

Written by Alice M. O'Brien  
Lavaie, in the year of 1981

My Grandfather John O'Brien  
was a grand proud old man  
who came to this country from  
Ireland before the Civil War, he  
married Budget Fitzgerald on  
February 10<sup>th</sup> 1865 at the church  
of the Immaculate Conception which  
was an Irish parish until  
they built St. Patrick on Spring  
Street in 1910, now St. Casimir's

Grandpa and Nana which  
we called them had eight children  
two died shortly after birth, one  
boy, William was drowned on  
the Rochester bridge when he was 7  
years old.

The five survivors were John  
Kate, Mary, Thomas and Frank  
John who we always called

Uncle Boney went down to Panama and worked on the Canal where he caught (like many others) Yellow Fever, His mother went down there all by herself and took care of him until he was able to travel then took him home and nursed him back to health.

Later he went to Pennsylvania where he met Marquette Warner at her mother's house, her mother ran a boarding house, Marquette (we all called her Aunt Lettie) was a widow and had one daughter who is still living, she must be close on maybe in sixties years old we keep in touch around Christmas I would love to live to her age if I could be as smart as she

still is, her head is still as clear as a bell. Later Uncle Simey and Aunt Lettie had five boys and one girl, the little girl whose name was Mary died at the age of nineteen months the boys were John, William, Georll, Joseph and Paul, the last I heard from them John and Joseph were the only two living. Uncle Simey and Lettie lived to a good old age, I think maybe mid-eighties.

The first one of Geampa & Nanas children was Mary, she never married, started working in the Jackson mill at fourteen, many a time she told me they would go unto work in the back and

Come out in the dark, I don't remember how many hours a day then, Saturday things would get out at noon I think, she used to make \$4.20 a week give her mother four and keep the 20¢, isn't that hard to believe? she should have been a nurse or a nun she took care of her mother, father, and brother who was my father and was with them at the hour of death, her mother was seventy five her father was eighty three and my father was fifty four, then later she nursed another brother Frank and a sister-in-law Catherine back to health from nervous break down she <sup>was</sup> a beautiful wonderful person and we all loved her

very much, I'm sure she is  
happy in heaven, she died the day  
after she was seventy nine, seemed  
strange after being so good, she fell  
and broke her hips and suffered  
from January 21<sup>st</sup> to March 28<sup>th</sup>.

The girl in love was Aunt  
Kate, she married Tom Gray, who  
was a friend of a man, they lived  
in McKeesport Penna, she came  
home to Ashua every so often to visit  
us, I remember one time she came  
home and scalded my little brother  
William he went over to Aunt Mary  
who we called "Mame" and said  
to her, "she is a small devil", we  
always remembered that and imagine  
that Aunt Kate got many a good  
laugh when she thought of it.

Poor Aunt Kate had cancer, she had a mastectomy, which was rare in those days, but I guess the cancer spread, because she was never well after that she had a beautiful family who all adored her, she had five children, Joseph, Mary, Thomas, Helen and Eldora. Joseph and Eldora, the oldest and youngest are dead.

Next was Thomas, my father he was a real good looking man he married Mary Ryan, I don't remember much I was only four when she died, but Nanna and Mame talked so much about her (they just loved her), that I always thought I remembered her

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She was only thirty four when she died, she had given birth to her sixth child, he was a baby boy that died with her, she was laid out with the baby in her arm, her first child was Tom, then she had two little girls, one died right after she was born, then she had another little girl Helen, she lived to be three months old, then she had one then William who was only twenty one months old when our mother died.

My Nanna, Grampa and Mame lived on Howard St. Nanna was sixty-seven years old, my father, Tom, William and I moved into their house where we were all brought up with plenty of love

and tender care, my father never remarried, His name, Tom William + I all lived together on Howard Street, then my oldest brother Tom remarried, he married a registered nurse who came from Nova Scotia and trained and graduated a registered nurse, she was a wonderful person always ready to lend a helping hand. Shortly after that my father had a tooth extracted, and started having trouble with his throat, turned out to be cancer of the throat. Celeste used to take him to Boston for treatments, but all they did was make him so sick, he died on Feb 26, <sup>th</sup> 1931 and his first grandchild Tom's boy was born

10 days later on Feb 26, he <sup>now</sup> would  
have been so good had he lived

In 1932 I married Harry Lorne  
after dating him for about six years  
Harry (we all called him Titi  
(which of course means Baby in French))  
moved into our house, where we  
had our three girls, Joan Beth, Geraldine  
and Alice Ann, Mame just adored  
them and I think they loved her more  
than they loved me, she helped them  
with their homework, listened to their  
Catechism, Geraldine who was always  
called Geri had beautiful blond  
curls, Nanny would curl those every  
morning on her fingers, when the  
two older ones starting going out  
ice skating etc Geri would come

home and sit off on the arm of  
 Nanny's chair and tell her all about  
 her learning. One time I heard a  
 friend say to her "Name O'Brien, you  
 have been so good to Tommy's  
 children" she said, "they have been so  
 good to me too". I never forget that  
 Then there was my young brother  
 William whom I loved dearly  
 he stayed with us on Howard St  
 we thought he was going to be an  
 old hat, he was also crazy about  
 my children, he liked girls but  
 never went steady until he met  
 Dora, he brought her home one  
 Sunday evening to introduce her  
 her name was Dora Beaudette  
 then shortly, very shortly after he

announced that Le and Rosa were  
 engaged and were going to be married  
 they were married three months later  
 at Infant Jesus church, and before  
 long we all fell in love with her  
 She was a real nice little girl  
 she had two children, a boy  
 Daniel William and a girl Callie  
 Nanny always called herself Fred, when  
 we would say your mother is French  
 he would always say, she was a  
 convert. Rosa died young of cancer  
 and my poor brother met a horrible  
 death at the age of fifty

I am now 73 and the only  
 member left of the Tom O'Brien  
 family