

Found in Aunt Laura's desk in an envelope labeled "L's Story"

To commence at the beginning, I was born in Lynn, Mass in 1891. My father Charles Wm. McKenna and mother Bertha Nichols Marshall met at a boarding house in Lynn, Mass where they both had rooms and which was operated by a sort of version of mothers, whom they called Aunt Corrie Starrett. My mother said she married father to get rid of him because he was in her room every evening. So they got married only a few months after they met – in 1890 – they were only 21. Father's mother died in 1876, age 44 in Hampton PEI, when he was only 7 years old and he was shunted around from one uncle to another. His mother's brothers – by name McKeever, later changed inadvertently to McIver, to work on their farms because was big and strong (just your father's size), so he hated farms all his life. Finally he accumulated \$2.00 and decided to come to U.S. and traveled on train as far as \$2.00 would carry him. It was quite a distance, to Skowhegan, Maine. There he got a job on a farm and accumulated enough money to get to Lynn and there went to work in an iron foundry, a job which required a lot of strength because they had to lift heavy pieces of iron. Mother was born in Clarence, Nova Scotia, where her father had quite a profitable farm, raising apples mostly. She finished the course (?) in the country school – and because her mother had died when she was 5 years old and her father had remarried, about a year later, she was quite unhappy at home and when only 15 decided to join her older sisters who had preceded her to Lynn, Mass – and who too were unhappy about having a stepmother. But I knew her stepmother later and visited there many years later of course and she seemed quite a fine person. The stepmother was about 35 at marriage and there were two more children born, both boys. Hubert and Samuel Bogert Marshall (Bogert was their mother's maiden name (Dutch). Mother loved these two younger half brothers and I knew both of them and liked them very much. They really had wonderful personalities. [Your father probably told you about visiting Charles Marshall son of Hubert at his summer home in *Willingford* [ED: *The location is illegible*] He is son of Hubert and also about your father's age)

Now to go back to myself – my first journey was in Sept 1891 – when I was only 6 weeks old. My father and mother had to take me to her home in Nova Scotia and show me off. The rates in Sept were very cheap, probably about \$5.00. She had to go by boat to St. Johns, New Brunswick – stay over nite there and then cross the Bay of Fundy to Nova Scotia and go by train to Clarence, Nova Scotia where your grandfather lived. She stayed that nite at boarding house in St Johns and I started to howl. The woman who ran the house came to her room and said "that baby is hungry" and brought me some warm milk, which quieted me. The trouble was my mother was boarding me at home (her own milk) and it just wasn't enough so I was hungry all the time. I only weighted 5 lbs at birth. Don't know how long our visit in Nova Scotia lasted but my grandfather, Milledge Marshall decided to come back with my mother and me because he thought she needed some help with her squealing baby. My first memory is of my father carrying some wooden posts for a baby's crib. I must have been about two years old because the crib was for an expected new arrival – just two years younger than I – Joseph Warren (born 1893) – named for a distinguished Boston revolutionary hero, a doctor. Don't know why my mother chose such a name (I also remember very well when Mary – 4 years younger – was born (1895) – weight also 5 lbs. Father told me he had got a new playmate for me. Joe died from Scarlet fever in March 1896 – only 2 year 8 mos old. They told me he had gone to Heaven but I knew he had died and I would never see him again – and I was inconsolable – I cried and cried – when I played with Joe I never hit him but I would just hug him and squeeze him hard – probably until he cried. That same year 1896 my parents bought a new house a little farther from downtown. They had lived in a tenement (ED: *word guessed at*) house right downtown in Lynn and near RR track. Shortly before Joe was born, I escaped the fenced in garden and ran down to RR tracks and my mother had to chase me while in stial condition – believe I climbed a picket fence to get out. (Had diphtheria my first year in school)

Our new house seemed very grand – was right near primary school and I started right in to school in 1896 – 5 years old. I loved school and wasn't much trouble at home after I started there. Had diphtheria during summer vac. Nothing much happened for a while. – a new baby at most every two years. Bertha 1896, Harold 1898, - two little girls. About Ester Frances and Edith Veronica born in 1900 and 1901 died in May 14, 1902 of (after a siege of measles) diphtheria (after both had measles which a

young doctor diagnosed as pneumonia – which often followed measles – when an older dr was called he knew immediately. It was diphtheria – could tell by odor. Harold the next youngest – about 3 ½ yrs old then also contracted it but he recovered – but such a pitiful skinny little boy he was for a long time – don't believe he was ever very strong. Your father was next one – born in 1904 and ever was a baby more welcome – he helped to fill gap left in mother's life. She was surely devastated by the loss of her two little ones.

Father lost his job in foundry during this early period – because when asked for whom he was going to vote in 1896 – he said Wm Jennings Bryan – and mother went to work in slave [ED: not sure] shop. I had to stay with father. Aunt Vene, father's younger sister Trainor's Cyril mother then only about 20 the youngest in family or so – whose father, my grandfather, and your great grandfather had died in 1892 came from PEI to stay with us and take care of the children while mother worked. I remember mother was on piece work and worked so fast she had to keep her production down because her co-workers would all be angry with her if she did more than they did and I don't think she worked very long because after Bertha was born in Dec 1896 I think she gave up her job and stayed home with her three children. In the meantime, Uncle Frank – 6 yrs younger than father had come to Lynn and got into painting business and finally he and father went into partnership and had a painting business of their own. Think they did very well in this but didn't like it well because they began to look around for some other business. One of their neighbors had started a wet wash laundry in Lynn and was doing very well. As result of research, they decided that Manchester, N. H. would be a good place to start such a business – so they moved to Man and started the first such enterprise there! The Riverside Wet Wash Laundry in 1907. So the familie moved to Man.

I transferred to Man. H. S. about March, 1907. There mostly a lot bright ?? say some of English speaking children – coles were over age and very very ? Only taught ?, ? then was transferred to Brown School – where I had some friends ?? as old as I 15 mile and who already had motives (?) other than their school work. I did have a little Jewish boy who became a doctor in N.Y. and also one who became a monk and is ? of St. A's I believe – Jos. Stromming (sp?) was his name.

I stayed at Brown school for 7 ys. often walking home from school over new bridge at Kelley's Fall and stopping in some times at St. Edward church. I hardly ever had time to walk to school I took electric street car and transferred at Isra..cle Sq to Me Gregorville Road car. Sometimes I walked to school but by way of So and No Main Sts – probably I missed street car local car. Used to meet Louise Bryson on way sometimes who taught at Rivermon (sp?) School – later became a nun in New Jersey. She died 10 or 15 yrs ago.

During the eight years I taught I had a few boyfriends but only one that I really cared anything about. It was a dear little red head – 2 yrs older than I who was just about my size and who was a friend of my cousin in Lynn and it seems to me he remembered me from grammar school. I'm very vague about this but I think he was in 9<sup>th</sup> grade at school with me in Lynn. (I just remembered this after all these years). Hadn't thought of this for at least 50 or more years – maybe I'm just imagining it – anyway this affair went along for quite a while and he used to spend about every other weekend at our house in Manchester. At same time Mary had a boyfriend she met in Keene while at Normal School ?? he also spent the weekends at our house in Manchester. We lived on West Side on Mail Rd – near St. Anselm College and within half a mile of where our new bishop of Manchester, Bishop Senre (sp) was born. The weekend meets went on for a while but my friend was not a Catholic and his mother made such a fuss about his wanting to marry a Catholic that she broke it up. Nothing came of Mary's affair either – soon after this, U.S. entered the World War I – in April 1917. I think and there was a great demand for workers in Wash. So I took the clerical exam in spring of 1915 – got an appt right away and started my career in Wash in the Congressional ? office. Mary also took exam and went to Wash shortly after I did and worked in [ED: LARGE BREAK OF NO WRITING – AS IF SHE INTENDED TO GO FIND OUT THIS OFFICE BUT FORGOT] – my work in War Dept wasn't too exciting – spent mostly looking thru files of army units to find where soldier were whose families had written to Dept asking where their sons were. Unfortunately many of them had died or were missing in action and I got my Training Receiving them – and irritated my sisters (Bertha and Pauline) by this tendency. About this time I was transferred to

Congressional ? the war came to an end on Nov 11, 1918 and the day which we used to call Armistice Day remains to this day one of most exciting happening of my life. I can't express its great joy and relief everyone experienced. We all went out on the streets of Wash and walked up and down greeted everyone with joy and stayed out most of night. Then came the great Influenza Epidemic – along with many deaths – in my own office of about 100 people about 4 or 5 died with it – as well as some wives of office workers for about a year after armistice. Mary got a bout of malaria of 1919 and was quite sick – we were both living in Gov't hotels just put up hotel. Fortunately I didn't get it but they had an infirmary in our hotel and took care of those who were in. Mary [*ED: rest of sentence unreadable*]

A friend urged me to take a course in accounting so I could get a better job in the unit of Tres. Dept now called Internal Revenue Service. I took course and worked hard studying with Pase or Pace in Accounting firm and sitting on floor of my room by open window working on acct. This a very hot summer!

So she went home to Manchester and mother wouldn't let her come back to Wash – which was very acceptable to Mary. She had taught about 3 yrs before she went to Wash and got right back into it in fall of 1919.

I took Acct Exam about early in 1919 – passed and got an appt in Tres Dept and went to work there Aug 17, 1919. I was only about half way thru acct course when ? came but I immediately dropped it. It was just too hard work and I didn't need it for my work. So I didn't become a C.P.A.

I moved out of gov't hotel soon after Mary left and went into an apt with a girl who worked in N.Y. Senators office whom I liked very much and we got along just wonderfully together. Lived with her for probably two years. Then I got an apt with another girl I liked ?? got married. This next girl Sadie O'Neill was a fine person but rather difficult to get along with so I finally broke away and got an apt of my own with excuse that I was going to start in Geo. Wash Univ evening and needed an apt alone so I would study. Incidentally she got another gal to share apt with her but the deal didn't last more than a few months. The just couldn't live together and I can understand why however sad. I remained very good friends and I often visited her in later years.