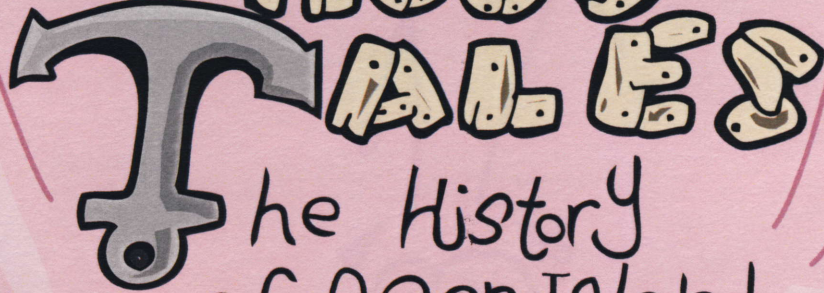
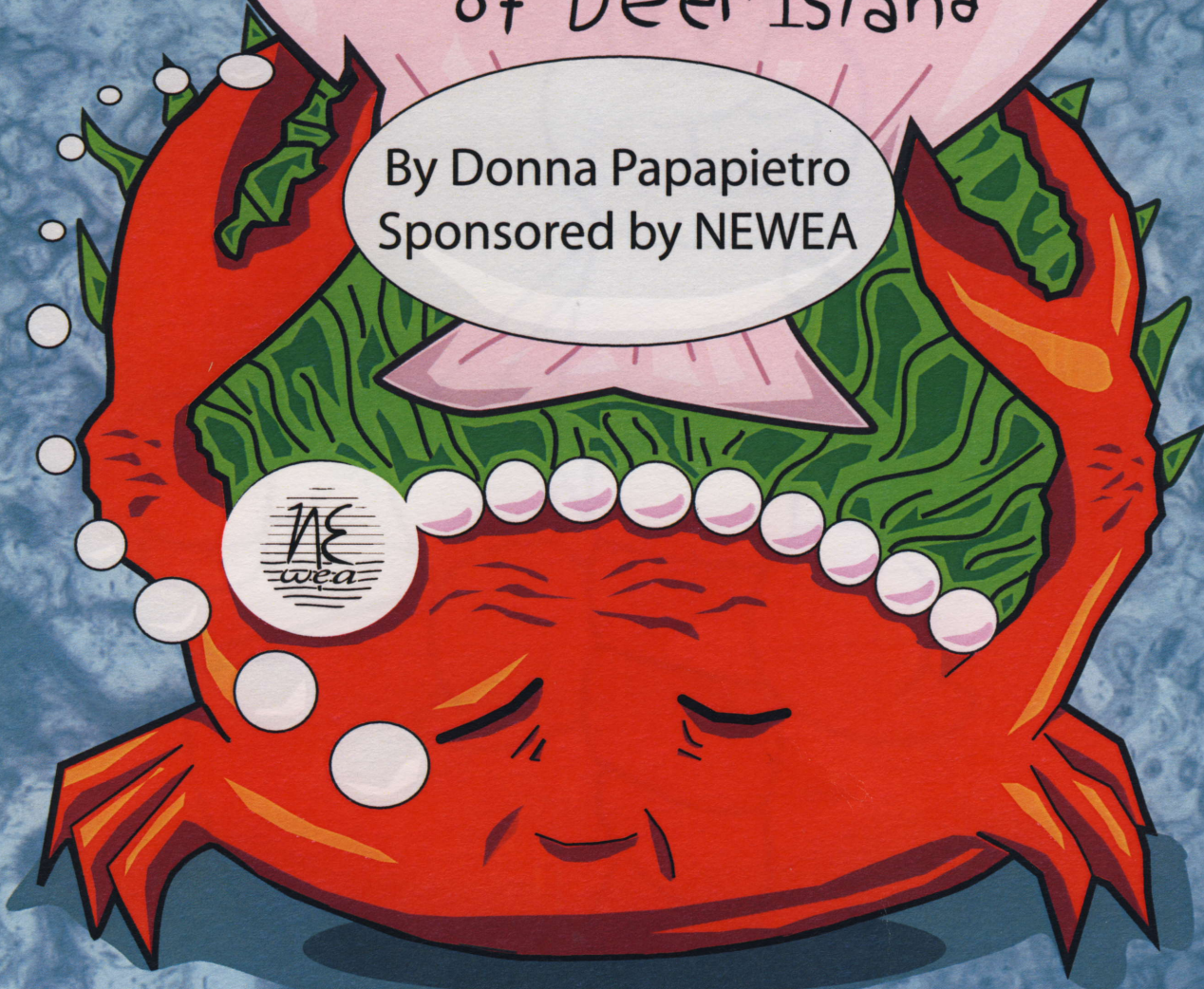


the
**HARBOR
HOOD
TALES**



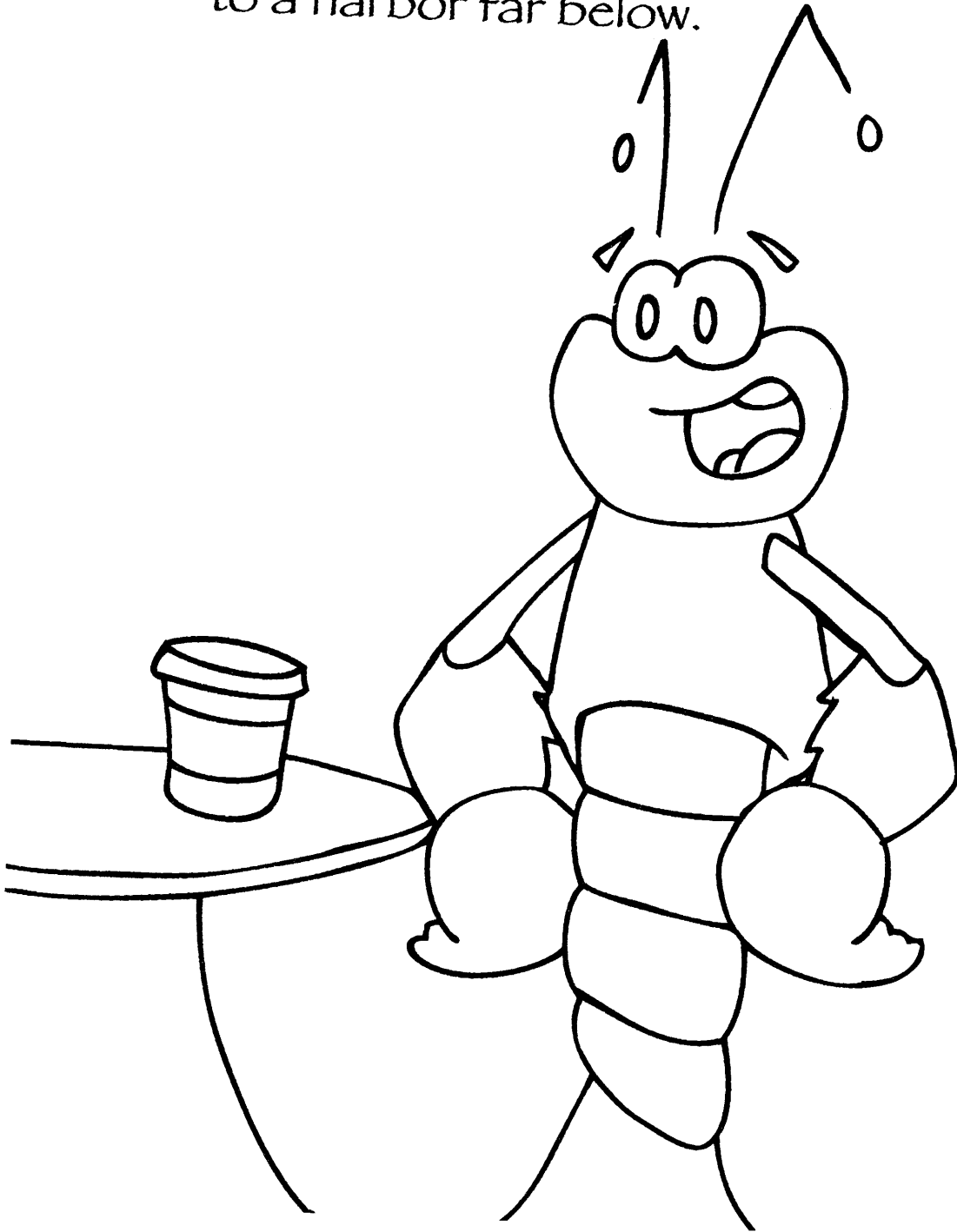
the History
of Deer Island

By Donna Papapietro
Sponsored by NEWEA



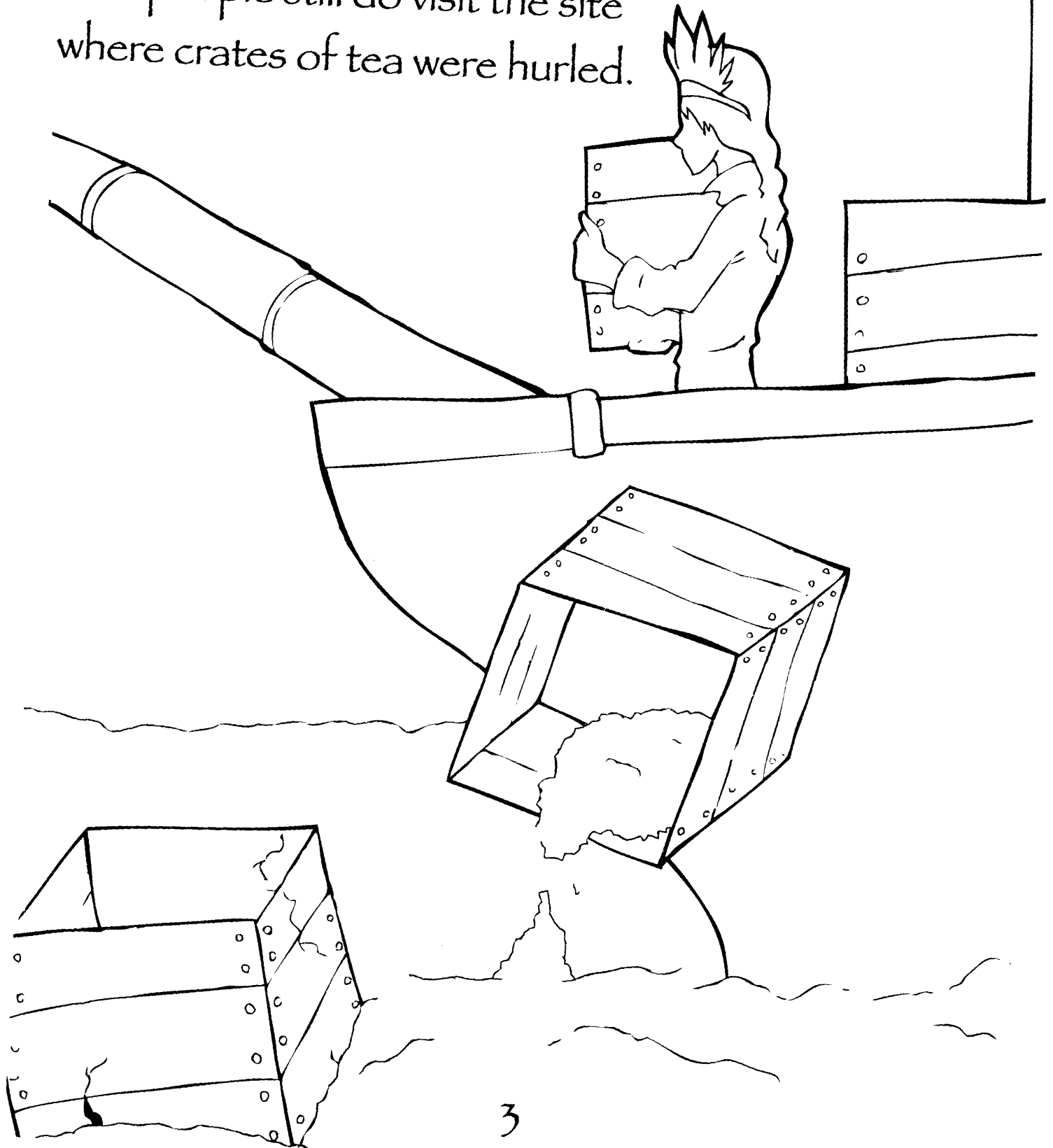
You may have heard the story
'bout a party long ago,

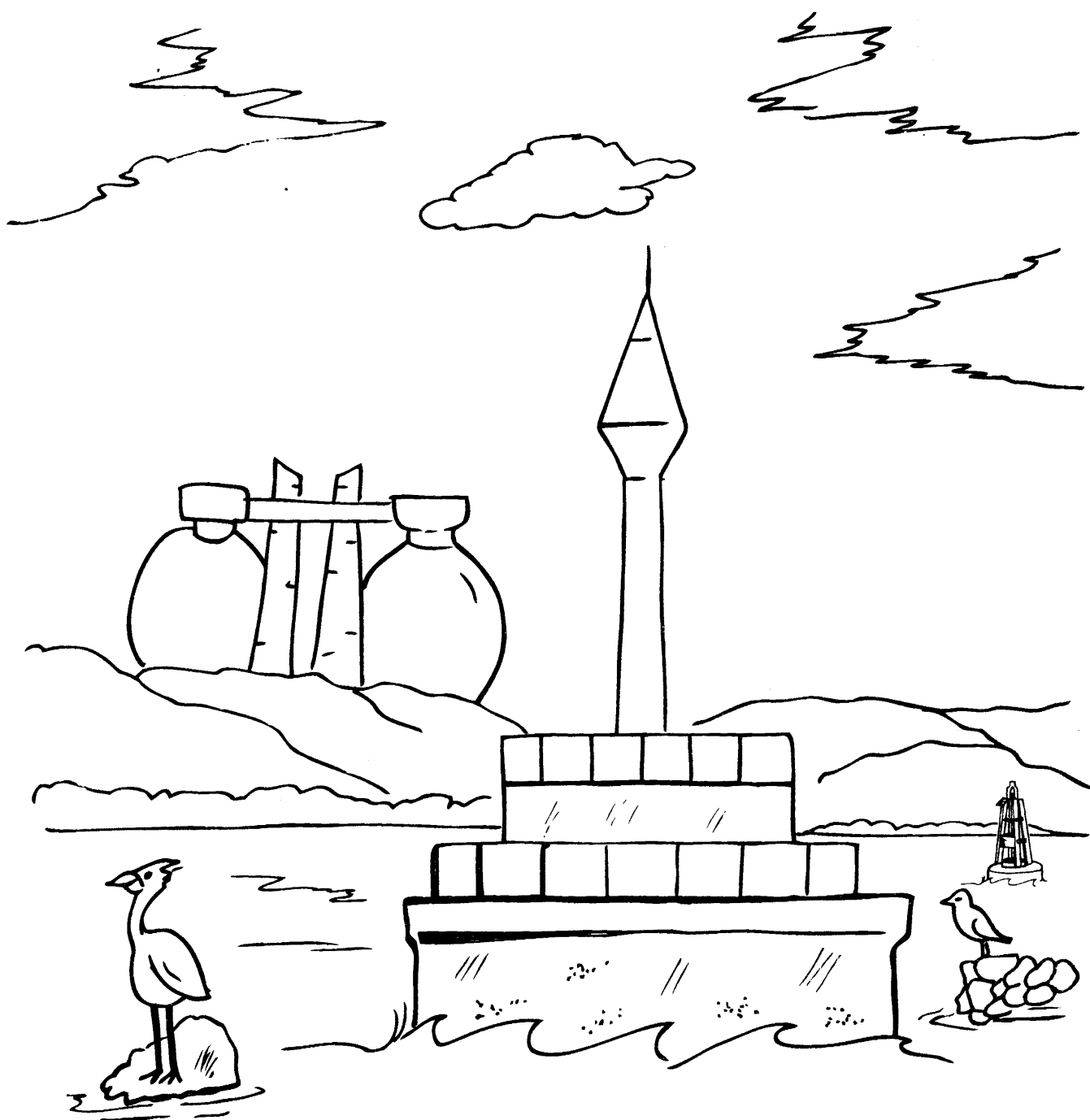
When tea was tossed from city docks
to a harbor far below.



Boston's Tea Party is widely known
to those around the world,

And people still do visit the site
where crates of tea were hurled.



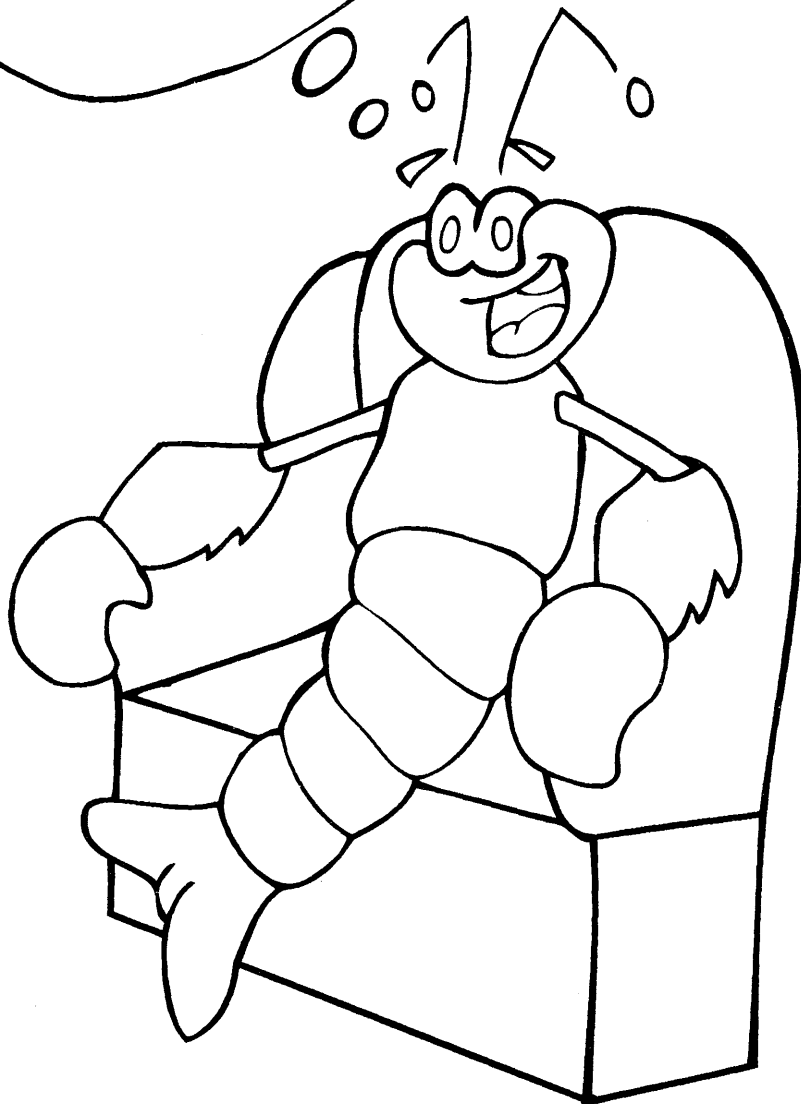


I didn't live here way back when
that party was a-swingin',

I was born much later near a harbor isle
by a buoy bell a-ringin'.

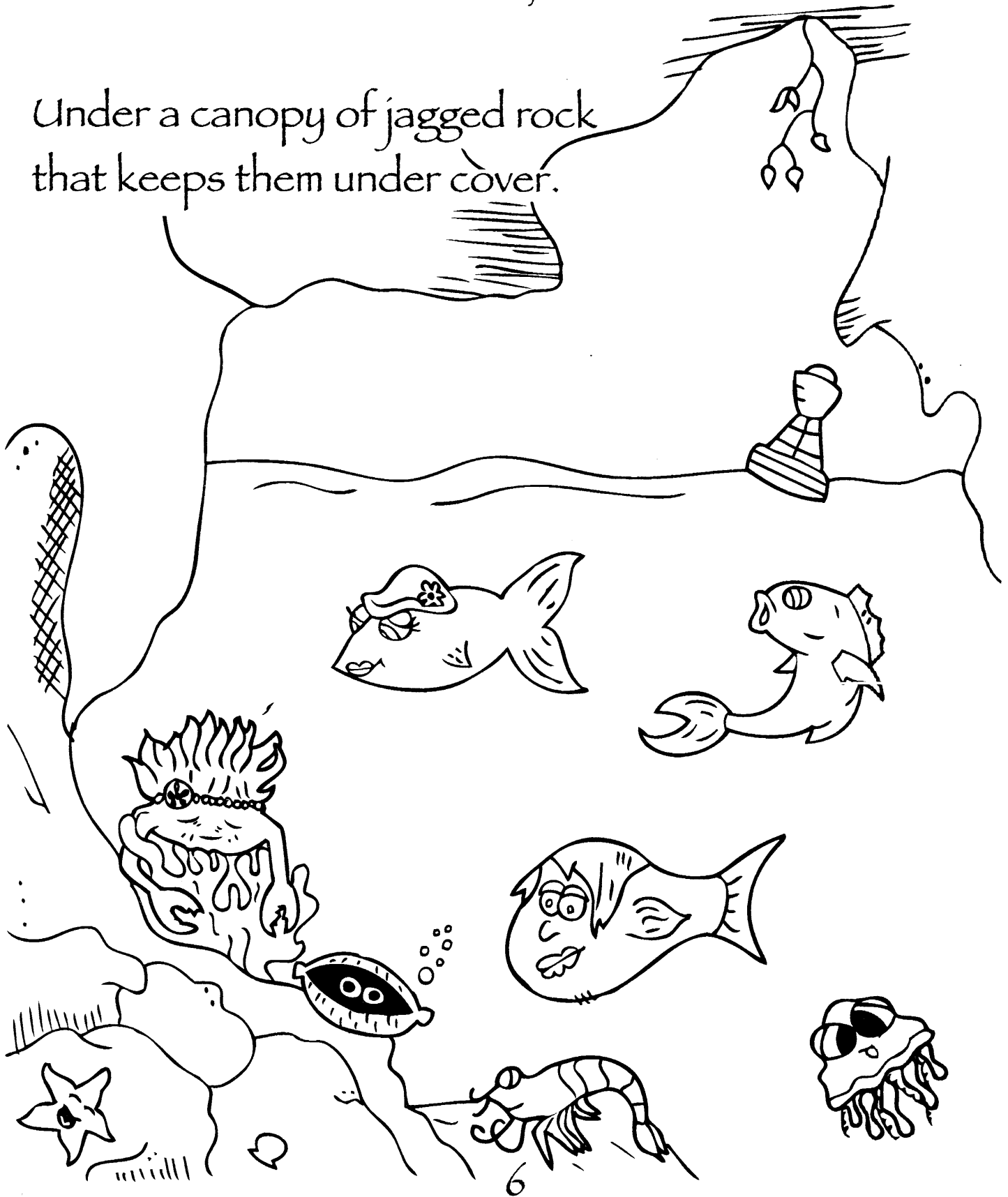
The isle I live near is very small,
but rich in tales of old,

And friends of mine in the harborhood
meet to hear stories again retold.



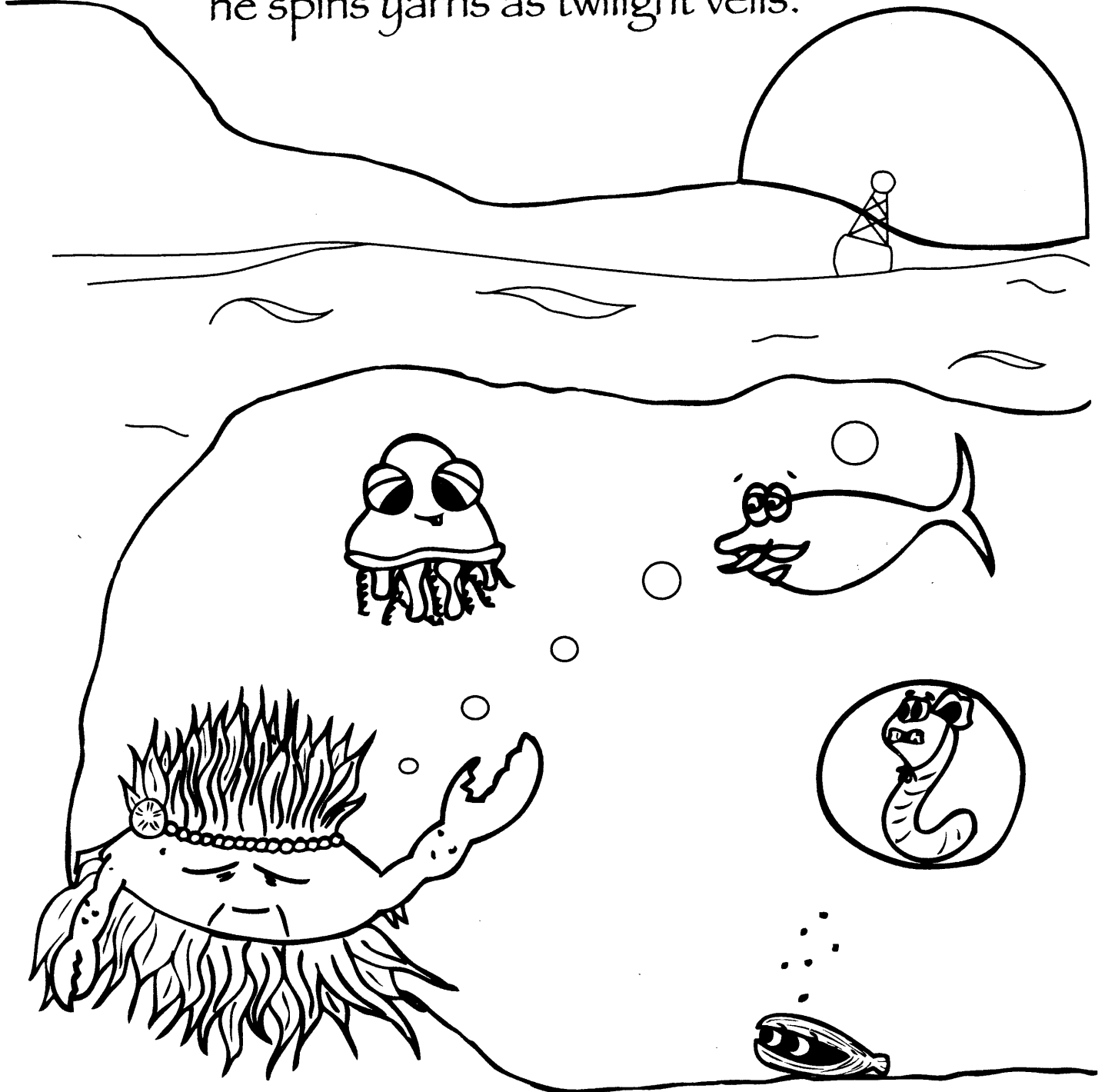
On lazy-hazy summer nights
the fish and flounder hover,

Under a canopy of jagged rock
that keeps them under cover.



Chief King Crab is old and wise
knowing all the harbor tales,

Perched on a pile of seaweed,
he spins yarns as twilight veils.



This island was a prison camp
in a war fought long ago

And fellow natives here were held
for at least a year or so.



My people grew unhappy
some years after the Pilgrims landed,

The settlers took so very much
leaving natives lost and stranded.

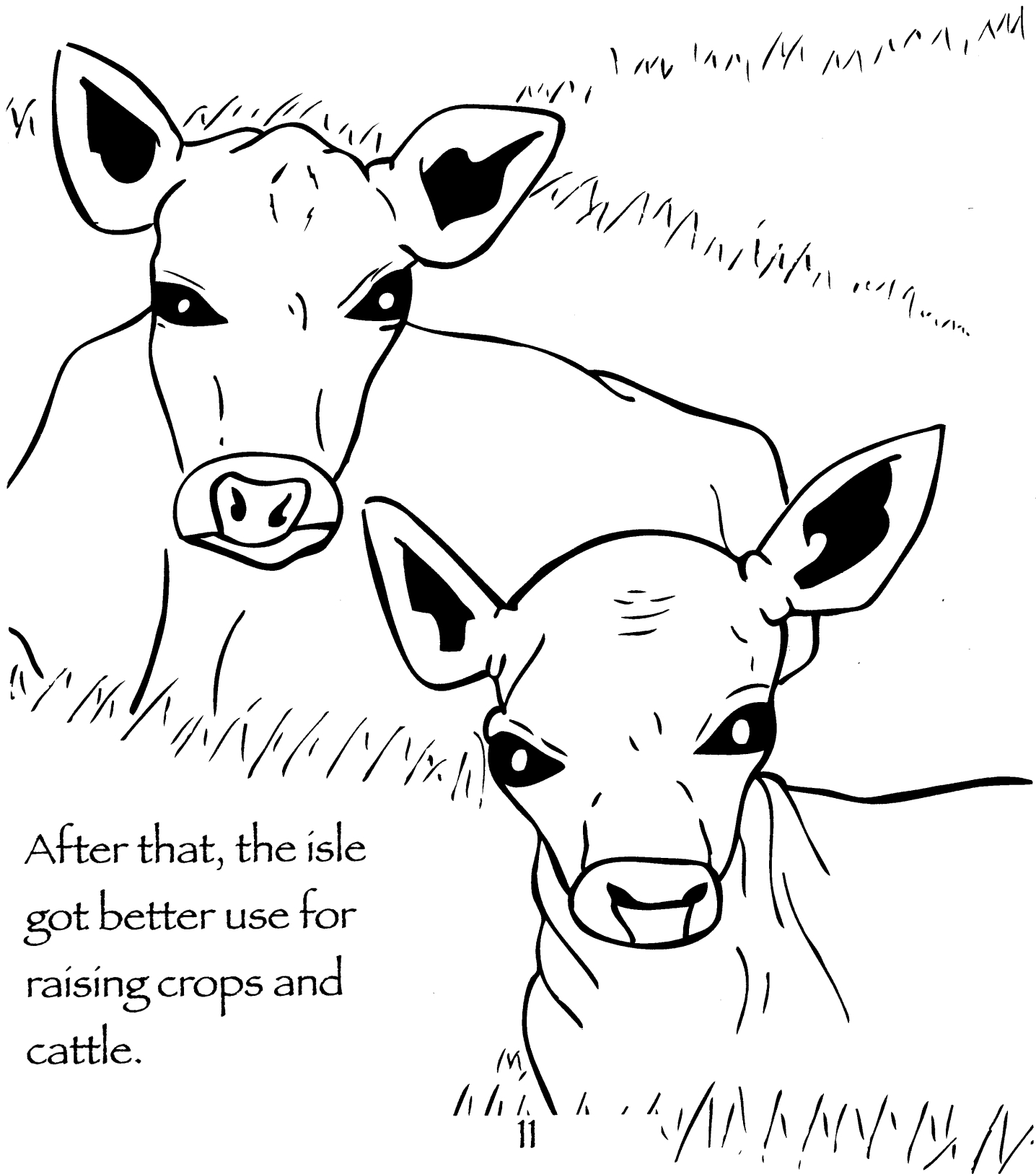


War broke out when natives stood
to fight for what was taken,

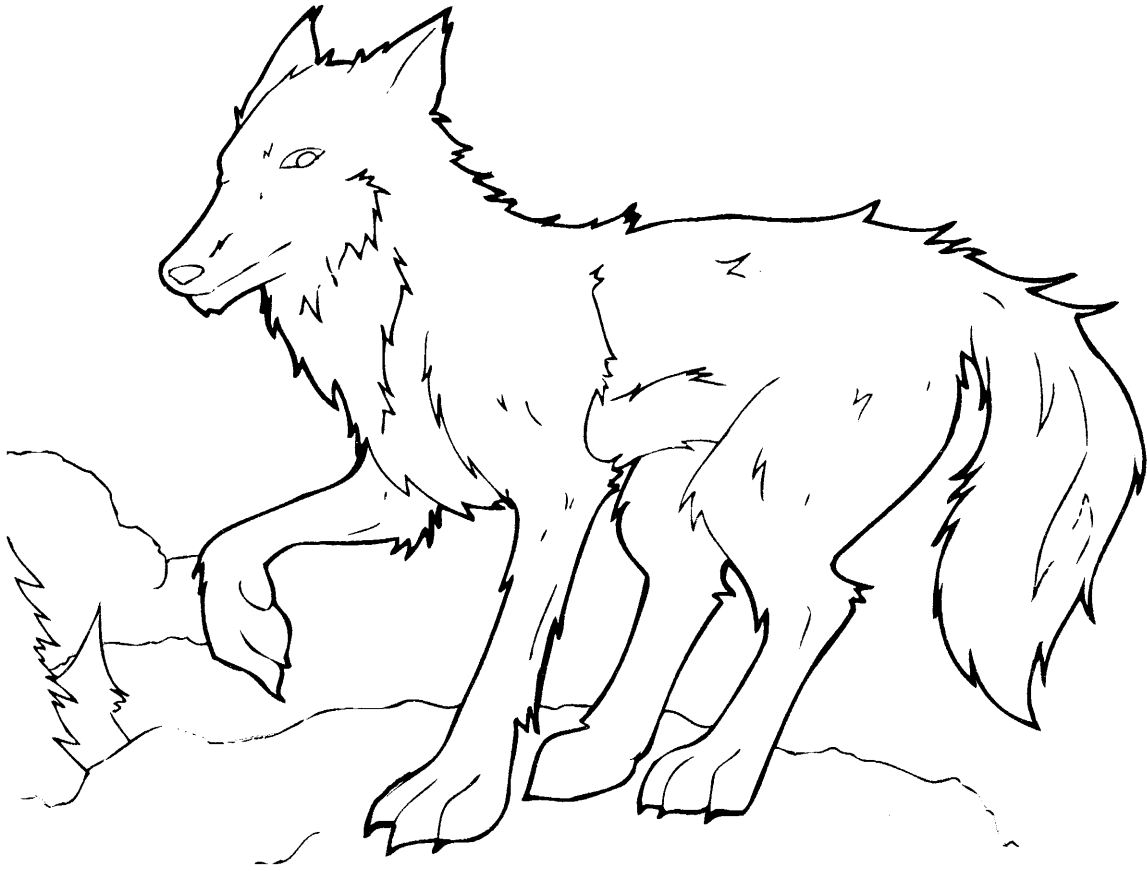
Their land, their rights, their freedoms lost
with America in the makin'.



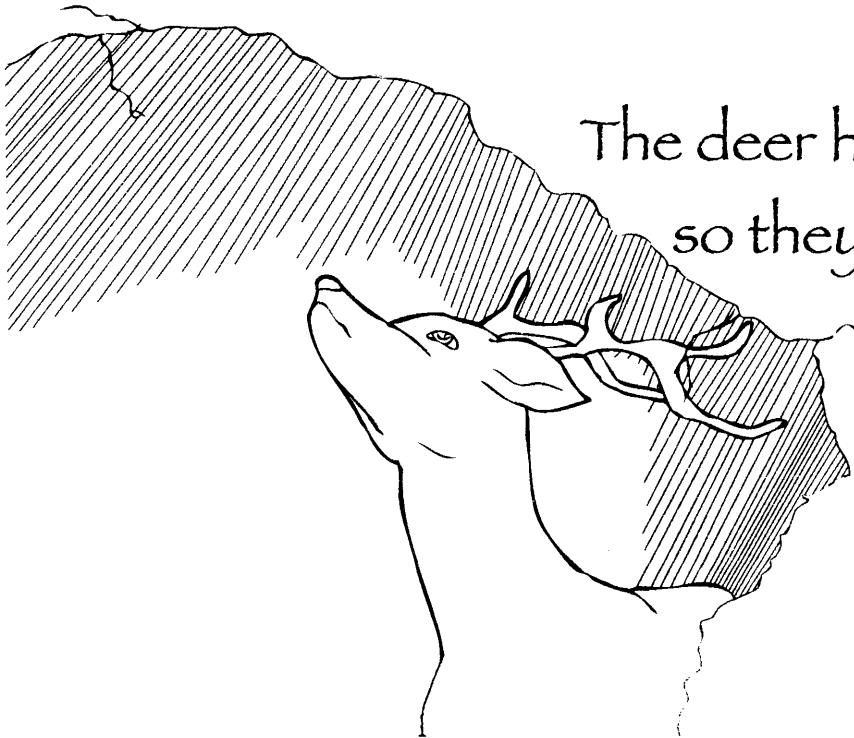
The prison camp held natives captive during this short but bloody battle...



After that, the isle got better use for raising crops and cattle.

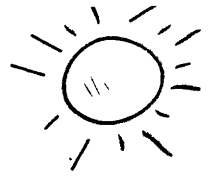


On the mainland roamed lots of deer
that the wolves would chase away,

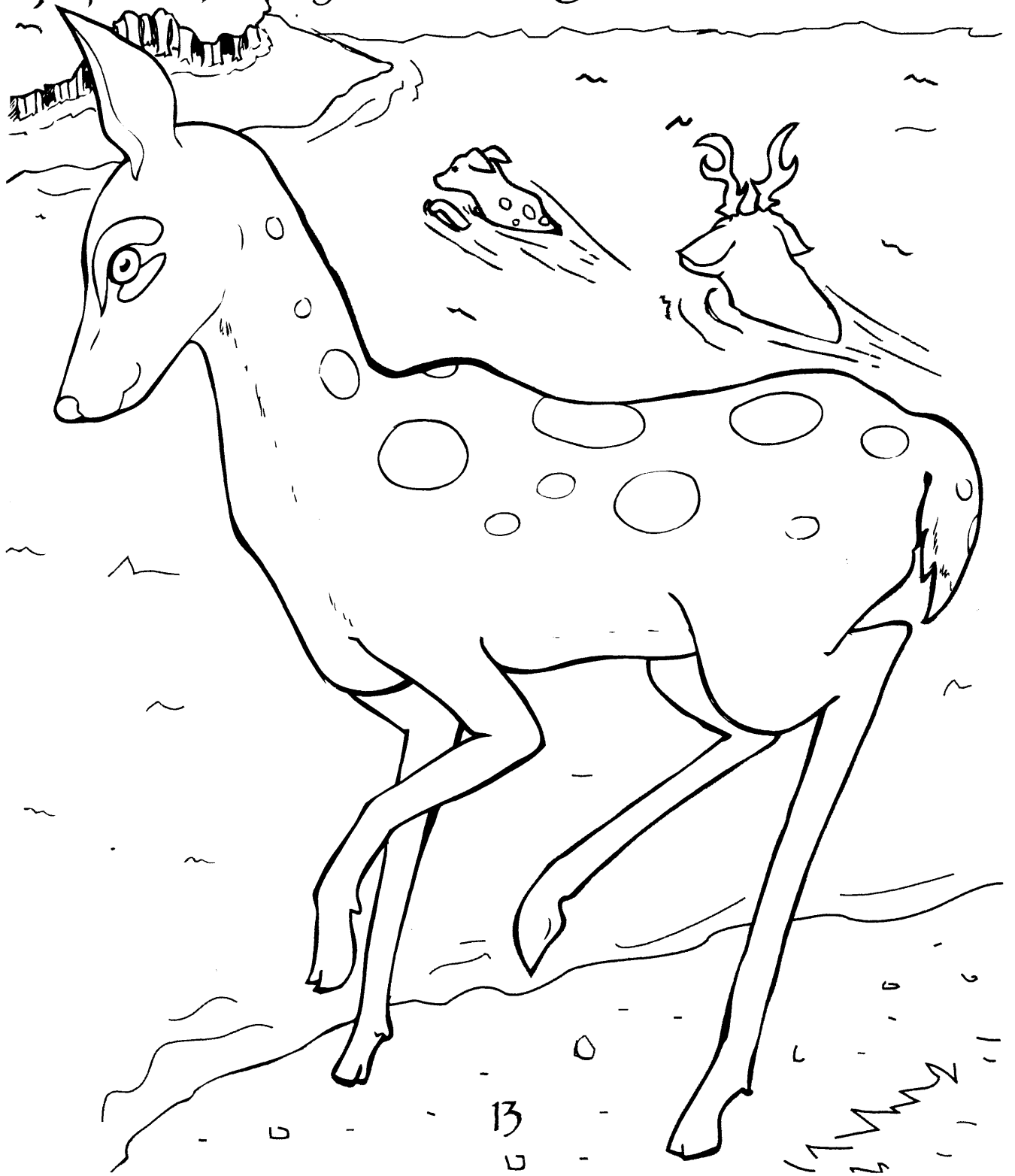


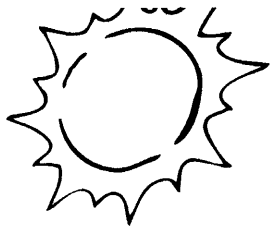
The deer had nowhere left to go,
so they hopped into the bay.

As swimmers, deer were swift and strong
and they made it to this isle.

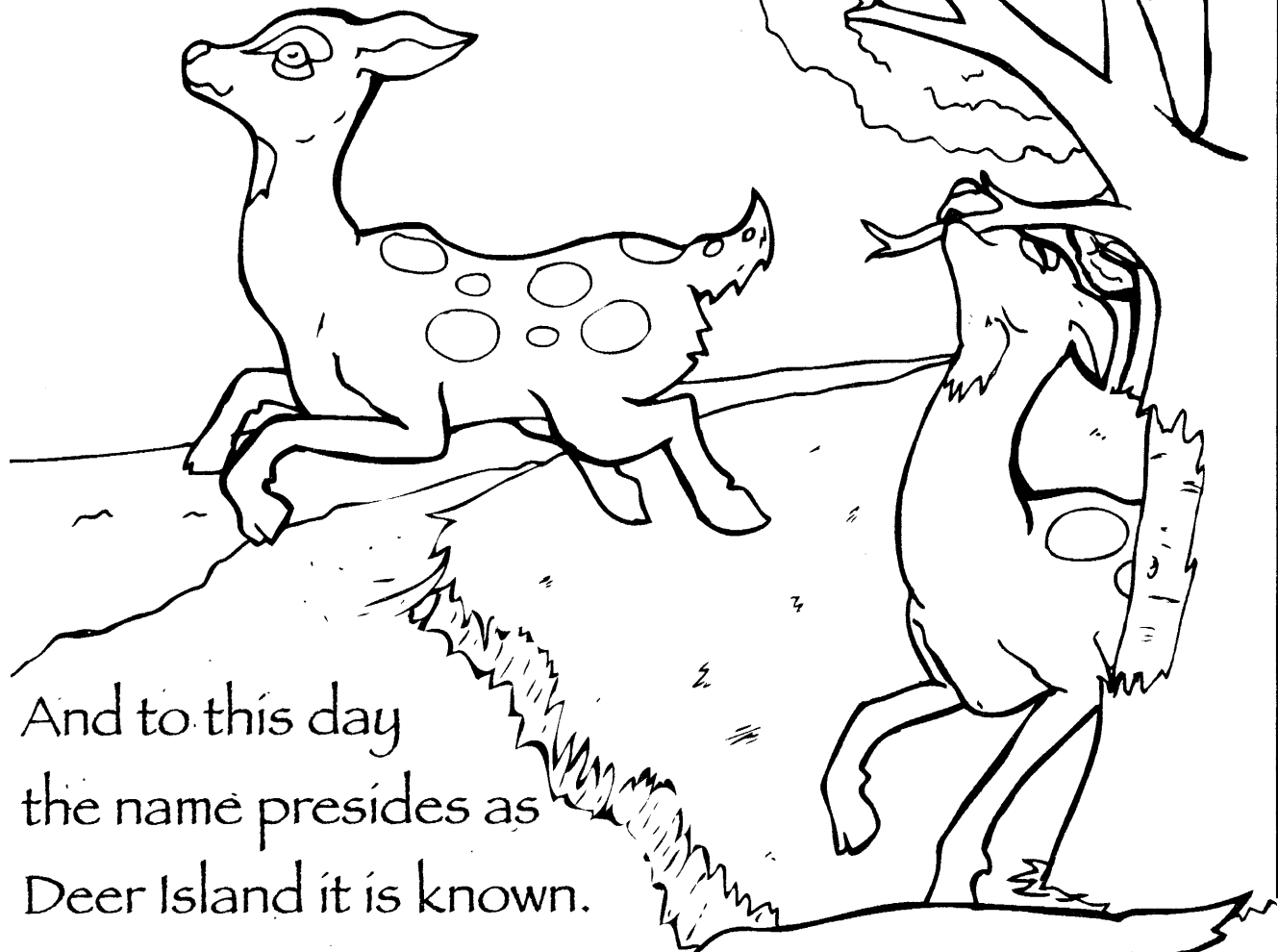


They were careful not to bump each other
as they swam in single file.

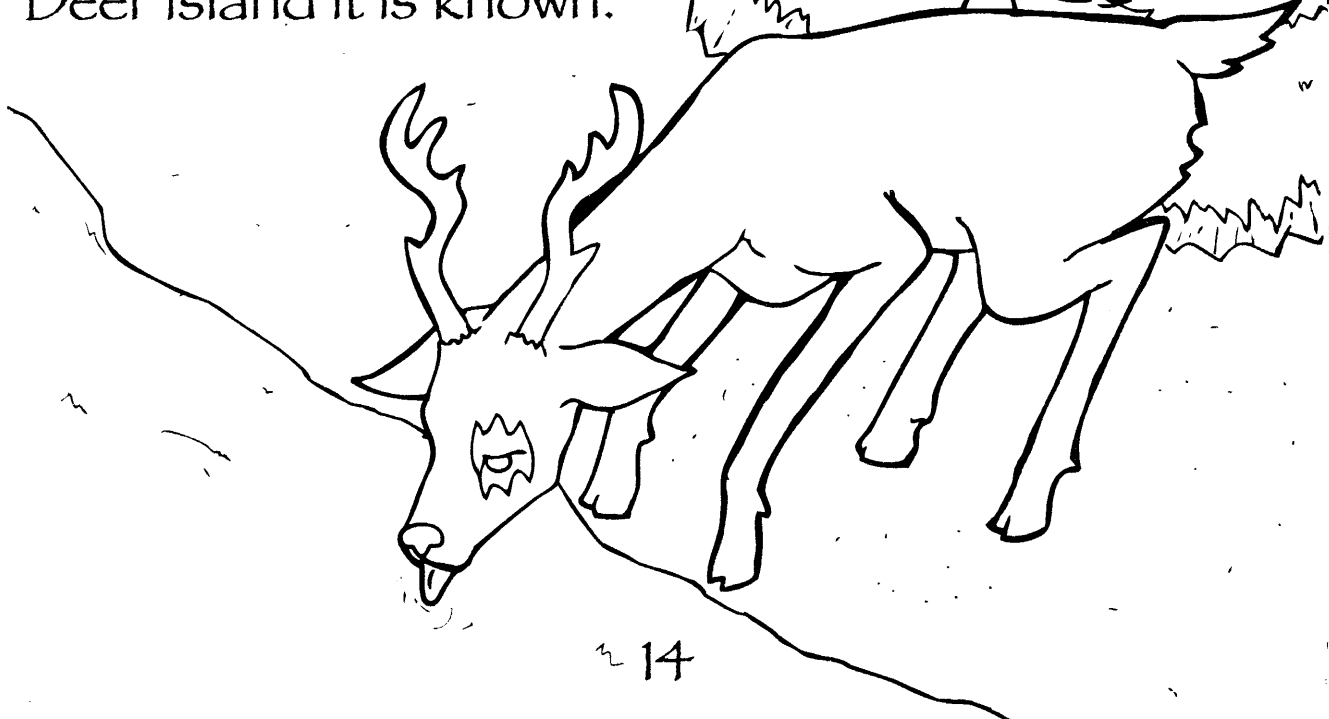


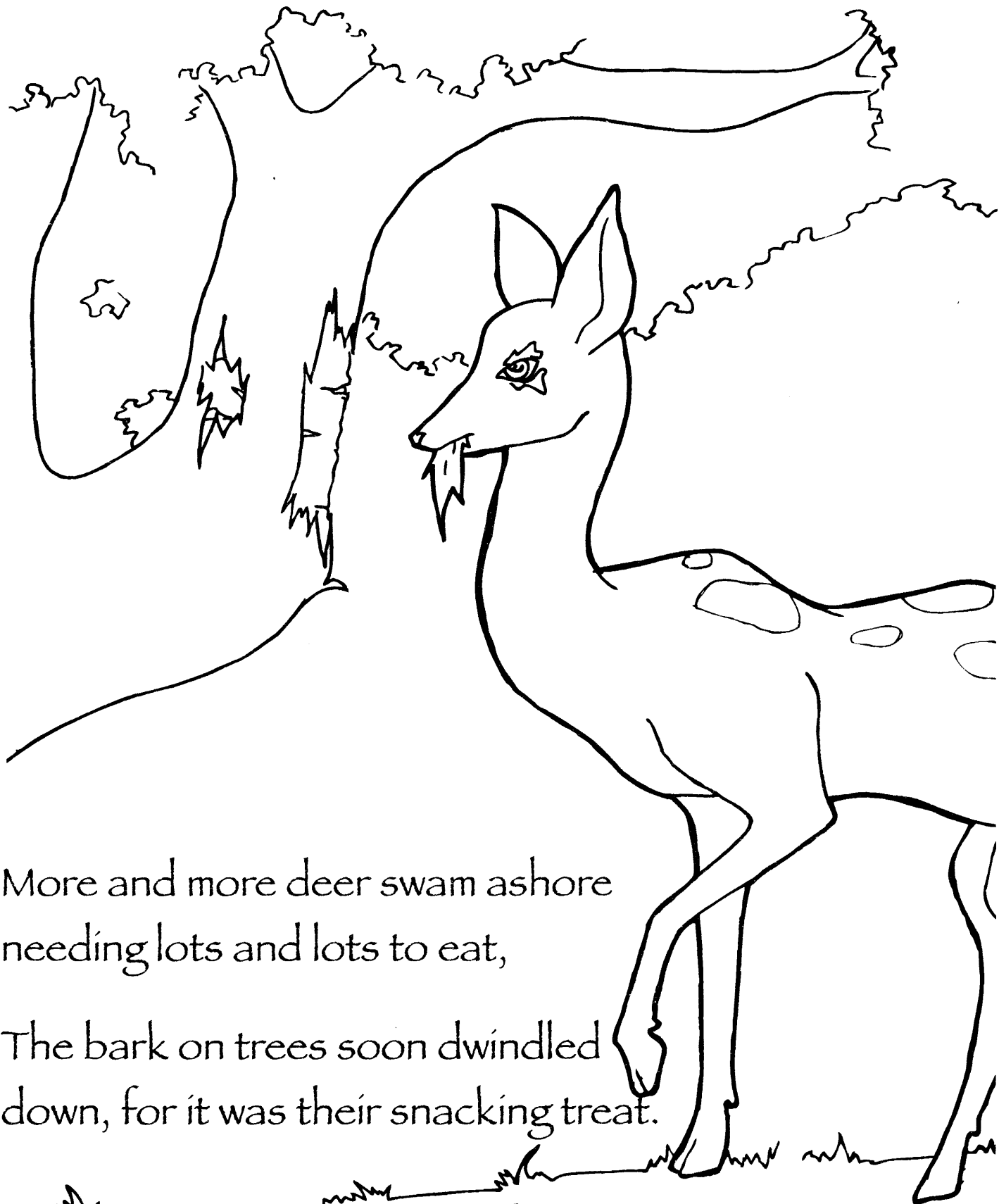


For several years the deer did make
this isle their happy home,



And to this day
the name presides as
Deer Island it is known.





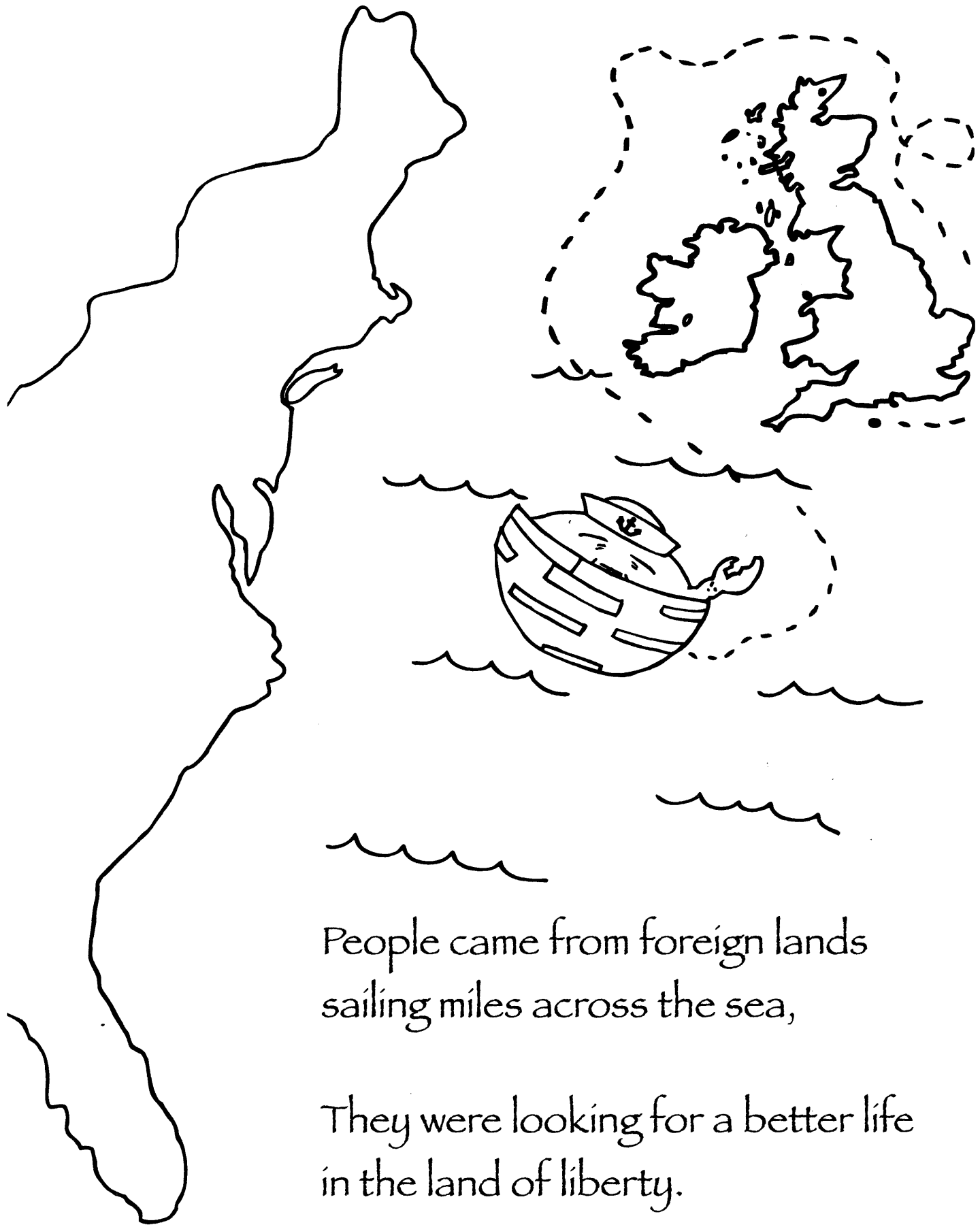
More and more deer swam ashore
needing lots and lots to eat,

The bark on trees soon dwindled
down, for it was their snacking treat.

In time the isle lost many trees
and the animals disappeared,

Gone were the deer that once
roamed free and people
reappeared.





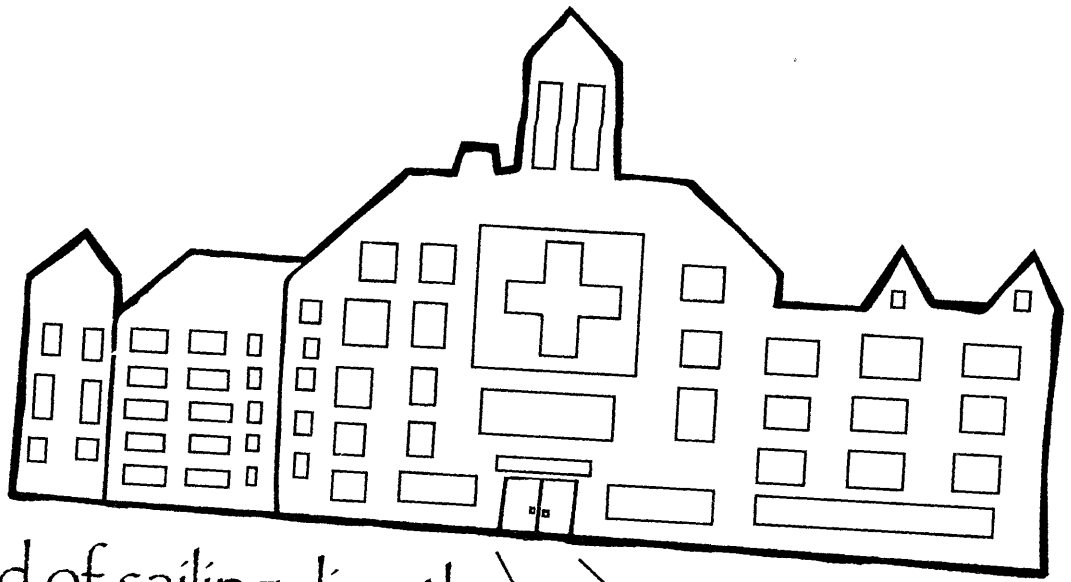
People came from foreign lands
sailing miles across the sea,

They were looking for a better life
in the land of liberty.



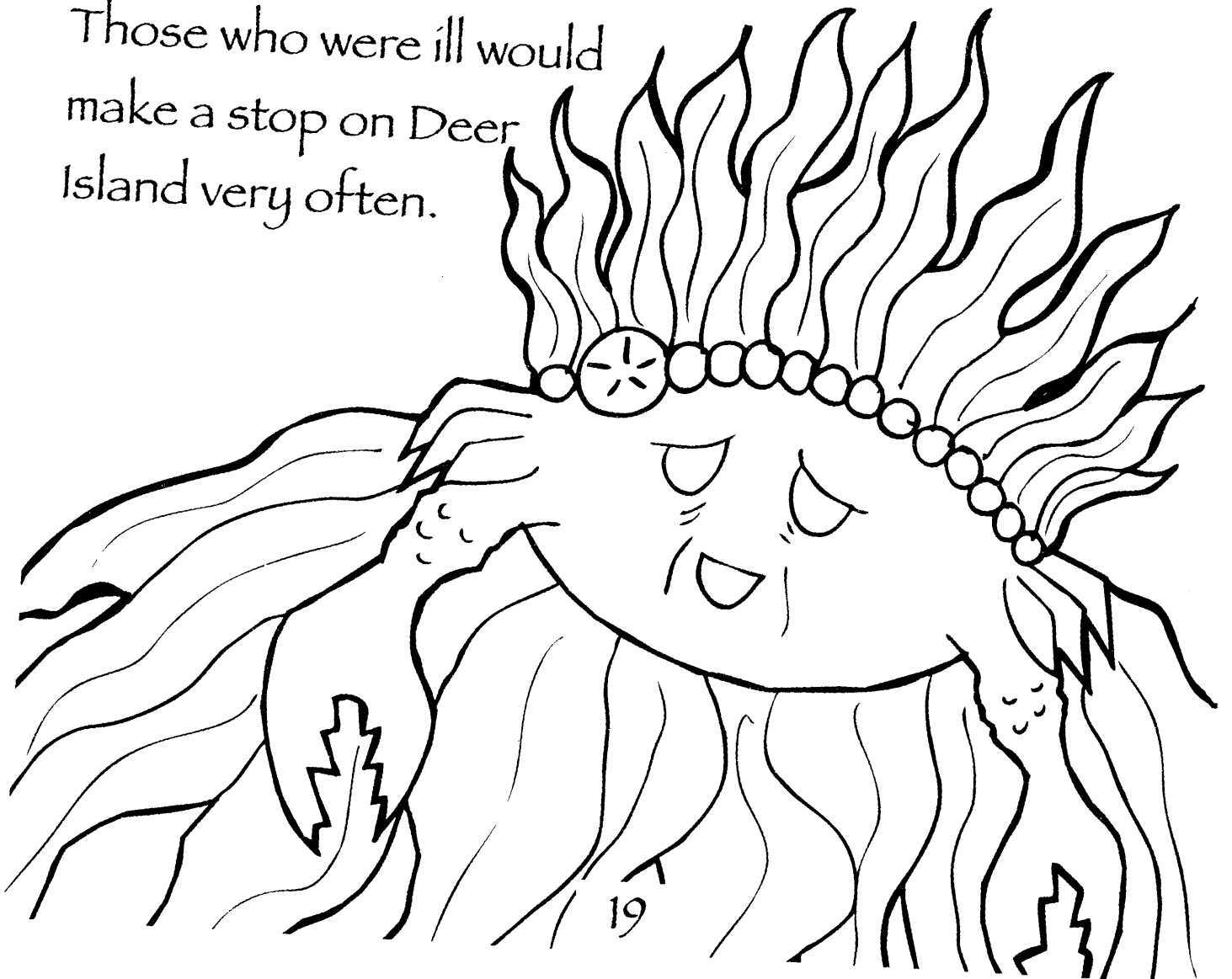
They sailed on ships for months on end
and often got quite sickly,

So many cramped in one small space
made germs and disease spread quickly.



Instead of sailing directly
to the bustling city of Boston,

Those who were ill would
make a stop on Deer
Island very often.



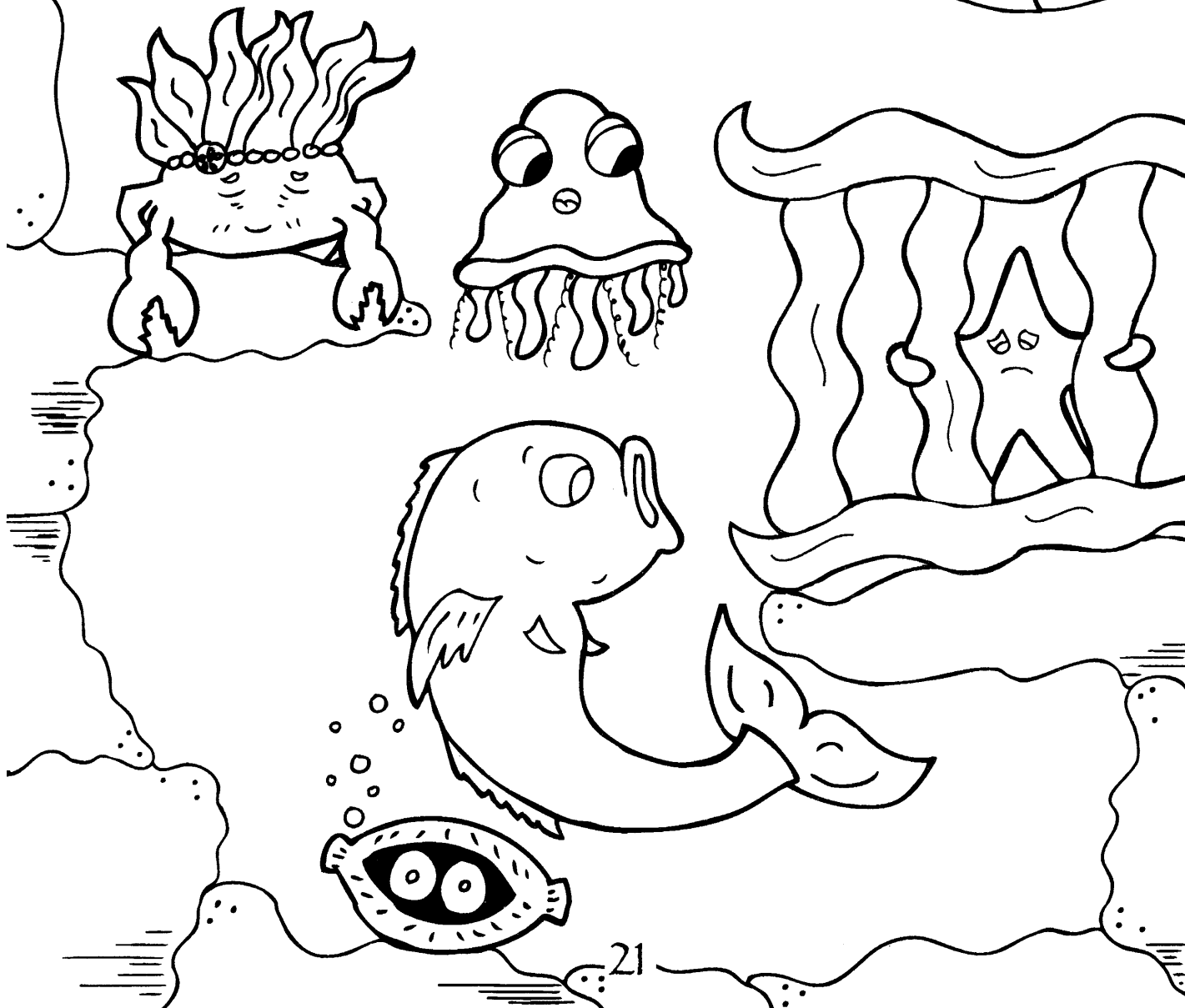
A hospital was built right here
in Eighteen-Forty-Seven,

Those with small pox stayed awhile
but others went to heaven.



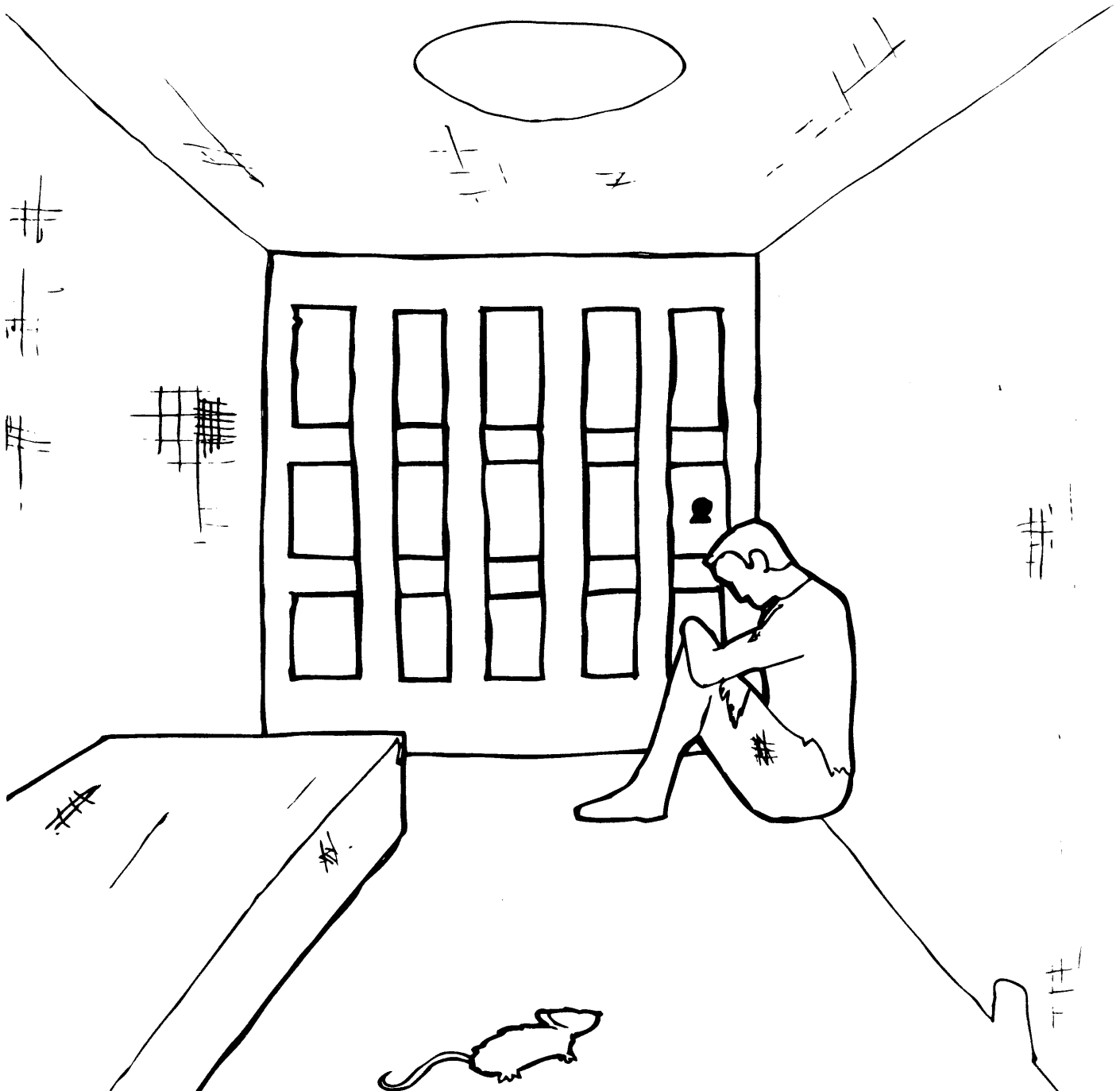
In later years the island housed
naughty boys who did some crime,

If they stole or fought in public
they went on the island to do time.



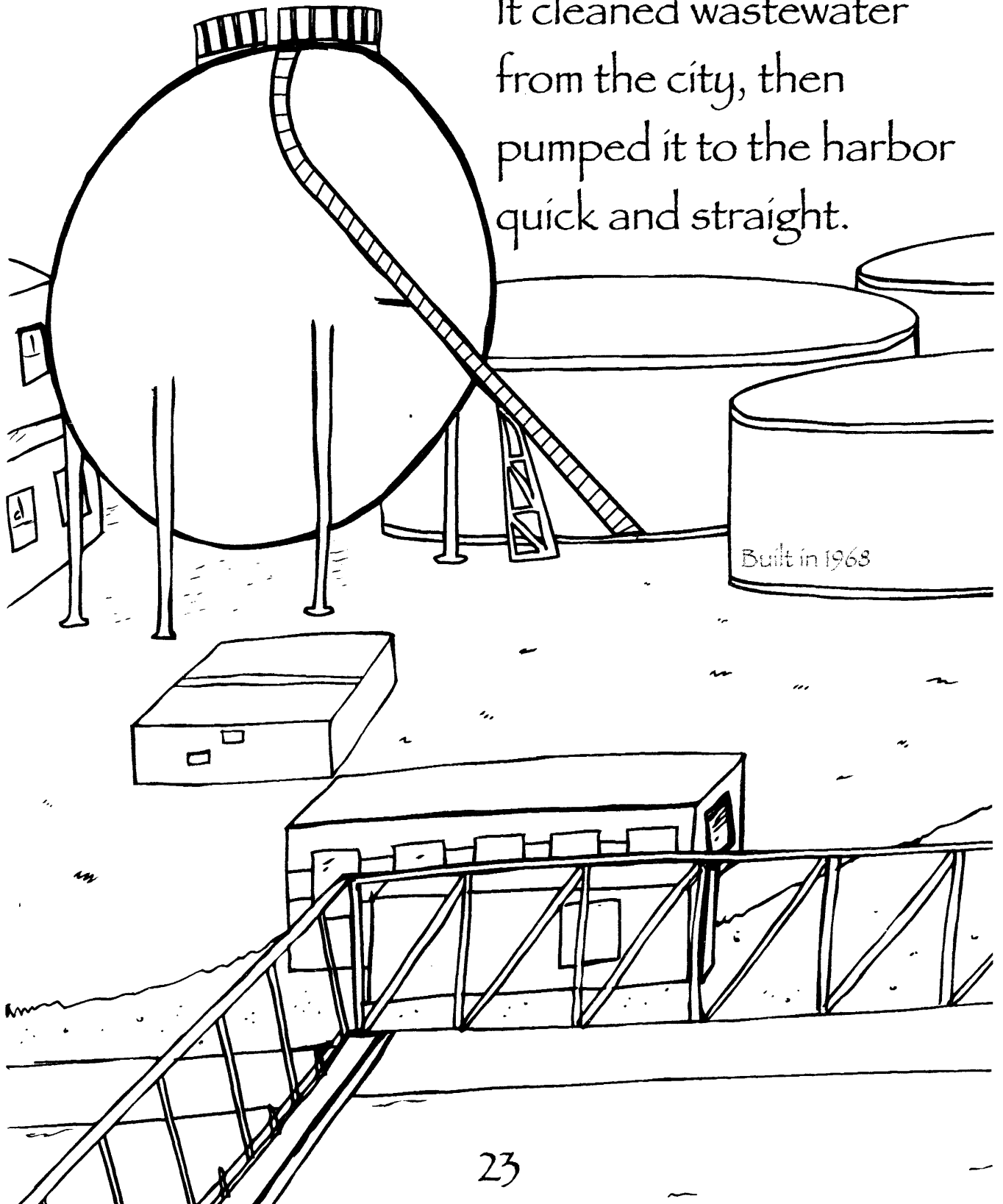
In Eighteen Ninety-Six this place
did the same for men,

If they committed wrongful deeds
they'd be put into the pen.



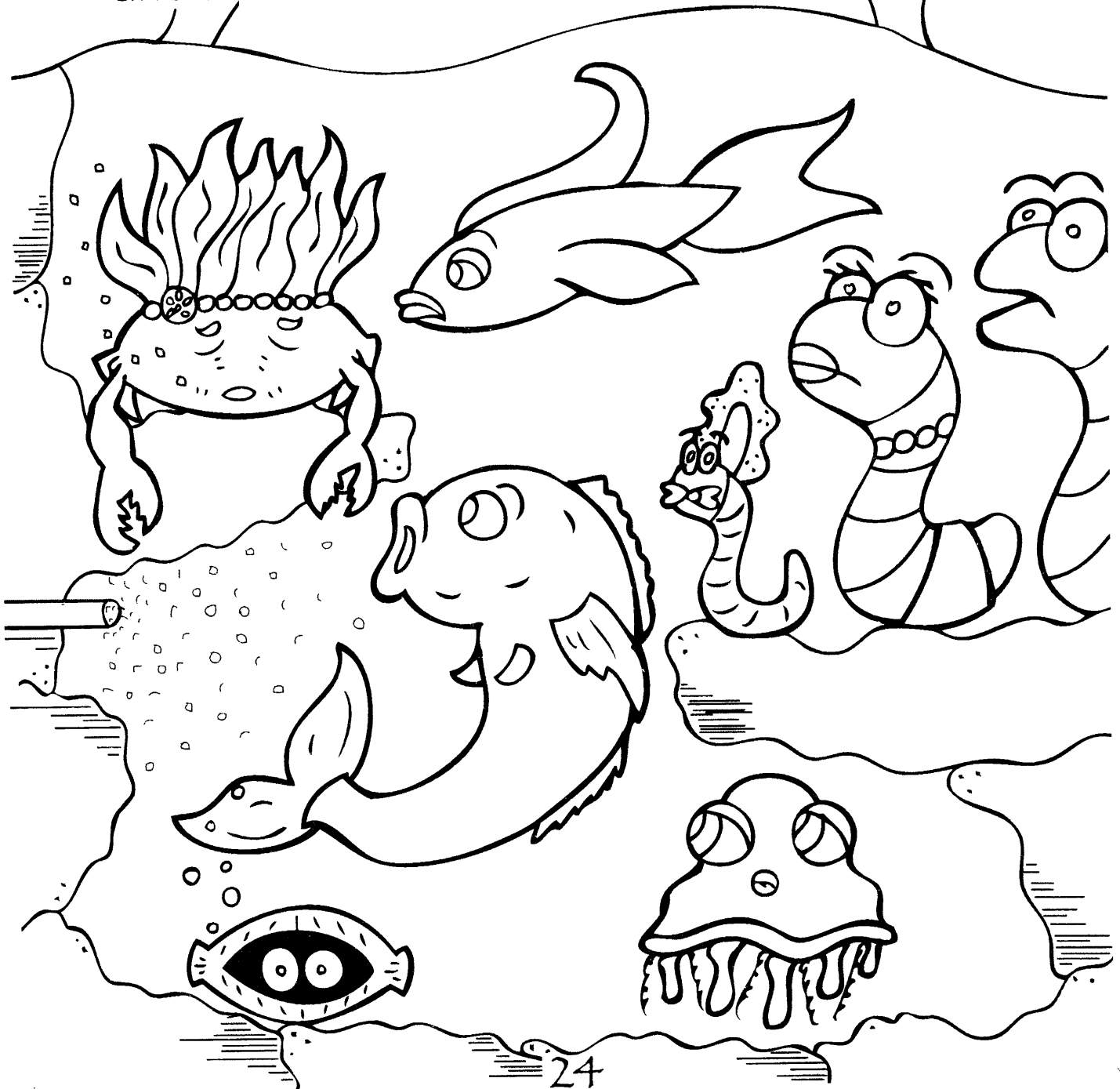
A treatment plant was built right here
in Nineteen Sixty-Eight,

It cleaned wastewater
from the city, then
pumped it to the harbor
quick and straight.



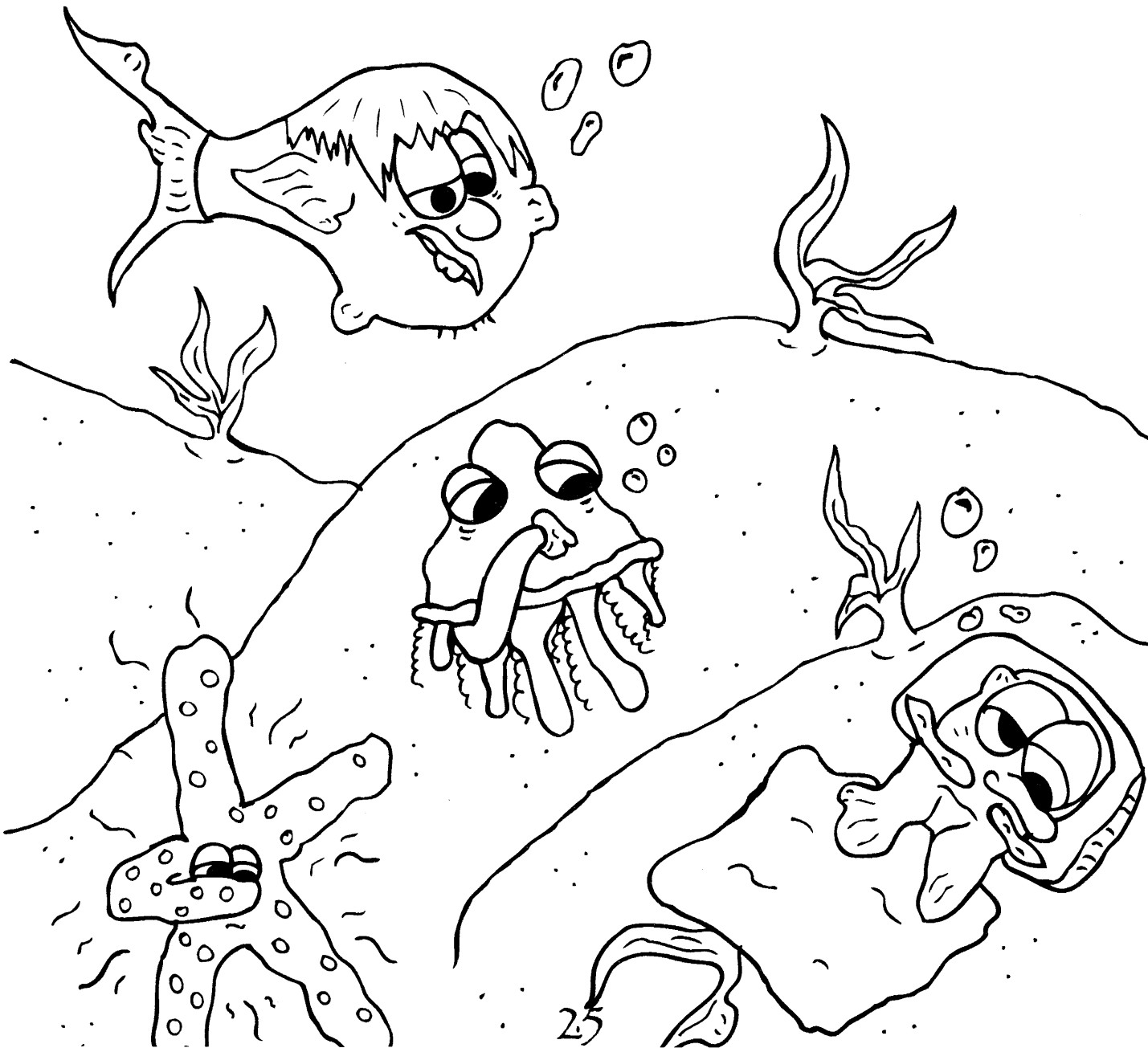
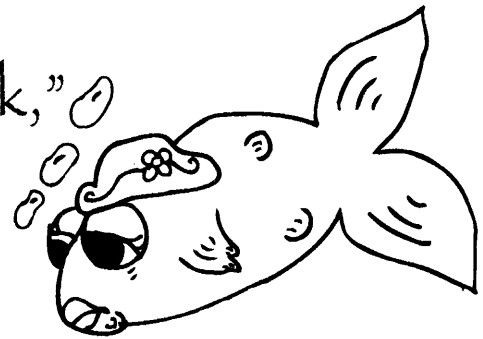
For years and years wastewater flowed
as the city grew and grew,

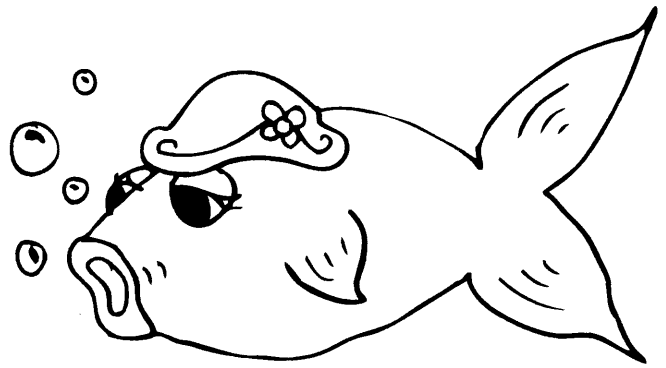
The treatment plant couldn't handle the load
and trouble now did brew.



Our harbor got polluted
and life 'round here got bad,

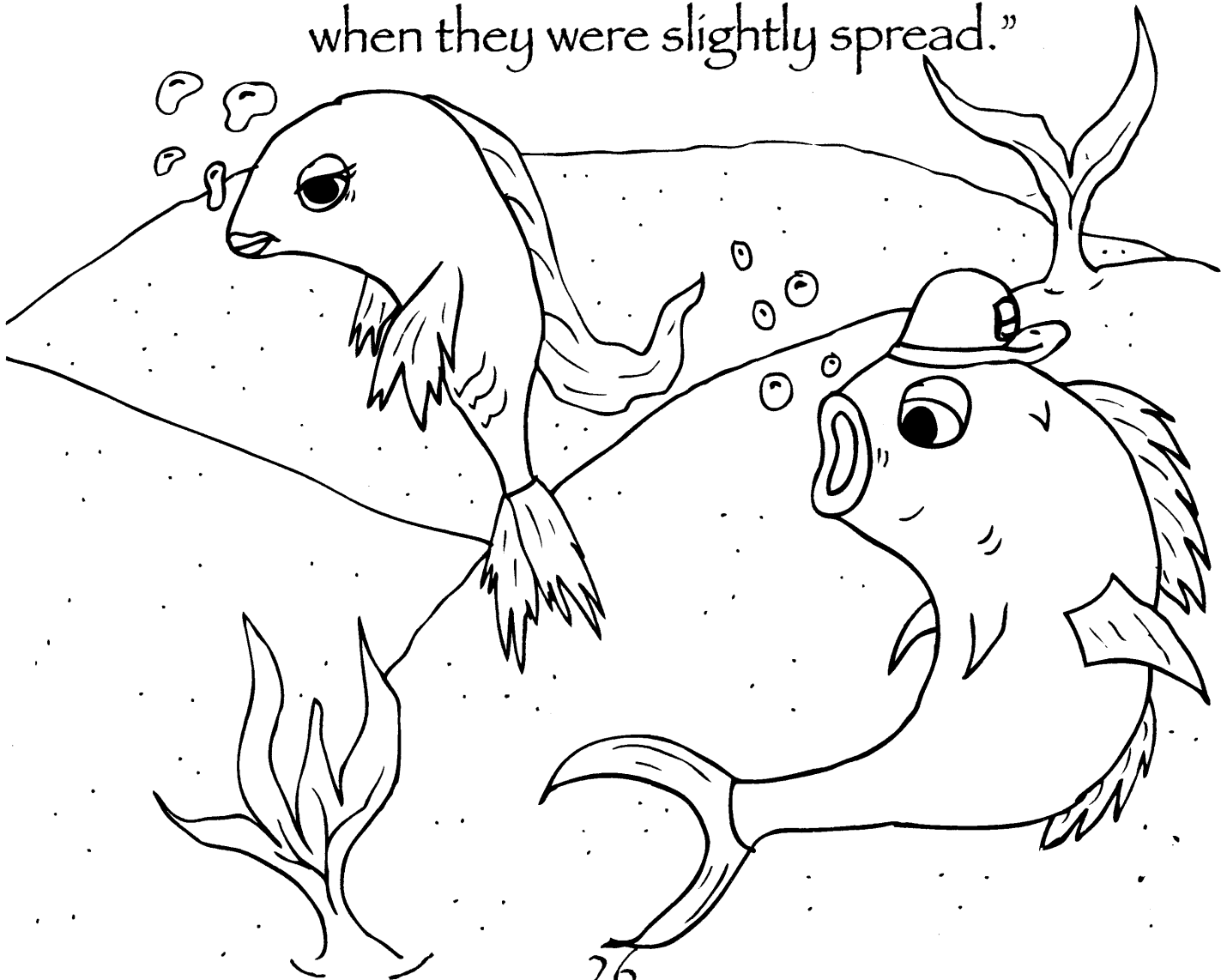
“The fish and plants were getting sick,”
said Mrs. Sadie Shad.





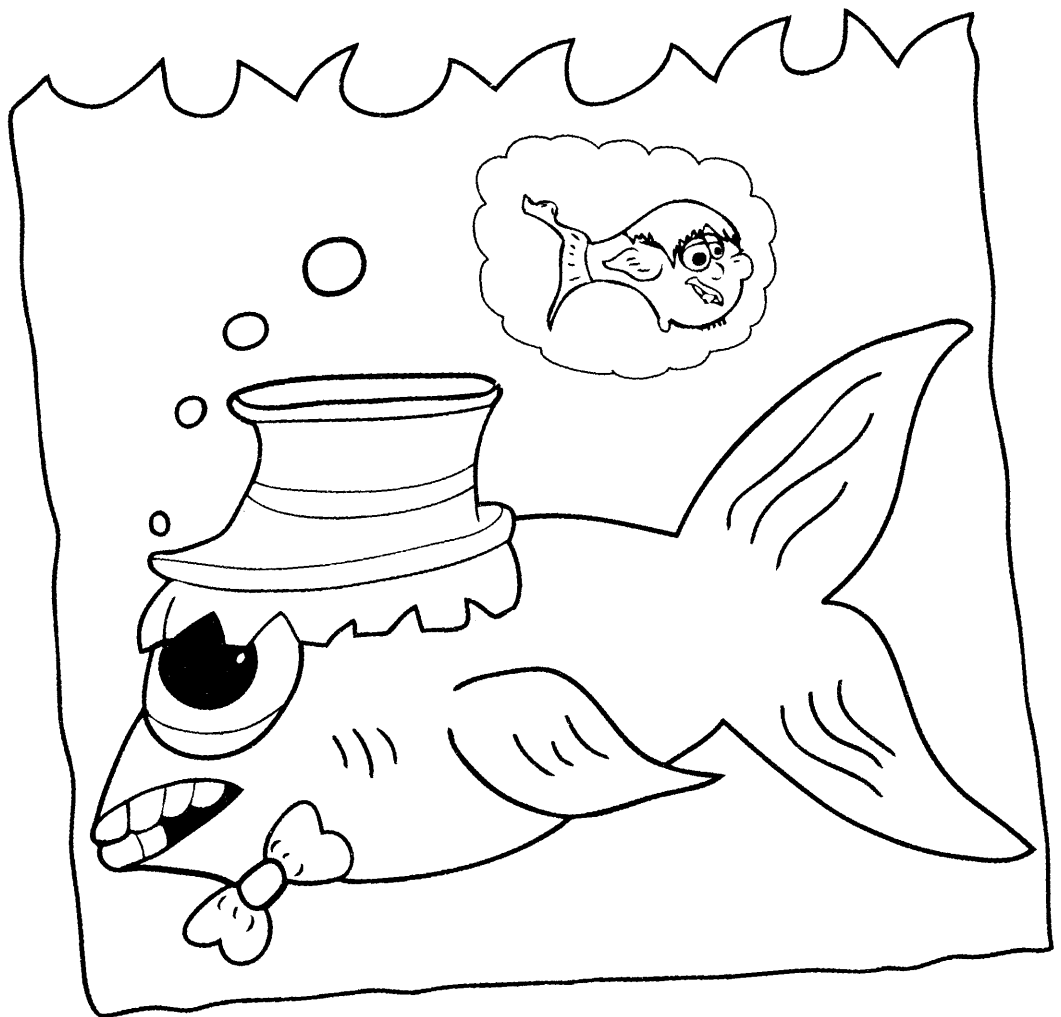
"I knew some fish with fin rot,"
a brown skate shyly said,

"Their fins so thin they'd tear apart
when they were slightly spread."

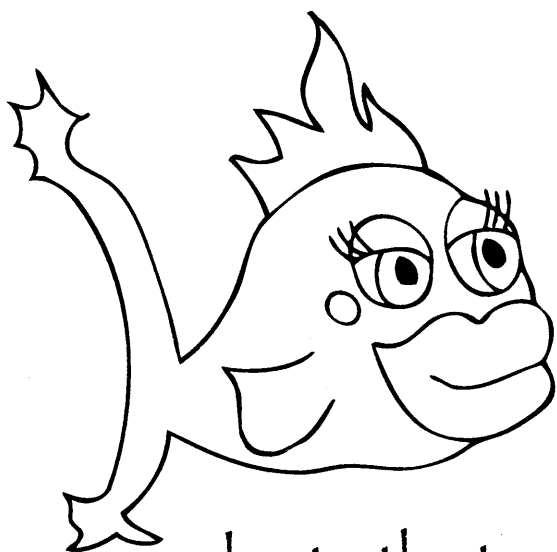
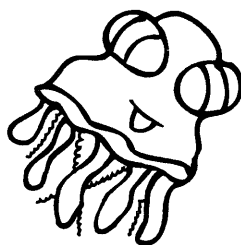
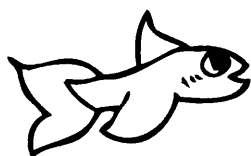
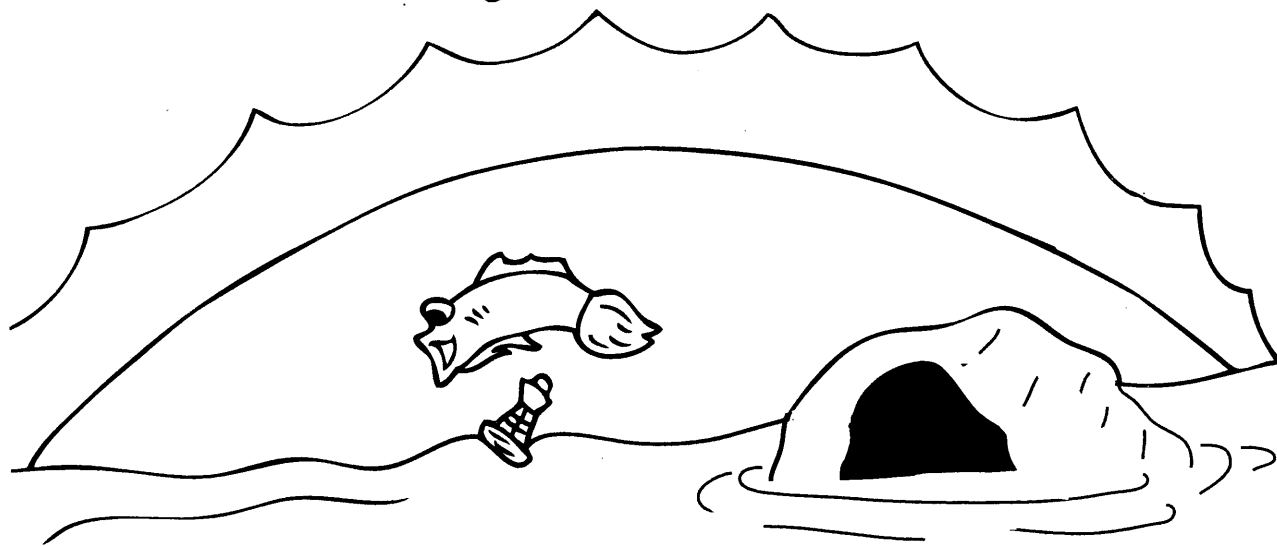


“Remember all the rumors
About us having three big eyes?”

Our eyes only numbered two,
but we had tumors on our sides!”



You must admit things have gotten better
since Nineteen Ninety-five,



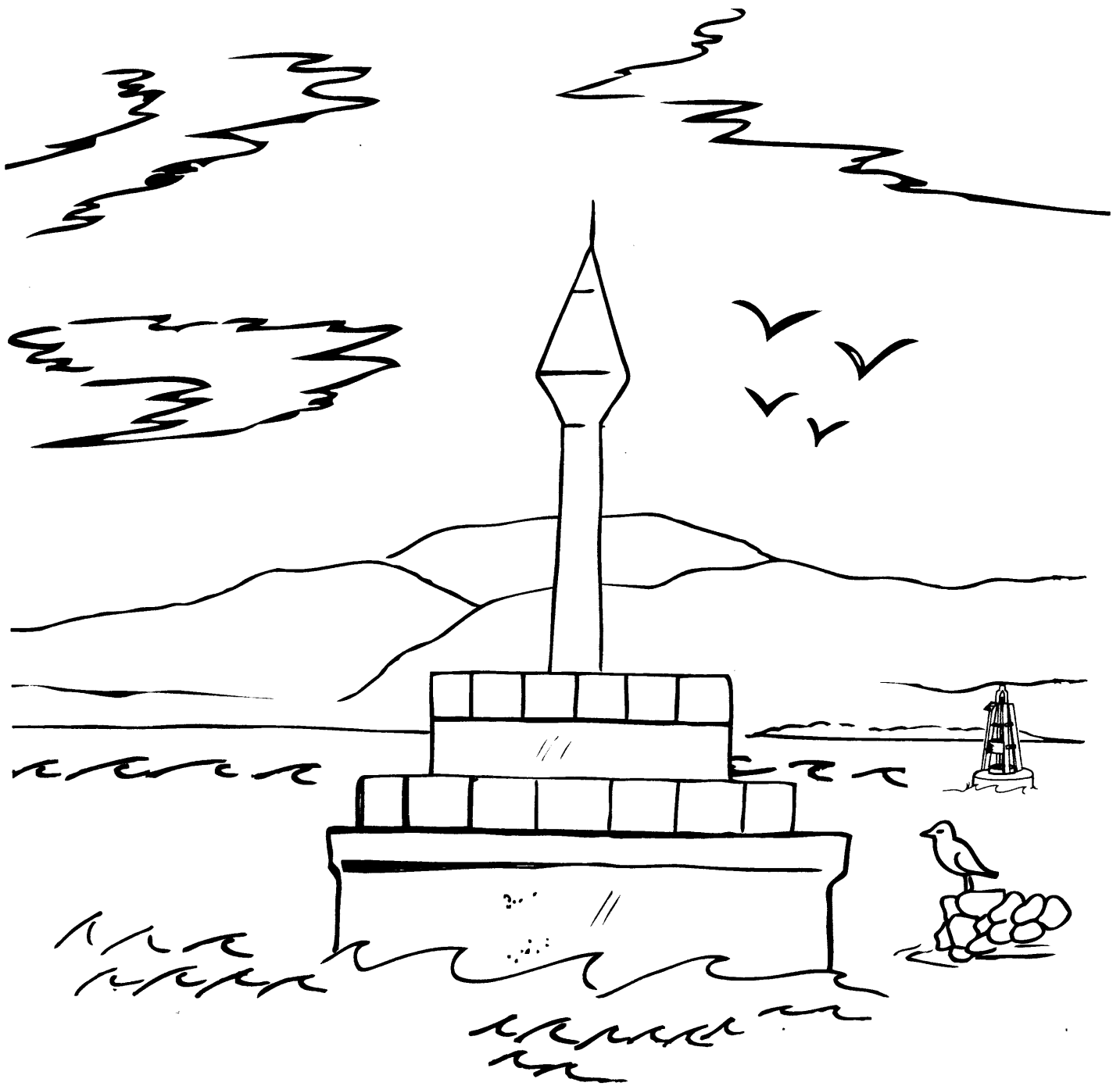
When upgrades to the treatment plant
cleaned our harbor, "*Sakes Alive!*"



But that's a story for another time
the moon is on the rise,

Little sea worm cannot stay awake
no matter how hard he tries.



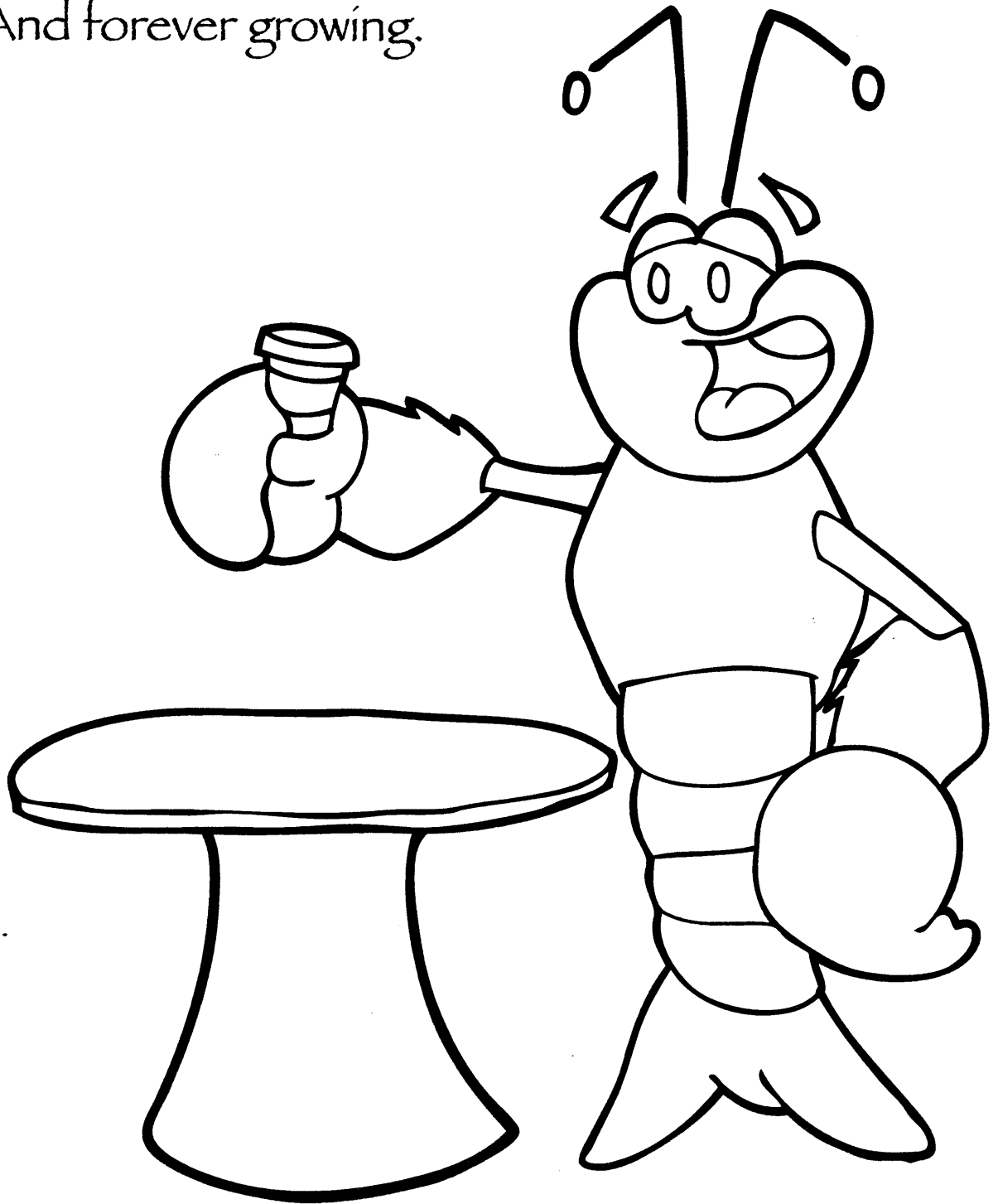


So goodbye to all you children
And remember the tales that we unfolded,

You live near some historic places
where America was molded.

Tell your friends and relatives
And keep them in the knowing,

For in telling the tales, they are kept alive
And forever growing.





THE END!!!!!!

