

1948 or 49

Written July 16th 87

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~~Headline~~

My Dads funeral - Central Sq. fight.
 I had been out of the Army
 for only a short time, my
 Dad passed away. I was living
 on Hurley St. East Camb the little
 house - at 213 Hurley St. I believe I
 had ~~two~~ or 3 children at the time
 my dad was being waked at
 my Uncle Joe Costas funeral
 Parlor on Prospect St. ^{Camb.} Joe Costas was
 married to my mothers sisters Aunt
 Maimie Costas. Souza was my mothers
 maiden name.

I had ~~an~~ a car about 5 years
 old at the time - what ever year
 it was. anyway ~~the~~ I needed
 a new pair of dress shoes
 for the funeral, so about 4:30 PM
 I said to my brother Eddie - lets
 go up to Central Sq. so I can buy
 a new pair of shoes. So my brother
 Eddie, Marnie, Steve Kenney,
 my brother in law - my sister
 Catherine's husband jumped into
 my car - and started out for Central
 Sq. Camb - which was only about
 8 blocks from my uncles funeral
 parlor on Prospect St. We were ~~on~~
 Mass. Ave going towards the Mass
 Bridge and M.I.P. at the intersection

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of Mass. ave and Lafayette Sq,
I was in traffic a Trolley
car in ~~the~~ behind me. I moved
way to my left to take a left
hand turn not a turn exactly
just to bear left of the gas Sta
that sat right in the middle
of the Square - I stopped and
saw this Big Coal truck
stop on the ~~car~~ and pull
right up front of me head
on - I couldn't ~~go~~ back up
~~and~~ I had a trolley car directly
in back of me. Two men in
the truck, a big Mack coal truck
from D. B. Raymond Co. from Watertown
The Driver opened his window
and said f - you. I opened
my window I was driving
and I said f - you ~~too~~.
How there were people walking
all around the Sq. for there was
a Candy Factory and shoe factory
and many business establishments
in the immediate area.

The driver of the coal truck in
front of me said to a couple
of passers by whom he knew
and laughing, he said to them

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I watch this. Then proceeded to ~~get out~~ step down from his high seat in the big truck. ~~I~~ opened my door and started to get out of my car. My brother Ed was in the front seat & my brother Marnie was in the rear seat. Marnie would fight at the drop of a hat. Eddie got out and as he went to close the door, Marnie was getting out of the front door of the car was a two door - Eddie went to close the door and ~~it~~ he hit Marnie in the head with the door. Marnie got mad and said some sort of a bitch is going to pay for this. In the mean time, the driver was right in front of me as I stepped out of my door - The other fellow was right in front of Eddie and Marnie. Eddie had to restrain Marnie from hitting the other fellow, who now backed off a bit - The truck driver said to me lets go over to the alley across the street. I said

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O.K. lets go. I Took 3 Steps behind him to follow and he turned quickly and threw a sucker punch - I went slightly under it and just hit and grazed my head. I then threw a couple of lefts then a right cross catching him right on the jaw. We started fighting I managed to get him over the hood of my car. and as I was pounding him - People were going Oh! Oh! every time I hit him. I let him get straightened up. It was evident he didn't want to fight any longer for he was bleeding from the nose and I guess his jaw was broken.

The police Sgt and 2 cruisers came and took him to the hospital - the other fellow who Eddie and Mannie were holding didn't want no part of us.

The Sgt said to me George go to the Police Station and make out a report and I will meet you up there

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I was a little shaken up so Steve Kenney my brother in law drove my car with Mannie Eddie and I up to the Camb. Police S-ta. Of course they all knew me for I was an active resident of the City, the Chief and I belonged to the Kyanis Club together.

anyway I filled out ~~an~~ a report. And I was released - to appear in court the next P.M. Because he filed an assault and Battery charge against me. I called Bill Andrews who was a County Comm., and a good lawyer former District Attorney.

I helped him when ~~times~~ he ran for office, ~~and~~ he was Portuguese and a good friend of my Dads and Uncle Joe Costa also.

The ~~next~~ next day he was to meet me at the 3rd District Court. I lived only 3 streets away this was on Spring and 3rd St. and I lived on

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Hurley and 3rd St. As I approached
the Court house Bill walked
down to to comes to meet me
He said I just saw the other
fellow going into Court.

He is pretty well banged up
a broken jaw he has to go
back to the hospital for a few
day - You dont have but
a bruise on the side of
your temple, You had
better not show up in
Court I will tell the judge
you also are banged up
and couldn't make it

I will get a continuance
which we did - for about
3 weeks -

We went into the Judges
Chambers w/ the Clerk of Courts
and w/ the two lawyers. He wanted
all kinds of things from me to
pay - His loss of work Dr's
Bills ect.

I explained to the judge
just what had happened and
that my father was layed out
at the Funeral Parlor at the time

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and that this man threw the
1st. punch. I had a couple
of people who were going
by from work in Central Sq at
the time and would come in
to be a witness in my behalf.

Any way. I said the most
I will give him is three
days that he lost from work
and one hundred dollars to
help towards his hospital bill.

~~The~~ The judge told him he
was lucky he didn't get a
charge of it of an assault
to Bat. on him for he started
the whole thing. His lawyer
who also knew me from Water
town where this man came from
this lawyer and I had worked to-
gether for Mike Lopresti for Senator
and I also worked on the home
for the Italian Children fund
w/ Martin DeMatteo a Contractor.
The lawyer was Mike Scalpania
He advised ~~the~~ his client to
take it, because he had been
a professional Boxer and

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his ~~used~~ hands were ^{considered} weapons
therefore he could be in a lot
of trouble for starting a fight -
It cost ~~me~~ about \$150⁰⁰ Bill
Andrews wouldn't take any money
and Scalfani wouldn't take any
money from me either for their
services. I guess my Dad ~~thought~~
had taught us well how to Box
only if we had to - don't go looking
for trouble for there is always some
one tougher than you.

I met this fellow at the
Camb. City dump about a year
later - He was in his Truck and
I was dumping Rubbish w/my truck
I shook heads with him and asked
him to stop for a cup of coffee
which we did. He said I never
expected that you were as fast
as you were. You sure retaliated
fast after I threw that 1st punch.
He said I guess we all learn
lessons in life - We called the
West. as friends -