Original and two carbons were done on the heavy paper and three carbons were done on this paper.

Came to Winthrop in Oct 1879 when Harry was 5

P.S. - Harry C. Whorf b. 25 May 1874 in Wellfleet in his grandfathers home

Died 22 Sept 1934, Winthrop

Sarah Lee - b. - - - 1871
d. 24 July 1962, Winthrop at 90

1 August 1945

About 1934 Harry Whorf started to write a story of life in Winthrop in the 1880's but died before he finished what would have been a rather lengthy story. Mrs Whorf felt that what he had written should be preserved and because Mr Whorf wrote closely and such a small hand she copied it in her own clear writing on 179 pages of foolscap.

I had arranged for her to have it typed, three copies to be on paper identical with this sheet and three copies on lighter weight paper [see attached], five of the copies of course being carbons.

To date only 79 of the 179 pages of Mrs Whorf's manuscript have been done [61 typed pages]. On the same basis there are still about 75 typed pages to do. At present the manuscript, five typed copies + unused paper are in the hands of Mrs Whorf.

The attached is the second [or first carbon] copy of the 61 typed pages, which belongs to me, all of which were done by Marjorie Walker in the Spring of 1945

I have not yet proof-read this typed copy

2nd Copy

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A Boy's Life in Winthrop

Fifty Years Ago

By

Harry C. Whorf

Foreword

Recently I have been reading a brief paper by one, Lucius Floyd, an old Winthrop resident of the generation preceeding my own. Harking back to my boyhood I remember Mr. Floyd as one of our leading citizens, selectman and member of the school committee - a tall, fine looking, elderly man with dignified bearing, and a grizzled beard. But now as I think of him, all his useful and upright maturity seems to dwindle in interest compared with the few pages of foolscap, in which he has left a brief, but vivid account of his schooldays, his playmates, his teachers, and of the neighborhood doings in Winthrop during the years, prior to, and immediately following the incorporation of the town. Mr. Floyd's young life was no different, probably, from that of most of his fellows; there were no startling adventures to relate, no untoward events to record; yet the story he has left us is unique in its way.

Town records may give us the bare items of history for those bygone days - the names of town officers, the moneys spent for this or that improvement, the changes in ownership of the lands, the new houses built, the births and marriages and deaths - all the dry skeleton of facts - but Mr. Floyd's has clothed those bones with flesh, and in his words we feel the heartbeat of life as it was lived then. And so I read and reread what he has written, wishing vainly that only there were more of it.

And while I sigh with regret because that little intimate tale of a boy's schooldays, and their homely details is so short, I find myself asking who no similar account has been

left to posterity. Why is it that no one else in Winthrop thought of setting down his or her memories of childhood and home life in those candle light days?

Well, perhaps some of them did think of it, but did not feel the facility to write, or maybe they temporized and put it off so long that they had not the energy for the task; or perhaps it was merely because they thought no one would ever care to read of their humdrum life and experiences. Whatever may have been the reason; they did not write and what a pity, for is not Mr. Floyd's, truly, the best kind of history?

How entertaining it would be, and how instructive, if we could now have, for instance, what Uncle Warren Belcher, the old postmaster, might have had to say, and what Mrs. Pauline Augusta Tewksbury Ingalls might have added from a feminine point of view. All the men and women, who were in the prime of life, when I was a small boy are gone now, and their reminiscences have perished with them likewise the very scenes of their being. The wells from which they drank have been filled up and forgotten, the great willow trees, and elms, beneath which the cattle sought shade, are cut down, their big barns with their fragrant haymows are all gone, the paths they trod to their neighbor's homes, or to the meeting house, exist only in the memories of their sons and daughters, the fields they tilled are covered now by streets, and lawns and crowding buildings. Some of the old houses are gone, many of those that remain have been moved from their original sites or have been remodelled beyond all recognition. Yes, Winthrop has changed, indeed! It is a city now in all but name, and form or government, yet the greater part of these changes have occurred within my own lifetime.

The Winthrop I knew as a boy, was not very unlike that in which Lucius Floyd passed his childhood, the people were much the same kind of folk, and the manners and customs of the times but little different. Among the nearly 18,000 inhabitants of this crowded peninsular of today, there are, I believe, only a few score, who have lived in the town as long as I; and every year there will be fewer of us who can remember the country village that was Winthrop fifty years ago. All too soon there will be none of us left to record, at first hand, the days when farming was the chief Winthrop occupation, when the principal thoroughfares were rutty dirt roads, thick with dust in summer, and ankle deep with mud during the spring thaws. When there were no street lights, no street water, no sewers, no gas and electricity, no telephones, no fire department, no mail delivery, and only one school house. When there was no all-year railroad service nearer than Orient Heights, and passenger transportation, into and out of town, was mainly by two horse barges in summer, and by coaches and sleighs during the cold weather. It is the duty, nay, the privilege of some of us to keep those memories alive while yet we may - and who will do it? Some will not feel equal to the task, some will delay until too late, and some will think it not worth while.

To me, at least, it does seem worth the time and effort. Others there are who are older than I, and better fitted, by right of Winthrop birth and ancestry; but none, I trust, who have a more sincere affection for this town we call home. For aught I know others of my schoolmates, may have written or perhaps will write the story of our schooldays: I hope

they have, or will, for I would dearly love to read their versions of the games, and pranks and childish adventures, which we shared, and to learn what their impressions were of me. And by the same token I know that these old friends of mine will enjoy my narrative and appreciate my word pictures of once familiar scenes. As for my portraits of themselves, they probably will not agree with me. No two of us will be able to see eye for eye in such personal matters; but they will understand my difficulties and realize that I have tried honestly to present the psychology of childhood, and show them as they appeared to me. Besides these oldest friends, there are neighbors and friends of my later life, who may perhaps read the story. I think they will enjoy it, and that it will be enhanced in interest because I wrote it. To the general public, I would say that I have tried to tell of things and of people exactly as I remember them, and to refrain always from invention, exaggeration and embellishment. When I have not been able to recollect, or have quoted from hearsay, I have frankly said so. Since nobody's memory is infallible, I may be wrong, here and there, in regard to a name, a location, or a date; but such inaccuracies are of minor consequence. On the whole it is as truthful a document as I am able to make it, and can be accepted as a dependable commentary upon Winthrop in the eighties and early nineties. I doubt that my narrative will have much appeal to the boys and girls of the present era; but if any of them should chance to read it, my hope is that the tale may cause them to realize not only what they have gained in educational and other advantages incident to our modernity; but also what

they have lost in the vanished charms of a country environment. With the rising generation rests the responsibility of Winthrop's future: to them will be entrusted its spiritual and material progress, its morality and its physical improvement. No one can foresee the changes which may take place in the next half-century: we can only hope that Winthrop will continue to merit its pseudonym - "The Town of Homes."

Chapter I.

How I Came to Live in Winthrop

A Little Matter of Name and Ancestry

Many strangers to me, particularly persons of foreign extraction, are inclined to stumble over my family name, as regards both its pronunciation and its nationality. The name has been called "Scandinavian" or "Teutonic," and even "slavic." Perhaps it would have been more easily classified if it had retained its original spelling - Wharf - but early in the 18th century my branch of the family, either by accident, or for some unknown reason, substituted an O for the A. The name, it seems is ancient Anglo-Saxon, and was bestowed upon, or taken by dwellers in the vicinity of Wharf River in England, in which stream, so 'tis said, the first cobb-structures called wharves were built. In American the name dates back to one Nathaniel Wharf who had a house on the shore of Saco Bay (now in the State of Maine) in 1634. I trace my paternal ancestry back to him through ten generations, who lived progressively in Maine, in Gloucester and at Truro and Provincetown on Cape Cod. So far as I know there is no no blood in my veins other than Colonial English. On my father's side of the house are such names as Atkins, Ryder Dyer and Cook, and on my mother's, Baker, Rich, Swett and Hopkins - indeed, one of my mother's ancestors was Mr. Stephen Hopkins, one of the signers of the Mayflower Compact. This last is no claim to particular distinction, since it is said that half the people on Cape Cod can trace their ancestry back to the prolific Stephen; I cite the fact of my remote relationship merely to prove my right to call myself

a Yankee of the Yankees

To the best of my knowledge all my ancestors in this country lived beside the sea - and wrested their living from it. Many of them were fishermen, a few were captains of small fishing vessels, whalers, or West India traders. My father's father was one of the latter; he died of Yellow Fever and was buried at Port au Prince, San Domingo. Apparently all my people were sober, law-abiding folk; there is no record of any of them ever having been in jail, or in any other trouble with the law. On the other hand, none of them ever did anything conspicuously noteworthy, nor did any of them ever accumulate more than a modest share of worldly goods. It seems that they were all honest, industrious, middle-class people. With this explanation of my antecedents I will now pass on to a brief account of myself.

My Early Childhood

I was born on May 25, 1874 in my Grandfather Baker's house in the town of Wellfleet on Cape Cod. Wellfleet is now a hamlet with a resident population of less than 600, but in 1874 it was a prosperous village of 1500 or more - larger and much more lively than was Winthrop at that time. My father was Isaiah Atkins Whorf, and his native place was Provincetown, then an important seaport and a thriving thickly settled community of about 4,000 inhabitants, known as the "Metropolis of the Cape". My father was the first of his line to break with the tradition of a seafaring life. When a lad in his teens he went on several fishing voyages, but he was ambitious for more lucrative and steady employment and so apprenticed himself to learn the tailoring trade. Shortly after his marriage, he secured a position in Boston

as a "custom cutter" and a year or so before my birth he was selected from many applicants to become the pattern draughtsman for one of the very first of Boston's wholesale ready-made clothing concerns. This began for him an era of what in those days was more than an ordinary prosperity.

Within a few months after I was born my mother brought me back to the rented house in Chelsea. There was quite a colony of Cape Cod people in that city and we lived in a neighborhood of congenial people, in close proximity of my mother's eldest sister and her family, as well as of other near relations. That was on Carter Street, near Bloomingdale, on the Southwestern slope of Powderhorn Hill; and there I passed my early years - except for the regular month's vacation in August in Provincetown and Wellfleet. I was an only child - my sister having died in infancy prior to my birth - and so upon me was lavished all the loving care of my fond parents. Furthermore, I was a delicate child, having suffered a critical sickness from pulmonary pneumonia (Lung fever they called it then) during my second winter, which left me frail and puny. This had the natural effect of increasing the parental solicitude, and thus I derived the advantages of a companionship with Mother and Father that is given to few children now, and was rare indeed in that day and age.

During most of my waking hours Father was at his work in Boston, but on Sundays, holidays, and early evenings he was nearly always with me. Among my earliest recollections are those of cuddling down in his arms, while he read to me from bound volumes of the "Nursery" or from the Youth's Companion; and of toddling, with my hand in his, out into

the fields near our home, to pick daisies and buttercups or to eat mulberries from a huge old tree that stood in the wide pasture stretching westward all the way from Carter Street into Everett. By the time I was four years old the reading had begun to include stories of the Civil War from two large folio volumes profusely illustrated with woodcuts; and also excerpts from the "Forest and Stream", a sportsman's weekly to which father subscribed. I was familiar with his beautiful breech loading shotgun, and could name every part of it, and sometimes I was allowed to play with his cartridge loading tools. On walks, too, we went farther afield, and often of a pleasant Sunday he would take me up to the top of Powderhorn - sometimes wheeling me up the steepest part of the way in my baby carriage - and there he would point out to me such distant points of interest as Bunker Hill Monument, the dome of the State House, and the islands in Boston Harbor.

Both Father and Mother were extraordinarily patient - as I now think of it - toward my innumerable questions, and they always tried to explain everything to me as well as they could. For that reason I learned rapidly. Mother used to read to me a great deal, and teach me little Bible verses as well as Mother Goose rhymes. Because there was often no one with whom she could leave me at home, she frequently took me shopping with her down town in Chelsea, and also on the long horse car trip to Boston. It was the usual thing for me to be rewarded for good behavior by the purchase of some kind of a toy. All this minute description of my early childhood may seem trite and irrelevant of a story of Winthrop, but it seems to me necessary in order to show what sort of a youngster I was - of how at the age of five, my observation, understanding

and memory had been developed, and how well equipped I was to absorb new impressions. I am leading up to my first sight of Winthrop and my first hearing of that name.

My First View of Winthrop

From the winter preceeding my fifth birthday I had been hearing more and more of family argument in regard to moving away from Chelsea. There had been a severe epidemic of Diptheria; and there was a lot of talk about the place being unhealthy by reason of that, and other children's diseases. Little was known in those days about germs, and many people conceived the idea that diseases were carried by bad odors. As far as bad air being unhealthy was concerned, they were not altogether wrong, and there certainly were plenty of smells in our neighborhood. There were gas houses not far away, and the stagnant mud of the flats along the creeks and marshes of Mystic River, were very odoriferous when the wind was right. Everybody was complaining of the street water (from the Cochituate Reservoir) which was yellow and smelled and tasted badly. Then besides Chelsea was becoming a place in which crime was beginning to stalk abroad. The ogre of my childhood, Jesse Pomeroy, had recently committed his horrible deed right here in Chelsea, and was then serving his life term in Charlestown State Prison, but nervous parents feared he might have degenerate imitators, and felt anxious about their children when the latter were on the streets out of their sight. On the whole therefore, Chelsea was not an ideal place in which to bring up a small boy who was not in exactly robust health, and who was idolized by his father and mother - at least that is what they thought. The question with them was where to go.

One clear, sunny Sunday afternoon in May my father took me on what proved to be my last trip for many, many years, to the summit of Powderhorn. The big hill - highest for miles around - was a trifle higher then, than now, and there was no hotel - later a veteran's home - to obstruct the view. In fact there were no houses whatever, on the north and north-east sides, while on the south the buildings did not extend much above Washington Avenue, halfway up the slope. Dande-lions were blooming along the way as we left the region of the houses, but at the top the new, green grass was short and sparse upon the gravelly soil; and there were protruding boulders of weathered gray rock. Way off to the south east-ward Boston Harbor lay sparkling in the wake of dazzling sunshine and on either side in the far distance were many low green hills, cutting the horizon. I can remember, very clearly, of my father pointing out to me some of those green hills, at the left of the sun's wake, and telling me that they were in the town of Winthrop. Then he asked me how I would like to live there. My ideas of geography and dis-tances were too elementary at that stage to permit of proper comparisons. I only knew that those hills seemed a dreadful, long way off. In reality the distance was not much over three miles, as the crow flies, but at that time I thought they must be only a little this side of Cape Cod. I knew, also, that I didn't want to leave Chelsea. It was my home and I was attached to it. I liked to play in my own back yard under the cherry tree, and to sail my toy boat, which Father had made me that winter, in a washtub on our back steps. And, besides, I had my little coterie of playma half a dozen boys and girls of about my own age - of whom

was fond. I liked to go to Lulu Sim's barn and play Indians or Soldiers, and to the Ladd boy's barn to ride on their velocipedes (when they would let me). No, I didn't want to leave Chelsea to go and live at Winthrop or any other place.

But my father had his mind made up, firmly fixed on Winthrop even then. I had gathered enough from the family discussions to know that, and likewise to know his reasons. "Selfish reasons" my mother called them.

Father, as I have intimated, was an enthusiastic sportsman in the current meaning of the term. That is to say, he knew nothing of prize fights nor horse racing, or any of the numerous activities connected with betting and gambling which seem nowadays to have monopolized the word "sport"; he was a "gunner", and by that was meant a non-professional hunter of game birds and water fowl, Men who made a business of gunning to supply the market were called "pot-hunters". Except during his summer vacation father had but little time to pursue his favorite sport, which, of course, was out of the question in Chelsea. Winthrop seemed to offer an opportunity, since shore birds and ducks were plentiful there in season, and if he lived there, he would not have to waste much time in getting to their haunts. For another thing, he had a sail boat - "Yacht" we would call it nowadays - which he kept, when not at the Cape at the only available place, namely, the anchorage off the Chelsea docks, near the Winnisimmet Ferry.

That was a poor place to keep a boat, since there was always danger of collisions with large vessels, while the filth laden water and the sewer gas from the docks, would foul the boat's bottom and stain the white upperworks, if she were left at anchor for more than two or three days at a time.

Then again it was an unhandy place to reach from the part of Chelsea in which we lived. Worst of all was the uncertainty of getting either up or down the harbor because of the swift tides, and baffling winds. Sometimes Father and his friends would start out with a light head wind and be hours before they could stem the currents past the Charlestown Navy Yard. At other times if they chanced to be becalmed down the harbor, or on ebb tide, there was nothing to be done but to wait for the tide to turn and drift back with it. So many times Father did not get home until midnight, or after that he was disgusted, Naturally, one of my tender years could grasp but feebly all the above objections, (I learned about them fully long afterward) but I sensed well enough that it was his gun and his boat that made him want to move out of Chelsea. And I could also understand very well why my mother did not want to go. She had her "selfish reasons" also, chief of which was the reluctance to leave her sister, upon whose experience and sympathy she quite naturally leaned in any case of sickness or anxiety. If Mother and I had stuck together our combined "selfish reasons" might have out-voted Father's, but as it was, they both were thinking of what was best for me. So began a series of excursions to various Boston suburbs in the attempt to locate the most suitable, all round place for a new home: I went with them on two of those Sunday expeditions - one to the City Point district of South Boston and the other to the Jefferies Point section of East Boston. My own recollection of those trips is rather hazy. We went by horse cars with several changes of line and so much walking after we arrived at our destinations, that I was tired and probably cross. I

remember that Father carried me on his shoulder parts of the way, and my impression of both places is a jumble of drab, wooden houses set right up to the brick sidewalks, and without any front yards. The net result of those two house hunting trips was the instantaneous agreement of my parents that neither place would do at all; either place was more thickly settled than our part of Chelsea, and much more dirty, noisy and rowdy. If nothing better than those could be found they would let well enough alone and remain on Carter Street. However, Winthrop was still to be explored. Father was saving that as a last resort, I fancy, because Mother was from the first dead set against the idea of going to that out of the world "hole". She had never been there, but nevertheless, Winthrop was, to her, impossible.

A Buggy Ride to Winthrop

One Sunday morning, which must have been in late June or early July (I have no way of knowing the exact date) I was awakened with the news that we were going to Winthrop. Father had hired a livery stable horse and buggy; and presently we set out, he on the right side of the seat, driving, Mother on the left, and I between them. Under the seat was a basket containing a picnic luncheon, which Mother had prepared; and also, a nose bag and feed for the horse, since this was to be an all day trip.

That was the first time I had ever ridden in such a stylish turnout, and that fact alone was enough to impress the occasion upon my memory. Hitherto my experiences with horses had been, such as, plodding along in a hay cart or in an open delivery wagon, behind Grandpa Baker's "old Dobbin", and over the soft, sandy Wellfleet roads. Now it was novel and thrilling fun to be whirling along at a brisk trot over hard dirt streets; with the sleek, brown horse jumping into his harness every time Father would joggle the whip in its socket. Mother kept uttering little screams - partly fright and partly laughter - and admonishing Father to remember, that he was not sailing a boat, and to drive carefully!

It was a bright sunny day, and warm; and I remember, that it took us quite a while to get down into Winthrop, because we could not take the shorter road through East Boston. The bridge to Winthrop, it seemed, was closed on account of repairs, and we were obliged to drive through Revere and Beachmont, and thence around the edge of the salt marsh, which reminded me of similar marshes in Well-

fleet, and there were plenty of horse flies and mosquitoes there, to complete the likeness.

It would be absurd to pretend that I remember all I saw of Winthrop that day. I knew nothing of the geography of the town nor the names of the streets and districts; thus when I make mention of such names it must be assumed that I am speaking from later knowledge. But I do recollect a few very definite impressions. On the Cape I was used to seeing large, open spaces and scattered houses and barns. I had seen the typical small Cape Cod gardens in meadows and bottom lands, and in Chelsea I had seen cow-pastures and grazing cattle; but never had I seen real farms, with acres upon acres of growing grain, corn and potatoes. These wide undulating farm fields made my eyes pop open a bit wider, and so did the hay fields, some of them white as snow drifts - with daisies - more wild flowers than I had seen in all my young life. But what impressed me most of all was the vivid, the almost over-powering, greenness on every hand. On the Cape in summer the hills were dull, with parched dry grass, barberry and gorse. Even the woods with their predominant pitch pines were sombre and colorless; while in Chelsea the shade trees along the streets, and the fruit trees in the back yards, seemed by contrast, shrivelled and sere, as I viewed the luxuriant Winthrop foliage. There were no woods in Winthrop, but some of the streets were veritable bowers of freshest and most verdant leaf garlands. There were wide spreading apple orchards, emerald meadows and swamps, where shrubbery grew rank and tall. Out in the pastures and the cultivated fields there frequently were lush green willow trees, standing alone, like gigantic pompoms; and here and

there a stately elm. No doubt it was only my imagination, but even the grass by the waysides seemed a richer, more wonderful green, than that on the beautifully clipped lawns of the Slade estate on Washington Avenue, Chelsea, or that of the Boston Common and the Public Garden. However, more greenery was no inducement to me as a qualification for a place in which to live. It never entered my head that here were no "Keep-off-the-grass" signs and that, after my legs were grown a little longer, I could roam these hills and dales as freely, almost, as the breezes. At first sight I was not sold on Winthrop, and neither was my mother. She had to admit that some parts of it were beautiful - "in summer" - but what would it be like in winter, when the North wind was howling across all these vacant fields and the roads were blocked with snow? That was what she wanted to know - and what Mother can blame her? Looking backward to what Winthrop was some five or six years afterward, when I had learned to know all its highways and byways, I can now picture, how it must have looked to my mother's eyes, and how she must have mentally listed its good and its bad points. Plenty of pure sweet-scented air - a healthful place surely! Neat, comfortable, small houses much like those in her native Wellfleet! No overcrowding, no tenements, few evidences of poverty, certainly no squalor! But on the other hand, only a few pretentious residences, little evidence of wealth, like that in Chelsea, no public buildings, except a tiny post office, and a modest town hall - which was also the school house! No stores, except two country groceries, and a tobacco shop. No bank, no dry goods store, no apothecary! Thank goodness, one of the two churches was a Methodist! As for people, there didn't seem to be any,

scarcely! A few men and boys, staring at us, almost as immobile as the scarecrows. A few women in calico scurrying into their houses, to peek out of the windows as we drive past, and a few little tots playing in swings suspended from door yard trees. Of all deserted villages! Oh, but of course, this was Sunday, and everybody must be in Sunday School! Yet at its livliest this must be a dead community - all farmers! And how quiet! No trains, no whistles, no jangling bells of horsecars! Father had told her that there had been a horsecar line here a few years ago, but they had seemed to be obliged to give it up - didn't pay - so now the only transportation was by barges, and even those didn't run on Sunday! This stillness might be peaceful but it oppressed her - no sound except the wind in the trees, the twittering of birds, the lowing of cattle, the crowing of roosters, and the barking of dogs that ran out at us. She would die of lonesomeness if she lived here even in summer time - and in winter - she wouldn't think of that! Suppose they should be sick! No, she would not think of it - she would never consent to live here!

My father's vacation was of course, entirely different, (but here again I must draw upon subsequent information). He had been in Winthrop before, although never in the main part of the town. Way out on the end of Point Shirley, near Tafts Hotel - for many years previously, a famous rendezvous for wealthy "bon vivants" (the French words are mine, not his) who used occasionally to hold pigeon shoots, some of which he had attended. Since this cruel sport was shortly afterward legislated out of existance, and is now quite forgotten, the term begs an explanation.

Live pigeon shooting, as it was then conducted, consisted of suddenly liberating a dozen, or several dozen birds - according to the number of gunners, from a spring trap, the cage of which opened and threw the birds upward into the air. As the frightened birds began their frenzied flying, they were shot at, by the gunners who stood in concentric rings at various distances. Those who paid most for the privilege were at a distance of about thirty paces; those who paid less were stationed at forty or fifty paces, and those who paid the minimum fee, were placed at about seventy five paces from the trap. Outside the limit of one hundred yards, anyone who wished might shoot, free of charge at such stray birds as chanced to escape the general fusilade. However there were usually very few strays, most of the birds being slaughtered or crippled by the gunners in the favored positions. The few birds that did escape beyond the third ring were usually flying so high that it took extremely accurate marksmanship to bring them down. On a big day at a pigeon shoot, there might be as many as a hundred gunners; and sometimes as many as five hundred birds were liberated and killed in successive springs of the trap. I have heard my father say - and I believe he spoke the truth - that the reason why he never paid for a position, was not because he could not afford it; but because he scorned the easy close-up shooting, where even a tyro could scarcely miss, and preferred the practice to be had in the difficult shots at the stray birds. There was also another consideration. Father did not care to associate with the majority of the men who paid the bills for the sport; many of them were boodly politicians and gamblers, most of them drank, and not

a few of them were hard drinkers. Although he knew of no fatalities, there had been several serious wounds received at Point Shirley when gunners had been accidentally shot by their reckless companions. The few men who frequented the outside territory were different - mostly they were Winthrop residents. Father had struck up an acquaintance with two or three of these more expert gunners one of whom, in particular, Mr. Orlando F. Belcher, we were now about to visit.

Mr. Belcher, who was about my father's age but a bachelor, lived with his father and sister in a house on the south side of Buchanan Street between Winthrop Street and Capt. Parker's corner, and there Father stopped our horse. A black dog came running out to greet us, and before father could belay our nag to the hitching post, the front door, under the veranda of the house, opened and a thin old gentleman, with a snow white beard, came down the walk to our carriage. He was Mr. William Belcher ("Uncle William", everyone called him) and he told us that 'Lando was not at home, but was waiting for us down at Edwin's.

Mr. Edwin Belcher, Orlando's older brother, lived in a fine, comparatively new house with a stable attached (literally) on the south side of Pleasant Street, at the top of a short, but steep hill, leading westward from the junction of that street with Buchanan. Father had no difficulty in finding it - for it was only a little way - and there we met both the Messrs. Belcher. From a later acquaintance I can describe them as rather sallow complexioned, dark haired gentlemen, both having black mustachios. In figure they were lean and lanky, and of medium height, tho' to my childish eyes, they appeared very tall. We did not get out of the buggy at Mr.

Edwin's house, because it was nearly noon, and our hosts - if such they could be called - wanted to show us Mr. Edwin's cottages at the shore, before dinner time. So, therefore, Father turned the horse down the hill, while the Messrs. Belcher walked along beside us.

Sunnyside in 1879

What is now Sunnyside Avenue was then a narrow lane only the width of the wheel tracks with grass growing between the wheel ruts, and the central hollow, some few inches lower, worn by the horses hooves. A few rods south of Pleasant Street, on the easterly side of the lane, stood a large and beautiful elm tree, all feathery along its trunk; but otherwise the land was open pasture, sloping down to a salt marsh, and small winding creek beyond which glinted the waters Crystal Cove. Close beside the ancient elm had once stood the original Belcher family homestead - known as the "Parliament House" because of the many political meetings held there. The old house had long since been destroyed by fire and nothing remained but a few charred ends of timbers and a few broken bricks. The spot was marked chiefly by a grass grown depression which once had been the cellar; and by the well, which still retained its weatherbeaten curb, windlass and trough, and was still used for drinking purposes; as well as for watering live stock. The open fields, bordering the unfenced lane continued southward, until we came to the small isolated settlement that was called "Sunnyside". Here were many trees forming a shady grove mainly upon the westerly side of the lane, in which grove nestled - as I recall from later observation - six or possibly seven houses, not including the cottages which we had come to inspect. All those houses are standing today (1934) (though much altered in appearance) except the Uncle John Belcher homestead which burned down a few years later. The only one that impressed me during that first visit was the largest

house of the group, tho' not so much the house itself, as the grounds, and what they contained; and surely such a sight in those days must have impressed any child!

Dr. Carter's house on the west side of the lane, was surrounded by a clipped lawn, flowering shrubs and flower beds, among which were scattered a motley collection of peculiar and rather startling images, some of which were of stone, and others of wood painted in natural colors. There was a dog house, with a savage wooden bulldog chained to it. There was also, a funny effigy of a man, a white deer with large branching antlers, a grotesque alligator, one or two big turtles, a huge frog, several rabbits, cats, with their backs arched and their tails erect, gaily colored wooden parrots and macaws, and a whole flock of white wooden doves in various attitudes. Some of these were strutting on the grass, and others, poised on the ridge poles of the house and outbuildings, with wings raised as though about to take flight. All these, besides several elaborate bird-houses occupied by real birds!

There is a growing revival nowadays of similar bizarre lawn decorations; but to my young eyes that crude menagerie was unique. To the older folk it was an object of considerable amusement - not to say, ridicule - and because of it Dr. Carter had acquired the name of being eccentric.

Mr. Edwin's cottages - four of them in a row, and all of them as alike as peas in a pod - were backed by the trees of the grove, and fronted the water with only a gravel walk, and a wooden bulkhead between them and the shore. Their sides were boarded up and down, and the cracks covered by outside battens. Their steeply pitched roofs were painted

red, and the sides fawn color. There was also a short, but staunchly built pier, with a boat house on the end of it, matching the cottages in construction and color. These cottages and the pier are in their original locations in the present year of 1934, and are noteworthy landmarks, in that they represent the first real-estate "development", as it would now be called, on the mainland of Winthrop.

Father hitched the horse to a tree, and Mother and I were helped down from the buggy, then all of us walked out on the pier to get a view of the surroundings. The tide was up and wavelets were slapping merrily against the pilings beneath us, as we stood looking across the channel at Snake Island. Mother hated snakes, and the very name made her shudder, but the menfolks, only laughed, and Mr. Edwin said he guessed there were no more snakes on the island, than there were in Ireland after Saint Patrick drove them out. That was the first time I ever heard of St. Pat, and so ever afterward I have associated him with our Snake Island. Other places were pointed out to us - Apple Island, Point Shirley with its houses, and the tall chimneys of the Copper works. Deer Island and its prison buildings, and a high green hill, without any houses on it, which they said was Great Head. On the landward side was a gradually rising bluff, extending westward, upon the crest of which, at quite a distance back from the shore, we could see above the tree tops the cupola of a great house, which they told us, had once been the home of General William Bartlett. To the eastward of the pier was a low point, which they said had once been a hill, but in olden days, men had dug it away in order to ballast their vessels with its sand and gravel. Upon that

point was a shanty with lobster-pots and a few dories drawn up on shore which father said reminded him of home, meaning Provincetown. There were no boats on the water as I remember it, either at anchor or sailing; nor do I recall any people thereabout other than our own party.

After that we returned to the cottages, and were shown what they were like inside. My impression is that none of them were occupied at that time, or ever had been. In this I may be wrong, but whether or no, I think they must have been very nearly new, for the rough, unsheathed interior of the one we entered was surely of clean, new boards. Mr. Edwin had hoped, I suppose, that Father would want to rent one of these little houses for the season, but if so he was doomed to disappointment. Father liked the view and the boat house, and the water; he thought it would be as good a place as any to put down a mooring for his boat, but otherwise he was not suited. The living accommodations were not good enough -"Campground cottages", he called the houses, and in fact they were exactly the kind typical of the Methodist campground at Yarmouth, on the Cape where we had spent a few days during preceeding summers.

When it came time for dinner Mr. Edwin went home, but Mr. Orlando stayed with us and shared our luncheon, because he wanted to take us to see his cottages. We ate, seated upon the narrow strip of beach below the bulkhead. I didn't care much for the beach. I was used to the clear, clean yellow sands of the Cape, but this sand was pebbly, dirty and dingy colored. It didn't look good to dig in, or comfortable to my feet if I were to go wading, so I did not tease to be allowed to do either one. To tell the truth I had become

fascinated with watching Mr. 'Lando's left hand, which I had discovered to be missing its two middle fingers. I presume most children feel an atrocious curiosity (atrocious for the parents, I mean) toward any sort of deformity. Not only do they feel it, but they have a desperate urge to exhibit it, and are prone to do so unless they have been taught. I had received my lesson. Less than a year ago I had been given an awful scolding and the promise of an "unmerciful" spanking if I ever again made personal comments. This was because one day, when shopping with my mother in a Chelsea dry goods store, I had taken it upon myself to tell a very plain sales-lady, to her face that she was not good looking, "and had a "high nose". Then, when Mother blushing with mortification had tried to hush me, I had simply poured the fat into the fire by telling the girl that if she didn't believe me she could "look in the glass"!

Feeling my Mother's warning glances upon me as I stared at those two smoothly rounded stumps where there should have been fingers on Mr. Belcher's hand, I thoroughly understood what would be coming to me if I were to let curiosity get the better of discretion. So I held my tongue, but presently, as though by reward of merit - my unasked questions were answered by Mr. Belcher himself.

Mr. Orlando, it seemed, had worked in a shoe factory in Lynn until he had mangled his hand so badly in a machine, that it was necessary to amputate two of his fingers. Since then he had been unable to work at his trade but fortunately he was making money from a heeling machine which he had patented. The income from his invention, together with his savings had enabled him to invest in a very desirable tract

of Winthrop land extending from Pleasant Street to the harbor. That was where he was going to take us.

The luncheon - our first family meal in Winthrop - having been finished, and the horse having eaten his oats, we took our departure from Sunnyside, nothing loath (as far as Mother and I were concerned) since I am quite sure that neither of us ever wanted nor expected to see it again. There was no direct road to where Mr. Belcher wanted to go, for the reason that the former General Bartlett estate - at this time owned by a gentleman named Ritchie - intervened between Sunnyside and Mr. Orlando's property. Consequently as it was some distance to go, all four of us crowded into the buggy seat, Mr. Belcher driving, Mother in the middle and Father on the off side holding me in his lap. Back on Pleasant Street we turned up the hill again, past Mr. Edwin's house and thence westward. On the north side of Pleasant Street, after we reached the level ground, there were no houses at all for quite a space. The street was well lined with shade trees; but the land was open field sloping down into a swamp of tall bushes with a fringe of birch and willow trees. On the south side, the next house beyond Mr. Edwin's was the Wood's place, a big handsome house with a slated Mansard roof; beyond that was quite an orchard of old apple trees. Then the stone gate posts at the entrance to the tree arched avenue of the Bartlett, Ritchie place; and then more apple orchard, until we came to Mr. Orlando's land. Opposite this on the north side of the street, was a little old, unpainted house, and next the apple orchard, the farm house and the great barn of Thomas Tewksbury, better known as "Black Tom" because of his exceedingly swarthy complexion.

Cottage Park and its High Pressure Promoter

Mr. Orlando had bought his land from Black Tom or to be strictly accurate, from Tom's wife, Aunt Hannah (Hannah Wales) who was a descendent of William Marsh - that mysterious Englishman, suspected of being a disgraced member of the British peerage, who had settled on Apple Island in 1815, afterwards buying it and living there until his death.

The new Belcher property was bounded on the easterly side by the high fence of the Bartlett-Ritchie estate, and on the westerly side by a broken down stone wall, outlined by clumps of bushes, and small wild cherry trees, which separated it from Mr. Charles Tewksbury's farm, this latter consisting of what today are the lots on both sides of Bellevue Avenue.

Unlike the Bartlett-Ritchie place, which was filled to overflowing with fruit and shade trees, Mr. Orlando's land was entirely treeless, except for a clump of willows about midway of its western boundery, and its turf still in use as a pasture for Black Tom's cows. Down through the middle of this cow pasture, upon the location of the present day Cottage Park Road, ran an apology for a lane, which in some places was a little more than a few indistinct ruts in the grass. Heading southward along this land, with the buggy slewing and bumping over the inequalities of the ground, we dipped into the hollow and climbed the ridge, which had obstructed our view of the harbor from Pleasant Street.

At the very top of the rise of ground was a level space upon which stood two houses in process of construction - one on each side of the lane, but well back from it. From there the ground sloped in a gentle decline to a bluff or bank,

which dropped off rather abruptly, as we afterward discovered, to the gravelly beach some twenty feet below. This sloping ground, high above the water, was "Cottage Park" for so Mr. Orlando had named it. The place did not look much like a park then, but the green sward bristled with small stakes which Mr. Belcher pointed out, explaining how he planned to have a broad central plaza, extend down to the bank with cottage lots on both sides. Down the banking after it should be properly graded, he would have a flight of steps leading to a recreation pier, for the exclusive use of the people who bought his land or became his tenants.

What Cottage Park may have lacked as we first beheld it, unquestionably it was a sightly place. The view was unexcelled from there, and it didn't need its owners enthusiastic sales talk to tell us so. Beautiful Boston Harbor lay spread out in panorama before us, with its green islands, its forts, its lighthouses, its excursion steamers and its sailing craft. On the southern horizon rose the smoke blue outlines of Milton Hills, south westward lay the smoke brown metropolis, westward towered the slender gray shaft of Bunker Hill Monument; and westward the gray green peak of my beloved Powderhorn. But why take time to describe a distant scene but little changed today? Rather, I should be pointing out the conspicuous differences that lay close at hand. Apple Island, for instance, now treeless (except for one dead stub) was decorated by beautiful elms, and a row of ancient apple trees. The Marsh heirs had sold the island to the city of Boston ten years before the time of which I write, and meanwhile it had become a sort of a cesspool for the scum of the North End, Charlestown and East Boston, on Sundays and

holidays from Spring to late Autumn.

At least it was the opinion of all the staid and respectable, Sabbath keeping folk of Winthrop, that the ball games, the fights, the drinking and carousing, that took place there every pleasant Sunday made it a very sink of iniquity. True, that ungodly crowd rarely outraged Winthrop by sending across marauding expeditions, to raid fruit orchards, stampede the cows, steal drift-wood or otherwise make themselves obnoxious; but it was enough that the ears of all, and sundry, who lived near the south shore of the town, must be offended by the shouting and din of their drunken brawls and revelry. There was a crowd of these "hooligans" upon the island, as we watched that day. The fleet of ships longboats, in which they had come was moored was moored near the shore toward us, and a fleet somewhat smaller, was rowing down from the direction of Jeffries Point to join them. Evidently the day was yet young, and those on the island had not really warmed up, for the noises of their ball game came to us but faintly across the water - nothing like the "hullabaloo" I often heard in after years.

In Winthrop everything basked in the Sabbath peace and quiet of a sultry summer afternoon. We could not see very far toward the east because of the heavy foliage of the Bartlett-Ritchie trees, but the great house was in fairly plain view. An imposing house it seemed to me; tall, with a high arched portico and a square topped cupola. Behind the house was a grand stable and other out-buildings, and down in the hollow, a greenhouse with glass sides and roof. There was much more to be seen in the other direction, for the view westward along shore and across pastures and cornfields which

extended all the way up to Pleasant Street, took in a considerable sector of territory. At that time in the whole area south and west of Pleasant Street - from Cottage Park all the way around to where the shore met Pleasant Street - near what is now Brookfield Road and including the Bellevue Avenue, Somerset Avenue and Sargent Street districts, together with all of Court Park, there was a total of eight houses, five barns; and a clam diggers shanty, converted from the deck-house of a ship. All of these buildings were in sight from where we stood, but even the nearest of them - the ancient John Sargent Tewksbury farm house, a little of what is now Somerset Avenue - was some distance away. The shanty referred to, stood close by the shore, just where the bank begins to rise toward the high level plain of Court Park. The only other building close beside the shore, was on the high bluff a few rods west of present day Sargent Street. That summer house of Dr. Loring's stood all by itself under a spreading willow, and was, by reason of its dark red paint, the most conspicuous object on the landscape. Beyond Dr. Loring's, at the bend of what is now Court Road, and about one hundred yards back from the edge of the bluff was the summer home of Judge Loring, a rather large rambling house, painted fawn color, with a barn and outbuildings.

The Emerson Lowell estate - second in importance to the Bartlett-Ritchie place as a landed estate - was most distant from our point of view and the house was barely visible through the trees. The other houses mentioned were two little French roof dwellings on the west side of Pleasant Street, at the bend, owned by Mr. J. S. Tewksbury - the small

white farm house of Mr. George Tewksbury (nicknamed "Gus") which stood on the west side of the land now Sargent Street - and the light brown farm house of Mr. Albert Tewksbury, on the westerly side of present Bellevue Avenue. Other houses northward of Pleasant Street, were also visible, but those I will leave for a later chapter.

To the eyes of a five year old boy, all those distant buildings were but uninteresting warts on the face of mother nature, and the meaningless names of their owners "went into one ear and out of the other", but my father was interested in everything that Mr. Belcher pointed out. He was probably seeing - though much less clearly than Mr. Orlando - the vision of what these rolling fields would look like someday when thickly strewn with handsome dwellings. It would be a long, long time, he thought - not, in any event, until adequate railroad facilities were provided - before land would increase appreciable in value. There would be plenty of time in which to buy for investment, so it was no use to let Mr. "O. F." hurry him into it.

My mother wasn't interested at all. She knew she was viewing these broad acres under the very best of conditions, and while one eye, as it were, enjoyed the scene, the other eye was seeing nothing but pathless snowdrifts. I can recall that she kept biting her lips and frowning a little whenever Father seemed to be too much in agreement with Mr. Belcher about anything. After we had wandered about, and looked and listened for half an hour or so, Mr. Belcher showed us into one of his new twin houses. The one on the easterly side of the lane was only boarded in, but the one on the westerly side was practically completed except for the interior. Mr. Orlando

tried hard to sell, or rent father that house, but it was no go. Even if Mother had been willing, it wasn't the kind of house they wanted. Although it was much larger and better looking than Mr. Edwin's houses at Sunnyside, it was still nothing but a "summer cottage" set close to the grounds, without any cellar, and with no plastering. The inside finishing was only thin sheathing of narrow matched pine boards, fine and airy in summer, but a good place to "freeze" in winter, unless there was a stove in every room. When Mr. Belcher found that Father was not to be tempted, and that what he really wanted was an all-the-year-round house for a permanent home, he had nothing to suggest - didn't know of a vacant house of that description anywhere in town. However, Father's keen eye had spied something way off in the distance that looked like new lumber. Mr. Belcher couldn't think what it was when Father first called his attention to it, but afterward he "guessed" that it might be a new house, which he had heard Dr. Ingalls was going to build on Pauline Street but he didn't "know" anything about it.

Shortly after that we got going again. There wasn't time to do any more exploring because the big white double-headers were beginning to pile up over toward the northwest and it looked as though we might have a tempest (which was what Cape Codders always called a thunderstorm). Mr. 'Lande rode back with us to his home on Buchanan Street, and then we proceeded toward Chelsea by the way we had come. I was tired and lulled by the monotonous clop-clop-clop of the horse's feet and I slumbered most of the way, with my head on Mother's arm. We reached home long before sunset, without having encountered any shower, and that was the end of

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End of Part I

Chapter II

Moving In

When we returned home from vacation on September first, Winthrop did not enter my thoughts. I had been so busy having a good time with my numerous Cape cousins, that I must have missed any further family discussions about moving, consequently it came as a surprise - and not a very pleasant one- when I was told that we soon would be going to live in Winthrop.

I never knew how Mother was won over to the idea. Perhaps Father convinced her that the desolation of Winthrop was far less than that of Wellfleet when she was a child, and had been obliged to walk two miles to school. Or perhaps it was merely because of the fact that when she had promised to love, honor and obey, she had meant every word of it (most wives were like that in those days). At all events, once the die had been cast, she was cheerful about it, at least in my presence, for I never saw her crying or downcast at the prospect of the change. Indeed, as the weeks passed and the date of departure approached I think the move must have taken on more and more the appearance and excitement of adventure.

And, after all, they were not old people, tied down by habit, or chained by timidity- although they seemed old to me then, I can now realize how young they really were. Father was only thirty-one and Mother thirty-three, and both were in good health. So why should they have feared this venture which meant merely the sacrifice of a few comforts and conveniences? The reader of my narrative will by this time have become well enough acquainted with my parents to begin to

make imaginary mental pictures of them. Since such pictures are almost certain to be wrong and misleading I feel it my duty to set them right by means of true portraits, that is to say, as true as I can draw them. It is not easy, I realize to describe one's parents from a distance of half a century. We grow and change along with them through the passing years, and one's most vivid memories of them are those most recent. It is much easier to close my eyes and see the faces of our neighbors, in those distant years, than to visualize my father and mother as they were. I am conscious too that my affection and admiration for them both are bound to color my memories. However there are photographs, taken a few years before and a few years after our arrival in Winthrop which help me to recall their faces ere time had brought its careworn lines and whitened hair.

My Father

It was not until I was about seventeen years old and had grown to be half a head taller than my father that I fully realized what a small man he was, physically. He stood only five feet, two inches, and his weight during early manhood never exceeded one hundred and thirty-five pounds. But what he lacked in stature he made up in virility. He was strong and compact in build: pulling at the oars of a dory all the years when he was a youth had given him big biceps, broad, square shoulders and a splendid torso. Although his limbs were short he was a fast runner, and his usual walking pace would out-distance that of most long-legged men. Being quick motioned, agile and endowed with super-abundant energy and endurance, he was inclined to be impatient of any younger person who was slow,

awkward and ungainly.

I never saw my father without a beard. A year or so before I was born he had experienced severe throat trouble, and upon his doctor's advice he had let his whiskers grow. Whiskers were in style at that time; most men had hirsute appendages of some sort, and the only smooth faced men were actors or preachers. Father never let his beard grow long, and in my younger years, he wore it in the English fashion then in vogue, parted in the middle of his chin and brushed back smartly toward his ears. His mustache was not so long that he had to drink his tea from a "mustache cup", but at that it partially hid his teeth - which was a pity, for he had perfect teeth. These luxuriant whiskers, growing almost up to his cheekbones, prevented me from knowing what the lower part of his face really looked like. Consequently that chestnut-colored-almost red beard looms large in my mind's eye, and associated inseparably with it are the various expressions which it assumed its soft and glossy curves when he smiled, and its bristling harshness when he was angry or indignant - expressions which to me seemed to be a part of the beard itself.

In startling contrast to his rust colored whiskers, my father's hair was coal black. During my childhood the vogue in men's hair dressing remained much the same as it had been in the Civil War period, that is, although worn not too long, it was still parted low down on the left side and also in the middle of the back and brushed out fluffily above the ears. Father's eyebrows were also black, but his eyes were about midway in color between his hair and beard, being a clear warm hazel.

Keen intelligent eyes they were, and eloquent reflectors of his emotions - kindly, most of the time, filled with love and sympathy for all my childish troubles, and ready to fill with tears at any pathetic story; but also ready to flash and glare whenever his quick and fiery temper was aroused. As for his other features, he had small and well shaped ears, a short and rather pugnacious nose, and a forehead that was neither prominent nor receding. His skin was normally white and thin, so that it was difficult for him to acquire a protecting coat of summer tan, and always when he came back from sailing or gunning, he was sure to have a raw, red sunburn.

My Mother's Portrait

My mother was a little person, too, literally only shorter than her husband by a hair, by which I mean, that when her hair was coiled upon the top of her head in a thick coronet braid, the two were exactly the same height. She was not nearly as robust, as a woman as he was sturdy as a man. She weighed only about one hundred and five pounds; and although she was not skinny she was decidedly thin. Plumpness - the bulging hourglass figure, was much admired in those days, and Mother was always bemoaning the fact, that, eat as much as she could, she could never get any fat on her bones. This sounds strangely now-a-days, when young women starve themselves in the effort to obtain just that graceful slenderness of which my mother complained but of which her nervous temperament prevented the remedy. Mother was neither a belle nor a beauty, but she was more than a passably good looking young woman. Her skin was a smooth and delicate ivory, rather than pink and white; but she

admired peach blossom complexions, and bewailed what she called her own "sallowness". Howbeit when she was over warm or laughing heartily there was a flush of color in her cheeks. She would rather have daubed smut on her face as to use "paint" that simply wasn't done in her circles of society. Her features were regular and pleasing - a small nose, neither aquiline nor retrousse - a sensitive well shaped mouth, and a rounded chin. Her best features were her large, gray blue eyes, with long dark lashes, and her clearly marked arched eyebrows. Her hair was very dark - not raven black, like Father's, but with a brownish cast - and very thick, wavey and glossy. When she let it down and brushed it out, it covered her shoulders like a cloak and reached nearly to her knees. She was proud of her great mop of hair: the only trouble was that it was straight, when she would have wished it curly. However, she made up for that deficiency by wearing a cluster of three or four long finger curls made from her own combings - which were tucked into the back of her coronet and hung down the side of her neck and upon her shoulder, as was then fashionable.

Myself

My own looks when a little shaver I can best describe from a photograph taken just before we left Chelsea. Perhaps it should be enough to say that I looked very much like my mother, and did not resemble my father at all. But at that I did not do justice to my mother, for, being rather puny, my head seemed too large for my small neck, and my eyes too big for my face. Furthermore I had enlarged tonsils and adenoids which caused me to habitually breathe through my mouth and gave my face a somewhat pinched look. That could have been

remedied by surgery, if this had not been prior to all knowledge of the now familiar operation. To add to my unattractiveness I had lost one of my front teeth, which had been knocked out by a fall when I was only about two years old. I had a thick thatch of unruly dark brown hair that hated to stay combed; and having my hair cut at the barber's was one of my worst punishments. In height I was about average for my age, but I was under weight, being narrow of chest and scrawny in the arms, although my legs were fairly well developed. All in all, it was no wonder that my parents were ill satisfied with my condition and wanted to get me into the country.

Farewell to Chelsea

Unless a child is actually sick, it seldom recognizes in itself causes for parental anxiety. I did not realize that I was less husky than other children. I felt all right most of the time, and although I was constantly reminded by all my people, including my grandmothers, aunts and even more distant relations - who took no pains to keep their forebodings from my ears - that I was "not strong" - I could never understand why I was always being fussed over. I was always encumbered with more and thicker clothing than other boys, I was never allowed out of doors when it was the least damp; and Mother was always complaining about my lack of appetite, and trying to make me eat more than I wanted. I sometimes wonder how it was, with so much suggestion in the air, that I did not succumb to its malevolent influence, and pine away. Perhaps it was because my busy brain was otherwise occupied, prying into all the multitudinous things that roused my childish curiosity. I was at the age, too, when I was not only initiative in ways that sometimes got me into trouble - such as when I painted a little girl play mate's bare legs with some juicy, bright blue oil paint left over from my boat. However, my inspirations were not always so unfortunate as that one; and my very last souvenir of Chelsea was obtained through my own enterprise.

September had passed all too quickly to suit me; and for several evenings Father had been taking up, and beating carpets, packing dishes in barrels, and otherwise making preparations for the move. Mother had been quite as busy daytimes, packing clothes and bedding and having a general

housecleaning; since it was "bred in the bone" of every Cape Cod housekeeper, that she must leave a rented apartment scrupulously clean for the next occupant. The day before we were to leave I teased a nickel from her, and trudged up the hill to Polly's little toy and stationary shop, on Washington Avenue.

Mother thought I wanted to buy candy; she had no idea of what was in my head, nor did she find out until I had completely carried out my little scheme. That was the age when autograph albums were the reigning fad. All my grown up girl cousins had albums. Many times I had seen them proudly comparing the flourished signatures, and flowery sentiments contained in these fancy plush and leather covered books. In humble imitation of those elaborate albums, I spent my nickel for a tiny notebook of cheap ruled paper, with a red star on its cover. Then, without any prompting I went the rounds of all the neighborhood houses, and secured the autographs of all my playmates, who were old enough to write their names, and of their mother's, and women folk also. I have that impromptu album still, with its childish scrawls in lead pencil, and the shakily penned signature of my oldest friend, an old lady who wrote her age as eighty years. At the time, the possession of those autographs, seemed to reconcile me to leaving the Chelsea home. With that farewell gesture I was ready to go.

Our Family invades Winthrop.

October 2, 1879 - That was the date, as nearly as I can recall, from memory, of what my parents told me in after years. There is now no way in which I can get exact information; and I have not bothered to check up the day of the week, which I know was Saturday, to see if it conforms to the above date. But I remember the day and its happenings very clearly - beautiful sunny weather as warm as summer, but with the streets littered with fallen leaves.

Father had to be at business that morning, but he came home at noon, and we all had dinner at my Aunt Sophronia's, after which we were ready to start. My favorite boy playmate was Bertie Pratt whose father ran an express company - and it was Mr. Pratt who was to do our moving. Right away after dinner one of his wagons backed up to our door and the men began loading our furniture. Father, meanwhile, went to the livery stable, and presently returned driving the rig in which we were to travel. This time it was not a buggy but a carryall - a two seated covered vehicle - because Father wanted room for some of our more valuable and fragile possessions, which he did not care to trust to the tender mercies of any express man. It was an adage in those days that "three moves were equal to a fire"!

When at length we set out, the family occupied the front seat, and the rear was filled almost to overflowing with such things as Mother's clock, parlor vases, bric-a-brac and best lamps, my precious sailboat, and a few other toys from which I would not be separated; Father's gunning things, and last but by no means least - his big fiddle - a violincello - in

its brown cloth bag. Father had learned that the bridge from East Boston to Winthrop, tho' still undergoing repairs, was open to light vehicles, so he decided to go that way. But when, after having traversed the whole dreary length of Saratoga Street, from Central Square, East Boston down through the "Fourth Section", across the narrow gauge tracks at Winthrop Junction (now Orient Heights) and along the deserted stretch bordering Shay's Hill, we came to the bridge we - or at least Mother and I were dismayed to see that the passage looked extremely dangerous, if not impossible. We stopped near the bridge head, and Mother held the reins while Father got out to investigate. Later, this was familiarly known as "Bennett's Bridge" for on the East Boston side, Mr. Frank Bennett established a very lucrative coal business here, with a wharf at which small vessels unloaded the coal. At that time there was no wharf where the lumber yard now stands, and no house nor building of any kind upon the East Boston side; merely a big grassy hill, south of the road, and the great Beachmont marsh stretching northward. While we sat waiting, one of the Winthrop barges came down from the Junction and discharged its few passengers, who walked across the partially dismantled bridge, and transferred to another barge waiting on the Winthrop side. Father would not risk driving us across the bridge, but it would take too much time to retrace our course way back to Chelsea, and then go round through Revere- (the way our furniture was going) so he got some of the workmen to help him lead our horse and carriage across the loose, temporary planking, while Mother followed on foot, clutching me tightly by the hand. The water was sloshing against the

piling below - all too plainly seen on either side of the unrailed way and through the cracks beneath our feet - seemed a bit frightful; but we all got across without mishap.

Safely upon Winthrop terra-firma, we climbed into the carryall again, and proceeded up Main Street to the corner of Pleasant Street into which we turned. There were three or four houses around that corner, but none of them upon the harbor side, merely open field and sedgy beach. On the landward side about opposite where the Pleasant Park Yacht Club now stands was a low meadow in which stood a group of unpainted, factory-like buildings with a detached brick chimney, and some large squatty tanks. That, Father told us, was a coal oil refinery where they made kerosene. I saw the place several times during that autumn. I can recall the general appearance of the buildings, and the oily stench that permeated the surrounding atmosphere, and also, the oily slime on the water of the narrow ditch which drained the meadow, passing under the roadway to empty upon the beach.

Leaving the low ground and continuing southward, Pleasant Street left the immediate vicinity of the shore, and climbed a little hill with tall elms, and apple orchards on either hand. At that point there were no houses on the side nearer the water, but on the other side was the Phillip Tewksbury farmhouse, somewhat back from the road and beyond it near the road, was the Isaac Hall place. A little beyond this, Lincoln Street branched off to the left - and also a lane, (now Ingallside Avenue) leading off diagonally up to the top of a commanding hill upon which stood three dwellings. These were the Weston, and the Davison houses, and the tall im-

posing, slate mansard roofed house with tower, which was the Dr. Ingall's residence. The southward slope of Ingalls hill was given over to pasture and orchard, but on the westward side of Pleasant Street there were three or four dwellings, between the road and the beach, which was beginning to swing in nearer the street.

At the foot of Ingalls Hill, Pleasant Street bordered the water for a short distance (as it does now at the same place - the town bathing beach) and there was a crude culvert under the road to drain the large meadow that is now Ingallside Park and Playground. A little south of the culvert the road turned, as now, up hill to the southeast. On our left were fields of tall withered grass, sloping down to the meadow and broken only by a large sand pit on the location of present day Palmyra Street. On our right, close beside the road, was a great willow tree, and beyond it the broad, rolling acres of the Emerson estate, with stubble fields, pastures, orchards - and a glimpse of the house and stables.

The entrance to the house was through a winding lane, lined on both sides with stately trees in beautiful autumn foliage. Opposite the Emerson entrance, Pleasant Street arrived at the level plain which formed the top of the hill, and almost immediately we came to a street leading off at a right angle, to the left. It was a very wide street - much broader than Pleasant Street, or any other street in Winthrop; but there were no trees along its sidewalks, and it was rough with gravel, showing either that it was rather new, or else not much used. There was a house on each corner and a few others were visible further along .

Our New Home

When Father turned the horse into that wide new road, and announced that it was called "Pauline Street", we knew it for the locality of our new home; and that was our first inkling that we were near it. The back of the house in which we were to live had been in sight for several minutes, in fact, ever since we had reached the foot of Ingalls Hill. Since Mother had never seen the house, Father had wanted her to get her first view of it from the side, or front. Of course Mother was suddenly quite excited. She spotted the house at once, because it was the only new one on the street. It was the same house that we had seen previously in the far distance from Cottage Park - the house Dr. Ingalls had been having built - but now it was finished. It was so new that the paint was hardly dry, and, as we were soon to learn, the yard had not been graded. It was still mainly a waste of sandy gravel, strewn with heaps of earth from the cellar excavation, bits of broken brick, refuse mortar, sawed ends from timbers and boards, broken shingles and all the other debris incidental to building. Not a spear of grass anywhere nor a bush, nor a tree except a small elm in the back yard, well enclosed within its neat but as yet unpainted picket fence. The house itself was rather attractive in appearance, having a roofed piazza, way across the front, and a little way down each side, with a two story bay window on the southwest exposure. It was very gay, compared with the rather dull and dingy colors of the houses in our neighborhood at Chelsea; or even with the white or gray dwellings in its own neighborhood; the clapboards having been painted ochre yellow, the

blinds and trimmings chocolate, and the shingled roof a deep red. The location was sightly, with little to interrupt the view in nearly all directions. Looking southeast, and south across Pauline Street and the more distant Pleasant Street, we could scan the level and almost treeless fields, as far as the Bartlett Estate and Cottage Park and see the harbor and the dim horizon of the farther shore. From the rear, northwesterly, we were in plain sight of Pleasant Cove, and could look right across the water to Shay's Hill and Orient Heights (Winthrop Junction as it was then called). Northward, across the meadow was Ingalls Hill and a considerable group of houses; but our best view of the village was toward the east and northeast. On that side the land dropped away into a broad valley of meadows, ponds and swamps; and we could look right over everything the whole length of Pauline Street up to Fremont, Hermon and Winthrop Streets, and the Town Square. In that direction we could not only see the churches, the town hall and probably forty or fifty houses; but also we could look across the open plain of the present Atlantic Street and Center Street district, to the base curve of Floyd's Hill at Winthrop Highlands, forming the skyline. We had not much time to spare for the view just at that time, because Mother, in particular, was anxious to see what the house was like inside. So Father produced the key from his pocket and unlocked the front door. We had never before moved into a brand new house, and at first glance Mother must have been disappointed and disheartened by what she saw. The white spruce floors were littered with sawdust and shavings, rusty nails and bits of wood, just as the carpenters had left them. Empty paint and varnish cans were

standing about, floors, stairs, and window glass were liberally paint-bespattered; and the air was close and stuffy, because the house had been tightly closed during the recent warm days. The task that loomed before my mother in making the place livable must have seemed rather like a nightmare. The first thing that my parents did was to make a hasty survey upstairs and down with me tagging after them, both my hands full of nails and little blocks of wood, selected from what to me was the treasure trove of the floors. While they were straining and pulling to open sticking window-sashes I was happily planning the things I would build, as soon as I could get possession of a hammer. Yet, in spite of my pre-occupation, I knew what my parents were thinking, and from vague memories I can reconstruct all the details of the scene. Father, with his sanguine disposition and optimistic outlook, striving to be even more than ordinarily cheerful in order to divert Mother's thoughts. Rapidly calling her attention to the size and convenience of the rooms, and expatiating upon the wealth of sunlight from the many windows, trying the pump in the kitchen sink, and showing her the clear, cold water. Peering down the cellarway, and enlarging upon the advantages of the large, dry basement, in every way doing his best to make the prospect bright - Mother decidedly glum (she was always somewhat inclined to look upon the dark side) but nevertheless trying, for his sake, to see the possibilities for future comfort, and trying to forget the present rubbish and confusion.

Then presently, Father found a stub of a broom somewhere, and making short work of it sent most of the debris flying out at the back door - Whisk! Like that.

By the time the floors were clear of loose dirt, and the things in our carryall brought into the house Mr. Pratt's wagon, which had left Chelsea some little time ahead of us, arrived at the front gate, and begun immediately to unload its heterogenious cargo. There was need for haste, since it was then long past mid-afternoon and the team would have to go back for another load. So Father had the men get the stuff into the house, helter skelter, without bothering to carry anything upstairs, in order that they might take the time to help him set up the kitchen range, and the parlor stove.

When anyone hired a house in those days they got the bare house and nothing more - no heating nor cooking apparatus, no mantels, no window shades, no screens, no wall paper, and in our case, no plumbing. Since there was no running water, there was of course, no bathroom nor even a toilet. In Chelsea we at least had the convenience of a dark and rather smelly closet in the basement; but here there was nothing but an out-house - politely called a "privy" but which belied the name in that it had no privacy whatever, but stood stark and staring, about a rod from our back door. Crude as all this may seem today, it was what everyone in the suburbs, except the wealthy, expected and endured as a matter of course.

Possibly in Winthrop at that time there were two or three houses with either windmills or force pumps to provide tank water for toilet purposes; but it was not until several years later, when the town water system was inaugurated, that the public at large was supplied. Although our new house lacked every modern frill, the rent - as I know from later information was thirty dollars a month, which relative to present day wages, etc. was equivalent to ninety or more dollars for a

seven room house.

Our Landlord

Father remained working for a while after the wagon had gone, and then our landlord, Dr. Ingalls, came along. He had seen the load of furniture at our door from his house on the hill top - that was how he knew we had arrived. Father was glad to see him because there were several things he wanted done, such as a lattice around the outhouse, and some clothes posts for the back yard.

Dr. Samuel Ingalls was not then a practicing physician, but he had been an army surgeon in the Civil War, whence the title. After the war he had married a Winthrop widow, Mrs. Pauline Shaw (nee Tewksbury) who was, or had been, one of the largest land owners of the town. Partly because of his wife's extensive property, but more by virtue of his own foresight, ability and character, Dr. Ingalls had become, at the time of our arrival, presummable the town's leading citizen. Not only was he, at that date, a selectman, an overseer of the poor, a member of the school committee, and of the board of health, but also the town's chief publicist and promoter. It was he who had first seen the possibilities of a summer resort in the waste strip of land between the Highlands and Great Head, and so had named and initiated the development of Ocean Spray. He had been most influential in starting both the lately defunct horse railroad and the subsequent, and successful steam railroad. Most of the land of the very street to which we had come had been given to the town by him; he had also contributed the grading, and named the street in honor of his wife.

One might think from such an imposing list of accomplishments that Dr. Ingalls must have been an imposing personage,

but he was not, at least as I remember him. On that very first visit he made himself solid with me, and I was usually very shy toward strangers - by presenting me with a big, mellow, yellow and red apple. That apple was too big for me to eat, so Father divided it with his jack-knife into three equal parts which we - the family - ate with much relish. It may have been because we were hungry and thirsty from our ride, but at all events we agreed that it was the best apple we had ever tasted. It was so good that Father wished that he could buy some, and finding that the Doctor raised them in his orchard, and had them for sale, he ordered a barrel on the spot. But thereby hangs a tale which I must save for a following chapter.

In stature Dr. Ingalls was of medium height and build. From being much out of doors, his face - what we could see of it - was tanned and leathery - but I remember him mainly by his piratical looking, grizzled black beard. Like most respected and elderly men of the period he usually dressed in black, and his black stove-pipe hat, or "beaver" was as characteristic as a trademark.

Father was delayed so long by our genial landlord's call that the sun was getting low, when he climbed into the carry-all and drove away, leaving Mother and I to carry on until he returned. He would have to drive like Jehu, in order to get back to Chelsea, return the rig to the livery stable, and reach Carter Street in time to ride back to us on the final load of furniture. Mother and I had so much to do, unpacking dishes, and putting them away on the shelves of the "buttery" (that was the Cape word for pantry) that almost before we knew it, the sun was gone and night-fall was upon us, and I,

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for once was hungry enough to be impatient for something to eat.

Our First Supper in Winthrop

and

My First Bedtime

In the quickly gathering dusk, Mother began to prepare supper. She had a big wooden sugar tub solidly packed with cooked food, against just such an emergency so there was plenty to eat. She wanted a cup of tea, so we scurried out doors and picked up two or three apron-fulls of the wood and shavings that Father had swept out, and she soon had a fire roaring in the cook stove.

While the old iron tea kettle was boiling Mother filled one of our small glass hand lamps from the kerosene can, and soon we had a light. Then we discovered that the first wagon load of goods had not contained a table of any sort, nor any chairs except those of the haircloth parlor suite which were too rounding and slippery to set dishes upon. She scolded about that for a little while, but presently she saw the funny side of it and we both got to laughing uproarously. For me it was all a great lark, especially when Mother extemporized a table from a washtub turned bottom up, upon which she placed the lamp and the few dishes we needed, and from which - each seated upon one of the parlor hassocks - we ate our simple repast. After supper Mother began to grow nervous. It was nearly pitch dark outside by that time and the windows, bare of shades or curtains looked to us like great black holes through which any chance passer-by, along the street or across lots might stare in upon us. The more her frightened imagination got to working the more vividly she could fancy that there were curious and evil eyes out there in the dark and the dim lights in the neighborhood houses seemed too far away to

be of any help. Mother's fears at once communicated themselves to me, which was not to be wondered at considering our situation: There we were alone in a strange house - a jumble of overturned and up-ended furniture about us, causing even the most used pieces to look unfamiliar - our one small lamp in its unusual position, near the floor casting grotesque and gigantic shadows upon the bare white walls and ceiling, as we moved about. The unaccustomed shuffling of our feet upon bare floor, the weird echoes of our voices, the sudden and startling snapping of a piece of wood in the stove, and the ghostly moaning of the draft up the chimney. I have never forgotten the impression all those effects made upon me, and from that time I date a certain sub-conscious feeling of insecurity whenever I am alone in any house without drawn window shades. I can still see my mother, in her agitation, hurridly smoothing out crumpled newspapers, in which our dishes had been packed, and pinning them across the lower window sashes.

Those tattered substitutes for sash curtains partially restored Mother's equanimity. There was not paper enough to do the upper panes, but that did not matter so much, since we could not see over the lower ones, and it was certain that the house underpinning was high enough to prevent any tramp or prowler from seeing us. My terror abated considerably, but I was beginning to shiver from something besides fear. Since sundown the air had been growing very "Fallish", and now that the fire had gone out - all the light kindling which we had collected having been consumed, the house seemed very damp. It was now necessary to gather more fuel, so Mother unlocked the back door and sallied forth while I stood in the doorway holding the lamp. The night was perfectly calm; there

was not a breath stirring and all outside was still as death-not a dog barked, not a hoof beat sounded, not even a belated cricket chirped. Except for the few distant gleams from lighted windows, we might have been upon a prairie or a desert. Mother searched around within the small circle of lamp-light and procured another apronful of scrap wood; but when she came in with it, and the door was again fastened a disappointment awaited us. A heavy dew had drenched everything outdoors and the wood was so wet that it only smoked, and our remaining small bits of paper would not ignite it. I was cold in spite of a heavy shawl pinned around me, tired to the point of exhaustion from a long and exciting day, and half crying from homesickness, and for father. It was past my usual bedtime, but my crib had not arrived, neither had any of the bedsteads, so where was I to sleep?

That question had been worrying me, but Mother made it all right by explaining that she would make me a "camp-meeting bed", as she called it. Helping her to spread a feather-bed upon the floor in a corner of the front room, and to "make it up" with blankets and a patchwork quilt, gave me something to distract my thoughts and warmed me up a little. Then she undressed me, and took me in her lap, cuddled in a blanket, while she rocked me in Father's big rocking chair and sang to me until my head began to nod. Drowsily, I crawled into my camp bed, said my "Now I lay me" and was soon sleeping the slumber of childhood.

But though I slept soundly, I was awakened sometime in what seemed to me the middle of the night - though I suppose it could have been not much after nine o'clock - by a fearful racket going on in the next room. At the moment I could not

place myself at all, and thought myself in my crib beside my parent's bed in our Chelsea home. Presently however, when I was awake enough to realize that I was not there and that nothing looked familiar, I was so "gallied" that I didn't remember where I was nor how I happened to be there. My first howl brought Father and Mother on the run to take me up and comfort me. It seemed that the second and final load, and Father with it, had arrived some time ago. All our remaining goods and chattels had been brought in and distributed without awakening me, and the expressmen had departed. All would have been well as far as I was concerned, had not Father accidently let fall the footboard of the bedstead which he was setting up. My confidence fully restored by Father's presence in the house; I went to sleep again, and so soundly , that I never knew it, when later I was picked up and transferred to my crib. Such a little child I was - but I fancied I was quite a man!

Chapter III

Getting Acquainted

If we had any rainy days within the next few weeks after moving into Winthrop I do not recollect them; my only recollection of warm, golden weather, with clouds of dust rising from the street whenever a wagon went past and the distances veiled by the October haze.

During the first week I played out doors most of the time because the inside of the house was too stirred up. What with all the commotion of getting "settled" I was in the way, and I knew it. Father had put in a terrific Sunday, scrubbing floors, laying carpets, putting up brackets to hold our white marble mantel shelves and hanging the window shades. After that one day at home, he had to spend his week days in Boston, leaving at about seven o'clock in the morning, and not getting home until nearly seven at night. Every day and all day Mother was as busy as she could be, at the hundred and one things a housewife would find to do in the circumstances. Upon Dr. Ingall's recommendation, she had been able to get a Mrs. Lockwood to work for us by the hour. Mrs. Lockwood was a middle aged Irish woman, who was a servant at the Emerson house in summer, and who, with her daughter, Mary Ellen lived the remainder of the year as the caretaker of that home. She helped Mother by cleaning the paint off the window-glass, wash clothes, and make herself generously useful. By the end of the week the house began to seem really home-like inside, and looked better outside, because every evening, long after I was asleep, Father had been working by the light of a tin lantern - levelling off the front yard and raking up the

rubbish. Although I was outdoors, I was not allowed to go out of the yard by myself. I saw quite a number of children going to and from school, or playing in their dooryards - and I would have liked to know them. There may be a free masonry among children, but in my case I didn't seem to have the password. Tho' I hung upon our front gate and stared after them longingly, they all hurried by on the other side, and not one of them so much as said "hello" to me.

The only times I left our place was when Mother took me along with her upon various errands - over to Mr. Thomas Tewksbury's (Black Tom's) on Pleasant Street, to see if he would supply us with milk; and to the grocery and butcher shop on Winthrop Street to make arrangements for their order wagon to call at our house, at least, three times a week. The walk along Pauline Street to the town square seemed to me at first a tremendous distance, because throughout most of the way there were no houses, nor other conspicuous objects, to break the monotony. A year or two later when I had learned how much there was to see in those swamps and ponds the road was immeasurably shortened.