Mutiny on Board.

"As there were a great many cases to be handled ready and the boats must be lowered to take them all ashoore while the vessel was in the sea, I was ordered for all hands to engage in the work.

In my astonishment the mate informed me that the greater part of the crew were armed with cutlasses, and that he must have a dozen men on deck. I said to the men: Your acquaintance with the crew is so intimate that I pray you to let them down, and I'll try and stop it."

"We are going into the Arctic ocean in a vessel for which we have heard nothing but the worst; the men are mad, and no one is in the merchant service is safe while all hands are here, and will all work just as hard as they can."

I was determined to make it profitable for one all concerned."The best way to do it is to let them work as they please, and if one of them is killed, it will not be our fault."

I ordered the men to come on deck, if all hands are here at the end of that time I shall return to the ship and if they have not all come on deck, I will order the men to go on deck and if all hands are not here at the end of that time I shall resort to a measure that will compel all hands to do as they were ordered.

"Only two of the mutineers obeyed my order," said the mate. "They had four officers and six seamen engaged, and were not afraid that we could handle the men who remained behind."

I ordered the man to come on deck and if all hands are not here at the end of that time I shall resort to a measure that will compel all hands to do as they were ordered.

"We were not long before I heard the men scrambling over the casks in the hold and soon they asked, 'Let us out.' The smoke had done the trick and the men were glad enough to be let out.

"It was not long before I heard the men scrambling over the casks in the hold and soon they asked, 'Let us out.' The smoke had done the trick and the men were glad enough to be let out."

Placed the mutineers in the lower hold and their rations for a long time were bread and water. After I liberated the mutineers the ring leader said to me, 'Captain, this is the first time I ever bowed to God or man. Most of my life has been spent in prison, and if I had not been a good man and a good fellow I would have been a poor fellow,' he said to me, 'I have been a good fellow for the last year."

"We made a good voyage," said Capt. Baker, "and reached home at the end of four years rich in pocket and experienced."
EIGHT TIMES AROUND THE WORLD.

Capt. Nehemiah P. Baker of Teatickett began his Whaling Voyages at the Age of 13—For 31 Years He Sailed on a Ship Without Losing a Man—How He Smoked Out a Rebellious Crew from below Deck and Made the Men Loyal.

Whaleships and whalersmen for a century have been a part of the history of Falmouth, but one by one the old whaleships have passed away and of the hundred and fifty captains who 30 years ago sailed to the frozen seas of the Arctic Ocean, less than a dozen are left. Out of a total of about 200 whalers who have spent nearly all their lives at sea in pursuit of whales no one is better known or more respected by Capt. Nehemiah P. Baker of the little hamlet of Teatickett.

Capt. Baker enjoys the honor of being the oldest whaling captain on cape Cod, if not in Massachusetts. Born in the little hamlet where he now lives, he was always credited with a love for the sea and adventure from both his father and grandfather, and when a mere boy of 12 he left home in the world to make his mark. Captain Baker's father was captain of a whaling vessel in many years and the son it was thought would follow that work, but from his grandfather who was a successful whaling captain the young boy had inherited a love for foreign waters.

At the age of 13 Capt. Baker shipped before the mast on board the whaling ship John Dyer of New Bedford. Soon he became apparent to the officers of the ship. The young boy Baker was made of the right kind of stuff for a whaler and step by step he rose from the bottom until in the year 1850 he was promoted to the command of the whaleship Gen Pike of New Bedford.

"The first voyage on the Gen Pike I shall never forget," said Capt. Baker. "I was but 23 years of age when the vessel was in my charge, and naturally I was anxious to make a good record as the old whaler whom I had succeeded. If not a better one, and first of all I proposed to have my crew assist me in every way possible.

"I had a crew of 32 men, and with these exceptions all were entire strangers to me. They had been shipped by the agent, who cared little and thought less where they came from."

"Finally, I got my crew aboard and learned from the chart that I was around Cape Horn for the Arctic ocean. We had fairly good weather and arrived at St. Lawrence Bay in Bering straits, about half way up, we came to anchor."

"The anchor had hardly reached the bottom before I noticed that there was trouble brewing among the members of the crew. Just what caused the men to become disturbed I did not know, and questioning my officers did not alter the condition."

"During the afternoon and night every sound was heard and I had to put a stop to it."

RESIDENCE OF CAPT NEHEMIAH P. BAKER AT TEATICKETT.

BY THE SEA SIDE.

A Report that Fashion Has Not Invaded Correspondence of The Republican.

FALMOUTH, June 30, 1869.

Some of your readers having been looking for a quiet place by the seaside, where no crowd of fashionable idlers shall abridge their freedom and enhance its cost. Such places may be found here and there along the shore; one of them is here. Falmouth is a village of a few hundreds of inlets, where Increase and Wilbur's Vineyards, and swept by breezes from Buzzard's Bay, the Vineyard sound and the open sea beyond. It is reached from Boston via New Bedford by cars, boat and stage; if you come by way of Monument you omit the boat. We left the Old Colony railroad at the better, whose name is an abortive attempt to improve upon the aboriginal "Monument," which in default of accurate knowledge we have translated Swallows' Nest. The open roof of the station there shelters a colony of barn swallows, not less than fifty pairs, now in the height of the breeding season, most of the nests below, and in a few the mother still sits upon her eggs. In those mad cabins clinging to the rafters are hundreds of tiny mouths to be fed, and the air is alive with feathered foragers darting in and out, innocently helpless of the hungry young that lie below. This little station must be a perilous one for those insects that make up a swallow's bill of fare; but their continued success is sufficient to furnish a sight worth going miles to see.

The scenery from Monument to Falmouth is like a dream of all. Everything tells of a country long settled, by a people whose habits are slow to change. The very fences, whether of stone or wood, are so venerable with moss that a man of reverent instincts must needs take off his hat to them. Nor will it be in haste to replace it. Whether the wind be east or west, the salt air blows freely across these undulating downs, neither hot in summer nor cold in winter, but rich with an English softness that our harsh climate too rarely knows. Nowhere is anything abrupt or bony in the landscape, the fields are blanket-dwelt, and a thick growth of tawny ferns clings to the trunks of what seem to be half-grown trees. Most of the churches are without spires. The dwellings are broad and solidly built, their chimneys are coated smoothly with cement, their walls are finished with shingles instead of clapboards, everything about them speaks of a race that in the depths of reason tells us why. In winter the sea swells over this low coast-line with nothing to obstruct their wholesome range. The storms are brief, with snow worth mentioning; but New England is not Italy, even at its best.

Socrates is the Indian name of Monument, and one among its numerous lakelets, known as "long pond," in the season of a long boil and sorrow whose victim was a daughter of the vanquished race. Luckas was a princess, the daughter of a Massachuset chief, but wounded and deserted by a pale-faced lover for whose sake she died. They made her a grave in the sweet fern by the water-side, and placed in it, according to their custom, food, drink and familiar objects of use and adornment; but the brown-browed lover learned of this and laid upon its shores, a white-feathered abode, hewn and polished, the last resting-place of his true love, and under them trust their trust. This romantic tale has been put in very real social gloss, who claims the nom de plume of "Euripus" in the table of our hostess, and a still pleasanter bouquet in the hands of some of her dependants of note. It is said to be a favorite resort of John B. Gough, glad to escape from the heat and vice and wickedness of the towns. Here they quiet the heat of the day like a bath; and residents are proud to call attention to the recent advent of Miss Phileps, thirty years of age. As yet so many are now catching glimpses of the spiritland.

The daily forms and phrases are new to inland eyes. They are as different as the chances taken of a ship or a fish; nay, even the dining-room of our inns is copied out of sea inns, in which vessels are drifting endless stories and the coasted coasts. At church the pastor prays for the church, not the whole church, but his flock of the nom de lune, the low, green prairies of the sea.

In school the teacher accounts for the low average of the children, and by the whole of the farm, that they have been compelled to be absent, fishing. How gladly would some Springfield boys avail themselves of a similar series of enjoyments! Here the tone is on the water and the leisure on the shore. For a familiar are seen on the birds, who find their food in the sea and build their nests on shore. Few crops are grown beside grass and radish vegetables, and though every third man you meet is a captain, he has either retired from duty or is enjoying a brief holiday with his family; the captains you do not meet are those employed in the serious work of life. Hence the village is dreamily quiet, with none of that pert active hustle which is to the summer hunger a perpetual reprieve. Then the beach invites you daily to an early promenade, or you seat yourself upon a couch of piled seaweed, bleached to a papery whiteness, while the fresh wind lifts your hair and the wash of the advancing tide is in your ears. If you are not one of those blest mortals to whom salt has lost its flavor, you will return from your rambles laden with seashells and pebbles, with stores of kelp, seaweed and many-dingered sponge; cheap treasure all, but each with a history of its own. Ay, with better than these. You will take back with you a healthy stimulus to nerve and brain, an unlarged experience, a heightened and feeling. Then to work again with blood enriched and muscles tense, proving that these summer hours have wrought in its beast sense a recreation.

P. H. G.
FROM FALMOUTH'S SHORE

On the road to East Falmouth, a simple, quiet view which is, after all, the embodiment of Falmouth's charm.
FALMOUTH
ON CAPE COD

PICTURESQUE
ROMANTIC
HISTORIC

By the
Walton Staff

PUBLISHED BY
Perry Walton, Boston, Mass.

Copyright 1925 All rights reserved
(Second Edition)
THE OLD MILL

No longer do the four great sails challenge every wind that blows. Its day is past, but it remains a landmark of Old Falmouth.
FALMOUTH
ON CAPE COD

A quiet, cool, shady place, where the tall elms meet overhead to form an arch above the streets that edge the broad expanse of velvet green ... where stately old homes look forth from grounds that speak of constant care, with the dignity of those who know their charms lie half in history ... where a church with ivy-covered walls stands beneath the towering elms, reaching its steeple to the leaves above, and spreading its buttresses to the lawn that softly rolls from the gently shaded sidewalk to the pond. . . .

Falmouth, in many aspects, is the same old town today that it was so many years ago when the greater part of its men sailed the seas. In many respects it remains unchanged by the time that has passed, and by the thousands of people who year after year have been making Falmouth their summer home; for the things that we all hold dear, and the things that we most respect, have been guarded carefully, and will be, through the years. The homes that face the Common were in almost every case erected by sea-captains who, retired from their voyages, sought the tranquillity of life ashore among their old companions. They are almost all homes of true Colonial design, with an outlook room in the very center of the roof, a mark of the seaport colonial. In these tiny rooms, fifty and one hundred years ago, the wives and mothers would sit and watch the boats come into port and dock at the Old Stone Wharf; for the trees that now obstruct the view were then not planted, and what vegetation there existed did not reach to a height of more than fifteen or twenty feet.

The second house west of the Congregational Church is the Bourne home, on whose lawn, years ago, there stood the village whipping-post where Quakers, and other disturbers of the peace, received their punishment. In the belfry of the Church itself
there hangs a bell fashioned by Paul Revere and inscribed appropriately:

"The living to the Church I call"
"Unto the grave I summon all".

Though hanging now in its third location, the bell still serves its original purpose. Beyond the Common to the east extends the main street of the town, where the post office, bank, and shops are located. Beyond is the town hall, the library, and the schoolhouse, each one set well back from the road, with an expanse of turf and shrubs and trees. From Main Street south are streets that lead to the beach, which extends along the entire length of the village proper. The Public Library, standing in the center of the row of public buildings, has one large room given over wholly to objects of historical and local interest. There one may see the curios brought from foreign and one-time savage lands by Falmouth sailors; the rare old pieces of glass manufactured years ago in Falmouth; the pictures of Falmouth ships and men whose histories and lives, known only by a very few, scintillate with romance; the log books, and diaries, and books of

ST. BARNABAS MEMORIAL CHURCH

*With its velvety lawns and ivy-covered walls, the little Episcopal Church is like a bit of England.*
THE VILLAGE GREEN

Green, and cool, and gently shaded, the Green is reminiscent of olden days.

reminiscences—whose pages are now stained and brittle with age—that were written by Falmouth captains on Falmouth ships.

Falmouth township is most attractively located on the shoulder of Cape Cod, where its shores extend along the edges of Buzzards Bay and Vineyard Sound, facing the prevalent wind—a cooling wind, even on the hottest of mid-summer days—that gently blows from the southwest. It is in itself large, extending over an area of about thirty square miles and including many villages and summer colonies. In the northwestern corner of this township, facing on Buzzards Bay and directly overlooking Cataumet Harbour, is Megansett, entirely a summer-resort section, and in reality a part of North Falmouth. Here, during all the summer months, the bay is filled with sailing craft of almost every rig—catboats, dories, knockabouts, sloops, yawls, schooners, and, of course, many motor boats. Buzzards Bay is ideal for small-boat sailing, for the waves rarely run to a height that would endanger even an eighteen-foot catboat; and there are cruises to and from Marion across the bay, or Woods Hole and the Elizabeth Islands to the south, which can easily be made in one day with safety. Megansett has always fostered water sports, and today its most attractive, sandy beach is constantly under the care of a life-guard. A raft has been moored in the dredged part of the harbour, beyond the pier, which has a diving-board and chute, and the water itself averages a temperature of seventy degrees throughout the summer, which makes

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH

The church is located on Falmouth's main street and is the center of Catholic worship in the township.
it warm enough to play in for hours at a time, yet cool enough and lively enough not to be enervating. One finds a thing very common to the Cape in a fresh-water pond hardly two minutes' walk from the beach where trees and bushes grow to the very water's edge and there are met by the yellow and white blossoms of water lilies. The eastern shore, tradition says, was years ago an Indian burying-ground. On the highest spot of land overlooking this bit of water is the Megansett Tea Room, known throughout the entire Cape for its music and charm. Following the shore line to the south one finds Wild Harbour, where a small yet most attractive group of summer homes has been built on the point that only recently was given over entirely to scrub pine, and oak, and scrawny bush. Today the land has been so cultivated and improved that even the home on the very tip of the rugged point, exposed as it is to nearly every wind that blows, has its neatly trimmed lawn and shrubs.

The coast is one of constantly varying elements. Cataumet, just north of Megansett, has a harbour called Squeteague Bay, whose
shores are, for the most part, muddy, and whose bottom is decidedly clear, black mud. Megansett Harbour, on the contrary, is edged by a firm, coarse sand that leads south and west to the bold, rocky point, Wild Harbour; and a few hundred yards from it, there lies a beach whose beauty has inspired the name of the colony which has grown up about it, Silver Beach. It is not a large community, nor is it very well known; but for those who have discovered the charm of the silver sand and the water that shows crystal clear above it, there exists no part of Cape Cod worthy of comparison. From Silver Beach following the shore road south, one passes through rather an extensive district which, privately owned, has never been developed; so that barring several coast-line views of exceptional beauty, nothing is seen save the winding country road till a sharp turn brings West Falmouth, its harbour, and Chappoquoit Island into full view. The story is told in regard to Chappoquoit Island, that years ago in a town meeting at Falmouth it was suggested by one far-sighted man that a bridge be built from the mainland to Chappoquoit, or what was then known as Hog Island, for he claimed within ten years the town would find this section yielding a pretty revenue in taxes. He was laughed at, but so strong was his vision, and so infectious his enthusiasm, that the bridge was built and the land developed into what today has proved to be beyond a doubt one of the most ideal sections of summer homes in New England.

In the very center of Chappoquoit there stands a water tower surmounted by an observatory, where the best view of Falmouth's Buzzards Bay shore may be had. To the north, in the immediate foreground, the entrance to West Falmouth harbour lies between two sandy promontories, one the island itself, and the other a point where in the midst of the surrounding cedars there stands a lovely summer home that commands the sweep of the bay. Beyond, the shore extends in alternating bold, rocky points and regular sandy beaches—Old Silver Beach, Silver Beach, Wild Harbour, Scraggy Neck (bleak, forbidding, and yet romantic in its wildness), the Wings Neck Light, and farther still the vague outline of the shores beyond. To the right is West Falmouth town, huddling under its tall elms that line the state road. Years ago the Quakers, driven from place to place, finally found in this quiet spot a refuge. Their little meeting-house stands today facing the east on the old public road. It was built in 1842, and is the third building occupied by the
Friends in West Falmouth. As early as 1685 meetings were held, and by 1725 we know that the first meeting-house, a small building, stood completed on a little knoll a trifle north and east of the present location. The second house was built on the same site as is used today, and was occupied until the demand for larger quarters produced the present building. It is rigidly plain in outline, and architecturally reflects the simplicity of the Quaker garb of years ago. Inside the church a central partition can still be raised and lowered, which is reminiscent of the days when men and women sat apart in public worship.

South of West Falmouth, yet not as far south as the Falmouth Arms, in a district which because of its scarcity of trees and vegetation is known by the quaintness “Poverty Hollow,” there nestles an old house with a rainbow roof, that is without doubt the oldest today in Falmouth. The Bowerman home has sheltered eight generations of the family; and though the exact date of its erection is unknown, it is generally conceded that when land in the township was deeded to Thomas Bowerman, the first of the line, in 1688, the house was already standing. The building itself is a joy to an admirer of the early colonial period, for in its floors are boards sawed from the whole width of a tree, which in many cases are twenty-four inches wide at one end, tapering to sixteen inches at the other. There is a quantity of fine old panelling in the house, and the attic, perhaps the most unusual part, is a large room open to the roof where one could spend hours on end examining the old field-stone fireplace and chimney, the pegging in the rafters and beams of the roof, the old chests of drawers, the old benches and chairs, the iron pots and brass kettles, and the spinning-wheels of one and two hundred years ago. There has long existed a story connected with the old house which, while pleasing to the romantic sense, is almost certainly a result of the workings of a fertile imagination. A tale was told within the realms of possibility and was swallowed whole by a gullible, sentimental majority, which later set it down, not as the result of a dreamer’s facility of conception, but as History. It has been said that the Bowerman home was the house that sheltered the Nameless Nobleman of Jane Austin’s story, so that today sightseers stop at the place and ask to be shown the room where François
Le Baron was hidden. It is possible that Mrs. Austin in her travels over the Cape conceived this house to be so well suited to the trend of her fiction that she consciously, perhaps, had it in mind during her days of writing, but to imagine for an instant that the Nameless Nobleman lived the exact life of Mrs. Austin’s recording is folly.

Nearer the sea, but still to the right as one stands in the tower of Chappaquid and faces the north, there rests, in a country that perfectly suits it, the Inn, an old English building in half-timber and stucco, bearing an air of gentle refinement and cordial hospitality. To the south and west, the land goes down to meet the sea in a gradual sweep from the inland hills. In the foreground the Chappaquid beach, probably the most perfect on Buzzards Bay, extends to the rugged point on which there stands the largest hotel on all Cape Cod, “Falmouth Arms.” Beyond is Gunning Point and Quissett, and farther still the softly rounded hills of Woods Hole, between which and the Elizabeth Islands, the tides of Buzzards Bay meet those of Vineyard Sound. Westward are Marion and Matta-
poisett, eight or ten miles directly across the bay, and there also in
the dim blue that barely shows between the brighter hues of sky
and sea is New Bedford, whose one real claim to fame lies in the
mighty fleet of whalers that used to sail, some eighty years ago,
from her wharves.

Quissett, just to the south of Chappaquoit, is a community which
has grown slowly, due to the fact that most of the land has been held
by people who loved the freedom they there found from the incess-
sant demands of a conventional society. Naturally, when the sec-
tion started to grow, it developed well. Beautiful homes, with
grounds enough to assure privacy, are situated around and toward the inlet that forms
the entrance to Quissett Harbour. Peaceful, quiet, and yet accessible, Quissett enjoys an
enviable location, being conveniently near Falmouth, Woods Hole, and the Woods Hole
Golf Club, an excellent eighteen-hole course that draws players from all over the Cape.
Woods Hole itself, at the end of the road from Quissett, is the seat of a government school
for marine biological research which is the center of biological instruction and investigation
in this country, and the largest marine laboratory in the world. It is approached in size by only one other, at Naples, which is now in the process of reconstruction, having been disorganized during the War.

The present laboratory is a lineal descendant of the first marine laboratory in the world, which was established in America by Louis Agassiz in 1873, on the island of Penikese, in Buzzards Bay. It was in existence only two years, under the supervision of its founder during the first year, and after his death at the end of that time, under his son, Alexander Agassiz, who abandoned it in 1874 to follow his own work elsewhere. In 1880 the Women's Educational Association of Boston, acting in co-operation with the Boston Society of Natural History, opened a seaside laboratory at Annisquam, which continued as best it could until 1888, when through the efforts of this society and Harvard College the present Marine Biological Laboratory was opened, which soon marked a change in the biological ideas of the world.

Renowned scientists from all parts of the world congregate at Woods Hole to take advantage of the exceptional opportunities offered in pursuing their investigations and research work, and the lines followed extend all the way from systematic studies to the most recondite investigations in biochemistry, or genetics, involving the anatomy, physiology, and life histories of many animals, together with the development and evolution of their organs. It is the aim of the institution to offer opportunities for the study of animals and plants at the seashore, with the especial view to utilizing the many forms of marine life. Student classes have always been a part of the program; and while five courses are given, the Laboratory has continually refused to adopt an academic machinery, so that students do not work for credits, but for their own edification. At the time of the opening session in 1888, the student and faculty bodies numbered in all seventeen, and the first classes were held in one small building, now the south wing of the main wooden building opposite the entrance to the brick laboratory. From the time of the origin of the school, until the present day, there have been but two directors; the first, Professor C. O. Whitman, who served from 1888 to 1909; and the second, Professor Frank R. Lillie, who was formerly assistant director under Professor Whitman, from 1909 until the present time. It may be said in praise of the stability of these two
men, that during the entire period of the Laboratory’s existence, the fundamental policies and ideals have remained unchanged.

Numerous wooden buildings were added during the first twenty-five years, and in 1914, through the generosity of Charles R. Crane, the admirably equipped brick building facing the harbour was completed, which today houses the general offices and library as well as rooms for sixty-three investigators. Today there is a new half-million-dollar building which represents the latest addition to the facilities, and which forms with the older main laboratory a structural unit. The new building provides for an extension of the library, a commodious lecture hall, rooms for general offices, and important appurtenances to research work, such as rooms supplied with fresh and salt water, controls of temperature and light, and several forms of electric current. There are in addition special installations, such as X-ray rooms, a galvanometer room, photographic rooms, experimental dark rooms, constant-temperature rooms, and others to meet the demands of the advanced biophysical and biochemical work.

The Laboratory maintains a supply department using several boats manned by a staff of collectors who know the habits of the different forms of marine life, where they may be found, and how they may be transplanted. Every afternoon these men ask each research worker what his requirements are for the following day, and endeavor to provide the requisite in the exact state desired. It would be almost impossible to name the variety of marine life to be found in the surrounding waters, but by the Laboratory’s location near such fertile fields of supply, the students find it easy to follow Agassiz’ dictum, “Study nature, not books.” Each individual works with his own problems, and to know just what investigations are in process it would be necessary to interview each person. It was in this laboratory that it was discovered how to commercially separate insulin.

On the Falmouth road in Woods Hole is one of the beauty spots of the entire township,
of America, until his death, a few years ago, had charge of the Fay garden, and there originated and developed the Rambler, and other species of rose for which he received world-wide recognition, and special honors from England, France, and Italy. Michael Walsh really ranks with such men as Luther Burbank, and during his lifetime people came from all over the world to learn his views and methods, to obtain plants, and to admire the faultlessness of his achievements.

Woods Hole today is the center of what fishing industry exists in Falmouth, for throughout a year’s time two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars’ worth of fish is shipped to Boston and various points along the line. The town is, however, merely a point of contact for the fishermen of Gloucester, Nantucket, and New Bedford who ply their trade in the waters about the southern extremity of the Cape, and is not the home of fishermen. Samuel Cahoon, the buyer of Woods Hole, roughly places the number of lobsters caught, in a season of about seventeen weeks, at three hundred and fifty thousand. Other fish which are handled in large quantities are swordfish, mackerel, scup, bonitos, flatfish, clams, and scallops. Swordfishing is more reminiscent of early days than any other business carried on in the township for, barring the length of the voyages and the size of the quarry, there exists a great similarity to whaling. Nantucket has produced in recent years the most expert swordfishers; and their catches, sold to Woods Hole, bring in ninety to one hundred fish each week. Considering that the average fish weighs, when cleaned and dressed, approximately two hundred and twenty-five pounds, and that the wharf price is twenty-two cents a pound, it affords a very fair income. Almost all of the boats engaged in the business today are

THE INN AT WEST FALMOUTH
Basked in sunshine and swept by sea breezes. An atmosphere of quiet dignity pervades this charming house of English architecture.
gasoline run, which greatly facilitates the work. On the end of a broad bowsprit is an apparatus which is commonly known as the “pulpit,” where the harpooner stands awaiting the boat’s approach to the hooked fin that barely shows above the surface of the water. To the end of the harpoon is tied a rope about fifty feet long, which has at its other end a keg. When the fish is struck, the rope and keg are thrown overboard, so that when he is dead or has tired himself out, the float shows his location and a small boat is sent to bring him in. This is the most dangerous part of the whole business, for oftener than not the fish will attack the boat, and instances have been known where the powerful sword has pierced solid oak planking one inch thick. The fishing grounds are from ten to forty miles out from Woods Hole in the direction of No Man’s Land.

Penzance, fifty years ago, was a far different property than today, for it was there that a fertilizer industry operated, and there that Menhaden fish were crushed and ground. The old Breakwater Hotel is all that is left to remind one of the day, for in it the employees
of the company had their lodging. Today Penzance is a spot of lovely summer homes; and what once was a bare, and probably odorous place, is now a district where no money has been spared to enhance its somewhat rugged beauty.

Falmouth Heights, one mile east of Falmouth center, is the largest summer resort in the township; yet this section, years ago, was considered absolute waste land, where the grass was so poor as to be worthless for grazing even sheep. Today almost every house has its lawn and garden, while in the center is a ball field whose surface is almost that of a putting green. Directly across the road from the diamond is the Cottage Club building and pier facing out on the sound, and here really is the center of life of the community. Here is the post office, and here also are held every Friday evening the Cottage Club dances. Below, on a level with the wharf, are the bathhouses used by the majority of the swimmers, and on the left of the pier is a sandy beach where those unable to swim are taught by Professor Stone, who for more than twenty years has supervised the water sports at the Heights. Professor Stone has, since 1902, appointed one day out of each year as a day of races and fancy diving, and in years past, well-known swimmers have participated. Today the races draw entries, not only from Falmouth, but from the ranks of our best school and college swimmers all over New England.

Directly overlooking the roadstead of the Sound, where the coastal traffic continually passes, is the Hotel Terrace Gables, which originated as the Draper home, but which today has developed into one of the best hotels on Cape Cod. From this bluff one clearly sees the shores of Marthas Vineyard extending far to the east. A bit to the left, and thirty miles away, lies the island of Nantucket. The Heights is fortunate in its hotels. There is the Vineyard Sound House, set well back from the drive and commanding a glorious view of the Sound; the Oak Crest, on the highest point of the vicinity, where the southwest wind is always felt; the Tower House with its putting greens, facing the south and Marthas Vineyard. Following the drive that leads to the northeast up the outside of the Cape, one passes through a country that probably will soon develop as a new section of Falmouth, for the shore line is all that could be desired and the many inlets speak of vast possibilities. Beyond is
Menauhant, a happy, congenial little community in a quiet, restful setting; it is really Falmouth’s eastern extremity on the waterfront.

Falmouth township in the interior is an entirely different country; for back through the hills, that look so lonely and deserted from the seashore, there lies a district which embodies almost every element of pastoral beauty. Davisville, where the old Cape Cod story-and-a-half houses have been, for the most part, bought from the original owners by summer people, is a section whose greatest charm lies in these same old homes. It is a village whose extent is limited almost to one street; yet the one street, quiet and shaded, holds real beauty in its atmosphere of early days. East Falmouth and Teaticket are two other of the inland centers, and as in Davisville one finds in both the pure architecture of the Colonial farmhouse. These two villages are inhabited today almost entirely by the Portuguese, who through their diligence and industry have won for themselves the unstinted praise of those who know them. Where today there extend in ever-increasing dimensions whole fields given over to strawberries and turnips, there existed only

OYSTER POND

*A spot of sheer beauty, where the waters of the pond and sea are separated by a tiny strip of land.*
NOBSKA LIGHT

Guarding the narrows of Vineyard Sound, the light has shown the proper course to as many as three thousand ships in a single month.

a few years ago a waste of scrub pine and oak. Due also to the industry of the Portuguese, Falmouth has taken its place as one of the foremost strawberry-growing centers in the entire country, since the production in the last few years has approximated a yield of one and one-half million quarts of berries each year. The fields that extend to each side of the state road through the East Falmouth district are models for well-cultivated farms. Row after row of plants is seen, yet a tract of land as large so free from weeds would be most difficult to find elsewhere. A short time ago an association was formed of the strawberry growers to facilitate the marketing of their product, as previously a deal of trouble had been met by persons who, unaccustomed to correct procedure in packing, shipping, and billing, had suffered, consequently, a decided loss of income. Today the association is giving every possible help to the individual, forwarding boxes and crates for packing, which are paid for out of the return on the product; it also instructs in correct growing and shipping, so that every member

BREAKWATER HOTEL

It stands between Woods Hole and Penzance, where it overlooks the narrow waterway between Buzzards Bay and Vineyard Sound.
FALMOUTH ON CAPE COD
today benefits by the knowledge, experience, and power of the heads of the organization. A special instance is mentioned, in regard to the strawberry crop this last year, which certainly shows the earnestness and will to succeed of the Portuguese. One grower who had two and one-half acres of land given over to strawberries was able to export thirty-six thousand quarts, or nearly three times the yield estimated. People who can accomplish such things are decidedly of the most desirable sort, reflecting credit not only on themselves but on their co-workers.

Cape Cod is the real home of the cranberry, for it was in North Dennis between the years 1810 and 1820 that the first attempts were made to cultivate the plant, though it was thirty or forty years before sufficient experience was acquired to produce a paying crop. After 1850, however, the acreage given over to the industry and the number of growers greatly increased, until today the section holds first place in quantity and quality production throughout the world. The yearly crop of Falmouth forms a large part of the Cape's yield, for from seventy-five to one hundred thousand barrels are raised within its boundaries annually. The town is constantly developing the industry which circulates so much money among Falmouth merchants, and today many swamps have been transformed into extensive "bogs," as the soil found in these districts is the sort demanded for successful operations; and the value assigned to these formerly worthless properties approximates $200,000. The growers learned during their hundred odd years of experience how to combat their insect enemies; how to protect their crop from frosts; in short, how to produce successfully; but since their product was a perishable commodity, it remained for them to evolve an efficient method of distribution. The Cape Cod Cranberry Growers Co-operative Association was organized to overcome the existing difficulty; and while many of the berries are still sold through commission merchants and to buyers who personally visit the fields, the bulk of the crop is
moved through the efforts of the association, whose agents are active in all the principal cities of the country.

Along the northern boundary of Falmouth township there lies an area known as Hatchville, though to attempt to find any sort of center would be futile, for the district is one of large farms extending over a broad, well-cultivated country and overlooking the beauties of Coonamesset Pond. The first child born in Falmouth was a Hatch, to whom tradition has ascribed various births; but the most accepted seems to be that on the first night in 1660, when the earliest settlers landed on the marsh land between Fresh and Salt Ponds, the wife of Jonathan Hatch unexpectedly gave birth to a son, and when asked what name it should bear, she replied, "He was born among the flags and his name shall be Moses." Today the remaining Hatches in the neighborhood named in their honor claim descent from Moses, and it was really this family that first developed the land which at the present time is under cultivation to such a tremendous extent.

The Coonamesset Ranch Corporation today is the realization of an idea conceived in 1915 by Mr. C. R. Crane, his son, Mr. J. O. Crane, and Mr. Wilfrid Wheeler. By these three men it was realized that a farm of proper size was needed on the Cape, if only to supply the needs of the summer inhabitants; and since none existed, various experiments were made to test the so-called waste land of the interior. The experiments showed most satisfactory results; so that in 1917, the originators, together with others they had interested in the scheme, formed the corporation. During the years that followed, years of war and confusion, much of the extended area controlled by the Ranch was cleared of its scrub woods and planted. For years tractors were at work preparing the soil for proper development, hothouses were built, and commodious farm buildings erected, so that the whole now stands the realization of an idea. Two stores have been opened by the corporation, one at North Falmouth and one in Falmouth itself, where a part of the produce of the Ranch is sold. Canning was undertaken several years ago to utilize the waste products of the farm; that is, all the vegetables that are not sold wholesale or at the two retail stores are in this way preserved.

Today the corporation has achieved its purpose. It has shown clearly that the land so long considered worthless is of real value. In January of 1924, the leaders of the organization inaugurated a new policy, namely to colonize the Ranch, and it is now desired that individuals rent from the corporation such sections of the land as they are able to utilize; for it is well known that an individual working for himself is able to accomplish
far greater results, in proportion, than many individuals working disinterestedly as parts in the mechanism of big business. Thus the tenants have the advantage of the clearing done in former years by the corporation; they have the privilege of using the extensive modern farming equipment owned by the company; so in reality the Coonamesset Ranch has deviated from the usual course of procedure and has offered its employees a real, co-operative opportunity.

Along the same line of recent development are the Atamannsit Farms, between Hatchville and East Falmouth, which were originally purchased and intended for a shooting camp and place for nature study by Mr. George W. St. Amant of Boston. Mr. St. Amant has always been a lover of nature and animals, and after acquiring the property he realized the opportunities open to him for satisfying a desire that had been for many years repressed—to own and operate a model stock farm. It is evident today that the chief interest in the farm to its owner is the herd of Guernsey cattle which he has, during the past several years, developed carefully and of necessity slowly, for only the best animals of the class have ever become members of the Atamannsit herd. Into this department, time, thought, and expenditure have been poured, and today one finds, in the modern attractive barns, a herd which, seen as a whole and with numbers amounting to one hundred and fifteen head taken into consideration, comprises what thoughtful observers declare an unbeatable combination. In the carefully considered opinion of experts, there is no herd of equal number that may successfully challenge its claim to supremacy in all-round excellence. Nearly every big herd has some "good ones," but Atamannsit boasts some of the most famous Guernseys in the country, and dozens of "tops." Atamannsit is not a rich man's hobby, nor is it in any sense a plaything; it is strictly a business enterprise, and is so regarded by Mr. St. Amant. It is, however, exactly the sort of place that one would expect a stock-breeder and nature-lover to have; for along the shore of the lake, shooting blinds have been erected, and on a knoll overlooking a scene of wild, natural beauty, is the home with its faultless grounds, while back from the pond are the pastures that feed the thoroughbred herd.
Historic Falmouth

It is today an established fact that in the tenth century this continent was visited by Norsemen, but to mark their landings or route definitely is almost an impossibility. A free use of the imagination is a dangerous thing in the compilation of history, yet at times this very practice would seem to commend itself, for through it we often strike upon some entirely plausible interpretation of previously obscure elements. Many books have been written on places and their names, so that those versed in such works are able to trace the migration of various peoples by the names that still cling to the more prominent natural landmarks of the country traversed. It is recorded in the sagas of the Norsemen that boat-loads of grapes were taken from the lands about Vineyard Sound, or at least what we judge might have been Vineyard Sound. Does it not seem perfectly plausible, therefore, that friendly relations should be established with the natives of the district who, in the paucity of their own language, might have adopted some of the more simple descriptive words of the Norse?

Chief among the words thus possibly taken is the noun “holl,” which in the language of the sea kings means “hill,” yet which today is spelled “hole” and means something quite different. Webster's Dictionary places the following definition sixth, in the meanings of “hole”: Local U. S. (a) A small bay; a cove. (b) A narrow waterway. So we find that the usage is not English, but distinctly American; and since this is so, how may we account for it? We have a slight similarity in the spelling of the two words and also in the meaning, for both are descriptive of natural objects. Let us therefore consider the various elements composing the “Holes” of our coast.

Holmes Hole was what today is known as Vineyard Haven, directly under the lee of Oak Bluffs and the highlands of Marthas Vineyard. Powder Hole was a land-locked anchorage overlooked by Monomy Point, a high sandy hill and the southeastern extremity of Cape Cod. Woods Hole, where a narrow waterway of strong tides connects Buzzards Bay and Vineyard Sound, is the southwestern extremity of the Cape, where the land meets the sea in bold yet gracefully rounded hills. So the other Holes may be described, Robinsons Hole, Quicks Hole, Butlers Hole—each the name of a body of water near what is today or what was in years past a well-defined hill. It would therefore appear that the word originated with the Norsemen but, since their expedition one thousand years ago, its meaning and spelling have been corrupted. There is hardly information enough on the subject to state dogmatically that the conjecture is true or false. The word “Holl” was used in regard to Woods Hole until quite recently, for at the celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the town of Falmouth in 1886 we find special reference to this
matter. It seems that in 1791, Professor James Winthrop of Harvard College rode to Falmouth in a chaise, and sometime later wrote a letter descriptive of his trip in which he mentions Woods Hole. General John L. Swift, orator of the anniversary celebration, called attention to the spelling, which provoked quite a bit of surprise. "The Professor spells it," he said, "with one 'l' and a final 'e'." The Honorable Joseph Story Fay, a highly respected townsmen, always insisted on the Norse theory, and it is possible that the general use of Holl is traceable to his influence only. Right or wrong, the idea is fascinating that about five centuries before Christopher Columbus amazed the civilized world by his discovery of a new continent, that hundreds of years before Bartholomew Gosnold sighted and named Cape Cod, the blond sea kings of the North crossed the unknown seas and landed somewhere in the vicinity of Falmouth.

Bartholomew Gosnold will always hold a romantic place in the history of Massachusetts, for to him honor is due for being the first Englishman to touch the shores of the Bay State. As a member of one of Sir Walter Raleigh's expeditions to Virginia, which at that time extended far enough north to include the New England of today, he became impressed with the fact that a shorter route existed, between the old and new worlds, than the one habitually travelled by way of the Canary Islands and the West Indies. Consequently, in 1602, with a crew of adventurers, he set sail from Falmouth, England, in an attempt to confirm his conviction regarding the shorter course, and fifty days later land was sighted which Gosnold called Cape Cod, because of the quantity of codfish caught in the waters adjoining its shores. Some time was spent in examining the new country, and it is known that the sites of both Falmouth and New Bedford were considered as possible locations for colonization. On the island of Cuttyhunk, which Gosnold named Elizabeth Island after his queen, the explorers discovered a pond two miles in circumference with an island in the middle, and on this island-within-an-island Gosnold commenced the construction of his fort, to be the backbone of the colony planned. Certainly its location offered all the natural protection possible.

The idea has long been held that Falmouth on Cape Cod was named in honor of Gosnold's home port, yet a confirmation of this explanation is not forthcoming, as it was many years after the settlement that the name
was applied; and today no record remains of the date or reason of the change from the Indian name Succaneessett. When the first settlement of Succaneessett was made in 1660, the Indian tribes that made the southwestern tip of Cape Cod their home were small and few. Smallpox had worked its ravages, and the once flourishing community, which Gosnold referred to as one of “strut and lusty men,” had been reduced by the time of the white man’s colonization to two small tribes, one located at Mashpee and the other at Red Brook, in Pocasset. Large burying-grounds at West Falmouth stand as mute testimony to the tragedy enacted by the scourge. Arrowheads by the hundreds, and various other Indian relics, have been turned up in the course of years by the farmers of Falmouth town. By 1660 the red man’s hold on his land was rapidly loosening, so that the first white settlers met with little or no opposition.

It is generally believed that when first this continent was settled by Europeans, homes were built wherever fancy and convenience pointed, but in reality a far different state of affairs existed. Governor Winslow, in a letter dated from Marshfield, May 1, 1676, wrote: “I think I can clearly say that the English did not possess one foot of land in this colony but what was fairly obtained by honest purchase of the Indian proprietors. We first made a law (1643) that none should purchase or receive of gift any land of the Indians without a knowledge of the Court. And lest they should be straightened, we ordered that Mount Hope, Pocasset and several other necks of the best land in the colony, because most suitable and convenient for them, should never be bought out of their hands.”

In Barnstable it had been proposed that a committee of three be appointed to attend the Quaker meetings in order that the established (Congregational) church might more fully understand, and hence more easily disorganize, the institution whose beliefs were at such variance with its own. Isaac Robinson had been appointed one of this committee, and his attendance at the Friends’ services served only to stir in him a very deep respect for their ideals and sincerity; yet such a reaction, in the eyes of the orthodox,
was but the workings of rank heresy. The pressure of public opinion became so unbearable that he with thirteen sympathizers set sail in 1660 with the resolve to settle on Martha's Vineyard; even as his father, the famous John Robinson of Leyden, refused to bend to the authority of the overbearing Lord Bishops of England, so he revolted from the intolerance of the lord brethren of Barnstable and sought a land where one might follow the teachings of Christ according to his own beliefs and understandings. When the party arrived in Vineyard Sound, Falmouth's gentle shores evidently appealed more than the high bluffs and rugged coast of the island; for a landing was effected somewhere between Fresh and Salt Ponds, and in this location were built the first houses of Falmouth, homes of the pilgrim sons of Pilgrims.

The entire section, from the tip of the Cape at Woods Hole to Five Mile River on the east, and inland four or five miles, was doubtless bought from the Indians by the company of fourteen who first landed, and on November 29, 1661, action was taken in regard to individual land-owning and titles. Approximately eight acres were assigned to each member of the community, and it was written that “The neck of land lying by Herring Brook shall be in general.” In 1677 Woods Hole was opened to those who had joined the colony since 1660, and the land which they obtained at that time was bought from the company. The following year, 1678, the lands of West Falmouth were laid out, and at different periods were known as Great Sipperwisset and Hog Island. So the community started, and in the years that followed, years of peace and contentment, it developed and prospered.

In the year 1686 the town was granted by the General Court its request for incorporation under the name Suckonesset, and it is interesting to note that just five years after this time we find reference to the present name in a deed, dated March 16, 1693, wherein Robert Harper locates land he is deeding to John Gifford as “in Suckonesset, alias Falmouth.” A vote passed in 1701 brings to light a detail of interest, for it was agreed that “... every house keeper should kill six old black birds or twelve young black birds, or four jay birds ... etc.,” for it was found that these were the greatest enemies of the farmer; but of more interest than this is the phrase “house keeper” which refers to a law of the Colony under the head of town affairs: “That none be allowed to be house keepers or
build any cottage or dwelling house until they have allowance from the governor, some magistrate or the selectmen of that town; and that special care be taken that no single person that is of evil conversation or that hath not arms to serve the country, be suffered to keep such house or live alone; and if upon due warning such person do not put himself into some well-governed family, it shall be in the power of the next magistrate or selectmen of the town where he lives to put him to service.” Perhaps the most powerful person in the town of the early days was the constable, for his duties were to collect fines and taxes, serve the executions of the court, and “to apprehend Quakers, notice such as sleep in meetings and do the town’s whipping.” In regard to Quakers the following was written: “That if any person or persons, commonly called Quakers shall come into any town of this government the constable shall apprehend him or them and he shall whip them with rods, so it exceed not 15 stripes and to give them a pass to depart the government.” He held great discretionary power, for he was authorized to apprehend without warrant persons guilty of Sabbath-breaking, or swearing, vagrants, night-walkers, frequenters of houses licensed to sell beer or wine, and those who had overindulged.

At a town meeting held October 14, 1719, Ensign Parker and Timothy Robinson were chosen “to treat with Philip Dexter for to try to bring him to some other term to grind our corn than he hath done.” This Philip Dexter, it seems, had been an enterprising soul, and had built a grist mill, the only one in town, on Five Mile River, where he enjoyed the patronage of the entire community at a price which each and every member of this community deemed more than reasonable or just—all of which would prove that a monopoly in the early eighteenth century could be as oppressive and distasteful as the controlling industries today. Five Mile River, on which the mill was located, has come today to be called after the inland pond, Coonamesset River. In 1767, it became evident that the town would no longer stand the exorbitant charges demanded by Philip

---

A CRANBERRY BOG
Showing the low, well-irrigated land necessary for successful cranberry growing.
Dexter, for “it was put to vote to see if the town will build a mill dam at William Green’s river if Benjamin Gifford will build a mill and keep her in repair and grind for two quarts out of a bushel; and it passed in the affirmative.” Millers were important persons in the eighteenth century on account of the small number engaged in the trade, and their work was considered so important that they were exempted from military service and other public duties.

The most eventful years in the history of any of our New England towns were during the period of the Revolution. The prevalent idea that bands of untrained farmers defeated the seasoned troops of England is faulty, because for many years men between the ages of sixteen and sixty were equipped with rifles and were trained to shoot; in fact, a form of national guard or reserve really existed previous to the outbreak of war with England, for as has already been cited, it was written in the laws of the Colony that no person might be a house keeper “that hath not arms to serve the country . . .” At a town meeting held in October of 1774, several months before the battle of Lexington, it was voted that every man between the ages of sixteen and sixty be provided with arms and ammunition and that all should appear in one fortnight equipped as completely as possible. This same meeting extended over several adjournments, until it was voted that every private soldier be provided, by the funds in the town treasury, with a sufficient stock of powder, balls, and flints, and also that there be appointed a large committee “to see that the Continental Congress be adhered to,” which probably meant to locate the Tories in town. During this period there was recognized, in Falmouth, a man possessed with the outstanding qualities of leadership, Joseph Dimmick, later to be known as General Dimmick, a brave and warm-hearted patriot, under whose tutelage the body of Minute Men was organized and drilled, later to prove its worth in several encounters with the enemy. The tide of patriotism and enthusiasm ran high, and higher still when the following letter was received from the Committee of Safety in Concord:

**Gentlemen:**

The barbarous murders committed on our innocent brethren, on Wednesday, the 19th inst. (referring to the battle of Lexington) have made it absolutely necessary that we immediately raise an army to defend our wives and children from the butchering hands of an inhuman soldiery who, incensed at the obstacles they meet with, in their bloody progress, and

---

*A Strawberry Field*

The picture is a fair example of the carefully worked fields that abound in the interior of the township.
enraged at being repulsed from the field of slaughter, will, without the least doubt, take the first opportunity in their power to ravage this devoted country with fire and sword. We conjure you, therefore, by all that is sacred, that you give assistance in forming an army. Our all is at stake. Death and devastation are the certain consequences of delay. Every moment is infinitely precious. An hour lost may deluge your country in blood and entail perpetual slavery upon the few of our posterity who may survive the carnage. We beg and entreat, as you will answer to your country, to your own consciences and above all to God Himself, that you will hasten and encourage by all possible means, the enlistment of men to form the army and to send them forward to head-quarters, at Cambridge, with that expedition, which the vast importance and instant urgency of the affair demands.

Melodramatic and spread-eagle though it is, it must have aroused in the rank and file, whose daily life supplied so little of the unusual, an emotional excitement beyond description; yet even so, troops could not be moved from Falmouth, for the English warships had begun to skirt the coast of the Cape and every available man was needed to protect the seaboard towns. A company of thirty was sent to the Elizabeth Islands, and some time later, after the coast stations were fairly garrisoned, men were hired for the Continental Army. These men served in Cambridge guarding the prisoners of Burgoyne's army.

The year 1779 is paramount in the town's history, rendered so by the visit of the ten British warships whose firm determination it was to burn the town. On the evening of the second day in April, the fleet landed at the island of Pesque, the home of John Slocum, a Tory, to whom they confided their plan. Regardless of his principles, Slocum could not see Falmouth burned without giving warning; so after the English had returned to their ships, he sent his son down the islands and across the Hole to give the alarm. Expresses were sent to all the neighboring towns, and in the morning when the men-of-war sailed up to the Falmouth Shore, a force of two hundred soldiers stood ready and waiting. A hand-to-hand encounter did not ensue, but the British from their ships commenced a cannonade which, most fortunately, owing to the weather, did but little harm, since it was the period of an April thaw and the balls did not rebound. Several houses were hit, but taken by and large, the attack was a failure, and on the following morning the fleet sailed away.
In 1807 the Falmouth Artillery Company was formed under the command of Captain Weston Jenkins, and for many years it existed, a spirited and efficient organization. It received its charter from the state government and was furnished with brass field-pieces among the usual accoutrement. The “Gun House,” the familiar name of their arsenal, was situated near the site of Lawrence Academy. During the last war with England, the body became so well known that the British brig “Nimrod” made a formal demand for the ten cannon, and, as was to be expected, the demand met with a sturdy refusal. Women and children were given two hours to escape from the town, and at the expiration of that period the bombardment commenced. From the ship three hundred thirty-two pound shots were fired, and the damage resulting to the more exposed buildings was considerable. One shot smashed through the dining-room of Elijah Swift’s house, another through the dining-room of what is today the Elm Arch Inn, and eight thirty-two-pound shots went through the house of Captain John Crocker. The artillery, however, was not taken.

During the blockade by the English in 1815, Elijah Swift built a fifty or sixty-foot schooner which he named the “Status Anti Bellum.” This boat he placed on rollers, and, with the power of fifty oxen, trundled her to the sea. She escaped the blockade and started for Charleston, South Carolina, to trade, but was overtaken by an armed cruiser and searched. The Captain declared he was from Halifax.

“Let me see if your papers are all right,” the commander of the cruiser asked.

“I’ll show you them as soon as I reach Halifax,” was the cool captain’s reply. “You don’t suppose I would have them where the Yankees would get them in case of capture, do you?” The commander left without further inquiry, and Swift’s schooner made good her escape. It was during this same period that Ephraim Sandford made trips to New York with cargoes of salt, and it is said that his sails were painted red to avoid detection at night.
Old Cape Cod exists today in the atmosphere of yesterday. Romance and tradition lie at the very heart of its being, for as one walks the elm-lined streets of its old-fashioned towns, or wanders far on its sandy shores, looking back from the expanse of sea to the dreary dunes that stretch to the tip of Provincetown, and sees the low, quaint houses that have stood for years, lonely and far removed from the rest of the world, yet home to the men who travelled far and won their living from the sea, one understands the deep significance that lies in the phrase “an old-time sea captain of Cape Cod.” Packed away now and forgotten perhaps, or respectfully resurrected from attic débris and placed behind the bolted doors and show cases of our libraries and historical societies, are the yellow and crisp and dusty records of voyages to the ends of the earth, of whaling expeditions, of discovery, of romance, of adventure, and perhaps of tragedy... the old ships' logs that modestly tell, in the plainest of language, stories that effervesce with the glamour and extravaganza of life in the uttermost parts of the world.

Whaling, perhaps more than any of the other sea trades, drew men from Falmouth. It was a work that demanded seamen of the utmost skill and courage, for the capture was only effected after almost bodily contact with the monster, and many times a boat has been tossed high in the air by the powerful flukes of the fighting right whale, or crushed into splinters by the massive jaws of the sperm. The days when this industry was at its height in Falmouth may be placed roughly between the years 1820 and 1865, and though several ventures had been made previous to 1820 they had been decidedly sporadic. There is a story told of old Cape Cod that when a boy was born his parents straightway schemed and planned for the day when he might put to sea, and it is said that when the lad was large enough to pull a brick, tied to one end of a rope, from the ground to a second-story window, in the orthodox manner, he was old enough to go.

Elijah Swift, who was known as Falmouth's “king pin,” was the originator of whaling as a source of real income, and we find his name standing as owner of almost all the ships that sailed from Falmouth. Among them were the Awashunks, the Brunette, the Hobomok, the Pocahontas, the Sarah Herrick, and the Uncas. Oliver Swift, son of Elijah, followed his father’s lead, and in his turn became owner of
many of the boats mentioned. The Commodore Morris and the William Penn were two ships that he added to the fleet himself.

Stories of the sea have ever been tragedies, and of these Falmouth sailors had their share. The ship William Penn was built in Falmouth in 1832; and on her first trip, which lasted through the years from 1833 to 1836, the first mate, Mr. Eldridge, under Captain John C. Lincoln, was killed, and two boats' crews were captured by the natives of the Navigators Islands. Later, in 1847, under Captain Wimpenny, the ship was totally lost on the island of Whytootacke. The bark Brunette, which sailed for Elijah Swift between the years 1831 and 1842, was at the expiration of that period sold to Colonel Colt, the revolver manufacturer. She was taken by him to Washington, and there blown to atoms when he proved in a test the value of a torpedo of his invention.

The ship Awashonks was built in Falmouth in 1830, and completed her first trip of three years without mishap. In 1834 she again set out on a whaling expedition, and it was on this voyage that there was enacted an episode which has been related in nearly all the more prominent books on whaling. William N. Davis, one of the best known of the old-time whalermen, and the author of one of the foremost books on the subject, "Nimrod of the Sea," wrote a detailed account of it in his diary, which, through the courtesy of Francis B. Davis of Belmont, who has in his possession all the original logs and diaries of his grandfather, we present verbatim.

In the harbour (of Oahu, one of the Sandwich Islands) lay the Awashonks of Falmouth, which we last saw at Payta. Since then what terrible scenes have been enacted on her decks! I have seen a number of the crew on shore badly wounded. From one of them, I received the following account, which, as it shows the treacherous nature of the natives of some of the Islands of the South seas and as it shows the indomitable courage of some of oceans sons, I thought I would write a full account, risking the charge of being tiresome in spinning so long a yarn.

On the morning of Nov. 18th the noble ship bore down on a small Island which lay directly ahead of her. As she approached, numbers of small islands shot up on every side. Before the sun had set, she lay becalmed in the midst of the group. Not far distant from the shores of the largest island, in the haze of the twilight, a canoe was seen passing across the bow of the ship. The Captain hailing the solitary bark, it glided from its course, and in a moment after shot alongside.
From its stern a dark figure glided silently on deck. He was immediately conducted by the captain into the cabin, where the light displayed the short, stout figure of a chief of the Mulgrave Islands. He could speak no other than his native tongue. The canacka of the Sandwich Islands was sent for. He could understand but little. The chieftain by signs made them understand that he and his people were friendly with the white man and wished them to trade with his people. Finding they could not get an intelligible answer from him, he was shown on deck. He walked to the side and held a low conversation with his companion who sat in the canoe, and who as the conversation ended passed up the side a half dozen coconuts and a large fish. These he presented to the captain, and then passed over the side into his canoe, shouting his wild adieu. He was soon lost in the surrounding gloom. The decks were soon deserted by all save the quarter watch, who scattering themselves about the deck were soon wrapped in slumbers as profound as those which weighed on the crew who were below. The man at the helm and the officer of the watch alone were denied this indulgence. They are always supposed to be on the alert.

The second mate thus solitary was pacing his accustomed rounds on the quarter deck, when he was accosted by “Old Tom” with—

“Mr. Johnston, I don’t like the looks of the stars to-night.”

“Have you turned star gazer, Tom? What the deuce is the matter with the stars that has brought you up on deck when you should be below and asleep? You will have time enough for star gazing in your watch.”

“Why, you see, I came up to see if it looked as though we might expect a breeze to-morrow.
I'm afeard we shan't, and I would rather see it blow like ten thousand topsail sheet blocks, than to lay here becalmed with these cussed canackas around us thick as hops.”

“Why,” asked the mate, “what do you fear from these poor naked devils? There was a chief on board this evening. He professed to be very friendly.”

“Don’t you trust ’em, Mr. Johnston. I’ve seen too much of the rascals to feel easy only when at open war with ’em and then you know what to expect; but mind what I tell you they will rub noses with you one minute and give you a dig in the ribs the next.”

“Oh, Tom, you think too hard of them, and then what could they do? They have no arms. Why, we could keep off all that are on the island.”

“That’s just what I want,” replied Tom. “Keep ’em off and we can manage them, but don’t let them get on deck. I know d——d well that that copper-colored son of a sea cook didn’t come aboard for any good.”

“Shut up, Tom, the skipper knows his own business. You don’t like the poor devils because you know they have no grog to trade with you.”

Tom started off muttering “He’s gittin’ as proud as a midshipman with his pocketfull of scupper nails. He’ll have his weather eye opened yet, see if he don’t.” He dove down into the forecastle, and the night passed quietly away.

In the morning a flag was displayed from the mizzen peak, as a signal for the natives to come off to trade. In a short time a large canoe came off, having ten men in her, one of whom was the chief who had been on board the preceding evening. They brought with them a quantity of fruit which the captain purchased. Then, pointing to a hog that lay on the deck, he by signs made them understand that he should like to purchase some of the same. The chief then spoke to the men in the canoe, who paddled swiftly to the shore, leaving the chief on the ship. They soon returned accompanied by two other canoes, bringing with them a number of hogs. These were hoisted on deck, the natives following them to trade with the men for little curiosities which they had brought with them. Canoe after canoe dropped alongside until the number of Indians on deck amounted to sixty or seventy men.
Old Tom, who had been an uneasy spectator of this acquisition of numbers and observing the Indians to be collecting about the quarter deck, shouted out that unless the decks were cleared the ship was a “gone sucker.”

“She is a gone sucker,” cried the chief, for the first time speaking English.

This was the signal for hostilities. The chief seized one of the spades from its place under the boat on the spars, and with one blow severed the captain’s head from his shoulders. As the headless trunk fell to the deck, the savages now armed with the long spades followed the example of their leader and with hideous yells attacked the crew. The poor fellow at the helm next shared the fate of his captain.

The crew sprang to the boats to arm themselves with the lances and harpoons, but they were already occupied by their savage foe. The men now made a short stand forward of the windlass, hurling everything they could obtain at the advancing foe. The unequal contest could not be maintained. The men were compelled to retreat down the forecastle scuttle after seeing three more of their brave shipmates hewn down by the formidable weapons of their enemies. The first mate was killed in the fore hatchway. The second mate running out on the bowsprit was knocked off by a stone thrown from the canoes, and dispatched in the water.

The savages had now complete possession of the deck. The crew were below. The third mate (Silas Jones, later captain and afterward president of the Falmouth National Bank), the only remaining officer, advised the men to attempt to work a passage aft into the cabin as the arms were there. That this was their only chance they well knew. They felt that had they arms in their hands by a vigorous sortie they might yet carry the decks. Though driven from the deck, they were not conquered. They were made of more stubborn stuff than to sit still and yield passive victims to the numerous foe who were now dancing and yelling on the deck. They crawled silently aft over the tops of the casks, stowed between decks, and at length met, a firm determined band, around the arm chest. The pistols and muskets were loaded and the cutlasses girded on. They passed silently up the companionway, but found the door barred on the outside. Then for the first time their hearts sank within them. They now felt that their struggle would be in vain.

The Indians evidently intended to allow the ship to drift on shore, where surrounded by the whole population the struggle would be a hopeless one. They retired again to the cabin hopeless and dejected, yet each man was trying to devise some plan by which they could come to the close struggle with the triumphant savages. Whilst sitting here, the cabin was darkened. On looking up they discovered the face of the chief peering through a skylight down on his intended victims.
“Take that, you thundering copper-colored rascal,” exclaimed old Tom as he discharged his pistol, the muzzle within a foot of his head. A heavy fall was heard on deck, followed by a yell of dismay—and the hasty trampling of feet on deck satisfied those below that the shot had taken effect. “I wonder how he likes the smell of powder,” remarked Tom, as he quietly reloaded his pistol.

“Hurray! boys,” exclaimed the mate (Silas Jones). “I have it. We’ll make them smell more of it. I’ll show ’em a Yankee patent for picking a lock. Come, boys, break out the run. Get up a keg of powder, and we will blow the companionway sky high.”

The announcement of the plan was received with a cheer. A keg was soon passed up, a small hole bored in the head, and it was placed on the first step, and along the passage into the cabin. The mate stood over this with his pistol in his hand.

“Now, boys,” he said, “lay close. If I don’t lift them doors, my name is not Silas Jones. Rush up in the smoke and you’ll have fair play at ’em.”

“Give it to them, Sir,” exclaimed the brave-hearted fellows, who were thirsting to avenge the death of their slaughtered shipmates, and who knew their only chance of safety was to gain possession of the deck. The mate flashed his pistol and fired the train. In an instant he was hurled to the deck. The men not stopping to notice him rushed over his prostrate body. Before they reached the deck up the mutilated ladder, he was with them, shouting “Now or never board them in the smoke.”

They dashed forward. The whole of the companionway and part of the deck had been torn to pieces, killing several of the Indians who had been placed there as a guard. The explosion created such a panic that when the crew emerged from the smoke they saw a number of the savages springing overboard. The Indians were taken by surprise. They had, it appears, thought they had secured the crew below, and had but to wait patiently until the ship should drift upon the rocks, when they would be completely in their power.

The chief, urged perhaps by curiosity, had knelt over the skylight to watch the motions of his victims when he received the ball from Tom’s pistol. Hearing the steps of the men about the companionway and thinking they intended to force the doors, it is supposed a strong party were placed here to prevent their passage. If so, they must have been all destroyed. The explosion and its terrific effects so alarmed the Indians that the crew found but little difficulty clearing the decks. A number of Indians were seen flocking over the bows into a large canoe; one of the men picking up the smith’s anvil, dropped it into the bottom of it. It immediately sank amid the frantic yells of its occupants. No one thought of

**COLUMN TERRACE**

*Situated on the main street of the town, Column Terrace offers all the advantages of a city hotel.*

**TOWER HOTEL**

*Overlooking Vineyard Sound and Martha’s Vineyard, it faces the prevalent wind, that blows from the Elizabeth Islands.*
mercy. Not one of that luckless crew escaped and, as long as they thought they could reach the other canoes, they continued to fire after them. They now with sad hearts had time to view their own situation. First bracing the yards and laying the ship's head off shore, they performed the melancholy task of collecting the dead bodies of their slaughtered shipmates. They placed the five bodies side by side, and over them threw the flag of their country. Thirteen dead Indians were passed overboard. Five were found badly wounded. They bound up their wounds, but the savages instantly tore off the bandages.

The crew then hauled up the canoe which had been stoned. The carpenter nailed on some pieces of boards so it would float. In this the wounded Indians were placed and they were cut adrift, the crew knowing they would be picked up by their countrymen. Meantime, the mate had been busy tending the wounded.

On the day after one of the wounded men died from loss of blood, and all suffered intensely from the total want of surgical aid. After a long and tedious passage, they arrived at this place on the 28th of December. The wounded are now fast recovering. I believe the ship is going directly home from this place.

At the time this incident took place Silas Jones was but nineteen years old; yet even in the boy one may see the metal which, tempered by years of life at sea, composed the character of the man who became president of the Falmouth Bank and one of the most respected of Falmouth’s townsmen. In later years it was said of him that he had the figure and manner of an English squire, always with a cane and, on formal occasions, a top hat. When at sea he strictly observed the proprieties, for his crew was made up largely of his neighbors’ boys; and Sunday was religiously observed, the Captain appearing on deck with his beaver and cane when the weather permitted. The story goes that on one occasion he had put off with a boat after a whale, and that in their maneuvering for a strike a flop of the whale’s tail filled the boat with water. As the bailing process was slow, he donated his favorite headpiece to expedite matters. He was most careful of his crew’s morals. One day a light under the forward deck was reported, and going forward to locate it he discovered its source was a candle around which some of his young crew were engaged in a game of cards. Retiring quietly without being noticed, he gave the alarm of fire, and soon a stream of water was turned in on the hapless youngsters. The directors of the bank were mostly seafaring men, and directors’ meetings were largely social gatherings where business occupied an unimportant place. One of the few remnants of Falmouth’s whaling days is the old stone building that stands in front of the Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole. It was years ago a factory where much of the spermaceti was used for making candles.

In 1815 a terrific storm had washed away the town landing; and two years later, on approximately the same site, the Stone Wharf was built at a cost of one thousand dollars. During the period of whaling, this was the center of Falmouth’s industrial life. The money for the wharf was raised by issuing one hundred shares of stock, and the builder, Captain John Hatch, procured from the South some palmetto, or cabbage, logs which he used for a foundation, on which were piled flat stones gathered along the beach. From here the town had practically its sole connection with the outside world. From it one or more packets ran twice a week to New Bedford, and from it trading vessels laden with
salt, glass, oil, onions, and other Falmouth products, sailed to various ports along the coast. In those days teams were able to drive on to the wharf, and sizable boats could tie inside its shelter. The salt works occupied an important place in the business of the day, and the entire waterfront of the town was covered with vats where the salt water was left to evaporate in the sun, after having been pumped from the ocean by means of windmills through pipes fashioned from hollow logs.

On the site of the present Colonel Morse homestead there stood, seventy-five years ago, the old Falmouth Glass Factory, which consisted of a large factory building, a sizable store house, and a coal shed. During the days of its active operation, forty men were employed working in two shifts, one during the day, and the other at night, so the fires were never allowed to go out. In 1857 or 1858, the factory closed its doors and the buildings were later destroyed. The house which stands on the spot today was years ago much nearer the water, as was the Brewer house which occupied the very corner of Shore Street and the road along the water-front. During the Revolution, in one of the two attacks of the British fleet, a cannon ball crashed through the roof of the Brewer house, and the scars it left are still conspicuous in the attic. To the rear of this house there stands today a queer building, octagonal in shape, which is known as “Perry Davis’ Octagon.” Perry Davis was renowned as the manufacturer of a patent medicine which bore his name and was called “Pain Killer.” The old building, after Davis abandoned it, was for years used as a grist mill.

North of the Glass Factory there stood the Lard Oil Factory, where oil was manufactured from lard by means of a cold press. This was owned by Albert and William Nye. In 1857 the company failed, and the buildings were bought by Stephen Dillingham, of West Falmouth, and were moved there by him. There they were refitted for use as an oil-cloth factory. The buildings were burned, however, a few years later, and were never rebuilt. The main street of the town extending from the Green eastward was, seventy-five years ago, almost entirely a street of homes. There were, however, the necessary few exceptions, for on the site now presided over by the Hewins Block stood a tannery and leather shop. Where the Eastman Block now is located was once the modest little home of Joseph Ray, a negro, who for twenty-two years...
sailed an open boat in which he carried the mails, three times a week, between the Stone Wharf and Marthas Vineyard. It is said that during the entire time he hardly missed a trip.

What today is known as the Handy Tavern was years ago the home of William Hewins, who originated in 1836 and operated the stage route between Woods Hole and Sandwich. Mr. Hewins would leave Woods Hole in the morning at about four o’clock and would drive to the North Falmouth Tavern or to the “Half Way House,” which was located in Cataumet, where the horses would be changed and where the passengers and he could eat. From there the coach continued its way to Sandwich—a total distance of twenty-eight miles—where other stage lines provided transportation to Plymouth and Boston. In 1846 the railroad was extended to Monument Station, and at that time a four-horse coach was operated by Mr. Hewins between that point and Falmouth. Elijah Swift was one of the most public-spirited of Falmouth’s townsmen, and in 1833 it was he who built the fence and planted the trees that today surround and so greatly enhance the beauty of the Village Green. The Bank has been a fixture since 1850, and according to Mr. William H. Hewins, “it stands where it has always stood, and it looks the same as ever.”

The house now owned by Harry V. Lawrence was erected about 1850 by Albert Nye, son of William, senior. Mr. Nye, a merchant of New Orleans, built it for a summer home, and every year he and his family came early to Falmouth with their negro servants and thoroughbred horses. Mr. Nye installed a private gas plant and the house and grounds were always brilliantly lighted at night. It was the first summer residence to be built, and at the time was an inspiration to every one. Until within recent years, the coming and going of the summer colony that eventually developed in Falmouth made little impression upon the life of the community so peculiarly rich in associations with the past. During the summer months, it good-naturedly looked on, absorbed the vacationer’s superfluous wealth, and when he departed, breathed a sigh of relief in turning again to the accustomed channels and to the manner of life which existed when the summer contingent was unknown.

Fifty years ago Falmouth existed, a sufficiency unto itself, as the home of retired seamen, and
as the embodiment of the influences that have since guided the facile pen of Joseph C. Lincoln. It was a time of unpaved roads, when the village Main Street was impassable in the spring, and often at other times; when there were no sidewalks, and a path in the grass by the side of the road served the purpose; when there were no street lights, and each night-stroller carried his own lantern; when the leather water buckets, with the owner’s number on each, still hung in the houses and were the only protection against fire; when the “town pump” on the Green still served a useful purpose; and when the houses in winter were banked with seaweed, and the families hibernated in one or more of the rear rooms.

Thirty years ago some evidence of decayed industries remained. Neglected sheep in the hills and an abandoned building recalled the efforts to establish a woolen industry; a few large vats along the shores of Vineyard Sound were reminiscent of the old salt works; and odd pieces of glass in the various homes were all that was left to recall the glass factory. Efforts in the line of agriculture were extremely limited, for thousands of acres of land were given up to scrub oak and stunted pine trees, and over this area periodical fires swept, so that any quantity of it could be bought for five dollars an acre or even less. In the spring the absorbing occupation was the taking of herring, which crowded the inlets to spawn in the sweet waters of the ponds. They were caught with small hand nets, and the law governing the taking of the fish was the purest kind of communism. Every man at the river who had a net was entitled to his share of the catch whether or not he had assisted, and as each newcomer appeared with his net on his shoulder, the cry went out, “Divide up,” which was done, and the fishing resumed. A wagon-load of herring has often been taken from a single stream a few feet wide within an hour’s time. No fish were allowed to be taken from Saturday noon to Monday noon, in the effort to allow the fish the opportunity of entering the ponds to spawn.
There were here and there attempts at various occupations. One of the townsmen, George A. Lawrence, was accustomed to go to Brighton each spring and drive down over the road a drove of two or three hundred pigs, selling them off by the way, and disposing of the remainder to his townsmen. The manufacture of shoes was just developing large proportions in Brockton, and it is commonly known that the industry there was at first largely manned by the shoemakers from the Cape. A few remained, and the only disadvantage of their shoes was that they never wore out. There were cabinet makers whose wonderful mahogany desks and tables, whose beautiful woodwork in the houses, and whose mantels and doorways still exist, evidence of their skill and true art. Here and there was a wheelwright, a skilled artisan who could plan and construct vehicles which never wore out and still occasionally adorn a back yard. The Cape wagons were peculiarly constructed, with a broad tread to which the summer people found it necessary to conform, or drive with one wheel in the rut and the other out. These craftsmen have all disappeared, but their work remains.

The town was filled with men who had followed the sea, either as whalers or as traders, and one was quite safe in accosting any man over fifty whom he met as Captain or Mate. Whale-fishing slumped with the Civil War, and the clipper-ship era drew to a close with the advent of steam propulsion; and then came the decline of trading with the African natives, so that these men had come home to try their fortunes as landsmen, although the sea was their true home, and their hearts and memories ever turned longingly to it. The whaling trips were from a few months to four years in length, covering all the oceans. Often the captains were accompanied by their wives, and some of the leading people of Falmouth were born on these trips or at ports in different parts of the world.

The town meeting in February was a great event of the year. James E. Gifford, moderator thirty years ago, was a member of the Society of Friends. He had always a twinkle in his eye, and a keen knowledge of the individual men before him which was equal to any emergency. The old whaling captains were often difficult to manage, but when Captain Thomas Lawrence and his brother Lewis were on the floor, parliamentary rules went by the board. It so happened that these two brothers had wood lots at different ends of the town, each with a sharp grade in the road for the return load. For several years the meeting solemnly voted to reduce the grade of Captain Thomas' road one foot. Captain Lewis would then rise and the same process was gone through to reduce his road one foot. No women attended the town meeting in the earlier days, but it later became popular and the gallery often overflowed. One day some one on the floor proposed the over-flow should be invited to occupy seats on the platform; whereupon the moderator, the same Gifford, extended the invitation, with the remark that the younger women would be especially welcome. Few summer men ventured into these meetings, and the few that did, Mr. E. Pierson Beebe, Mr. Ed. N. Fenno, Mr. Henry Fay, Mr. N.H. Emmons, and others, were known as foreigners, and had their difficulties with the townspeople. Town meeting in those days was a good-natured gathering of neighbors, when the entire day was spent, sometimes two days, discussing town affairs and each other with the utmost freedom. The
women folk served clam chowder, brown bread, and beans in one of the lower rooms. In the early days, town politics was much simplified. Joshua Robinson held practically all the offices; he was selectman, assessor, school committee, overseer of the poor, highway surveyor, and anything else the town really wanted to have done. There were only three democrats in the town, and these three, E. E. C. Swift, Watson Shiverick, and Wm. F. Dimmick, retired to Watson Shiverick’s paint shop for their meetings.

In winter the racing was with sleighs, but not always; for during three successive years, from 1893 to 1896, there was no snow, and the people sold their sleighs to a local character, Steve Cahoon, who conducted a boarding stable in the center of the village. He quietly gathered them all at his own price until his yard was filled with the old vehicles of forgotten winters, and then came a year with two weeks of excellent sledding. Uncle Steve had all the sleighs. The livery business revived, and in a week Steve had taken in more than the entire outfit had cost him, and still had it left awaiting another windfall. That was the time when the postmaster appeared with an antique bearing the date, a genuine one, 1776.

Uncle Steve was one of the characters in a town full of interesting types. He was tall, loose-jointed, of the stereotyped Uncle Sam build, and wore his trousers tucked into his boots; withal he had a keen eye for a trade in anything, from a horse to a jackknife. “I’d buy anything at half price,” he used to say. His stable yard was the great dependence of the boys on the night before the Fourth; and Steve would have to make the rounds the next day to recover his property, which was as likely to be perched on top of some building as in the street. In time his house was moved, to provide a site for the Public Library; but Steve refused to budge, and ate and slept in it as it was being moved through the Main Street to more humble surroundings. The central section of the village had many interesting characters. Uncle Steve’s next-door neighbor was a man
by the name of Bosworth, always so busy he never did anything. His house and yard were good rivals of Uncle Steve's, filled with riffraff gathered in from a hundred auctions, one of the most varied assortments imaginable, and with a liberal adornment of smoked herring in season. Across the street was the store of Solomon Hamlin, an outstanding character of the town, a retired whaling captain who kept the village grocery store. He had trained many of the town's boys on his whaling trips, and his store was the favorite rendezvous for the old sea cronies, where informal town meeting was in progress much of the winter. In the spring, when the summer people came, he cleared the decks and prepared for business. He trusted every one, gave away when he could not trust, and cashed almost as many checks as the bank. As a side line he dealt in grain, and from time to time found it necessary to hang out a sign "Bring back my bags." The Captain owned an old carry-all which appeared at every funeral to carry the bearers, and which was faithfully brought out for Sunday meetings and all religious functions. The Captain had his humorous side. Edward Gould opened a store down the street and advertised broadcast, "I have come to stay." The day after the opening, the Captain rode down the street in his carry-all, and chalked on one side were the words, "I hope to be able to stay."

One of the most prominent members of the community was a retired sea captain who had been a whaler, and in his early days very religious, carrying Bibles with him instead of rum; but after some unfortunate experiences with the deacon of the Meeting House, he became a disciple of Thomas Paine and Robert Ingersoll. One day the parson, Mr. Craig, came along while the Captain was picking potato bugs from the vines. The Captain hailed him and propounded the theological question as to whether potato bugs were sent by the Lord or by the Devil. The Captain had been very successful as a whaler, and at the side of his front door there stood an immense stuffed bear, with a wildcat on its back. It was a gift from a man named Martin who for years had been First Mate under the Captain, and who later succeeded him in command.

On one of his first trips as a boy, his ship was wrecked on the Galapagos Islands, off the west coast of South America, where two lifeboats succeeded in reaching land. There the group of survivors split into two parties and the Captain, then a mere boat steerer, gave a pair of shoes to another lad, also a boat steerer, who, in the hurry and excitement of leaving the ship, had lost his own. One party set signals of distress on one side of the island, and the other group stayed where they landed. After the
passage of some time, the men were taken off in two separate ships, and the young boat steerers were separated. Many years later a stranger arrived in Falmouth and asked for the Captain then retired. It was the boy, the boat steerer, who had borrowed the shoes. The reminiscences and yarns of the two, so many years apart, were wonderful and amazing.

The Captain was of an independent mind, for on one occasion the owners of his ship started him on a trading expedition, common to those days, and filled him up with brooms, clocks, cheap jewelry, beads, and Perry Davis’ Pain Killer, a local product. The story goes that he “spoke” a whaler off Brazil on its way home, and sent back word to Rich Bourne that,

“I’m going to haul up the old ship (the bark Java), give her a coat of Pain Killer and go whaling.”

He did in fact dispose of his cargo, and made a most successful voyage, landing in port with a ship full of oil. He was let off with a mild reprimand. He was not, however, always so successful. One day, after some months of unsuccessful search, he ordered all the hatches off and a spyglass rigged pointed into the hold, in order, as he said, “... that the Lord may see how empty my ship is!” It was on the same voyage that it is said he prayed one day, “Lord send me a blind whale so my crew can catch it.”

While speaking of the sea, one of the townsmen, Captain Caleb Hamlin, once described an experience in which he himself had figured. In a heavy sea, which was washing the decks, a wave came aboard and swept him clear of his ship out into the open sea. The following wave picked him up and carried him back, so that he was able to grasp a rope and hold on. In those days (1890–1900), many of the old sea captains were still living, and much in evidence in town affairs. On one occasion a mock trial was held, and the entire jury of twelve were old whaling captains.

In any mention of those times, the name of Henry Clay Lewis stands quite by itself. He was not of the group of whalers, though it is recorded he once went on a voyage, trading, with his brother Freeman as captain. When they were ashore, the two brothers lived together on a brotherly footing; but at sea, Brother Henry was sent forward with the crew, while Brother Freeman occupied the captain’s cabin, and brotherly relations were suspended. Henry Clay kept a livery stable, and was not always on pleasant relations with his neighbors, one of whom on one occasion gave him a severe raking over, and ended by saying to him, “You’re the meanest man I ever knew.” Henry Clay listened to the end and then remarked dryly, “Perhaps you haven’t met my brother Freeman.” He was probably recalling his sailing experience.

A story apropos: Henry Clay, as he was popularly known—an illustration of the character of the community relations, which were those of utter frankness of speech—had sold John R. a horse—price forty dollars. John R. went to the woods one day to replenish his supply of fuel, and after loading up, the horse refused to budge. All efforts were in vain, so the Captain removed some of the wood, but with no better results; and finally he was forced to go home as he went, with an empty wagon. Nothing was said until haying-time came, when Henry Clay had his hay down, and was very much in need of a rake.
Captain John R. had the only one in town; so after thinking it over some time, Henry Clay made John R. a visit to borrow or lease a hay rake. He found him in his front yard, and made known his errand. "I have no rake to lend," John R. replied; "I have none to rent, but there is one out there in the field you can have for $10, cash." Henry bought it there and then, but when he got it home, he found it so broken as to be worthless. Henry thought it all over, and concluded to say nothing. He remarked dryly, "John R. and I were good friends ever after."

In a small building near the town Green, Squire Richard Wood had his office. He was a trial justice, and kept the unruly members of the community in order with the help of Isaac Laurence, the sheriff. When the fines which he imposed were slow in coming, he had a favorite phrase which he invariably used—"The body is good." One spring he had his old chaise overhauled and painted for the season, and the night before the 4th of July, the boys took it to the wharf at Falmouth Heights, where the Squire found it, dismantled of its wheels and top, with the inscription on the side, "The body is good."

Those were days when "Bobby Bodfish" was somebody—a man of remarkable imagination and investor in "real estate values"—mostly future. He died aged ninety-two, with his dreams unrealized. One of his last expressed wishes was that all the carriages in town should be hired at his expense, when he died, and every one be given a free ride to the cemetery. He was an ardent genealogist, and Mr. Freeman dedicated a portion of his "History of Cape Cod" to him. Bobby's especial dislike was for things Episcopal. He deeply resented the building of the church, but he and the Rev. Henry H. Smythe were good friends. The Rector tells the following story about him: "He dearly loved a good cigar, and whenever I had been to Boston he invariably appeared at my study the next day in a hopeful mood. On one occasion I handed him two cigars from an Episcopalian Club dinner, and immediately he lit one of them, which he pronounced excellent. I remarked I had been a bit uncertain about offering it to him, as it came from an Episcopalian dinner. He turned quickly, 'I'd smoke it if it came from the devil himself,' he said, which was probably the equivalent to him."

The town abounded in types. One man by the name of Hatch, after trying different ways of earning a livelihood, appeared one morning on the streets with an old
cart carrying the sign on it "Fresh and Salt Meat, Herring, etc." Some one asked him what the "etc." stood for. Looking at it he said he did not know, but guessed it meant eels, tautog, and clams. There still remains here and there one of this type—and the flavor persists. These stories have purposely been confined to one little group, who, with one exception, lived or were in business together on the main village street, all within the distance of a quarter of a mile. Too much stress, perhaps, has been laid upon their lighter characteristics. The other side, however, was very much in evidence on occasions. Mr. William H. Hewins mentions one instance of their sterling qualities in Squire Donaldson, grandfather of Jonathan. He was six feet three inches tall, keeper of the peace, and was much avoided by small boys. The district elected him to the legislature, where a bill was presented over which the members fought for nearly a week and finally, on a Friday evening, they voted it should come up Monday morning for final action. Monday morning came and with it a heavy snowstorm, so that very few legislators presented themselves, consequently the motion was made to adjourn action. The Squire arose and said, "I ate my breakfast this morning by candlelight at five o'clock, drove sixteen miles through the storm to meet the train to be here this morning. There is no reason why the members living near should not be here." A vote was taken and the bill was passed.

Thirty years ago, the native people were racially homogeneous, all were of Cape origin, and their ancestors with few exceptions had come to America in the early sixteen hundreds. Robinson, Hatch, Swift, Davis, Hamlin, Lathrop, Fish, Lawrence—all are the names of old families, and many sections of the town are called after their first settler. While the population was racially homogeneous, it had its social cleavages; for there existed the frayed-out ends of many once respected families, which were socially quite distinct from the set around the Green. Many of the old family lines have become locally extinct by death. The frequency with which Biblical names were met was very marked; and for the women, names of virtues, such as Patience, Goodwill, Charity, Love, and Virtue are still frequent. Azariah, Ezekiel, Moses, Hezekiah, Josiah, Barzillai, and Peleg were names frequently heard at town meeting, and were quite descriptive of the old Testament character of the men who bore them.

Thirty-five years ago the development of the summer colonies on the Cape was just beginning. There had been sporadic developments before, but no strongly settled trend that way. With this development, the character of the population changed, a few Swedes were imported to care for summer places, and in more recent years the Portuguese have come in large numbers. They originally landed in New Bedford and the neighboring
sections through the whaling industry, and for the most part have emigrated from the Azores. The "Bravas," so called, a mixed race of Portuguese and negro blood, are quite distinct. These people have settled chiefly in the interior sections of the township, and now form quite one-third of the population of Falmouth. They are a thrifty and prosperous group.

The Paul Revere bell in the steeple of the Meeting House on the Green still strikes the hour and calls the people to meeting, but the old life which once gave the community its character, and formed the link between Colonial days and our own, is giving way to the new, and the years are slowly closing the door upon a quaint and historic past.

THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL
It stands in the rear of Lawrence High School, facing the west and the athletic field.

It is a pleasure to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Emma S. Davis, Mrs. J. M. Watson, Mr. Harry V. Lawrence, Mr. William H. Hewins, and the Rev. Henry Herbert Smythe, for their assistance in the preparation of this book. From the Rev. Mr. Smythe were obtained many of the sketches of old-time residents. Letterpress by Henry Hudson, photographs by Hans Eberhard, art work by Cornelia Randall, research by Harriet E. O'Brien, and the typing of the manuscript by Agnes B. Thorpe, all of the Walton staff, under the direction of Perry Walton.