



# Anonymous

I grew up on a farm in Rehobeth, Massachusetts, but spent all my vacations and holidays in New Bedford and Dartmouth. But let's talk about New Bedford. My earliest memories are the '38 Hurricane. I was 6. We were watching my grandfather's boat in Padanaram Harbor until the police sent everyone home, as the tide rose. By morning Hawthorn Street was totally unpassable, every tree on the street was down. After that life went on as usual. The Ice Man delivering Ice, carrying it with large ice tongs. His horse stopped by himself at every house and was always waiting for him down the street towards the next stop. The Hurdy Gurdy man with his hurdy gurdy and his monkey appeared every once and awhile walking up Hawthorn from downtown to stop at the gatepost to sing.

My grandparents had a parrot that often was outside sitting near my grandfather, who was a very sedate gentleman. To his dismay when all the ladies walked by the parrot would whistle at them and many people walked by back then! My family never let me walk past my great uncle's house one block to the north because at that end of Hawthorn gypsies lived! In the summer where the temple is now was a dark woods and the gypsies parked their wagons. I remember the wagons, their music, their clothing.

The city was quite different in the '30s. There were policemen on every corner of Union Street. I remember walking by myself downtown to have lunch with my grandfather at the Bank Building. The traffic was stopped when I got to every cross road. They stopped traffic on each corner.

My grandparents lived on Hawthorn, his brother adjacent to the north and another brother just across the street. Many of my grandparents' friends lived close by. My grandmother waved to Mrs. Kelly every morning while they were having breakfast. The O'Briens lived across the street. Many more friends lived in close proximity and visited back and forth often.

The next generation of my cousins' families, one aunt and uncle, lived a half block away. We cousins all played together, three of us. They used to come visit the farm in Rehobeth. Another aunt and uncle lived just outside my grandparents back gate. There were thirteen of us! Many future family Christmases, weddings, tea parties, birthdays were celebrated together! What a happy life we had with wonderful people in a great city!