

fourth floor, we were on the third floor. And we had to go to our rooms at 7 o'clock at night, but we didn't have to put out our light till 8:30. And every night about 9:00 o'clock a Sister by the name of Sister Ramalda would come in and she would either bring us some cookies and milk or she would bring us some hot bread, or hot raisin bread and milk. I drank the milk even though I didn't like it because it seemed real nice and with the hot bread, well it really made it taste good and I'd drink it. And she would bring this in every night and then when we would get through eating she'd set there and talk to us and when we would get through eating she would say a prayer and we would pray with her then she would go out. I look back on that and think how nice that was that she would take time out to come and pray with us. She was the one that taught Genevieve how to drive a car. And she would take Genevieve to town ever day about three o'clock and they would go in do the marketing or whatever had to be done, buy things for the school. Sometimes she would miss out on the study hall, but the rest of us would stay there and go to study hall. We had a hour of study hall every day from 3 to 4, or 4 to 5, I don't remember which. There was a lot of--I look back now and there was a lot of activity that we had out there. In the winter time of an evening when we couldn't play outside why they would have us to make Christmas presents for our family or our friends and Sister would come in and she was quite artistic. She would bring ribbon, lace, thread and needle and materials and she would show us what to make. And some of the articles that she showed us how to make were shoe strings and shoe horns and lace doilies and handkerchiefs and she taught us how to embroidery and crochet, but she never taught us how to knit and I don't know how to knit to this day, but I do know how to crochet and embroidery. My sisters and I know how to, knew how to sew. All of our lives it seems like we have known how to sew. When I was about nine years old, my dad bought me a little sewing machine and he'd always buy me