

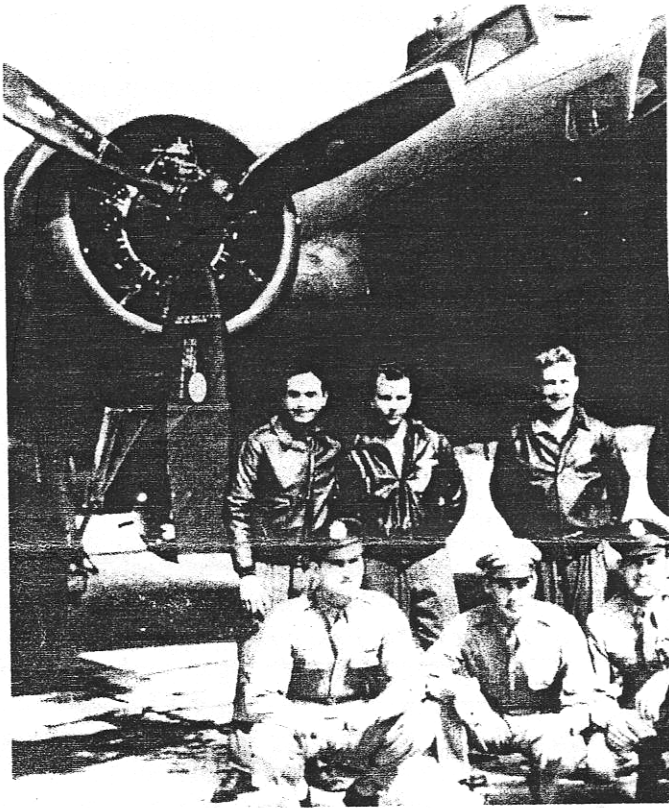
EAST • PROVIDENCE • HISTORICAL • SOCIETY



GAZETTE

John Hunt House
Vol. X No. 5

January 1999



B-17 Crew. Anthony J. Korkuk is in the center of back row.

ROBERT KORKUK to speak at “Pot Luck Supper” Meeting Monday, January 25, 6:00 pm Newman Church

Robert Korkuk of Merrimack, N. H. will speak to the Historical Society about his uncle **Anthony J. Korkuk**'s experiences in **World War II**.

There is a marker on the corner of West and Newman Avenues in Seekonk in honor of his uncle. Robert has done research at Arlington Cemetery and many members of his family live in East Providence, Barrington, Pawtucket, Seekonk and North Attleboro.

It is hoped that many will attend, as it should be an interesting meeting. Come for the *Pot Luck Supper* and enjoy the program.

Regular Business Meeting will follow. The membership will be called to provide a main dish, salad or dessert, and the number of persons attending.

FROM THE ATTIC

by Edna Anness, Museum Curator

In last month's newsletter we listed the names of people who loaned or donated items for the Crescent Park Exhibition. We also would like to thank **Richmond Day, Henry Stadt and Fred and Alice Reinhardt** for their contributions. Our sincere apologies for the omission.

This month I defer my space to **George Amaral**, who has written a wonderful story about the **Amaral Farm**. That area in the eastern center of the city was largely dairy farmland at the turn of the century.

We have two East Providence Dairy bottles in the museum...one from **George Amaral** and one from **Burt Chace**. Please read the tale of the **East Providence Dairy/Amaral Farm** inside this month's newsletter.



East Providence Dairy milk bottle ca. 1908

Board Briefs

At the January Board Meeting, the idea of having a fund-raising Pasta Supper surfaced.

Here are the options:

Yes No Are you interested in helping?

Yes No Are you interested in a catered affair?

Yes No Are you more interested in some other kind of fund raiser?

Bring your responses to the January 25 meeting for discussion.

Special Notice

The Hunt House will be closed during January and February. For information about the society or to gain access to the house, call 438-1750. The telephone is monitored daily. Virginia Berwick, Museum Chairman, will also accept calls: 434-0998.

The GAZETTE

is published monthly by the
 EAST•PROVIDENCE•HISTORICAL•SOCIETY
 P.O. Box 4774, East Providence, RI 02916-4774
 (401) 438-1750

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The
 GAZETTE
 is printed at



3 Crescent View Avenue, Riverside

ACCESSIONS - GIFTS

Jara Dreyer - Book put out by Rumford Company
 "Household Handbook"

Fales & Ruth Pierce - Two postcards of Hunts Mills

Nancy Stevens - Two Hunts Mills postcards.

Helen & Paul Nelson - Postcard of Boyden Heights.

Fred & Alice Reinhardt - Large leather change purse used in the concessionaires stands at Crescent Park.



Thank you.

Your generosity is greatly appreciated!

"IN MEMORIAM" PLANTS

The society is accepting donations for perennial and other plants as memorials. When the Hunt House landscaping is completed, visitors to the grounds will be presented with a plant list as labeled in the garden and a list of memorials and their donors. Plants are expected to cost from \$5 to \$25 depending on type and size. Checks should be made out to the

East Providence Historical Society and sent to
 Raymond E. Anderson
 c/o East Providence Historical Society
 P.O. Box 4774, East Providence, RI 02916



In memory of...

A donation was made to the Society's

Memorial Fund

in memory of

Beverly Chalko

who recently passed away.

Sadly Missed... Fondly Remembered

LONE STAR CALL

I am studying Rhode Island in my 5th grade class. I would like to receive postcards from your state. If you could help us cover our wall with postcards, I would appreciate it and we would learn a lot.

MICHAEL WREN

Mr. Black's Class

Intermediate School, Stephenville, Texas 76417

New Members

Warm Welcome to Our New Members

Frank and Susan Dearnley



Sunday Afternoon and Off to the Farm

by George Amaral

Early one Sunday afternoon in 1934 my father (popa) Joaquim d'Amaral and I started our walk to the trolley stop. From the homestead at 117 Summit St., in the Watchemoket section of East Providence, walking in my father's footsteps, shaded from the afternoon sun by his shadow. We walked down Summit St. crossing-over at Taunton Ave. to Cobb St., then right onto Potter St., passing Potter Street School to Warren Ave. Along the way he would tip his hat as he said "hello" to neighbors. We arrived at the trolley stop in front of St. Mary's Episcopal Church, just in time. Here comes the trolley, I see it in the distance turning the corner at Watchemoket Square. It is coming up Warren Ave. hill past the Odd Fellows Hall - my popa hails the conductor to stop. We board the trolley, it starts up the hill... clang, clang. My popa and I quick-step down the aisle and plunk ourselves on the hard wooden seat. I sit by the window. It seems like a long ride for an eleven year old. Suddenly my popa stands up and reaches over my head to yank the stop cord. It clangs and the conductor now knows to let us off at the next stop. My popa starts up the aisle to the front. I bounce up the aisle right behind him, holding on to the seat bars. My popa drops the fare into a glass box on a stand - the coins swirl around inside clinking as they go to the bottom. The trolley doors open folding to the sides and each step down is a giant step for me. Now we are standing directly across from the Wampanoag Trail, better known as just the *Trail*. This trail was the foot trail of the Wampanoag Indians who traveled it from Mt. Hope, Bristol (where they lived) going to the banks of the Rulhins River [sic] (Runnin River) to fish and hunt.

Popa and I are walking the Trail. We have passed the Kent Farm house. Popa decides to take a short cut across the Kent fields to reach his brother John's Farm and Dairy. It was on Old Amaral Farm Road. He, João (John) d'Amaral, bought it in 1900 and that's where we are going for our Sunday visit. Taking the short-cut my popa said to me (his young American son) in Portuguese "*Jorge vamos por aqui, que fica mais perto.*" "George let's go this way, which is closer". We are now 500 yards from Old Amaral Farm Road by the way the crow flies - crossing Farmer Kent's field - trespassing of course.

The afternoon sun shown brightly across the tall golden grass. The joyful song of the Vesper sparrow fills the air. When suddenly the silence is broken by something that sound like the swish of a Wampanoag Indian's arrow. Only it was louder and it ended with a bang. It was a rifle shot! Farmer Kent had spotted us and was firing buck-shot at us so that we would get off his property! Louder than the buck-shot was my father's *CORISCO*, the Portuguese word for bolt of lightning. Right then and there like a bolt of lightning the two of us started running toward the pond and fieldstone wall - on the other side of it to the dirt road. Phew! Those

volleys of Yankee buck-shot broke the peaceful silence around the countryside. The crows cawed as they flew overhead in circles, the mourning doves flapped their wings as they took flight heavenward. We're on the run. The tall field grass bends at the weight of our footsteps. Ahead of us a flock of red-wing black birds take to the air from the swamp reeds that edge the pond, and in my imagination they look like a regiment of Red Coats taking flight. We had reached the fieldstone wall where a beautiful red-ringed pheasant alighted.

Phew! All out of breath and still a quarter of the way to go to reach Uncle John's farm. The farm house and horse barn were now in view, just a short distance down the road. My popa and I walked over to greet his brother John, my uncle, who was sitting under the huge apple tree. My popa gave his younger brother a bear-hug and they exchanged greetings. I looked up at my uncle with his red mustache and speaking in the old Portuguese tradition of respect, asked for his blessing and he answered, "May God bless you". I thanked him, "*muito obrigado*". As the two of them walked to the farm house, I sat on the gathering bench under the big old apple tree. So-called 'gathering bench' because that was the spot where on Sundays and holidays family and friends gathered, and for recent immigrants to get advice as to the American ways, and men would ask around if anyone knew of farmers that were looking for farm hands. At sunset those leaving early to go home would help themselves to farm produce and milk, which my uncle would have his farm hands go in the fields to pick, then place on a table.

After a rest I got up off the gathering bench and walked over to the farm house to say hello to my Uncle Antonio (Tony) and Aunt Mary and Aunt Violante. My Aunt Mary, seeing that I was bored with the conversation, came over to me and said, "Go outside for a walk and see the horses and pigs". I visited the barn to see the horses, then climbed up to the hay loft, remembering all the fun I had with my cousins when they visited the farm. Walking through the small fruit orchard I came to the dirt road that went down to where the pigs were. I was chasing some chickens who were ahead of me. (They usually stayed close to the open area in front of the cook house). Continuing down the road I began to hear the grunting old pigs protecting their young who squealed and ran around the pens. Because of the smell, I quickly took the path along side the vegetable garden. One garden was planted with rows of celery (the only celery grown in the area) blanching in their base covers made of heavy brown paper. This kept the sun from the stalks so that they would turn white. I saw the spray of water shooting out from the irrigation pipes, row after row watering the vegetable plants. The path took me to the dairy (East Providence Dairy) where fresh milk was pasteurized (first one in town), bottled, capped and put into racks. The racks were then placed in the cold-water spring pool which also held the tall steel milk

(continued on page 4)

Sunday Afternoon and off to the Farm

(continued from page 3)

storage cans. My visit to my uncle's farm was coming to the end. I left the dairy, walking up the dirt road past the tall metal (generator) wind-mill on my right side and the tall fields of corn on my left. Then the fenced-in orchard of plum, pear, apple and peach trees. I had walked a complete circle, returning to sit on the gathering bench under the big old apple tree, across from the cook-house where the farm workers were fed. At noon my Aunt Mary with a steel bar would hit the angle iron as it rang out the call to eat.

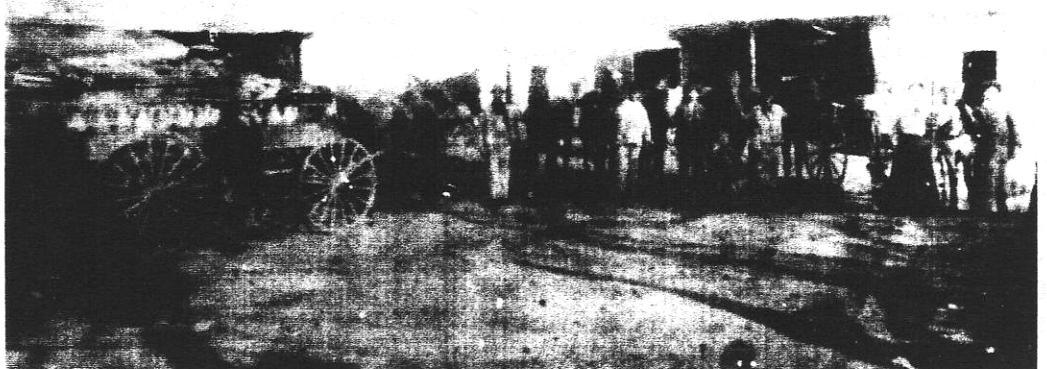
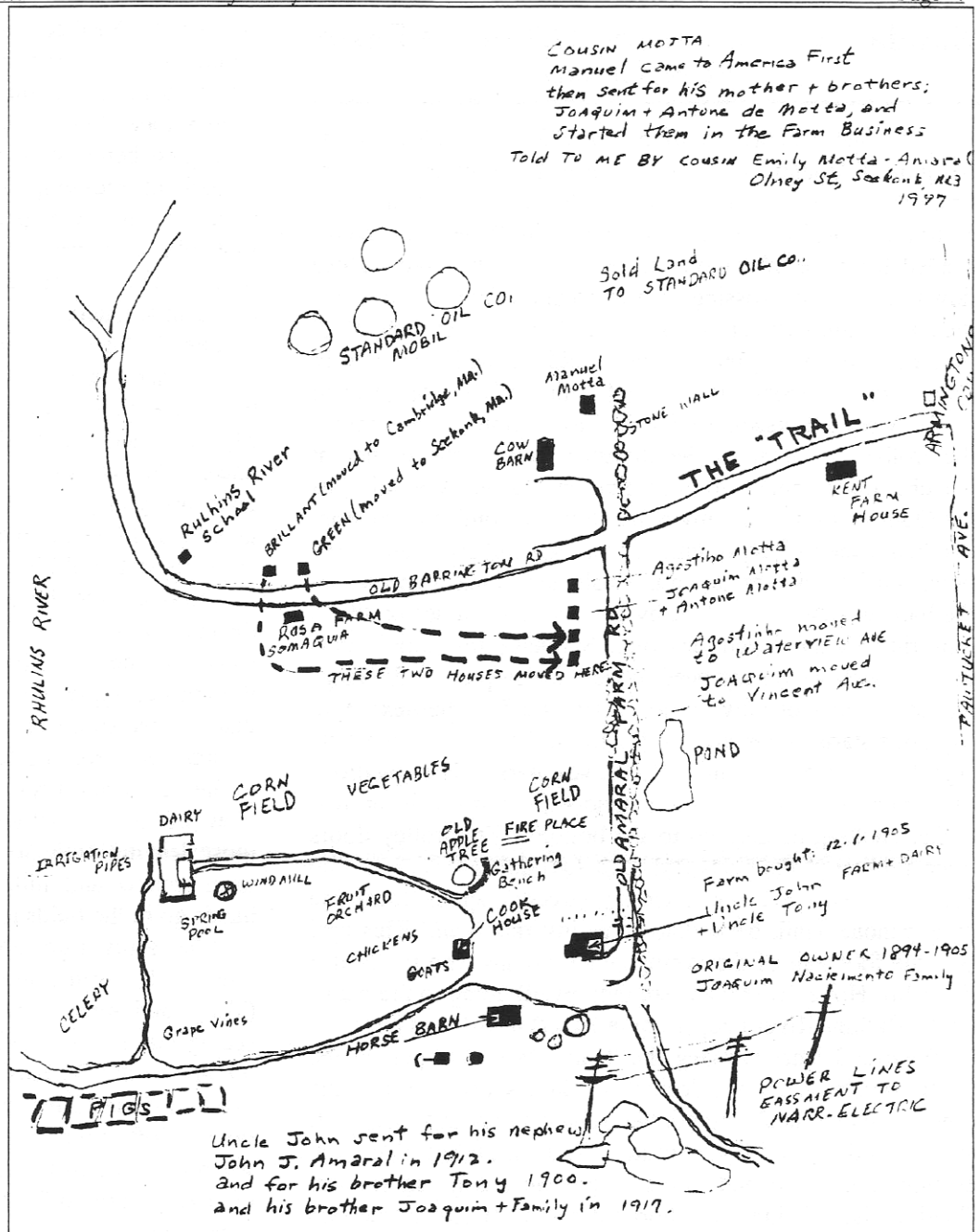
We left after we heard the cow bells. At sunset the cows were herded from the pasture past the farm house, down the dirt road (Old Amaral Farm Road) to our cousin Manuel Motta's cow barn at the furthest end of the road which crosses the Wampanoag Trail.

The Sunday visit over, all the good-byes said. Now comes the big thrill of the day: the ride home in my Uncle John's big Cadillac.

We sincerely thank George Amaral for putting his memories into words and sharing them with us.

Group Picture

Man standing holding milk can is John Amaral, Sr. Man with derby is his nephew John J. Amaral. Dairy wagon driver is Antonio Amaral. Others pictured are: Mr. Morris of Warren, RI, two children: Mame and Rose, John Amaral Sr.'s wife Violante, Antonio Amaral's wife Mary. The wagon on the left holds milk cans.



View history of unique Looff Carousel in Riverside

by David Kelleher

The Crescent Park Carousel was constructed sometime between 1895 and 1898. The carousel shed is a one-story 14-sided structure enclosed by an unadorned wood frame infilled with four sliding and four stationary window panels in each bay, with vertical siding below. Four bays (originally several more) contain two sets each of double-folding doors that give access to the interior. The upper portion of each bay contains a tripartite transom filled with stationary window panels that have border panes of colored glass. The structure is covered with a polygonal hip roof broken by a clerestory with four window panels in each bay. The roof originally rose to a peak but sometime before 1909, a cupola with onion dome was added.

Inside, the carousel is a circular structure, 50 feet in diameter with a wooden platform surmounted by 62 horses, a camel, and four chariots. The rim and center housing enclosing the drive mechanism are decorated in a florid neo-baroque style; the housing is topped by a central post supporting a large, gilded carved wooden eagle.

The carousel is larger than the average merry-go-round of the period and is unusual because each animal is different in design. The band organ was installed shortly after the turn of the century and was manufactured by A. Ruth and Son, a noted German manufacturer of such instruments. The carousel and band organ were originally powered by steam from the park's central plant but are now operated by a 1500 horsepower, 550 volt, three-phase electric motor. Light was originally provided by a gas chandelier suspended over the center post (its fittings are still in place); the electric bulbs attached to the posts, carousel sweeps, and central housing had probably replaced the chandelier by the 1920's.

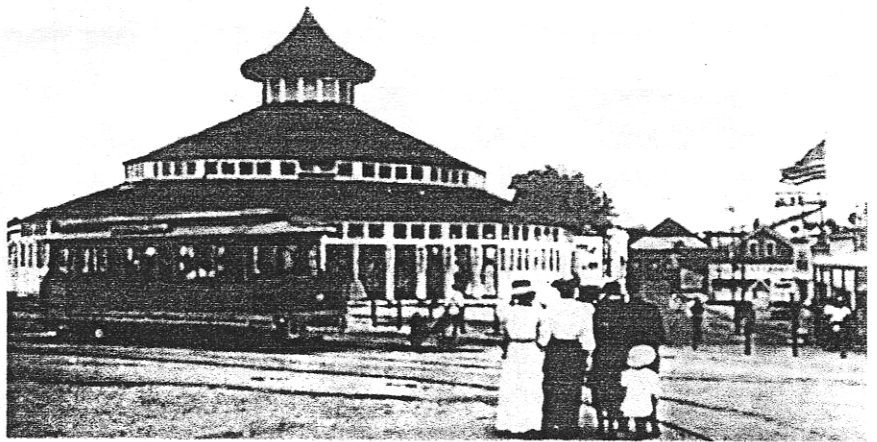
The Crescent Park Carousel is said to be among the finest surviving examples of its type in the country and is one of the most outstanding creations of Charles I.D. Looff (1852-1918), one of America's earliest and foremost carousel manufacturers. Looff, a native of Schleswig-Holstein, emigrated to New York in 1870. Trained as a furniture maker, he

spent his spare time on carousel construction before entering the business full time in 1880 when he opened a plant in Brooklyn. Looff was probably the first man in the United States to both carve the figures and manufacture the frames that carried them. His shop never became very large because he did most of the carving himself and closely supervised the work of the few assistants that he did employ.

Looff established a branch factory at Crescent Park, and in 1905, when the Brooklyn shop was forced to close, Crescent Park became the base of his operations. Looff used the Crescent Park Carousel as a display for prospective clients and he ornamented it with every type of figure he was capable of producing in his shop. The shop was attached to the rear of the carousel but has since been demolished. The Crescent Park Carousel is thus extremely unusual, if not unique, in its variety. It is a veritable museum of the work of Looff, who has long been regarded as one of the most distinguished practitioners in his field.

Also noteworthy is the fact that Looff designed the shed in addition to the figures and the frame supporting them. The Crescent Park Carousel has stood virtually unaltered since Looff moved from East Providence to Long Beach, CA in 1910. That his carousel remains intact on its original site is yet another feature which makes it a rare and significant artifact.

Article first published in the East Providence Post 11/12/98.



The very famous Crescent Park Carousel in Riverside



A Night of

Ballroom Dancing & Listening
featuring the

Strictly Sentimental Swing Band

Monday, April 26 at 7:30 p.m.

Post 10 American Legion, Willett Ave., Riverside



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Events Calendar

JANUARY

Monday, January 25, 6:00 p.m.

*Pot Luck Supper *Program* Business Meeting*

Newman Church, Rumford

FEBRUARY

Wednesday, February 3, 7:30 p.m.

BOARD MEETING

John Hunt House, Hunts Mills Rd.

Thursday, February 4, 6:00 p.m.

E. P. Historic Properties Study Commission

George & Claudette Field Residence

1474 Pawtucket Avenue, Rumford

Monday, February 22

To Be Announced

Holding date in case January 25

Pot Luck Supper "Snowed Out"

EAST•PROVIDENCE•HISTORICAL•SOCIETY

MARKER PROGRAM

Your Home May Be Eligible for a MARKER



Any building in the City of East Providence which contributes to the historical development or architectural character of the City is eligible to be considered for a historical marker.

Send the coupon below to:

The Marker Program

East Providence Historical Society

P.O. Box 4774

East Providence, RI 02916-4774

I am interested in receiving information about
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