



INTRODUCING THE CAPE VERDEANS

The Reverend Mr. Williston Holbert charmed us all with his talk about the Cape Verdeans who came to Cape Cod 100 years ago and continue to come to New England today. He told us of their culture--music, folkways, oh yes, and food! In fact, we came home with our recipes in hand and you may catch a whiff of some unaccustomed dish stewing on your neighbor's kitchen range. Thanks to John Raneo, former Police Chief of Harwich, we had in the background a tape of Cape Verdean music, taped for him by John Gonsalves and Dick Gomes. It was a pleasant and informative evening, and we thank Mr. Holbert for making it so.

JOHNNY "MARATHON" KELLEY DOES IT AGAIN!

Our Johnny got off to a good start on April 18th in Hopkinton, this being his 57th entry in the Boston Marathon. He is to be congratulated for his finish in 4 hours, 26 minutes, and 36 seconds. Running, or indeed walking, 26 miles seems like an incredible feat to me! If any other member of D.H.S. finished the marathon,--or does finish in the next day or two--please let us know and we will happily print your time.

LADY SLIPPER WALK--PLEASE NOTE CHANGE

Due to the lateness of the season, our Botany Professor and good friend, Dr. Norton H. Nickerson, has suggested that we postpone our annual walk to view the Lady's Slippers until June 4. Also, because it has become so popular, we will walk in two groups, one at 9:00 A.M. and one at 10:30 A.M. Both will assemble in the north parking lot at Town Hall. Comfortable shoes and warm clothes are suggested. Also, please call the Conservation Commission, ask for Fern Daniels, and tell her you are coming. In order to protect the Conservation area, and make the walk most enjoyable for all, we want to keep the groups to about 30 people.

THE WAR OF JENKINS EAR PART II

I'm sure that many of you dropped your April newsletter on the coffee table and rushed to your encyclopedia to refresh your memory on the details of this Colonial war. However, for the benefit of those whose research was fruitless, please indulge me while I tell them the story. Capt. Robert Jenkins, master of the ship Rebecca, was an English trader whose trade route included the islands of the West Indies. Like our Cape mariners, he was either ignorant of the increasing tensions in Europe, or he chose to take his chances, and continue with his business. At any rate, in 1731 he found himself in the Carribean Sea with a full cargo and sails set for England, when a Spanish ship hove into view and overtook him. The Spanish captain boarded the Rebecca and requested permission to search the vessel for illegal cargo. Captain Jenkins, righteously indignant that his honesty should be suspect--and perhaps fearful that his illegal cargo should be discovered--protested so vehemently that the Spaniard, enraged, drew his sword and cut off one of Jenkins ears! Perhaps the Spaniard regretted his impulsiveness, for he set poor, maimed, Jenkins free; and he went as fast as the wind would take him home to England to report this indignity. He sought the Prime Minister, the War Office, members of Parliament, trying to get someone to lend an ear (figuratively, not literally) to his cries of humiliation. But government was too involved at the time with matters they considered more urgent, so Jenkins walked around London with only one ear for 7 whole years, never giving up his claim of injury. Then one day shipping interests decided that they had had enough of Spain's interference in their trade. They brought the matter to Parliament, and the story goes that poor Jenkins mummified ear was introduced as evidence of Spain's transgressions. All at once, all of England was enraged that a British subject should be so carelessly treated by a foreign power. As a result, another in the long series of Colonial wars was declared, ever after known as The War of Jenkins Ear.

Except for the conquest of Florida by James Ogelthorpe and his Georgia Militia, the war consisted of a few sea skirmishes and became a standoff when Britian engaged in a new European war known as the War of Austrian Succession. But in the four years of official conflict New England maritime interests once again suffered, and at least one Cape Cod crew spent many long months in a Spanish prison. Capt. Samuel Paddock (1711-1757), better known as a whaler than a merchant, had commenced a trading voyage to Cuba in 1739. But the news of the war arrived ahead of his "bumpkin sloop" as she is described. The Spanish seized his vessel and imprisoned the entire crew. They remained in prison until the British had captured enough Spaniards to arrange for an exchange. Back home in East Yarmouth, now Dennis, the Paddock family passed many an anxious month awaiting news of their son's fate. There was always the fear that the sloop had been lost in the stormy Atlantic. How relieved they must have been when Capt. Samuel and his crew were returned, apparently with their ears still attached. It is hoped that they stayed out of Spanish waters until hostilities ceased in 1741.

BIRTHDAY LUNCHEON RESERVATIONS JUNE 19 LIGHTHOUSE INN--WEST DENNIS
Please make reservations for _____ people. I enclose a check for \$ _____ (\$10 per person)
Choice of entree: _____ Chicken Bianco Beef Teriyaki _____
Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope and send to Mr. Joshua Crowell
Box 963, Dennis, MA 02638

CALENDAR

- May 24 7:30 P.M. Board will meet with Sarah at the Old Paddock Place
 June 4 9:00 A.M. and 10:30 A.M. Lady Slipper Walk, Indian Lands Conservation Area
 There will be two groups. Please sign up! (See article.)
 June 19 Annual Town of Dennis Birthday Luncheon. Lighthouse Inn
 Sociability at 12 noon, Luncheon at 1 P.M. RESERVATIONS NECESSARY.

A MASTER MARINER OF DENNIS

Capt. Calvin F. Baker no doubt cast a weather-eye to the sky as he prepared to leave his home for his store on the morning of October 18, 1906. That would have been a life-long habit for a man who had spent so many years at sea. Raised in South Village--Battletown, so called--Calvin had spent the usual apprenticeship as cook aboard a schooner of the village's fishing fleet when but a young teenager. In the winter he received a modest amount of formal education in the one-room district school which once stood on Lower County Road. With his neighbors the Fisk brothers and the Garfield boys, he increased in wisdom and sailing experience and became a Master Mariner when only 25 years old. Calvin had married his one true love, Sarah Belle Snow, whose sister, Isabelle married his good friend Uriah B. Fisk. In 1865 he was appointed Master of the Sch. George S. Adams, out of Newport, engaged in coastwise trading. He and Sarah Belle were loving parents to their young family. Of course, life had it's vicissitudes. Both of the Captains parents died within months of each other in 1874. A few years later the Baker's little daughter died at the age of four, and another child was born to the couple who lived for only a few months. But the comfort of their religious community at the West Dennis Methodist Church sustained them, and they lived in gratitude for their three fine sons. In 1873 Capt. Calvin had built for him, at the Blaisdell Shipyard in Bath, Maine, a handsome new schooner of his own. At 600 ton burthen, she was the pride of the Bass River fleet. She was christened the Calvin F. Baker and traded with all of the Atlantic ports. Her owner was also her master until 1881 when he turned her over to his son, James T. Baker, and came ashore to live in quiet comfort in his West Dennis home. It had been built for him in 1880 by master housewright, Allen S. Crowell, with the help of his talented apprentices Caleb Crowell and Reuben Rogers. To improve his time in the autumn years, Capt. Caleb had taken a shop in the center of West Dennis where he ran a General Store. Of course, life was not without it's sadness, for Capt. Calvin lost his life's partner of so many years, and also experienced the loss of his much-valued vessel, when Sch. Calvin F. Baker was driven ashore south of Boston in the Portland Gale of 1898. But life was not without it's rewards. In 1897 he had been elected Selectman in Dennis and still served in that office. When not about town or store business, or helping out in the affairs of the church, Capt. Calvin could be found "jawin" with his fellow retired mariners around the pot bellied stove at the Post Office. In 1883, the Captain had had a fine carriage house built on his property. That was his destination on this fall morning. Perhaps he was wondering as he hitched his horse to the cart, how soon the bright October weather would give way to the gathering gloom of November. Capt. Calvin had survived the perils of the sea and the disappointments of this mortal life, but he would not survive the short trip to his store on this morning. For, as he climbed into the cart, something startled his horse and she bolted. Calvin was thrown to the ground and dragged, knocking him into an unconscious state from which he never recovered. Friends and neighbors mourned his death and town meetings and Post Office games were somehow lonely for a while without his genial presence. Perhaps no one remains alive today who remembers Capt. Calvin F. Baker. The home of which he was so justly proud is the the dwelling of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vayda. The Vayda's conduct the Briar Patch Florist business from that fine carriage house. We hope soon to present them with a D.H.S date marker with the Captain's name, which will provide a small memorial of his life, so fully lived.

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