

## [Marie Haggerty--Worcester #6]

Mass. 1938-9 Mrs. Marie Haggerty - Paper 6 [7/21/39?]

JUL 6 - 1939

STATE MASSACHUSETTS

NAME OF WORKER EMILY B. MOORE

ADDRESS 84 ELM STREET,

WORCESTER, MASS.

DATE OF INTERVIEW JUNE 26, 1939.

SUBJECT LIVING LORE

NAME OF INFORMANT MRS. MARIE HAGGERTY

ADDRESS WORCESTER, MASS.

Name: Emily B. Moore

Title: Living Lore

Assignment: Worcester

Topic: Mrs. Marie Haggerty - Paper 6

Jul 6 - 1939

## Library of Congress

"I always like to come here, for it makes me think of the nice places I lived in when I was working for people. I like nice things, and I would had all good things if poor Pa had lived. He always said I was his 'queen' and he would set me on a throne before he died, but I wouldn't call where I'm livin' now any palace. Well, its handy for the children, and saves carfare and the like. No, I don't even know who lives next door, and me that was always so friendly. You can't mix in with people that lives near you these days. Who knows, they might be crooks. In my day, a body would know a crook or a bad woman just by looking at them, but these days some of the nicest looking people are crooks. Them days, if you went certain places, you met certain people, and nice people didn't go to them places. My uncle always told me 'never to go anyplace that you'd be afraid to be found dead in', and I guess that's pretty good advice, too.

"I like to go to night clubs, for when I see all the people dressed up nice, it reminds as of Mrs. French and her girls. They always had such nice friends come of an evening, and they would sing and play the piano, or a violin, and sometimes a person would come that would recite pieces. There was one man who was on the stage, and he was a great actor, and when he would recite a lady would play 'Hearts and Flowers' and your blood would like to run cold. Then, one time they had a meeting at their house, and it was sort of a religious meeting, in a way, but when I think back on it, was more like a spiritualist meeting. We had gas lights, 2 and they turned off the gas light, for there wasn't to be no lights but a small flame burning. Well, the cook and me stayed in the butler's pantry and watched them. We didn't see nothin' but they said next day that Mrs. French talked with her mother, that had died years before, and she told her where a certain paper was. Poor Mrs. French, she kept to her bed for days after; I guess it must have been sort of a shock.

"I don't much believe in them things, but there's some fortune tellers today that can tell you things pretty straight. When poor Pa was in the hospital, a friend of Marie's took me to a fortune teller, and she told me I would wear black very soon, and that I'd have money very

## Library of Congress

soon, within a three. Well, it was three months from that day that Pa died, and before the next three months, I got a insurance policy that I didn't know Pa had.

“Then another time, Marie was out of work, and Bill had a bad case of psoriasis, and John was in the Marines, and I didn't know what way to turn. I read an add in the paper, and it said ‘Morris knows all and tells all, with names and places and dates.’ Well, I thought about it a long time, and then I went to see him, right here on Pleasant Street. Would you believe it, he told me while he was out of the room, for me to write my name, or any name; so, I wrote Pa's name and he came right back in and told me Pa's name. Well, after that, I had to believe what he told me, for he never seen me before. He told me to have Bill change doctors and he would get better, and not to worry, my daughter 3 would get work, and to fix up and make room, that somebody was coming to live with me. Well, I knowed he was telling me the truth, for didn't he tell me Pa's name? I went home and made Bill change doctors, and he got better the first week, and in two days, Marie went to work for Mr. Welton. Now, that ain't all. I was just fixing up a room, for I couldn't for the life of me imagine who might be coming, whether it would be a man or wo man, but whoever it might be, I wanted to be ready for them. I was just thinking where my extra blankets was, and in walks my John; now, I never expected him, for he was somewhere near Cuba the last I'd heard. Some people don't believe in things like that, but how could I help it, when each time they told me the truth. They say I should have a lot of money, for my tea leaves always reads right, but maybe in that case, money means health, and I have my health, thank God.

“Up where I lived, in New Brunswick; people was more superstitious than I was. I remember very well, and very clear that on the next farm to my uncles', there was a family, and whatever possessed them, they had a fear of anyone setting foot on their land on the first of May. We shyed clear of them, for the fear growed up with us. All around their farm they'd walk on the first of May, with a big shotgun on their shoulders. After I got older, my uncle told me that Canadian people only moved from house to house on the first of May, and that these people moved to a place in between that time, and they had bad luck so for

## Library of Congress

generations back, they thought it was a curse to have anyone step on their land on that day. Once a drunk man got on their land, and he was shot, 4 and the constable wouldn't even go to their house to arrest him until the next day. Funny, how queer some people are. Pa was never like that. He was really a very sensible man. My, but Pa was good.

“No, Pa wasn't my first beau, - indeed not! I always had lots of beaus, and I never was a wallflower any place I went. I always had lots of dances, and when they played post-office, I was always called plenty of time. Yes, indeed, I knowed the ‘glove language’, but them days, we had a parasol language, that was easier, and more fun. If you went walking of an afternoon, all the nice girls carried parasols, and my goodness, some of them were certainly beautiful. My cousin gave me one that was all black, with long lace all around the edge. He said it made a pretty background for my face. Mrs. French had lots of pretty parasols, and once when I done something for her, and she was pleased, she gave me a white lace parasol, with long lace, about six or eight inches, all around. It had different sets of linings you could pin on the inside, so if you had on a blue dress, you put a blue lining inside your parasol, and if you wanted a pink lining, all you had to do was put a pink lining inside your parasol. I never had such a nice one as the one with the colored linings.

“Well, we'd go walking of an afternoon, and soemtimes sometimes , if two of us was together, we'd talk the ‘parasol language’, just sort of, - well, to have fun with the young men. Oh, goodness, - if I was alone, I'd be scared to death of the guys on the street! I'd never dare look either right or left. Well, let me see, if I can remember - - - if you wanted to get acquainted with a young man, you'd carry your parasol high 5 above your head, in your left hand. If you wanted him to walk after you, and you thought he like d you, you'd close your parasol, and carry it in the right hand. If you wanted him to come and talk to you, you'd hang your parasol, careless like, over your right shoulder. Yes, meant leaning your parasol on your right check and no on the left. Sometimes, just for fun, we'd invite a young man to follow us then when he got a long way off, we'd swing it back and forth on the right side, which meant we was [mamas?] and away they'd run.

## Library of Congress

“Yes, indeedie, we had lots of fun in them days, just by such simple little things, like flirting. Oh, yes, sometimes you met very nice gentlemen. The ones that I liked was always the 'dandies', for I couldn't abide untidy men. Why, once I met with a young man, and he looked so nice, and dressed so nice, and when he got close to me, I'd like to die, for he must have worked in a livery stable, he smelled so bad. Girls had to be careful them days! Oh, Pa, - well he was different. His skin was pink and white, and his hair was pretty, and he always looked as though he just had a bath. He had a sweet smell, and always had candy or somethin' sweet in his pockets. He was so lively and full of fun; poor Pa, if he only knowed how different things are with me, he'd turn in his grave. He always wanted me to have the best. Why, after we was married, there wasn't a Sunday afternoon that he didn't hire a horse and buggy to take me out, knowin' that I was used to that. And he always brought me candy, even if it was just chocolate drops or rock candy. Now, 6 the only time I get anything nice like that is, maybe Christmas or birthday time, or when you give me things - not that I want things, - but, a body's children think when you're old, you're old, and that's all, and that you have no feelin's. Now, I don't think I feel any different now that I used to, for I still like nice things. Well, at least, one thing, nobody can take a body's memories from them. Goodness, is that the right time? I must run - my Marie will be home and she hates me to be out and not have the lights on. I've had such a nice time talkin' about old times. Good-bye, my dear.”