

THE GLASS BREAKERS

What is the leaning so many humans have for breaking glass on roads, in yards and especially on beaches? Is it merely the destructive instinct, or is it a reversion to a lower and antisocial state?

The glass-breakers must work several shifts a day, or else there are a great many of them. They must use up vast quantities of bottles. Otherwise there could not be such quantities of dangerous jagged glass in so many peaceful spots where men, women and children who are not glass-breakers would like to enjoy safe recreation.

Broken glass in yards is frequently only a nuisance, broken glass on roads is a menace to tires which are still scarce and costly, but broken glass on beaches is a serious hazard to us all in the closest personal way. Children, especially, who are without the experience and sense of caution of older people, are likely to suffer painful cuts. But adults are hardly less in peril.

There should be not only police action against the smashers of glass, but there should be a social sanction against them as well. They should be made to feel the enormity of what they do when, presumably finished with some good time of their own, they smash their bottles and leave them as a vacation booby trap for those who unfortunately follow them.

— Vineyard Gazette

In The Cape Cod Item of Nov. 11, 1887, we read: Walking on the railroad track with rum jugs is dangerous work. Last week there was a certain man doing this feat when he was pounced upon by two men, one of whom grabbed him about the neck and the other made off with the bag of rum. The man thought best to sell 'saw, hatchet and shovel' and get out of town.

CAPE CODDERS I HAVE MET

AUNT TAMMIE

By Helen Freeman Stevens
Chatham

Aunt Tammie sat in the mahogany rocking chair swaying herself gently back and forth. "It is SO comfortable", she said. "Years ago they knew how to make chairs to fit a body. This one belonged to my grandmother. It is well over 200 years old. It was originally covered with horsehair and there were four straight chairs to match. My mother kept them standing all in a row in the parlor. We never sat on them. After mother died, my nephew thought he'd like the rocker. His wife covered it with this pretty chintz and I've sat in it more in the last three weeks, than in all the rest of my life put together."

Aunt Tammie, whose real name is the unusual one of Tamsin, was born in South Truro 90 years ago. Her father was a sea captain sailing out of New York. The task of bringing up the 7 children fell upon her mother as was usually the case on Cape Cod. Everyone in the family had his special "stint" to do. Tammie loved to sew, and since she was not very strong, her work was to help with the mending and the making of clothes. Her older sister excelled in cooking. She remembers making ruffled white aprons for the little girl of the family to wear to school. She says that the pinafore dresses the children wear today are just like them. School was held in the winter and part of the summer. In the spring everyone had to help with the housecleaning, in the fall with the cranberrying. Tammie had the first "pleating iron" anywhere around. She used to do considerable work for the whole community, since accordion pleating had become very fashionable. You couldn't buy sheets in those days. Everyone made their own. They were seamed together out of unbleached cotton. Tammie will never forget those long, long seams. Then they were spread out on the beach grass to bleach for days and days. In the mornings when they were wet with dew, they were shaken and turned. Eventually they became a beautiful white. Tammie made 12 for herself when she got married. Her "beau" was a Truro boy but he worked in Boston. When he came home for vacations they used to go buggy-riding up, through Paradise Valley. The road was heavy with sand, and she remembers that the inside of the top of the buggy would be thick with mosquitoes, but love survived even those difficulties.

Tammie had never been to Boston until she went to buy materials for her wedding outfit. She remembers her dress SO well. She made it herself. It was of dark green wool shot with a silken design. It had a very long skirt with a brush braid on the bottom. It had a train in the back. She can't remember how the train was fastened on for those were the days before snappers, but she knows that it was detachable. It was made with a tight basque that buttoned down the front. Tammie could not make very good buttonholes, but over in an old, old, house near the church lived Hannah Cobb who made them most beautifully, so the wedding dress was taken to her for finishing. With the dress she wore a white felt bonnet. It had pale blue ribbon bows on the top and it tied under

one ear in a large bow with streamers. Under the brim, around the face were more bows and tiny blue ostrich tips. It was the height of fashion and of elegance. Tammie was tall and slim. I am sure that she was a picture. They hoped very much that "father" would get home in time for the wedding. He had promised to do the best he could, but his coming was dependent upon wind and wave, and he just couldn't make port in time.

A path led from the house where Tammie lived across the yard, through the picket fence, down the hill and over the field to the depot. She remembers watching to see her fiance come up the path from the train. In those days, when men were dressed in their best, they wore tall silk hats. In her mind she has a clear picture of her lover coming through the little gate, his tall hat in a box in his hand.

Tammie was married on Election Day, November 4, seventy years ago. She says she has tried and tried to think who was President, but she just can't seem to remember. It was a long, long walk from the vicinity of the depot road where she lived to the parsonage of the Hogsback Meeting House. The road was of the deepest kind of sand. It led up hill and down, but the family and friends trudged all the way carrying their best shoes in their hands to be put on just before going inside. Ploughing through rough sand ruin a pair of shoes in one evening, so they were carried back and forth on trips of any distance to save wear. After the ceremony everyone went back to Tammie's house for a big spread. "Mother" had put all the leaves that she had into the extension table. There was cold boiled tongue and foods of every description. There were quince preserves, wonderful mince and pumpkin pies, and of course cakes such as only Cape Codders can make. Most wonderful of all THE PARLOR BLINDS WERE WIDE OPEN. When the feast was over Tammie and her new husband left to spend the night at Father Rich's house quite a piece beyond. The next noon they had dinner with her married sister, and then they took the afternoon train for Boston where they set up housekeeping on Lexington Avenue in East Boston. They later moved to Winthrop where they lived for many years. Always they came back to Truro for the summers.

Once during a summer vacation Tammie and her husband wanted to go into the old Hogsback Meeting House where both had attended Sunday School. Old Mr. Dyer, the janitor, kept the key under the step. They knew where it was. Their little boy was with them. When they were ready to come out, he was nowhere to be found. They searched and called in vain. Finally a dishevelled, red-faced little scamp tumbled out of the belfry door all out of breath. He had scrambled all the way up to the steeple and had touched the bell, a feat of which he was very proud.

Aunt Tammie, along with hundreds of other people, misses the old church. It was struck by lightning and burned several years ago. Churches were once very much beloved. As the house was the heart of the home, so the church was the heart of a community.

Today Aunt Tammie lives in Portland, Maine, with her son, but every year she comes to pay a visit to Cape Cod. She is active and interested in everything, but she regrets very much that she can no longer see well enough to sew. She says it is a little lonesome living to be so old because all of her friends and most of her immediate family have gone "Home". She speaks quite cheerfully of the time when she, too, will be coming back to Truro for good. "The church bells will be ringing ever and anon" says Aunt Tammie, "and the sunsets from the hill are VERY beautiful".