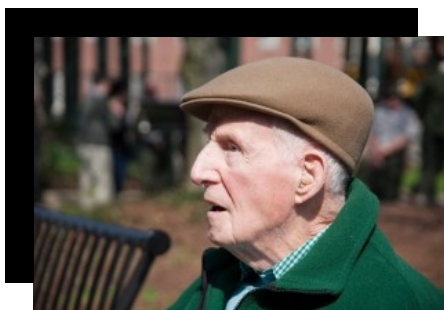




Volume 39

Winter Newsletter

March 2013



In Memoriam Patrick Mogan

By Fred Abisi

Pat truly was a great man. The greatest man I have ever known. How lucky I have always been for my very close relationship with him and his wife Mary. I worked for Pat as a teacher, director of an Alternative School in Model Cities and then afterwards back teaching math at the Bartlett School. He hired me to start the full time adult education program 35 years ago. For the past forty years, Pat has been a father figure for me, both personally and professionally. He was also my close friend. Pat was loved by many and respected by all. Friends from near and far have been calling to express their concern for Pat. We've had calls from as far away as Afghanistan (Mehmed Ali) and as close as here in the Lowell Public Schools.

Pat spent 35 years as a nationally renowned educator and city planner. He held positions as a teacher, principal, assistant superintendent, head of a graduate school, executive director of Model Cities and elected superintendent of Lowell schools in 1977.

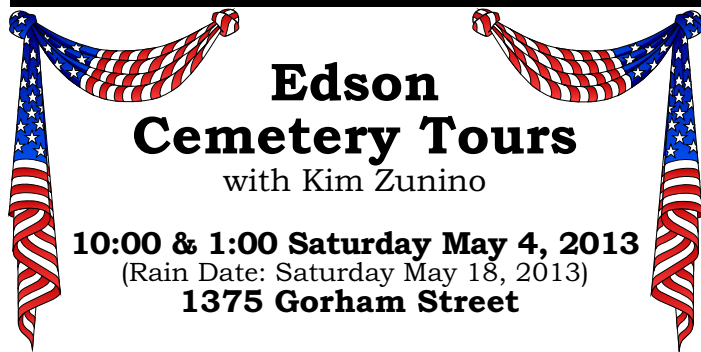
Pat was responsible for the rebirth of the city of Lowell. He was regarded to be the father of the Lowell National Historical Park by creating the legislation that designated Lowell as the first national urban cultural park in the United States.

When Pat was superintendent, he strived to do many things that were later written about in the Lowell Sun (1986). Where some saw various non-English-speaking ethnic groups as a stain on the city, Mogan saw a city rich in culture. He wanted to honor those things that others would rather ignore and use them to create a learning laboratory. Where others saw canals and old buildings in decay, he saw living history. He felt he had to reverse or neutralize negativism, to help people find 'some dignified positive reason for their being.' Upon looking and analyzing our past and present, we found out that Lowell was a living exhibit of the process and consequences of the American Industrial Revolution. The national and state parks were a way to educate local residents as well as a draw for tourist. It was not only part of our background but an important part of the history of the United States. As superintendent, Pat's most long lasting accomplishment alongside former state Senator Paul Sheehy was working to change the School Building Assistance Formula to benefit urban communities like Lowell. Back then the formula for reimbursement was in low teens, but, because of Pat's effort, it was changed to 90 percent. Later, former superintendent George Tsapatsaris was able to build more than twelve new schools and renovate many more old school buildings. Throughout Pat Mogan's high-level positions, he had always felt that the school children were the number one priority in his heart. He always found ways to give them hope and give them something to be proud of.

My memories of Pat are really countless, but I'd like to mention a few:

- ★ Interviewing with Pat for more than four hours, talking about everything in the city that could be improved. And afterwards, grateful to be hired to work for him in Model Cities Being so excited when he became superintendent.
- ★ Going to every school committee meeting and after the meeting going with Bill Kirwin and Pat and Mary Mogan to Howard Johnson's for an ice cream soda and reviewing the meeting's agenda. I think about Mary getting sick, having a stroke and Pat retiring to care for her; after she became better they started to travel a lot for the first time. Prior to that Pat was always too busy to travel.
- ★ Going before the Lowell City Council in the mid 1980's requesting that the future cultural center at the site of the old H & H Paper Co. be named after Patrick J. Mogan. Council agreed and sought the approval of the National Park Service.
- ★ My wife Patty and I bought Pat & Mary's house and Pat giving me instructions on updating it (didn't think making the garage a pool room was my best idea!)
- ★ Pat and Mary coming to our house each Christmas Day before they headed to Jimmy Pollard's house.
- ★ I think about how he attended every adult education graduation with Mary for more than 30 years; last year he was dressed to come but couldn't make it.
- ★ All the times I went over to his condo and sat and talked with him for hours and always left with a homework assignment to do.

As we all get older, we hope that there will be someone in our lives that we can count on to help. Many of us loved Pat and helped in small ways. But grand niece MaryAnn Pollard has really put her life on hold for the past two years to care for him. We can't thank you enough Mary Ann for all you have done for our dear friend Pat. And, thanks to your dad Jim, too. Pat's successes in education as well as in life could not have been reached without the support of his lifelong partner, Mary Pollard Mogan. Pat is happy now; he has joined Mary. May he rest in peace.



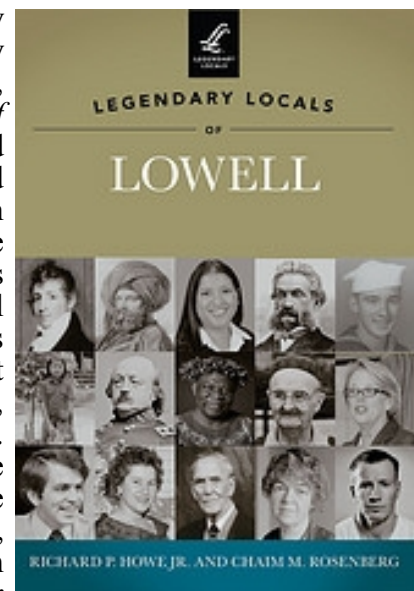
Edson Cemetery had its beginnings in 1845 when 30 acres were purchased along Gorham Street. Officially known as Cemetery Yard # 3, it became Edson Cemetery in 1878 to honor its founder, Rev. Theodore Edson. Founded a few years after the opening of the expensive and exclusive Lowell Cemetery, Edson provided affordable burial space in the rapidly growing city. Today Edson is the largest in Lowell, with 46 acres and 10,000 lot owners. Buildings include the 1883 Edson Chapel, designed by Lowell & Worcester architect Leroy J. Cherrington. The grounds include monuments from many of the city's prominent clubs and fraternal organizations, such as the Elks and the Knights of Pythias. The most famous of the interred is Jack Kerouac, an American poet and author, but there are many other notable residents buried here, such as former slaves, women leaders, veterans and con men, that deserve to have their story told. Join the Lowell Historical Society on a 45-minute walking tour Saturday May 4, 2013 (Rain date Saturday May 18). We will meet at the front gates at 10:00 am and 1:00 pm.

Legendary Locals of Lowell

Presentation and Book Signing
by Author Richard Howe, Jr.

The recently published and jointly authored book, *Legendary Locals of Lowell*, by Richard (Dick) Howe, Jr., and writer Chaim Rosenberg, will be featured in an author's program at the Lowell Telecommunications Corporation in Market Mills, 246 Market St., on April 6, at 11AM. Dick will highlight the various facets of the book's development, the historical research he and his co-author

conducted, and the way in which the authors selected leading figures in Lowell's history. He will also discuss a number of surprising findings uncovered during the research and writing of the book. Please join us for this lively presentation and book signing event.



Growing Up In Lowell XV

Anita Wilcox Lelacheur

[In October 1985, Silvia Contover interviewed Anita Wilcox Lelacheur as part of the Oral History Collection created as a joint project between the University of Massachusetts Lowell, and the Lowell National Historical Park. The following article represents a small segment of the information on Anita Wilcox Lelacheur as edited by Cliff Hoyt. The full text is on the website for the Center for Lowell History, University of Massachusetts (<http://library.uml.edu/clh>). It can be found under "Oral History" then "Working People of Lowell."]

My mothers parents met in Illinois. My grandfather was a gay blade of the Irish blood. He used to go to Sunday night church services where the Irish boys would stand outside church and see all the Irish girls, including my grandmother. He kind of liked what he saw, and struck up a conversation with her, and they began to court. During this time, my grandmother, her sister, and brother all moved to Lowell. My grandfather followed her and they eventually married. My grandfather became a street car conductor and my grandmother stayed home with six children.

My mother and father met when they were quite young. My mother left school in her second year of high school, to take care of her semi-invalid mother. Mother did not want to get married, because she did not think it was fair to my grandmother to bring my father into the house to live, which was the way it would have to be in order for my mother to take care of my grandmother. So they put off their getting married but were engaged for seven years. My grandmother died the first week of December in 1924. During the interim between my grandmother's death and their marriage, my mother was not allowed, according to her family ethics, to stay alone in that house when my father would be coming to visit. He had been coming to this house for probably nine to ten years while my mother was alive. But before the marriage, a cousin named Mary Costello was brought to that house to make sure there was a chaperone there at all times. My parents were married very quietly in the Rectory, had dinner in one of the local hotels and then had a three day honeymoon in Boston. I asked my mother what would happen if dad hadn't waited? And the answer I got was one that completely shocked me. She said, "That would have been it." In other words, for my mother, even though she loved my father dearly, her mother came first. That was the way she was brought up.

I began St. Peter's School when I was one month short of being six years old. We had probably from thirty-five to forty students in each class. You had a class of first grade girls and you had a class of first grade boys. We were separated not coed. We were taught by nuns, completely by nuns. If you were kept after school for any reason, you had double duty. The nuns were not allowed to walk on the street alone. So not only were you kept after school but you also had to walk the nun back to the convent.

We had a pastor who was a Doctor. Instead of calling him Father Kelleher, he was Dr. Daniel Kelleher and later

Monsignor Kelleher. To me he was like a Prince. He wore these little pinch-nose glasses that didn't have ear pieces. We used to love to see him come into the school, because we knew that was a day off with ice cream. I remember, as a child, he died and all the school children were taken to the Rectory to see his body lying in state. It was the first time I'd ever seen a body with eyeglasses on. But then I realized afterwards, he wouldn't have looked like Monsignor Kelleher without the eyeglasses.

I can remember getting out of school after a snow storm. We discovered this little hill where you could put down cardboard and use it as a sled. I found that I could do a much better job going down on my school bag. Now my school bag had cost probably a grand total of a dollar twenty-nine, but it was supposed to last me for eight years. That was the original theory. My mother wondered why it was getting scratched and looking terrible. She decided that she would walk to school to see what I was doing. And she saw! I flew home that day, my mother's hand on my elbow. I should say, I got ushered, as she said, ushered home. I was punished and I did not ride my school bag any more.

I grew up in what they called the South End (Upper Central Street, Hosford Square.) My mother tells me that when she first moved there it was considered quite a nice neighborhood. There was a beautiful orphanage called the O'Leary Home. The neighborhood also had working class people. You had policemen, a baker, and men that worked in the Bunting, which was a mill down on Crosby Street. There were many rooming houses in that area. There were three that I knew of in that general neighborhood: Mrs. Hornbrook's, then Donahue's, and Mrs. McGlinchy had one. Now there may have been others on other streets, but those are the ones I knew.

We got out of school for lunch at quarter past eleven, eleven-thirty, somewhere in there and we'd come back at quarter past one. You had to walk careful at that time of day. When it came to meal time, mill workers had an arrangement where they probably paid twenty-five cents a day for a hot meal that included soup and hot bread. When that Mill whistle blew, people from the mills went in all directions to these rooming houses. Some left their aprons on while others would take the aprons off, but they all would tear down the streets, up Back Central Street, coming up Whipple Street or coming up Crosby Street, and then down Central Street to Hosford Square. They only had that hour and the stampede worked in reverse when the whistle blew again at one o'clock, and they had to be back at work. You better not be in their way! It was a fun thing to see these people come running.

My father was brought up by a Catholic mother and a non-Catholic father. The name Wilcox is definitely English. But my grandfather converted to Catholicism in his later years, because he wanted to be buried with my grandmother as a Catholic in blessed ground. My parents were always very lenient. During high school I was always allowed to go to any dance run by any organization, whether it was Protestant, Jewish or whatever. I did find a little bit of prejudice when it came to who I would date. In other words, they would prefer I date an Irish boy and my mother never got over the fact that I married a boy with a French name. To her dying day, I'm sure, that even though she was unable to speak because of a stroke, that in her mind if someone said to her, your daughter's name is LeLacheur, she would have

said, "Oh yes, but his mother's name was Mahoney." So that made it okay.

While I was in high school, my parents received food stamps and they had cotton stamps. I can remember this poor lady that probably never got over the shock of my mother taking me in to Cherry and Webbs. In those days it was something to be able to go to Cherry and Webbs and buy something. My mother took me in and picked out a raincoat that was cotton-poplin and it had a cotton flannel lining. She was very careful and very specific to get one that would be cotton. The coat cost nine dollars and mother handed the saleslady four dollars and fifty-cents and the cotton stamps. Well, the woman almost went into cardiac arrest. In those days salesladies were very prim and proper. They wore the black dresses with white collars and black little bows and their orthopaedic shoes. All of a sudden she's presented with this mess of stamps and she didn't know what to do. I stood there embarrassed to death with my hand up over my eyes. Even so, I was thrilled the next day when I wore the coat to school and everybody thought it was nifty. It was one of these foreign intrigue type raincoats.

I turned sixteen in October of 1941 and started to work. Four of us girls went looking for a job at Woolworth, which was a mistake. I went back the next day by myself and I got hired to work for Christmas and at Easter. Next summer I worked at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon because all the stores were open until nine. And downtown Lowell was like a carnival on Saturday. Everybody went downtown.

Then when I was a senior in high school I switched over to Kresges Five and Ten, and I was chosen to be permanent part-time, meaning I went in Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, from one-thirty until five-thirty. I could go that early because the Bartlett School had burnt down, and the Bartlett School pupils had to go to Lowell High School. My day started earlier and I got out earlier and could go to work at one thirty. I worked in hardware, which meant nuts, bolts, and cutting window shades. I was the least senior worker, the runt of the litter, and got all the dirty jobs to do. I got seven dollars and fifty cents for working a week. Now kids start new jobs they get that for an hour.

While still a senior in high school, I became interested in getting a job at Electric Light because they had an active girl's club with dances, theater parties, beach parties, and all sorts of things. My Uncle was friendly with one of the officials at Electric Light, and he arranged for me to have an interview. One of my two personality faults is that I am completely honest and the other is, my brain has always been an inch and a half outside my mouth. So that I say things and then wish I could get those words back. In this particular case, my honesty got me a job. When I went to the interview, I did all the things I was told to do by the teacher who had

trained us in stenography. I wore my white gloves, my hat and my nylons. We were warned not wear saddle shoes, bobby socks, and pleated skirts, all of which I always wore. So I did my whole bit, my pearls and the whole thing. I filled out this application and then it came to the personal interview. I was ushered into the inner office, with sweaty palms and my knees knocking. I think if the man had not smiled, I would have burst into tears and dashed out. He began asking me questions. How well did I type? I told him I was no world beater. Did I like shorthand? I said not particularly. And I thought filing was just about my speed and I was interested in clerking. I got a job and later I was told that the reason I got the job was because I was honest. Interestingly, three years later it became my job to give out the applications and bring people in for their personal interview.

I met my future husband, Bill, when we both worked at Mass Electric. He was working outside when I came out from my coffee break. He saw me but I didn't see him. Then one time I was in charge of a party that Electric Light gave for all the Veterans and Bill had been in the Coast Guard for four and a half years. Part of my job for the Veterans party was paying for all the food. Just as I was about to go pay, this very nice looking, tall blonde, young man came over and asked me to dance. I said, "I'm very sorry I but I have an appointment to pay the bill." After paying the bill, I came back and he was still standing there waiting. So what was I to do but to dance with him. When the music stopped this man I didn't know from Adam said "I'm going to marry you." At the time he was 24 and I was 21. I married him a year later.



FROM THE BOOKSHELF

by Pauline M. Golec
Publication Committee

As a recognized local publisher, the Society was invited to participate again in the annual Lowell Writers and Publishers Roundup held in February. This gathering on the second floor of The Old Court was an opportunity to display many of our publications. Corey Scuito, LHS board member and I proudly promoted our wares. We even sold a few books.

Along with the Society's publications were some books which have become part of the Society's inventory. A sampling of these includes *Surviving Hard Times*, edited by Mary Blewett and published by the Lowell Museum (both the book and the museum were pioneers in preserving the story of Lowell's working people) and *That Was the Way it Was*, a compilation by Marina Sampas Schell of "Sampascoopies Lowell History Columns," by Charles Sampas, former Society president and long time Lowell Sun columnist, whose lively work frequently focused on life in Lowell in the 1800s.

Lowell Trivia

By Martha Mayo

1. What is the official name of the Aiken St. Bridge?
2. What fish use the fish elevators at the Hydro-electric plant?
3. When did the Lowell High School open?

Answers on page 6.

As these books and we were noticed, we, too, had a chance to do some listening and looking. Close by was Dick Howe challenging folks to identify all 15 people whose photos are on the cover of his book *Legendary Locals of Lowell*, published by Arcadia and soon to be available. Jack Neary, author and playwright, was situated at a table across from us. Paul Marion, event organizer, was spotted talking to other UML luminaries. People not displaying but in attendance, included Steve Anstey, local poet and his wife, Ellen. Heard was some discussion centered on Joyce Johnson's recent book, the *Voice Is All: the Lonely Victory of Jack Kerouac*. Johnson's prodigious research and focus on Kerouac's development as a writer were lauded, her minor factual errors noted, and her pronouncement on the type of patois spoken by local French Canadians of Kerouac's time was hotly denounced.

Interesting and productive afternoon? Yes.

THE GOODWIN LEGACY

Lew Karabatsos

Although John and Catherine Goodwin are no longer with us, each, in their own way, has left an imprint on the historic, academic and cultural fiber of the city. Through their research, nonprofit board work and family lineage, John and Catherine have amassed a library and collection that chronicles Lowell from the mid 19th century to the present.

The Goodwin children have identified select organizations to receive relevant portions of that library and collection. We are pleased the Lowell Historical Society is among them. Over the past few months, we have worked collaboratively with the family to sort through those items that are relevant to the Society's mission. To date, we have identified and are processing more than 500 items that will enrich the Society's collection and contribute toward a better understanding of Lowell and its people. Although the list is too big to publish, we offer this sampling of the books, photographs, maps, prints, manuscripts and artifacts that have been donated to date:

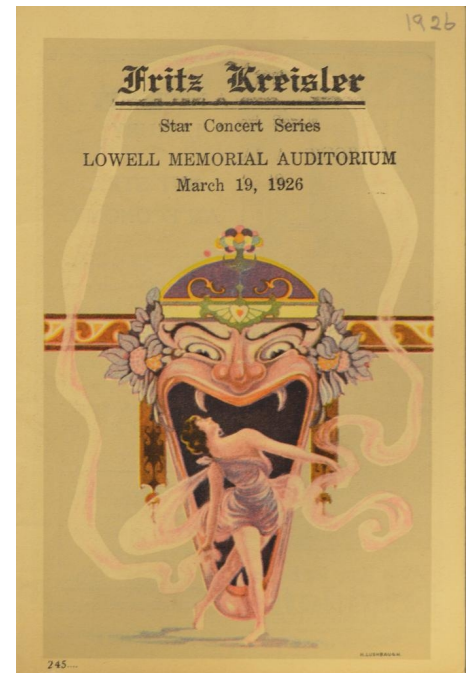
Floor Plan of St. Anne's Church (1857), Political Handbills (1860-1876), Photographs & slides of Lowell (1900-1980s), Lowell High School Field Day Exercise Programs (1896-1934), Silk Proclamation to President Theodore Roosevelt (1901 – signed by prominent Lowell businessmen); Contract for the Grand Organ in the Lowell Memorial Auditorium (1921), John Goodwin's complete World War II uniform, research files & tape recordings of Goodwin lectures (1980s-2000s) and much more!

We are grateful to the Goodwin children for not only helping to preserve Lowell history, but also honoring

their parents by ensuring their life's work and love of Lowell and its history continues to be made available to future generation through their donations to the Lowell Historical Society.

1926
Lowell
Memorial
Auditorium
Program
from
the
Goodwin
Collection

Image by
Tony Sampas



LHS Corporate Memberships

The Lowell Historical Society proudly acknowledge our 2012 Corporate members who demonstrated their organization's commitment to the preservation of Lowell's past and the dissemination of information to keep Lowell's heritage alive in the future. The following organizations have made this commitment:

Blue Taleh Restaurant
CARSTAR Atlantic Collision Ctr.
Dr. Evan Coravos, DMD
D'Youville Senior Care
Enterprise Bank & Trust Co.
Fred C. Church Insurance
Fuse Bistro
Jeanne D'Arc Credit Union
Lowell Co-operative Bank
Lowell Five Cent Savings Bank
Lowell Sun Charities, Inc.
Mazur Park Apartments
Morse-Bayliss Funeral Home
Watermark

We would like to add the listing of your company here in the future. Contact Cliff Hoyt at:
Phone – 978-458-6575 or
Email – choyt48@comcast.net
for more information.



The preservation of Lowell history depends heavily on your membership. If you have not yet sent in your membership renewal, please do so as soon as possible.

Lowell Historical Society

The Lowell Historical Society's Mission is to collect, preserve and publish materials related to Lowell and to promote the study of the history of the City. We are located at the Boott Cotton Mills Museum, 115 John Street, Fourth Floor, Downtown Lowell Massachusetts 01852.

The office is open 9:00 am to 12:00 Noon on Monday and Thursday. The site telephone number is 978- 970-5180 or on the Web at:
<http://www.lowellhistoricalsociety.org>.

Center for Lowell History

The Center for Lowell History, 40 French Street, currently is open on Monday through Friday from 9 am to 5 pm. For Saturday from 10 am to 3 pm.

The contact point for information is Martha Mayo, 978-934-4998. The Center's web address is:
<http://library.uml.edu/clh/>.

Calendar of Events

Program: *Legendary Locals of Lowell* by Dick Howe, Jr. Dick will highlight various facets of the book's development, the historical research conducted, and the way in which the authors selected leading figures in Lowell's history. He will also discuss surprising findings uncovered during the research and writing of the book.

Date: April 6, 2013 at 11:00 AM.

Location: Lowell Telecommunications Corporation in Market Mills, 246 Market St., Lowell, MA.

Program: Edson Cemetery Tour by Kim Zunino
Date: Saturday May 4, 2013, 10:00 am and again at 1:00 pm.

Rain Date Saturday May 18, 2013
Location: 1375 Gorham Street

Answers to Trivia Questions

1) Joseph Ouellette Bridge, 2) Salmon, 3) 1831.