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Memoir: Mabel Bolles Sheehan, 1898-1976.

(She was born August 6, 1898. Where she has listed her age for a particular time in the text below, a year or year range has been added by the cataloguer in brackets.)

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[cover]

My Autobiography

Mabel Bolles Sheehan

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10/21/57 [1957]

THINGS I CAN REMEMBER AS A CHILD IN HOBOKEN, N.J. 1898-1906

Our Lady of Grace on Willow St.

I can remember the park down by the church/where in summer Uncle J. used to take me to see the birds in the fountain, fluttering taking their bathes; and in the winter my mother would take me over and pay 1 cent to any boy who would give me a ride on their sled on the cold snow. I can remember being very haopy with this locality. Age 3-4 [circa 1901-1902]

I can remember hearing screams and yells when we lived down near the park and looking out and realizing that a little boy had been run down with a horse and wagon and his leg was broken. This is one of the early memories - about 2-3 [circa 1900-1901]

Also there was the picture of me taken by Vetter and I can remember how those patent leather shoes hurt me so, and how I had a very bad blister on my toe from them. I was probably five [years old] or less. [ca. 1904-1905]

We lived up farther on Park Ave. when I was six [ca. 1904]. I remember the daughter of the Mayor of Hoboken went to school with me - she was lovely, but I was dressed just as nicely as she was. Alice Roach lived down the street - and also near her in her apartment there was a man who was a motorman or conductor on the street cars which went to Hudson Heights or Bergen Point and in the spring he used to bring home turtle eggs for the kids. We used to try and hatch them, so we would have little turtles, by putting them on the window sill In the warm sunshine. I never had a turtle hatch out, tho.

I can remember getting up early so I could sit with Pa and Uncle Johnny and they each would give me a bit of their fried egg, the yellow part, on a piece of buttered bread - and how very good it tasted to me.

I can remember having the measles to the point of being out of my mind, and remember as I got well my mother bought a whole pound of smelts - fixed them and I ate the whole mess of them - with relish. I got better quickly.

I remember that while having the measles Uncle Harvey brought me a little souvenir of a cardboard tree trunk with an artificial cherry on it, and it was filled with candy. It was February and how I loved it.

I remember going over to the dairy to get milk in your own pail, and the man or woman behind the counter dipped it out in the quantity you required. Pasteurized? I doubt it.

I remember Mama going out and buying a dozen or more big crabs and boiling them for a meal, or she would get a big shad and roast it with dressing inside it. Delicious. P.S. - the fishman came around and blew a big horn to let you know he was there. He had all kinds of sea food and I guess that is where I got the liking for them.

I remember going to the store across the street for my mother and buying 2 cents worth of soup greens which comprised a scallion, celery stalk, parsley, carrot, etc. Also a wee bundle of kindling wood for 5 cents. Mom always bought 1# [pound] of sugar, 1# of flour, 1# of beans - small quantities of everything.

I remember Hudson Park on the Palisades overlooking the North River and we used to go over there and sit outdoors - there was no place excepting the stoop where we lived. I can remember I never was allowed to go on the grass - where I could go the grass had all been worn down by countless other children.

I remember going to Weehawken where Auntie lived and she and I would take nice long walks along the Kings Highway where lovely big old homes were nestled in among the trees. If we walked up from Hoboken we had to go on terrifically hot pavement past 14th St. where a wall paper dye factory was located and the

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heat would bring out the acrid odor of the dye. There were barrels of it in all colors set out around the outside of the building also.

James Bierne and his mother lived in an apartment block with Auntie in Weehawken and he and I would go out in the backyard (yes, there was one, all boarded up in back of the service yard where Auntie and all hung their wash, said service yard was cemented - no grass), and get long weeds and chase the little yellow butterflies.

Uncle Johnny worked with some man who had a litter of puppies and he gave one to me. Uncle Johnny brot [sic - brought] it home (wrapped up in a suit coat as it was bitter cold) - it was a darling - but he was lonely for his mamma, uncle had to take it back. I thought I would die!

Sundays in summer we took the open streetcar and went to Hudson Heights or Bergen Point where it was open country and some sort of water - I can't remember whether it was a lake or river. You went to the hotel and mom and pa had a glass of beer, and everyone had rye bread sandwiches made with pot cheese in which my mother always ordered "with cream" in which also there were chives. What a wonderful day - something to look forward to.

My mother also on those terrible scorching hot days would take me on the ferry over to New York and we would get on the Coney Island Boat just to get a breath of the salty ocean air. Many times we wouldn't even get off and see anything - come right back on the boat to keep cool. I can remember the ocean surf and my mother letting me go out in it held by the hand of course. I remember all I had on was my little pants - I was probably 2-3 [ca. 1900-1902] then too. The waves were mighty high - and the life lines were there for peoples' protection.

One Christmas when I was about 5-6 [ca. 1903-1904] I remember waking up and looking up on the ledge which was on the partition between the kitchen and my bedroom and seeing the most wonderful, wonderful gift. It was a little cast iron stove with a stovepipe, fry pan, kettle, poker, lids, door opened, etc. I don't believe I ever loved a gift more than that. I still have it almost intact!

We lived on a cross street once - maybe ninth st. and the O'Connor's + Desmonds lived across the street. Every night we used to sit on the steps in the summer - all the families did - it was so hot in the flat, and everyone would have punks to use to keep away the mosquitoes. The hokey-pokey man came around with penny ice cream cones - and what a treat! We also munched pumpkin seeds.

On Fridays we went to New York on the Hoboken lower ferry arriving in 14th St. and taking a street car over to Sixth Ave. There was the 14th St. Store, Siegel Coopers (where Uncle worked at one time), and the 14th St. Store had a roof garden where people went and sat on park benches probably up twelve or fifteen stories. I can remember the pebbled "ground" up there and the little pools where goldfish swam, around for the amusement of the customers.

We had lunch in a rathskellar on 14th St. where on Friday you got a big portion of baked beans and rye bread for little or less. Also at Siegel Coopers they had a beautiful statue of perhaps the Goddess of Liberty in the center of the store - maybe 20' [feet] high and all around her was a fountain. Located around the fountain was their ice cream and soda tables. Yummy! Also I can remember going on the elevator way up and seeing the displays of Jello which had just come out then. They were works of art - really marvelous with fruit, etc. placed in a beautiful layout in the various colors. Also they had a dairy department and we always got a big cold glass of buttermilk with the butter swimming on top with a couple of crackers 5 cents.

I can remember being taken to the Aquarium when it was down In Battery Park - taking the ferry to Barclay St. - walking to Broadway and thence to the Battery. On the way we would stop at City Hall Park and get a glass of charged water. Everyone did. I guess that is why I like charged water now.

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Also we used to stop at Benziger Bros, on Barclay St. and look at their stock of religious articles - big statues, small items, etc. There was also a church which we always visited. Too the Woolworth Bldg. - the tallest in the world! When I was a little older I can remember walking from the ferry across 14th St. to Sixth [Avenue] and seeing all these movie theatres ablaze with light. Admission 5 cents.

One time when I was probably 9 or 10 [ca. 1907-1908], back visiting Auntie, we were way up Fifth Ave. walking and it was peach time and Mama bought me some peaches to eat as we walked - we were up around 70th St. and we were all so hungry we were ready to faint. We finally got to the little restaurant I guess, but the peaches remain in my mind.

Also Uncle Harvey used to bring home ever so often Loft's Candy - even way back then - particularly the vanilla creams with the almond centers.

On the way to the Hoboken ferry there were many little shops selling fruit, etc. I was always given a piece of fresh cocoanut to eat - it probably cost a penny or two. Also they used to have just crushed ice with a flavored syrup which they sold for 1 cent a big pyramidal scoop.

When I was older, 10-11 [ca. 1908-1909] and back visiting Aunty Harvey, we used to go to an ice cream parlor on 14th & Washington and get the most delicious fresh peach ice cream I ever had in all my life. The nicest chocolate was in West New York - Jensens, a place where they made their own - very rich and very dark, and Auntie used to get me a scoop of whipped cream on it too.

According to the time of year, the push carts in New York would have various things on them. In the fall the lovely roasted chestnuts, summer the peaches as noted above, beautiful apples and pears, and I never was refused any of the delicacies.

One of my most precious and fondest memories was the trips back and forth from Hoboken to New York on the ferry boats - how I loved to go to the front and look at the New York skyline and to the rear when we were going back to Hoboken. The odor of the salt water, horses, gulls - the other boats plying thither and yon - maybe a big ocean liner coming in. And to top the whole thing the sound of the boat whistles - never do I hear them anywhere - really or on television - but what this whole scene comes back to me so very vividly. It is marvelous how a single sound will bring up a wonderful memory.

One of my earliest memories - -perhaps it should be the first paragraph of this wilting - -was that I was vaccinated for smallpox. Probably I wasn't more than 20 months or so. I remember standing in line with many people also standing there. I finally got up to this man who had some kind of a thing in his hand - later it seemed to me it must have been a piece of celluloid but I could be wrong - and he scratched my

arm. We went home and then I remember the terrific soreness of my whole arm - I would scream if my mother came as close to me as 5 feet - she had to dress it - and it was agony. I almost lost the arm, and have an oversized scar now to show for it. Because of that I never had Joanie vaccinated until she went to college. As I think of it now, I assume that the same needles were used for everyone and I got an infection from the sore. There wasn't too much done about things being antiseptic then. Probably that is why my brother died at 6 months [Frederick Frances Bolles, Dec. 1887-July 1888, Oneida, N.Y.] from cholera infantum - impure milk!

I can remember the German Bands - five or six men playing on street corners - big brass instruments - I can't remember why - but perhaps they were given coins just like the organ grinder. I can remember leaning out the upstairs window and throwing coins out which the monkey caught - or he would take them from you in his little paw if you were close enough to hand them to him.

Auntie had a doll - as large as a two year old child - sitting in a child's rocker (we still have the rocker). I was fascinated by this doll, and I was not supposed to go near it. I remember creeping over toward it - not walking, so I must have been very young, and in trying to get the doll it fell out of the chair, and broke its big beautiful head. All I can remember of that was that it was replaced with another head, brown eyes, and beautiful curly brown hair. I wonder if the original was blonde?

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7/16/58 [1958]

When I was lying in bed last night going to go to sleep I suddenly thought of a prayer my mother taught me and I used to say every night along with Angel of God, etc. It was - God bless Mabel, make her a good little girl, spare her health, spare her mamma and papa, Auntie and Uncle and Uncle Johnny, amen. It made me feel rather sad and lonely - I hadn't thought of it for over, way over, forty years!

Too, Uncle Harvey used to blow smoke in the soap bubbles I would blow with a clay pipe - and I used to laugh when they broke and the smoke dispersed.

Probably grade school time when I went to spend the summer at Auntie's in New Jersey. Uncle had a good job - and while I used to have a couple of oranges in my stocking at Christmas time only, at Auntie's I would have a plum, an orange, a pear, a peach, OR 5 cents under my plate each morning. It was something to get up for - and Uncle always did that for me. I shall never forget them or their kindness to me -

For my First Communion and Confirmation, Auntie bought me a "dress from New York" all insertion and hamburg - and I was very proud. She also would send dress lengths of real silk for Mama to have dresses made for me. I remember a white background with pink polka dots, and another beautiful taffeta - white with blue (beautiful blue) stripes.

8/1/61[1961] (almost 63 yrs old)

When Auntie lived in Weehawken, I could stand up on top of the toilet seat and look out a window which had a full view of the Hudson and the New York skyline - I spent quite a bit of time on that perch believe me. That particular window was on the back of the house and the front windows faced the Palisades. Then the Palisades was a mass of rock and studded with weeds and other things which grow wild and I particularly remember the Bouncing Bett's a very sweet smelling pink flower and I found one out in back of 427 Wilbur St. which really amazed me. In the evening - spring evenings and I can't remember how old I was but old enough to giggle a lot - Auntie had a round table in the middle of living room and we would play "bear". She would be the bear and chase me around the table and I would scream with fright even tho I knew she wouldn't hurt me and of course was not a bear - I must have been young to think there was danger. Also we would sit at the window and watch the sunset - we couldn't see any sun but we could see the lovely clouds all colors and Auntie would hold me in her lap and we would try and make out the different persons, places and things we could see in the cloud formations.

Also right across in front of the same place was the elevator which took the horse drawn wagons from the lower level of Weehawken up to the top of the Palisades (similar to the one in Quebec from the upper to the lower city). There was a fee for this and of course the thing, a couple of them - one going up as the other came down - was busy all the time. There also were the steps for pedestrians leading up the Palisade to the upper city - they used to call it The Thousand Steps. We used to climb them real often and every once in a while there was a landing with a bench-like seat on which you could sit and rest and view the Hudson. Joy, joy, joy!

I went to 1st grade [ca. 1904-1905] at the Lady of Grace School Clinton Street [cataloguer's note: this parochial school building was at the southwest corner of Willow Ave. and Fifth Street with a schoolyard at the back fronting on Clinton Street] in Hoboken when we lived there. Of course I was 6 years old and Sr.[Sister] Ferdinand whose friendship I kept until she died - not too long ago - was my first teacher. She was wonderful. She used to ask my mother if I could go around with her after school so she would have a companion - and I used to go with her to the Lady of Grace Hospital [cataloguer's note - Saint Mary Hospital] and visit people. There was a little candy store near the school and I had a penny real often which I sent for Jackson Balls - molasses-peppermint flavored - big ones a good diam [diameter] circle in size. The Convent where the sisters lived was on Washington St. and once in a while we would go there too. I remember getting slapped with a ruler because I didn't know about the Garden of Paradise and Adam & Eve. I have a picture of the 1st grade I think, Joanie, and I think you will be able to pick me out.

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When I was 4-5 [ca. 1902-1903] we lived in a house on Park Ave. - a three story affair - as I remember it we lived in the center apartment - Willie Hans and his people lived in the basement and someone else over us. Willie Hans was a very naughty little boy. My mother would dress me up every afternoon in a starched little dress and a starched little hamburg trimmed apron over it and I could go down and sit on the stoop to get the air. Quite often little Willie would come out of his basement and deliberately use

me as a "comfort station". I would run up to my mother and tell her and she spoke to his mother. BUT one day - and Willie was bigger than I - I got sick of this and tore into him and hit him -and that was the time he ran - and from then on I sat on the stoop in my starched little dress and apron unmolested. I guess I learned early!

It seems to me I have written about other things but do not find them as I scan this resume - how Thanksgiving was the time to dress up and go around from door to door as they do here at Hallowe'en - and the hardy ones would have long black cotton stockings filled with flour and they would pummel a person on the street with it. All good fun - and no one seemed to mind. We also had Mayday baskets and people filled them with goodies too.

The milk wagons were horse drawn - and even as now the big garbage cans used to be placed at the edge of the sidewalk on the proper days. I remember going to school one morning and the milk wagon horse was foraging around in the can. I got too close to him and he reached out and grabbed me by the back of my coat and held me in the air and dropped me - I was scared silly. Also one time crossing from Park Ave. to Clinton we crossed on 6th or 7th and they had a Chinese laundry there. The boys used to pester him much - throw stone at his window, etc., etc. This one day the pestering had happened and the Chinese had gotten in a rage and just as I was across the street he came rushing out from his laundry which was above street level with a series of steps - came down the steps with a long curved knife in his hands chasing the boys. I saw him coming - ran like a fiend - and fell flat against a light pole and put both little fingers out of joint. No one ever did anything about it and they are crooked of course to this day. I wonder that I have been able all these years to type as well as I have.

I shall leave the rest of this page empty to harbor any thoughts of my youth in Hoboken, and go on to the period when we moved back to Oneida

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The reason we ever got to Hoboken at all was my father worked for the National Casket Co. in Oneida. My mother was born in Oneida, my father in Holland Patent and they worked at one time worked at the spring-bed factory where I believe they met. My father was 7 years older than my mother. Of course my mother was a Kelly, one of five children aborn to Mary Delaney and John Kelly. There were Michael, Catherine, Ellen (called Nell) considered the prettiest girl in Oneida, - and who later is the Auntie about whom I speak so often; Elizabeth, my mother, and John, Jr. (Uncle Johnny). My grandparents - the Kellys - came over from Ireland and it took 6 weeks to get here in a sailing vessel, 1852, - and some folks died during the journey and were buried at sea. The other paternal grandparents, Cleora Stacy and George Bolles were from up Holland Patent and Remsen way. My father, Frank Orville Bolles [1867-1927], had three sisters - Myrtle, Jennie and Minnie and one brother - George Bolles.

Uncle Frank Eugene Harvey was born in Utica and how he met Auntie I do not know - he was handsome and so was she - and they married. Shortly after my mother and father married and had Freddie my brother who died 10 years before I was born. My mother has told me how she couldn't see how people

could laugh or smile when her world was so sad. Papa's people were very bigoted and disliked my mother for that reason, but Mom didn't flinch and in later years they were all good friends. Sometime later - and I am not sure how they all got down to New Jersey, my father was sent there by the National Casket Co. to Hoboken to teach men working there how to cut stock economically - Johnny of course came to live with my mother the day she was married and stayed until he was 76 years old - a period of 58 years, and may I say in passing my father was so good natured - uncle was "our family." I was born in Hoboken in 1898 - Aug. 6th - and Auntie and Uncle were there - he was working in St. John's Park - a terminal for the New York Central. Uncle Johnny was also with the Casket Co. -

When I was 7 or 8 [ca. 1905-1906; but per daughter Joan, it was 1909, thus she was about nine years old] we returned to Oneida but Auntie & Uncle Harvey stayed on - he with Seigel Cooper as an accountant.

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My Autobiography
Mabel Bolles Sheehan



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THINGS I CAN REMEMBER AS A CHILD IN HOBOKEN, N.J. 1898-1906 ~~or 7~~

Our Lady of Grace on Willow St.

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Also there was the picture of me taken by Vetter and I can remember how those patent leather shoes hurt me so, and how I had a very bad blister on my toe from them. I was probably five or less.

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(wrapped up in a suit coat as it was bitter cold)

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^{in summer} Sundays we took the open streetcar and went to Hudson Heights or Bergen Point where it was open country and some sort of water - I can't remember whether it was a lake or river. You went to the hotel and mom and pa had a glass of beer, and everyone had rye bread sandwiches made with pot cheese in which my mother always ordered "with cream" in which also there were chives. What a wonderful day - something to look forward to.

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On Fridays we went to New York on the ^{Not known} lower ferry arriving in 14th St. and taking a street car over to Sixth Ave. There was the 14th St. Store, Siegel Coopers (where Uncle worked at one time), and the 14th St. Store had a roof garden where people went and sat on park benches probably up twelve or fifteen stories. I can remember the pebbled "ground" up there and the little pools where goldfish swam around for the amusement of the customers.

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BACK VISITING AUNTIE

One time when I was probably 9 or 10 ^{FROM A PUSH CART} we were way up on Fifth Ave. walking and it was peach time and Mama bought me some peaches to eat as we walked - we were up around 70th St. and we were all so hungry we were ready to faint. We finally got to the little restaurant I guess, but the peaches remain in my mind.

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10-11 and back visiting Auntie Harvey

When I was older/we used to go to an ice cream parlor on 14th & Washington and get the most delicious fresh peach ice cream I ever had in all my life. The nicest chocolate was in West New York - ^{JEAN SEARS} a place where they made their own - very rich and very dark, and Auntie used to get me a scoop of whipped cream on it too. in New York

According to the time of year, the push carts/would have various things on them. In the fall the lovely roasted chestnuts, summer the peaches as noted above, beautiful apples and pears, and I never was refused any of the delicacies.

One of my most precious and fondest memories was the trips back and forth from Hoboken to New York on the ferry boats - how I loved to get to the front and look at the New York skyline and to the rear when we were going back to Hoboken. The odor of the salt water ^{AROSE} - the gulls - the other boats plying thither and yon - maybe a big ocean liner coming in. And to top the whole thing the sound of the boat whistles - never do I hear them anywhere - really or on television - but what this whole scene comes back to me so very vividly. It is marvelous how a single sound will bring up a wonderful memory.

One of my earliest memories - perhaps it should be the first paragraph of this writing - was that I was vaccinated for smallpox. Probably I wasn't more than 20 months or so. I remember standing in line with many people also standing there. I finally got up to this man who had some kind of a thing in his hand - later it seemed to me it must have been a piece of celluloid but I could be wrong - and he scratched my arm. We went home and then I remember the terrific soreness of my whole arm - I would scream if my mother came as close to me as 5 feet - she had to dress it - and it was agony. I almost lost the arm, and have an oversized scar now to show for it. Because of that I never had Joanie vaccinated until she went to college. As I think of it now, I assume that the same needles were used for everyone and I got an infection from the sore. There wasn't too much done about things being antiseptic then. Probably that is why my brother died at 6 months from cholera infantum - impure milk!

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Auntie had a doll - as large as a two year old child - sitting in a child's rocker (we still have the rocker). I was fascinated by this doll, and I was not supposed to go near it. I remember creeping over toward it - not walking, so I must have been very young, and in trying to get the doll it fell out of the chair, and broke its big beautiful head. All I can remember of that was that it was replaced with another head, brown eyes, and beautiful curly brown hair. I wonder if the original was blonde?

7/16/58

When I was lying in bed last night going to go to sleep I suddenly thought of a prayer my mother taught me and I used to say every night along with Angel of God, etc. It was - God bless Mabel, make her a good little girl, spare her health, spare her mamma and papa, Auntie and Uncle and Uncle Johnny, amen. It made me feel rather sad and lonely - I hadn't thought of it for over, way over, forty years!

Too, Uncle Harvey used to blow smoke in the soap bubbles I would blow with a clay pipe - and I used to laugh when they broke and the smoke dispersed.

Probably grade school time when I went to spend the summer at Auntie's in New Jersey. Uncle had a good job - and while I used to have a couple of oranges in my stocking at Christmas time only, at Auntie's I would have a plum, an orange, a pear, a peach, OR 5¢ under my plate each morning. It was something to get up for - and Uncle always did that for me. I shall never forget them or their kindness to me -

For my First Communion and Confirmation, Auntie bought me a "dress from New York" all insertion and hamburg - and I was very proud. She also would send dress lengths of real silk for Mama to have dresses made for me. I remember a white background with pink polka dots, and another beautiful taffeta - white with blue (beautiful blue) stripes.

When Auntie lived in Weehawken, I could stand up on top of the toilet seat and look out a window which had a full view of the Hudson and the New York skyline - I spent quite a bit of time on that perch believe me. That particular window was on the back of the house and the front windows faced the Palisades. Then the Palisades was a mass of rock and studded with weeds and other things which grow wild and I particularly remember the Bouncing Bett's a very sweet smelling pink flower and I found one out in back of 427 Wilbur St. which really amazed me. In the evening - spring evenings and I can't remember how old I was but old enough to giggle a lot - Auntie had a round table in the middle of living room and we would play "bear". She would be the bear and chase me around the table and I would scream with fright even tho I knew she wouldn't hurt me and of course was not a bear - I must have been young to think there was danger. Also we would sit at the window and watch the sunset - we couldn't see any sun but we could see the lovely clouds all colors and Auntie would hold me in her lap and we would try and make out the different persons, places and things we could see in the cloud formations.

Also right across in front of the same place was the elevator which took the horse drawn wagons from the lower level of Weehawken up to the top of the Palisades (similar to the one in Quebec from the upper to the lower city). There was a fee for this and of course the thing, a couple of them - one going up as the other came down - was busy all the time. Almost There also were the steps for pedestrians leading up the Palisade to the upper city - they used to call it The Thousand Steps. We used to climb them real often and every once in a while there was a landing with a bench-like seat on which you could sit and rest and view the Hudson. Joy, joy, joy!

on Clinton St.

I went to 1st grade at the Lady of Grace School in Hoboken when we lived there. Of course I was 6 years old and had Sr. Ferdinand whose friendship I kept until she died - not too long ago - was my first teacher. She was wonderful. She used to ask my mother if I could go around with her after school so she would have a companion - and I used to go with her to the Lady of Grace Hospital and visit people. There was a little candy store near the school and I had a penny real often which I spent for Jackson Balls - molasses-peppermint flavored - big ones a good inch circle in size. The Convent where the sisters lived was on Washington St. and once in a while we would go there too. I remember getting slapped with a ruler because I didn't know about the Garden of Paradise and Adam & Eve. I have a picture of the 1st grade I think, Joanie, and I think you will be able to pick me out.

Mabel - arrived People - under view things - 100 steps - many old

When I was 4-5 we lived in a house on Park Ave. - a three story affair - as I remember it we lived in the center apartment - Willie Hans and his people lived in the basement and someone else over us. Willie Hans was a very naughty little boy. My mother would dress me up every afternoon in a starched little dress and a starched little hamburg trimmed apron over it and I could go down and sit on the stoop to get the air. Quite often little Willie would come out of his basement and deliberately use me as a "comfort station". I would run up to my mother and tell her and she spoke to his mother. BUT one day - and Willie was bigger than I - I got sick of this and tore into him and hit him - and that was the time he ran - and from then on I sat on the stoop in my starched little dress and apron unmolested. I guess I learned early!

It seems to me I have wwritten about other things but do not find them as I scan this resume - how Thanksgiving was the time to dress up and go around from door to door as they do here at Hallowe'en - and the hardy ones would have long black cotton stöckings filled with flour and they would pummel a person on the street with it. All good fun - and no one seemed to mind. We also had Mayday baskets and people filled them with goodies too.

The milk wagons were horse drawn - and even as now the big garbage cans used to be placed at the edge of the sidewalk on the proper days. I remember going to school one morning and the milk wagon horse was foraging around in the can. I got too close to him and he reached out and grabbed me by the back of my coat and held me in the air and dropped me - I was scared silly. Also one time crossing from Park Ave. to Clinton we crossed on 6th or 7th and they had a Chinese laundry there. The boys used to pester him much - throw stone at his window, etc., etc. This one day the pestering had happened and the Chinese had gotten in a rage and just as I was across the street he came rushing out from his laundry which was above street level with a series of steps - came down the steps with a long curved knife in his hands chasing the boys. I saw him coming - ran like a fiend - and fell flat against a light pole and put both little fingers out of joint. No one ever did anything about it and they are crooked of course to this day. I wonder that I have been able all these years to type as well as I have.

I shall leave the rest of this page empty to harbor any thoughts of my youth in Hoboken, and go on to the period when we moved back to Oneida.

The reason we ever got to Hoboken at all was my father worked for the National Casket Co. in Oneida. My mother was born in Oneida, my father in Holland Patent and they worked at one time worked at the spring-bed factory where I believe they met. My father was 7 years older than my mother. Of course my mother was a Kelly, one of five children aborn to Mary Delaney and John Kelly. There were Michael, Catherine, Ellen (called Nell) considered the prettiest girl in Oneida, - and who later is the Auntie about whom I speak so often; Elizabeth, my mother, and John, Jr. (Uncle Johnny). My grandparents - the Kellys - came over from Ireland and it took 6 weeks to get here in a sailing vessel - and some folks died during the journey and were buried at sea. The other paternal grandparents were from up Holland Patent and Remsen way. My father had three sisters - Myrtle, Jennie and ^{MINNIE}, and one brother - George Bolles.

Uncle Frank Eugene Harvey was born in Utica and how he met Auntie I do not know - he was handsome and so was she - and they married. Shortly after my mother and father married and had Freddie my brother who died 10 years before I was born. My mother has told me how she couldn't see how people could laugh or smile when her world was so sad. Papa's people were very bigoted and disliked my mother for that reason, but Mom didn't flinch and in later years they were all good friends. Sometime later - and I am not sure how they all got down to New Jersey, my father was sent there by the National Casket Co. to Hoboken to teach men working there how to cut stock economically - Johnny of course came to live with my mother the day she was married and stayed until he was 76 years old - a period of 58 years, and may I say in passing my father was so good natured - uncle was "our family." I was born in Hoboken in 1898 - Aug. 6th - and Auntie and Uncle were there - he was working in St. John's Park - a terminal for the New York Central. Uncle Johnny was also with the Casket Co. -

When I was 7 or 8 we returned to Oneida but Auntie & Uncle Harvey stayed on - he with Seigel Cooper as an accountant.