

OH2015.010.043

OH2015.010.071

QUONOCHONTAUG HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Oral History

CHARLOTTE DURYEY BROPHY (HOHL)

Part One

December 1, 1998

Interviewed by Ann Schafer Doyle, East Beach Quonochontaug

This is an unedited transcript of an oral history that is available in the QHS Archive Center. The policy for the use of this copywritten material can be obtained by contacting the Quonochontaug Historical Society (archivist@quonniehistory.org).

- Q: Today is , Tuesday, December the 1st, 1998. I am taking a drive around East Beach area, Quonochontaug, with Charlotte Brophy, who's going to relate stories of the area. State your full name.
- A: I'm Charlotte Duryea Brophy. My father started coming to Quonochontaug in 1911, or thereabouts. He was about eight years old. And after he met my mother, and they got married in 1929, they had both stayed here summers, primarily in the Zabel cottage, but also in some cottages over at West Beach. They decided they wanted to buy property. They found an old barn on East Beach Road right across the stone wall here.
- Q: Okay. And we're at number 200.
- A: This is number 200 now. Yes. But there were no numbers, of course, in those days. They bought that barn for \$1,000 I believe in 1931, and were renovating it putting a new roof on in 1938 before the '38 Hurricane, and sliding doors. They were going to replace the sliding doors, but they hadn't gotten to that yet, and the wind in the '38 Hurricane got under the doors and blew the roof off the barn. My father paid for the roof the day after the hurricane, while he was up here surveying the damage. This property now belongs to—well, it was Fitzenmeyer, and I can't think of the name of the people that are in there now. But the Fitzenmeyers sold it, and there's a young couple with two children in that property now. Now, that house was on the next lot over from the barn. When my father started to rebuild,

he started with a garage. And the foundation of the garage, where he had it, is still visible over there. I didn't realize that, but it is. And the people who were occupying this summer cottage were people from Providence. He was a very well-known undertaker by the name of Knowles. And they desperately wanted a garage. The cottage on the lot towards the ocean, which my mother and father had looked at, when they originally bought the property and decided against, because it was too close the road, that cottage became available for sale at the same time. So, my father decided instead of going ahead with the rebuilding, he would sell the garage to the Knowles family, and buy the property next door, which is now number 200 East Beach Road. And that is what he did. But there was a well. He put in an artesian well. I don't see it over there, but it may still be there.

Q: Did they ever use that as a garage?

A: Yes. We camped in it. We didn't use it as a garage, but we camped in it. The Knowles had the garage, and used it as a garage. Then when the Sanfords and Thorntons bought this place in the middle of the 1940s perhaps, they wanted more sleeping space. They moved the garage over behind that main cottage, and it's not attached and it's part of the house now. So, this was the original property that my father owned. And then we bought this in 1941. He decided that he wanted to protect himself and bought the lot next door for \$500.

Q: Lot 204?

A: Yes. Which he built on finally in 1965. He built his retirement year-round home in 1965.

Q: Did he actually retire here?

A: They retired here, and lived fifteen years after retirement. My mother and father lived in that house, and then resold it two years ago, this past October. But we still have the cottage.

Q: Is this owned by you?

A: By me and my sister. My sister's name is Justine. A lot of people around here knew her.

Q: So, you mainly spent your summers down here?

A: We spent all our summers here. We lived in Scarsdale, New York. And soon as school closed, the day school closed we were on the road up here, and didn't go back until September after Labor Day. So, we spent all our time here.

Q: And now you're here year-round?

A: I live in Charlestown year-round. Yes. I always felt much more at home here than I ever felt in New York. I belong in Rhode Island.

- Q: Tell me a little bit about the little cabin in the back that you told me about.
- A: I can't tell you really any more than that. That shed was a bath house at the Blue Shutters, which was blown across the pond and into the field behind this property in the 1938 Hurricane, and was salvaged by—a Mr. Finnegan owned this house, and I believe he salvaged it and turned it into a little shed or a garage. It's big enough to hold a very small car. We've got wheelbarrows and stuff stored there. My father was brought here by his parents. His father was in textiles in New York, and knew the man that owned the Zabel cottage. That's how they happened to get here.
- Q: I don't even know where the Zabels are.
- A: This property on the right, which is Stahls, is the original Ben Martin house. The main part, with the chimney in it, is the original house. Everything else has been added since in keeping with the main house. They tried to make it look like it was all—
- Q: Do you know anything about Ben Martin?
- A: I know that the Martin brothers were very well known in Providence. I don't know what business they were in, but they were residents of Providence, and they came down here regularly, Benjamin and David. I think it was just summers at that time. All these places were summer cottages at the time. I don't think there were very many people that lived here year-round at all. As if you notice the stone dates, those have always been there. And there are similar dates down on David Moulton's property, which is further down the road towards the beach.
- Q: Do you know who made those?
- A: No. I don't know who made them. I have them in pictures here.
- Q: Do you know when they built this originally?
- A: I would say sometime in the 1920s. I'm guessing. Joy Stark could probably—maybe she has some information.
- Q: Have they been here a long time?
- A: Nick Storrow senior is Barbara Moulton's brother. The Storrows haven't lived here year-round very long, but they've been coming here summers for a long time. Now, this property is Bill Moulton's property, and that's a new home. That's not an old house. This is the present David Moulton's brother, Bill.
- Q: I don't know David either. In relationship to Ben, who lived next door, do you know—
- A: The nephews, I believe.

- Q: Because Moulton is a prominent name in this area. I thought they lived here all year round.
- A: This house on the right belongs to Henry and Jean Jackson right now. Henry Jackson was the son of a woman named Donna Jackson, who originally owned a property across East Beach Road from us. By the time I was growing up, they had bought this.
- Q: And this is 129.
- A: Yes. That's an old house. Now, this property on the left is the house that Frankie Fish—
- Q: How can we identify it on the tape recorder?
- A: It's the McLuchin's now. McLuchin's number is 103. And I have pictures of that old house, which I will show you. It was owned by a man named Alfred Burdick, who my father knew very well when he was young. I have pictures of old cars sitting here. The fence has been changed. The house has been changed a little bit, but it's basically the same as it was back in those days. That is probably the oldest house on this street.
- Q: So, Frankie Fish—
- A: He was a baseball player.
- Q: So, that house is around—
- A: That house was built long before Frankie Fish bought it. I would say that house was probably built during the early 1900s.
- Q: It's been well kept up.
- A: Yes. And it's been changed somewhat. The rest of these houses are more modern. Number 27—I believe that house is also old. This whole area was Saint Andrew's Lutheran Church. That was total woods when I was growing up. That is the Baptist church.
- Q: We're now on Route 1, and talking about the old Hicken's house across from the East Beach Road.
- A: He was kind of a phone man. I don't really know. See the woodpile there?
- Q: Yes, I do.
- A: That is very old.
- Q: When you say very old, do you think the 1900s?

A: Yes.

Q: It's all boarded up.

A: Yes. I doubt that it's habitable. This property was undeveloped. The Moultons owned all the way from David Moulton's property all the way to Route 1.

Q: Are we going to go by David Moulton's property?

A: Yes. This was all undeveloped. My mother and my sister and I were going to beach parties when we were kids. There were just no houses.

Q: On the left-hand side of the road?

A: On the left-hand side. There were one or two houses on the right.

Q: So, they didn't own the land on the right-hand side?

A: I don't know. Howard Thorpe controlled all of the real estate property in Quonochontaug at that point.

Q: I have a map, I think it's from '24, that it states that there was a Davis property all through East Beach.

A: A cousin of my mother's bought this house, which was built in the late '40s or early '50s. This house, on the right—this big house right here—

Q: Opposite Charlotte's cottage—

A: ...when I was a child, was owned by Bert and Mary Kennedy, who had two daughters, Isabelle and Dorothy, and son, Robert, who got killed up on Kings Factory Road in an automobile accident. They were Scottish people. One of their daughters got married—I think it was Isabelle—when we were kids. They had a real Scottish wedding. It was the first wedding that my sister and I had ever attended. They had kilts, bagpipes, Scottish goodies. It was totally different from the kinds of weddings that we are all used to now. My mother and Mary Kennedy were on the outs for a number of years. My mother never knew why. But before my mother died, they made their peace. When Bill and I got married, Mary Kennedy gave me some very good advice, which was: "Join the Westerly Credit Union. Go for credit unions, not banks." And I have never found that advice to be anything but good. So, we had lots of memories. Next to the garage over here, there was a little guest cottage that was torn down. I don't know whether they tore it down, or whether one of the other owners tore it down, but that property was occupied during World War II by a naval officer and his wife, who were kind of keeping tabs on the beach. And some of the spy things that went on, on the beach, were reported to him. And then we took messages in Russian that were found in bottles on the beach to this naval officer. He never told us what the messages said, but he did tell us that they had doubled the guard on the beach

because of what we had brought him from finding it on the beach. Then that garage that you see there, a man had left the garage door open, and he went in one day and there was a copperhead curled on his ladder—a big copperhead snake. We had lots of copperheads around here. My mother always said they smelled like cucumber.

Q: There aren't anymore.

A: I don't think so. Now, this little road on the left is the right-of-way to the pond. And our property here had a deeded right-of-way to the pond. It's called Moulton Place. And that was not built up. There were a few cottages, and way down at the end there was a cottage where there were some boys that Justine and I had a good time with going on rafts on the pond and that kind of thing when we were kids. All of this property on the left belonged with the Zabel house, which is right here. This is the Zabel property. This is a very old house.

Q: All separate buildings?

A: All the separate buildings were guest cottages.

Q: This is number 250. Does Gene live here now?

A: Gene lives there now. Last winter, they put heat in the main house so they can stay here during the winter. So, that is a very old house. There used to be a windmill on that property, and also on the property next door, which is David Moulton's. Across the street from the Zabels was the chauffeur's cottage for the Zabel property, which my aunt and uncle, Robert Henry Sweeney and Helen Sweeney, bought. And my cousins lived there. It is now the Brigg's. Now, this is David Moulton. The stone pillars are the same as they are down on that other property. Their property goes right down to the pond, as the Zabel property does.

Q: Did the Zabels buy the property from the Moultons?

A: Whoever owned the Zabel property, and you better ask Gene—I don't know whether he's found that out or not—he knows who his family bought it from. They were not the same people that owned it when my father came here in 1911.

Q: And David Moulton is one of the nephews of Ben Moulton?

A: David and Bill I believe were nephews of Ben Moulton.

Q: And they're brothers?

A: David and Bill are brothers. They are both alive. They are both very sick. David Moulton has MS, and Bill Moulton had a fall and he has Alzheimer's.

Q: Are they still living in those houses?

A: Bill Moulton married a German woman, and I don't know if they went to Germany during the winter. I saw them on the beach once this past summer. I know he's still alive. Bill Moulton's daughters, and David Moulton's children were our peers. A little bit younger than we were. This property, at the time I was growing up, was owned by a family called Osterfuss. There was no house up here. The house was way down towards the pond by the circle there.

Q: Number 300.

A: Right. And this is the wall that we walked when we walked at night to the Blue Shutters from our cottage. I dropped my allowance down that wall so many times. I want to be around if that wall if ever taken apart, because all my nickels are in that wall. Across the street was the Gants property.

Q: Was this owned by the Gants?

A: I don't know how much of it he owns. His house is this one in the back. When we come back up the road, I'll show you.

Q: That modern one?

A: Yes. That was all field, and it was a hayfield. There was an older man, named George Kenyon, who drove his horse and wagon down here in that hayfield, and picked up all the kids on East Beach Road on the way down, and stopped at Brightman's store and got a big box of candy bars. He always had the candy bars on the hayride with him. Our parents allowed us to go. Today, I don't think parents would allow their kids to go with somebody like that. But we went, and we never had a problem. We rode in the hay and had a wonderful time in that field. This little house was owned by Mrs. Patterson, with some relation to Art Gants, I believe.

Q: Who was that field that you were talking about owned by?

A: It was owned by Mrs. Patterson. We called it Mrs. Patterson's field.

Q: And then Mr.—

A: Mr. Kenyon came down to cut the hay. You could hear his horse and wagon all the way from Route 1. If you listened, and the wind was right, you could hear the clattering.

Q: Where did he come from?

A: Way up in the back somewhere across Route 1. On Overlook Road, there was not one single house on Overlook Road when I was growing up. It was all blackberries.

Q: Was there a road?

A: Yes. There was a road, but it was all blackberries. Down here on the right, beyond Overlook Road, the group of cottages that was owned by a couple named Salsey—Mr. and Mrs. Salsey. And these were really the first summer rentals that were rented for a couple of weeks at a time, in my generation. I'm sure there were others before that. And down at the end of this property was a little road that cuts over into Highland Avenue called the Dingle. It's South Bayberry Lane now. It's the Dingle, and it always will be. I don't think you can get through. I wouldn't try to drive through. You might be able to walk. But that road was the darkest. And if we walked to the beach at night, we went fast through there. We came back this way. Sometimes we went around the other way.

Q: You would walk to the beach that way?

A: Occasionally. It's shorter than going on Overlook Road and around.

Q: What about this beach?

A: We never went to this beach.

Q: You never did?

A: Oh, no. We always went to East Beach other there. We never came to the Blue Shutters, because even then it was a public beach. It was privately run, but it was a public beach, so we went down to Fresh Pond Rock.

Q: Who was the person that owned the beach?

A: I remember Mrs. Page, that gray-haired, round-faced lady, who sold us ice cream for a nickel. That's why I carried nickels with me on that stonewall, because the ice cream cones were a nickel apiece. They were big too. At least I thought they were. This bunker, on the left here, is the original Army installation where the mural is here from World War II. We understood that this was a radar station. And the Army was on patrol down here all the time. Fresh Pond Rock was evidently in the way of the radar, which they were aiming out that way, and that's why they blew up Fresh Pond Rock.

Q: Do you remember when they blew it up?

A: Yes.

Q: Were you present when they did it?

A: I don't think I was present. The Blue Shutters building today is nothing like the building that was here before. This has been completely rebuilt. I'm sure it was destroyed in the storms and hurricanes. There was a road. I believe the road was called Atlantic Avenue, and it ran the whole length of the beach from the Breachway all the way down to the Pawcatuck Breachway. But it was not paved. It was a dirt or a sand road, and a lot of it got completely eroded in the hurricanes. The fact that there's a road here is not new, I don't think.

Q: We were talking about Garden Pond. Do you want it on tape?

A: There was a house in there where young children, visitors particularly, were not welcome. My mother warned us to stay out of there, and away from that house. Today I know that it was occupied by a bunch of gays. Maybe they were nudists too. I don't know. I really don't know, because we never have been there.

Q: Did you have to go by it when you went on that little lane?

A: When we went through the Dingle, you went by the gate. And there were big signs up, "No Trespassing", and they did not want people in there. Now we're on Burdick Street heading over towards Ninigret Pond.

Q: Is this the Burdick farmhouse?

A: I don't think so. I don't know. But Debby Burdick might be able to tell you. There was a house up here that was owned by a man named Mr. Speed—S-P-E-E-D. It could have been that one, but I don't think so.

Q: Aileen Henry showed where she used to live, which was next door to this house.

A: And what was her name?

Q: Wolcott.

A: My father knew the Wolcotts.

Q: They moved their house from the oceanfront twice.

A: I think this was an old house too. Mr. Zabel might remember where Mr. Speed's property was. But that's one of the oldest houses. The stone chimney is a giveaway to the age of the place. I think it was this house. Very old. That's number 46. There were no houses. These houses have all been built up since I was a kid. The road was here, and there were houses on the pond side. My parents were living in the year-round house here, at the time, and we had bought a place up on Route 91 in Carolina. We wanted to be down here closer to the beach and my parents. This was the Dowd's house right here. That was just all open hayfields. From this point on, that was woods, just like it is on the other side of the driveway that I'm going to show you. This is the chauffeur's cottage for the Zabels. This is Elaine and Tiger. They have completely rebuilt this. I have pictures of this place, the way it looked back then. But I don't think that they touched the barn, or the stables where the horses were kept. This was the chauffeur's property for the Zabel's house. There's the barn. It has been resided. When my cousins were here, there was an outhouse, right there next to the barn. They've made it over.

Q: Did you have outhouses then?

A: We did when I was a child. Yes. This was all open fields back then. I don't know who owned that. There were loads of blueberries. My mother and I would be there, and then one day it got to be lunchtime, and we went home to get lunch, but she had been working on a bush that she really wanted to finish, so she sent me back to finish just one bush. I got the bush all right. I found it. And I reached out my hand to get the blueberries, and there was a rattlesnake. I lit out of there.

Q: I didn't know that there were rattlesnakes down here.

A: Yes, there were. I don't know if there still are. It's strange to me, because that lot has such spooky memories for me because of that. Is it the only one on the road that hasn't been built on yet? Someday it will go.

Q: Where have all the blueberry bushes gone?

A: If that were leveled and burned, I think the blueberries would come back.

Q: Was that a high bush?

A: They were high and low. The Briggs house is unrecognizable.

Q: You said there was a windmill on Zabel's property.

A: There were windmills on both of those. I have pictures of them both with windmills on them.

Q: I noticed a well in front of the Zabel's house. Maybe that's the old well.

A: Ask Gene. I don't know. He knows more about the property than I do. I just know that I have pictures of my family staying there. None of these roads on the right existed. Midland Road and the one back here—I don't know what it's called—when that first road went in, my father would walk the dog down here, and he'd say that he was walking in the north country, because it was north of the beach. We always went to the beach down here. It was shorter to go down than it was to walk around this way. And sometimes we would walk at night. It was dark in there. There were no streetlights. There was nothing on that road. Is this called South Bayberry Drive?

Q: No. This is Seabreeze.

A: This is the other end of the Dingle. It's okay as far as you can see this way, and it's okay as far as you can see the other way, but I still think that there is a piece in the middle that is not driveable. Whether this is the Burdick farmhouse, or whether this—

Q: That's Buddington.

A: That's right.

Q: My family has pictures. Look at what they're doing to that.

A: Yes. Isn't that something?

Q: Was that other house there when you were there?

A: Yes, it was. So was that little one. That little one was here. Alina Pott lived there. This one was, but not with the window glass. This is Ann Jewett Thompson's cottage that was moved from the beach before the hurricane. Yes, that's hers. And you will recognize that in the pictures that I have.

Q: Did they move it just before the hurricane?

A: I don't know how long before. That's the Tunxis.

Q: That was on the beach too.

A: Yes, it was. And the Dexter's place was here when we were growing up. Both my sister and I worked for them babysitting for the kids.

Q: Does Susan live there now?

A: Yes. They both do. They moved from across the street. This is where we used to come, and where Fresh Pond Rock is. Fresh Pond is this little pond over here. I don't know if it's that one or this one.

Q: It's that one. I keep seeing that on the map, so I know.

A: I'm pretty sure it is this one. Yes. And the rock is off of Fresh Pond. But this little pond, I can't remember that.

Q: I think you're right about Garden Pond.

A: Garden Pond is closer to the Blue Shutters. This is not the same one.

Q: It isn't?

A: No. I don't think so. I think there are two little ponds.

Q: The Dexters have been down for a long time, too.

A: Yes. They were Westerly residents. They lived on Park Avenue in Westerly. And they came summers out here. Then Mrs. Dexter moved out here. I don't know if you want to look at pictures here so that while we're here we can go anyplace that you might want to see again.

Q: Sure.

A: This house wasn't built yet, but we could see the others, and we liked the layout of it. So, we moved here.

Q: When did you move here?

A: We moved there in 1978, which is the year that my father died.

Q: But you had been living all year-round in Carolina.

A: We lived in Carolina on Route 91 where there are a bunch of houses a little way down there on the right. We lived in one of those houses. Then we wanted to move down closer to the beach, so we moved then to Narrow Lane. Then my husband got sick and we thought he was going to go on disability. He never did. He got better. He didn't go on disability, but he thought he was going to, and he said, "We've got to have some income, because it takes six months or longer to get on disability. Let's sell the house." And I said, "Where are we going to go?" "On East Beach Road," which really surprised me, because he didn't like it down here. He wanted to be in his own house. He didn't want to be in my parents' place. And he did not like living down here. He was a Charlestown native. We were married in August, and the summer that the house was being built, we stayed in the cottage. He didn't like it. And the cottage wasn't big enough for us to live in with all our stuff. So, I was very surprised. But I said, "Okay." We put the house on the market. This woman came along, looked at the outside and said, "I want that house." She went to Randall Realty and said, "I'm going to buy that house," and she hadn't even been in it. The sales agreement was signed, and everything was okay, and the day of the closing, she couldn't come up with the money. And we have moved down here to this house.

Q: To this house?

A: Yes. And at that time, Bill was a dispatcher in the police department. He was working the third shift. And this house if not built for somebody who's working the third shift, because the bedroom abuts the kitchen. And I could not come home from work and get dinner without waking him up, whereas up on Narrow Lane, the bedroom was way at one end, and the kitchen was at the other. Furthermore, this house is very costly to heat. It was built in 1965 before the energy crisis, and it has an old furnace, and it eats oil. We spent the winter heating two houses that year, because we had to heat our own on Narrow Lane and this house. In April, he said to me, "I want to talk to you." I said, "Okay." He said, "I want to move back to Narrow Lane." And I said, "I do too," because the layout of the house was wrong. Also, it was very remote down here in the wintertime. In 1978, there weren't very many people around. There was a lot more activity up at the other end, and we both liked it better. It was closer for him when he was working at the police department. So, we moved back in July. We moved here in November, and the following July we moved that. I really do like living at that end of town in the winter. In the summer, I love it here. In the wintertime, it's nice, but just even things like walking the dog—I got limited walks here. You can walk to the beach. Up where I am, I've got six, seven, eight or ten different areas where I can walk for variety. So, I stayed there. I considered selling that house and moving south for the winter, and then coming

back and using this place in the summertime. I may end up doing that. I don't know. But I doubt it.

Q: Are you talking about Florida?

A: My sister lives in Florida. I don't like Florida. North Carolina. I've got a lot of relatives in North Carolina. I might do that. But I don't really want to do that. I'd love to be here in the summertime—right here in the cottage. But unless I can buy my sister out—I'd have to buy her out, and the only way I can really think about doing that is to sell my house, and then use part of it and buy a house, because she really doesn't care about the cottage anymore, because they're down in Florida. It's hard for her to travel. They were here last week. My brother-in-law's mother died last March, and he had had her ashes in Florida, and they needed to do a memorial service. Justine had double knee surgery in August, and then broke her ankle on top of it, so she was out of commission. But she did come. And I went to New Hampshire and brought them down here. We stayed one night, and then we went to Richmond, Virginia to their daughter's for Thanksgiving. And then they flew home from there. But it's difficult to travel. They don't want to live in the north anymore, and I don't want to live in Florida. I hate it down there. I think it's congested.

Q: I don't like it at all. My father-in-law is down there.

A: I don't care for it. I've gone down to see them on occasion. Even that is getting to the point where—they're way down there in Boca near Fort Lauderdale, and driving on I95 you risk your life.

Q: I don't think it's beautiful.

A: No. I don't either. The thing is, they're heading in the same direction here. That's why I say, "I hate to see every square inch of land going." It's really sad.

Q: I'm concerned about what the development will be like on Route 1.

A: I know. This town missed the boat totally. They should have put in zoning years before they did, and not allowed all the development. A perfect example, that whole place is small. People paid off people to give them permits to build on that land down there.

They had to. The state has a wetlands law. They wanted to put up cottages there, and they got them. The people got them somehow. They did what they wanted to do, and it's really ruined. If we ever get another big storm, like '38, it's just going to be so much more to—

CHARLOTTE DURYEA BROPHY HOHL

Part 2

May 27, 2015

Interviewed by Anne S. Doyle and Joan Lane Gordon

This is an unedited transcript of an oral history that is available in the QHS Archive Center. The policy for the use of this copywritten material can be obtained by contacting the Quonochontaug Historical Society (archivist@quonniehistory.org).

DOYLE: I am doing an interview with Charlotte Duryea Brophy Hohl at her cottage at number 200 East Beach Road. We are sitting here with Charlotte, and she will talk to us about her Quonnie memories. OK, Charlotte; if you could just say your name and when you were born and where you were born.

HOHL: I was born Charlotte Chadwick Duryea, in White Plains, New York on May 2, 1934. And I am on my second husband, so I've had two great men in my life. We came to Quonny --- my family started coming to Quonochontaug about 1904. This was because my grandfather Duryea was in the textile business, and he brought his family here to vacation. Now not very many people knew about Quonochontaug in 1904, but he did. And he, my grandmother, my father, my father's brother, and others in the family came and stayed at what are now the Zabel cottages, on Ninigret Pond (Charlestown Pond).

Then, in 1931 my father, who had been married shortly before that, decided that he wanted to buy property here. And he bought, first, an old barn that was situated on the lot next door to the cottage that we're in today, on property that is now owned by the Sanford family. And he was gradually re-doing the barn; he had changed the windows and had a new roof put on. But he had not replaced the sliding doors, and in the 1938 Hurricane, the wind got underneath them and lifted the roof off the barn; and the whole building was lost.

Hohl

HOHL: After that, my parents decided they would rebuild, starting with the garage. And they built on the same land. They put up a small garage in which we camped for two summers. And then the people who were on the north side of our property, a funeral director from Providence by the name of Knowles, wanted a garage desperately; and the people on the south side of our property put their cottage on the market for the second time. My mother had initially looked at that cottage, decided it was too close to the road, didn't want it; so that's why they started with the barn. But now that the barn was gone, and faced with the prospect of rebuilding, my father decided – my father and mother-- decided that they would sell the garage to Mr. Knowles and purchase this cottage that we're sitting in today.

So that's how my family got here; it was through my grandfather, by bringing his family here in the early 1900's.

DOYLE: Now how did your grandfather find out about Quonnie in the beginning?

HOHL: He was in the textile business, and this was a big textile area. Rhode Island had a lot of mills, textile mills; so he found out about the area—beaches etc.-- on business trips. And his interest was very unusual; even when my sister Justine and I were children here in the cottage, a lot of people did not know about Quonny. They didn't know it existed. Very different from today! [Laughing] But we came up regularly beginning – well, from the time I was in my mother's womb I spent summers here.

So we were here as small children before the 1938 Hurricane. We left – that September, we left a little bit early because my sister had been sick. She had a bed next to the fieldstone fireplace that my parents had added inside the barn; and had we not gone home to New York sooner than usual that fall, she would have been killed in the Hurricane, because the stones from the chimney of the fieldstone fireplace fell into her bed and crushed everything in sight, the bed and everything. So we were fortunate that we left Quonny early that year.

DOYLE: OK. Now, were your grandparents a part of your family when you were down here? In other words –

HOHL: They came occasionally, yes. And I do have some pictures – unfortunately, they're not very clear –the people in them are almost unidentifiable. But I also have some older pictures of them when they were– um-- one of their favorite pursuits was to boat across Ninigret Pond and go to the beach to picnic over near the breachway—the Charlestown breachway, not the Quonny breachway. And I have pictures of them – my grandmother, my grandfather and my grandmother's sister sitting in a boat, getting ready to depart –with the [beer] bottles in their hands. They were really enjoying themselves! But later, when I was a small child, the barn was very limited in its sleeping capacity; it was difficult to have guests, so they came there only occasionally.

Anyway, that's how we got started in Quonochontaug. And I look back, and I think how different my life would have been if we had never come here—if my family had never come here.

At the time, when we were small children here, there were wildcats and other creatures roaming around at night, including cows from Munroe Hoxie's herd that he had [in a field] over the stone wall, in what now abuts Hoxie Avenue. There were rattlesnakes and copperheads when we went blueberrying, which we spent a lot of time doing; and I can remember one incident where my mother and I were blueberrying down East Beach Road a little ways. And it was lunchtime so she had to come home and make lunch, and I came with her. But she sent me back to finish the bush that she had been working on. And when I got to the bush, I was very happy that I had found it, reached my hand out – and a rattle rattled! The rattlesnake was sunning itself on the bush! And I turned around and ran home as fast as I could run! [Laughing] And another time, there was a copperhead – across the road from us, there was a family by the name of Kennedy that had a small cottage and garage on the other side of East Beach Road, across from our property. And he found a copperhead asleep in his garage. So we had to be very careful about snakes in those days. But I haven't seen a snake here in ages now.

There were also many big blue crabs in the Pond, and we did a lot of crabbing. My sister and I used to go down regularly with our crab nets and buckets. And we would catch the crabs and sell them for a nickel apiece.

DOYLE: Now where would you go to the Pond?

HOHL: Down Moulton Place – what is now Moulton Place. It was just known as the pond road, a dirt road, at that point. And of course, as there are today, there were stone walls everywhere around here. And, when we went to the beach, everybody knew everybody on the beach, in those days. And it was crowded if there were ten umbrellas set up. [Laughing] Also, I would say it was an all-day drive from New York to Quonny, and we had picnics on the trip on the way up.

East Beach Road was very different from what it is now. There were no street lights, no house numbers; there were no stop signs, Paradise Lane did not exist. There was no electricity. There wasn't any TV or hot water. When we moved into this cottage, at 200 East Beach Road, in 1942, there was a pump—one of the old pumps like this lamp over here -at the kitchen sink, and we had to pump water to begin with. And that water was the coolest, sweetest water I've ever tasted.

Route One beyond the Naval Air Base-- which during World War II in the 1940's was located where Ninigret Park is now-- Route One was two-lane only. Hoxie Avenue wasn't there at all; it was open field, except for a dirt road that ran down the middle of it, on which my father taught me to drive. So, [Laughing] Hoxie Avenue was important in my life in that way! [All laughing] There were no traffic lights at either West Beach Road or East

Beach Road, of course. There were no cell phones, there were no lifeguards, no skimboards. And now I probably should tell you what was here!

There was a privy outside our cottage and the garage of course, and the barn. But once we got into this cottage, the privy was replaced with a bathroom, which was replaced with a better bathroom later on.

DOYLE: This is this cottage? Or the barn?

HOHL: This cottage. We had a commode –you know—in a CLOSET just off the kitchen here. It was in a closet for a while. And then there was a toilet installed finally, and things improved dramatically.

You could at that time see the beach from our cottage, especially from the loft, the sleeping loft upstairs. And I did, in 1954 – during the hurricane of 1954 we were here, and I could see the waves breaking over the “telephone” poles from the upstairs of the cottage at that point.

Because of the Air Base, there were always sailors hitchhiking rides from Westerly. And my father would never pick up hitch-hikers, but he would pick up the sailors because he felt they were in need and they were our troops. And he was trying to be helpful to them. Of course, by the time my sister and I were pre-teens and teens, we became very excited when we picked up sailors along the road [Laughing].

The airplanes during World War II were flying so low that you thought you were going to lose the roof of your house. It was unbelievable.

Berries were everywhere: blueberries, blackberries, beach plums (beach plums have completely disappeared); and Overlook Road, which is now totally built up, was all blackberries and swamp.

DOYLE: No road?

HOHL: Oh yeah. It was a road,

DOYLE: It was a dirt road?

HOHL: It was a road, but it was a very primitive road. And it was all blackberries and swamp; there were no houses on it, and it was all wetlands too, which got filled later – which shouldn’t have been done but was.

DOYLE: So how did you get from here to the beach? What was your route?

HOHL: We went over Overlook Road,

DOYLE: Oh, you did –

HOHL: The same as we do today.

DOYLE: Not the Dingle –

HOHL: Well, we couldn't drive through the Dingle; the Dingle was walkable, and if we were walking, we did use the Dingle occasionally.

GORDON: But Overlook was a dirt road; I remember that myself. Because we were for some time the last house on Midland. There was nothing there; there was no extension –there was no North Road, there was nothing. It was just swamplands. I didn't know about the snakes, though; I'm glad I didn't!

[LAUGHTER]

HOHL: I should tell you about the trips that we made when we were teenagers. Every Friday night there was a square dance at the Grange, and we really loved going to those square dances. So when we were first coming up for the summer, we didn't want to miss any. So what we (my sister and I) would do would be to wash and set our hair at home before we left, in curlers. And when we got to Dunn's Corners, the curlers came out – or even maybe later than Dunn's Corners – and my father would stop at the Grange and let us off to go to the square dances, before we even got to the cottage. [LAUGHTER]

The square dances were wonderful things; I don't think the kids today have any concept of the fun that we had. And always you went to the square dance with a group, or the two of us, Justine and I would go together. But when you went home, you went home with a young man—generally. Somehow, a young man took you home. Or a group, all of us, went up to the Crossroads at Dunn's Corners and had hamburgers or ice cream or whatever. And once in a while, we all came back to the cottage. And I saw my mother more than once get up at one o'clock in the morning and make a blueberry pie for all of us. There were probably ten or twelve of us here at the time.

DOYLE: Now, who would drive?

HOHL: Well, some of the boys were old enough.

DOYLE: Do you remember who that was? --You were a young teen.

HOHL: Well – yeah. Howie Sweet and all the Hutchins boys, Anson and Ronnie Kenyon, um – I don't remember the Dinwoodies ever being at the square dance but he might have – Bob Dinwoodie. But there were enough – I can't think of names – Anyway, there were enough guys, and we all would collect there at the Crossroads and then disperse. [ADDENDUM: Among the other boys were: Gene Zabel; Danny MacLeod; Mac Beaton; the Prosser brothers Ken, Ed, and Thurman; Kenny Brightman; Franz Hayes; and Bob Bennett to name a few.]

And the next day, the next morning, Saturday, on the beach, the only subject of conversation was who went home with whom last night!

GORDON: Some things don't change, do they !

HOHL: Nope! Nope!

So there were two major influences during the 1940's – which was kind of the basic time for us here. One was [[hurricanes] the '38 Hurricane, which influenced everyone in this area, and the hurricane of 1954, which was nowhere nearly as bad but nevertheless was pretty scary; and the other was the air base, World War II, and all of the things that were happening because of the war.

In the hurricane of 1954, we sat in this cottage; and a lot of people had come up from the beach. Some of the Dukstas were here, and they brought some kittens; somebody else brought some ducks – little ducklings or something, and we had a menagerie in here as well as the people. And we watched the roof buckle in and out and in and out; and I was ready to run for that door—but never had to, fortunately. Fortunately we got through.

And the skylight that's in the roof of this house now was put in by a later hurricane in the 1990's. I was appalled when I got down here; we had three big, blue spruce trees behind this cottage; one of them had put the hole in the roof. And when I unlocked the door and came in, I said, “Well, let there be light” because we needed the light over the table right here. So we just left the hole and put the skylight in.

DOYLE: That's a new story; I haven't heard that one before!

HOHL: Oh, you haven't heard that one? But that was not 1954; it was quite a bit later on. But anyway, it was hurricane damage, and of course everybody has a story about hurricane damage here in Quonny.

DOYLE: Well, what did happen in the '54 hurricane, right here?

HOHL: In the '54 hurricane? Well, I was tutoring over in Central Beach; I was tutoring French. I was supposed to be over there at 8:00 in the morning, and my mother took me over. We had a little white dog named Pixie, a mutt, who loved the beach. So we went a little bit early and stopped at the beach so Pixie could go out. Well – he wouldn't get out of the car—because he knew there was something – I mean, it was not a very good morning. It was blowing, but anyway we thought it was kind of odd, that he wouldn't get out of the car. We didn't understand what he was telling us. So we then proceeded to Central Beach, and I got over to the Hiscox house. When I went in, Mrs. Hiscox was busy washing up the breakfast dishes, and she said to me, “You know, Charlotte, I'm glad you came but I really don't like what's happening out here, and I'm going to take you home.” And she did; she brought me back home, almost right away.

DOYLE: Was this Marion Hiscox that you were tutoring?

HOHL: Yes.

DOYLE: Do you know that she's still here? She works at the Hallmark store?

HOHL: Well, no; I've lost track of—I've forgotten – it must have been Marion but what was the other – the boy's

DOYLE: Charlie I think? I don't know. I'm not sure.

HOHL: [His name was Max]--Anyway, she brought me home, and Overlook Road was flooded, but we were able to get through. It wasn't so badly flooded that we couldn't get through. But when we got up on East Beach Road, there were sumac trees down all over the road. And we had to get out of the car and move a couple of the sumac trees in order to get through. But she brought me home.

DOYLE: But did she go back? To her house? It's right near the water.

HOHL: I don't know what she did. But I think not. I think she was very nervous about what was happening there, which was practically right on the ocean.

DOYLE: Did she have the children with her when she brought you home? Or—you probably don't remember.

HOHL: I don't remember. But she did bring me back here. And that's when other people started coming up here. We had—I don't know how, they happened to come, but they did ---because there weren't any phones; nobody had any cell phones or anything like that, so we couldn't call anybody or talk to them on the phone. But anyway, maybe my mother had seen them on the way home from dropping me off.

GORDON: Phones were new; most people didn't have them. You had to go up to Crompton's store.

HOHL: That's right.

GORDON: And the '54 hurricane: it was a weekend it came. 'Cause we were supposed to stay at the Sarcy cottages—

HOHL: I don't think it was a weekend; my father wasn't here.

GORDON: And we didn't come down. I remember it at home. But I have pictures of just where Blue Shutters was then. But I think you're right; the radio probably didn't get it around that there was a hurricane coming because people –

HOHL: No, there was no warning on that '54 hurricane – any more than there was in 1938—

DOYLE: They didn't evacuate us. I'm surprised that they didn't—I think that they did go around and try and evacuate people.

HOHL: I don't remember any attempt to evacuate us. And my father was working. He never came up except for his two-week vacation, he was only here weekends in the summer, and he was not here at the time of the hurricane, so -- . He came up, of course, right after it, to make sure that everybody was OK and everything was OK. But he wasn't here during the storm itself.

Now, let's see what else –

DOYLE: This is somebody who is very prepared! This does not usually happen, Joan.

HOHL: I have to say that our trips to Quonny from Scarsdale depended heavily on gas rationing. And gas rationing was in effect at that point, and my parents had to save up their points so that we could get here. And I would – my sister and I each would have a carton; and we would fill it with candy, to make sure we wouldn't be hungry on the trip up – despite the fact that my mother prepared running-board picnics for us. And my father was forever trying new routes, because he was a person who loved maps and like to find his way and find the best way and so forth.

And when we came, after we got here, the candy would be put away until we went back in the fall – except for when George Kenyon brought his horse and wagon down to hay in the field that now belongs to Art Ganz, and the others who have settled in there now.

George Kenyon was an elderly guy who lived somewhere up in the woods, and I know my mother took us blueberrying up there once, when she knew he wasn't there—[laughing, along with the others]—and he would stop at Brightman's store, or Crompton's store or whatever was the store at the time up there and fill his carton with candy and bring it down. And when he turned down East Beach Road, we could hear him from this cottage; if the wind was right, you could hear him coming all the way down from Route One. And he stopped and picked up every kid along the way.

DOYLE: Was this because he had horses you could hear him?

HOHL: The horses—and we could hear the wagon – the wagon rattled and the horses –we could hear them clop-clopping—and you know: “Oh here comes George Kenyon!” And everybody would run outside –

DOYLE: Like the ice cream man!

HOHL: No – he wasn't the ice cream man—

DOYLE: No, no, but I'm saying –like nowadays.

HOHL: But, but that was back in the days when mothers didn't have to worry about older men and their kids. Because we all went; everybody – all the kids on this street went. And climbed on the hay wagon and sat there while he went haying. And ate his candy! And we had a wonderful time. And my sister and I didn't have to use up our own stash of candy; actually, because of George Kenyon, we were able to *add to it* with what we didn't eat on the hay wagon! And that stayed put away till we went back home in the fall.

GORDON: That was a big hayfield! That was also the potato field. Do you remember that? In back of --- is it Brigham's--?

HOHL: Yes, Brigham's. I don't remember it, but I know that Art Ganz told me that his father – uncle—grandparents—somebody was hoping to raise turkeys back there.

DOYLE: Yeah; he did say that happened. And also Dick Hutchins has said they used to come over here to hay.

HOHL: They probably –they probably--after George Kenyon, I think, probably the Hutchins did. But George Kenyon was haying at the time that we were with him.

DOYLE: Oh I see.

HOHL: And the hay would get higher and higher on the wagon, and we would be sitting on top of the hay. And eventually we would be on top of the wagon. [And many days George Kenyon's candy was our only lunch!]

GORDON: Do you remember that big sign on the corner of East Beach Road and Overlook? That great big black sign that said "Thorp Properties for Sale"?

HOHL: I don't remember that.

GORDON: And "Lots for Sale"? It was catercornered in that corner, going down East Beach Road, as you turned onto Overlook. Don't you remember that big sign – it was like a billboard—it was so big! And it was a dirt road there; it wasn't I-95!

HOHL: Oh yes; I guess I do.

Anyway, when we first moved into this cottage, there was nothing but the pump at the kitchen sink, and cold water. And my grandmother Duryea was here – once we got to this cottage, there was room enough to sleep people overnight. So my grandparents came here, though very occasionally. And my grandmother Duryea was here, and there was a little step at the end of the kitchen, that you had to go down in order to get into the bathroom. And she was carrying a kettle of water that had been heated on the stove, and slipped on the step and fell and had a heart attack. After

that, my father decided it was time to have hot water put in the house. So

—

DOYLE: Did she die?

HOHL: Not then; she died later. But it was not good.

DOYLE: And you were here when it happened?

HOHL: I believe so, I think so. And, um —

DOYLE: See, we're talking in terms of time-wise, when you had the hot water put in. That was probably — when did your folks buy this?

HOHL: December 1941. They bought this in — see the '38 Hurricane was '38; rebuilding began with the garage in '39, and then for two summers, '40, and '41, we camped in the garage. And then late in '41 they bought this cottage, which had a chemical toilet at first, and an outhouse. And the chamber pot, which is still upstairs in the loft. Which has been on display occasionally for the Quonnie Historical Society! [Laughter] And turning the water on and off, draining the pipes, remains a challenge every year. Fortunately, I have a handyman who is willing to do it for a reasonable price, but how long he's going to be able to continue I don't know.

My mother had a big washtub, you know --the metal washtub; and we had an outside shower in the back—a cold shower, which was wonderful after you got back from the beach—I just loved it; and it was so hidden by the big blue spruce trees that we had that you didn't even need a shower curtain! Anyway, she washed sheets by hand and rinsed them off under that shower out in the back. I cannot imagine washing sheets and rinsing them all off and hanging them on the clothesline out by the old shed out there.

DOYLE: Did you and your sister sleep upstairs?

HOHL: Yes, we did. And it was cozy; I loved sleeping up there—the sound of the rain on the roof — And then one night, there was this strange sound that woke me up, and it was [laughter] Gibby Burdick up on the roof with my sister, sneaking her in the window of the loft [others laughing] because she had forgotten her key and the doors were locked! Which we very rarely did! [more laughter] But he was up there helping her get in. And I flipped

at that! But anyway, you know, it's a small window; and I don't know how she did it, but she got through that window somehow.

DOYLE: Did it wake you up?

HOHL: Oh, yes! Another night, my mother was asleep in the bedroom (you've heard this Anne but Joan hasn't). My mother was asleep in this bedroom (downstairs), my father wasn't here. And all of a sudden this bloodcurdling scream from my mother! And it turned out that there was a cow looking in the window –[everybody laughing] and she was terrified of cows. She had had an incident of some sort in her youth, and she was afraid of cows. And one of Munroe Hoxie's cows had gotten over the wall; and there was cow flop all over the patio in the morning! [laughter, laughter] It was really something!

So anyway, nights were interesting around here. There were also wildcats that scratched at the screens at night, confirmed by my uncle – my mother's brother and his family had a cottage right down East Beach Road from us, where the Briggs are now, where Tyler and Elaine Briggs are, they had a cottage there. And my uncle was very savvy as far as all the creatures were concerned; he confirmed the fact that there was a rattlesnake in the blueberry patch there and also that there were wildcats around.

GORDON: Now this was your father's brother?

HOHL; My mother's brother, my mother's brother. And my father's brother visited here on very limited occasions—

GORDON: Yes, I've been waiting for you to tell us about your famous uncle.

HOHL: Well I have one picture of him on the beach! But he didn't spend much time here because he was in California by that time. [He did visit my parents just after they were married in 1929 and in the old barn home too, before I was born. But in the 1940's he was focused on Hollywood.]

GORDON: You should identify him for the record –

DOYLE: Yes, I was going to say that –

HOHL: OK; his name was Dan Duryea and he was in a number of movies in the early –

GORDON: He was a handsome dude in western movies! I remember well!

HOHL: Well! --He was! He was! And, for a long time –

GORDON: In fact you have his eyes!

HOHL: Well, a lot of people have felt that I looked like him, over the years. Now, I don't think I do anymore but there were times – But I was very careful when I took my clothes to the dry cleaner because when I gave my last name, right away the price went up. Because everybody knew Dan Duryea, and they figured that I was his relative and therefore I could afford to pay more. And I had that happen numerous times.

DOYLE: So Duryea was a common name –

HOHL: It was an uncommon name--

GORDON: Is it Dutch?

HOHL: No; it's French.

DOYLE: French?

HOHL: French. Huguenot.

GORDON: So let's look at it this way. You were afraid to mention Duryea when you were younger, and now you're afraid to mention you live in Quonochontaug because the price certainly goes up when you do that!
[All laughing]

HOHL: It certainly does! But anyway, he visited here on very limited occasions. But once in a while he came. But my grandparents were here quite a bit. And he came quite a lot when he was a child. And I have pictures of him and my father and his [their] parents sitting on top of Fresh Pond Rock, before it was blown up by the army during World War II.

DOYLE: Now when he came, did people gather around? Or did they just leave him alone?

HOHL: Well, you know – I really don't know. I guess I was too young to pay much attention to that kind of thing, and I –

GORDON: He was probably in his twenties or thirties by the time he became famous.

HOHL: He was younger than my father, and he went to Cornell, as my father did. And I guess –you know there were some other [famous people here] At Morris Point, there was a Chester Morris who was well known to everybody up here too. There were some other celebrities around, so I guess he was just one of the many, or several, anyway that were here. He [Dan] spent most of his time in California. I went out to visit them twice in California. But they didn't spend much time in the East. And then I would have to say that in addition to the cows coming over the stone wall, Bob Dinwoodie would – he and I were kind of friends for a while, and he would come over the stone wall, from his cottage which was down near the pond [Ninigret], down Moulton Place [which wasn't Moulton Place in those days] to see me. And one day he hopped over the stone wall and unfortunately landed in my father's garbage pit—which was on this side of the stone wall and it was full of garbage! [laughing]

And he knocked his two front teeth out [more laughter] I will never forget that day – ever, as long as I live.

DOYLE: My word!

HOHL: But we had a good time.

DOYLE: Dinwoodie is still a name that you hear –

HOHL: Oh yeah. Actually, his son—he later had three boys; he and his wife Margaret had three boys: twins, Bob and Paul, and then Colin. Young Bob now owns his parents' house.

DOYLE: Here.

HOHL: Here. And the word that I got from Jan Caldon the other day was that he is building another place, a bigger house, right behind the Fehrmanns' house, here, next door. And this morning, when we drove in, I said to Rod, "What is that roof, what is that new roof that I see there?" Well, it has to be something that he's building and that he's planning to raze the house that was his parents' house and live in this other place. Now what has happened to Paul and Colin I don't know, but for a while, Paul had a place down on Hoxie Avenue, too.

GORDON: Did your family own this property next door at one time?

HOHL: Yes; yes they did. Now that lot was undeveloped, and my father bought it I believe for \$500 in I think it was 1950. And then, when he retired in 1965, they built the house that's over there now, which has since been--

DOYLE: They meaning --?

HOHL: My parents, my mother and father. That has now been almost totally rebuilt by the Fehrmanns, who have lived there for the last four years. They rented it after they bought it.

GORDON: I remember your mother standing in the front door of that house.

HOHL: You do! Yeah, they were there for 13 years before my father and then we decided to sell it, because it was just too much. I couldn't handle three places here, you know..

DOYLE: I was going to say – what did they do with this place, this cottage? When they lived there, did they rent out the cottage here?

HOHL: My father would never rent it; he just wanted his family to use it. So when my sister and her family were growing, and they came down whenever they came, they stayed here, you know. And then by that time, Bill Brophy and I were married and living where Rod and I are living now. So Bill and I would come down and stay occasionally here. And others would – if they [my parents] had company, if they had guests, they would stay here. It was used mainly as a guest house, at that point. But it was always functional [in warm weather months], and my father would

never rent it. And now I understand why! [Laughing] I'm not thrilled at having to rent it, but in order to keep it, that's the only choice I have, so – we're renting. But we're not renting with the loft; the loft is not rented, and the ladder goes up when tenants are about to arrive.

DOYLE: You don't want any more blueberries on your floor! [Referring to an incident where a childhood guest took blueberries upstairs the day she was to leave and forgot there were no stairs!]

HOHL: A couple of people have come in here this year and wanted to rent it, asking if the loft was available to sleep; and I've said "No way," because I don't want anybody falling from that ladder. Every single member of my family, including me, has fallen off that ladder. From the top. My mother fell--l

DOYLE: Well, could you build some stairs?

HOHL: Well, we could, but it would ruin the place as far as I'm concerned.

DOYLE: Yeah; I suppose.

GORDON: You could get one of those spiral staircases.

HOHL: My sister and I had a big argument over this, after my parents died, because she and her husband wanted to winterize the place and rent it year-round. Well, I didn't want the responsibility of renting year-round, and I didn't want to ruin the atmosphere. And now, everybody that rents in here *loves* the vintage nature of the place. I mean there's no soundproofing in here. You know if a bunch of people come in here to stay, and one of them wants to nap or sleep in the bedroom, they're not going to be able to if there's a party going on out here. Anyway, I'm happy that I won the argument. My brother-in-law actually sent a furnace down here, and I didn't know that the furnace depended on insulation, [which I had already vetoed] so the furnace never was installed. It sat unused in the basement here for years, in the wet – because it's wet down there in the basement.

[Ultimately] I won the battle. We have kept it this way all these years, and I'm very glad we did, because I think it has a charm that --all these [old-time] cottages are gone from around here now. They've all gone; and all these big places are being put in instead, and you don't get the flavor of the place.

GORDON: Well, when you think of all the houses on Surfside Avenue in Central Beach, they've all been changed. And some of them had lasted through the '38 Hurricane, there were a few that withstood it.

HOHL: [Renters can't] but we [my sister and I] did sleep up there [in the loft], and we would peer over at night, if my parents were down here playing canasta, or they had company or something—peeking over the edge to see what was going on! [Lots of laughing] So we had fun that way.

HOHL: Um – About phones. You were mentioning, Joan, that nobody had phones around here. We didn't have a phone, and my father worked for the telephone company for forty –one years. But we did not have a phone here. My mother didn't want it; she wanted to be away from a phone for the summer. And then my nephew was born! And in order to get word of the birth of my nephew, she had to run down the road to my – to her brother's house down here, 'cause they had a telephone! So after his birth, we finally had a phone put in here. And we had the same number here for years, and I just hesitated to take it out. But I finally did because it was an expense that we didn't need: everybody has a cell phone; nobody used the phone anymore.

DOYLE: Do you remember the number?

HOHL: 322-0648! I'll never forget it – I've used it as a password in a couple of places. [Laughing]

GORDON: I remember our original number, but we lost it when my mom died: my brother disconnected the phone. And when the phone was seasonal, when it's disconnected, you lose the number. So we lost that number – which was one digit off from Wilcox Tavern; we used to get calls for reservations.

HOHL: Oh! I guess you did! When we had a loss of power here – and it happens frequently, as you know, my mother wanted a gas stove, because with a gas stove, you could still cook supper, even if the power was off. And I can't tell you how many times we ate when nobody else did because –and of course, electricity didn't come here to Charlestown until some time in the 1920's I guess, so we –you know. And we had a lot of thunderstorms, and some of them were really very bad.

One in particular was awful. My mother had, on that wall, a ship's light; it was a pin-up lamp that had a sailboat—sailboats all over the shade, and it had a port and starboard side, so it was either red or green. And we would leave the green light on at night, as a night light for when we came in (as long as we didn't come in the loft window!)—when we came in the front door, the green light was on. [Laughter] And we had a thunderstorm one afternoon. I was up in the loft napping, in the afternoon, and all of a sudden there was this *terrible* crash! We had gotten struck by lightning here, and it knocked that lamp right off the wall. And put a crack all the way down that corner [inside the house, from ceiling to floor]. The outside of the house had no mark on it whatsoever; but the inside – and I thought – we had a dog at the time, and I was groggy and I thought the dog had knocked over something down here. But instead of that, it was the lightning bolt that knocked the light off—

DOYLE: How did that happen when there was no mark outside?

HOHL: Anne, don't ask me! I don't know. And Henry Brightman came down and fixed the whole thing later; you know, put things back right again.

But it was a very scary situation. So I would be very cautious about thunderstorms.

GORDON: Maybe it was the metal on the lamp.

HOHL: It might have been; I don't know. But I think we had a lightning rod on the roof of the cottage. I think there's one up there now, and I think we had one there from the very beginning. But it was just a very bad strike, and it just amazed me about what had happened. My father loved this place. He commuted by train every Friday night, when it was reasonably priced enough so that you could do that. He was constantly working around the yard; he was either mowing or painting or doing whatever. And he was a pipe smoker, until he finally wised up; and he left pipes everywhere, all over the yard. And he would pay us a nickel to go out and find the pipe that he had lost in the brush out there or over by the garbage pit or wherever he'd been working! {Much laughter}—My sister and I were always out there looking for my father's pipes.

DOYLE: Like checking for change underneath a couch –

HOHL: It was something!

Now: How we spent our days, besides the beach: We did a lot of blueberrying, blackberrying and -- grapes; we had a big grapevine along the back wall. My mother made grape jelly; a lot of it. In fact she had made a hundred jars of grape jelly the year of the Hurricane of '38, and when [my parents] got here the day after the hurricane, there was one jar that hadn't been broken. There was grape jelly all over the place.

DOYLE: Oh my goodness—

HOHL: As I've told you, we went down to the pond; [many times] we went crabbing. Bob Dinwoodie and his friends encouraged us to go out on these very primitive rafts they had made, and Justine did go. I have a picture of her poling on a raft out there. She fell in the pond every time we went down there to go crabbing. Now, *I* did not. But she always fell off a rock and fell in – somehow—don't ask me how, but she did. [My mother got very tired of washing out my sister's (often white) shorts]. We were very free with other people's boats, and nobody seemed to care very much in those days. You know, you borrowed a boat and put it back, and nobody ever got annoyed at us about it.

Uncle Bob Sweeny, down the road here, had a boat; and he would take us out once in a while, across the pond; and when we went with him, after a while we knew we had to take a sandwich with us because if we left at 10:00 in the morning, we never got back until after 5:00 in the afternoon— which was very distressing.

There was a big rock, not as big as Fresh Pond Rock, but it was big – down at the pond. In it, there was a very comfortable little indentation in the side looking out over the pond. And I used to love to sit in that seat in the rock and dream about how I would get across the pond some day if I ever had a boat of my own. Which I ultimately did, years ago, but not

here [it was moored at the Ocean House Marina further up the line in Charlestown. Despite many pleasurable trips in it, I eventually had to give it up because of hazardous sand conditions in the pond and the expense of replacing multiple damaged parts.]

[When we were kids here at Quonnie], my father knew we wanted a boat; and he finally bought one, a rowboat for us. And he put it up on sawhorses out in the back of what is now the Fehrmann property. But – that boat was always on those sawhorses; it never went in the water! [Laughing] But our boat was there!

DOYLE: How would you get it to the water?

HOHL: Well, first, it had to be repaired. And my father didn't know the first thing about boats. He didn't know how to repair it, and nobody else appeared on the scene that did, so – Uncle Bob was too busy with his own boat; he didn't [take the bait]. [Laughing] So, anyway – Now what haven't we talked about?

HOHL: Oh! My parents decided it would be nice if their daughters had horseback riding lessons. So we went over to Elsie Fletcher's place, which was on what is now called – well, they used to call it the District 6 road at Dunn's Corners. If you go up and pass Wal-Mart and turn right, and go over that road, on the left there was a riding stable owned by this very nice woman, who also ran a mink ranch there.

GORDON: I haven't been there, but I remember hearing about that.

HOHL: She ran a mink ranch, and we learned a little bit about mink there, and she took us [on trail rides up in the woods across from the stable, in areas that are mostly developed now but were quite wild then] –You know, we did ride horses, but unfortunately both of us had severe allergies . My sister was worse; she had asthma very badly. And I did too, when it came to horses. So I could only take so much. But we both learned how to ride a horse from Elsie Fletcher over there. And that was – and I was always anxious because it was hotter than hell back in the woods , and there were mosquitoes around and--- just get me to the beach! I don't care about the horses; I'd like to go down to the water-- GET ME TO THE BEACH! [Laughter from all]

HOHL: Rainy days: there were a lot of them, and it's really bad if it's humid and it's raining. Nothing dries; your beach towels don't dry, and it's –

GORDON: What did people do then? We know what they do today; they watch TV!

HOHL: No, no; there was no TV. They went shopping in Westerly. And played cards: we played Go Fish, we played Old Maid, we played Canasta. We had paper dolls. You know, we amused ourselves. But it was hard. Rainy days were not happy ones, except when we were in town shopping. Then we were on High Street, where all the old stores were.

GORDON: A lot of them weren't open on Wednesdays, if I remember right.

HOHL: No they weren't! The doctors --

GORDON: The people in Westerly were 7th Day Adventists! So they'd close; The Westerly Sun didn't publish on Wednesday --or rather they didn't publish on Saturday--or Sunday?

HOHL: Saturdays they didn't publish. But the doctors took Wednesday afternoons off, and if the doctors took Wednesday afternoons off, everybody in town was closed! All the stores closed, and everybody went to the beach Wednesday afternoons.

DOYLE: Now did you visit Vars' Drug Store and have a soda and things like that?
[All talking at once]

HOHL: Oh yes, sat on a stool and had a soda. Yes, we did.

And we had a gang on the beach -- I'm sure it's the same as the kids do today. They have a group they all hang out with, and we did too. And my father had a 1934 Plymouth for fourteen years. Because of World War II, he didn't get a new car [all that time]. But the Plymouth had a running board. And in those days, we were allowed to ride home from the beach holding on and standing on the running board.

DOYLE: Oh my gosh!

HOHL: [Laughing] So we rode home on the running board.

GORDON: We did that in my dad's Model A, too!

HOHL: And when we got home from the beach in the morning, we would have lunch in our bathing suits. So we had to be very careful not to sit on any chairs that were soft. And then, as I told you, the blowing up of the Big Rock [Fresh Pond Rock] was a big blow to anybody who had known it before.

DOYLE: I've met one person that saw that happen.

HOHL: Oh, that was there at the time? Yeah--

DOYLE: Carol Waterman--

GORDON: Do we have pictures of it? Before it was --

HOHL: [And **DOYLE** simultaneously] Oh yes! We have lots of pictures before it was blown up -- with my family, my father's family sitting on it in 1920.

GORDON: Oh; I didn't get to see them yet.

HOHL: And Anne's got a lot of them, on the black [display] boards that she has.

DOYLE: Yes, I've got a lot of them.

HOHL: She's got them all laid out; they're beautiful.

There were a lot of fishermen, of course, on the beach. I can remember as a child when I saw them mending their nets, when they were still using nets to fish. And getting the crabs out of the nets, and the crabs running around the beach, and you running away from the crabs, so they wouldn't bite your toes. I also remember, vividly remember, Helen Duksta surf-casting there. And –oh, she should have taught me; I should have asked her to teach me to fish. And as I've said everybody knew everyone on the beach.

4th of July we always had sparklers, never fireworks. But lots of lobster and lots of company. My family had company a lot, and there was one couple who had a son. The father was a dentist and the mother was a very entertaining woman with a wonderful sense of humor [and extremely contagious laugh] They had this son, whose name was Harry Jr. and he must have been maybe twelve; maybe I was twelve and he was thirteen or fourteen, I don't remember.

During World War II, we were made aware that there were spies around here, and there were. And across the road here, at the Kennedy place, in a little cottage was a lieutenant, a navy lieutenant. And we would go to the beach, and there would be bottles on the beach with messages in them, written in Russian and other foreign languages. And we would take them to this naval lieutenant; and one time he told us that because of what we had given him from a bottle from the beach, they had doubled the guard on the beach that night. And we knew there were spies in the back field out here, and of course everybody was required to have the black-out shades: you could not let any light show; during the war, you could let no light show from your house at all.

And Harry Jr., the son of these friends of my parents who came to visit, one day had decided – he had spotted this person at the beach, who rode a bicycle and was kind of an odd character—and he decided one day that he was going to follow this person up the beach. And by “up the beach,” I mean way up beyond Blue Shutters into the area where the breachway is. Charlestown Breachway.

GORDON: Charlestown Breachway.

HOHL: And Harry followed this person; I think it was a woman, but I'm not positive. But whoever it was was carrying man's shoes – great big shoes. And Harry followed and watched this person meet someone up there and exchange papers from the shoes, and put new papers in the shoes this person brought back. And he figured that that was a spy, doing something. And everybody kind of pooh-poohed him, but he was old enough to know what he was doing.

DOYLE: Did he come back and tell somebody?

HOHL: Yeah; he came back and told somebody, and I guess we must have told the lieutenant across the street. But there's no question in my mind that it was true that there were spies all over the place here.

DOYLE: Did you happen to pick up Dr. Ballard's special a couple of weeks ago?

GORDON: Missed it. It was on Mother's Day.

HOHL: No, I didn't.

DOYLE: Oh; It was about U-boats. And it centered around finding a U-boat down around the Gulf Coast. But he did talk about what was happening all along the coast here. And it made me think – they came in really close.

GORDON: Do you remember walking down to the bulkhead? That great big piece of steel that stuck out --

HOHL: Yes, I do; and I have pictures of it. That was the seawall of a residence that was down there.

GORDON: A seawall. I never knew what it was, except that it was a great big piece of --

DOYLE: Is that the one with the hole in it?

GORDON: A great big piece of rusty steel sticking out of the sand. Just before you get to the airport. We walked and walked and walked to get down there.

DOYLE: Yes; we have photos of that.

HOHL: We have photos of it, some of them that I took.

DOYLE: We know exactly where it was –

GORDON: It was good exercise: "Let's walk to the bulkhead!" I thought that had something to do with World War II.

DOYLE: No; it was a protection –

HOHL: It was a seawall, a protective seawall.

DOYLE: For the cottages that were along that stretch.

HOHL: There were two owners in that general area.

Now: Nightlife! The big thing to do was to go to Watch Hill and watch the sunset and get ice cream. Another big thing in my family was to go to Ashaway, where an auctioneer by the name of Ernest Maine had an auction every Wednesday night. My mother would take us to this auction, and of course the prices were very reasonable back in those days, and she would buy plates that she liked and other things that she liked. One of them was a set of sleighbells that she used at Christmas time every year. And my father was not thrilled that she was spending – ‘cause we didn’t really have very much money. And my father was always trying to get out of her how much she had paid for those sleighbells. She would NOT tell him, and I still don’t know—and I don’t even know where they are. I don’t think we have them anymore. I don’t know what happened to them. But those auctions were hilarious. The people there and the xxx and the things that were sold – I mean chamber pots, and stuff that you can’t imagine!

GORDON: That today would be priceless--if you had the money for them then and bought them.

HOHL: Yeah; and the plates that she bought I have hanging on a plate rack in my house. I mean they must be worth a fortune now; I don’t know what she paid for them. But I do know that she loved going to those auctions, and she would say, “I’m not telling you, Duke; I don’t care what you say, I’m not telling you—“

DOYLE: You know what might be (this is an aside) fun to do as an event? Is to have somebody come and evaluate the antiques. Quonnie antiques!

HOHL: Yeah; yeah; that would be very good.

Then, we would walk to the beach; we walked down East Beach Road. Down to Mrs. Craig’s [Blue Shutters to get ice cream] when I was a very small child and my allowance was a nickel. And I would [jump up] and walk on the stone walls of the Osterhus property and other properties where the tops of the walls were flat. And inevitably I dropped my nickel down the stone wall. [Laughing] So I would give anything to be around when the wall is demolished, because there’s money of mine in there ! [Laughter]

When we grew older, we went to the bowling alley, like everybody did, and bowled duckpins; had suppers on the beach [including a lot of extrasandy marshmallows]; and the boys –well, we all went to the Haversham, but the boys went to the Knotty Pine up on Route 2, which was forbidden to the girls because I guess they had a girlie show or something up there.

DOYLE: Is this where the Meadowbrook Inn is now?

HOHL: No; it was right at the top of the – it may still be there; I don't know [laughing]. They may have turned it into something else. [Such as a fire station?]

GORDON: Wasn't it at the intersection of Route 112 and 2?

HOHL: Yes; it was right there.

GORDON: And that became the Meadowbrook at one time; and then they moved further down 112.

HOHL: And then of course we played card games, Canasta and all. I never liked card games. And my sister always won. And it infuriated me. So I just said, "You play."

HOHL: At Dunn's Corners there was a carnival every year, behind Ed Greene's store, which is now the Mobil Station. And where Valenti Subaru is, there was an open carnival field there. And they had all these rides, and of course I got deathly sick on most of them. And everybody was always trying to get me to go up in one of those rides. And I just couldn't do it because my stomach wouldn't take it. But we did have fun going to the carnival, and we also had fun going down to Misquamicut to the Dodge-Em Cars. At times, we would go down there and had fun.

GORDON: That was fun.

DOYLE: And skating, the roller skating.

HOHL: We didn't do much skating, although the – Rollerdrome it was called – was up there on Route One. But we didn't go that far, for some reason. Besides the wandering cows and bob-cats at night, there were the bats. The bats along East Beach Road here were unbelievable. And of course there were no street lights. And if we were down at my cousins' place – now I had three female cousins down where Uncle Bob and Aunt Helen lived, the Sweeny girls. And we would be there or they would be here, and there was a lot of back and forth between our cottages. And if you – and their driveway was long and dark. Now we're quite close to the road, so if a car came along there was some light. But their driveway was really dark, and then the rest of East Beach Road was so dark –and the bats were everywhere. And I'm telling you: we RAN between the cottages. We ran up and down that road, to avoid whatever was there. And of course there were mosquitoes all over the place – and still are.

And then, the phosphorescents in the water, the ocean water at night – you've seen those, I'm sure. I loved those. [And the moon coming up over the water – a sight to see, and I could not understand why so few people ever walked the beach at night, back in the days when it was safe to do so, before druggies and drunkards took over.]

HOHL:

And we've talked about going to the square dances, but I 'd like to add that we did not do much dancing at the Sea Breeze-- mostly the ones at the Grange. But at the Sea Breeze Inn, there was a dog named Benny. He was a very large mix of some kind of --I can't tell you what he was. But anyway, somehow Benny and my sister connected. And the dog followed her home. And we would take him back to the Sea Breeze Inn, and pretty soon he would re-appear here, at the doorstep, looking for my sister! I can't tell you how long that went on. And that was my only real memory of the Sea Breeze Inn, because we never stayed there, because we had our own place. We never ate there, either; and yet this dog -- my sister really loved him, and he loved her. And he was a very lovable old bear-type dog, you know -- just wonderful!

All right; I just want to say a little bit about how I grew. Quonny has done so much for me, as a growth experience. In the first place, I grew out of my scratchy wool bathing suit, which every little kid had, on the beach in those days--those scratchy wool suits-- to a two-piece bathing suit -- before I realized I didn't look good in a two-piece bathing suit!

I grew from hating lobster to loving it; my parents had lobster feeds here every time they had company, when lobster was 90 cents a pound or less, and my sister and I had tomato sandwiches because we would not eat the lobster [Laughing]. And I think back on those days and I ask myself : "You stupid jerk, why did you not learn to like lobster sooner?" [Laughter from others]

I grew in understanding of my parents' importance to each other and of their working for the [benefit of] the family, particularly my father's efforts at always getting the water on and functional, and off for the winter months. Though we did come up once in a while at Thanksgiving, and I can remember at least one Thanksgiving here when it snowed. Upstairs in the sleeping loft, he had a very intricate and involved system of curtains that he would hang up there to hold the heat in. There was a small furnace in this cottage at the time, but there is none now: It died the year my father died. He went out of his way to make certain that everything was comfortable, as comfortable as possible, for his family.

My mother did the same, with her concern for us as teenagers growing up, and her willingness to get up at one o'clock in the morning and make pie and entertain our friends. To me, that is almost unheard of today.

HOHL:

And I can't even imagine doing it myself. But that's what she did, and it was because she wanted her kids at home with their friends, where they were safe and having a good time and not getting into trouble. And we didn't get into trouble.

And I also grew in my ability to wait for the best. When I grew up in Scarsdale, New York, everybody went to Playland to swim. And my mother would not allow us to swim there because of the polio danger.

DOYLE and **GORDON**: Polio--

HOHL: And she said, “Wait for the best, wait till we get to Quonny to swim, where the water is good, and the drinking water is good.” And I am so aware nowadays of the importance of good drinking water. The well on this property, when we were growing up in the ‘40’s and ‘50’s, she told me that this well, at that time, was over a hundred years old and had never gone dry. It’s thirteen feet deep. And we have never had – well, it’s been polluted a couple of times; I’ve had to have it cleaned, but we have never run out of water. It’s never gone dry, to my knowledge.

I also grew, particularly, in respect for the power of the ocean, which a lot of people do not understand -- the power of the ocean, and what can happen if you don’t pay attention to that.

I learned how to work for someone else. Helen Duksta hired both my sister and me to be household helpers. I helped them get many clambakes together and learned something about clambakes from doing that. And I always had to do more than I had thought, which was a good thing for me to learn that way, when I was a kid.

Back to the lobster: I learned how to cook and eat it, cook it *properly* and eat it. Now, my mother always said, “Cook lobster *one hour* if you steam it, if you boil it.” (Yeah – and I get that reaction everywhere!) And it is tender and delicious [cooked an hour]. And if you get lobster from Stop and Shop or Shaw’s, steamed for seven minutes or twelve minutes, it’s inedible as far as I’m concerned. It’s not anything like what my mother’s lobster was.

HOHL: I also learned what not to say to local people. I learned –and my mother would always say, “Never talk about anybody in Westerly because they’re all related.” [Laughter from all] And they are, still!

I learned not to tell everybody where I got blueberries because that isn’t very carefully kept secret. [Laughter]

I also learned never to leave water on the floor, because my sister –I had left a puddle of water on the floor in the kitchen, and my sister fell and hit her breast and opened it up on a – there was a sharp corner on that counter, that has since been fixed; now it’s rounded but it was a sharp corner.

I also learned not to walk barefoot in the pond, because of crabs. [Laughing] I learned not to stand up in a rowboat, not to go out on the pond with Uncle Bob without a sandwich. I learned to take a stick with me when blackberrying because of thorns, and to wear shoes in the hot sand. I learned that black sand was iron. And I learned not to sit on a wooden chair in a wet bathing suit.

At the Grange, I learned how to do a polka and square dance. And finally, I learned that if I kissed a boy good night after the square dance, it was known by everybody on the beach the next day. [Laughter from all]

I guess those are really the most important lessons that I learned having grown up at Quonny. But they were good lessons, and I’ve been happy that I learned them here. Now what – do you have questions that you want to ask? Or --

DOYLE: I’ve enjoyed listening to you. I really did. I know I’ve heard some of these stories before, but to sit here and really listen—

GORDON: It’s really opened my mind to a lot of things that have been dormant. You know, going to the Crossroads for ice cream; we used to do that, and just the sounds: it was so quiet, it was so different.

HOHL: Well, it certainly is different today. You know: the farmland is gone—

DOYLE: But to realize what you –I’m glad you ended it with what you learned, because sometimes you don’t understand, with the way Quonnie was, how that was absorbed into your being. I often think about that, because today –

GORDON: It makes you realize --, you know the young children coming down today and enjoying everything – but it’s never ever going to be the way it was.

DOYLE: No; it’s not.

HOHL: No, it’s never going to be that way, ever again.

GORDON: But also, there was so much to enjoy, and also it’s sad in that so much is being destroyed. You talk about the animals and the birds and the snakes – not that we want snakes--but the naturalness of it is gone.

HOHL: The rural character of it is really disappearing, which is very depressing..

GORDON: It's almost like a city. And I kind of fear that everyone down here has to rely upon a well or well water coming from the system; it doesn't come from a reservoir. I live in Warwick and depend on the xxx reservoir for our water. So it's a little bit scary for where it's going into the future. And how people are going to be able to live.

DOYLE: I know.

HOHL: Well, you know, it started – I remember coming up here the day after the 1938 Hurricane. My father came up, and of course there were guards at the top of the road not allowing people down who didn't have property. And today they're pretty strict about that. At that time, my father did get through. I don't know how he did it, but he did; I don't know whether he had any proof that he owned property down here but he managed to get through.

But I will never forget driving into that land and seeing that roof –the roof of the barn-- on the ground --intact. There wasn't a shingle off the roof, because he had just had it re-done. In fact he paid for it the day after the hurricane. But to see that damage, to see what the wind had done –And then to hear what the water had done –And that was the main reason he said, "I will never have a cottage on the beach or near the beach, or down where the ocean can reach us."

And this cottage, right now, is not in the flood plain, as defined by whatever authorities there are. But we are only 800 feet from Ninigret Pond here.

DOYLE: Was this flooded during any of those –

HOHL: No; no. But our insurance company, my father's insurance company, notified me – what—five years ago?—eight years ago?—that they would no longer insure this property because we were too close to the pond.

GORDON: What was the name of that? I had that, too. I had to get--

HOHL: So we had to go to the Rhode Island Joint Reinsurance Company, because no one else would insure it. And my father had been a customer of this company for years, since the 1930's.

GORDON: I had the same thing happen. I'm trying to think of the name of it. I paid it for years and years and years, up until five years ago.

HOHL: Thorp and Trainor it was.

GORDON: Yes. Thorp and Trainor.

HOHL: But to see the kind of damage – and of course there were other places besides our own that were dramatically affected and ruined.

GORDON: And that last storm – on Surfside Avenue—that was so bad. And you got water, --too, right?

DOYLE: Well, this—well we got water in 2010, when we had – it was the end of March, the very end of March, when we had the flood. That’s when we got water in the cellar, and we didn’t even know it. It was the first time we’d ever had that happen. But we were just in a place where the water kind of drained through –

GORDON: We have a full basement in my house and we didn’t get a drop of water.

HOHL: Well, it’s just been the experience of my life. I mean – I grew up in Scarsdale, New York, but don’t feel like that’s home. This is home.

DOYLE: I feel the same way.

HOHL: Exactly. This is my home. Of course, I have to say, I am a direct descendant of Roger Williams. So why shouldn’t it be? This is on my father’s side. And we actually joined the Roger Williams Family Association at one ; point and I still hear from them occasionally.

GORDON: Where was I reading about them? It was in yesterday’s paper. Can’t remember her name, but it was in yesterday’s paper. It said she was a direct descendant of Roger Williams.

HOHL: But my father decided that he was too busy to get involved, because he had agreed to do something that when he got home, he said, “Why did I ever do that?” And he immediately withdrew from what he had said he was going to do. And I have never been active with them, because most of the time that they have their functions, I am very busy doing other things.

GORDON: This is on your father’s side.

HOHL: On my father’s side, yes.

DOYLE: I want to thank you very much, Charlotte. This has been so wonderful to hear all your stories. I really enjoyed it, and I know Joan did too.

HOHL: I’ve probably omitted something very important, but I think we got most of it.

DOYLE: Oh, I think we did. Thank you very much.

HOHL: You’re welcome. Thank you.

END OF RECORDING

Quonochontaug Historical Society



P.O. Box 46, Charlestown, RI 02813