



# Hilory Boucher-Carlin

Hello. When I saw the opportunity to share my thoughts on Common Ground, so many things came to mind. I'm going to try to be spontaneous.

I'm 77 years old, born in St. Luke's Hospital in New Bedford in 1945. My parents were born in New Bedford, my father in 1924, my mother in 1923. Also, my mother was born in St. Luke's Hospital. My dad was born at home on Sylvia Street in New Bedford in the North End. My paternal grandparents are from Quebec, came here to work in the mills and get work. And my mother's folks, my mother, grandmother, Ethel Brunette Brazy, was born in New Bedford, and my grandfather, Archie Brazy, came from the Berkshires. Again, he came here for opportunity. My grandfather Archie owned a boatyard called Brazy and Clark with his partner until he lost it during the Depression. He also used to like to brag that he smuggled bootlegged booze at the harbor on Scoticut Neck Road, which we found rather amusing.

I live now in New York on Long Island, had never lived in New Bedford. World War II took my parents out in New Bedford when they were very young and they never really lived back here again. But our favorite vacation, Dad was a pilot, we could have gone anywhere, but we always came back to New Bedford to visit my grandparents, who lived on Sylvia Street until they died, Meme and Pepe Boucher.

We enjoyed a lot of good old-fashioned French Canadian cooking pretty much from scratch by my grandmother. And two of my father's sisters stayed at home with them all their lives, Claire and Gerry Boucher. My Aunt Claire worked for Titleist near the Acushnet River, and my Aunt Gerry worked for Morse Twist Drill.

My grandparents on my mother's side actually met at the Pairpoint Glass Factory. They were not glassblowers, but they were doing something there that they were paid to do, and that's where they met. I found that pretty interesting. I happen to own a couple of pieces that they acquired that are beautiful, that I love, and hope someday may be returned to the New Bedford Whaling Museum at some point.

Some of the things that are my best recollections are visiting the beaches, Horseneck Beach, eating fried clams there, the real kind, which we can't seem to get in New York very well. And where I am right now, down at the cottage in Fairhaven, off of Scoticut Neck Road, which belongs to my cousin and I rent it from her. My turn is in September into October for a month. It's been raining a lot here, but we love it anyway. Of course, we love the sunny days even more.

I'm trying to think of some instances. I remember mostly as a teenager when we'd come here on our vacation, was swimming, of course, water skiing, playing our 45 records on the deck of the cottage, which has taken many changes over the years. Fished out of the woods after a hurricane at one time and replaced. There's always improvements to it, hopefully making it stay here even longer. Going out to dinner and having fish, which is very difficult to have in New York State or on Long Island where we live now.

We always loved to also visit the Whaling Museum when I was a child and going into the Lagoda ship, which I don't fit in anymore without getting terribly claustrophobic. But what a great fun time we had pretending we were whalers on that ship and seeing all the interesting artifacts there that happened in New Bedford before our time. None of my relatives were whalers, but my grandfather Archie claims to have known the last captain of the Charles W. Morgan, which of course is moored in Mystic, Connecticut.

Sailing here with my cousin at the Wide Marsh Beach was always fun. Going to old restaurants that aren't there anymore, Freestone's no longer, and Margaret's was wonderful, Davey's Locker. I enjoyed David's Yarn Shop when it was there and sorry it has to be gone now. But I would like to point out that we really enjoy the new bike path to Mattapoissett area and enjoy going by the windmills that turn. How progressive is that? Really love what hasn't changed. This water never changes, even though the tide comes in and goes out, it does it all the time. And the sun comes up in the morning, which we enjoy seeing, and of course goes down for everybody. I love watching



the whole area. Yes, there are changes. It's been gentrified. There are some big houses replacing cottages, but when I go for my walk, what used to be my training run for the Boston Marathon, I get to see the old cottages that I always enjoyed seeing and waving to the local people who treat you like they've known you all their lives, and perhaps they have.

What else can I tell you? The point I think I really like to make is that coming back here is childhood memory. My parents, especially my mother, used to love to watch her swim out in the water here. She could cut the water like a knife. So I find that I feel like her ghost is actually here, and it's very heartwarming. And my cousins were children here with my siblings as well, and I love to bring my children here. They now enjoy coming when they can. Of course, they work so it's not always easy. But now in retirement, I like to take advantage of this place. And all the other people, can't go without saying that we've discovered Max as our go-to place. We go on our bike and get our fish and chips, and it's fabulous. And seafood that just isn't even available. Sea scallops, can't even get sea scallops anywhere but here. Oh, you can get them, but not for the great prices.

We just even enjoy just going shopping here, just doing little things. There's nothing grandiose here that is important to me. It's just grandiose in its own self. It's the nature, the beautiful birds, an osprey who forgot to leave. He was supposed to be gone after Labor Day, but we watched him until he did leave for a couple of weeks as he survived and caught fish. A lot of the other animals, who are just busy being here.

If I could just point out that we often talk about where we'd like to be when the end comes, and we sometimes think about just having our ashes put here so we can just join the crowd. Thank you for the opportunity.