



*Russell G. Pelletier
&
Laurette B. Kirouac*

July 4 1941-July 4 1991

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kirouac
request the honor of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter

Laurette

to

Mr. Russell Pelletier
on Friday, the fourth of July
nineteen hundred and forty-one
at half after seven o'clock in the morning
Holy Rosary Church
Gardner, Massachusetts

Reception
Napoleon Club
Twelve to five

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts

COPY OF RECORD OF MARRIAGE

CITY of GARDNER

I, the undersigned, hereby certify that I am clerk of the City of Gardner that as such I have custody of the records of the marriages required by law to be kept in my office; that among such records is one relating to the marriage of Russell G. Pelletier and Laurette Blanche Kirouac and that the following is a true copy of so much of said record as relates to said marriage namely;

Date of Marriage July 4, 1941

Place of Marriage Gardner, Massachusetts

GROOM	BRIDE
Name Russell G. Pelletier	Name Laurette Blanche Kirouac (Also maiden name, if widowed or divorced)
Age 20	Age 20
Residence Winchendon, Massachusetts	Residence Gardner, Massachusetts
Number of 1st Widower Marriage or Divorced	Number of 1st Widow Marriage or Divorced
Occupation Woodworker	Occupation Maid
Birthplace Amesbury, Massachusetts	Birthplace Gardner, Massachusetts
Name of Father Romeo Pelletier	Name of Father Albert Kirouac
Maiden Name of Mother Helen Gosselin	Maiden Name of Mother Blanche Hame

Name, residence and official station of person by whom married: Sylvio P. Thomas,
Priest, Gardner, Massachusetts

Date of Record July 7, 1941

And I do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy from said records.

Witness my hand and seal of said City of Gardner

on this 26th day of June 19 79

SEAL

Year 1941
Vol. 5
Page 38
No. 133

Sylvio P. Thomas
Clerk

LIFE



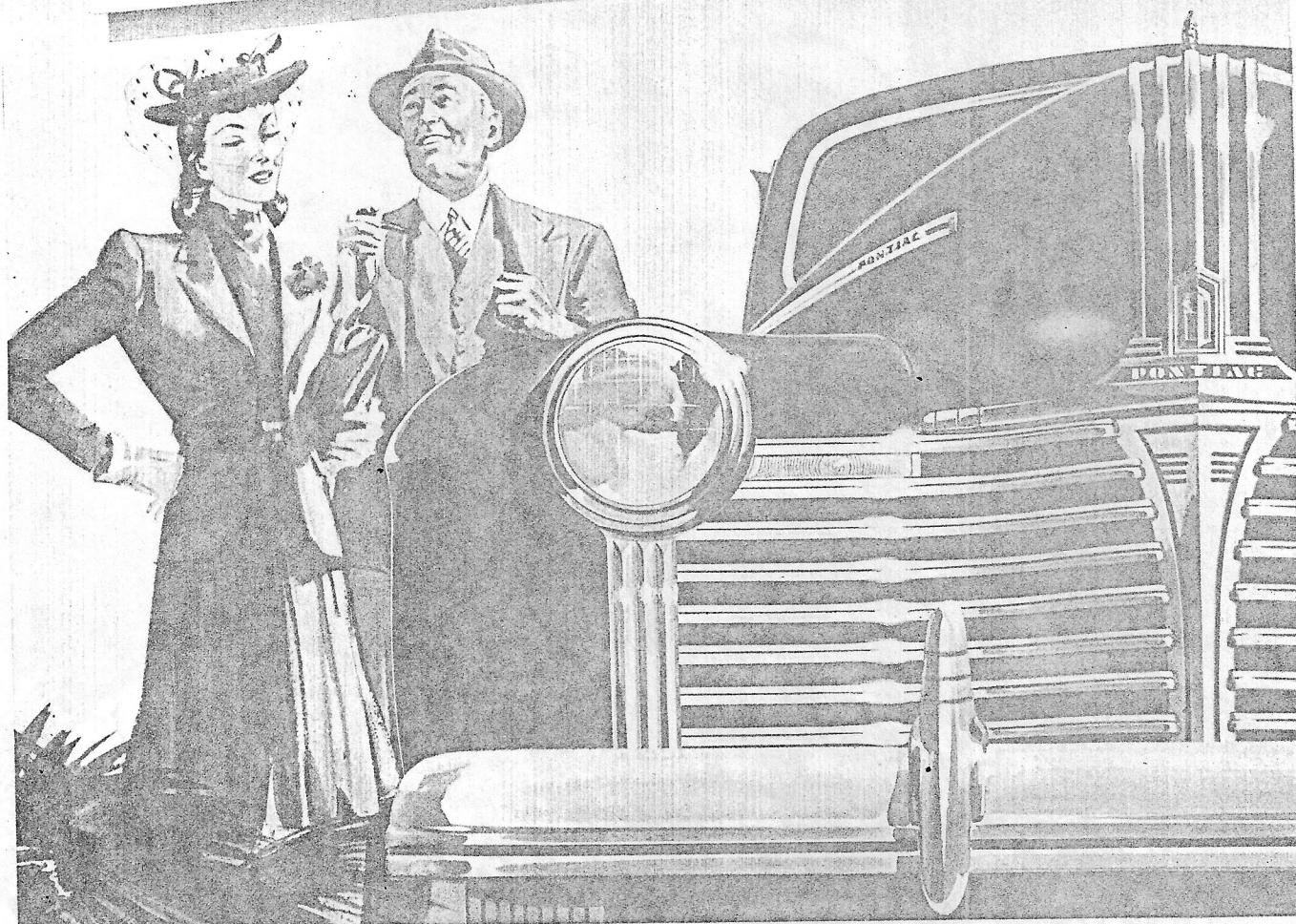
CHINA'S MADAME CHIANG

JUNE 30, 1941 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

REG. U.S. PAT.

The week of the wedding 1941

An owner writes —
 "As long as they make Pontiacs
 I'll be driving them!"



A GENERAL MOTORS MASTERPIECE

OWNER LOYALTY is one of the most valuable assets a product can have—and no car enjoys a more loyal owner following than Pontiac. Of course, you'd expect that of a car as fine as the 1941 Pontiac "Torpedo." This car has been engineered and built to give the greatest satisfaction . . . the most trouble-free performance . . . and the greatest dependability it is possible to build into a car.

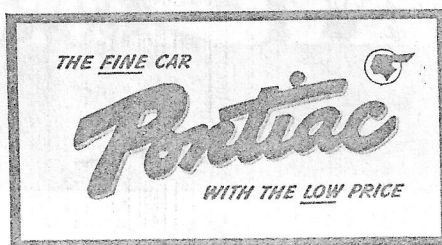
For proof—check over the list of exclusive features Pontiac provides. These include—Lifetime Oil Cleaner . . . Metered-Flow Lubrication . . . Tru-Arc Steering . . . Triple-Cushioned Ride and many more.

In addition, Pontiac was the first to introduce over 90 other important advancements, many of which have been adopted by the rest of the industry. Is it any wonder owners say—"As long as they make Pontiacs, I'll be driving them!"

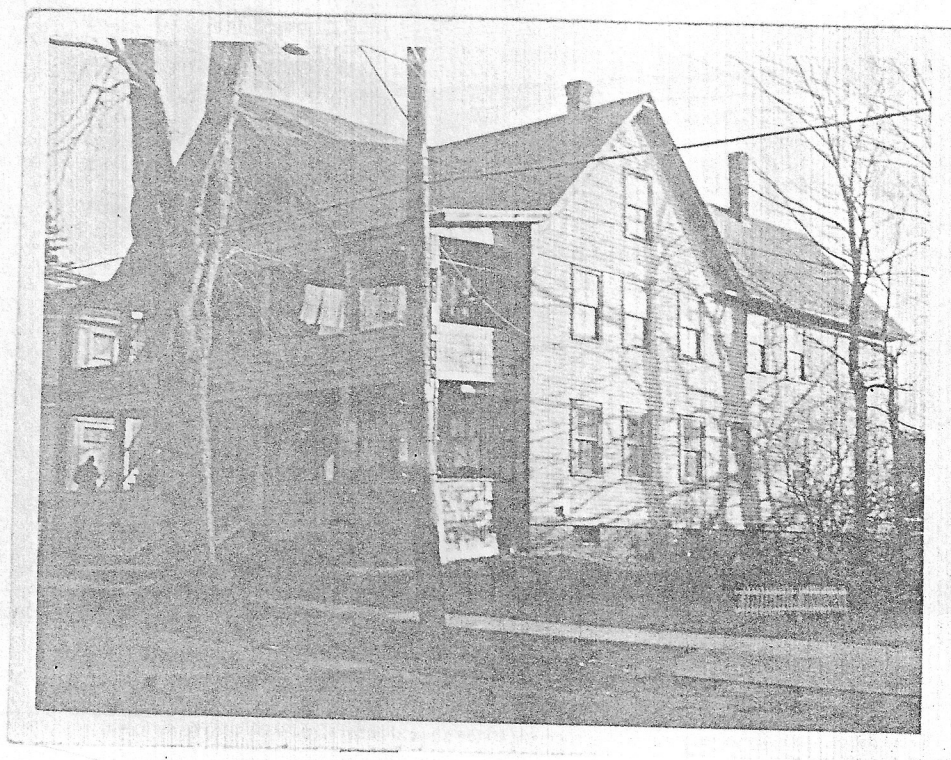
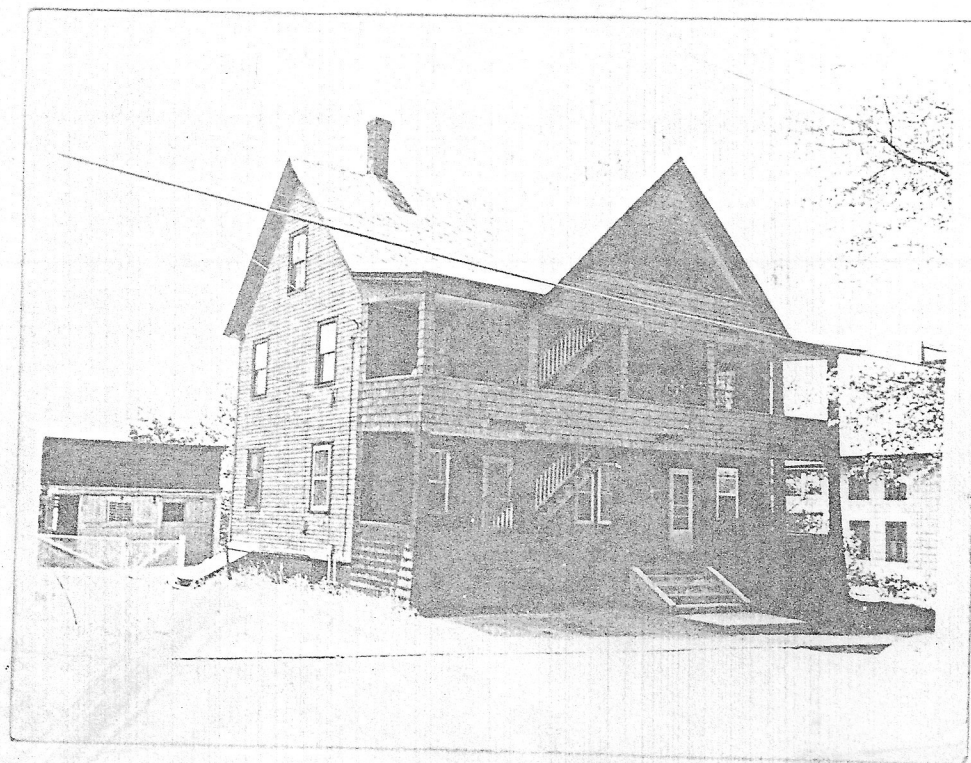
[ONLY \$25 MORE FOR AN EIGHT IN ANY MODEL]

*PONTIAC PRICES BEGIN AT \$828 FOR THE DE LUXE "TORPEDO" SIX BUSINESS COUPE

Delivered at Pontiac, Mich. State tax, optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.





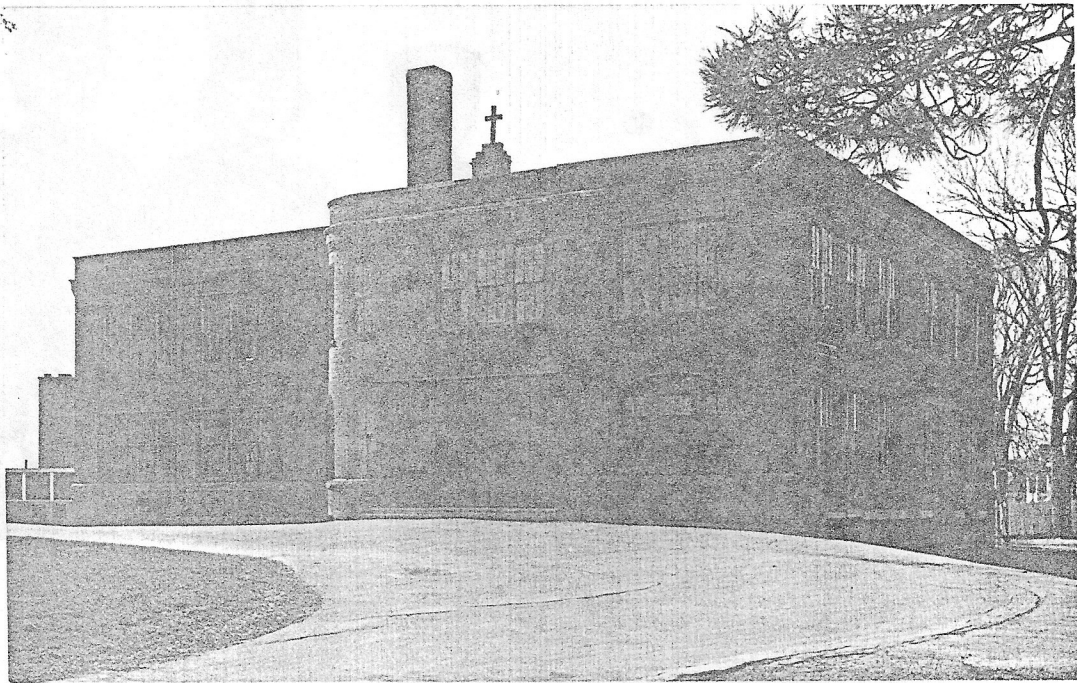


West Broadway, Gardner, Mass., Russell and Laurette Pelletier lived here for a few years in the mid '50s with their children; Barbara, Nancy, Russell and Kenneth.



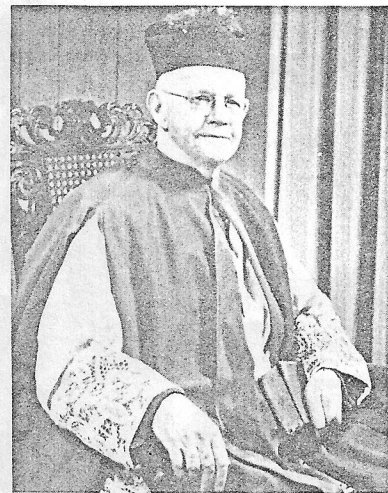
LOCATION 10 ROBILLARD STREET

*This is what it looked like when we
moved in !!!*



Sacred Heart School in Gardner, Ma.
The school was attended by Barbara,
Nancy, Russell and Kenneth Pelletier
between 1949 and 1963.

The school was built in 1923 and
was torn down in 1980. Monsignnor
Tracy was the pastor during the
1950's until his death in 1967



IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE
of

RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR
MARTIN JAMES TRACY, V.F.

Born: July 31, 1890

Ordained: December 23, 1916

Died: April 2, 1967



The Pelletier, Barbara and Nancy at Gardner High School while Russ and Ken were at Sacred Heart School.

My first memories of growing up are living at 157 Woodlawn Avenue. Our telephone number was 339-R. (Not bad for someone who can't remember what I had for lunch). We lived on the second floor over the Nicholson's. I remember the house was very neat. Maybe we didn't own a lot of things. Nancy and I had the chicken pox. Mom kept us in our twin beds with lots of itching powder being applied every hour.

On Woodlawn Avenue is when I remember Mom getting her first sewing machine. Dad bought it as a surprise and he let me in on it. He brought it up the front staircase. He must have walked all the way from downtown with it as we did not own a car at that time.

Being born first, I watched as a new baby came home every time Mom "went away" for a week. First a baby girl who cried every night. All night long. They rocked her because they didn't want the landlady to complain. Then another baby girl who never came home from the hospital. Never saw the sun or the moon. But, God sent two boys after that.

You guessed it, by now the apartment was far too small and Mrs. Nicholson was growing old and her patience running thin. Dad saw an ad in the paper for a six-tenement house in South Gardner. The down payment was \$50. He went to the real estate office, \$50 in hand, only to be told that it was a typographical error. The price should have read \$500. Dad must have looked disappointed because they decided to let him have it for \$50.

It was a great house. We took two tenements on the first floor. Eight big rooms. We even had a Music Room. On Sundays relatives came to visit. Mom and Dan would move the dining room table and the Pelletier kids would perform. We all had lessons. Piano, ballet, singing, trumpet, drums. You name it, we played it. Music was very important in the Pelletier house. We were in Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, church groups...we were encouraged to do community service work. Memere Kirouac still says that we're so busy, it makes her "dizzy".

Family get-togethers and holidays were always special with lots of food. Christmas was especially wonderful with gifts and stockings and surprises. The only thing missing were bikes. For some reason, we never got bikes. Nancy, Russ and Ken somehow managed to acquire bikes in their teens (buying second hand). Every Christmas I would think, "maybe this year", but it never happened.

Guess what Mom bought herself at age 60? A bike! She has used it only once or twice at the most. I keep hinting that I'd sure like to have it. She is now 70 and says she may need it later when she has more time on her hands. Here I am, 48 and still no bike. Well, life can't be perfect! But, Mom and Dad, you sure made it come close to perfect.

Thank you,

Love, Barbara



The earliest date that I can remember was when I was about 5 years old living on Woodland Ave. Barbara and I were walking down the street and suddenly this dog comes running off the neighbors porch growling at us. We ran home screaming and he chases us. We couldn't get the door opened so we pulled the screen in front of us and backed up against the wall. Barbara was on the inside so she was protected. I was closest to the dog. I was terrified.



My next memory would be at about the age of 7 or 8 living on West Broadway. My best friend was Cheryl. I loved going to her house because she had great toys. All the kids in the neighborhood would put on plays and sell iced tea. One day there was some tea left over in the garage. It had probably been there for a week. I drank it and got so sick that to this day, I do not like tea.

Moving to Robillard Street was a great adventure. I now had my own room and Dad built me secret compartment with a key to lock it. This was great. My own secret compartment. I didn't have anything to put in it so I eventually started a Diary so that I would have something secret top put in my secret compartment.

The years on Robillard Street included ballet, with Mom making all my costumes, swimming, baton twirling, chorus and lots of activities.

Mom and Dad were always very supportive in all our activities and adventures. God knows how many times Dad came to Boston to move me from one apartment to another. And when I won the trophy for most outstanding majorette, you were both there with the trophy waiting for the bus to return from Washington D.C.

Thanks for all the good times and for being who you are.

Love,

Nancy Darlene Theresa Pelletier

Unlike my sisters, I have no memories of Woodlawn Ave. They are much older than I. I do remember West Broadway. It had a great playground out back. All we had to do was crawl under the fence. "Skipper", now Father Conlon lived across the street and Dr. Tracy lived next door. One day Skip & I wanted to make sling shots, but of course our mothers would not give us the rubber bands. So we went to Mrs. Tracy and she gave us what we needed.



I remember the "Music" room, but listening to my sisters practice, I didn't know how the room received its name. Moving to Robillard St. was a big deal. No one would be living upstairs from us and we had a big hill in the back yard for sliding. I remember the first day we went to look at it. It was pretty beat up. Nancy had to use the bathroom and did. She didn't know that the plumbing was not hooked up ... Dad was not a happy camper!!!!

The girls had their own rooms, and Ken and I shared the big room out back. We used to play football in the room. I would stand at the side of my bed and Ken would run toward me. As I tackled him, his momentum would carry us onto the bed. It was great fun until this one time the bed frame cracked and we and the bed ended up on the floor. It was the end of bedroom football on Robillard St.

Cub Scouts meant den meetings at home, with many skits performed in costumes made by Mom. This led to Boy Scouts and camping at Camp Collier. Music....wow...at one time Barbara and Nancy were in the Gardner High School Band while Ken and I played trumpet and drums for the Sacred Heart School Band. We were always marching in a parade somewhere.

I remember Dad having two jobs most of the time. On some nights, when no one else was working, I could go to Chairtown Lumber and "work" with him.

I remember Uncle Emile having to go to Germany when I was 7 or 8. Dad bought his Oldsmobile from him. It was our first car. This meant that we didn't have to walk from Robillard St. to Sacred Heart Church on Sunday mornings. We also went on trips. We traveled Rt. 2 (now 2A) to Rt. 110 in Littleton. 110 would take us all the way to Amesbury. It took forever.

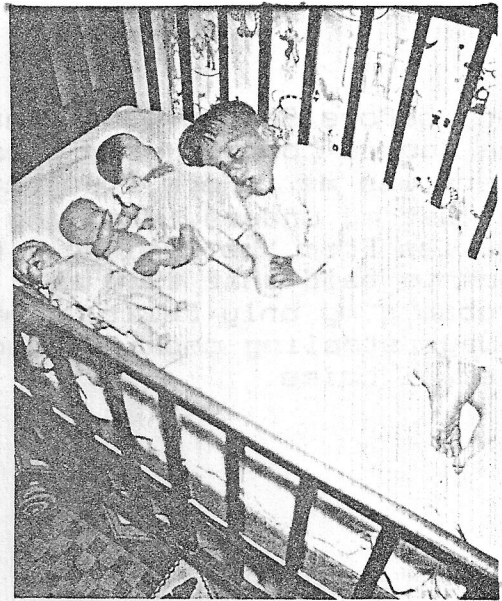
Thanks for the piano lessons, driving to all the high school basketball games, the rides back to college, the drum lessons, for selling my push button Dodge Dart for \$25.00, and all the great holiday dinners with 2 main dishes, 2 salads, 7 vegetables and 4700 desserts.....Thanks for the memories..

Love, Russ

My Childhood Memories
by
Kenneth E. Pelletier

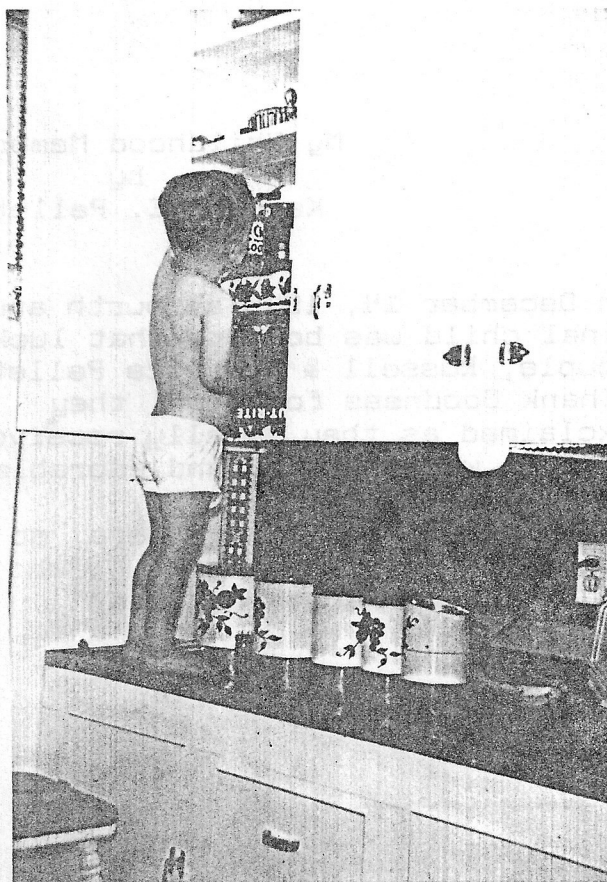
On December 14, 1949 a fourth and final child was born to that lucky couple, Russell & Laurette Pelletier. "Thank Goodness for him", they exclaimed as they finally received a quiet, well-behaved and adorable child.

Just look at him lying there, so good with all his buddies. "Who could ask for anything more?"



Later, in 1953, another adorable moment was captured. I became a "girlwatcher" very early in life. Here I am watching my first girlfriend watching me in her window across the road. I'm not sure if my parents approved of this relationship, as we always sat in window in our underwear.

Long before Sesame Street and the Cookie Monster were created there was me. Here I am, caught in just my undees, stealing cookies from the cabinet. My parents said that this was probably my only fault, I was always stealing cookies, such a small crime.



As most of you know, my Dad was a good golfer. Here I am practicing my golf swing, trying to be as good as he was. My cousin also learned that day not to stand in front of a golfer.

I remember moving to our new house on Robillard Street. The grass seemed to be as tall as me, but then, most everything is as tall as me. The house needed a lot of work, and to this day Dad is still changing things...right Mom ??

I remember Dad getting his first car, a Delta 88. He got a good deal on it from my Uncle Emile who was heading overseas with the Air Force. We never went very far with it, but I do recall many trips to Rindge, N.H. and the farm.

Sunday mornings were also very memorable for me. Your right...church was not the exciting part...What came after church was exciting! We always stopped for breakfast at the restaurant across from our house. My brother and I would always eat a quick breakfast so that we could get home before anyone else. Once home we would engage in water-gun warfare. The battlefield was anywhere in the house and a cease fire could only occur when the commanding generals (parents) entered the War Zone. My brother and I must have been good soldiers because it took some time for our parents to realize that we were the cause of the water spots on the walls and pictures in the house! By the way, I always won the battles! (Editors note...I do not remember ever losing to him?)

Probably the one unfortunate thing to have happened to me was not getting to take piano lessons. Not that my parents didn't let me take lessons, as both my sisters and brother did. The problem was that at about the time I was old enough to begin, the teacher died. If it was from natural causes or from the stress of teaching my sisters and brother I don't know? I do know that to this day, I hold them responsible for his untimely death. And as fate would have it - I am the only one of the four playing piano today!

Well, my memories of yesterday could go on and on, but I'm getting tired of writing! I am happy to say that many of the past traditions are still going on today. My daughter Angela is taking piano lessons and hopefully my son Timothy will get his chance. My son doesn't sleep with dolls, but he does want me there every night. And he doesn't steal cookies, however he has been known to secretly borrow things.

Lastly, the fact that I have become a mature well-rounded and skinny adult is because of the many wonderful memories that could only have become possible by having wonderful parents. So to you I say "Thanks for the Memories!" (da-dat-ta-data-dah....)

Ken



THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES...
... NANCY, RUSS, KEN & BARB