THE DUKES COUNTY INTELLIGENCER

Published by
DUKES COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Inc.
EDGARTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

Scrimshaw - Old And New
By DEIDAMIA OSBORN BETTENCOURT

The Vineyard In An Earlier Day
By DORRIS S. HOUGH

The Fisherman's Dory
By GALE HUNTINGTON

DCHS News

August 1972

Vol. 14, No. 1
Scrimshaw - Old And New
By DEIDAMIA OSBORN BETTENCOURT

Editorial note.
Mrs. Bettencourt is the Society’s reference librarian, and the descendant of generations of Vineyard whalermen. She is the author of the booklet *Come Tour With Me* which gives a careful description of the Cooke House and its contents, the library and the Society’s grounds. She has written previously for the *Intelligencer*.

All the scrimshaw illustrated is from the Society’s collections, and the photographs of it are used by courtesy of Mrs. Barbara Johnson.

The origin of the word, scrimshaw, remains as much of a mystery today as it did over a hundred years ago. Funk and Wagnalls definition of the word is: “To ornament (ivory, whale’s teeth, etc.) by cutting or carving, and usually rubbing coloring matter in the incisions.”

By 1825 whalermen were carving and decorating whale’s teeth, and the names used for this American folk-art were “squimshon,” “scrimshorn,” “scrimshonting,” and “scrimshone.” Melville, in his *Moby Dick* (1850), referred to the dentistical-looking implements especially intended for the “skrimshandering” business. Scrimshaw, however, was the name finally adopted (about 1870), as is indicated by the logbooks and journals of the whalermen.

Some writers believed scrimshaw had its inspiration in the walrus tusk carvings of the Eskimos, but American whalermen had not penetrated the Arctic until 1835. Others thought the influence came from contact with the South Sea islanders who were already adept in the art of wood carving. Some considered it strictly an authentic American seafaring art.

It is quite probable that scrimshawing came into existence around 1795, when the whaling voyages lasted from two to four years, and doubtless received its birth on Yankee whalingships. There was either great activity aboard ship when the whalermen were chasing the leviathan of the deep, or long periods of shipboard routine and monotony, and days of idle cruising. Scrimshaw then became a medium of relief from tension of mind as well as of body, from the captain down to the greenest hand.
Entries in the logbook often read, “Saw nothing, dull times, whales in sight, but no use, the Captain being saintish, won’t whale on the Sabbath. All hands employed in scrimshaw.” Another wrote referring to the Captain as, “‘the old man,’ and the mate spend their time a-scrimshoning. That is all they think of.” Some captains forbade scrimshawing, saying the men were negligent in their duty to look for whales. Other captains realized it was good therapy for all concerned during the times when no whales were in the vicinity. Arthur C. Watson, in his “Scrimshaw,” Technology Review (March 1938) calls scrimshaw “A triumphant answer to an acute problem... the most soul-shattering monotony known to industrial pursuit.”

Sperm whales provided ninety per cent of all ivory used in scrimshaw. The teeth were four to ten inches long, hollow a good part of the way up, and those teeth five to eight inches long were the most desirable for purely artistic creations. The teeth also were cut and sliced into pieces for inlaying, and for making small solid objects. Walrus’ tusks came after the sperm’s teeth in importance for scrimshawing and were obtained by trade with the Eskimos. So it became the unwritten law of the whaling world that the lower jaw of the sperm whale, with its forty or more teeth, should always belong to the crew.

The whalemen had no manuals, no patterns, no textbooks, and no teachers to introduce them to the art of scrimshaw. Few were artists. It is remarkable that they learned to carve at all, and that they did it so well. The tools at hand were what they used—a jackknife, a nail, or a needle. Since the teeth are ribbed, they were first filed smooth. Sometimes a grindstone was used to smooth the bone and ivory, and then wood ash, the chief abrasive, was applied damp. Next a design would be etched on the tooth.
Sometimes *Godey’s Lady’s Book* offered a variety of subjects. Naval scenes, heroes, and patriotic motifs were popular. India ink or natives’ dyes, soot from the try-works, or even tobacco juice, supplied the coloring, and were spread over the drawings and rubbed into the cuttings. When dry, the coloring material was rubbed off, and the surface was given a buffing and polishing, sometimes using ashes from the try-works. Final luster and polish of the tooth came from long and faithful rubbing by hand, and with all kinds of pieces of cloth and leather. Elbow grease was the main ingredient, and the oil from the palms and fingers brought out the sheen of ivory. A single slip, or even a wrong cut, could mar or ruin the work of many hours.

Cheever, in *The Whale and His Captors*, writes, “Sometimes an original print was cut and laid on the tooth, after which holes were pricked through the imposed picture with some sharp pointed
instrument. The resulting dots on the tooth were a guide.” But most of the drawing was free hand.

A cribbage board from a walrus tusk.

Scrimshaw during those years was not made to sell. There were no standards of quality required; the men worked it according to their fancies, when and as they pleased, and with their abilities. As the men worked, their thoughts would be of home and of their loved ones, and these thoughts and memories were transferred to the scrimshawed pieces to help make their life bearable while thousands of miles, and perhaps years, away from home. Some of the work was crude, but most of it was original and interesting, some very intricate, and some artistic. Each piece was one of a kind. There were no two alike. One single piece required many hours of the most careful and painstaking work, but then, life aboard a whaleship, when there were no whales, was conducive to slow and careful work. Sometimes as long as six months would be spent working on a tooth during leisure hours. The earliest known piece of scrimshaw is a tooth dated 1827. At one time, during the scrimshaw boom, sperm whale’s teeth became so plentiful they were sold for a few cents a barrel, and even thrown overboard.

Whale’s teeth are the classic examples of scrimshaw, and the most popular objects with collectors generally. The teeth and the jagging wheel brought out the true art in scrimshaw, challenging the talents and abilities of the artists among the whaling men. Undoubtedly, some of the whalingmen may have been engravers of a sort even before they went whaling. The teeth most prized today are those etched with drawings of specific vessels identified by name, date, and place, as etched on a pair of porpoise jaws, “Bark Mary Frazier, March 1886.” The bark was owned by Samuel Osborn, Jr. from 1876 to 1887.

Whale’s teeth are comparatively soft when fresh, and hard and brittle when aged. Sometimes they would be soaked in brine to give them an orange richness, or just dipped in water for easier tooling.

Many of the scrimshawed articles were functional as well as decorative, as the following: working tools, belaying pins, sewing palms, rolling pins made of wood with handles of bone, jagging wheels for crimping and cutting pastry, clothes pins, knitting needles, canes, busks (for my lady’s corsets), whalebone swivets for winding yard, folding pocket toothpicks, yardsticks, work boxes inlaid with ivory, bone handles for knives, cutlery, spool racks, sand shakers, fids for splicing rope, and even a leg of bone made for Captain Ahab in Melville’s Moby Dick, to replace the captain’s own. Ashley in The Yankee Whaler mentions some sixty different kinds of items, among them chopping knives, small blocks and pulleys, seam rubbers, and children’s toys. Most popular were the engraved whale’s teeth, busks, swifts, bodkins, and jagging wheels.
One of a pair of beautifully scrimshawed porpoise jaws.

Household utensils and two fisherman’s twine needles.

A pair of rolling pins perhaps brought home for the whaleman’s wife and daughter.
The last were the most common of all, and are highly decorative, carved from a whale’s tooth or from walrus’ ivory. These were always a welcome gift at home, made by the seaman for his wife or his intended. All kinds of designs were used for the handles of the jagging wheels.

An assortment of jagging wheels. These were used to crimp the top crust of a pie.

Canes are included in the category of scrimshaw because of the wide range of design on the fancy ivory handles and knobs. The clenched fist was popular, heads of dogs, snakes and seals, and even a delicately shaped leg of a woman, usually bent at the knee.

Some of the finest examples of scrimshaw are the cribbage boards made on walrus’ tusks, etched with designs of walrus, seals, and maps. The pegs were of ivory and sometimes were hidden in the end of the tusk.

The busk represents the most intimate and sentimental of all scrimshaw work. It was made from the “pan” bone, (part of the lower jawbone of the whale). Busks were eight to ten inches to a foot long, one and a half inches wide, filed and smoothed, and the ends rounded. The drawings on the busks were entirely original, with personal sentiments, fascinating because of their individuality. Some were etched with hearts and flowers, or cupids with darts. The sailor knew the busk was designed to be worn by his loved one next to her heart. Thus a busk was an appropriate gift from a man to his sweetheart. The thought was that any woman so fortified was bound to remain true to her sailor. The following are two favorite verses from the collection of W. W. Bennett:

In many a gale
Has been a whale
In which this bone did rest,
His time is past,
His bone at last
Must now support thy brest.
Accept dear Girl this busk from me;
Carved by my humble hand,
I took it from a Sparm Whale’s Jaw,
One thousand miles from land.

Busks. These fitted inside the bodice of a lady’s dress or in a vestlike under garment.

Scrimshaw became the supreme art of American seamen. Not all of it was practical or sentimental; some was art for art’s sake. It never became commercialized until recent years. Sometimes a choice piece changed hands for a consideration, but mostly the
whalemen brought their pieces of scrimshaw home to wives, mothers, or sweethearts, and the decorative pieces were displayed in the what-not in the parlor of many a New England home.

Two finely scrimshawed canes.

Original scrimshaw speaks for itself. Old, primitive, and quaint, the best pieces today are in private collections or in museums. The supply is diminishing, the demand increasing, and the prices mounting. When whaling had reached its end, scrimshaw finally was recognized for its value and beauty.

Even today, with the most modern tools at hand, such as steel scribes with carbide tips, power-driven band saws, grinding wheels, and electric needles, artists cannot achieve what the whalemen did with such patience and devotion. The modern craftsman's work can not compare with the original style of the older material. The new scrimshaw lacks the primitive quality, the individuality, of the old, and in most cases, it is done too well. The engraving is cut deeper, is more regular, and reveals machine tooling sharpness, as well as deft craftsmanship. Sometimes yellow coloring is added to give the effect of age.

The element of time today is prohibitive of the most beautiful handmade work. That is the difference between the old and the new.

The Vineyard In An Earlier Day
By DORRIS S. HOUGH

Editorial note.

Miss Hough certainly needs no introduction to readers of the Intelligencer. But perhaps these little vignettes of the Vineyard scene in an earlier day need a word of explanation. They are from some high school and college themes that by some miracle were saved all these years. And the acting editor of the Intelligencer is very happy that they were. Here are three of them and more will follow in another issue.

An Incident of the Summer of 1903.

One of the events of the summer at Vineyard Haven is the annual visit of the New York Yacht Club to our harbor. There is no more beautiful sight than the arrival of the great fleet of yachts on a fine day. But last summer we were unfortunate enough to have a foggy day when the fleet arrived. All afternoon we heard the reports of cannon as the steam yachts dropped anchor, and before morning all the fleet was in.

The sun was shining in my window when I awakened and heard my mother making arrangements with old Captain Smith for a sail out among the yachts. Perhaps I didn't hurry! By the time Captain Smith got the boat around I was ready and waiting, although somewhat breathless.

Such a sail as that was! Steam yachts with gas parties on board, schooner yachts, sloop yachts, tiny launches steaming hither and thither, tenders evidently for use rather than beauty, and best of all the cup-defenders. There is no adjective which can half describe the beauty of those cup-defenders. We sailed among the yachts for some time and saw the start of the race home. We had just turned for home ourselves when Captain Smith called excitedly to his son who was at the wheel, "By golly, Will, she's struck! The Columbia, I declare! On the Middle Ground! What kind of a pilot have they got on board of her anyhow?"

At this we were all excited and eagerly watched the Columbia as the balloon jib and spinnaker were hauled in. Then we saw that she had a companion in misfortune. The Reliance had struck, too! A little later the Reliance got off and sailed away. But the last we saw of the Columbia she was still stuck on the Middle Ground.
Aunt Clara’s Parlor.

I have in mind a parlor, the “best room” of an old-fashioned country house which contains a queer mixture of the beautiful and horrible. There is a great rich Persian rug which has covered the floor since a sea-captain owner of the house laid it there over eighty years ago. It is now almost hidden by strips and squares of gaudy carpet. The simple outlines of the chimney piece are hidden by an elaborately draped scarf and the shelf is loaded with ugly ornaments.

The old mahogany chairs are defaced with crocheted “tidies” of cotton or wool. The heavy old table is covered with a heavy cloth and heaped with books, newspapers and photographs. As the crowning touch on a table in the corner there stands a large gilded plaster jar, and it is covered with everything from buttons and pennies to dolls’ toys and even little dolls themselves.

Edgartown, 1906.

It is a typical New England sea-coast town of the whaling days. To be sure there is a modern summer hotel down on the Point, and modern summer residences have grown up around it. But they only accentuate the old-fashioned aspect of the town itself - the rough narrow streets, the few stores, the post office, the bank, the wharves with their loads of old iron, the rival churches and the prosperous looking old houses with their neat back yards. They are just as they used to be before the whaling industry went west.†

But the passing of the whalers from the harbor has made a difference - not to the appearance but rather to the spirit of the place. All enterprise seems to have gone, and the village has settled down to an unprogressive gentility; content with its dignity and with its prestige as the shire town.

†Here Miss Hough does not mean that whaling had died, though it had certainly fallen, a great way from its halcyon days, but rather that it had quite literally moved west, first to the Hawaiian Islands, and then to San Francisco.

The Fisherman’s Dory

By Gale Huntington

Editorial note

The illustrations used for this brief article are from the History And Methods Of The Fisheries published by the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, Washington, D. C. 1887. Unless otherwise noted, all the drawings are the joint work of H. W. Elliott and Captain J. W. Collins.

The fisherman’s dory, sometimes also called the banks dory, was perhaps once the most common of all small boats used in Vineyard waters. It was used for all kinds of fishing. It was used handlining for cod, hake, scup and other fish. It was used by lobster fishermen, and it was used by trap fishermen when trap, or pound fishing, was an important industry in Vineyard Sound. And it was used by swordfishermen. The sharpie, the skiff and the Nomans Land boat all had their place but the dory was universal. Indeed it was universal all up and down the New England coast, and today it is almost unknown and forgotten.

The dory developed from the Canadian bateau, the type of boat that was used by New England forces in the French and Indian wars. But the dory proper was used by New England fishermen as early as the early years of the 1700’s.

At first the dory was used almost entirely from the beach. But about 1850 it began to be used by the banks fishermen. Before that time all off-shore fishing, on Georges Banks and on the Grand Banks for cod, haddock and halibut had been with hand lines from the fishing vessel’s deck. But beginning about 1850 and after 1860 almost all fishing on the banks was from dories which were carried nested on the vessel’s deck. It was then that the dory acquired its second name, the banks dory, and it was then that it became standardized. Thus the dory was actually the first “class boat.”

Dories were built in various sizes from twelve to sixteen feet. That was the bottom measurement. The fourteen-foot dory was perhaps the most common and popular size. The fourteen-foot dory had an overall length of almost eighteen feet. The beam was five feet and the depth about two feet amidships. The dory
became standardized as to build because if the dories were going to be nested on the deck of the fishing vessel each dory of a particular length had to be exactly like every other one of that "class." Otherwise they would not nest. When the dories were nested the thwarts, oars, sail, and all other gear was placed in the bottom of each one.

Hand-lining over a schooner's rail. Two dories are made fast astern. Photograph by T. W. Smillie.

Beach fishermen overhauling their gear. Note that one of the dories has her strakes painted in different colors. From a photograph by T. W. Smillie.

To those who knew how to handle it, the dory was perhaps the most seaworthy small boat ever built. It could ride out a hurricane at sea and it could be launched through the surf from the beach in almost a gale of wind, and brought back through the surf to the beach, too.

A man could row a dory in an ordinary breeze with no more effort than walking. And there are records of men being at the oars for unbelievably long periods of time, for a day, two days and even longer before reaching the beach or being picked up by a passing vessel. That happened, of course, when the dory had lost contact with its mother vessel because of fog or sudden storm.

A halibut schooner showing the dories nested on deck. The crew is engaged in cutting bait and baiting the trawl lines.
Dories leaving the vessel to haul the trawls.

A loaded dory caught to leeward in a sudden storm. The vessel has payed out a line and buoy for her rescue.

Dory crew hauling a trawl.

Dory men hand-lining for cod on the banks.
Setting haddock trawls from a dory.

Dory man taking mackerel from a gill-net. From a photograph by T. W. Smillie.

Dory men taking cod from gill-nets.

Dory fishermen hauling a lobster pot. When lobsters were still plentiful inshore, the dory was the almost universal lobster boat. From a photograph by T. W. Smillie.
A good man could row a dory into the teeth of perhaps a twenty or twenty-five knot breeze, two men into perhaps a thirty-five knot breeze and three men into almost a gale of wind. But in the great gale of November 1898 - the Portland Gale - it took four men, four pairs of oars, to take a dory from the beach in Vineyard Haven Harbor to a schooner sunken in the outer harbor and rescue her crew from the rigging. But that was a hurricane force wind.

The dory oars were ash, from which comes the term "an ash breeze." Dories were not fitted with oarlocks but rather with tholepins which were fitted into holes in the gunnel. On the Vineyard the tholepins were always whittled from white oak, and no man ever bought a tholepin. He whittled his own.

Rowing to windward a man would use the foreward thwart, and the dory would track better, and rowing down wind he would use the after thwart for the same reason. Across the wind the place to row was amidships. But if he was going only a little way, perhaps from one anchored vessel to another for a gam, he probably wouldn't bother to row at all but would put an oar over the stern in the half-moon scoop on the transom and scull. Today sculling is a lost art in any sort of boat because the transom is never fitted for a sculling oar now but rather for an outboard motor. Even rowing is pretty nearly a lost art.

The village at Nomans Land. The buildings were used by lobstermen in the summer, cod fishermen in the spring and fall and sometimes by pilots in the winter. The oxen are hauling up a Nomans Land boat and not a dory. But three of those boats at the moorings are probably dorries. In the 1880's three families lived on Nomans Land year round. Drawing by H.W. Elliott.

The usual dory sail was the spritsail, it was easy to step and un-step and could be rolled up in a matter of seconds. Light, a dory would only sail down wind, but loaded or with a half load she would sail a little on the wind. Dories that were used only from the beach were sometimes fitted with a dagger board and box and that improved the sailing ability to some degree. But dorries that were nested on a schooner's deck could not use a dagger board, of course, or they would not nest.

The dory certainly was not beautiful, but for many years it did serve its purpose beautifully. But now its era has passed, for it is extremely awkward to try to fit an outboard motor to a
dory. So, soon the dory will be a museum piece like the Nomans Land boat, and before all are gone we should probably try to acquire one for the Society’s grounds.

A worn-out dory used as a tub for washing cod before salting. Many ancient dories were filled with earth and used as flower beds. Drawing by H. W. Elliott.

DCHS News

Exciting things are happening at the Society’s headquarters in Edgartown this summer. The Thomas Cooke house as well as the library and boathouse are open from ten to four-thirty - except on Mondays when cleaning is in progress - and on Sunday afternoons from two to four-thirty. The Cooke house has been brightened with new paper and paint in the up-stairs room which commemorates the Island’s famous Adams sisters. Displays in many of the rooms have been rearranged, and major changes have been made in the front parlor. And the model of Captain Joshua Slocum’s Spray has been transferred from the library to the house.

This June shows an increase of more than four hundred visitors over June of last year. What really does seem to be a longer season is also reflected in the earlier opening of Island hotels and restaurants.

The newly organized House Committee convened recently to take a critical look at the Thomas Cooke house and its furnishings, and at the library-museum. Serving on the committee are: Mrs. Kenneth A. Southworth, chairman, Mrs. Brook Anderson, Mrs. C. Stuart Avery, Mrs. Alan Flynn, Mrs. Richard C. Powell, Mrs. Margaret S. Street and Mrs. Donald Vose. And volunteering her time and effort toward making the house more beautiful is Mrs. William E. Sorensen who keeps bouquets of fresh flowers in the various rooms.

The herb garden has been given new life with plants furnished by John Perkins. Nelson Coon, a past president of the Society and Wilbur Monks, a noted herbalist and Mr. Coon’s friend, assisted in the work.

On Sunday evenings at nine o’clock the famous Fresnel lens is operated for the benefit of the public, while Richard Kane, a member of our staff describes the working of the light and its clockwork mechanism. In addition to Richard our summer staff consists of Mrs. Hilda Gilluly, senior hostess, Anne Luedemann, Gillian Dowley, and Alison Shaw. All of them were with us last year.

A new volunteer position has been created for the Society - Registrar of Accessions. Mrs. Samuel H. Halperin has accepted
the post, and her work tremendously lightens the load of both curator and archivist. Mrs. Halperin was formerly associated with the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. She devotes a full day of her time to the Society each week. Mrs. Harold Hassinger also devotes a day of her time to the Society every week, helping in the library, keeping the shelves stocked with our publications and assisting with sales. She also helps Mrs. Betten-court with much of the routine work.

Assisting the regular and summer staffs are the following volunteer hostesses: Mrs. John Achelis, Mrs. John Ferris, Mrs. Lane Lovell, Mrs. Ann Pardee, Sheila Cunningham, Mary Elizabeth Pratt, Jane Pratt, and the very youngest docent, Kara Woolcott Smith. The help of all of them is greatly appreciated. Even more volunteers would be welcome.

Mrs. Kenneth Stoddard, our genealogist, is giving a great deal of her time rearranging and reorganizing the Society’s immense collections of genealogical material. This could well be a lifetime work as well as a work of great importance.

The Society was well represented at the Tisbury Street Fair on the evening of July 8th. We had a large booth displaying many of our published books and pamphlets, back issues of the Intelligencer, copies of Governor Mayhew’s will, reproductions of the Mayhew family tree, and even rubbings of the gravestones of Nancy Luce’s hens. Sales went well and staff members felt that they had made many new friends for the Society.

Among the many gifts of Mrs. Janet Swift to the Society recently was a large chest of letters, documents, and records, once the property of Colonel Samuel P. Lee, U. S. A., and brought to the Island with him when he retired from active service some seventy-five years ago. Among the most important documents are some dealing with the Freedman’s Bureau and with a number of Indian reservations. But it was difficult to see exactly what place this collection had in the archives of the Dukes County Historical Society. So with the consent of the Council your curator visited the National Archives in Washington and gave a full list of the contents of the chest to a representative of the Records Appraisal Division. He was tremendously interested, and said the National Archives would welcome the material and preserve it with related records. So the chest and its contents will be taken to Washington this December by one of the Society’s officers.

A meaningful event took place recently when the recovered logbooks and journals which had been in the safe keeping of the Edgartown National Bank were placed in the new safe in the basement of the Society’s museum-library. The Edgartown police, whose Chief Dominick J. Arena had been so instrumental in the recovery of the books, brought them from the bank. As it happened, very shortly after the return of the books, Francis Cushman and his family came to the library to look at the Rosario journal. Mr. Cushman is the son of Edgar Cushman and the late Louise Coffin Cushman and a grandson of Captain Edwin Coffin who kept the journal, which, as it happened, was one of those which had just been returned to us. The CUSHMANS were happy and so were we.

Margaret R. Chatterton

ACCESSIONS - APRIL THROUGH JUNE 1972

Artifacts:

Chair, slate board, spy glass, wooden box, tools, butter stamp, china pitcher, painting on leather, 13 articles of clothing owned by Col. Samuel P. Lee, purse, and band box.

Gift of Mrs. Janet Swift, Vineyard Haven.

Bellows.

Gift of Mrs. Howard S. Hart, Vineyard Haven.

Two boards from Joseph Claghorn Tavern.

Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schulman, Vineyard Haven.

Gold pocket watch, 1868.

Gift of Henry C. Ottiwell, Vineyard Haven.

Footwarmer.

Gift of Mrs. Ralph M. Packer, Sr., Vineyard Haven.

Books:

The American Coast Pilot, seventh edition, New York, 1812.

A System of Natural Philosophy by J. L. Comstock, New York, 1833.


The Holy Bible, New York, 1868.
Gift of Miss Mildred Waight, Edgartown.

Mr. Mayhew on the Difference between Common and Saving Grace By Experience Mayhew, Boston, 1747.
Gift of Mrs. John W. Mayhew, Sr., Vineyard Haven.

Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Douglass C. Fonda, Jr., Nantucket.

American Historical Atlas, Boston, 1830.
World’s Fair through a Camera, St. Louis, 1893.
Glimpses of the World’s Fair, Chicago, 1893.
Gift of Miss Dorris S. Hough, Vineyard Haven.

“Virgin Land and Savage People” by Francis Jennings American Quarterly. 1971.
Gift of the author.

Collection of 65 books including Bibles, histories, and travel books, most dating from the 19th century and owned by Island residents.
Gift of Henry C. Ottiwell, Vineyard Haven.

Papers and Manuscripts:


15 documents including deed dated 1792, 19th century account books, court summons, bills of sale, letters, 12 pages from 1826 log of Hesper, and purchase papers for schooner W. A. Griffin, 1854.
Gift of Mrs. Ralph M. Packer, Sr., Vineyard Haven.

Manuscript record of stars and positions, 1812.
Gift of Mrs. Janet Swift, Vineyard Haven.

Agreement dated 1835 regarding building a schooner smack.
Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Douglass C. Fonda, Jr., Nantucket.

Photographs and Prints:

Photograph of Col. Samuel P. Lee and Mrs. Lee.
Photograph of raising house of H. Nelson Luce, 1902.
Gift of Mrs. Janet Swift, Vineyard Haven.

Nine photographs and one postcard of Steamers Naushon, Nobska, Islander, Martha’s Vineyard, Nantucket, Calvert, and New Bedford.
Gift of R. Loren Graham, Swampscott.

Four photographs of opening Tisbury Pond in the 1890’s.
Gift of Mrs. Horace W. Stokes, Vineyard Haven.

Marian R. Halperin
Registrar
Some Publications

OF THE DUKES COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY ON SALE
AT ISLAND BOOK STORES AND IN THE SOCIETY'S LIBRARY.

*The Mammals of Martha's Vineyard* by Allan R. Keith. Illustrated, paper. 50¢.


*Capawack Alias Martha's Vineyard* by Warner F. Gookin. Cloth $1.00.


*Our Enchanted Island* by Marshall Shepard. An attempt to prove that Martha's Vineyard is the Island of Shakespeare's *Tempest*. Paper, 50¢.


*Tales and Trails of Martha's Vineyard* by Joseph C. Allen. Illustrated. $3.95. When ordering by mail please add 25¢ to cover postage and handling.


*An Introduction To Martha's Vineyard* by Gale Huntington. Paper $3.50.

*Indian Legends Of Martha's Vineyard* by Dorothy R. Scoville. Paper $2.50.

*Come - Tour With Me* by Deidamia Osborn Bettencourt. A description of the Dukes County Historical Society's Cooke House, museum and grounds. Illustrated, paper. 50¢.

*Shipwrecks On Martha's Vineyard* by Dorothy R. Scoville. Illustrated, paper. $3.00.