



## Dean McNabb

I grew up in North Dartmouth, MA. Dartmouth back then was a rural small town: more of a bedroom community where you never locked your doors and neighbors looked out for neighbors and there was little, if any crime. My mother's name was Lillian and my real Dad's name was Homer (Jack) McNabb from Sonoma, CA. My parents met when my Father was in the Navy after World War Two. They married in 1946. I was born in January of 1947

Mom left MA and tried living in Sonoma, CA working in the fields on the farmland. \But, the Marriage or working in the fields of Sonoma didn't work out. A year or so later, they were divorced, She packed up what little clothing and personal effects we had along with me and my brother Wayne ( who was 2 years older than me)' and we moved back to Dartmouth to live with my Grandmother at 73 Gifford Ave. in Summit Grove.

One of the fondest memories of my mother when I was growing up was when I was about 4 or 5 years old; . It was 1951 or 1952. shortly after World War Two had ended, Mom worked in the 5 & 10 cent Store as a waitress at the counter in Downtown New Bedford.. Jobs were scarce back then , the War had just ended and most people were working for far less than \$1 per hour. But money went a lot further back then. I would imagine she was making \$15 to \$20 per week as a waitress working full time.

At such a young age, it was such an amazing event to get dressed up and go into Downtown New Bedford with Mom to the 5 & 10 Cent Store to pick up her paycheck.. My mother didn't have a car so we would take the Union Street Bus by walking to the bus stop at the top of Gifford Ave and Route 6. I enjoyed the quarter mile walk to the bus stop because she would hold my hand. This made me feel very secure and safe. I also relished in the twenty minute bus ride into Downtown New Bedford. The smell of the Diesel fuel, the size of the bus and strange noises coming from the air hoses of the bus made the ride into town unforgettable . Back then it was 10 cents per person to ride the Union Street bus line into Downtown New Bedford/.

When we arrived at the Bus Station it was a short walk down to Kempton St. to where she worked at the 5 & 10 Cent Store. We would sit on a Red Barstool at the lunch counter. She would order me an egg salad sandwich and a glass of milk. The sandwich was overflowing with egg salad and mayo. The waitress cut the sandwich in half; you know in a wedge shape, like two big triangles. It was so delicious and I'm sure after I was done, I was probably wearing most of it

This was my most memorable Memory of time spent with my Mother. It was by far, for me, the Best Time Ever. My Mother passed away 20 years ago in August 2000. Mom, I never got to say: how much I loved you; I know I should have. At times Life just seems to spin out of control before you realize it, you fail to tell someone how much you Loved them.

I know we will see each other again. I will hold your hand and we will walk to the Bus stop at the top of Gifford Ave. I will tell you how much I love you, and make you feel Safe and Secure. We will get off the bus at the bus Station, then walk down to the 5 & 10 cents store on Kempton St in Downtown New Bedford, We will sit on our favorite Red Barstool and enjoy an egg salad sandwich we'll cut the sandwich into a wedge, ya know, like a big triangle.. And, oh!! yes, (one glass of milk please, and bring us two straws). We will enjoy this precious time together again Mom, I know we will.. I Love you Mom. I am sorry I never got to tell you.