

Big Pond Memories

By Edgar Fielding
(1880-1973)

Big Pond has been noted far and near
For more than sixty years, as the place
To spend the hottest part of the year
If you want a good tan on your face.

This lovely lake with the unlovely name
Won't disappoint you I'm certain
Once you have seen or heard its fame,
Or been on it, I'll bet you remain.

And join the throng who all had to fall
For the lure of its beauty and rest
And all of the many other things on call
Too many to mention. All of the best.

Around its shores are a great many houses.
There are camps for Girl Scouts and Brownies
Where the usual signal bell rouses
The rest of the people and Townies.

Of course you cannot miss the Big Isle
In the midst of this beautiful lake
As it was so planned all the while
Thus to make sure there was no mistake.

On Big Isle of course you will find
Aside from the well, also a cave.
Both, I am obliged to remind
Are on private grounds, so as to save.

This I might add, only for the purpose
Of protecting the rights of the owner.
The cave, the work of Mother Nature.
The well, the result of owner's labor.

The Island people are glad to see

Some visitors who come to admire
The handiwork as shown there to be
A sample of work without fire.

We are sorry regarding the well
With nineteen cottages on our Island
We have to be selfish, I must tell.
We need all the spring water at hand.

In the years gone by since we sank our well,
Going nineteen feet through solid ledge.
And a real hard job, I live to tell
For several men who scarce knew a sledge.

It was hammer, hammer and drill holes.
Fill up the holes with explosives.
Then all of us hid behind tree boles
And then too 'twas also expensive.