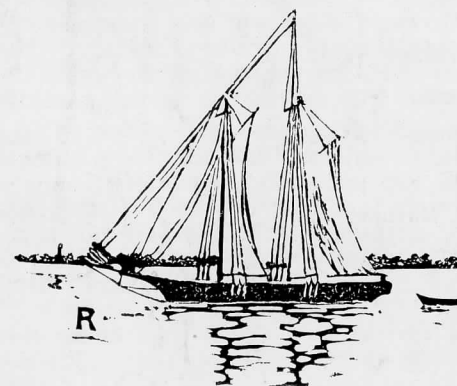


THE DUKES COUNTY INTELLIGENCER

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YEARS OF INNOCENCE ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD
BY HENRY BEETLE HOUGH

SOME GAY HEAD PEOPLE ABOUT SIXTY YEARS AGO
BY EVA RYAN

A CACHE OF INDIAN ARTIFACTS
DONATED BY GEORGE MAGNUSON

February 1961 — Vol. 2, No. 3

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YEARS OF INNOCENCE ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD

by HENRY BEETLE HOUGH

For the real history of the period that began with the turn of the century, one looks to small events as well as great ones, remembering ironically that in the perspective of any given time, the great can seldom be distinguished from the small. The turn of the century is usually taken to have been the swing from 1899 into 1900, although sticklers for accuracy say that Jan. 1, 1901, was really the beginning of the twentieth century.

On the Vineyard that bright New Year, when everyone, from school boy to octogenarian, was aware of emerging upon a new plateau of enlightenment, the ice had thickened to seven inches on some of the ponds. A coal schooner had grounded on the inner shore of Cape Pogue, the Neighborhood Convention had chosen "Revival" for its topic and was hearing a paper on "Memories of Dwight L. Moody" by a former student at the Moody. A feature of an evening entertainment at Agricultural Hall in West Tisbury consisted of tableaux, along with vocal and instrumental music.

The Oak Bluffs selectmen were gathering, together with a company of honored guests, in the grammar school room, for a ceremony of formal presentation of a new bell to the school by Horatio N. Pease. Samuel Q. Rice, chairman of the school committee, called the meeting to order, and the school sang "The Red, White and Blue", after which Mr. Pease tendered his gift with these carefully prepared words: "It is with pleasure that I now present to the town of Cottage City this bell. While it is a conceded fact that actions speak more loudly than words, I think you will agree that the metallic tongue above us will speak for me on all occasions."

Judge Edmund G. Eldridge then provided the eloquence of the occasion, first with a history of the school building itself. As to this, he noted incidentally that so far the school had only one faucet, in the basement, and no lavatories or sanitary facilities whatever. But, thanks to Mr. Pease's generosity, it did have a bell. This, he left no doubt, was quite a point, and exceedingly gratifying.

He spoke of the "heterogeneous state" of the community — for Cottage City still had the sense of being a young town — and said it lacked "the tie of friendship or of kindred as in old towns where the children have grown up together" and are interested in their native town. He went on to express appreciation that a donor from out of town — from Edgartown — had been kind enough to provide the school with a bell.

Then Miss Annie Gonyon sang "Speed Our Republic", and Thomas Dunham Crowell accepted the bell on behalf of the town. He said that the bell was next in importance to the flag.

Elmer E. Landers, for the board of selectmen, read the deed of gift from Mr. Pease, which said, in part: "In consideration of the love and affection which I bear to the said Town of Cottage City, as well as for the consideration of one dollar paid by the

said Town of Cottage City, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, I do hereby give, grant, transfer and deliver unto the said Town of Cottage City one bell, made by the Cincinnati Bell Foundry, and by me delivered and hung complete in the tower of the school building at Cottage City."

So, with some further ceremony, passed an event which the correspondent of the Gazette declared would "pass down to future generations" as well.

An incident such as this does much to recall the quality and spirit of that period which was characterized by so much awareness of progress, so much pride of achievement, so much confidence in the secure growth of the future, yet which by present standards — and with the advantage of some sixty years of hindsight — seems all to have been in miniature. There is, to most us, a strong appeal in the simplicity of an era which was still cutting ice on the ponds, presenting tableaux for entertainment, following wrecks alongshore as matters of close importance, and treating the presentation of a school bell as an historic event even though the school at the time lacked a single sanitary convenience.

The characterizing element is not only perspective, nor simplicity, but in addition to these a kind of innocent pretentiousness.



Oak Bluffs — Highland Bathing Beach about 1908. Standing, center, is Mrs. Virginia C. Gookin, and her son, the late Warner Gookin.

Here are some other landmarks, as they were thought then — occurrences that had importance, and were even believed to have lasting importance.

A smoking room was fitted up on the starboard side of the upper deck of the sidewheel steamer Monohansett and was declared to fill "a long-felt want". It was inconceivable in those days that smoking should be permitted in places of general use, especially where ladies were expected to be made comfortable.

Formalities were completed for the laying of a telephone cable between West Chop and Nobska, and surely the people of

the era were not mistaken in believing this an important development, though they could hardly imagine the vast and quickening consequences that were to flow from such early installations.

Construction of a new section of macadam highway, 1,850 running feet in length, brought the most modern of roads then known, to a point 1,200 yards toward Edgartown from the Sengekontacket Bridge. The younger generations now living do not even remember the first hard-surfaced roads of Water-bound crushed stone and stone dust, rolled into place by steam-rollers, and lying like ribbons of white, in an age innocent of any use of oil for such projects. The building of a length of this highway was looked upon as an ambitious engineering advance. Edgartown, pleased to have the macadam road approaching its outskirts, hoped that the next installment would bring the new road as far as Jerne-ganville — which would have been around the fork of the roads outside of Edgartown.

An "order wagon" was driven at such a high rate of speed around a corner in Edgartown that it struck and severely injured a dog named Little Jack. The "order wagon" was one of the familiar institutions of the period; housewives were apt to order from one visit of the wagon to the next, and many of the wagons were to some extent traveling stores as well, provided with some staples, some novelties, and quick-sale items that might be disposed of on the rounds about town or through the countryside.

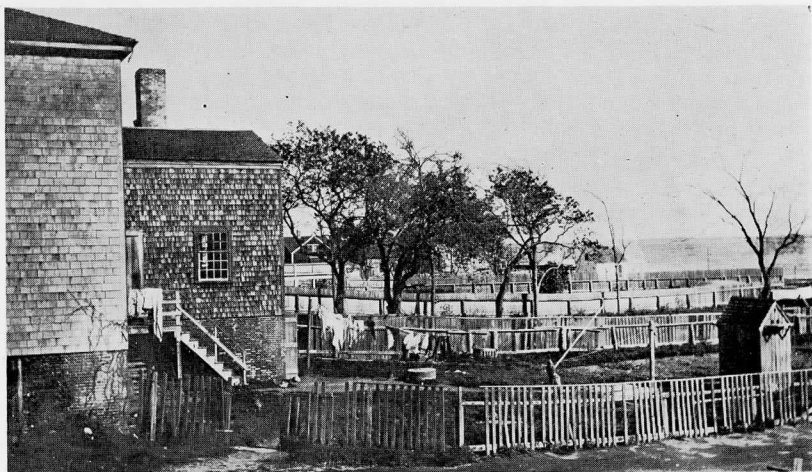
Perhaps one of the most conspicuous examples of the spirit of commercial enterprise was that of the electric railway companies. There were a number of these promotions, some of which materialized and some of which did not. To this day, the map of the Vineyard published by Capt. George W. Eldridge bears testimony to the ambitions of those years, for it shows the route of a proposed electric railway from Oak Bluffs — Cottage City as it was then — and Vineyard Haven, all the way to Gay Head. An instance of the promotional fever is the bill filed in the legislature in January, 1901, to "incorporate the Purchasers of the Franchise and Property of the Cottage City Street Railway Company."

A new company was to be formed under the more inclusive title of "Cottage City and Edgartown Traction Company", with capitalization of \$60,000. There is no reason here to go afiel into the complicated history of the trolley lines, but history shows that no electric cars ever ran from Cottage City to Edgartown, and the dreams of an electrically transported summer populace finally came to an end during the early years of World War I. That was when the name "jitney" was first applied to the rapidly multiplying Ford cars, Ford jokes were all the rage, and nobody even paid much attention when the rails of the electric line linking Oak Bluffs and Vineyard Haven were torn up and sold for scrap to meet the demand of wartime industry.

Early in February, 1902, the Boston Herald commented editorially on a novel idea:

"The experiment to be made on Martha's Vineyard of running a line of automobile wagons between Edgartown and Cottage City will be watched with considerable interest. The roadway between these two places is, if we are not mistaken, a so-called state highway, and on this account it should be able to have transportation over it carried in the manner proposed, with a minimum of delay. If it is possible to use well built highways for vehicular traffic of this kind, and do away with the necessity of laying obstructive car tracks and overhead wires, the method will be one which will meet with a large degree of public favor and, no doubt, go far toward encouraging the building of better roads . . ."

The Herald regretted that most rural communities had not seen fit to follow the example of the state in constructing good roads, and observed that when these communities roused themselves to the needs of the times, "we are likely to have automobile lines running over hundreds of different routes, and affording not only convenience to country dwellers but pleasurable opportunities to a large number of city excursionists."



Edgartown — characteristic view in the early nineteen hundreds. This is the back yard of what is now the Daggett House.

This was prophecy of a sound sort — one may now, at this distance, see the shadow of Greyhound Bus Lines and others across the pages of history — but at the time most people considered the trolley lines the more practical enterprise to support.

In July, 1901, Edgartown was visited by a representative of the International Light, Heat and Power Company, a corporation having its general offices in Philadelphia. The International Lamps, so called, burned gasoline and coal oil — kerosene, perhaps — and each lamp constituted "an independent plant". To quote the agent, "each one is a source of high candle power illumination

suitable for lighting stores, buildings, parks, towns and cities, without the expense of piping or wiring."

Here again was the confused outlook for a generation which wanted to step out ahead in the march of progress, but could hardly be sure just where progress was headed. The agent for the remarkable International Lamps arranged to have specimen installations set up at various places around town, at the company's expense, and to maintain them for a few weeks so that the public could see the merits of this progressive type of lighting.

References to these utilities naturally suggests also the early history of the telephone. It is generally known that the late Dr. Charles F. Lane built a telephone system of his own in order to have communication with his patients, and thus stimulated the introduction of telephones to the Vineyard. It is not so well known that others, too, built their own lines.

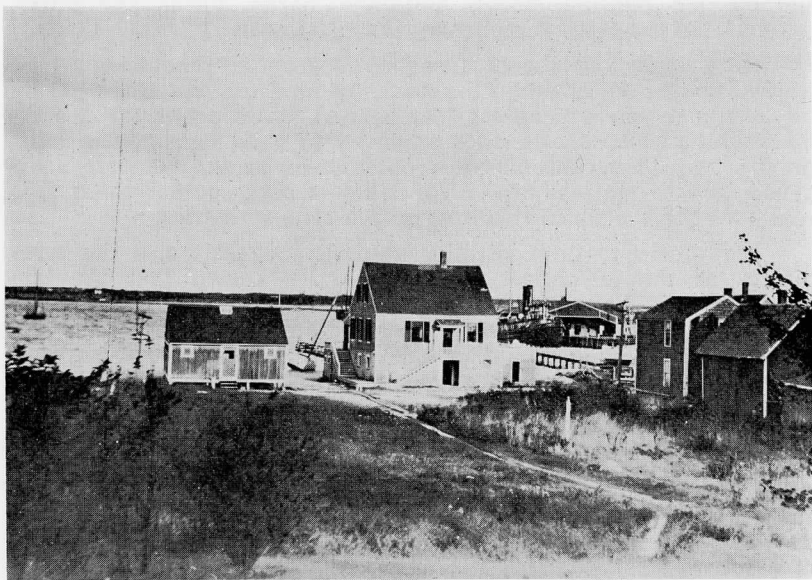
In 1901 the Gazette reported that "the telephone system owned by Eben Luce and connecting his finishing business on the Sound shore at Chappaquansett with Vineyard Haven village was badly damaged by the storm of two weeks ago. The wire was melted and the poles so injured by the lightning that the whole affair was rendered useless".

The accent of the period was on individualism, and the individuals of the Vineyard were not inclined to wait for corporations to come along and do what they could do for themselves. The concept of an almost universal telephone network was not even entertained in imagination.

Electricity was not a complete novelty on the Vineyard, for as early as the eighteen eighties there had been an experimental installation of arc lights at Cottage City. One had been placed at the Sea View hotel, one of the bathhouses, and one in Ocean Park, and the illumination from these hissing and glowing beacons had been impressive. But somehow the electrical age lay in the future still, and before it ever reached the Vineyard the old lamp-lighters had lived out long lives, and gas lighting had been brought to Cottage City, only to pass into oblivion with a final explosion of the gasometer in 1920.

Turning to a different aspect of Island life, essential to the sort of social history of which this is intended to be a chapter, one must look in upon some representative entertainments of the period under review. No such thing as mass entertainment existed, and the people were under the necessity of taxing their own resourcefulness.

Here is an account of a meeting of the Want to Know Club in the month of April, 1902. "Quite the most elegant and unusual function given here," reported the Vineyard Haven correspondent of the Gazette, "was the Russian tea by Mrs. Addie Smith to the W. T. K. Club last Thursday evening. The literary program of the evening consisted of a paper on 'Illustrations and Illustrators' by Mrs. H. Castello, and 'The Vision of Sir Launfal' recited by Miss



Vineyard Haven — Looking toward the steamboat wharf about 1900.

Eugenia Norton. The artistic and sumptuous home of the hostess was made more ornate by decorations emblematic of Russia. Their flag interwoven with our own; the Russian coat of arms on large banners, and sprays of pines and cones.

"As an appetizer, lemonade in lemon cups was first served. Caviar on toast and Russian sandwiches of cream cheese and olives came next. Russian jelly and delicate cake was then placed upon the small tables, then the Russian tea was made which was also accompanied by cake and nuts . . . All were of the opinion that a most graceful compliment had been paid the club and the winter course of study."

A different sort of entertainment, likewise in its way characteristic of the time, took the form of traditional high jinks on the night before the Fourth. Recounting the noise and confusion of that occasion in 1902 in Edgartown, the Gazette reported that "at 6 a. m. the noise of conflict had practically ceased, and the forces of disorder, it was reported, had been compelled by a sturdy charge made by the gallant six in the light of the morning to gradually retreat — to breakfast."

"On the field of operations the prospect was impressive. Small buildings, boats of various sorts and sizes, vehicles, parts of fences, gates, house blinds, barrels, boxes and crates, heavy car trucks from the defunct railroad and the cupola of its grand central station, and a hundred other hitherto unmovable goods and chattels of the townspeople, all in one long, straggling, ignominious

pile on Main Street, silently showed their abused bodies to the Town Fathers in a mute appeal for rehabilitation and redress.

"The night of folly had ended. No killed or wounded were reported, and the damage to property was not large. But it is the general expressed opinion that hereafter more stringent measures for the protection of property in this town, both public and private, on third of July night, will have to be instituted . . . the townspeople will not again stand, and should not, acts of lawlessness similar to those indulged in on Thursday night . . ."

Not having the present-day advantages of formalized social life, the Islanders and visitors of the era usually held foot races, often in the streets of the towns which were still unsurfaced, or played scrub baseball games. The New York Dramatic Mirror printed an account of one such pick-up game played at Edgartown in the summer of 1902, in which two noted actors of the period took part, Frank Keenan and Percy Plunkett. Mr. Plunkett was the writer of the report, and Mr. Keenan umpired.

Mr. Keenan, the report said, "was kept busy dodging clams for two innings when he quit, and, picking up the clams, walked home. He informs me it was the best clam chowder he ever had."

That same week, the Edgartown Cornet Band serenaded Mr. John E. White, in appreciation of the friendly interest Mr. White had taken in the musicians and their organization. After several selections were played, the band was invited inside where ice cream and cake were served. It would appear that the serenade was not a complete surprise, since preparations for the refreshments must have been made. The occasion was topped off by more selections played by the band on the veranda.

Sunday school picnics must be mentioned. They still take place, but with an inevitable change in the climate of sophistication in which we all now live. In July, 1902, the Sunday school of the Vineyard Haven Baptist Church, about fifty strong, "took carriages" for Quansoo and "had a happy time at the grove and beach". The drive, of course, was a long one, emphasizing the leisurely quality of life as it was then lived. Of course threatening storm clouds rose in the sky — as was more or less traditional with such picnics — but the picknickers started home in time and escaped a drenching. The homeward trip was described as gay, enlivened by games, conundrums, and patriotic songs.

Some institutions such as the West Tisbury fair have come down into modern times, but the emphasis has changed. In 1905, reviewing the fair of that year, Rev. Haig Adadourian wrote:

"It is interesting to watch and analyze the doings of those three days that have, for nearly half a century, been red-lettered days in the annals of West Tisbury and of the Island. What does the fair amount to? To merely an annual frolic and frivolity? To simply an ephemeral exploitation of the Island's agricultural affairs? To induce 'off-Islanders' to get better acquainted with

the Islanders and eventually become Vineyarders? Not at all. In the observer's humble opinion the Martha's Vineyard annual cattle show and fair at West Tisbury is more than a frolicsome, frivolous and ephemeral affair. In the first place, it is a big family reunion of the Islanders, par excellence. This fair, like those in other counties, has been the forerunner of the lately instituted Old Home Week movement. And it has brought together, perhaps as no other county fair has done, the sons and daughters of the Island in a closer fellowship. It has knit them together in the unity of fraternity, and in the bond of peace, as no other agency has, with the possible exception of the Neighborhood Convention . . . How happy the people were in meeting one another! . . . Maids and matrons, youths and veterans, old-timers and newcomers, sea captains, musicians, physicians, politicians, lawyers, clergymen, agriculturists, rollicking boys and girls, pupils and scholars of the public schools, and sweet little tots toddling around among the crowd or being wheeled in their baby carriages by their fond parents — this is a composite photograph of those who came from every direction of the Island."

There is no doubt that Mr. Adadourian's appraisal was an accurate and perceptive one. Islanders seldom assembled in any central place in those days, and the fair was indeed a sort of Old Home Week. A third annual assembly might have been noted, that of the camp meeting and Illumination Night — usually at the end of Governor's Day — but except for such occasions the Vineyard was a scattered community.

In a sense, the automobile was to bring it together, yet in another sense the automobile — as we can now see — was to prove disruptive, for it destroyed the unique quality of those annual times of reunion. When, in the evolution of automobile travel, people not only could meet as often as they liked, and in fact did meet constantly, they ceased to value the opportunities of old fashioned neighborliness as expressed long ago in the institution of the fair.

To the present generation, the gradually extended influence of the automobile cannot seem real. What is universal today seems always to have been implicit, at least, in the shape of human affairs — except in the strange wastes of the older centuries. As a matter of fact, the automobile was slow in becoming established, and in the period of which these words are written, it was novel, distrusted, and generally under-estimated.

In August, 1905, the Gazette correspondent at Cottage City was able to report that "There will be no more automobile speeding on Circuit Avenue. Following the recommendation of the non-resident taxpayers, who held a meeting recently, the selectmen at their weekly meeting last Saturday evening, passed an ordinance forbidding automobile drivers to speed their machines more than five miles an hour on Circuit avenue between Lake Avenue and the Catholic Church . . . Outside the bounds named, drivers may speed their machines to the limit."

Only a few weeks previously, in Edgartown, the Massachusetts Highway Commission held a hearing on the complaint of automobilists that the Edgartown selectmen were unreasonable in limiting the speed of automobiles to four miles an hour on the village streets and ten miles an hour elsewhere within the town limits. Charles H. Stahl of Fitchburg argued that it was almost impossible to regulate his machine to as low a speed as four miles. Decision in the matter was reserved, but it was indicated that a compromise would be reached between the rules of the selectmen and the desires of the motorists.

For many years, even to the outbreak of World War I, the automobilists continued in the status of a minority group, a status which seems grotesque and incredible today.

In its attitude toward the outside world, the Island of the early years of this century now seems to have been complacent. As the century began, California was celebrating its fiftieth anniversary and was nothing more than a far-off state. There was no Hollywood. There were no mighty Pacific coast cities in the sense that has become commonplace today. Europe came into the awareness of Vineyarders for the most part in the general tone and viewpoint of the meetings of the Tourist Department of a Woman's Club; it represented sightseeing, travel, history, and a region that no doubt would soon be outstripped by the United States. Remoter areas of the globe were seen through the eyes of the whaling captains who had visited them — the whaling captains who, in sad succession, were living out their years and dying quietly at home.

As to its own views in cultural matters, the Island, in common with most communities and especially the smaller ones, had no fixed point of departure. There was a certain pride of tradition, but in the construction of new houses, for instance, tradition was generally abandoned. This was the era when bungalows were built. In Edgartown the attractive but, in a sense alien, houses of Starbuck's Neck were put up within the space of a few years. They have now become shaded into the identity and individuality of the town, even though they are so sharp a departure from the Greek revival whaling captains' houses of North Water Street. At the time, one reason for their style was that it was novel and imported. The cultural aspiration was toward the future, not much weighted by awareness of values of the past.

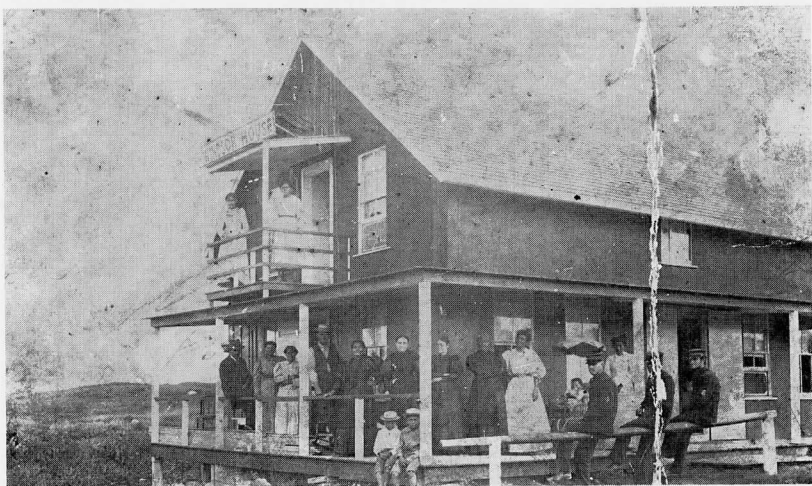
So with the rather imposing houses of Eastville — commodious was the favorite word for them. Progress and modernity were coming in, and the desirable thing was apt to be the latest thing. This point of view is strange to our own time in which the authenticity of style is valued, and new things are apt to be weighed in relation to their sound development from the past. The so-called modernistic houses built in recent years, summer homes for the most part, are deliberate departures from the traditional, usually justified in terms of functionalism.

There should be, from a historian's standpoint, some assessment of the contribution which the early period of the century made to the larger current of Island history, but it is doubtful if that contribution can be sharply defined. Most of the feeling, temper, and outlook of the era has been lost for good. The beginnings of themes which seem most significant today were for the most part naive, instinctive, or opportunistic. Nobody who lived at the time seems to have seen with much clarity where we were going. We seemed to have arrived at an advanced stage of civilization; we were modern enough for anyone's taste, and perfectly ready to be more modern; we were relaxed, content, even confident. And we had a faith in ourselves undiluted by apprehensions which were to come with the war clouds of 1914.

SOME GAY HEAD PEOPLE

by EVA RYAN

These two old photographs, taken about the turn of the century, or a few years earlier show some of the Gay Head people of that time. One photograph is badly faded, and the other is torn, but still, perhaps, they may be interesting to the readers of the Intelligencer.



The above photograph shows the old Windsor Hotel. It stood near the Gay Head steamboat landing. It was to that old wharf that paddlewheel steamers brought excursionists from New Bedford and Oak Bluffs, for a day's outing on the Gay Head cliffs and pastures. Mrs. Rosanna Rodman ran the hotel.

The two little boys seated on the corner of the hotel porch are Bill and Grover Ryan. The two young girls on the balcony are

Eva Ryan and her sister Stella. Stella Ryan went to the Sudan as a missionary and died there.

From left to right the people standing on the porch are Sam George Mingo. Mr. Mingo was a famous whaler, and his daughter is Mrs. Amos Smalley. Next to Mr. Mingo is Rachel Ryan, the Ryan children's mother. She was Rachel Diamond before she married Charles Ryan who came from Long Island. Next to Mrs. Ryan is Lizzie Jeffers. Next to Mrs. Jeffers is Abo (Abraham) Rodman, and next to him is wife Rosanna Rodman the proprietor of the hotel.

Next to Mrs. Rodman is Mrs. Charles Kent, her husband was the pastor of the Gay Head church at that time. Next to Mrs. Kent is Mrs. William Pease of Lambert's Cove. Her husband operated a pound at Gay Head. Next to Mrs. Pease is Phoebe Cooper the wife of Aaron Cooper. She was a Pocknett from Mashpee. Next to Mrs. Cooper is Olive Jerrod. She was the sister of Wilbur Jerrod, the whaler and coasting seaman who lived in Vineyard Haven for many years after he retired from the sea. Next to Miss Jerrod in the chair is Ferdinand Rodman. Standing just beyond the boy is Pamela Rodman.

Seated on the hitching rail are three members of the old United States Life Saving Service, they are, first, Linnie Wing Mayhew, of Chilmark, and next to him Frank Manning of Gay Head, and then Everett Poole or Nashaquitsa.



In the other picture, which is so badly faded the people are, first of all, the children seated in front. From left to right they are: First Charles Madison. He married Louisa Jeffers and his children were Luther, Lyman, and Priscilla. Next to him is Justina . . . ? . . . who married Adrian Vanderhoop. Next to her is Alice Attaquin, who died young. Then Stella Ryan (see above)

and next to her is Jenny Jerrod who also died young. Next to her is Bill Ryan, and behind him his sister Eva, and next, Grover Ryan and behind him Josephine Peters who was the daughter of Joe Peters the whaleman. She also died young. Next to Grover Ryan is Addie Mingo (see above). Next to her are Julia Manning and Flora Jerrod, and last, Celina Vanderhoop.

In the row behind the children are from left to right, Jenny Manning the wife of Dolph Manning. She was a Vanderhoop. Next to her is Eleanor Mingo. She was a Jeffers, and then Pamela Rodman, and next to her Beulah Richardson. She was a Vanderhoop. And then Benny Attaquin. Then come Cora Morton, Sarah Thompson and Rachel Ryan (see above). Next to Rachel Ryan is Maria Cook. She married Leonard Vanderhoop. And then Deacon Thomas Jeffers. His wife was Lucina James of Christian-town.

In the back row are: George Swain, he was from St. Helena, and was killed in a cave-in while digging clay, at the old Gay Head clay works. Next to him is a Miss Goff (?) and Cristabel Mingo, she was Charles Mingo's daughter. Then come Francis James, Adrian Vanderhoop, Dolph Manning, Luther Manning (?) . . . ? . . . Lang (?) and then Alice Attaquin. Then Olive Jerrod, Joe Lang, and Marshall Jeffers. Behind Joe Lang and Marshall Jeffers are Mr. and Mrs. Kent (see above). Then come Mrs. Phoebe Cooper and Esther Swain.

Not too many of these Gay Head people are still alive, and Gay Head has changed a great deal since the days when these pictures were taken.

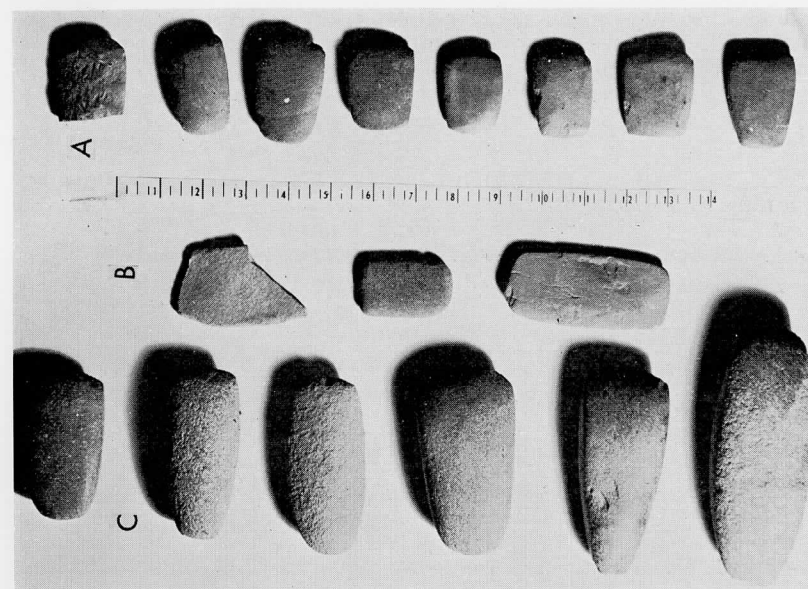
A CACHE OF INDIAN ARTIFACTS

The artifacts pictured in the accompanying photograph were presented to the Dukes County Historical Society by George Magnuson of West Tisbury. In the opinion of the editor they are exceedingly valuable and interesting, as they must represent a kit of woodworking tools.

The tools represented in row "C" of the photograph are commonly called Celts or Indian axe-heads. However, the three smallest ones are probably chisels. All six of these larger artifacts show a ground and polished cutting edge. The three largest ones were probably hafted, and the three smallest ones were probably used unhafted being struck with a wooden mallet or club.

The three stones in row "B" are probably the whetstones or grinding stones which kept the cutting edges of the artifacts sharp and polished. The broken fragment is doubtful, but it is included because it was found in the cache.

The small artifacts in row "A" are most unusual. All of them show a ground and polished cutting edge. It is impossible to say just how they were used. They may be wedges, or they may be scrapers that were used either hafted or unhafted.



Probably all of these tools were used in the manufacture of the large wooden dug-out boats that the Island Indians used. We know something, historically, of the process of making these boats. The felled log was fashioned into a boat by the controlled use of fire, the charred portions being cut and scraped away until finally the boat assumed the desired shape and proportions.

Some of these boats were quite large holding thirty or more men. They were used for fishing, and for whaling, and for voyages to the mainland and to the neighboring islands.

At present there are no trees on the Island suitable for making such dug-out boats. But there is a tradition on the Island that when the settlers first came here there was a stand of very large white pines along the south side, and that the pines were destroyed by fire shortly after the settlement. Perhaps it was from these pines that Indians made their boats.

Mr. Magnuson found the artifacts near the head of Tiah's Cove on the right hand side of the road. The road had recently been scraped and one of the artifacts was exposed. They were all in one hole. This is not the site of a settlement or village, and the tools must have been cached there for some purpose; perhaps after a boat had been built, or in preparation for building a boat.

Stone artifacts seem to have gone out of use early in the sixteenth century, or more than a century before the settlement of the Island. That was because the Indians were receiving iron and steel tools from traders on the coast. We know very little about this early trade, however, except that it did exist.

A few back issues of the *Intelligencer* are available at fifty cents each at the Dukes County Historical Society in Edgartown.

Vol. 1, No. 1 contains "*The Christ'antown Story, 1659-1959*," by Eleanor Ransom Mayhew, as the lead article. It also contains the revised by-laws of the society, etc.

Vol. 1, No. 2 contains "*An Archaeological Study from Martha's Vineyard*," by E. G. Huntington.

Vol. 1, No. 3 contains "*Vineyard Whaling Captains and Fabulous Frisco*," by Lloyd C. M. Hare.

Vol. 1, No. 4 contains "*Transition — Approach to a Period*" by Henry Beetle Hough. Also the first installment of Rebecca Smith's "*Diurnal Records for the year 1813*," etc.

Vol. 2, No. 1 contains Dr. Sidney N. Riggs' beautifully illustrated article on the "*Vineyard Meeting Houses*," etc.

Vol. 2, No. 2 contains "*The Episcopal Churches of Martha's Vineyard*," by Dr. Riggs; the "*Annual Report and Account of Accessions*" by Eleanor Ransom Mayhew, Secretary, as well as the second installment of Rebecca Smith's journal.