

Memories of 9 Stanley Road

Dad bought the land in August of 1957 and built a "full Cape" on the bluff, he added a second lot to the south in 1964.

The Boathouse was built a year or two latter. At that time we actually had a beach - maybe 5 to 6 ft. of sand. The pond must have been lower.

We rented out the big house for about 3 summer seasons to the entertainers who were performing at Storyville (a Jazz/Nightclub) just over the town line in Brewster. My mother, brother and I stayed in the Boathouse - my dad joined us on the weekends. It was a very tight fit - We only rented for about 3 weeks each year.

We rented to Shelly Berman (a standup comedian) for 3 seasons , Phillis Diller (another comedian) for 2 and Tom Lehrer (very satirical piano playing vocalist) for only 1.

My parents became friendly with Shelly and Sarah Berman who traveled here with his manager and wife.

They would invite my folks up to the patio for drinks. They also invited our family to see one of his shows. My brother was totally over the moon with seeing Shelly perform.

One day they wanted to go clamming so we took them to Arey's pond in Orleans where Dad kept our small boat.. It was more than half tide so we had to dig with our feet or dive under the water to retrieve them. Then we tossed them into the boat.

An article on Storyville:

Storyville was live nightclub George Wein and Paul Nossiter

<https://www.capecodtimes.com/article/20110626/NEWS/106260337>

When we moved here the freight train was still running to Mid Cape Center in Orleans.

After the trains stopped running, I remember going to the tracks and Skeet shooting out over the cranberry bog with my father.

As to the cranberry bog, They used to use a very low flying helicopter to dust the bogs with insecticides. That activity stopped somewhere in the mid sixties.

We also brought our boat from Orleans to the pond where I learned to water ski. Back then there were no restrictions on the size of outboard motors. Dad also had 12 ft. aluminum boat for fishing ,which we still use. Water skiing is no longer possible on the pond, since it is impossible to have a motor larger than 5 hp.

One of my other memories is the herring run ladder, My father loved fried herring row. So every Spring he would go down the dirt cartway to the herring run which was about three quarters of a mile from the house and come back with the row. We also caught a lot of yellow perch and my mom would fry them up, very sweet meat but you did have to be careful of the bones.

Speaking about the path to the run reminded me that getting there was a long walk down Headwaters Drive which was a dirt path until ???? and then off the road into the woods for maybe a half mile.

Another time my uncle landed his small plane on the lake and pulled up to the dock surprising the heck out of my folks - they had no idea who it was at first until he popped out.

Attached are photos of the pontoon plane and our boat house then and now.



