

13 December 2011, 1pm

148 Woody Hill Rd,

Hopkinton, RI 02832

(Interviewee's House)

Interviewee: Dick Chatowsky

Interviewer: Julie Pittman

Julie Pittman: Okay. I think it's recording. Doo-doo-doo. Yeah. Okay.

Dick Chatowsky: It is recording now?

JP: Uh-hum.

DC: Okay.

JP: Uh-hum. Yeah.

DC: Are you going to ask? Are you listening to this right now?

JP: Yeah. I can hear it.

DC: Okay.

JP: I don't know if you want to listen; you can try.

DC: No, no. No, no. No, you listen, you can listen to it.

JP: I'll just keep it like this.

DC: Clear enough?

JP: Yeah, yeah. That's great. yeah.

DC: I'll start off by giving you my name. My name is Richard Chatowsky.

JP: Okay.

DC: I was born in 1942 on 61 Algonquin Street, which was about five houses from Mashapaug Pond. And when I was four, we moved to the corner of Crescent Street and Hume Street and owned the house on the corner, the garage, and the next house, right on the pond. We owned those two houses. We rented the one on the pond out. And I spent a great deal of time on Mashapaug Pond. And I can remember a few incidents. My mother wouldn't let me get near the pond too much but as we got a little bit older, my brother and I did a lot of exploring. And, um, I'm going to start in the north corner of Mashapaug Pond and going to kind of work my way counter clockwise all the way around the pond in back of Gorham's and then all the way back to my house. So let's start now.

JP: Can you move the mic just a little bit farther down? It's. Yeah.

DC: Sound better now?

JP: Yeah, that's great.

DC: Just like this all right?

JP: Umm, yeah. If want to go anywhere, is probably fine. Just, your voice is so booming.

DC: Okay. Is that sound all right now?

JP: Yeah here let me check real quick. All right.

DC: You're going to delete some of this stuff anyway right?

JP: Yeah, we'll edit it. Yeah.

DC: Yeah okay.

JP: Yeah that's great. That's perfect.

DC: All right.

JP: Yeah.

DC: Now, now I can remember as a kid that the north corner of Mashapaug Pond. They were dumping steel containers and big cement blocks to fill in that corner of Mashapaug Pond right off of Reservoir Avenue and then they built an ice cream parlor there. And we, as kids, used to fish down in that cove. And Mashapaug Pond was full of German carp, white perch, and bass. Large mouth bass. I never caught a small mouth bass out of the pond. And, as, as we grew up, I would play on that pond

[2:30 minutes]

and that corner we fished in. And then as you progressed around, along Reservoir Avenue, there was a diner there [Car drives by. Dick shields recording device. Julie laughs.] called the Wayside Diner and in years to come, that was changed to The Windmill Diner – The Largest Diner in the World was their trademark. And it was the largest diner in the world at that time. Since then it's been broken up into a variety of chain stores. But my next-door neighbor, when I lived on Crescent and Hume Street, his name was Sam Howard. He was eighty years old when I was growing up and he was telling me some of the history of Mashapaug Pond. And he told me that where Reservoir Avenue is today, that runs along Mashapaug Pond, has all been filled in. Back in the eighteen hundreds, that used to be a gorgeous beach and people from Providence came to the beach area, Mashapaug Pond. Now, he also mentioned that that was a big Indian camp area along Crescent Street and all the way up to Gorham's, all, all through that area. And I'm sure the whole perimeter of Mashapaug Pond supported some Indian activity but. But now as we progress along to that area that's all filled in that was originally the beach for Providence and surrounding areas, we come to a old body, auto body shop. And I can remember as a kid, them pushing – instead of taking stuff to the junk yard – they would push these old Model A cars, Sedans and Pierce Arrows, and old Buicks – they'd push them off the bank into the pond. And I can, I used to watch them. They'd have an old truck with a board on the front of it and all these old cars that were – I wish I had them today – but they were pushed off the bank – I can remember them – old Sedans – dropping down into Mashapaug Pond. Then we progress around. Now we're going counter clockwise from Reservoir Avenue. Actually, we're heading south on Reservoir Avenue. And we make a turn and we go along that shoreline and we come to a spillway. And that spillway was cement on both sides with a

cement base running down. The water would run down through the spillway over the cement base. And it would run through a little field there, then run in back of Calart Artificial Flower Company

[5:00 minutes]

which then supported a beautiful flower garden, in back of Calarts. It was like, it was like going into an oriental garden. It was spectacular. In the spring of the year, people toured that garden, took pictures of it. It was a highlight of Providence. And that, that river eventually ended up in Roger Williams Park and that's what fed Roger Williams Park. Now as we progress along that shoreline, we come to an opening after the spillway, where as kids, we used to watch these guys fish for German carp and they would sit on the shoreline and they'd have these handlines and they'd have these sticks like little short poles and they had a bell on each one of them. And, as these carp – and they used to fish with doughboys – round balls of dough – and as these carp would grab these handlines, they would catch the carp and put them in containers and they would take them to Providence and sell them. They used to do it. There'd be like three or four guys and they would be catching these carp and putting them in these big containers and jumping in an old car and taking them to Providence. And they would sell these carp. I'm sure you know, German carp are a highly desired fish for the Jewish population. And maybe they took them down to the Jewish market down on Prairie Avenue. But, but, I, I, you know I didn't know where they went but I know they were selling them because they guys were telling me that's what they would do. Then as you progressed past that opening on Mashapaug Pond, you came to another cove. And on the cove was the American Icehouse. And I can remember as a kid, before they tore that icehouse down, we used to play in it. And they had these old, old Whites and Mack train driven trucks. I can remember them going down the road with ice on them. And this where they cut the ice. They cut the ice out of the cove in Mashapaug Pond and they stored it. And that icehouse would hold ice to the following winter. Because when they broke it down, the walls of that icehouse were about a foot and a half to two foot thick, lined with cork and sawdust. I never forget it because I could remember the, the inside had some kind of a protective coating, like planks and what not but then there was cork and sawdust and cork. And that's what insulated the ice and they kept it all summer. Then as you progressed around that cove,

[7:30 minutes]

and by the way, we played hockey in that cove. We had some tremendous hockey games in that cove. As you progress around that cove, you come along another bank heading, this kind of goes toward the north. And right off the face of that bank, a Providence policeman by the name of Ray Cody, lost his son through the ice. And he drowned there and I can remember, there was helicopters looking at night for him because it happened late in the afternoon. And they eventually did find the boy but I can remember as a kid all that activity. And also, right along that shoreline, I was crossing Mashapaug Pond to see my friend Joey Baloski [spelling?] who lived over by the inlet from Spet [spelling??] pond with is grandmother and himself and his mother and father. I can remember crossing that ice and it was late in the afternoon again, just before dark. And I fell through the ice. And Joey's cousin came over from Lithuania and his name was Alga. And he was standing on the shore waiting for me. And when I ever went through that ice, I'll never forget it, I went through that ice and I put my hand up and all I felt was the bottom of the ice. I, I, I put my

other hand up and I, I found the opening and I pulled myself up into the opening and I don't really remember whether I climbed out onto the ice or, I think I might have broke the ice going towards shore. And as I get up on shore, **Alga** was crying and he and I went to Joey **Baloski's** house where his mother had dried my clothes and made me hot chocolate. I'll never forget it. Hot chocolate and um, whether she told my mother or not, I'm sure she did. But, I might have caught the dickens from my dad at that point for crossing the ice unsafe. Because Mashapaug Pond had a lot of springs in it and a lot of flowing water and some very deep areas. Then as you progressed along that shoreline, now we're kind of heading to the north now. Joey **Baloski** lived along there. And we used to skate on the pond at night with floodlights we'd put up out there. And his grandmother and grandfather came over from Lithuania. They had a little farm, right at the inlet from **Speck Pond** **[spelling??]** into Mashapaug Pond. And they had cows, a couple of cows, chickens, goats, everything. And I can remember her. She wore a babushka, which is a headpiece the old Lithuanians and Polish people and Germans and they wore over their head. She wore a babushka and a long dress with boots

[10:00 minutes]

and an apron. That's all I can remember her as. But they had a big garden there. And that, they survived. They survived on what they grew and they survived on the chicken eggs and maybe roasted one now and then. Then as you jump across that little brook that comes into Mashapaug Pond, there used to be the enamel works. I'm trying to think, I think on the map, it gives the name of the enamel works but there was an enamel works there. And that was there for the longest time and then **Halverind** **[spelling??]** Construction Company bought that property and they would store all their construction materials and whatever they used. And as kids. This is crazy now. As kids, we used to sneak into **Halverind** **[spelling??]** Construction Company and we would take a cement tub. It's an old steel tub. I'm going to say it's six – eight foot long, four – five foot wide, foot – foot and a half deep. And we would steal these cement tubs and we would put it in Mashapaug Pond and a couple guys would get in it. And it was all encrusted with cement. And we would paddle these cement tubs, fishing, around Mashapaug Pond. Now you've got to understand, the cement tubs are made out of steel. A little bit of water goes in that, you're in trouble. And they leaked. And we always took a couple coffee cans with us and one guy would bail and one guy would fish. Sometimes both of us would bail. But then as you progressed, as you progressed along that north shore, you came into the Calhoun area, which was heavily black populated area. But I knew a couple of guys that lived there. **Roger Riddle** used to live there and he was, his brother was, was I think a Providence cop. And then, a kid by the name of Bulger **[spelling?]** and **Rayla Fleur** **[spelling?]**. Kids I went to Hope High School with. They lived right on the pond there. And then as you progressed along that part of Mashapaug Pond, there was a railroad crossing on Calhoun Avenue and I can remember the crossing house, the guardhouse. We used to go there and watch the trains go by and watch the gates come down and it was spectacular. And those were, those believe it or not, were steam driven locomotives back then. I can remember them going through there. This is back in the forties and early fifties. And then I think after that, they went into diesels, after the mid fifties. But, then as you progress along that shoreline, you go along the railroad tracks

[12:30 minutes]

and I can remember a kid by the name of **Jesse Crum [spelling?]** that had built a cave, a hut under the railroad tracks, under the railroad ties because they stored the railroad ties right along the railroad tracks along Mashapaug Pond. He built – and he, he ended up getting the police down there and they made him shut it down, dug it all out. Yeah, it was right under the railroad tracks. Oh my god. We used to get under there and the trains would go over the top of us. And then, as you progress along, I guess that would be Huntington Avenue there. You progress along that shoreline and you came toward the beginning of Gorham's property. And if you looked up on the hill there, there was a brick building, which they had company affairs in and cook outs and everything I guess and get together and I remember they had bowling alleys downstairs in that big old brick building and I used to set the pins. Of course, they didn't have automatic pinsetters back then but I used to set the pins up at the bowling alleys three nights a week. There was two alleys. And then as you came along Gorham's property, you came into the entrance of Kahari Cove. And that cove was named by my brother and a bunch of the kids in the neighborhood. Now whether there was another name to that cove previous to that. It was probably, Indians gave it a name. I don't know. But my brother picked this Kahari Cove and I think it's K-A-H-A-R-I. That's the way it's spelled. And we used to play hockey in that cove. That was the first part of the pond that would freeze up because it was shallow and muddy and you know, it was out of the wind and what not. And I can remember between the opening of that cove, I was on the shoreline one day and a friend of mine that went to Vineyard Street School, **Dicky Dill** his name was. He and I were playing over in back of Gorham's dump and he left to go across the ice to go home. And he fell through the ice in the middle of the cove. And I'm a little kid standing on the shoreline. I don't know what to do. And I was getting kind of panicky. I was going to run to Gorham's to see if I could get somebody. And I'll never forget; he managed to crawl out on the ice. He was yelling and screaming. And he managed to crawl out on the ice and work his way to the northwest shore by the railroad tracks and go home. Thank god he did because I don't know what I would've done

[15:00 minutes]

if he went under the ice and I never saw him again. That, that, that scary thought. But that cove was bordered by a pump house which pumped water into Gorham's for whatever they used the water for. And right next to that pump house was Gorham's dump which was the most undesirable place in the world because I can remember tank trucks emptying a variety of fluids in there. They'd back right up to the bank and empty these fluids in there. And all kinds of stuff out of trucks. I used to play in that dump. I used to pick up little pieces of silver, not silver, but spoons and stuff that weren't, that were used, maybe for making a sand mold or whatever. And I picked up a couple of old bunches and dragged them down the ice down to my house on Crescent Street. But that, that dump was highly contaminated. I can remember the stuff they dumped in that place and I guess they have cleaned it up since then, from what I've heard, but the fluids and stuff that they dumped into that pond. It was incredible. And let me see now. We go around that cove and on the east side, on the southeast, southwest side of that cove, was a couple of pump houses. They used to pump water from that cove up into Gorham's Manufacturing Company and that place was always steaming in the wintertime. They were always exhausting water back out of that system back into the pond. And at the end of that peninsula, on the, on the southwest side of that cove would be, let me see, oh I would say from the pump house maybe a hundred yards toward the end of the

peninsula, the hobos that used to ride the trains had little camps set up. We never knew what they were 'til we, 'til one day we were in the woods and we saw this hobo. And they used to put bedding down and they'd sleep there. And as a slow freight came by and they wanted to get on a freight train, they'd go around the cove, across Gorham's property and up to the railroad tracks and jump on a plane and whatever their destination may be, that's where they want. But I remember. Matter of fact [laughs] one time, we found a bunch of snapping turtle eggs. And we went over to – there was nobody in the area – we went over to that little bunk that they had built with blankets and cardboard. We put the turtle eggs under the blanket and we took off us kids. So I don't know. Whoever slept in it

[17:30 minutes]

probably got a rude awakening. Just a typical joke you did as kids. Then as you progressed along the point there and you came back out onto the main pond, my brother had built, and his friends had built a shack out of trees. And – like a camp shack – you know how kids like to dig caves and build shacks and what not. Well they had a shack there and my brother told me the last time I talked to him, and I told him I was going to do this interview, that he had taken a hammer and a bag of nails and went over in Gorham Manufacturing Company's property and had nailed, in an old oak tree, the name Kahari in the tree. So, come spring time, because this interview is being done now in December, just before Christmas. But come spring time, I'm going to meet with some people from the school and go over into Gorham's property. I'm going to look for that. See if we can find it. That would be incredible to see that tree with rusty nails in it or indentations where the nails were. You know this, you're going back into the fifties here. So. But anyway. As you came along that shoreline now and you're kind of heading to the east, there was a vein of clay. That it was gravel and oak trees and everything on both sides of it but right from the, the pond up, there was a vein of clay that had to be thirty – forty – maybe fifty feet wide. And we as kids dig a cave in that clay. And that cave went in – god – it was dark. We had candles in there. That cave had to go in fifty feet, maybe forty feet. And we'd go in there and play and we'd sneak a, we'd steal a cigarette and go in there and smoke as kids and. But I can remember that clay cave and I'm sure the Indians [that] were in that area used that clay, maybe with some other stuff to make potteries, what not, whatever they did. But that's the only vein of clay and it was a natural vein of clay. It wasn't something that was dumped there because like I say, it went in twenty five, thirty feet, maybe forty feet, I don't really remember. But we could crawl in it as kids. You know, three or four of us could go in there with candles. My father ever knew that, oh my god, but Bobby Kendrick {spelling?} and myself caved that clay cave in. We went there with a couple of old shovels and, you know, I think we might have been fourteen at the time and we caved it in. We caved it in. That was the end of the clay cave. Then as you progressed along that shoreline, you came to the fence

[20:00 minutes]

at Gorham's Manufacturing Company at the end of Crescent Street and that's where Gorham's property ended. And then as you come down that shoreline heading back toward my house on Crescent Street, it was very steep. There was a path, a little bit of a path that we would go down. And you'd come to an opening at the end of Algonquin Street and that's the first street I lived on, I told you earlier, number sixty one. And there was a big old oak tree there and it used to have a rope

swing on it and we as kids used to swing out on that oak tree and drop ourselves into the pond and swim back to shore and over and over. But during the winter, during the winter, my brother, **Walter Wiesel [spelling?]**, and **Pauly Coop [spelling?]** were down on that shoreline and they saw a bunch of seagulls out on the pond. Well, seagulls on an icy pond always have a tendency to go to open water. They like the edge of the open water. So, my brother, **Walter Wiesel [spelling?]**, and **Pauly Coop [spelling?]** all headed out on the ice toward these seagulls. And **Pauly Coop [spelling?]** was in front of everybody and he went through the ice. And he was holding on, he was holding on for dear life. And this is, now this is my, this is from my brother because I wasn't there, I, I talked to my brother and he told me about this. And, **Walter Wiesel [spelling?]** and my brother went to shore and they grabbed this old branch, this big old, big old oak branch that was on the shoreline and they slid out on their bellies. My brother was holding the branch. **Walter Wiesel [spelling?]** was sliding with my brother, holding my brother's feet and **Pauly Coop [spelling?]** was screaming, holding onto the ice. And they stuck this branch out and **Pauly Coop [spelling?]** grabbed the branch and my brother and **Walter Wiesel [spelling?]** slid back on their stomachs and they pulled **Pauly Coop [spelling?]** out of the pond and they got him up on, up on, because the ice was a little thicker toward the shoreline, they got him up along the shoreline and then they, he lived right next door to us on Algonquin street, they took him home. His mother wasn't home and they got him up in the house and they dried him off and got him into some dry clothes and everything. So credit **Walter Wiesel [spelling?]** and my brother for saving **Pauly Coop's [spelling?]** life on Mashapaug Pond. And then as we progress past that swing, we went along that little bit of a path and

[22:30 minutes]

Call-Ann Dreeson [spelling??], another friend of mine that lived on the pond, had a big old dock, right there on Mashapaug Pond. We used to fish off that dock too. And that little path went around his dock and then you came to the end of Sibley Street and that's where Robert and **Mikey Tregle [spelling?]** lived. And we used to, we used to play hockey right off of the end of Sibley Street because that was pretty close to our houses. And I can remember, **Mikey Treger [spelling?]** and I were going down, whether we were just going out on the ice, or to go skating, it, it slips my mind right now but, I remember **Mikey Treger [spelling?]** went out on the ice and he fell through. And I didn't know what to do. I was panic-stricken. I ran home. My father was home at the time. I ran home and told him and my father went in the garage and grabbed a big old wooden ladder. And he ran down that hill. And it's a steep hill. And, course my father was an ex-prize fighter so he was in good shape and what not. And he ran down that hill with this big old ladder and extended it out on the ice. And Mikey was screaming, holding onto the ice and I was on the shoreline and my father crawled out on that ladder and grabbed Mikey by the collar and pulled Mikey, pulled Mikey in, into the shoreline and got him up to the house. I'll never forget that. And then, as you progress a little bit farther from Sibley Street, which is only a few yards, there was a big old bank there. And this, this whole area, it was filled in. I'm sure this was a good area where the Indians lived. But it was all filled in over time. And I can remember as a kid, digging in that bank and coming up with these little square tiles – I'm going to say about an inch square – but they were glass and they were cut like diamonds. They had prisms all over them. And they were, I can remember they were red and green, blue. You know, evidently, it must have been the jewelry company or something that was dumping stuff in there. And I can remember digging these things out. And, you know, come

springtime, I'd like to go back there and get permission from the people that own it, just to take a rake and see if I can find one of these things. I had a whole bag of these little glass prisms. But then as you progress a little bit farther toward the original cove where I said they were dumping steel and rocks and what not, we had built another hut. The older kids in the neighborhood built a hut there. They built it beautiful. They used nails and two by fours and planks and everything

[25:00 minutes]

and it was a place where they would go and smoke and whatever else they did. I don't know. But we as kids, and I, I, I don't know what happened to that hut. Whether it burned down or whether it just got destroyed. But, oh and by the way, before I forget it. At the end of Sibley street, there was a, an old shack and this fella, **Freddy Slater [spelling?]** lived in that old shack. And he was relatives of the **Tregers [spelling?]** who lived right there. And he was a older, older fellow and one day, I'll never forget it, well actually it was at night, one night, the fire department was going in my neighborhood and I looked next door to us and that shack was up in flames. Something had happened, whether a candle was knocked over or what, that shack was up in flames. And, of course, there was no injuries because Freddy had gotten up to the **Treger's house [spelling?]** at that point, if he was still alive. I don't remember that part right there. But I remember that shack, right on Mashapaug Pond going up in flames and everybody coming there. Let me think for a second there. I remember a night my brother and I were skating right down the middle of Mashapaug Pond. Once it got January and February, that pond was pretty thick. We had, you know, a foot of ice in spots. Maybe even more back then because we had real cold winters. But I can remember at night, with my brother and I, skating down that pond. And this huge bird flew over the top of us. And, of course my brother's a, he was, he took marine biology at URI and eventually went to medical school and became a psychiatrist. But, back then, he was into all this stuff. Rocks and birds and snakes and lizards, he knew it all. And he looked up and it was a snow owl. And this huge snow owl flew over us a couple of times, maybe it saw us skating on the ice and though it might have been something it could pick up. I don't know. But as it flew over us, I'd never seen such a big bird in all my life. It had to have a five or six foot wingspan. And it flew in front of us and landed on the ice. And, you know, we stopped and looked at it but this, as we progressed toward it, I can remember it flying away, but it was a huge bird. It was a beautiful starlit moonlit night and this snow owl flew right over the top of us. Incredible. Let me try and think what else I can remember of Mashapaug Pond. Well, we used to swim in Mashapaug Pond all the time. [Laughs] When we played hockey we always cut a hole in it

[27:30 minutes]

with the back of our skates because the old skates back then were metal, right to the tip in the back, they didn't have plastic ends on them like today's skates. And we literally drank the water out of the pond after playing hockey. Oh dear lord. I think of it today, it scares me. But oh and, by the way, that, that brook that came into Mashapaug Pond over by **Joey Baloski's house [spelling?]**, that came out of **Speck Pond [spelling?]** was fed by a pond called **Tongue's Pond [spelling?]** and that was right on the Narragansett Brewery, which made Narragansett Beer and a few other different types of beers. That was right on their property. And I can remember them dumping stuff into that pond. And we used to, in the summertime, we used to get this green algae in the pond. Now, whether it

was caused by what Gor-, what the Narragansett Brewery had put into that pond or not, I don't know. But I can remember this green algae that would be in Mashapaug Pond and it would build up on the shoreline and as it dried out, it had the most ungodly smell to it. It had an awful smell to it. And it was kind of a greenish-bluish algae. And it, I mean it was like, you know it was like paste. It was actually like paste. It was in the water, you could see it on the top of the water. And it, as it, as wind blew it along the shorelines, whatever way the wind was blowing, the shoreline would be covered with this green algae. And we always thought it came from **Tongue's Pond [spelling?]** from the brewery but I couldn't swear to that. Maybe it was just a natural algae that grew in Mashapaug Pond from something else. But I can remember that. I can remember that as clear as day, that green algae in Mashapaug Pond.

JP: Great. I can ask a few more questions, if that's okay.

DC: Yes, let me take a sip here. You can ask the questions.

JP: Great, great. Well I was wondering, is there anything that you could say more about, about Gorham Manufacturing Company, because I know you said that your mom used to work there and you used to go visit her,

DC: Yes.

JP: So what was it like there?

DC: Well, I used to go when I was a young kid. I used to go to guardhouse. Everything was, everything was fenced off and I got friendly with the guys at the guardhouse. I mean, what's a kid got to do during a week at night? Get his homework done. And, in the summertime, when you didn't have homework, I'd go over to the guardhouse. I, I got to know the guys at the guardhouse and it was right by a little metal passenger bridge went from Elmwood Avenue over to, down East Street. And that's the end of Downey Street was the entrance to the offices of Gorham's Manufacturing Company. And I know, I remember them guys had a like, every hour, every two hours, had to take a clock and a key and go through the whole building and do their rounds. But as I got a little bit older and I started to drive, I would go over there and drive to the guard house and tell them I was picking my mother up and they'd allow me to go in and I would go up to the top of the hill and I would wait. My mother was secretary to one of the Vice Presidents. I think his name was **Brenner [spelling?]**, if I'm not mistaken. But I, I can't swear to it. But I would wait for her and my father had passed away. He passed away early in life. And I would pick my mother up and give her a ride. And in the morning, I would give her a ride back. Sometime's she'd like to walk. During the summer, she'd like...

[Tape full – 30:52]

CLIP TRANSCRIPT::

[13:38 minutes] And then as you came along Gorham's property, you came into the entrance of Kahari Cove. And that cove was named by my brother and a bunch of the kids in the neighborhood. Now whether there was another name to that cove previous to that. It was probably, Indians gave it a name. I don't know. But my brother picked this Kahari Cove and I think it's K-A-H-A-R-I. That's the way it's spelled. Matter of fact,

[17:53] my brother told me the last time I talked to him, and I told him I was going to do this interview, that he had taken a hammer and a bag of nails and went over in Gorham Manufacturing Company's property and had nailed, in an old oak tree, the name Kahari in the tree. So, come spring time, I'm going to meet with some people from the school and go over into Gorham's property. I'm going to look for that. See if we can find it. That would be incredible to see that tree with rusty nails in it or indentations where the nails were. You know this, you're going back into the fifties here. But anyway, [18:34]

We used to play hockey in that cove. That was the first part of the pond that would freeze up because it was shallow and muddy and you know, it was out of the wind and what not. And I can remember between the opening of that cove, I was on the shoreline one day and a friend of mine that went to Vineyard Street School, **Dicky Dill** his name was. He and I were playing over in back of Gorham's dump and he left to go across the ice to go home. And he fell through the ice in the middle of the cove. And I'm a little kid standing on the shoreline. I don't know what to do. And I was getting kind of panicky. I was going to run to Gorham's to see if I could get somebody. And I'll never forget; he managed to crawl out on the ice. He was yelling and screaming. And he managed to crawl out on the ice and work his way to the northwest shore by the railroad tracks and go home. Thank god he did because I don't know what I would've done if he went under the ice and I never saw him again. That, that, that scary thought. [15:05 minutes]