



Dennis Historical Society Newsletter

Volume 38 No. 8

Send letters & stories to Dennis Historical Society, Box 607, S. Dennis 02660 or to pjhowes@verizon.net

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E-Mail info@dennishistoricalsociety.org

The next Board Meeting: is Tuesday, September 8 @ 2:00 P.M., Jericho Historical Center, 90 Old Main St., West Dennis

Jericho Barn Shades Update

The Jericho Committee is most grateful to those who have pledged \$60 each for seven of the 12 barn window shades. Only five more shades are needed to protect the wonderful assortment of historical artifacts contained within. *Any amount will help!* We'd love to receive your tax-deductible donation sent to the Jericho Historical Center c/o the Dennis Historical Society, P.O. Box 607, South Dennis, MA 02660-0607. Checks must be made out to the Dennis Historical Society.

Nicole Muller

New Colors at Jericho

The 1801 Jericho House and Barn Museum is sporting a new flag on the front corner of the house. It is the fifteen star and stripe flag that replaced the thirteen star Revolutionary flag from the time we won independence from England.

In 1801 when Captain Theophilus Baker built his home Vermont and Kentucky had been admitted to the nation and the flag was redesigned to honor the new additions.

It is possible that Capt. Baker flew the new flag from his vessel but we'll never know. He died in 1805 in his thirty-third year. 210 years later we honor his memory with a flag from his time. Congress, in its wisdom at that time, chose to revert to the original thirteen stripes and added new stars as the states were formed.

You are cordially invited to come see the "new" Jericho. It is constantly being tweaked here and there to tell a better story of life in the 1800s.

The July Herb Day at Jericho was well attended and Sarah Baker, widow of Capt. Theophilus would have been right at home with all the potions and home remedies presented by the herbalist. She might have had a problem, however, with the well-attended 3rd Annual Teddy Bear Picnic. "All those women with bare legs out in public" would surely have distressed her ("*Have they no shame?*") and "their unruly children should have a willow switch across their legs until they learn their manners." Sarah might have bent a little at the upcoming "Golden Days at Jericho" (Saturday, Oct. 10, 1-4 p.m.) where

craftsmen will demonstrate chair caning, quilting decorative painting and other skills from her time.

The day will also focus on the cranberry and salt farming in Dennis which became multi-million dollar industries here and in other places.

There will be activities and games which will provide the perfect balance of fun and learning for all ages.

Come and see if you can find Sarah.

Dawn Dellner

Belle of the West

DHS is very pleased to have recently purchased a wonderful painting of the Belle of the West as depicted by Dennis artist Lance Walker. Prior to embarking on this historically accurate painting, shown here in a black and white reproduction, Mr. Walker completed substantial historical research on the *Belle*, including meeting with David Howes of Sandwich, a descendent of one of her Captains, details from her half-hull and other historical sources.



She is shown with a full set of stunsails (stuns'ls - studding sails), extra sails hoisted alongside a square-rigged sail on an extension of its yardarm. These and other sails depicted in this painting show that the Captain is achieving maximum speed. This is the only clipper ship painting in the DHS collection that is fully rigged. Many of the clipper ship Captains were known as 'drivers' who sought, and often obtained, sailing ship speed records.

Christened The Belle Of The West, she was the third clipper ship built at East Dennis, by Messrs. David & Asa Shiverick (Shiverick Shipyard) and is the only one whose designer is known, Samuel Hartt Pook, a well-known American ship architect. Launched by Captain William Frederick

Howes (1813-1878), the older brother of the Hippogriffe's first captain (the second clipper that was built there), he took the Belle Of The West on her maiden voyage despite the fact he had broken his leg in an accident during her launching in East Dennis. On May 21, 1853, she left Boston for San Francisco, arriving there on September 29, 1853. She continued to be in service under Captain William Frederick Howes for nine years and then was under the command of his brother, Allison Howes (1825-1911), who had her until she was sold in India in 1864.

Funding was provided through a gift from Harry and Megan VanInderstine, who grew up in Dennis and has previously provided funds for the preservation and restoration of the Manse dresses and for a special vault for artifact storage.

This painting will hang in the Maritime Wing of the Manse.

Colonial Day At The Manse

A very successful Colonial Day At The Manse took place Saturday August 15, featuring Candle Making (Terri Fox), Blacksmith (Tom Kelleher), a Colonial Cobbler (Peter Oakley), Historical Dressmaker (Linda Oakley), Herbalist (Donna Eaton, Cedar Springs Herb Farm), Pie Sale in the Manse with member-baked pies, Special School Program (David Downs), rug hookers in the East Parlor, DHS Book Sale and a host of other docents busy in the various rooms teaching (entertaining) the myriad visitors. It was a very successful event, and if you missed it --- well, there's always next year!

News From The Rose Victorian

The final Story Hour in the Teeny Tiny Library was August 26th. Pictured below is Phil Inman of Jacob Sears Library reading "Grandfather



Twilight" with our visitors. This summer's weather found the shade of our trees the coolest place to read.

Thank you to all of our Readers from the

Dennis Libraries and our DHS membership.

Please note the change in our "Open Hours". Beginning Sept. 1st we will be open **10 am – 4 pm, Thursday thru Saturday**. We can arrange private shopping excursions upon request at 508-394-1696.

Continue to follow our happenings on our DHS website as well as FB and at www.rosevictorian.com.

June Howes

How Maushop Made Scargo Lake

Once the giant went visiting on the north side of the Narrow Land. The Indians there grew fond of him, and asked him to leave them something to remember him by, when he had gone away. Maushop, in his eagerness to please them, dug a deep hole and placed the earth from it in a large mound on the southern side of the hole. He dug fast and he dug deep, until at last the hole was so great that in it a giant could bury more than the largest Wampanoag village. When Maushop had finished this work, he lighted his pipe and puffed forth smoke that formed into dark clouds whence issued the drumbeats of the Thunder Spirit and the lightning of Yotannit. After he had completed his smoke, Maushop emptied his pipe. Ashes fell upon the high mound, and rain poured from above. Night extended upon the land without the coming of Nanipaushat, the Moon Spirit. For two days and two nights the waters descended from the heavens. On the morning of the third day the clouds rolled themselves together and drifted north. The sun shone upon the people. They came out of their huts and saw a great lake, where Maushop had dug a hole, and beside the lake towered a high hill covered with pine trees. The hill they named Scargo for the pine trees made from the ashes of Maushop's pipe, and the lake has been known ever since by the name of Scargo Lake.

Elizabeth Reynard¹

Schoolhouse Antics

It must have been near eleven o'clock in the forenoon, while some of the older boys were being heard reciting their lessons in some one of the branches of their studies, that William (Hendran) chose to have a little innocent amusement. The Edwards boy (Alonzo Edwards) was of a sober and more sedate disposition, and being of a more harmless makeup in the pranks of fun and frolic, was at this time utterly innocent in respect to violating any of the rules of the school. As we sat there looking over our books – that is Edwards and myself with elbows resting on the desk with hands to head – William was busying himself in a different way, being at my right and a little at my back, with a small stick split half in

¹ Reynard, Elizabeth, *The Narrow Land*, Chatham, MA, Chatham Historical Society, 1978, pp 26

two, to give it a straddle, he would slyly and softly penetrate the folds of my hair, which was quite long, and with a turn or two of the fingers until he had a good hold would then give a slight quick jerk which would cause me to nod, and himself with hand to mouth to keep back a smothered laugh, performed the trick once too many times, for a giggle bursting from between his fingers was heard all over the room.

The teacher, turning his head, quickly discovered from whence it came, and, making quite a display of nervous agitation, was soon by our side laying a strong hand on the collar of Edwards' coat he unceremoniously took the boy from the seat and giving him a push turned his attention towards me, as I was next in order. With the same rapid excitable movement he collared me also, and like the other I was hustled out into the aisle, but not without some show of resentment on my part. Poor Billy, of rather a delicate build, was an easy mark, and soon we were pushed to a space about eight feet square at the right of the teacher's desk where this excitable performance was to have an end. Taking Billy with a twitch and a trip he was laid sprawling upon the floor; Edwards was next to follow suit, and giving himself wholly up without any show of resistance was quickly laid alongside of poor Billy. I made an attempt to explain but he would not listen. Shall I submit – being innocent – without any show of remonstrance? Shall I allow myself to be made a laughing stock by being thrown about and used as a handle mop in the presence of the boys and girls, and that too without just cause, just because the teacher got overheated with excitement? I think not, and as self preservation is one of nature's great laws I quickly embraced the thought and acted accordingly. As he, with a quick move, laid hands upon me, which bespoke passion in the firm grip he took, I in return laid hold of him. With a sudden trip with his foot for mine that he missed, so with a strong and powerful wrench with his hands and arms that he did not miss I was hauled around the circle like a paper kite without a tail in a strong wind. It was not possible that he could down me so long as I retained my hold, and instead of causing my downfall, or my fall down, he was my stay and staff, for I stuck to him like a leech. As I was being hurled around my red top boots, un-fortunately for Billy, came in contact with William's left optic, and a howl and a cry from the poor boy instantly turned that little school into a perfect bedlam.

For a minute or two all was confusion and the teacher, seemingly gathering control of himself, loosed his hold of me and ordered that I should be

seated, saying at the same time that after school was let out he would attend to me. Taking a seat near the desk, with Edward and Hendren on the floor in front of me, I patiently awaited for the close of school.

Quiet being restored the school went on a usual and at last the hour of twelve arrived. Telling me to keep my seat and not go out with the other scholars of course I obeyed. School being let out and no one inside but the master and myself I wondered what the outcome would be.

As there had been plenty of time for the teacher to regain his composure it was not long before we came to an amicable agreement by mutual concession, he conceding to me what was right and proper and I in return the same to him – a kind of compromise which, forever after, made us friends.

Howes, Joshua Eldredge, "Memories of the Past", pp18,19

The *Annals Of South Dennis*, compiled and transcribed by Burt Derick, contains an amazing collection of interesting and enlightening windows into life in the 1800's, especially the travails of seafaring life and its impact on families. It is a great book to own. This short poem, inserted or written following a letter from Addie Jones to grandfather Seth T. Whelden, may just resonate with many of you who are grandfathers.

Grandfathers Chair²

"I love when the Evenings are balmy and still
and summer is smiling on Valley and hill
to see in the garden the little ones there
all happy and smiling round Grand fathers Chair.
Such storys he tells them Such tales of delight
such Wonders to dream of by day and by Night
its little they are thinkg of sorrow and cares
there bright faces beaming round Grandfathers Chair.
and word too of wisdom fall oft from his tongue;
Dear lessons to Cherish and treasure while young;
bright things to remember when white is their hair;
and some of them sit in a grandfathers chair.
Ah! little ones love him to be kind while you may,
for swiftly the moments are speeding away;
most loving the kind looks and the love you may share,
that beam on you now from a Grandfathers Chair."

² Seth T, Whelden Transcription, p.14 *Annals of South Dennis V2*, Derick, Burton.

Dennis Historical Society
P.O. Box 607
South Dennis, MA 02660-0607



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SEPTEMBER DHS EVENTS

Sunday, September 6th
2 P.M. - 4 P.M.

**Croquet & Music
On The Lawn**



Refreshments and Fun

At The
Dennis Historical Society's
"1877 Rose Victorian"
485 Main St., (Rte 28),
West Dennis

Thursday, September 17
7:00 P.M.

**Shared History
of the Dennis Union
and
East Dennis Churches**
Amusing anecdotes and
history of these two
churches that once shared
the first woman minister,
Rev. Anna Howard Shaw,
a Suffragette.
Presented by
Rev. Josh Crowell
Carleton Hall
Old Bass River Road,
Dennis Village

Saturday, September 26
1:00-4:00 P.M.

Autumn at the Manse

Our annual

"Fall for the Arts"
celebration

See this historic Dennis
landmark home.

Refreshments.

1736 Josiah Dennis Manse
Museum

77 Nobscussett Road,
Dennis Village