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CHAPTER SIXTEEN

CHILDREN OF JAMES BÉLANGER AND SANDRA ST. PIERRE

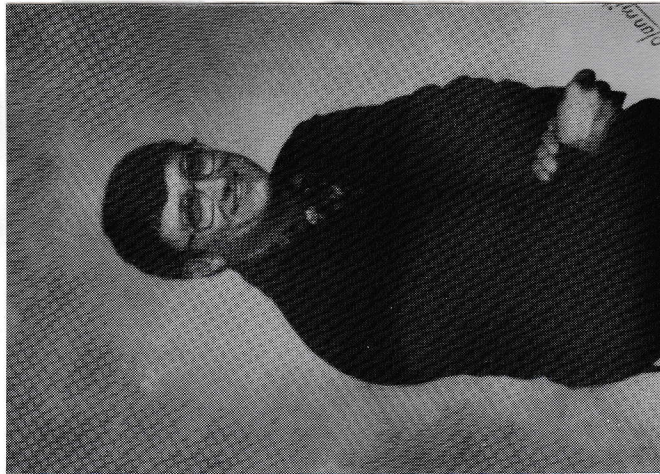
Jim and Sandy had four children. They were all born in different parts of the country but all grew up in Hollis, New Hampshire. They were brought up in a warm, friendly family atmosphere and, although Jim and Sandy worked long hours, they were either at home or in their shop just 30 feet away from the house. The kids had many varied farm animals and grew up caring for and enjoying their animals. This involvement certainly has carried into their adult lives. This chapter is devoted to their stories as told by them. The stories are told while they are still young adults and have the major portion of their lives to live yet.



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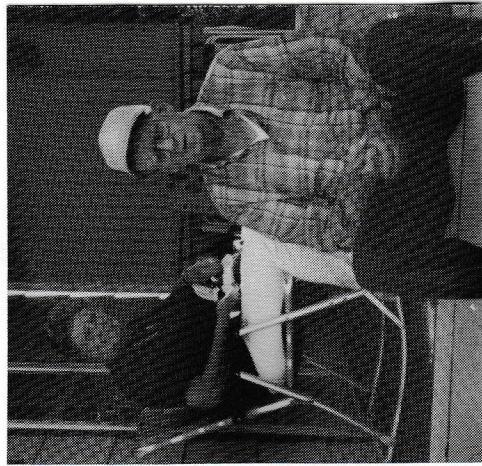
Gerald & Irene



Jim



Sandy



Leo & Harriet



Jim



Julianne



Jennifer



Jayne

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JAMES ANTHONY BELANGER

I remember living at 38 Seminole Drive in Nashua, NH. There were other places that I lived prior to this, but this is the first place I really remember. It was in a quiet neighborhood in the center of a new development. The older houses were in the front of the development and the newest homes were being constructed behind us across a gravel pit. The grass had not even sprouted when I moved into the 3 bedroom cape with my parents and 2 sisters. I was 4 years old.

I had my own bedroom upstairs with a built-in bookcase that held my Matchbox cars. Julianne and Jennifer shared the other upstairs bedroom. Mom and Dad slept downstairs. We also had a family room, eat-in kitchen and a formal living room. The living room was furnished with a red-cushioned sofa and matching chairs that we were allowed to sit on only during family portraits and at Christmas time. The Christmas tree was always set up in the living room with a multicolored revolving light that reflected off the silver aluminum branches onto the white ceiling. As long as we sat still, we could watch the sparkles for hours.

I had some friends within the neighborhood. There was a boy my age who's mother made the best cinnamon toast I ever tasted. I missed him when his family moved to Maine. There was a little girl who's parents spoke to her in French. My parents spoke to one another in French too, but the French her parents spoke sounded different. There were many older kids in the neighborhood as well. I would listen to them playing in the street through my bedroom window on summer evenings when we were supposed to be asleep. I dreamed of when I would be old enough to stay out with my friends until it got dark.

Mom had to go away for a short time, but that was OK because her sister, my Aunt Sis-Sue, came to stay with us. When Mom returned home, she brought with her a small lump-like thing with a black fuzzy mop on its head. I was told that this was my new sister, Jayne. Jayne cried in the morning, in the afternoon, and at night. She cried when she was hungry, thirsty, wet and dry. The only time that she didn't cry was when she was sleeping. But if I poked her, she would begin crying again. Sis-Sue left shortly afterwards, and I was certain that it was to get away from all of the crying.

I was the envy of my friends when I received a glistening bright yellow two-wheel bicycle from Mom and Dad. Juli liked my bike very much, too. She took my new prize and learned to ride it before I did; replacing the skin on her arms, legs and face with scrapes, scabs, and bruises. Dad brought her some flowers and her own pink bicycle. When I got my bike back, I was thrilled and didn't notice the new scratches on its frame. I learned to ride it, eventually, after multiple collisions into the only 2 trees in our backyard.

Dad had a big bicycle, a motorcycle. Mom rode that bike once. She did very well, in fact, riding around the neighborhood block many times. We were excited for her until Dad learned that she could not stop. When she ran out of gas, she got off and let Dad drive afterwards. She was content to ride on the back.

I started kindergarten one fall morning by taking a small Volkswagen bus to school, while it was still dark. It was on the bus that I met my first love, a very young lady with a cold. She had a runny nose but sat up straight and as proud as Grace Kelly until we reached the school yard where she could wipe it with a tissue. We continued seeing one another through first grade when I walked her home from school regularly.

Our budding relationship ended when we moved to a run-down little house in Hollis. I spent a lot of that summer acting as gopher for Dad as he hammered, sawed, painted, drywalled and generally

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worked very hard to renovate our new home. I was unappreciative. I still got my own room and got to pick out the color for it. I picked a light yellow which was a vast improvement from the midnight blue that it was. And I felt much better about the room after Dad removed the large bell from the wall that was part of an old alarm system signaling that the defunct greenhouses might have been getting too hot or cold. Dad also removed the door and closet bar that we otherwise had to walk through to get upstairs. Juli and I helped tote small items around and generally got in the way. Jennifer was excused from helping because she was lucky enough to be asthmatic and would have attacks around sawdust.

I started second grade in a brand new school and made new friends. David Bennett was a few years younger than me and lived next door across a huge hayfield. We played together a lot. Summers were spent camping out in the yard or adjoining apple orchard in tents and building forts for our G.I. Joes and Matchbox cars. In the fall, we planned strategic warfare in apple crates pegging the dropped apples at each other. We tunneled out igloos and sledded down the hayfield to the frozen pond below, in the winter and rode bikes through the mud each spring. We even had a private exclusive boys' only clubhouse in an old cinderblock building just behind my house.

Sis-Sue came to visit us again in the new house. One morning, there was a skinny man with big ears outside asking to see her. He was her boyfriend and he had hitchhiked down from Maine. He soon became our Uncle John. We were invited to their wedding in Maine and it was breathtaking. We had all gotten in line for something to eat when we heard Jennifer's voice boom out through the speakers... "Ladies and ... Mommaaa!!!" She became scared at the sudden volume and it was her turn to cry. Sis-Sue gave me a really cool book about Toby Tyler, a boy who runs away to join a circus. He eventually returns home but not before he rescues a monkey who was being abused only to see it shot from a tree and killed. Now it was my turn to cry.

I enjoyed being a Cub Scout and Weeblo. Dad became Pack Leader for a short time. For one Halloween Party, I had dressed up as a wounded soldier complete with bloodied bandages; I looked so cool. The ketchup smell didn't bother me much. There was a pinata that we all worked very hard to break open. When it eventually burst, all of the Cub Scouts lunged to the floor grabbing for candy. I look large sweeps with my arms on either side of me and then waited for the crowd to disburse. I was then able to collect my horde by myself without fear of losing any of it to the greedy mongers that had been scrambling about the floor just moments before. I lost interest in Scouting soon after becoming a Boy Scout and going on an overnight camping trip where the older boys teased and tormented us younger ones, hid our clothes on us, and banged on our tents early in the mornings so that the condensation within would rain down on us making us wet and cold.

Juli, Jennifer and I were also 4-Hers. We started at ages 6, 5, and 7 respectively. Our first project was caring for 100 broiler chicks. They arrived through the mail in a large cardboard box. The postmaster called Mom and Dad to inform them that they had a large package awaiting them and that the package was making noise. 99 chicks survived the transport. They were the cutest little yellow balls of fuzz that you ever did see. The cuteness quickly wore off when they lost their fuzz to large white feathers. The fun wore off, too, when caring for them became a chore. We moved them from the top of our little barn to the bottom and then to a large pen within the large building with a dirt floor behind Dad's shop.

One evening, a large number of people came over to our house for a demonstration of poultry slaughter and preparation. They were from the surrounding 4-H clubs. The demonstrator took an empty gallon bleach bottle and cut out the bottom. He nailed the bottle upside-down to a post and then put one chicken into the bottle head first. When the chicken poked its head out of the funneled

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end, the demonstrator slit its throat allowing it to bleed out a quiet death. After that, the body was submerged in hot water to loosen the feathers and ease plucking. The carcass was then gutted and cleaned and ready for cooking. Each of the observers was then given a bird to try what he had just learned and that eliminated about one-half of the flock. My cousin, Mark, had come up to stay with us for a week from Connecticut. During the next week, his job was the cutting of the throats which he seemed to enjoy much too much. My sisters, Mom and I plucked while Dad gutted and cleaned the remainder of the chickens. It was a long week but our freezer filled very quickly.

Dad decided to keep a handful of chickens for a small flock for some eggs. Mr. Bennett had a flock of Rhode Island Reds and his eggs were very good. Mom named the rooster Hollister. He had suffered from an injury to one leg and walked with a permanent gimp. He looked after his flock constantly. He took a dislike to Jayne most likely because she would kick him any chance that she could. He would watch for her to get off of the school bus each afternoon and then chase her up the driveway with wings spread and squawking up a storm. Jayne would race to the house screeching. Hollister was fast but Jayne was always faster. When Hollister's "hens" started crowing and with no eggs to be found, we discovered the flock consisted of all male chickens. They met the fate of their siblings. Hollister crowed up to the very end, and when we defrosted him for the supper table, he was the toughest bird we ever did chew.

We had piglets that grew also from cute bundles of energy to fat beasts. They moved from the first level of the little barn to a fenced-in 3 acre pen. They uprooted many of the trees and generally cleared the land for us in no time flat. We would get the biggest kick out of watching them eat the chicken entrails which evidently they found to be quite the treat. We would run contests to see who could ride the pigs bareback the longest. We thought briefly about breeding one sow, but when she started getting mean, our thoughts changed to the freezer. Their demise was less gruesome. They were trucked to the slaughter house and then brought back to our freezer. One time, we gave their feet to an old neighbor of ours from Nashua who claimed that he loved these delicacies pickled. That was one treat I had no interest in trying.

We had a pregnant Jersey, Bessie, and I bought a Holstein heifer calf named Beauty from Orde's Dairy Farm in town. Dad and I spent a number of nights in the little barn watching for the birth of our own little calf. She was born, a little after dawn, just after Dad and I had left the barn for a bite of breakfast. We had missed it. Milking the cow and caring for the calves were fun for a short while. Soon, we had more milk than we knew what to do with. The cats would all gather expectantly at each milking for each his own squirt of fresh warm milk. We made homemade butter and gave a lot of milk away. The calves were entered into a parade float in town. My calf escaped and ran home while Juli's Jersey calf planted herself in the middle of the road and would not budge for anyone. She stopped the entire procession until someone stepped in, picked her up and brought her back home for us. When the heifer calves became too big for us to handle, and when Dad tired of the twice daily milking, they all were adopted out to new homes.

Jennifer and I each had a ewe to care for and we went to many of the surrounding agricultural fairs to show them. We did this for 2 seasons; working with the sheep was a lot of fun, but meeting our 4-H friends was as much fun. Jennifer had a number of interested boyfriends following her about, but being the older brother, I was obligated to watch out for her thereby intervening at every chance that I could. Jennifer's Southdown ewe had eaten some fresh cut grass one day and bloated that night. We both slept the night with her in the barn feeding her Pepto-Bismol and listening to the passing of the gas. She was much better by the next morning. My ewe was bred and again, I spent many nights in the barn awaiting the birth of my new lamb. I was determined not to miss this event a second time. The ewe lamb was born at 3 p.m. in the middle of the blasted afternoon. All went

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uneventfully. She grew into an ornery, stubborn thing. Her claim to fame was that she bleated very loudly and very often. One Japanese spectator at the fair was so enamored with her vocal abilities that he tape recorded her cries to take back home with him. The sheep were eventually adopted out to new homes as well.

Beau and Belle were a beef steer and beef heifer respectively that were raised for the freezer. Beau was horned and Belle was polled. Beau would romp in the field rocking his head back and forth. We all had to be careful not to be impaled by the playful steer. He loaded onto the truck bound for the slaughterhouse without a second thought. Belle would only load with the coaxing of Mom's reassuring voice. Mom was heartbroken at the thought of deceiving that poor heifer.

One of the returning packages was labeled beef tongue. We opened it to find a large bovine tongue. We did not know what to do with it. We had no interest in eating it, but our German Shepherd, Missy dog, showed great interest in the prize. We all laughed heartily at the sight of a dog with such an enormous tongue hanging from her mouth as she started gnawing upon the end. Missy Dog did not laugh once.

The farm animals came and went but the horses stayed. Big E, short for Big Enough because he was Big Enough for us at the time, was the first. He was a pony standing maybe 8 hands tall. He was stubborn as a mule. Dad did teach him to pull a sled and Jennifer and Jayne were sledded to nursery school and kindergarten daily. When he was feeling his oats and had thrown each of us kids off his back, Dad taught him a lesson by sitting on his back. Big E's eyes opened wide with surprise. I think he tried to buck; once. All that I saw was that his knees buckled ever so slightly then locked back into place for fear of collapsing. His back swayed so low that his belly just about touched the ground. He took one big breath then lowered his head as if to give in. Dad dismounted and Big E did not throw any of us again.

Big E never aged. Each year, we would have him vaccinated and have a Coggin's Test run which in themselves took 5-6 grown men to hold him still. And each year, we copied the previous year's certificate. And each year, Big E stayed 13 years young. He was sick once from colic from which he never recovered. I walked him for hours. When he finally collapsed, Dr. Wrightson came from across the street to put him down. I went to high school late that day and had all that I could not to cry in front of my friends when they asked where I had been.

We had other horses, too, and some boarders whose board paid for the hay and feed. Juli, Jennifer, Jayne and I all worked hard to care for the horses. We lugged water buckets to the barn many winter mornings. We each learned not to get dressed into our school clothes first thing in the mornings because something always happened - water splashed or one of the horses would slime us.

We shoveled snow off the barn roof to minimize the weight which gave us great snow banks to jump into. One day, I told Jennifer to keep her legs together and her arms to her side when she jumped. Being the younger trusting sister, she did as I suggested. When she jumped, she shot straight into the snow bank like a spike. I lost sight of her altogether. I scrambled to get to her. She patiently waited as I frantically dug her out. I felt much better when I saw the top of her head and, eventually, the rest of her. With Jennifer's next jump, she screeched at the top of her lungs claiming that she broke her leg. Again, I scrambled to get to her side. She immediately stopped screeching when she saw me, smiled from ear to ear and then told me that she was only kidding. The joke was on me.

On a separate winter's day, Juli and I were cleaning the barn stalls together. I remember being in a particularly good mood. I was making wise cracks and zinging Juli every chance that I could. We were emptying the wheel barrow of manure when I suddenly found myself flung into the snow bank.

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I looked to one side of me and saw Juli equally flung into the snow bank about six feet from me. Between us stood Dad in his shirt sleeves huffing and puffing. It seems that Juli had enough of my zinging and had picked the shovel over her head as if to swing it at me while I had my back turned. Dad saw this from the shop window, raced out and separated us two by throwing each of us single-handedly away from the other and into the snow. I was impressed.

You would think that I would have learned my lesson, but this was not the case. And nobody was spared. Jayne was cleaning the stalls on yet a different day, thinking that she was completely alone. I snuck around to the open window sill, crouched behind the wall and rested my chin on the sill. Jayne turned around, singing to a radio at the top of her voice, and saw only my head in the window. She screamed. Her broom and shovel flew out of her hands behind her. I doubled over in laughter. Today, I am very thankful that all of my sisters still speak with me.

I now have a beautiful wife and two wonderful children of our own. I hope they have as many great memories of growing up when they reach my age.

JULIANNE HOPE BELANGER

As I sit here reflecting on my upbringing, the earliest I can recall is my half year in kindergarten. I imagine myself back in the small bus, actually a van, riding to school. We'd stop and pick up schoolmates along the way. School was fun, with its various educational activities, cookies and milk snack and sharing with friends.

Soon after registering at Broad Street School in Nashua, we moved to Hollis. I was subsequently registered at Hollis Elementary School. This was a large place for a small child, but my brother and I braved the new surroundings and did what we were told. We both made friends and settled into the school system with little trouble.

I did just recall a time before we moved to Hollis, at what age I was I cannot remember. But it was a time when I shared a room with my sister Jennifer. We fought so hard that a few blows were dealt by both of us, then a small black record album zinged through the air, hitting the far wall. It's impact left a black mark on the wall. I remember thinking if the record had hit my sister instead of the wall, we'd both be in more than a little bit of trouble. She would have suffered a severe injury, not what I intended at all. Seeing as the wall suffered the injury, I believed this event to be a valuable lesson.

I vaguely recall playing out in the back yard on Seminole Drive, Nashua. I like to play with Michelle Tardif, our neighbor. I idolized her and her older brother Michael. Michelle was such a good ballet dancer, as she continues to be today. And Michael was this "cool" figure of a teenager that always appeared to hold onto a composure desired by all who were younger than he. Their younger brother, Gerry, also played with us.

I had my one and only birthday party when I turned 7. I remember this as being fun. I was allowed to invite classmates from my first grade class. All of us had birthday parties (my siblings and I) at this age.

I most like to recall my 4-H years. We joined 4-H as early as we could (age 8) and enjoyed a full, enriching experience with my Dad leading the way. We had many farm animals, beginning with 100 chicks and ending with horses. My brother and I took our 4-H careers to the furthest level: a trip to Chicago for 4-H overachievers. We also enjoyed leadership experiences in Teen Council, a trip to

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Washington, DC and various other offices in our 4-H clubs. To this day, I will take my teachings to a local 4-H club, with my kids and hope that they are enriched by 4-H as much as I.

I also learned many skills and had many good times in Girl Scouts. I made many friends and enjoyed camping trips. Again, to this day, I can take my experiences to a local girl scout troop with my daughter, if she so desires. My boys can join Boy Scouts too, if they like. I remember my brother as a Boy Scout and my father as a Pack Leader.

My teen years were filled with many ups and downs. All teenagers experience those awkward feelings and trying times of growth. Now, looking back, let's just say I would do my teen years differently, if I had the chance. My 4-H life was the best part, but I also would have enjoyed school life more and been more outgoing at school.

Heaven knows where low self-esteem comes from, but it sure had its negative impact on me through the years. I look forward to a life fraught with positive thoughts and positive achievements for myself and my children.

JENNIFER RAE "PEPPER" BELANGER

Growing up in the Belanger household brings back many pleasant memories for me. I enjoyed having a brother and 2 sisters to grow up with. Maybe that's why I have 4 children of my own. I always remember my mother being there for us when we needed her. My father spent as much time as he could with us although he put in many hours working at his business to support us.

Our house, and yard for that matter, was always filled with lots of animals. We had everything from cats and dogs to horses, cows, pigs, etc. All four kids and my parents were actively involved in 4-H. My brother Jim and I would spend weekends at the fairs showing sheep. Once we received a rather small box at the local post office containing 100 baby chicks. This was our next 4-H project. We were to raise and slaughter these chickens as our project. All went well until the first chicken went, and we burst into tears. After chicken number 30 or 40, we began to get extremely sick of our plucking duties. My father would attempt to entertain us by making a headless rooster crow. Riding our pet pigs was always a great pastime, along with making our own butter from the cream skimmed off the top of the fresh milk from our cow. My father once had a dream of having rabbits breed and run free in our back yard. But even in pens, the neighborhood dogs put an end to that. We also experienced the birth of dogs, cats, a lamb and a calf at our house. One of our favorite or most common Spring projects was the re-designing and re-building of our horse stalls in the barn. This really confused the horses since they had to re-learn where their stall was. A few times it led to a little misunderstanding amongst the horses when two ended up in the same stall.

I loved going on trail rides with the family. My father would take us down new trails to see where we'd come out. Depending on the trail's conclusion, our ride would be anywhere from 1/2 hour to 3 hours. My younger sister Jayne would entertain our blacksmith by riding our goat, Sam. My father would occasionally give us a lift to school on our pony cart. It was much better than fighting for a seat on the bus. I used to get sick riding the bus to school since we were the first pick up in the morning and the last drop off at night. So, my Dad cleared a path for us up through the woods behind our house. Rain or shine, we'd walk to school, through the hay fields, the apple orchard and the woods. After coming back home, Mom had the task of de-ticking us. In the winter time, we would help clear off the shop roof of snow. The snow banks were always high enough that if we fell off, we didn't get hurt. The hay field near our house was a nice sloping hill. The whole family would go sledding. On our way down the hill, our German Shepherd, Missy, would grab our pant

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leg and send us spinning. We'd come to a stop at the bottom of the hill when we'd slide into the swamp grass. In the spring, when everything was a muddy mess, my father and the neighbor would get out their dirt bikes and go "play" in the swamp and apple orchard.

Sneaking cats into the house was always a great challenge. First you'd hit up Mom and get her attached, then Dad couldn't refuse! Sometimes if we didn't tell him about the cat, it might take him anywhere from 2 days to a month before he realized that there was a new addition to the house hold. Once there was a cat who was stupid enough to lounge around the dinner table and make his presence very well known. Of course, even if I hadn't been the one to sneak in the cat on an occasion, I always got the evil eyeball anyway. Dinner time was always an experience at our house. I had the great privilege of being seated next to my brother on my left and my father to my right. My brother Jim had a nervous habit of bouncing his leg, which would make the bench that we were sitting on jiggle. My father on the other side, would have a grand time "stealing" things when I wasn't looking. Sometimes it would be something off my plate, or a piece of freshly buttered bread, or my glass of milk. But, most of the time he'd just bump my arm to send my food flying off of my fork or spoon. As we got older, we got more comfortable with joking around with my parents. My mother would pick on us back and if we ever asked why her humorous response was "because you're mine and I can do whatever I want to you".

My father hardly ever came upstairs in our house where our bedrooms were located unless something needed fixing. Although, on occasion when I mimicked his sneezing from the top of the stairs, he would choose to attack and come flying up the stairs. Once he tried to grab me to tickle me as a revenge and jumped onto my bed, which he promptly broke. Growing up, our property had two wells. One which was an artesian well which always ran dry. The second which was a surface well in our front yard which needed to be cleaned out before we could use it. My father, being on the volunteer fire department, borrowed their tanker truck and drained the well. After putting in a ladder, my brother and I made our descent down into the well. Once at the bottom, the ladder was taken out and buckets were lowered down to us on ropes so that we could scoop out the muck from the bottom and have it hauled back up. Of course, on the way up, the bucket would catch on the stone sides of the well, dumping some of the buckets contents back onto our heads. My brother Jim and I were always close. On Easter morning we began a tradition of gathering water from a trickling stream near the swamp that was next to our house. We had learned that, if the running water was gathered before sunrise, it was Holy Water. So, after retrieving our prize before dawn, it would end up down in our basement where it would sit until my mother finally threw it out. Oh well, it's the thought that count, right? My brother later tried to save me from an inevitable experience. After getting my driver's license, using my father's 22 foot pickup truck with plow and all for my driver's test. I wanted to learn how to drive a standard shift. The only ones in my family who could teach me were my brother and my Dad. I knew that if my father tried to teach me, the lesson would end up with my father yelling at me, in his own nice way of course. My brother Jim offered to take me out to teach me, but my father insisted that he take me and assured me that he wouldn't yell at me. Well, after returning from my lesson my brother pulled me aside to inquire if my father had yelled at me or not. My father overheard and promptly answered with "of course I yelled at her, what the hell did you think I was going to do?" My fond memory of that day was the phrase that my father uttered several times during our lesson. Shift, god-damn it, shift! Along with my drivers license came dating. My father was always very tasteful when it came to hinting that it was time for my boyfriend to go home. We'd be in the living room, and from the bedroom I could hear him proclaim, "Goodnight Scott". That was all the hint that we needed.

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After High School, I attended hairdressing school. My father was always a good sport about letting me practice on his hair. He always told me that the difference between a good haircut and a bad one was about 2 days. I'm sure that was meant as encouragement. I do remember one Saturday, my father made it a point to stop by the school and take me out to lunch. That will always be a special memory for me. Towards the end of school, I invited a classmate of mine home for dinner. I had to prepare her for my father's strange sense of humor. He like to catch people off guard, especially if he could embarrass them. I told my friend that my father would probably say something like "who the hell are you?" The funniest part about the whole thing was that he said exactly that word for word. I guess to this day my father's openness shall we say, and sense of humor has rubbed off because I am now involved in theater. My father, my husband and I have started up our own community theater company. My mother has even become very active in helping us our backstage. I would have to say the greatest feelings I have from growing up in the Belanger household are the memories of warmth and love and a strong sense of home. My mother was always there for us when we needed her for love, caring, and support. My father was always there for love and guidance. My brother and two sisters were always there for friendship and comfort. I only hope that I can provide the same atmosphere for my children to grow up in.

JAYNE ALICIA BELANGER

My most recent childhood memory was when we got our first pony. I can remember going to pick him up. He was a black & white Shetland Pony, named "Big-E" which stood for Big Enough for me. I went with my father to get him. I rode him while my dad walked him home. I can remember sitting in the saddle and making up songs to the creaking of the leather. We had some rough times but most of our times together were good. My father tried to teach Big-E how to pull a cart. He scared himself with the cart attached behind him and took off. My dad had to jump out of the cart to stop him. We didn't want him to hurt himself or anyone else. No matter how patient we were and how hard we tried to teach him, we just couldn't get him to pull a cart. Another incident was when the whole family had gone riding on the horses. It was winter and the snow banks were frozen on the sides of the road. Something scared Big-E and he took off on me. I got scared and held on for dear life. My father and brother took off after Big-E and, when they could get ahead of him on their own horses, they crowded him off the road into a snow bank. Another time we all went for a ride in the summer and when we got back to the barn, we had the horses in the isle and something scared Becky and she took off out the door, with some of the other horses behind her. I had Big-E's bridle wrapped around his neck and tried to hold him back, but he dragged me and ran over me. I can remember going to kindergarten the next day and showing the other kids the hoof marks I had on my back.

We always had a lot of animals around the house while I was growing up. We had horses, cows, sheep, goats, pigs, chickens, rabbits, dogs and several cats. My family was very close and we all did things together including joining 4-H with the animals. We raised them and showed them. My father used to milk the cows every day and we made butter out of the cream.

My favorite animal has always been the horse. We had several of our own and took some in for boarding. Since I was quite small, I started out with ponies and slowly moved up to the horses. My second pony was Queenie, a pinto. I took her to 4-H camp in New Boston for a week. I showed her at some horse shows and rode her around Hollis with my friends and their horses. I then moved up to the larger horses and rode Becky, a buckskin Quarter Horse mare and also Topper, a bay Quarter Horse/Thoroughbred cross. He was a good boy but a big boy, standing 16 hands 2 inches. I really enjoyed riding him, but I was trying to get into showing more and I thought he wasn't good enough.

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That was my first mistake, because I ended up by selling him and getting my Palomino Quarter Horse mare, named Alicia. She was a terror and I had nothing but problems with her. She had a never ending urinary infection that made her witchie all the time. She would never listen to me and one day she spooked on me at the town ring and slipped in the mud. She flipped head over heels and landed on top of me before scrambling to her feet and running away. I stood up and tried to go after her, but my friend Michele jumped off her horse and ran over to me. She pushed me on the ground and said "lay down, you're hurt". This resulted in an ambulance ride to the hospital where I had my stomach pumped because they thought I had internal bleeding. I spent a week in the hospital with a cracked a rib and two broken teeth. The only evidence of that accident is my memory and a small scar on my stomach. I was kept in the hospital for a week mostly because my parents were in Washington State visiting my uncles and couldn't get home right away. I had most of my relatives come and check in on me. Since family was the only visitors allowed, many of my friends came to see me claiming to be my brothers and sisters. It was an experience I'll never forget. I was afraid to ride her after that so, after a few rides, I sold her. After that I just rode Becky, who was a very trustworthy and good-natured horse.

One summer we had to slaughter all our chickens and there was this one rooster that didn't like me. His name was Hollister and he used to chase me and peck at my knees. I wanted to be the one to slaughter him. But, when the time came, I didn't have the guts to kill him. We ended up by giving him away to another farm. Most of our animals ended up by being sold to other farms. As we all grew up, we slowly got out of the animal raising but still kept the horses, dogs and cats.

Today, I don't own a horse but hope to, someday. For the time being, I do have some horses I take care of and ride anytime I want. I still get to enjoy them and take care of them, but I don't have to pay for them. It's much cheaper that way.

We used to take family trips each summer. One trip that sticks out in my mind the most was a trip to Washington DC and Virginia. My parents and I were in one of our green Subaru's and my brother was driving the other green Subaru, with my two sisters in it. On the way back home, my brother took a wrong turn and ended up going into downtown Manhattan. Although my mother got upset, we got together again a little later and continued on to NH. It was scary at the time. It seems that, every summer, we made a trip to Maine. Our relatives lived up in Van Buren and Caribou which was a long ride every time, but it was worth it to see them.

Most of my jobs have had something to do with animals. My first "real" job was working at a dog and cat boarding kennel. It was across the street from my house. I can remember cleaning the owner's dog runs for a quarter and then going up to the store with Michele, one of my close friends, to buy ice cream. My second job was working at Arthur Whitty Studios. I helped hold the animals for him while he took the pictures. He had rabbits and goats which made people smile and laugh for photos. I worked for the town police department's animal control division. I was the town of Hollis' first full time animal control officer which involved taking care of the dogs at the town kennel and feeding and walking them daily. I wasn't able to go on calls to pick up the dogs until I turned 18. After turning 18 years old I became the assistant Animal Control Officer. I worked part time handling the calls and taking care of the animals. I also worked at Beltronics, Inc. doing receptionist duties. Then I got a job working in a Veterinarian's office. I did receptionist work and Veterinary Technician work there while learning a lot from the Vet. I was offered a full time position at the Police Department, division of Animal Control, so I left the Vet's office. I also worked part time at the Village Cookery as a waitress where I met my husband Hans. He was working for his cousin doing finish work and carpentry and came into the Cookery every day for breakfast and lunch. We started dating and then got married two years later.

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Hans continued to do carpentry work but was employed full time job at Mega Pulse in MA. In that job, he periodically gets laid off and goes back to work for himself as a carpenter. Hans grew up in Hollis and went to Hollis schools. Hans and I have since divorced and I am now living on my own, working full time as a Police Dispatcher. I was a part time dispatcher and, when the job of animal control was reduced to part time, I started dispatching full time.

My family lived on Proctor Hill Road while I was growing up and then my junior year in high school we moved to Plain road, in Hollis. My brother went to UNH and then to Ohio State Veterinary School. After school he moved to New Bedford, MA to work at a veterinarian hospital. He has since relocated to New Hampshire and runs a clinic in Goffstown for the widow of the clinic's owner. My older sister Juli, went to UNH for a year but left to pursue a nursing career. After graduating from St. Joseph's School of Nursing in Nashua, she moved to Pennsylvania. My other sister, Jennifer got married and moved into her own apartment with her husband Gary Chamberlain. She has since divorced and is now living in the house we all grew up in with her new husband Marc Gache. She has three boys, (Patrick, Kyle, Corey) from her previous marriage and one son (Nicolas) with her new husband.

My life presently revolves around my many hobbies and my dog, Bailey. Baily is a mutt which I acquired from my work with Hollis Animal Control so I don't know what her parents are. She looks like a German shepard/lab/chow mix. I also have four cats, a bird and four gerbils.

I had a Doberman up until last August. He was another stray I had picked up on the job in March of 1989. He was 2 years and I worked with him and taught him obedience. I showed him in the obedience trials and he received a "CD" title, the first level in obedience. It took me a couple of years to train him and a year to get his title. It was just something to do for fun. Brewzer, the Doberman got very sick last August 1995 and died on the way to the Vet's office. Hans and I buried him in our back yard on Silver Lake Road under a headstone, engraved with his name. I still plant flowers on his grave. He has a better plot than some people I know.

Another not so fond memory I have was a motorcycle ride my father and I took. We were heading into Brookline, NH. While trying to go around a very sharp corner, the bike tires slipped on loose winter sand in the road. When the bike leaned over just far enough, the engine roll bars hit the ground and this lifted both wheels off the road. With no tires on the road, the bike started sliding into the oncoming lane and dumped both of us into the road. Neither one of us was seriously hurt, but we were sore for several days after it. That was my second ambulance ride!

About three summers ago (1993), my father and I took a motorcycle ride to Pennsylvania to visit my sister. We drove through NY State and half way across Pennsylvania. We were headed for Washington DC but the weather forecast was for steady rain and we headed back home instead. It was a long ride but, a lot of fun. The next summer we rode the motorcycle from Caribou, Maine to Canada and toured Quebec City and Montreal before riding home through Vermont.

My work at the Communications Center has me dispatching 40 hours a week with more overtime than I care to think of. I really enjoy it even though some days are really slow and other days are so busy that you need two dispatches on at once. We dispatch for Police, Fire and Ambulance for two towns; Hollis and Brookline. The calls that come in are pretty much on the routine side but, sometimes you get interesting ones. I keep busy with domestic problems between families, house break-ins, motor vehicle accidents, house fires, chimney fires, house alarms, etc.



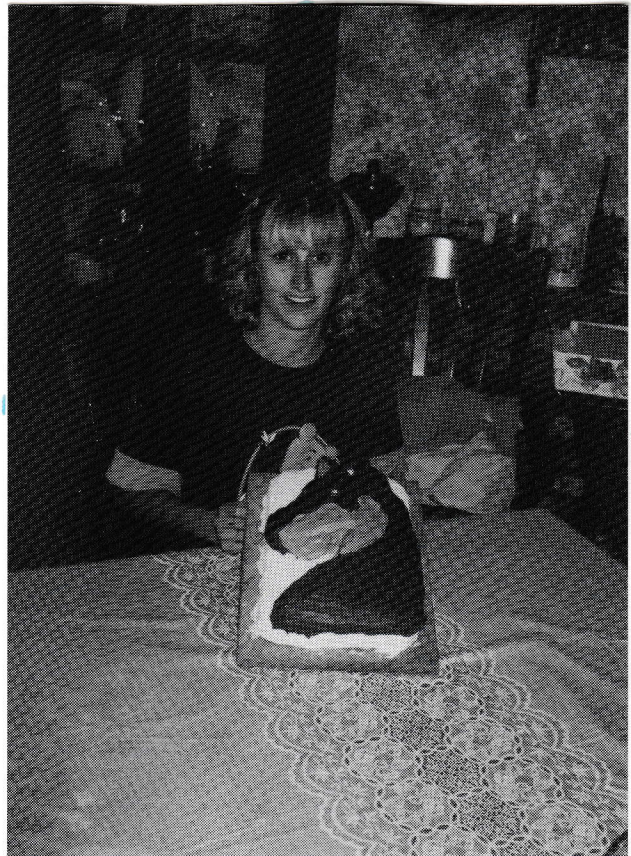
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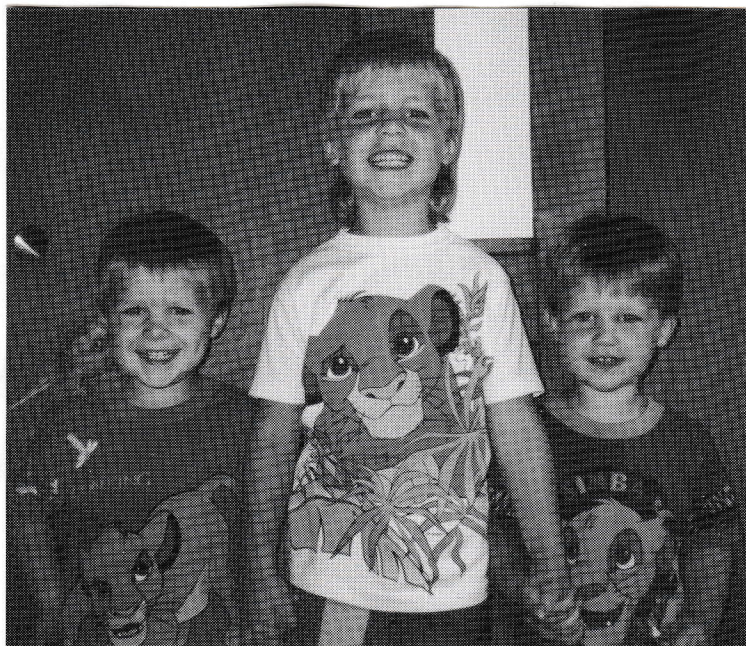
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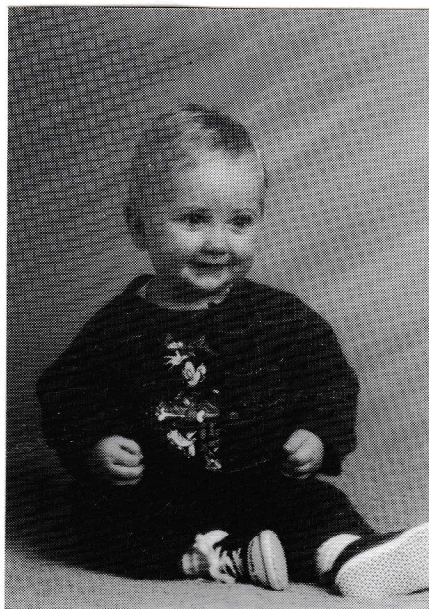
JENNIFER



JAYNE



Kyle Patrick Corey



Nicolas



Jeff ~~Andrew~~ Marissa
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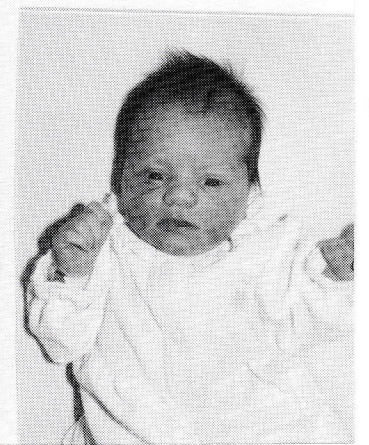


makra

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Lots of
Love
From Our
Family!



Harley