

## Another Story from the 40s

Very creepy and abusive place and those who do not admit that are being emotionally dishonest!

Slept on the top floor where there was 50 beds. The back of the building was caged in for safety, the buildings was sit atop a hill that we played ball on in the summer and went sliding when it snowed. At the foot of the hill was some woods and vines of "Concord grapes" and across the street were hazelnut trees on the side of the shrine there was also a very small pool in pea green. On the side was the play grounds we played in and the barn with the pigs. But I do have fond memories of the sisters who took care of us kids and put us on the right road to life!

The nuns who took care of us all were French Canadian and spoke French and English for most of the children were English speaking.

We learned about God and knelt and said prayers morning and night thanks to the nuns. This Have good memories of the nuns as well. I was in the choir and remember being part of a paly done at the civic auditorium. My fondest memories were of the families who took us into their homes for the holidays,

An unusual event happened when one day the Budweiser Horse rode up to the Orphanage. I was impressed by their huge size

One out of the ordinary event was when a huge rat somehow got I to the older boys' day room. We all grabbed mops and cornered him until the farmer from next door arrived with his terrier. I won't go into details but the problem was resolved in a few seconds.

It's my opinion that living in an institutional setting at the orphanage made it easy for me to adapt to military life. I later spent 20 years in the US Navy.

It was little girls' big girls and the same for the boys. **Watched the Grotto being built**

I used to bring food to the big boys on a big cart thru the connecting tunnel to the boys side. I thought I was something having that chore. It was a big deal to me at the time. Remember the metal paly areas attached to the back of the orphanage and the pigs and the barn.

I have some good and not so good memories such as getting the "stick" in the closet every morning for wetting the bed and having to carry the sheets to the laundry.

The nuns taught us to play baseball and we had a baseball team the Washington Senators and had baseball albums.

Remember the swimming pool and visits from Bishop Wright. Oh and the barn with the pigs and having to eat YUCK blood sausages. We put on plays and when you had visitors you entertained in the "parlor".

We were either orphans or boarders some were children taken in by the state and eventually went to foster homes where the rest of us stayed. I was there very long but remember the kindness of the nuns.

I did not like the nuns that I came in contact with if you wet your underpants some of the nuns would hide them under someone else pillow and you had to ask many kids as was necessary to find them. Nice touch.

My brother was not a happy camper there and broke out.

God bless all the past orphans of the world

I was lonely most of the time so I mostly caused my own problems. My experience was not as bad as others and I did have good care.

We had figure skaters come and entertain us on occasion and remember the pony rides.

The nuns were very mean and the only time they were nice to us is when my dad who was a bread man would bring bred cookies and cakes. Till this day when a nun goes by I get a terrible feeling in the pit of my stomach.

I have fond memories of the sisters who took care of us and put us on the right road in life.

I have few memories of my time at the orphanage I have chosen to block most of it out. I was little and heartbroken I was separated from my brothers who were on the boys' side. I remember the rulers across my hands, the rows of beds in one large room, the large dining hall, the cornflakes for breakfast every day, the swimming pool I almost drowned in and the terrible, terrible loneliness.

I still don't know why I had to go to this place that to me was horrible and has affected me greatly most of my life. I guess the nuns didn't understand the special needs of the children who had to grow up without the constant love and support of a parent.

**I feel the orphanage created character in my life.**