

# A Ten-Year Retrospective of *Spritsail* Articles

## Excerpts from 2007 – 2017.

What is a spritsail? And why was the name chosen for the journal of the Woods Hole Historical Museum? The answers to these questions were best explained by our founding editor, the late Mary Lou Smith in the following paragraphs that first appeared in the inaugural issue of *Spritsail* in 1987 and were reprinted in the 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary issue in the summer of 2006.

“The spritsail is a small boat rig of respectable antiquity used around the world. Its name comes from the sprit, a spar comparable to a gaff, but attached much lower on the mast. The sprit crosses diagonally to the uppermost corner of the sail, which it extends and elevates.

“The Woods Hole Spritsail Boat was originally used for fishing and later became popular among local and summer residents for racing and sailing. Slimmer, deeper, and with more freeboard than a catboat, it was fairly easy to row and was a good boat in the fierce tides of Woods Hole. The spritsail rig was certainly influenced by the stone bridge built across Eel Pond Channel in 1878-1879. The mast of the spritsail was stepped far forward and held at the bow by a pinned bracket. When approaching the fixed bridge, the boatman removed the pin, and mast and sail dropped into the boat, allowing the spritsail to enter Eel Pond.”

On the 30th anniversary of *Spritsail*, we are proud to repeat Mary Lou’s hopes that the journal is as “useful and as ‘handy to have around’ as the old spritsail boat. We want it to be jaunty and trim, good for all weather, fun to use, and valuable to year-round and summer residents alike. To this community of Falmouth, with its splendid maritime past, we offer this *Spritsail* for pleasure, adventure and exploration of the currents of local history.”

With these thoughts in mind, the editors hope you enjoy the following selections from the past ten years of *Spritsail*:

### **Eel Fishing**

by Jennifer Stone Gaines (Winter 2007)

One fishery that has almost passed from our consciousness is eel fishing. It used to be a dependable standby, especially during the cold and stormy weather when it was difficult and dangerous to fish offshore. The eels were caught close to home, in the salt marsh creeks, bays and estuaries. The importance of eels to the lives of the early settlers can be gauged from Falmouth place names: not one but two Eel Ponds, and one Eel River.

Not surprisingly, the Wampanoags were catching eels long before the first Englishman set foot on this continent. In a more complete accounting of the first Thanksgiving feast in Plymouth, one finds that the friendly and helpful Wampanoags brought not only the famous turkey, corn, and squash, but also eels! ...There is other evidence that the Wampanoags were not only consummate hunters and fishermen, but also very sociable, and would go to catch eels as a group, enjoying the camaraderie and the hunt, working cooperatively to ensure a larger catch.



Both issues for the year 2007 explained the background to a series of cast plaques by local artist Sarah Peters (above) that were being installed along Main Street in front of the Falmouth Public Library. Each plaque addressed an aspect of Falmouth history.

*Falmouth Enterprise* photograph by Michael Stewart Sowers.

The historian Kittredge says succinctly, “The Indians were more gregarious than the whites.”

## Marine Sciences

by Jennifer Stone Gaines (Summer 2007)

... And yet, life at MBL in the early days was not all work. Over the years quite a lot of fun, even romance, has occurred here. In the early 1900s cookouts, beach parties and sing-alongs were popular. Lobsters were steamed in the end-of-the-day steam from the trains at the Woods Hole station. As described in *Woods Hole Reflections*, “The students had a large galvanized ash can modified — i.e., an inlet pipe placed at the side near the bottom. A few large stones were placed in the bottom of the can, and then the live lobsters were added. Fresh seaweed was placed on top of the lobsters. When the last train came into Woods Hole, this lobster can was wheeled down to the R.R. depot in a large two wheeled cart, and the agreeable engineer would let out all the engine’s steam through the pipe connection to the can. Behold, about 30-40 lobsters were beautifully cooked in the record time of 15 minutes, and soon consumed!”

## A Silent Fall — The Story of the West Falmouth Oil Spill

by E. Graham Ward (Winter 2008)

An oil barge, *Florida*, loaded with No. 2 diesel fuel, foundered on rocks near Little Island in West Falmouth Harbor on September 16, 1969. What ensued was an ecological disaster.

George Hampson and Howard Sanders, colleagues at WHOI, investigated Wild Harbor River:

“What we found was every kind of conceivable invertebrate that you can imagine coming out of their holes and swimming on the surface. ... All of these animals were moribund, which means they were in the process of dying. And it seemed as if the whole area was of that nature. Everything was coming out of the sediments. The bi-valves, the soft-shell clams had their necks sticking out. The shellfish warden, George Souza, was beside himself because he was losing his shellfish crop.”

George Souza was quoted in a 1973 *New Yorker* article about the spill:

“The marsh grass was beginning to die along the creeks in the marshes... The whole marsh was full of dead fish... There were tom cod and blues and bass. There were eels too and they’re a tough bird. There were scums of oil all over the water.

One morning I saw schools of little bait fish coming in and they were eating the scallop meat right out of the dying scallops. So you could see right in front of you that the oil was getting into other animals and the food chain.

There was dead seaweed washing in from off the rocks and jetties... There were crabs with their legs twitching. There were all kinds of things, mixed up like a soup, at the waterline.



Howard Sanders and George Hampson at the site of the West Falmouth oil spill. Courtesy WHOI Archives.

You didn’t think things could go on dying any longer but they did... Ten days after the spill, I was in Silver Beach Harbor and I dropped a match I thought was out onto the shore and the wet mud caught fire.”

Howard Sanders recalled in the same article:

“By October, we were looking at a biological desert in the intertidal area. It was a strange autumn. You could go down to the marsh and there wouldn’t even be

[bugs]. No mosquitos, no greenflies, no nothing. And no birds... Even the gulls left ... because there wasn’t anything to eat. It was absolutely quiet.”

George Hampson, recalling Rachel Carson’s *Silent Spring*, said what they had experienced in West and North Falmouth was Silent Fall.

## Letter – A Silent Species

by John Valois (Summer 2008)

To the Editor

Your Winter 2008 issue prompted me to add my own account of that dreadful oil spill.

The day started early in the morning . . . fog was thick all night but dissipated quickly when the sun came up. Two Marine Biological Laboratory

collectors were preparing to collect annelids (worms) to be used by scientists.

The truck left the laboratory for West Falmouth to catch the low ebb tide. The collectors noted in the log the pertinent information for the day.

Date: September 16, 1969

Time: 0800 departure

Tide: 0830 low tide

Species: Polychaetes, Nereis, Phyllodoce, Polydora

Environments: Marsh grass, marsh channel, creeks

The truck arrived at West Falmouth close to the marsh grass vicinity. In moments we were breathing the strongest smell of diesel fuel. Apparently, the odor was coming from the shore. We decided to put on hip boots and we picked up our clam rakes, buckets and shovels. Off we went across the meadow grass. Before we arrived at the collecting area our boots had become covered with sticky oil from walking through the marsh. The terrible scent indicated a non-healthy environment. We assumed the diesel fuel came in on the flood tide late the previous night and had spread over the marsh peat. Large populations of marsh mussels were hanging dead and fiddler crabs were floating in the oil.

We were stunned, hardly speaking, thinking of the thousands of years when nature designed beaches, marshes, tidal pools and the many species adapted to these environments. It took over a quarter of a century before the diesel fuel appeared to be gone but traces of it are still apparent in the marsh. Thousands of tides have

covered and uncovered this area during this time. Nature's purging has surpassed any effort that man could do to save the marsh.

### **Falmouth Village: Katharine Lee Bates' Playground**

by Leonard Miele (Summer 2009)

Katharine Lee Bates went on three interesting sabbaticals during her tenure at Wellesley College. Her first trip was to France and Spain. Her second was to Switzerland, Italy, Egypt, and Palestine. And her third trip was to Norway, Denmark and a third trip to Spain. She was especially fond of Spain and called it her second country. When the Spanish-American War ended in 1898, she went to Spain as a director of the International Institute for Girls in Spain and became a correspondent for *The New York Times*, writing weekly articles about the social, political, and religious lives of the Spanish people.

Throughout her 69 years, Katharine Lee Bates wrote 11 volumes of prose, 12 volumes of poetry, and 31 diverse works as an editor and translator. She retired from Wellesley College in 1924 and died of pneumonia on March 28, 1929. She is buried in the Bates family plot at the Oak Grove Cemetery about a mile from her birthplace at 16 Main Street. The inscription she chose for her gravestone reads, "I will sing unto the Lord a new song."

## **NOAA Ship *Albatross IV***

Compiled by Linda Despres (Winter 2010)

When I came to the lab in 1973, there were other pioneering women who had preceded me aboard *Albatross IV*: Ruth Stoddard, Judy Penttila, Jeanne St. Onge, Pat Gerrior, Louise Dery, Susan Eddy, and Judy Brennan-Hoskins. If one wanted to go, three of us had to go because a three person cabin had to be full. The original Gloucester Italian and New Bedford Portuguese crew members gradually became accustomed to our presence...they either ignored us since it was bad luck to have women on board, adopted us as either another daughter or granddaughter, or had less than admirable honorable intentions which we learned how to quickly deflect. As the original fishermen retired, younger men came on board. I distinctly remember one fisherman being disappointed that the next group of scientists coming aboard were going to be all men. The crew were now used to seeing more women at the lab and at sea and they didn't mind us being around. In 1975, I became the first female chief scientist during a bottom trawl survey and it was also the first time women scientists outnumbered the men...we were nicknamed the "Magnificent 7 + 6" and it made headlines in the local newspaper!

## **Living Off the Land — a Photo and Timeline Essay**

by Nanette Drake Oldenbourg (Summer 2010)

Aside from the delicate, tiny strawberries that grow wild in this area, some of the first commercially viable berries were reportedly grown

at the Falmouth poor house, or "poor farm" on Main Street in the 1880s. Around the same time, as legend has it, the first Portuguese American in Falmouth, John Emerald, noticed how well some strawberries were growing at his employer's trash pile. He recognized a winning prospect. On his own land, Emerald planted more and more berries, and his family and friends did the same. Portuguese Americans in Falmouth, forty percent of the population in the mid 1930s, "put the town on the map," developing the strawberry industry which vied with, or even surpassed, tourism as the main business of the town. Falmouth grew more berries than any town in the Northeast, and it grew more berries per acre than any town in the United States.

## **The Impact of World War II on Soldiers, Scientists, Civilians and the Town of Falmouth**

by T. Richardson Miner, Jr. (Winter 2011)

In 1935 the state had bought 9,000 acres from the Coonamessett Ranch company to use as a training camp for the National Guard. Eventually 200,000 acres of land in the Upper Cape, including 225 acres in Hatchville, were acquired for construction of Camp Edwards and the landing strip that became Otis Field. At the east end of town, Waquoit Bay and Washburn Island became training centers for amphibious landings in Europe and the Pacific. Convoys bound for Europe made up off the town's western shore in Buzzards Bay. The small village of Woods Hole on the southwestern edge of Falmouth rapidly grew into a national center for marine research overseen by the Navy.





Annual Report cover.  
Courtesy Falmouth Historical Society.

### More Stories About Falmouth Veterans of World War II (Winter 2011)

William Banks: There were about 550 or 600 of us crammed into SS Gideon Welles. The passage was rough at first with winter storms and high seas. It was a slow convoy – it took about 25 days from Newport News to Augusta in Sicily. Off the coast of North Africa on April 18, Hitler's birthday, we were attacked by bombers and submarines. One ship was sunk with about 800 on board – no survivors – most of them were ground personnel of one of our four squadrons.

Eleanor Daniels Bronson-Hodge: We women are supposed to stay on the “officers” deck; as

assimilated lieutenants, we, too, are “ranks”! Mindful of our Red Cross mission to befriend the G.I.s, not socialize with the brass, we spend time on the lower decks, an experience without parallel in my ordered life. The men are packed solid, barely enough room for the files of walkers who go round and round, as in a prison ward. Whenever a girl passes by, they let loose a chorus of whistles and wolf calls. If you stop to chat, it's impossible to break away. You conduct a routine conversation: name, hometown, why you joined up, how much you are paid – nothing! – and what you get for breakfast on board. It's all part of the job!

### Portraits of Woods Hole, The Legacy of Franklin Lewis Gifford

by Deborah Griffin Scanlon and Robert Wendell Griffin (Summer 2011)



Eeling through the Ice. Eel Pond, Woods Hole, 1864. Oil painting by Franklin Lewis Gifford on exhibit at the Woods Hole Public Library.

The lasting impact of [Franklin Gifford's] paintings is that we as a family, and Woods Hole as a community, have a visual historic record of the village and an accompanying written history in the catalog of his paintings. Franklin Gifford has become, in essence, our family historian, and the reference point for the story of the Gifford family and its descendants in Woods Hole.

### **Florence Eldred Johnson 1892-1984**

by E. Graham Ward (Winter 2012)

History, as presented in this journal, has been understandably local with the idea that the powerful and the prominent cannot be ignored; but the truly local history of this peninsula is best seen through the eyes of those who lived and worked here, who grew the crops, built the boats, taught in the schools, produced the art, and entertained themselves with wit and invention. And not all of them were men... Take Florence Eldred Johnson, for instance. Historian, teacher, photographer, bird-carver, painter, and taxi driver, Florence Johnson is a good example of a kind of Renaissance woman cultivated by character and the conditions of early 20th-century rural living... Facilities for arts and crafts were in the attic of the Eldred homestead – spinning and flax wheel, yarn winder, flax and reed, quilting bars. At one corner, the herring closet – two horizontal bars across which were laid sharpened sticks run through the eyes of smoked herring. I think this was only for storage after smoking was done.

### **Hollywood Comes to Falmouth**

by Leonard Miele (Summer 2012)



Sandalwood. Photo by Leonard Miele.

The most interesting feature of the library at Sandalwood was the stage on the east side of the room with its autographed curtain. All the guests who visited the Ourslers were requested to sign the curtain, after which Grace would stitch their signatures with needle and thread. This performance area was the social center of the home where the Ourslers would entertain a panoply of movie stars, governors, political figures, and military heroes. Fulton [Oursler] loved to do magic tricks for his guests and amuse them with his skills as a ventriloquist. When Mary Pickford made her famous visit to Sandalwood, she performed a one-act play in French. Even Thomas Dewey, the New York prosecutor (and future governor of New York and two-time presidential candidate), sang an aria on the Sandalwood stage. Other famous guests included Louis Howe, the secretary and intimate political adviser of Franklin D. Roosevelt; Victor Moore, the character actor who made 71 films between 1915-1955; General Billy Mitchell, the most heroic combat airman

of World War I; and Fredric March, the stage and screen actor who won two Tonys and two Academy Awards for Best Actor.

### **The Portuguese in Falmouth: 1870-1930**

by Lewis A. White (Winter 2013)

The influx of [Portuguese] immigrants experienced in labor intensive farming, many attracted originally by cranberries, became interested in strawberries they could grow on their own land. While many [coming from the mills of Fall River and New Bedford] also became business men, it was first cranberries (which peaked around 1900), and then strawberries, (still a growing industry in 1920, peaking in 1937), that fueled the growth in Falmouth Portuguese population from three families in 1870 to almost a third of the population in 1920...

In 1885, Falmouth shipped 2,234 barrels of cranberries; ten years later, the total was 15,000 barrels. In 1890, Portuguese farmers began growing strawberries; and in 1920 the USDA declared it the highest yield producer in the country...

In 1880, the largest ethnic group in Falmouth was the Irish, and most of them lived in Woods Hole where they worked at the Pacific Guano Company. By 1900, the largest ethnic group was the Portuguese and they lived (in decreasing order) in East Falmouth, Teaticket, Hatchville, Falmouth village, Waquoit, Quissett, Woods Hole, and North Falmouth.

### **Waquoit Bay: Prehistory, History, and Natural History**

by Nancy Church (Summer 2013)

Archeological evidence suggests that sites along the Quashnet and Childs River were used as far back as 8,000-6,000 years ago. During the 1950s, amateur archeologists collected Wampanoag artifacts from later time periods, including stone tools, a pestle and a pendant from areas bordering the bay and Washburn Island. Over the years, shell middens and a Native woman's burial site have emerged from eroding shorelines. These items reflect what has been found across the Cape with increased settlement over time, especially during the Woodland period 1500 to 1,100 years ago when Native people lived in small villages or seasonal camps near abundant fresh and salt water resources. They hunted, fished and collected shellfish from the bay, activities that Wampanoag Tribe members and others continue to this day.

### **My Grandmother**

by Clara Gray (Winter 2014)

My grandmother [Mary Lou Smith] planted many seeds in her life. Some blossomed and faded with the passing of time, coloring the world for those lucky witnesses. But like the perennials in her yard that continue to bloom, many of her creations and accomplishments live on to enrich the community that she cherished so much. Her beloved Highfield Hall stands strong and lovely, ready to be used and admired for generations to come. Her *Spritsail* publication yields new issues every season. The Woods





Judy Stetson and Jennifer Gaines flank Mary Lou and Paul Ferris Smith at a gala party honoring Mary Lou, December 2005. Photo by Susan Pennington.

Hole Historical Museum continues to exhibit new collections of local history every summer. Her books will forever commemorate the story of Falmouth. Her mint is still growing in the garden at the end of Whitney road. And I can still rub its leaves under my thumb, smell its fresh sweetness, and think of my grandmother.

### **Adelaide Cummings, Poet Laureate of Falmouth**

by Leonard Miele (Summer 2014)

Adelaide's career as a journalist reached a peak in the early 1950s, when she was able to break through the glass ceiling and become Editor-

in-Chief of Child Life Magazine for 13 years. Even though she had three children under ten years old, she successfully managed her editorial duties as well as her responsibilities as a wife and mother. She also worked for The National Observer for three years, writing an award-winning column called "Zoo's Who," in which she used animals to satirize the human foibles of men and women. When Representative Wilbur Mills had an infamous dalliance with Fanne Foxe, the stripper who jumped into the tidal basin in Washington, D.C. in 1974, Adelaide wrote a column titled "The Wolf" in which a character called Wilbur the Wolf "brightened the news, with his broads and his booze."

## Paul Ferris Smith 1921-2014

by Jennifer Stone Gaines (Winter 2015)

Paul was enthusiastic and helpful when we labored to bring worthy new ideas to fruition. He was almost always smiling. He loved sailing. He loved music. He was quietly elegant and wore a bow tie to every formal occasion. He was a delight to be with.

Indeed, he was a charismatic leader who shepherded the Woods Hole Historical Museum to the success it is today. He was above all a gentleman, a kind man full of vision for this Museum and the town, a man with boundless energy who could find the right people to help him carry his visions through to completion. We will miss him.

## Memories of the Do Re Mi Houses

by Robert W. Griffin and Deborah Griffin Scanlon (Winter 2015)

Most people familiar with the Woods Hole of the first half of the past century remember the DoReMi houses, three buildings in a musical scale arrangement at the junction of North

and MBL (formerly East) streets. They were on separate adjoining lots, large parallel plateaus, like steps, facing the Eel Pond ('the Eel Pond' was Woods Hole usage). Although they were similar in design and size, they were built to different plans and not purposely designed for musical interpretation. These quaint houses, built in the Carpenter Gothic style, are now gone, unfortunate victims of their virtues – their location near the village center, the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, the Marine Biological Laboratory, the National Marine Fisheries Service, and the Woods Hole, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket Steamship Authority.

They were built in the mid to late 19th century.

## The Train Trip

by Martha Burnham (Summer 2015)

We looked forward to going to West Falmouth for weeks before school closed. The train trip was part of the annual adventure. At last we were off. No matter what the weather we had to have hats and coats. The big trunk was packed in the front hall where the driver of the railway express truck could pick it up...



The DoReMi houses as seen from the Millfield Street side of Eel Pond.

Photo by Caroline Bigelow. Courtesy Woods Hole Historical Museum Archives.



West Falmouth harbor from the air. Courtesy Falmouth Historical Society.

When the announcement came that the Cape train was made up, we walked to the gate with our suitcases, the cat basket, and usually a couple of dolls and the red tin doll's trunk.

The train smelled of fresh varnish and coal gas, and the seats had high backs and were covered with dark red plush; I ran my finger over the bristly ends of the plush pile. A little puff of gray dust came out leaving a smudge on the end of my finger...

At the station in West Falmouth we got off, checked to make sure our trunk had come with us and arranged for it to be sent around by road. We weighed ourselves on the freight scales. An annual ritual because we all gained pounds during the summer. We watched the train pull out and stepped briefly into the station where the slow ticking clock conversed with the clicking of the station telegraph. Then out and down to the waterfront at the town wharf with our hand luggage. We waved, and a tiny figure across the harbor waved

back, and shouted through the megaphone that she was coming right across as soon as she fetched the oars. We sat down on our bags and waited, sniffing the air with delight, listening to the terns, watching the barn swallows darting in and out of Mr. Kingman's boathouse. At last the big rowboat pulled up alongside and we went down into it for the row across to our cottage. It was the best day of the whole year. I don't

think even Christmas could compete with the joy of rediscovery.

### **Charles S. Burgess**

by Tucker M. Clark (Summer 2015)

As a natural and self-proclaimed booster, Burgess noted on May 1, 1909 that the New York New Haven and Hartford Railroad had started advertising the Cape as a vacation destination. He asked, "Why don't the people of Falmouth get together – business men, real estate men and hotel men – and boom Falmouth as a summer resort. It is an acknowledged fact that we have the most beautiful town on the Cape...all we need is to come together and form a plan of advertising that will bring people here." He also proposed "a first class five-dollar-a-day hotel" that would be filled three months a year. He encouraged the town to organize a board of trade so that the good of the town – good roads, a low tax rate, and agreement

among town officers – would be brought to town meeting by a large group of interested citizens rather than “little knots of men gathered in private rooms or clubs.” (Quotations from *The Enterprise*, February 18, 1911.)

### The Wood Lumber Company

by Deborah Griffin Scanlon (Summer 2015)

The article includes this ad from the *Enterprise*:

## **ANNOUNCEMENT**

### ***To Owners Whose Property Has Been Damaged By The Hurricane***

The Wood Lumber Company is in a position to furnish the money for materials and labor required to repair hurricane and flood damage and to restore your homes to first class condition.

We will pay for all building materials, carpenter labor, plumbing and heating, electrical wiring, mason work and grading. You arrange all your financing with us.

**LOANS UP TO \$2,000  
For Periods of 36 Months**

### **The Wood Lumber Co.**

***“Everything To Build Anything”***

LOCUST STREET

TELEPHONE 154

FALMOUTH

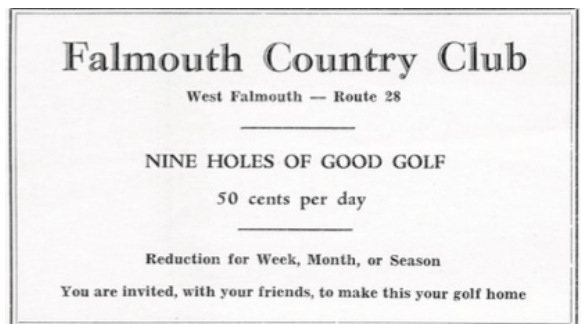
Ad in *The Enterprise*, September 30, 1938. Wood Lumber made similar offers after the hurricanes of 1944 and 1954.

### Falmouth Country Club (1929-1937)

by Maria C. Ward (Winter 2016)

In 1928, the Reverend Dr. D. Brewer Eddy, a summer resident of Chapoquoit Island, decided there was a need for a golf club in West Falmouth for both permanent residents and a vast army of

summer people who could not get day privileges at the currently oversubscribed golf courses in Falmouth. With the help of Boston and resident investors, the new Falmouth Country Club was formed. A deed recorded December 19, 1928, shows acreage purchased from Charles Swift (25 acres at \$50/acre), M.W. Murray (20 acres for \$625) and Frank S. Lambert (21½ acres for \$900 cash and \$300 in stock). This land was on the east side of the main highway in West Falmouth (currently Route 28A) including Telegraph Hill and property to the east...However, building membership rolls was difficult. 1929 records show the golf course open to anyone for a small fee. A drought in 1930 devastated the property. The 1932 fees were \$1.00 per round for Falmouth residents, higher on weekends. Summer visitors paid \$35 for a family membership and \$25 for individual members. At the same time investors appealed for help from golf enthusiasts. They could neither make a profit nor pay off any of the 6% interest to bond holders. Maintenance was always a problem; equipment breakdowns hampered keeping up the fairways and greens. The Great Depression of the 1930s is cited as the main culprit in the short life of the golf course.



Courtesy the Collins archives, Falmouth Historical Society.



## A Life of Science at Sea

by Tom Stetson (Summer 2016)

In October 1958 WHOI flew me to the Arctic to join eight other scientists and eleven Air Force men on Drifting Ice Station Alpha. It was dark all the time and freezing cold, in fact 20 degrees below zero cold, all the time. Sometimes 45 degrees below...

We lived in Quonset huts that had been erected at a safe distance from our 4,300-foot landing strip. Near the runway were the remains of a small bulldozer that had crash landed from an air drop. The remains of a skinned polar bear lay just under the ice on the path from the runway to the huts. It looked uncannily like a frozen human being. Because of bears, we never kept any food in our sleeping huts. The air in those huts stratified into temperature layers. I soon learned to keep my clothes and boots near the ceiling where they would be nice and warm in the morning. I also learned that to take photographs outside, I had to aim and shoot one picture before the film froze, then bring the camera back inside to warm up so I could wind the film forward for another photograph. By the fall of 1958, Ice Station Alpha was about 300 miles from the North Pole, 960 miles northeast of Point Barrow, Alaska, and 600 miles northwest of Thule, Greenland. On Sunday, November 2, in the middle of a violent storm, we heard a roar louder than the sound of the wind, a roar like a speeding train barreling past our huts. When we were able to go outside, we saw that the ice floe had split apart. About half a mile of open water separated us from the runway, and the runway itself had been shortened to only 2,200 feet.

## Hard Against the Rising Ground

by Thomas Sbarra (Winter 2017)

Jonathan Hatch had gotten himself in trouble living in Barnstable by associating “excessively” with the natives and being entirely too tolerant of the Quakers. The Quakers were distinctly persona non grata with the majority Puritans, who didn’t care at all for the Quakers’ fair treatment of women and their pacifism. Jonathan and the town fathers got tired of butting heads. In 1660 he got in his boat and paddled to Falmouth, where he felt he was far enough away to live peacefully. To shelter his house from the north winds of winter, he built into the south side of the last glacier’s terminal moraine, in his words, “Hard against the rising ground.” His ability to speak Wampanoag allowed him to negotiate the purchase of land from the Native Americans, who also helped him to survive. He was optimistic enough to send for his wife a year later; shortly after her arrival in 1663, she gave birth to the first of their eleven children. Moses Hatch is widely considered to be the first European child born in Falmouth.





Moses Hatch house. Photo by Steve Chalmers.