

This document was written by Elizabeth White and was found with the James Fenwick letters, however it discusses events mainly related to J.J. and Elizabeth.

About this time Joseph had organized a stock company for his Rake Pond Bogs and there must have been much talk between him and his father-in-law as to the advantages of such a measure.

For about three years Father and Mother lived at New Lisbon and then moved to Smithville when I was about four and Mary two years old. It was during these years that my own vivid memory of things of interest to a little girl, began to blend with memories of what I was later told.

A year or more before moving to Smithville, Father worked and boarded there during the week, returning by train to New Lisbon , for over Sunday. He started at the bottom, cleaning castings at seventy five cents a day and at the end of two years was made superintendent of the shops.

Not far from the time that Father started working he was joined by John Saltar who had married Sallie Coleman. After her death, he had gone to Ecuador to assist as a young engineer in building....(it is incomplete)

Feeling the need to supplement his cranberry income from his Rake Pond Bogs, Father had obtained employment with the H.B. Smith Machine Co. at Smithville, seven miles west of New Libson. For some time he boarded in the company boarding house during the week returning by train to New Lisbon on Saturday afternoons.

I remember my nose pressed against the window watching impatiently for his appearance and soon two tall men would appear walking up the hill. The second was “Uncle” John Saltar, Mother’s second cousin who had married Sallie Coleman, his own first cousin, and who had recently returned from Ecuador where he had been one of the engineers on the job of building the first Ecuadorian railroad. The two tall men shared the same bed in the boarding house.

In this work at Smithville, Father started at the bottom with the intention of learning the business. His first job was cleaning casting at 75 cents a day. At the end of two years he was made superintendent of the shops. I imagine that this promotion occurred about the same time.

While we were still living at New Lisbon, Father was superintendent of the First Day School at the Old Friends Meeting House at Arneys Mount where he and his brothers had worshiped for years and where his father, Barclay, had often held midweek meetings all alone. Father sometimes took me with him on these Sunday trips. We went in the buggy drawn by Frank, the odd light colored horse, somewhere between cream color and bay.

I was too small to be left with other children and sat beside Father on the facing bench in front of the board propped up by a stick which served as a desk for clerk or superintendent. One day my little stuck out feet hit the prop, and bang, down fell the desk and its burden. One of the good friends, in her straight bonnet, later put her kindly hand on my abashed head with its short dark brown hair and assured me that she knew I hadn’t meant to. I certainly hadn’t.

It was at this time that Elizabeth took charge of the tickets. That first day of September 1893, she and her father left the farm in a buggy with the chunky, brown horse Daisy. It was early, not more than six o'clock and the buggy was heavily loaded. Elizabeth was to have a bedroom in Bill Hance's house which had a bed and mattress but all other bedding was in the loaded buggy besides the food she would need for the greater part of the week. She had a little three burner oil stove and was to live and board herself in a little ten by twelve house a couple of dozen yards from the house in which she slept.

There was a big crop of cranberries that year and that first day some 200 men, women, and children were on hand to help start the picking. Some of them moved from nearby villages to "put up" in tiny crude cabins provided for them. Many of these cabins were covered with tar paper. About 50 of the pickers came from old Hanover, it was only two miles away and every family had an old horse and little open wagon which would accommodate a goodly number of people.