



# THE DUKES COUNTY INTELLIGENCER

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AUGUST 2004



The entertainment "magnet" in 1920 was the Tivoli Ballroom. By 1930, the statue had become a traffic hazard and was moved to the waterfront.

*Horseless Carriages, World War One & Its Leather Jerkins*

## The Story of Martha's Vineyard: How We Got To Where We Are

(Chapter Ten)

by ARTHUR R. RAILTON

## Summer Images in the Early 1900s

### Capt. Phil Norton's Memories Of His Swordfishing Days

(Along With "Young Bob" Jackson's  
Recollections of the Rum-Runners)

#### MEMBERSHIP DUES

|                             |        |
|-----------------------------|--------|
| Student .....               | \$25   |
| Individual .....            | \$45   |
| (Does not include spouse)   |        |
| Family .....                | \$60   |
| Sustaining .....            | \$100  |
| Organization/Business ..... | \$150  |
| Patron .....                | \$250  |
| Benefactor .....            | \$500  |
| President's Circle .....    | \$1000 |

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#### CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS

On Page 204 of the May 2004 *Intelligencer* Serena Pease is described as grandmother of William Worth Pease, the subject of the article. She was his mother, not his grandmother. Capt. William C. Pease of the U. S. Revenue Service was his father.

On the inside front cover of the same issue, there is a list of Vineyarders who died in the Civil War. Not shown is George W. Lewis of Tisbury. We have now learned of a gravestone in the oldest Vineyard Haven cemetery that has on it: "George W. Lewis, who was killed in the battle of Spotsylvania courthouse, Virginia, May 26, 1864. . ."

*Tisbury Vital Records* lists the birth of George Henry Lewis to George W. and Prudence (Chase) Lewis on Jan. 2, 1838, and quotes the epitaph above, as though it applies to him. The 1850 Federal Census lists George (NMI) Lewis, 13, living with John and Polly Lewis. The 1860 Census shows George H. Lewis, 21, living with Hannah Chase of Tisbury, 52 years old. It also shows George (NMI) Lewis, 22, mariner, living with John and Polly Lewis of Tisbury.

There are many soldiers named George Lewis, with and without a middle initial, in the Massachusetts records of the Civil War. None is shown to be from the Vineyard and none is shown to have died at the battle of Spotsylvania Court House. The gravestone record is the only evidence we have. It remains an enigma. Perhaps some member can solve it.

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(Along With Capt. "Young Bob" Jackson's  
Recollections of the Rum-Runners)

Editor: Arthur R. Railton  
Research Editor: Edwin R. Ambrose  
Founding Editor: Gale Huntington (1959-1977)

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the confusion. These moves brought on the most hateful political campaign in Island history.

So ugly was the campaign that on November 4, 1887, a few days before the general election, the *Martha's Vineyard Herald*, supporting Vanderhoop, distributed with that week's paper a blunt political broadside boldly entitled, ***The Truth***, urging voters to honor Gay Head's "turn" and elect Edwin Vanderhoop. Here are a few quotations from it:

Is Mr. Vanderhoop incompetent? Is Mr. Vanderhoop dishonest? Not a word against his ability or honesty has been heard . . . the only objection is that he is a "Nigger."

If you can't keep your pledge to the colored man you are blacker than he is.

I deny emphatically and unequivocally the charges made by [Rev.] Hatfield at the Prohibitory Convention, that I sold rum. They are absolutely false. . . EDWIN D. VANDERHOOP

Vanderhoop easily won the election, 530 to 194. The Edgartown candidate, Captain Holley, carried only that town, 138 to 74. Gay Head, as would be expected, voted unanimously for Vanderhoop, 24 to 0. After completing his term, Vanderhoop continued to be active in Republican party politics, but he was never again elected to state office. It was the only time a Gay Head resident represented the county as the "turn" system was given up soon after.

Edgartown supported West Tisbury in its struggle to separate from Holmes Hole in 1892. Both villages were then in the town of Tisbury. When West Tisbury won its separation, Edgartown gained a few friends there, but created many more enemies in Holmes Hole whose residents said Edgartown wanted to divide Tisbury to keep it from becoming the county seat.

Both Holmes Hole and Cottage City were growing fast and each wanted to take the court house away from Edgartown. It, along with the county jail, provided many jobs. They campaigned hard for it especially when, in 1896, the state ordered the county to add a large fireproof vault to the court

house for safe storage of official records. If the court house had to have an addition, why not start over and build a new one, the two towns argued. Edgartown voters, traditionally stingy with tax money, countered by offering to pay the entire cost of enlarging the court house, an unprecedented and perhaps illegal offer as the court house belonged to the county, not to the town. The attorney for Vineyard Haven (now separate from West Tisbury), in his argument to make that town the new county seat, scoffed at Edgartown's offer:

Now they are praying to be allowed to pay for [the expansion] themselves. This is a step further in the bluffing game than [I] have ever known.

[Vineyard Haven] is now the business center of the Island for twelve months in the year. It is not its people alone that petition [to move the county seat]. Three-quarters of the people on the Island want it moved.

Cottage City is practically dead in the winter. There is nothing in Edgartown but a lot of nice people. Vineyard Haven is the metropolis of the Island, the business center of the Island for twelve months of the year.

He lost the argument. The state turned down the petition and a month later work began on an addition to the court house to include the required vault. The county paid for it; Edgartown's self-serving offer had been rejected.

Although it had held onto the court house, Edgartown's importance was further weakened by the deaths of several of its leading businessmen. Samuel Osborn Jr., the town's political and business leader, died in 1896. He had made most of his fortune in whaling, but by the time he died that enterprise had collapsed. His whaleship *Mattapoisett* was auctioned off for only \$210, his schooner *Eunice H. Adams* went for \$375, and 37 lots of whaling equipment brought a mere \$375. The only item that brought much money was the schooner *Hattie E. Smith*. Unlike the other vessels, she was still operating as a coastal freighter and sold for \$1180.

Another important Edgartown businessman who died in the 1890s was William H. Munroe. He had come to Edgartown as a tailor in 1839 and by wise investments in retailing (and in



whaling in its prime) had become the town's largest taxpayer. His gravestone is the most impressive in the cemetery. The *Gazette* mourning the loss, added a note of hope:

In the death of William Munroe another of those, who in by-gone days, made Edgartown prosperous and influential among her sisters, has gone to his long home. The town has lost many such in the past decade . . . The glory of the old whaling days has departed; the sound of the cooper's hammer and the caulker's iron is hushed; the creaking of the block and the flap of the sail, as the boys lay aloft, is no more heard; the last gallant ship, with her hardy crew, has sailed her last voyage from the old wharf.

But the sun is again rising, and in the sunshine of another day the town will awake, let us hope, to another era of prosperity.

There *was* hope. The town was indeed gradually "getting into the swim," in its struggle to become a summer colony for the wealthy. By 1900, it had 47 families of summer residents, mostly well-to-do Massachusetts businessmen. Compared to Cottage City, it was a small colony, but it was a ray of hope.

The nation was suffering a financial downturn at the time, but the Island's summer colony spared it from the worst, as the *Martha's Vineyard Herald* boasted in 1897:

Martha's Vineyard is fortunate in being out of reach of the maelstrom of financial disaster which now affects all sections of the country and all classes of people. . . The wealthy, who are most affected by the downturn, are deserting the rich places like Newport and coming here.

As is often the case, spring that year was cold and wet on the Island. The wealthy folk who were "deserting the rich places like Newport" were slow to arrive. Had the Island's "magic" vanished? The *Herald* saw no need to worry:

Don't be discouraged by the backward season . . . Warm summer weather set in yesterday. The people must have a seashore rest and they have found out that there is no better place than Martha's Vineyard, and no seashore where as much real enjoyment can be had for a moderate expenditure.

We will have our usual summer contingent, and also a

large class of patrons of more expensive resorts who are finding out they can obtain as much, if not more, pleasure on Martha's Vineyard at a less expense to their pocket-books.

That may have been whistling in the dark, but there always did seem to be enough vacationers to come and keep the Island prospering – at least during the summer months.

Those summer people brought money, but they also brought problems, their automobiles being among them. As we have seen, Elmer J. Bliss drove the first, a steam-powered Locomobile, into Edgartown in 1900. What Bliss started, within ten years had become a flood. Streets, previously blissful (sorry!), had turned frightful for humans and animals as the fast, noisy machines roared along them. Vineyarders were having trouble adjusting, the newspapers wrote:

If the automobile had a smokestack, a cowcatcher and a tender it would look less like a suspicious prowler.

Why not make automobiles handsome and provide them with good-looking wheels? Up-to-date autos are mere ugly, crawling machines, not an ounce of the artistic or poetic about them. Pretty comfortable to ride on if they do lack beauty.

The trolley car outclasses the railroad train as a killer of mankind, and the automobile is not far behind in the race as a cause of fatalities. Shank's mares are the only absolutely sure means of locomotion.

If some one will invent a front attachment for automobiles in the form of a stuffed rocking horse on wheels, he will earn a place in the hall of fame. Something that will deceive comfortably is needed on the front end of the present diabolical machines that scatter death and destruction in their wake.

Many valuable horses are owned on the Island. Bought at cheap prices, they were shipped here simply because they were afraid of electric cars and automobiles and for ten months in the year we are free from all such annoyances.

It is useless to cry out about these carriages. They are here and



they have come to stay and we can only hope that soon our Island horses will become educated up the point where they will not mind them.

In July 1902, noting that because "our most steady horses . . . are terribly frightened by a rapidly-moving automobile or motor bicycle," selectmen of Vineyard Haven voted that

No vehicle not propelled by a horse shall pass along any street in this town at speeds of more than six miles an hour.

The speed limit came too late to save Ariel Scott of West Tisbury. He was heading home from Vineyard Haven in his wagon when from the opposite direction an automobile came roaring down the hill near Lake Tashmoo. The car frightened his horse so much that it bolted and ran off the road, overturning the wagon. Scott was thrown to the ground with multiple injuries. He died the next day, July 19, 1902 – the first Vineyarder to die in an accident involving an automobile.

The owner of the automobile, E. A. Mulliken of Quincy, a well-known Cottage City summer resident, was charged with manslaughter and speeding. His chauffeur, Frank Stanley, who Mulliken said was driving, told police he was not going more than 9 miles an hour, although some claimed he had told them his speed had been 15 miles an hour.

At the trial, the judge heard testimony from Leavitt Norton of Vineyard Haven, who had come upon the accident and had taken the seriously injured man home. Also testifying were the two doctors who treated Scott, plus his widow and others. The judge ruled that Mulliken was not guilty of manslaughter, but there was enough evidence of carelessness for him to be held for the grand jury on the charge of involuntary manslaughter.

The grand jury found Mulliken to have been operating the vehicle in "a reckless, negligent and grossly careless manner" and to have caused it to go at "a high, unreasonable and unlawful rate of speed." Nothing was said about the chauffeur being the driver.

After failing to respond to the summons three times, Mulliken finally went on trial and pleaded *nolo contendere*. He

was ordered to pay court costs of \$175 and the case was put on file. Widow Scott then filed a civil case against Mulliken and was awarded \$800 for the loss of her husband. The amount was not small, being two years' pay for a teacher at the time.

That first fatal accident so worried Vineyard Haven residents that they banned one automobile from Main Street:

The passenger automobile running to the bridge, which this summer has taken the place of the electric cars, since the accident last week on the state road, is no longer allowed on Main Street but is kept to the old track on Beach Street.

The automobile, a jitney, had replaced the electric street car in which Vineyard Haven passengers bound for Cottage City had ridden to the Lagoon drawbridge. There, they walked across the bridge and got into an electric trolley to ride into Cottage City. The drawbridge was not equipped with trolley tracks and apparently the car wasn't allowed to cross it. The change didn't seem to hurt business, the *Herald* reported:

The automobile which makes regular trips to connect with the Cottage City trolley car is well patronized.

All this, of course, happened only in summer. The electric cars shut down in September. No tears were shed. Vineyarders took the Island back at the end of summer with sighs of relief. At least from the editor of the *Herald*:

Peaceful driving now. All the "autos" have gone. Plenty of elbow room on the golf links and the croquet grounds.

In the following spring, 1903, the Island got its first year-round automobile. The reception was guarded:

A new automobile arrived on Wednesday's boat for George F. Armsby on the Neck.

George F. Armsby was a newcomer. He had recently started a plumbing and heating business on Union Street in Vineyard Haven and lived on upper Main Street. He was, it seems, the first resident to own an automobile. He and his automobile didn't stay long. He isn't in the 1907 Directory.

Not long after Armsby bought his motor car, Rodolphus Crocker Jr., owner of the harness factory started by his father,



also bought one, joining the parade that would soon put his factory out of business.

Neither Crocker nor anybody else could stop the automobile's parade. In July 1903, an entrepreneur from the mainland arrived to open a "stable" for motor cars in Cottage City (the French word, "garage," had not yet come into English usage):

Mr. H. B. De Wolff came from New Bedford last Saturday bringing with him a handsome automobile. He has opened an automobile stable on Sea View Avenue and will have some excellent machines for sale.

In that same issue of the *Herald*, de Wolff ran the Island's first automobile advertisement::

AUTOMOBILE STORAGE! I have leased the building next to the Cocassett stable on Sea View Avenue and I have room for automobile storage. I also have automobiles for sale. H. B. de Wolfe, agent for the Knox Carriage.

He probably didn't sell many Knox Carriages. It would be a few more years before most Vineyarders would view the horseless carriage as anything but a nuisance and even a hazard. The *Herald* made that clear:

Automobiles should barely crawl through the avenues of Oak Bluffs and the Camp ground. We are not sure that it would not be wise to have a flagman proceed the machine.

Slowly, that attitude began changing, but with little enthusiasm:

There is a semblance of beauty and a suggestion of grace about some of the latest arriving automobiles, but the average monster of this kind is as ugly and as ill-proportioned nondescript as can well be imagined and a few years from now will be found only among the scrap piles.

Stylish automobiles now go humming through the avenues; ugly ones also and wheezy.

Three years later, in August 1906, an unconvinced and annoyed editor of the *Gazette* reported that

There are 175 automobiles on the island at the present time. . . nearly all get to Edgartown every 24 hours [it] seems apparent on pleasant days.

After six years of living with the motor car, Vineyarders still were seeing it from the viewpoint of their horses:

The sensible, thinking horse must wonder what is the matter on the insides of the automobiles as he passes them on the road. The noises they make put heaves and all other horse complaints entirely in the shade.

Those other islanders living on Nantucket were even less willing to accept the change. In 1906, they announced in the press that automobiles were not welcome on their island. Editor E. E. Landers of the *Martha's Vineyard Herald* quickly forgot his antipathies; summer people, even with automobiles, were good for business. He invited them to the Vineyard:

Our concrete streets and roads are great for automobiling. Come down here with your automobile. Nantucket doesn't want you, but we do.

Times were changing in other ways as well. One Vineyard Haven resident was doleful in this letter to the *Herald*:

Times have changed since the days when we looked forward to camp meeting as the event of the year, and when the time arrived, "did up" in our best calico, packed a can-pail of eatables and were rowed over to the Eastside and then conveyed by carriages, driven by a local Jehu, to the scene of action. No one could have predicted then that a horseless carriage and a locomotive-less car would in future years convey us to a tent-less camp meeting.

A familiar and never-ending lament.

But newcomers, unburdened with memories of "the good old days," continued to arrive, seeing the Island as a wonderful, unspoiled place that they had just discovered. Many were celebrities, most of them from the theater. One was the leading Broadway comedian, Sol Smith Russell, then starring in *April Weather* at Daly's Theatre, New York.

He bought land atop Tower Hill, overlooking Edgartown's inner harbor and Chappaquiddick. Most summer residents preferred houses along Water Street, close enough to town for walking, but the automobile began to change that. More distant sections such as Tower Hill were being considered. Russell



was among the first to recognize this. He built an elegant summer home, complete with a 90-foot bowling alley. At the end of his long pier he built a pagoda-inspired boathouse, still a landmark today.

Russell did not enjoy that lovely spot for long. Within a few years, he suffered a stroke and died. In 1903, the property was bought by James W. Vose, head of the famed piano company, Vose & Sons in Boston. The property is still in the Vose family.

Another entertainer who joined Russell in Edgartown in 1900 was Frank Keenan, then a Shakespearean actor and later a pioneering star and director in the movies. He rented the William H. Pease on North Water Street. His family, one of the best known in the entertainment world, summered on the Island for many years. Ed Wynn of television and stage renown in the mid-1900s was Frank Keenan's grandson and probably enjoyed the Vineyard as a child.

Vineyard Haven also had its famous summer residents. Among them was Leland Powers, actor and impersonator, who built a luxurious summer home on West Chop.

Another Vineyard Haven summer resident, William Barry Owen, was from a different branch of entertainment. While the European agent of the Victor Talking Machine Company, he "created" that company's famous trademark, "His Master's Voice." Known around the world, it shows a dog ("Nipper" is his name) listening intently to sounds coming from the large horn of an early gramophone.

Originally painted as "fine" art, it became the Victor trademark after the artist died. His brother was trying to sell it, but art collectors and museums in London didn't see the fine art in it. So he turned to gramophone companies, just then coming into prominence.

All turned it down. Only Owen showed any interest at all, stating that had the gramophone been one sold by Victor, he would have bought it. The brother, who was also an artist, painted over the original gramophone, replacing it with one of Victor's machines. Owen then bought the painting, which was re-named "His Master's Voice," and the trademark was born.

When he retired, Owen settled in Vineyard Haven and began Owen's Farm, a poultry and florist business near Lambert's Cove. It became known as "the Red Farm" because its many buildings were all painted red. Eleven of them were barn-like structures, housing 4000 hens of many varieties.

A few years later, he and others formed a leather-stamping business, the Luxemoor Company, in Vineyard Haven. In the 1907 Directory, it is described as "leather decorators." Located in a large building below the Martha's Vineyard National Bank building on Main Street, its products were used by furniture makers and upholsterers. The company seems to have had a short life as it is not in the 1910 Directory.

Some years after Owen's death in 1914, his widow, Mae M. Owen, placed the land on which the leather factory had stood (plus more land extending to the harbor) into a trust for a public park to be known as the William Barry Owen Park. It was later conveyed to the town, which now owns it.

Up-Island's summer "colonies" had started in 1888 when Prof. Nathaniel Shaler of Harvard began buying up abandoned farms in North Tisbury, as mentioned earlier. He named it Seven Gates because he had to get off the wagon and open seven gates to get to his house. It was, he said, a "playground" for his elder years and he kept it that way.

In Chilmark, the first colony of summer people began when Henry Blackwell arrived during the Civil War. He was married to the pioneer feminist, Lucy Stone, one of the first women to insist on keeping her maiden name after marriage. The family, famous for its women, among them the nation's first two female physicians and its first ordained female minister, still owns property in Chilmark.

It began in 1864 when Henry and his friend, Ainsworth Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, anchored off Squibnocket Landing, as it was then called, while cruising in a small boat. Henry wanted to mail a letter to Lucy and they went ashore to find a postoffice. They walked over Boston Hill to Beetlebung Corner where Henry found a place to mail his letter. But he found much more: he found a place that his family has enjoyed for generations. He and other family members soon bought



land in Chilmark. It started as a summer place, but quickly became more than that. Henry had eight brothers and sisters and most lived in the town year-round at some point in their lives, as have their descendants. Some married into Chilmark families. One was Florence Blackwell, daughter of Henry's brother, Samuel, who married Postmaster E. Elliott Mayhew and became a founder of the Chilmark Public Library.

There are more than fifty Blackwells and their relatives buried in the Chilmark cemetery on Abel's Hill, a testament to their devotion to the village. Among those buried there is E. Gale Huntington, founding editor of this journal. Gale's mother was Nan Blackwell, who had been adopted by Dr. Emily Blackwell, Henry's granddaughter. After she married Dr. Elon Obed Huntington, a Navy surgeon, they bought the Asa Smith house at Squibnocket where Gale and his three brothers grew up, attending Chilmark schools.

In Oak Bluffs a summer colony of Connecticut hardware people also began in the 1860s. Philip Corbin, the lock manufacturer from New Britain, was the first of the colony to arrive. He bought land facing Ocean Park from Erastus Carpenter's Oak Bluffs Land & Wharf Company in 1868.

Hardware manufacturer William H. Hart, president of Stanley Tool Works, started vacationing in Oak Bluffs in 1871, renting various houses on Pequot Avenue. In 1915, he bought a large tract of what was considered useless marsh land just south of Farm Pond on the outskirts of the town. He changed the flow of water in and out of the pond, creating a small harbor which his wife named Hart Haven. The mansion that he built across the road from the harbor was soon followed by other summer houses that family members built on their private harbor.

The Harts, anxious to preserve the natural beauty of the area, sold a mile of beach to the state for the northern end of the Joseph A. Sylvia State Beach. They also leased another large tract across the road for 99 years to the Farm Neck Country Club. In both cases a restriction provided that there would be no buildings erected on them.

As the Hart family multiplied, some of them headed up-

Island to Abel's Hill in Chilmark, where today they and others with Stanley Tool Works connections continue the Vineyard's "Hardware" colony.

Far less visible was a much different summer colony in Oak Bluffs. It was never in the social news because its members came not to vacation but to work. And they were black. The colony began when Charles H. Shearer, a former professor at Hampton University, moved his family to Oak Bluffs to start a laundry serving the white families on East Chop. Shearer had moved north after he married Henrietta, a Blackfoot Indian, and was then maitre d' at Young's Hotel in Boston.

The laundry did well and the Shearers prospered. Aware that there were few places where blacks were allowed to rent rooms, the Shearers decided to open a guest house. They closed down the laundry and turned the building into the Shearer Cottage, where through the years, scores of famous blacks came to vacation. Among them was the well-known composer, Henry T. Burleigh, who wrote such spirituals as "Deep River," "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen" and "Were You There?" He introduced the Vineyard to many black entertainers, who joined him at the Shearer Cottage, including Paul Robeson and Ethel Waters. Another prominent black leader who stayed there was Rev. Adam Clayton Powell, whose son, Adam Junior, later became a famous congressman and bought a summer house on the Highlands of East Chop where other prominent blacks owned property.

One was the West Family, whose daughter Dorothy, became a year-round Vineyard resident and a famous writer. In 1971, she described that early black summer colony this way:

[There were] probably twelve cottages, all Bostonians. . . neither arrogant nor obsequious, they neither overacted or played ostrich. . . They were "cool," a common condition of black Bostonians.

For many years, the Boston blacks kept coming, building a highly regarded colony on the Highlands. They swam at High Beach, as it was then called. When the East Chop Beach Club, which did not accept blacks as members, bought the beach, they had to move south to the beach on the other side of the



opening into Lake Anthony. Later, they drifted farther south to the beach opposite Waban Park. It was this beach that came to be called, "The Inkwell." Whether the name was the humorous invention of blacks or of deprecating whites is lost in history. Whoever the inventor, the name is now used by blacks and whites alike without prejudice.

As in both communities, black and white, there was little social interplay between the year-round residents and summer-home owners. The year-rounders were too busy earning money to spend time at the beach, those who owned boats with which they fished the rest of the year would don handsome dark blue "uniforms," put on neckties, and become charter-boat captains to the summer people. Others, with no boats, just worked, trying to save enough to get through the winter.

A number of the blacks ran their own businesses. Among them were John Pollard, who operated a dining room in the Highlands, George Wormley, owner of a gasoline station on New York Avenue, and George Frye, a cobbler and shoe-store owner on Circuit Avenue. But most worked for others, often as domestics if female or in construction if male.

Year-round blacks in 1920 in Dukes County totaled only 175, most of them living in Oak Bluffs. Their leader in that town, spiritual and civil, was Rev. Oscar Deniston, a Jamaican, who had been persuaded to come to the Island by Rev. Madison Edwards, chaplain of the Seamen's Bethel in Vineyard Haven. Reverend Deniston served as minister of the Bradley Memorial Chapel in Oak Bluffs until he died in the 1930s.

Long before blacks had to give up using High Beach, it had been a favorite spot for a totally different group, the students of a summer school for teachers that brought thousands to Oak Bluffs during its 30 years of existence. It was the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute, located on the bluff overlooking the beach. The Institute began when Prof. Louis Agassiz died and his summer school on Penikese Island was closed. Col. Homer Sprague, headmaster of Girls' High School in Boston, who summered in Oak Bluffs, started it in 1878.

It had a tentative beginning. That first summer, the student body and faculty totaled only 50. With no buildings of its

own, it held classes in such places as Union Chapel on Circuit Avenue, church vestries, hotel rooms as well as in the so-called Town Hall above the office of the *Cottage City Star*.

As the school's reputation spread, both because of its progressive curriculum and its resort setting, enrollment increased. In a few years it raised enough money to build classrooms on land donated by the Vineyard Grove Company. The new building was named Agassiz Hall, in memory of the Harvard geologist.

By 1884, the Institute's faculty totaled 35 educators from all over the country. The students, mostly public-school teachers eager to freshen their skills (while enjoying summer on the Vineyard), were taught the newest methods of instruction and were brought up to date on developments in their fields.

Among its departments were history, mineralogy, didactics, music, philosophy, elocution, photography and art. Heading the art faculty was Amelia M. Watson, some of whose watercolors of Island scenes are owned by the Society. Photographic pioneer Baldwin Coolidge, who like Amelia Watson later became well-known, taught the new skills of dry-plate photography. There was also a course in kindergarten teaching, a new concept in public schools.

In 1890, the school had over seven hundred students, about half from Massachusetts, the rest from 34 states and countries. Included in the curriculum was a Berlitz School of Languages, one of the first branches of the now-famous language school that Maximilian Berlitz had opened in Providence, Rhode Island, twelve years earlier. By the late 1890s, the Institute enrollment peaked at nearly 1000 and a second building was built.

Classes were held in the mornings. Afternoons and evenings were for bathing, excursions and entertainments. Students put on programs of music and drama to which the public was invited.

Early in the 1900s, state normal schools began offering free summer schools for teachers and the Institute's enrollment declined. In 1906, it was closed and its buildings sold. We don't know what happened to them. They had been built on



land owned by the Vineyard Grove Company.

The Institute was only one of a number of summer schools on the Island through the years. Another was the Harvard Summer School at Seven Gates Farm, started by Prof. Nathaniel Shaler in the 1890s. Much smaller than the Institute, its faculty of Harvard professors taught courses in geology and mineralogy, using the Island's ice-age heritage for a laboratory. The students lived in the old farm houses that Shaler bought when he began Seven Gates in 1888. Later, less academic summer schools offered courses in art, drama and photography to provide "cultural" expansion for young summer residents.

A different chance for cultural expansion on the Island had come in 1900 when Andrew Carnegie, the steel millionaire, began offering money to small towns for building public libraries. Edgartown was one of those selected. It would receive \$4000 for a library if it would provide the land and agree to expend at least \$400 a year for books and a librarian.

Edgartown had been reluctant to spend money on a public library. It was the only major village on the Island not to have built one. Instead it paid Chloe M. Pierce \$150 a year to rent a room in her house. A similar amount was spent to hire a librarian. Now Carnegie was offering the town a chance to build a library of its own.

The townspeople were eager to accept. Two summer residents offered land. Others offered money, including Elmer Bliss of first-automobile fame, and Mrs. Frederick Warren, who also gave the site, next to her home, on which it was built. In town meeting, voters approved unanimously. Construction began in October 1903 on the third brick building in the village, the others being the court house and the bank. By 1904, the library opened, a gala day for Edgartown.

The new library was exciting, but for most summer visitors, there were more exciting places to go than the library. One was aboard the "new and elegant steel steamer" *Uncatena* that offered "searchlight excursions" along the north shore. Her passengers marveled as her 3000 candlepower searchlight illuminated various points of interest while she steamed to Gay Head with the band playing all the while.

Building the new library didn't stop Edgartown's decline. In March 1915, the town lost its customs house. For more than a century, it, along with the court house, had been the village pride. But there were few duties to collect now. For every dollar the office took in, it was spending \$6. And so the end came. The former sub-office in Vineyard Haven was made the customs house for the Island. Soon, even that was closed.

It was a slower time, a time of quiet pleasures. Afternoons were time for women to enjoy tea and petite sandwiches in the tea houses, while their daughters were attending art or drama classes and their sons were hanging around the docks.

The daily routine called for going to the beach at 11 a.m., for a couple of hours. Nobody went in a bathing suit, all went fully clothed, changing into "bathing costumes" in private rooms in the scores of bathhouses along the beach at Oak Bluffs or at James Chadwick's bathing beach on Chappaquidick. Chadwick provided free launch service from Edgartown for his bathhouse renters.

In their bathing costumes, women were almost as fully clothed as in street clothes, with black stockings and bathing shoes. Some men, and only a few went to the beach, were bold enough to go in the water topless, wearing shorts that when wet revealed, some said, more than was proper.

Swimming was mostly limited to the young. Adults, mostly women, went bathing, that meant standing in hip-deep water talking with friends. Many women did not go into the water at all, preferring to sit in the sand under their parasols. The boys would jump and dive from a raft or pier. When the more athletic girls began joining them, bathhouse owners were told to put out a second raft for females only.

With the new century came moving pictures. Summer resorts were good places to introduce the public to the miracle. In July 1900, a New York company with the unpronounceable name of Paley's Kalateknoscope treated the Island to its first movies. The primitive films were shown in an improvised, darkened room in the Bathing Pavilion on the Oak Bluffs boardwalk. The next year, the shows moved to Union Chapel, just outside the campground. The *Herald* reported improve-



ment in the science, if not in the art:

The flicker, which is one of the objections to the ordinary moving picture, is reduced to a minimum and it is possible to watch these for an hour at a time without ill effect to the eyes. The entertainment Mr. Paley is presenting at a few of the leading resorts, previous to the opening of the New York theatrical season, includes a long list of the best of films of varied and interesting subjects, interspersed with beautiful illustrated songs, rendered by the celebrated tenor, Signor Campagnl.

The movies, of course, were silent so it is not easy to imagine how Signor Campagnl's songs were "rendered." General admission was 25 cents, reserved seats 35 cents, children 15 cents. There was little drama in the single-reel short subjects. It was enough that the actors moved, jerkily to be sure, but they moved. A miracle, it was.

In 1903, the American Vitagraph Company began showing its moving pictures in the Tabernacle. Crowds filled the auditorium and the *Herald* described their reaction:

The company's wonder work in this field never ceases to excite the amazement of the multitudes who always throng to these exhibitions.

The Methodists apparently did not consider such use of their sacred space to be blasphemous. By now, the campground and even the Tabernacle had taken on a secular character, except for two weeks in August each year when camp meeting was held.

The Island's first "moving picture hall," was built in 1907 as a small auditorium on the ground floor of the new Cottage City Casino, a large entertainment center owned by Herbert S. Peirce of New Bedford. An announcement in the *New Bedford Evening Standard* on December 15, 1906, described the exciting structure to be built the next year:

The building will combine a number of features of which there has been a need, including stores and a moving picture hall on the first floor and a dance hall on the second floor. [It] is to be erected for Herbert S. Peirce of New Bedford. . . Two towers, one at either end of the building . . . will be open at the sides near the top, a fine view being obtained from these

vantage points. . . The contract calls for completion of the building on June 10, 1907.

We know that the Tivoli moving picture hall was in business in 1910, three years later. An advertisement in June of that year announced the opening of the Tivoli Temple for the season, showing "Moving Pictures and Illustrated Songs." It isn't clear how long it stayed in business after the "true" movie theaters opened. At least four of them were operating in Oak Bluffs by the early 1920s.

Edgartown's first moving pictures were shown in the basement of the Town Hall starting in 1912. Carleton H. Dexter, a young man of 23, was the proprietor. His family, among the Island's oldest, were descendants of the Mayflower pilgrims. Carleton became a skilled operator of movie projectors while working in Boston after he graduated from Dean Academy. Returning to his home town, he rented the basement of the Town Hall for a movie theater until his death in 1916 at only 27 years. When he died, the Town Hall movie theater seems to have closed. His son, Thomas Nevin Dexter became a local poet and genealogist and one of the founding members of the Historical Society.

By 1915, the concept of movie "stars" had been created. Actors and actresses soon became household names as their latest films were all shown in the Island theaters.

In Edgartown, Carleton Dexter's Town Hall Theatre was showing such melodramas as "The Supreme Sacrifice," starring Robert Warwick, during what may have been the theater's final year, as Dexter died in 1916.

Oak Bluffs, still leading the way, became the town with the Island's first true movie house in 1915 when the Eagle Theatre, "An Amusement House of Distinction," was built. Its name was adapted from that of its owner, long-time Vineyard businessman, A. P. Eagleston, who seemed to be into everything (he owned clothing stores and the Eagleston Tea House and Gift Shop at the Lagoon bridge in Vineyard Haven). The Eagle showed a different movie every day (except Sundays) with afternoon and evening shows four days a week. Top billing during one week in 1916 went to "Audrey," in five reels,



starring Pauline Frederick. On the same program was "Little Meena's Romance," also in five reels, with Dorothy Gish. A two-reel Keystone comedy, "His Last Laugh," filled out the bill. Business was booming with two shows many nights:

Crowds visit the Eagle Theatre every evening . . . it has been found necessary to have the entrance and exits roped off to take care of the crowds.

The "Pastime" and "Dreamland" and the "Tivoli" make the town look like Broadway with their electric light displays.

Two summers later, in 1918, the Eagle opened the season with Mary Pickford in "The Little Princess." The price of admission had gone up to 25 cents due to "government regulations which require the collection of a war tax."

Vineyard Haven got its first movie theater, the Capawock, in 1919, featuring "Goldwyn Plays and Capitol Comedies." Open all year, its slogan was "Learn the Capa-Walk!"

The Pastime in Oak Bluffs featured such cowboy film stars as Harry Carey in "Riders of Vengeance," and Tom Mix in "Treat 'Em Rough." The Eagle Theatre showed more serious films starring John Barrymore in "His Test of Honor" and Dorothy Gish in "Nobody Home." In mid-week, it loosened up to show "A Desert Hero," starring Fatty Arbuckle. The Oak Bluffs theaters had afternoon and evening shows, six days a week, but only in summer. The Capawock in Vineyard Haven and Dexter's Town Hall in Edgartown were open all year.

In 1920, Edgartown got its first real movie house when the Elm Theatre opened on Main Street. Its owner was Richard L. Colter, whose wife, Jessie, played the piano to accompany the silent films. In 1929, a group of investors headed by Alfred Hall of Edgartown bought it and changed its name to the Edgartown Playhouse (the group, the Vineyard Theatre Trust, soon owned all four Island movie theaters). The Edgartown Playhouse was destroyed by fire in 1961 and was not rebuilt. The site has been landscaped and turned into a park open to the public by the Hall family.

Although the Tivoli ballroom had opened in 1907, it was in the shadow of the movies until 1916 when Will Hardy brought his Novelty Orchestra down from Worcester. Hardy

played the piano and with his six-piece orchestra he soon made Tivoli Ballroom the entertainment center of the Island. It was a magnet, attracting not only summer people, but year-round Islanders as well.

The second-floor ballroom opened on all sides onto a wide veranda. Dance music floated across the area through the open doors. In the 1930s some of the nation's best-known "big bands" entertained in one-night stands, but it was Will Hardy who created the magic and kept it alive. He wrote a number of songs, one was "Tivoli Girl," in 1917, also "Here Comes the Sankaty with My Best Girl on Board," another was "Vineyard Isle, That Wonderful Island of Mine," in 1928.

Between dances, those in the ballroom stepped out onto the veranda to enjoy the cooling breeze from the Sound, the waters of which sparkled in the moonlight. You didn't have to dance to feel the Tivoli magic. Thousands were enthralled by the music as they strolled along Circuit Avenue, munching on a nickel bag of Darling's popcorn. Here is how Charles M. Bedell, then a boy, described that magic in a letter to the *Gazette* in 1965:

A boy heading home from the Pastime movie theatre could hear [the music]. As he passed the Wesley House, it would be overlaid by the sounds of laughter and conversation, gaining strength again during the walk across the causeway. But it was on the long diagonal path across the park in front of the Ocean View that the music might be recognized for what it really was – pure magic. Here, reflected by the waters of Lake Anthony, it seemed to merge with the rippled starlight, to swell and recede at the whim of the evening breeze.

Romantic? Indeed. Especially to a young boy walking home after a night at the movies.

On the ground floor of the Tivoli building, beneath the ballroom, was a series of shops: under the tower nearest to the water was Harry George's Waterfront Ice Cream Parlor; clustered in the center were Whiting's Milk Store, a baggage-express counter and taxi stand, a shop selling souvenirs and a shooting gallery where patrons fired rifles at stationary and moving targets for impressive but useless prizes; at the other



end under the tower was a restaurant. It was a busy place.

The Tivoli was torn down in 1964 and replaced by the Oak Bluffs Town Hall, its magic having vanished years earlier. Hardy died in 1939 at his home in Oak Bluffs, but before his death, the ballroom had started its decline.

E. Allen White who leased the building in 1946, closed down the dance hall, he said, "rather than have it go honky-tonk." In the 1950s, Alfred E. Holmes, the Oak Bluffs postmaster, turned it into a roller-skating rink, bringing on a law suit by Frank Yan Ng of Fall River who ran the restaurant below. The noise of the skaters above was driving his customers away, he claimed. When Mr. Ng won the suit, Holmes gave him the building, it was reported. In the sixties, the fabled Tivoli reached its nadir as the arena for female wrestlers (some of them Vineyarders) and boxing matches.

The Tivoli's success had begun at a most unlikely time. In 1916, Europe was being devastated by a great war, then in its second year. America was becoming more and more likely to get involved, despite President Woodrow Wilson's promise of neutrality. The Kaiser's U-boats kept prowling the Atlantic, sinking vessels of all kinds, including an Edgartown sword-fishing schooner, as we shall see. The British liner, *Lusitania* had been torpedoed off Ireland one year earlier with the loss of 1200 lives, including 114 Americans.

Yet the war didn't slow down the Tivoli or the Vineyard. The Island had been generally immune to economic slumps for years and seemed equally unaffected by the war in Europe. It might even have increased business, offering a pleasant escape.

So it seemed on Circuit Avenue where a store advertised a new shipment of yarn with an exciting new color:

**YARN SHOP**  
Special Announcement  
**Submarine Blue**

Dyed with colors that arrived from Germany on  
the Submarine *Deutschland*, the first underwater craft  
to cross the Atlantic with a cargo.

The advertisement ran, in August 1916, a year after one

such German "underwater craft" had sunk the *Lusitania* and while many more, submarine blue in color or not, were seeking other targets for their torpedoes in the Atlantic!

Despite the submarines, during the war years the Bluffs prospered. Its hotel porches each summer were crowded with guests, rocking their vacation away as they watched the ebb and flow of the happy crowds. Creating that ebb and flow were hundreds who strolled along Circuit Avenue – not on sidewalks, the avenue had no curbs. Those happy strollers took over the avenue, reluctantly stepping aside to allow the occasional, annoyed automobile driver to get through.

That was Oak Bluffs in its glory. It was a time of simple and quiet pleasures.

The war in Europe did not spoil those pleasures. One young boy from Montclair, New Jersey, was traveling the same week the war began to spend his first summer on East Chop. As young Robert M. Ferris III remembered it many years later, the war wasn't on his or anyone's mind:

If you were in lower Manhattan . . . on a Friday afternoon in late June 1914, you'd be caught up in the bustle of people lugging bags and assorted objects, including children, through the traffic jammed under the elevated tracks. Many were rushing from the Hoboken ferry to the Fall River Line pier two blocks away to board the steamer *Priscilla*, the night boat, to start their trip to the Cape and the Islands.

My mother, by some miracle, managed to get me, my brother John and all our luggage through the confusion and settled aboard the steamer . . . for our first summer in East Chop. I was almost 5.

We made other trips on the *Priscilla* in following years, but that first one was the memorable one for me. The slightly musty smell of our stateroom, the deep sound of her horn signaling departure, the throb of her engine and the frightening creaking of her wooden structure as she rolled in the swells off Point Judith, even now in memory send a chill of excitement down my back.

Two years later, in 1917, he did notice a difference, but it didn't spoil his fun:

. . . after our entry into the war we were accompanied by a



submarine-chaser escort. It added to the excitement.

Once on the Island, the war became more distant, forgotten. Then, one day while Bob was playing baseball,

word came that the tug *Perth Amboy* had been shelled by a German submarine right off the lightship and was just then tied up at the dock in Vineyard Haven. . . [we] piled into [a] station wagon (called a beach wagon in those days, a Model T Ford, I think) and [went] to see the suddenly famous tug where we each got a piece of German shrapnel.

The war, it seemed, was getting closer.

In July 1915, the Fifth Regiment of the Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry came to the Vineyard, landing at the Eastville pier aboard the steamer *New Hampshire* from New Bedford. The regiment was not in the U. S. Army; its 850 men, 90 horses and six supply wagons pulled by mule teams were part of the state militia. The men pitched their tents near the water at Eastville that first night and the next day broke camp and marched through Oak Bluffs to Farm Neck where they set up camp on the Norton farm. To the *Gazette*, it was glorious:

The regiment made a splendid appearance as it swung along Circuit Avenue through Oak Bluffs, a long procession of baggage and supply wagons drawn by large mules. Some of the wagons were so heavily laden that it took four mules to draw one. . . a person standing between Penacook and Tuckernuck avenues could see Circuit avenue from Narragansett avenue to the top of the hill filled with a solid moving mass of men, as they went on their way. . . The music of the band was inspiring and the various companies marched well and looked fine. They carried all their equipment on their backs, the rolled blanket, knapsack, canteen, etc., and their rifles over the right shoulder. . . No such body of troops has disturbed the quiet of those hills since Grey's raiders in the Revolution, a century and a half ago. . .

It went into permanent camp until Friday on the large tract of land on the State road, a little way above Memorial Park [in Edgartown]. . . The camping ground extends from the State Road through to the West Tisbury road and is owned by George S. Norton. . .

In the morning, the Fifth marched down Main Street,

wheeled into South Water, and marched away for the day's work on the Katama Plains. Headed by the field [officers] and staff, the band playing inspiring music, and the full regiment following, it made a fine picture. . . The machine gun company [declared] the Katama firing range the best they had seen. . .

The Militia is the State's first line of defense and, while it is pretty to see the soldiers go marching by, we should remember that they would be called upon . . . should our country be threatened with trouble, either from foreign or domestic foes.

That worrisome threat of trouble came on April 2, 1917. The United States, more worried than threatened, declared war on Germany. By happenstance that same evening, a representative of the Naval Coast Defense Reserve was meeting with Edgartown boat owners in the Home Club. He had come to urge them to volunteer their boats to protect the coast should it become necessary. The men were eager to take part, although they asked for a little advance notice:

One of the boatmen, voicing the general feeling of all said: "If we can be of use, we are ready. We would like to know if the Navy wants us within the next two weeks, before we begin the season's work. If they want us, we will sacrifice the season's work and go."

They didn't get any advance warning. The war had begun. The Selective Service Act, passed on May 18, 1917, made men between 21 and 30 subject to the draft. It took a while to get started and at the end of August, the *Gazette* assured those who might soon be called, it was not a disgrace to be drafted:

Very soon the young men who have been drafted from Dukes County will be called to the colors. . . The fact that they will be taken without their desire or consent detracts nothing from the debt that the country will owe them . . . they are performing a more arduous service than those who have volunteered, who had the opportunity to select the branch of service in which they are to serve, the one which seemed the most attractive to them. The Conscript, on the other hand, has no say in the matter . . . These men will fight for us and it is our duty to see that their hardship is made no more severe than necessary. . . Let a Committee of Dukes County people be



formed to make these Dukes County boys their especial charge. If they have dependents let us see that they are not neglected. If they need anything that they cannot get, let us get it for them. . . Every Dukes County man who goes into the service ought to be listed by such a committee and his whereabouts kept track of, in order that his necessities may be known and supplied.

If such a committee was formed, its records seem to have been lost. Our records show that 170 Islanders went into the service: Edgartown 40; Oak Bluffs 47; Vineyard Haven and West Tisbury 62; Chilmark 4; Gay Head 17 (11 of them in the Coast Guard). Two Vineyarders were killed in action, neither with Americans: Lt. Walter D. Rheno of Vineyard Haven, an aviator with the French; and Neil McLaurin of Edgartown, in the Canadian Army (McLaurin's residency is uncertain, he's not in our records). At least three others died of disease.

When the war ended in 1918, the Barnstable district congratulated the Vineyard men who had served as Registrars of the draft. It was, the district commander wrote,

. . . the first time in the history of these United States, [that] a thoroughly democratic army has been raised without . . . draft riots and local disturbances and it has been primarily due to the honest, conscientious efforts of the Registrars [of the draft] acting from a patriotic motive that is consistently American.

Among those conscientious Registrars were Judge Edmund G. Eldridge and William J. Rotch of West Tisbury.

Only a month before the war ended, a surprising event brought the war much closer. On August 10, 1918, the schooner *Progress*, owned and captained by Bob Jackson of Edgartown, was swordfishing off Georges Bank, southeast of Nantucket as she had done throughout the war. She was among a fleet of swordfishermen when a U. S. Navy destroyer came by to warn them that a German U-boat was in the vicinity. The skippers weren't worried. They had heard such warnings before and nothing had ever happened. Fishing was too good to worry about an imaginary U-boat.

The *Progress* had been out nearly two weeks and her hold was almost full. One more day would be enough, Captain Bob

told the crew, most of them Vineyarders. When the wind came up and it became too rough to spot the fish, Jackson decided to stay an extra day, hoisting a steadying sail while waiting for a change. Captain Jackson recalled what happened next:

We were laying under riding sail. It was too rough to fish. About 10 in the morning the cook sung out for dinner. One minute later, we heard a heavy gun. We rushed up on the deck and saw a submarine. It was firing at the fishing boats in the vicinity. All three hoisted their sails and tried to escape.

After the submarine fired a couple of shots at them, the fleeing boats hauled down their sails, but the U-boat kept on firing. She fired in all about 15 shots. . .

The U-boat commander ordered the crews of three New Bedford schooners to abandon their vessels and get into dories. German sailors went on board and took fresh provisions from the galleys. Explosive charges were attached to the sterns of the schooners and set off. They sank immediately. Their crews in dories headed for shore, 120 miles to the northwest.

The U-boat then turned its attention to the rest of the fleet, including the *Progress*. Captain Jackson and his crew were ordered to abandon ship; her galley was raided. A charge was detonated and the *Progress* sank quickly. The fleet of dories headed for land (at least nine swordfishing vessels had been sunk, their crews filling nearly twenty dories).

A thick fog came in during the night and the fleet became separated. When clearing came in the morning, Jackson's dory was alone. After 30 hours of rowing and sailing with an improvised sail, Jackson and his two crewmen were picked up by a fishing boat. All the other fishermen were soon picked up or made it to shore on their own. None was lost.

The attack was useless as far as the war effort was concerned. It was a desperate act by the U-boat, unable to return to her base, to get much-needed food.

Three months later, on November 11, 1918, the armistice was signed. The German government compensated the owners of the fishing vessels for their losses, including the value of the fish in the holds. Early the next summer, Captain Jackson



sailed into Edgartown aboard his new schooner, the *Liberty*, bought with the compensation money. The *Liberty* had a long, productive life, sailing out of Edgartown until World War Two. But not under Capt. Bob Jackson.

It was a time of labor unrest. With the end of the war, workers learned that companies had made millions during the war yet they had received little of the profits. Strikes became frequent. Angry workers demanded the right to organize into unions. Even fishermen, proud of their independence, became involved. In 1919, a number of them in New York and Boston went on strike. They demanded a minimum wage based on the price paid for the catch; they demanded that all men be paid in full within 24 hours after the catch was sold; and they agreed that no man would go on another trip until he had been paid for the previous one.

These demands seemed reasonable, but there was strong opposition to the strike on the Cape and the Islands. Wages were not a big issue there, not according to Capt. Phil Norton of Edgartown, who said shares were always paid quickly:

On our way home, or after we got home, the captain had the money and would divide it up. First, the boat got her share, a "clear fifth," of the gross. Then the expenses for gas and oil were taken out. What was left was divided into eight shares for the men, plus a half-share for wear and tear on the engine. Everybody got the same share, including the captain, except that the cook and engineer usually got an extra \$25. Of course, if the captain owned the boat, he got that one-fifth in addition to his equal share.

Island captains decided to fish with non-union crews. Capt. Bob Jackson was a leader of the anti-strikers. He was eager to go fishing in his new (and appropriately named) schooner, *Liberty*. Nobody was going to tell him whom he could hire or what and when he would pay the men. When told he wouldn't be able to sell his non-union fish, he organized a group of captains to take out the *Liberty*. They became known as the "Crew of Captains." Because all were captains (management, in effect), they assumed they could fish without joining the union and sell their catch when they got back.

There were a dozen or more strike-breakers fishing on Georges when the *Liberty* got there. Fishing was good. They had no problem harpooning the fish; the problem was in selling them.

When the *Liberty* sailed into Boston to sell her catch, striking dock workers refused to unload her and told Captain Bob it would be the same in New York. So he sailed to New Bedford where the fish were unloaded and shipped by rail to New York to be delivered to the wholesalers. But fish handlers, "lumpers" as they were called, at New York's Fulton Fish Market would not unload them from the freight cars and they quickly rotted.

Captain Jackson was so disgusted that he sold his brand-new *Liberty* to Claude Wagner of Edgartown, who had been fishing with him for years, being one of the crew when the *Progress* was sunk by the U-boat.

Captain Bob and the other captains on that famous "Crew of Captains" never sold their fish, but they did break the strike. They sued the Fishermen's Union for damages. In April 1920, a hearing was held in Edgartown by

fishermen seeking to have the unions restrained from interfering with their right to fish where they will and to market their fish where they will.

A legal process takes time and while it was going on many more tons of fish rotted, some of them Vineyard owned. In May 1920, Capt. Angus R. Lohnes of Edgartown sailed his vessel *Minerva* into Fulton Fish Market with 17,000 pounds of mackerel consigned to several wholesalers. His reception was not routine:

On the morning of May 7<sup>th</sup>, as the fish handlers from the different concerns appeared on the dock . . . to unload the *Minerva's* fish, a United Sea Food Workers' Union representative appeared on the dock and waved the men back and ordered them not to handle the fish.

The *Minerva's* fish laid in the hold of the vessel until the morning of Monday, May 10, when the fish handlers finally acted under orders from Wagner [the union representative] after the crew had finally told Wagner that they would join the



Fishermen's Union of the Atlantic. On getting the promise, Wagner delivered to Capt. Lohnes a slip of paper to show to the union fish handlers: "May 10, '20. Take fish out of Minerva. OK. Wagner."

During that same week, on Wednesday, May 12, 1920, another Edgartown skipper, Capt. Levi Jackson, arrived at Fulton Market in *Priscilla II* with 1500 pounds of mackerel consigned to New York wholesalers. Again a union representative stopped the unloading. For three days, the crew refused to join the union and the *Priscilla* sat in the dock, her fish spoiling. Then,

late in the afternoon of Saturday, May 16, after the market had closed until Monday, Captain [Levi] Jackson unloaded his fish (which were then bursted and spoiled) in two piles on the float in the rear of the place of business of the dealers to whom his fish had been futilely consigned, he placed a small American flag on each pile of fish and also left on each pile a card on which was the following: 'These fish were caught under the American flag and have rotted under the American flag.' "

In December 1920, the court handed down its ruling on the Edgartown captains' suit. It was a victory for Captain Bob and his crew. The *Gazette* heralded the news:

The Fish Handlers' Union will have to pay Capt. Robert L. Jackson \$365 as reimbursement for fish "lost or destroyed" in transit during the boycott declared against Capt. Jackson and other captains. . . The fishermen charged that the Fishermen's Union of the Atlantic sought to "acquire domination and monopolistic control of the entire fishing industry of the Atlantic Coast," and the charges are upheld by Master [William H. ] Hitchcock. . . bringing the suit against the Union were Chester H. Robinson, John S. Reynolds and Earl Wade of Tisbury, Charles H. Blount and Stillman C. Cash of Nantucket, Arthur F. Butler of New Bedford, and Robert L. Jackson, George R. Paul, Angus R. Lohnes, Samuel B. Norton and Antone Silvia of Edgartown.

The press, strongly anti-union, was jubilant. The *New Bedford Standard* wrote admiringly:

It is a victory for fair play and for the public interest. The sea is free to fish in; its food belongs to those who need it. What the

union sought to accomplish . . . was to prevent this fish from reaching the market by combining with freight-handlers to that end. Such a conspiracy against the people's food supply was clearly evil.

The Edgartown independents deserve the thanks of the public for fighting this issue out. Theirs is a spirit of independence and liberty that evokes admiration.

Captain Bob quickly built another schooner, the *Hazel M. Jackson*, and she, along with the *Liberty*, the *B. T. Hillman* and the *Malvina B.*, became the pride of Edgartown's waterfront for years. Captain Jackson was hailed as the top swordfisherman in Massachusetts. He had an unerring aim with the harpoon. His son Bob said: "The old man, you couldn't beat him. Out of a hundred fish, he'd probably miss only two." Some seasons he would harpoon 1200 swords. He became a legend.

Captain Bob's son, "young Bob," had not been listed with those who brought the strike-breaking suit, but he had been on that famous voyage, the only non-captain in the "Crew of Captains." He was still in high school and it was his first swordfishing trip. His father let him join the crew to help in the galley, but he didn't want him to become a fisherman.

He wanted his son to finish high school and go to college, but young Bob was determined to become a fisherman. He never went to college. Most of his life was spent fishing. He did take a few years off to skipper yachts owned by wealthy men, including the Stouffer who owned the famous chain of restaurants. Bob had a "pass" at Stouffer's and could eat free in any them.

Young Bob's fame never equaled that of his father, but he came close. A number of years ago he talked with the present author about his life as a swordfisherman:

You'd have eight men in the crew, with usually five up in the rigging spotting fish. But I've seen the time when you didn't need anyone up in the rigging. . . the water was just alive with them . . . just pick which one you wanted.

We'd fish from 8 in the morning until five at night. We'd stay out two weeks, sometimes three. One trip we brought in close to 200 swords. She was full.



Another Edgartown captain, Phil Norton, described the life style aboard a swordfishing schooner. The men ate well:

Good food. They all had good cooks. George Thomas was our cook and George Paul was old man Bob's cook. Another Paul was Horace Hillman's cook. They were the best cooks.

First, you had breakfast, about 4 or 5 in the morning because the cook was up at just the crack of day cutting up the side of a lamb or steaks or something. Plenty of good food. We had breakfast over by 5. Lunch was at 9:30 so we wouldn't be eating in the middle of the day when the fish were up, and then ate supper about 3 o'clock.

After supper we had to dress the fish and clean everything up. . . we'd cover them with canvas and let 'em lay on deck overnight so that the animal heat would be lost before we put them on ice. We would slide narrow bars of ice into the bellies of the fish to keep them cold. Buried in cracked ice they would stay fresh for weeks.

The food was good, but the accommodations were anything but. Everybody except the engineer slept in the tiny forecabin, a small triangular cabin far forward, leaving most of the hull for icing the fish. In the foc'sle, the bunks were wide, but with little headroom. Hardly enough for a big man to sleep on his side. Captain Phil had a theory about mercury:

There were seven bunks in the foc'sle. I was engineer and I slept alongside the engine, in a little cabin. Let me tell you something. . . there's a lot of talk about mercury in swordfish, well, after you've been out about a week and the fish are iced down in the hold, the shiny stuff on their bellies would wash off and go down into the bilge water. . . one morning I woke up and all the pennies in my pocket had turned bright silver – that's how bad the air was and that was mercury in the air . . . I don't think mercury is in the meat, it is on the outside.

All but three of the eight-man crew went up in the rigging to spot fish. When one was struck, the action began:

Usually, you'd have eight men in a crew, five aloft, one of them sitting on a board, leaning on the masthead . . . You have got to have three men down below: the striker, who was usually the captain; the engineer to keep the engine running; and the cook. When the striker hit one, the cook would toss a

barrel with 100 fathoms of line tied to the harpoon's iron to mark the fish. The lowest man on the cross-tree would come down as fast as he could and jump in the dory and row over to the keg and start hauling for all he was worth.

If he thought the iron was right through the fish he could pull like the devil. If he thought the iron might tear out, he had to be more careful. When the iron went right through the fish there was no way for it to come back, it would break the line before it did.

If the boat is close enough she'd come over and hoist the fish in. . . if the boat was too far away and if the fish wasn't too big, like a 200 pounder, you'd float him in over the side of the dory. You'd haul up the tail and put your foot on the rail and flip it in. Sometimes you'd go under water about six inches and you'd give the fish a yank and in he'd come, end over end, water and all on top of you sometimes. That's the way you got them in when the boat wasn't around. You had to get him inside the dory or the sharks would get him.

For the schooners, swordfishing was their big money maker. They would start in early June off the southern coast of New Jersey, moving with the swords as they headed north. In late summer, they were on Georges Bank, southeast of Nantucket. Later, the schooners would chase the swords as far north as Nova Scotia.

In winter, the men did other fishing, gill netting and mackerel fishing, plus periods of hand-lining and trawling. These fishermen could earn up to \$3000 a year, making them among the best paid men in town. "You could build a house for \$3000," Bob Jackson recalled.

There was a month or more during the winter when the boats would stay in port, being painted and repaired by the crew without pay. Maintenance was part of their duty as crew.

On November 2, 1918, a little more than a week before the armistice would end the fighting in Europe, another war-related event shook up the Island, although no Vineyarders were directly involved. It happened right off Vineyard Haven harbor. The British steamship *Port Hunter*, loaded with material for the war, had left Boston the day before, intending to join a convoy off New York City for the Atlantic crossing. It



was a clear, calm night, but very dark. The moon would not rise until six in the morning.

The *Port Hunter* was carrying 2000 tons of steel billets plus another 900 tons of railway wheels and axles, all for the French, placed low in the hold as ballast. That heavy, compact cargo left plenty of space for 40,000 bulky boxes, most of them packed with winter clothing for the American troops, items needed as winter approached. Included in the 2000 tons of clothing were 205,797 warm leather jerkins lined with soft flannel, items that would become familiar to Islanders later.

At 2 a.m., as the *Port Hunter* was steaming west past East Chop, her pilot saw the lights of a ship just rounding West Chop and heading towards him. She was a tug with two heavy barges in tow and she swung wide around West Chop, taking the north side of the channel between Hedge Shoal and the Vineyard. The *Port Hunter* was in the south side of the channel closer to the land.

In those days there was no radio communication between vessels and pilots relied on bow lights to determine position and right of way. Generally, vessels approaching each other from opposite directions passed port to port, red light to red. But when conditions warranted and there was no time or space to make a port passing, as here, passing starboard to starboard, green to green, is permissible.

The two pilots seemed comfortable with a green-to-green passing until, as they drew close, for some unexplained reason, the *Port Hunter* turned hard to starboard, apparently intending to pass port to port.

Her move came too late. As the *Port Hunter* crossed her bow, the tug *Covington*, her heavy tow making it impossible to change course quickly, rammed into the port side of the freighter near her bow. At 2:02 a.m., an SOS went out over the *Port Hunter's* telegraph. She was sinking fast. The *Covington* anchored her barges and went to her aid. Whether she was able to help or not is unclear, but when daylight came the *Port Hunter* could be seen aground on Hedge Fence Shoal, filling with water, her decks already awash in the swells.

The crew was taken off while the heavily laden vessel was

being pounded by the swells. Her cargo, estimated to be worth nearly \$6,000,000, was at the mercy of the sea.

Salvage crews sent by the Navy were on the scene within a week, but their work soon stopped without explanation. By this time the war had ended. Nobody seemed to think it was urgent to salvage winter clothing for men in the trenches. They would soon be home.

There were many rumors and false reports being circulated at the time. On November 7, 1918, the *Gazette* spread one of them with this brief, "stop-the-press" dispatch:

### END OF WAR IN SIGHT

As the *Gazette* goes to press, the cheering news comes that to-day [November 7] Germany has signed the Armistice terms and hostilities have been called off.

Here in Edgartown, the people are cheering, the church bells are ringing, the whistles are tooting, the dogs are barking, the autos are honking, and verily it looks as if the old town might turn inside out.

The whole country was taken in. The erroneous November 7<sup>th</sup> bulletin had been filed by the United Press from Paris. It was quickly retracted, but not before eager newspapers, like the *Gazette* had printed it.

Then at 11 a.m., on the 11<sup>th</sup> day of the 11<sup>th</sup> month of 1918, the Armistice was signed. With three days to check its accuracy, the November 14<sup>th</sup> *Gazette* boldly and correctly announced:

### The Hun Is Dun!

### Great War Ends. Victory and Peace

The big news first came to Edgartown at 4 a.m. on Monday [Nov. 11] through a telephone call to Mr. Chester E. Pease from Mrs. George D. Flynn of Fall River, with a request to forward it to Mr. Flynn at Pohogonut, who was stopping at his place there with a party of friends. Mr. Pease quickly called up a few friends and gave them the glad tidings and when Steamer *Uncatena* went out at 5:30 a.m., Capt. Marshall ordered the



whistle blown from the wharf to beyond Harbor Light.

But most of the people here were first made aware that the great world event had surely happened and that the war was about to end victoriously, when at 6:30 a.m. [Nov. 11] the Congregational church bell began to ring, quickly followed by the bells of the other churches.

Charles H. Johnson at the rope of the Congregational church; Jack Donnelly at the Baptist; Sylvester Luce at the Methodist. Of course, many others took a turn at the good work afterwards.

[One was] Miss Chloe Coffin, who came to the Baptist church early and requested to be allowed to ring the bell. . . . in July 1863, when news came that Vicksburg had surrendered, Miss Coffin's mother, the late Mrs. Charlotte Coffin, had rung the same Baptist bell to sound the glad tidings to the people. . . an interesting incident of the glorious day.

Soon with bells clanging, autos honking, horns tooting, and all the other noises that young America knows so well how to produce on short notice, the old town started in a varied program of celebration which did not end until after the light bearers of the evening had burned out their last torch and the rejoicers had wended their way home in the midnight hours.

The Torchlight Parade was a whopper. Messrs. Colter, Vose, Fernald, and their scores of helpers, pulled off a great stunt. . .

The celebrating resumed the next day with a huge gathering of citizens in Edgartown's Town Hall:

The Rally at the Town Hall on Tuesday evening . . . perhaps in a more conventional way testified to the interest of our people in the great conclusions which had been brought about. . . the several speakers dwelt much on the great work which yet confronts the United States and allied nations in working out the problems which will follow peace, one of which will be to feed a world already short of food. . .

Taking a review of all that was said and done in Edgartown from Monday morning until Tuesday night it can be again stated that the old town fittingly and enthusiastically observed the virtual end of the Great World War.

When the celebrating had died down, the Island's attention returned to the *Port Hunter*, the sunken British freighter

whose mast was still visible on Hedge Fence Shoal off West Chop. The government had hired the Mercantile Wrecking Company of New Bedford, a family enterprise headed by Barney Zeitz, to recover the cargo. In June 1919, it ended its work. When that happened, the private scavengers moved in. Over the next few months, hundreds of boats hovered over the wreck, grappling for the spoils. Some were from the Vineyard, but most were from the mainland. All assumed, with official salvaging discontinued, that the abandoned wreck was open to them. The Navy felt otherwise and sent a patrol vessel out to stop the salvaging although under maritime law, an abandoned wreck can be salvaged by any one.

The bewilderment continued for more than a year, as conflicting newspaper stories indicate:

**January 30, 1919:** The *Port Hunter* is fast sinking deeper into the sand. Cargo rots as the government lags.

**February 13, 1919:** French Government sends a lighter and divers to salvage its iron from the *Port Hunter*. The Mercantile Wrecking Company, hired by Navy, begins salvaging.

**May 3, 1919:** Vineyard Haven tailor advertises he will make a leather coat out of two *Port Hunter* vests for \$4. Thefts of the salvaged goods from the Sanitary Laundry are reported.

**May 22, 1919:** A Boston newspaper account by a visitor just back from the Island: "A large ship carrying government supplies sank in the roadstead and in a few days leather jackets and other items of apparel abounded on the Vineyard. A lady of my acquaintance looked out her window and observed a clothesline hung heavily with shirts. The neighbor informed her, 'They have had grand catch of shirts this morning and are going fishing for drawers this afternoon.' It is said that many mortgages on the Vineyard have been paid off this year."

**June 19, 1919:** The salvaging of U. S. Army goods is nearly finished. Cost of the salvage work is \$1000 a day. It has already recovered about \$4,000,000 worth of Army supplies . . .

**June 28, 1919:** The U. S. government salvagers, Barney Zeitz of New Bedford, have completed their work. The diver reports that the hull is broken in half. Salvaged bundles of wire are piling up on the dock. The French cargo includes 3000 tons of metal and 1700 tons of soft coal. Expert salvagers from Merritt & Chapman will view the wreck to determine if the hull can



be raised.

**July 31, 1919:** French salvaging yet to begin.

**Aug. 7, 1919:** Three robberies in Vineyard Haven. *Port Hunter* goods were stolen by off-Islanders who came over in small boats. One theft was at the Oak Bluffs Sanitary Laundry where \$500 worth of *Port Hunter* clothing was taken. The clothing was there being washed to clear it of salt water.

**Aug. 14, 1919:** Federal agents are on the Island to investigate the illegal salvaging of the wrecked *Port Hunter*. A total of 1100 leather jerkins have been located in New Bedford along with 95 olive-drab army shirts. On the Vineyard, 30 dozen shirts were found at the laundry, agents found 3 bales of underwear and other clothing at a blacksmith shop. At a farmhouse they discovered 1923 jerkins plus 1480 other garments still in bales. In Oak Bluffs, a *Port Hunter* "souvenir" stand, next to the shooting gallery, was closed down and its goods seized. The government, it is understood, is not concerned with individual garments seen here and there. It isn't after 'the chicken feed' and does not intend to pull a *Port Hunter* shirt off any man's back.

**September 18, 1919:** Work to begin soon on salvaging of the French cargo.

**October 2, 1919:** Those who turned in soap and candles taken from the *Port Hunter* to the Navy earlier will be reimbursed if they send receipts to the headquarters in Boston.

**October 9, 1919:** A Congressional probe into the *Port Hunter* salvage operation discloses that many items were "stolen" by fishermen before the official salvaging began. Vineyard men testify in their defense, claiming that the cargo was rotting and would have soon been worthless if they had not "rescued" it.

**November 6, 1919:** French salvagers are on the job trying to recover the steel on the *Port Hunter*.

**November 20, 1919:** French salvage operation are stopped. It is not worth the cost, due to strong currents and the fact that shifting sand is burying the hull.

**December 4, 1919:** Bold robbery of *Port Hunter* clothing in Vineyard Haven. Taken were 16 to 20 leather vests and 8 olive drab shirts. In their flight, the robbers dropped a vest and two shirts in a neighboring yard.

**December 11, 1919:** A newborn child was left at the front door of a family in Edgartown last Monday night. The baby was wrapped in two *Port Hunter* shirts.

No swords had been beaten into plowshares, no spears into pruning hooks, but two olive-drab shirts destined for soldiers in the trenches of Europe had been turned into swaddling clothes to protect an abandoned newborn from Edgartown's cold night air.

The great war had finally ended.

(To be concluded.)



It was not easy to tell the bathers from the spectators, at least not by what they were wearing, as this Oak Bluffs scene makes clear. It is about 1900. For more photographs of the early years of the 1900s, turn the page.



## Summer Images in the Early 1900s on the Island

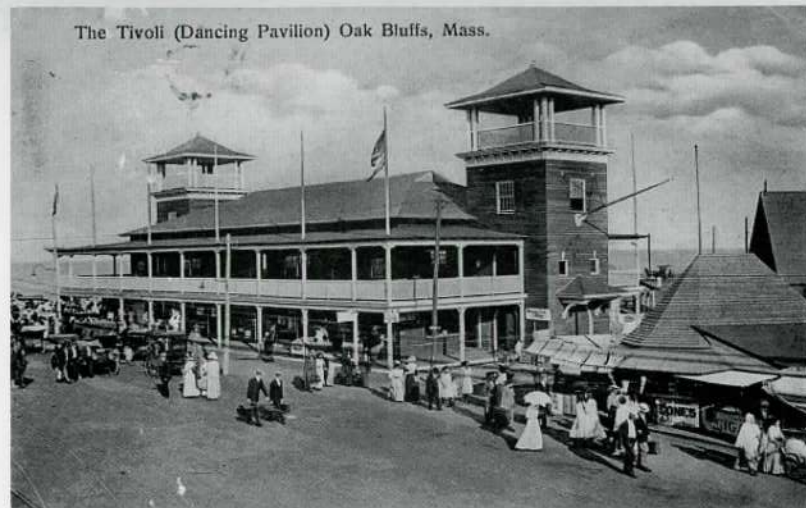


The Island's first "real" movie house was the Eagle on Circuit Avenue, Oak Bluffs (on far right), built in 1915 by (and named for) A. P. Eagleston.



Bathing was a spectator sport at the time. Here on the beach at Oak Bluffs, many more watched from bathhouses built out over the water than ever got wet.

The Tivoli (Dancing Pavilion) Oak Bluffs, Mass.



The steamboat has just arrived; tourists troop past the Tivoli, carrying luggage. It is about 1915, the Tivoli, built in 1907, already seems to need re-painting.



Chadwick's beach on Chappaquiddick grew fast. This was early in its life. By 1900 he had 200 bathhouses and was running his own launch from Edgartown.



In 1911, to go to Edgartown from the Oak Bluffs steamboat wharf, you rode in one of these solid-rubber-tired buses. The tracks are relics of the horse railway.







he'd know exactly where he was.

We had plenty of charts, but we never used them. Captain Bob had been out there so much he knew the depth of the water and where the tide was going to take him. It was all in his head. They used to say that when the fish played out in one spot and it come dark, old man Bob would "steam" half the night somewhere else down the Bank and he'd know exactly where he was the next morning.

When he got ready to come home, they found their way all right with a sounding lead with soap in the bottom. What was on the bottom, sand or mud, would stick to the soap and he'd know where they were.

After you had your fish all on ice, you'd go to bed. You put on the riding sail and foresail and the man on watch would put her on one tack up till midnight and then gybe her over and let her go back again. You'd stay within maybe five miles of where you were when you started.

When it was foggy it was bad, real bad. We were close to the shipping lanes where the liners were crossing, east and west. We almost got run down once, very close. These big liners blew their fog horn once in three minutes and they were going 20 to 25 knots. You didn't have much time to get out of their way.

One night we were on the sou'west part of Georges and Henry Kelly was on watch. I was sleeping in the engine room and he started yelling, "Phil, Phil, get up. Start the engine, start the engine, I hear one coming!"

When I got up, Kelly shouted, "Don't start the engine, get up on deck, she's right here!" I heard this roar of the bow wave coming. Kelly said, "I'll cover up the foc'sle, you stay here." About that time she came by and, no kidding, she was no farther than from here to that window. I looked up and saw five rows of port holes going by way up there. Her bow wave come in on deck and hove us over to one side, the four halyards broke, down come the foresail on deck and the fellers below were coming out of the gangway like rats.

Before we could do anything, she was gone! Nobody on

that ship knew a thing about us. Didn't even see us. I was never so close to a big ship as that. When you can hear those big engines turning over inside of them, you're close.

Most all of the crew was from the Island. We had a few from Nova Scotia, two brothers from there came up every summer. If they made \$600 they had enough to last all winter and they were kings down there. Their names were Marcus and Willard Boudreau, I think.

Another off-Islander was Johnny B. Cornell from Cuttyhunk. He had broken his legs trying to rescue someone from a shipwreck, a whale ship that went over, so it was hard work for him to get up there in the rigging, but he was our top mastheader, right up at the top. And Jared Vincent was with us and a Frenchman named Leon Doucette.

George Thomas, Henry Kelly, Capt. Ike Norton and me. That makes up the eight on our boat. I can't remember much about the other boats. There was young Bob with his father, old Bob, and George Paul, their cook. Edmund Richards, that's all I can remember. About half came from Edgartown, the rest from up-Island, Pooles and Mayhews and a Manning.

When the harpoon hits the fish, zip!, nothing will stop them, they go right to the bottom. Sometimes the rope gets caught in the propeller and you have to cut it off.

If you hit them in the backbone, they usually die right away. If you hit them too far forward, around the head, they go crazy and they go down and keep right on going. They've been known to run the sword into the mud up to their eyes and you've got trouble hauling them out. The best place to hit them is just behind the back fin, right in the middle.

The biggest fish we got on our boat probably weighed 625 pounds. He weighed 480 pounds after he was dressed. But there were bigger ones caught. Horace Hillman, I understand, got one that weighed 600 or 700 pounds dressed. We got ten or twelve cents a pound dressed. Fifteen cents was extra good.

*"Young Bob" Jackson, also a swordfishing captain and the son*



of "Old Bob," is also quoted in the history chapter printed elsewhere in this issue. When he was interviewed by Norton and Railton, he had a few comments about his experiences with rum-runners during prohibition.

I 'VE SEEN those rum-runner mother ships anchored off the Island many times. One night Captain Ike [Norton] and I went aboard one. We tied the *Catherine* alongside and went on deck. There was an organ on board and a woman was playing it. We bought five or six kegs of rum, as I remember. A fellow named Leon Doucette was with us and he took most of the rum and sold it to his boss, a feller named Hart, I think.

The ship was a three or four-master. She was loaded with liquor, sitting out there outside the three-mile limit just waiting for the rum-runners to come and pick up the liquor during the night. About midnight, they'd leave the mainland and go pick up a load. They all were high-speed boats with noisy Liberty airplane engines and could go faster than any of the Coast Guard boats, but sometimes they would have to toss some of the stuff overboard to get away.

One night in midwinter they threw a bunch of it overboard and it washed ashore down at Katama. Quite a few Islanders went out to salvage it, standing up to their armpits in the cold water, using quahaug rakes to haul the stuff in. Some of us went out there and picked up a case or two. I think I've got some of it in the closet right now. It's got to be thirty years old or more.

*Capt. Phil Norton died in 1988, not long after the interview. Capt. Bob Jackson ("Young Bob") died in 1989 and Capt. Ike Norton, mentioned in this article, died in 1971. Captain Phil owned Edgartown Marine in his later years. All were memorable Vineyard fishermen.*

## A Big Week

—AT THE—

# -TIVOLI-

OAK BLUFFS.

## August 26th--31st

**Dancing Every Night!**  
**HARDY'S NOVELTY ORCHESTRA**  
**OF WORCESTER.**

MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 26th,  
BY REQUEST, The Tivoli Management Will  
Feature on This Evening, Several

### Spot Dances

Fun for Everybody. Numerous and Attractive  
Prizes. Amusing to Spectators and Dancers.

TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 27th,  
Always Interesting, and This the SEASON'S  
FINAL

## Popularity Contest

Spectators' Applause Decides.  
FIVE DOLLARS in Gold to Winning Couple.

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY  
EVENINGS, AUGUST 28th, 29th and 30th,

## Grand

## Dancing Tournament

WEDNESDAY Evening—Preliminaries (First  
Group) Fox Trot and Waltz.

THURSDAY Evening—Preliminaries (Second  
Group) Fox Trot and Waltz.

FRIDAY Evening—GRAND FINALS, \$10 in  
Gold to Winning Couple. 2d Prize \$5 in Gold.

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY EVENINGS  
:- Dancing from 9 to 1 :-  
HOLIDAY PRICES!

ANOTHER BIG NIGHT!  
SATURDAY, August 31st

## Dance at the Tivoli

Gazette Job Print, Edgartown, Mass.

A typical week for Will Hardy's band in 1918.



# "TIVOLI" GIRL

(WALTZ SONG)

Words and Music by  
WILL HARDY

## Introduction

## CHORUS

Come! Come! Tiv-o - li Girl, Dance the hours a - way;

Come! Come! Tiv-o - li Girl, Don't you hear the mu - sic play? If you'll be my

pal in the sum - mer - time Down be side the o - cean blue, When the snow

flies Tiv-o - li Girl, I'll be dream-ing of you. you.

"Tivoli" Girl 2

Will Hardy wrote and played a number of Island-related songs, one was "Tivoli" Girl. For other titles and more about musician Hardy see pp. 23 ff.