

Shared stories from 1889 thru 1940

1936 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 at the time.

1920 Mother died her and brother were separated due to boy girl floors. He could not take the regimen and suffered from failure to thrive. However, I had polio at 198 months and left me crippled and clubfooted. Was sent to hospital for surgery so something good came out of all of this. Many of the nuns were mean but a few were very nice to us. We learned French. Sometimes they would get cornflakes in their bowls and there was "stringy stuff" hanging off the flakes (probably moth infestation). As I got older, I realized that cornflakes should not have stringy stuff hanging off it. When I was 16, I was told to quit school and go to work to pay for my room and board doe all the years I had been there.

1922-26 father died before I was born, and my sister died at age 5 when I was just a baby. I was designated BF30 for Baby female #30. Had bad memories of abandonment and loneliness. My brothers and I were separated they went home first then at 6 or 7 got to go back home.

1918 The nuns were horrible and abusive. When I was of age to leave, I opted to stay another year with my sister and had to work like Cinderella to earn my room and board

1944 My father had to work he had custody of us. The nuns were mean and the only time they were nice to us is when my dad who was a bread man dropped off his day-old bread, cookies and cakes, Till this day when a nun goes by I get a terrible feeling in the pit of my stomach. When we got chicken pox our hands were tied to the white metal beds so we could not scratch and all night you heard children crying. As we grow older, we were sent to the Nazareth boys' home.

1930 My dad and his sister were there in the 19330's their older sister a nun there named Sr Marie Jeanne Gamache. Their parents were poor and could not care of them.

1945 My brothers and I missed home others did we did have good memories of there as well as of the nuns. I was in the choir and remember being part of a play done at the civic auditorium in Worcester. Our fondest memories were when families would take us home to spend the holidays with them. One time the Budweiser horses came riding up to the Orphanage and I was impressed by their huge size. One day a huge RAT somehow got into the older boys' day room. We grabbed mops and cornered him until the farmer from next door came over with his terrier. I won't go into details, but the problem was quickly taken care of! Living in an institutional setting made it easy for me late on to adapt to military life.

1943 There were articles in the paper about my father was left at the doorstep of the Orphanage when he was born. The Bertiaume family adopted him.

1949 my mother would not let my father have us so my brothers and I were sent to the Orphanage and separated I remember the rulers across the hands, rows and rows of beds in one large room. The cornflakes for breakfast every day, the swimming pool I almost drowned in and the terrible, terrible loneliness. I'm not sure why I decided to look into this place because it only brought me pain. It was horrible and has affected me greatly most of my life. Most of the stories I have read don't seem to be as bad as I remember.

1943 being at St. Anne's created character in my life.

1940 mMom died and family could not take care of us this was a common practice during the depression because they could not care for the children. My grandmother learned to play baseball from the nuns and taught me, she was a tough lady, and never asked for anything, she was a wonderful cook always made sure everyone was taken care of she never sat down. She is buried with the small hand bible and rosary she received making her first holy communion. She always told stories about her childhood time there and they were always happy, good stories.

1945 My experience was not as bad, and many proclaim. I had good care. I was lonely most of the time so this caused problems for myself. I remember the pony rides and the figure skaters entertaining us on occasion.

1915 My father and his brother and sister Ruth were there and Ruth died of Septicemia age 9.

1947 Some good not so good like getting the 'stick' in the closet for wetting my bed and carrying the sheets to the laundry. One good memory was of Sr Ann and baseball albums my team was the Washington Senators, and the swimming pool and visits from Bishop Wright. I remember the pigs and the barn and eating YUCK blood sausages, the plays we put on, and the parlor if you had a visitor on Sunday.

Early 1900's Raised by the nuns, my father became the kindness and gentlest man that I have ever known. He learned about God and he knelt and said prayers morning and night and I attribute that to the nuns.

1910 My grandmother made her first holy communion May 30, 1910 by Father Marie-Clement Staub. She told me she and her sister would go and pick dandelion greens from the grass on their way down to supper, they would place them between bread they were given, for flavor. She never spoke an angry word about the nuns even though it was a tough life, but much better than the alternative.