

Betty Richards: This recording is the property of the Tales of Cape Cod (and Cooperative?). It cannot be reproduced without the written consent of the Tales of Cape Cod (and cooperated?). April 25, 1978. (Listing?) with L. Thomas Hopkins of Truro, Massachusetts. What is your full name?

L. Thomas Hopkins: L. Thomas Hopkins

BR: What was the date of your birth?

LTH: April 1, 1889 at 12:30 am.

BR: Can you tell me more about your birth?

LTH: I was born in a little Cape Cod house on South Pamet Road in Truro, Massachusetts that was built my grandfather. I was the sixth of eight children. All the other children were born very easily when I was an (unordinary?) one. My mother did the best she could to have me born on March 31st, but the midwives were not able to accomplish that, so I came the next day. When Mother looked at me, she saw a baby with a great big head and a long thin body. She said in the wet nurse, "I don't know what sin I've committed that the Lord gave me a baby [that] look[ed] like this." But she said, "I shall love him just the same." That's why I never became a hippie or a politician.

BR: Where was the doctor?

LTH: We had no doctors in Truro at that time. The nearest one in Wellfleet, Dr. (Stone?), five miles away. He had to be summoned by somebody because there were no telephones. My brother rode up on horseback the next morning. He told Dr. Stone that I was there, and Mother would like for him to come down. Two days later, he came down and looked at me. As we said in those days, "it was (saving?)". And that's why I'm here.

BR: You mentioned a wet nurse. Can you tell me more about the wet nurse?

LTH: We call wet nurses and midwives the same, it made no difference. I call them one or the other.

BR: To what do you attribute your longevity?

LTH: That's an interesting question. Some people say I got it from my father's side, some say my mother's side, but the [truth] [inaudible] is due to some inherited genes, the doctors tell me. When I was a boy, we made cod liver oil. We got the cod livers, put them in a sugar bowl out in the sun, and fried out the oil. Then, Mother squeezed out the livers, which we gave to the pigs, and the children got a teaspoon full. I did [at] four years of age, every morning during school days. The older children got a tablespoon. I hadn't graduated to that at four years of age. When I was telling that to some of the

doctors at the (lay?) clinic, one man said, “Ah, that's the reason. It's that cod liver oil, but nobody knew the value of it in those days.” I don't know how my mother knew the value of it, but every one of the eight children went through that ritual.

BR: Did you use it oil as it was? Did you refine it?

LTH: Oh, no refinement. We just dried out the oil in the sun, squeezing out what was left. We love putting it in (crops?) down in the cellar. We left them in these (crops?), some people say “jugs”. Every morning we took it [the oil]. In the summertime, when we were working outside in the sun, we didn't take it. As soon as school started in the fall, we all came back [inaudible]. [laughter]

BR: What were the some of the other things that your mother gave you to make your healthier person?

LTH: We were self-subsistence family. We had to be. We produced our own food and fished from sea. We had our own garden. We raised every conceivable kind of vegetable in the garden. And we had a root cellar, [or] a cold cellar.

BR: What was a root cellar?

LTH: It's where we put the root vegetables in the winter.

BR: What did that look like?

LTH: Just something under the house which was cold. Ours was big enough so you walked in the end of the house – and we put them down there. We put vegetables that we wanted to keep in sand. We put eggs in water glass, so we'd have eggs all winter when the hens were not laying. [Editor's Note: Water glass is sodium silicate, which was used as a method to preserve eggs in the early 20th century.]

BR: What was in the water glass?

LTH: Some kind of preservative I can't tell you. All I know is the name of “water glass”, [which] prevented the eggs from being contaminated. I don't know what it was.

BR: How long would the eggs keep?

LTH: They would keep all winter. They keep about three months. I remember my mother said, “three months”, but I know a little about that.

BR: What would happen if the egg spoiled?

LTH: You could tell that when you take it out. You throw it away. We had fruit of every kind. We had apples, peaches, pears, plums, and even quinces which were very prevalent in those days. And (wine?) for winter preserves. Of course, we had cow's for milk, hogs, chickens, ducks and geese. We had a couple of Guinea hens to keep the wild animals away. [Editor's Note: Guinea hens, or Guinea fowl, are known for their loud warning cries that keep foxes and snakes off people's property.]

BR: Did keeping Guinea hens on the property work to keep the wild animals away?

LTH: Oh, yes. Then, we had a stream that ran down by the house, out of a lake. It was very sizable at that time. Now, it's mostly filled in as a swamp. In that stream, we raised parsley, roots that you grind up for herbs, water cress, and a lot of other things in there. [The stream] was cold; it came right out of the springs. In the summertime, it was a place to keep things cold because we had no ice in those days. When I was a boy when [ice] was just beginning to appear, we would cut it on the ponds, but we had no place to keep it from the sun, so it wasn't much value to us. You've heard about the herring runs on Cape Cod? We have one right up here in (Walsbe?). In those days, every citizen was allowed so many free barrels of herring from the herring run. We took our quota depending upon the size of your family. As I recall it, we had about four barrels of herring. Father taught the boys how to go down and take all the herring and get those with roe so we could have the roe to eat and let the others go by.

BR: How could you learn which herring had roe?

LTH: You can tell by the size and it showed just by where the roe was inside the herring. You put your hand in the right spot just in the back of the gills and you could tell which was having roe. We'd pick the herring roe, and then we'd eat the roe and smoke the herring. In the wintertime, when snow was heavy on the ground, we'd have smoked herring for breakfast.

BR: How did you smoke your herring?

LTH: We had a smoke house. We'd use old stumps of big pieces of oak wood. When we didn't have oak, we'd use some other kind of wood. That's what we did with the herring. Then, we had salt cod fish that we salted, and we had smoked codfish too that we used to hang up in this smoke house along with the herring. We had cabbages upstairs in the barn in the wintertime to keep them from freezing. They were hung up. We hung them up from the rafters.

BR: How did you attach the cabbages to the rafters?

LTH: We had every conceivable kind of window vegetable. We had potatoes, turnips, squash, and parsnips. We used to raise long carrots about eight inches long, I'd size them, and keep those over the winter. We raise radishes that were almost that long. We put them in sand and left them in the cellar; they lasted until May or June. We cut, peeled, and sliced [apples]. Then, we strung them on a line and

put them out in the sun to dry. In the wintertime, we had dried apples so when the fresh apples were gone, we had dried apples for our pies until the fresh ones came in.

BR: How did you store the dried apples?

LTH: How did we store them? [We stored them] upstairs in the attic. We had an open chamber or an attic. [We'd hang them] up on the rafters across like this. We'd hang all the dried apples. Sometimes we hung the herring up there, but sometimes we boys had to sleep upstairs, so we didn't like the herring up there [while] sleeping. The apples didn't bother us.

BR: Where did you get your staples like molasses?

LTH: The only staples we bought we had to buy in Boston because, at that time when I was a boy up until I was around nine or ten years of age, there was no local grocery store at all. Right across from where we lived on the Pamet River, [there were] docks where the fishing boats were. In the old days before they put in the railroad and the dike down here, the boats always came up there. This man always had to two things we needed: one was kerosene, and the other was molasses. We used to get Puerto Rican molasses, because it was cheaper than New Orleans was. Then, we got our kerosene. That's all we bought locally. The other things we bought was in the fall. We'd send off to Boston to a company called (E Gray & Company?) that was a predecessor of (S.S. Pierce and Company?). We'd send up there. My mother always got a barrel of four [and] a barrel of sugar. She'd (got?) a couple of furkins of lard.

BR: What is furkins?

LTH: Furkins, that was a measure of lard in those days. Then, she'd get some tubs of butter. We'd make a lot of our own butter, but never enough to last us through the winter and the cows didn't give so much milk in the winter anyhow. Then, she got other things that she wanted [like] dry groceries. I can't tell you all of them.

BR: What's the difference in the two measurements of a furkins and a tub?

LTH: Furkins was bigger, tubs were smaller. Tubs you get in various sizes. A furkin was only one size that I remember. It always came in lard. I never had a furkin of butter, always a furkin of lard. Mother made her own yeast. We had our own yeast bread every day. All the food was produced at home. We couldn't go to a store and buy a loaf of bread. You couldn't go to a store and buy anything the same as you do today.

BR: How did your mother make her yeast?

LTH: She made her yeast out of grated potatoes. She kept the seed; they called it “seed yeast” all the time.

BR: What is seed yeast?

LTH: That’s yeast that would ferment. When you lost your seed, you went to your neighbors that had the yeast. The neighbors gave you some seed of whatever you wanted and [inaudible]. You bring that home. Then you’d add your potato (seed?) to that. Then, you’d get that working and produce your own yeast. That’s what people did.

BR: How long did it take to make the yeast?

LTH: It took three more days. Once you got the seed, will you get yeast that you could use for bread or anything else for cooking, maybe longer than that. I remember it used to be very funny as a kid to see that yeast work; [it’d] go up and down like this. [inaudible]

BR: You could see the yeast go up and down?

LTH: Oh, yes. You can see it working. It was great fun for the kids. Mother would say, “Well, my yeast is working today.” We’d sit down and watch that. Of course, we didn't have any radios. We had no TV’s; we had no telephones. We had very few books. We had a small library, but very few books for children. I can’t remember until I was ten or eleven years of age of having a newspaper around the house.

BR: What was the name of the newspaper you had?

LTH: I don’t know, but I think it was the local newspaper called *The Provincetown Advocate*. It’s still in existence by the way.

BR: Do you remember the *Cape Cod (item indeed?)* newspaper?

LTH: Yes, that was probably stopping my [inaudible]. I didn't have that as a boy. It wasn't in Truro, that I remember. The first one I remember was *The Provincetown Advocate*.

BR: What kind of news did they have in *The Provincetown Advocate*?

LTH: All the local news. It covered Provincetown, Truro, Wellfleet, and maybe Eastham. That's the only one I remember. When I got older one, when I was able to read, maybe at ten years of age, we had *The Youth’s Companion*. Have you ever heard of that? That was a magazine that was put out especially for young children and kids. It had had nice stories and it had good pictures. It dealt with rural life, life

in the country. I don't remember anything about a city in it, because I don't remember anything about cities until I went off to college at Tufts University in Boston in 1906. I can't remember any stories about big cities, but it had a lot of material. We took a journal that was published in Philadelphia. It was called the *Farm Journal*. It came out about once a month, I think. It had all these stories about farming. That's where Father got most of his information that he used to improve [his farming]. It was about fertilizers, lime, soils, water, and everything. On the cape, we had to be very serious about that because the soil is poor.

BR: Do you remember any improvements your father used from the magazine?

LTH: Yes, he used to put fertilizer in every hole when we planted turnips in the fall of the year. By doing that, we got much bigger turnips and they grew more rapidly. The only crop that we sold was in the fall of the year. We sold turnips in grain bags that we got the grain in to feed the horses. We sold most turnips in (Nathaniel dike?) in Boston. I remember my father said his net on each bag of 100 pounds was \$1. We tried to sell around 200 bushels of these turnips in the fall. They were not rutabagas yellow turnips. They were white turnips. The good ones. We never ate the rutabagas, we fed them the animals. We only ate the white turnips. We sold 200 bushels of those to get \$200. With the \$200, we bought the dry (groceries?), from E.E. Gray Company. If we hadn't had that income, we would've had no money because no money was passed around when I was a boy [inaudible]. Until I got into high school, did I ever see any money passed around.

BR: Are those white turnips called Easthampton?

LTH: That's right. We got the seed from Eastham on the plains. In those days, there were no houses [so] we called them the Eastham plains. I think they were originated in Eastham or someplace on the cape. In Boston, nobody furnished turnips except [on] the cape. That's why you get net \$1 a bushel – that included transportation plus the sales

BR: Is that considered a good price for white turnips?

LTH: Yes, a good price, but for the rutabagas, the yellow turnips, we couldn't get practically nothing for them because they were raised all around Boston. The market was flooded with those.

BR: Tell me about your chores you had when you were a small boy.

LTH: My mother had a series of chores that every child had to perform at a certain age. At four years of age, I went with her up to a swamp garden we had in the woods. Gardens always had to be on swamps.

BR: Why did gardens have to be on swamps?

LTH: That's only where the soil was good and wetland. [On] upland, same as this hill here, you could not raise anything because it's too sandy. The swamps had a loam either on the swamp itself or on the edges that you could bring in and put on the ground so that you could raise something. I went with my mother and I shall never forget that. The first thing I learned was how to distinguish between weeds and carrots. If you've seen a carrot top, it comes up straight. Weeds have leaves to them or they grow differently. I remember how happy I was when I could go down a row and take out the weeds and leave the carrots. That was my first learning. Then after that, when I was six years of age, I was peeling apples and getting (hemming?) out of the (hemming brook?) with my older brother, such chores as that. When I was eight years of age, I was milking cows and looking after chickens and hens, bringing the eggs, and so on. At 10 years of age, I was taking care of horses and doing all the other farm work that anybody does. At 12 years of age, I was doing a man's work, working plowing gardens and cutting hay. We used to get seaweed down at the shore. We'd bring that up and dry it out. We used that for bedding for the horses. I used to go down to shore on rake up seaweed, load up a wagon, bring it home, put it out on a pile to get it dry. Every night we'd give the horses a shovel full of seaweed for their bedding. That's what I did.

BR: You mentioned "slopping the hogs", can you tell me about that? What do you mean "slopping hogs"?

LTH: Hogs are rather peculiar animals in that they don't drink much water as water, but they have to have water. We found that if he gave them food with a lot of water in it, they'd drink all the water to get the food, so we used to call that "slopping the hogs". Rarely did you give them a dry meal, so to speak. It had to be in a bucket of water, whatever food you gave them. We called that "slopping the hogs". We fed the hogs twice in a day, morning and night.

BR: Can you tell us about the troughs where you kept the food?

LTH: We had a trough that we slopped the hogs in. My older brother and my father made it.

BR: What does it look like?

LTH: It was just a V-shaped (valley?) with two boards that were put together at the bottom in a "V". It had another board flat on the bottom, so it would stand up on the ground. We had various sizes.

BR: Why was that?

LTH: It depended on the number of hogs we had. If we had two hogs, we had a short one. If we had three or four hogs, we had a longer one. Father had the right sizes for the number hogs we had. All those things we worked out, but the main thing is that everything was taken care of at home. I

remember when I was a boy – you may be interested in this – we had to cut our own wood. In the early days, everything was wood. Later on, when I was about eight or ten years of age, we got coal. It was brought into Provincetown on boats.

BR: Where did the coal come from?

LTH: I didn't know at that time. It must have come from Pennsylvania somewhere. We used to go to Provincetown with a pair of horses on the truck wagon and go down to the coal yards, load up with the coal, and then bring it home. In the wintertime, we had a gas burner stove. If you've ever seen an old railroad stove in a railroad station, which you probably never have, it was like that. They call them pot-bellied stoves, round like this.

BR: Why did you call them gas stoves?

LTH: I don't know where the word came from, but we had that kind of stove in the living room. Of course, in the kitchen, all we ever burned was wood, because that was a cook stove - the only thing we had there. Every fall, our winter's work was to get the wood and get it down to the house all sawed up. You got to dry it out, so then the next fall you would have the wood for the winter. That was an annual chore. I went with my father and brothers when I was small. I picked up the short limbs and put them in the wagon. But when I got old enough, Father said to me, "No, I'll get you your axe. You have to learn how to cut wood." Those chores came along at the right time. He got me an axe, not a man size of axe, but one that I could handle. He said, "You have to learn how to sharpen this axe." He took me out in the stable, or barn as we called it. There we had grindstone, one of these big wheels that went around like this, and up on top of it like this, you had a can. In the can, there was a drip hole like this, so as the wheel went around the water would drip out of the can on the grindstone so that it would always be wet.

BR: Why did the grindstone need to be wet?

LTH: Because it would grind the axe better. Then, you'd put your foot on the (trevel?) that was down the bottom like this moving around like this. We'd walk around like this. [As] the water dripped down, you get your axe up here. You sharpen it on this side, then turn it around and sharpen it on the other side. After you got it ground down the way you wanted, you'd to stop the drip and stop the wheel from going around. Then you move it around like this is, rotating it on the wheel until you got an edge on that. I put the edge on my neck so that I could take a hair out of my head and go like this. [I] cut the hair right. The axes were sharp.

BR: Did your father teach you how to be careful and not get hurt?

LTH: I was taught that. I went in the woods [and] father taught me that you have to look up and see everything that was within the distance of your axe. You got to cut all of (ranges?) off or you have to

cut a tree. You've got to cut all the brush around the tree, so when you swing your axe like this, you're not going to hit the brush. But if you do it to catch on the brush, the axe will go out of your hands. Well, I had to learn all that. He taught me all of that. But the thing that interests me most –

[TAPE PAUSED]

LTH: Next time I went in the woods, father said “You're actually probably need touching up”, so he took me to the rhinestone, [and] showed me again how to touch up this axe. [It] got a good edge on it. [We] went in the woods [inaudible] so I never said anything. I got in the woods, I found my axe was dull. I had to work for the hard, Father said, “What’s the problem?” My axe is dull. “Oh”, he said, “You didn't think about that.” I said, “Oh”, so the next time I sharpened my axe every time I went in the woods. Father never said anything but twice. My father was a man who would tell you something twice and then that's all after that. You're on your own. I know I never asked him why, but we had a neighbor one time when I was in high school, they got talking about doing things. He had some children living over here, near us. My father’s name is Ezra. He said, “(Ezzy?),” as he said, “Now, you bring up your children the same way?” “Yes.” “All of them?” “Yes.” “Wow. That's good and they're coming out pretty well.” Father said, “Yes. I treat them the way I was treated on board ship.” Then I listened and I found out what it was [like] on board ship when he was a cabin boy. Somebody would show him something once and then he didn't get it, so it showed him a second time. And then he said if he didn't get it right the third time, he said, “Well that they beat the hell out of you”, except that he left that out with the children.

BR: How old was your father when he was a cabin boy?

LTH: He went to sea when he was twelve years of age. That’s an interesting story why he quit the sea. He started in as a cabin boy and then you graduated [with] chores, same as I did as a boy on the farm. Finally, he got to the point where he was a second man on a boat, a (dory?) with a fishing boat on the Grand Banks. In those days, they had trawls and the trawl was a line inside of a big box like this. You’d got out two people [inaudible], one would be out front to row and the other would be down in the stern of the boat and he’d run the trawl line. This trawl line had hooks. [You’d have] a line fixed to the trawl line. The big trawl line was like this and you had another line like this and hook on the bottom. The stern man had to put in bait on those and throw them out.

BR: They had to bait each hook?

LTH: They bait each hook. When they throw out the line, they had a flag so they could tell where the end of the line was. My father was out with this man in the boat and they were running out the trawl. The weather was bad. They looked up and they saw this squall and it was going to hit them sometime, but they didn’t think much about it. With the trawl line out running the distance in the boat, this squall hits you. You can’t maneuver your boat fast enough to get it out of the (crosses?) of the sea and the

wave. When you hit a squall, you got to head into the sea like this, then the sea lifts you or breaks over you, but doesn't swamp you. The sea hit them broadside before they could get maneuvered. The boat capsized. My father, in the bow of the boat, went down under and the painter of the boat caught in his legs. He had on rubber boots like people did in those days, that came up above his knees, and they were strapped at the top so that the water wouldn't go down in the rubber boots. He tried underwater to get these off, but he couldn't release the boots and he couldn't get himself free from the painter. He decided the things to do was to (walk?) in the center of the boat. In the center of the boat, when it turns over normally, there's always a pocket of air. He got up there close to the boat and put his tongue out, opened his mouth, and breathed [but] there was not air there because the boat had swamped like this. The air was gone, [there was] nothing there but water. I never forget, he said that he relaxed and a few seconds later he began to think about his father and mother, his childhood, brothers and sisters, good family life, everything was happy, serene. Then, he said he looked and saw the most glorious sunset that he'd ever seen in his life. Of course, that what every fisherman wants because if you have a glorious sunset, you're going to have a good fishing day the next day. He saw this beautiful sunset and he said he lay there looking at it until the sun went down in the water and then he said he knew no more. Next thing he knew was he was on board the ship. The men were rolling the water out of him over a barrel. They didn't know why that worked, but it did. They got the water out of him and he survived. When he finished [and] came home at the end of that trip, he said, "I shall never go to sea again" and he never did, but he had to earn a living, so he went on to other work. Do you want me to tell you how he met my mother?

BR: How old was he when he left the sea?

LTH: He was about eighteen years of age. I can't give you the exact [age]. He went to sea [for] about six years.

BR: You mentioned his boot got caught in the "painter". What is a "painter"?

LTH: A painter is a rope that you have at the bottom of the boat that you attach it to something to hold the boat. You've seen those. Every boat has them. If you go on a walk, you see a boat that is tied up to a log with a line from the front of the boat. The name of that is the painter of the boat. That was free in the bottom of the boat and he was sitting like this rowing. When the boat capsized, that painter went free quicker than he did. He caught it, I don't know how he caught it, but he caught it around his boot and couldn't get it off.

BR: What did your father do after he left the sea?

LTH: [inaudible] My father's oldest brother was a sea captain. He had retired more or less; he had given up the sea. He was in the (Coastwise Straight?). The (Coastwise Straight?) carried all sorts of goods from one place to another, say Halifax, Nova Scotia to Boston or down to New York or down to

Richmond, Virginia or some other place. [My uncle] had a son and the son went to college. [He was] the first person that I knew of in the Hopkins family that went to college. He went to Boston, [he went] MIT. Then, he went out west and got a job on the Mississippi River. He wanted his father, my uncle, to come out west. He gave up going to sea and went out and got a position with the Moline Plow Company, where he was one of their middle executives – I don't know what. When Father left the sea, his brother [inaudible] said, "Come out here and I'll get you a job with the Moline Plow Company," which he did. Father went out, but he couldn't stand the climate because he caught malaria all the time. Malaria was carried by mosquitos, we had them on the cape but the mosquitos on the cape weren't quite as vicious as they were out there in the Mississippi River. Anyhow, he stayed for a few years, but he had to come home. They didn't have anything to cure malaria in those days same as the have the today. In the meantime, being a country boy [and] having Saturdays and Sundays off, he wanted something to do so he got acquainted with a man that ran the milk route in Moline. [The man] had a farm outside where [Father] went out to his farm and helped this man on the farm. There, he met [like] the old saying "the farmers [inaudible]" who was my mother. When he decided he had to come east, he talked to her and she decided she'd come with him. They were married and that's that. He stayed in the east all the time thereafter.

BR: What year did your mother and father come east?

LTH: I'd have to look it up. I can't remember now.

BR: Where did your parents come to?

LTH: They came to Truro.

BR: What did your parents do?

LTH: They lived in a house on the North Pamet Road that is still standing. It's a house that years ago [(Joe Manzano?) lived in]. [Have you] ever hear of the famous actor Joe (Manzano?). He lived in there for years. Kate Francis, she lived there. The house is still standing. Its owned now by a Boston attorney. My oldest brother was born there. After a couple of years, they moved on the South Pamet Road, where I was born. We had a house that was owned by my aunt. He lived there in the house with my aunt. My two twin sisters, they were the next ones, twin girls; they were born there. After that, they moved over into the old homestead and my grandmother lived there with us. All the other children were born in what they called the "boarding room", every house had one in those days with good sized families.

BR: What was a boarding room?

LTH: It was a specially equipped bedroom.

BR: What was the boarding room specially equipped with?

LTH: I can't tell you, but you'd have to ask the midwife. [laughter] The midwife lived just a few doors down, so when you wanted a midwife in a hurry, you could get one when you couldn't get a doctor.

BR: What did your father do for livelihood when he came back east?

LTH: When we came back, these traps I was telling you about had just come into Cape Cod Bay. I looked these up one time because I got interested. They were first in Cape Cod in the fifties, down in Chatham Harbor in the fifties. They were there. They came down here in Provincetown in the sixties and got over in Truro in the early seventies. When my father came back [from Illinois], it was about that time. There was a man in the Depot Road in Truro named Richard Rich. If you got to the Depot Road today on the left there is a house called the Gingerbread House, that now's kind of a summer place, that's where he lived on that hill. In those days, there weren't any trees around so he'd look right out into the bay and could see his ships, traps, and everything. My father got a job with him as a trap hand. He worked for him on (chairs?).

BR: What was a hand trap?

LTH: He was a hand, a worker.

BR: What was the work he was doing?

LTH: He went out at the right tide in the boat out on the water. These traps had a bowl in the center. The fish came in through a nozzle like this. When they got in the bowl, they couldn't get out, like a lobster (pot?). Then, the boat would come out and go inside of this bowl on the water. Then they'd reach down and haul up this net underneath like this and when the fish began to appear, they'd bail them out in the boat.

BR: What did they use to bail them with?

LTH: You've never seen one of those? It was a net that was put on a great big wire frame like this with a long handle. You reach down like this, the water would go out [and] when you lifted it up, you had all the fish. The mesh was close enough so you never lost any fish. That's what they bail them out with. They'd stay there with this boat until they bail them all out. Then, they'd drop the net and go out of the trap and leave it for the next day. Then, they'd bring the fish to shore. When they got to shore, people would be around to get the fish. Everyone went to the trap to get fish. It was the only place you could get fish unless you went yourself or the trapper, that is a man or workman like my father, would bring the fish home. That's where we got the cod fish that we used for the cod liver oil or any other kind of

fish. Everybody got his fish. Now, people didn't have any money in those days so if you were a worker like my father, you got all the fish you wanted. But if you were somebody else who wanted fish, then you gave the trapper something in return; you gave him milk or side of meat if you had that in the winter. I don't know how they paid but they didn't pay that in money. After a while, things looked up a little and they got in Truro and Provincetown what they called "cold storages". The first one was built in Provincetown.

BR: Do you know what year that was?

LTH: I can't remember. I'd have to look it up. I've got it on the record somewhere. I remember that was when I was in high school, so it must have been about – I went to college in 1906 – so it must have been right after 1900 but in Provincetown, a company man came around selling stock in the company. By that time, my family was a little better off because at that time my father was carrying the mail from the railroad station and the post office every day, down and back four times a day. We were carting the summer visitors, as we called them, to their homes back and forth, so we had a little more cash. I didn't get any because I was just a workman, but the family had more cash. I remember this man came to the house and talked to Father about buying some stocks in this cold storage. He said, "Look, you're making some money now [inaudible] you better take some stock in this cold storage." My father didn't know anything about stock. We had an uncle that was in Boston and when he came down, he asked him about it. He looked into it [and] said, "You better put a little money in that. That's going to be good", so my father put some money in. I couldn't tell you how much, might have been \$100, [or] maybe more, in this cold storage stock. After the first couple years when it was going, he got a dividend every year that was equal to the \$100 of stock that he put in and he kept it there until the thing went to pieces, well it merged into another one.

BR: Do you remember the name of that cold storage company?

LTH: I can't remember the name.

BR: How did the cold storage work?

LTH: They brought all the fish into this plant. There in the plant, they put them into freezing rooms, they had freezers. After they had frozen them, they would ship them someplace with ice. By that time, they had ice. They got it on the lake down there [called] Pilgrim Lake in Provincetown. They would send those fish to Boston or maybe New York. There, they got a good price for them. Before that, they couldn't ship them anywhere because we had no automobiles. You could put them on the railroad train because that came through in 1876, but you had no way to keep them cold. To Boston, it took four, five, seven or eight hours before they ever got to a place and then they had to be sold. It wouldn't be good to eat. [Cold storage] was a life saver for the cape. The next one they build over in north Truro on the hill and it wasn't a cold storage, but it was built by the Underwood Packing Company [William Underwood

Company]. They canned what they called “tuna fish”, but they were horse mackerel. Have you seen a horse mackerel?

BR: No, what is a horse mackerel?

LTH: You know what a mackerel looks like, a horse mackerel is the same as a mackerel but as big as a horse, I guess. We used to get them out here and they’d weigh 600 or 650, 700 sometimes. During the season, they’d catch plenty of them. They came in the bay chasing the smaller fish. In the old days, they didn’t know what to do with them, because nobody bought them. Underwood [William Underwood Company] put in this in canned tuna and they sold only the horse mackerel. They brought all those in and put them in the factory. Afterward, they shipped and canned a good many other things outside of tuna fish. They canned sardines, I don’t know what they were. By that time, I had gone away so I never followed what went on with the factories except once in a while I came home.

BR: Could you tell me more about when your father carried the mail?

LTH: When he came ashore, when he came back from Illinois and was married and lived in the old family homestead, the government put out a bid for contracts for carrying the mail. It had been carried by a man here in town not under a contract, they paid him so much to get here and there. They put out a bid. My father bid it in, and he got it. This other fellow bid it, but my father [got it]. I don’t know why they gave it to my father. That was 1895.

BR: Do you know what his bid was?

LTH: [He bid] \$100 a year.

BR: How many times a day did run the mail?

LTH: [He carried the mail] four times a day.

BR: What distance did he travel?

LTH: He traveled from Truro center, down to the (Depot?) and back again. That was three miles, [maybe] four miles, fifteen miles a day I guess, with a horse and buggy or any kind of carriage he wanted to. That was about the time, summer people began coming to Truro. He bid the mail in at a very reasonable price because he wanted to carry it in order to get the business of the summer people. That’s what he did. He carried that mail for, I don’t know, thirty or forty years at the same price [of] \$100. It was the other business.

BR: What do you mean “get the business of the summer people”?

LTH: The summer people came by train, there were no automobiles. When they got in Truro, they had to be transported to their home. People came and stayed all summer. There were no day trippers in those days. The family – man, wife, children, luggage, everything, all their furniture, everything they brought – all had to be transported to their houses. Then in the fall, they close up the house and all the luggage had to be transported back to the station. Now in the meantime, they had to eat same as other people did, but they had money enough to buy from EE Greyhouse [E.E. Gray Company]. They had groceries coming down, everything, so (express?) had it be transported. That's where I first met the summer people, but my father did the mail. In order to make that a success, he had to have a stable and to make that go he had to have a place for people to stay overnight or something like that. My father bought what was then known as the Old Oliver House Hotel, which was right in Truro center, it's burned down now. It had a stable because when they put through the Truro dike [Railroad Dike] in 1854, the old stagecoaches that came from Wellfleet on the Old Kings Highway, instead going around head of the meadow up in (Boston?) beach and down through Long Nook. That way, they came down here crossed the bridge in Truro, the dike, and then went on to Provincetown because it was the same [inaudible] distance. A man named Oliver built this hotel and stable as a stagecoach stop on the Old Kings Highway stagecoach route to Provincetown. He built that in the fifties, right off the bridge went through. When the railroad came through twenty years later, the railroad brought these people; they didn't come by stagecoach. He had no business for his hotel or his stable, so there it was. It stayed like that for a year or two, or a few years I don't know how long, and then my father bought it out. They changed the name to The Central House. My mother ran The Central House. My father ran the stable and the boys did the work. We transported the summer people from the railroad station to their homes and carried all their bags [inaudible], everything.

BR: What year did they buy The Central House?

LTH: 1895.

BR: What was it like?

LTH: It was an old fashion country inn. We had eleven rooms that we could rent outside of an [inaudible] which the family lived and the kitchen, the attic the boys slept in, and so on. We had a good living room for them. The bedrooms in the wintertime weren't heated but they gave you a brick in your bed. Hot water bottles weren't invented in those days. They gave you soaps though.

BR: It was open year-round?

LTH: Yes, we were open year-round. We didn't have many people in the winter. In the summer, we were full. People all the time, all the people we could accommodate. My mother ran that. I'll tell you a couple instances of things that were very rare from these summer people. I used to carry the people

passengers back and forth, my older brother did too. There was one man I carted almost all the time. He came down every Friday and went back every Monday morning. His name was Howard. He was super intendant of the Massachusetts General Hospital. He built a cottage; it's still standing up near the water on the beach. I got him and took him in the horse and buggy, took him up to his home. [I] went up Monday morning and got him down to the morning train [inaudible]. One Friday he came down, I wasn't there. He said to my father, "Where's the boy?" Father said, "Well, I have to say the boy's in bed. He's sick. He's terribly sick and I don't know what's going on with him." Howard was a doctor [and] he said, "What do you mean?" Father said, "I don't know. The Wellfleet doctor says that he can't do anything for him and he's lying there in bed in pain." [Howard] said, "I'll look at him." He came upstairs to me in bed, I shall never forget that. He was friendly, so we laughed.

-----END OF TAPE ONE, SIDE ONE-----

BR: The recording is the property of Tales of Cape Cod and (Cooperated?) and it cannot be reproduced without the written consent of the Tales of Cape Cod and (Cooperated?). April 25, 1978. Listing with L. Thomas Hopkins of Truro, Massachusetts. Tape number two.

LTH: He said, "You lie there as still as you can. I'll take care of you. Don't worry you're going to be alright." I did just as he told me. Come Sunday morning, my mother put me in a (bug board?), that's a big wagon that has seats on the side like this, and my sister and brother drove me to Provincetown. They put me on the steam ship Dorothy Bradford and left for Boston. We got into Rowes Wharf in Boston. I'd never been there, I didn't know anything about it. I'd never been on that boat before. When they got me there, the next thing I knew these men in white coats came in and took me off this bed I'd been lying on the boat. They carried me on in a stretcher and put me in an ambulance pulled by horses. They took me to the Mass General Hospital [Massachusetts General Hospital] and they prepared me for an operation for appendicitis so fast that my mother and sister got there – I don't know how they got there, a cab I guess – just as I was being wheeled out someplace that went to the operating room. They waved to me like that, I remember this, and that's all. I was operated on. They got this thing, it was ruptured.

BR: How old were you?

LTH: It was in 1901. I was twelve years of age.

BR: Do you remember anything about that operation?

LTH: What I remember was that I was in that hospital for three weeks. I had to have these wicks in my side all the time and drainage tubes. [Editor's Note: Wicks are any material that absorbs liquids and are used to absorb accumulated fluids from injuries.]

BR: What were the wicks for?

LTH: [The wicks were for] taking out the pus that had ruptured. They had to keep draining it. I was terribly sick. I was numb to pain, but I was so weak. The nurses and doctors [that came] in everyday were very kind to me. When I got out, I was able to get up and walk around. A doctor came into see me. I'd never seen him before. He came in, sat down, and we had a little chat. When he finished, he said, "I want to tell you that I'm the man who performed the operation." He hadn't been in before these other people. [inaudible] Turns out, he was (Morse?) Richardson. He was the man who invented the operation at Mass General Hospital. He was a grandfather of this Richardson we have around Massachusetts [called] Elliot Richardson. I'm telling this story to a group, I say, "When I found out who he was, in gratitude for saving for my life, I've (voted?) Republican ticket ever since." That brings a bit laugh out of them. Some people that came to Truro became very good friends, in that they were open and communicative – always ready to share their experience with a young boy like me, where's he going to learn? Every spring they would ask me what happened in the winter, and they would tell me what happened to them. I learned a great deal about the world outside that was not open to the average Cape Coder of my age. Some of these people became very famous. One of them was Marconi. You remember he was the man who had the wireless station in South Wellfleet. When he first came down to locate on Cape Cod, he came to Provincetown. He looked over [inaudible] and went up Long Nook Valley to Green Mountain that was owned by a man by the name of (Wall?) from New York City. [Marconi] liked that place but (Wall?) wasn't ready to sell. He came to our house [and] got acquainted with my mother. Then, [Marconi] drove on to Wellfleet and finally located in South Wellfleet. When he came down for his final station in 1902, he came down to our house on a Friday night and stayed on until Monday morning. At that time, I was in high school. I became we acquainted with him. He explained to me what this was all about. The atmosphere was full of waves, moving all directions. They were short and long, fast and slow, wide and thin, and everything else. The thing that impressed me the most [was that] he said that all waves didn't all go in a straight line. There were some that would bend with the curvature of the earth and because of that, he was going send a wireless message from South Wellfleet over to England. I sat there [inaudible] [on a] chair and listened to all this [with] my ears and eyes open. I couldn't understand how anything could curve around the earth. I told him I couldn't see the waves. He said, "No, if you have the right machine, you can pick them out – any size or length you want. If you have another machine, you can send them any size or length you want." That's what he was going to do. He was going to send the right wave [with] the right length that would bend around the world. Shortly after that he sent the first message over to England from President Roosevelt to the King of England. He won. [There is] one thing I learned about him. I've thought about it a lot of times since. If you got a new idea and its different than anybody else's, you're going to have trouble with other people accepting what you believe in. I soon learned that. This is the aftermath of it. When I went to Tufts College, I had to take a science course. I took one in physics. The professor had a lecture hall and a great big platform in front. In those days, the professor always looked down from a platform to all his students, he never sat with them on their level. That was totally unknown. The professor had to have knowledge [and] the student had to be ignorant, so he had to look down on them. That's what

we said anyhow. He had the students arrange in alphabetical order in this hall. We had a textbook, and we hadn't gone long in the textbook when we came to waves and the man who invented them over in Germany. We went along with the material in the book. When he'd finished explaining all this, I got up and with my Cape Cod ignorance because people in Cape Cod shared experiences and I thought they did in college, I had to learn that the hard way – they don't. I got up and said, "Professor, I knew Marconi and Marconi told me this..." and I went on to explain about all these waves that I told you. [After] a few minutes some men students sitting to my left, his name was Hamilton, he was the son of the president, he kicked me in the shin and he said, "Sit down! You want to flunk this course?" Of course, everyone could have heard him. I looked at him, and thought, you're not (violent?) and I went right on. Then, the man on the right of the name (Hooglet?), he hit me on the other leg, and I became aware of the fact that something was wrong. I finished what I was saying and sat down. There was a hush. The professor came out. I will never forget. He had a bald head, and he was all red. His face was all flushed. He looked down from his desk up there and he pointed his finger at me and said, "Hopkins, let me tell you something." He said, "[If] you want to pass this course, hereafter you will confine your remarks to the material in the textbook." That's the best college learning that I ever got, because it taught me immediately that all first-hand experience with all these kinds, friendly and sharing people on Cape Cod were never going to be accepted in a college. But I had to have a college degree, so I did what every other student did; I memorized the stuff. I had a good memory. I passed it back to them. They gave me good grade and when I ended, they gave me a Phi Beta Kappa and a Magnum Cumulate. I never learned anything except that. I learned that when you're in college, you will not find a professor that will share experiences with you. There were two instances where that was not true. One man I had as a debating coach. I wanted to learn debate. I don't know why. I took him. He was different. I wanted to (iron?) out something about religion. My mother was very religion. [She] went to Methodist church here and I went to Methodist church all the time. In fact, [I] took care of the church one winter. [I] built the fires, candled the church, and all that. It was alright. Everybody did it. All our social activities were made in the church. I wanted to find out more about this. I had an acquiring disposition I guess, a gene or something. I took an elective course with a man named (Towsley?) in the Tufts Divinity School for a year on the history of religions. That was one of the most revealing courses I ever took in college because he would discuss anything you wanted. He couldn't hear very well. He had a hearing aide in both ears and [went] down into a [box] like an old fashion telephone. You had to speak in that so he could even hear, but he'd always answer your questions. [He'd] always entertain anything you had. What I'm coming at is this: I learned that first year in college, that there are two kinds of educations and generally they don't meet. One of them is first-hand experience by which you develop yourself as a person. The other is book learning that comes from colleges and schools where you get degrees, you get a job, you get into a profession, you get recognition, you get a salary and promotions, and all that. What I've tried to do all my life, is to get the two to meet. If you have the two to meet, there is only one meeting that is ever going to be successful. That is, the first-hand experience has to come first, and the book learning has to supplement the first-hand experience. The reason why we have some much strife and fighting in the world today is that book learning has been first and the first-hand

experience has been second. So long as that's so, we're going to have more troubles than we have now. Thanks for letting me put that in.

BR: Do you want to talk about any of the other summer people?

LTH: I went to local two room rural school in Truro just a short distance from The Central House, where I was living at the time. The teacher in the lower four grades had about seventy-five to eighty-five pupils in one room. The children who came into school as first graders receive very little attention from the teacher because she was spending her time with the third and fourth grade students preparing them to go in to grammar school, which is the other side of the building for the next four grades. We taught ourselves how to read from (blocks?), alphabet letters, and all the cards [the teacher] had. Every one of us learned how to read. I've thought about it many times since, that were no non-readers. In schools today, where you have a system of reading [and] everyone has to learn by this system of reading, there are many (non-?) readers. Then, you have to give them remedial reading which makes it worst. In my case, I learned to read my self by my own methods [and] own experience because the teacher didn't have any time to interfere with it. That's what saved me. I never was averse to book learning because it never hurt me in the elementary school. I went on from there into the grammar school. When I was in grammar school in the seventh grade, a buddy of mine who was in the eighth grade [named] John (Diar?) in Truro was old enough to go to high school, but he didn't have any transport. My father had the horse and the carriage, [so] the super intendent said to my father, "Ezra, if I promote this boy of yours to high school, why not take John along and they go together in the winter." Father said "okay", so I was promoted in the seventh grade in the Wellfleet high school. We went there together for four years. In the meantime, some other boys went. In good weather, each of us furnished our own transportation. I would get up in the morning at five o'clock, take care of the horses, milk the cows [and] put them out to pasture, and do all the other chores. Then, [I'd] come in get my breakfast and get on the back of a Montana mustang that my father bought for \$25 and lope him to Wellfleet because he'd lope all the way. [Editor's Note: Loping is a kind of horse gait with three-beats.] He didn't know any other way of running. [When] I got up there, I'd put him in the stable. I'd got to high school. Feed him at noon time and come back home at night. At night, I'd get in the cows, do the milking, take care of the chores, and then by the time I had that all finished, I was too tired to look at a book anyhow, so I'd go to bed. I developed in that time, for that reason, a photographic memory. I didn't know what it was, but it was compensation for two things. One is eyesight was terribly bad, but nobody knew it because nobody knew what glasses were. I never wore glasses in the first seventeen years of my life. The other one was, I didn't have any time to study. I had to memorize stuff as quick as I could. I used that means to look at a book and get the basic ideas rapidly. They call it rapid reading today, I don't what it is. I got to high school with flying colors and [was] valedictorian of the class. In bad weather, I taught this Montana mustang how to wear a harness. When we got him, we rode him in a saddle. [I] put a harness on him and pitch him up in a wagon. John and I would get in the wagon under cover and drive him into Wellfleet. We'd drive home at night. Those four years I went to the Wellfleet

high school and that was my day; five o'clock in the morning, work, come back home, work, and read a little on Saturdays and Sundays but not too much.

BR: You mentioned that you used the alphabetical blocks. Can you tell me about that?

LTH: All I remember is that we had a big table. We had all these blocks. We had little folders with the letters on them. They were mostly on *the Bible* because in those days it was the principal book that everybody had to learn how to read going back to Protestant ethic. I remember "A" was for Adam and under that there was something. "B" was for somebody else, some other character in the bible. That's what it was. I looked at those, "A" for Adam, and we'd figure out the writing underneath. There was a little amount of it. Then, we'd take "B" and work that over. That's the way we'd go through all of those. We'd [go] individually at our own speed and in our own time. I learned how to read all those, but once I'd got them, I had the alphabet and I had learned what was under those letters. That was the basic reading system. We called it the "alphabet system". I don't know any other name for it.

BR: Can you tell me about your first store-bought suit?

LTH: All of our clothes that I had as a boy were hand-me-downs. This uncle that I had in Boston used to come down in summers and he'd leave his clothes with my mother. My mother cut them down for my older brother and me until the younger brother came along. I never knew anything about clothes except these cut down clothes, cut down the trousers and jackets.

BR: How about the shoes?

LTH: The shoes my father got somewhere; I don't know where. As a boy I learned that I had to repair my own shoes. Father said, "Here's the equipment." He showed me how to use it same as he taught me how to sharpen an axe. Now, he said, "If your shoes need a sole, here's the leather and you put it on. You can nail it on or you can sew it on or you can do anything you want. But you got to take care of them." So I did. I learned how to sew and mend and everything on the shoe. Anyhow, I wore those and hand-me-down suits.

BR: Where they high shoes like boots?

LTH: We had both kinds. We had what my father had to buy somewhere, rubber boots. Mine were short rubber boots [that] came up to the knee. I never had the high ones that were hooked up over here because that's what caught my father in the boat. He said, "No, you boys can never have a rubber boot like that." I had the tall ones. You could shake them off. [inaudible] I don't know where he got those but in stormy weather in the wintertime, we wore those. We [also] had felts. It was something shaped like a boot made out of felt. You had a pair of boots that were too big [which] you put over these felts

so then in the wintertime, you'd wear them. [inaudible] to keep your feet warm all the time. I wore the felts in the winter.

Coming back to these suits. When I was graduating high school and I'd been accepted to Tufts College, my mother said to me, "You've graduated high school. You're going away to college. I'll have to get you a new suit." [She'd] saved the money from what she'd earned in the summer. She took me down to Provincetown to the store named D.A. Matheson. I went in and saw all these suits. I never knew so many suits existed before in my life. She picked a blue (sweat?) suit. I remember the man fitted me carefully. He said, "You need something else?" My mother said, "Yes" and bought me a shirt [and] a couple of celluloid collars. You took them on and off. You'd wash them yourself. You wiped them off every day. I had a couple of those. I had a couple of neck ties. Then, she bought me then a pair of shoes, some socks, and that was my outfit. So that's what I spoke in. I sometimes say that when I spoke, I stood up there on the platform as a new man; I was a new man inside and a new man outside because had all this new equipment. That was really funny.

BR: Can you tell me about celluloid collars?

LTH: In those days, the shirts always have detached collars; they weren't made on. Collars were celluloid because you could take them off and run them under the water, wipe them off on something, and they'd come out clean. They dried right off in a few minutes. You could do it in the daytime. That's what they came. I bought two of those. Mother bought them for me. [I got] a white shirt, blue (surge?) suit, blue necktie, dark shoes, and dark socks.

BR: What errands did you used to run in high school?

LTH: Back in high school, I used to run errands for people. They started asking me to because we didn't have a shopping center in Truro. Wellfleet was a bigger town, and they had a hardware store and a good many other things that we didn't have. People would ask me to do an errand for them, mostly the hardware store or [inaudible], that is a blacksmith shop, or something that they wanted. I'd do it for them. I did that for one year and spent all my noon hours, after taking care of the horse, getting this stuff for people because they had to walk – [inaudible] Finally, in the next – [inaudible] A man lived across the road here from me. George (Nucam?) his name was. He wanted me to get him a sail needle. A sail needle is what they used in the old days to repair sails.

BR: What did he look like?

LTH: He was a man of medium height. He had grey hair and long beard that came down to his waist. He was one of the first people I'd ever saw with hair on the back of his head that came down over his shoulders. [laughter] He was a sea captain, he'd been to sea. He was a very successful captain. [He

was] kind of a rough old fellow. [He was] nobody that I would find as a friend, but I got him his sail needle. I knew what it was because we used it to sew the turnip bags we'd sell to Boston.

[TAPE PAUSED]

LTH: When I took it, I said, "Alright," but I said "Don't you ever ask me again to do another errand for you in Wellfleet." That ends it. He went off. I never did anymore for him, but I did errands for a good many other people.

BR: What are some of the other errands you did?

LTH: [I] mostly [went to the] harness shop; they had a harness shop in Wellfleet. People wanted something for their horse, [like] their harness. Or the [inaudible], the blacksmith down here. We had a blacksmith shop but we if you needed something from this man up here in Wellfleet because he had a bigger place. He wanted him to bring it down. I can't remember all the things. People would [also] want something for the hardware store. I'd get that. That was about all.

BR: What does a sail needle look like?

LTH: A sail needle was a bent. It ran about six inches, four inches [at] the smallest. It had a curve in the middle. It had a very sharp point plat. It had a flat head and a great big eye in the end of the needle because you had to put a line in the eye. Sometimes they were big enough to put a cod line in. Do you know what a cod line is? Sometimes the eye was big enough for cod line, like twine. It had to be a solid, substantial bent needle. The length depended on what you were going to do with it. For sewing up these [turnip] bags, we had them about four inches long and that's what I got for him.

BR: How was the teacher instrumental in getting you into college?

LTH: [Starting in] my first year in high school for two years, I had a teacher who taught subject matter. He wasn't interested in the students. He was alright in those days because no teacher was. The third year, a man name (Winyow?). His parents were born in the [inaudible]. He was born in this country. He graduated (Bolton?) college. He was very (human?). He said in the [inaudible], when he looked the thing over, to the boys in the class, "What are you boys going to do?" We didn't know. He said, "Why don't you go to college?" We didn't know anything about it. He said, "Look, [if] you want to go to college, I'll place my time against yours. I'll prepare you for college in two years if you cooperate." We talked it over. There were four of us at the time.

BR: Were the students that your teacher helped all boys?

LTH: [We were] all boys. In the two years time, I had four years of Latin. Everything was going fine. I was doing the Latin work until long before Christmas. [My college professor] called me in one day after class. He said, "Hopkins, I want you to come to my office. I got to talk with you." I didn't know what it was, [so] I went down to see him. He sat there and said, "I've been looking over your high school record." I said, "Yes." He said, "You put in a false record here. You said you had first year Latin – Caesar, Cicero, Virgil, [inaudible], Horace." But he said, "The high school record says you had Latin for only two years." I said "Yes." "Well then," he said, "is that so? You didn't study them." I said, "Professor, I did." He said, "You couldn't. It takes four year." I said, "It wasn't for me. I took them all in two years." He said, "I shall listen to no more of this. I'll think about it. I'll decide what penalty you shall have to pay for this." [He thought it was] falsification. I went downstairs and went to my major advisor who was a professor of English. I said, "Look, I can't understand this. This is what he told me." He said, "If something is wrong, I'll look it up. Don't do anything, don't say anything to him. Keep away from him because he's another (human?) fellow." Finally, this man found out that what I told him was right that I had [done it]. He went to this fellow (Dennison?) [and] explained it to him. (Dennison?) called me in the second time when he had all this. He said, "I just want to tell you that I was greatly misinformed, but I just wanted to say this: if you want this course in Latin, and you know its required for your degree, you must maintain a B-average at all times." I said, "Thank you Professor." I walked out. I maintained the B-average and got the credit. That's what he wanted. [inaudible] [Another student] taking that same course, he was in trouble too with Latin with his professor. It came up to the final examination and he wasn't very well prepared. Some of us tried to help him out because he was a good fellow, but he hated Latin and he wouldn't do what I did – memorize and give it to them. When it came to the final examination, the last question on the examination was "What do the letters 'sttl' on roman gravestones stand for?" This fellow didn't know, but he looked at them. He wrote down "sttl equals somebody took the lemon". [laughter] That's what we all thought of the coursework, but we didn't have the courage to tell them. [The professor] flunked this fellow. He had to take it over again, but he passed it the second time but that was his penalty.

BR: How much was the tuition at Tufts College in your first year?

LTH: About a \$100 a year as I recall.

BR: How did you save your money to go to school?

LTH: I didn't have any money to save except this. I told you I earned a little money in high school. In the wintertime in high school, I used to shovel snow. I got twenty-five cents an hour. I did a man's work with a boy's pay; a man got fifty cents. [laughter] They paid me twenty-five. My father took that money and put it in a Wellfleet savings bank because I was brought up on the old "Protestant work ethic", which was you work hard, you save your money, you put it in the savings bank, you never take it out, get the compound interest. Then in your old age, you have something to take care of yourself. We didn't have [inaudible] and all the things that are going on now to take care of people who don't work.

(We have them?) all the time. We have them on Cape Cod. I had this money accumulate in the bank when I went to college. I took it out. I had \$25.86, [which was] what I put in plus the interest. When I got to Tufts, I got located in the dormitory and I took attendance in chapel every morning in order to get my room in the dormitory. I had this \$25.86 and I finished four years of college at Tufts on that money. Every cent that I lived on, winter and summer, I earned myself except in the last year. In the last year, expenses were a little heavy. I had to get some money. That summer, before my senior year, I was in Maine. I had a job working for an insurance man in Augusta, Maine. I took care of his horse. Never mind about that background. When it came time to go to college in the fall, he said to me, "Now this is your senior year. I'm not a college man myself, but I know what it is." He worked his way through in life just as I did. He said, "If you ever want some money in college, you write me. I'll let you have anything you want. No questioned asked. You'll find a job from me when the terms over." When I did that in April of this senior year, I needed the money. He sent me a check for \$100. He said, "I think this ought to be a business transaction. I'll expect you to repay this with no interest. At such time you feel you can pay it. It's not a gift. That's the responsibility for you to pay that back." It was one of the best things I ever heard. I paid him back the money. When I got up here, the three things I've said many times that affected my life were: the sea, the land, and the people. I covered most of those except the sea. We had so many shipwrecks in those days because sail boats couldn't get around (Harlem light?) and we'd get storms. The first one I remember I was four years of age. It was the steamship *Jason*, an iron boat loaded with jute from India. It was going to Plymouth Cordage Company where they made rope and twine. Everybody had to have rope in those days for sail, boats, and so on. This boat ran into the storm and couldn't get by Cape Cod, so it came right up here by Boston Beach. This cabin boy [was] sixteen years old. He ran into the place and hauled out the life savers and threw it to men. They put it on and went to the main (mast?). They lashed themselves to the main (mast?) as high up as they could get because they assumed since it was an iron ship, they wouldn't break up but it breaks up quicker than in a wooden boat because it wouldn't bend. This boy before he had a chance to do anything about it, he didn't even have his life jacket on, [a] wave came up and lifted up the boat like this and put it down like this hard and broke it right through the middle like this. He was out. When he was out in the water, he reached around he grabbed a barrel of jute. He hung on to that jute [barrel] and it went to shore. When he got to shore, the lifesaving men were there. They saw him and they hauled him off the barrel of jute, took him into the lifesaving station. He was the only man that was saved. All the other people that went to the stern of the boat or lashed themselves on were all lost at sea. They went down under water and never came up, but the bow lifted. The jute came out. He stayed for a month or more identifying the bodies as they came ashore. He came to our house up in Pamet. He liked to sing. He could play a pipe or [inaudible] like this. We had one. My sisters used to play hymns on it. He didn't stay with us. We didn't have room. He stayed with somebody else. He used to come every Sunday early, sing hymns, go to church with us, go back home have dinner with the family, stay after dark, and then head go off. During those times, I was just a youngster, I used to sit on his knee. The things I learned were these. He said, "Once in a while this ocean gets in kind of a turmoil and it gets mad. It has these big waves, and these ships are wrecked. But most of the time its friendly and its calm." I remember he said, "You can't live without it. You've got to have that ocean. It's the only way

you can get around. You get all this fish.” The other thing he told me was he’d been around the world in places and he said, “The world is big.” It wasn’t like Cape Cod. There were a lot of forests. I didn’t know what those were in those days. And there were people everywhere, but the people weren’t the same; they didn’t speak the same language, didn’t dress the same, didn’t eat the same type of food, anything. But he said, “They are all friendly. Everywhere you go or what country you’re in, the people are friendly.” The thing I remember about him is that: the ocean is friendly, the land is friendly, the people are friendly, [and] the world is a friendly place in which to live. That’s one of the best insights that I got in life along with my mother saying she’s going to love me no matter how badly I looked. Those were the two best insights I got as a kid. Where does a kid get those today? (Church?). The other thing I’d like to put in [is this]. We had a man down on (Cat Lake?) named Captain Matthias Rich. When I was carting express from the station, one morning I had a package from Matthias Rich. I took it down to his place about ten o’clock on Saturday morning. I heard the stories about him. At the October Gale of 1841 or 1842 [October Gale of 1841], I’ve forgotten which, there was a monument to the cemetery to the people that were lost, his boat was the only one that survived the hurricane in Georgia’s (banks?). I’d always heard that story and I thought I’d try to get it from the man himself. I’d been talking with everybody, but he wasn’t well. He used to sit there, he had a big long beard too, but he was his hair was cut in the back. This morning, he was sitting there by the window. [It was a] nice and bright swing day. When I came in, he looked up at me [and] he said, “What a bright spring day.” I said, “Yes.” He started talking and when I saw that he was communicative, I said, “Captain Rich, I’ve got a question I’d like to ask you.” He said, “What do you want to know?” I said, “I’d like to know how it was [you] saved his boat on the grand banks, how it wasn’t lost?” He said, “Take that stool and bring it right here.” I pushed over the stool. He told me the story. He saw this squall coming. He said, “I knew it was different from any other squall that I’d ever seen in my life, so I called my (dories?), got the fish on board, and about dark I started for (Highland light?) which is about 125 miles away.” He got ahead of the worst of the storm, so the next morning he was off in highland light?. He managed to keep the boat off and that night, about dark, he pulled into Provincetown Harbor. He [was] saved. The other boats stayed there that night and started the next morning. They got right in the center of the squall. Everyone was lost. I shall never forget what he said when he finished. He reached out and he patted me on the shoulder, he said, “Young man, let me tell you something. Foresight is always better than hindsight.” I said, “Thank you very much.” [laughter] I got up and went home. My father told me that [and] my mother told me that [but] it didn’t hit me. But then this man sitting there [I learned]. From all the boats in Truro I don’t know how many people were lost. I had relatives that were lost. [They] never came back. All the boats sunk. [Captain Rich] saw that storm was different from any other storm he’d seen before. He started to beat it before the other boats. That’s the only things that saved him – foresight. I’ve never forgotten that to this day. I used that in my own teaching. The only man that ever said that to me in Tufts was this man in [inaudible]. He said, “There’s always three sides to every question for debate: your side, the other (brothers?) side, but there’s a third side which nobody’s yet found. The person who finds the third side first always wins the debate.” That’s what this fellow was telling me. There’s always a factor that’s different. “I saw that storm was different. That’s why I saved

myself.” This man said, “There’s a third thing no one’s yet found. You find it, you win the debate.” That’s why I was a good debater.

[inaudible]

My mother was very religious. On Sunday, all the children were dressed in their best suits. We drove to church in the morning [and had] Sunday school. That’s where I learned to memorize the books in *the Bible* in their order. All the people stayed in church [and] we came home. My mother was so religious that on Sunday nothing was every cooked. We ate food that had been cooked on Saturday or the day before. [We] always cold food on Sunday.

BR: What kind of food would that be?

LTH: It would be cold ham or chicken, some kind of meat, and cold vegetables. Of course, [we] always [had] bread. We’d make sandwiches [but] never a hot dinner same as we had every day during the week. During those years as I grew up, the church was the center of all kinds of activities. The Sunday brought people out together. We had church suppers everybody went to. My friend John (dier?) who was my buddy in high school, went to congregational church. I used to invite him over to my church suppers and he’d invite me to [his]. I went to church supper at both churches and knew all the people that went to each church because they were all towns people, all natives. This went along in fine shape. I enjoyed it very much until I was in high school. One Saturday morning I was coming down the road with a load of wood that I had cut in the woods. [I was] putting it in the wood yard to get ready for the next winter. [When coming down the road] the minister was coming up the hill in his horse and buggy and he stopped, so I stopped. He came over to the truck wagon. He said, “I want to talk with you a minute.” I said, “Okay”. The horses were resting [and] I was sitting there. He said, “I’m getting together a group of young people to take a few preparatory meetings to become church members at Christmas time. I have your name down on paper.” I hesitated a minute. He asked me what I was hesitating about and I said, “Tell me this. What do I have to believe in order to become a member of the church?” He said, “You don’t need to know that now. You find that out. You come to these preparatory meetings.” “Yes,” but I said, “If I go to the meetings, and find it out, you’ll expect me to become a member of the church. I’d like to know about it now before I go to the preparatory meetings.” Foresight is better than hindsight. He said, “If you do that, you’ll just disappoint your mother.” I said, “Why?” He said, “I’ve just been down talking with her. She wants you to come to these meetings and join the church.” I said, “Mother never said that because she’d never do that to me. Mother always allows me to make my own decision. She never decided she wanted me to go to these meetings.” He took his foot off the wheel and went to his wagon, and I drove down home. I unloaded the wood, fed the horse, and came in. I said, “Mother, I met the minister out here.” [She said,] “Yes, he was here this morning.” I said, “He told me he was getting a group together to take some preparatory lessons to join the church. He said you told him that you wanted me to take those lesson to join the church.” She said, “I never told him anything like that at all.” I said, “What did you tell him?” She said, “I told him that if

you decided to do it, I would be happy. But if you decided not to do it, I'd be equally happy because you had to make the decision." I said, "Thank you mother. I thought that's probably what you said." So I never joined the church. How could you join a church under the circumstances such as that invitation? I couldn't, so I never did. That's why when I go to college, the first election course I took was this History of Religions by this man in the Divinity School because I wanted to find out more about it so I could make a more realistic decision about it for myself. That's what I did.

BR: What else did you do on Sundays besides got to church?

LTH: If we had any day of recreation, that was it. Most of the recreation we had as a child was found in the work. I try to explain that to young people today. You get your recreation through your work. They look at me as if I'm an old man in his [inaudible] because they can't understand that. "There is no recreational work," [they'd say], but for me it was. It was fun to milk a cow. I could always talk to a horse. Some horses were more intelligent than some of the people I had known in my life. If I went away in the morning to do something, and didn't get back until night, I had to make all the decisions as to what I was going to do, how I was going to do it, [and] take care of it myself. It was fun because I could see myself making the decisions in the work. No work was a chore. It wasn't a labor. It was a pleasure because I knew everything I did contributed to the welfare of the family which I was a member. We had to stick together in order to survive. You didn't work every minute in the day. Sometimes on a rainy day, a group of us would get together. [We'd] call up some people and get together, talk and chat or do something. We had no movies. We had no telephones as I said. We had no radios. We had no means of recreation except what we made ourselves. We'd get together sometimes in the wintertime and put on a play. We'd act out something we had going on in life, maybe a group of six or eight of us.