

Renée Magriel: – permission from the Tales of Cape Cod, Incorporated. October 8, 1977. I am on my way to see Ms. Louise Kelley, K-E-L-L-E-Y, in West Harwich. Would you like to talk about your family?

Louise Kelley: My family?

RM: Yes, and what about your ancestry.

LK: Of course, we always start with the male. My father was born in Dennisport, August 1, 1874. He lived here until he graduated from high school. His parents were also – both of them were born in Dennisport. My grandfather, Edgar Poe Kelley – which was strange, to have that name, I think. But his mother must have been a romanticist. The Kelleys descended from David O'Killia. We don't know very much about David. There is a legend in regard to him in that he – and this is purely a legend – that he and his parents were coming over from – it says in the early Plymouth Records – Ireland, which we've always denied for some reason or other. The legend is that his parents died at sea, and that he was cast ashore in Yarmouth. He was befriended by a Quaker, with whom he lived. Of course, so many years until that particular person died, and then he was turned over to another Quaker. He lived with him until – so the genealogy said – until he became a free man, which meant that he was old enough to vote and have some land. According to that legend, he married a Welch girl by the name of the (Jean?) Hall. Well, the Kelleys – it started O'Killia, then it became O'Killey, and then it became Killey. Then eventually, it became Kelley. We always thought that the ey meant that you were – not that it makes any difference, but that you were not Irish and that you were Protestant. But that has been disproved, because, Jeremiah, who was the first son of David, had a brother, David, who was a Quaker, and dropped the E. So, that has been disproved. There are still Kelleys with an E and Kelleys without an E right up to today who are all related. Well, my grandmother, who was Edna Snow, was a direct descendant from Nicholas Snow, who married Constance Hopkins who came over on the *Mayflower*. Now, there are five lines – I don't know if you want these enough – to the *Mayflower*, all of which have been proven. One is William Brewster. One is William Bradford. They both were what they called saints. Do you know there were saints and strangers? They were the saints, and Richard Warren was a stranger. Stephen Hopkins was a stranger. Joseph Rogers was also a stranger. So, there were only two saints. [laughter]

There were two saints. The rest were strangers. Well, anyway, they were all early settlers. That is, they all came to Plymouth. Nicholas Snow and Stephen Hopkins were sent down to Eastham as early settlers down there. Another early settler was Doane.

RM: What was his name?

LK: John Doane, I think it was. Then Joseph Rogers died that first year, but his son came down. I can't think of what his name right now. Then there's Nickerson, William Nickerson, who was an early settler in Chatham. I'm descended from all of those. I have the Nickerson line, but I can't give you that. Well, that, I think, pretty well takes care of that side. Now, my mother was a Farrington, Grace Lillian Farrington. She was born near Dedham. The place is called Hyde Park now, which is something that – I mean, it's sort of not the best area, but it was an extension of

Dedham. She was brought up in Boston and Westwood, which is a part of West Dedham, where her grandmother lived. Her father was descended from the Farringtons who were early settlers in Dedham. That family had a grant, a land grant from King Charles of England. They owned a great deal of land in and around Dedham. But eventually, they lost it all because, of course, the town grew in. I don't really know too much about them. But I did find out, much to my, really, pleasure, that – see, my mother never cared too much. She got a little tired hearing about the Cape Cod people. That's all she heard, was Cape Cod, Cape Cod. But after she died, I found a letter from my great-grandmother. Her name was Robinson, Henrietta Louisa Robinson. She said that some Robinson brothers had gone to Newport, Rhode Island, and that one had stayed there and one had gone to Maine – and her ancestor had gone to Maine. So, a couple of years ago, I went to Newport to visit a friend and went into the Redwood Library with this letter to see if I could find out a little bit about these Robinsons. The librarian pulled a book out of the archives, and in it, I found my great-grandmother's name. Because of that, I traced her ancestry back to Isaac Robinson, who was the son of John who sent the pilgrims over here. He came to Plymouth not on the *Mayflower*, but I think on the next. I think it was the *Anne*. I'm not sure about that – and was sent to Barnstable. While he was in Barnstable, he was given an assignment to inquire into the life of the Quakers, because they were unpopular at that time. While he didn't become a Quaker, he became interested in their – well, their lot, you might say, and became sympathetic to them. So, he was put out of Barnstable and went to Falmouth and was one of the founders of Falmouth. But he still befriended them, and he went to Martha's Vineyard. He stayed over there. Some of his children, I believe, were born in the three different towns. But after the next governor came – and I can't quite remember who he was, whether it was Winthrop or the next one. History would tell. He was pardoned for being so sympathetic and was allowed to return to Barnstable where he lived with his daughter, Fear. She was Fear Robinson. I'd have to look in the book. I should have taken some notes. But anyway, he lived with her until he died. So, my mother was Cape Codder in spite of herself.

RM: In spite of herself. [laughter]

LK: Now, I have a brother, Bertrand Kelley, who was born in Providence. He's five years older than I. I have a sister, Barbara Farrington Kelley Johnson, who was married to a very fine person, Paul Johnson. They have four lovely daughters. I don't know what else you want to know.

RM: Which of your family did you know about?

LK: Of all?

RM: Did you know your grandparents?

LK: Down here, on the Cape – of course, I knew my grandmother and my grandfather and my great-grandfather, Warren Snow; my great-aunt, Georgianna Hopkins-Kelley, who lived on Upper County Road; my great-aunt, Etta Kelley, who lived on Main Street; my Great-Great-Aunt Olive, who lived on Upper County Road, the corner of Telegraph Road; and her daughter, Cousin Annie, who was really my father's cousin, who lived with Great-Great-Aunt Olive. Cousin Annie started the telegraph office in Dennisport. I can barely remember going into that

telegraph office. But as far as the aunts, they're very clear in my mind.

RM: Who was your great-grandfather?

LK: Great-Grandfather Snow?

RM: Snow. Can you tell me about him?

LK: Yes. There's an interesting story about him. He was the son of Warren Snow, who married Sally Kelley. Well, his father died at sea, and Sally – well, they lived on Lower County Road, in the house that Nathaniel Wickerson later bought. Well, Sally married – I have just been told this. I didn't know this. But I've been told that Sally married John Wickerson. John got religious, [laughter] and he left her. He joined the Mormons and went out to Salt Lake City and left her and her son, Warren, home. He married out there. (Pauline Derrick?) has told me this, but she's never been able to find his wife and children out there. But when he knew that he was in poor health and might not live, he came back to Sally, and Sally had been true to him all these years. So, she took him back and nursed him through his illness, and in gratitude, he left his home to Warren and Sally, for Sally to live in as long as she lived, and for Warren, whom he was very fond, to stay there, with the idea of privilege of buying it at a nominal fee, which she did. That's where my father was born, in this house. It still stands. It's right next to the Wee Packet. It's a lovely little house, and I can remember going there.

RM: So, do you know anything else about your grandpa?

LK: About Grandpa Snow?

RM: Yes.

LK: He was in the coal and wood business, and he had piers at the end of – well, I don't know what street, whether that's Depot – anyway, he had piers. As you go down Dennisport, you go down South Street, and it meets and it goes right down to the bay. He had a coal and wood business down there, him with his cousin, Foster Rogers. They were in business until the storm, I think, took away their piers. Then he retired. He was selectman for the town of Dennisport for a good many years. Highly respected, darling person. Just the sweetest thing.

RM: Did he ever tell you any stories?

LK: Oh, well, I can't remember that he told the stories. But he used to play cheesy with me. He always let me be. [laughter]

We all loved him very much. I can't remember if he did, but my grandfather did. Grandpa Kelley did. Grandpa went to sea...

RM: What was his first name?

LK: Edgar Poe. He went to sea at about the age of twelve as a cook. I said to him, "Grandpa,

how did you know how to cook?" He said, "Well, I didn't, but I soon learned." [laughter]

Now, I imagine – and this is something that I want to follow through – his father, Doane Kelley, was a sea captain. His house still stands. It's on Telegraph Road, and it has 1775 on it. It's an old house.

RM: Did you ever meet Mr. Kelley?

LK: Pardon?

RM: Doane Kelley, his name...

LK: No, I didn't. No, he died before. I'm trying to think about all the stories that grandpa told. Well, right now, I can't think of any.

RM: What about your great-great-aunt?

LK: Great-Great-Aunt Olive?

RM: Yes. What did she look like?

LK: Oh, she was darling. I have her picture in the other room. I'll show it to you. She was a very tiny little woman; small in size and stature, but very wiry. She lived to be ninety-eight. She's the one who lived to be ninety-eight. She was married to Captain Horatio Kelley, and he was a – what would you call him? Oh, a sea dog. [laughter]

I never knew him, and I shouldn't talk about my ancestors. But they said that he really was one of those fiery sea men. She was just the opposite, a very gentle person. Extremely deaf when I knew her; had a horn that she'd put in her ear. She lived in a little Cape Cod cottage, darling house, Upper County Road. I can remember seeing an oil painting of her when she was a girl. Captain Horatio had taken a picture of her to China, and they had been copied. Beautiful, lovely old picture. I don't have that. I wish I did. Then there was also a picture of his vessel.

RM: Do you have the picture?

LK: I don't have them. They were willed to somebody else. But they willed to us, to my father – or Cousin Annie gave my father the Stafford chair and China set that Captain Horatio had brought back from England. It's one of my treasures, really lovely.

RM: Did you ever hear any stories from her?

LK: No, she was so deaf that she didn't. In fact, I think I've gathered most of my stories – see, I was a little girl when I knew these people. I was fascinated by them. But because they were so old – they're probably my age. I don't consider myself old, but they probably were. Although, I'm sure Great-Aunt Olive was older. I could look up my age at the time and figure out their age. But I don't really recall any stories. I just recall them as a people, and their homes. Their homes

are very vivid in my mind.

RM: What was your great-aunt's house like?

LK: Her home was a regular Cape Cod cottage. As you entered, on the left was a sitting room with the horsehair – what do you call it? Not a couch. I have one in the other room. I guess you'd call it a couch – and rather straight chairs. Then these portraits, as I remember them. On the right was a bedroom. I don't know whether it was a four-poster or another. Everything in the house was old, I know that. That's where the sea chest that smelled of camphor was kept. Whenever I went to visit, Cousin Annie would take me in and lift up the cover of the sea chest and let me smell of it. I'll always remember it. It's something you can't forget. Then in the back, there was a sunny kitchen. I just remember, everything was low. They were tiny and I was tiny. It was like a dollhouse to me. Actually, it was just a Cape Cod cottage.

RM: Was there a pump in the kitchen?

LK: Yes, a pump, and an oval table. I remember an oval table that was painted yellow, that Cousin Annie's husband had painted. My sister has that table now. He had made it. I remember that. It's strange, I never went upstairs. I suppose there was an upstairs. The telegraph office was behind. I remember that.

RM: Did your aunt have a job?

LK: Yes, she ran the telegraph office. In fact, I wrote to (Salty?) a few years ago. A question came out in the paper as to who started telegraph communications on the Cape, somebody by the name of Smith. Well, I immediately wrote to Salty, said that my cousin had one, and her name was Smith. She had married another gentleman named (Banks?) Smith. I remember that.

RM: Banks Smith?

LK: Banks Smith.

RM: That is an odd name.

LK: Yes. He was descended, I'm sure, from the Banks, as I am, remotely.

RM: Is that a common practice to use the last name as the first name?

LK: I find that in a good many of my research. I've been doing a lot of research. I find the Clarks, and then some girl married somebody by the name of (Scotto?). So, the next person is called Scotto, whatever that name is. The names seemed to be. With the Doane, you see my – well, two Doane Kelleys. So, that does seem to be common. The mother wants to carry on the name. As you know, all ladies are lost. After I got my Harwich vinyl records done, I'm going to just concentrate on all of the ladies, because they're lost. They're lost in the minute you marry. You lose your identity and you become someone else. Let me think. Oh, I could tell you a little bit about Great-Aunt Georgie. She was a sister to my grandfather, Edgar, and daughter of

Doane, but related to Great-Aunt Olive. Aunt Olive was a Kelley on two sides. She was a Kelley, and she married a Kelley, which complicates things when you begin to do your research. She had been married to somebody by the name of Hopkins – what was his name – who fought in the Civil War. James Hopkins. I didn't know him. He died before I was born. But she lived to be ninety-eight, I think. She became blind in her last days, but never lost her sense of humor. We used to go to visit her after she could no longer live alone. This was before the days of nursing homes. But she lived in Dennisport in some private home where she received good nursing care, because she had no children. My grandmother and grandfather couldn't take care of her because they were too old. But she was a very lovely person. I remember her house. Her house was completely different from Cousin Annie's. It was more Victorian. Everything in it was massive – the high bedsteads and the high chests – and excellent housekeeper, never any dust the way I have here. [laughter]

I remember she had a summer kitchen, which was down on the lower level. When we'd go to visit her during the summer, we always had to either find her in her summer kitchen or upstairs. Then she had a winter kitchen. In her kitchen, she had a steel engraving of Abraham Lincoln's home out in the middle of Westford. I have that. She gave that to my father. My father, because he was the eldest, I think it's often said they're a favorite. But I think he was sort of a favorite of all of his aunts because he was the first. He was a very likable person, very agreeable, gentle. They all liked him very much. You never went upstairs in any of these houses. You never come off the first floor. But I do remember Aunt Georgie's bedrooms. They were large and high ceiling and sort of overpowering. I sort of sat on the edge of the chair when I went to see Aunt Georgie. Although, it wasn't her personality. It was simply that everything was so large. That's where she had the gramophone with a great big horn. The discs, she'd play it for us. That's why she had the musical pitcher. She gave me lemonade out of that. It's funny how these things are clear. This is what my sister wants me to tell. She doesn't remember. She didn't know all of this. I don't know what her husband did. He might have gone to sea too. Most of them did.

RM: Was it common to find a lot of women just alone?

LK: It was very common, because – well, they must have been very hardy. They had no help.

RM: They had no help around the house and they had to just do everything themselves.

LK: No, they had no help. They had to do everything themselves, and their husbands went to sea. They all seemed to outlive – except for Grandpa Snow, they all seemed to outlive their – he outlived his wife. Now, Great-Grandpa Snow was a Rogers. But before that, there were Moodys. That's an interesting story which I'll hunt up for you. I didn't know them as Moodys, but you might be interested in reading the article that I have about them. They came from Maine. Now, while she was a Rogers – there were Rogers in Maine, and they plied back and forth. Maine was a part of Massachusetts. So, the ships went back and forth to what we call Maine. Many of the people born in Maine came down here and married Cape Codders, and those who were down here went to Maine and married Maine people.

RM: The Down Easters? [laughter]

LK: Yes, just down the street. That's right.

RM: It seems to me that the story of women in itself is a story that has never been told.

LK: Well, I think that's something we should pursue. I won't tell Pauline Derrick's story. But when you talk to her, make a little note and ask her to tell about the Wheldons. My great-uncle was a Wheldon, but I don't really know anything about him. But she has a letter that was written by Mrs. Wheldon to her husband. It's very sad. I read you the letter about Foster Rogers, who was so lonely when he was at sea. He wrote to his wife, Aunt Rhoda. I think he did return. But the next time he went, he died. There must have been a storm, and he fell down the hatch and was killed. Now, whether they brought his body back or not, I don't know. But the gravestone in the back of a West Harwich church has Rhoda Rogers and "Foster, lost at sea." So, probably, they didn't, but his name is there.

RM: So, they generally did not?

LK: No, they generally didn't. that's the same thing about Grandpa Snow's father. The stone says, "In memory of Sally and Warren Snow." But he probably was buried at sea. Oh, that's interesting. Great-grandmother married a third husband by the name of Robbins. But she must have been buried on the Snow Cemetery. The engraving is there. Now, whether her body is there...

RM: [laughter]

LK: Now, they do strange things, you know. They would erect a stone in the memory of a person. But I asked my aunt – I have an aunt living, eighty-nine, my father's sister.

RM: What is her name?

LK: Georgianna Hopkins Kelley. Now, she was the daughter of the niece of Fear. She's Georgianna Hopkins Kelley Banks. But unfortunately, she can't recall very much. She was younger. My father was more aware of the tales because he was the oldest. Aunt Georgie said, "Oh, well, I never knew that," but he did. Unfortunately, we didn't get everything down that he knew.

RM: What about your Great-Aunt Etta?

LK: Great-Aunt Etta? Well she was married to Great-Uncle Gershom. He was Gershom Hall Kelley. You'll find Gershom Hall in a good many of our names. Of course, Gershom Hall, the original settler, dates back to Yarmouth. They lived in Dennisport. I never knew him again. She was a real gentle little lady. She had a dear little house. It was there where I went and had tea quite often. She had two daughters – one who died quite young, and the other one, Ethel Kelley, who became a writer, several of her books were published. They were not great books, but I owned two of them. Then I owned her book of poetry, which I cherished when I was little. It's a book of children's poems. I don't know whether she ever would have become a great writer or not. But she left the Cape and lived in New York and wrote for *St. Nicholas* magazine and

published, as I said, three or four novels and this book of poems. She wrote a poem, which I should have gotten out for you, about when her grandmother died. I think I could find it for you now. I think I could. I can remember her. She was a quiet person, but way ahead of her times. She mingled with Cornelia Otis Skinner, one of her best friends. She worked with an arti group, lived with an arti group. My father knew her very well, and I remember her. She was blind, also. I don't know if blindness runs in the family.

RM: [laughter]

LK: I just think that she lived too long. I guess if you live beyond your time, well, you lose your eyesight or your hearing, but you keep your spirit. Uncle (Gage?) – they called him Uncle Gage – was some kind of a salesman. He was away a great deal on...

RM: Like all the other men. [laughter]

LK: Like all the other men, sure. See, there was nothing on the Cape to keep you. You either went to sea or you were a farmer, and I don't think any of my ancestors were farmers. I think they were all sea people.

RM: What sort of society did the women or men do?

LK: Well in Dennisport, there were no churches. Well, I shouldn't say that. There was no, what we might call, established church. So, the ladies went to the West Harwich Baptist Church. There were the – they call them the Latter-day Saints. There was that little church. Then later on, there was some kind of a little evangelical church. But none of my people belonged to those. But my father did say that when there was illness, these church people who went to these tiny little churches would come right into the home, nourish you. They were very kind people. While we didn't go along with their religious outlook, they were very friendly, lovely people. Oh, I think, actually, the ladies had to take care – if they had any children, they had to take care of their children and do the chores, keep the fires going, keep the wood on the fire, and then cooking. See that big yellow dish over there on that second shelf? Well, that was given to me by Mrs. Howes, because that was kept on the back of Great-Aunt Olive's stove, and she kept her yeast in it. Mrs. Howes said that when Cousin Annie was about to die, Cousin Annie gave that to Mrs. Howes, and Mrs. Howes thought I should have it. The yeast was always kept in it. Mrs. Howes also gave me the little weights – tiny little weights, which I'll show you – that belonged to Dr. Horatio Kelley. In fact, I think you might like to hear, if I could find it, the – well, anyway, it's the cure that you used. I'll get it out for you. You can have it.

RM: [inaudible]

LK: Well, not the cure for consumption, but the cure for anything that Dr. Horatio sent around. He had a drug store. I suppose it was early drugs where, where he made his own herbs in Dennisport and West Dennis. These flyers came around; they would cure any disease; except, they didn't cure his. [laughter]

He died. But this is something I'd like to get. They are little medicine bottles with his name on



it. It says, "Horatio Kelley, MD, Dennisport and West Dennis." I've seen one. It was dug up in the yard of her pregnant wife, but she won't give it to me. So, I'm still looking, because I think I should have it. Well, anyway, I have these little weights that he used to weigh his medicine, his herbs, and Mrs. Hobbs said that they would just be thrown away because no one would know what they meant. So, she's giving it to me. Wasn't that nice? So, I have the yeast and weights and Great-Aunt Olive's picture, plus the Stafford chair and China. So, what else?

RM: Well, let us see. What are your earliest memories of the Cape?

LK: I can remember coming, as a little girl, being met at North Harwich by my great-uncle, Uncle Will, with his horse and carriage, and going to Aunt Nell's house, which was in Dennisport – a large Victorian house. I described before the smell and that part. So, we'll skip that. But I was thinking last night, we have upstairs a cot bed – a little folding canvas cot bed. As a child, I slept on that in one of the big bedrooms. But later, when I outgrew that, I can remember sleeping on feather beds. My sister remembers that. You see, she's ten years younger than I, and she said, "Oh, Lou, remember when we used to come down, and we'd be put in the big bedroom and sleep on those feather beds under quilts?" It was a massive bedroom with a high, black walnut bedstead, and the high bureau and the washstand. There's the big crockery bowl with a pitcher. I can remember the smell of the soap that was always kept in there, and the towels that hung in that room. Over the door, there's this cross-stitched sign that said, "Kindness makes friends." I've given that to one of my nieces. I went to see her Sunday. Here she is, in Boston, in an apartment with this great big sign as you go in that says, "Kindness makes friends." Then in another bedroom, there was one, "God bless our home." I remember that. The sitting room – the parlor, actually – was never used except for funerals and weddings. I don't recall any wedding, but I do recall the fact that when my uncle died, his body was put in the coffin in that parlor in January. My mother, she slept in one of the cold bedrooms. She said, "We all loved Uncle Will," but she said it was kind of gruesome to go into her bedroom through the – it was three cold, cold rooms, because there was no heat in the house, except, in the dining – well, there's a stove, and the kitchen, there was a big black stove, in which, in the early times, they burnt wood. Then later, they put in an oil fixture. So, when we went down to live there, there was oil, and there was a pump in the kitchen. But previously, there was a well on the south porch, and Aunt Nell used to keep her butter and milk down the well. It was a Cape Cod cellar. You know what a Cape Cod's cellar is?

RM: Where you can put some jars...

LK: Well, we had one too. Down the cellar, she kept her canned goods – not literally canned, but her preserves. We never were allowed upstairs. Downstairs, there was this nice kitchen, a big dining, large dining room, which went from one side to the other, two bedrooms, and a front hall that had a steep staircase, but we were never allowed to go upstairs. I never went upstairs until after she died in 1940. Children, I think today, are more inquisitive, or they're permitted to be. But we were never allowed to poke around or do anything. There was an organ in her parlor, always closed, which brings up a story, if you want it now. See, Uncle Will was a sea captain. But then when he became too old to go to sea, he came to back to the Cape. He took care of cottages. He had keys – I remember keys hanging in his kitchen. All of the wealthy people who left the Cape had to have a caretaker. So, Uncle Will would close the houses in the

fall and open it in the spring. Everybody loved him. He was an old sea soul, sharp, and he rolled as he walked. He really rolled with the sea. You could see him as though he were – it was harder to walk on land than it was on the ship, because he literally rolled. We just adored him. But he was sort of salty in his language. Aunt Nell would say – she was a very gentle person. She'd say, "Will, be careful with children." [laughter] Because I think when he wanted to say something, he was expressive. Well, anyway, winters, after he became too old to take care of houses or paint – he was a handyman. They used to come and live with us in East Providence, old Aunt Nell and Uncle Will. They'd come up Thanksgiving and stay until May, when we'd bring them back. Previously, he had a Ford, one of the old T-Model Fords. We loved to ride in that. Well, after he died, Aunt Nell continued. We continued to get her and bring her out. One winter, she said to my mother, "Grace, if I shouldn't live through the winter, I've hidden \$500 in the organ. I thought you should know this." Well, Aunt Nell returned that summer and stayed through the summer. When the fall came, we went and got her and brought her back to Rhode Island, but she was taken ill. She had a stroke, so she never returned. So, when me inherited the property in 1940, one of the first things that my mother and I did was to pull out the organ. We took the back off of it. We hunted and hunted, but we never found the \$500. We think that maybe she had removed it when she had been down that previous year. But we've never sold the organ. We still have it. [laughter]

We've had opportunities to sell it, but I don't think there's any money in it. But that does bring up another story, if you want it. It has nothing to do with me, but it has something to do with my neighbor across the street. There was a family by the name of (Cummings?). I never knew them. I know their nephew or their grandnephew. But Mrs. (McKenney?), who lives in the house, tells this story, that when the old lady grandma was very ill, they were getting short of money. So, she said to her son, "Go into the bedroom, into the closet, and take up the boards on the floor," which he did, and he found hundreds of dollars under the wooden floor. They were dated right back to the Civil War, just hundreds of them. Well, I guess they divided it. I guess the poor old lady had kind of a hard time surviving. But after she died, this young man – this man whom I know had lived there with his grandmother. He was picking up the house and sort of sorting things. He picked up a pillow which rattled. Out of curiosity, he slit it open, and out fell more hundreds of dollars. Well, he was so excited, and he ran to his uncle. When there's money, there's strife. The nephews or the sons, I guess, had a little feud over the money. So, it ended up that nobody got it. But you don't find treasure. So, I've asked Annie, I said, "Have you hunted through the rest of the house?" She said, "Oh, yes, we've hunted and hunted, but never found any." But isn't that interesting that they used to...

RM: They just stowed their money away.

LK: They stowed their money away, because these weren't wealthy people either.

RM: There were no banks.

LK: Well, there weren't banks. Although, my father remembers, Bass River Bank started in West Dennis in a store. He can remember going over there with his grandfather to the make some deposits. You asked about Grandpa Snow – these things keep coming – he was also in the cranberry business. There was a bog. I have some deeds to some old bogs. I have lots of deeds

probably not worth anything. But I have his ledger, and in it, he said, "Paid Bertie," that was my father, "twenty-five cents for working at the cranberry bog." I also have a deed to an island in Swan Pond, which is in Dennisport. A few years ago, the town of Dennis advertised in the – what's the paper?

RM: The *Register*?

LK: *Register* – that they would like to buy the island for conservation purposes. So, I just happened to see it. I don't take the *Register*, but I happened to see it. I walked into the Dennis Town Office and said, I have the deed to this island. He said, "You do? Where is it?" Well, I said, "I don't know where it is. But I know I have it, because I've seen it. I've held it in my hand." So, they told me to find it. Well, my brother was away. I wrote to him, because I turned over all the old deeds to him. A year went by, probably a little bit more, and I finally found the deed. It was made out to Doane Kelley, my great-grandfather, by – do you know where the Father's Mustache is in Dennisport?

RM: No.

LK: What was his name? I can remember that house. It always made me think of the house in *Gone With the Wind* – great, big, high Victorian house. Oh, I'll think about it. He was a distant relation, something Kelley, something or other. It was made out to my great-grandfather in 1871. But when I found it, I went back to Dennis, and they said, "Oh, we've already bought that from someone." I said, "How could you when I have the deed?" "Well, somebody had bought it for taxes." Of course, nobody ever paid any taxes on a little bit of an island in Swan Pond. So, I said, "Well, what shall I do with the deed?" They said, "Frame it." So, I have the deed to that island. But that's the way all my deeds are, I just framed them. [laughter]

There's no value, because if you had them followed through, it would cost so much from lawyer's fees...

RM: Well, it would not amount to anything.

LK: Yes. So, I just hold the deeds. [laughter]

What else?

RM: What did Dennisport look like then?

LK: Oh, it was a sweet little town. There were crushed shell roads. There were nice old houses. Now, they weren't like the estate houses in Brewster. But they were large, spacious, more Victorian houses. Lovely houses, really – big, roomy, with front porches, and an occasional little cottage, as I've already mentioned. The Main Street had tall elm trees. There were split-rail fences, but they were painted white with pineapple posts. When our fence broke down and rotted out, my father had pineapple posts copied. They were not the split rail as we consider it, but a split board, and always painted white. Everything's very, very white. Main Street, as I recall it, as I said, both sides had lovely old houses. But on the right-hand side, which would

lead going toward Harwich Port, there was an A&P store. I think it was A&P. I had interest in that store, but it doesn't matter – a little store which was sort of a drug store, and where you bought your newspapers. Just beyond where the present Bass River Bank is, there was a long building that was owned by (Zavina Small?), which sold China and linens, and I suppose hardware of a kind. But it was a sleepy bit. The post office was opposite South Street – that's where we lived – where the liquor store now is. That was run by Mr. (Wickerson?). I remember that. Now, previously, the post office was going down toward the shore. The building is still there, but I don't remember that. But it was a nice little village, and it's so sad. Right next to us was the home of Mrs. Studley – Mrs. Simeon Studley. We called her Ms. (Emmy?). She lived in that house. Then next to her was an old house, in which some of my grandparents lived at one time. Then across was a little house. But they were big houses, very much as you see in this little stretch of West Harwich, as you go along next to the post office. Great big houses, and the people took pride in them. Now, on Main Street where that sport store is, Mr. and Mrs. Crowell lived there. He was one of the first people who started the windmills, and I can remember that. His yard was full of windmills. But it's a shame to think what's happened to it, because people – they can't remember it. We had a crushed shell driveway. Up to the last time when we lived there, whenever we had any scallops or clams or anything, we always put the shells in the driveway all the time. "This is my father's land. I have the deed to that." He said, "Oh, well, I don't want to cheat the old man. Here's \$25." So, dad took it back, gave it to grandpa, and grandpa said, "Well, that's \$25 I never expected to see." \$25 is a lot of money. It's something. So, anything else you want to know? I think I've really talked a lot. [laughter]

RM: Oh, yes. Well, what was used for...

LK: Well, when we'd come down, as I said, we'd been out by horse and carriage, or we'd come down by train to Providence. That was all they had, was horse and carriage. Do you know where Wychmere Harbor is? Well, my father says his – he apparently spent a lot of time with his grandfather. His grandfather used to take him down there horse...

RM: To the horse races?

LK: Yes, the horse races. That was the way you got around. You walked. In fact, when Uncle Bill said that when he was courting right now, he lived over in South Dennis – or East Dennis, rather. He said he used to walk ten miles to court Aunt Nelly. [laughter]

RM: So, he really wanted to see her.

LK: Yes. So, that would take your whole evening, wouldn't it? You would start early in the evening and walk your ten miles and do a little courting then go back. He was a widow. He was married to Mary – a new tape?

RM: Yes. [inaudible].

LK: Well, I don't, because I don't want to mess it up. Forget it. I'll get it later. I'll get it another time.

RM: I will scoot this over for you.

LK: Are we in?

RM: Yes.

LK: I only gave the talk before I had Uncle Will's log. I read a little bit about the Christmas. But I thought you might be interested in his New Year's resolution. He was aged twenty-one.

RM: When was this? Do you know when...

LK: Yes. It would be a hundred years ago, 1877, 1878. I don't know whether he's married at that time. I know he's not married to my aunt, because he had a first wife, and she died. So, he married again. I didn't check that. But this is the 31st. December 31, 1877. The English is not impressive, grammatically. "This day come with fine weather and a light breeze. Although it is ahead, this is the last day in the old year. Shall we be permitted to see the end of the next year? That is not for us to know. How many things we have done in the past year that we need not have done? How many we might have done that is not done? I think, from tonight, I shall not swear, not spend foolish money, also knock off chewing tobacco. May the next one be a happy new year to all. Distance 69. Longitude 5747. Latitude 2113. This end up the old year, and let us hope, many of our bad habits." Isn't that sweet for a twenty-one-year-old? Then this one is a description. This is January 5, 1877. But I think it should be 1878, because the previous page is 1878. It's "Dominica bearing, west by north, distance 15. This day come in with fine weather. 8:00 a.m., we made all sail, having handed down our light sail and spanker. Last night, about 9:00 a.m.—" well, last night. "About 9:00 a.m., we made Martinique Island, bore west-southwest, distance twenty miles. 11:00 a.m., we —" It's J-I-B-E-D, and I don't know what they call it, jibed or jibed, "ship close to the island. It looks pretty, dotted here and there with small villages and large plantations of sugarcane and coconut groves. At about 3:00 p.m., came in sight of Saint-Pierre, our port of destination. It is built under the mountains, and it is quite a large place. The pilot, colored, came on board off Pearl Rock, a rock about five miles to the northward of Saint-Pierre, and about 6:00 p.m., made fast to a buoy in the harbor of Saint-Pierre. In the beginning of this day, work is a drawing showing Dominica Island with bays about fifty miles to the north-northwest of Martinique. Have been up all day, so shall get a nap tonight. New moon tonight." He has just made a little pencil drawing with the mountains in the background. Then I'll just read one more from there.

RM: I think he really was a writer.

LK: Well, he was. He was a very sweet person; an old sea dog, to be sure. I don't know how much education Uncle Will had. I know he was sent from the Cape. His father must have died. His mother taught school, but apparently, a small school. He was sent up to Connecticut to be with an aunt, I believe. Interestingly enough, he said he played with Otis Skinner, who turned out to be the actor. He used to tell about, even then, having plays and acting in the barn in either his aunt's yard or Otis Skinner's yard. It was very interesting. Then to follow that through, I told about Ethel Kelley. Well, she was a great friend of Cornelia's, Otis Skinner, which seemed very strange, that the two of them who were not related, but were, you might say, related through

marriage, were connected with that family. I don't know if I can find the one that describes the natives or not. Let's see. Well, I put a bookmark in, and he describes the natives and tells – oh, that they're not very well-dressed. He talks about that dress. Maybe I can find it. Well, that is Uncle Will's. Now, this was a letter written to his mother. I think maybe I read that before. You probably...

RM: I think you have read it already.

LK: Yes. I don't think you want that one repeated. But I'm not sure that I read this one. This is from his mother to him. This is in West Dennis, July 23, 1871. "My dear son, as it is Sunday and a beautiful day, I will write you a few lines. We are all well, but Grandpapa, he is not very well. He and Johnny were at work on the barn yesterday. Grandpapa went to take the staging down. One of the boards with a nail in it fell and struck him on his head. It cut quite a gash on his head, and today, his head aches. We have all been to church today for Grandpapa. Yesterday, Mr. Baker, Auntie (Iso?), and myself, went to East Dennis to Isaiah Sears and spent the day. I wish you could have been home and gone with us. Junior is at home. We spent a very pleasant day. Aunt Abby and the children have gone to (Henberg?)," – I suppose that's some name – "with William for a load of ice for Philadelphia. John is going to Boston in the morning. Daisy is cunning as ever. When is your vacation? I suppose you'll want to come home to spend your vacation. We shall all be glad to see you. Auntie said you should like to come home in a vessel. If you can get a chance to come in a vessel, when the time comes for your vacation, you may come that way. If not, come by land. Save all the money you can and be a good boy. When you get ready to come home, if you come by land, you must get some money of Uncle Isaiah, and I will pay him when he comes here. I do not like to send much money in a letter for fear you may not get it. So, save all you can." Let's see. Well, this one, I don't think I read this one, did I – about someone dying, and it's very sad. This is (South Dot?) of April 27, 1873. "My dear sister, you will excuse me for not writing before my trouble." There are no periods and no commas, so it's a little hard to read. "My trouble has been so great that I could not undertake it. Your dear sister, Sukey, has gone, never to return. She was all waiting for the time to come. She longed for the time when she should bid adieu to this world. She said that she didn't want I should pray for her to get well again. She said just before she died, 'Don't worry about me, for I have a good captain and a good pilot. He will carry me safely through.' This is the hardest trouble that I have ever met with. I have met with all kinds of trouble, but nothing like this. I did not know how to part with her. She said time and again, 'What should I do if it wasn't for you?' I hope you will live as long as I do through the winter. She has been quite smart, but after March came in, she began to fail. She commenced to be sick Sunday night, to be sick and die Friday morning, 9:00, March the 28th, aged seventy-eight years, eleven months, fourteen days. If she had lived one month and two days longer we should have lived together fifty-nine years. Now, my dear sister, there is but two of your family left – you and Lucy. There is but three of my father's family left – Sister Deborah and (Hetty?) and myself – out of our great family, eleven children. So, we see the world is not our home. Always, I would be glad to see you again, but I never shall, unless you come to Bedford. I went to see Captain Kelley wife – your granddaughter, I think. She is a very fine woman. I like her appearance very much. Gave my love to Captain Doane and wife and to Gershom and wife and my friends. I must now close, Olive. I am eighty-one years old last January. Now, I can say, as my dear wife said shortly before she died, I am only waiting for the boat to convey me over the Jordan. My folks are all well. From your dear

brother, Anthony Baker." She named the text she wanted to preach from, and to him, she wanted (should be some?) "A sleep in Jesus, blessed sleep, from whence none ever wakes to weep. So, *adieu*, A. Baker." "This was," it said in the bottom in my father's handwriting, "written by Anthony Baker who married Susan Hall of Harwich, who was sister to Olive Hall, who married Doane Kelley, whose children were Doane, Gershom, and so forth." I found this letter in my father's papers, Bertrand W. Kelley. There's no punctuation and the spelling was poor, but what deep love Anthony expressed for his beloved Sukey. Now, as I read this again, Captain Doane was my Great-Grandfather Kelley, and Gershom was my great-uncle, the husband of Aunt (Helen?) and so forth. It's very hard to read because the spelling is strange, but it's sensitive. Now, what Anthony Baker did, I'm not sure. But I'm sure there was a relationship some two directions, because Baker comes into the family two ways. Now, when I read this one before – this was from Foster Rogers to his wife – I found out a little bit about when he was born and when he died, if you'd be interested. Shall I read this again?

RM: Please.

LK: Again, this is hard to read. Mobile, Alabama, February the 6th, 1846. "Beloved wife and children, a few lines to inform you that I am well at this present time; hoping this may reach you all in good health. I had a passage of ten days from Jamaica to this port, and I cannot say when I shall go or where I shall go from here. I hear of the death of Captain Theophilus Chase. I hope my turn may not come until I have the pleasure of being with you all again in this life. I thought I was with my family this present evening. This, from your absent friend; this, from Foster Rogers to his wife, children, and friends. So, good evening to you all. I hope not for the last time, home sweet home. There is no place like home." When you read these letters, they just overpower you with their loneliness and their feeling. That's the way I feel, anyway. Now, Foster Rogers was born in Orleans the 17th of January 1788. He died at sea in 1826. He resided in Orleans. He married Rhoda Moody, who was born in Gorham, Maine, in 1803, the 9th of October. No, she died. I'm sorry. She was born in 1803, but she died the 9th of October 1863. She was the daughter of Samuel Moody of Gorham and Sarah Rogers of Orleans. The interesting thing was, you see there's a Rogers in two lines. So, I'm in the process of tracing this Rogers line, which does go back to Thomas Rogers of the *Mayflower* who died in Plymouth that first winter. But his son, Joseph, came down to Eastham, I think. Doubtlessly, both of these Rogers are descended from – well, they have to be from that line. As I understand it, Maine was a part of Massachusetts. So, they were going back and forth and so forth. Now, this follows that, if you're interested. This, I found. My aunt gave it to me. This is an excerpt. It's not the whole thing. I looked for the whole newspaper article this morning, but I couldn't find it. But this was an excerpt taken from the *Register*, the *Yarmouth Register*. It's the whole story of the Moody family, Rhoda, who married Foster Rogers. You want it? It's called "Annals of our Village," and it reads like a story of the early ages. "A family of sixteen, which was the number of Mr. Moody's, was a large reinforcement to a small neighborhood. Possessing the ingenuity of their father, the boys showed us how to make crossbows of an unerring aim, wheels to our little car to run on iron, to cut and shape (sled drummers?) from the most unpromising saplings to make, by skill boring, flutes and fifes from the large swamp bayberry. They had seen rather more of the world than we and had had a harder experience. The difficulties which, in our boyish enterprises, disconcerted us, they took with smiling composure. We compared dialects, and the sharp discussions that arose from each other's provincialisms and pronunciation were the

most substantial and best-remembered grammar lessons I ever learned. Our book learning was offset by their unflinching mother wit; our fish stories by their inexhaustible love of the early history of Maine and encounter with wolves, bears, and Indians. The oldest son was (Zenas?). He wielded the sledgehammer at the anvil, his father putting in two blows with a small hammer to one of his. He afterwards went to sea, was mate of the schooner, *Triton*, when Seth Brooks was captain, married (Safrina Gifford?), moved to Bridgeport, Connecticut, where he died. The eldest daughter was Olive. She was gay and witty, and of such nervous temperament that the sword became too sharp for the scabbard. She became insane after marrying Jonathan Myrick of Orleans. Next younger was Lucy. She married Nathan Walker, brother of Jonathan Walker of the branded hands." I'll tell you about that later. "Sarah was the good daughter, and not less esteemed in the neighborhood as the matron when she married (Zeda Sparrow?) and was surrounded with her large family. Samuel was good at making nails, always minded his own business, learned the carpenter's trade, was prosperous, and now lives with his grown-up family in the old homestead. Hezekiah, named after his maternal grandfather, was a square-built, coarse-haired boy, good-natured, industrious, and self-reliant. He left the shop and went fishing voyages to the Straits of Belle Isle, and on a winter's evening, gave us glowing descriptions of the piles of rocks, birds, eggs, seals, and Eskimos that he had seen. With a sailor's boldness, he indulged an expression against the Christian faith, which drew forth a scream of rebuke from his mother. He became a carpenter and lived by Hall's meadows. (Merritt?) Moody wore a red vest, and this was his mark of designation among this wilderness of children of a family. He had a philosophical turn of mind, played on the flute, was a good tenor singer. He joins the church, and afterwards, became skeptical. As master of a fisherman, he was unsuccessful; had, for many years, a distressing romantic sickness confined to the house up in the north woods. Many a Sabbath evening, I visited him. He still reasoned, complained like Job, cried like a child of pain and vexation. His last energies of mind and body were spent upon the invention of a perpetual motion," and I'll refer to that later. "One dark morning, he said to his wife, 'There will be a great stranger here today.' We were called to our last talk with him. He did not know us. The stranger came. He died that day. Rhoda" – now, she was my great-great-grandmother – "fair, sprightly, and good at heart, was the star of the family. She was a fine alto singer, and many a time did her father's heart, like that of Longfellow's *Blacksmith*, rejoice at hearing her singing in the village choir. She was the first trophy of Mr. (Cornell's?) labors in our pulpit. She died in middle life, leaving a large family from her marriage with Captain Foster Rogers. Among the younger boys, James was an afflicted one, though always cheerful. He went limping into our place from a fever sore on his knee joint, which was bound up for years by a handkerchief outside of his pants. He suddenly recovered, as he says, by direct divine influence. He married Priscilla Snow, became an architect, a deacon of the church, and lives, to the present, a highly esteemed citizen. Younger than James was (Friedman?). On arrival, his head of white hair was invested in a tall, red cap, which well became his large forehead, laughing blue eyes, and freckled face. He made the wise choice in early life, and such was his power of exaltation, that he likewise, when quite young, was made a deacon, which office he endured until his sudden death at Dennis where he was working in a shipyard. Loring Moody was a small boy among us – hardly eligible to our games of ball, but always with resources of amusement within himself. He tried his father, even when older, by his habit of reading when he ought to be at work, and his investigations that, in his view, turned to no profit. Many a scolding he got from him for studying the habits of bullfrogs when he ought to have been killing weeds or saving the hay from a shower. His career as a public speaker commenced in the village lyceum in the old hall. He



kept school, married the daughter of Joseph Kelley, represented the town one winter in general court, and afterwards, became an able advocate of negro emancipation and suffrage. Mary and Eliza still live. The former was a lively playmate of our sisters, until she was caught by Captain (Lindsay Nickerson?) – and oh, the flight of time, is now a grandmother. Eliza, the youngest daughter, the wife, Captain (Bradford Marvel?), sent two noble sons to the war. One was given back to her. The other sleeps in a soldier's grave. Mrs. Moody has not been described. She was the fit companion of her husband. In person, short and very fleshy; active and energetic enough to give excellent training to all her sons and daughters. Losing her youngest son, her idol, at two years old, she sought consolation beyond this world, and became a mother in Israel. None so good as she in sickness or knew so many remedies. Those are the evenings we remember when she sat by our fireside among the neighbors, telling stories that made our blood run cold, or which put the circle into convulsions of laughter; her own shrill laugh being heard about them all." Now, I was going to tell you a little bit about the inventor. Somewhere among my papers, it describes this. I think it had something to do with the mills, the turning of the mills. But anyway, he did invent that. Whether he ever had a copyright or not, I don't know. Hall's Meadows – it's a book about Hall's Meadows – is up beyond the Catholic church on Upper Route 28. There must have been a house up there at one time. I've never seen any ruin. But you see, they're all intermarries. They were religious in their own way. I don't think they went to church too much, but they had their own deep religion.

RM: Who was the one who had the branded hand?

LK: Was it Nathan Walker? Brother of Jonathan Walker of the branded hand. I think that is found in (Payne's?) history. I believe he was branded – oh, I shouldn't tell this unless I know it to be exactly so. But it's in the history, and it seemed as though he was branded by an Indian. I shouldn't tell that unless I know it so. I have so many papers that I haven't straightened them all out. I'll find the other part of this at some time, and I would love to know when this was done by the *Register*. So, what else? Any more questions while I can catch up?

RM: Let us see.

LK: You had some questions, and then – I do have something else.

RM: Did you know anything about the abolition movement in Harwich?

LK: No. No, I haven't. In the Historical Society, there are the registers, the Yarmouth registers. Someday, if I ever catch up with all this genealogy, I'm going back and do some research on that. I want to do research on the schools, because that is fascinating. They had a schoolmaster who went from town to town, and the schoolmaster stayed in the town for a – I was talking about a schoolmaster in schools. I read in one of the histories that the children could not go from one school section to another, unless they were Latin or major students – scholars, as it said. I found reference to the fact that one boy, only one boy, could move around, because he was studying Latin and Greek. But when he was in this other school, he couldn't study anything else. He had to stick to his Latin and Greek. But I thought that would be interesting to research, to me, because I have this letter thanking Uncle Will's mother for teaching. I have a diary of Lavinia Chase when she taught school. She sits in West Dennis, and she's looking out to sea. I thought it

would be very interesting to bring all the school business together. Well, this is a poem. Remember, I told about Ethel Kelley, the writer, who didn't become a great writer, but she was one anyway. This was written by Ethel M. Kelley in her twelfth year. "Grandma is weary and feeble as she sits in her old armchair. I look at the face now wrinkled and old, the face that was once so fair, and I think of the years she has suffered, of the pain, the trouble, and unrest. I'm sure when she goes to heaven, my grandma will be blessed. I think, too, as she sits there, of the prize that is almost won. But grandma is growing more feeble, and her journey on earth is most done. When I see that look of longing in her weary, upturned eyes, I know she is thinking of her daughter, who, now, in the churchyard, lies. But I cannot bear to think of the time when I go to the kitchen door, and she is not there to answer my call, when grandma is no more, and the old homestead is silent and still; a silence too hard to bear, a time when the old folks are gone, and grandma is not there." Then at the bottom it says, "In behalf of the family, I wish to thank the pallbearers, the singers, and especially the watchers, and all others who so kindly assisted us at the funeral and through our mother's long sickness." It's signed by Georgianna Kelley Hopkins, who was my great-aunt. She's my great-aunt, and this was her mother, who was my great-great-grandmother.

RM: Is that the lady who is alive now?

LK: Who's alive now? No. She died at the age of ninety-eight. Oh, I don't recall it. I have it written down, but I don't recall. Well, let's see. Now, this one who died, was March 7th, 1893, Mrs. Data Kelley, wife of Doane Kelley, Esquire. She was born in Harwich, has been married fifty-six years, has seven children living, eighteen grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. A brother and sister survive her. Mrs. Kelley has been so widely known and universally respected in all this vicinity that a very large company of relatives, friends, and neighbors were present at the funeral on Friday, March 10. The choir of the Baptist Church furnished excellent music, and Dr. (H.B. Stoar?) of Boston made the address. His long acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Kelley enabled him to speak appreciatively of her excellent qualities of head and heart, her sound, practical judgment, her competency and fidelity in the manifold relations of daughter, wife, mother, grandmother, neighbor, and friend, and who present the spiritual philosophy of life in the mortal and spiritual worlds, which was, to her, so dear that filled her heart with happiness and perfect trust. The exercises were of great interest to all present. Her age was seventy-four years." That house, the house in which she lived, is on Telegraph Road 1875, it says. Now, this book I found among my great-aunt's things up in her chest, up in her attic, and it's filled with obituaries, if you ever wanted some more obituaries of people who lived in Harwich and Dennisport. Now, this was written by my father, who was born August 1st, 1874 in Dennisport. He was born in the home of his grandfather, Warren Snow. Dad, I wouldn't say he wrote poetry, but he loved to write jingles. Every event, he wrote one. "On the first day of August in seventy-four, Dr. Herbert came and knocked at our door and said to my mother, 'For your pride and joy, I have brought to you a baby boy.' Said mother, 'Oh, gee, that little squirt. I think I'll have to call him Bert, and listen to him fuss and whine until he reaches the age of eighty-nine.' Well, eighty-nine is here, and there is in store for my children the care of a terrible bore. But it won't be long before they have a good look at him flat on his back with his toes turned up."

RM: [laughter]

LK: "A year later, now, eighty-nine is gone, and ninety took its place. That is the way with the human race. There are many who come and many who go. But where do we go? I do not know where. But my faith seems to teach me that it's somewhere up there. Although my eyesight is poor, I can feel that I see my dear wife standing there patiently waiting for me. When the time comes for me to depart, we'll be joined together again, never to part. Thus ends the career of a very old man and his beloved wife, who lived happily together sixty-one and one-half years, the greater part of their life. I've lived through my ninetieth year, and now I'm ninety-one. My friends like to tell me that my life has just begun. But instead, I am thinking of that journey up above, when I will join my wife, where there's nothing there but love." Oh, let's see. I thought there was a continuation. Well, there was. Anyway, he did live. I don't seem to have it here, but he did live. He died on the 29th or July 1st. It was on the July 4th weekend. If he lived one more month, he would have been ninety-four. He was smart right to the very end.

RM: He had a sense of humor.

LK: Oh, he had a terrific sense of humor. He embarrassed me once. I don't bring it up enough. I taught at school, and I came home from school one day. Oh, I used to give him little things to keep him busy, because he had fallen and broken his hip, and I didn't like to have him walk around too much. He loved to deal in mathematics and figures. He had been a bookkeeper of a large concern in Rhode Island. So, it was time to figure out income tax. I turned my bankbooks over to him, and I said, "Dad, see if these are correct." When I came home, he said, "The bank has made a mistake on your interest. I've called the bank, and we're going up there." Dad was very meticulous in his appearance, but he looked as though he didn't have two cents of brain. He had an old flannel shirt on and he put on his oldest coat and an old hat, and he went limping into that bank as though he was feeble. I was ashamed of him. While we saw the vice president, the vice president said, "Ms. Kelley, I think you have a little problem. Your father, he's calling in." I said, "I'm afraid he has." He said, "Well, let's see what is this all about." So, Dad pulls out the bankbooks. He said, "The interest isn't correct." The vice president said, "Well, let me look at it." He looks at it, and he went and got some tellers around then. He came back and he said, "Well, Mr. Kelley, this is all done by computer, you know. I'm afraid we don't know how to figure this." Dad said, "Well, I do, and it's not correct." So, the banker said, "May I keep your bankbook this time? I said yes. In a few days, when I came home, Dad said, "They want you up at the bank." I said, "Are you coming?" He said no. So, I went out, and the banker said, "Well, we're embarrassed, Ms. Kelley, but your father was right." I said, "Well, I didn't question it, but I wouldn't know." He said, "Well, he was correct." He said, "Between your father and my uncle, I had a hard day that day." [laughter]

He just looked at a column of figures and had the answer, and I had to use my pen and pencil.

RM: I do not think we have talked about him at all as far as his life.

LK: About his life? Did you say I...

RM: Well, we did not really talk about your father. We have only talked about his...

LK: Well, as I told you, he was born in Dennisport. His father went to sea, but then he didn't

stay at sea for some reason. I don't know why. He became some kind of an engineer that – he'd worked in factories and things, and I suppose he saw that the factory ran. Grandpa went to Maine when my dad was in high school, and I think dad might have lived with his aunt. I'm not sure. But when he graduated from high school, he received a book of poetry from the principal, because he had been the smartest boy in the class. I didn't tell that to him. So, then he went to Maine, and he worked in the shoe factory for a year until he could earn money enough to go to Bryant and start in college in Boston. He went to Boston. He lived in a rooming house, and that's where he met my mother. My mother's father had left home or died and left my grandmother as a widow with children to bring up. So, she had a respectable boarding house. Dad fell in love with her because she had such beautiful red hair. [laughter] They were as opposite as could be. Mother was very lively and quick. Dad was typical Cape Codder – slow, easygoing, placid, never became angry. I once said to mother, "How did you and dad ever get married because you're so opposite?" My mother said, "He will make a good husband, and he has," which was a great compliment. But they were just as different as could be. Well, then he went to Providence. His first job was in Providence, to be a bookkeeper in a candy factory. He worked there for a year. But the owner of the candy factory had a new son-in-law who was also a bookkeeper working for another business. So, the man said to dad, "Would you mind swapping jobs with my son-in-law? Because I'd like to have him come in here and learn the business. He has a good job with John F. Street and Company," of which was a big concern in dealing in cotton mills. So, dad didn't mind, and he went over. He was the head bookkeeper there – well, the bookkeeper until he retired. He retired at the age of seventy, when he inherited this house down on the Cape. But that was at the time of the war. So, they asked him to come back, because the man who had taken his job had to go to war. So, he went back and worked during the duration just parts of the week, and he spent the rest of the time on the Cape. But he was a deep thinker. He didn't have much to say, but when he said it, he was worth listening to. He became past master of the Masonic lodge. His father was a mason, which was very important in those days, and dad was. He was never wealthy, but he saved his money. He was a real (win window?) who never spent more than he had. When we were down here in the Cape, we had an oil tank outside of the house, and the oil man would deliver the oil and leave the bill. Dad would say, "I want you to go over and pay Tom Murray for this oil. So, I'd get on my bicycle and ride over, and Mr. Murray would say, "But the truck hasn't even come back. I don't believe the oil settled in the tank." But his word was his honor, and he was hard. He dealt a hard deal, because he was so honest that he expected everyone else to be. I remember we were going to have some repair work done to the house up in Rhode Island, and the man said, "Well, I'll have to have a deposit." Dad said, "I'm not giving you a deposit." He said that "That's the only way I do business." He said, "How do I know you'll pay?" Dad's reply was, "How do I know you'll do the job?" The man swore he never thought of that. "I'll do it." [laughter] Oh, he was hard. I told you he was hard. Each year, he'd get a wagonload of manure. The first year, I'm going to say it was \$3. The next year, it was \$5. The next year, it was \$7, and it went up to ten. The man delivered it, and dad said, "How much do I owe you?" He said, "\$10." He said, "\$10? It's gone up to \$2 every year. I'm not going to pay it. Take it back." [laughter] The poor man had to put it all there. But because he was a Cape Codder, there's something about it, I think, that is different. They knew how to handle each other. He used to go down when the fish came in. Nathaniel works in his pier. He'd wait for the fish to come in, and then Nathaniel would wrap them up in newspaper. Dad would say, "How much do I owe you, Nat?" "You don't owe me anything, Bert. There aren't many real Cape Codders left." So, we always had fresh mackerel

when it came in. But times have changed. My grandfather had a terrific sense of humor, too, Edgar Kelley. He was a gentle man. It seemed they were all gentle. Well, they were a gentle men and a gentleman. They were not college men, but they had very good manners, and they always held their ladies with great respect. Did I tell you about them going out to the oil fields?

RM: Yes.

LK: Well, he had a long illness. Grandpa had a long illness, and they kept him at home. This was the day before convalescent homes. They had nurses around the clock, and my aunt was there. So, one day, Grandpa was having a nap, and they said, "Let's play a trick on Grandpa." So, they painted his toenails red. Well, grandpa died. He never woke up, and the undertaker came and took him away. All of a sudden, it occurred to the nurse and my aunt that they sent him out with red toenails. They knew the undertaker, and they called and they said, "What did you think when you saw Mr. Kelley?" He said, "Nothing." He said, "Mr. Kelley has the last laugh. He always had the last laugh," and he did. Oh, I don't know about any more tales.

RM: I bet you do. [laughter]

LK: So, I guess grandpa went to his grave with red toenails. I'm not sure. But he was a very sweet person. Dad was the kind of a little boy who never would have a fight. One day, he came in crying, and his mother said, "What's the matter?" He said, "Well, so-and-so hit me." His mother said, "Well, why didn't you hit him back?" He said, "Well, I would've if I thought of it." [laughter]

Here's another tale that I remember. Dad and Frank Young went behind Joseph K. Baker's barn and had a cigarette out of corn silk. They both came home so sick. Oh, both boys were so sick. So, my grandmother gave him a dose of Aunt Sophie's bitters. The next day, she said that she and Mrs. Young were talking. Mrs. Young said, "Frank was awful sick last night." Grandmother said, "Well, so was Bert." But she said, "I gave him a good dose of Aunt Sophie's bitters." Mrs. Young said, "Well, so did I. I gave Frank one." Well, Dad never smoked another cigarette in his life, the two of them. [laughter] Oh, I did promise you some other things. I should tell you Horatio Kelley's cures, but I didn't pull them out for you. Sorry about that.

RM: It is all right.

LK: Anything else?

RM: No, we can stop here.

[end of transcript]