

DIGGING DITCHES FOR FRISBY PLUMBING

In the summer of 1941, before Pearl Harbor which occurred on December 7 of that year, I was 13 years old. Jerry Frisby was a good friend of mine and lived on the four hundred block of Grand Avenue. His Dad and Mom operated Frisby Plumbing at the same location. (Another good friend, Bill Perry, lived next door to the East.) Frisby Plumbing had a series of plumbing jobs on Grand Avenue. At that time the area on Grand up on top of the hill westerly of Senior High was mostly undeveloped, and some small houses were being built on Grand from about the thirteen hundred block to about the nineteen hundred block. There was no sewer service in the area and so all of the houses used septic tanks set way in the back of the lots. Of course there had to be 8 inch waste pipe from the house to the septic tank, and of course there had to be dug six foot deep trenches to run the pipe. That was my job. I would start at the house and start digging, throwing the dirt over my head to the side of the ditch. I was probably not quite five foot high at the time. I did it and survived. Jobs must have been hard to find, and so I dug ditches for Frisby in summer of the year, 1942. I think I was in pretty good shape because of that work, and I survived. During the course of that work, Jerry's mother, Mrs Frisby, created a new name for me, and that was "Digger". Several years later Mrs. Frisby became ill and eventually died. I failed to visit her when she was alive, and I learned afterwards that she lamented the fact that I didn't visit her. That was a lesson for me and I did a better job of seeing sick friends in the future.