toll and every step is like a tooth ache. My eyes were also giving me problems. There were things that I would stumble over so I had to give it up after 12 years.

I have also had to give up the trips with the Golden Age. Now I am alone a good part of the time. I wish the family would come oftener, but I know they are all busy.

My great grandchildren are increasing rapidly. I am waiting for Chad to get married so I can have a great great-grand child. (*Note: Chad did get married and, in the Summer of 2000, the first great great-grandchild was born)*

My kids are all looking forward to celebrating my 100$^{th\ birthday}$, I still tell them they are crazy.

One of my worries is that if there was a fire at night, I can't smell, nor can I hear. What do I do? I'm sure the fire alarm will go off. It is so sensitive. (*Note: so sensitive that she set it off five times in thirty days by smoking up her kitchen)*

[On March 1, 2001, Ruth Lord became a resident of Seaview Nursing Home in Rowley.]

GUY LOMBARDO, December 10, 1995

Tonight, on Channel 2, they had the Guy Lombardo Band, The Royal Canadians. As everybody knows "the Sweetest Music this side of Heaven."
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bInSBT3BUO4

It was so good to hear good music for a change, and see people dancing together and in nice dresses and their hair combed. They sang a song that I haven't thought of for years and I remembered every word of the chorus.

Enjoy yourself, It's later than you think.
Enjoy yourself, While you're in the pink.
The years go by As quickly as a wink.
Enjoy yourself, enjoy yourself, It's later than you think.

The Lombardo's are probably all gone by now, including the sister, who was one of the speakers on the program.

The last dance Gordon and I had together was at the V.F.W. in Ipswich, when they had the real Guy Lombardo's Band there. We got around half of the hall and that was it. He was too tired to finish. Shortly after he was diagnosed with lung cancer.

November 4, 1999, Plantation Drive has longtime visitors

We've had visitors here at the plantation recently who have been here a long time, but we did not see them. About two weeks ago, a young deer came and appeared at the front area of the houses. We have a large apple tree in front of my bedroom window. The ground is covered with good-sized apples.

Recently, I looked out the window for a look at the foliage, and there, not more than 30 feet away, were two deer, enjoying our apples. It didn't seem to matter that each apple contained a worm.

There was no sign of antlers, so they were either two females or young deer. I did take some pictures before they went away, and I hope they come out.

It was interesting to the residents of this building. A bit of nature environment, on a beautiful October afternoon.

(Editor's note, Plantation Drive is the location for elderly housing in Rowley, Massachusetts.)