The House that Gave Tea Lane Its Name

by JONATHAN SCOTT

The Tea Lane Gambrel as it probably looked when it was built in 1709-1711

Phidelah Rice School of the Spoken Word

by STUART MacMACKIN

An Island Character

by ELMER ATHEARN

Plus: Jeremiah Pease Diary, Director's Report, Bits & Pieces

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THE DUKE'S COUNTY INTELLIGENCER
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A Rare Colonial Gambrel

The House that Gave Tea Lane Its Name

by JONATHAN SCOTT

We are often asked by owners of old Island houses how they can trace the history of their homes. Our answer is that the job is not easy, involving research in many areas. This article is convincing evidence of how much research is required. And, as the author will admit, nobody can ever be absolutely certain of his conclusions. The second half of this article in November will detail the construction features that convinced Author Scott that he has, beyond a reasonable doubt, nailed down the origins of this unusual Chilmark house.

(Part One)

LOCATED in a still rural setting in Chilmark just west of Tea Lane near Middle Road is a lovely early Island house unique for its handsome gambrel roof. Colorful tales of smuggled tea in the days before the Revolution are part of the well-known legends associated with this old house with its so-called “Dutch roof.” Though a little long on fancy, these tales give us a starting place for an understanding of its history.

My research indicates that this house, now owned by Clark Goff, was built between 1709 and 1711, making it

JONATHAN SCOTT lives in Chilmark with his wife and five children as he completes his doctoral dissertation on the Island’s pre-Revolutionary War houses. There are, he has discovered, 75 of them, one of which is described here. An Amherst graduate with a Master’s from the University of Kansas, Professor Scott has taught at the University of Hawaii, the University of New Mexico and Gustavus Adolphus College, prior to the current interruption to complete his PhD from the University of Minnesota. He knows much more about houses than one can get from books, earning his living these days as an Island carpenter. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott of Chilmark.
one of only two surviving Colonial gambrels on the Island.¹

As we see it today, it is small, a half house, one of the few that did not later expand into a ¾ or full house. The gambrel roof gives it somewhat more ample proportions, upstairs at least. Besides being a rare Colonial gambrel, it is interesting for another reason: it is the house that gave Tea Lane its name.

Eleanor Ransom Mayhew, in her Guidebook to Martha’s Vineyard, tells of Captain Robert Hillman, master of the whaling vessel Hannah, who after the Stamp Act of 1767 smuggled tea from London to the Vineyard and, she says, lived in this gambrel-roofed house off Tea Lane.²

Another writer has suggested that this Captain Hillman built his house “with a Dutch roof,” modeling it after “houses that he had seen and admired perhaps in the Old Dutch colony of New York.”³

Both agreed about the smuggling activities of Robert whose aunt, Mrs. Silas Hillman, served the tea to her guests and drank it “for her health.” Though her tea drinking was well known and people remarked on how her house always smelled of the beverage, the story goes, she continually confounded the authorities sent up from Edgartown because they could never discover where she had hidden the contraband (it was in the barn).

The tale is repeated with elaborations in C. G. Hine’s book, The Story of Martha’s Vineyard, with the difference that he believes the aunt rather than the nephew lived in the little gambrel-roofed house.⁴

Documents in the Registry of Deeds support the Hines

¹The other is the Rev. Jonathan Dunham-Brainerd house near Tower Hill in Edgartown, built as a half house about 1682 and added to later. No longer existing is the Skiff family house off North Road, Chilmark, a 2½ story gambrel.
account. According to these, Silas Hillman, 
"husbandman" or farmer, owned the house and land 
during the Revolution and for some years prior. The house 
had apparently been built much earlier, long before either 
Silas or Captain Robert Hillman was born. Records speak 
of this as the "old homestead" and part of the property can 
be fairly convincingly traced back from Silas to an earlier 
Hillman, Benjamin, the father of Silas. Tracing the origin 
of the house was made complicated by the fact that there 
were two Hillman properties, side by side, during the early 
1700s and both had houses on them. One was owned by 
Benjamin and the other was by his father, John Hillman, 
the first of the family to settle on the Island.

John bought his land in 1711, 17 years before Benjamin, 
and a careful reading of the land sale deed indicates that a 
house was on the property at the time. Was this the 
gambrel-roofed house? Who might have built it? And when?

A careful study of the records has answered those 
questions to the satisfaction of the author.

Prior to the Hillman ownership, both properties were 
part of the landholdings of Matthew Mayhew, son of the 
famous missionary, Thomas Mayhew, Jr. Matthew's 
fourth child, born in 1683, was named Thomas after his 
great-grandfather, the Governor. Young Thomas, according to Banks, became a "student of 
physicke" in Plymouth.5 He probably went to the older 
settlement to study medicine, possibly under his brother-
in-law, Dr. Thomas Little, a graduate of Harvard College, 
who had married Thomas' older sister Mary in 1698.6

In 1704, Matthew gave Thomas, then 21 years old, "out 
of the natural affection I hold for him" twenty acres of 

5Banks, C.E., History of Martha's Vineyard, vol. III, 1911, republished D.C.H.S., 1966 
6Ibid., p. 236 and 302.

land in Chilmark.7 One year later, on June 21, 1705, he 
gave him another twenty acres "as an addition whereby 
these lands might be more suitable and afford land for 
tillage and for a house or habitation on the land . . . joined to the previous land the whole shall make forty acres."8 Thomas would then have been twenty-two 
years old, and probably had finished his studies at 
Plymouth. It is probable that, with the encouragement of 
his father, he intended to return to the Island to practice 
"physicke" amongst the new settlements in Chilmark. 
Between 1705 and 1707, he could well have built himself 
a small house (he was unmarried) as his father had intended 
when he gave him the land. Unfortunately, the story ends 
here because in 1707, according to Banks, Thomas died 
(we are not told the cause).9 This must have been 
especially tragic as he was then only 24 years old and had 
only just completed his education.

The year before, 1706, apparently having signed on a 
voyage, he made out his will: "I, Thomas Mayhew of 
Plymouth, student in physicke being bound to sea and 
bringing to mind the mortality of my body do make this 
my last will and testament . . ." To his two brothers, his 
cousin, and his brother-in-law, Thomas Little, he left 
moderate sums of money. To "my well beloved sister, 
Bethiah," he left "my land and tenements by her foolish 
to be possessed and enjoyed . . ."10 The "tenements" may 
have referred to the new house he had built (or was having 
built) on the 40 acres given him by his father. Upon the 
settlement of the will he was referred to in Probate records 
as "Thomas Mayhew of Chilmark," rather than of 
Plymouth.

The property did pass to his sister Bethiah and four
months after her brother’s death, she married William Clark, Jr., of Plymouth and they may have spent the first two years of their marriage in the new house on the 40-acre Chilmark farm. In 1709, the Clarks moved to Menemsha and sold the property to their brother-in-law, Thomas Little, the Dr. Little who married Bethiah’s older sister, Mary. Historian Banks believes that Dr. Little moved from Plymouth to Chilmark at this time. It may have been that on the untimely death of young Thomas, the new settlements in Chilmark were in need of a man who could practice medicine. We can well believe that his wife, a good Vineyard woman, and her family, the Mayhews, encouraged Thomas Little to move to the Island. Here’s how Banks describes it:

"... in May 1709, he [Dr. Little] purchased two twenty-acre lots in Chilmark [the same two lots given Thomas Mayhew by his father], which is the presumed date of his settlement here. While a resident here he practiced law and presumably medicine, for his education warranted, in those days, the employment of his talents in all the arts and sciences (he is called ‘Doctor’ in the Probate Records). He died early, however, in 1715, leaving a widow and six minor children. His estate was divided in June 1725, at which time his eldest son Thomas was residing in the town, succeeding to his father’s professional work."  

Before his death, Dr. Little, in 1711, sold one of his twenty-acre parcels, the one with the Mayhew dwelling on it, to John Hillman, apparently keeping the second parcel for himself. It is my belief that in the period between 1709, when he came to the Island, and 1711, when he sold the upper parcel, he built a new house more to his liking than the conventional house built for Mayhew. This new house was along the lines of dwellings he had known and admired in Plymouth and was built on a lovely, protected site on the lower 20-acre lot. Nearby was a small stream which was diverted with a dike to provide fresh water close by the house.

Sadly, Dr. Little did not live long in the new house, as he died in 1715. Thirteen years later, his widow remarried and his heirs sold the parcel with “housing” to John Hillman’s son Benjamin, the father of Silas, whose wife, as we have seen, loved tea.  

Thus, the lovely gambrel-roofed house off Tea Lane, the house built by Dr. Little, came into the Hillman family. Today, it belongs to Clark Goff.

We thus have two early homesteads on parcels originally given to Thomas Mayhew by his father that passed into two branches of the Hillman family. The older house, by a few years, is the one that John Hillman acquired with the upper twenty acres. It was apparently built by young Thomas Mayhew between 1705 and 1707 along fairly traditional Vineyard lines. We can pinpoint this house because the Deed of 1711 is very specific. It defines the property as a squarish parcel roughly 60 rods on a side whose northern boundary is the “Middle Line,” which once separated Indian lands on the Vineyard Sound side of the Island from Mayhew purchases on the south side. It was defined in an agreement between Matthew Mayhew (Thomas’ father) and the Indians:

"... a line drawn straight from a great Rock standing by takemie bound to the middle of a line drawn across the island and so to the pond; said line to be drawn across as near the said pond as may be called Monamsha pond.”
(Deeds III: 435)

In this Tea Lane area, the Middle Line is clearly defined by a stone wall. The gambrel Goff house is well over 60 rods to the south of the Middle Line wall so it could not be

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12 Complicating matters was the fact that Benjamin already owned the other 20-acre parcel jointly with his brother Jonathan. (There are some house historians who believe that Tea Lane was named after Captain Robert’s house at the intersection of Middle Road and Tea Lane. My preference is for his aunt’s house, the Goff Gambrel, the one in which the contraband was brewed and enjoyed.)
Hillman-Smith house off Tea Lane, built in 1705-1707 for young doctor Thomas Mayhew.
the Mayhew house that Dr. Little sold to John Hillman.

However, we do find a lot that exactly fits the description in the old deed. It is the adjacent 20-acre lot now belonging to Richard Smith. At the head of this property, not 100 feet away from the Middle Line wall, is a very early house with rough unfaced fieldstone foundations, log floor joists with bark still on them, and handhewn rafters, purlins, and vertical boarding in the attic; all clear indications of early 18th century construction. The asymmetrical front door and back windows indicate that it probably was once a half house, suitable for a young man just starting out in his career. It is my belief that this was the house that young Thomas Mayhew had built and in which he intended to settle at this lovely spot in Chilmark.13

The second of the two early houses owned by the Hillman family, Dr. Little's Gambrel, is the one we are interested in here. It was, as stated earlier, probably built between 1709 and 1711 and was not at all typical of the

13Ownership can be traced back to Jonathan Hillman who, as we have indicated already, bought it in 1719 along with his brother Benjamin, from their father, John Hillman (Deeds: 4332).
Left, the New England gambrel roof; right, the Dutch style.

Island houses of the period. Dr. Little was born and brought up in the Plymouth area (he was 34 years old when he moved to Chilmark) and the New England style gambrel roof was fairly common there, as well as on Cape Cod.

A New England gambrel roof is very different from the Dutch gambrel, which had a very short upper slope of about 22 degrees and a long, swooping lower slope of about 45 degrees, often combined with an overhang. The early New England gambrel had a fuller and tighter profile, with two slopes of equal length, the lower slope rising at a very steep angle of about 60 degrees.\(^\text{14}\)

One such New England gambrel can be seen on the Atwood house of 1752, which is said to be the oldest house in Chatham, Mass. It looks very much like the Dr. Little house except that it is a full rather than a half house.

Another surviving Gambrel, this one of a earlier date, is the Harlow house in Plymouth, built in 1677 with timbers of the old Pilgrim fort on Burial Hill.\(^\text{15}\) In fact, it appears that this Plymouth house, or one very much like it, had a direct influence on Dr. Little's new home in Chilmark. Allowing for the fact that the Harlow house is more than 30 years older than the Little house, there is still a great similarity between the two, as can be seen in the accompanying photographs.

One must look closely to pick out features that distinguish the older roof style of the slightly larger


Chatham's oldest house, the 1752 Atwood house, is a New England Gambrel, but it is a full, not a half house like Goff's.

The half-house proportions add emphasis to the gambrel roof on the Goff house. Windows were originally 8-over-12 lights and the chimney was larger and closer to the end of the roof (see cover sketch).

Two photographs showing how similar the lines are of the Goff house, above, and the William Harlow house, 1677, below. Windows and projecting cornice of the Goff are not original. The Harlow house was restored in 1921 by the Plymouth Antiquarian Society.
West gable of the Harlow house, showing what might have been the arrangement of the original windows in the Hillman-Goff house.

Plymouth house: a shorter upper slope and a lower roof that is not so steeply pitched. The Dr. Little house, built a generation later, has the fully developed 18th century gambrel roof like that of the Atwood house: two slopes of equal length and a steep 60-degree lower pitch.

If we allow for the fact that the Harlow house is a three-quarter house and the Dr. Little house a half house, the exterior dimensions are remarkably similar. The Harlow gable-end measurement is 29 feet 2 inches and the Little house measurement is 29 feet 7 inches, less than a half foot larger. If we subtract the seven-foot width of the scullery (the area to the left of the door) in the Harlow house to make it a half-house like its Vineyard counterpart, its front would measure 21 feet 7 inches, which is within one inch of the width of the Dr. Little house at 21 feet 8 inches.

Inside the two houses we also find similarities, not only in plan, but in detailing. The Dr. Little house incorporates a combination of pine and oak for the major interior beams, unique on the Vineyard, with chamfers that were either beaded or beveled, according to the direction of the beam, as will be explained later. In the Harlow house we see the same combination of oak and pine, and the use of both types of chamfering, though the chamfers run in opposite directions to those in the Little house, and the beaded chamfers are of a somewhat older type.

These technical similarities tend to support my research that convinces me that the gambrel-roofed house off Tea Lane was built by or for a Plymouth man, Dr. Thomas Little, though he, no doubt, employed Vineyard carpenters. The house, therefore, combines certain Plymouth design features with Vineyard construction details and techniques.

The result is a unique Vineyard house, as we shall see in the second half of this article about this handsome Colonial gambrel-roofed dwelling on Tea Lane.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The author would like to thank Clark and Pamela Goff for showing me their house, researching many of the important deeds and helping me to reach what I believe are the correct conclusions. My special thanks to Clark for his beautiful drawings of his own house and of the Atwood House in Chatham. Thanks also go to my father, Henry Scott, for the map he has provided, but also for very much more, as he knows.
Phidelah Rice School of the Spoken Word
by STUART MacMACKIN

MY MOTHER wanted to get away from the hurly burly of Circuit Avenue in the summertime and my Grandfather, who would do anything for his daughter, agreed to move. It was in 1921 and we were living in the second floor of "Greene's Block," named for Grandfather, who owned it.1

Grandfather Hamilton J. Greene was almost a native of Oak Bluffs. During his long life there, he was, among other things, Representative to the General Court, an officer in the Vineyard Grove Company, Superintendent of the Water Works, a carpenter and a butcher. Pleasing my mother was also one of his occupations.

There wasn't anything he wouldn't do for her. In fact, there were times when she had to turn down his benevolence, as when she announced that she wanted to marry my father. Grandfather Greene said, "Ditch MacCrackin"2 and I'll buy you an automobile."

I'm able to tell this story because she didn't take him up on the deal.

Mother's wanting to leave Circuit Avenue resulted in my becoming a sometime actor. More important, it allowed my mother to carry on her love of the theater. Because, it turned out, Grandfather Greene had moved us close to the Rice School of the Spoken Word.

He didn't take the easy route -- he never did. He bought the old Rounds House, with its three-story tower and its restrained Baptist gingerbread, that had stood for years near the Baptist Temple on East Chop, and moved it to Sumner Park in 1921. Mother was happy.3

It was a perfect location for a Penrod-aged boy like me to grow up in -- surrounded as it was by parkland with a golf course on one side that quickly grew up with scrub pine. It's such a perfect spot that it has been my summer home for 62 years.

It was a perfect location, too, for the Rice School, which had been founded in 1912 by Phidelah and Elizabeth Pooler Rice. For 30 years the School flourished each summer and, after 1924, it added a summer theater, the second oldest in the nation, according to the handbills of the time. Students of the theater from all over the country came to East Chop to learn the art of dramatic reading, voice projection and a broad range of dramatic arts and, happily, to fall under the spell of the Oak Bluffs of those years.

When our family first moved, the school was of less than primary import to my consciousness. Most of those youthful summers, as I remember them, were devoted to boats and pleasure in the harbor. Yet, later, the School and Playhouse did come to play a big part in my development.

Thus, my perspective for this Rice School reminiscence

1The building is still there on Circuit Avenue, across from the Wigwam Paper Store.
2Note the Vineyard trick of mispronouncing a name for increased derivative effect.
3Moving a house was no big thing to a Vineyarde. It was often done. Years earlier, Grandfather had moved the gigantic old Dartmore off its site on Circuit Avenue to a lot on Pencook to make room for "Greene's Blocks."
is in three parts: first, that of an amused and not very tolerant Penrod; second, as a part-time and not entirely dedicated participant; and finally, today, as a more-than-appreciative old fogey.

At first, the School occupied a small one-story cottage-type building at the corner of what is now Brewster Avenue and Arlington Avenue, the site now occupied by a cottage owned by Walter Slocum. By the time we moved there, the School occupied several buildings on what it called the "campus." There were a number of dormitories, including the "Stag Cottage," now owned by J. Bushnell Richardson, the "North Cottage," now owned (I think) by John Sullivan, and the "West Cottage," now owned by George Wey. West Cottage was a large, old three-story monster with balconies and steep roofs, which had been moved from near the Lagoon on that part of Barnes Road before it curves and runs parallel to the water. There was also a large dormitory on the Bluff, known as Sumner Hall and, next to it, the Club House, which was the dining hall.

The School, which had from 50 to 100 students each summer, was owned and run by Phidelah Rice and his wife, Elizabeth, with as many as eight other professionals on the staff, including Louise Lorimer, Blanche Townsend, Loncy Dienes and others. The Rices were graduates of the Leland Powers School in Boston and taught there on occasion. They were Christian Scientists, very refined, genteel and, above all, likable. They took their religious beliefs seriously and were a major factor in the development of the Christian Science Church on New York Avenue. The summer school had two sessions, the first of which was in June and was attended frequently by Christian Scientist readers, who studied the Bible, being given "practical training in the interpretation of the world's noblest literature."4

4From the 1939 catalog of the Phidelah Rice School and Theatre Enterprises.

Rice School and Theater as seen from the Stag Cottage.

The first time the School became significant to me was when Mother started attending classes in voice.5 A specialty at Rice was "monacting," ("nowhere else in America may such expert instruction be obtained," the catalog boasted). This was a dramatic method of presenting a piece in which the single actor took all the parts. By subtle voice changes and body movements, the artist would suggest the entrance of various characters and their interactions. Phidelah Rice, the catalog stated, had a national reputation in monacting, his repertoire including such varied works as Great Expectations and Hamlet.6 A less charitable explanation of the term "monacting" was that "elocution" had sort of gone out of style and monacting was in.

An important element of the Rice teaching was voice

5Mother was one of very few Island "natives" (she had grown up in Oak Bluffs) who attended. Another whom I recall was Ruth Jordan.

6Phidelah was a handsome man with tremendous stage presence. He had a friendly smile filled with dazzling white teeth that would make the Osmonds jealous.
placement and projection. "Speak the piece I pray thee trippingly on the tongue..." Such lines involved a lot of laborious practice and, incidentally, that practice was a source of great amusement to me. Students would go out into the pine groves surrounding the School to some spot they thought was secluded and then start lecturing the trees. It was not unusual to hear a lone person stand there addressing a pine tree with full round tones shouting "It's snowing" (that has nice vowels). It might have been 80 or 90 degrees at the time, but it made no difference. From my amused and not very tolerant juvenile perspective, it was a colossal waste of a Vineyard summer day.

Somehow, however, between hearing my mother practice her lines and listening from my concealed vantage point to the "Pine Tree Preachers," some of the bits from the Leland Powers Practice Book rubbed into my consciousness, where it still remains after nearly 60 years: "On the sea and at the Hogue, 1692 did the English fight the French, woe to France..."; "Old Fezziwig laid down his pen and looked up at the clock..."; "Does a man ever give up hope... I wonder?"; "Beyond the sea, the stars, beyond the stars what...?"

When the School started presenting plays in 1924, the smaller parts would be taken by Rice students, but the principal parts were played by a group of dedicated professional actors and actresses who came to the Island year after year. It became a most ambitious program, with a new play each week, at first running five nights a week, and later six nights. The one-story school building was enlarged to include a well-designed small theater seating about 200 or more. And it would be filled almost every night. Even then, parking was a problem as the skinny-tired cars of the period got stuck in the sand that surrounded the Playhouse.

The Director of the Company for many years was

Phidelah Rice gave several performances each season.

Robert Webb Lawrence, an old trouper with a sure sense of theater and of what would "play" and where the audience would react. "Now you do this," he would say, "and then, after the hand, you do this..." He had a small room in Stag Cottage, where some of the male staff lived, and would work out the position of the actors for each scene, moving them around on sort of a checkerboard that he spread out on his bed. When it came time for the first rehearsal, he knew where each character should be for every line.

Among the actors I came to know were George William Smith, a school teacher from Troy, N.Y., Clinton Sundberg, Wallace Acton, Geraldyn True, Lionel Ince from Australia, Elizabeth Hunt, Oscar Westgard, Wesley
Addy, Aldyn Chase, Eleanor Phelps and Jessie Rogers.

The plays were good and I saw most of them. They included works like Criminal at Large, Autumn Crocus, Once in a Lifetime, The Trial of Mary Dugan, David Garrick, Journey's End, Aren't We All, and, as they say in the advertisements, many, many more.

In my later teens, the company somehow found out that I could be useful as a walk-on or an extra. This gave me a chance to participate without working too hard, but more importantly it gave me a chance to be with the tight little community that is an acting company.

As I remember it, I played a cop in Roosy, Quimbo in Uncle Tom's Cabin (Phidelah Rice played Uncle Tom, one of his twice-a-summer appearances), and I was the entire Hawaiian orchestra in The Barker with the immortal line: "Introducing the Princess Kalima, she's educational, she's inspirational and you can't afford to miss it . . . when she dances every muscle, every fiber in her ga-lorius body quivers with an intensity and a frenzy that will inspire you . . . Step right up . . ."

Even now, the words and inflections come easily from my memory.

Most of the students and the acting company were serious about their work. This was partly due to the character of the Rices, who were very conservative, even straight-laced. It was also due to the dedication of the individuals themselves. There were occasional hints of disrespect, of course. The School was officially spoken of as the Phidelah Rice School of the Spoken Word. Among the students this got corrupted, out of hearing of the Rices, of course, to "The Phidelah Rice School of the Broken Word, situated on a Bluff and run on the same principle."

After the final curtain each evening, we would all go to have ice cream at Jack Hughes Ice Cream Parlor on Circuit Avenue (where daRosa's Printing is now). Those weren't the only moments of levity. One time, I came back to find that the Model T Ford that I was the very proud owner of had been completely painted a sickly stage green. The artist was Leslie Allen Jones, a Brown University professor and the company's stage designer.

Generally, however, the group behaved itself properly as attested to by the visits to the ice cream parlor rather than the bars of Circuit Avenue, which, with the end of Prohibition, were just beginning to serve beer.

One of the dominant and possibly most beloved members of the permanent acting company was Jessie Rogers, who, somewhere in the late 1930s, became known as Jessica. She came back every summer for more than 10 years and built up a large following of people who loved her work as a comedienne and as a serious actress, one who could play any part from Cassie in Uncle Tom's Cabin to the Queen in Hamlet.

I remember Eleanor Phelps with some wry amusement. Some of the company seemed to take to me because I would take them sailing. Eleanor was among them. One summer I had a long sailing dory that had once belonged to the Reverend Butman of Edgartown. I took Eleanor out in it and she decided that the small aft deck was perfect for practicing the yoga position. I warned her about the boom, but was not forceful enough; after all, these actors were all older than I and much more sophisticated. When the boom came over, it knocked her overboard and gave her a tremendous shiner. True to theatrical tradition, she went on stage that night, but wearing dark glasses.

One actor I remember vividly was Evan Crossly, a long-time Vineyarde and a contemporary of mine. He and his wife-to-be, Mary Ella Hook, were devoted to the theater and both did fine work. My admiration for Evan as an actor reached its peak in one play in which he made his entrance as an old sea captain in a wheelchair. As he came
on, the wheelchair tipped over, spilling Evan onto the stage. But he never lost control. He made up lines, calling for help from off stage, and directed the cast and crew so effortlessly that the play went on as if the accident was part of the script.

Sometimes, the humor was unintended. This happened once when there was inadequate time for an actress to get down to the dressing room to make a costume change so she changed behind an unused scenery flat leaning against the wall. One evening, an unknowing stagehand came along, picked up the flat and walked off, leaving the poor girl exposed. This was a great joke to most of us, but the proper Rices were dismayed and had a special dressing room put up backstage so it would not happen again.

Some of the students and professional actors went on to great roles in Hollywood or on Broadway. Clinton Sundberg had the Broadway role of the juvenile lead in *Arsenic and Old Lace*, with that wonderful curtain line (when he learned he really was not related to the murderous old ladies): "Darling, I'm a bastard!"

Arthur Hunnicut, who looked like Lincoln, spent years playing the grizzled old hunters in Hollywood Westerns. Wallace Acton, Wesley Addy, Eleanor Phelps and Louise Lorimer all had important Broadway parts.

And, of course, as so often happens in life, things do not always turn out in storybook fashion. In the early forties, when I was in New York working with a law firm, my wife and I went to the movies in Flushing one night, only to find my old friend, Bob Lawrence, taking tickets at the door. He was so embarrassed at my seeing his lowly state that he pretended not to know me.

In the late 1930s, things began to change at the Rice School. Phidelah and Elizabeth were older, the responsibilities for running the theater were increasing and in 1940 the whole operation was turned over to a new

Phidelah Rice's photo was inside a star on the playbill, while Director Robert Webb Lawrence was framed inside a shell. Management on sort of a lease basis. Mr. Rice's health was bad and he had little input on the operation. Then there was the murder in June 1940.
Atop the bluff at East Chop were the Club House, left, and the dormitory, 'Sumner Hall', right, scene of the 1940 murder.

Phidelah's brother, Ralph Huntingdon Rice, an elocution teacher at the school, was accused of brutally killing a student, a 73-year-old Christian Science reader who was taking Bible classes. The elderly widow was murdered in her room in Sumner Hall in the middle of the night.

The evidence against Huntingdon Rice was flimsy at best: a "fearful look" he had given the secretary of the School which so frightened her that she called the Chief of Police; a most ambiguous letter he had written to a Christian Science practitioner in New York on a disputed date; his nervousness under interrogation (he had had a nervous breakdown the year before and was being "treated" by the New York Christian Science practitioner). Added to this was the fact that some persons felt he was "queer" or "different."

Frank G. Volpe, the future Attorney General, was his lawyer. The evidence was too weak, the police work flawed and the jury took only 45 minutes and one vote to acquit him. The murderer was never found, although there were suspicions surrounding the behavior that night of the School's electrician.

I do not think that the murder caused the demise of the School and Theater; the causes were much more involved, but it did not help. Phidelah was kept unaware of the serious accusation against his brother, being ill in Boston at the time. Elizabeth was a regular attendant at the trial, which was front-page news in all the Boston newspapers.

On Wednesday, July 17, 1940, a week after Huntingdon Rice was arrested, it was announced that the summer theater would close because of "the business depression which over-ran the Island during the early weeks" of the summer. There was an outpouring of support from the Island, financial aid coming unsolicited "from many of the most prominent summer residents." Even the Martha's Vineyard Pastors' Council published a Resolution in the Vineyard Gazette stating "its appreciation of the generally high tone and quality of the Rice Playhouse productions, and its hope that increased support by the public may make possible the completion of the season." The schedule continued through the summer.

Changes were made in the program for the remainder of the season "in deference to the wishes of playgoers," the playbill explained. "From every quarter the demand has been for comedy -- for laughter and gaiety in the theatre. This is a natural inclination, for world issues today are such that in order to keep a mental balance we must find escape from serious things by seeing plays that deal with happier aspects."

Europe was at war and by the summer of 1941 the draft

7 Members of the jury were: Charles W. Vanderhoop, retired Gay Head Lighthouse keeper; George T. Tilton of Tisbury; Allen A. Flanders of Chilmark; Ernest G. Jenkinson of Chilmark; Hariph C. Hancock of Tisbury; Walter Besse of Oak Bluffs; Percival J. McGonough of Tisbury; Richard Morris of Oak Bluffs; George C. King of Cuttyhunk; Benjamin W. West of Tisbury; M. Howard Edwards of Oak Bluffs; and Walter E. Flanders of Tisbury, foreman.
was going strong in the United States and there was little support for the School of the Spoken Word. It marked the end of a great Island institution.

Viewed from my present perspective, the Rice School for nearly 30 years had a significant and beneficial effect on the life of the Vineyard, on the students who attended its classes, and on those summer people who enjoyed its plays.

The good taste and sensitivity of the Rices rubbed off on all who came to know them. Their theatrical productions were so well done that the Island could well be proud of its contribution to the arts and the plays themselves contributed greatly to the ambiance of the summer and to the refined reputation that Oak Bluffs enjoyed at the time. It was one very tangible answer to those who claimed there was nothing to do in Oak Bluffs except go to its bars.

The students and actors who went on to teach or perform across the country continued to project not just their voices, but also the ideals from the Practice Book they used, in the words of Sill:

"...to every man there openeth a way... and the high soul takes the high... and the low soul takes the low... and in between, on misty flats, the rest drift to and fro."

Certainly, the Rice School of the Spoken Word and its Playhouse were among the high ways of past Vineyard summers.

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**An Island Character**

by ELMER ATHEARN

IT IS often said that there used to be more "characters" in Island towns than there are now. In spite of the fact that some of us are now the characters (and so may not recognize one when we see one), it may be so.

Perhaps the isolation and simpler life of earlier days encouraged more independent thought and speech. At any rate, there were several persons whom folks of my parents' and my grandparents' generations used to tell about and quote with a great deal of amusement.

One such was Waitstill (pronounced "Wisdoll" by her contemporaries) Pease, who married Harrison Vincent February 14, 1839, and lived in the Tiah's Cove-Great Neck area of West Tisbury. Her home, at one time, was in part of the old house now belonging to the Spalding family.

The following anecdotes about Waitstill are some I heard from time to time from my mother, who heard them from her parents, Mrs. Vincent's neighbors:

Concerning a neighbor who had just moved away (presumably a relative as she was said to have been a Mrs. Vincent also), Waitstill remarked:

"I feel as if a ball of jimnute had rolled out of Tyer's Cove without explainin'."

Upon seeing something through the window, she asked: "What's that in the yard? Ain't got my futurity glasses and I can't tell whether it's a horse or a turkey gobbler."

Waitstill was inclined to cryptic statements. One that my grandparents used as a byword for years, but never knew the meaning of, was: "If you want to know about Hepsie Vincent, read the Book of Proverbs."

Once when given something to eat at a neighbor's house, she said: "That's good! I should almost think I'd made it myself."

She stopped at a friend's house and when urged to stay longer, said she was too busy because tomorrow was shearing day at Naushon. Now it was true that several men from the neighborhood did go to Naushon to

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8Their daughter, Carolee, still lives on the Island.
shear sheep each year, but no one in any way connected with her was in the group. But she was right, they were shearing sheep on Naushon the following day!

Waitstill, one day, called at the home of her brother-in-law and he, suspecting that she was coming down with a cold, dosed her with some hard liquor which he kept on hand for such purposes, if for no other. Presently, she started for home, but soon her legs failed her and she fell down on the road where my grandfather, on his way home from the village, found her.

He helped her into the wagon with the intention of taking her home, but she remembered that the ladies of the church were meeting that day at my grandparents’ house so she insisted that he take her there.

My great-great grandmother, Sally Look, occupied part of the same house and she was an acquaintance of Waitstill’s. Arriving at the house, she created something of a stir among the assembled church ladies by her rather unsteady and disheveled manner when she announced loudly: “Just arrived. Where’s Sally?”

It was hinted that Grandpa took considerable quiet amusement from the episode and possibly had not tried too hard to take her directly home!

**Documents**

The year covered by this portion of Jeremiah Pease’s Diary, 1846, is an important one for the nation. Texas has just joined the Union and, as a result, the country becomes involved in a war with Mexico, a war it won easily, giving us our first sense of power.

On the island the war seems to have little effect. The whaling boom continues.

Jeremiah is Keeper of the Edgartown Light (he had been out briefly for political reasons) and is also Deputy Collector of Customs. The two positions provide a good income. He is comfortably well off.

His son William is a junior officer in the U.S. Revenue Service and most eager to move up in grade (he does become Captain some years later). Son Cyrus (twin of William), an excellent artist, will soon go to Washington to paint portraits and to meet important politicians, including President Tyler. His oldest son, Joseph, remains in Edgartown where he is now the Collector of Customs and Superintendent of Light Houses for the district, which includes the Elizabeths, Nantucket, the southern coast of the Cape and the Vineyard. He seems to be the one on whom the others in the family rely for advice and money. He is becoming a leading figure in Edgartown, following his father’s footsteps.

Because of the variety of Jeremiah’s activities, his Diary provides a broad view of the Island during his life. No other record is so complete, there being no newspaper at the time. However, this year, 1846, the Gazette will begin publication.

We have been publishing this Diary since 1974.

**February 1846**

5th. WSW. Went to Chilmark with Br. Thomas Bradley of Tisbury, called upon Br. Moses Mayhew, we being a committee chosen by the Quarterly Meeting Conference to attend to the collection of a donation made by the last will and testament of Rev'd. Jonathan Mayhew. Said Chilmark for the purpose of establishing a Sabbath School at Gayhead, etc. See his will. We called upon Capt. Samuel Hancock for the above purpose, he being executor to said will. He informed us he should be ready to attend to that business on the 3rd Monday of April next, at which time the Probate Court would set in Holmes Hole. We adjourned to that day. I went and returned via Holmes Hole.

15th. NE. Severe storm and a great fall of snow. Did not go to Eastville.

22nd. N to SW. Pleasant. Did not go to North Shore according to

1This Rev. Jonathan Mayhew is sometimes called Jonathan the Lesser to distinguish him from the great Jonathan Mayhew of pre-Revolutionary fame. This Jonathan died of consumption and at the Society we have a diary that he kept during his terminal illness. As one might expect, it is full of religion. We also have a journal kept by his wife during the same period.

2Until well into the present century only the drifts were cleared and those, of course, by hand shovelling. Frequently, it was days before the roads were opened.

**THANKS AND A REMINDER**

Our thanks to those members who have sent in their dues for this year and our added thanks to those who have upgraded their memberships to the sustaining category. We urge all who can to do so.

Even more thanks go to those who included a contribution to the much-needed Preservation Fund.

We remind any member who may have put the dues notice aside when it came and by now has forgotten about it that the Society and this journal depend upon your support.
appointment on account of snow in the roads.

27th. NNE. Harbour all frozen over except a small space above the Light House.

28th. NE. Very cold. The thermometer at 10, a very severe month. The harbour has been frozen up three times this winter.

March 1846

5th. SW. Got a load of wood from my wood lot. Very bad carting on account of snow in woods and road.

6th. NNly. Light. Moderate. Snow melts quite fast. There is a passage through the ice so that vessels can pass in and out of the harbour. Snows in the afternoon. Did not go to M.D. on account of snow.

7th. SW. Snows a little A.M. P.M. Wind W. Pleasant. Went to Eastville. The roads being very full of snow left my horse and carriage at Br. Constant Nortons and walked the remainder of the way. Visited Br. W. Smith.

26th. S to W rainy. Samuel Osborn Jr.'s store caught fire at about 10 o'clock this evening. Damaged the goods and store very much.

28th. SW. Cloudy. Rains a little at night. Br. Thomas M. Coffins Wife dies at about 7 o'clock p.m. A very pious woman and one who had done much in support of the cause.

April 1846.

5th. NE to SW. Light. Attended meeting at Eastville. Mr. Timothy Pease dies.


John W. Smith dies of consumption.

8th. WSE. Rains a little. I attended the funeral of Br. John W. Smith by request of the connections. Br. John Adams took a part in the services. It was a solemn time. Br. Smith professed religion on Sunday Dec. 25th, 1843, in the afternoon while at Eastville Meeting House. He arose in his seat while I was speaking and stopped me to tell me how great things the Lord had done for his Soul. From that time he had maintained a good character. He died about 4 o'clock A.M. on Monday morning, leaving a blessed hope to all his friends of the happy immortality of his Soul. Time flies like a vapor.

9th. SW. Went to Boston with my Wife via New Bedford. Had a pleasant visit. William came from Portland the evening we arrived for the purpose of seeing us there. He spent the day and returned to Portland at night.

20th. SW. Went to Holmes Hole on business with Samuel Hancock relating to a Donation made by Jonathan Mayhew deceased as per Bill.

21st. SW. Engaged in Plowing and business relating to the sale of the old Methodist Meetinghouse.

22nd. S. Engaged sowing oats and hayseed. This day offered the deed of the old Methodist Meetinghouse to the committee.

3 William, son of Jeremiah, was a 2nd Lieutenant on the U.S. Revenue Schooner Morris, stationed at Portland, Maine. He was in the early years of a long and illustrious career with the Revenue Service on both coasts.

4 The present Edgartown Town Offices on Main Street.

23rd. N to SSW. Light. Chilean Ship Maria Helena arrives from Coquimbo.

26th. N to SSW. Ship Splendid, Capt. Smith, arrives with 2500 bbls oil. 400 sperm, 2100 whale.

29th. S. Very dry. Planted corn.

30th. S to W. Rained last night very much needed. Wet the ground 2 or 3 inches where it was plowed.

May 1846

12th. W. Fresh wind. Cold. Went to Tisbury & Chilmark on business relating to the money received from Samuel Hancock Esq. per Rev'd Jonathan Mayhew's Will. Brs. Thomas Bradley and Moses Mayhew and myself being a committee to receive and loan said money. Met at Chilmark for the purpose. We accordingly agreed to loan it to Br. Asa Johnson for 2 years. I delivered all the money received per said Will to Br. T. Bradley who was to write the mortgage deed and deliver the money to Br. Johnson tomorrow. Amount received of S. Hancock Esq. and delivered to Br. T. Bradley was Three hundred thirty five dollars. Br. John Adams leaves Town for New Haven, with his son John Isaac.

15th. SE. Went to West Chop Light House to survey the premises of the U.S. and make a report thereon in relation to removing or rebuilding the Light House.


16th. S. Finished planting corn and surveyed land for Br. J. D. Pease at Chappaquiddick.

18th. SW. Rains a little at night. William leaves for Portland Station.

25th. SE. Foggy. Planted some potatoes.

26th. NELY. Ship Alabama, Capt. Coggeshall, sails for the Pacific Ocean. She belongs to Nantucket.

The Vineyard Gazette was started this month, although Jeremiah does not mention the fact in his Diary. We will continue to print excerpts of the Pease Diary, which runs until June 3, 1857, the day he died. We will excerpt it even more than we have been doing, printing only the most important entries from a historical viewpoint. We consider Jeremiah's personal and family life of historical value.

6 When William went back to his station, the vessel had received orders to fit out for war duty and to sail for the Gulf of Mexico as soon as ready. Eight members of the crew deserted immediately. War had been declared by the U.S. on May 11, 1846, the day before this entry, but apparently Jeremiah was not aware of it, unless war to him was merely a "disturbance."
Letters

Editor:

I want to write and congratulate you on your article about the Gay Head Light. It is really excellent.

On page 95 of the February issue you mention William Rotch of New Bedford, who perhaps deserves a few additional lines. He lived to be 94, dying in 1828. A Nantucketter, he was a major influence in advancing whaling there. After the Revolution, things went badly in Nantucket and he developed the remarkable idea of transporting families to Dunkirk, where whaling would be carried out with French backing. He actually did this with several whaling families. In 1795, he returned to Nantucket and when further difficulties ensued, moved his firm to New Bedford where he played a central part in the town's development.

On page 132 Jeremiah Pease mentions the disease "Scurfa." He probably refers to scrofula, a tuberculous infection of the glands of the neck. It used to be believed that the disease was cured if the King of England touched the afflicted area and, thus, the illness was sometimes referred to as "the King's touch."

We used to come every summer to the Vineyard in the 50s and 60s and one year (about '65) I gave a lecture on whaling to the Society; I'm a whaling nut.

THOMAS N. CROSS
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Editor:

The story about Uncle Wilbur Flanders, in the latest Intelligencer, reminds me of the times my brother Ken and I spent at Uncle Wilbur's house when we were boys.

In those years, our mother and Ken and I spent our summers with Grandpa and Grandma Franklyn Hammett on their farm on Tea Lane.

Once a year Ken and I were permitted to spend a night with Uncle Wilbur. We would walk up over the pasture to the gate that opened onto a road that led by abandoned clay pits until we came to the stone wall opposite where Horace Flanders lived. We'd climb the wall and walk up the North Road to Memensha and Uncle Wilbur's place.

One summer I picked a bunch of tiger lilies and gave the bouquet to Grandma Flanders. She and Grandpa Samuel lived on the left side of the road beyond where James Cagney's place is. She put her arms around me and cried. (I wasn't sure I had done the right thing.)

Uncle Wilbur lived in a two-room house -- one room was downstairs and the other upstairs -- a ladder connected the two floors.

Uncle Wilbur always said grace: "Oh, Lord, we thank thee for this beastly mess! Pass the beans!"

After supper the fishermen plus Carl Reed [storekeeper] would begin to gather on the porch. Uncle Wilbur would always set facing Vineyard Sound with his belly against the back of his chair and his spyglass beside him. He could see the crews on boats going up or down the Sound and keep the men informed of anything unusual. Everyone smoked so there were no mosquitoes around.

Ken and I would sit spellbound as the various men told tales of experiences they had had.

One night Zeb Tilton came and before long was doing a Russian dance, sitting on his heels and kicking his legs out while everyone hooted and hollered.

After everyone had gone Ken and I would climb up the ladder and go to bed -- the roof right close to our heads and a window beside our bed -- there were two: one at each end of the room.

One night a terrific thunderstorm came and it lasted and lasted. Every time the thunder and lightning came together, Uncle Wilbur would holler: "Go it, Jerushy! We got here first!"

We were scared. We thought that was blasphemy. So when the storm began to let up a little near daybreak, Ken and I started out for the Bakery, where Aunts Hattie and Ida Flanders lived. We'd jump ahead at each crash of thunder.

When we walked into the Bakery, Aunt Hattie was seated at the organ and both she and Aunt Hattie were singing "Nearer My God to Thee." We felt we were safe at last.

I am now 86 and can't remember what happened yesterday, but those memories of my childhood are so vivid still.

I enjoy the Intelligencer so much.

CYRUS G. FLANDERS
Windsor Locks, Conn.

Franklyn Hammett's farm house is the gambrel-roofed Tea Lane house featured in this issue. Mr. Flanders calls it a "cradle-roofed house."

The Bakery he mentions is now an art gallery opposite the Dutchess Dock Road. Uncle Wilbur's house is on the right as you turn at the curve on Dutchess Dock Road.
Director's Report

Highlighting our early summer season was the party given by Gale Huntington's daughter, Mrs. Emily Rose, in celebration of his 80th birthday. As members know, Mr. Huntington is a leading Vineyard historian with a special interest in folksinging and songs of the sea. He is nationally known for his efforts to preserve American folksongs and his book, Songs the Whalmen Sang, is recognized as a major contribution in this field.

He is, as members also know, the founder and Editor Emeritus of the Intelligencer and is the author of several books of Island history, the most popular of which is An Introduction to Martha's Vineyard, published by the Society.

For more than a quarter-century, he has devoted himself to furthering the interests of our Society and Vineyard history.

In recognition of his many accomplishments, the Council and Officers of the Society at his 80th birthday party presented Gale with a beautifully inscribed scroll proclaiming that the library of the Dukes County Historical Society will from now on be known as the Gale Huntington Library of History. Those of us who work in the Library are honored to have Gale's name attached to it as he who did so much of the early organizing and cataloging. (See inside back cover for copy of scroll.)

In the Thomas Cooke House this summer, we are pleased to note the "return" of the Ocmulgee to Edgartown. On temporary exhibition there is a very interesting model of this famous whaleship, along with the vessel's quarterboard, which was salvaged by her master, Captain Abraham Osborn, Jr., when his ship became the first victim of the Confederate raider Alabama in the Civil War.

The model on exhibit at the Society was constructed about 100 years ago by Frederick Manter, who had served as a harpooner on the vessel during a voyage in the late 1840s. It is now owned by Dr. and Mrs. Michael Jampel, who are pleased to have it on exhibition in Edgartown since Mrs. Jampel is a member of the Osborn family.

Another new exhibit for visitors this summer is in the lighthouse, where Mike Athearn and Art Railton have refurbished and restructured the Watch Room so that visitors, for the first time, may enter the lower area of the tower. There they have a better view of the clockwork machinery and the Fresnel lens and they will also find an exhibit made up of documents and photographs that describe the history of Gay Head Light. As he did last summer, Tony Bettencourt will operate the Light each Sunday evening. Check our ad in each Friday's Gazette for the time of lighting.

On the subject of volunteer services, we have been fortunate this summer to have the completion of two other major projects: Muriel Crossman did a wonderful job of cultivating and rejuvenating the herb garden and Shirley Erickson has finished the difficult task of cataloging the large collection of records given to our Society by the Federated Church.

As usual, we are receiving visitors from the far corners of the world and they are being guided through the Thomas Cooke House by Pauline Berube, Sara Fuller, Hilda Gilluly and Gladys Goud.

The Society's annual meeting will be held in the Parish Hall of the Federated Church in Edgartown at 8 p.m., Thursday, August 19th. We hope that many of you will attend.

THOMAS E. NORTON
Bits & Pieces

As any reader of Jeremiah Pease's diary knows, he was a most religious man, deeply involved in the Methodist Church.

His sons (except for Jeremiah, Jr.) were not. One of them, William, an officer in the U.S. Revenue Service (forerunner of the Coast Guard), seems to have been close to irreligious.

While in New York City in 1843 awaiting assignment to a Revenue Cutter, William received a letter from the very proper Leavitt Thaxter of Edgartown asking for a $5 contribution toward the purchase of a bell for the Methodist Church tower.

William had other ideas of what to do with his money. He wrote to his brother Joseph Thaxter Pease, of Edgartown: "I had rather pay my debts than to give anything for a bell & next to that I would rather give you $5.00 to go to the Demo. Convention." (The Democrats won the next Presidential election!)

The Pease letter is only one of the hundreds of treasures in our archives.

Another example is a small scrap of paper on which is written: "I hereby declare that Joseph C. Allen never told me that Joseph T. Pease had said that John H. Howland could not collect his account against Benjamin Allen, and I am willing to swear to this declaration if necessary." Dated in Chilmark, July 15, 1862, it was signed by Moses T. Norton.

Moses signed it, but he hadn't written the statement, which was in a different handwriting. Clearly, it had been prepared by an interested party and given to Moses to sign. Which of the four named individuals would you guess had demanded it?

STUART MacMackin's delightful story of the Rices encouraged me to read some old playbills and catalogs from the Rice Playhouse and School.

In 1939, the students, I discovered, got board and room at the school during July and August for $19 a week. They lived "on a bluff, on the very water's edge," and, as for the meals, "only the best quality of food obtainable is furnished and it is prepared, cooked and served by experts."

All that for $19 a week.

Luncheon, a playbill ad informed me, at "The Rendezvous" in Edgartown, "next to Connors Market," started at 50 cents.

Handsome handmade models of Island steamers from Van Riper were selling for $4.50 in those days.

Prices were low, but money was scarce and the Rice enterprise was far from prosperous. One playbill stated: "Although there is no money to be made in operating a summer theatre, there's lots of fun in it, is Mr. Rice's consoling thought."

"Such a fine company deserves support -- far greater public support than it has been getting..."

The company closed down a couple of years later.

A.R.R.

Dukes County Historical Society Resolution

WHEREAS, Gale Huntington has been a faithful member of the Dukes County Historical Society since 1926 &
WHEREAS, by his constant research & writing, as well as his singing & instrumental performances, he continues to be a major contributor to the perpetuation of Island history, &
WHEREAS, as founder of the Society's quarterly, the Dukes County Intelligencer, in 1929 and as its editor for all but one year in the first 19 years of its publication, he caused Island history and folklore to be widely circulated, &
WHEREAS, as Society Librarian, a post he held for many years, his cataloging & indexing of the thousands of books, documents, diaries, maps, journals, letters & other items in our possession was one of the most important individual efforts ever made in the preservation of Island history,

THEREFORE, be it resolved by the Officers & Council of the Dukes County Historical Society on this, the occasion of his 80th birthday, in appreciation of Gale Huntington's tireless labors, that from this day, the 4th of June, 1982, the Library of the Dukes County Historical Society shall be known as the Gale Huntington Library of History

Arthur R. Rainey, President
Stanley Murphy, V.Pres.; Shirley A. Erickson, Sect.; Kathlyn M. Bettenourt, Trust.
Council: Edith Bliss, Gale Huntington, Elmer Atkinson, Lane Lovell, Dorothy Potter, Doris C. Stoddard, Nelson Coon, Lorina Livingston, Edith Morris, Melville G. MacKay, President Emeritus

This handsome scroll, calligraphed by Mrs. Gaylord Barnes, was presented to Gale Huntington on his 80th birthday. It describes only some of the many contributions he has made to the Society through the years.
The Vineyard Grove Company.

Bathing Pavilions.

Hot Salt, and Fresh Water Baths Daily.

Ocean Bathing, finely appointed rooms and all modern conveniences. Temperature of water 70° to 72°. The Company has some desirable sites for cottages still for sale, on high bluffs, overlooking both Sound and Harbor. Water, electric lights and cars on the tract.

W. C. Van Derlip, President.  H. J. Greene, Tres.

Dunmere Cottage.

First-Class Rooms and Table Board at Reasonable Rates

Beech Grove Spring Water on Tables.

H. J. Greene.
140 Circuit Ave.,
Cottage City, Mass.

Advertisements from the 1897 Directory of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, published by J. & E. T. Kyte Directory Company. The H. J. Greene on both these ads was the grandfather of Stuart MacMackin, author of the article on the Rice School. His mother grew up in the Dunmere Cottage.