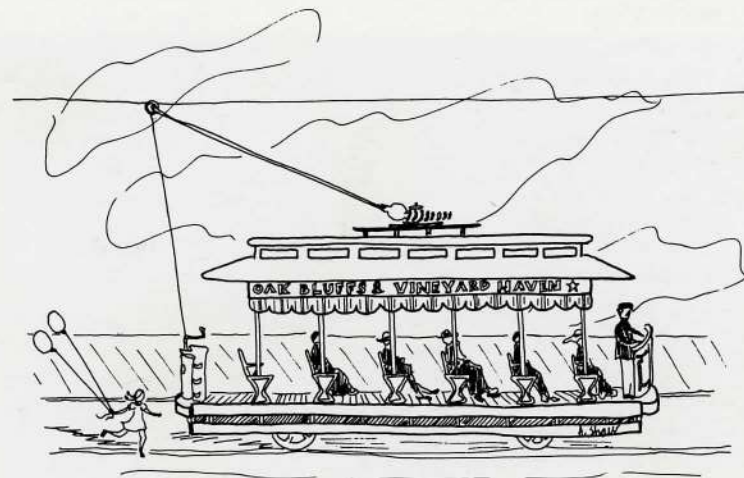


THE DUKES COUNTY INTELLIGENCER

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The Old Island Trolley

BY GENE BAER

Mutinous But Not Mutiny

BY DOROTHY COTTLE POOLE

Jeremiah Pease's Diary (continued)

DCHS News

May 1977

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The Old Island Trolley

BY GENE BAER

Many people now think of Martha's Vineyard as the homeplace of "Jaws"... but around the turn of the century, many islanders believed that the future would ride on the success of the open-air trolley!



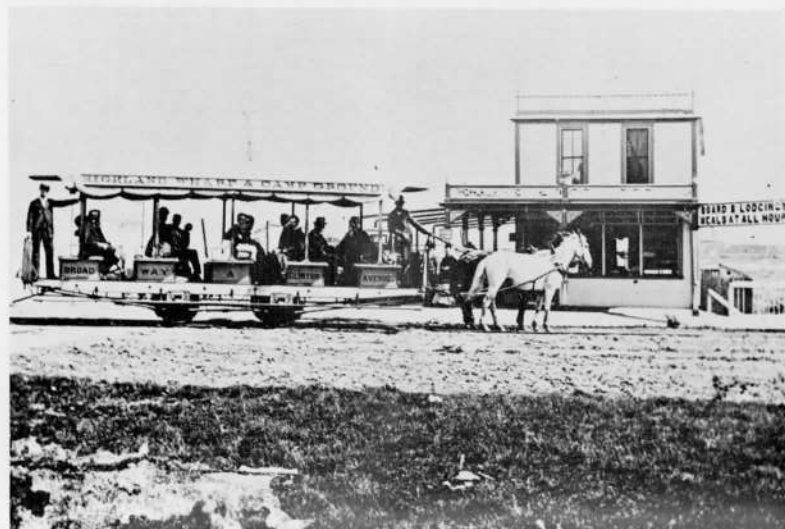
Stanton Lair's model of the trolley bound for Oak Bluffs.

By today's standards an open-air trolley is as quaint as a rose-covered gazebo. Open on all four sides, covered with a

pretentious-looking roof, and balanced on a short wheel base, these colorful conveyances look less like a serious means of transportation than a creation designed for Disneyland. Yet -- in yesteryear these open-air street cars were horseless wonders, a popular means of summer transportation, and as such a familiar part of the everyday scene. Although not rating much more than a brief mention in today's history books, there are still a great many people who recall with nostalgic affection the comings and goings, the clanging and rocking, of these old open-air trolley cars.

Many people on the Island of Martha's Vineyard remember vividly when the trolley was King, when a large part of the island's population firmly believed that their economic future and that of the electric railway were entwined in parallel destinies.

Stan Lair, who is now in his seventies, became interested in the old island trolley line when he realized that a great deal of this history would soon be lost if someone did not make an effort to retain it. Much of what has been written here grew out of Stan's tireless efforts to recapture on tape, film, and diorama this fascinating chapter of yesterday's history.



Courtesy, Marshall Cook

Before the trolley cars there were the horse cars. This is probably at the Highland Wharf.

The open-air trolleys that clanged along the Island shoreline were not much different from any of the open-air trolleys anywhere. Made by J. G. Brill Company, these single truck (four-wheel) vehicles looked like what they were -- electrified horsecars -- and in many cases they continued to travel along the very same rails and routes that Dobbin had established for an earlier decade.



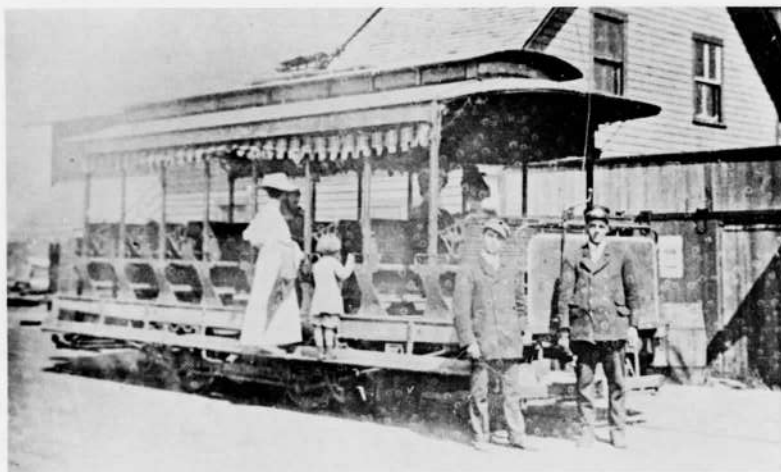
Going over the old bridge. Vineyard Haven one way, Eastville and Oak Bluffs the other.

The first wave of trolley fever swept the Island in 1892 with the announcement that the Dukes County Railway Company intended to establish an electric railway line from the summer resort of Cottage City (now Oak Bluffs) to the Indian township of Gay Head, a distance covering twenty-five sparsely populated miles! Although this grandiose scheme never became more than ballyhoo, it accurately reflected the spirit of the times, for three years later the Cottage City Electric Company was offering a scenic three-mile electrified ride for a nickel.

Not to be outdone by the success of the Cottage City line, the neighboring town of Tisbury (Vineyard Haven) granted a street franchise to the Martha's Vineyard Street Railway Company. By most realistic standards this was hardly a railway line at all, for it

only went from the town wharf to the town line, a distance of about a mile and a half! But it was enough to establish a rivalry.

Interestingly enough, the track of this new trolley line came to an abrupt stop at the opening to the Lagoon, a saltwater pond that served as a town line separating Tisbury from Cottage City. Passengers were then required to disembark, cross the Lagoon Bridge, and to wait on the opposite shore for the arrival of the Cottage City car.



Courtesy, Frank Corey

Near the wharf at Vineyard Haven. Walter Besse, left, Frank Corey, right.

A few years later when this bridge was made safe enough to support a trolley, the double fare continued to exist. "Half fare to the bridge, full fare beyond!" Taking advantage of this price change, an enterprising businessman opened the Eagleston Tea House. Perched close to the sea on the Tisbury side of the bridge, this picturesque stop became for many an outing in itself.

By 1901 the two rival transit companies were deeply committed to monumental bickering. By the time that the Tisbury group gained ownership of their rival's (Eastville) power station, the stage was set for a memorable scene -- that inevitable day when the owners of the new power station would flaunt their muscle by cutting off their competitor's power supply! It is not recorded as to what the suitcase-laden visitors had to say when they found

themselves forced to make the remainder of their journey on foot.

The hostilities on each side began to dissipate, however, when each of these companies found that in their growing deficits they had more in common than they had originally supposed. In 1908, these two proud companies merged. Although this merger bustled with new life, time was overtaking the old open-air trolley. Already the first automobiles were arriving by boat from the mainland, and for those who could see the future, the trolley as a means of transportation was destined to become as dated as the creaking schooners that were still plying Vineyard Sound.



Courtesy, Ray Brown

Cars at the Highland Wharf perhaps. One for Vineyard Haven, the other for Lagoon Heights - out Barnes Road way.

The stories surrounding these trolley years were many, for in the twenty-two years that this line was in operation, thousands of people had ridden these seven miles of rails.

Henry Beetle Hough, author and former editor-owner of the Vineyard Gazette, writes of the occasions when a slipped belt at the power station would cause these cars to roll to an unscheduled stop. At times like these the passengers had little choice but to continue on foot or to sit in the hot sun while the conductor trudged ahead to the station to report the power failure. Sometimes, of course, the power failure would be discovered

before the conductor had reached his destination; in which case the motorman would release the brake with his right hand, ease the controller forward with his left hand and set the bell a-clanging as the carload of grinning passengers would race to overtake the footweary conductor!

To understand the spirit of the old island trolley system is to understand that during the years in which the Martha's Vineyard Street Railway was in operation was also the time in which Cottage City was renowned as a center of summertime "camp meetings."

The most famous of these campgrounds was Wesleyan Grove, a Methodist stronghold that grew from a simple tent village into a great cluster of small, thinly-built houses gaily decorated in the gingerbread style that was popularized by the advent of the jigsaw.

But by the middle of the nineteenth century, Martha's Vineyard with its miles of beautiful bathing beaches, began to attract more than those seeking a good prayer meeting. The officers of the Wesleyan Grove Camp Meeting Association began to become concerned about the multitude of visitors who were pouring onto the island and were understandably worried as to the influence that these secular groups might have upon the religious nature of their community.

To build a fence between their campground and the worldly doings of Circuit Avenue was one way to throw up a bulwark against the rising tide but by far the most elaborate separational gesture was the creation of the Highland Wharf. Built in the years 1869-70 by a group of Methodist fathers calling themselves the Vineyard Grove Company, this wharf was no small undertaking for it was built to accommodate the paddlewheel steamers from the mainland. Being but a quarter mile from the Cottage City wharf, its sole purpose was symbolic, to allow those destined for the campgrounds to disembark with dignity via a route especially designed to circumvent the more worldly parts of this growing resort community.

In the early years it was the horse cars that serviced this route; in later years, the electric cars rode the same rails. Midway between the wharf and the campground the tracks crossed a narrow causeway between the two ponds and this part of the trip became known as the "crossing over Jordan," an expression that continues to this day.



Courtesy, Kathleen McDonough
Percy McDonough, Conductor.

But it is not the Methodists or even the sinners that Frank Corey remembers best. As a former conductor, now living in Oak Bluffs (formerly Cottage City), he remembers best the men he worked with. Although most of the employees on the Martha's Vineyard Street Railway were college boys, many were year-around residents. Frank explains that with the exception of

their caps, each conductor and motorman was required to supply his own uniform. This account quickly explains the mystery as to the wild disparity in costume that appears in many of the old photographs!

As Frank would be the first to point out, a conductor on an open-air trolley had to be part change-maker and part daredevil, for fares were collected by edging along the outside running board of the moving trolley. While not the world's most dangerous occupation, it was hardly a job for the squeamish. It should come as no surprise to learn that, in those days, to become a conductor of an open-air trolley was one of boyhood's loftiest ambitions.

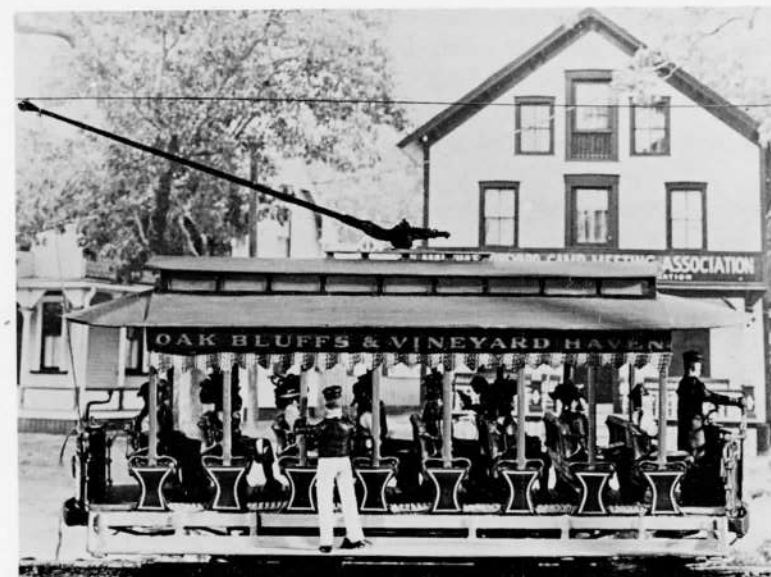
The conductor had other duties as well. In the event of a sudden rainstorm it was his job to drop the canvas awning to keep out the rain. In the event of a thunderstorm, he had the additional duty of lowering the trolley pole so as to minimize the risk of electrocuting a whole carload of passengers!

I have yet to speak to anyone who remembers these trolleys who did not use kind words to add to their memory. Perhaps the warmest memory of all is reserved for Mrs. Ida Fiebich Karl of Martha's Vineyard. Ida remembers the time that she and her mother took the trolley for the day. Ida, who had been knitting, dropped her ball of yarn which bounced out of the sideless carriage to be left far behind the moving car. The conductor, who hadn't seen the incident but who responded to the distress written on the young girl's face, worked his way back along the running board to offer his assistance. Hearing that her consternation was caused by nothing more than a dropped ball of yarn, he signalled the motorman to stop the trolley. As the trolley creaked to a stop, the conductor nimbly stepped to the ground and ran ahead to talk to the motorman. The motorman smiled, nodded his head, and then stepped to the ground taking his controller (operating handle) with him. The conductor then quickly reversed the trolley pole and jumped back on board as the motorman took the helm at the opposite end of the car. With that -- the whole trolley and all its passengers retraced their route in search of a little girl's ball of yarn!

But with the arrival of the motorcar, the end of the electric railway was in sight. The final drama was played between the open-air trolleys and the jitneys, cranked-up passenger cars making

the same run for half the price and in half the time. By the end of the summer of 1918 the Martha's Vineyard Street Railway could no longer afford the luxury of its existence. And although many mourned its passing, the day of the open-air trolley had passed.

It was left to Captain Zeb Tilton, his nephew Tom, and the *Alice S. Wentworth* to carry the rails off to a foundry in Chester, Pennsylvania, where they were to be used as scrap. It is befitting that the rails of this old open-air trolley line should be carried away in a colorful old schooner which was in itself a proud relic of another age. But whereas the *Alice Wentworth* spent its declining years berthed beside Boston's Pier 4 as a floating cocktail lounge (where it finally sank one too many times and was scrapped), the island trolleys were to suffer a variety of conclusions. One of the cars ended its life first as a house and later as a pig pen. Another became a diner in Tisbury that was owned by Ornam Slocum, the brother of the famous Captain Joshua Slocum (Joshua had been the first person to single-handedly sail around the world.) The fate of the other trolleys is now long forgotten.



Stanton Lair's model of the trolley posed where the tracks ran in front of the Camp Meeting Association Building.

Perhaps in this day of energy shortages, the open-air trolley will again take its place in history. If it does --- there will be many old friends on Martha's Vineyard who will be on hand to welcome its return. Long live the trolley!

Mutinous But Not Mutiny

BY DOROTHY COTTLE POOLE

Less than a century and a half ago, Martha's Vineyard was a thriving whaling community. Nearly every home had at least one whaler, many of whom were master mariners. But the great whaling days are a thing of the past and today only one whaler lives on the island. He is Antone Fortes, native of Sao Nicolau, Cape Verde Islands, who lives in Vineyard Haven. Mr. Fortes was a crewman aboard the *Pedro Varela* when the most unusual mutiny in maritime history occurred.

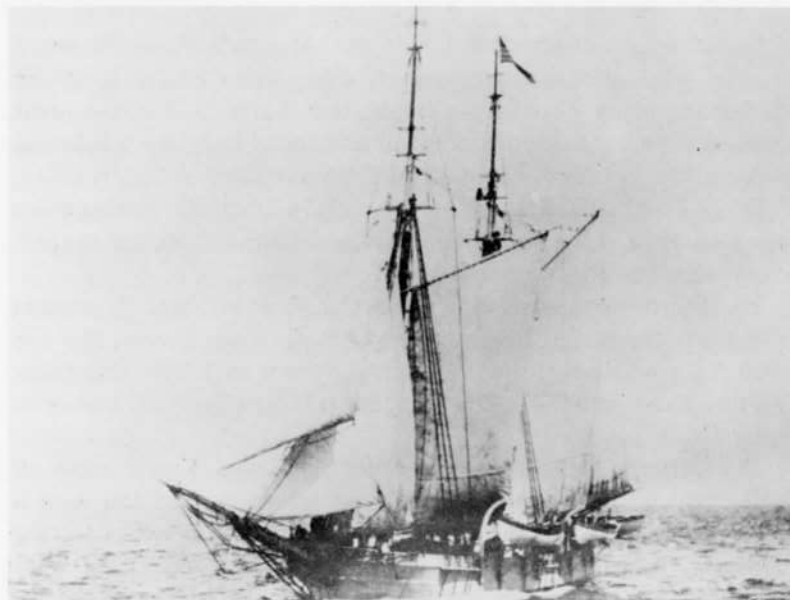
The *Pedro Varela*, an eighty-nine ton schooner, was more than fifty years old and had once been a U. S. Revenue Cutter. She was small for a whaleship, but she looked spruce with her fresh paint and new masts as she lay at anchor outside New Bedford harbor in April, 1910.

The officers and boatsteerers of the *Pedro Varela* were all Portuguese, as were the cook and four crewmen. The rest were a motley gang of Americans, small-time criminals, a self-confessed murderer, a drug addict and peddler, and a burglar. All were greenhorns. Whaling was no longer a thriving business and no longer attracted stalwart young New Englanders, eager to work their way aft to a master's berth.

Early in the morning of April twenty-eighth, the *Pedro Varela* weighed anchor, headed for the Hatteras Grounds. When anchor chains were stowed, halyards coiled and decks scrubbed, all hands were ordered aft. Captain Corvelho studied his crew as he pointed out to them the need for cooperation and consideration of others in the close quarters of shipboard life, the necessity for explicit obedience and the punishment which would inevitably follow any disobedience or any slackness in the execution of orders. Then the three mates chose their boat crews, selecting the most experienced men first. Fortes was in the third mate's crew.

Life aboard the whaleship settled into routine. The greenhorns had to learn the terms used to designate various parts of the ship, as well as the names of all the whalecraft. They had to be taught to handle whaleboats, to row, to paddle and to pull the boat close

to a fast whale. Whenever the *Pedro Varela* was becalmed, the boats were lowered to give the men practice in these arts. There was no spare time while the men were "getting their sealegs and learning the ropes."



Courtesy, The Marine Historical Association, Mystic, Connecticut
The Whaling Schooner *Pedro Varela* under sail.

By nightfall, the men were so tired that they crawled into their narrow bunks and fell asleep at once, even though many of them slept on pallets of straw. Their meals were monotonous and unappetizing, but working all day in the salt air discouraged finicky appetites. Breakfast was always hurried: a mug of coffee sweetened with molasses, a piece of hardtack and, possibly, a little hash. Dinner was a slab of salt beef, (often called "salt horse"), pieces of hardtack soaked in boiling water and coffee. Supper was a cup of very strong tea, a slab of bread and "scouse," salt horse and soaked hardtack, mixed and baked. The monotony was seldom broken and became more and more unbearable as the drinking water got worse and worse.

Drinking water aboard whaleships was never very good. Before

sailing, the ground tier of casks was filled to provide water for several months, and to act as ballast. If the casks were new, the water tasted of the wood; if they had been used, the whale oil which had been in them lent its disagreeable flavor to the water. Moreover, most of the men knew that when the vessel lay alongside the wharf in New Bedford, it was overrun with rats. While in port, the rats found water ashore, but when the vessel put to sea, the rats discovered the loose bungs on the water casks and scurried in - to drown, not improving the quality of the water. Even tea and coffee could not disguise this putrid water and grumblings among the crew were constant.

In the dogwatches, the Portuguese crewmen stayed by themselves, but every evening they heard the same complaints from the rest of the crew: no whales, monotonous deck duty, bad food and worse water. Some of the men declared they would desert ship at the first port. (Maritime Law required whaleships to land at least once every six months, and the *Pedro Varela* had been out nearly that long.) Meantime, the food and water got worse.

The men decided to approach the captain. Hammond agreed to be the spokesman, so he went to the poop deck to ask the mate to tell the captain that he wanted to speak to him. The crew had trailed along and stood in a group amidships, awaiting the outcome. The mate took one look at them and dashed for the captain's quarters. In seconds, the captain, the three mates and the boatsteerers, all armed, appeared on deck. The captain ordered the men forward. They obeyed, but Hammond stood his ground and delivered his complaint:

"We can't eat the food. The salt horse is rotten, the bread is full of kerosene and the water stinks."

"Oh, it does, does it?" the captain replied. "Then you'll not get as much to holler about," and he put them on short rations: one cake of hardtack and one cup of water daily, for three days. Hammond was ordered to stand an additional watch at the masthead and the rest were kept so busy that they had no time to plan their next move until that night. Fortes lay in his bunk and feigned sleep. He had no intention of being drawn into the discussion of the disgruntled crew members, though he could not fail to hear it. The ringleaders urged revenge.

"Let's get the harpoons and lances and kill off the Old Man and his stooges."

"Then what? I think we'd better jump ship."

"But we can't do that until we reach port. If we keep getting whales, the Old Man won't head for port, law or no law."

"We could refuse to work."

"What good - hey - maybe that's it."

Dissatisfied, bitter and potentially dangerous, the crew grew more rebellious. The *Pedro Varela* ran into the doldrums and for days and days there was no breeze at all. The Fourth of July dawned, hot and breathless. The men recalled past celebrations, bands playing and flags flying.

"We ought to ask Captain Corvelho to set the American flag. It's the Fourth of July." The request was made, but the captain not only refused to grant it, but had the Portuguese flag set instead.

That night was dark and starless, but dead calm, so the boatsteerer in charge of the "graveyard watch" had turned in and was sound asleep in the larboard boat. The black shadows, which crept out of the forecastle, spread over the starboard side of the deck. Now and then, there was a splash close to the whaleship, but on deck there were only indistinct shufflings. Suddenly, just at daylight, there was a tremendous clatter. The "shadows" had not been content with throwing overboard the harpoons, lances, bailers, skimmers, spades and all the other whaling craft, but had smashed the windlass and shattered the try works, throwing overboard all the pieces they could move. They were making sure that no more whaling could be done aboard the *Pedro Varela* until she put into port for refitting.

The commotion brought the captain and his officers on deck. A swift glance across the deck showed the havoc that had been wrought and its perpetrators. Captain Corvelho ordered the men in irons. He felt sure that "Doc" Hammond was the instigator of the uprising, but he was not confined to the hold because he had a great gash on one leg, cut by a flailing ax during the night. The rest of the culprits were manacled and confined to the hold. Only Fortes and the other three Portuguese crewmen were left to carry on the ship's duty so the *Pedro Varela* immediately headed for Fayal.

When Hammond's leg began to heal, he joined the others below decks. Limited to one cake of hardtack and one cup of water daily, even with one meal every third day, the men in their

cramped quarters below decks were always hungry and thirsty. They searched until they found a water thief to draw the water from the casks. Then with their knives they dug at the thick head of the huge cask which held the hardtack until, hours later, they had made a jagged hole large enough to reach in and help themselves to hardtack. For several days, they ate and drank at will.

Each day, one by one, the prisoners were taken before the captain who tried to get them to name their ringleader. Haddock gained his release by becoming a witness against the others and Mitchell told about getting into the stores to gain his freedom. But, daily, when the prisoners were brought on deck and chained to the rigging, Hammond threatened Mitchell with such dire consequences that the latter asked to have Hammond released and himself returned to irons. The captain still suspected Hammond, but had no shred of evidence against him, so he was returned to duty. The *Pedro Varela* was short-handed. She was nearly becalmed through alternate days of brilliant sun and drizzling rain. A few whales were raised and two were captured, but there was no way of hoisting the blubber aboard, so the spermaceti was bailed from the heads and the whales were abandoned to the sharks. This was most unprofitable, so Captain Corvelho made all possible sail to speed their journey to Fayal.

The *Pedro Varela* ran head-on into a three-day storm and was driven hundreds of miles off-course so that it was six weeks before they sighted Fayal. As she approached the harbor, the ship got too close to the headlands and started drifting toward the rocks. Because of the useless windlass, the anchor could not be used to hold the vessel from the rocks, so two whaleboats were lowered and spent the afternoon towing the ship into a safe position where she could pick up the wind and sail into Fayal Harbor.

Here the mutineers were supplied with water for the first bath they had had in months and were outfitted with clean clothes. They were then sent ashore to be locked in the local prison until American battleships, due in from a Mediterranean cruise of duty, arrived in Fayal. Then they were transferred to the brig of one of those vessels and taken to the United States for trial.

They were tried in the Federal Court in Baltimore on charges of mutiny on the high seas. But this uprising was not like any mutiny

before or since because the men did not refuse orders, did not attack officers, and did not plan to take the ship by force. The judge sentenced them to the Federal Prison at Atlanta, but a few weeks after they began their sentences, they were all unconditionally released.

Meantime, refitted, and with windlass and tryworks repaired, the *Pedro Varela* left Fayal for the South Atlantic with ten new crewmen. She had a good voyage and returned to New Bedford August 20, 1912, with 1400 barrels of sperm oil. Anthony Fortes was very thankful that no stigma of mutineer was spread on his record for, had it been, he would have found it difficult to get another berth. Instead, when he next signed on, he was no longer a foremast hand, but was a boatsteerer on the *Grayhound*.

Schooner *Pedro Varello* Antonio C. Corvelho, Master.

April 26, 1910

Crew List

Name	
1. Joao Manuel Cabral - 1st Mate	St. Nicholas C.V.I.
2. N. A. Martin - 2nd Mate	Brava, C. V. I.
3. Nicholas P. Cruz - 3d Mate	St. Nicholas C.V.I.
4. Joaquim F. Lopes	St. Nicholas C.V.I.
5. Miguel Cabral - Boatsteerer (1)	St. Nicholas C.V.I.
6. Daniel de Vivieros - Boatsteerer (2)	St. Nicholas C.V.I.
7. August Camello - Cook	St. Nicholas C.V.I.
8. Antonio M. Cabral - Boatsteerer (3)	St. Nicholas C.V.I.
9. Christopher Dunellow	Fayal, Azores
10. Antonio Fortes	St. Nicholas C.V.I.
11. George Lewis	St. Eustatius
12. William D. Albert	Sioux Falls
13. John W. Haddock	Fall River
14. Jose D. Livrament	St. Nicholas C.V.I.
15. Charles H. Mitchell	London, England
16. Edward Whillga	Nashua, N. H.
17. Charles Turner	Cambridge, Mass.
18. George White	Boston, Mass.
19. Jeremiah McCarthy	Somerville, Mass.
20. Walter Hammond	Stonington, Conn.
21. William Baxter	Stonington, Conn.

Jeremiah Pease's Diary (continued)

September 1832

- 2nd. Wind NNE. Pleasant. Br. Lambert preaches today. Several baptized and taken into the church.
- 3rd. Wind SW. Writing school closes.
- 8th. Wind NE to SW. Engaged at the Custom House.
- 11th. Wind SSW. The Four days meeting commences. Joseph: In the Methodist church in this place. Ministers present, Rev'ds J. J. Bliss and L. Jansen. Jeremiah: N. Pane and D. Sargent come from New Bedford, and Br. T. C. Peirce from Nantucket.
- 12th. Wind S. Ship *Vineyard* hauls off into the stream. (Joseph)
- 15th. Wind SW. Br. T. C. Peirce and wife return to Nantucket and the sisters from that place also. Brs. Sanford and Waldron return to New Bedford. Isabella goes to Nantucket. Joseph: Ship *Mount Vernon* of Nantucket sails for Cape Horn. Ship *Vineyard*, Toby master sails for Cape Horn for the first time. Susannah Claghorn dies aged 65.
- 17th. Wind N to NE and SW. Light. Pleasant. Went after ballast and scrubbed the Revenue Boat's bottom.
- 20th. Wind SSW. Engaged in surveying land for Dr. Daniel Fisher. Reformation in these days.⁽¹⁾ Joseph: Coffin, Darrow and Co. store is raised.
- 23rd. Wind SSW. Showery. Joseph: The wife of Mr. Samuel Cleaveland of Chapequidick dies.
- 24th. Wind SW. Joseph: Funeral of Mrs. Cleaveland at the Congregational Meeting House. Service by Rev'd Reuben Porter.
- 25th. Wind SW. Court sets today - Court of Common Pleas. Joseph: Isabella arrives from Nantucket.
- 27th. Wind SSW. Bent the new sails to the Revenue Boat. Scrubbed her bottom.
- 28th. Wind SSW to SSE. Pleasant. Went to Pohoganet. Went to Chabaquidick to meeting at Samuel Huxford's.

(1) Reformation as Jeremiah uses the word means a religious revival.

October 1832

- 2nd. Wind SW. Pleasant. Engaged at the Custom House. Joseph: Ship *Cyrus* sails for Cape Horn.
- 3rd. Wind SW. Engaged in surveying land at West Chop - Tisbury - for Mr. Abraham Chase, Jr. of Ohio and the heirs of Capt. Alexander Newcomb. Joseph: Br. Bliss goes to New Bedford to a four days meeting.
- 4th. Wind SSW. Engaged as above. Received payment for 1 ¾ days, \$3.50 of Mr. Chase.
- 6th. Wind SSW. P.M. ESE. Went to Cape Poge after U. S. buoy. Sloop *Thomas*, A. D. Pease, master arrives from Boston.
- 8th. Wind ESE. Light breeze. Engaged in the Custom House.
- 9th. Wind ESE. Engaged in taking an inventory of Capt. John O. Moses' furniture & c. Joseph: Sloop *Thomas* Abner D. Pease master sails for South Carolina.
- 10th. Wind S. Fresh breeze. Boarded Ship *Orion* of Nantucket arrives from Cape Horn with 2,600 bbls. Cutter *Vigilant* arrives.
- 13th. Wind SSW. Engaged in digging potatoes.
- 14th. Wind NNW. Cool. When to Chilmark to a meeting. Br. Jansen preached. Reformation in that place. Returned at night. Joseph: Rev'd Hebron Vincent ⁽¹⁾ and Mrs. Lydia R. Coffin are married in the Methodist Church this evening by Rev'd J. J. Bliss.
- 15th. Wind NE to SW. Pleasant. Attended Probate Court on account of John Holley's Estate. Joseph: Finished digging potatoes. News of two cases of cholera, both fatal, in quarantine off Holmes Hole harbour.
- 16th. Wind SW. Fresh breeze. Joseph: J. Y. Cornell's dies at 3 o'clock A.M. Aged 1 year.
- 19th. Wind S. Cloudy. Joseph: Engaged in repairing carriage & c.
- 21st. Wind N to NNW. Went to Chilmark. Attended meeting in the Methodist Meeting House in the afternoon. Br. Charles Rich preaches from Judges, 3rd chapter, 1st part of the 20th verse - I have a message from God unto thee.

(1) Hebron Vincent was the historian of the Wesleyan Grove Camp Meeting in Cottage City. Also there is a book-sized manuscript "History of Methodism on Martha's Vineyard" by him in the archives of the D.C.H.S.

In the evening we had a meeting at Br. Moses Adams. Returned at night.

- 24th. Wind N to E. Cold. Joseph: Four days meeting commences in the Congregational Church. ⁽¹⁾
- 25th. Wind NNE to N. Engaged in boarding vessels. Joseph: Many vessels in the harbour.
- 26th. Wind N to NNE. A little ice makes at night. The summer oil becomes a little thick, what we call sard (?) Blew a fresh breeze today. Engaged in plowing and harrowing rye.
- 27th. Wind SW. Cool. Finished sowing rye.
- 31st. Wind SW. Pleasant. 4 days meetings commences at Holmes Hole. Went there this evening. Returned at night.

November 1832

- 1st. Wind SW. Pleasant. Scrubbed the Revenue Boat's bottom. ⁽²⁾ Went to Holmes Hole with Br. Huxford.
- 4th. Wind SSW. Fresh breeze. Baptism by Br. Bliss by emersion ⁽³⁾ and sprinkling being Sabbath. Br. Rich preaches this evening.
- 12th. Wind SW. Very pleasant. Joseph: Town Meeting for the choice of Electors of President and Vice President and Senator Barker Bushnell. Leavitt Thaxter of Edgartown chosen (as representative of Edgartown in the General Court.) The last time for voting for President according to the prophesy of Thomas Cooke. ⁽⁴⁾
- 14th. Wind NW. Colder. Joseph: Court Sessions sits today.
- 15th. Wind SW. Very pleasant. Boarded a number of vessels. Court rises. (Joseph)
- 23rd. Wind W. Joseph: Ship *Charles and Henry* and Ship *Loper* of Nantucket sail for Cape Horn.
- 29th. Wind NW. Thanksgiving Day.

(1) As will be seen from all these references to evangelistic meetings the great religious revival which had been taking place on the Vineyard for ten years or so was now reaching a peak. To keep any of its members, the Congregational Church was forced to adopt many of the methods of the Baptists and Methodists.

(2) The reason a boat's bottom had to be scrubbed so often in Jeremiah's day was that copper paint to stop the marine growth had not yet been invented.

(3) Perhaps Methodist emersion was to compete with the Baptists.

(4) Thomas Cooke (Jr.) must have been looking for the end of the world. Such was the religious excitement.

December 1832

- 6th. Wind W. F. Baylies house raised. Joseph: Ship *Alexander Coffin* comes from Nantucket towed by steamboat. Ship *Enterprise* comes from Nantucket. Went to Holmes Hole.
- 18th. Wind ESE Gale. Squally and rainy. Joseph: Boarded ship *Montano* of Nantucket. Benjamin Worth, master. Arrives from Cape Horn, with 3,200 bbls. oil. Absent 41 months.
- 21st. Wind W. Snows. Joseph: Ship *Thule* of Nantucket sails for Cape Horn.
- 23rd. Wind N. Snows a little. Went to Holmes Hole to Meeting. Rev'd Jansen preaches here. Rev'd Bliss at New Town.
- 29th. Wind N. Cold. Snowed some A. M. Went to Holmes Hole. Surveyed land for Brown. Returned at night.
- 30th. Wind NNW. Pleasant for the season. Went to Chilmark and Tisbury. In the evening attended meetings with Brs. T. Stewart and F. Huxford. Returned at night.
- 31st. Wind SW. A Wat'h Meeting is held in the Vestry of the Methodist Church. So ends 1832.

January 1833

- 5th. Wind W. Surveyed land for Capt. Matthew Norton. Joseph: Marshall, son of Marshall and Velina Luce dies, aged 2 years.
- 6th. Wind SW. Joseph: Boarded Ship *Omega* from Cape Horn. Funeral for said child. Service by Rev'd Seth Ewer.
- 8th. Wind ENE. Light. Engaged in surveying land for Capt. M. Norton at Aquamachy there being some misunderstanding between him and E. P. Norton Esq.
- 10th. Wind N. Cloudy and rainy. Joseph: Boarded a West Indies brig and a schooner.
- 12th. Wind W. Very cold. Joseph: Boarded a whaling brig.
- 13th. Wind SW. L. Jansen preached. Joseph: Edward Norton's child dies, an infant daughter.
- 14th. Wind W. Went to Holmes Hole. Funeral of said child. Service by Rev'd Seth Ewer.
- 15th. Wind W to E and SE. At night gale and rain. Boat stove by something drifting against her in the night. Having launched her that day.

- 16th. Wind SE to SSW. Gale and rain A.M. P.M. clears off. Hauled up the sail boat. Found all the strakes on one side stove and some on the other.
- 20th. Wind SE to SSW. Went to Chilmark and Tisbury. Attended meetings. Returned at night.
- 21st. Wind SW. Foggy. Went eeling. Hauled the Revenue boat ashore and scrubbed her.
- 22nd. Wind NE. Foggy. Joseph: Boarded a British schooner from New York for St. Johns.
- 23rd. Wind NE. Foggy. Repairing yawl boat.
- 27th. Wind SW. Pleasant. Went to Chilmark and Tisbury. Attended meetings with Brs. T. Stewart and S. Huxford. Returned at night. Joseph: The Ship *Foster* of Nantucket, Chase master arrives from Cape Horn. 2,200 bbls.

February 1833.

- 2nd. Wind N to NNW. Cold. Miss Lydia Claghorn dies of a consumption. Joseph: Mrs. Lydia Claghorn dies of the dropsy.
- 3rd. Wind NNW. Cold. Funeral of Miss Claghorn. Service by Rev'd J. J. Bliss. Joseph: Funeral of Mrs. Claghorn at the Methodist Meeting House.
- 5th. Wind NNW. Cold. Bought 500 weight of hay of Shuble Norton.
- 8th. Wind SE to ESE. Coldest night of this winter. Ice makes across from saltworks mill to Capoge gut.
- 17th. Wind SW. Clear. Went to Holmes Hole. Attended meeting with Br. S. Huxford. Returned at night. Rains at night.
- 20th. Wind SW. Light. Cloudy. Revenue Cutter Capt. Cahoon arrives. S. W. Tracy visits us today.
- 22nd. Wind WSW. Gail. Ship *Fame* arrives from the Brazil Banks.
- 23rd. Wind SW to NE Clear. Exchanged my horse with Mr. Tisdale Smith. Joseph: Cutter *Vigilant* sails.
- 26th. Wind NW to SW. Went to Holmes Hole with Dr. Samuel Whelden who was called by the Temperance Society to deliver an address upon the subject. He compiled it, and delivered it at the Meeting house to the satisfaction of the Society and others. Returned same day with the

doctor. At evening an address was given before the Temperance Societies of this town by Daniel Fellows, Esq. at the Baptist Meeting House to a numerous congregation. Much credit is due Esq. Fellows for his performance. It was gratifying to most if not all the assembly.

March 1833.

- 2nd. Wind NNW. Cold. Snows. The most severe gale and coldest night of the winter. Much ice in the harbour. It would probably have frozen all over if it had not been for the remarkable gale.
- 4th. Wind N to NW. Very cold. Hauled the Revenue Boat to the shore on account of the ice. Kept a fire in the lantern all night.
- 5th. Wind NNW. Moderates at noon. Thaws a little in the sun. Harbour all frozen over from the Light House to Cape Poge and above the Point.
- 6th. Wind E. N at 12. WNW at night and very cold. Bought some hay of Mr. Martin Norton.
- 7th. Wind S. Ice begins to break up.
- 9th. Wind NNW to E and SSW. Light and calm. Harbour remains closed by ice.
- 10th. Wind W to S and NE. Light. Flattening. Harbour still closed by ice. The packet for New Bedford got out but no other vessel does. At night the ice crowds into the harbour. Snows a little at night.
- 11th. Wind NE. Cloudy. The ice goes out at night. Town Meeting. Joseph: Jeremiah Pease moderator.
- 12th. Wind SSE. Light. The harbour is open and vessels come in. But one vessel passed out since the 5th. inst. It has been the most severe March so far that I have seen for a number of years past. Joseph: Boarded a brig from Matanzas. Several vessels sail having been frozen in since the 2nd.
- 13th. Wind NE to E. Light. Dr. Daniel Fisher cuts a wen out of my right leg just above the knee. Joseph: Capt. Benjamin Worth and Miss Louisa P. Coffin are married by Rev'd J. J. Bliss.

- 14th. Wind N to S. Joseph: The Ship *John Adams* arrives from the South Atlantic Ocean.
- 15th. Wind SW. Foggy. Brig *Pilot*, Fisher, arrives.
- 16th. Wind NE to SW. Pleasant. This day a brig sails without being boarded by me, being the first vessel from a foreign port that has sailed from here when I was at home since my appointment to the Inspector's office.
- 17th. Wind ENE. Joseph: Charles Butler's child dies. An infant.
- 23rd. Wind NE to SW. Ship *Fabius* of Nantucket, Charles Coffin master arrives from the Pacific Ocean. Mr. Worth being in town and my leg being lame he boarded her and certified her papers.
- 25th. Wind N. Rainy. Joseph: The news arrives that Andrew Jackson was dead.
- 26th. Wind NW. Joseph: The above proves to be false.
- 28th. Wind WNW. Pleasant. Cool and cold weather. I am still confined to the house much of the time my leg not being healed.
- 31st. Wind SW to WSW. Attended prayer meeting at Holmes Hole with Br. Joseph Huxford. Returned at 6 P.M. my leg not being healed and my throat being very soar we did not stay to the evening meeting.

April 1833.

- 1st. Wind SW. Pleasant. Attended the adjournment of the annual Town meeting.
- 4th. Wind ESE. A little rain. The weather having been very warm and dry for the season the rain is much needed.
- 7th. Wind S to SSE. This day Br. Bliss preaches a funeral sermon on account of the loss of the crew of the Sloop *Thomas* which brother A.D. Pease commanded. Joseph: Which sailed from Tarpaulin Cove on the 19th of October for Charleston, South Carolina.
- 8th. Wind SE. Gale. Rains. Moderates at night. On this day another year of my short life ends. Joseph: Gail with heavy rain it being much needed.
- 11th. Wind WSW. Attended a meeting at Tisbury for the purpose of forming a County Temperance Society. The Society was formed and officers chosen.

- 14th. Wind SW. Fresh breeze. Rev'd Mr. Porter preached in the Methodist Meetinghouse, Rev'd J. J. Bliss being at Nantucket on a visit.
- 21st. Wind S to SSW and SW. Went to Chilmark Attended meeting. Returned at night. Joseph: Mr. Dennis Courtney and Miss Amanda Fisher were married. Rev'd Lewis Jansen preaches here.
- 22nd. Wind SSE. Commenced plowing.
- 24th. Wind NNE. Cold. Planted Potatoes.
- 25th. Wind SW. Joseph: Ship *Aurora* of Nantucket arrives from the Pacific Ocean. Henry Worth takes the Revenue Boat from Holmes Hole.
- 26th. Wind NE. Cutter *Vigilant* arrives. Ship *Hero* of Nantucket arrives.
- 27th. Wind SW. Pleasant. Quarterly Meeting. Conference held this day.
- 28th. Wind SW. Br. B. F. Lambert preaches today. Joseph: Boarded Ship *Ann* from the Pacific Ocean. Full.

May 1833.

- 1st. Wind NE. Cloudy. Cool. Engaged planting potatoes.
- 3rd. Wind SW. Pleasant. Joseph: Mrs. Lucy Coffin dies of the colic.
- 5th. Wind SW. Joseph: Funeral of Mrs. Lucy Coffin at the Congregational Meetinghouse. Service by Rev'ds Poor, Ewer and Marchant.
- 7th. Wind SW. Engaged making fence.
- 11th. Wind NE. Fresh breeze. Cold. Went to Christiantown to survey land for Francis Peters. Returned at night.
- 12th. Wind NE to SSW. Revenue Cutter arrived yesterday. Went to Holmes Hole with Br. Samuel Daggett. Attended prayer meeting. Returned at night.
- 13th. Wind SW. Went to Christiantown. Surveyed land for Johnson Simpson. Daniel Fellows, Esq. guardian of the Indians at Christiantown went with me. We set off his (Simpson's) share being 29th parts of the land improved by George Peters. Returned at night.
- 16th. Wind ESE to E. Rains. Very refreshing to the grass.
- 18th. Wind SW. Engaged planting potatoes.

- 19th. Wind SW. Went to the East Side of Holmes Hole. Attended prayer meeting with Br. Hiram Chase. Pleasant sermon. Returned at evening. Went to the Register's office on account of deeds and business of Thomas Mayhew and others.
- 20th. Wind SSE to S. Rainy. Went to Chilmark with Capt. Pitman after officers for his ship.⁽¹⁾ Rains quite plentifully.
- 21st. Wind SW. Finished planting potatoes.⁽²⁾
- 27th. Wind. E. Revenue Cutter *McLean*, Capt. Gould arrived. Boarded her and received a visit from Lieutenant O'Brien being the 1st lieutenant. Joseph: Revenue Cutter *McLane* arrives, Captain Gould, for the first time. Court week.
- 28th. Wind E. Cutter *McLean* remains here. Engaged in cleaning and preparing to point the Light House.
- 29th. Wind E. to ENE. Cutter *McLean* sails this morning. Foggy and very thick. Engaged painting the Light House.

June 1833.

- 4th. Wind SW. Engaged in surveying land for James Roberts.
- 5th. Wind SW. Went to Holmes Hole. Returned at P.M. with Sister M. C. West.
- 6th. Wind SW to WSW. Engaged in painting the lantern of the Light House.
- 9th. Wind WSW. Went to Chilmark. Attended a prayer meeting there and at 5 oclock at Tisbury. Returned at night.
- 11th. Wind NE. Squally. Grafton Norton and Benjamin Worth commence building their wharf.
- 20th. Wind SSE. Fresh breeze. Brother John E. Risley arrives with his family or part of them being appointed by the New Bedford Conference to preach here this year. May the Lord bless his labours. Joseph: Joseph Athearn's child dies. An infant.

(1) That must have been Capt. Charles Pitman of the bark *Benezet* of New Bedford. At this time officers and boatsteerers from the Vineyard were very much in demand both in New Bedford and on Nantucket.

(2) It looks as though Jeremiah was planting a lot more potatoes than he would need even for his large family. Potatoes must have been a valuable money crop because of the large number of whaling vessels fitting out in Edgartown.

- 21st. Wind S. Rains at night. Funeral of said child. Service by Rev'ds J. J. Bliss and J. E. Risley.
- 22nd. Wind S to NW. Rev'd J. E. Risley goes to Connecticut after his furniture.
- 23rd. Wind ENE. Br. Bliss preaches his last sermon today. Br. Bliss and his wife goes to Sandwich being appointed to that station this year. Joseph: Boarded a West Indies brig.
- 27th. Wind SW. Joseph: Mr. Dennis Ripley's child dies aged 2 years. His death was occasioned by falling down the garet stairs which caused his death in about an hour.⁽¹⁾
- 30th. Wind SW. Pleasant. Br. J. E. Risley preaches his first sermon. Joseph: Mr. Samuel Merrill's wife dies, a stranger, aged 20 years.

July 1833.

- 1st. Wind SW. Fresh breeze. Revenue Cutter *McLane* sails. Joseph: Funeral of Mrs. Meril at the old Meetinghouse. Service by Rev'd J. E. Risley. Mr. Prince S. Hart and Miss Sophronia Vinson are married by J. E. Risley.
- 3rd. Wind SSW. Commenced mowing the meadow the NW side of the house. Seth Marchant mows it. Rains in the afternoon. ⁽²⁾

(1) Considering the steepness of many Vineyard attic stairs and the narrowness of the treads it is remarkable that they didn't cause more deaths.

(2) And with this entry, and with an account of the 4th of July celebration on the following day which adds nothing to Jeremiah's, Joseph's diary comes to an end. From now on the entries are all Jeremiah's.

DCHS News

The best news of spring is that the Council of the Historical Society has decided to use the bequest from the Francis Foster estate to build an addition to the library. Despite our need for more operating capital, it has become increasingly clear that the need for additional space is the society's most serious problem. Every building on the grounds is overcrowded, and we are in danger of becoming a stagnant organization due to a lack of room for new accessions. Ideally we need the space that would be provided by another house in the vicinity, but the new addition will give us considerable breathing room. It will be a doubling of the present library and will extend out toward the carriage shed. The main floor will provide exhibit space with an attic and basement for storage. Having worked on the plans throughout the winter, we are now ready to break ground, and the addition should be completed by next fall. With our new exhibit space, the society will be a very enjoyable place to visit during the months when the Thomas Cooke House is closed. Extra space in the library will allow us to operate more efficiently, and Mrs. Crossman is now making plans to reorganize.

As reported in the last issue, Mrs. Poole's book *A New Vineyard* came out at the end of the year, and sales have been brisk. Since this is a limited edition, everyone with a Vineyard bookshelf should obtain a copy before our supply runs out. *A New Vineyard* can be purchased directly from us for \$12.95 plus 65 cents postage.

If any of you are in New Bedford this summer, be sure to see the exhibit on the western Arctic at the New Bedford Whaling Museum, which includes two of our paintings of the Steam Whaler *Belvedere*.

In addition to paying their dues promptly, members of the society have been very generous this year in making donations to the Preservation Fund. Approximately \$3,800 has been raised since the beginning of the year, and we would like to thank the following members who have made contributions (through April 10):

Mrs. Henry R. Anderson
 Mr. Edmund D. Ashley
 Mr. Leonard B. Athearn
 Mr. and Mrs. C. Stuart Avery
 Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Beetle
 Mrs. Louis Bissell
 Mr. and Mrs. E. Jared Bliss
 Mrs. Karl Borders
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 Miss Mary L. Norton
 Mrs. Richard H. Norton
 Mr. John W. Osborn
 Mr. Henry C. Ottiwell
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 Mrs. Seth Wakeman
 Mrs. Leslie Webster, Jr.
 Miss Ellen B. Weiss
 Miss Rachael Williams
 Mrs. James C. Wilson
 Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wrigley

We would also like to thank our sustaining members, who pay higher dues to augment our operating funds:

Mrs. Aarne J. Anderson
 Mr. Clarence A. Barnes, Jr.
 Mrs. William Murray Black
 Ms. Emily Bramhall
 Mr. John M. Coward
 Mrs. Thomas Coffin Crosby
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 Mrs. Stephen Trentman
 Mr. John C. Vibberts
 Mrs. Leslie T. Webster, Jr.
 Mrs. Seth Wakeman
 Mrs. Louis W. Young

Thomas 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.

"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.

A New Vineyard by Dorothy Cottle Poole. Illustrated, cloth, \$12.95 plus 65¢ postage.