



THE DUKES COUNTY INTELLIGENCER

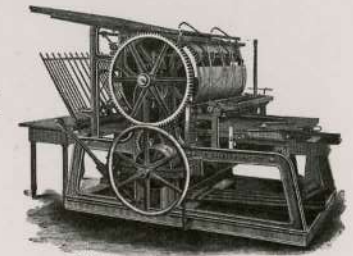
VOL. 49, No. 2

NOVEMBER 2007

ARTS & COMMERCE (CIRCA 1930)

An Entrepreneur & Native Son
Wills His Collection to Edgartown

Henry & Betty Hough
Take a Gamble, & Invest
In New Technology



THE ART OF TRAVEL (1860)

Samuel Osborn Nominates
A President, &
Writes Home
Of 'Western' Wonders



ARTS & THE AGES (1977)

Ruth Gordon Talks to Congress

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

Tax deductible except
For \$15, *\$25 and **\$35.

Printed at daRosa's in Oak Bluffs, Massachusetts.

TIME TRAVEL

Visiting Chicago in 1860, an Island man is agog at the sight of a department store with fine silks and laces, and hoop skirts with 61 (count 'em) hoops. In Edgartown in the late 1800s, a bakery next door perhaps inspires a young boy on his road to a career in business. At the Gazette office in the 1920s, a single typewriter is shared by all. And, within our own memories, on Capitol Hill in 1977, one of the Vineyard's favorite seasonal residents cracks wise about growing older (never old). Heading into the long winter, nothing too serious here. But a part of Vineyard history, one and all. Happy holidays.

— Ed.

ABOUT THE INTELLIGENCER

The *Intelligencer* welcomes contributions. Story ideas, outlines, or manuscripts may be sent by post office or e-mail; we do respond to correspondence. Letters to the editor intended for publication are also welcome.

Write: Editor, *The Dukes County Intelligencer*
John Walter
P.O. Box 1310
Edgartown MA 02539

E-mail: jwalter3337@yahoo.com. Put "Intelligencer" in the subject line.

THE DUKES COUNTY INTELLIGENCER

VOL. 49, No. 2

© 2007

NOVEMBER 2007

Charles Simpson's Art Collection Finds a Home in Edgartown by MARY JANE CARPENTER.....	3
I See Lincoln Nominated, and Visit the West by SAMUEL OSBORN, JR.	13
A Financial Story: The Gazette Invests in a New Press by JOHN WALTER.....	24



DEPARTMENTS

Centerpiece: Tisbury School, Columbus Day, 1892	22
Documents: 30 Years Ago:	
Ruth Gordon, in the Time of a Vineyard Revolt	40

Founding Editor: Gale Huntington (1959-1977)
Editor Emeritus: Arthur R. Railton (1978-2006)

The Dukes County Intelligencer is published quarterly by the Martha's Vineyard Museum (formerly the Dukes County Historical Society). Subscription is by membership in the Museum. Copies of all issues are available at the Museum library, Cooke and School Streets, Edgartown MA, or by mail at the address below.

Membership in the Museum is solicited. Applications should be sent to P.O. Box 1310, Edgartown MA 02539. Telephone: 508 627 4441. Fax: 508 627 4436. Author's queries and manuscripts for this journal should be addressed there also, care of the Editor.

Articles in *The Intelligencer* do not necessarily represent the opinions of the Museum or its officers. Every effort is made to confirm dates, names and events in published articles, but we cannot guarantee total accuracy.

ISSN 0418 1379

MARTHA'S VINEYARD MUSEUM

Christopher J. Morse, *Chairman*
Warren Hollinshead, *President*
Elizabeth Beim, *Senior Vice President*
Judith Bruguieri, *Vice President*
Deirdre Ling, *Vice President*
Judith LoRusso, *Vice President*
Mark A. Snider, *Vice President*
Edward W. Vincent, *Vice President*
Catherine Merwin Mayhew, *Secretary*
Craig R. Dripps, *Assistant Secretary*
Warren Hollinshead, *Treasurer (interim)*
Hugh E. Knipmeyer, *President Emeritus*

Board of Directors

(Who are not officers.)

Thomas Hale, Douglas Leavens, Mark Alan Lovewell,
Eve Weinstein — 2008
John Botts, Paula Conover, Joseph E. Sollitto, Jr.,
Berta Welch, Dirk Ziff — 2009
Clarissa Allen, Alison M. Convery, Richard Darman,
Sheldon Hackney, Judith LoRusso, Leslie O'Brien,
James B. Richardson III, David B. Vietor,
Preston N. Williams — 2010

Honorary Directors

Charlotte Hall John A. Howland Donald W. Vose

Staff

Matthew P. Stackpole, *Executive Director*
Keith P. Gorman, *Museum Director*
Betsey Mayhew, *Finance Director/Volunteer Coordinator*
Jill Bouck, *Chief Curator*
Dana Costanza Street, *Assistant Curator*
Linda Wilson, *Assistant Librarian*
Mary Ellen Hill, *Library Assistant**
Linsey Lee, *Curator of Oral History*
Lynne Whiting, *Education Director*
Nancy Cole, *Project Coordinator*
Amy Houghton, *Director of Development*
Susan Wilson, *Development & Publications Coordinator*
Posie Haeger, *Development Associate*
Anna Carringer, *Administrative Assistant*
Catherine Merwin Mayhew, *Genealogist**
Capt. Charles Tacy, *Vanity Skipper & Caretaker*

*Unpaid volunteer

Charles Simpson, a Biscuit Man, Brought Art to the Library

His Will Gave Etchings, Paintings,
Still on Display 65 Years Later

by MARY JANE CARPENTER

I HAVE OFTEN LOOKED at the paintings hanging above the stacks at the Edgartown Library. They are changed from time to time, and they are moved often enough that a favorite one will be placed for a while in a more visible position.

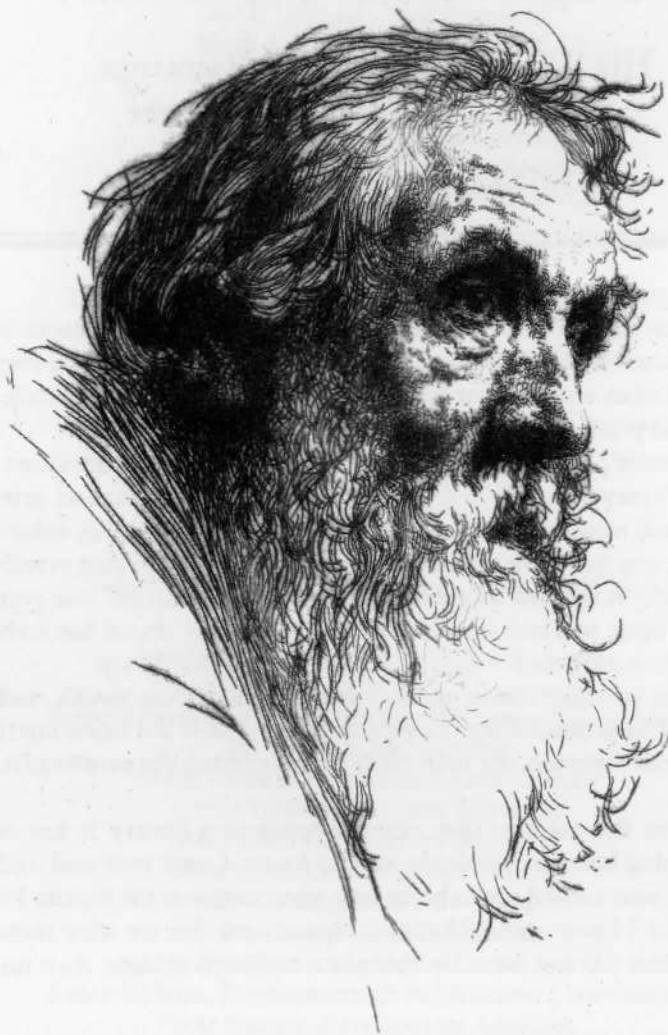
For the most part, they are landscapes that reflect not a particular, recognizable Vineyard place, but rather more impressionistic and generalized scenes of woodlands, marsh and water. They have an inner coherence and reflect one particular aesthetic sensibility. Just what that sensibility was, and why it seemed to me as if these pictures reflected one person's particular taste, was not something I really thought about, but I always look at certain of these pictures when I come into the library.

Then one Saturday afternoon, as I was looking for my week's reading, I overheard someone asking the person at the desk if she knew anything about Charles Simpson, the man credited with giving the paintings to the library.

Acting on the premise that eavesdropping in a library is not really eavesdropping because people do want to know, I went over and told the questioner, who turned out to be an archivist/curator at the Boston Public Library, that I knew about Charles Simpson, and that we were standing not more than 100 feet from his birthplace on Simpson Lane. As it turned

MARY JANE CARPENTER is title examiner for the firm Reynolds, Rappaport & Kaplan, and through that work learns about the Vineyard's past via records in the Court House, town halls and probate court. A graduate of Westminster College with a master's degree from the University of Pittsburgh, she is married with two grown children.

out, the Boston archivist was studying his library's collection of Arthur Heintzelman's etchings that Charles Simpson had also collected; Heintzelman was an earlier curator at the Boston library. So we both learned something new that day, and I went away with a new appreciation of Simpson, the collector. It led me to find out more.



From the Charles Simpson collection at the Edgartown Library: *The Pilgrim*, etching by Arthur Heintzelman.

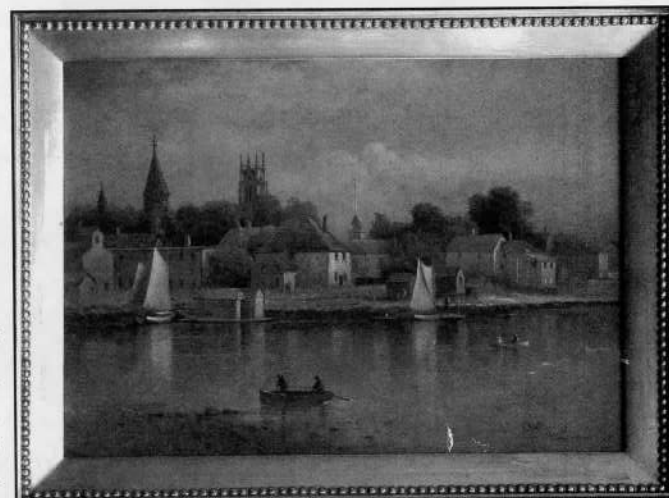
HE WAS BORN IN 1858 at the family home on Simpson Lane in a little half-Cape. His father, William, was a well-known pilot and mariner. His mother, Mary, was the former Mary Cleveland. They had four children: Maria, the eldest, and three boys, William, Charles and Warren.

Descendants of William still live in Edgartown and the home, located just behind the Shiretown Inn, remained in the Simpson family until just a few years ago.

Nearby the Simpson home in those days — behind the current library site — was a bakery owned by a man named Gardner Cornell. Perhaps it was here that Charles, who would later make his living in part through the manufacture of crackers, first encountered the crackers that all sailors knew as hard tack. During the 19th century, these crackers were a staple of seagoing life, and they were used on land, too. There are many old seafood recipes that rely upon a cracker base, and crackers and milk often constituted a meal for both young and old, infirm as well as healthy.

Charles remained in Edgartown through his youth, and the 1870 census shows him attending school with his two brothers. He did not have any education past the eighth grade, however, and began his career in the grocery business clerking at John Dillingham's store on Main Street. By 1880, he had moved off-Island to become a clerk in a bookstore in Taunton owned by Dillingham's son-in-law. It was not a particularly auspicious beginning for an entrepreneur and art collector.

But by the late 1890s, he was a partner in not one but two businesses: Brett and Simpson, manufacturers of soap and ground bone in Fairhaven, and Snell and Simpson Biscuits in New Bedford. Charles started neither firm, but in both he became the dominant partner. He had also married and divorced; he did not remarry, and has no direct descendants.



Fairhaven Scene, 1893 oil on canvas by American artist Charles Henry Gifford (1839-1904).

The secret of his business success was his salesmanship.¹

He started out at the Snell Biscuit Company as a traveling salesman and eventually ended up running the entire company. He was a pioneer in doing what we now take for granted: packaging food to keep it fresh and free from contaminants.

When Charles started working for Snell Biscuit, the cracker bakery business was made up of local and independent bakers exactly like Gardner Cornell's establishment in Edgartown. Barrels and crates of biscuits were

delivered to little grocery stores (Edgartown had at least three at the time) by horse and wagon, set out in barrels, and sold by the measure from that wooden barrel. Obviously, there was no climate control.

Snell and Simpson began to wrap their "Butter Thin" and "Sensation" crackers and sell them already wrapped. They were a little ahead of the curve and apparently became quite attractive to a recently formed group of 114 baker/manufacturers who

had combined in 1898 to form the National Biscuit Company.

In 1912, the Snell and Simpson Biscuit Company was still independent, had no debts, and was selling its own stock. By 1920, Snell had retired, and Simpson was in charge. By the time Simpson died, in 1932, his estate papers included 130 shares of Snell and Simpson, worth nothing, and 180 shares of the National Biscuit Company, then worth \$35.75 each — presumably, the larger company having bought Simpson out sometime in the 1920s. That, I think, is when he began collecting contemporary art.

I do not know exactly when or how his interest in art developed and evolved, but by the time of his death in 1932, his art collection constituted a very large part of his personal estate. The total worth of that estate was greatly reduced by the depredations of the Great Depression.

The *Vineyard Gazette* took an interest in this as the estate was probated,

¹ According to his obituary in the *Vineyard Gazette*, Aug. 9, 1932.



Twilight Folly Cove, Cape Ann, oil on canvas by American artist Harry Aiken Vincent.



Etaples Fisherfolk, etching by British artist William Lee Hankey (1869-1952).

because in addition to his wonderful art collection, Charles Simpson was collecting Edgartown houses. (This is how I, as a title examiner, came to know his interesting and revealing will.)

He owned houses in Edgartown proper as well as four large waterfront properties on Chappaquiddick. He had just as good taste in architecture and natural scenery as he did in landscapes and etchings. So when the archivist from the Boston Public Library and I met in Edgartown, our interests meshed.

The meeting sent me back to a portion of Simpson's will to study in further detail not the descriptions of his real property, but the descriptions and disposition of his art collection.



FOR IN HIS WILL, SIMPSON MADE a most interesting bequest. He willed three dozen paintings — oils and water colors — and a number of etchings to the Town of Edgartown. He attached one stipulation: that “within two

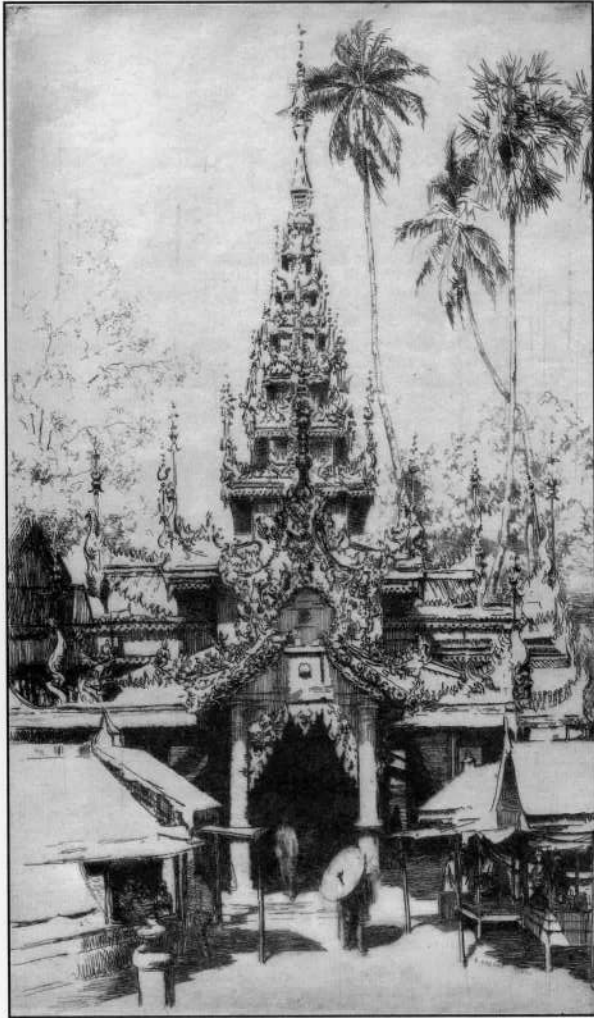
years from the allowance of this will (Edgartown shall) provide a place and method of exhibiting said pictures on public view, free of charge, for the pleasure and education of the people of said Edgartown, and those who may visit said Town.”

The town met the requirements of the will by turning the pictures over to the library, and they have been in rotating exhibit ever since.

The artists that Simpson collected were members of a large group who participated in a golden age of art in Southeast Massachusetts. But they were not only local artists; they were often internationally educated and known in galleries and museums all over the Western world.

Charles H. Davis, whose works were valued most highly in the Simpson probate inventory (Simpson had six of his oils), was born in Amesbury, Mass. in 1856 and died in Mystic in 1933; he was, therefore, a contemporary of Simpson. His works

are highly regarded today and found in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Corcoran, the British Museum of Fine Arts, the Chicago Art Institute



On the Pagoda Platform, etching by Ernest Lumsden (1883-1934).



Street scene from the village of St. Germain-en-Laye, etching by Arthur Heintzelman.

and the Carnegie Institute. He was an impressionist who, as he matured, turned from the tonalism of his earlier works to brighter colors.

Harry A. Vincent was another of Simpson's favorites. Born in Chicago in 1864, he became an important part of the Rockport, Mass. art colony — a colony that still thrives today. He was known for his bold, impressionistic waterfront scenes. Unlike Davis, who had studied in Paris with Gustave Boulanger and Jules-Joseph Lefebvre, Vincent was largely self-taught. Like Davis, he also specialized in landscapes, Simpson's favorite type of painting.

The collection contains one E.W. Redfield, “Winter Scene,” which can be seen in the front room of the library. Redfield, Pennsylvania-born, came



The Road to Winter, oil on canvas by American artist Edward W. Redfield.

to be regarded as one of the most able and successful landscape artists of the American 20th century.

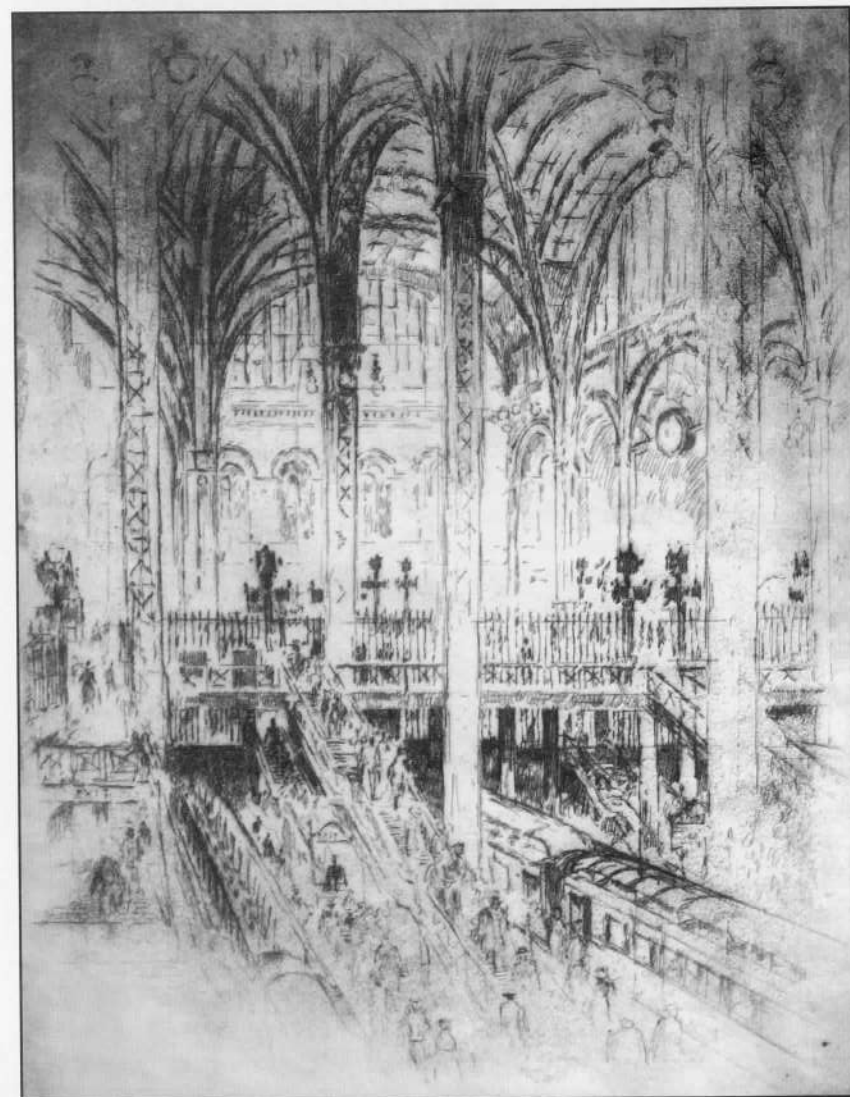
Several of the painters were native to our region. Charles H. Gifford was born in Fairhaven and in his early youth studied with Albert Bierstadt, the famous still life artist who was two years old when his parents brought him from Germany to New Bedford in 1832. Peleg Franklin Brownell and Dodge McKnight were two others with close ties to New Bedford. Brownell (the probate inventory mistakenly lists him as Frederick) grew up in the Whaling City and studied in Paris with Monet. He became headmaster of the Art School in Ottawa. Ferdinand Macy and L.D. Eldred also grew up in the area.

The many etchings listed in the probate inventory are, for the most part, products of the "etching renewal period" of the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

One of the more revealing etchings is the first one listed: "Sunlight Soap," by Joseph Pennell. It's an early example of advertising art, and such

pictures are now collected as examples of that genre. (It was valued at \$36 at the time of Simpson's death; it was listed separately on the inventory, although 37 other Pennell etchings were simply grouped together, with a listed value of \$3,774.)

One of Pennell's favorite subjects was city and factory life, and Arthur Heintzelman wished to document the life of the common person. Obviously both landscapes and industrial settings resonated in the life of the



Down to the Trains, Pennsylvania Railroad Station, 1919, etching by American artist Joseph Pennell (1857-1926). From the Simpson collection.

self-taught Simpson. Many of the works of art bequeathed to the town reflect the love of the marshes and sheltered harbors of our region, but the etchings reveal a more complicated view of the industrialized society in which he lived.

The bequest to Edgartown included 38 paintings and 150 lithographs and prints. An item in the *Gazette* that spring recorded the premiere of art at the library:

Edgartown's art gallery, the collection of paintings donated by the late Charles S. Simpson, and hung in the public library where they may be viewed on library days without charge, is attracting much attention and has brought visitors from all over the Island as well as residents of the town who frankly admit that they have never before entered the library. School children have responded with gratifying interest to the appeal of the paintings, which are hung to great advantage in the library, and their approval and appreciation have been unstinted. Judge Frank Vera, executor of the Simpson estate, visited the library last week and expressed himself as well pleased with the home Edgartown has provided for the collection.²

Today the library maintains, as it has ever since, the exhibit I have described; Arthur Heintzelman's etchings are currently on display in the stairwell. And Simpson's collection is finding a new audience, as well: Some of the pictures are now available for viewing on the library website, www.edgartownlibrary.org.



Early Spring Morning, 1924 oil on wood panel by American artist Dwight William Tryon.

A Vineyard Man in the Midwest Eyes Politics and Business of the 1860s

Nominates Lincoln, Reports the Wonder Of Grain Elevators and Player Pianos

by SAMUEL OSBORN, JR.

SAMUEL OSBORN, JR., led a busy life. Born in Edgartown in 1823, he became a merchant in Main Street, and eventually an investor in the whaling fleet; by 1880 he was probably the largest individual owner of whaling property in the United States. Along the way, he went to jail for two weeks (for a failure to pay debts), became a member of the Legislature and sheriff of Dukes County, a member of the school board, a supporter of the Congregational church, and an investor in the failed Katama railroad. His Summer Street home is today the main building of the Charlotte Inn.

And he was an ardent Republican. In 1860 he was chairman of the Edgartown Republican Committee, and head of the local campaign to elect Abraham Lincoln president. In May, he traveled to Chicago for the nominating convention that selected Lincoln as the party's standard bearer.

He wrote these letters to Edgar Marchant, editor of the *Vineyard Gazette*,¹ where they duly appeared in print. Osborn was a good writer, with a flair for descriptive detail, and he knew his audience: He uses comparison and contrast to place what he sees out West in terms to which Islanders can relate. He chooses subject matter he knows well, discussing merchants and marine matters. And his letters reveal, in unblushing innocence, that the politician's junket is not a new invention. Original spellings and punctuation have been preserved. Subheadings have been introduced by the Intelligencer. — Ed.

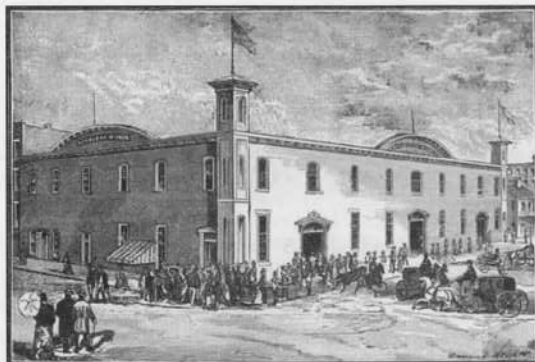
CHICAGO, MAY 18, 1860

Monday morning, at 5 o'clock, we left Niagara and arrived at Buffalo in time to leave at precisely 6 o'clock, via Dunkirk, Erie, Cleveland [sic] and Toledo for this city. The day was pleasant and the finest opportunity

¹ These letters were published in the issues of June 8 and June 19. Bound copies of these *Gazettes* are in the files at the Martha's Vineyard Museum.

² *Gazette*, April 7, 1933.

was presented in viewing the country. We arrived at Chicago at 9 o'clock in the evening, in 15 hours from Buffalo, and in less than 14 hours running time came a distance of 520 miles, averaging 40 miles per hour. A distance of 10 miles on the road was run in 12 minutes; another section of 32 miles was run in 38



The Wigwam in Chicago, the convention hall where Lincoln was nominated as presidential candidate in 1860.

minutes. Well, here we are, in this Metropolis of the Northwest. The Hotels, as well as all accessible houses, are literally filled with strangers to attend upon the National Republican Convention.

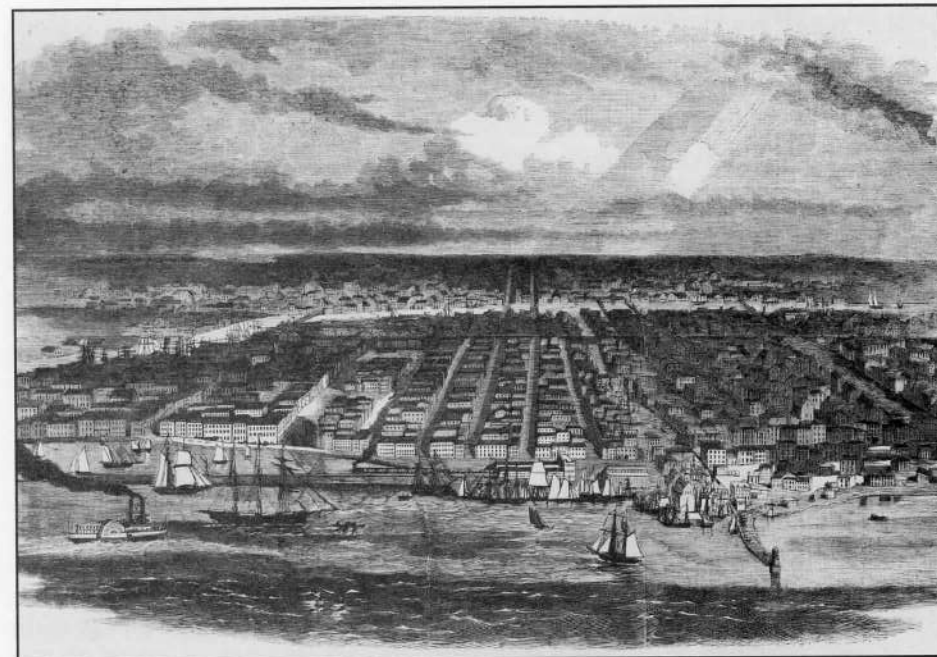
The Wigwam, so called, where the Convention is held, will contain not less than 10,000 persons, and the estimate is 11,000. Yesterday, the first day of the Convention, it was filled to overflowing, and it was presumed that there were as many outside as there was in. To satisfy the disappointment of the 10,000 outside, it was arranged by the Convention, to have some of the best public speakers address them. This was continued also on the second day. On the first day, as you have learned, the organization of the Convention, and the adoption of the Platform of Resolutions were perfected in a harmonious and most enthusiastic manner. All sections and states were not only pleased but delighted.

On the second day of the Convention, the day on which I write, the Wigwam was early filled, first by the Delegates on the platform erected for the purpose, and the Alternates in front in seats arranged for them, and then by the immense crowd outside the railings, beneath the roof of the building, together with the galleries.

The committee on credentials, having reported the number of delegates to which each State and Territory and the District of Columbia were entitled, and this being adopted without debate, it being perfectly satisfactory, the balloting soon commenced. The anxiety and eagerness of all at this point was great.

Mr. Evarts of N. York announced the name of Wm. H. Seward as a candidate for the Presidency, and great cheering followed.

Then was mentioned next the name of Abraham Lincoln, of Ill., and such shouts of acclamation and shrieks of enthusiasm as followed, no man can conceive; it was long continued and seemed as though they would never tire. I might mention a thousand little and great incidents that at-



This bird's-eye view from Harper's Weekly, May 12, 1860, is captioned: "The city of Chicago, Illinois, where the Republican Nominating Convention will meet on May 16, 1860."

tended the doings of the Convention, as I was present at all its sessions, but it may be that the neutral position of your paper would forbid the publication thereof. Therefore, as all our people almost instantaneously are supplied with the general facts and results, I reluctantly discontinue the topic.

As Good as Boston

Chicago is a mighty city, with a population from 120 to 140,000, and with all the natural advantages of becoming as great as New York. The stores and warehouses, streets and bridges, depots and railroads, the palatial grandeur of the private residences upon Michigan Avenue, one and all, far exceed my previous highest notions, and are in all important respects equal to those of Boston, New York or Philadelphia.

There is one retail store here, which is 40 feet front by 180 feet rear, and in its interior arrangement is not excelled by Stewart's in New York, or the best of Boston stores. All grades of goods are kept, from common to the best; and, among other beautiful goods, as showing the demands of their customers, Mr. Ross, the gentlemanly proprietor, showed me an assortment of laces, worth from \$50 to \$75 per yard, and silks of the finest and richest qualities.

Perhaps as good an illustration of the extent to which they are here pre-

pared to answer the demands of the fashionable world, would be to mention, that he also showed me an assortment of Hoop Skirts, containing 61 hoops each, and being a little skeptical as to the number, I found it true by actual count. This is an age, to which in after generations reference will be made, as the classic days of female dress.

As the characteristics of the leading business of this city, I might give you many statistics as to the facilities of moving grain and flour, the number of canal boats and their tonnage, the number of sailing vessels, and all the paraphernalia of a great commercial emporium. But time forbids, and I close at this point, which at another season I will be glad to resume.

MADISON, WISCONSIN, MAY 19, 1860

At this far off retreat from our Vineyard home, we are permitted to behold the pleasantest of all pleasant places, for its size and situation, yet beheld by me in this western world or even in New England.

Containing about 10,000 people, the Capital of the State — Madison — is about 140 miles north-west of Chicago. This seemingly sequestered city is robed in nature's fondest garlands of earth, air and sea. The verdure of forest and meadow, the crystalline ethereal deep, — the four beautiful lakes that nearly surround it, with their cheerfully rippling waters, created by as pure zephyrs as ever played around Alpine heights, or Fremont Park, all conspire to speak the love of God and challenge the praise of man. The day is auspicious, and it is fitting that nature's profuse magnificence should be admiringly scanned, by New England's sons, after the important events of yesterday, in which they aided to inaugurate the ticket which shall make the aspirations of the souls and minds of men more truly free.

Chowder Almost Like the Vineyard's

Here is a city about 1200 miles from Boston, and yet with all the perfection in the general arrangements of streets, public buildings and private residences, that can be found in any portion of the country. To find so much of natural loveliness, so pure an air, such an hospitable people, is calculated to create an exuberance of grateful emotions in the heart of a traveler from New England's ocean beaten shores. For all the pleasures of this excursion, the participants are indebted to the kindheartedness and generosity of Governor Randall of this State. While the Convention was yet in session at Chicago, he early extended, through their Chairman, John A. Andrew,² Esq. an invitation to the Massachusetts delegation to visit the Capital of his State, immediately after the adjournment. The thanks of the delegation, with an acceptance of the kind proffer, was duly made and communicated.

This morning therefore, at 9 o'clock, by an especial train, with quite a

² John Andrew was elected governor of Massachusetts, and Osborn served him as an adviser during the War years.

number from the New England States, with his Excellency in company, attended by Gilmore's Band, Chicago was left in the rear for this city, by about 80 of its transient residents. Passing through northwestern Illinois and southern Wisconsin, fine portions of wheat fields and prairies are extended indefinitely to the right and left as far as the eye may reach.

At the various stopping places all along the route, the train was greeted by guns, cheers and music for Lincoln and Hamblin.³ On our arrival, the delegates were formed in line, and preceded by the military, and the Bands, we marched to the grounds in front of the State House — where reception speeches were made by Gov. Randall, the Mayor of the city and Judge Orton, and very appropriately replied to by Erastus Hopkins, Esq., of Northampton, and Hon. John A. Goodwin, present speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. Thence proceeding to the Hotel, all were made glad by the proper appreciation of an excellent dinner, to which we were bidden an hearty welcome by the Governor in person. The fish chowder, and baked fish, caught from the lakes were delicious, and only excelled at the headquarters in this country, of everything nice, from the finny tribes — Martha's Vineyard.



Samuel Osborn Jr.

Previously the Governor had given orders to all the teamsters, to be in readiness after dinner, with their various conveyances, to furnish a free drive over the city to all the guests. This was cheerfully complied with, and all partook of the pleasant opportunity to view more minutely the City of Lakes.

The private residences of the more wealthy, are upon a scale of richness and taste quite equal to the best in Massachusetts, outside of New Bedford and Boston. After the drive, straying from the Hotel, the military and music leading off, they were escorted to the cars, amid the throngs of people, and private carriages to the depot, where were given by the delegates three cheers for Wisconsin and three cheers for Gov. Randall, and off we were drawn back to Chicago, after one of the happiest and most joyous seasons of our lives.

³ Surely a compositor's error; he was Hannibal Hamlin, not Hamblin; and those in Vineyard political circles would have known his name, for he was a former governor and current senator of Maine. He was to be Lincoln's vice president in the first term.

CHICAGO, MAY 21, 1860

Here we are again in this proudly built city of the West, whose oldest inhabitant only thirty years ago built the first frame wooden house, where now rise massive stone and brick structures, which would do credit to much of the old or almost any portion of the new world. Broad streets and avenues, far superior to the old cities of Boston and Philadelphia, and only excelled by the avenues of New York and Washington cities are here.

Here are tug boats, canal boats, steamboats, and schooners two masted, or three, laden with lumber, grain, and flour, for all directions in America, and for Europe if you please. As they pass up or down the river towed by the mightily pert little tug boats, which seem to pull their prey along with almost tiger like eagerness, the several bridges that cross the river, each, hundreds of feet long, are whirled on their pivots by two men at a capstan with as much ease and facility as a cage anchor is taken by the captain of a ship with a lively crew. The pivot, or wheels that constitute it, is situated upon a solid stone pillar in the middle of the river, with a broad base, and surface at the top sufficient for the laying on of a circular iron rail, fifteen feet in diameter, more or less, upon which are placed iron wheels or rollers, adapted to which are the grooves and mechanical arrangements, which facilitate the rotary motion of the immense bridge, so that by the means of the capstan, instead of lying across, only a few minutes are necessary to place it in the centre of and on a parallel with the river, supported by the aforesaid pillar.

'Hot Pursuits of a Tussling World'

At this point of commercial activity on the banks of the river are those wonderfully and ingeniously contrived levers for the loading and unloading wheat and corn, called Elevators.

Attached to large warehouses on the edge of the river bank, or wall, a canal boat or other vessel is drawn along side, as along side a wharf, then the lower end of the Elevator is placed in the hatchway of the vessel, and at the rate of 2000 bushels an hour the grain is discharged and carried to any height desired in the warehouse, so that a canal boat containing 5000 bushels of corn can be discharged in 2½ hours, and sometimes in two hours.

While this is going on, from the river side, the same grain is being measured in quantities from 75 bushels, to a car load in the top of the building, or on the opposite side. There are 8 Elevators of this capacity in this city, so that 200,000 bushels of grain per day can be discharged, weighed and stored by this machinery.

Here also is Michigan Avenue, the seat of the lordly, rich, and fashionable, who seem to have a keen sense of the beautiful and grand, by the

selection of this locality for their earthly abiding places, when freed from the cares and hot pursuits of a tussling world in their business marts.

Situated along the lake shore for two or three miles, and commanding a full view of the Lake, are these pleasantly located dwellings, only a short distance from the shore. As fine opportunities for pleasure are afforded by the numerous row boats, and sail boats, within the break water, along this distance and in front of the avenue, as can be enjoyed in any Atlantic seaport.

Were all of Boston Common sunken so as to allow navigation over its surface, then would the dwellers on Beacon street enjoy, what the residents here behold, excepting that the dwellers here would possess the additionally beautiful scene, to the eye, of a boundless sheet of water. So that I have arrived at the conclusion, that all the glories of nature, are not in the East, if are all the glories of art and science.

In Janesville, a Musical Invention

Leaving Madison on Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock, on our return trip, we stopped at the important city of Janesville.

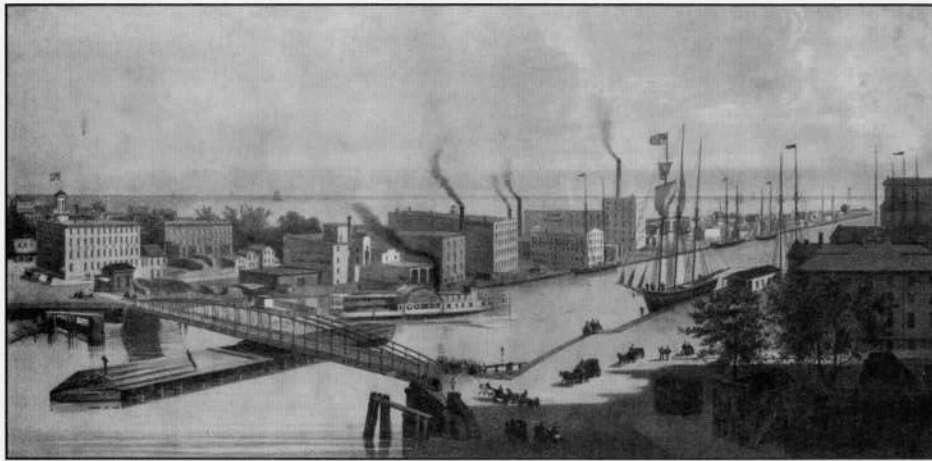
Here, as everywhere else, along the route, a large concourse of the goodly people assembled, and a brisk rivalry spring up between the excursionists and the citizens, as to who should glory most in the nomination of honest Abraham Lincoln. After a fair share of speaking on both sides, it was agreed that, as between Wisconsin and Massachusetts "the tug of war" was like, Greek with Greek contending, and each withdrew triumphant.

Remaining in this city, it was my pleasure, in company with a friend, to enjoy a pleasant ride through its more important thoroughfares and pleasant retreats. With a population about equal to that of Madison, while it is very pleasant and inviting on its general plan, and marked by many elegant private residences, there is here more of the buzz of business and activity in the various pursuits of grade and manufactures.

Situated 90 miles northwest of Chicago and connected by railroad with that city and Milwaukee, — containing an active, enterprising, go-ahead population, in a fine locality, with many natural advantages, as sources of growth and prosperity, it seems to me about as well adapted for making money, as when made, Madison is for enjoying it. The stores and hotels are on an extensive scale. The stores are all well stocked, and bear all the appearances of activity and prosperity.

The stocks held by these stores are very much larger, and the facilities of supplying the people with all the comforts of life, are vastly ahead of the notions of men who may never have visited the West.

I visited a clothing store containing twice the stock that you will find in any similar retail store amid the same population in Massachusetts. This is true also of dry goods, boot and shoe, apothecary establishments, and



"View of Rush St. Bridge Etc. from Nortons Block River Street," one of a set of lithographic prints printed by Chas. Shober, Chicago, in 1861. From the Library of Congress Prints & Photographs Division.

all the other half panoramic exhibitions, which these various trades and professions now present, in all large towns and cities, both east and west, and which are regarded as such important auxiliaries of civilization and refinement.

These large stocks are justified, in a business point of view, from the demands of neighboring towns and the back country which are dependent in these respects, upon this city. Half a dozen flour mills, — as many or more iron foundries, — a woolen manufactory, the business streets crowded with wagons of grain, from the interior, are some of the arteries through which flow the materials of business life.

Quite equal to anything yet seen, I was shown what is called an automatic attachment applicable to melodrons, piano fortes, and organs, invented by a Professor of Music in this city, by the name of E.D. Bootman.

By this attachment, any person who never dreamed of music, can caused to be performed upon the piano, as richly set music as any one. No previous knowledge or study is at all necessary, and by the simplest mechanical force being applied, sweet music shall be discoursed. I was astonished at this invention, as you no doubt would be, and could hardly realize the truth of it until I saw the piano set in motion.

A patent has been applied for, and although the machinery is not yet perfected for complete triumph, yet soon probably we shall see them advertised for sale, and possibly the high fame, of the great masters, Mozart and Beethoven, may be shaken by the invention of a citizen of the new city of Janesville.⁴

⁴ Mr. Bootman got his patent, in December of 1860, but it would be another 35 years before a successful completely automatic player piano was performance-ready.

The Red-Eye Train Back to Chicago

Having been liberally shown over this city — and the hours of midnight stealing on, I returned to the hotel to wait the hour of 12 ½ o'clock, when a train was expected from the north to Chicago. Resisting the drowsiness of tired nature at this late hour, the best I could, the boyish driver soon called us to take the carriage for the depot.

Here in a large room, with bright lights, and a brisk wood fire, for it was cold, lay upon settees and the floor, several gentlemen, with their heads bolstered with valises and carpet bags, stowing away sleep for the journey, as the train was not due at Chicago until 5 a.m. Soon the unnatural, half dismal, yellish shriek of the whistle, through the woods, and the more cheery ding-dong of the bell, bespoke the near approach of the train.

Enquiring of the conductor, I found to my regret, there was no sleeping car attached. At one quarter to one o'clock, A.M., we were off. Looking about to see how I could best arrange, in order to recline or lie down to sleep, the art of the upholsterer magnified in importance, and I at once betook myself, without any previous apprenticeship, to that profession, with however dubious success.

Arranging the seats the best I could, and taking portions of some for slats to others, I sought to sleep. An old gentleman kindly proffered me his shawl, but his clever face, ripe age, and gray hairs, were a stronger claim, aside from title, to such luxuries at such a time, than any I could name; but remarking that he did not intend to sleep, after declining it, until fearful that declining would be an offence to his generous nature, I placed it about me. Half asleep and half awake, jostled and jolted upon most horrid upholstery, I gave up, to what I hoped would be sleep. But the rattling and jarring of cars and an unusually rocking motion, presented such unanswerable logic to true repose, that I threw myself back in a mixed humor, determined as between me and sleep, to "let the union slide."

Having often heard early rising spoken of as a virtue, I improved the present opportunity to test it, and right early did we behold the splendid country through which we rode, on a most delightful morning.



Stars and Gripes Forever: Tisbury School, 1892

Chamberlain Photography,
Cottage City

IT'S COLUMBUS DAY at the Tisbury School, and the students in T. P. Weeks' American Lit class are either ready to declaim or pose for their class picture, in front of the Grand Old Flag, presumably hung for the holiday.

THE GENTLEMEN in the back row look innocent enough, and Ms. Weeks, who is the

principal (far right), looks mild enough; but a report of the school committee issued the following March suggests there's trouble brewing, perhaps even this early in the school term. Some of the 19 male students in the grammar school that year, the report said in quite blunt terms, challenged Ms. Weeks' authority, and some parents took the side of the students, and "hostil-

ity... insubordination... and contempt" followed. The young men, it seems, didn't like some of the rules. There is nothing new in the world.

THE FEMALE STUDENTS in this picture, according to handwritten notations on the back of a print in the Museum files, are Alice Cummings, Bessie Stanton, Nell

Call, Francis Horton and Emma Chadwick. One of the boys is Herbert Bradley; the other is unknown.

AND YES, the flag has been hung incorrectly; the rules are that whether a flag is displayed horizontally or vertically, the field of stars should always be to the viewer's left.

The Country Editor Secures His Future

As the '20s Fade, Henry Beetle Hough Casts a Vote for Growth, and Buys a Press

by JOHN WALTER

SOMETIMES, TO HENRY BEETLE HOUGH, Vineyarders were too slow-moving for their own good. In the Roaring Twenties, America was on the make. Increased discretionary spending and more free time had led to an explosion in family vacations, and the automobile was opening up the country for exploration. In an editorial headlined "Opportunities of the New Year," the editor of the *Vineyard Gazette* began 1929 by quoting the general manager of the Izaak Walton League of America, a conservation organization:

Some Massachusetts localities [the unnamed manager said] have awakened to the benefits of conservation of their natural resources and already have put into execution works of preservation or development. But many other localities have not yet been aroused to the emoluments that can be gained — improvement of public health, contentment, prosperity, morale of their youth — through establishing and executing works of conservation of the facilities nature has provided for such betterments.

The entire ocean border region from Provincetown around the bay and up the coast to Salem, with its legends of witchcraft, and Gloucester, with its romantic atmosphere of ancient mariners' feats, can be made to rival Florida as the "playground of America."¹

To rival Florida as the "playground of America"! It sounded like a challenge, and a glittering possibility.

1 *Vineyard Gazette*, Jan. 4, 1929.

JOHN WALTER was editor and publisher of the *Vineyard Gazette* in 2003-2004. Primary materials for this story are contained in the Martha's Vineyard Museum's collection of Henry Beetle Hough's private papers, generously donated by Edie Blake. Research assistance for this article, providing news clippings and photographs, by Eulalie Regan, librarian at the *Gazette*.

"Apparently, some places are creating opportunities for themselves," Hough wrote in his editorial. "Shelburne Falls, for instance, has set aside a scenic outing place and established a trout rearing pool from which trout are distributed in suitable places in the vicinity. A small thing, of course, but nevertheless an advance. It will pay Vineyarders, we think, to be aware of what other resorts are doing ... The opportunities of the new year ... will depend upon a wise management of the Island's natural resources."

The editor's sense of urgency — the feeling that the Vineyard must make its mark as a summer resort — involved more than just the Island's welfare. For Hough and his wife Elizabeth Bowie Hough, co-editors and co-publishers of the *Gazette*, the Vineyard's future intersected directly with their own. Making a dollar with the Island newspaper had never been an easy proposition; increased tourism would expand its circulation and advertising potential.

And as this new year dawned and the Houghs did their own analysis of opportunities in the days ahead, they were on the brink of a momentous decision. Within two months they would commit to buy a nine-ton printing press, the biggest financial investment they had ever made, a mighty piece of equipment costing more than the *Gazette* itself had cost in 1920. It would be the largest printing machine ever brought to the Vineyard. Committing to such a purchase would be a vote of confidence in the weekly's future. The Houghs didn't have the cash for it, and they would be agreeing to time payments stretched out over multiple years. But they felt they were young enough, and ambitious enough, to risk it.

An examination of the six-month period surrounding the purchase of this press was made through a reading of Hough's own writings about it, articles in the *Gazette* at the time, and business papers in Hough's personal files. The material:

- Recalls another era in Vineyard economics — a time when year-round rent for a business could be \$235, while annual telephone service might run \$75;

- Reminds us that, in contrast to the sentimentality with which Hough often wrote about his trade, he and Betty made tough, carefully-calibrated business decisions;

- Reflects light on a gamble that changed the course of the *Gazette*. Getting the big new press was a move that, in combination with earlier purchases of a pair of typesetting machines, allowed the Houghs to spend more time on editorial, and less time on mechanical matters, thereby altering the nature of the Edgartown paper.

It was on this press that the Houghs could produce issues larger both in number of pages and number of copies than before possible. It was this newspaper that would make an impact on thousands of Island residents

and visitors in the next few years. Through it, the Houghs created heightened awareness of both their paper and themselves — an act of Brand Marketing before its time, that would culminate, in 1940, with the publication of Henry's book, *Country Editor*, which would further spread his name and that of the *Gazette* across the country. In other words, it is possible to say that this is the press that made Henry Beetle Hough famous.

Stop the Press — and Answer the Phone

The year 1929 marked the tenth season in which the *Gazette* was owned and co-edited by Henry and Betty Hough.

They were fiercely proud of it — its content, its design, its role as the only paper on the Vineyard.²

The *Gazette* offices weren't much to look at, and the physical assets were less than imposing. The paper took rented space on South Summer Street, in what once had been a grocery store, and was more recently a watchmaker's shop; it was a one-story building — 15 feet wide at the front — with a loft, and a shed behind (the site is in the same block where *Gazette* offices are today, but the building no longer exists).

The furniture included a walnut roll top desk and an applewood table, and one Underwood typewriter, to be shared by all.³

There were two typesetting machines. Prior to the Houghs' arrival, the paper had been set entirely by hand, a slow and tedious process. The first Linotype — a technological wonder of the late 19th century that cast entire lines of type in one piece of metal — was installed in the spring of 1920, and a more advanced model was purchased seven years later.

And in the back of the shop resided a two-revolution cylinder Whitlock press. Bought second-hand and installed in February 1921, it was a complicated, stubborn piece of machinery that could print four pages of the paper at a time, at a theoretical speed of 1,000 impressions an hour. In practice, it was considered lucky if 2,200 sheets — the summer circulation of the paper at the time — could be printed in three hours, and then the process had to be repeated for the back side of those four pages, and then another set of four pages had to be printed at the same rate, and so on. Summer issues sometimes ran to 12 pages, and so this meant a sizable backup in printing, and collating, an entire edition. The back shop mechanics included a bit of stretched string that was used to tear pages of the paper at the top and bottom after they had been printed, in the process of the papers being folded together by hand.

Meanwhile, space in the shop as a whole was so tight, Hough later re-

² Early on, they bought out, and closed, the *Vineyard News* and *Martha's Vineyard Herald*.

³ Phyllis Meras, *Country Editor: Henry Beetle Hough and the Vineyard Gazette* (Images from the Past, 2006), page 55.

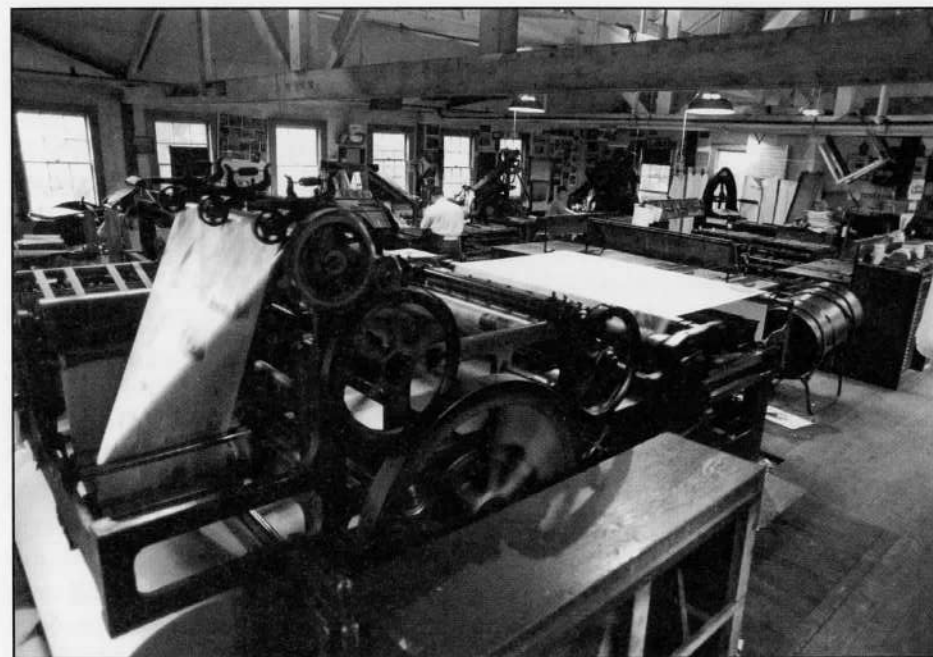


Photo courtesy of the Vineyard Gazette

THE MAJOR INNOVATIONS of the Duplex press were that it was fed paper off of a large paper roll, ending the process of inserting individual sheets; and that it printed both sides of a sheet at one time, ending the process of drying and stacking sheets that had been printed on one side and then printing them again.

Technical details:

- The press rested upon a concrete foundation built to stand 20,000 pounds of dead weight.
- The motor driving the press was in a three-foot pit underneath.
- From the paper roll at one end of the press (left, in photo), the web of paper was led the entire length of the press, and then back again to the folder, which was just above the paper roll.
- At the far end of the press (right), two ink fountains, one above and one below, fed their respective cylinders and rollers.

ported, that you had to stop the press in order to answer the telephone.

Focusing on 'Our Dream'

This decade in America was a time of rapid technological change and innovation. "In the 1920s, American society transmogrified itself into something unfamiliar and (for many) a little frightening," the writer Ben Yagoda has said.⁴ The media field was exploding — radio was new; daily newspapers were heavily competitive; the talking motion picture was

⁴ Will Rogers: *A Biography*, by Ben Yagoda, 1993, Alfred a. Knopf, page xiii.

coming into vogue; phonograph records were in distribution.

Hough found trying to modernize a country weekly a frustrating task. On taking over the *Gazette*, he said, "We found the small newspaper enterprise just catching up with the mechanical revolution; but it could never quite catch up. So long as the necessities of the big newspaper were the rule for designers of machines, adaptations for small shops were only tardy by-products, and the small property was bound to flounder along in the wake of each bit of progress."⁵

The Houghs had spent \$3,500 on the first Linotype; \$400 on the Whitlock press; \$4,000 on the second Linotype. But they felt they would have to dig deeper, once more, to update the press.

Hough felt tied down by the Whitlock, which was notoriously finicky — breaking down routinely, requiring parts to be welded; often chewing up sheets of newsprint and spreading them haphazardly across the ink rollers — events that required the editor to roll up his sleeves and jump in on press runs. It was a tedious process.

Years later, Hough described his and Betty's long-range planning:

It was our dream to be able to discard the Whitlock and buy a real newspaper press — a perfecting press which would print from type forms and roll paper. With such equipment we could hold eight pages open until the morning of publication day, and then print all eight at the same time, in little more than an hour. The press would not have to be fed, and the paper would come out folded to half or quarter size... For years, off and on, we had been studying the literature of these presses...⁶

On Jan. 26, 1929, Hough renewed an "annual exchange of correspondence" with H.E. Vehslage, a sales representative for the Duplex Printing Press Company, whose New York offices were in the *Times* building at Broadway and 42nd Street.

At the time, Duplex, headquartered in Battle Creek, Michigan, was the largest press manufacturer in the world. Two brothers, Joseph and Paul Cox, had developed the concept of a press that printed on two sides at once back in 1884, and begun production in Battle Creek the following year. The advantages of the company included — contrary to Hough's complaint about small newspapers getting "by-products" — an appreciation for the little guy; the brothers had published a small paper in Indiana and knew the inefficiencies of small newspaper technology. Their company provided presses suitable for papers big and small; off Duplex presses came the famous *New York World* and the old *Boston Post*, as well as smaller titles like the *North Attleboro Chronicle* and the *Rockland Standard* in Massachusetts.

⁵ *Editor and Publisher*, March 10, 1934.

⁶ *Country Editor*, page 193.

Hough reported to Vehslage that, in the time since their last correspondence, he himself had visited the plant of the *Cambridge Chronicle* in Boston, and examined their new Model A Duplex, a flatbed web perfecting press, powered by a 7½-horsepower electric motor, capable of printing 3,000 papers an hour, all neatly folded.

Hough was pleased with what he saw, and thought it was precisely the thing for the *Gazette*.

Vehslage responded promptly, writing back on Feb. 2. "Pleased indeed to receive yours of the 26th," he said. "I always enjoy hearing from you and I could wish that our exchanges were more frequent than annual or better still that we might have visits instead of letters."

Vehslage said he was "confident that you will find Model A Duplex presses giving perfect satisfaction wherever they are installed and the fact that they are so popular with weekly as well as with small daily papers goes to show that their simplicity and reliability has been proven."

Hough was impatient to get on with it; there followed an exchange of letters that overlapped as Vehslage prepared cost estimates and a payment plan; Hough wrote additional letters on Feb. 1 and Feb. 4 before Vehslage wrote again on Feb. 6.

The Vineyard editor told the Duplex man he was taking his backshop superintendent, William Roberts, to Cambridge on Saturday, Feb. 16, to see the *Chronicle's* press again. Tell us where you're staying, and perhaps our New England representative, A.C. Hewitt, can meet you, Vehslage urged him in response. Hough scrawled out a telegram: WILL BE AT HOTEL BELLEVUE BOSTON TOMORROW PLEASE ADVISE HEWITT. (Then, apparently to cut cost, the editor swapped out the two words "BE AT" and replaced them with a single word, "STOP." An editor's work is never done.)

But Mr. Hewitt, Hough learned only after the trip, was otherwise occupied: "Mr. Hewitt...is so busily engaged with a rotary press negotiation in New York state that I feel obliged to ask you to pardon his not meeting you on this occasion," Vehslage wrote Feb. 15. "Mr. Hewitt may however have something to communicate to you and he will certainly make it a point to meet you at your convenience whenever you are ready to take action on this matter."

The press was going to cost \$6,428. There would be additional things to consider: The ink used with the old press could not be used with the new; it would have to be ordered ahead, for example.

But the press company representative tried to reassure Hough that costs of installation would not be as high as he feared. Hough had speculated they might run to \$2,000. "I personally would be very much surprised if under ordinary conditions the cost of installation should amount to any-

thing like \$2,000," Vehslage said, and he wrote out the estimates, rounding off the weight of the press and its crating to ten tons:

I am informed by the Michigan Central that they will handle the press as a carload shipment from Battle Creek to the wharf at New Bedford at the rate of 55 cents per 100 lbs. on a minimum carload of 24,000 lbs. This figures out to \$132 to the New Bedford wharf and the boat line is said to charge 70 cents per 2000 lbs. for transferring from rail to boat and 16 cents per 100 lbs. for the boat line over to Edgartown pier. Figuring these last two items on the rail shipment weight of the press (10 tons) transfer charge amounts to \$7.00 and water freight to \$32, making a total freight charge from the factory to the wharf at Edgartown of \$171. This is only about \$45 more than it costs us to bring the same press to New York City.⁷

Vehslage urged Hough to get an estimate "from a responsible local truckman" on the cartage from the wharf to Summer Street, and to find "two or three husky day laborers" to help with the installation.

And he assured Hough that the erector who would be sent from the Michigan plant to oversee installation of the press would not run a big expense account: "Our erectors are high grade machinists; they are accustomed to living at a good commercial hotel but not at the gilt-edged resort houses."

Investing in 'the Gray Mouse'

Hough worried over every detail.

On a sheet of *Gazette* stationery, he calculated what he was getting into. (The stationery, which carried a copy of the newspaper masthead, identified the *Gazette* as "a weekly newspaper reaching the whole population of Duke's County and thousands of Martha's Vineyard summer residents. Winter population, 4,500; in Summer, 30,000.")

"Items of expense — Duplex Press: (estimated)," he wrote at the top of the page, and then outlined the monthly payment process, which was proposed to start with payments of \$75, then increase to \$100, and end up with a final payment of \$3,200 on April 18, 1931, unless the Houghs opted at that time to extend for another 26 months:

Cash payment	250 with order
	500 when shipped
	250 when in operation
	<hr/>
	1,000
12 notes 75	
11 notes 100	
1 note 3,200 — with option of changing at maturity to 25 notes of 125 each and one of 75.	

⁷ This, and subsequent notes quoted, are part of the Hough file at the Museum.

Allowance for old Whitlock — \$200 — with permission to retain bed and ink slab.

Expense of installer — 10 days @\$15	150
Transportation, installer	60
Room and board — installer	30
Freight on press	171
Trucking press from wharf to office	25
Belting	10
Motor	145
Pit	100
Common labor	60

751

On a separate sheet he scrawled a note about extra costs: "Price of press \$6,100," and then listed the costs of chases — the metal forms into which type was locked, blankets and rollers and so on. He noted he would put \$5,400 insurance on the press, at a rate of 2.17 percent; the premium would cost him \$117.18 annually (and was well worth it; a fire in 1935 would damage the press and other equipment, and repairs were required).

It is interesting to note that the allowance for the old Whitlock — \$200 — is fully half of what Hough said the former press had cost him in the first place.

Before delivery of the press, there would be one more detail: The office building had to be enlarged to accommodate the thing.

The Houghs signed a long-term lease with their landlord, and obtained permission to build on the back of the building, at their own expense.

They engaged Frank Norton of Edgartown, carpenter and builder, to create the addition. Measuring 18 feet by 21 feet, it had six windows and a door. The cost estimate, made on Feb. 28, 1929, was \$1,148.28, including the cost of a new window in the front office.

"E.B. & H.B. Hough, Pubrs," signed a contract dated March 4 for the new press. On March 9, the Duplex treasurer, L.D. Langs, wrote the couple acknowledging "receipt through our Mr. Hewitt of contract of March 4th covering purchase by you of a Model A Duplex" and an initial check of \$250. "Our field department will take up with you details incident to the shipment and installation of the machinery and you will hear from them in a following mail."

On April 19, F.N. Tobias of the Duplex field department reported that the press had been shipped the day before, and asked Hough to "wire us when it arrives, so that we can send our man to superintend the unloading and installation of the machine."

Tobias went on to offer some boilerplate advice, overlooking the fact that

to make Island delivery, there would be a ferry and Island trucking involved, and overlooking the reality of the tight space in the Gazette office:

It is the usual custom of publishers to leave the press in the car until our man arrives, as he can have the heavy boxes and crates so placed in the room that unnecessary labor in erecting may be avoided; however, it may be advisable to unload promptly so as to avoid paying demurrage in case the machinist should be much delayed.

In this connection, we would explain the importance of your having your pressman work with our erector all of the time during the erection and starting of the new press, so he may become thoroughly familiar with the machine. This is important, as he will then have the opportunity of learning about the different adjustments, etc., and get information which will be of value later on.

And so the investment in this grand new technology was undertaken, not without reservation, and not without trepidation, and not without some back-and-forth. For a while, Hough considered switching the newsprint on which the paper was printed to something more substantial, glossy and magazine-like, but Duplex technicians suggested this would not produce good results; the press was not equipped to handle it.

At the start of the year 1929, the *Gazette* had \$100.57 in the bank.

An unsigned assessment of the company's finances a year later suggests its 1929 income was \$24,943.59, against expenditures of \$24,406; it had improved its cash balance by \$500. The single biggest expenditure that year was for labor — \$12,640.93; taxes were \$99. On the income side, subscriptions amounted to \$4,489.11, while advertising took in \$14,353.17.

"From a strictly business standpoint," Hough later said of the decision to buy the Duplex, "the move was not a promising one.

There was no person alive in the booming United States ... who would not have pointed out something better to do with money than to put it into the *Gazette*. Of all the opportunities which the soaring times presented, why must we select this gray mouse? When would the *Gazette* ever make a return upon this new investment, or upon our investment of hard work? We did not know, but suspected that there would never be a conventional return in dollars and cents. ... The thousands we were putting into the paper were thousands we did not own and would never own.⁸

Installation and the "Transformation"

A machinist from the factory named F. E. Briegel came out to help with the installation.

From start to finish, it took him 13½ days away from Battle Creek, which earned him pay of \$202.50. In addition, the Houghs were charged with his



Photo courtesy of the Vineyard Gazette

HENRY HOUGH (shown here at a Gazette linotype) had a conviction that better technology could help small papers like his own.

In the early 1930s, he applied for, and received, a patent on a new typesetting machine — one that set type directly from a standard typewriter keyboard. This, he proposed, would allow editors and reporters to return to the days of "old-fashioned printers-editors," bringing journalists closer to the finished product.

Said Hough: "A few generations ago the characteristic country office was one in which the editor was also a printer. He stepped from one function to the other, and his personality ran through front and back offices both ... The newspaper he made possible was distinctive and journalistic sound."

But nothing came of Hough's idea; no manufacturers took him up on it.

rail fare from Michigan to Edgartown and return (\$78) and the cost of sleeper, meals and transfers enroute (\$26.) There is no record of where he stayed in Edgartown, or the cost.

Writing in his book ten years later, Hough changed Briegel's name to Ollie Hindle and, perhaps, fictionalized a bit about his manner:

⁸ *Country Editor*, pp. 194-195.

Ollie Hindle came among us with a brusque and brutally efficient air. He was the Man from the Factory, but he might almost as well have been the Man from Mars.

"Have you gotta gantry?" was one of the first things he asked. "We gotta have a gantry."

None of us was sure then just what a gantry was, but pretty soon we had the carpenters building one...

For the first few days he hardly looked at the female members of the Gazette organization, although he did look through them and past them. He did not seem to hear their "Good morning." About the third day he thought the matter over and replied, "What's good about it?" He did not seem to like the country.⁹

The Houghs had set a target date for getting the press up and running: the May 17 issue, start of the Gazette's 84th year. The act of erecting the press went rapidly; part of the process involved Briegel/Hindle taking a sledge hammer and destroying the old Whitlock.

Briegel trained Roberts, and went on his way. Web breaks, and difficulty threading the paper and replacing the blankets, followed — the usual assortment of difficulties. But the paper came out.

The May 17 *Gazette* carried a news story about the new press, a large photograph with a detailed explanation of how it worked, and an editorial. "It is appropriate to say," Hough wrote, in words that echoed his call to Islanders back on Jan. 4 to look for opportunities where they could, "that this new and modern equipment has been installed to give Martha's Vineyard a better newspaper, and to provide for the needs and opportunities of the future. Some things which have never been possible before will, we hope, now be not only possible but well within the range of actual accomplishment."

And, in phrasing that prefigures some of the technological changes of our own time, the editorial allowed that in undertaking this step the newspaper staff was losing a personal touch (albeit, an invisible and underappreciated one) with its readers:

The old press did no folding whatsoever. We wonder if subscribers have ever realized how personal a product the *Vineyard Gazette* has actually been; not a copy of the paper has gone from the office but that every fold was put in it personally by an editor, publisher, business manager or member of the staff. No matter what opinion may be outside, the *Vineyard Gazette* staff, engaged in folding, cutting the pages, and inserting some 2,200 or more copies of the paper on a moist and slow-moving Friday, has often concluded that \$2.50 a year was a very moderate charge indeed for a subscription. Sad to relate, all this personal and intimate relationship involved in preparing the paper for distribution seemed to go for nothing; it showed not a whit

⁹ *Country Editor*, pp. 196-197.

when the *Vineyard Gazettes* reached their readers' hands.

Hand folding and hand feeding alike are now to be things of the past. This issue came into being in no such fashion as the issue before.

A roll of paper, weighing something a little less than half a ton, was put in place upon the brand new Duplex Model A, the type forms were placed upon the beds of the press, the motor was started and at the rate of more than 3,000 papers an hour the edition emerged all neatly folded. Mere words cannot convey the full extent of this transformation.

Tuesdays Will Be Different

Throughout the spring and early summer, while accommodating the new press was certainly a distraction, the Houghs kept their eyes on Island issues. The annual heath hen census was taken. Plans for the new Tisbury school on William Street were laid. Dr. J.L. Bartholomew, preaching in the Edgartown Methodist church, stirred controversy by commenting on the death of a man who fell into the water at 2 a.m. while trying to board a boat near the Edgartown Yacht Club; the drinking culture on the Island and liquor sellers were partly responsible, Dr. Bartholomew said. The new Martha's Vineyard Hospital was opening. There was an editorial on the rumor that Charles Lindbergh had spent part of his honeymoon at Mohu, the great estate of William M. Butler at Lambert's Cove: "Some say he did and some say he didn't. All we care about is that if he didn't, he might have."¹⁰ And — the same week the Gazette installed its press — there was another marvel of new technology: The largest cable ever laid in New England was landed at Makoniky by the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company.

And on Saturday, June 8, without warning, the New England Steamship Company issued a summer steamboat schedule — and references to Edgartown were missing.

The early morning boat from the shiretown, which had run for years, was suddenly departing only from Oak Bluffs, at 6:10 a.m. And, though Luther M. Sibley of Edgartown was still operating a bus service between Oak Bluffs, Vineyard Haven and Edgartown, the steamship company had made no arrangements with him to sell through tickets to and from the boats.

The action of the steamboat line meant that on their new timetables the name "Edgartown" did not appear, except as a small footnote; and the

¹⁰ If he did, it is not mentioned in definitive biographies of Lindbergh and his wife, Anne Morrow. They were on a yacht that carried them from New York to Maine and back, playing hide-and-seek with newsmen; and they certainly anchored at Woods Hole, where reporters spotted them. But a Mohu visit is not recorded. A decade later, the Lindberghs came to live on the Vineyard for a year, at Seven Gates Farm.

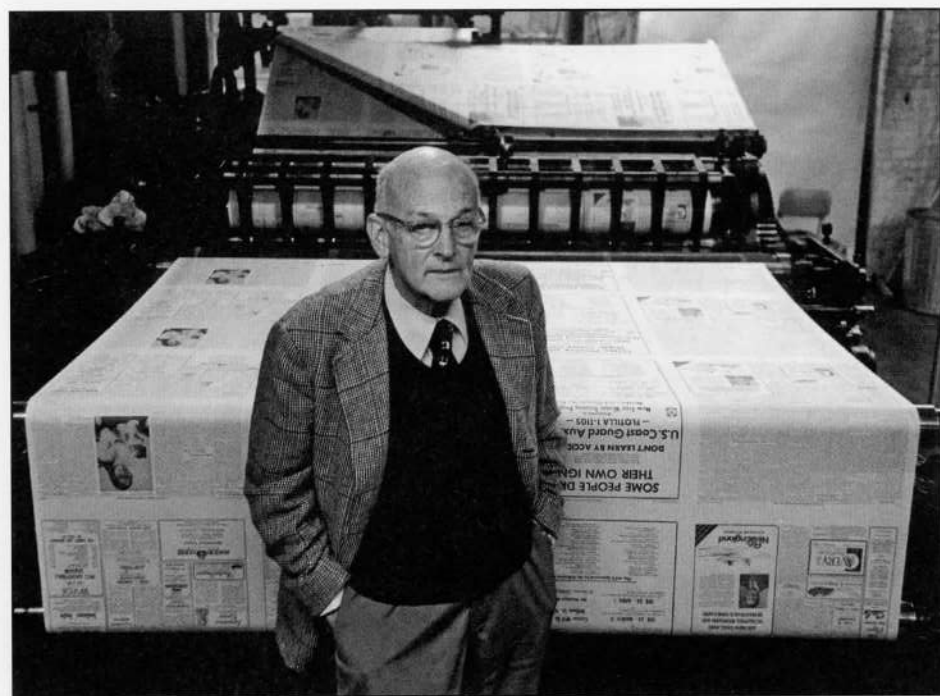


Photo courtesy of the Vineyard Gazette

YEARS LATER, after Betty died, Henry reflected on the changing mechanics of his profession over the years, as represented by the Linotypes and the press equipment described in this story.

In the 1967 book, Vineyard Gazette Reader, he said, "The generations that knew and practiced the setting of type by hand, that knew the type case and all the rest, are gone; and these were the generations that knew the craft, business, and profession of newspaper work as a whole, from first to last, in all its details, and had reason to know it, because one man in his time did all the things required in the making of a newspaper."

And he said: "When we began so long ago, we were young."

name "Vineyard Haven" appeared solely as a one-way trip each day: outbound, at 4:15 a.m., and inbound late at night.

And the change meant that "Edgartown" no longer appeared on the big train boards at South Station in Boston, where it had always appeared as a potential destination for Island-bound vacationers. Now, lacking arrangements with Mr. Sibley, it was impossible to buy a "through ticket" to Edgartown. Snapped the *Gazette*, which editorialized against the change: "For the first time within the memory of men now living, it became impossible to purchase a ticket to Edgartown by any route whatsoever. ... All ticket offices in the country at once stopped selling tickets to Edgartown."

The decision stood for precisely ten days.

On Tuesday, June 17, J. Howland Gardener, president of the company; Frank J. Wall, assistant to the president, and William A. Smith, the agent at New Bedford, made a visit to the Island. They conferred with Edgartown selectmen and other businessmen, and announced immediately changes to be made.

The names of Edgartown and Vineyard Haven would be restored to train boards at South Station. The 6:10 boat would leave from Vineyard Haven, not Oak Bluffs, and Mr. Sibley would run connecting service to it. The company would take under advisement the issue of making through tickets available for bus travel. The names of all three towns would be restored to the timetables.

And so it was done; the New England Steamship Company bowing, not for the first time and not for the last, to Henry Beetle Hough's advice. Such was the power of the Thunderer.¹¹

Meanwhile, the Houghs used their new machinery to expand the printing schedule.

"Beginning with the issue of Thursday, June 25," the *Gazette* announced in a full-page ad on June 14, inadvertently misstating the day of the week, "the *Vineyard Gazette* will be published twice a week — every Tuesday and every Friday — during the summer season of 1929. This twice-a-week publication will make possible better service to summer readers and the summer advertisers. The improvement is in line with the growing importance of Martha's Vineyard as a summer resort and will make the Island newspaper a greater factor in Island progress."

The change nearly killed them; that first summer, they could barely manage to put out eight-page issues, and on at least two occasions the editorial page was dropped because of space and time constraints. The Vineyard audience was frustratingly lukewarm to the change.

At first there was a noticeable lack of interest in the innovation on the part of our readers, and we could see their point of view. Progress usually had its disagreeable side, and we ourselves were often against what seemed to be progress. Our readers did not want the character of the paper changed, nor did they care to alter their old custom of getting the *Gazette* on Friday and reading the news of the entire week. ... But it seemed a pity to confine the *Gazette* to nine appearances in the short summer season when it could make twice that many. Our field was surrounded by salt water and this was about the only logical possibility of expanding the business.¹² We could now

¹¹ The title was ironic. "When the *Gazette* had gone to the post office," Hough wrote, "there was no hurry any longer. Somebody said, 'Once more the Thunderer goes to the world.' We all laughed and felt fine about it..."

¹² But Hough would try other ways. In the 1930s he entertained the possibility of re-launching "job shop" work, using the Duplex to print papers for New Bedford-based businesses; the Houghs had abandoned "job" printing early in

keep abreast of the rushing summer, and gain as readers people who before had come and gone in the interim between Fridays.¹³

In the years that followed, Tuesday remained a part of the summer schedule.

The Luck of the Timing

Hough was proud of the Duplex and the work they could do on it.

He maintained cordial relations with his contacts at Duplex Printing; a year after the installation, he sent off sample copies of the fat August 1, 1930, edition to Briegel, and, a year after that, sent the Yachting Edition. To which an assistant sales manager responded: "You certainly should be justly proud of the presswork which you are obtaining, as well as the make up and general appearance of your paper. It is one of the cleanest and neatest publications that we have seen in some time." The Duplex man asked for an additional 25 copies that they could give to salesmen and prospective clients.

Hough apparently had no regrets; writing on another matter to a New Bedford merchant in 1934 he called it "a fine newspaper press."

Henry and Betty never made much money at the *Gazette* — they made some some years, lost some the next. In *Country Editor*, he explained how it worked in those days:

It is impossible to compare the return a country newspaper will make on an investment with the return to be expected from some other enterprises. The greatest gain from the paper is the job one would otherwise not have, the life one would otherwise not live. It is not a dividend check arriving in the mail, or a coupon to be clipped at the bank. The operators of some types of enterprise, such as public utilities, are guaranteed their fixed charges and even their profits, but nobody guarantees a country weekly anything. The latter is more like a farm. When money is tight, you take it out of your hide and somehow or other do not mind.¹⁴

the Twenties. Also in the 1930s, Hough drafted a plan to woo national advertisers by organizing a network of small papers in resort communities; the pitch of the proposed network was that it could deliver a "quality" audience without the clutter of the big-city paper environment.

13 *Country Editor*, pp. 198-199.

14 *Country Editor*, page 195. Hough returned to this theme ten years later, in his book *Once More the Thunderer*: "Betty and I often have dinner at a restaurant not far from the *Gazette* office, and sometimes meet a rugged retired corporation vice-president who has turned farmer; he invariably orders the special steak at \$2.50. We should like to have that too, but are constrained to order spaghetti and meat balls at eight-five cents. That is what I mean by saying that you don't make money running a country weekly. You can never have the special steak for dinner."

Nevertheless, the *Gazette* made a name for itself, and, with the publication of *Country Editor*, Henry Hough enhanced his reputation as a national figure. In the book, he cannily made the case, as he had for years, for why national advertisers should be more interested in advertising in small weeklies, and he consciously painted his job description with a brush of nostalgia. It still to this day reads irresistibly.

Hough reflected in the book that it was fortunate the purchase of the Duplex was made in "the sunrise of 1929, for in the twilight of the next fall" — the collapse of the stock market, and the onset of the Depression — "we might have felt that we could sign nothing and plan nothing."¹⁵

But the fact is they did. He and Betty took a leap of faith, and brought to the Vineyard this great press. It ran a respectable 46 years, finally being replaced in 1975, outliving Betty and outlasting Henry's ownership of the *Gazette*. And with it, for a time, they made beautiful music.

15 *Country Editor*, Page 195.

Miss R. Gordon Talks to Congress, And Says the Best Is Yet to Come

(While Pledging Her Support
To a Modest Vineyard Rebellion)

ON MAY 25, 1977, the actress Ruth Gordon, a longtime seasonal resident of the Vineyard, appeared before a congressional committee studying the possibility of mandatory retirement programs (she was opposed). Her appearance coincided with a memorable moment of Vineyard history: the brewing of a mini-rebellion over representation at the State House. Objection to a redistricting that combined the Vineyard with Nantucket and outer Cape towns into one unit led to a threat by some Vineyarders, with tongue only partially in cheek, to secede from the state. The All-Island Selectman's Association voted to form the nation's 51st state, and individual town meetings supported the measure. A secession bill – opposed by Gov. Michael Dukakis – was introduced in the Legislature. It came to naught, and the redistricting stuck; but not before the Vineyard's debate churned up some national news headlines and a couple months' worth of passionate debate. It was in the middle of this debate that Ms. Gordon happened to make her congressional appearance; a slightly edited text follows. — Ed.

MR. PEPPER:¹ Our next witness is Miss Ruth Gordon, who is 80 years of age. She has had an incredible career as an actress, playwright and author. In 1915, she made her first appearance on stage as Nibs in "Peter Pan." Later, she achieved the distinction of being the first American actress to appear in the Old Vic Theatre in London in "The Country Wife."

Her other important roles have included being the original Dolly in "The Matchmaker" and Nora in Ibsen's "A Doll House."

She has written such plays as "Over Twenty-One," "Years Ago," and "The Leading Lady," as well as a book, *Myself Among Others*.

Since her 65th birthday, Miss Gordon's career has continued. She received an Academy Award for her role as the witch in "Rosemary's Baby," and wide acclaim when she starred in "Harold and Maude."

Her active schedule includes numerous appearances on television, most recently in "Kojak," "Rhoda" and "Medical Center," and next fall on "Columbo."

In the last year alone she has starred in a pre-Broadway tour of a play she wrote, "Ho! Ho! Ho!" and appeared in a movie made for television, to be shown on CBS on June 17, called "The Prince of Central Park."

We are very much honored to have another great American and another example of what one can do in what we call the elderly age.

Miss Ruth Gordon, would you please come forward?

(Applause)

GORDON (looking at program): "Miss R. Gordon." I usually get a better billing than that.

Well, anyway, thank you so much. It is getting a little late, and I only wish Colonel Sanders² had brought along some Kentucky Fried Chicken because I could use some, and that would help me kind of concentrate even better.

But, you know, there are lots of reasons, of course, why you should not retire. I really cannot think of any way you should be forced to retire.

I am a legal resident of Martha's Vineyard, so I am not sure just what state I belong to.

But do you know what I feel strongly about? I think you were mean to say I was 80, because that was my punchline. I was going to say that to surprise everybody. It's a great, remarkable thing. I was born in 1896, and today is the first day my country ever bought me an airplane ticket, and they bought it for me today, and they bought me one to go home, and if you want to tell me that they would have done that if I were 65 years old, then I think it is time I really *should* retire. Eighty years old and your country pays for your plane fare. That's a real reward.

(Applause)

You know, I am getting out a new book. You gave me a wonderful intro, but besides that I am writing a new book called "Ten Lessons," and Doubleday just bought it. They haven't seen a scrap of anything on paper, but they have confidence in me. They believe that not only am I talented at 80, but that I am going to live until I finish the book. That is a lovely thing.

A little while ago I was in New York, and the guy who runs the news department of the *New York Times* saw me and said, "I would like to have an engagement with you." Well, I did not know him, but Garson³ said, "He

2 Harlan Sanders (1890-1980) was the founder of Kentucky Fried Chicken. The title "colonel" was self-invented, but he did, in fact, have a secret recipe.

3 Garson Kanin, author and playwright, her husband.

1 Claude Denson Pepper (1900-1989) was a Democratic congressman from the Miami area, and had previously been a U.S. Senator. He was the Grand Old man of Florida politics, and an advocate for the elderly.

probably wants to talk about your obituary." Well, I thought my husband was a witty man and that was a silly thing to say.

After that the obituary writer called me up and said, "When could we make a date?"

I said, "What for?"

He said, "Well, I think we have a lot to talk over."

Well, I got the message, and I said, "Well, I am going to be on a speaking tour in September, and then I am going to be in a play. How about around Christmas time?"

He said, "Great."

He believed I was going to hold on till Christmas and I did.

I didn't begin when I was 65; I began when I was 17. I come from hard-working people. It never occurred to me not to work. My father was a foreman of a food factory. He got \$37 a week. Out of that, he supported me, supported my mother. He sent me to school. He gave me \$400 to go on the stage and to be taught drama. Now, he wanted me to be a physical-cultural instructress, but I did not want to do that. I did not care for bloomers, dumbbells and Indian clubs. I wanted something a little more jazzy, and I went on the stage.

Now, my father and I never saw \$400 before, but he got it together, he took me to New York, and I said, "Papa, why are you doing this? You don't think I am going to be an actress."

He said, "Everybody has a right to his chance," and I subscribe to that.

If we want to work, if we want to live, then we have a right to that.

At the end of the year the drama school kicked me out. They said I was the only one who did not show any promise.

But later, when I got through drama school, I did show some promise. Now, work is life, and life is work. I do not know what people do who are born rich, but I was not. I do not think they enjoy life as much as I do. Yesterday I went out speaking, today I am speaking, and Sunday Canada wants me, and I am going up there Sunday, and on June 2, Southborough Academy of Girls School. They voted I give the graduating address. Well, that is a lovely set of engagements, and where would I be without that? I would be dead. I would not *be* without that, because I would have to work, and if I was in a profession that would fire me, then I would have to find another profession, because I am smart as a whip, but I would not know how to fill in my time if I did not work.

They said ten minutes. Is that ten minutes?

(Laughter)

You are a good audience. I wish you were over at the National Theatre sometime. They do not laugh as easily as that.

But anyway, if it is not ten minutes, I could just go on indefinitely, and

then let anybody ask me some questions.

(Laughter and applause)

Can I tell you something? I am a great believer, and it has to do with retirement, too, and I guess my new book is all about what it is that keeps you going, and believe me, the answer to that is "Stay up to date." I was up to date when I was four years old. I will be up to date 100 years from now. I am up to date right now because if you're up to date, you know enough to hang in with people, and people want to hang in with you.

The other day Garson and I were walking down Fifth Avenue, and it was a cold, cold day. I said, "I've got to have a cup of tea."

He said, "Let's go in there." It was a place called Café. It was a tough looking place. We went in there, and it was a tough place, tough customers, tough waitresses, tough bathroom. The wind chill factor must have been four below.

Well, I went to the bathroom, and when I got back Garson said, "They recognized you." He said, "Our waitress said to the other one, 'Do you recognize her?' The other one said, 'Sure. I saw her on Johnny Carson.' Then the other one said, 'And "Rosemary's Baby," "Where's Poppa?" She's 80 years old.'"

Then the other waitress said, "Who says she is?" Our waitress says, "She says she is." The other waitress said, "Bull----."

(Laughter and applause).

Well, the other waitress said, "What?" like any sensible person would, and she said, "Bull----. She's no more 80 years old than I am. She says she is 80 years old so she can get her name in the paper."

You see, that was her compliment to me, and I took it as a compliment. It is not how I talk, and it probably not how you talk,⁴ but I hung in with her, and she hung in with me, because she knew there was nothing old about me, and if I wanted to say that for publicity, okay.

MR. PEPPER: You are wonderful, Miss Gordon.

(Laughter and applause)

MISS GORDON: I love it. I love it.

MR. PEPPER: Are there any questions? Father Drinan.

FATHER DRINAN:⁵ I am Congressman Drinan from Massachusetts, and you say quite rightly, ma'am, that you are up to date, but why are you not leading the rebellion of Martha's Vineyard?

MISS GORDON: I am going to, dear. Listen, I will be, but you see, I am earning my living. Thornton Wilder said, "There is nothing more digni-

⁴ Innocent times; today Ms. Gordon probably wouldn't get a laughline out of it. Nevertheless, despite the full word's fairly commonplace usage, the *Intelligencer* draws a discreet curtain over four letters.

⁵ Robert Frederick Drinan (1920-2007), a Jesuit priest, was then a Democratic representative from Massachusetts.

fied than earning a living." I am on the ferry boat going up to Martha's Vineyard June 12th, and I will be down there doing my part.

FATHER DRINAN: If you put your back to this, Martha's Vineyard will become another nation.

MISS GORDON: I am going to put both my back and my front to it.

MR. PEPPER: Are there any other questions?

MS. MEYNER:⁶ Miss Gordon, I am Congresswoman Meyner from New Jersey, and I just want to say that one time Oliver Wendell Holmes made a classic statement when he said, "To be 80 years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be 40 years old," and I would think that you are a classic example of that.

MISS GORDON: Listen, dear, my first money I ever earned was in the State of New Jersey. I came to New York to get on the stage, and I wanted to go on the stage, but I could not get a job. Oh, boy, could I not get a job, but in New Jersey they made movies, over in Fort Lee and Coytesville. Then someone said, "If you go over to New Jersey, take the ferry over there, you will get \$5 a day."

Five dollars a day! This was in 1914. My board and room were only \$8 a week. Five dollars a day! Boy, did I hop over to New Jersey. Then the next thing you know they engaged me. Five dollars a day for a girl who belonged to a hard-working family.

Now, what I did for that \$5 was rode out in an automobile along the Palisades with the great star William Farnham, got out of the automobile, and we said, "Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye," and he kissed us, and we went back and got \$5. I had never heard of anything so easy as that.

When I got the Oscar, and that was in 1968, I said, "I have been working since 1914, and I don't know why it took me so long to get here."

I got a letter on beautiful stationery, blue border, beautiful, and I opened it and it said, "Dear Ruth, why did it take you so long?" Then it said, "Mary Pickford."⁷

MR. PEPPER: Well, Miss Gordon, you are the embodiment of Brown-ing's words, "Come along with me, the best is yet to be," and we congratulate you on your great future. Thanks you so much.

MISS GORDON: Thank you so much.

(Applause)⁸

6 Helen S. Meyner (1929-1997) was a Democrat, a distant cousin of Adlai Stevenson.

7 Upon receiving the Oscar, Ms. Gordon, then 72, famously said: "I can't tell you how encouraging a thing like this is, for a young actress like myself."

8 Ruth Gordon died August 28, 1985, after suffering a stroke on the Vineyard. She was 88.

From the Charles Simpson Collection



Arthur Wm Heintzelman

Character study, etching by Arthur William Heintzelman, donated by Charles Simpson to the town of Edgartown and in the care of the Edgartown Public Library.