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## **The Rediscovery Of Martha's Vineyard**

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**DCHS News**

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## The Rediscovery Of Martha's Vineyard

by

Harold C. Wilson

### Editorial Note.

Harold C. Wilson certainly needs no introduction to the members of our society. He has been the speaker at our annual meeting, and he has written numerous articles for the *Intelligencer*. Two years ago he took some of his students in the New Bedford High School on an expedition to Penekese. Last year he took another group to the North Shore of Martha's Vineyard, both times following in the footsteps of Bartholomew Gosnold, but some three hundred and seventy-five years later.

Mr. Wilson wants to dedicate this paper to the memory of the late Dr. Charles Hutchings who was a member of the second expedition in which he acted out the part of Gabriel Archer.

Several worthwhile projects will be presented during the celebration of the 200th anniversary of the United States of America. My contribution to the Bicentennial concerns the reliving of history. In June of 1974 a band of teachers and students from New Bedford High School landed on the rocky shores of Chilmark and attempted to duplicate Captain Bartholomew Gosnold's discovery of Martha's Vineyard in the year 1602. During this rediscovery of the island, these modern-day adventurers assumed the roles of Gosnold's men and for two days performed many of the actual activities of the original discoverers.

My project should not be confused with those re-staged historical events that are conducted by grown men. I once saw such a group, dressed in colonial attire, stumble through "The Battle of Lexington and Concord." This kind of reenactment can prove more dangerous than educational. For example, in 1907 Mr. J. K. P. Purdham of Woods Hole playing the role of Captain Gosnold, lost his balance on a slippery rock while landing on the beach. He almost broke his neck.

My kind of historical reenactment extends the physical and mental capacity of the participant to the extent that he can begin to appreciate the lesson of history. In rediscovering the Vineyard, my students had the opportunity to observe what is left of the island as Gosnold saw it. Today, much of it has become the victim of tourism. As was the case when the white man took from the Indians, the land is slipping away again. By becoming spiritually involved in the rediscovery of the island, my students learned to value not only the Vineyard *left* but also the Vineyard *lost*.

The following account includes the activities performed on May 31st, June 1 and 2, 1974. Since history usually is not recorded correctly the first time, I have taken the liberty to also include episodes accomplished in September and December of the same year. Comments from the original Gosnold Relations are indented. These passages demonstrate some of the remarkable similarities between the two expeditions. Editorial comments are enclosed in parentheses.

I wish to express my gratitude to the Sydney Harris family of Chilmark for their cooperation and assistance in this project.



The modern day Gosnold adventurers prepare to land on the Chilmark shore. The *Queen Bee* alias *Concord* sits quietly at anchor.

I have been requested by a dear friend to put down in the writing the account of our recent discoveries in an unknown country. On Friday, May 31, 1974 at 3 o'clock in the afternoon we did sail from Fairhaven in *The Queen Bee* alias *Concord*. The company was as follows: Harold C. Wilson alias Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, Rudolph Matland alias Captain Bartholomew Gilbert, Dr. Charles Hutchings alias Gabriel Archer, Emile Morad alias Captain Martin Pring, John Strittmatter alias Robert Meriton, biologist, Richard Carrerio alias George Golding, goldsmith, Larry Rogers alias John Angell, Richard Harriman alias John Brereton, Owen Heleen alias George Hill, David Clark alias Daniel Tucker, Susan Lafferty alias Robert Salterne, Rene Boucher alias Anthony Gosnold, Karen Durant alias William Strete, Robert Bedard alias Thomas Field, Susan Wilson alias William Johnson, Joanna Wilson alias Richard Belfield, Joy Arruda alias John Martin, and Frank Pina alias John White, artist.



Harold C. Wilson alias Captain Bartholomew Gosnold directs Richard Harriman alias John Brereton to a safe landing on the rocky Chilmark shore. Beside Wilson is Richard Carreiro alias William Golding. In the bow of the skiff (alias a half-shallop) is Larry Rogers alias John Angell.

Late that day we saw the coast of the supposed island lying in 41 degrees latitude. Our ship approached the shore and anchored near a great rock which we called The Rock Of Hope. The entire company went ashore except for Captain Gilbert and eight sailors. We were immediately met by the Lord Commander of the country, Mr. Sydney Harris alias Epenow. With him was his son Preston alias Epenow, Jr. Both of them were very kind and courteous and promised to help us during our stay.

This place is most beautiful and the coast very bold. Here we saw sea birds breeding and building their nests. Giant boulders were everywhere. Millions of mineral stones sparkled in the late afternoon sun.

Here we had cranes, stearns, shoulders, geese, and divers other birds which there at that time upon the cliffs being sandy with some rocky stones, did breed and had young... This island, as well as all the rest of these islands, are full of stones fit for building; the sea sides are covered with stones, and many of them glittering and shining like mineral stones...

Epenow showed us a secluded spot near the crest of a high cliff. Small oak trees provided excellent cover. We established our settlement and trading station there. Hastily we set our fires and prepared supper from our meager supplies. The dinner consisted of bacaluere and mustard (beans and hot dogs). Before sunset most of the company walked to a nearby bluff where the *Sign of Discovery* was placed. It read:

*Wherever you or I chance to live, or wherever an Ancestor made his home, it is always the Discoverer or First Settler of that place who is held in special regard.*

*Such a person is a true Pioneer, one whom we may respect for his hardihood, his will to overcome danger, and his perseverance in carrying into effect those plans and purposes which give birth to every town and nation.*

*In the business of discovering the New World and settling Virginia, Captain Bartholomew Gosnold was an outstanding Pioneer, and as such, his Expedition to these shores in 1602 is ever of interest...*

*In death he was honored as justly his due, and as we value his labors, we honor him too. (Marshall Shepard)*

*This Inscription Was Put Here On May 31st, 1974 By New Bedford High School Students While Simulating The Discovery Of Martha's Vineyard By Bartholomew Gosnold And His Company In 1602.*

During the time the sign was being placed on the bluff, Epenow and his son looked on with faint smiles on their faces. While walking back to the settlement Epenow bid us farewell saying he would return the next morning and guide the adventurers in their exploration of the interior. Before retiring, some of the company made hot tea from the roots of dandelions to cure their heartburn caused by over indulgence at supper. John Brereton especially had a severe stomachache.

This land is an island said to be almost twenty miles in length and some 10 miles in width. It possesses a wealth of commodities including valuable mineral stones such as garnet, several species of medicinal plants grow here, as skunk cabbage for respiratory ailments, and Indian Pipe, the juice of which cured me of sore eyes during our visit. There is an abundance of fresh water fish in the several ponds and brooks. Salt water fish such as striped bass, and cod are found near the shore but are not as plentiful as before. Deer live in the heavily wooded areas. Livestock graze in the meadows over parts of the island. People from the mainland visit here during the warm months to enjoy its enchanting atmosphere. Epenow said that the island becomes very crowded in the summer. This could prove to be a serious problem in the near future. The northern part of the island is mostly hilly with patches of woodland here and there. The southern part is a great plain containing several large farms. A beach stretches for miles protecting the fertile marshes which contain several kinds of shellfish (but again not as much as before). This entire island is still a scene of beauty despite the ever increasing influence of the nearby mainland.

...where coming ashore, we stood like men ravished at the beauty and delicacie of this sweet soil; for besides divers clear lakes of fresh water, meadows very large and full of green grass; even the woody places do grow so distinct and apart one tree from another, upon green grassie ground, somewhat higher than the plains, as if nature would show herself above her power artificial.



Susan Lafferty alias Robert Salterne and Susan Wilson alias William Johnson stand on a bluff overlooking the Rock of Hope.

The next morning it was raining when I, Bartholomew Gosnold, set out with Epenow and his son to explore the country. With me were John Brereton, Robert Meriton, biologist, George Golding, goldsmith, and divers other gentlemen. Gabriel Archer and a few men stayed at the settlement. I told them we would return early that afternoon.

Not far from the settlement Epenow showed us some graves of the early inhabitants. He told us that the bodies always were placed in the ground facing the rising sun. We then entered an area of numerous grapevines which did not yet have many blossoms. At a very rapid pace, Epenow led us through some thick woods of beech, black and white oak, hickory, cedar, and holly trees. The land was somewhat hilly with several large rocks scattered about which might be used for building. Turning eastward we adventurers came upon a scattered grove of sassafras trees. A few of them were over forty feet high. Epenow mentioned that the bark of the root of this tree was made into a strong tea and was a valuable commodity in Europe 300 years ago. Then, it was supposed to be a cure for syphilis. As no one in our party was

infected with such disease, I suspect a few sips of sassafras brew might relieve the tiredness which we were all feeling at this point.

The expedition continued the journey southerly and soon turned more to the west. We entered a great plain with scattered oak and beetlebung trees. Most of the trees were covered with grapevines extending some thirty feet above us. In a few places these vines were growing so close together that it was almost impossible to tread through them. I was so impressed with this scene that I called the place Martha's Vineyard.

... an incredible store of vines, as well in the woodie part of the island, where they run upon every tree, as on the outward parts, that we could not go for treading upon them. . .

Epenow, Jr. told us that in October one could smell the fragrant aroma of the grapes from his village one mile distant.

Farther on we came upon large pastures. A small herd of cattle came towards us at almost a gallop but then passed by at a slower pace. William Strete thought one of the animals was a bull but we soon discovered that it was a large black pregnant cow. We called this place Strete's Funny Farm.

At the Indian village Epenow's people greeted us. They were all kind and courteous. They gave us gifts such as buttercup root for our cuts and bruises, sunflower root for blisters, and a special mixture from the bark of a wild cherry tree to cure William Strete's cold. We, in turn, presented Epenow's squaw with divers gifts such as books, scrimshaw, and an old conch shell.

... there presented unto him (Gosnold) men, women and children, who with all courteous kindness entertained him, giving him certain skins of wild beasts, which may be rich furs, tobacco, turtles, hemp, artificial strings, colored chains, and such like things as at the instant they had about them. These are a fair conditioned people. . .

After a short stay we crossed a trail that we called Cagney's Byway (North Road). Soon the explorers entered a forest of beech, holly, and cedar trees. Here we found an incredible variety of berry bushes as strawberry, dangleberry, raspberry, gooseberry, elderberry, and blueberry. The root of the blueberry, steeped, cured John Brereton of a severe case of diarrhea.

While walking through this elegant wood, a great swarm of yellow jackets attacked the company scattering the gentlemen in



panic. John White, artist, flung his sketch pad and crayons in fear when he was stung in the buttocks. Also stung were Rober Salterne, John Martin, and John Brereton in the vicinity of the mouth.

After this horrid experience the company crossed a small trail called by us The Lost Road (Taber House Road). There, Epenow showed the explorers a place where ground nuts could be found. These small tubular plants are similar to potatoes and are very delicious.

. . . Also, in every island, and almost in every part of every island, are a great store of groundnuts, forty together on a string, some of them as big as hens' eggs; they grow not two inches under ground; the which nuts we found to be as good as potatoes. . .

A few miles farther the explorers passed through a heavy forest of sassafras. This important discovery was noted by Robert Meriton, biologist. The next day the Indians would help us dig the root of this once valuable plant.

. . . The sassafras which we brought we had upon the islands, that a ton was sufficient to cloy England. . . a tree of high price and profit. . .

At last we reached the summit of a great hill (Peaked Hill) where we rested and drank our remaining water. From here one could view much of the southern part of the island's coast and to the southeast a thin outline of another island (Nantucket) which we overlooked in our voyage. Upon leaving we named the peak of this hill P. G.'s (Mishap). Descending its slope we trudged our way through two miles of thick growth, especially thorny bullbrier. Epenow said that the highest hill on the island, Prospect Hill, was due north. I was anxious to reach its summit and observe any new discoveries which might include other islands and the supposed mainland.

During this time of discovery the company had a difficult time trying to keep up with the fast pace of Epenow who was smashing dead branches before him as he almost ran ahead of us. John Brereton and John Angell lagged behind the rest and, I think, ate some food which they had hidden in their breeches. We rested for a short time on a plain at the base of the highest hill. This place was called the Desert by Epenow. The Sachem explained that it

was the site of the principal village of past generations of his people. By scratching the surface of the bare ground there, one could still find tools and arrowheads.

When we reached the summit of the hill the majesty of our discoveries was realized. To our north there was a large expanse of sparkling water (Vineyard Sound). About six miles across the sound was a string of five islands stretching east to west from the supposed mainland. They formed a boundary between the sound and a greater bay (Buzzards Bay) beyond. The shore of the islands sparkled so that I called them Those Pearly Isles.\* Beyond the islands we saw the vivid outline of the mainland some twenty miles distant. This land seemed to curve west to east forming the bay.

. . . at length we were amongst many fair islands, all lying within a league or two one of another . . . and then we came into a fair sound . . . this we called Gosnold's Hope; the north bank thereof is the main, which stretcheth east and west . . . and bendeth like a bow . . .

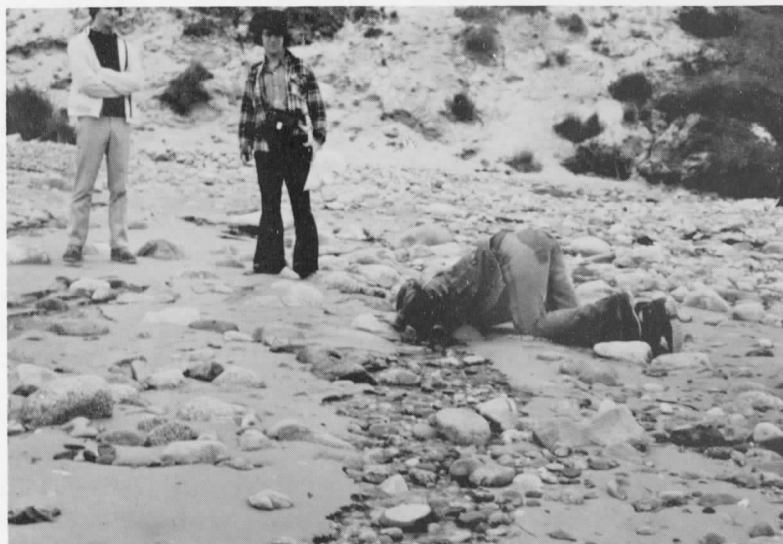
To the west we saw gigantic cliffs (Gay Head Cliffs) of red and white clay. Epenow told us that we would shortly see smaller cliffs near the shore also containing great amounts of clay. At one time, near the clay cliffs there was a large brick works. Looking southerly, a small isle (Nomansland) was distant a few miles away from us. Epenow mentioned that this island is controlled by the navy of the mainland and also people who are interested in preservation. The navy uses it as a target range for bombing and at the same time, the conservation people try to preserve it. A strange association, indeed. Behind us to the south the wooded rolling hills of this part of the island were in sharp contrast to the rather heavy concentration of people that live in the eastern part.

I had a dream while gazing here: a dream of preservation. I saw those Pearly Isles and this beautiful island being nourished by the blood of the earth that surrounds them. The blood of salt water mixing with the leaching red clay of the cliffs producing a solution of concord. Sea birds should be allowed to nest on their rocky shore; animals to run free in the meadows and forest; above all, future explorers should have the opportunity to see this beauty

\* This is the title of Harold C. Wilson's book about the Elizabeth Islands.

infinite around me. Upon leaving this hill, I called it Harris' Hap, in admiration of the Sydney Harris family who use this land well.

The way to the island's northern shore was downhill. Several of the explorers, tired and thirsty, struggled along. Being late in the afternoon, we were anxious to return to our trading station and foolishly sped through a large meadow of bayberry and sumac hiding a great amount of poison ivy. Some of the adventurers later sustained extensive rashes, notably, William Strete, our sailing master, who suffered a heavy eruption on the buttocks.



Karen Durant alias William Strete sips the sweet fresh water of a spring on the Chilmark shore. Kendall Harris alias an Indian brave and Larry Rogers alias John Angell look on with faint smiles on their faces.

Just before the explorers reached the northern coast they entered a long and narrow valley. It reminded me of the lush and green landscape of Scotland. I called it the Valley of No Return. When leaving, however, we had to rename it the Valley of Ticks. Many of the company had to spend several minutes removing these blood sucking insects from their clothing and body. William Golding had an especially difficult time attempting to remove some ticks from his mustache.

The spectacle of the island's northern shore was a scene of

preservation personified. As the explorers tramped over rocks and boulders at the seaside they saw a huge pile of carbon at the base of a high cliff: this graying black mixture contained evidence of life of millions of years ago. Surrounded by huge deposits of red, white and gray clay, the adventurers drank of the fresh water springs that were found in many places on the shore only a few feet from salt water. Moving easterly the company passed the remains of the old brick works mentioned earlier by Epenow. Fortunately man did not take all of the clay which still is abundant.

... also many springs of excellent sweet water ... the necks of their [Indians] pipes are made of clay hard dried, whereof in the island is great store both red and white ...

The adventurers crossed a fast running brook called by me Tiny Little Stream. (Roaring Brook) It is somewhat polluted now, for it begins at the old town dump of a nearby village but small brook trout still struggle to survive in it. Shortly we reached the Rock of Hope and climbed the face of the bluff to our trading station. What we had witnessed along this coast was bold beauty flawed, by the garbage and refuse of man washed ashore by the incoming tide.

As we entered the settlement, Gabriel Archer and some gentlemen were huddled around the fire. Apprehensive and hungry they had expected us to return much earlier. While we were gone they had had to dig for groundnuts near the trading station and had dug for mussels along the shore.

... yet the want of our Captain [Gosnold] that promised to return, as aforesaid, struck us with a dumpish terror. . . in the mean we sustained ourselves with alexander and sorrel, pottage, groundnuts, and tobacco which gave nature a reasonable content. We heard, at last, our Captain to "lewre" unto us, which made much music as sweeter never came unto poor men . Epenow bid the explorers farewell and said that he would return that night with his family. Soon the adventurers began preparing for the evening meal and the visit of Epenow and his company.

The night of June 1 and the following morning will long be remembered by all. Epenow came with his men, women and children and brought with him some cantelope and fresh water

from his private springs. With good cheer everyone sat around the fire and ate groundnuts, brook trout, crabmeat, and a very sweet beverage called "coke." The feast lasted for several hours. (It reminded me of Thanksgiving.) The natives left around midnight saying they would be back the next morning to help us dig sassafras and collect other valuable products of the island.

. . . they sat with us and did eat of our bacaleure and mustard, drank of our beer . . . they fell afresh to roasting of crabs, red herrings which were exceeding great, groundnuts as before. Our dinner ended, the seignior first took leave and departed, next all the rest saving four that stayed and went into the wood to help us dig sassafras . . .



The modern day Gosnold adventurers display their 100 pounds of sassafras root. Left to right are David Clark alias Daniel Tucker, Larry Rogers alias John Angell, Richard Carreiro alias William Golding, P. G. Harris alias Epenow, Jr., and the late Doctor Charles Hutchings alias Gabriel Archer. *Ruffles*, an animal native to the island sits in front of the group.

Early the next day the explorers prepared to leave the island. Some of the gentlemen and Indians led by Daniel Tucker found the sassafras and dug over 100 pounds of the root. William Golding and his men returned to the settlement with many

minerals and about 80 pounds of gray, white, and red clay. Robert Meriton followed Epenow who showed him a variety of edible and medicinal wild plants. Meriton collected some of them to show his countrymen back in England (New Bedford).

At noon the explorers went aboard *Concord*. Epenow with his son and squaw stood on a high cliff near the *Sign of Discovery* and waved a farewell. With a sad feeling because we were sorry to leave this island we shouted *Da Yo Ha Gwenda* (a Wampanoag phrase meaning an opening in the woods). We then sailed northwest to an island later to be called Elizabeth's Isle.



## After Yesterday, Not Yet Tomorrow

by  
Gladys Pease Reid

### Editorial Note:

Mrs. Reid calls this brief paper the sequel to her "Tom's Neck Farm." That appeared in the August 1974 issue of the *Intelligencer*. And like that, this also is reprinted from the *Vineyard Gazette*. And also like the "Tom's Neck Farm" paper it is used because we think it is important. We think it is important because it describes so very clearly - in the conversation between Jane Cathcart and Manuel - the relationship between the two bodies of population, old Vineyard Yankee and Western Islands' Portuguese, that make up the bulk of the Island's population. Today, of course, those two populations are becoming one. Eventually one supposes that just as the Indians were overcome by the English the Portuguese Yankee will be overcome by the hordes of newcomers who are descending on the Island.

The westering sun lay warm on the farm lands, slipping down the hill, over the woods, the pastures, meadows and marshes to the dunes at the edge of the sea where it shone like a wedding ring with promise of everlasting happiness.

Jane Arey Cathcart, knees primly together, ankles gently crossed sat in a comfortable chair on the terrace at the side of the old farmhouse. The soft worn bricks had been made two centuries before on the island which was her home. Their texture created not only by age, but by the very clay from which they were fashioned gave them a gentleness no modern bricks ever have.

The west side of the house was mottled grey, with an over-lacing of lichen in small circles, ruffle edged. On the East the color was a different grey, silvery, salt encrusted, each shingle fluted and curled at the edges by years of alternating ocean spray and warming sun. As a child Jane had scraped a small fingernail furtively along those flutings gathering specks of salt to lick with the wonder of taste, the most real of youthful senses.

Quite close a cricket sang a few grace notes to accent the murmur of voices of the neighbor women who were doing the cups and spoons and clearing other evidence of the customary coffee and cakes served to relatives, friends and Legionaires who had come to her husband's funeral. Beyond in the distance, the ever present surf thundered with the sound of all the drums in all the orchestras there had ever been. Mrs. Cathcart heard only the cricket. It, alone, was close to her, and at this time of year, unaccustomed.

Always the farm had been a matriarchy, never owned by a man, once only, managed by one, her uncle, who had tried to run it for his four sisters. These had made his own personal life so unhappy that one dreary, misty morning when a small inner voice said "end it," he did just that and was found later in the day down by Thacher's Creek dead, but comforted by the silence all about him, the only sounds the masculine voice of the surf and the childish treble of the creek water dancing over the white pebbles which were its home. No voice of woman anywhere. At thirteen little Jane Arey had gone to his funeral, the shock of which had made her resigned to the fact she had no brothers. How ghastly if she should cause such bitterness! And she knew she had the potential.

To the North of the house were the barns - the new one only a hundred years old, and the old one somewhere between two centuries and fifty more. They housed no animals now except a family of owls that had the run of the new one, complete with private entrance—a window left paneless way up in the peak. The old, old barn held vehicles ranging from the battered motor scooter owned by the family teenagers and only used to jounce them to "The Point" in a hurry without endangering insurance applied to the cars housed there—all kinds from Model T Ford to Cadillac according to which member of the family was in residence and his own appreciation of status symbols. The buildings showed signs of good care, only the corn crib, completely surrounded by bittersweet, leaned in a ribald way blown by whatever gale had struck it last, but by the very nature of a corn crib it never went down, for the winds blew in one side and out the other. The crib sheltered creatures. Field mice burrowed under the bittersweet, a beehive swung in the vine, humming birds had nested there for years, and in the hunting season frightened quail sought shelter in

the tough thicket it had made. No corn had been stored there for ages, but life was so full and vibrant about it that it seemed a still indispensable part of the homestead.

Jane leaned forward to shake hands with the handsome, sturdily built man who spoke with the warm, throaty voice of the Portuguese immigrant. "Good afternoon, ma'am. I am come across the road to pay my respects, to say how sad we are for you and for the colonel. I cannot quite say the things I mean. It seems like the end of the world for all of us, but really it is just the end for him."

After a slow far away look which seemed to take in all the vast acres that were hers she said gently, "I know the feeling you are trying to express, Manuel. Today truly marks the end of a way of life that will not return in our time, nor in our children's nor our grandchildren's—if they have a life at all."

"God—yes, I worry much about that. I pray each morning the saints will set things straight again."

"Might help, but one wonders. Manuel did you ever know how your people came to this country? How they became so closely involved with mine? Why you are here this autumn afternoon, tears in your eyes and happy memories in your heart?"

"No, ma'am, not really, for when I was a child it seemed sort of private. No one would say a word, then when I was older I was so busy I forgot to ask. Was it something special, maybe bad? Can you tell me?"

"Ah, yes indeed. Odd you did not hear it long ago. It was not evil. Just at the time, illegal."

"Good God, ma'am, not crime?"

"No, Manuel, not crime. Today it would be unnoticed. When it all happened it was adventure; born of a great need in your family and an answer to a need in mine. A great adventure for them, too."

Jane seemed to look through him and way beyond in time as though gathering her memories together. "It began when the number of Portuguese people wishing to come to this country was far greater than the quota permitted by American Law. So, many of the brave ones and perhaps the frightened ones, too — for who knows why any man leaves his native land — came in whaling vessels

to New Bedford. Then a few at a time made the trip to Edgartown in the old side-wheeler steamboats. What could be easier with Portuguese Captain and crew plus very friendly first and second mates?" "What about landing you say?" "They just went off the wrong side of the ship, down the rope ladder and into a waiting sharpie instead of on the gang plank and so not into the arms of the customs officer."

"You mean to say?" "Certainly, I do. And don't ask me who. It does not matter now. If you think a minute you will know. Your grandfather, four uncles and countless aunts came that way to this very place. They lived here for years, worked, learned to speak English, went to town unmolested, loved and married. All were unusually musical, could sing with full, rich lusty voices. Joe played the accordion and Roderique the flute. The gayest times I ever knew were when they danced the Chamerita on the big barn floor after the Fall crops were in. It was the only time in the year the girls wore the bright clothes they had brought from home or let down their big black braids."

"I remember."

"Well, you certainly cannot recall the first dance you ever came to, for you were less than a year old when your mother gave you to me in a basket to care for the whole evening. You were hungry at the worst times. Your mother sat before everyone and nursed you. At the age of ten I watched you and wished I could die. Thinking of it today that must have been a bit of the happiness of it — to be a part of real living, to take bitterness, disappointment, embarrassment, even fright, wrap them all together and have a lovely thing to remember."

The generations have moved on beginning with your grandparents and mine right down to our grandchildren. I have buried so many of your people, cared for your sick, loved and chastised your babies."

"God bless you for it all, ma'am."

"May my gods bless you, too, Manuel, for I have received kindness for kindness all of my life. I am tired and now that the colonel is gone I shall spend the rest of my days in the house in town. The young people can look after the farm, tho' it is just land, not farm anymore: still made precious by the footsteps gay and dancing, brisk and working, tired and plodding of two big

families, owners and workers.

"Thank you for coming, Manuel. Once again you have helped me finish a hard day. You are always welcome. Good afternoon, Manuel."

"Good afternoon, ma'am."

"Oh, by the way, Manuel, will you come over at seven tomorrow morning? There is much to be done before I can close the house. There should be a fifty foot wide plowing done the whole length of the west field. Think winter rye will do for this side, but I would like vetch on the west field. The bees love it. Maybe late, though. Let's talk about it tomorrow, seven sharp."

"Yes ma'am, good afternoon ma'am."

Jane watched the retreating figure of her old friend, strong, heavy shouldered, his sun bronzed neck holding proudly the head of short clipped grey hair. The best Sunday suit and clean white shirt scarcely hiding the powerful muscles which rippled beneath. How surprised and pleased he would have been could he have seen the warmth of the tender smile that followed him as she thought to herself "I know the words you would say, you babe in a basket, for I taught you to think, to speak, to be—but you shall never, never say them."

Tall, slim, handsome Mrs. Cathcart, the white of her hair and sapphire blue of her eyes vivid against the stark black of her widow's garments rose to greet the family lawyer hoping he had come to assure her that the female succession of the farm was safe, until with a rueful smile he reminded her that her only child, a daughter, was the mother of four sons!

## Jeremiah Pease's Diary (continued)

### Editorial Note.

We had thought that instead of "continued" after Jeremiah's diary we were going to have to put "concluded." That is because this is the last of the diary in the possession of the Dukes County Historical Society. However, we have learned that Julien Weston is the owner of some twenty-seven more years of the diary.

From the point of view of Vineyard history that is tremendously important news. For remember that Jeremiah Pease was writing his diary in the years before there was any *Vineyard Gazette*. And so the diary is giving us historical information that otherwise might have been irretrievably lost.

The diary is valuable not only for whaling and shipping news, but also for the dates of the "raising" of some of Edgartown's homes and public buildings. It is important for vital records, and for a wealth of other information. We hope that Mr. Weston will let us continue to publish parts of it in the *Intelligencer*.

The portraits of Jeremiah and Eliza Pease are the property of Mrs. Edna Vose Weston. They were painted by Cyrus Pease one of the Island's three great portrait painters, and the photographs of the portraits are by Robert Tobey.

### January 1822

- 1st. Wind south southwest. Pleasant. Some snow remains on the ground. Thaws fast. This day set out for Nomansland the news of a brig being cast away there having arrived. Got as far as T. Allen's and stayed the night. Next morning went to Menemsha and from there to Nomansland. Had a pleasant passage. The brig's cargo was landed except what was lost. The brig was the *Rambler* of Belfast, James Holmes, master, from Havannah for Boston. I remained there on Nomansland until the 18th. Returned to Edgartown in the schooner *Hiram*.
- 19th. Wind north northeast. Assisted William Cooke in weighing suger.

- 20th. Wind northeast. Ship *Atlantick* of Nantucket arrives from the Pacific ocean. She brings news of the ship *Apollo* having fifty-five barrels of sperm oil. Ship *John* 170 ditto.
- 24th. Wind north northwest to north. Very cold. Makes ice in the harbour very fast. Assisted William Cooke in weighing shugar from the brig *Rambler*.
- 29th. Wind north to east northeast. Light and calm. Pleasant. The schooner *Hiram* goes out of the harbour through the ice.
- 31st. Wind east northeast to north northwest. Ice all broken up. This month has been very moderate. Much rain but very little snow.

#### February 1822

- 4th. Wind east northeast to west. Rains and snows. Ground covered with snow. Received two hundred dollars from Miss Debrah Luce of Nomansland to purchase two shares in the ship *Almira* of Edgartown. Purchased them from Mr. William Cooke for her.
- 5th. Wind north northwest A.M. 10 o'clock ship *Almira* Capt. Timothy Daggett sails for the Pacific ocean. Assisted William Cooke in weighing sugar. P.M. wind south to south southwest. Pleasant.
- 11th. Wind southwest. Fresh breeze. Ship *Washington* of Nantucket arrives from the Pacific.
- 14th. Wind northeast. Light. Snow. Went eeling caught fifty-two dozen A Coffin and myself.
- 15th. Wind north. Cold. Brig *Dolphin* of Hollowell sold at auction for \$575.00 (?)
- 19th. Wind north. Clear. Pleasant. Went to Menemsha to the Schooner *Caleb* of Newburyport from Portorico.
- 24th. Wind south southwest. Pleasant. Finished discharging schooner *Caleb* and returned home.
- 26th. Wind north northwest. High wind and cold. Went to Holmes Hole for the purpose of discharging or bringing two lighters to Edgartown which had taken loads out of the schooner *Climax* of Boston from Havannah which

was on shore near the crick.<sup>1</sup> Returned at night with the lighters.

- 27th. Wind west southwest. Pleasant. Went to Holmes Hole to the above schooner. Took out a load in sloop *Anna* of Falmouth and set out for Edgartown. The Captain of the sloop not being acquainted (with these waters) took charge myself and arrived next day it being calm.
- 28th. Wind calm A.M. P.M. light breeze south southwest. Discharged sloop *Anna*. This winter has passed with the least snow ever known since I can remember. There has not been eight inches of snow at any one time.

#### March 1822

- 2nd. Wind southwest to south. Assisted in taking account of cargo of schooner *Climax* as it went on board, she having got off and arrived at Edgartown. Heavy rain at night. Received two hundred dollars of E. Luce of Nomansland and bought two shares in the ship *Almira* of Edgartown for him as per receipts.
- 5th. Wind southwest. Pleasant. Mr. Andrew Fisher's wife dies in childbed and the infant likewise. Sudden and awful. Mr. Samuel Norris of the east side of Holmes Hole<sup>2</sup> dies.
- 6th. Wind southwest. Very pleasant. Mr. Samuel Huxford's son of about three years of age dies at about five o'clock A. M. Attended the funeral of Mrs. Sally Fisher being at the meeting house. Service by the Rev'd J. Thaxter.
- 10th. Wind north to northeast. Pleasant. Ship *Maro* of Nantucket arrives from the Pacific ocean.
- 11th. Wind southwest. Pleasant. Attended the loading of the schooner *Caleb* she having been got off without injury. Rains at night. Receipted a bill for Rowland Luce and requested Mr. Nathan Smith send him the money being three dollars which was due him for discharging schooner *Caleb*.
- 13th. Wind southwest. Pleasant. Warm. William Mayhew Jr's shop raised.

1. Sometimes called the Ferryboat Creek. It was the opening from Holmes Hole Harbor into Lagoon Pond.

2. Eastville was often called the East Side of Holmes Hole in the early days. It was also sometimes called East Edgartown.

- 17th. Wind southwest. Pleasant. Ship *Boston* of Nantucket arrives.
- 29th. Wind north northwest. Ship *Ark* Arrives bringing news of the death of Tristram Cleveland.

April 1822

- 1st. Wind southwest. Annual meeting. Jethro Daggett is the candidate for cenitor for this district and ninety-two votes from this district.
- 2nd. Wind southwest. Pleasant. Caleb Jenney Jr. of New Bedford comes here and sells me a quantity of leather.
- 4th. Wind north northwest to southwest. Pleasant. This day appointed as a fast throughout this State. Rains a little at night.
- 5th. Wind southwest to west northwest and squally. The mail comes again. Commences running twice a week.
- 6th. Wind northeast to southwest. Mr. Frederick Baylies, Jr. commences keeping house in my chambers.
- 10th. Wind east southeast. Foggy and raining. This day settled the accounts of the town treasurer being one of the committee for that purpose with William Jernegan and Elijah Stewart. This day I was sworn to the office of surveyor of land by William Jernegan, Esq. as per certificate.
- 14th. Wind west southwest. This day gave birth to our son who was born at about five o'clock in the morning. And may our hearts be truly grateful for this great blessing.
- 15th. Wind west to southwest. Fresh breeze, Ship *Foster* of Nantucket arrives.
- 30th. Wind southwest. Surveyed a piece of land at Chappaquiddick for Henry Pease and a piece for Allen Coffin. I have been quite unwell for three weeks past.

May 1822.

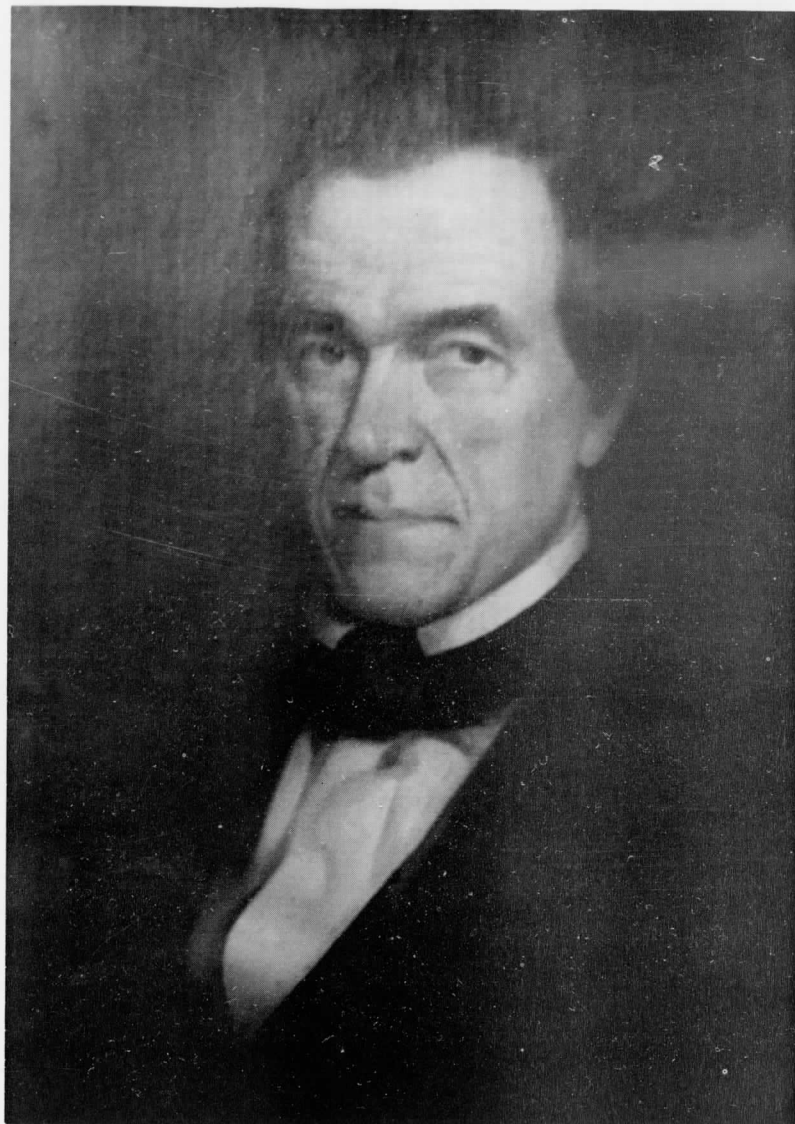
- 8th. Wind north northwest. Light breeze. Went to the brig *Favorite* of Portland which was cast away at Skiff's Island. News of the death of Peter Pease 3rd. arrives. He died in the West Indies.
- 11th. Wind west southwest. Returned from the brig *Favorite*.

- 16th. Wind east to south. Pleasant. Set Mrs. L. Lewis's elbow which she put out by a fall.
- 17th. Wind south. Began to survey the highways.
- 20th. Wind southwest. Pleasant but very dry. Set Rowland Jones's finger.
- 21st. Wind southwest. I was chosen one of the referees to settle the business of brig *Favorite* of Portland, a wreck.
- 23rd. Wind southwest. Clear. Assisted T. Cooke, Esq. in raising his barn.
- 24th. Wind north to southwest and northwest. Brig *Favorite* comes off Skiff's Island and is towed in by two small vessels.
- 26th. Wind southwest. Pleasant. Went to Nomansland. Found brig *Thames* of Boston from Matanzis with a cargo of molasses had been cast away on the 23rd. ins't. Vessel and cargo lost. Enoch Jewet, master.
- 27th. Wind south southwest. A small shower of rain. Returned from Nomansland.
- 29th. Wind southwest to south southwest. Attended a meeting at Mr. Thaxter's meeting house. Rev'd Dr. Henderson preached Mr. Thaxter being absent in Boston.
- 30th. Wind east southeast. Mr. Nathaniel Vincent dies aged ninety-six years.
- 31st. Wind south southwest to southwest. Attended the funeral of Mr. Vincent. Service by the Rev'd Mr. Henderson of New town and Rev'd Mr. Adams a missionary. Rains a fine shower at night.

June 1822

- 2nd. Wind southwest. Foggy. Attended a Methodist and Baptist meeting being Sunday and Mr. Thaxter absent. Rains at night.
- 3rd. Wind southwest to north. Light. Pleasant growing weather.
- 10th. Wind north to northwest. Child of widow Hepsibah Cooke dies. Ten or twelve days old or thereabouts.
- 11th. Wind southwest. Assisted Thomas Coffin 2nd in raising his house.
- 16th. Visited Simon Vincent he being sick.





Jeremiah Pease



Eliza Pease

- 18th. Wind south. Rains a little which is very pleasant. Went to Washquay with (?) & c.
- 19th. Wind northeast. This day my brother J. D. Pease receives his commission as sheriff of this county.
- 20th. Wind south rainy.<sup>1</sup> This day is set apart for fasting and prayer in this town on account of the great drouth. There has been less rain in the months of May and June than has been known for many years past. It is a very pleasant sight to see the rain that has come and the prospect of more this evening. The fast was appointed last Sunday by Rev'd J. Thaxter. I was sorry to see so few attend his meeting.<sup>2</sup>
- 30th. Wind south southwest. Schooner *Salome* of Falmouth, Capt. George Marchant master having been on a whaling cruise sails today.  
This is the greatest drowth at this season of the year that the old people say they can ever remember. There is not more than one quarter of the usual crop of hay because it is so dry. Many are compelled to sell their stock on that account.

#### July 1822

- 3rd. Wind south. Some fine showers of rain which appear very pleasant on account of the drowth. There has been more rain fallen today than for two months previous.
- 4th. Wind southwest. Pleasant. Very warm. This day celebrated here by the firing of cannon &c.
- 5th. Attended Capt. Thomas Worth's second part of wedding.
- 6th. Wind southwest. Pleasant. Set out for Providence, R. I. Got as far as the Cove.
- 7th. Wind calm A.m. P.M. sailed from the Cove and arrived at Howland's Ferry.
- 8th. Wind southwest to south southwest. Rains a fine shower. Arrived at Wickfort (?) Finished my business there and sailed for home. Got as far as South Ferry.

1. In spite of these small showers the Vineyard was experiencing a serious drought that summer. And that was very serious in a community where half of the people were farmers and where a large part of the mariners had subsistence farms.

2. The evangelicalism and fundamentalism of the Methodists and Baptists were increasingly taking members away from Parson Thaxter's established church.

- 9th. Wind west southwest. Sailed from the Ferry and arrived home at 2 o'clock P.M.
- 15th. Wind southwest. Went to Chappaquiddick on a visit with Eliza and Nancy. Rains very much at night.
- 25th. Wind south to west. Went to Chappaquiddick on a visit. Mr. Thomas Jernegan's wife dies at night. Some showers of rain with thunder at night.
- 27th. Wind southwest. Attended the funeral of Mrs. Jernegan at the meeting house. Service by the Rev'd J. Thaxter.

#### August 1822.

- 1st. Wind northeast to west. Went to Holmes Hole in the sloop *Superb* to a meeting. Rev'd Mr. Hubbard preaches. There was a Baptism. Seventy-five persons goes.<sup>1</sup>
- 3rd. Wind southwest. Fresh breeze. Birthday of J. T. P.<sup>2</sup>
- 4th. Wind southwest. Fresh breeze. Seventy-five persons goes to Holmes Hole in sloop *Superb*.
- 7th. Wind northeast to east northeast. Went to Chilmark with Eliza on a visit. Returned and left Eliza there.<sup>3</sup>
- 8th. Wind northeast to east northeast. A meeting held at the Rev'd Thaxter's house. The Rev'd Dr. Austin of Newport preaches.
- 10th. Wind southwest. Went to Chilmark and returned with Eliza.
- 15th. Wind south southwest. Little rain. The ground is very dry. Ebenezer Smith is brought before William Jernegan and Daniel Fellows, Jr. Esq. on complaint made to them by his neighbors for disorderly conduct, his family having been turned out of doors and otherwise abused by him. Occasioned by intemperance. He is acquitted.
- 20th. Wind southwest. Rains. Thunder and lightning. Set a bone in the wrist of a little girl, John Cleveland's daughter.
- 29th. Wind east northeast. Pleasant. Mr. Elihu Dunham dies very suddenly occasioned by a slight cut with a sythe in the

1. This, of course, was a part of the swelling evangelical movement that was sweeping the Island.

2. Joseph Thaxter Pease, Jeremiah and Eliza's eldest son.

3. One wonders who took care of all those very small children while Eliza was in Chilmark.

leg on Monday, 25th ultimate. A mortification took place this morning and he died about seven o'clock in the evening aged seventy-five years and a few months.

- 30th. Wind east northeast. Attended the funeral service for Mr. Dunham. His body being in such a putrid state that he was buried at ten A.M. before the funeral. Alas what is man -

#### September 1822

- 8th. Wind south southeast. Schooner *Salome* Capt. Gellarchart (?) arrives with fifty-five bbls. oil.<sup>1</sup>
- 9th. Wind south southeast to south southwest. News of the death of Capt. Basset who married Ephraim Marchant's daughter arrives.
- 19th. Wind east southeast. William Beetle married to Eliza Pease. William Marchant to Mary D. Norton of Tisbury.
- 26th. Wind southwest. Pleasant. Surveyed a piece of land for Caleb Thaxter which he bought of Thomas Mayhew 2nd.
- 27th. Wind south southwest. Assisted Caleb Thaxter in raising his bake house.<sup>2</sup>

#### October 1822

- 1st. Wind northeast. Fresh breeze. Very cool. This day I hope will never be forgotten by me.<sup>3</sup>
- 4th. Wind northeast. Moderate. News of the death of Henry Cooke arrives. He died in India.
- 13th. Wind north northwest. Schooner *Hiram*, Lott Norton master, arrives from the Straights of Bellisle with 550 quintal of fish sold there and at Boston.
- 23rd. Wind north to north northeast. Cool. Went to run the lines between Edgartown and Tisbury as surveyor.

1. Schooner *Salome* was from Falmouth. Starbuck lists her voyage for 1822 but with no other information. One suspects that many of these short voyages in the Atlantic were not listed at all.

2. Perhaps the purpose of this bake house was to turn out hard bread. Ship's biscuit, hardtack and pilot biscuit were other names. Surely there must have been a call for such a bakery in a port that was growing as fast as Edgartown.

3. This was the anniversary of the second day of Jeremiah's marriage.

- 24th. Wind north to northeast. Went on the same business.
- 27th. Wind northeast. Mr. Ezra Cleveland dies of the dropsy. Aged seventy.
- 28th. Wind north by east. A heavy gail with rain.
- 29th. Wind southwest to west southwest. Attended the funeral of Mr. Cleveland. Service by the Rev'd Mr. Hubbert and Mr. Jesse Pease.
- 31st. Wind southwest. Ships *Leander* and *Falcon* of Nantucket arrive from the Pacific ocean. They bring news of the ship *John* of Edgartown having one thousand bbls. of sperm oil. Capt. Samuel Nickerson of Chilmark dies.

#### November 1822

- 1st. Wind north to north northeast. Ship *Reaper* of Nantucket arrives from the Pacific.
- 2nd. Wind north to northeast. Attended the funeral service of Capt. Samuel Nickerson at Chilmark. Service by the Rev'd Jonathan Smith of that place.
- 5th. Wind north to east light and calm. Attended the wedding of Mr. Timothy Coffin and Miss Velina Worth. Mr. Clement Vincent of Tisbury dies.
- 8th. Wind southwest. Pleasant A.M. P.M. East northeast. Received orders from the collector to go to a brig in the sound which had a very suspicious appearance. I employed the smack and five men and went to her. Found the brig and a sloop which had been alongside her in the Cove. Boarded the brig and found her to be the *Emaline* Capt. Kempton of Boston bound to St. Thomas. Having been wrecked in a gail a few days previous she had put into Nantucket to refit. The sloop proved to be a lighter. Returned next morning at ten o'clock.
- 12th. Wind south southwest. Court sits. J. D. Pease acts in his official capacity for the first time in court.
- 26th. Wind west to north and south southwest. I commenced digging my scellar. Went to Chappaquiddick and got sixty bushels of salt of N. Pease. Sent it to New York.

28th. Wind south southeast. Stormy. I became a member of the Methodist class.<sup>1</sup>

December 1822

5th. Wind west to southwest. This day appointed as a day of Thanksgiving and prayer. It is lamentable that so little attention is paid to it.

9th. Wind west to southwest. Jethro Daggett's son comes to live with me.<sup>2</sup>

11th. Wind west to southwest. I assisted the sheriff in committing seven men to prison who belonged to the ships *Boston* and *Thomas* of Nantucket who were visitors.

12th. Wind east northeast. Very moderate weather for the season. The above visitors were brought before Daniel Fellows, Esq. and three were condemned. The others were excused on account of their youth. The cost of the three who were condemned, \$34.51.

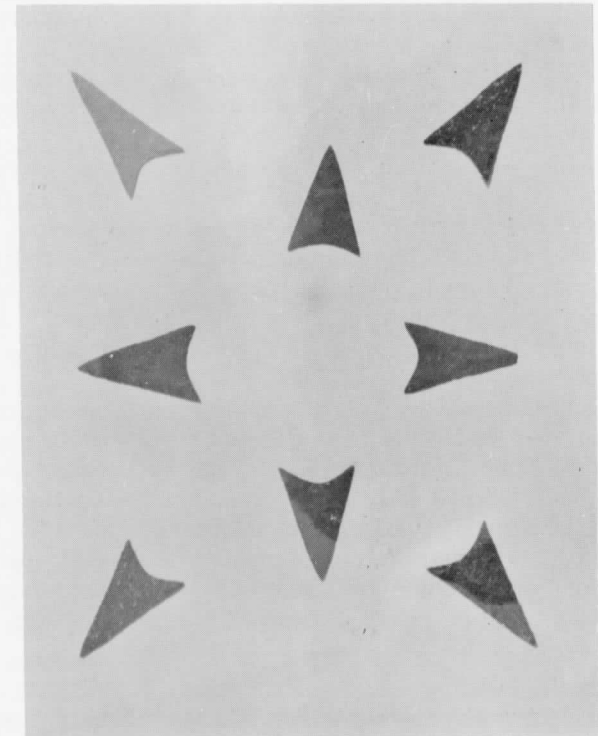
1. This must have been a great blow to Joseph Thaxter who had done so very much for Jeremiah Pease. And that Jeremiah could do it indicates the tremendous power of the revival movement that was taking place on the Island.

2. Another apprentice?

## A Cache of Perfect Arrowheads

This cache of all almost perfect points was found recently under a bank on the shores of Tisbury Great Pond. All the points were within a few inches of each other. In size, shape and workmanship they are almost identical. They were not all made from the same piece of stone, however.

They were found by Mrs. Harold D. Rogers and her father, Daniel Manter. Mr. Manter has a remarkable collection of Indian artifacts which he has been collecting all his life. But he says that he never found a cache like this one before.



About one third actual size.

## DCHS News

At this time of year, all of us at the historical society as well as most other islanders are looking forward to summer with great expectations, but first we should take time to reflect back upon the accomplishments of winter. As usual our library has been a busy place with researchers from the island as well as from many other locations. Doris Stoddard, our genealogist, spent many hours in the library working on the numerous inquiries that we received from people who are interested in learning more about their ancestors. Joy Ryan has continued her excellent progress toward putting our archives into good order, and Deidamia Bettencourt is now back at her desk after a two-month vacation in Florida. Due to the efforts of Gale Huntington, we were able to get out a special publication concerning Alice Ryerson's archaeological studies on the banks of Menemsha Pond. Fortunately the library is now a brighter place in which to work since an anonymous donor provided the funds to have the interior painted by the Gerrit Conover Company.

Spring this year arrived for us with a mixture of promise and problems. As might be expected, the latter involves financial difficulties, which have forced us to reduce the number of days that we will be open during the summer. Instead of operating from the beginning of June to the end of September, the Thomas Cooke House will be open only from June 15 to September 15. Also, we should note that the price of purchasing a copy of the *Intelligencer* has gone up to \$1.00.

On the brighter side, we are pleased to report that our members responded very generously to our appeal for contributions to the Preservation Fund. More than \$2,300 has been raised this year, and it is badly needed since it has become necessary to repair and reshingle the Thomas Cooke House at a cost of more than \$4,500. In addition, we have recently painted and wallpapered the entranceway of the house, but the cost was kept to a minimum by doing most of the labor ourselves. The contributors to the Preservation Fund through March 15 have been:

Mrs. J. Findley Allen	Mr. Leonard B. Athearn
Mrs. Henry Anderson	Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Avery
Mr. George Arkwell	Mr. and Mrs. Louis S. Barry
Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Athearn	Mr. Christopher B. Beetle

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Bermudes	Mrs. Allan W. Harrison
Mr. and Mrs. William J. Block	Mrs. Helen H. Hart
Mr. G. E. Bolloten	Mr. and Mrs. Eric Hartell
Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Bowditch	Mrs. H. B. Hassinger
Miss Mabel V. Brooks	Miss Olive Hillman
Mrs. John Crosby Brown	Mr. and Mrs. George F. Hodder
Mrs. Brantz M. Bryan	Mrs. Ralph Hornblower
Mr. B. D. Burhoe	Miss Dorris S. Hough
Miss Faith M. Burke	Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hugger
Mr. and Mrs. Richard L. Burt	Mr. Wilfrid Huntington
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Callaghan	Mr. and Mrs. J. Logan Irvin
Mrs. Donald F. Carpenter	Mrs. Harriet Isaacs
Mr. John G. Chantiny	Dr. and Mrs. Bernard Issokson
Mr. and Mrs. Melville Chapin	Mr. and Mrs. Norman D. Johnson
Mr. and Mrs. Merrit Clegg	Miss Rebecca Jones
Mrs. Frederick E. Coffin	Mrs. Louis Kayhart
Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Conklin	Mr. Robert W. Kelley
Mrs. Thomas Cooper	Mr. and Mrs. Theodore S. Kenyon
Mrs. Brewer Corcoran	Mrs. Frederick W. Kingsley
Mr. John Coward	Mr. and Mrs. Carlton E. Knight
Mr. S. David Cronig	Miss Kathleen Moore Knight
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cronk	Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lipke
Mrs. Graeme Darling	Mrs. Arthur Littleton
Mrs. William Deeble	Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt C. Livingston
Miss Margaret M. Delano	Mr. and Mrs. Lane Lovell
Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Dobbins	General Wilmer Lucas
Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Douglas	Miss Frances B. Macy
Mrs. LeRoy Dowley	Mr. and Mrs. Frank MacKay
Mr. and Mrs. John R. Ferris	Mrs. Dorothy Madden
Mr. and Mrs. George D. Flynn	Mr. George Magnuson
Mrs. Charles L. Foote	Mrs. Frank T. Mansure
Mrs. M. Ruth Galley	Miss Gladys A. Mason
Mrs. Albert C. Gaudin	Mrs. Edward Matz
Mrs. Thomas R. Goethals	Mrs. Frank Meleney
Mrs. LeRoy Goff, Jr.	Miss Grace C. Meleney
Rev. and Mrs. John T. Golding	Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mendenhall
Mrs. Robert P. Goodale	Dr. and Mrs. Elden H. Mills
Miss Margaret Grater	Dr. and Mrs. George Mirick
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Halperin	Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Moore
Miss Nancy Hamilton	Mrs. Philip C. Mosher
Miss Esther R. Hancock	Mr. Stanley Murphy
Mrs. Marion Hancock	Mrs. Richard H. Norton



Mr. and Mrs. Harold A. Noyes	Mr. and Mrs. John Speranza
Mrs. Abeel Osborne	Mrs. Everett St. John
Mr. Henry C. Ottiwell	Mrs. Nancy Page St. John
Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Pease	Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Stewart
Mrs. William C. Pierson, Jr.	Miss Olive Swanson
Mr. and Mrs. Donald L. Poole	Mrs. Pauline Swanson
Mr. William and	Mr. Thomas E. Thatcher
Dr. Freda Rebelsky	Mr. Wilson J. Thomas
Mrs. Warren Reed	Mrs. Laurance M. Thompson
Mrs. William Reed	Mr. Lynn B. Tilson
Mr. William O. Richards	Mr. and Mrs. Wallace E. Tobin
Mr. and Mrs. James B.	Miss Ruth Todd
Richardson, III	Mr. and Mrs. Keith M. Urmy
Mr. and Mrs. George R.	Mrs. John W. Valentine
Robinson	Mrs. Chester B. Van Tassel
Mr. and Mrs. A. Loring Rowe	Mr. Peter B. Van Tassel
Mr. Robert E. Russell	Mr. and Mrs. Paul Vernier
Prof. E. Dwight Salmon	Mr. and Mrs. Alexander O. Vietor
Mrs. Francis B. Sayre	Mr. and Mrs. Donald A. Vose
Mr. and Mrs. William J.	Mrs. Seth Wakeman
Secor, Jr.	Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Wells, Jr.
Mrs. Luther M. Sibley	Mr. Julien Vose Weston
Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Silva	Mr. and Mrs. Perry D. Westbrook
Mrs. Arthur T. Silva	Mrs. Theodore T. White, Jr.
Mrs. Walter W. Slocum	Dr. Robert R. White, Jr.
Mr. Hollis A. Smith	Mrs. Conrad Wilmar
Mr. and Mrs. Ruel S. Smith	Mr. J. K. Wright
Mr. Mark Snider	Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wrigley

A special note of appreciation should go to Mrs. Robert E. Russell, who is paying for the extermination work to be done in the Thomas Cooke House, and to the members of the Martha's Vineyard Antiques Club who held an auction for the benefit of the historical society.

Are there any volunteers out there who will help us to open the house this spring? We greatly need people who can do specialized cleaning work on such things as furniture and china.

Another bright side to this spring is that we will be acting as hosts for a quarterly meeting of the Bay State Historical League on Saturday, June 21. More than one hundred representatives of museums and historical societies from around the state will be our

guests. After a morning lecture and business meeting, a luncheon will be held at the Harbor View Hotel, and then the members of the league will go on various tours arranged by the society. The lecture, luncheon (for approximately \$6), and tours are open to any members of our society who would like to participate. Please contact us by June 1.

Thomas E. Norton  
Curator

## *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¢.

*People To Remember* by Dionis Coffin Riggs. Illustrated, paper. \$4.95.

*The Heath Hen's Journey to Extinction* by Henry Beetle Hough. Illustrations. Paper 50¢.

*The Fishes of Martha's Vineyard* by Joseph B. Elvin. With 36 illustrations of fishes by Will Huntington. Paper, 50¢.

*The History of Martha's Vineyard* by Charles Edward Banks. A new edition. Indices, illustrations, three volumes. Cloth, \$30.00.

*Tales and Trails of Martha's Vineyard* by Joseph C. Allen. Illustrated. Paper, \$3.95.

*"Cap'n George Fred" Himself.* The autobiography of Captain George Fred Tilton of Chilmark. A new edition. Cloth. \$6.50.

*Wild Flowers of Martha's Vineyard* by Nelson Coon. Illustrated. Paper \$3.95.

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

*An Introduction To Martha's Vineyard* by Gale Huntington. Illustrated, paper. A new edition. \$3.95.

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