

# Dennis Historical Society Newsletter

Volume 29 Number 10

Send letters and stories to Lura Crowell, Editor, Box 607, S. Dennis 02660 or sesuetfarm@verizon.net October 2006

## Calendar of Events

### Reminders:

Saturday, Sept. 30  
10 A.M.-2 P.M.

Autumn at the Manse  
Chief Joseph of Plimoth  
Plantation  
Children's program

Saturday, Sept. 30  
Dennis Village Cemetery  
Walk with Terri Fox  
Meets at 2:30 P.M.

Sunday, October 1  
11 A.M.-2:00 P.M.  
Autumn at Jericho  
Refreshments

Saturday, October 14  
7:00 P.M.  
Annual Meeting  
Carleton Hall  
Refreshments  
The DHS annual business  
meeting will be followed  
by a very special program.  
See article for details.

Save Sunday, Nov. 12 for  
The Salon at Jericho  
2-4 P.M.

An eclectic Salon will fea-  
ture poetry and readings  
involving life by the seas.  
Refreshments.

Suggested donation \$10  
Reservations by Nov. 5  
(508) 760-0433

## Off Pirates Point

*If you recall, our author, B. Nason Hamlin, with his two daughters were paddling in their Indian canoe just off shore when they came across a line of "flotsam" out in the bay. They managed to haul on board 3 bulky boxes found to contain what surely must be liquor! Not wanting to leave behind several other floating boxes, they hoped somehow to tow them ashore.*

"Well, what luck! I groped about and with a yell of delight, I pulled out an unused roll of white clothes-line....It didn't take many minutes for me to overtake, corral and lasso three more cases. I fastened each in strong nautical manner and they were left floating in the water behind us....there seemed to be no place to make it fast and so I hastily wound the line a couple of times around my waist. Then immediately I turned the canoe about and headed her straight for home.

"At the first stroke away the load itself was heavy enough, but when the light canoe was fully under weigh, that seemed to be the very second when the three floating boxes of thirty gallons, made this opening protest at being started back, off their drifting route. Yank! went the dull pressure from their 'leader.' I yelled a modest cuss at the first squeeze but I was so keen on carrying on, and carrying fully through, this grand piracy episode that, despite the novelty of that harsh 'blow to the vital system,' I managed to work up and stick to just a sufficient amount of nerve to see the thing really accomplished. ....

"The distance from the furthest western end of these floating groups to our home landing within a few feet of the point was, say, not over half a mile. ....[but] for those who were literally fighting to grab and bring in this free—this loose, princely offering, it meant that the undertaking developed into a task of a most appalling size. ....After what seemed to have stretched into the time of hours, at last [we came] to that most welcome push straight in on the sands.

...."Our encouraging and hard-working girls jumped out right to the beach. Those treasured and captured three big cases of—well, some kind of liquid, were dragged out of the canoe and the three crates which had resistingly formed that rear parade of honor, were pulled in through the last few feet of high tide and then out on land. ....Both the girls helped dragging our 'cargo' a few feet above the wet-line on the beach; then they fled up to the cottage with a message calling for the maid's aid.

"Of course you can and may, see that the prize captured and brought in should satisfy even the most grateful adventurer. .... Now just look out to sea and with no other onlooker, distant or near, just gaze at the half-or-more mile of this mystical line of stuff, simply drifting away. .... I couldn't stand it a second longer. I looked out across that placid bay and just 'made for it' once more.

"It wouldn't do to re-embark in the good old and hard used canoe. .... The flat-bottom boat, ten feet long, was the desirable craft....finding [the oars]

I dove into the water—just as I was—fully dressed in shirt and trousers, (and, of course, my sailor tie on).

“I swam straight out as fast as my oars and togs would allow me to do it. It was only a part of a minute that it took me to pull the anchor, set the row-locks and start rowing to the nearest point of that already discovered ‘beverage fount.’ At last I fetched that spot by hard struggle, squarely off the point of my starting. ....I tackled and lifted in with almost exhausting struggle, eight more cases.....No sooner had the first prize box passed over the rail and settled squarely onto the floor, than there noiselessly appeared further along, ’way down that quarter-mile of flotsam, the United States Coast Guard fifty or sixty foot white power-boat; the federal flag was flying. ....

“While the government swooped down upon, and came from, the far east end of the drifting, abandoned goods, I could see that the principal interest taken, was actually in destroying the lengthy line of illegal (?) stuff. There was a man in the crow’s nest who carried —well, either a small rifle or a shotgun. At any rate, he began firing ....and no doubt each case hit was perforated and it just sank. ....What a pity it seemed!

“Now, man number two, was off in his row-boat and busy in harpooning each box as he pushed up to the bunched lots. ....Did they detect my presence or not? Were they to ignore my ‘doings’? ....I kept on, and as I’ve said, pulled in those eight cases. ....the Coast Guard vessel came on slowly but steadily. ....There still was not the slightest notice taken of me.

“There was no use, of course, of continuing this episode. Obviously, I wasn’t wanted. ....’twas better, it seemed, to skip for home and skip at once, and at the best pace. ....I didn’t even wave my hand as a departing salute, to the government headquarters of, shall we say, sea-control.....

“Our dory, with its mighty heavy load, pushed firmly a foot or two straight out on to the sandy beach. In about ten minutes, the whole lot of eight boxes ‘of stuff’ was ashore and as each case was dragged in....wet and fresh ell-grass and sea weeds ...were piled to hide the sight. Would it stay in these loving hands, or would it be dragged away to legally-handled destruction? We’ll wait and see, thought I.”

*You mean there’s more? Well, yes—but you’ll have to wait until next time.*

## Annual Meeting

Revolutionary War Re-enactor, Saul Adamsky, will speak at the Annual Meeting of the Dennis Historical Society. His topic will be *Washington’s Hannibal, a Warrior Revisited*.

Mr. Adamsky has been a member of the Lexington Minutemen, as a Captain as well as a foot soldier, for over 30 years. Before moving to Falmouth he taught at Cambridge Rindge and Latin School in Cambridge for more than 40 years. He is currently teaching a lively course about the American Revolution at the Academy for Lifelong Learning located at Cape Cod Community College.

The public is invited to this presentation (bring a friend!) which will follow a brief business meeting on Saturday, October 14th at 7:00 P.M. at Carleton Hall, Old Bass River Road next to the Memorial Library in Dennis Village. This special event is free and refreshments will be served.



## About Members and Friends

*A sincere thank you to all members who have promptly sent in their membership dues. Just a reminder that to have your vote counted at annual meeting, your dues must be up to date.*

Thanks to **Janet Egan** for letting us know that Charter Member **Marion Tiernan** passed away in her sleep on September 2, 2006. "Marion loved receiving the Newsletter and always shared it with me. She was a lovely lady and will be dearly missed."

It was nice to meet **Deanna Furman's** young friend, **Rosanna Veggeberg** from Winchester, who entered into the spirit of the Manse by joining Deanna as a costumed docent for the day.

Member **Les Bowser**, 625 Shamrock Rd, RR #4, Omemece, ON KOL 2W0 (who would still appreciate information on Nathaniel Shiverick of Falmouth) would like to share his work on the great migration of people to the Maritimes from Europe and the American colonies between the deportation of the Acadians in 1755 and the coming of the United Empire Loyalists in 1783—a movement that would leave a lasting imprint on the history and character of the country. In his book, *The Search for Heinrich Stief A Genealogist on the Loose*, he came to discover that "a history that had previously seemed matter-of-fact soon became complicated by passion and intrigue." Sounds interesting!

In June of 2005 **Burt Derick** had an e-mail seeking to verify that **John Hall** came over on the 3rd *Mayflower* that arrived in Charlestown in 1630. Burt replied, "There's little doubt that **John Hall** came over in the Winthrop fleet in 1630. The ships in that fleet, arriving early in July 1630 were, *Mayflower, Whale, Talbot, William & Francis, Hopewell, Trial, Charles, Success, Ambrose, and Arbella*. In most cases there are no passenger lists so it's impossible to say who was on which vessel. The most recent research [Anderson, "The Great Migration Begins" Vol. 2, p 840, NEHGS, 1995] has no statement about which vessel he came on..."

The reason the previous query came to mind was another question concerning the **Halls** of **Dennis**. **Sara Webb Quest** wrote "Many Novembers ago, at age 12—I'm now 34—I had an encounter with a spirit in the Hall Family Cemetery (cemetery in the woods connecting to the Cape Playhouse grounds). Recently, I was asked by an author who is working on a 'Hauntings' anthology to contribute my account. Naturally, I have a couple of questions! ...First, is the Hall Cemetery open to the public? Second, where can I read about its basic history?"

**Phyllis Horton** replied, "To answer your two questions: Yes, the **Hall Cemetery** is open to the public. It is now owned by the Town of Dennis. As far as I know there is no written history of the Hall Cemetery. Dennis was settled as part of Yarmouth in 1639. In the early days our settlers were given fairly extensive land grants. According to historian Amos Otis, **John Hall** moved from Barnstable to NobsCUSset (now Dennis) in 1651 and settled on a large tract of land between present day NobsCUSset Road and Elm Street in Dennis Village. For many years the Corporation Road area was called **Hall Town**. It was a custom in the early days for some of our families to have private burial grounds on their own property. The only town burial ground was in Yarmouth Port near the first church. The Hall Burial Ground was clearly on **John Hall's** property. The first burial that we know of was **Bethia Hall**, wife of **Gershom Hall**, who died on October 15, 1696. It's very possible there were earlier burials, but either no stone was erected for them or if so, it has since disappeared."

*In the spirit of Halloween, it's interesting to learn about the people buried in our ancient cemeteries. Join **Terri Fox** for our next **Dennis Village Cemetery Walk**. Meet Terri at 2:30 on September 30 on the Village Green!*

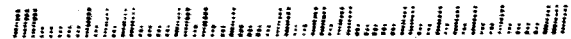
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## The Way We Were

September 10, 2006 at the Manse

by *Nancy Howes*

This warm and sunny afternoon 53 ladies and 1 gentleman gathered for "Tea at the Manse" hosted by the Dennis Historical Society. The ladies came dressed in their finest attire, many with large flowery hats. Tables were set in the parlors and keeping room with china plates and teapots, cloth tablecloths and napkins. Elegant, indeed! Susan Kelley and Mary Kuhrtz gathered wild flowers to make lovely arrangements for every nook and corner. Nancy and Fran hosted and seated the guests. June, Terri, Susanna and Mary poured tea while Joan, Phyllis and Jane did a superb job brewing gallons of tea and keeping dozens of plates full of attractively arranged goodies. Special thanks to harpist Andrea McCarthy and also to Bonnie, Chris, Jean, Jinny, Lu, Margie, Priscilla, Ruth, and Sue for helping with the goodies.



*Nancy Howes, Fran Lundgren, Susannah Orr, Terri Fox,  
Joan Martin, Phyllis Horton, Jane Bacon, June Howes,  
Mary Kuhrtz*

*Photo by Richard Howes*

We received a lovely note from one of our guests: *Please accept this contribution in appreciation of the programs my sister and I have enjoyed this summer—the South Dennis tour with Nancy Reid, the Dennis Cemetery tour with Phyllis Horton, and the lovely Colonial tea at the Josiah Dennis Manse. We greatly enjoyed every moment! Sincerely, Carolyn Galambos and Eva Avery Thank you, Ladies!*