

Chatham Historical Society

Conversation at the Atwood House with old time residents (June 1979)

1979.003.001 A & B

Brief Description: The Chatham Historical Society hosted an evening with some old time residents of Chatham in 1979. At this meeting, they discussed a wide range of topics concerning the town when they were growing up. They talked about the Old Village, summer residences, Prohibition, old town characters, Chatham schools, holiday celebrations, and many other subjects.

Introduction given by Ned Meany, president of the Chatham Historical Society at the time

This is the village, starting in 1903:

Cluett: In 1903, my parents decided to spend the summer in Chatham. We lived in South Orange, New Jersey. My mother's brother, Joseph Shattuck Jr. and his wife, Fanny Phillips Shattuck, had a house on Bridge Street, which had been in her family for a number of years. My parents rented a true Cape Cod cottage from Mrs. Charles Train, whose house stood on Main Street opposite the Fisher Eldredge homestead. Our cottage was on a lane back of Mr. Train. The lane went to what was called the Inlet. There was no running water in the Train cottage, as it was called. We bathed in the ocean and had a pump in the kitchen. Water was heated on the kitchen stove. We took our meals at the Hawes House. Mr. and Mrs. Hawes had a wonderful boarding house which stands on the corner of Main and Water Street. Meals were \$7 a week, per guest. The Sunday breakfast menu never varied: beans, fish cakes, bacon and eggs. Our neighbors were wonderful. Across the lane from Mrs. Train was the Kendrick family and below them, toward the Inlet, Walter Eldridge, who was a mooncusser. He lived there with his mother. We young people loved to visit with Walter. At least one of the Kendrick girls waited on table at the Hawes House. Another important person in the neighborhood was Phoebe Helen, who kept a little store on the corner of Main and Water Street next to Mrs. Train's --- and so on, at quite a length but we have so

many people we want to hear from that we're going to save this and put it on tape for... (Mrs. L. Horatio Bigelow, Marian Yeaw)

(What about the village)

Voice: Started just about the Mayflower Shop at Mill Pond Road and came down over Bridge Street; I'm not sure I'm right.

Clair Baisly: How far on Bridge Street would you consider?

Voice: As far as the bridge?

Voice: Possibly.

Meany: Well, there wasn't any definition, was there? What about the people that went to the school on School Street? Would that help to define it?

Mrs. Brown: Yes, a little bit. It started just about at the Mayflower Shop or maybe across at Dr. Worthing's – Carrie Worthing lived – and came down the hill and I guess to Bridge Street, you know those side streets out there; and I remember the first day that Carrie Worthing took – and Frances Nickerson - took Virginia Harding McGrath to school. She was a first grader and had never gone before. My mother said, "Look out that window," and I looked out and there was Frances taking hold of Virginia's hand on one side and Carrie Worthing on the other, taking her to school, and mother said, "Oh, they've gone to school; you'd better hurry up and get ready to go to!"

Meany: –And your maiden name?

Marjorie Hammond: Marjorie Hammond

Meany: Hammond is a familiar name. There are some more Hammonds here.

C. Baisly: Is that everyone's idea of the village? Does anyone have anything more definite?

Weidman: Well, I'm one of the younger members of the Walsh family that lived on School Street. I didn't go to the village school, but my impression was that the village school – those that went to the village school – that comprised the village and my two sisters here, others went to the village school on School Street, and I believe that the Bloomers that lived on Bridge Street did go to the village school so they – – that was the village.

Although there weren't too many people living down on Bridge Street. There was a Mrs. Mills that was in charge of the bridge and I think that the people that lived in the lighthouse – the Coast Guard Station – were the Carew's – as far as the Mayflower Shop. I think we were quite segregated from the other areas; if you grew up in the village, you just played and knew those village children. Some of the children from the Atwood School wanted to play with us sometimes. – Used to be a board fence around our house – I don't know.

Louise Matthews, Wilbur Cahoon, and Marion Archibald – Marian Panno (the miller), they went to the school on – Atwood School – Street, but they used to come and play. Maybe not so much, but now and then. Didn't they?

Meany: How many, for a show of hands. How many of you here in the room grew up in the village or lived in the village? – Good. – That's what we were hoping for. Joe, you had something?

Joe Nickerson: I was just going to say don't lean too hard on the village school as being – people who went to it as being – the village, because us up in North Chatham – I went to the village school. – – – Marian Panno.

Mrs. Weidman: –Yes, Joe lived on Park Avenue in North Chatham; there weren't too many people up there, were they?

Joe Nickerson: Not then, not 'til I got married!

Mrs. Weidman: I've got a picture here – our class was the first class that went to what we called the “new” school – the Intermediate School – in 1925 we entered with a Mrs. Parrish.

Meany: If you've got your name on the back of the picture, could you pass it around?

Mrs. Weidman: Yes, and Joe's in there. It was third and fourth grade at what's called the Intermediate School here with Mrs. Mayo, and many here – the Tuttles.

Meany: How long a walk was it, Joe, from home?

Joe Nickerson: 2 miles.

Meany: Barefoot –no school buses!

Wallace Dexter: Hammonds- Cal Hammond's ice cream store on Silverleaf Avenue. Anybody want to comment on that?

– I remember it.

Clint Hammond: It was very good ice cream! I remember as a boy going over Howe's stile there where he took the pig, and it was a building that had shutters that opened up and he served us ice cream in dishes – and tonic.

W. Dexter: Few people know what tonic is today.

C. Hammond: The ice cream was in cone shapes and I remember I ate all he'd give me – I ate it so fast –

W. Dexter: On the subject of ice cream, anybody remember Cooley?

Mrs. Weidman: But down in the village they had a place called the – Little Tavern – run by Mert Rogers – will the gentleman identify yourself?

W. Dexter: Who me? – Little me? Wallace Dexter.

Incidentally, I was an infant here in Chatham in 1901 and I missed being born in town by two weeks. My mother – my sister was 11 years older than I was – Mrs. Tompkins, I don't know whether you remember her or not – we stayed at Mariana Harding's which is now the Captain's House, and she decided that by the time Mariana hitched up the horse and buggy and went downtown for the doctor and he hitched up his horse and buggy and came back, it'd be too late, so she got on the train and went back to Pawtucket and two weeks later I was born.

Howard James: While we're on the ice cream question, I grew up in the village. 'Course I lived on Holway Street and we used to go to Calvin Hammond's for ice cream and also on the corner there where the Calico Cat is now. It was run by a family by the name of Hallet and the Little Tavern was opened by Harold Tuttle. And the reason I know so much about that was I used to pack ice cream there twice a day; stuck the chocolate in the box and put chopped ice around the cans and salt in with it, and that's how I happen to know so much about the Little Tavern.

Trudy James: Didn't you also work at the Hawes House? About 11 years old?

H. James: – I worked at the Dill Cottage first; I got fired.

Meany: That is Howard's way – profited by wide experience!

C. Hammond: Mel Allen sold ice cream at the Hallett house one summer – the orchestra leader. He had a nervous breakdown and he was down in Chatham recovering his health. I remember the ice cream cones used to be 15 cents; you got a double scoop for a quarter, but I could only raise a nickel at a time and – – – come up with an ice cream cone.

George Lake: Before the old tavern, there was an old gas pump there, by George Bearse, and George Bearse didn't do much business, so he moved up on Main Street and it's now Manson's and that was the start of it, there, the corner of Main and Hallett Lane. Those that don't know me, my name is George Lake

and I live on Hallett Lane. One of the things that fascinates me the most about the village is the taking of the beach, and I've always been fascinated by it and I was a kid – well, we'll say World War I days, 1918 – the Northeast point was opposite Chatham Bars Inn. I've seen that beach come all the way down past Morris Island, and it's a cycle and there's going to be a breakthrough – I'd say the next five years, and the breakthrough coming by, well, across from Andrew Harding's Lane. This is my pet subject, so I won't take all afternoon here. – But just a question I would like to ask and maybe somebody could give me the answer. You often hear the word "the village – Chatham Village" but a few of us old-timers used to call it Scrabbletown. Now why is it called Scrabbletown?

H. James: Ask me about Scrabbletown. That's when you landed in Skunk's Neck.

C. Hammond: You know why they called it Skunk's Neck. There used to be a skunk farm down there.

There was a man raised skunks when I was a boy. I envied him very much because about that time I used to go trapping and – I – you know, I thought it was pretty nice to have all the skunks you wanted!

--To get back to ice cream for a minute. I take it this ice cream was homemade?

--Absolutely – Breyer's didn't deliver it!

F. Walther: –You have all these good memories down here – I live down where George Lake says the dump used to be. I like to walk back up in there; I called it Johnson's Moor – conservation area behind Bridge Street where on the old map I think they called it Tom's Neck. Now who was Tom and – I don't imagine anybody here remembers Tom – way back – but they might have known stories about how Tom's Neck came to be called Tom's Neck, which is that area – I gather – that's on the – what is it? – The east side of Mitchell's River – the marsh that Bridge Street crosses.

C. Baisly: Tell the gentleman, will you? Speak up.

Paul Baisly: It's my understanding it was from the Indian family of Toms. There were the Toms and the Quassons who lived in this part of town – it was before the second sale of the lands to the Nickerson family; that's my understanding.

– Shows on the old map – going back just as far as you can go.

C. Baisly: Howard, I have a glass, a drinking glass, with a picture of the Mattaquasson Inn on it, and it's called the Dill House. Now, can you clarify that situation for me, please?

H. James: I think the Dill House originally was up by, I think, by Eastward Ho. I think –

– No, the Dill House was the Mattaquasson.

H. James: I know at one time the Dill's ran it – the hotel.

--Yes, but it wasn't named that.

– The one that's on the glass – says Dill House on it, Eleanor Dill family ran it.

C. Baisly: Did they run it before or after they ran the other Dill house?

– Before.

– Different family. –Brothers or something.

– There was a group of Dill cottages on –

– Yeah, that's on Holway Street.

H. James: I grew up right next to that.

T. James: About this Biles Smith store – was that a little grocery store?

H. James: That was the oldest store in Chatham, supposedly.

– That was Andrew Harding.

C. Hammond: That's where all the duffers used to set on the porch and just whittle and see who could tell the biggest story. Incidentally, Joseph Lincoln was one of the ones that used to hang around down there, and while everyone else was talkin' he was listening, takin' notes. Next thing you know, he'd write a book!

Voice: Andrew Harding had everything in that store from oil skins to gumdrops. Boys like myself used to go in and buy gumdrops. He ran out of them –I says, "Aren't you going to have any more gumdrops?"
"Nope, too much for them!"

H. James: Biggest thing we used to do there, you know, in the spring before they started into painting. They used to give everybody, Biles Smith used to give away these paint hats and every kid in the neighborhood would go in there and get a paint hat. You had them for maybe a week and then you'd throw it away. That's when we used to get it, then we'd throw it away.

Meany: Clint, don't you have a picture there?

C. Hammond: Yes, while we're on the subject, a picture. In front of Andrew Harding's store, a picture on a postcard of the scene. Now this is – let's see – Farrington Robbins, Washington Bearse; this is Andrew Harding. My grandfather isn't recognizable, but he's behind the post. This is Tinkham Gould and this is Seth Hammond. While we're on that subject, I'd like to tell you a story about them. I heard my father tell the story. It seems that these fellows all set outside there on a plank – on all these nail kegs – you know. They would chew tobacco and tell stories – and there was a feller there called – they called Smokin' Johnny. I don't know his name. And so just casually one of the fellows said one day, to make conversation, "Johnny, if you had three wishes and could have anything you wanted, what would you wish for?" Well, he thought he'd want all the tobacco he could smoke and chew, and second, he thought he'd like to have all the rum he could drink and – "Wait a minute now, Johnny," he says, "You only got one more wish you gotta be careful." "Well," he said, "I think I'd have a little more tobacco!"

You know I sort of liked that story because I think of this country as a country of plenty – more than enough – and I guess that's what he thought of it as too.

Also because of the story, down there in the village, of Harold Tuttle meeting Luther Edwards – Luther Edwards lived over on Silverleaf Avenue and Harold lived down on Hallett's Lane. They happened to chance meet this day down there and Harold said to Luther, "You know, Luther, at the rate-" – this was some years ago – "the summer people are buying property around here, won't be long before you and I'll be the only natives left." And Luther kind of smiled; he says, "Natives? You're no native." Harold said, "I'm not? I was born in Chatham; I always thought I was a native." He says, "Your father was born in Harwich!" There's another story perhaps and then I'll sit down.

Walter Eldredge, most always known as Good Walter – I happen to go to Kelsey's one time about some business and he – this was when he was doing business in his basement of his house on Queen Anne Road – and he was in the darkroom; he says, "Come on in front, Clint, I'm just finishing a picture of Good Walter," and he was talking and so he told me the story of how that picture was taken, and it's worth knowing, because it seems that Edward Rowe Snow who wrote so many falsehoods – – he thought he'd get a little material for some of his lectures, so I went down to Howard Nickerson, who had a store where he sold antiques and he got a lot of old coins and he had this old chest and he went down to see Walter Eldredge – Good Walter – he wanted to know if there was any place over on the beach where there was a wreck. "Well," Walter said, "Yeah, I know where you could dig into a sand dune and find some wreckage." So they went over there, and sure enough where he told them, they found the timbers of this old ship here. So Rowe Snow planted this chest – you know, put these coins in it and he – and on the top of that he had a pirate flag – skull and crossbones – and a big pistol in there, and anyway they were going over to find this next day. So Kelsey was going to fly them over in a plane, so anyway they went over there and he had a man there taking moving pictures, you know, and they had one of these mine detectors and he had this thing on his head – there weren't any batteries in it, of course – him running around detecting

and finally he came up and said, Come on over, boys, we're going to start digging there." And they did, and of course, they came to this chest. They very excitedly dug it up, knocked the lock off of it, threw the chest open and then started to get this money, let it trickle down through his hands, and all the time the fellows takin' this picture – and here is Walter looking at it, and really disbelieving!

Voice: Does anybody have any stories about Mr. Tuttle, the butcher.

Voice: Mother used to send me down there to get of dozen fresh eggs and that was always good for a riot. First time I went in, I said to Mr. Tuttle, "I want a dozen fresh eggs." He let out a terrible oath and said, "What the hell do you think I sell – stale eggs?" After that I used to go and – just out of curiosity – to hear him – to hear what he'd say when I asked him for fresh eggs. He always said plenty! Another good item to go in and ask for was lamb chops. We start out and we'd sing this song and we'd say, "Glory, glory, hallelujah to the lamb, God damn it!"

He had a bunch of knives – biggest butcher knives I think I ever saw and he loved to whet them - he'd fascinate you, he'd whet them and he'd watch you - see that you was just so, and he'd get you, and then he'd make a lunge across the counter at you and that knife would stop just about 1 inch from your nose and you got a terrible shock! I saw him do it to one stranger that came in the shop and he ran out screaming that old man Tuttle had gone mad! 'Course when he got into the witch hazel, quite far along and he had a good audience and was always good for a laugh – 'Course it was the time of the Prohibition and he drank witch hazel and McKay the barber, he used to drink his rubbing alcohol and hair tonic and you could always count on going into Mr. McKay's and getting a haircut, well, he was pretty well under the weather. One time I went down there and he had a barbershop just west of Eldridge's garage there – the old place. I was alone in there and I got a haircut, and while I was getting it this feller passed by, kind of looking in the window. He a great big bushy head of hair – well, today it be right in style, but up to then it was a curiosity – used to be called a freak. McKay says to me, "Boy," he says, "I'd love to get my hands

on that head of hair." He says, "I'd run the clippers from front – from front to back." He said, "And I'd mow a path right down that hair." Well, about the time I finished my haircut the fellow came into the shop and I paid Mr. McKay and this fellow got into the chair and McKay threw the apron around him and he said, "How would you like your haircut?" And the fellow says, "Oh, the clippers lightly." And at that McKay run the clippers clear from the back to the front right down to the skull and the fellow ran screaming out that McKay got his claws on him, **(OTHER SIDE OF TAPE)** and McKay grabbed his razor and he whipped it out and they faced each other right and I got out of there and never went back. Don't know how that thing ever turned out.

G. Lake: Well, speaking about Jesse's house, I've been there a good many times and Jesse was a man who imbibed in this – well, I call it Monomoy moonshine. And one time I was in there, there was a leak in there, and a cat kept jumping up on a table where there was some meat. Jesse said, "Now one more time, cat, you jump up here, that'll be her last jump." So – sounds like a grim story, but it's true – so Jesse has these long knives he hacked up meat with and the cat jumped up just one more time – this was his last – boomp! -Off went the head!

– Only one life for him.

G. Lake: That's right, one life.

– He had good meat, though.

Chase: He wouldn't have had anything to do with what we called the Stop n' Shop, A & P. "Oh what did you want to go there for, for meat? You must be hard up. You must be – something else wrong –" because he had the – he really did – he really had the best meat in town. I used to have to go down and pick up my mother's aitch bone and all the other things on it. When I come in the store, he recognized me right away. "Oh, so you're after Mattie's meat?" I'd stay close to the door, but he'd go in that big freezer and he'd leave the door open; he'd be talking to me and everything, you know, and I'd answer him, and

he wanted me to come a little nearer, and I'd say, "No , I can hear you." And so he'd come out with the meat, and all, and I was so glad when he shut that door! I thought, boy, he's gonna put me in there someday! But, he was a nice man.

Voice: I can remember when the vanilla extract salesman come. He'd bring a little box and the wife'd watch for him and the minute she'd see him, she'd run over and get the box so he wouldn't drink it. She used to keep it over there – you wanted vanilla, you had to go over there and get it.

C. Hammond: I have a question – there was Good Walter and Wicked Walter, those two. There was also five Walters – who were the other three?

G. Lake: –Long Walter and Short Walter; I don't know the fifth one.

–Fat Walter.

–Nope.

-Must be Everett's grandfather

G. Lake: Everyone was a Walter W. Eldredge. –Everyone of them?

– Yep.

C. Hammond: That's the way Andrew kept them apart when they charged things. Good Walter went to church; Wicked Walter never went, so that's the way he distinguished between the two.

J. James: Beatrice Beverly has a little article in that Cape Cod Guide Magazine on Good Walter in this last issue, and she speaks of Good Walter and Bad Walter and also three other Walters that she gives that they called by their first and their middle names, but that was not uncommon then – you knew who was who. But she didn't give any facts about them except that there were five of them, as you say.

Voice: Well, I was talking with Good Walter one time when Wicked Walter came in and he introduced me and they gave the conventional exclamation: where Wicked Walter was never known to go to church, where Good Walter did go once, or something like that.

Voice: He was a church member I believe. That's where the "good" came from.

Voice: In 1920 there was Prohibition – we were on the liquor subject just recently. I was driving trucks and bus for the Chatham Bars Inn and one of the pantry men got into the extract of vanilla; he got rather roaring drunk on it and stole one of the trucks, so we followed and we knew about where he was, so we went to get the sheriff, which was on the same street as the Catholic Church.

We went up and called him and the road on the running board of the Ford and pushed the fellow down in the gully and stopped out there by the Acme Laundry, and he was taken and put into jail, back of the movies – underneath the movies – remember the old jailhouse they had there? Next day he was taken to Provincetown, put through court, put on the boat; he was in Boston before he knew what happened.

Voice: Virginia Harding told me that where Andrew Harding's store had chalk over the doorframe so many in wintertime, so many of the seafaring men got into violent arguments about where the channels were into Hong Kong, Manila, Calcutta, or somewhere – so they'd get down on the floor and brush aside the whittlings and take the chalk and put in where the channels were: "Here was a buoy – No, it wasn't, cried one, 'twas over there!"

Voice: Face on the barroom floor!

Voice: Does any part of the store still exist?

Voice: No.

Voice: Was it made into any buildings?

Voice: Yes, – house.

Voice: That's what I understood, but I never knew for sure.

G. Lake: Right across from Burdan's

Voice: That was my understanding, but I wasn't sure that was a fragment.

Voice: There was a book written about the village, not everyone knows about – Bright Sands by Robert Lewis Taylor. He was a Pulitzer Prize winner and it's all about the village – Andrew Harding's Lane. It isn't every village that has a – I've read it about six times; get more laughs out of it every time. Not everybody knows about it.

Voice: It's out of print now.

T. James: When was it written?

Voice: It's out of print, even in paperback.

T. James: No, but I mean, about when?

Voice: It's in 1954. Good Walter is called Good Samuel. They all had different names, but you couldn't miss them. Tutrind or George Gould is in there, remember?

C. Baisly: And Bob Tuttle.

Voice: Anybody got a copy they can give the Historical Society?

Voice: Somebody stole the one they had in the library, I think. Your only chance is a secondhand bookstore now. Right in the front of the copy I had – in the hardback – it has a map of all around Andrew Harding's Lane.

Voice: Did they do in paperback?

Voice: They did in paperback, but that's out-of-print too.

Voice: We tried and tried to get –

Voice: He wrote – he was a very fine author, Robert Lewis Taylor – he wrote the Travels of Jamie McPheeters and wrote The Journey of the Matikon (?). They were both put on television serial, I remember. I think it's well worth reading; it has a lot of the old Chatham and Harwich stories in there. 'Course, it's all fiction. (Laughter) No, I mean the plot of it.

Voice: Clint, Bart Smith used to tell a lot of stories about the rum runners in there storing their liquor up in the old barn, which is where the garage is now. Do you know any of those?

C. Hammond: No – there is a story, but I don't recall it well. One night some hijackers came there and they, he didn't tell them – know anything about it, didn't have anything to do with it. They thought he had some sort in the barn, but he said no. They didn't find any. I don't know any more than that, I really don't.

Voice: I remember he used to talk about it.

C. Hammond: He had some great stories. When I went in the oyster business in 1938 he was still there and he used to come over with his barrel of oysters, his gun, his scow, his cat, Ike, the yellow cat. Ike would always jump up on the bench if you are working on your oysters, he punch your shoulder, he'd want you to open scallops – he loved scallops. He went out on a scow with Bart, in the marsh, for oysters and he would even swim ashore.

Mrs. Weidman: There was a sort of song about Gunny Eldredge and all about young ones in the village and Howard Doane. Up the Oyster River, we knew Delford Nickerson on Andrew Harding's Lane that was caught with a bunch of liquor. We were just little kids, but we were playing in the bushes opposite the Tuttle's and he came running up and Chief Eldredge came down – quite a commotion – he told us some

rum runners came in that night – you could hear the boat sometimes up at our house, you could hear the motors at night, and lights flashing – off and on.

Meany: If you're shy about singing the song for us now, maybe you can do it later.

Mrs. Weidman:

"Down the Oyster River came the I'm alone

Manned by the captain, Mr. Howard Doane

Howard had the orders

So speed up your motors

(Muffled voice)

Howard Doan, master of the Oyster River," or something like that. It's yours; you tell it, you're the one that wrote a song about it.

Voice: In fact, it was Gunny Eldredge who he and his father went down there on Morris Island and lived the life of Indians, well, and he – uh – they lived just like Indians. Go ahead, Gunny, get up and tell them.

He taught us all about Redmen and finding the shell heaps down on Morris Island, Indian arrowheads and all of the wildflowers. My sister and I sold wildflowers all over – to all the summer people. We'd give them the Latin names Gunny told us – 25 cents.

Gunny Eldridge: They might not have been right.

Mrs. Weidman: Go ahead, Gunny.

G. Eldredge: Well, I know where that liquor was stored. There are some cottages down Harding's Beach that no one had occupied and I used to have a trap line and I'd go by there in the morning, and I went from – oh – around a couple of ponds, and there's a place called the Cove and – I guess I was about 10 or

so and – so one morning I was going by Dill Cottage and I noticed that the cellar door was ajar. So I opened up and I went in there and all these big things of straw on the floor, burlap bags piled up, so I didn't know what it was; and I'd more or less forgotten about it until – oh maybe 10 or 12 years ago – when I was talking with the fellow named Roger Nickerson. He says, "Well, you didn't know I saved your life one time?" I said, "No, when did you do that, Roger?" He says, "Well, you were a little boy and you were going down in the cellar and," he said, "there was a fellow along with me and he had a 30/30 rifle on you and I told him – don't do it! That's where it was."

C. Hammond: Speaking of Howard Doane, he was a very peculiar fellow, kind of amusing. He lived across from Meservey's Station down there in the fields in a little building, and there was a brook down there and a bridge and he used to have a sign there that said "No dogs or women over 8 admitted." Don't know if I should tell the story –

C. Baisly: Oh, yes.

C. Hammond: Well, he'd stand on his front step – a little building down there and anyway he didn't have much money. He come back kind of broke. There were a lot of clams along the shore there and so he dig clams. He said he had steamed clams and he had fried clams, clam chowder and all he had was clams. He said he got so bad that every time somebody stamp their foot, he'd wet his pants!

Meany: I think we'd better change the subject! What went on at the village school?

Voice: Well Mary Taylor went –

M. Taylor: There really isn't that much to tell. I can't remember that far back. Mrs. Parrish had the 4 grades in one room. Joe Nickerson's memory's probably better than mine. He was one.

North Chatham kids, use to live down by Barcliff Avenue, came down on what they called the barge – not the bus, but the barge. We went – I can remember seeing Mrs. Parrish and her husband

digging a path through the snow to open up the school. We had a potbellied stove, a pump which one of the privileged boys would pump the water in the morning, a bucket of water was in the dry sink in the corridor as you went in. Well I guess that's about it.

Joe Nickerson: Speaking of the bucket of water, and one dipper – it would be a horror now; everybody drank out of that one dipper. I remember that, and being in class. I was in the first grade there and beginning of second, probably. -Supposed to be a real nice young fellow; he and I did something and Mrs. Parrish had this 18 inch hickory ruler and she had us come up in front of the class, I'll never forget. "Hold your hands up." She gave us four good licks across the back of the hand with that ruler. Straited us out – for the time being.

Brown: Long time before that – you see these two are my ex-pupils – back in school – looked at my report cards yesterday. My mother had saved all my report cards straight through to normal school and I looked at those for the village school. The first three grades that I was there, they were marking them with numerals – 90, 95, 80 – that sort of thing, and the fourth year they changed to the A – B – C business, so I suppose the School Committee about 1912 or so, decided to have the letter markings rather than the other. My first teacher was Alice Smith and the next teacher was Jenny S. Cahoon (?). What happened to her, I don't know, never heard any more about her.

T. James: Who was your first teacher, Howard?

H. James: Mrs. Calder, then a lady named Laura Harding.

T. James: Laura Harding – Mrs. Harding?

Brown: Yes, she followed two of those teachers, came in after Jenny Cahoon (?) left. But I don't know – another job, or got married or what; never heard any more about her.

W. Dexter: Capt. Norman Gilchrist, retired from the Navy, living over on Cedar Avenue has been here, going to school as young boy. He tells a wonderful tale of his school down here at the corner of Cedar Avenue and Skunk's Neck Road – Stage Harbor Road – of turning over the outhouse, but unfortunately there was a young lady in it.

H. James: I just heard George Gould's name mentioned here a few minutes ago. That brings to mind that Freeman Howes and I – I was working at the Hawes House. They used to put on about two clambakes a year, in the middle of the summer. So Freeman and I went over to the beach in order to collect all the wood and seaweed and get the fire going. And there was thick fog, as a matter of fact, they didn't even know whether they were going to have the bake not. But anyway, we went over and people came down from up to the hotel and boarding house and they were standing around waiting, you know, for things to get cooked, and you could hear this dory coming in the fog, you know, you could hear the oars bumping against the thole pins. So of course, everybody ran down to the shore, you know, and the dory came up on the beach, and there was George "Tuttrind" - George Gould – and he hollered, he said, "What port is this?" Somebody says, "Chatham." And so he says, "Well, shove me off shore!" he says. That really made the day for those people, because the mooncussers, you know, were supposed to be at Chatham, supposed to be a bad fourth hander (?). He said, "Shove me off shore!"

T. James: While you're talking about Freeman, tell me about Freeman's hens – Freeman Howe's hens.

H. James: He set a hen down one time and he had something like 12 – 13 eggs under her and 11 of them came out of these great big White Rock roosters – was as big as he was. In with the rest, they had a bunch of wild ducks. They were young, you know, tall, and they started into learn to fly. Back of the Hawes House there, where the inlet was a downhill and those ducks use to run down that hill – take off in the wind – and those roosters tried the same thing! You never saw anything funnier in your life than those roosters going end over end! They just couldn't fly!

We had a lot of fun there. There was one woman there, I can't remember her name now – probably just as well, but she was a guest at the Inn there, so she says to him "Good morning," he says "Good morning," she says, "Good morning," she says, "Do you think it'll stop raining?" He says, "If it don't," he says, "it's going to be a hell of a long wet spell!"

Voice: Howard, you remember your landlord, (muffled voice) William Heck Higgins?

(Unintelligible voice)

H. James: Sure, he went square – rigging with Mrs. Deer's grandfather. He always used to tell about goin' square-rigging – square – squar' – that was a common prefix. Everybody had a pet name down there. They used to call him Creepy. He used to creep around people's wood piles so they wouldn't know it. Wilbur Patterson fixed him there once, I guess. He loaded up some wood with gunpowder. Yeah, they had a card party and before it got over the stove blew up – gunpowder in the wood. I don't daresay too much because I know that you people might be related to a lot of them.

Voice: Getting back to Bile Smith again, he and Joe D. Bloomer were always at swords' point as to which one knew the most stovepipe in the wrong way. So Joe D. came in one day and he says to Bile, "You know," he says, "I believe," he says, "I can kill a bear with my bare hands." And Biles says, "Yes," he says, "You keep on reading them Nick Carter stories and you kin do most ennathin'."

T. James: Everybody told about Jesse Tuttle, but you didn't tell about the run in your father had with Jesse Tuttle.

H. James: Well, my father went in there one day and Jesse was in his tea, I guess they used to call it, and he started in going into a great tirade, you know, about foreigners who live in town and all this business. They come in from here to there and any everywhere. Then he looked up right out of a clear sky and he says to my father, and he says, "And James," he says, "that goes for you too." The whole story was my

father jumped over the counter, landed in front of Tuttle and says, "Listen," he says, "none of my folks come sailing up from the East River," he says, "with their clothes in a bag." He says. "The Indian never came here, they were here." "That's all right, that's all right, Frank." He says, "I didn't mean any offense." He'd 'a' practically given him the meat market!

Joe Nickerson: I heard you speaking of Joe Bloomer – Copper Joe. He used to go around blowing up wrecks. He was quite the guy with dynamite. If a junk wreck would drift around and come ashore in the wrong place they would go get hold of Joe and he'd go blow it up – and where the fishermen were living down Powder Hole, there on Monomoy Point, there was a wreck after storm come driftin' in the harbor down there and it went right into Powder Hole and was right in everybody's way, and so they got hold of Joe to come down and blow it up for them. He came down with a good Southwest wind blowing, blew down in his catboat – everything got soaking wet – he finally landed, came stomping up to the shanty there with his rubber boots on and a stick of dynamite in his mouth and both hands full. "Anybody got a fire going in the stove?" Well, by that time one of the women took off for the lighthouse. He dried out his dynamite on the stove – all set to blow up the wreck. Russell Bearse was down there; and he had a brand-new dory Tommy Gill just made for him in the Mill Pond, thought an awful lot of that dory – and Russell says, "Ask Joe, don't you want me to move my dory, get it out of your way?" "No, no," he says, "No, no, going to blow everything right out of the way." There is quite a chunk of wreck there, these big beams in it, one side of it would stand about this tall and about a foot square. When he touched her off, one of these beams went through the air like a boomerang, landed right in the middle of Russell's dory, split right in half!

Meany: Howard, seems to me you had a lot of so-called characters down there. Wasn't there a China Josh – and Crazy George Bloomer? And who were some of the others?

H. James: Well, let's see, we had Sam Dill. He used to go around selling corn balls – used to buy them for a nickel – about as big around as a bushel basket; get one of those you really had it made 'cause it would last all day.

T. James: Now let me see, who else? We had a lot of the people around then. There was one on Holway Street right near you. We used to call him the Wart Man, but I don't know –

Voice: Oh, that was Willie Holway. He went barefoot back and forth – that was Willie Holway, some of his people were – Holway Street was named for some of his people, apparently.

G. Lake: Mention of Russell A. Bearse – Bearse Avenue – lots of stories about him and here's one of the stories. He had a few hens up there in his back yard – not many – five or six hens, and he used to sell eggs to the summer people. So – he was a pretty sharp boy, this Russell A. Bearse. He'd go up to the A & P, (Unintelligible words) and he always charged a good price for them.

Voice: Howard, there was another one – Klondike Frank –

H. James: He went to Klondike during the Gold Rush, he was Louise Pratt's father.

Mrs. Weidman: We have an Uncle Frank –

H. James: He went to Klondike during the Gold Rush, never got rich, had a lot of fun there. Of course, we had old Capt. White. He lived around here. He was only about – he wasn't as big as I am, but I can't understand how it was that he got to be such a full captain because all of those old fellows was quite tall.

Meany: Howard, I wanted to have a stand up and stretch for a moment, and then – Capt. White will be a great one to start off on again. These chairs, from my experience, get awful har, so if we just stand up and stretch –

(Different Recording)

Voice: I remember him; he worked as carpenter for the family when I was a kid growing up in the village there, he used to go around doing carpenter work. He was one of the – what they called the – Bluewater men, or deepwater sailors.

Voice: He was 90 years old when he was building his porch there, you know.

Meany: Was the house he lived in the one that Mrs. Seymour – –

Voice: Yes.

Meany: There are, as you know – we have a painting by Fred Wight of him with – a picture of him with a – picture of – model in the background. And you may remember that we did a little exploring on that because of one of his ships is named the Luzon and there is – just prowling through the ship model collection of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston – there it is, and so we have a photograph of it – we'll never get the model. At least we know where it is. But Capt. White was not exactly noble character at sea, I guess, some of the time. Stories told by Fred Wight, gathered, I guess, when he was painting it – painting a portrait – that some of them are rather grim. But what I wanted Eleanor to tell was what she remembers as a child on Silverleaf around Halloween time.

E. Henderson: Well, we used to go bother him Halloween. We used to put a string across, a rope across so then we'd go and steal his grapes and things and then he'd come a runnin', he'd fall over those lines.

Mrs. Weidman: Well, Halloween time is a good time. We didn't have trick-or-treat – just tricks!

Mrs. Weidman: And George's brother used to just put a sheet on, I know, and just go across Hallett Lane like that. That was enough for us! But there was a lady, maybe Howard knows, that owned a store, that yellow store down on Main Street – Richardson's, I guess. There was a store there –

H. James: You mean Smith and Richardson's? Two sisters –

Mrs. Weidman: –Get you thread, buttons, everything. Howard's sister, Ernestine, used to always play a witch that came out of the – I don't know – chimney or something. It was a woman named Sadie that ran that.

Voice: Sadie Nickerson that was it, wasn't it?

Voice: She had Halloween parties.

Voice: She had a little store up there by Schluter's, just the other side of the information booth there. She had a little store there.

G. Lake: –A little candy shop.

Voice: Yeah that was Sadie Nickerson.

Voice: Another woman you're thinking of was –

Voice: There were lots of stores down there. And there was Mr. Mullet and Mrs. Mills – and fresh milk – and his cows –

H. James: – And there used to be a pile of wheat belonging to the cows –

G. Lake: Cows can drink a lot of water too. I must add a few words about life years ago – 50 – 60 years ago. And to get milk, we went after it. Lenny Mullet, he lived down there, across from Josephine Atkins and he had two – three cows, used to walk up through Hallett Lane and we used to get milk right out of the cow, 10 cents a half bucket. And then Mert Rogers, that was the Ellis' uncle, and his uncle had quite a few hands, you know, he'd go down and get eggs there and they were a penny a piece. And if you was a good little boy, or good little girl, you got 13 eggs for a dozen eggs. Most of us burned driftwood; only the wealthy people had coal – got it from Charlie Harding.

Voice: Dan Harding.

G. Lake: Yes, Dan Harding, excuse me. And so life was entirely different. We had to – well, I'd say – scratch for it; didn't come easy.

Voice: That's what Scrabble means – scratch.

Mrs. Weidman: I know we had the iceman – and everybody came to us. Atwood's store sent someone out to take your order. Mr. Keeler came around with his horse and wagon with the vegetables – watermelons, and cherries, peaches and everything. He didn't let you touch those things. And shoes too; to get shoes sometimes there was the shoe man'd come around or my father used to trace our foot on a brown piece of paper and then when he went back to the city he would get shoes.

G. Lake: The shoe man came from Orleans, he had a horse and wagon and every so often he'd come to that part of Chatham Village – his horse and wagon full of shoes, and that's how you get the shoes.

Voice: That was Charlie Nickerson.

Voice: Charlie Nickerson?

Voice: Charlie Nickerson of South Chatham.

Mrs. Weidman: And we saw the hurdy-gurdy man.

H. James: One day he says, "Howard," he says, "pick yourself out a pair of shoes. Come in and I'll tell you how much they are." – I thought he was gonna give me some shoes!

T. James: I think Howard ought to tell you that he was the only boy in his graduating class who got flowers – a bouquet of flowers from the town undertaker, wasn't it?

H. James: I used to mow the lawn, you know, for John Taylor, the undertaker. I used to mow the lawn up there where the Soldier's Monument is, used to mow that to. Well, the thing that really shook him up was

the fact that I played baseball in high school and seems as though every time he wanted me to do something special, I had a ballgame I had to go play. He couldn't quite figure that out. Anyway, when I graduated from high school – 'course, the girls all had a bouquet – big deal – next thing you know my name was called and I had a beautiful bouquet from John Taylor. Only boy in the class that come out of graduation with a bouquet!

Voice: Tell us about your relative, Bluey.

C. Hammond: Bluey Hammond – there isn't much that I can tell you, but I can tell you how he got his name. Bluey, he was one of the characters down there in the village, and he – during the Civil War – he used to say that he fought under General Blueregard (Beauregard), but anyway that's how he got the name. I noticed that I have a map at home – Barnstable County, 1880s, many of you have seen it – of the village, and of course it shows all the houses and everybody's name is on the house. The one I live in now, at that time – 1880 – belonged to a woman, Mrs. J. Nickerson. I don't know who she was; we always called it George Rogers' house. There's another fellow in this picture, this fellow here, known as Tinkham

Voice: Tinkham Gould. He was a very powerful man and I've heard people say he had very big feet. I don't know what size feet – big, anyway, and one day he came down to the shore, down there by Andrew Harding's Lane and someone said, "How do you feel today, Tinkham?" "Well, I don't feel very good at all today." And in the meantime in the night the tide had taken his dory and dumped it up on the high tide line, so he goes up to it, you know, and wraps the anchor rope around his hand and he pulls it down to the shore – two men couldn't move it, you know.

I was going to get you to tell that story about the law. I'm the culprit in the story, I shouldn't get it told, but my brother knows the story – about Seth Hammond.

Sydney Hammond: Years ago, about 1916, Seth Hammond was the only law – – he was the sheriff. He lived right across from grandmother Hammond's and my brother was down here at the cottage early in

the spring and there were some quail on the shores. He went down with a gun and he shot three quail. Well, he brought them up to his grandmother Hammond's place right across from Seth Hammond's and he cleaned them and split them and Grandmother Hammond had a nice hot coal fire going in the stove and put them onto broil, and well, I don't know of anything that smells to high heaven better 'n quail. Wasn't very long before Seth comes over to the door. He opened the door, "My, it smells good in here." He walked over to the stove, looked up and, "My, if I didn't know those were chickens, I'd say they were quail. Mind if I have one?" "Why no, help yourself." He took a quail and he ate it and he smacked his lips and he says, "That was delicious. If I didn't know that was a chicken, I'd 'a' said they were quail." He says, "I understand there's been a lot (?) of quail down at the shore." And he says, "I heard a gun go off a while ago," he says, "Did you shoot these quail?" Clint says, "No, I didn't shoot any quail." "All right," Seth says, "Don't do it again!" Law was satisfied and out he went.

Voice: Where Bluey used to live, you know, now lives Prof. Perry, and I wish Mrs. Perry would tell the story about Bluey.

Mrs. Perry: Well, I'm not sure that's all correct, but when we bought the house we were told that he sold fish and he went around town in an old blue long coat with a tinhorn –

Voice: Union Army coat.

Mrs. Perry: Oh, that was it – yes – and sold fish and they said that when he had finished a meal he'd sit there and he'd say, "There, b'God, I've et my fill, I've had as much as Vanderbilt and what's more my stomach don't hurt me none neither!" We all sat around our table – the children – we all said it every meal. It's not the thing to do, so we stopped.

Bluey Hammond was a Congressional Medal of Honor winner. I don't know what heroism he did to get the Congressional Medal of Honor, but when he died, there was a great big pile of clamshells – must 'a' been 4 or 5 feet high. Mrs. Hammond said it took two wagon loads to take it out of there so they

could hold the funeral. But he lived on his Congressional Medal of Honor award, which was 8 dollars a month – and clams. Three cheers for Social Security!

He went in Tuttle's market there one day and Sadie Wilder was a customer ahead of him, so she ordered up this fancy cut of meat and Tuttle got it up there for her, you know, and cut it off and wrapped it up for her and she went out the door; and he looked up and he said, "Well, Albert," he says, "what can I get for you?" And Bluey says, "I want a slice of meat cut right offa thar." And he points to the same cut as Sadie just did. He whittled off a good-sized chunk of it and he paid for it and away he went home. Couple days later, he come back in and Tuttle says to him, "You want any more of that cut of meat?" And Bluey says, "No, I don't want any." And he says, "What did you buy it for in the first place?" "I bought that," he says, "to show that woman I could eat just as good of meat as she could."

The stove up in that front room which we haven't fixed up too much has axe marks up near the doorway. And according to Stella Cleverdon, when Bluey and the gang were in there playing cards they get a little cool sometimes and he'd yell, "Well, boys, get another chair, chop'er up!"

He turned the whole village out down there one afternoon about sunset, they could hear all this singin' way down in the field, and all the men in the village run down there, you know, because they figured he'd really blown his lid. So they went down there, and they got down there and he's settin' in the old privy and he'd found a horn – you remember the old morning glory horns they used to have on the old phonographs, but he only had half of it, but he had the biggest half, you know, with the bell on it. And he was settin' there on the seat and he was everlastin' singin', you know, at the top of his lungs. They says, "What's the matter with you?" He says, "Nothin' the matter with me," he says, "I'm just broadcastin'." –Beginning of radio broadcasting.

Voice: Well, the Navy had a Navy Air Station out where the golf links are – out Chathamport – and in 1918 there was a British dirigible decided it was going to cross the Atlantic and show the Germans how to do it.

But unfortunately, they thought they'd run out of gasoline or whatever they used to run the propellers before they got to Lakehurst, so they radioed and said they wanted to tie up at the Chatham mast and refuel. The night watchman woke me up in the Chatham Bars Inn dormitory and said, "Take the bus down to the post office and all the men in town will be down there to ride the bus out to the airfield and help Chet hang on to the ropes and bring this dirigible in." Well, I took three loads out and just as we could hear the motors going over, they radioed and said they thought they'd have enough to get to Lakehurst. I only made one trip back!

C. Baisly: I have a question – does anyone remember anything or have any recollections of the mill on Mill Hill Lane? I assume it was Solomon Collin's mill, at one time. Does anyone know any stories about it or does anyone know when it went?

Voice: Did we have a mill here?

Voice: Yes.

C. Baisly: That would be too far back.

Voice: Stone is still there –

Voice: That was in the early 1800s.

Voice: I remember when Otis James had an Indian living in the village two summers.

Voice: That was a man named Walter Allison – he used to go through that yard. There wasn't anyone living there at the time and he decided he'd break the windows out, so he went and got 'em. It wasn't too long before there wasn't any window glass left and he started in on the sash next, and I think it cost his father something around \$60 to get the windows replaced in that house – which was a lot of money in those days.

Voice: Somebody mentioned a May Basket here or trick-or-treat – not too long ago. I think it was one of the Walsh's. This is a story I can tell you about how we use to make up what we used to call a snatch basket. Most beautiful May Basket you'd ever want to look at, but there was nothin' in it – 'cept just a bunch of rocks. So we went down to Walsh's – must have been about 15 of us, and we hung this May Basket, knocked on the door, you know; somebody came to the door, and Merton Rogers, he was there, so we took off in all different directions. Ran up the street in all kinds of ways. I went up by what used to be Crosby's house, and then cut back down through the field, you know, and come back down along the lane right down there about where Charlie's plumbing shop is now, was an open field there, and when I stepped out in the lane somebody says, "Here comes Mert Rogers," you know – see – well, I took off down the road and headed for home, see, and there was this feller runnin' up ahead of me so I went out and got a hand on his ankle. Come to find out, it was Mert! He was the one that was chasing everybody else and I was chasing him! Every time after that I'd see him he'd want to know if I could still run as fast as ever.

Meany: We've heard about May Baskets and we've heard about Halloween – what about other holidays?

Voice: Night before the Fourth used to be quite a time – Halloween was another one.

Mrs. Weidman: Night before the Fourth – well, I didn't participate, not my age group. – – – The morning of the Fourth we used to see automobiles and everything on top of the post office building and maybe, George, you might have been in some of that; and Freeman Howes, I know was in some of that.

Voice: Did you have a bonfire the night before?

Voice: Had bonfires down at the beach, any old time – at beach parties.

Voice: Use to set the beach on fire every year -- and I set it on fire one time -- ran 4 miles away! Ask Winnie if she remembers the night she kicked the pumpkin lantern in front of Blueart's house up there and then threw it through the window. Ask her if she remembers that.

Mrs. Shepard: Yes.

Voice: Yes, he called my father, you know, and said, he said, "Better come here and get that boy of yours." Father says, "Why, what's going on?" He says, "Well, he's up there," he says, "makin' a nuisance of himself." Father says, "Is he all alone?" "No," he says, "Must be about 60 kids there." My father says, "You better start in makin' 59 more telephone calls before I'm comin' out." We used to go over there regular, you know, because, you know, you wouldn't go anywhere unless somebody bothered you. If you went up and knocked on the door and they didn't pay no attention to you, you didn't stay. If they come out and give you a rough time and run you out, why that's just what you wanted.

Weidman: Just made noises on their window or put a tin can with water and pulled the string which we did on Uncle Frank -- well, we called him Uncle Frank. He used to go down to Inward Point, sail down in his dory and use the oar for a rudder and just some handmade sail and I remember he'd be gone for a long time, and my mother used to worry 'cause he had asthma and might not get back or something. So the next person she talked to that was going down there she'd say, look out for Uncle Frank or look out for Alonzo Gould.

The Mill Pond was a very active place; fish boats came in there, there was a pier there and I believe Louie Tuttle's truck came down and got in barrels of fish. And that fish pier also owned a lot of the icehouse up on Stage Harbor.

Meany: Where was the fish pier -- at Mill Pond?

Mrs. Weidman: Right in front – Well, where Spalding Dunbar's house – boathouse – George Rogers owned all that land down there. Spalding Dunbar's was a cranberry bog and my great Uncle George Rogers exchanged land that we used to call the Rogers homestead over on – near the Hawes House. He exchange that land for land on the Mill Pond when the first lighthouse started going down the bank; he thought it was pretty risky, and I don't know, he sold it and moved over on the Mill Pond. He owned all that land – Water Street to Eliphamet's Lane, School Street to the Mill Pond, and all the shanties – he used to rent them out.

Voice: \$3 a year.

Voice: I have a picture of the way the Mill Pond looked – maybe a lot of other people do too. Mert's folks, that was Mert Rogers, lived down in that square-topped house – that was a chicken coop. They lived upstairs, the chickens lived downstairs.

The village looks quite a little different from what it does now, you know; it wasn't so luxuriant, was very rural and sparse – hardly no trees, cows grazed around in different fields – there were a great many fields – and it was barren, very barren. On the beach side there were high cliffs of sand and it wasn't the lush place that it is today; dirt roads, dirt paths and a great many characters. I mean – – – all men living alone.

Voice: With help.

Voice: Some of them went to Monomoy Point for the summer, for the entire summer. They'd live in a shanty down there, one that was fixed up with the kitchen. It always impressed me that Mrs. George Dunbar made a pie a piece for the crew of the fishing boat to eat just for lunch. A great many always had a big cake, and a pie, and some donuts for one fisherman for lunch.

W. Dexter: Well, we have Wesley Deer sitting over here who's retired from the Chatham Trust Company and I remember him as a teller, when the Chatham Trust Company opened in the Brick Block. I'm sure if Mr. Deer would open up and tell us some of the stories, he can now tell us about some of the people trying to milk the Chatham Trust Company – – –

W. Deer: Well, I never caught too many trying to milk the Trust Company because we had Gus Ellis there. People'd come in there and cash their checks and other people'd come in for a loan – \$3,000 was about the maximum you could get on a mortgage on a house. Gus would say he'd rather have three at 3,000 then one at 10. That was the policy of the bank for several years and they always kept a very good-looking statement and they prospered over the years under that condition. At the present time, of course, there – they have to keep up with the competition and so I imagine that things might be a little different now.

C. Baisly: There's a marvelous place in the floor of that building, perhaps where you stood, the floor is just gently scooped out where the teller stood there for years and years.

W. Deer: You're talking about Bars Inn Avenue. One time I tried to fix that up because we got tired of sitting – of standing – in a hole. It was a mixture you could buy which I bought and mixed up with water, I guess it was, and filled it up level and it lasted for a little while – used to put a sponge rubber mat over top of it and that works pretty good, but it wore right through that hard – that was maple floor, I guess, or hard pine – just wore right down. About the same thing in the barbershop of Joe Orlando, where he used to stand. He wore right down through the floor and his – they had to replace the whole floor.

W. Dexter: That the same shop he's in now?

W. Deer: Yes, down the end of Seaview Street – yes.

C. Baisly: Many years ago Billy Wescott was living in the old vaults of the bank.

W. Deer: That's right. I had a picture of the Mill Pond taken from the village looking across from the big Mill Pond, little Mill Pond, showing the rink (?) Hill which is up at the end of Shattuck Place, the rink (?) burned down later, or was torn down; you don't see any trees to speak of in the whole area and it's all – Chatham was all like that, just bare field. There is a picture there taken from the depot looking up Old Harbor Road – it shows here old Kendall (?) Green, they called it where Abby Doughnut lived. It was all open fields.

We had a lot of silver leaves in wild cherry –

W. Deer: Down in the village part.

Voice: Yes.

Voice: But not up in that area.

Voice: What is it that was called silver leaves?

Voice: It's a poplar, grows like a weed.

Mrs. Weidman: I remember having a very happy childhood and we didn't have all the things and we – just girls – chopped down Silverleaf trees and made, and we'd have the boys and girls like Howard's sisters and brothers all of us – the Tuttle's – we all – boys and girls, we divided up and had teams, you know, played baseball down in the field in back of – well, where you live, George.

G. Lake: Horse (?) in behind Clayton's.

Mrs. Weidman: And played baseball with – – like we have, and gangs – I guess they're like gangs; we'd change – someone we didn't like, didn't want to speak to, we'd go around at the end of the summer and try and find rotten eggs left over from the lodge, places like that and throw them, you know at the others. Or we played cowboys and Indians like – wasn't cowboys and Indians, but we did play all the time and at

night gather stones and when we'd get home from school, it took us a long time to locate them – by an old house or rain spout (?).

C. Baisly: Anyone have any recollections or know who lived in Ivy Cottage?

W. Dexter: Anybody remember Freddy P – the RFD man that went down Old Harbor Road with the mail?

C. Baisly: Yes, he lived in Chathamport.

Voice: He lived across from Acme Laundry.

W. Dexter: I don't know where he lived – remember the two Greeks that had the fruit – Peter – – – – the two Greeks that started the fruit stand there where the Epicure is now? Then there was Kelly – a name Kelly after that, and he ran a bakery there – son lives up on Seaview Street now.

Voice: Frank Kelly?

Voice: Frank Kelly.

C. Baisly: Freddy P's last name was Allen – he was Freddy P. Allen.

Voice: Yes, he lived across from– I used to buy milk from him years ago across from the Acme Laundry. His house is down here – Mrs. Cox's house.

Voice: Right.

G. Lake: Houses were moved around quite a bit, you know, in those olden days, and one place down there, Inward Point was owned by Willie Gould and Dan Harding. They got into a fight and one of them wouldn't sell the other his half, so they took a tape measure and measured it and took a saw and sawed it right in two. Then old Dan Harding – you know, he was quite clever, so he took some dories and lash them together and he put his half on these dories any floated up to the Mill Pond, and I'll be damned if that cottage isn't still right there – right on the Mill Pond.

Voice: They used to bring houses over from Nantucket.

Voice: A great many of the houses down here have been moved from other places – one of the biggest industries in Chatham – – moving houses.

Voice: She has this picture – the house my mother bought in 1917. Well, it was moved from a road that was down where the beach is now as far as I can see, near the lighthouse, in front of the lighthouse.

When the sea came up to such an extent that they became afraid to stay there, they moved whatever houses were on that street.

Meany: I'm told that Eleanor would very much like to know about these houses that were down below the lighthouse on the beach and were moved someplace or other –

Voice: Well, that was one of them, but –

Meany: I think this might be a good time for us to stop so far as sitting in a circle is concerned – don't hurry away, just keep on talking to one another, look at the pictures – some of you haven't seen them.

Originally transcribed by Muriel F. MacAdam, from tape made at meeting by Clair Baisly.