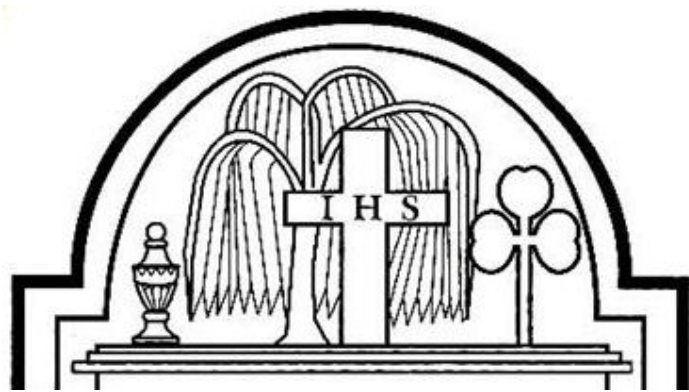




Volume 41

Fall Newsletter

October 2013



St. Patrick's Cemetery Annual Historical Walking Tour

Saturday, October 12th at St. Patrick Cemetery
1251 Gorham Street, Lowell, MA.

Find out how the first generation of Irish pioneers lived and died. The slate stones of St. Patrick's Cemetery are a treasure to the early history of the Irish in Lowell. The carvings on these stones tell us of the happenings of the first arrivals. They are the men who walked with Hugh Cumiskey from Charlestown. They are the women who went to the well that once stood in the front yard of the church. They are the children, so many children, whose short lives would only be remembered in stone.

The tour is free of charge.

Coffee and refreshments provided at 9:00 AM next to the office area at the main gate entrance.

9:30 A.M. Hibernian Dedication Ceremony

10:00 A.M. Historical Walking Tour

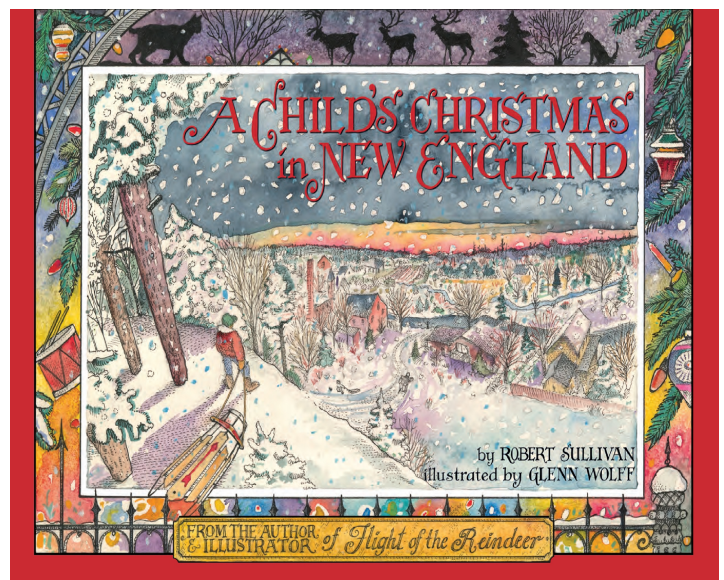
Tour goes on rain or shine.

Wear comfortable walking shoes.

Lowell Historical Society Program
Saturday, November 30, 2013 at 2:00pm
National Park's Visitors Center Theater
by Robert Sullivan

A Child's Christmas in New England

Robert Sullivan grew up in Chelmsford and had relatives in Lowell's Acre neighborhood. Sullivan's book *A Child's Christmas in New England* with illustrations by Glenn Wolff is filled with his childhood memories of the 1950's and 1960's. Heartwarming recollections of his family's activities that made Christmas extraordinary. These stories are made even more relevant for local residents by being centered in the Lowell/Chelmsford area. Robert Sullivan is a 33-year veteran of Time Inc., and Managing Editor of LIFE Books, based in New York. He has written many magazine articles and has authored several books.



Moses Greeley Parker Lectures
Established 1917 Always Free Admission

**Our History Matters!
Rekindling Awe,
Aspiration & Civic
Attachment**
by William Hosley

**Saturday October 20, 2013 at 2PM
Lowell National Historical Park Visitor Center**

Today's students are entering adult responsibilities and citizenship with the lowest level of historical literacy ever measured in this country. When "No Child Left Behind" doubled down on preparation and testing for reading and math it marginalized history and civics education. As writer Wendell Berry puts it – "when a community loses its memory, its members no longer know one another and can hardly avoid harming one another." Our schools teach less and less history. Studying history is the key to critical thinking and the formation of informed perspective. But it is also the key to something that may be more important – civic attachment. History – local history in particular – is essential for instilling a sense of place, past and community and even awe and aspiration. The good news is that community-based historical organizations and libraries are increasingly doing the work that used be done in church, school, home and popular culture. This program celebrates the revitalization of local culture and the institutions and ideas that support it.

**Glorious Gems of
Lowell: Patrick Keely's
Legacy**
by Edward H. Furey

**Saturday November 2, 2013 at 2PM
Saint Patrick's Church**

Patrick Charles Keely (1816-1896) designed and built an estimated 700 churches and ecclesiastical buildings in the United States and Canada. Including Lowell churches... St. Patrick's, the Immaculate and the now demolished St. Peter's. He started in the 1840s when he emigrated from County Tipperary, Ireland, to Brooklyn, New York and continued until he died there in 1896. In 1884, he was awarded the Laetare Medal, the oldest and most prestigious award for American Catholics. Yet, today, few authorities in the fields of American and European art and architecture even know his name. Nor is anything known of his architectural education, only that he was trained as a carpenter and builder by his father, a draughtsman and builder. **Edward Furey**, artist, educator, and founder of the Keely Society, will explain his dedication to documenting the life, art, and architecture of Patrick Keely and the origins of the Society. From Keely's beginnings in Brooklyn to the challenges the Society faces today, a story unfolds that affords unique insights into Keely's own artistry and his dealings with some of the nation's leading artists and artisans. It examines his day-to-day experiences with workers and suppliers, that give us an accurate picture of the man himself.

**Growing Up In
Lowell XVII**

Anne Ohlsen

[In May, 1986, Pat Coble interviewed Anne Ohlsen 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 Anne Ohlsen 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 parents were Lithuanian and I was born in a stable. [Around 1914 ed.] Years ago Charles Smith owned great big six family buildings on Fayette St. He also sold ice, coal, and coke. He used horses in his business. He kept the horses in a stable by those buildings. He eventually replaced the horses with an automobile and sold the horses. The upstairs of the stable was converted to little cold water flat. My mother and father rented that flat and that's where I was born, in the stable. Dr. Murphy came and delivered me. Nobody went to the hospital in those day. I'm told that my mother had a very hard time, and I felt bad for her. I had a hard time myself, but you forget about those things.

We moved from the stable to Concord St. where I would live until I was ten years old. I went to Moody School until we moved to Christian Hill then I attended Varnum School.

We lived on the second floor of our home on Concord St. It now seems kind of cute, but not so much at the time – it didn't have a bathroom so to speak. Our toilet way down in the basement, in the cellar. The floor was clay, very dampish. That was one reason we had to move away. My mother had terrific headaches. My brother and I, we were young and afraid to go downstairs. Going to the toilet became quite a production. If one had to go, we both had to go together. My mother would light a candle. I remember we had a little tin candle holder. We would light the candle and we'd go down the stairs together. My brother would stand by the door with his back turned, and would wait for me to get through with my toilet. Then I'd take the candle and my brother would do it, and then we'd go upstairs together. And that was a ritual. Nobody went down there alone, sometimes my mother or father came with me. It was different at night. There was this little hall on the second floor. I remember we had cupboards there, like a storage place. They had sheets and towels, and winter clothes and things like that. We also had a little potty thing there. It was kind of high. I remember that. You had nothing to sit on, it was just there. It was just there. Taking a bath was much better. We had a tin tub. I remember coming home from the Moody School and we'd have our day in the tub. My mother would just shut the door, fill that tin tub with warm water, and we'd have our bath there. And I remember laying a towel down and we'd step on it and she'd wipe us. That was our bath. My mother did the wash all by hand. She had a beautiful washboard. It was wood with cobalt blue glass.

My mother made every stitch of clothes that we had. She sewed beautifully. I was the best dressed kid in the Moody School and the Varnum School. I really was! Mother didn't have a pattern, she just did it. She had an old Singer sewing machine powered by a foot pedal. She made my brother's shirts and that's pretty hard. She bought her material from the yard goods section in A.G. Pollard's, which was a Lowell-owned store. They have their restaurant now. She'd also buy material at Bon Marche. She never went to a mill. My mother also knit. She knitted my father a long-sleeved sweater. When he grew out of it she would rip the yarn out and knit my brother a sweater. That yarn went from sweater, to sweater, to sweater.

Food played a big part in my Lithuanian heritage. We do a lot with cabbage. I suppose cabbage was very prevalent in the old country, and potatoes, and things like that. They would stuff the cabbage with hamburg and rice and bake it. We also had lots of cabbage soup. I remember the Lithuanians and all other ethnics did a lot of cooking with pork, but we kind of shied away from it after awhile. But pork was the greatest thing – throw it in a pot with cabbage and stuff, and it really tasted good. My mother had one little trick. No matter what she had, whatever she was cooking, she always used a bay leaf. I followed my mother's example and

my daughter does the same thing. Always throw in a bay leaf. Every time I do it I think of my mother.

In those olden days you went to a butcher and could ask for a soup bone that had a lot of meat on it. They would do wonders with that. My mother used to make very fine beet soup. She would cut up that hard beet in the cutest little strips, so uniform. Put in a big bone with the beets and all. It was great. We used to do the sweet bread we call Piraga. It was beautiful! You put raisins in it, or currants, and they do it today. It's the prevalent Lithuanian dish. Also we made potato pancakes. That was a great thing, they're very good.

Growing up on Concord Street, I remember we used to make our own sauerkraut. All the Lithuanian women would gather at one house. They would get in the kitchen and shred the cabbage. Shred, shred, shred. The cabbage would be put into a wooden barrel that had iron around the sides. They would add vinegar, cranberries and a cut-up apple to the barrel and, it would go in the damp cold cellar. Then my father had a great big board with a handle that he would put on top of the barrel. Then a huge rock would go on top of the board. Everything in the barrel would then ferment. When the time came to eat it, you went down in the cold cellar and put your hand in that cole slaw. Your hand would freeze, but it was delicious. Then there would come a time when they would all go to someone else's house and they'd do the same thing all over again.

When I was very young we had a Christmas tree but we didn't make a great big deal of gifts at Christmas. It was sort of played down. I mean the people, at least my people, worked so hard, you just didn't have time to enjoy holidays. But as things progressed and we got older, Christmas took on a different light. But I remember the coal. I think maybe they did it in the old country. We always hung up a stocking and in the morning your stocking had walnuts, fruit and coal. Coal, my father always put in coal. We did have a big turkey dinner at Christmas. My mother did a very good job on the stuffing. Everybody would eat the stuffing and not the turkey. Her stuffing used Royal Lunch Crackers. She would put the crackers through the meat grinder. She would then chop up the heart and the liver from the turkey and saute them with chopped up onions in butter. Then she'd mix in the cracker crumbs with the beaten eggs, milk, and with sage. Great! There is one other Christmas ritual that I remember. The church organist would have these wafers. It's like a communion wafer, but it was oblong. The parishioners would go to the organist and they would request one or two wafers for the family and give a donation that was for the organist. Before you had your Christmas meal the wafer was passed to everyone at the table and you would break a piece off for yourself.

We never went to movies. My parents always emphasized that we needed fresh air. For entertainment my parents would take me up to Fort Hill. We'd walk up from Concord Street on Sunday with a blanket and

lunch, and get the fresh air. We'd spend all afternoon, that was our relaxation.

All the way up Fort Hill they had bears, goats in cages. It was lovely! It was very, very nice. We could feed the goats grass but we weren't allowed to feed the bears. We couldn't put our hand in where the bears were. But they were nice bears, they weren't wild. You know, they were just nice bears. We would also meet our friends and run around playing tag and hide and seek. They had beautiful tulips, and they had a fountain there. During the winter we would toboggan down the hill. We didn't have many toys. I had one doll and one doll carriage. That's all that could be afforded. And my mother made the clothes for the dolls and the doll carriage. My brother had one bicycle, because he wanted to finish his ninth year at Moody School when we moved to the Varnum School. We moved in May. My father bought him a second hand bicycle so that he could ride to school and graduate from the Moody School. That was a big deal Those were happy days.

One not so happy day also occurred while we living on Concord St. At the time, my father was a custodian in the Central Block (corner of Central St. and Merrimack St.) One evening he was closing up the block, the Central Block and the string on a hall light had gone up towards the light. He groped for the string but couldn't find it. He went to the elevator to open it to go upstairs to put all the lights out, and someone had taken the elevator. My father fell down the elevator shaft. He fell from the first floor down to the basement, but it was a high, high drop. He broke most of his ribs and his leg, and he had to crawl through an opening in between wires and cables to get out of the shaft. He then had to crawl down the hall over a rough brick floor and up the stairs. He made it to the street where he just dropped. A police cruiser came and they got an ambulance, and they took him to St. John's Hospital in the middle of the night. They called Dr. Loughran and he went right over to the hospital. My father was in bad shape and they said a man that didn't have his stamina, and his health, and his courage could never had made it. He'd have rotted down there. It was a very near tragedy.

Growing up, we had plenty of food, plenty of clothes, and we were kept clean. All-in-all, growing up in Lowell was good.

Lowell Trivia

By Martha Mayo

1. What was the title of Jack Kerouac's first book?
2. What was the first bank established in Lowell?
3. Harriot Curtis and Harriet Farley edited and published what literary magazine?

Answers on page 5.

LHS Corporate Memberships

The Lowell Historical Society proudly acknowledge our 2013 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 Life and Wellness
Community
Richard Donahue
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 General Hospital
Lowell Sun Charities, Inc.
Mazur Park Apartments
Morse-Bayliss Funeral Home
Washington Savings Bank
Watermark

We would like to add the listing of your company here in the future.

2013 Corporate Membership

Enclosed is a \$100 tax deductible gift for a Lowell Historical Society Corporate Membership.

Name of Company: _____

Contact Person _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Approximate Number of Employees: _____

Send to Lowell Historical Society, PO Box 1826,
Lowell, MA 01853

EBAY Auctions of Lowell Interest

Leather fire bucket from the city of Lowell, Mass. The bucket stands 13" tall not including the handle. Sale price \$2,240 including shipping.



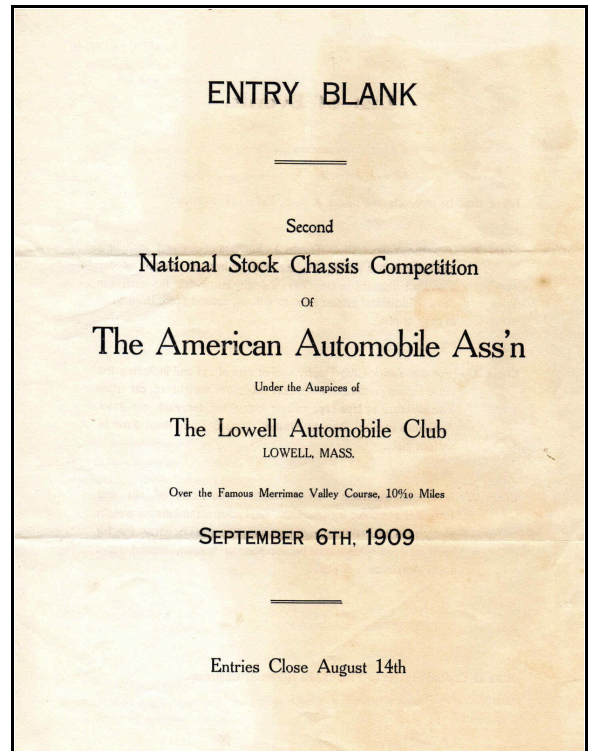
Extremely nice Boston & Lowell RR Bell Bottom Railroad Lantern with clear globe. Sale price \$443 including shipping.

New Jack Kerouac Lowell High School football bobble head figure from Lowell Spinners. Sale price \$27 including shipping.



Rare obsolete (over 75 years old) city of Lowell, Massachusetts fireman's hat/cap badge. The badge measures 2+1/2" tall and has both prongs still intact on reverse. Sale price \$178 including shipping.

Vintage 1930's Clipper Ale 13" diameter metal beer serving tray from the Harvard Brewing Co. of Lowell, MA. Sale price \$214 including shipping.



1909, Lowell, Massachusetts, entry form for "National Stock Chassis Competition" "Over the Famous Merrimac Vally Course 10 6/10 Miles." Sale price \$51 including shipping.

Answers to Trivia Questions

1) *The Town and the City*, 2) Lowell Institute for Savings, 3) *The Lowell Offering*.

Lowell Historical Society
P.O. Box 1826
Lowell, MA 01853

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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 and on 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: St. Patrick's Cemetery Annual Historical Walking Tour

Date: October 12, 2013 @ 9:00am

Location: St. Patrick Cemetery, 1251 Gorham Street, Lowell, MA.

Program: Parker Lecture Series: William Hosley's Our History Matters! Rekindling Awe, Aspiration & Civic Attachment

Date: October 20, 2013 @ 2:00pm

Location: Lowell National Historical Park Visitor Center

Program: Parker Lecture Series: Edward H. Furey's Glorious Gems of Lowell: Patrick Keely's Legacy

Date: November 2, 2013 @ 2:00pm

Location: Saint Patrick's Church

Program: Robert Sullivan's A Child's Christmas in New England

Date: November 30, 2013 @ 2:00pm

Location: National Park's Visitors Center Theater