

Betty Richards: The recording is the Property of Tales of Cape Cod, Incorporated. It cannot be reproduced without the written consent of the Tales of Cape Cod, Incorporated. November 15, 1977. Today, I'm visiting with Helen Freeman Snow of Castle Road, Truro, Massachusetts. Mrs. Snow, can you give me your full name?

Helen Snow: Helen Freeman Maker Snow.

BR: What is your address?

HS: Castle Road, Truro, Mass.

BR: What was the date of your birth?

HS: August 9, 1896.

BR: Where were you born?

HS: In Orleans.

BR: Do you have a nickname?

HS: [laughter] Yes. But only [my] uncle gave it to me, and I didn't have it all my life. It was just when I was very little. [inaudible] (Snuggie?). He calls me (Snuggie?).

BR: How'd you happen to get that name?

HS: I don't know. I don't have any idea.

BR: Are you a *Mayflower* descendant?

HS: Yes, my great-grandmother was a Hopkins. She was a descendant of Stephen Hopkins. Stephen Hopkins came to America in 1620 on the ship *Mayflower* and landed at Plymouth. He had a daughter, Constance Hopkins, born in England in 1605. But that's all really I know about the Hopkins family because the records on Stephen Hopkins were burned in the library fire in Wellfleet years ago. So my mother's family, my great-grandmother's family, by the name of Hopkins, were of the third generation. That's my connection with Constance Hopkins. So I am of the fourth generation. Now you want me to tell you about Nicholas Snow?

BR: Please.

HS: Nicholas Snow came on the ship *Ann* to Plymouth Plantation in 1623, and somewhere around 1627, Constance Hopkins and Nicolas Snow were married. They had eleven children, six born in Plymouth and five born in Eastham. Then [inaudible] to the Snows on Cape Cod – Nicholas Snow, ancestors to Snows on Cape Cod, settled in Eastham in 1644. Is that alright?

BR: Very good.

HS: Did you want to know about the spellings of Snow?

BR: Yes, please.

HS: Is this alright? Well, early records show various spellings of Snow – S-N-O-U, S-N-A-W, S-N-A-W-E, and S-N-O-W-E – U-E and W-E. But Snow now is generally used today.

BR: S-N-O-W?

HS: Yes.

BR: Tell me about your great-great-grandfather, Charles Hopkins.

HS: Well, I don't know a whole lot about him, any more than he was a sea captain and, as they say, sailed the seven seas. I don't know much about his ships or anything, but they said he was a very stern disciplined man with his men. Often, he worried about getting a crew when he came ashore. But invariably, the same crew went with him. Even though he was stern and had discipline on the ship, they came back time after time to go along [inaudible].

BR: Can you tell me about your grandparents on your father's side?

HS: Well, I don't know a whole lot about them. I know his name was Freeman Maker. He lived in the Pleasant Lake region. He worked for Mr. Makepeace of the cranberry bogs just about all his life. I really don't know too much about him.

BR: Do you remember anything about your grandmother Maker?

HS: Oh, no. I don't know too much about her. She was a big woman, I know, and friendly. But I really don't know too much about her.

BR: You remember her name?

HS: Yes. Eliza Manchester.

BR: Can you tell me about your grandparents on your mother's side?

HS: On my mother's side. Well, let's see. My mother's mother's name was Anna, Anna Hopkins Pierce. Her father's name was Warren Emerson Pierce. As far as I know, they were all born in Wellfleet. I know my grandmother was, but I'm not sure about my grandfather.

HS: Do you know what your grandfather did for a livelihood?

BR: Yeah, he was [inaudible]. I think he was paymaster on a vessel. Shall I tell you this? One night, he came home, and it had been payday. There was a fence around their house. There were two gates, one at the front door and one that came in through the side. Grandfather came

along. He was going in through the second gate. He saw movement [inaudible] second gate. So he turned in the first gate. They always believed there was somebody there that knew that he had the pay money and was ready to hit him over the head maybe and take it. But he got home safely, and all the crew's money was safe with him. [Recording paused.]

BR: – shore to get the money, and then take it back to the ship to pay them?

HS: I imagine. There was a will or a way, I guess, to do it.

BR: Do you remember anything else about your grandfather?

HS: Well, no, not a whole lot because, see, I wasn't more than two years old when he died.

BR: We were talking about your Grandmother Pierce.

HS: Grandmother Pierce. Well, she was smart. She raised a sizable family. At the time when the *Packet* was sailing out of Wellfleet, she would go to Boston on the *Packet*. I don't know what her errands were. When I think about it now, that little boat that was a packet – it was quite a dangerous trip across the bay. Anyway, she went a number of times. What else about it? At home, I can remember in the summer – this is when [inaudible] might have been [inaudible] seven years old. She had a shed, a woodshed. She was always neat as a pin. She kept her house very neat. She'd have the table set. It was always set in the kitchen, but a big kitchen and a nice airy room. She'd have a white cloth, always a white cloth on the table and dishes. Then a mosquito net covering – white covering over all. She'd go out in the woodshed to live for the summer so she could keep her house clean. What else? What else did you have? Anything?

BR: About no refrigeration [inaudible] –

HS: Oh, yes. There was no refrigeration but the little round cellar. Everything was put in the cellar or in a deep well. We had a deep well outdoors. They'd take the bucket and lower – like fish – in this bucket down in this deep well. I can remember that all right. I was scared to death of the old well.

BR: What happened [inaudible]?

HS: I never liked to look at it.

BR: What happened if you needed to draw some water from the well? Would you take the fish out?

HS: Oh, yes. You'd have to bring the bucket up and take the fish out. They had a lot of cisterns in those days. They called them cisterns.

BR: What were they?

HS: Oh, they catch the rainwater. There was a pipe that came along the side of the house, the gutter of the house. The drainpipe would go down into the cistern, and they used that water for washing. In the house, they have this box-like contraption with a handle on it and a wheel inside that, in some way, drew the water up so that they could use the water in the house for – I suppose they used it for dishes – washing clothes, washing floors, and things. It wasn't good to drink.

BR: You were talking about the size of the pie that used to be served.

HS: Oh, yes. In my mother's family, there was – I can't remember just how many children they had. But then grandmother made a pie. It was divided among everybody, but the oldest person got the biggest piece of pie. You can imagine the youngest one didn't get very much pie.

BR: You were talking about the packets that went to Boston and how small they were. Do you have any idea?

HS: No, I don't know the size of it.

BR: How many passengers there were?

HS: I don't think it took too many. [inaudible] it would take six at the time. Wasn't a very big ship anyway. It was quite a dangerous passage.

BR: Do you remember any other stories about your grandmother?

HS: As she got older, she was without an income of any kind. She had to work to make her own living. She'd go out and be a house maiden or nurse, taking care of an elderly woman. She did for quite a few years. I can remember that, going with her to visit this elderly woman up in South Wellfleet at the Crowell Mansion. Grandmother lived there for quite a while. We'd go spend the night with her [inaudible].

BR: You said [inaudible] Mansion?

HS: Crowell, C-R-O-W-E-L-L. It was a beautiful spot. Could look right out on the water.

BR: Can you give me your father's name?

HS: Arthur Freeman Maker.

BR: Where was he born?

HS: Tiverton, Rhode Island.

BR: What did he do for livelihood?

HS: Well, he used to go out of the Grand Banks fishing in the summertime, on the bay fishing. As he got older, he went on the bay fishing. He used to sub on the Coast Guard Station. In the

wintertime, for a number of years, he worked in the Pants Factory in Orleans as a piecer. He'd put pockets in the pants and get them ready to stitch. He did a lot of the stitching, a lot of machine work. So when my brothers were growing up, my father put all the – my mother made the little pants. My father put the pockets in.

BR: You said he worked there in the winter and fished in the summer. Did the factory close in [inaudible]?

HS: I don't know. He just liked fishing, I guess. Maybe it was just open in the winter. I don't know. But he gave quite a lot of people work. That was in the old Cummings building in Orleans.

BR: Do you remember any stories that he might have passed on to you?

HS: Oh, no. I don't know anything. I wasn't there to tell some of the stories. He was too devilish. He was always cutting up, raising the devil himself.

BR: In what way?

HS: Just to keep us laughing. [inaudible] just singing. Lots of times, he'd sing me a song, things like that. Try to get our mind off something if something had happened. As I say, he was always full of fun.

BR: What was your mother's name?

HS: Nellie Emerson Pierce.

BR: Where was she born?

HS: She was born in Wellfleet?

BR: Did she have an occupation?

HS: No, just housewife.

BR: How many were in your family?

HS: Five. Five children. She spent a lot of time cooking. Cooked twice a week – baked breads, pies, and gingerbreads, and just about everything – puddings. Every day, we'd have pudding. She braided rugs. She made all the rugs for the house. She sewed for those three girls. She sewed always for the girls. Many times, we were [inaudible] clothes, and somebody would give her a nice piece of material. She'd make it up into things for us girls. I can remember once we had a little brown hat. It belonged to my oldest sister first. We used to call it brown bread because it had a brim on it, and then there was just a little [inaudible] shape of the little old brown bread tin on the top. So it was wider at the bottom and narrow at the top. It was a pretty little felt hat. My sister got through wearing it. I wore it. Then it was handed down to my

youngest sister. So the hat was in the family for quite a few years but still in good condition because Ma took good care of our things and made us put things up. When we came in [inaudible] wearing something, we had to put it up. We always went to Sunday School. We always had good clothes for Sunday School. All of Ma's making [inaudible].

BR: Tell me about when she made the soap.

HS: I can't tell you much about her –the ingredients in it, but I do know she made it, and I watched her many times. She used to save all the grease that she put in and then purify it. She put it in a big pan to harden, and she wouldn't let it get real hard. She'd take it out of the pan. Then she put it up in the [inaudible] chamber over the house, the top of the house. Put it on the beams in the chamber to let it dry out for the summer – air and sun. She'd open up the window and made good hard soap for washing.

BR: Did she use any perfume in it?

HS: Oh no. Just pure soap. Borax. I believe they put Borax in it.

BR: What do you recall [inaudible]?

HS: Well, it was a big open chamber and the rafters and everything showing. Well, it was really like a storage room. Or if you had a lot of company and put a bed in there, then you got a good bunk in there if they wanted to. But Ma had two or three old chests. That was one of the chests that came from her attic. That was one of the sea captains – I don't know – in the family. One of the men that went to sea, that belonged in her house. She had another one a little higher than that that she used to store quilts in. Well, that was painted gray in the day of it, but when Ma gave it to me, Isaiah and I scraped all of the old paint off. That's what we got. I think he put a coat of varnish or something on.

BR: Tell me about your nights at home.

HS: My nights at home?

BR: Sitting around at the [inaudible] table, reading.

HS: Oh, yes. Well, we played games a lot. I used to read a lot. Sunday nights, especially when it began to get dark early, we'd have a singing feast. Everybody in the house would get together and sing psalm tunes and anything that came to mind. Usually, [inaudible].

BR: What was the – excuse me – Saturday night tradition?

HS: Oh, Saturday nights was always – supper was always baked beans and brown bread. When I was old enough to stir up the brown bread mixture, I was the one that made it. I don't know. We'd have brown bread and beans Saturday nights all my young days, as I can remember. There was always pie, of course. Pie [inaudible] supper.

BR: Tell me about your Sunday night suppers.

HS: Oh, the Sunday night suppers. Well, all my younger days, I can remember crackers, milk, and we had big round pilot breads. That's what we had for lunch on Sunday nights.

BR: Were there any more traditions in your family?

HS: I don't know [inaudible] I tell. Oh, Ma always had little certain days that she did certain work, and it didn't vary from one week's end to the other. Monday was wash day, and Tuesday was [ironing]. Wednesday – well, cooking again. First thing Friday was cleaning up the house. Saturday baking again. Sunday, well, we were all brought up to go to Sunday school. Ma didn't have much time to go to church. She was brought up to go, but she didn't have much time to go with all the kids, getting them ready to go to Sunday school. That was one thing we had to do was go to Sunday School.

BR: What were some of the chores you had to do?

HS: Well, the girls all took turns washing dishes, trimming lamps. That was usually my job on Saturday.

BR: What do you mean trimming lamps?

HS: Well, a couple of [inaudible] filling the lamp with oil and washing the lampshade.

BR: Drying apples?

HS: Oh, yes. Well, in the fall of the year, Pa always – or summertime – or this was fall of the year. He'd catch codfish, and then he would string them up over a line outdoors.

BR: The codfish?

HS: The codfish. He'd sliver them. Open them up so that they were flat, and then he would put them on this line, so as the air would get to them and dry the flesh so, in the winter, we could have codfish and potatoes. They [inaudible] would whiten out. The meat would whiten out good. It would be tasty enough to make a nice dish. Then Ma used to – we had an orchard with lots of apples. Every fall, our Ma would slice apples, so they were – take the core out and then have the rounds of the apple, and she'd string those on strings, enough for pie. Then she'd put those on a clothesline or a line and cover them with netting. What was that netting called? It wasn't as fine as cheesecloth, but it had a little nest to it, just so air could get to them and no bugs. Day after day, in the fall, she would put the apples out to get them dry for pie, and then she'd store them for the winter after they were dried enough. I don't know how she knew just how dry they should be, but to get the moisture out of them anyway. Then, when she got ready, she put them to soak in the winter. She put enough to soak to make two, three pies. She put them in water on the back of the stove, and they would swell. The water would go through them and make them soft again so that she'd line the pie plate with these apple rounds. It made a good apple pie for the winter. [inaudible] She used to can everything from the garden that she could.

She made all kinds of jellies. In the wintertime, I can remember how I used to love this meal. It wasn't a hardy meal or anything. She'd make a great pan – oh, probably there's two dozen biscuits. Not yeast – a baking powder biscuit in this pan. She would open them when they were done. She'd take them out of the oven and halve them, just split them open and put a piece of cheese inside. Then she put them back in the oven again on a slow oven to let that cheese melt. Then she'd open a couple of jars of ripe tomatoes that she had canned. It was good.

BR: Did that have a special name, that dish?

HS: No, no. I don't remember that it had any name, but it was good. Of course, we always had a pig. We always had bacon. In the fall of the year, early in the fall, they always did it whether they had a good year down on the bay or not, but Ma always saved money to buy provisions for the winter. So there was always a barrel of flour and a tub of lard and a tub of butter and oatmeal and some sugar that they would stow in the cellar for the winter's use. That was a big help in the wintertime because in the wintertime, [inaudible] bays were full of ice; the fishermen couldn't do much fishing. But they'd go clamming. When the tide was out, they could go clamming. They shipped a barrel of clams to Boston. Another thing Pa used to do – he used to eeling. Used to ship eels to Boston. I can remember when they used to get the big, old turtles, those great, big mud turtles. Those shipped up to Boston. They did anything they could to make a dollar in the winter.

BR: I've never heard about those mud turtles. Were they [inaudible]?

HS: I don't know. I don't think there was too many unless there was a mud-bottomed pond or where they got them. We had a brackish pond below us, where our Pa used to get the turtles. So it was half saltwater and half fresh water that came into this pond.

BR: Do you have any idea how big the turtles were?

HS: Oh, yes. Big things like that. As big as – what would you say? I don't know. More than a foot. More than a foot they would [inaudible] across. They were a good size turtle.

BR: And people ate them?

HS: What?

BR: People ate them?

HS: They claimed to make soup of them. I don't know much about it.

BR: What was your first job as a young girl?

HS: My job? What do you mean? When I worked at a store? Well, the first I think of any job that I had, I worked as a librarian's assistant.

BR: What library was that?

HS: In Wellfleet. Then as I got older out of school, I went to three years in high school. I was anxious to earn a little money. So different stores wanted girls as clerks, so I worked in a grocery store for a while. I worked in a dry goods store. I guess that was it.

BR: What was social life like when you were a young girl?

HS: Well, from the church, we had a lot of social times. Meet in the vestry of the church. All the young people would play games and things. There was always skating. I loved skating. I was a good skater if I do say so myself. I never had a decent pair of skates. They were some that were given me. We'd go swimming in the summer. But in the wintertime, mostly everything came from the church or Sunday School teachers. They'd plan things for our enjoyment. Then at Christmas, we always had this beautiful Christmas tree. It was always an old pine tree but touched the ceiling, and it used to smell so good when we'd go into the vestry. There was a man by the name of – we called him Captain Dow Baker that went to Jamaica. He used to send every year at Christmas a crate of oranges to all the churches. So, as we got older, we helped to take – we'd take a needle, a big eye needle with a piece of string on it and string it through just the top of the orange and leave string enough to hang it on the Christmas tree. So our Christmas tree was always hung with those oranges. Another thing we used to do was string cranberries and popcorn. The teachers of each class would take pupils and have them help get the decorations made. So that was always the thing to look forward to because – well, in our family, we weren't used to oranges. We hardly ever saw an orange. So that was always fun, something to look forward to.

BR: What were the other holidays like?

HS: Other holidays? Well –

BR: What about Halloween? What was Halloween like when you were a child?

HS: What's that?

BR: Halloween. What was that like?

HS: What?

BR: Halloween.

HS: Halloween? Well, I can't remember much about it in my younger days. But as we got older, they used to have a party in the church, of course.

BR: Did you celebrate the Fourth of July every year?

HS: Fourth of July?

BR: Did you have parades?

HS: Well, the Fourth of July – I can't remember much about the Fourth of July. They didn't always have parades and things. But I can remember home because mother never let us go to everything [inaudible]. We weren't old enough to go alone at the time. But she'd always have fresh salmon and fresh peas and a great glass, a pitcher of lemonade. So we usually spent the day at home. But often, we had company. Someone from the city would come down for a holiday. But we were home a lot.

BR: Can you tell me about your husband?

HS: Well, what should I say about him? He was born in Truro here, down in a little house below here. Well, his uncle who lived in this house – his uncle Isaiah and Aunt (Abby?) had, I think, three children. But none of them lived to be older than six months. She was a fragile woman. What do I want to say? I don't know the word I want to use. Well, anyway, the children weren't very healthy. They weren't healthy enough to live anyway. They had a big family down at the house here. So they lost all their children. Uncle Isaiah told my husband's father – "Let me have him. Give us a boy. Let me have the baby." They were expecting. "Leave him for me, and I'll take care of him." So my husband grew up in this house until he was twelve years old. He came up here when he was about three. I guess his mother took care of him until he was about three years old. Then he came. I'm not sure either because they [inaudible] baby clothes so long in those days. He might have been only two when he came here. Or he might have been only one. I just don't remember hearing him say how old he was when he came up here to live. Anyway, he was a baby, [let's] say. He lived here until he was twelve years old. His uncle died, and he went home to live with his family.

BR: What was your husband's name?

HS: Isaiah. Isaiah Snow.

BR: What year were you married?

HS: 1918.

BR: Tell me about this house when you came here as a bride.

HS: Oh, well, the two families lived here when I came here. We had – what did we have? – three rooms here because the house wasn't always as it is now. We could have a bedroom upstairs if we wanted company. That was a bigger room in there, and that was our bedroom. Half that room was our kitchen. You can see the division in the ceiling. There was a good-sized pantry in here. This was our living room. So, it'll be sixty years in June since I've lived in this house. As far as we could trace back the years, there was no records to show when the house was built or anything. But as far as my husband could figure, it was built in about 1835. You see the hills in the picture there. Everything was so bare. There was no tree hardly on the hill. At that time, well – at that time, there was just a park between here and the property on the other side of the path. It all belonged to the Snow family. I don't know the year that they made a soft road here, but after a while, they made a soft road to go over to meet the end of the [Beach]

Castle. The end of the castle came out on the highway, going into Provincetown. As I say, when I first came here, it was just a dirt road by here. Every spring, they'd put clay in the ruts, and you can imagine what it was like in the summertime with the wind blowing from the west. We got a good lot of sand blowing this way – dust. Then, I can't remember the year, but they put the hard road through here. As I say, everything then was just little cow paths. Then the road didn't go by here for a long time. It's [inaudible] shore. People coming, as I say, down bridge road now, would cross the road there and come around the shore of a roadway that led around the shore and came out on this Castle Road.

BR: You call the bayside the shore.

HS: The bayside, I call the shore. Yeah. And the oceanside, the backside or ocean.

BR: This is Pamet River.

HS: Pamet River down below me. It goes up and goes way out to the beach. I don't know whether [inaudible] –

BR: On the backside?

HS: Pardon?

BR: Does it go to the beach on the backside?

HS: Yeah.

BR: And the packets used to come into Pamet River, did they not?

HS: Well, I'm not sure about the packets, but sailing vessels used to come up in there. There was [inaudible] down here on the shore on the Pamet. But my grandmother, when she went to Boston, as far as I know, the *Packet* came into Wellfleet, and she'd take it from Wellfleet.

BR: Do you remember the trains?

HS: What's that?

BR: Do you remember the trains used to come to Truro? As a little girl, do you remember the trains used to come to Truro?

HS: The trains?

BR: Yes.

HS: Oh, yes.

BR: As a little girl?

HS: Yes. When I first came down here to live, the train was going through to Provincetown. Many a time, I've gotten up and walked around the shore at seven o'clock in the morning. I've done this direction, and the train would come in from Provincetown and walk around the shore. Our depot was over in here somewhere – to go spend the day with my mother in Wellfleet. And then, at night, I'd come back on the train. That usually happened in the summertime. I didn't go much in the winter. [inaudible] Isaiah would usually meet me down along the shore somewhere, walk home with me. And then, in the wintertime, there was Mr. Ezra Hopkins, that was the mail carrier. Any passenger that wanted to come from the depot to the square used to call the center the square – he'd bring them along. I'd get home at nighttime in the winter with him in a little box wagon. He always had a kerosene lantern to warm your feet, he'd say. He'd bring me home. He had a livery stable up here up in the center. He and his wife used to take in – well, at that time, there were a lot of drummers, they used to call them, that came down to get orders from the stores. Grandfather Snow down here had one that came every year to drum up for business, the paint business. They'd bring in all kinds of new paints. Everyone's supposed to be the best. So that's [inaudible] times. Ezra Hopkins' folks would put them up overnight and feed them. Mrs. Hopkins was a nice cook. They always had homemade bread. They enjoyed their stay with the Hopkins' when they came to town.

BR: Did the drummers come from Boston or New York?

HS: What?

BR: Did the drummers come from Boston or New York?

HS: I really don't know. I imagine from Boston.

BR: Do you remember the different carts that came around to the houses – meat carts?

HS: [inaudible]

BR: Do you remember the carts that used to come around to the house? The meat carts?

HS: Oh, yes. Meat carts. I can remember a meat cart coming to my mothers. She always bought from it. And fish carts. Men peddling fish. We always had good fish. Not often a bakery. Everybody did their own baking.

BR: Were there tinsmiths that came around?

HS: Was there what?

BR: Tinsmiths that came around?

HS: Tinsmiths? Well, I don't know so much about them, but I can remember the hand-organ man with his monkey. We used to give the little monkey pennies, and they'd play music to us. Then a [inaudible] grinder. There was always a [inaudible] grinder that came around. And

tramps. Don't [inaudible] anything. My mother spent many a tramp – he'd always want some greasy soup. Well, Ma didn't always have greasy soup, but she'd give him a hunk of bread or something that would satisfy him – apples or anything like that, that we had. Then we used to have the – used to provoke my father lots of times because they often came at mealtime. It just seemed that they landed there at mealtime. Ma would have to stop and look at their wares.

BR: Do you remember any gypsies?

HS: Oh, yes. I remember the gypsies all right. We were scared of the gypsies. They'd camp most anywhere on the wayside. They tried to sell their baskets. They always had plenty of baskets with them. They had an old horse and a wagon that they'd go around the countryside in.

BR: How do you spell Kickapoo?

HS: Kickapoo, K-I-C-K-A-B-O-O or P-O-O, I guess it was. P-O-O.

BR: Can you tell me about any of the landmarks of Truro?

HS: The landmarks?

BR: Yes. [inaudible] still standing?

HS: No, I don't know if I know anything about that. Windmills. [inaudible] academy over on the Depot Road, once, long years ago. In Provincetown, they had a shirtwaist factory, and all of the girls from Truro – that was before my day, though. A lot of the girls from Truro used to go to Provincetown and stay for a week and work in that shirtwaist factory.

BR: What's a shirtwaist?

HS: A blouse. They wore them tucked into skirts then. They were usually high-necks, long sleeves, and real fancy. [inaudible] those. Usually, a little black bow at the neck, a little piece of black velvet.

BR: Like a Gibson girl?

HS: Hmm?

BR: Like a Gibson girl?

HS: Yeah, yeah. Well, I can't remember too much about the (Whitman?) House any more than I know it's been there almost sixty years of my living in Truro. How much longer, I really don't know because prior to there was [inaudible], the first of my coming here. I believe now the man who has charge of the place owns the place – a man by the name of Rice, R-I-C-E. I've been there to eat, and it's a nice place. Beautiful.

BR: Can you tell me anything about the Highland House?

HS: Yes. Well, I don't know a whole lot about it, any more than I knew. The other – well, I don't whether he was an owner of that or Highland House or not – E.A. Small. He was our representative from the Cape at one time. Mrs. Small – I knew her very well. She just passed away this past winter, and I think she was ninety-four – I don't know, something like that – years old. She had lived at the Manor in Provincetown for quite a few years. They took care of all the summer people that would come. Mr. Small would go with his horse and team to the depot to meet them, bring them up there. I've heard Mrs. Small say that the people during the day – all they want to do is go on the beach. In the morning, she'd have helpers there. She was a cook and everything there. She would help them put up basket lunches, and they'd go on the beach, stay all day. And then they'd come home and want to have his supper. So she'd have to cook, have a big meal at night. I guess they made their own entertainment. The people that would come – excuse me – and the people would entertain themselves and the other people. I guess they did very well there the years that they [inaudible] my grandchildren. [laughter] Well, I won't say. It was my grandchildren, maybe because it doesn't seem to me it was too many years ago, and yet, time goes so fast. My husband was living at the time. Well, I really can't say. I just can't remember. I'm getting too old now to remember lots of things.

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