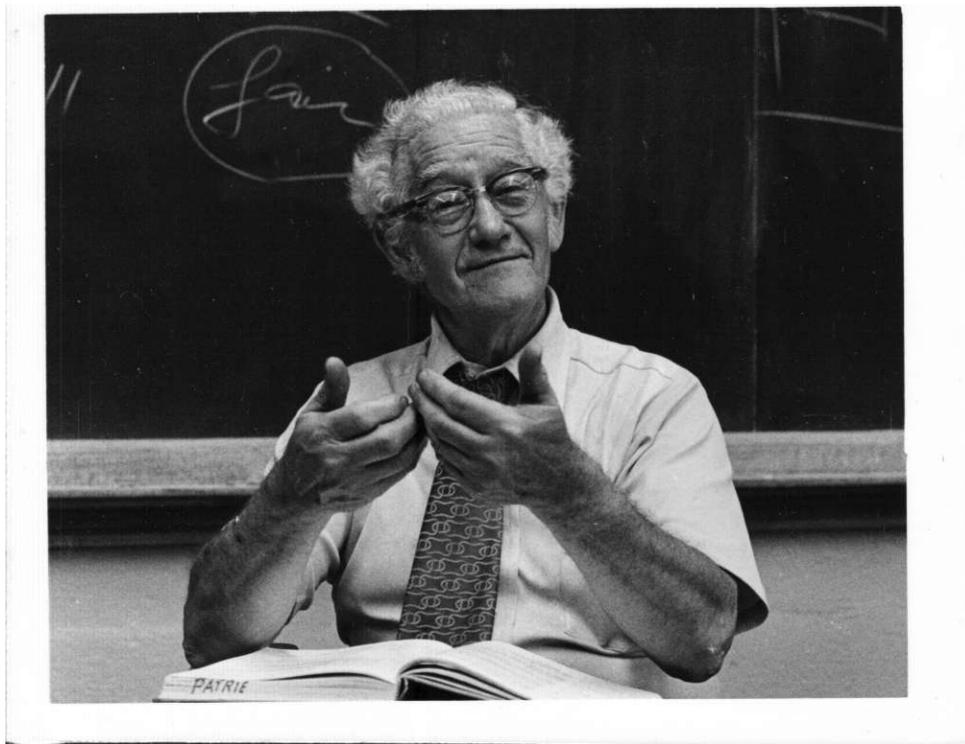


MY STORY



STANLEY A. PATRIE
1912 - 1995

The Beginning

My name is Stanley Patrie. I was born in Champlain New York on February 5, 1912. This town is in the northeastern corner of the state, about a mile from Canada. I turned 80 this year so that makes me the oldest in the family. I was asked to jot down some of the memories of my earlier years. However, I am not the only one who has memories to share. It might be a good idea if others would do what I have been asked to do. And the youngsters can do the same as they become older. In this way, some sort of record of the family can be passed on and a few generations down the road there will be a history of sorts of one's ancestors.

The events that follow are not necessarily in the order that they happened but as they come to mind.

*I remember, I remember
The day when I was born.
When the sun came shining
Thru the window
In the early morn.*

I don't really remember where I learned this little rhyme but it probably came from a McGuffey reader I had in the first grade

That is not how it really was. My earliest recollection was on my fifth birthday February 5, 1917. My Uncle Arthur Duquette and Aunt Ida lived in a tiny hamlet called Perrys Mills about 4 miles west of Champlain on what was then Route 11. Aunt Ida came to spend the day with us. She came in a horse and cutter. Sometime that afternoon, someone came to the door to tell her that her home was on fire. In those days it was hard to get water for fire fighting so the house burned to the ground.

Some time later, I went in the general store in Perrys Mills. It smelled of

leather horse collars and harnesses. There were farm tools, lanterns, bolts of cloth, clothing, etc. There was food but very little was packaged. You had a choice of packaged cereal, corn flakes and shredded wheat. The latter always had a picture of Niagara Falls on the boxes.

The best part of any store was the wide array of penny candies under a rounded glass case. It usually took most kids a long time to make up their minds but for me it was the licorice any time. There were long licorice whips, licorice cigars with paper bands around them and licorice pipes with curved stems. Ma would get the whips and cut them in sort lengths, In that way a penny could be stretched quite a bit.

Another early memory was when I was around six years old. That would have made it in 1918 because some soldiers camped in the hay field across the road from our house. I went over to see them and one of the soldiers took off the red white and blue cord that was on his hat and he put it around my neck. I was real proud of this souvenir.

My First Home

My first home was a small four room house, just off the dirt road leading to the Canadian border, about a mile away. On the first floor there was the kitchen with a coal and wood burning stove, a sink with a cold water tap, and a trap door in the floor for access to the dirt floor basement. The other room was the bed room for Ma and Pa. An enclosed stair way led to the second floor where there was another bedroom and a storage room.

A wood shed was attached to the back and the winter toilet was attached to the rear. It was a two holer with real fur seats to keep your bottom warm in cold weather. Farther back was the barn with the summer toilet, and back of the barn was the Rutland Railroad.



My First Home

The house was not insulated, so Pa would put up some boards about a foot from the house and fill the space between the boards and the house with garden soil to keep the house warmer in winter.

The toilets mentioned above should rightly be called outhouses. In them there were always outdated Sears and Wards catalogs. They provided good reading, but their primary purpose was far different. Reading time was usually limited when it was very cold outside, or on hot summer days when one was in a hurry to get out in fresher air.

The Family

I was the fifth of seven children born to Pa and Ma. The first one, Louis, Jr. died in infancy. Then came Lawrence and Walton. The next one, Clarence, also died in infancy. Then I came along. Nine years later the twins, Leonard and Sylvia joined the family. Back then times were really hard, and Pa's pay for a five and a half days work at the Shop was very small, but I don't know how much it was. So, there was not much for any of us to smile about. There was no vacation pay, no sick leave. no insurance or medical care. No work---no pay!!



Ma , Emma Louse Phaneuf Patrie

Ma made her own bread, and the garden provided vegetables for storage in the cellar, or for canning. Beans were dried on the vines and then put in a burlap bag. After we had "danced" on the bag to separate the beans from the pods we would stand on a chair on a windy day and slowly empty the bag. The wind blew away the chaff and the beans fell in a pan . Friday was always bean soup day.

We did not have meat very often, and when we did it was usually hamburger which Ma used to make hamburger relish, which Jean and I still make. Fat salt pork was often on the table after being sliced and fried.

When Lawrence was still a teenager in knickers, he had a paper route, walking from one end of the town to the other delivering the GRIT. This was and still is, a national weekly paper full of homespun articles. Somewhere there is a picture of him with his GRIT paper bag over his shoulder. Where is that picture???

Pa saved all his copies of the GRIT, and when he had a pile he would soak the papers and put them in a little cider press which would squeeze out the water. this

would make compact paper wheels, and when dried they were used to supplement the wood and coal for the stove.

I don't know if Walton and Lawrence graduated from high school. Both started working quite early. Walton at the Shop, and Lawrence worked with a railroad gang that built new bridges or repaired old ones. Uncle George Phaneuf was the foreman of the crew. They worked anywhere from the southern end of the Rutland railroad in Bellow's Falls, VT to the northern area of New York State.

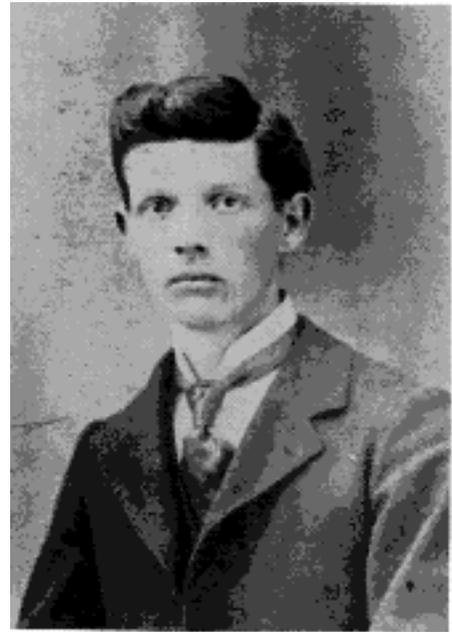
Later Lawrence moved to Rochester where he drove a cement truck and then worked at Kodak for many years until he retired.

Besides working at the Shop, Walton had a cow which he had to milk before going to work. That kept the family in milk for the three growing boys.

I never knew Pa or Ma to ever see a doctor. Ma did have dentures, but Pa's teeth were just broken stumps. Doctors made house calls then and their fees ranged from a couple of dollars to no more than five dollars .

In December, 1928, I came home for the Christmas holiday. But when it was time for me to go back to school I came down with the mumps, so I had to stay home for a while longer.

One evening at supper time Pa said he did not feel good, so he went up to bed. He never came down alive. Dr. Allen came from time to time. The priest, Father Gobet, came and gave Pa the last Sacraments.



Pa, Louis Patrie 1876-1929

On the afternoon of January 11, 1929, Mrs. La Fountain from down the street, Pa's sister Seena, Aunt Ida, Ma, the twins and myself went upstairs. Pa was fading away. I remember seeing him open his eyes and look around. Then (in French) he said "I die"

Lawrence was in Rochester at the time, and Walton was at work. Homer Duquette's father was the undertaker. He and Uncle Arthur prepared Pa for the funeral. Ma was too overcome to attend the funeral, so Aunt Ida stayed home with her. Internment had to wait until spring.

There was no insurance and I don't think there was much in savings, so Walton became the sole supporter. Perhaps Lawrence helped , but I don't know.

To make matters harder, Ma's birthday was on January 19, only a little over a week after Pa died.

My Early School Years

When I was around seven it was decided that I should go to the Convent to begin my schooling. I don't remember much of my first day there but it was

enough to scare me to death. The nun I had that day would walk up and down the room whacking on the desks with her heavy ruler!! When I got home after class I told Ma that I would not go back to the Convent. So Ma took me to the Champlain Public School that was on the corner of Route 11 and Prospect Street. Mr. Coddling was the Principal then. I remained there until I came down with meningitis in February 1921. Miss Dudley was my teacher in those days. She was the aunt of one of my friends, Charles Dudley.

The Hut

I had several good friends in Champlain. They were Homer Gamache, Homer Duquette, Kenneth Stickney, and Charles Dudley. We decided that we needed a club house so we rounded up some stray lumber and made a little shack on the Dudley property. Then we had to bring in some supplies for our larder. It was a fun place. One day as we were going to the shack we saw smoke coming out of the chimney. This called for a pow-wow. My friends decided that I should be the one to go and investigate. "Moi?" "Oui!" So I approached the shed and when I got near I hollered "Get out of there!!!" To my surprise, two men ran out and disappeared into the woods. I stood stock still until the others came along and patted me on the back. I was surprised that I could be that brave.

A Brush With The Law

One day as Charles and I were on our way home from school we saw the town



Charles and Me

policeman crossing the street. He was rather short and a bit stout, and he walked with a waddle. I turned to Charles and in a loud voice I said "Look at the fat cop, fat cop, fat cop." The fat cop turned and looked at us and said "I will have you arrested right away!" We froze, and then started running as fast as we could ... over the bridge, past the power house, through fields and woods to Charles' house. We hid in the bushes ... and sure enough we heard a car coming along. It came up the driveway and a man got out. It was a garage man. What a relief. I never told Ma because she would have been mad at me, and Pa might have given me a licking. Charles and I kept that secret to ourselves and from then on we were careful to respect the law.

Picking Berries

There were several places around Champlain where one could go to pick berries. One place was called the Flat Rock which was covered with wild blue berry bushes. the family and friends would sometimes get together and bring

picnic baskets to the rock and pick berries and socialize. It was a nice way to spend a Sunday.

Red and black raspberries also grew in the neighborhood, but the sweetest berries of all were the very tiny strawberries that grew in pastures. It took a while to pick those little berries, but it was worth the effort.

One day Aunt Ida and I went to a pasture a ways down Route 9. After we had been picking for a while, Aunt Ida told me to run toward the road. Coming after us was a angry bull!!! We made it back over the fence in time. The bull was just a few feet from us, snorting and pawing the ground. But the berries we did get were delicious.

A Can Of Worms

There was a pond on the Dudley farm. One day Charles and I decided to go fishing. We dug up a can full of nice fat worms and put it on the porch while we got our poles ready. Then Charles saw his baby sister sitting on the porch eating *our* worms! He let out a yell and Mrs. Dudley came running out to see what was the matter. When she saw the baby's mouth all dirty she grabbed her up and hustled her inside. Charles was mad at losing so many fat worms, but his mother's concern was on something else.

A Close Call

Back in the early days most of the traveling was by horse and wagon. So one day I went with Ma and two other ladies to Perrys Mills by wagon. As we were crossing the railroad tracks near the old water tank the horse slipped on one of the rails. The ladies tried to get the horse back on its feet but were not able to do so. Then a man came along. He unharnessed the horse and then it got up and the man pulled the wagon off the tracks. A few moments later a freight train came around the bend. That is what I call a close call.

Model Building

Back in the late 1920's and early 1930's building and flying model airplanes was taking hold. Homer Gamache and I decided to try our hand at it. We had to work from scratch since kits were not common, and balsa was unheard of. Also we had no plans to go by, and no money for supplies. So we went to a near-by farm and snatched a straight-grained cedar rail from a zigzag fence.

Cedar splits cleanly, so we used it for the framework of our plane. All parts were held together with lots of thread and glue. A bicycle spoke nipple made a good thrust bearing. the propeller was hand carved, and the power came from an old bicycle inner tube that was cut into narrow strips.

Then we decided we would need a "pilot" So, we got hold of a live mouse and put it inside a little cage in the plane. The runway was Route 11, which was not heavily traveled. The plane took off and flew a short ways!! Success!! Then we let the "pilot" go. It was probably the first mouse to fly.

However, my favorite flying models were pushers. Cedar was used for the open frame, with bamboo for the tapered wings. Paper cones glued together made good wheels. the elevator was in front with the leading edge slightly raised. the wing was in back, just ahead of the hand carved propeller. It was held in place on the frame by a rubber band and shifted forward or back for the proper balance. A five cent package of rubber bands from the 5 and 10 cent store provided power.

These planes were great stunters, and with longer wings they flew a long ways.

Years later Lawrence and I tried our hands at gasoline powered U-control planes. Two long wires fastened to a handle controlled the elevators on the plane. They flew around in a circle with

the "pilot" in the middle.

Once when we were flying in a high school gym, I moved too far from the middle of the floor and my model hit the basketball back board and came down in a heap. but as the sport took hold. regulations required insurance and a safe place to fly. Free flight models were also popular and now it is radio controlled flights real expensive. so now I make small scale models now and then.

The Dry Years

Starting some time in the 1920's (not sure when) the United States were dry, or they were supposed to be. But, there was always plenty of Canadian refreshment to be had if you knew how to get it. Pa worked long hours and when he got home he always poured himself a jigger of gin to relax. The gin came in dark green bottles. They were square, wider at the top than at the bottom. Once in a while he would take me and some friends up to the border about a mile away, using his STAR touring car (made by Durant, I think). He would park just inside the border and we would walk across to a tavern. There we would have a beer or two and then come back home.

One cold winter day Uncle Arthur went up in his Model T. In those days the cars were the open type and cold in winter, so long, roomy overcoats were always worn. On his way back home he was stopped by some revenuers (they were always laying in wait) and they asked Uncle Arthur if he had bought anything across the border. He said that he had. They asked him where it was, and he patted his ample tummy. "Right here", he said. So they waved him on. When he got home he took off his overcoat and pulled a bottle from out under his belt. It pays to be honest!!!!

Rum running was a profitable business, but it was a risky one. They

usually worked at night. They would load up in Canada and head south with their headlights off. Revenuers were pretty nearly always waiting, and they would give chase. Sometimes the rum runners got away, and sometimes they got caught. Getting caught meant that the booty would get smashed on the rocks below the bridge, with many of the villagers lining the rail watching that awful loss. I wonder if the fish got drunk?

Pa often made his own home brew. He would mix a batch of hops and other stuff, let it ferment, and bottle it. The bottles would be stored in the cool dirt floor cellar, but sometimes during the night he would be awakened by a loud pop. Then he would light a lantern, go down the cellar and finish off the bottle that had blown its cap. The proper way to open a bottle safely was to hold it in a dish pan, with someone else holding another dish pan up side down over the first. Then Pa would remove the cap and a geyser of foam would shoot up and hit the upturned pan. In that way there would be no loss. He especially liked to break a raw egg in his glass of beer, then take a long swig until the egg slipped down his throat.

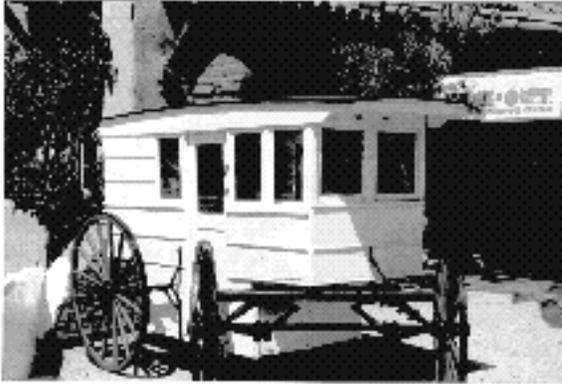
Ma was not to be out done and she would make really great root beer, using a special extract, yeast and sugar. When bottled, it was just as good as the store bought stuff.

Edward and Sylvia have a book that has good stories of rum running in Northern New York. They might want to add to what I have written.

The Runaway

Among the many stores and shops in Champlain, there was a bakery where one could buy fresh baked bread, rolls, etc. The bakery had a boxy delivery wagon with doors on both sides, and glass front. There were shelves for the baked goods.

A young fellow loaded the wagon and drove around the outlying areas, selling bread to housewives.



A Bakery Wagon

One day this young fellow asked me if I wanted to go for the ride, so I hopped in. On the way back to town, he saw a choke cherry bush along side the road. He hopped out and told me to wait while he cut some loaded branches from the bush. Then, for no apparent reason, the horse bolted and ran at full speed down the road. I grabbed the reins and pulled hard and yelled "WHOA, WHOA", but, the horse kept on going. Some distance ahead there was a 90 degree turn in the road, and if the wagon took the turn going as fast as it was, it would be sure to overturn. So, I dropped one of the reins and pulled hard on the other, and the horse veered into a hay field and stopped.

The young fellow came running up and asked if I was all right. "Oh, sure, sure I'm fine", I replied. The next day Ma and I went out for a walk, and stopped to talk to a lady. After a few minutes, the lady turned to me and asked how I liked my ride yesterday. Ma turned to me and asked "WHAT RIDE???". That was the last time I ever had reins in my hands, except on a merry go round.

My Pets

One evening as I was sitting on the steps with Ma, one of the Lucas "boys" came over with a baby crow. They had been cutting down a tree and found the

crow. The mother was nowhere around. So they asked if we wanted the bird. Ma said NO. The Lucas boys said that they would have to kill it if we did not want it. So I begged Ma to let me have the crow, and finally she said I could have it!!!.

I named it COLE and made a nest for it in a box and fed it bread crumbs soaked in milk and dug up lots of worms. Cole grew fast and in no time it was flying around. but it stayed close to home.

Cole soon found out that there was another pet crow in the area and then they were always together. But the neighbors soon started to miss small articles and one day the owner of the other crow found a pile of shiny things, clothes pins, and other stuff in the barn loft. By now the area housewives began to demand that the crows be confined on Mondays, which was wash day. So Cole had to stay cooped up in our barn until the laundry was safely inside.

One day Cole followed me to school without my knowing it. Then, when class was in progress, Cole appeared on the open window sill. All the kids started to laugh except one. The teacher looked around the room and asked me if it was my crow. "Yes. Mam". "Then, get it out of here!!". I got up and went to the window, but Cole flew in, picked up a piece of chalk, and then flew away.

There was a crew of men working replacing rail road ties in the area, and at lunch time Cole was sure to visit the men and wait for hand outs. But one day there were no hand outs. Then Cole picked up a pebble and dropped it on one of the men's head. Hard to believe. but the men swore that it was true. I wonder!

Cole always came home at the end of the day, but one day it did not show up, and we never saw it again. Perhaps it decided to join a flock of crows, or perhaps, being so tame, it was the target of boys with BB guns. We never knew.

Not long afterwards I had another pet. It was a baby chipmunk. Pa made a two story home for it, but it had the run of the house. I named it CHIP. It would often squirm under the bed covers at night. and it liked to ride around in my breast pocket with its head sticking out. I often took it down to the village that way, and I would always have a bunch of people admiring it.

Ma would save pumpkin seed and other goodies for Chip, but she soon found out that her indoor flower pots started sprouting pumpkin plants. So, she told me that if I should see Chip digging in her pots, I was to shoo it away. Then, one day I saw Chip digging, so I called it and stamped my foot. Quick as a flash Chip jumped down and it was in the wrong place as my foot came down !!!!! That was a really sad day for me.

A Civil War Veteran

My recollections of Grand Pa and Grand Ma Patrie are very meager. I don't really remember Grand Ma, I do know that she died of cancer, but not much else. They lived where 16 Moore Street now is. Grand Ma's maiden name was Harriet Martin. She was born in Canada.

Grand Pa went by two first names. Some called him Felix, while others called him Philip. He enlisted in the Civil War and was in the 147th Regiment, New York Volunteers. We have no record of the battles that he was in.

When I was little, I was told that once he had his cap shot off his head when he looked over a boulder behind which he had taken cover. In those days he used muzzle loading muskets. A ramrod fitted in clips underneath the gun barrel. This ramrod was used to load the musket with little squares of cloth, gun powder, and a musket ball. It was Grandpa's habit to stick his ramrod in the ground between

loadings. During one battle, his regiment was ordered to retreat, and when a new line was formed he found that he had left his ramrod sticking in the ground. He sneaked back to get it but he was captured. The prison compound was just a barb-wire enclosure with no shelter, and with very little food. But at night a black man would sneak up to the fence and slip bags of cornmeal to the prisoners. He risked his life in doing this.

Sometimes I would ask Grandpa about the war I even asked if there were airplanes then, but he would think a while and then say that he did not remember. When he passed away I attended his funeral. It was with full military honors. If any of you readers have more to add to this, please pass it along.

The Drummer

The next door neighbors were the Lucas family. The two Lucas boys went over seas during the first world War. One of them had a drum and often sat on the front steps on nice evenings and played tunes on his drum. The one I liked best was the sound of a train. At first, the sound was very faint, as if the train was far away, then, as the train came closer and closer, the sound became louder and louder. Finally, the sound became very loud as the train passed by, and then it became fainter and fainter as the train disappeared in the distance.

They operated a wagon repair shop which was located in front of their home. It had a long over hang in front where wagons were kept while waiting their turns to be repaired. But, quite often the boys could be found sound asleep after having had a bit too much Canadian refreshment. It was not too hard to come by if one knew his way around.

February 14, 1921

On the morning of February 14, 1921, I told Ma that I had a sore throat and that I did not feel well. She told me to go back to bed. Around 9 AM she came up stairs and asked if I wanted any thing. My head was buzzing then and I had a hard time understanding her. Those were the last words I ever heard. We spoke French most of the time in those days. This was only nine days after my ninth birthday.

Around noon, she came upstairs again. I could see her lips moving but there was no sound. I had completely lost my hearing in those short hours. When Pa came home from work that evening she told him what had happened, and then he left the house to call Dr. Briggs who lived part way up the hill near the Convent.

The doctor took a big watch from his vest pocket and held it close to my ears. and then he banged a pan, but there was no response from me. He concluded that I was deaf, and for the following week he could not decide what was wrong with me. So he called a doctor in Montreal who immediately decided that I had spinal meningitis. About all that I remember then was that I began to take a bitter medicine. The rest of my illness was a blank for as long as it lasted.

Then, one night I, woke up. Around the room I could see the priest, my family and some neighbors. The next morning I began to get better, and finally I was able to get up and use the crutches that Pa made for me. I don't know how long I was sick, but it was spring when I first went outside.

When it was school time again in September, Ma took me to see Mr. Coddington to get me enrolled again, but he told her that they could not take me because I was deaf. So, for the next two years or so I did not go to school, but I borrowed just about every book that I could get my hands on. I am sure that helped me later on.

I don't remember just when, but a lady

came to our place. She had heard about me and she said that I should go to the School for the Deaf in Malone, only 50 miles west of Champlain. Her name was Amy L. Huggard. So, Pa drove me there. I did not want to stay, but I had no choice. So, that was where I resumed my schooling, and where I graduated in 1931. More about my days there later on.

Brother André

During the summer of 1921, Pa took me and Ma to Montreal to see Aunt Liz and then he dropped us off at a small hotel at the foot of Mt. Royal. By then Brother André had started on his dream to erect an Oratory in honor of St. Joseph. But before Pa left to go back to Champlain, we had a snack at a little restaurant off to one side of the Oratory. We had bologna sandwiches, but what impressed me most was the glass of ice cold milk. At home there was no refrigeration of any kind, so I had never had milk so cold.

Then, for the next two weeks, Ma and I walked up the long stairway to the Oratory which was a one story building made of Canadian granite. Inside there was a large pile of wheel chairs, crutches and canes that were left behind after their owners had been cured of their handicaps. After praying there we went to a small building off to one side of the



St. Joseph's Oratory as it looked then

Oratory where Brother André saw the pilgrims who sought cures. He would touch my ears with a medal of St. Joseph, and then he would put a few drops of holy oil in my ears, and then pray. After two weeks of this, he said that he could not help me because I did not have enough faith.

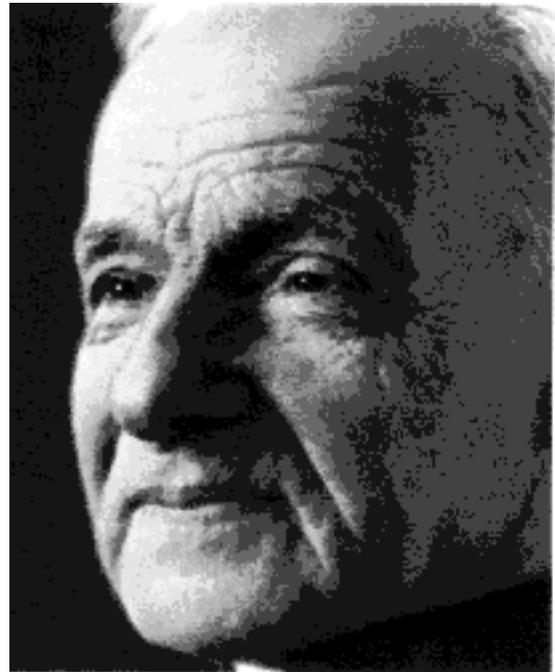
In a way, perhaps that was to be the best, because if he had cured me, I would not have gone to Gallaudet College, and I would not have met Jean, and then Stan, Bob and Carol would not be around. So, I am happy that things turned out the way they did.

After those two weeks Aunt Liz took us to her summer home in St. Faustin, up in the Laurentian Mountains north of Montreal. We went by train. That was my first ride on a train, and I kept my nose glued to the window and marveled at the scenery, and watched the locomotive as it rounded the many curves in the mountains.

Aunt Liz's home was on Square Lake, so named because it was almost square. One side of the roof had an American flag

worked in the shingles, while the other side had a Union Jack.

Many years later I took Carol and her chum, Linda Stoddart, to Montreal where Carol had an interview at Mc Gill University, and then we went to St. Joseph's Oratory. By then the dome was in place. It was built on top of the original one story Oratory. This dome is second in size only to St. Peter's in Rome.



Brother André

To this day I can remember what Brother André looked like. He was born in 1845 and he was 76 years old when I saw him. Although he was a sickly man most of his life, he lived till the age of 91. In time, he will be declared a Saint.

The Twins Arrive

Late in September, 1921, things happened that had me really puzzled. First, Ma went to bed real early. Then Aunt Ida came over and went in the bedroom, and then Dr. Allen came and disappeared into the bedroom. Pa came in and out. He seemed worried, and I kept wondering. Ma had been all right, so why was the doctor here.

After a while Aunt Ida came out of the bed room holding what seemed to be a tiny baby. It looked sort of blue. Aunt Ida had some warm water ready, and she started to wash the baby. Pa lit a lantern and said I had better go to bed. He said that Ma was very sick. All conversation back then was in French. Pa took me upstairs, saw me safely in bed, and took the lantern back down stairs. What in the world was going on???



Sylvia and Leonard

The next morning Pa told me to get dressed, and then I went down stairs. Pa took me in the bed room, and there was Ma in bed with two little babies. TWO babies!!!! Where did they ever come from??? I had never given it a thought, and now there they were. Pa said that one was a boy and the other was a girl. Not long after they were baptized. The boy was named Leonard, and the girl was named Sylvia. Their birth day was September 27, 1921



Ma, Leonard & Sylvia

The Malone School for the Deaf

I don't remember just when I started going to the Malone School for the Deaf, but I think it was in September 1924, when I was 12 years old. I did not want to go, but I had no choice.

Ma made some name labels, which she sewed into my clothing, and packed my stuff in a cardboard suitcase. Pa drove us over in his Star Touring Car which he equipped with side curtains to keep out the wind. Leonard and Sylvia were still tiny tots then.

The school buildings were beautiful, and so was the setting in the foothills of the Adirondack Mountains. Rider Hall, the main building, dominated the school grounds. It was made of brick, with white trim. and a red tile roof. The Rider family lived upstairs. The main floor had the office, the dining room, and a teachers' lounge. The basement had a large kitchen with a cold room which used blocks of ice instead of electrical

refrigeration.



Rider Hall

Two matching buildings flanked Rider Hall. On the left was Gilbert Hall, the dormitory for older boys, class rooms and a gym. On the right was Badger Hall for the older girls, and the lady teachers. The three buildings were connected by a colonnade, and under this was a tunnel. This tunnel went on to the kindergarten, and a bit farther was the Annex for younger boys, and an auditorium. The other buildings were: the ice house, the laundry, the shop, and the barn. We helped harvest ice from a near by mill pond and insulated it with sawdust from the saw mill.

Classes started at 8:30, and lunch was at 12:30. After lunch there were no classes for the older students. There was farm work to do, as well as work in the laundry and in the printing shop. Here the monthly school booklet, *The Mentor*, was printed under the supervision of Walter Kenny, the printing instructor. The girls did the mending and ironing.

A man made cave stored potatoes, turnips, carrots, apples and so on. Cows furnished milk and beef and the hen house kept the school supplied with eggs and chicken. In short, just about all of our

food came from the farm. There were only about three or four hired people.

The state paid so much for each student, but with most of the food coming from the farm, Mr. Rider used some of the money to buy clothing for the pupils, and for train fare to and from home at Christmas time and for summer recess.

The Superintendent was Edward C. Rider, and his wife, Grace, was the Matron. They had two children; Darrel, who was the only male teacher at the school, and Lynton, who was deaf and about my age. I believe that Edward Rider's father was deaf, and he was instrumental in the founding of the school.

We boys did nearly all of the farm work under the supervision of the farmer. We did not mind the work except for the job of cleaning out the hen house. That was an awful chore!

While I was there Darrel Rider, organized a Boy Scout troop. He was an excellent Scout leader, and the school provided us with uniforms. Since all of us lived in the school, we had plenty of time to practice for the Jamboree events, and won most of them.

At one Jamboree we camped on the athletic field at St. Lawrence University in Canton. One morning we had a surprise visitor. He was a little old man with a white goatee. He wore a broad brimmed hat, fringed buckskin jacket, and matching pants. He was Daniel Carter Beard, Chief Scout of the United States. He had come to congratulate us on our achievements, and he shook hands with all of us. We were thrilled to meet such a famous person.

Darrel belonged to the Elks Club, and once a month he took me with him for lunch. I had to recite the pledge to the flag. Not a bad deal!



Eagle Award

In May, 1930, the Jamboree was held at the Plattsburgh Barracks. At a court of honor there I received my Eagle Badge along with John Slanski, Robert Greenmun and Lynton Rider.

Back in those days, we could go to the movies for only five cents. It was the custom then to have an intermission during which there would be a vaudeville show of some kind. Some comics, or acrobats, singers, etc..

At one of the intermissions our Scouts demonstrated various scouting skills. My part was to fly a model plane from the stage up to the balcony. This took some practice beforehand, but when I released my model, it flew exactly as planned, over the heads of the audience and up to the balcony. Two of our Scouts were up there to bring the model back.

The teachers that I remember best, and who influenced me no end were: Miss Julia Savage, the head teacher, Miss Catherine Donnelly, and Miss Emma Sandberg. Miss Sandberg was a graduate of Gallaudet College. It was because of her that I went to Gallaudet along with John Slanski of Oswego and Robert Greenmun of Binghamton. We were the only three to graduate from the Malone School in June of 1931.

At graduation, Ma was seated next to me. A lady made a speech, but it was not interpreted. Then Ma poked me with her elbow and told me to go up front. This

lady gave me a five dollar gold coin from the DAR for having set a good example for the students. I also got a two and a half dollar gold coins from two of my teachers. I still have these three gold pieces.

A Visitor From The Sky

One day during the summer of 1928, the whole town of Champlain was all agog with the expected visitor from the sky. Several bed sheets had been laid out in a pasture in the form of a large T. Soon, a dot appeared in the sky. It was an airplane headed our way from Montreal. It circled the field and landed. What a big airplane it was. It was a Curtiss Jenny used as a trainer during the first World War.

Then the pilot got out, a real dashing figure in his leather helmet, jacket, jodhpurs and boots. After getting help in pouring gasoline into the tank, he started to take passengers up for rides over the village at five dollars a head. But for most of us there that was a lot of money. Any way, the pilot made a good profit that day. That airplane was the first one that I ever saw, and it was the first and last one that Pa ever saw.

My Sister and Brothers

Lawrence was the first to marry. His bride was Exzina Cook, whose family lives in Champlain a stone's throw from the Rutland Railroad. Lawrence and Exzina moved to Rochester, and made their home in a tiny house on LeRoy Street.

After Exzina passed away, Lawrence married Anne White. His hobby in later years was target shooting. Both he and Anne accumulated dozens of trophies at gun meets across the country.

They had three children: Janet, Joyce and Jimmy.

Janet married Ronald Mowers and they lived and raised their three children in Kendall, west of Rochester. Joyce married Robert Peters and they raised twin boys. Bob and Sonny both worked for many years at Kodak, and later both went into business for them themselves. Jimmy and Nancy had one son, Rory. Jim worked here and there, finally settling into a job as a carpenter for Kodak.

Walton was the next to marry. His bride was Jeanette Babeau of Perry's Mills. Walton was then working at the Shop, but made his home on Jeanette's father's farm. They later moved to a home at the end of Moore Street. Walton and Jeanette had three boys; Walton Junior, Clarence and Richard.

After retiring from the Navy, Walt Jr. and his wife worked at an Air Base in Michigan. Clarence worked at the Shop until it closed, and he and his wife Sharon still live in Champlain. Richard moved to Long Island where he works at an aircraft factory.



On the road in Gaspé

Leonard married Bernie Boudreau. Since Jean and I had been planning a trip to Gaspé, Quebec, we invited them to join us if they had no honeymoon plans. They didn't, so they did. Stan Jr. and Bob were with us too.

We drove to Montreal, then east to Quebec City, crossed the St. Lawrence by ferry, and then on for close to 1,000 miles to Gaspé. It was a very scenic trip, but it was wash board gravel roads all the way. My wrist watch died from the shaking, and worst of all, we had seven flat tires on that trip. So Leonard and I had to stop and patch up or replace the inner tubes, and even some tires. The return trip was through New Brunswick, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. Leonard and Bernie have never forgotten their honeymoon trip!

Leonard and Bernie had three sons; Leonard Jr. (Lennie), a high school science teacher and a church deacon; Joseph, who served in the Navy and has worked as an X-ray technician; and Philip, who has had to leave work due to ill health.

Sylvia came back with us to Baton Rouge after our trip to Champlain when Stan was one year old. She noticed the difference in the way the French Cajuns in Louisiana spoke compared to the French Canadians.

On those long trips with Stan, we would put a jar of baby food between the cylinder banks of our 1936 Ford V8. After about half an hour, the food would be hot enough to feed him.

After several months with us, Edward Badger sent her bus fare back home and married her. They raised four children: Albert, Ronnie, Gail and Jimmy.

June 12, 1937

I was a full two months late in returning to Gallaudet for my senior year because I had been laid up with a broken

pelvis due to a motorcycle accident. So, late in October, 1935 I took a train from St. Johns, Quebec and headed down for Washington. That evening there was a Halloween party in the Ole Jim. I hobbled over on my crutches and watched the goings-on.

Back then the student body numbered about 150, so every body knew every body else, It was just like one big family. But at the beginning of each school year there were some new faces. So, when I looked around at the new faces I saw one, a red head. I told myself then and there that I need not look any further. This red head was Jean Johnston, from Saskatchewan. We soon got acquainted and started dating, under the watchful eye of Miss Peet.



Jean and I in 1937





Jean and I in 1937

To make the long story short, we got engaged on New Years Eve, 1937. Jean had been given a two year scholarship by the Western Canada Association of the Deaf, But her father, a wheat rancher, was having a hard time with poor crops, and could not afford to foot the college expenses after those two years. That meant that Jean would have to drop out of college.

That June, 1937, we drove up to Champlain and went to see Father Dufort to see if he could marry us before Jean headed back home. He said he would have to consult with the Bishop in Odgensburg. The idea was that it would be easier for Jean to return to the states if she were married to a US.. citizen.

When we went back to see Father Dufort, he said that the Bishop had given us permission to get married. So on June 12, 1937, we were wed, but we put off telling our families for a while. I drove Jean to Montreal where we visited Aunt

Liz and then saw Jean off for Saskatchewan.

Then the paper work started and on December first, 1937 Jean entered the United States, and I paid the ten dollar head tax. So, now this year, 1992, we observe our 55th anniversary.



Jean and I in 1988

Champlain, As It Was

Although I was born and spent my earlier years in Champlain, I have spent most of my life away from home, first at the Malone School for the Deaf, and then at Gallaudet College, and then teaching in schools for the deaf at Universities, and Community Colleges from 1938 to 1986. So the Champlain of today is very different from the way it used to be.

Back then there were many stores and services. I'll try to list the ones that I remember the best. The town had its own electric power plant. The generators were powered by a water turbines that got their water from a canal that started where a dam used to be. The canal, just a short walk from my home, was the town's favorite swimming hole, and I spent many afternoons there.

The village had its own laundry, bakery, butcher shop, drug store, two department stores (Glaude's and Pearl's), two grocery stores (Grand Union and the A&P), a beauty shop, a barber shop, a hotel and a hardware store.

There were other establishments that I have forgotten. At the southern end of the village was a smallish store, St. Maxim's, across the street from the convent. It always had licorice, and it was the only store that carried my favorite pulp magazine, *The Liberty Boys of '76*. I could hardly wait for the next issue to see how Dick Slater and his Liberty Boys would foil the Red Coats.

Trombley's auto dealership and garage were at the top of the hill south of town. That's where I got my used 1936 Ford V8. It was a great car.

Besides the stores, etc. already mentioned, there was Paquette's Insurance Office, where Bernie worked for many years. Mr. Paquette did not want her to go because he said she knew more about the business than he did.

There was a movie house run by the Kennedy's of Champlain. The seats were folding chairs. A pianist was always in one corner pounding away at the keys. The films were "silents" in those early days. Every so often a slide would be projected on the screen to make announcements such as "Coming Attractions", or to let the movie goers know that the film had to be rewound.

The town had two churches, and two schools, and there was a library where I borrowed many books. Light was furnished by Civil War muskets with light bulbs screwed into the muzzles. When Ma took me back to school, I was not accepted because I was deaf.

Let's have a look inside a typical grocery store. There was no self service or shopping carts. The stores were really small, with shelves along the side walls. You gave the grocer your shopping list, and he would get what you asked for. Corn flakes and shredded wheat were always on the top shelf, and the grocer used long handled tongs to get the boxes

down. Peanut butter came in large tubs, and had to be stirred with a paddle to distribute the oil. It was then ladled into little "boats" and wrapped special paper. Lard was dispensed in the same way. On the counter would be a cast iron "bee hive" which held a large ball of string. The string went up to the ceiling and then down to the counter where packages were tied up.



Falcon's Drug Store

Coffee beans were weighed and then poured into a hopper on top of the red coffee grinder. The coffee was ground by turning a crank on a large wheel. Crackers did come from barrels and cheese was cut to order from large wheels. Good cheese too!

There were no precut meats in the butcher shops. Whatever your order, the butcher would go in the cold room in the back where beef sides hung on hooks. Through a large window you could see him cut the meat you ordered.

One of the places I remember best was Falcon's Drug Store. As soon as I had recovered from my illness, Ma started to take me to morning Mass and then we

went to Falcon's where she ordered an ice cream soda for me. Although the soda cost only five cents, she never ordered one for herself. She would talk to Mr. Falcon to while away the time. He was a kindly looking man with a white mustache. The store sold only drugs. No shoes. No candy. No toys. Just drugs. The building still stands, but many of the others are gone. Fires took some of them, and no replacements were built. Now all the stores are located at the top of the hill on Route Nine.

This narration would not be complete without mentioning the Sheridan Iron Works, better known as simply THE SHOP. Pa worked all his life there, and Walton and Leonard retired after working there for many years. The Shop and the milk station were the main employers of the town. Both are gone. Champlain is no longer what it used to be.

Although there was more to the village, this pretty well sums up what I remember best.

My First Plane Ride

In the early days of aviation, an airport might consist of a small hangar, or even a shed, with a grass runway. Paved runways could be found only at large commercial fields, but the aprons were usually unpaved.

The airport in Malone, N. Y. had a small hangar and a grass runway. The pioneer aviator there was Clarence "Duke" Dufort. The field was situated on the highway to Tupper Lake.



OX5 Travelair

Since I had always been interested in aviation, I would often borrow a bike and pedal over to the field on week ends and make myself useful by sweeping out the hangar, or washing the black and orange Stinson Jr. that belonged to Duke. He also had a blue and silver OX 5 Travelair open cockpit biplane.

Then one day he asked me if I would like to go up for a ride. First I had to get written permission from Ma. Another Malone pupil also got permission from his family. So, on May 4, 1930, we were driven to the field and Duke belted us in and gave us leather helmets to wear. Duke started the motor by swinging the prop and taxied to the end of the field where he got out, lifted the tail of the plane and turned it around. Once in the air, Duke would slap the side of the plane to call our attention and pointed out places, such as the St. Lawrence River, the Adirondacks, the School for the Deaf and so on. Without landing brakes, Duke "fish tailed" to slow the plane down and made a perfect three point landing. I have never forgotten that ride.



Duke Dufort

Other rides I had there were in the Stinson Jr. and in a Stinson Detrouer, Duke said that he would have given me a ride to Washington to start my first year at Gallaudet if he had been able to get a paying passenger, but none showed up. Later I was really saddened to learn that Duke had lost his life when his Stinson Jr. crashed during a winter storm.

Other Early Flights

After my first flight in an open cockpit biplane in Malone, I had several others that have been noteworthy in some way or other.



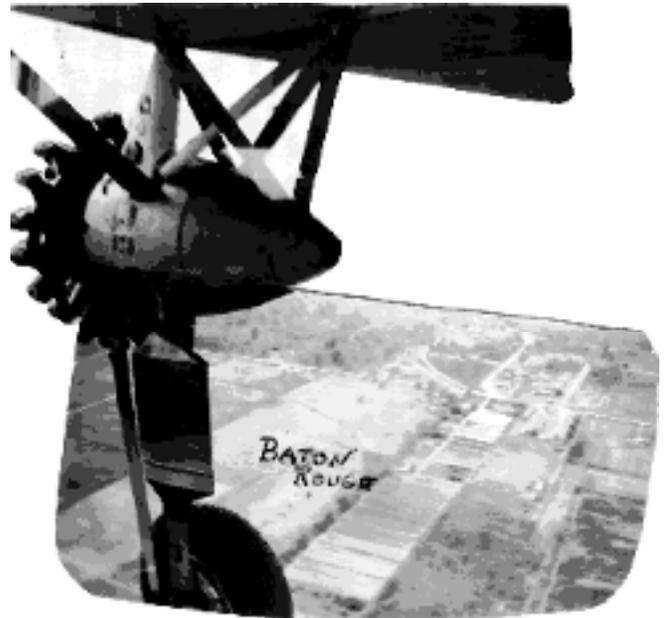
The United States Capitol

While I was at Gallaudet in the early 1930's I walked from one end of Washington, D. C. to the other. Street car fares were cheap, but then every penny counted. I often walked to the Washington-Hoover Airport to watch the planes, so one day I asked one of the pilots if he could take me over the city. He took me up in a Fairchild F-71 high wing cabin plane seating four passengers. This plane had folding wings for storage. The Air and Space Museum has what is probably the only one of its kind left. This airport is now the site of the Pentagon.

I got some beautiful shots of Gallaudet, the Capitol Building, the Lincoln Memorial and the Memorial Bridge. As

we flew over the Anacostia Naval Air Station, the pilot turned to me, pointed down, and shook his head. But I sneaked a shot anyway. Back then, there were no restrictions about flying over the city, so I was lucky to have been there when I did. This flight took place on October 22, 1933.

My next flight of note was in Baton Rouge, Louisiana during the summer of 1939.



Baton Rouge From a Ford Tri-Motor

A Ford Tri-Motor was touring the country advertising Holsum Bread, and the fare for a ride over Baton Rouge was a Holsum Bread wrapper. So, Jean and I paid our "fare" and had a nice ride over Baton Rouge. Jean was pregnant with Stan at that time, so we might say that this was his first flight too.

This plane had fourteen wicker seats in two rows, so everybody had a window seat. After the ride, the plane did a loop-the-loop, and it traveled across the field on one wheel, with one wing tip just brushing the ground. The Air and Space Museum has one of these planes, and the Flying Lady museum, south of San Jose has another.

A Flight Over Niagara Falls

During my 27 years of teaching at the Rochester School for the Deaf, I was also the Scout Leader, and I took the Scouts on many outings and trips. One of these trips was to the Niagara Falls A.F.B.. Several bus loads of hearing Scouts were with us. The high light of this trip was a flight in an Air force "Box Car". This was a twin engined plane with twin booms extending from the wings to the tail with a rather short, stubby fuselage between the booms.

All of us were issued parachutes, and once we were up in the air, we took turns going forward for a look-see in the cockpit. The flight took us over Niagara Falls. A beautiful view.

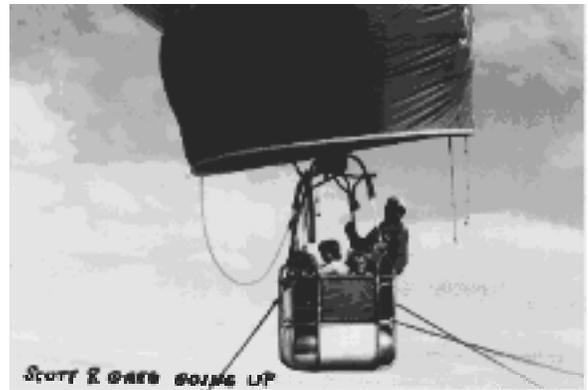
One evening we were taken to the Canadian side to see the flood-lighted falls. Some of the hearing Scouts bought fireworks to take home, but the Scouter in charge found out and he made them get off the bus and provided us with an unscheduled fire work display before heading back to the US..

More Air Rides

As the years went by, Jean and I have flown in a variety of airplanes, but the ones that amazed us the most were the 747's. So big that it does not seem possible that they can fly at all. We have flown cross country, to Europe, and to Hawaii in these planes.

In December, 1991, we had a helicopter ride over the red hot lava flows of Kiluea Volcano on the Big Island of Hawaii. This flight was real low, and we could feel the heat from the hot lava. This was a very thrilling ride.

I had a brief flight in a tethered hot air balloon in Morgan Hill, a bit south of San Jose. Bob had taken us to see the balloons, and we were near by when one of them landed.



*Scott & Greg going up
Ballooning In Morgan Hill*

Our grandsons, Scott and Greg were just kids at that time. The balloon pilot invited them for a "hop". After they were in the basket, the pilot said that they were too heavy, and he suggested that they spit over the side, and presto ... the balloon rose!!! I had my turn along with Stan, but I didn't have to spit. It was a smooth ride.

I Fly !!!

Finally, in 1985, I got a chance to take over the controls of a plane. Denny and Ann Moore, of Bowie, Maryland, are good friends of Carol. Denny has a six passenger Cessna, and one day he invited Carol, Kurt and myself to go up for a ride. After taking off, he told me to take over the wheel, so I took over and held on tight as we headed out over the Chesapeake Bay.



Denny Moore's Cessna

After a while Denny said "Go some where!!". So ever so gently, I headed north toward Baltimore. We flew over

the Chesapeake Bay Bridge, and as we neared Baltimore I turned around and headed back over the bridge and toward Annapolis. But Denny told me to steer clear of the city because flights are not allowed to fly over the Naval Academy. Nearing the runway, I handed the controls back to Denny. After we landed, Carol said that she did not know that I could fly. I told her that I did not know either, But I did not tell her that the Cessna can practically fly itself!!! Anyway, **I FLEW!**

Skiing

In 1970, we moved from Rochester to Massachusetts. For the first two years we lived in a townhouse in Sunderland, just across the Connecticut River from Deerfield, and just a few miles from Amherst where I started my new job at the University of Massachusetts.

When winter came along, we noticed that nearly all the cars had skis strapped to racks on their roofs. Then we found out that a group of deaf skiers would be competing at the Haystack Ski area in Vermont, so we went over to have a look.

We had never been to a ski area before, so we were really surprised at the ease and grace of the skiers coming down the slopes. It looked really inviting.

So, we went to the Mt. Holyoke ski area between Springfield and Amherst. There we rented equipment, and went part way up an easy slope using the T-bar lift. Once there, we had a sudden change of mind about skiing. We tumbled most of the way down, and the only way we could stop was to run into someone or something.

We went up for another try, but before starting I spied a Ski Patrol person. I asked how to get down to the bottom. He said "Slow and easy -- Slow and easy". That did it!

We went to a ski area in Pittsfield and enrolled in a class. We were given three foot long skis but no poles. We were shown how to jump up a few inches and twist one way or the other. So easy! we graduated in half a day!

So we got ourselves good 150 cm. skis and went to Killington, Vermont. The gondola lift there is the longest in the world, 3.5 miles with two switching stations where the gondolas change direction. From the summit we took the five mile long trail to the bottom, dropping 3,000 feet.

Now we considered ourselves expert beginners! But total control was still to be achieved. For example, at Haystack, Jean was going a bit too fast to get in line for the lift. She fell and mowed down the line of skiers in front of her. They all came down in a heap with skis, poles, arms, and legs pointing every which way! I wonder what those people said.

In all, we skied at ten or more areas in Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire, all within an hour and a half from home.

The Mt. Sunapee area in New Hampshire was often visited by Senator Kennedy's son. They also let handicapped skiers use the slopes for free. Most of these are one legged people, and some blind skiers who are told when to turn or stop. But deafness is not so visible, so we were issued red bibs with the word "DEAF" on the front and back. I hated those bibs, and once on the slopes, I tucked mine into my pocket.



I was 59 years old when I learned to ski and I couldn't get enough of the sport.

The Mountains

New England has its share of beautiful mountains. Massachusetts has its Berkshires, Vermont has its Green Mountains. New Hampshire has its White Mountains, and so on. These are all old worn down mountains that were much higher eons ago, and now all except a few of the highest ones are covered with forests.

Route 2, better known as the Mohawk Trail, crosses the Berkshires east to west just north of where we lived. In the fall all of New England is ablaze with color, with the maples contributing their brilliant oranges and reds. To describe the beautiful hues is quite beyond words, but one year, during the peak of color, we went to Rochester and brought back with us an old friend, Addie Peterson, to spend a week with us in Massachusetts. As we drove east along the Mohawk Trail,

Addie could contain herself no longer, and she said, "This is a bouquet to God!". This was a fitting description, and we have never forgotten it.

The Appalachian Trail traverses these mountains, and I have hiked and climbed many miles of this famous trail. It all began when I saw an announcement in the U. of Mass. student newspaper saying that there would be a climb up Mt. Monadnock in New Hampshire and that anyone was welcome to come along. The only requirement was to be self sufficient. So I got hold of a knapsack, loaded it with food and drink and joined the group. Some 10 or 12 people were in the party.

Arriving at the mountain, all those people put on climbing boots. Oh, well, who needs climbing boots? I soon found out that street shoes were not suitable, and I lagged far behind. At the summit, I found many people there. I had not seen them on the way up. Another trail, maybe. But now came the hard part. - going down a steep rocky trail. I soon found that it was easier to sit and slide down in places. By the time I got back home I swore off mountain climbing. I lost three toenails, I had hole in the seat of my pants, and my wallet was ruined!



Climbing Monadnock

Sometime later, Jean found a map of the trails on Mt. Monadnock. Many, many of them. So we bought climbing boots and decided to give it a try, at our own pace. From then on, I was hooked. Jean climbed with me some fifteen times. I was up over thirty times. Stan, Bob and Carol tried it too.

Monadnock is a mountain that stands alone, and from the 3,500 foot summit one can see all six New England States. Even Boston, over 75 miles away can be made out.

All of my climbing has not been confined to Mt. Monadnock. I've gone up Mt. Greylock, the tallest mountain in Massachusetts, but the climb of all climbs was an aborted three day expedition to the top of Mt. Washington.

IN THE WHITE MTS - NEAR MT. WASHINGTON, N.H.



JULY-1974 KAMPED BACK BY BAD WEATHER
On the trail to Mt. Washington

A group of about 12 U. Mass. personnel started a series of weekend hikes to harden us for our assault up to the top of New England. For this, we used back packs with personal needs, around 30 pounds.

Cars were located on opposite sides of the mountain, and the first leg of our proposed three day trip was to an A.M.C. hut for the night. Hut boys and girls pack in all the food on their backs, and serve meals. The huts provided bunks, but the only illumination were lanterns in the

eating area. This was the *Mitzpah Hut*. Two others were a day's climb apart.

But the next morning was stormy, and a sign along the trail warned us to turn back because high winds sweep across the bare, rocky summit, and lightning bolts are very dangerous up there. So we had to abort our climb. In a way I was sort of glad because the going was so much harder than I thought it would be.

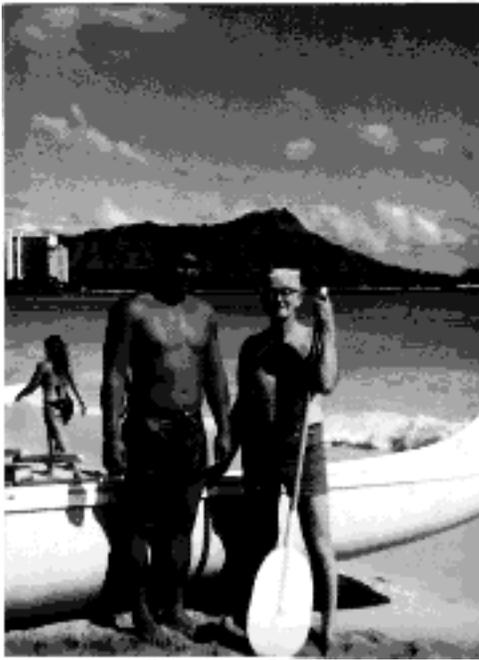
I recommend the cog railway or the paved highway to the summit. Closed in winter

Hawaii

Our first trip to Hawaii was in 1981 with Stan, Mary Anne and the kids. Jean and I had a corner room on the 15th floor of one of the Outrigger Hotels. One of the balconies faced Diamond Head and the other looked down on Waikiki Beach.

The fun part of this trip was an outrigger canoe ride. All those on board the long, narrow canoe had to help paddle about half a mile or so out to sea. Then the captain turned the canoe around, and on command we had to paddle furiously until a large wave caught up with us. From there on it was "down hill" in a spray-drenching ride to the beach. Our "fare" entitled us to three rides. Real fun!!

We also visited the Arizona Memorial. It is a white bridge like structure that straddles the sunken battle ship which still entombs most of her crew.



Canoeing on Waikiki

Waikiki Beach is no place for snorkeling. All you can see there are legs and feet and roily water. No fish to speak of. The sandy beach is always so crowded that it is hard to find a spot to spread your blanket. But there are plenty of nice "views" there.

An interesting place to visit is the International Bazaar which is out in the open under large trees. It is a mishmash of little stalls tended by Asians selling tourist stuff. Once you get collared by a sales person, it is hard to get away. All the vendors have hand-held computers on which they tap out a price that is marked down from the original price. You shake your head. Then come more and more marked downs until you nod. SOLD!! After you get home you wonder why you bought what you did. There is one born every minute.



We took a side trip to Maui aboard Aloha Airlines. There are many beaches there, and the snorkeling is just great. There is good shopping in Lahaina, an old whaling town. The largest banyan tree is here. It covers a whole city block. The branches dip to the ground, take root and spread out.

Very early one morning we drove up to the summit of Haleakala Crater which is 10,000 feet above sea level. Many people were there at the summit to see the sun rise above the clouds. a beautiful view. There is a small ranger station up there and every body crowded in to get out of the 40° cold. The ranger gave a short talk and ended with, "Please do not pick up pieces of volcanic rock to take home. If you do, the gods will put a curse on you, and so will I". Once we were outside some of the people emptied their pockets!! Hmmm??

Our second trip was in 1987. This time it was a present from Stan and Bob and families for our 50th anniversary. We stayed on the west coast of Maui which has many uncrowded sandy beaches, and in areas that have coral one can see hundreds of beautiful tropical fish --- all sizes, shapes, and colors. Just floating around with snorkeling equipment and a water proof bag of bread crumbs and frozen peas will draw the fish to you. They will actually feed from your hand!!

While we were there Bob took part in a "Run to the Sun". This is a 37 mile run from sea level up to the summit of Haleakala Crater, 10,000 feet high. In Hawaiian, "Haleakala" means "The House Of the Sun". It took Bob a bit over seven hours to reach the top. The crater is so big that it could hold all of Manhattan Island with room to spare. Its tallest skyscrapers would still be below the crater rim.

Our third and last trip was just after Thanksgiving, 1991. Our plane took us to

Kona where we had a second floor apartment looking out to sea. We could see surfers, ocean liners, submarines, etc. Even the "Big Mo" sailed past on its last trip on the way to be moth-balled.

This island, Hawaii, or the Big Island, is the largest, and youngest in the chain, so the coral and lava have not yet been ground to fine sand. There are several kinds of lava. One kind is called A'A, probably because that is what people yell when they walk on it with bare feet. It hurts.

We took a two day trip around the island and stayed at a nice B and B place. No telephones, no radios, no TVs in our rooms. The only heat came from fireplaces in each room. There are huge tree ferns all around. And the northeast coast has a rain forest with narrow waterfalls higher than Niagara.

There are two huge volcanoes on the island, Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa. However it is the Kiluea Crater that is almost always active with awesome displays. The day before our scheduled helicopter flight over Kiluea was rainy. No changes in schedules allowed. So when we were browsing in a gift shop we spied a little figurine made from black lava. It had a big bare tummy. By rubbing the tummy, we were assured of getting our wish. So we bought it, and rubbed it and rubbed some more until it shone. The next day was sunny!!

Our helicopter ride was a low level one, just skimming over the lava flows. The pilot stopped here and there for picture taking, and we could feel the heat from the red hot lava. At one place we saw a school bus embedded up to the windows in hardened lava, and at ano-



School Bus near Kalapana Gardens

their place we saw a street sign, but no signs of the streets themselves. A whole community had been wiped out.

It was somewhat windy that day. The pilot told Toni that he might have to dump her overboard to appease the gods. But Toni reminded him that she would not qualify. (Only virgins were sacrificed in olden days).



After our ride over Kiluea Volcano

The final part of our trip took us through the largest cattle ranch in the whole United States. Living on the Islands is expensive because most of the food is imported, and Japan owns a good deal of the real estate which the Islanders cannot afford.

One last note. On our last leg back home via San Francisco our plane was about to land at Lindbergh Field just before the 11 PM curfew when we were put on hold because a huge Russian cargo plane had aborted its take off, so then the

curfew went into effect, we turned around and landed in Los Angeles. From there we were shuttled back to San Diego by vans, arriving back at Lindbergh at 2 AM. Mary Anne happened to be in town, and she had been waiting for us. We have enjoyed every minute of our visits to Hawaii. We have some nice pictures to remind us of our visits there. No, we did not bring back any grass skirts. They are no fun when empty, but we did bring back some juicy pineapples.

High Places

While I was living in Washington. I had the opportunity of being in three high places where few people have been. Lets start with the highest. When I tell people that I have been to the very tip of the Washington Monument, they

always say that they have been there too. But when I repeat that by the tip I mean the pointed tip at the very top. Then the usual reaction would be to point the fore finger toward the ear and move it around in a circle!!

So, lets start at the beginning. By the early 1930's the Monument was something over 50 years old, and by then chunks of concrete had started to fall away from between the blocks of marble. These chunks endangered the people down below, so a steel scaffolding was erected, surrounding the Monument all the way to the top, 555 feet above the ground. An elevator cage on the outside took the workmen up with pails of fresh concrete. The men walked back and forth on wood planks and trowled in the cement where needed.

The foreman on the job had a deaf son at Gallaudet, and through him a trip to the top was arranged. Dr. Powrie Vaux Doctor (yes, that was his name) and a few students, including myself, assembled at the base of the Monument one cold December morning, and we started our

slow trip up in the open cage.

The cage stopped at the 500 foot level and we stepped out onto the wood planks, and looked into the windows at the people inside. Their eyes popped at seeing people outside looking in. The foreman then told us that we would have to climb the remaining 55 feet using a ladder that had a wire cage around the back, and he told us not to look down. But, half way up I hooked an arm over a rung and looked down. Right away I wished I hadn't!!! There I was, over 500 feet above the ground on a ladder, and down below people were no larger than ants !!



Climbing the Washington Monument

Then we came to a wood platform, about 10 feet square, with a trap door in the floor. When we were all on the platform, the trap door was closed, and there it was --- the top four feet of the Monument sticking up out of the center of the platform. The very tip was a pyramid of pure aluminum, about 15 inches tall. At the time the Monument was built,

aluminum was one of the most expensive metals in the world. On all four sides were engraved the names of the people involved in the design of the Monument. There are a number of platinum lightning rods at the top and along the sides .

That was on December 12, 1934. It could be another 100 years before any one gets to see the tip of the Monument close up. So, next time any of you happen to be in Washington, look up at the pointed tip of the Monument. I WAS THERE.



Tip of the Washington Monument

*Here I am on a ladder
more than 500 feet above
the ground. Note the metal
cape fastened to the ladder to
prevent one from falling
backward. The elevator
on the outside of the Monument
stops at the 500 foot
level, and then one must
climb a series of ladders
for 55 feet to the tip of
the Washington Monument.
December 12, 1934*

And, here is something that you might not know. Look closely and you will see that the lower 100 feet or so is a tad darker than the rest of the Monument. There was a bad flood once, and when the water receded it left its mark. That was the high water mark!!!

The second high place is the dome of the United States Capitol. You have seen pictures of it many times . There is no other dome just like it. But there is an inner dome, too. Both are made of cast iron, and between the two domes there is a spiral stairway that leads to a small open air balcony that sits on the very top of the outer dome, just below the statue at the top.

Back then, there was no security such as there is today. But with so much vandalism these days that access to the top is closed. I have been up there many times, and it offers a wonderful view of the surroundings. An aerial picture that I took of the Capitol shows the little balcony. Flights over the city are forbidden now.

The Chapel Hall and the Ole Jim at Gallaudet are both National Landmarks. One of the courses I took while I was a student was Surveying, and I calculated the height of the Chapel Tower, but I have forgotten what it is. Any way, it is the highest point on the campus.

For most of my time at Gallaudet, I was the unofficial photographer, and I worked my way though by taking and selling pictures of College events, pictures taken around the city, and anything else that I felt would sell. So I got permission from Dr. Percival Hall to climb the dusty ladder inside the Chapel Tower to take pictures of the campus. A tiny trap door was at the top. By pushing it open I could squeeze my way out and stand on the small, square area at the top. From there I took panorama pictures of the campus. This "high place" is off limits now, along with the two places mentioned earlier.

The Cannon

There used to be a time when anyone could buy fireworks for personal use. There were rockets that went up on high and then burst into streamers of colored light, or roman candles. When you waved them, they would shoot out balls of colors. And it was real fun to throw a string of tiny fire crackers at the feet of people and see them dance around. These were called Chinese fire crackers. You could also get cherry bombs. These were thrown hard on the side walks and they would explode. But, for a real bang you used giant fire crackers. After lighting one you could put a large tin can over it and when the fire cracker went off, the can would shoot high in the air. And there were sparklers and caps for toy pistols.

But for all this fun, there was often a price to pay. Lots of people received severe burns. Some got blinded, while others lost fingers or whole hands. And some were killed. So, for us fireworks were a no-no. They also cost money, which was not plentiful for us.

Lawrence got around all this. He bought a carbide cannon. It was some eighteen inches long over all. A reservoir held water, and the breech had a measuring spoon for carbide. When the

breech was locked, the carbide was dumped into the water, and a gas was formed. Then when a knurled knob was turned, to create a spark, the gas exploded with a very loud BANG. It was a safe noise maker.

One day we all went to Aunt Ida's for lunch. Grand Ma Phaneuf was living there at the time. After lunch, Lawrence went outside and got his cannon ready. There was a loud Bang! Ma and Aunt Ida came running out and scolded Lawrence. They told him that Grand Ma had almost swallowed her teeth!!!

The Tattoo

Every summer a traveling carnival came to Champlain and stayed for about a week. It always set up shop across the street from where the American Legion Hall is now.

Pa liked to try his hand at games of chance. Back then it usually cost only five cents per game and rides were ten cents. I remember seeing Pa trying to peel a five cent orange so that the peel came away in one piece. A variety of prizes awaited any one who could do this. But these oranges had very thin and dry rinds, so it was impossible for any one to win. Any way the oranges were good eating!!

Some years later, after Pa had passed away, I went to the carnival with my buddies. We were fascinated with the art work being done at the tattoo booth. We dared each other to go in and have some tattoo work done. Finally, the bravest one went in and the rest of us followed. Some of them had the names of their current "heart throbs" tattooed on their arms, but when it was time to say "I do" those names did not always match with their chosen ones.

As for me, I decided on a colorful butterfly. It cost only a dollar. When I got home Ma wanted to know what was

wrong with my arm. It had tissue paper on it "Oh, Its just a tattoo." I got a real scolding for having squandered a whole dollar for such a foolish thing.

Any way, it was a real bargain. Now, some 63 years later, I still have that dollar tattoo! . Today, it would probably cost big bucks to have it removed. I have become attached to it.

The Railroads

When I was young. the main source of transportation was by train. There were cars, of course. but the roads were mostly dirt roads which became muddy when it rained, and cars often bogged



They don't build roads the way they used to!

down. It was a dirty job getting a car out of the mud. Macadam roads were not plentiful, and they were narrow. No dividing lines down the center, and the crowns were sometimes rather high. Also, flat tires happened all the time. An inner tube patching kit was a must.

So, rail transportation was the best way to get around. When a train was due to go by, little boys would run over to the side of the tracks and wave to the engineers. These men always wore black and white stripped caps and overalls. They would lean out of the cab windows and wave back. Oh, to be an engineer!!!! That was every boy's dream. We kids often put our ears down on the rails, and we could tell far in advance when a train was coming by listening to the click--click--click of the wheels crossing over the joints in the rails.

There were several kinds of locomotives. Those for passenger trains had tallish smoke stacks. They had two large driving wheels on each side. These were as tall, or taller, than a man, and they were built for speed. Once one of these went over 100 miles an hour along a stretch of tracks in the Batavia, NY. area. Whenever these trains stopped at depots, the engineer would get off and oil the driving rods with his over-sized oil can with a long spout.

Then, there were the milk trains. the engines had shorter smoke stacks, and smaller wheels. These trains carried milk to the cities. The milk cans were surrounded with blocks of ice harvested from near by streams during the winter. Besides milk, they sometimes carried mail. If a train was not scheduled to stop at a depot, mail sacks were dropped off without stopping, and out going mail was suspended from a pole and a hook on the train would snatch the mail bag. Instructions to the engineer would be fastened to a hoop on a long stick. which the station master would hold up and the engineer would extend an arm outside and his arm would slip into the loop. After removing the message he would drop the loop to the ground. No walkie talkies then.

The freight trains had short smoke stacks and at least three driving wheels on each side. These were powerful machines, and they usually worked in tandem and could pull 100 or more cars. Just about everybody depended on the freight trains for goods ordered from Sears or Wards.

Back then there were no over or under passes at the railroad crossings. All the crossings were at grade, and there were many accidents. There were large signs at the crossings that said : "STOP --- LOOK -- and LISTEN". The engineers always blew their whistles when approaching the crossings. Two long blasts followed by

two quick short ones. And in all the depots there were large posters in color showing a touring car crossing the tracks and the people in the car would be holding their arms in front of them as if to shield themselves from the locomotive rushing down on them.

One day when Pa was driving us to Rouses Point he was flagged down by a man who wanted Pa to take him to get a priest. A Delaware and Hudson train had just hit a car, but Pa told him that he was not a fast driver, so another man volunteered.

I usually went to school in Malone by train. I remember watching the locomotive going past where I was standing. First there was a ground shaking rumble, then the heat and the steam, and then the train would stop. Today there are only a few steam trains in use on short sight seeing runs. Now they are all diesels. No smoke. No cinders. No appeal!!!!

Wash Day

When I was a boy, wash day was always on Monday. It was a real chore that involved a lot of hard work. First, water had to be heated in a large copper boiler and then ladeled into a wash tub set on a small table. Strong yellow *Octagon Soap* bars were whittled into the water, and the clothes were scrubbed on a glass washboard, wrung out by hand, and then put aside while fresh water was heated. After a final rinsing and wringing out, the clothes were hung outside to dry.

There were certain articles of clothing that housewives did not want to be exposed on the clotheslines, so these articles were put in pillow cases, out of sight of little boys' curious eyes.

Winters were especially hard on the hands while hanging the wet clothing outside. The laundry froze stiff in no

time. In a few hours the still stiff laundry was brought inside and spread out on chairs.

In later years, Pa bought Ma a Maytag washer. It was an aluminum tub on spindly legs, with a motor underneath. A power operated wringer and a drain hose were a part of the machine. A wonderful luxury in those days.

The Octagon Soap had another purpose too. Ma was an expert at whittling a piece of the soap to the right size and shape to ease ones constipation.

Rabbit Pie

Have you ever eaten rabbit? It is real good. Almost like chicken, and very tender. For several years Ma had a rabbit hutch at the back of the house, and every so often she had Walton take one out and prepare it for her to use in deep-dish rabbit pie, with plenty of dumplings. This stretched our food dollar when every penny counted.

One day Ma pointed out a specific rabbit and told Walton to get it ready for the pot. This rabbit was sort of a pet to me, so I asked Ma to choose another one. But she had made up her mind. I pleaded with her to spare my special rabbit, but to no avail.

So, that evening there was a delicious rabbit pie on the table, with nicely browned dumplings. But I was not hungry enough to eat any, so I went to bed without any supper.

Gallaudet Doings

During my time at Gallaudet (1931 - 1936) there were only some 150 students all told, and the faculty numbered only ten or so. Therefore, we were like one big family. Everybody knew everybody else. Back then few schools for the deaf were able to prepare their students for entry as freshmen, so nearly all new comers had to

go through a preparatory year before entering the freshman class.

To distinguish between the Preparatory Students and the Freshmen, the new comers were called *RATS*, and it was the Freshmen's job to properly induct the Rats into college life. This was something they really enjoyed doing. First, there was a dress code for Rats. They had to wear buff and blue skull caps (The school colors), white shirts with high Hoover style collars, black ties, black suspenders, black shoes, white socks, and black garters. Hanging down from the breast pocket of their suit coat was a large red kerchief. When spoken to they had to answer "My name is Rat *so and so*".

The "Hoover Collars" needed frequent laundering, starch and ironing. We took our collars to a near by laundry run by an old Chinaman. He would take a mouth full of water, and deftly spray the water on the collars before ironing.

The red kerchief served as a blind fold. The idea was to blindfold the Rats, and line them up with the hands of each Rat on the shoulders of the one ahead. They were then led around the unfamiliar campus. Back of the campus there was a wooded area from which the college buildings were not visible. One night the Rats would be led there, and each would be left hugging a tree. Later, one of the Rats would dare to peek out over his blindfold and would see a strange sight. Rats hugging trees all around. That called for a pow-wow. Where was the campus? Some found their way back pretty quick, but some staggered back after day-break.

One night we Freshmen had a bad scare when our Rat hazing backfired. There is a stone wall separating the front campus from the sidewalk along Florida Ave. At one spot the campus is only about a foot below the top of the wall. We were leading a line of blindfolded Rats toward the wall, and then made a U-

turn. The line of Rats broke and the leaderless line kept on going towards the wall. Before we could divert the line, the Rats tumbled over the wall and onto the sidewalk.

We untangled the pile, but one Rat was out cold! If he were hurt, we would receive demerits. So we carefully picked him up, carried him up to his fourth floor room, and laid him down on his bed. We were biting our finger nails, when he opened his eyes and said "Thank You". We were more glad than mad.

There was a water fountain at the corner of Eighth and H Street. The Rats would be paraded to the fountain, and one by one they had to kneel while a cup of water was poured over his head. Thus, they were properly baptized.

Another time, under the watchful eyes of Freshmen, I waved down a streetcar. When the operator let down the folding step, I put one foot on the step, tied my shoe, and went back to the curb. I wonder what that motorman said to himself?

Back then it was perfectly safe to go anywhere in the city after dark - or at any time. One night a freshman called me over and gave me a dime and told me to get him a hot dog from down on H Street, and he wanted it hot. I ran all the way down, ordered the hot dog double wrapped, and tucked it under my arm pit. It was hot when I delivered it. Then another Freshman said he wanted one too. Back to H Street, and back to campus on the double with the hot dog tucked away like the first one. If they had known, they wouldn't have been pleased with my services.

The Spokesman

When I was a Rat, there was an upper classman who was the appointed "spokesman". He laid down the law! He

was a holy terror, and whenever we were told to assemble, we fairly shook. At one of our assemblies, we were told to wear old clothes and to report to the Lyceum, a third floor room. The heat had been turned up to the limit. The "holy terror" then made his appearance. His name was Rudolph Gamblin of Texas. He looked for all the world like a gangster with a cigar in his mouth, derby hat, flashy clothing, a big "diamond" stick pin in his tie, and white spats. Then to call our attention, or to emphasize his remarks, he would pound on the floor with his heavy walking stick.

We were then made to kneel, and were blindfolded. Now the Uppers went around and started smearing some awful smelly stuff on our faces, in our hair, and up our nostrils. If we tried to get that stuff out of our nostrils, we had our hands slapped down. Then all became quiet. After a while one of us peeked over his blindfold. It was stifling hot, and no one was around except us Rats.

What was that smelly stuff? Limburger cheese! So we all ran down to the showers, and did not even bother to take off our smelly clothes first. I never cared for the smell of limburger cheese after that.

Douglas Craig, MM

Among the notable persons on Kendall Green, there was one who was associated with the campus since he was a little boy. He was a black waif whom Amos Kendall had noticed hanging around the school. Mr. Kendall took him in and enrolled him in the Kendall School, and named him Douglas Craig. By the time Douglas had finished his schooling, he was a sturdy young man. Amos Kendall kept him on the campus where he became a handy man, doing all sorts of jobs. Before long, the letters M M were attached to the end of his name. Now he was Douglas Craig M.M. When people asked what his title meant, they got different answers.

Sometimes he was the Master of Mechanics, At other times it was Mail Man, and still at other times it was Master of Manure and so on.

Back then spring break at Gallaudet did not mean going to Florida, or going to the mountains, or even going home. travel then was not affordable . So, Dr. Gallaudet would arrange to have the men students camp some where, such as at Great Falls, or at some other camp. The women usually used the YWCA camp.

There was a small fee, a dollar or so, to defray the cost of a hired cook. Now , this is where Douglas Craig came in. When the preparatory men came to Gallaudet in the fall, Douglas would shoulder the heavy trunks and take them up to the fourth floor, and then demand a dollar per trunk. He would put on a fierce look and hold out one of his big hands. He would jab his hand with a finger and say "Dollar---dollar----dollar". He would get his dollar without question.



Douglas Craig, M.M.

Come spring, some of the Preps were short of cash. The depression had hit every body. No money ... no camp!! Now Douglas would take out a roll of

dollar bills and pass the money around to those who had paid him in the fall. However, when I went to Gallaudet, Douglas was not as spry as he used to be, but he would really scare us by waving an old, rusty pistol in the air, and pound his heavy cane on the floor. That was his way of telling us to shape up and stop fooling around.

Later on he asked me to come with him to his home near the campus and meet his family and to take pictures. In 1935 he became ill and passed away. He lay in state in Chapel Hall before burial. There is a street on the campus named after him. Those of us who knew Douglas Craig will never forget him. He was a good man.

Working Through Gallaudet

There was one problem about going to Gallaudet, **MONEY**. Although I was granted a full scholarship because Pa was gone, and because I came from a poor family, I still needed money for text books, fees and other sundries. So, Mr. Robey, Superintendent of the shop, took me to Plattsburgh to meet some business men who might be able to advance me enough money to get started. But all of them had been hit hard by the Wall Street Crash. Also, all of my little bank account had been wiped out.

Then Ma came up with fifty dollars. Just where she got the money, I never found out. This along with money earned from odd jobs on the campus at 25 cents an hour, saw me through my first year.

I worked my way through college by taking and selling pictures of college events, and of views of Washington, DC.. During the summer I washed dishes at Saratoga Springs and in Richfield Springs. The pay at the hotels was a dollar a day with room and board. At the end of three months I would have \$90 plus a \$25 bonus for good work.

Also, to save money, I got myself a Harley Davidson motor cycle for \$25. It was so old that it had a square gas tank, probably left over from WW I. I did not know much about motor cycles, so I padded the rear fender with a cushion so that it could carry two riders. Then John Slanski and I headed for his home in Oswego after college closed in June, 1934.



Me on My Harley

The highways were poorly marked back then, and we sometimes found ourselves headed the wrong way. Around dusk we found that the pavement ended without warning where construction had been going on. John was driving and we came to a sudden stop in a pile of sand. I actually flew over John's head and landed in the sand. We found a place to stay for the night. The next morning I saw a doctor who cleaned up a cut on one hand and stitched it up.

I sold that Harley and got a later model for \$30. This one gave me 55 miles per gallon. With gas selling for 20 cents per gallon, it was a really cheap way to travel.

It was on this bike that I had an accident that broke my pelvis. I had bought safety bars for the bike and went from Gallaudet to Rochester to see Lawrence. He and Exzina decided to go

along with me in their car to visit Ma in Champlain.

Just outside Watertown, a gravel truck came out of a quarry entrance. When the driver saw me, he stopped, but I was too close to go around either end of the truck. So, I threw the bike on its side. The crankcase hit the rear tire of the truck and the saddle went all the way down and left my pelvis bone cracked.

When Exzina saw that I was not following, they turned back. I was taken to a hospital and put into a cast around my left leg and most of my body. Later Lawrence took me home where I stayed in bed for some five weeks. That made me two months late for my senior year at Gallaudet.

I took a train down to Washington, still on crutches, and watched the goings on at a Halloween party. That was the night when I first saw Jean. Better late than never!

Gin Rickey

During my Gallaudet years, I had several room mates. When my senior year came along, I shared a two room suite with Felix Kowalewski, from the Bronx. This suite was directly over Dr. Hall's office.

By then the dry years were over, so many of us smuggled beer and liquor to our rooms in College Hall. Felix especially liked a drink called Gin Rickey. One cold winter night, he went out for a bit of refreshment. On the steps leading down to Florida Avenue he saw a small white cat huddled against the cold. Later as he returned to campus, he saw that the cat was still there. Fearing that it would freeze during the night, he brought the cat up to our rooms. I did not want the cat there, but agreed to let it stay. It was thin and dirty and hungry.

We started smuggling milk and stuff from the kitchen and provided it with a litter box tucked away in a closet. Professor Krug always made the rounds of the rooms during morning class hours, but he never opened the closet doors. After his rounds, we let the cat out. Felix named it "Gin Rickey".

Gin Rickey became the dormitory pet. It was a nice pure white cat with blue eyes, and it spent a lot of time sitting on our window sill, looking out.

One day as I entered the room, Gin Rickey was in its usual place. I clapped my hands and called it's name. No response. Queer! When I walked up and touched it, the cat jumped around. Now what? We asked around, and learned that white cats with blue eyes are always deaf! Gin Rickey had come to the right place! I was captain of the track and field team that spring, and I had frequent meetings with Professor Hughes, our coach. One Saturday morning word proceeded Coach Hughes as he was coming up to see me. The cat!! We quickly put it in an empty suitcase that was handy. As Coach Hughes and I were talking, I saw the cat push open the lid of the suitcase and go to its usual place on the window sill. Coach Hughes pretended not to notice the cat, but before he left, he went over and petted it. "Your Cat?" he asked. "Uh ... yes .. our cat". "Nice cat" he said and left. Demerits for sure!! But, nothing happened. He did not report us. Then about a week before College closed for the summer, Prof. Hughes came over and asked what we planned to do with the cat. We did not know, so he asked if he could have it. Gee, problem solved.

Dr. Fusfeld

The teaching staff at Gallaudet during my time there (1931---1936) numbered only about ten, and the student body was around 150. It was just one big family. Everybody knew everybody else. It was the rule then that all preparatory and

freshmen students be in their rooms from 7 to 10 PM to study.

The faculty took turns making the rounds with their clip boards during those hours. To announce their presence, they used an unique door knocking system. This consisted of a door knob situated on the wall next to the door. This knob had a chain that ran over a pulley inside the wall. At the other end of the chain was a heavy weight. When the knob was pulled out the chain lifted the weight, and when the knob was released the weight came down with a thud which made the floor inside the room vibrate.

Then one of us would open the door to admit whoever was outside. If it was a faculty member he would come in. "Good evening, gentlemen. Good evening". Then he would check attendance on his clip board.

One evening there was the expected knock. Upon opening the door, no one was there. A bit later another knock. No one there. So, someone was playing games with us. I got a broom, and my roommate had his hand on the door knob for a quick response. Another knock. Quick as a flash the door was opened and down came my broom. It was Dr. Fوسفeld. The broom stopped just inches from his head! Dr. Fوسفeld's eyes opened wide in amazement, and his clip board came up to shield himself. Then he backed all the way across the hall. "Oh! Sorry Sorry. We thought you were some one else". "That's OK. That's OK". After that, whenever it was Dr. Fوسفeld's turn, he would knock and then retreat to the middle of the hall!!.

Professor Drake

Professor Drake was a graduate of the Ohio School for the Deaf. At Gallaudet he taught agriculture. He was also an aviation buff, and every once in a while when I was at the Washington-Hoover Airport he would show up and give me a

ride home. This airport is now the site of the Pentagon.

One of the assignments that he gave his class was to see how many of ten beans would sprout after having been rolled up in a square piece of cloth and kept moist for a week. The week after he was puzzled because none of my ten beans had sprouted. "Hmmm --- Hmmm. When did you start your experiment, Mr. Patrie" "Lets see. I think it was today". "Well, lets try again and see what we get next week". The following week nine of my beans had sprouted!!

The following semester I did not elect to take his course. But when I got my report card I was surprised that I had an A for Prof. Drake's course. Nice guy!!

Dr. Ely

Dr. Ely was a chemistry instructor, and he was also in charge of the Sunday morning Chapel services. His lectures were long, drawn out and followed by a really long closing prayer, during which we had to stand.

So, one Sunday morning a small alarm clock was put under the podium and was set for what was figured to be a short time after the start of the prayer. The timing was perfect. A few minutes into the prayer the alarm went off. "Amen ... Amen". After that the prayers were shorter.



In front of College Hall 1936

My Working Days

After graduating from Gallaudet in June, 1936, I was offered a job as house parent of the boy's dormitory at the Tennessee School for the Deaf at a salary of \$30.00 per month with room and board. I was about to accept when Sam Craig, head of the Kendall School for the Deaf on the Gallaudet campus offered me a similar job at \$40.00 per month. With room and board, this was pretty good money then, so I accepted.

My room was in the third floor "tower room" of Dawes House. My job was to supervise the activities of some 40 boys whenever they were not attending class. All the boys went home on Friday afternoons and returned on Sunday afternoons. That gave me most of the weekends free to take Jean "to the movies" with Miss Peet's permission.

After a year as house parent I went back to Champlain and got a job at the Shop in the drafting department. My pay

was \$10.00 for a five and a half day week. I gave half of this to Ma.

Then along came a letter from the Louisiana State School for the Deaf in Baton Rouge, offering me a job teaching photography at a salary of \$14,000 per year, starting in September, 1938. So Jean and I packed our stuff into a trunk that we managed to wrestle onto the back seat of our 1936 Ford V8.

The trip to Baton Rouge took us eleven days, with sight seeing stops along the way. Our cash was really low, so we sometimes slept in a tent, or in cabins (not motels) and even in the car. Jean would sleep on the front seat, with me curled up on the back seat with the trunk, and with a tire iron in my hand!

As soon as we arrived in Baton Rouge I reported at the school. The Superintendent, Louis Divine, greeted us and said "You are in Louisiana now. Y'all slow down."

We found a place to stay a block from the school. Bedroom and kitchen with a shared bath for \$25 per month. A washing machine was under the house at the back, and nearby was the levee, with ships higher up than we were. We later found that we were living in "Catfish Town".

The buildings at the school were built by slaves, and the front had beautiful wrought iron work. The new vocational building had an up-to-date dark room and studio. While living in Baton Rouge, I made friends with a self-employed photo finisher who taught me how to make color prints using the "wash off relief" process.

During the Civil War, a Federal gun boat started shooting at the cupola on the school's main building. The Superintendent ran to the river, and rowed out to the boat, explaining that

deaf and blind children lived in that building. The shooting stopped, and the school was taken over by the Northern Army and used as a hospital.

After about a year living near the school, we moved into a duplex at 2026 Spain Street, where the rent was \$30 per month. The owners were Percy and Estelle Fore, better known as Doc and Ma. They were like parents to us. Jean was pregnant then, and Ma Fore kept a watchful eye on her.

Early on the morning of August 16, 1939, Jean felt that her time was near, and insisted on walking up and down the street. Ma Fore saw Jean and scolded her and shooed her to the hospital - with little time to spare.

About that time, things started to happen at the school. The Superintendent had been misusing funds, and two of the men teachers were accused of misconduct with some of the students. Those two were fired, and the Superintendent tried to resign, but was not allowed to until the books had been gone over.

Then, one evening he was seen packing his car. The boy students were ready and pelted it with eggs and tomatoes as he drove away.

A new Superintendent was hired, and he chose James Galloway as the new Principal. By then we had decided to move to the School for the Deaf in Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Galloway asked me to stay on, but we left anyway.

We quickly found that we did not like Columbus, and I tried to get my old job back, but it was filled up. Not long after, Mr. Galloway was asked to head the Rochester School and he wrote asking me to join him there.

The Deep South

Jean and I both grew up in the north, so when we moved to Louisiana, there were some surprises waiting for us.

Back then, the deaf did not like to have attention drawn to themselves, so they made small signs close to the chest so that people would not notice the signs. One day Jean and I decided to take the bus to town. We sat in the last row so as not to be noticed. Strangely, some of the people smiled at us, while others actually scowled. We wondered why and later we mentioned this to a friend. He was shocked at what we had done. Sitting in the rear half of a bus was a No No. Only colored people sat there.

Then we noticed that public drinking fountains and rest rooms were marked WHITE or COLORED. Restaurants had signs WHITE ONLY and so on. Nothing like that up north since there were so few colored people where we came from.

One day our best friends, the Revals took us out to pick black berries. Mrs. Rebal saw a little snake near her and she let out a scream. A colored man who was picking berries near us heard the scream and started running away as fast as he could. It was not "healthy" for a colored man to be around when a white woman screamed.

An other time we went to pick wild strawberries. A white family lived near by and they asked us to come to their house. After talking a bit they showed us a snapshot of a naked colored man hanging by the neck from a tree near where they lived. We were shocked at such going on.

Delicious paper shell pecans are plentiful in the south, so the Revals took us out to a place where we could pick our own. The place turned out to be in an old cemetery. Since the water table is just below the surface of the land, graves are not below the ground, but in tombs built

above the ground. Some of the tombs were so old that they were falling apart, and inside we could see scattered bones!!! Anyway the pecans were really good.

After school closed at the end of our first year in Baton Rouge we decided to spend a few days along the Gulf Coast, so we drove east as far as Biloxi in Mississippi. We saw some cabins just across the highway from the gulf and decided to stop there. The owner showed us our cabin and we moved in. Then we saw huge cockroaches all over the place!! We had never seen those critters up north, so we were upset.

I went back to the owners cabin and complained. It was getting dark then, and he said to come and have a look in his kitchen. When he turned on the light, I saw that his sink was black with roaches. He shrugged and gave us another cabin. It was a bit better. Down there people have to share their homes with those things!!!

Huey Long did a lot for Louisiana during his time there. New bridges, schools highways etc. The main highway between Baton Rouge and New Orleans was called the Airline Highway. It was straight as an arrow, going through swamp land with bayous on both sides. It was probably the granddaddy of our super highways.

One evening as we were driving back home from New Orleans, we saw two smallish, round lights on the road just ahead of us. As we got closer, we saw that it was a good sized alligator!!! I swerved just in time and went around it. If our car had run over it we might have tipped over and gotten dunked in the murky bayou!!!

Moonlighting

From the time I started teaching in 1938 until 1967, I supplemented my teaching

income by moonlighting at different trades, a total of 29 years in all. My teachers pay at the Louisiana School for the Deaf was \$1440 per year. Although the cost of living then was low by today's standards, the extra cash was always welcome. Some examples: an egg lady came around selling eggs at 15 cents a dozen; hot dogs went at 10 cents a pound and gasoline was 20 cents a gallon. And, our very first brand new car cost all of 900 dollars. It was a Nash. So, I got myself a job at the Army and Navy Publishing Company which specialized in portraits of military personnel. I don't remember what my pay was, but I still have a letter of recommendation from that place.

At the Ohio school in Columbus my pay was a bit better, but I got myself a job at a photo finishing place called the Quick Photo Works. There I loaded a conveyor with rolls of film which traveled through developing solutions, and helped with the printing. Jean got herself a job in a glove factory. The gloves were sewed together wrong side out. Jean's job was to turn the gloves right side out at 25 cents an hour. We had to leave Stan at the Wee Wisdom Kindergarten so that we could both work.

Then on to the Rochester School for the Deaf. Here I had a variety of jobs. First at Kodak's Hawk eye Works next to the school. Here I worked in the glass plant where rare earths were melted in platinum pots in large electric ovens to make very dense glass for the B-52 gun and bomb sights. This glass had a much higher refractive index than ordinary glass.

My job was to inspect the glass for flaws, to verify the amount of platinum used to repair the pots, and so on. The B-52 instruments were tested in a cold room to simulate high altitude. The temperature in the cold room was very low. I don't remember just how low, but I had a chance to go inside. My foreman broke the rules and invited me to go in

with him. I was given a heavy jacket, warm gloves, and a head covering like a ski mask. With an aide standing by to keep an eye on us, we entered a double lock, then into the cold room. Right away our bodies started to "steam", and my leg muscles tightened up. The time limit inside was three minutes. With an electric heated suit it was 15 minutes.

Then the war stopped, and I was put to work in the lens grinding and polishing department. Work slowed down, and I was assigned to the maintenance department. Finally, I was laid off.

My next job was with Carhart's High Hat photo finishing plant which "loaned" me to a local portrait studio when work piled up there. Then I moved on to the Lawyer's Publishing Company where I pushed a broom for many years.

Jean also worked, doing fine soldering at general dynamics. This job was for "boards" used in fighter aircraft. this job petered out so she worked for many years at Fashion Park which made men's suits . But European imports forced the closing of this factory. Finally Jean got a job at Kodak in the camera assembly department. All the while, Carol was enrolled in a nursery. She did not like it there, and hated the yams that were served pretty often. She still does. Now, looking back, we feel guilty for having left her there instead of having someone stay at home with her.

My moonlighting ended in 1967 when I enrolled for two summer sessions in a media institute program at the University of Massachusetts in Am-herst. Later I became a full time employee there.

Scouting

The Boy Scout movement was still young in the 1920's, so there were not many scout troops around, especially in small rural towns like Champlain. But my

friends and I found that there was a separate movement called the Lone Scouts of America which was sponsored by the "World's Largest Store" (WLS) in Chicago. This was Sears, Roebuck and Company.

We were sent achievement cards, and when all the specified activities had been completed, the parents signed the cards which were then sent to WLS. In return we got pins shaped like arrow heads. Additional cards brought us additional pins, each somewhat different.

The Lone Scout hand shake was a novel one. Pretend that you are making a gun with your hand. The forefinger pointing straight out, the other three fingers folded toward the palm, and the thumb pointing straight up.

Now, to shake hands with another Lone Scout you inserted the forefinger inside the three fingers of your fellow scout, with the thumbs coming together. Now the two thumbs form a "tent", the forefingers form the "logs" and the other fingers form the "flames" around the "logs". Neat!!

Later the Lone Scouts were absorbed by the Boy Scouts, including credit for the number of years served. So, my total years in scouting spanned 38 years.

At the Malone School I worked my way to Eagle with a total of 29 merit badges. At the Louisiana School I was assistant Scout Master for three years, with two more at the Ohio school in Columbus. And finally I was Scout Leader for 27 years at the Rochester school.



For me, being a Scout Master was pretty much a "one man show". The committee men helped with the transportation to and from camping trips. Planning the menu, the camp duty assignments and activities was quite a job. Then there was the never ending prodding and reminding the Patrol Leaders of their camp duties. After a three-day week-end camping trip I would drag myself home smelling strongly of wood smoke. It was not a bad smell, and I liked it.

Camping three times a year for over 30 years was a lot of camping, but it was something that I liked to do. Sometimes I took Stan and Bob along with me.

There were some anxious moments, and some comical ones, too. Take the time when we camped in Letchworth State Park when some of the older scouts wandered out on the high railroad trestle over the water falls. What if a train had come along? Those boys got a good scolding.

Then there was the time when one of the Patrol Leaders asked the school nurse if dog food would make people sick. She

said that it would do no harm. So, when it was his turn to cook at camp, he mixed a large batch of hamburger with onions catsup and other stuff and then he threw in three or four cans of dog food.

Come supper time, the boys kept coming back for more and more of that delicious stuff. Then after supper the cook asked the boys how they liked it. GREAT. Just GREAT. Then he held up the empty cans of dog food !. DOG FOOD?? DOG FOOD?? Now lets suppose that Calvin was one of my Scouts. You can imagine the face he would have made, clutching his throat with both hands, and let out a long, loud AARGH!!!

Strangely enough, the cook did not set aside some of his creation for himself. Not hungry, maybe. As for myself, I had a hankering for hot dogs and beans that evening. Gee, did I mention DOGS again?????

To observe the 30th anniversary of our troop, we had a party and invited the Girl Scouts, some school personnel and some VIPs from the scout office. There was a large cake with 30 candles on it. When it was time to blow out the candles, one of our Scouts brought out a pitcher from which a white "cloud" was pouring out from around the edges. He held the pitcher over the cake, and PRESTO, the candles were snuffed out. Amazing!!! The secret: a piece of dry ice in some water released a heavy CO₂ gas. This displaced the oxygen.



Silver Beaver Award

During my days as Scout Master of the Rochester Scouts, I was awarded the Scouter's Key and the Silver Beaver. This is the highest award a Scout Leader can receive. I missed out getting the Wood Badge because I could not be excused from my school duties for a full week in order to participate in the program.

It would be nice if, some day, my Scouts could have a get-together and talk about the old days. Some might be tall and thin. Some might be paunchy. Others might be bald, and most of them would be grandpas. But they would still be **SCOUTS** at heart.

Amazing Grace

While we were living in Deerfield, Mass., we became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Geer. Both were missionaries and they knew the sign language well enough to work with the deaf. They had a beautiful old church with old stained

glass windows, in Charlmont on the Mohawk Trail.

Every once in a while they would pick us up and take us to the church for services, and dinners prepared and served by the ladies.

Nearby there was a home for elderly people. The oldest gentleman there always had the privilege of using a gold headed cane. After visiting these people a few times, Mrs. Geer asked me if I could teach her and the hearing choir how to sign "Amazing Grace". We had to sort of invent a few signs to fit in, but in time we had it down pretty well.

Finally on one Sunday, we assembled at the home. We all wore maroon robes, and with Mrs. Geer vocalizing, we signed "Amazing Grace". It went off very well, and the elderly people loved it.

*Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound.
once I was lost, But now am found.*

...

The Fair

While I was a pupil at the Malone School, there was something that all of us looked forward to. It was the Franklin County fair, or simply "The Fair". It was free to certain people, including those attending the School for the Deaf.

There were several things that I looked forward to. First there were motorcyclists who defied gravity by speeding around and around, and doing loop the loop inside a large sturdy open meshed sphere. I half expected to see them collide, but they never did.

Then there was the hot-air balloon. Burning straw provided the hot air. A balloonist, dressed in pink tights was then sent aloft, swinging from a trapeze. Then, everybody would gasp as he fell, only to

float down on a parachute that had been stowed on the trapeze!

But the best of all was a wing walker who would walk from one end of the lower wing of a Jenny to the other, and hang by the knees from the wing skids. Then another Jenny would come along, and the wing walker would transfer from one plane to the other.

Nothing like that today. All the so-called wing walkers do is to be strapped to a pylon on the upper wing and wave to the people, Tame!

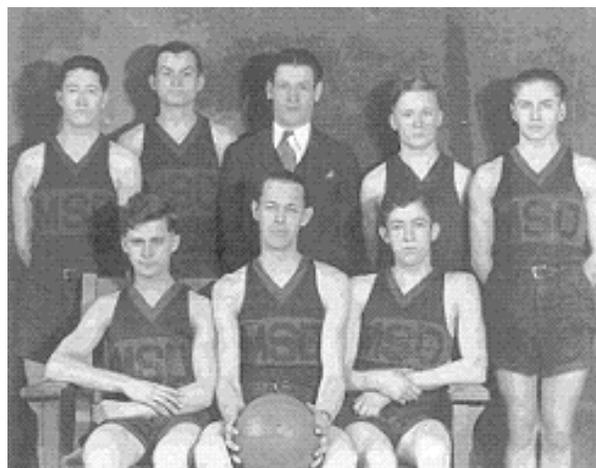
Fairs are not complete without booths. At one of those booths, I was invited to look through a 25 cent microscope, the size of a fat fountain pen. There I saw some small, white crawly things on a prune! I asked the hawker what they were. Maggots feeding on the prune.

After that, it was years before I dared to put a prune in my mouth. Prunes any one? Now when I walk past grocery shelves displaying packaged prunes I think back to **THE FAIR!**

Sports

While I was at the Malone School, the only organized sport being offered was basketball.

Our uniforms were orange and black. Those were the school colors. The jerseys were wool, and pretty itchy. We played against local teams, and with some from surrounding towns as far away as Tupper Lake.



Malone Basketball Team

But back then, the hoops were higher than they are now. Nobody could come close to touching them, much less swinging from them. But maybe the sneakers we had then had something to do with it. I've been told that it was all in the shoes. We wore three dollar Keds. Today players wear one hundred dollar Nikes. So maybe the height of the hoops had nothing to do with all this.



Breaking the tape at Maryland

At Gallaudet, I was on the track and field team, and on the wrestling team. My best time in the two mile run (3000 meters) was around 11 minutes, which was good enough then for me to win most of my runs, and earn a ribbon against the University of Maryland Freshmen, and later a gold medal, also on the Maryland track. Back then pole vaulters used stiff bamboo poles. Eight feet was considered

good.

In wrestling I had my share of wins, and became team captain. We traveled to New York City, to Newport News by steamer, and to surrounding towns.

The highlight of my wrestling years was a two day tournament held at Gallaudet. Although I was in the 155 pound class, I entered the finals in the 165 pound class and won a gold medal. My team won several gold and silver medals in the tournament.

Back then, no matter what sport it was, it was true sportsmanship. Boxing on the hockey rinks was unheard of.

In football there were no gaudy plastic helmets or face masks. Just leather helmets, not much padding. Also there were no theatrics such as prancing or dancing or shadow boxing after a touch down or an exceptionally good play. Times have changed!

I played football once. It was a Gallaudet tradition to have a football game on Thanksgiving morning. The players were men who did not play on the regular team. These men were divided into two teams and given a week to practice. Everybody who came to watch the game, and the players, chipped in a dime a piece, which was used to provide dinners for the needy. A dime went a long way then.

Professor Krug was the referee when I played. During one of the plays I noticed too late that I was on a collision course with Professor Krug. There was a thud, and Krug went down. He lay there, stunned for a while, but was able to resume his refereeing.

These games were called Mollycoddle Games and were full of errors which provided more fun to the watchers than the regular games did.

Winter Sports

The main buildings at the Malone School were on a rise sloping down to the street. A few sleds were available for coasting down the hill. One day there was an ice storm and the hill became a sheet of ice. The older boys quickly took advantage of this and rounded up all the brooms that could be found.

By sitting on the brooms and holding on to the handles one could zip down the hill pretty fast. On one of my down hill runs, I saw a boy plodding up the hill directly in my path. He did not see me coming right at him, and I could not steer out of his way. When I hit him, he went up in the air and landed on top of me, and my face scraped along the ice.

They took me to the infirmary where Mr. Rider patched me up. He had planned on becoming a doctor, so he had some experience in first aid. Miss Amy Huggard was both a teacher and the *disciplinarian*, and she quickly put an end to the sport.

Lynton Rider, son of the superintendent, was one of my pals at the school. He had a toboggan and often invited me and others in sliding down the hills near the school. One day we chose the hill leading down to the tennis court. As we neared the tennis court, we saw that we were headed straight for one of the metal posts at the centerline of the court. We all saw the post about the same time, and rolled off the toboggan. The post shredded the toboggan for about a third of its length. No more sliding there.

The Church Hill in Champlain became impassable after an ice storm, so it became an ideal place for the Flexible Flyer Gang. Although I never witnessed the following, I've been told that some of the Town daredevils made a bobsled out of a board and two Flexible Flyers. The front sled could be steered, but once under way, there was no stopping. I imagine that the ride down that hill must

have really been something.

Edith Nelson

Edith Nelson attended a school for the deaf in one of the north central states. Then she was transferred to the School for the Deaf in Berkeley California.

Early on the very first morning of her first day at the Berkeley School, she was rudely awakened by a violent shaking of her bed. The house parents quickly herded the students out of the dormitories.

Edith complained, and asked if that was how students here were awakened every morning ? But as it turned out, it was the 1906 San Francisco Earthquake.

After graduating from the Berkeley School, she attended Gallaudet College and eventually stayed on as the librarian and typing instructor.

Jean took Miss Nelson's typing course. But much of it was taken up by stories of the early days and of the earthquake. Jean soon got bored with those stories and would go ahead and peck away at the keys. Miss Nelson took offense and scolded Jean for not paying attention to her.

During my senior year, several of the men students asked Miss Nelson if she could teach us typing during the evenings. She was only too glad to do so.

Then, when I graduated, I was asked to be the house parent for the Kendall School boys. This allowed me to have a car and park it on campus. So, on weekends, I would get Miss Peet's permission to take Jean to a movie. But having a car was more fun than going to a movie and we would drive around to where ever fancy took us.

One day we spotted Miss Nelson driving towards us in her Studebaker. These cars had concentric chrome rings

set in the radiator grill. No mistaking her car! I told Jean to duck, but Miss Nelson spotted the mop of red hair showing just above the dash! Later that day she called Jean to her office and scolded her, and said that she would be punished. Then she said, "But I like Mr. Patrie, so I will let you go this time." Ahem!!

Dish Washing

When Gallaudet College let out for the summer months, I always had a job lined up as a dishwasher along with other college mates. First at a huge all wood hotel in Saratoga Springs during the horse racing season. I lost a few hard earned dollars on the horses. Hard earned, because the pay was only a dollar a day, with room and board.

Later I had the same kind of job and pay at another hotel in Richfield Springs. The work was not too bad and with my Harley, I had plenty of time to explore the country side, which had been made famous by James Fennimore Cooper's "Leather Stocking Tales". I often went swimming in the Glimmer Glass, as Cooper called Lake Otsego. Gas for my Harley was only about twenty cents per gallon.

The chief cook at Richfield Springs was a portly Swiss, with a tall white hat and an upturned waxed mustache. He did not like having us help ourselves to the very best from the kitchen. But the manager told him that we were a special crew, with special privileges.

Quite often, during banquets, the waitresses brought back untouched choice bits from the dining room. Normally, everything that came back from the dining room ended up in the garbage cans, but we would often salvage these delicacies and hide them and then slip them to the waitresses who did not fare as well as we did.

But a number of times, the Swiss cook would come over, pull out the garbage can from under our work table, roll up his sleeves, and rummage in the cans for untouched steaks or chicken breasts, etc.. These he would take back to the kitchen, wash them up, reheat and serve again!

For years after that, whenever Jean and I ate out, I wondered what was going on back in the kitchen!!

Not Even A Spoon

When we first moved to Baton Rouge, we lived in a house only a block from the School for the Deaf, and close to the levee that kept the Mississippi River within bounds. People called the area "Catfish Town". The bedroom also served as the living room. The kitchen was at the back and we shared the bath with the owner, Mrs. Ramirez. The place was completely furnished.

But after several months there we started to look around and found a duplex for rent on Spain Street. Two bedrooms, bath, living room and kitchen for only \$30 per month, unfurnished. The owners were "Ma" and "Doc" Fore, who lived next door. They were like parents to us and checked on us often. Jean was expecting our first child at the time and Ma Fore made it her business to see that she was coming along OK.

But there was a problem. At the Ramirez house, everything was furnished. So we had to buy furniture bit by bit. And since we didn't even have a spoon, our friends, the Revals, loaned us a few pieces of silverware, some pots and pans etc. until we could get our own. On a salary of \$120 per month it was tight going, but we managed. Today \$120 per month would not be enough for a week's groceries, utilities and other expenses. But with hot dogs at 10¢ per pound, and hamburger (one grade only) was 39¢ per pound, and an egg lady came once a week

and sold eggs at 15¢ per dozen. So we managed!!

Photography

At the Louisiana School for the Deaf, my duties were to teach photography to selected students. First, I had each student make his or her own pin-hole camera. These cameras were made of cardboard, and the "lens" was simply a pin-hole made with a needle. The "shutter" was a piece of cardboard that could be swung aside.

Since the camera required exposures of several minutes, they had to be put on tripods and held in place by rubber bands. Sheet film was used - about 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches.

One of my students took a three minute exposure of the fancy iron grill-work on the front of the main building. This photo turned out so well that the superintendent of the school ordered an 8x10 blow up tinted in oil color.

Then an order came in for a tinted 11x14 blowup. This was hung in the office of education in the State Capitol Building. A real honor.

My students learned to use 35 mm. cameras, load the film, develop it and make prints. Picture framing was also a part of the course.

The dark room had no doors, just a curved entry with a baffle, painted dark green. If anyone happened to open the film safe by mistake, the lights would go out. It was an ideal place for my students to learn photography. Several of them made it their life's work!

I also used the pin-hole camera idea when I taught at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst. This is a fun way to learn the basics of photography, and the cost of the camera could be zero if

the cardboard needed could be found around the home. One important thing, the cardboard had to be flat black on the inside.

Evangeline Country

One of my photography students at the Louisiana School was Martin Bienvenu. One weekend he invited us to see his parents in St. Martinsville where his father grew sugar cane.

The Baton Rouge bridge across the Mississippi was still under construction, so we crossed the river on a car ferry. Out on the farm, Mr. Bienvenu led us out to the sugar cane field behind the house. Taking a knife with a long, wicked blade, he cut down a sugar cane stalk and with three quick strokes he cut three equal length pieces and handed them to us. Then he took the pieces, and quickly sliced off the outer parts of the stalks, leaving the central pulp exposed. What now? He said to bite off some pulp, chew it, and swallow the sweet juice. It was delicious.

Cutting crews using long knives cut the cane, loaded it on wagons and took it to the mills where huge rollers squeezed out the juice. A new experience for us.

St. Martinsville is also the site of Longfellow's narration of Evangeline and her beloved Gabriel. They had been separated when the English deported the French colonists from Acadia to Louisiana.

As the story goes, Evangeline spent years sitting under a huge oak tree on the banks of the Bayou Teche, waiting for Gabriel to come paddling down the bayou. This oak tree still stood while we were there, and it was protected by the state.

In a near by cemetery there is a grave marked by a seated lady with a bowed

head. Around there, the people call it Evangeline's grave, but it is actually the grave of a local lady. After all, Longfellow's narration was fictional, but was probably based on actual events.

On our way back home, we passed by a leper colony. It was closed years ago. But, I wonder if it could be used today for another group of people.

A Cajun Feast

Jean and I learned many new things during our three years in Louisiana. For example, the food was quite different

from what we were accustomed to. Cajun food is usually quite spicy. Grits were new to us, and the drinking water tasted so awful that we used a lot of Kool Aid to make it fit to drink.

Where we went berry picking, the ground was soggy, and we often saw little animals called crawdads popping out of holes in the ground and then scurrying back in. Crawly little things. One day, the deaf people in Baton Rouge invited us to join them at an out door feast. As it turned out, the main dishes were raw peanuts in the shell boiled in salt water, and those crawly things which were also boiled in salt water. Actually, they were crawfish, but not having eaten any before, we did not enjoy the feast as our friends did. Later on we found out how good they really are.

Santa Claus

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. I have known him for many years, and we still keep in touch.

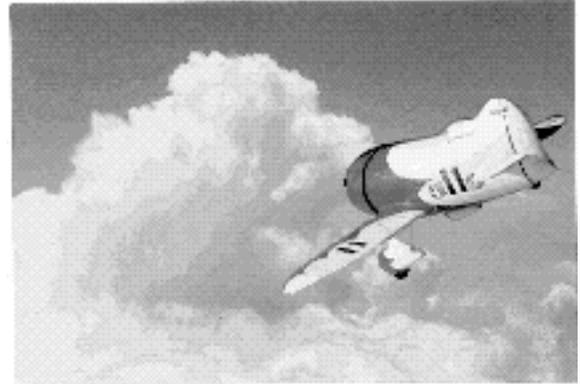
It happened this way. I was teaching sign language at a class in Greenfield, Mass. Community College when Santa came to me and asked if he could join my class because he wanted to be able to talk in sign language to the pupils at the Vermont School for the Deaf.

I was glad, and felt honored to have such a famous person in my class.

Later, Santa invited me to visit him on his throne. I asked him if he could give me a special present for Christmas. But, he said it was beyond his means to roll back the years for me.

But, Virginia, I think that you should know that Santa Claus gets old, just like the rest of us. When that happens, Santa's job is passed on to a younger Santa Claus, and so on, and so on ...

But there is something that few people know. When Christmas is over, Santa leaves his reindeer on a hidden ranch, and then he flies back home in a special airplane.



I took this picture a year ago as he was headed home. So, Virginia, don't worry. There will always be a Santa Claus.

Psst! The Santa I knew so well is Arthur Ruggles who lives in Greenfield, Mass. It's the time now (November 1994) to write and see how he is doing.

Epilog

Dad suffered massive internal bleeding on Saturday, November 18, 1995. With his family at his bedside, he passed away quietly on November 24, 1995. All who knew him will miss him very much.

Funeral Mass for Stanley Albert Patrie

February 3, 1912 - November 24, 1995

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Stanley Albert Patrie

BORN

February 3, 1912
Champlain, New York

ENTERED INTO REST

November 24, 1995
La Jolla, California

TIME AND PLACE OF SERVICE

2:00 P.M., Monday, November 27, 1995
St. Gregory the Great Catholic Church
San Diego, California

BURIAL

St. Mary's Cemetery
Champlain, New York

A memorial fund has been established at the Rochester School for the Deaf in the memory of Stanley Patrie. The fund is for a RSD graduate who is Gallaudet bound. Contributions may be sent to:

Rochester School for the Deaf
Attn: Harold Mowl, Superintendent
1545 St. Paul Street
Rochester, New York 14621



**Dad's race is won,
and we are all the richer
for his having run it so well.**