



Memories of the Old Pinehaven Nursing Home

I came to Philmont with my husband, who was originally a farm boy from Germantown, in 1953 when he got a job here as administrator of the old Pinehaven Nursing Home (pictured above). Nevermind that we had a nine month old baby and that I had never set foot in a nursing home before that! Still, we made out fine.

We lived upstairs, on the top floor, and my husband and I did everything there was to do. He did the lawn-mowing, snow shoveling, electrical work; I did the cooking and cleaning with the small staff we had. I remember we had one cook who got Sunday afternoon and Monday off. Sometimes, the phone would ring at 4 o'clock in the morning, and his wife would say, "Henry can't come into work today," and I'd say, "yes, he was out late again last night, wasn't he?" And she'd say, "Yes, and he came home sick!" So I'd have to come and make breakfast, and then start setting up for lunch. We had a small farm in Ghent where all the food came from. Everyone was well-fed.

One day, a state inspector came unannounced. She went through our menus and couldn't find anything wrong, except that we had tomatoes on the menu three times--tomato juice, stewed tomatoes, and tomato soup, and she took exception to that! It was the only thing she could find. We had to serve tomatoes only twice a week after that.

It was awful when the mills closed down in Philmont, but at Pinehaven, we were lucky because a lot of the women who had worked at the mills were able to get jobs here as nurses' aids, or in the kitchen. Nurses wore white uniforms, and white stockings and shoes, and the RNs wore their white nursing hats. The cleaning women wore green. Everyone had a uniform back then.

We left Pinehaven in 1972.

By Catherine Moore, 9/2019