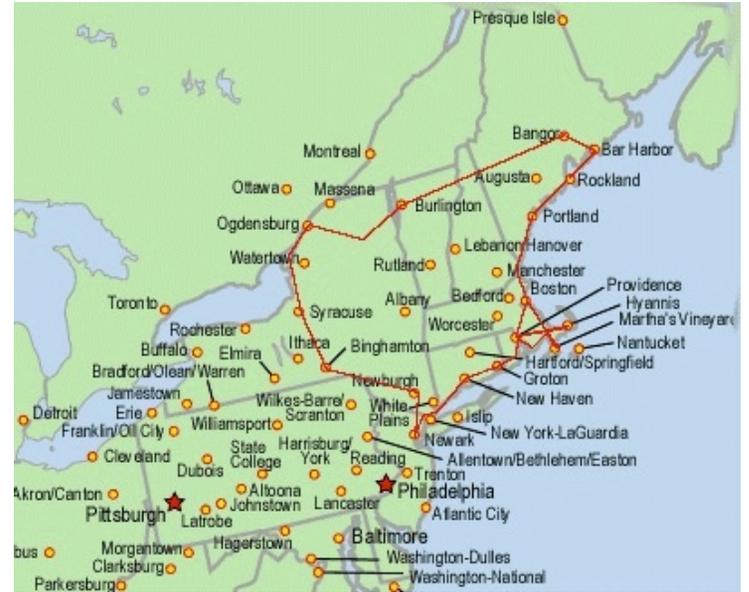




*Lou's New England Trip  
September 3-17, 2003*



We covered lots of miles!

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## **September 3<sup>rd</sup>**

Sometimes things just work out right! Julie and Russ had been down for two art fairs (including the King's Mountain), and it turned out Russ had to come down again the following weekend for some business. So, we were fortunate to have his car available to drive to the airport, and then it was convenient for him to pick the car up the next day at the airport and carry on with his business. (This procedure involved photographing the position of his car in the parking lot, e-mailing him the photo, and then keeping the cell phone handy, in case he had trouble finding it.) We proceeded to check in at the airport, and a very nice woman from the Philippines escorted Mom in the wheelchair to the departure gate.

## **September 4<sup>th</sup>**

The flight to Newark was smooth, and when we arrived, we were met with a wheelchair as well. The woman escorting the wheelchair took us under her wing, and she helped us get our luggage and find the train to the Dollar Rental Car office. Unfortunately, we ended up with a mini-van from Dollar--roomy, but difficult to drive in the cities and to park!

We started our trip by driving across the George Washington Bridge, with all the traffic that you would imagine there. It was a relief to cross into Connecticut and see Old Greenwich. This and one other day were the only even slightly rainy days of the trip. We were very fortunate to have almost perfect weather. We continued on through the more "swishy" parts of Rhode Island--Newport, Jamestown, et al. Our target was Boston, so we didn't stop at any of the family places this time through. We passed many familiar-sounding places on the way, however: Fall River, Bristol, Taunton, etc., and we looked forward to coming back later in the trip.

We had more than a little trouble finding our Hampton Inn (the first in a long line of them that we stayed at). It was just across the Charles River in Cambridge and, actually, a great location right next to the T (the Boston underground). The thought of driving and parking in the city was daunting, but with some searching, we found a good place to eat close to the Hampton Inn--only trouble was that it was a California pizza kitchen!! Our dreams of seafood had to wait another night, but it certainly filled our stomachs conveniently.

September 5<sup>th</sup>



Today was explore-the-local-college day, and, of course, there are many to explore in Boston! We began with a bit of luck. School hadn't yet started, so we found a parking place right next to the main building at MIT. Mom stayed in the car and had fun people watching while we walked around a little. What a great campus MIT has! It stretches out along the Charles River and is nothing like a downtown campus at all. The pictures are in front of the Great Dome, and at least one of us really belongs there.

We continued through town to Harvard, also a beautiful campus, but a little harder to see all at once, since it is surrounded by the town. Then on to Boston University, which is more of a working-student type school. Further out of town we saw Boston College, a private school with a wonderful, green campus and beautiful old buildings.

We took a dip downtown along Newbury Street--way too toney and way too crowded to stay long. A trip by Bruce's fraternity house and other living quarters finished the morning.

Mom stayed at the hotel for a while, and we got on the T to downtown and wandered around a little by foot. We found the Union Oyster House, walked along the waterfront and then followed the Freedom Trail to the Old North Church, the old cemetery and through little Italy.

We ended up next door to the California Pizza Kitchen at the Cheesecake Factory for dinner. Much to our surprise, we spotted the same waitress that had served us the night before in this restaurant as well!

September 6<sup>th</sup>

Today was the grand tour of Boston with all its beautiful (and not so beautiful) parts. We started out heading for Bunker Hill, and, despite the fact that we could see the monument from all over, we ended up in the Chelsea section of town--full of oil-storage tanks, etc. The main reason for the confusion was something called the Big Dig, which is going on in Boston--and has been for years. The main roads through town are being put in layers underground with the T (MTA to you who remember the Kingston Trio song) on the bottom and two other layers of road above it. With the help of a typically Eastern policeman, helpful but very abrupt, we found our way to the Old North Church (of Paul Revere fame) and the Freedom trail, which leads from one historic site to the other (better traveled on foot as we did yesterday.) Once on the right side of the river again, we saw Boston Commons, Beacon Hill (very swishy!) and the waterfront. While Mom rested at the hotel, we took the T to Government Center, from where we could walk to Filene's basement, through the Commons (on foot this time), past the Christian Science Mother Church, and across the street to Symphony Hall.

Since we had a dinner date with Irene, we drove up to Wakefield to find her very well set up in a senior apartment, small but independent. She had a special place she wanted to take us called the Lobster Claw--a favorite of her kids--and we enjoyed fried clams and other delicious sea food. She seems in very good spirits and like someone who is always ready to have a good time.





**September 7<sup>th</sup>**

Our destination for the end of the day was Taunton, but there was a lot to see in between. We took off from Boston, and our first stop was Wellesley College--just for curiosity. We drove on to Providence and arrived just in time to be in the middle of a foot race through the middle of the city. About this time, we started putting Mom to work on remembering different addresses in the area. She was able to come up with 594 Warren Avenue, East Providence, and described a three-story building with a store at the bottom. At first we couldn't get the number and the description to coordinate, but, as we looked more carefully, we saw that there was a little tiny door in the building she had described with "594" written on it. This was the Dougherty property.



House where Eddy's parents lived (behind house rented to Vange and Donat)



House rented to Vange and Donat where Lou met Eddy!



View of both houses, one behind the other



All views are of 126 Reservoir Avenue in Providence, Rhode Island

After that, it was on to Roger William's Park in Providence. With a quick call to Rosalie to confirm the address, we were able to find 126 Reservoir Avenue. As soon as Norman saw the picture of the house later, he was able to confirm that it was one of the houses we had lived in.

We found our new Hampton Inn and spent some time freshening up before we were off to Taunton. What an incredible trip back in time that turned out to be. Norman had given us very specific directions, but somehow we missed one turn, and he came to meet us in the parking lot of the local supermarket (not Andy's). We were able to recognize each other, amazingly, and off we went to his house. As you can see from the pictures, he enjoys making things to decorate the yard. When we arrived, Donald and his daughter, Karen, were there as well. He lives next door. He recently lost his wife, Maureen. I guess she, as well as the whole Leblanc family, was quite a fixture in the community with Andy's market having been there fifty years and all.



Out side of Andy's Market in Taunton



Back room of Andy's Market in Taunton



Inside Andy's Market



The front of Norman's house



Karen (Donald's daughter), Kathy, Lou, Norman, and Donald (Norman and Donald are Andy's sons) in Norman's yard



Lou at St. Jake's in Taunton, where she was married



Lou in front of Pipere's house



Lou at Pipere's house in Taunton with present owners (since 1956)



Lou in backyard of Pipere's house



In dining room of Pipere's house



Lou in kitchen in favorite position at sink in kitchen of Pipere's house!!



View of sun porch (remodeled, of course)

Who would have thought that we would all be here together. Seeing Pipere's house was what we were looking forward to, but when we saw the people who currently live there (and have for 47 years) and they invited us to come in and look around, it was just too much. They have taken such good care of the house. The yard is beautiful. The grape vine is still there. Mom remembered two pear trees in the front, and no one seemed to remember them, but, when she described how the school kids used to knock the fruit off by throwing rocks, Norman remembered that she was absolutely right! They gave us a tour of the downstairs, including the sun porch, and even let us take a picture of Mom washing dishes at the sink.

We made a stop at St. Jake's, a new church over the one where Mom and Daddy were married. Then we had dinner at a restaurant called Benjamin's. That building used to be the club called Ward 8 that was run by Uncle Andy, and Zel and Emma (Andy's wife) worked there. The people who currently run the place were glad to get a little of the history of the building.

## The Leblanc family (or Grannie Lou's history)

Twelve children were born to Joseph Leblanc and Rosalie Arsenault who were married at 17 in Memramcook, New Brunswick, and emigrated to Taunton, Massachusetts, to find work in the mills there. Three of the children died as infants, but the other nine went on to live long lives. In order of age, the children were Andy, Harry, Zelda, Evangeline, Vivien, Louise, Irene, Frank and Jeanette. Rosalie (Arsenault) Leblanc died at age 44. The children grew up and married.

Andy married Emma and had four children: Norman, Donald, Robert and Jeanette. He was in World War I, and his lungs were damaged from lying in a field where there had been mustard gas. He returned home and, after selling insurance successfully, opened a club called "Ward 8" and, eventually, a market called Andy's in Taunton. It recently celebrated its 50th anniversary, and many of the family members still work there.

The story of Harry's marriage is a saga told in detail below.

Zelda married Andrew Plourde, had a son Andrew, known as Junior, and continued with an on-and-off marriage to Andrew, Senior. She worked as a waitress for 30 years, and she especially seemed to enjoy the "flirty" aspects of serving the public.

Vange (Evangeline) married Donat Gladue, and they were partly responsible for Louise's meeting her future husband when they moved into some property owned by the Dougherty family, while Louise was staying with them. They were also partly responsible for much of the family's moving to the West Coast, as was the younger brother Frank. They had one daughter, Claire.

Vivienne married Arthur Demers, and they had four children: Arthur (frequently known as little Arthur), Janice, Bobby and Judy. Vivienne moved to the West Coast with two of her children, and Arthur and the other two children followed soon after.

Louise)--Grannie Lou to you-- married Edward Dougherty and, of course, had two daughters, Rosalie and Kathleen.

Irene married an Englishman named Bob Robinson, and they had four children: Dora, Patty, Joyce and Dick. Sadly, Bob was hit by a car out of control and spent the last ten years of his life in a rest home with brain damage. Irene maintained her sense of humor through all of that, and she still seems like a person who loves to have a good time.

Frank married Ruthie and had two children, Bobby and Kathleen. Their marriage did not work out and eventually ended in divorce.

Jeanette married Henry Vincent and had four children as well: Paul, Donald, Betty and Cecile. She continues to live in Temple City, California. Up until the last couple of years, she regularly returned to the East Coast for visits.

## The Arsenaults

The family of Rosalie Arsenault came from Acadia, and some of them lived near and worked at Reed and Barton. The Arsenault family seems to have had 11 siblings. Rosalie or Mimere married Joseph Leblanc. She had a sister Adeline, who married a close cousin, Arthur. She had two miscarriages and was never able to have children. There were four other sisters: Lizzie, Maude, Mariane and Emma. Lizzie was married to Ely Theriault. They raised Jeannette after her mother died. Emma was married to Joe Newman. They took Louise in for a short time after her mother died. There were also five brothers: Tom, Wilfred, Theophile, Henri, and Phillippe. Phillippe married Dora, and they had a son named Phillippe as well. Unfortunately, Phillippe was killed in a car accident, coming home after shopping in Boston.

## The Leblancs

The parents of Joseph Leblanc never left Acadia. Some of the children moved to Lynn, Massachusetts, to work in the shoe factory there. There seem to have been ten siblings: Joseph, Andrew, Josephine (?), Lena, Evangeline, Dosithe, Sam, Silvia, Jane, and Bella.. Lena was married to Cyril Breau and had a daughter, Clarita. Lena died when she was fairly young. Sam was one of the ones who worked in Lynn. Jane married Julian, an older man, and had a daughter, Sophie.

### Leblanc Family Dates

Joseph Leblanc .....September 16, 1874 to August 21, 1956  
Rosalie Arsenault.....November 4, 1874 to August 15, 1921  
(They were married seventeen years later in 1891.)

Andrew Leblanc.....November 23, 1895 to late 1980's  
Harry Leblanc.....July 12, 1899 to November 15, 2001  
Zelda (Plourde).....December 11, 1901 to May 2001  
Evangeline (Gladue)...September 26, 1903 to August 4, 1990  
Vivienne (Demers)....January 9, 1908 to December 17, 2002  
Louise (Dougherty)....July 15, 1909 to  
Irene (Robinson).....February 26, 1912 to  
Frank Leblanc.....August 13, 1914 to April 4, 1993  
Jeannette (Vincent)....December 29, 1918 to

## The Saga of Harry and Mary

The story of Harry and Mary covered a lifetime—a long lifetime. When Andy joined the army, Harry, who was four years younger, wanted to join too. He talked his father into signing him into the Navy. When they threw him into the water to see if he could swim, he found out he couldn't! Shortly after that he left the Navy, since he had been underage to start with.

He met and married Mary at age 18. This was a problem, because Mary had been divorced and had a child. That meant that she could not marry Harry in the Church, and so he was thrown out by his father. They were, however, married for about fifteen years. Eventually, they divorced and went their separate ways.

Harry moved to the West Coast and was married at least one more time to a woman named June. Mary went on to have two other husbands. End of story—no!

Eventually, all the other spouses died, and Mary and Harry were the only ones left standing. Mary was living in the East, and Harry was living on the West Coast with his sister Louise. Mary called one day, and Harry said he didn't want to talk to her. Louise handed him the phone anyway, and the result was that Mary came to California for a visit.

It just so happened that Louise was going away at that very time, and by the time she came back, Harry had decided to move back to the East coast with Mary. They were remarried—in the Church—after 50 years(!)—and went on to spend many years together, part of the year in New England and part of the year in Florida, where Mary also owned a home.

Harry outlived Mary and actually went on to be 101 years old.

## September 8th

Today was the day to see Cape Cod. We started by heading to Wood's Hole, a marine research center. It was very nice, not very commercial. As we traveled down the cape, things seemed to get more built up, and there was less access to the beach--fancy homes seemed to claim the beach in front of them. There were some areas like Falmouth where access was available. We had lunch in Hyannis and continued on to see some of the more "touristy" towns, like Chatham. The ride back along the north side of the cape was filled with antique shops and galleries. Almost every building was one or the other--all fixed up very cute. We stopped at the beach in Sandwich--very nice beach. After a stop back at the motel, we drove to Bristol for dinner. On the way we crossed the Mt. Hope Bridge and searched for Vange and Donat's house in Bristol and found 210 High Street--very much as Mom had described it.



Beach at Falmouth on Cape Cod



Lunch in Hyannis on Cape Cod



210 High Street, where Donat and Vange lived in Bristol before moving to 594 Warren Avenue in East Providence

## September 9<sup>th</sup>

It's time to take off for points north and find out more about the rest of New England. This required us to go back through Boston--the easiest way to get to New Hampshire. First, we stopped off at Plymouth Rock--not much of it left. Boston seemed like home territory after having stayed there for three days. We traveled on to Amesbury, Massachusetts, where Zel and her family used to live. Unfortunately, her house was replaced by the parking lot of a manufacturing plant. That's the way things go.

We drove along the New Hampshire coast with its very resorty beaches. In fact, the first stop inside New Hampshire was an off-ramp with only a liquor store and a place that sold lottery tickets. Strange!

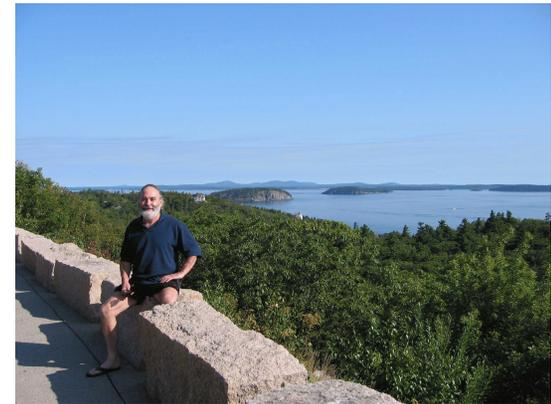
We drove in to Concord to find the Hampton Inn there--quite a long drive. At least it had a swimming pool! We ended up having dinner at a Chinese restaurant--not exactly the fresh sea food we were looking for, but not bad.



## September 10<sup>th</sup>

Since we were close, we decided to drive through Exeter and see the school there. It's amazing how many names in the East are familiar, even though some of us have never been there. Exeter was amazing for a prep (high) school--more like a college.

The drive to Bar Harbor was rather tedious, since we decided to drive along the coast. There were many beautiful spots on the way, of course, but also a lot of very commercial towns with outlet centers, etc. The road into Bar Harbor was also very commercial, lots of miniature golf, etc., but the town itself was quite charming. It's a lot like Carmel, but not quite as swishy. We had reserved a place right in the middle of town, so that we could walk to a nearby restaurant--even Mom. We had our lobster dinner, and it lived up to our expectations.



Cadillac Mountain in Acadia National Park

## September 11th

The Acadia National Park is located on two peninsulas, one near Bar Harbor and the other near Winter Harbor. The part of the park near Bar Harbor is mostly forest with snatches of beach once in a while. It does contain Cadillac Mountain, however. From there, the views of the coast, the nearby islands, and Bar Harbor with its tourist boats are quite spectacular.

After we left that side of the park, we traveled to Winter Harbor. Quite the opposite in most ways. The town of Winter Harbor is where Bruce spent some time in January one year on a project. Needless to say, visiting in September was much more pleasant. The town is very small, with literally no tourists. The Schoodic Peninsula, however, is extremely beautiful. The road around the peninsula runs right along the coast, and each view is more spectacular than the last. It is not as steep as Big Sur. In fact, the water is right next to the road with huge blocks of granite tumbling down to the water. The day was beautiful as well, so it couldn't have been more perfect.

We headed over to Bangor when we finished touring the park. On our way, in search of a late lunch, we stumbled on Joshy's. Good food, but more memorable than that was seeing and talking to a man who reminded us so much of Uncle John Dougherty!



## September 12<sup>th</sup>

Today we drove through western Maine, and we even took a side trip to see Colby College, where a young friend of ours goes to school. Our next stop was a Shaker "village"--a loose use of the word, since only four Shakers remain there. This is possibly due to the fact that they believe in celibacy, and they often, in the past, took in orphans and other children who couldn't be cared for by their parents, in order to enlarge the community.

We moved on into New Hampshire, where we drove through the White Mountains via the Kancamagus Pass. It was scenically pleasant, but not as impressive as the Franconia Notch which followed (much more Yosemite-like). We looked for "Old Man Mountain", but unfortunately the rocks had collapsed in May, just four months before we were there, and the head was entirely gone!

We arrived at the Hampton Inn in Burlington to find it teeming with Shriners. We had been warned that there was a convention in town, but didn't realize the activity it would cause. We were told that it would be hard to get into restaurants, so we went across the street to "Friendly's". Mistake!



Shaker village

## September 13<sup>th</sup>

We left Burlington next morning to drive up through the islands in Lake Champlain. This is a beautiful area, but imagining it in the winter is not so beautiful, since we are only about a mile from the Canadian border! We entered New York from its northernmost area, but even there we found gas to be about

20 cents more expensive. We drove through the Adirondacks, visiting Lake Placid and Serenac Lake. Lake Placid is known, of course, as a site of the Olympics. Lake Serenac, on the other hand, is known to us as the place where Uncle Andy went to recover from some of his lung difficulties. After leaving the more touristy areas, the Adirondacks become very much hill-country, with the expected populations of hill people.

As we moved toward the St. Lawrence River and the 1000 Islands area, we passed lots of Amish carriages on the road. The 1000 Islands area is where the St. Lawrence meets Lake Ontario. There are lots of islands of different sizes--some small and some big enough to hold many houses. We found a good place to stay (the Robert Peele Motel) away from the tourist area--one of our three non-Hampton Inns.



Alexandria Bay in 1000 Islands region of St. Lawrence River

## September 14<sup>th</sup>

After a breakfast buffet at Beefer's (where they supply the t-shirts that say, "I survived Beefer's buffet"), we drove along the coast a little longer and found a pleasant spot at Henderson Harbor. As we turned inland, we hit slowing traffic and weren't sure of the cause. Then we passed a truck that everyone had been slowing down for. It had a small trailer with three recently hunted bears on the back. That, understandably, was the cause of the slow-down, as everyone had to take a look. Later, we passed two guys who were practicing shooting right from a table at the side of the road--luckily, they were turned away from the road! Guess we're in huntin' country!

We decided to head inland toward the New York wine country and Syracuse, where Sam and Carolyn live (Sam is Bruce's best friend from high school). Syracuse is very near the Finger Lakes area of New York, and the two larger of the Finger Lakes are dotted with numerous wineries. We spent a good part of the day enjoying the scenery and briefly visiting some of the wineries.

Back in town, we had difficulty finding a place to eat. The desk had recommended an Italian restaurant in the area, and, even though that wouldn't have been our first choice and we spent quite a bit of time getting lost in trying to find something else, we finally went there and it turned out to be pretty good.



Wineries on Seneca and Cayuga Finger Lakes (Western New York State)



### September 15<sup>th</sup>

Today we hit the rest of the Finger Lakes, including Skaneateles, where Bill Clinton supposedly hangs out. We spent a wonderful evening with Sam and Carolyn. Sam treated us to a comprehensive tour of the University of Syracuse. It's what one would picture as a lovely eastern college campus. Carolyn cooked a wonderful dinner, despite having been without water for a good part of the day. They both provided great company. Grannie even said she had one of the best times of the trip there.



### September 16<sup>th</sup>

We began this trip by seeing Bruce's old territory in Boston, along with family and places that were new, even though they seemed familiar after hearing about them for so many years. That was a great way to start. And then, what a great way to end the trip--renewing old friendships. After our visit with Sam and Carolyn, we took off the next morning to see Mae and Lew Kaufman (Mae had taken aerobic dancing from me for ten years in California!). We enjoyed greatly driving along the southern side of the Catskills on the way to Mae and Lew's beautiful spot near Carmel Lake. They were kind enough to have us for lunch before we continued on to visit West Point. After a bus tour there with more information than we could ever need or want, we headed in toward Newark. Despite our worries about directions and traffic, we made it to the Howard Johnson's at the airport with only one wrong turn! We turned in our van, which had been much bigger and harder to park than the mid-size we wanted, but did get us around (about 2000 miles, we think!) A typical airport hotel dinner finished us off for the evening.



West Point, New York, on the Hudson River



Lew and Mae Kaufman from Aerobic Dancing days

September 17<sup>th</sup>

Well, with the hurricane due to arrive tomorrow, we are making our getaway. We had nearly perfect weather for the trip, with just two days of light drizzle and the rest sparkling sunshine with temperatures in the 70's and 80's. We couldn't have asked for better! Everyone and everything we saw lived up to expectations and more.