



Spritsail

Volume 35, Number 1
Winter 2021

A Journal of the History of Falmouth and Vicinity
Published by the Woods Hole Historical Collection



Published by
Woods Hole Historical Collection
579 Woods Hole Road
Woods Hole, MA 02543

Editors
Olivann Hobbie
Leonard Miele

Editorial Board
Janet Gardner
Kathy Lanson
Jane A. McLaughlin
Maria C. Ward

Design & Layout
Beth Ready Liles

Contributions to *Spritsail* are welcome.
Typed manuscripts and letters should be
sent to:

Spritsail
P.O. Box 185
Woods Hole, Massachusetts 02543

Website: www.woodsholemuseum.org

ISSN 0893-4541

**Woods Hole Historical Collection
& Museum Steering Committee**

A Division of the Woods Hole Public Library

Chair
Laura M. Reckford

Vice Chair
Beth Ready Liles

Secretary
Kathy Denham

Treasurer
Don Aukamp

Steering Committee
Charlotte Emmons
Becky Sue Epstein
Robert Leary
Beth Ready Liles
Arlene Lowenstein
Leonard Miele
Maureen Nolan
Christopher Polloni
Martha Speirs
Chuck Verbeck

*Woods Hole Public Library Board
of Trustees Representatives*
Vicky Cullen
Stephen Senft

Executive Director
Deborah Griffin Scanlon

Archivist
Colleen Hurter
Archives open by appointment.

Exhibits open mid-June – October

Small Boat Restoration Program
Saturday Year Round, 9 AM–Noon

On the Front Cover: The portrait of Charles R. Crane was painted in 1939 by Russian painter Feodor Zakharov and is displayed at the MBL's Lillie auditorium. Photo by Richard Boudreau and courtesy Marine Biological Laboratory.

On the Back Cover: Painting of Shiverick's Pond by Falmouth artist Marilyn Dreyer.
Courtesy Marilyn Dreyer.

Contents

From the Editors	2
The Legacy of Charles R. Crane	3
<i>By Leonard Miele</i>	
A Brief History of Shiverick's Pond	21
<i>By Paul Dreyer</i>	
Prosser Gifford: Our Own Renaissance Man	28
<i>By Vicky Cullen</i>	
My Big SEA Adventure	32
<i>By Maureen Nolan</i>	
Dan Clark: Marine Contractor and Woods Hole Legend	39
<i>By Pamela Nelson</i>	
A Letter to the Editors	44
<i>By Judy Stetson</i>	

WOODS HOLE HISTORICAL MUSEUM

*A lively small museum with changing exhibits and
diverse programs appealing to people with wide interests*

From the Editors

The pandemic of 2020 created many obstacles for the writers and editors of *Spritsail*. Because of the restrictions of social distancing, it was impossible to access research, to conduct interviews, or to gather photos and documents for *Spritsail* articles. For the first time in three decades, a summer issue of *Spritsail* was not published because of Covid-19.

Fortunately, five writers persevered through the isolation of the past year and contributed five essays for this winter issue of *Spritsail*.

Leonard Miele has written a comprehensive study of Charles R. Crane and his family in Woods Hole. He documents their diplomatic and philanthropic endeavors and provides an insightful portrait of their personal lives.

Paul Dreyer discusses the history of Shiverick's Pond located in the heart of Falmouth Village. Not only does he describe the ecological and environmental importance of the pond, but he explains the town's efforts to preserve the pond as a recreational destination for the Falmouth community.

Vicky Cullen writes a charming reminiscence of Prosser Gifford, one of Falmouth's true Renaissance men. She describes his impressive academic achievements and his valuable contributions to the town of Falmouth.

Maureen Nolan recalls her memories of an unforgettable sea voyage she experienced as an adult student with the Sea Education Association. Using excerpts from her personal journal, she shares nautical stories of her life-changing adventure aboard the *R/V Westward*.

Drawing on a transcription of a Conversation sponsored by the Woods Hole Historical Museum in January, Pamela Nelson describes the life of Dan Clark, a legendary mariner and contractor who was admired by his friends and colleagues in both the boating and scientific communities of Woods Hole.

We should note two changes to the editorial board of *Spritsail*. The departure of **Maria C. Ward** from the board in October is a loss to our publication and is best expressed by two of her fellow editors: "My grateful thanks for the articles Maria researched and wrote, and for the other authors she shepherded into our fold." And "You've been a valuable editor and writer who has contributed so much to the success of *Spritsail*. Your dedication will be difficult to replace." We might note that, in addition to the many articles she wrote, Maria was a vigilant and well-informed manuscript editor. **Judy Stetson** also bids farewell to the journal this year after serving as an editor of the *Spritsail* for thirty-two years. See her heartfelt letter on page 44.

The Legacy of Charles R. Crane

By Leonard Miele

Known to the Woods Hole community as the “patron saint” of the Marine Biological Laboratory, Charles Richard Crane was one of America’s most prominent citizens during the first half of the 20th century.¹ As a successful businessman, philanthropist, diplomat, and world traveler, he was an advisor and confidante to U.S. presidents and world leaders and served on international commissions that influenced foreign policy in Russia, China, Turkey, and Palestine. He was a self-educated Renaissance man who, as his biographer Norman E. Saul has noted, “never went to high school. All his knowledge was self-acquired. He learned to speak good French, fair German, and quite a lot of Russian.” Although he never earned a college degree and completed only eight years of schooling, he was awarded five honorary doctoral degrees for a celebrated career as a humanitarian and statesman² and appeared on the cover of *Time Magazine* on March 9, 1931.

Charles Crane was born on August 7, 1858, in Chicago, Illinois, the eldest son of entrepreneur



Charles Richard Crane, the patriarch of the Crane family and the “patron saint” of the Marine Biological Laboratory. Dana Hull-The World’s Work, 1909.

Richard Teller Crane who founded the R.T. Crane Brass and Bell Foundry in 1855, a company that would become one of the world’s largest and most successful manufacturers of plumbing fixtures and supplies. At the age of ten, Charles Crane began working as an apprentice at the Crane Company foundries after school and during school vacations. This early introduction to all aspects of the plumbing industry was invaluable training for him to be president of the company, albeit forty-two years later when his father died in 1912. He served as president for two years, retiring in 1914

and selling his interest in the company to his brother Richard Teller Crane, Jr. for a reported 14 million dollars.³ According to company records, the brothers built the “Great Works,” a new, up-to-date central plant for the Crane Company on 160 acres on the southwest side of Chicago. At a cost of 12 million dollars, this modern facility had forty-seven separate buildings with seventy-two acres of floor space. The company was serviced by five railroads,

employed 10,000 workers, and had forty-three sales offices throughout the United States.⁴

When Charles was nineteen, he enrolled at the Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, New Jersey to study engineering. Complaining of digestive problems, he left the school within a week, the first sign of his being "allergic to formal education."⁵ Since Richard Teller Crane was a hands-on, self-made millionaire, he was critical of education in general, asking in a *Chicago Tribune* interview "...what's the use of education beyond the three R's, if a boy is going into business?"⁶ Because he was especially critical of Ivy League colleges that "pampered, wined and dined, and spoiled the elite youth of America into an alcoholic stupor," he was sympathetic to Charles' decision to leave school to experience the real world as his classroom.⁷ Since the elder Crane had the financial means to indulge or spoil his "elite" son, the younger Crane embarked on an enviable seventeen-month tour of the world, assimilating unfamiliar cultures and political systems.

From September 1877 to June 1878, Charles traveled to England, Spain, France, Italy, the Ottoman Empire, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Greece before joining the Crane family in Paris for a brief reunion. At the end of June 1879, he was in New York City to begin another extraordinary adventure that would last nine months. Sharing navigational duties with a captain on the small sailing vessel *Venture*, he traveled for 110 days to reach Indonesia where he visited Christmas Island, Jakarta, Java, and

Krakatoa. Before returning home in March, 1880, he journeyed to India, China, and Japan and had seen much of the world by the age of twenty-one.⁸

Charles Crane was an active citizen of the world his entire life, immersed in the culture and history of Russia, China, and the Middle East. In 1887, he traveled to Russia for the first time to work on a joint business venture between the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company and the Crane Company. Beyond expanding his company's financial interests, he became lifelong friends with Russian intellectuals, political reformers, Eastern Orthodox clergy, writers, and musicians. He was enamored of the "genius of the Russian people" and funded programs to share Russian music, literature, and history with Americans interested in Slavic culture.⁹ In collaboration with the University of Chicago, Charles Crane endowed a Chair of Slavonic Studies at the University. To recruit Russian/Slavic scholars for the program, Crane invited university president William Harper to accompany him to Russia in 1900. Harper was impressed by Crane's influential social connections on this journey and was elated when it was arranged for them to meet Count Leo Tolstoy and Tsar Nicholas II.¹⁰

Charles Crane loved the eminent church choirs he heard in the Orthodox churches throughout Russia. To promote Russian singers and singing in the United States, he invited Ivan T. Gorokoff, a well-known Moscow musician, to organize the Russian Cathedral

Choir at Saint Nicholas Russian Orthodox Cathedral in New York City. As the major patron of the choir, Crane financed Gorokoff, the eight adult male vocalists he enlisted in Russia, and the twenty-one American boys of Russian heritage who toured the country under Crane's sponsorship.¹¹ The choir performed for President Woodrow Wilson at the White House and visited the Crane estate in Woods Hole every summer. The choir was active and in demand from 1912 until 1918 when the Russian Revolution brought about its demise.

In 1929, Soviet dictator Josef Stalin ordered the closing of the thirteenth century Danilov Monastery in Moscow. Since he banned the ringing of church bells throughout Russia, the eighteen bronze bells at the monastery were to be melted down for ammunition. As fate would have it, Charles R. Crane intervened to save these cultural treasures. For approximately \$50,000, Crane purchased the bells and donated them to Harvard University.¹² From 1930 to 2008, seventeen of the bells were installed in the Lowell House tower, while the eighteenth bell was placed in the tower of the Baker Library at the Harvard Business School. Ranging in weight from twenty-two pounds to thirteen and a half tons, the bells were rung during commencement every year and during solemn occasions such as the death of Martin Luther King and the 9/11 tragedy.¹³ When the monastery reopened in 1983, officials of the Orthodox Church and the Russian government began a successful campaign to have the bells returned in 2007 and 2008.

Charles Crane will always be remembered for the two endowment funds he established in the 1920s that are still operating today. The Friendship Fund, with its initial endowment of \$2,000,000, was first formed to support the financial needs of the Marine Biological Laboratory in Woods Hole, where Charles Crane was a member of the Board of Trustees. He soon realized that smaller organizations and non-profits in the community also needed financial help. Through his descendants, the Fund, after 100 years, continues to support those in need. In 1930, Charles Crane transferred \$1,000,000 from his Friendship Fund to endow the Institute of Current World Affairs he developed with his son John Oliver Crane in 1925. Since they believed that many policymakers were not informed about the world and current affairs, they created fellowships for young professionals to travel overseas and experience other countries. After operating for a full century, the aim of the ICWA is to provide a two-year immersion program that "advances American understanding of international cultures and affairs."^{14, 15}

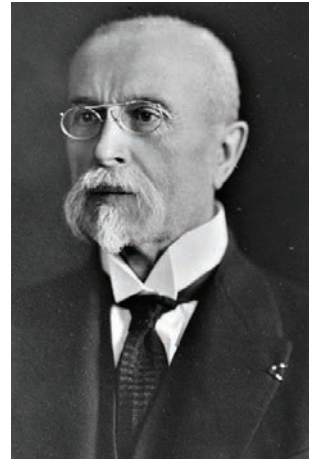
A Life of Diplomacy

For six years, Charles R. Crane was the president of the Municipal Voter's League in Chicago, a reformist group supporting honest government and social justice. As a local businessman and concerned citizen, he wanted to change the culture of political corruption that permeated Chicago politics. Nationally, Crane was a major Republican supporter of William Howard Taft in the 1908 presidential

election. For his party loyalty, and his international experience, he was appointed the U.S. Minister to China in 1909. Unfortunately, he was recalled from this position even before he reached Peking for making indiscreet comments to reporters about predicting an eventual war between Japan and the United States.¹⁶ During the 1912 presidential election, Crane dismissed the Republican Party and embraced Woodrow Wilson's Democratic policies, donating \$10,000 to his campaign. Crane eventually became vice chairman of Wilson's finance committee and donated another \$40,000 to elect Wilson.¹⁷ It was no surprise that Crane, who would become Wilson's friend and political advisor, would be offered the Ambassadorship to Russia. Unfortunately, Crane had just assumed the presidency of the Crane Company and could not accept the appointment.

Woodrow Wilson did enlist Charles R. Crane to join former Secretary of State and Nobel Prize winner Elihu Root on a diplomatic mission to Russia in June of 1917 to evaluate the stability of the country. Since Tsar Nicholas II had abdicated on March 15, Wilson wanted to establish an alliance with the new revolutionary government and to seek its support of the Allied cause during World War I. When Crane was selected to be on the Root Commission, he had already traveled to Russia to view the situation. He was pleased to see that old liberal friends such as foreign minister Paul Milyukov were part of the democratic but weak Provisional Government, which ended when the Bolsheviks took power in the October revolution.

In 1896, Charles Crane visited Prague to meet Thomas Masaryk, a professor of philosophy and sociology at Karlova University. This intellectual encounter would create a political and familial bond that would join the two of them for the rest of their lives. Masaryk would first come to the United States for the year 1904-1905 to fill the chair of Slavonic Studies that Crane had established at the University of Chicago and again in 1918 when Crane arranged for the political activist Thomas Masaryk to meet with President Wilson to enlist his support to liberate the Czechs and the Slovaks



Thomas Masaryk,
the first president of
Czechoslovakia.
Bain Collection,
Library of Congress.

from the Austro-Hungarian Empire.¹⁹ Having been a member of the Austrian parliament for seven years, Masaryk became a prominent leader in freeing the Slavic people from Austria-Hungary on October 28, 1918, weeks before the end of World War I. He became the first president of the Republic of Czechoslovakia, serving three terms from 1918 to 1935. Due to Crane's friendship with Masaryk, it was not surprising that the first U.S. ambassador to Czechoslovakia was Charles Crane's oldest son John Teller Crane; that Masaryk's personal secretary was Crane's youngest son

John Oliver Crane, and that Masaryk's son Jan married Crane's youngest daughter, Frances Anita Crane.

After the Paris Peace Conference in 1919, President Wilson sent Charles Crane on another diplomatic mission to the Middle East to determine the postwar future of those nations that were once part of the Ottoman Empire. During June and July of 1919, Crane partnered with Henry C. King, the president of Oberlin College, as part of the Inter-Allied Commission on Mandates in Turkey, or the more familiar King-Crane Commission. Their final report, which the British and the French were able to suppress for two years, concluded that the majority of Arabs in the region favored an independent Syria but were opposed to the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine, an idea that would not come to fruition for another thirty years.²⁰

Charles Crane's proudest diplomatic moment came in 1920 when President Wilson named him the U.S. Minister to China from May 1920 to June 1921. Although he served only briefly, the well-to-do Crane was eager to help the impoverished Chinese population during a year of widespread famine. He was a hands-on diplomat who worked among every class of people. His only concern was to supply seed grain to the hungry and to generate public works jobs for the poorest members of Chinese society.

Because of his efforts, he was made an Honorary Advisor to the Government of China when he left his post as the foreign minister. As Crane

has noted, "I've been on the inside of many interesting jobs in my life, but the best job I ever did was organizing the famine relief in China."²¹

One of Crane's final forays into personal diplomacy took place in 1931 when he journeyed to Arabia to meet the legendary Wahabi leader Abdul-Aziz ibn Saud, a desert sheikh who ruled central and northern Arabia. According to Crane's biographer David Hapgood, this meeting became a small anecdote in the history of Saudi Arabia. Crane was concerned about the dry farming methods used in the desert and suggested that Ibn Saud use artesian wells to irrigate the land. During their five-day meeting, Ibn Saud agreed to allow Crane's mining engineer Karl S. Twitchell to search for water throughout the region. Although Twitchell was unable to find a reliable source of water, he found a seemingly inexhaustible source of petroleum, a discovery that would change the entire world. Ibn Saud offered Crane the chance to develop this resource with him, but Crane felt it was "better for a nation to develop its own resources with its own talent and money."²² In 1932, Ibn Saud became the first founder and king of Saudi Arabia and one of the wealthiest, most influential men in the world. Crane admired Ibn Saud and compared him to his father when he described him as having a "great natural human brain entirely unspoiled by education, except the education of human experience."²³

The Marine Biological Laboratory

A highlight of Charles Crane's philanthropic career was his association with the Marine Biological Laboratory, the iconic research facility in Woods Hole. Over a thirty-eight-year period, beginning in 1901, he contributed over one and a quarter million dollars to alleviate deficits, purchase land, and construct laboratory buildings in a campus-like setting bordering the waters of Great Harbor. Crane was introduced to the MBL in 1900 when he visited his sister Frances Crane Lillie and her husband, Dr. Frank R. Lillie. Mrs. Lillie is remembered for donating the Angelus Bell Tower and Mary Garden to St. Joseph Church on the north shore of Eel Pond. Befitting a scientific community, the two bells in the tower are named Mendel and Pasteur.²⁴ Mr. Lillie was the assistant director of the Laboratory at the time of his brother-in-law's visit to Woods Hole and encouraged him to embrace the MBL community. In 1901, Crane became a valued member of the board of trustees, followed by his election as president of the corporation from 1903 to 1925. With Crane as the major benefactor, the MBL experienced a remarkable period of growth, both in size and prestige.

From 1909 until 1923, Crane pledged \$20,000 a year to cover unexpected costs at the Laboratory. In 1914, he funded the Crane Laboratory at a personal cost of \$135,000. Utilizing his business acumen, Crane presented the MBL with a gift of \$1,405,000 in 1924, given jointly by John D. Rockefeller (\$400,000),

the Rockefeller Foundation (\$500,000), the Carnegie Foundation (\$100,000), and Crane's Friendship Fund (\$405,000). When the Crane building needed additional space, Crane provided \$222,000 in 1925 to construct the Lillie wing with its modern laboratories and large auditorium.²⁵ Just beyond the auditorium on display is a bronze statue of Confucius that Charles Crane brought back from China when he completed his diplomatic duties. In jest, MBL Fellow Jane Maienschein has noted that "tradition holds that a researcher who places a penny in Confucius's hands will have rewarding research results, whereas those who fail to observe the custom will only publish in the *Journal of Negative Results*."²⁶

Charles Crane served as president of the Corporation of the MBL for twenty-two years. When he resigned from this position in 1925, the board of trustees acknowledged his invaluable contributions in their letter of acceptance: "Almost every year of your Presidency, you have made notable additions to our estate, among which are the Kidder lot, cottage and annex, the Whitman and Ritter cottages, and New Homestead and Mess Hall, the Bar Neck property, our first permanent and fireproof laboratory which should be known as the Crane Building and finally the completion of the fund for the building and equipment of the New Laboratory and the permanent endowment of your annual gift of twenty thousand dollars from the Friendship Fund."²⁷

To celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Marine Biological Laboratory and to honor Charles Crane on his eightieth birthday in August of 1938, the board of trustees commissioned a painting to be hung in Lillie Auditorium. Representing the trustees, Crane's brother-in-law Dr. Frank Lillie made the following poignant remarks: "After we are all gone these far-seeing eyes and this friendly face in its familiar Woods Hole setting will long speak to our successors as the best friend the Laboratory has ever had."²⁸

Cornelia Crane

Charles Crane married Cornelia Workman Smith on November 2, 1881 in Paterson, New Jersey, when she was nineteen and he was twenty-three. Her parents were Sarah Hemingway Workman and John Oliver Smith,



Cornelia Crane, the matriarch of the Crane family.
Courtesy Woods Hole
Historical Museum.

an organist and choir master. Cornelia was also a musician, creating inspirational compositions her entire life. And, like her parents, she was a devout Presbyterian. Early in their courtship, Charles revealed to Cornelia that his skepticism of the Christian church could jeopardize

their relationship. In 1878 he wrote: "I do not feel the slightest sympathy with what are generally known as the 'Orthodox Creeds of Christianity'; nor is there any hope in my mind in favor of such a feeling; nor do I think I should wish to have that feeling."²⁹ It was a tribute to their mutual respect for each other that their marriage lasted fifty-seven years.

The Cranes first visited Woods Hole in 1902 when Charles began his association with the Marine Biological Laboratory. With four teenagers in tow, Cornelia would embrace the Woods Hole community for the next thirty-nine years. In 1908, the family occupied the Daniel Webster Butler "cottage" on Butler's Point, purchasing it in 1909, and declaring it their permanent residence in 1915. While Charles served as president of the MBL Corporation, Cornelia became an early member of the Falmouth Nursing Association, a longtime member of the Woods Hole Woman's Club, and an eventual member of the MBL Corporation. Perhaps her greatest distinction at this time was to support Charles' philanthropic endeavors and diplomatic career, especially as Minister to China. While they were on assignment in China in 1921, she was awarded the Decoration of Mercy, the highest honor the Republic of China could give to a woman, for her famine relief work with starving women and children.³⁰

Cornelia was a talented, published musician who wrote melodies for children's prayers and nursery rhymes and composed sacred music for the book *As a Little Child* and the nine-volume *The Spiritual Way*. She was particularly proud of



An early photo of the Crane estate on Juniper Point. Courtesy Woods Hole Historical Museum.

her composition “Alleluia” whose dedication to Pope Pius IX was acknowledged when she had a special audience with him at the Vatican in 1929. This was a singular moment for Cornelia: she had converted to Catholicism in 1927 when she became a member of St. Joseph Church in Woods Hole. When she died on November 21, 1941, it was fitting that a men’s quartet at the church sang “The Lord’s Prayer” to music written by Cornelia.³¹

The imposing Crane estate on Juniper Point, previously known as the Butler estate on Butler’s Point, was located on the neck of land overlooking Woods Hole Passage between Little Harbor to the east and Great Harbor to the west. The main house on the nine-acre property, a Queen Anne-style dwelling built c. 1878, had twenty rooms to accommodate

the six members of the Crane family and their domestic help. The four-story tower on the southeast side of the house had commanding views of Nobska Lighthouse and Vineyard Sound. Two smaller residences were on the estate as well as a stable, greenhouse, Japanese water garden, superintendent’s cottage, clay and turf tennis courts, private swimming pier, and a boathouse which housed Charles Crane’s beautiful library/study with over 1,000 books gathered from around the world.³²

Charles and Cornelia Crane had five children: Richard Teller Crane II, Cornelia Crane, who died at age three, Mary Josephine Crane, Frances Anita Crane, and John Oliver Crane. Except for Richard, three of the surviving siblings had strong ties to Woods Hole.

Richard Teller Crane II

Richard Teller Crane II, the namesake of his prosperous grandfather, was born on August 12, 1882. When he was only nineteen years old, he graduated from Harvard College with a Bachelor of Science degree, an honor the elder Richard Teller probably believed he earned while he was “pampered, wine, and dined” at Harvard. To his credit, Richard Teller Crane II would prove to be a successful businessman



Richard Teller Crane II, the eldest son of Charles and Cornelia Crane. National Photo Collection, Library of Congress.

and diplomat like his father, although his life would come to a tragic, premature end. When he married Ellen Douglas Bruce in 1909, he was a vice president of the Crane Company. One year later he became the president of the Crane Valve Company in Bridgeport, Connecticut, a position he held from 1910 to 1914.

The Cranes purchased Westover Plantation, an historic colonial plantation along the James River in Westover, Virginia, when Richard became the private secretary to Secretary

of State Robert Lansing during the Wilson administration from 1910 to 1919. Because of his father’s association with President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia, Richard was appointed the first U.S. Minister to Czechoslovakia from June 11, 1919 to December 5, 1921, serving at the same time his father was the Minister to China.³³

When Richard was fifty-six, he was killed by his own shotgun while hunting on his Virginia plantation. Newspapers reported that he stumbled in the underbrush and his gun accidentally discharged and penetrated his right temple.³⁴ Sadly, his death on October 3, 1938 was just four months before his father died in February of 1939.

Mary Josephine Bradley

Mary Josephine Crane, born on April 23, 1886, experienced a challenging, but triumphant childhood. When she was eighteen months old, Charles Crane noticed a lump under the skin on her back that he had removed, unfortunately, by an incompetent doctor in Oakland, California. Her incision became infected, blood poisoning set in, and she lost her hearing in both ears. The resourceful Charles Crane took Josephine (as she was called by family and friends) to see Alexander Graham Bell, the renowned Canadian scientist and teacher of the deaf. Bell believed that it was possible for the deaf to speak and avoid their dependence on sign language as evidenced while working with his deaf mother, deaf wife, and famed student Helen Keller.³⁵

Alexander Graham Bell tested Josephine and made the following observation: "You have a very bright child here. Do not cripple her for life by sending her to a deaf school to learn finger talk. In Vienna there is a speech doctor who will teach her lip-reading. She'll then have a normal life."³⁶ For two winters, Josephine worked with Dr. Viktor Urbantisch in Vienna where she learned to read lips and speak in a modulated, contralto voice. As her sons noted in a 2005 family biography of their mother, "We never tried to correct her pronunciation, we didn't want to spoil a good thing. Such linguistic gymnastics delighted us. She joined in the laughter, not a bit embarrassed."

Josephine was a student at the University of Wisconsin when she met Harold Cornelius Bradley, a professor of physiology and chemistry at the university's medical school. They were married in July of 1908, lived in Madison, Wisconsin for the next forty years, and had eight children: Mary Cornelia, Charles, Harold, David, Stephen, Joseph, Richard, and William. In January 1916, their only daughter Mary Cornelia died of meningitis when she was six years old. To honor her memory, Harold and Josephine raised over \$75,000 over the next four years to establish the Mary Cornelia Bradley Hospital

for the Study of Children's Diseases, the first children's hospital in Madison.³⁷

Although the Bradleys were summer residents of Woods Hole, they were active in the community and known to most of their neighbors in the village. Harold was the president of the Woods Hole Choral Club, a Commodore of the Woods Hole Yacht Club, and a member of the physiology investigative staff



Mary Josephine Crane Bradley and her husband Dr. Harold Bradley.

Dear Mother booklet, courtesy of Woods Hole Historical Museum.

at the Marine Biological Laboratory. Josephine, on the other hand, was the matriarch of seven sons and the manager of the most famous home in Woods Hole. In 1912, Charles Crane hired the Minneapolis architectural team of William Gray Purcell and George Grant Elmslie to build a summer "bungalow" for the Bradleys one-half mile south of the Crane estate

at the tip of Juniper Point. For the past century, boaters and ferry passengers traversing Vineyard Sound have been awed by what has become known as the Bradley "airplane house." With its wing-like cantilevered rooms and breathtaking views of Martha's Vineyard and the Elizabeth Islands, the Prairie style home was built in six months at a cost of \$30,000.³⁸ The Bradleys vacationed on Juniper Point until 1943 when the United States Army requisitioned the home as a guard post during World War II.

The Bradley house with its commanding view of Vineyard Sound. Courtesy Woods Hole Historical Museum.



When Harold Bradley retired from the University of Wisconsin in 1948, he and Josephine moved to Berkeley, California where she died on January 26, 1952 at the age of sixty-five. Because of her father, she is immortalized by a painting that is on display at the National Gallery of Prague in Czechoslovakia. As a slavophile, Charles Crane commissioned Alphonse Mucha, the most prominent of all Czech artists, to paint the portrait of Josephine as a wedding gift in 1908. As a further honor, Mucha chose this image to illustrate the one hundred crown banknote he designed in 1920 for the newly created Czechoslovakia.

Frances Anita Crane

Frances Anita Crane was born on November 8, 1887, into a world of privilege and wealth. As the daughter, sister, and wife of foreign diplomats, she was a renowned socialite and hostess who, like her father, lived a life of travel, diplomacy, and philanthropy. Historian and family friend Norris Houghton described her as "Tall, with an imposing, almost regal mien, she seemed very much the grande dame and a

great beauty, quite remote from all mundane concerns."³⁹ In Woods Hole, however, she led a more tranquil, grounded life. She was an ardent benefactress of theater and music in Falmouth and an active participant in the community affairs of the town.



An Edwin Gray portrait study of Frances Anita Crane. Courtesy the *Falmouth Enterprise*.

In 1907, twenty-year-old Frances Crane left Bryn Mawr College after her junior year to marry twenty-four-year-old Robert William Leatherbee, a 1905 graduate of Harvard College. The couple met during the summer yachting races in Marion, MA. At the end of

World War I, during which Robert had served on the War Shipping Board, the Leatherbees moved to Brae Burn Farm in Hatchville village in Falmouth. As the successful proprietor of Brae Burn Farm, Robert developed one of the largest and most efficient dairy farms in New England while serving as the head of the Cape Cod Milk Producers Association and as the director of the Cape Cod Farm Bureau. For the next three decades of his life, until his death in 1954, he was a respected citizen of the Falmouth community as a member of the Planning Board and Finance Committee, the president of the Falmouth Rotary Club, and the president of the Cape Cod Council of the Boy Scouts of America.⁴⁰

The Leatherbees had three children: Charles Crane Leatherbee in 1907, Robert William Leatherbee in 1910, and Richard Teller Leatherbee in 1914. When Frances and Robert divorced in 1924, the two younger sons dropped the surname Leatherbee and became known as Robert and Richard Crane. Of the three sons, Charles Crane Leatherbee is the best-known for co-founding the University Players in 1928, a summer theater that introduced Henry Fonda and Jimmy Stewart to theater audiences. With financial help from patrons such as his mother and grandfather, Charles Leatherbee built the Old Silver Beach Playhouse in North Falmouth where he partnered with fellow collegians Bretaigne Windust and Joshua Logan to produce and direct plays at the popular beach venue until 1932. Joshua Logan would become a famed stage and film director, winning a Pulitzer

Prize for co-writing the musical *South Pacific*.⁴¹ In 1933, Charles Leatherbee married Joshua's sister Mary Lee Logan, a marriage that ended sadly two years later when Charles died of pneumonia at age twenty-seven. Mary never remarried, pursued a three-decade career as a senior travel editor at *Life* magazine, and, at age sixty-one in 1972, died tragically by drowning when a canoe she was in capsized in Campbell River, British Columbia.⁴²

In 1916, Charles R. Crane built Frances a home (*i.e.* estate) on Gardiner Road in the Gansett section of Woods Hole, just as he had done for Josephine on Juniper Point. Known as Whitecrest, the home generated comments in the *Falmouth Enterprise* that Frances "grew up with all the assurances of great wealth" and "was a personage in a graceful period of Falmouth life."⁴³ Built on a hill with a breathtaking view of Buzzards Bay (and Marion), the white colonial, three-story home sat on three acres of land with a rose garden, orchard, private beach, and three-car garage. The fifteen-room home, excluding servants' quarters, was the perfect locale for the lively Wednesday night suppers that Frances hosted for the company of the University Players. Norris Houghton recalls that "In those days she affected long Empire gowns in pastel shades ...and looked as though she should be permanently planted at the head of some broad marble staircase."⁴⁴ The Leatherbees divorced in 1924 and at the end of the year, on December 28, Frances became the wife of Czechoslovakian diplomat Jan Masaryk and the daughter-in-law of Czech president Thomas Masaryk.

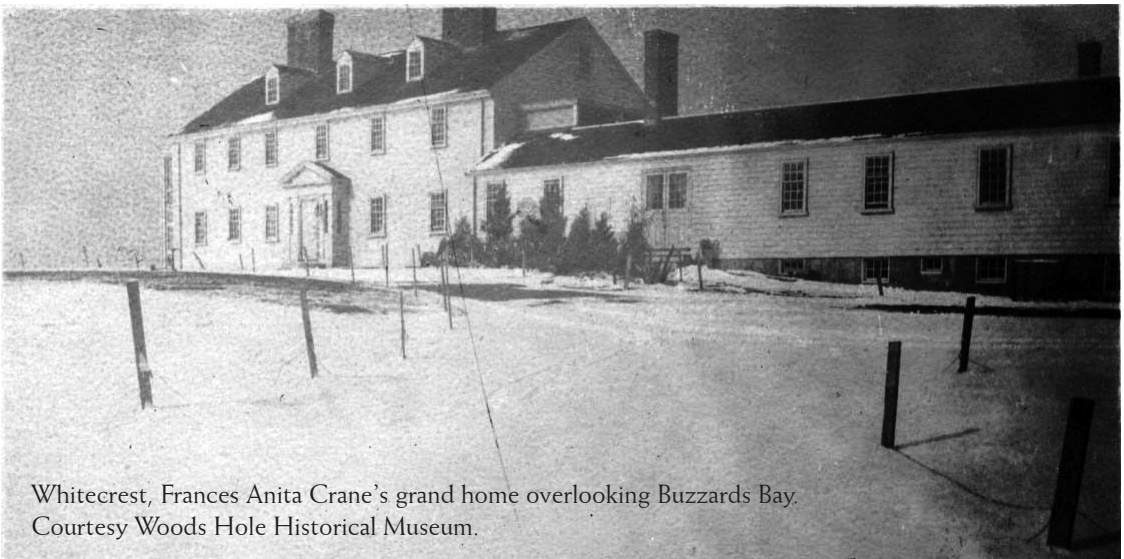
The Crane family had been aligned with the Masaryk family since 1896 when Charles R. Crane first met Thomas Masaryk in Prague. When Jan Masaryk was twenty years old in 1906, he traveled to the United States with plans to be a concert pianist but instead worked for the Crane Valve Company in Bridgeport, Connecticut, under Richard Teller Crane II, his future brother-in-law and future Minister to Czechoslovakia. Jan and Frances met in 1921 at a July 4th party at Schoenborn, the palace in Prague that Charles Crane purchased for the U.S. government to house its embassy.⁴⁵ The newly married Masaryks moved to London when Jan Masaryk was appointed the Czechoslovakian Minister to the Court of St. James. For six years, they made their home in the London embassy where Frances relished her role as an international hostess and embraced her colorful life of diplomacy and travel. Although Frances had all the



Frances and Jan Masaryk on board the *SS George Washington* crossing the Atlantic in 1925.
Wikimedia Commons.

trappings of being a true “grande dame” and was able to visit her family every summer in Woods Hole, her life with Jan came to an end with the annulment of their marriage in 1931.

Jan Masaryk would remain a Foreign Minister to Czechoslovakia until March, 1948. On the



Whitecrest, Frances Anita Crane's grand home overlooking Buzzards Bay.
Courtesy Woods Hole Historical Museum.

morning of March 10, his body was found on the pavement below his third-floor apartment at the Czernin palace in Prague. To this day, no one has been able to prove if he died of suicide, as most international papers reported, or was pushed from a window by Soviet agents. Two days after Jan Masaryk died, 200,000 people stood in a line two miles long to view his body as it lay in state at the Czernin palace, a fitting tribute to the man who had made strenuous efforts to keep Czech independence.⁴⁶



Jan Masaryk,
Czechoslovakia's
Foreign Minister.
Wikimedia Commons.

When Frances Masaryk returned to live at Whitecrest in 1931, she chose to be known as Mrs. Frances Crane for the rest of her life. Immersing herself in countless civic endeavors, she "dedicated herself to community work on Cape Cod up to the very day of her death," according to her brother John Oliver Crane. She was a member of the Falmouth Garden Club and the Woods Hole Woman's Club; she supported the fund drives of the Salvation Army and the Society for the Protection and Care of Children; she was on the Strawberry Festival parade committee and participated at the annual teas and sales at the Church of the Messiah in Woods Hole; she initiated a successful Share-a-Shawl campaign for English women dealing with post-war fuel shortages;

and she was on the Board of Directors of the Falmouth Nursing Association and a founding member of the Coonamessett Music Society.⁴⁷

Continuing the interest in theater she had shown by supporting her son's theatrical endeavors with the University Players, Frances Crane and her brother John built the star-studded Falmouth Playhouse in 1949 at the Coonamessett Resort in Hatchville overlooking Coonamessett Pond. As the managers of the resort, they converted the barn-like Coonamessett Club on the property into a professional summer theater with 596 seats and a stage fifty-two feet wide and twenty-eight feet deep. With Frances' son Robert acting as associate producer, the theater was leased to Robert Aldrich, the producing director of the iconic Cape Cod Playhouse in Dennis and the husband of famed Broadway star Gertrude Lawrence.⁴⁸

It is ironic that the world of the theater which Frances loved so much would be a footnote to her tragic death at the age of sixty-six. On the evening of August 9, 1954, she attended the opening night of the play *Dear Charles* at the Falmouth Playhouse starring Tallulah Bankhead. After the performance, she joined the star and other theater friends at the Treadway Inn to enjoy the piano music and to renew their friendship, unknowingly for the last time. While driving home to Whitecrest along Sandwich Road early in the morning, her car crashed into another car driven by an Air Force policeman. Although he survived the accident, Frances Crane died an hour and a half later at Cape Cod Hospital in Hyannis,

ending the life of a vibrant, prominent member of the Falmouth community.⁴⁹

For over sixty years, Frances has been memorialized by the popular wildlife and hunting preserve that bears her name in Falmouth's Hatchville neighborhood. On October 10, 1958, the Division of Fisheries and Game purchased approximately 1,400 acres of land from the Crane-owned Coonamessett Ranch company with the "assurance that the area would be used for Wildlife Management purposes and would be called the Frances Anita Crane Wildlife Management Area."

John Oliver Crane

Of the four Crane children, John Oliver Crane, born on December 28, 1899, was the one most closely allied to his father, championing his philanthropies and embracing his global view of life and travel. When he was twenty years old, he took a leave of absence from Harvard College after his junior year to join his parents in Peking when Charles Crane finished his assignment as Minister of China. At the end of June until the first week of August in 1921, John traveled with his father on a six-week adventure across Siberia and Russia on the Trans Siberian railroad. Since there was no passenger service at the time, Charles Crane purchased two train cars for \$3,000. One was a second-class compartment retrofitted with a sitting room, dining room, stove, icebox, and a hired Chinese cook. The second car was a small freight car that was welded to the compartment car and outfitted with provisions such as needles, scissors, soap, and medicine to



Photo of John Oliver Crane on the cover of his memorial service at the Church of the Messiah in Woods Hole. Courtesy Woods Hole Historical Museum.

barter for food along the 10,000-mile journey. Since they were dependent upon attaching the train cars to any available locomotive going in their direction, they had to deal with erratic travel schedules and bureaucratic red tape at most border crossings.⁵⁰

After completing his studies in English History and International Relations at Harvard in 1921, John's family connections enabled him to move to Prague in 1922 to become the researcher and private secretary of Czechoslovakia's president Tomas Masaryk. Just as his father and his brother Richard had been part of Masaryk's political world, John immersed himself in Czechoslovakian diplomacy for the next eight years, even becoming part of the Masaryk family when his sister Frances married British foreign minister Jan Masaryk. John Crane became a close confidant and life-long friend to both President Masaryk and Edward Benes, the Czech foreign minister and the next president of Czechoslovakia.

John Crane joined his father on another adventure in 1929 when they made a two-month winter tour of Arabia and the Persian Gulf. This trip was a lasting memory for the twenty-eight-year-old John Crane: he and his father almost lost their lives in what became an international incident. On January 21, the Cranes left Basrah to visit Kuwait, a 110-mile journey through the Iraqi desert. As their caravan of Chevrolets crossed unfamiliar tribal boundaries, they were attacked by the Akhwani, the most savage of the Wahabi tribesmen. Although there were reports of 160 tribesmen in the area, John reported seeing only twelve armed Akhwani horsemen approaching them. Unfortunately, the Reverend Henry A. Bilkert, an American missionary who was sitting next to Charles Crane, was mortally wounded in the gunfire. John Crane, perhaps thinking about his upcoming marriage at the end of the year, reflected upon Bilkert's death and his own good fortune to be alive in the following diary entry: "The chances are that, had they dropped off their mounts to get a firm aim, we should all have long since been cut to pieces. Such is the desert law."⁵¹

Upon his return from the Near East, John Crane prepared for his next trip to Europe and his aristocratic wedding in Rome. On October 18, 1929, John married Countess Theresa Martini Marescotti in a private chapel at the palace of her uncle, Prince Ruspoli. Serving as witnesses for John were his brother Richard and his brother-in-law Jan Masaryk. The couple lived in Prague and in Rome on a 400-acre dairy farm John bought from Count Marescotti for \$450,000 in 1931.⁵² Managing



John Oliver Crane and Countess Theresa Martini Marescotti at their wedding in Rome in 1929.
Courtesy Woods Hole Historical Museum.

this successful farm helped prepare John for his management of the Coonamessett Resort when he returned to the United States. Before their marriage ended, the Cranes had one child, Francesca Giacinta Crane.

John's second marriage to Sylvia Engel took place in Greenwich, Connecticut, on July 7, 1945. She was a bright, politically active woman who received a Bachelor's degree from Brooklyn College in 1938 and a Master of Arts degree from Columbia University in 1942. As a civil liberties activist, Sylvia Engel Crane was blacklisted during the 1950s, which prompted her to become the vice

chairman of the Committee to Abolish HUAC (House Un-American Activities Committee). As an historian, she authored two books: *White Silence: Greenough, Powers, and Crawford, American Sculptors in Nineteenth-Century Italy* and *Czechoslovakia: Anvil of the Cold War*, John's unfinished book which she completed after he died.⁵³ Locally, Sylvia Crane embraced the educational efforts of the Woods Hole Child Center, the oldest operating cooperative preschool in Falmouth. In 1951 and 1952 she served as president and chief fundraiser for the building of the Center's main facility on Harbor Hill Road in Woods Hole.⁵⁴

Together, the Cranes organized the Coonamessett Music Society to bring classical music to Falmouth, the endeavor initiated by John's sister Frances. To honor Frances' memory, they established the annual Frances Anita Crane music award of \$500 for musically talented high school students on Cape Cod and in Wareham. As political partners, they were directors of the China Welfare Appeal, raising funds for the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives organized by their friend Edgar Snow "to forestall the manifestly developing tide of revolution" in China." Unfortunately, all the funds they collected were confiscated by Chiang Kai-Shek's corrupt family, enabling Joseph McCarthy to politicize the work of the



John Oliver Crane and his second wife Sylvia Engel Crane in 1954.
Courtesy the *Falmouth Enterprise*.

Cooperatives and name "Edgar as one of the band of agrarian reformers who lost China for us to the Reds." Similarly, John organized the American Society for Cultural Relations with Italy (ASCRI) to raise money for food and shelter for war-stricken victims. As Sylvia noted, "John and ASCRI were violently red-baited in the yellow press and the whole glorious plan collapsed like a house of cards. After this first direct experience with McCarthyism, John refused to join any further political venture, but he cheered and spurred me on aplenty."⁵⁵

The Cranes had two sons, Charles Maurice Crane and Thomas Smith Crane, and maintained homes in New York City along Central Park and on Juniper Point in the Crane family homestead. They had been married thirty-seven years at the time of John's death on May 16, 1982. John Crane will be remembered as a philanthropist for continuing his father's legacy: he managed and promoted the Institute of Current World Affairs and served as secretary-treasurer, president, and life-long trustee of the Crane Friendship Fund. As an historian, he will be remembered for his first-hand accounts of Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Russia in the *Siberia Diary-1921*, *The Little Entente*, and *Czechoslovakia: Anvil of the Cold War*.

About the Author: Leonard Miele is the co-editor of *Spritsail* and the author of *Voice of the Tide: The Cape Cod Years of Katharine Lee Bates*.

NOTES

1. *Falmouth Enterprise*, February 17, 1939.
2. Saul, Norman E., *The Life and Times of Charles R. Crane, 1858-1939*, Lexington Books, 2012, p. 15.
3. *Crane: 150 Years Together, 1855-2005*, Crane Company publication, 2005., p. 30 and 36.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 35.
5. Hapgood, David, *The Man Who Bet on People*, XLibris Corp., 2000., p. 11.
6. *Crane*, p. 31.
7. *Saul*, p. 10.
8. *Ibid.*, p. 13 and 15.
9. Perman, Dagmar Horna, *Peace and Change, a Journal of Peace Research*, 1974.
10. *Hapgood*, p. 20.
11. *Old Penn Weekly Review of the University of Pennsylvania*, 1974.
12. *Saul*, p. 230.
13. *The Harvard Gazette*, May 29, 2008.
14. *Hapgood*, p. 90.
15. *Ibid.*, p. 21.
16. *Ibid.*, p. 32.
17. *Ibid.*, p. 42.
18. Ingram, Alton Earl, *A Dissertation: The Root Mission to Russia, 1917*, Louisiana State University, 1970.
19. *Falmouth Enterprise*, "The Book Corner" by John T. Hough, August 2, 1991.
20. *Hapgood*, p. 60.
21. *Ibid.*, p. 65.
22. *Ibid.*, p. 83.
23. *Ibid.*
24. *Spritsail*, "The Angelus Bell Tower and Mary Garden in Woods Hole" by Jane A. McLaughlin, Summer 1992, p. 3 and 4.
25. *The University of Chicago News Letter*, Vol. XVII, No. 3, March 20, 1924.
26. Maienschein, Jane, *100 Years Exploring Life. An Autobiography of the Marine Biological Laboratory*, Jones and Bartlett Press, 1989. P. 63.
27. *Falmouth Enterprise*, August 12, 1938.
28. *Ibid.*
29. *Saul*, p. 24.
30. *Falmouth Enterprise*, November 21, 1941.
31. *Ibid.*
32. *Falmouth Enterprise*, April 3, 1920.
33. *Falmouth Enterprise*, October 7, 1938.
34. *Ibid.*
35. "Dear Mother, A Scrapbook of Memories of Josephine Crane Bradley," a booklet by Dave, Joe, Ric, Dorry, Bill, and Weezie Bradley, January, 2005.
36. *Ibid.*
37. Mary Cornelia Bradley Society, UWHEALTH-KIDS.ORG.
38. *Cape Cod Times*, August 16, 2009.
39. *Falmouth Enterprise*, August 13, 1954.
40. *Falmouth Enterprise*, August 9, 1934.
41. *Falmouth Enterprise*, September 10, 1936.
42. *The New York Times*, July 31, 1972.
43. *Falmouth Enterprise*, August 13, 1954.
44. *Ibid.*
45. *Falmouth Enterprise*, John Hough.
46. *The New York Times*, March 13, 1948.
47. *Falmouth Enterprise*, August 13, 1954.
48. *Falmouth Enterprise*, June 10, 1949.
49. *Falmouth Enterprise*, August 13, 1954.
50. *Hapgood*, p. 71.
51. *Ibid.*, p. 80.
52. Garrick, Les, *Historic Hatchville*, The History Press, 2014. p. 101.
53. *Falmouth Enterprise*, May 20, 2002.
54. *Falmouth Enterprise*, May 22, 2002.
55. "In Memoriam," funeral service eulogy by Sylvia E. Crane, May 23, 1982

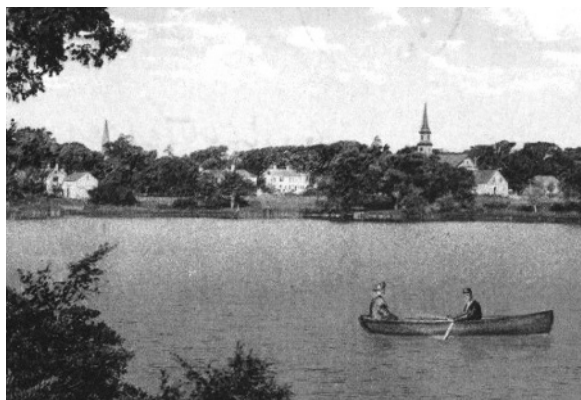
A Brief History of Shiverick's Pond

By Paul C. Dreyer

Geologic History

Cape Cod was formed late in the Pleistocene Epoch in the final ice-age period known as the Wisconsin Stage, which began roughly seventy-five thousand years ago. For several thousand years, the internal ice movement toward the edge of the glacier balanced the ice lost by melting. This resulted in the buildup of glacial deposits of sand, gravel and boulders forming Cape Cod. About twelve thousand years ago, the world climate warmed and the ice sheets disappeared, causing the sea level to rise and outline present-day Cape Cod.

A terminal moraine, a hilly area which marks the end of the glacier's advance, runs from Woods Hole north-east to West Falmouth and North Falmouth. Beyond the edge of the terminal moraine, streams carried great quantities of sand and gravel (as thick as 280 feet—see schematic on page 22) to a large area and there created an irregular surface called the outwash plain. It is on this outwash plain of Cape Cod that lakes and streams developed. In some places the sand and gravel covered large blocks of the ice; when these melted, a kettle hole pond was formed. The fresh water ponds, several feet above sea level, are fed by groundwater while salt water ponds are connected to the sea. Native Americans, to extend the run of herring from the sea, may have dredged and opened sluice ways between the ponds as early as 2,000 years ago.



Boating on Shivericks Pond (1916).
Courtesy Falmouth Public Library.

Cape Cod Ponds

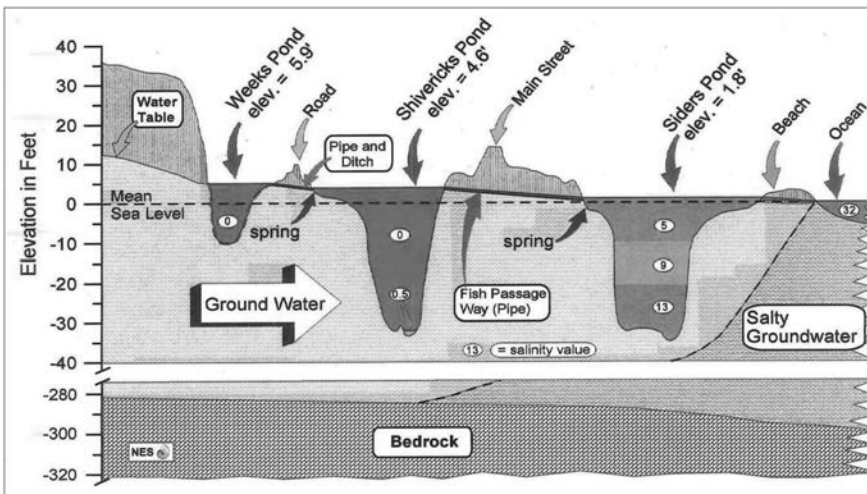
The Cape Cod Commission has estimated that Cape Cod "has 994 ponds covering nearly 11,000 acres." Ponds greater than 10 acres are owned by the public, and the legislature has named 164 "Great Ponds" on Cape Cod. There are 142 ponds listed in Falmouth with 23 "Great Ponds" including Shiverick's Pond.

Long Pond, covering 150 acres, is Falmouth's largest; it is over 66 feet deep. Falmouth's Ashumet pond is Falmouth's second deepest and Cape Cod's fifth deepest. Long Pond is the primary water source for the Falmouth Water Filtration Facility, completed in 2018; it provides over one billion gallons of drinking water per year to the Town or 50 to 60 per cent of the water supply.

There are many kettle ponds on Cape Cod and especially in the Town of Falmouth. A small drainage system from Weeks Pond to Shiverick's Pond to Siders Pond (formally Fresh Pond) in downtown Falmouth discharges into Vineyard Sound. This small system is shown below.

1708. Shiverick's Pond, named after him, soon became a center of social and recreational activities in the community.

Asa Shiverick (1790-1861), a descendent of Rev. Shiverick, was born in Falmouth. He moved to East Dennis during the War of 1812 and began building schooners and brigs in 1815. His three sons, David, Paul, and Asa Jr.,



Cross-section of Shiverick's Pond System and Aquifer. Courtesy Waquoit Bay National Estuarine Research Reserve.

Early Falmouth History

The earliest records indicate that the first lands developed in Suckanesset (now Falmouth) were between Salt Pond to the west and Fresh Pond (now Siders Pond) to the east when settlers from Barnstable landed on Falmouth shores in 1660.

One of these settlers was the Reverend Samuel Shiverick (1650 - 1712). Educated in France, he came to the New World as a Huguenot refugee. He served various communities as they were developed before becoming pastor of the First Congregational Church, gathered in

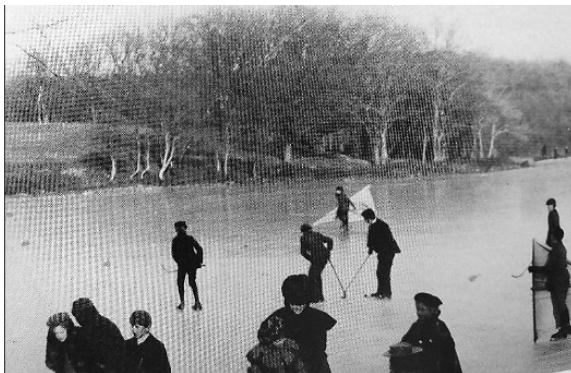
all learned the trade. From 1815 until 1863, the family enterprise produced dozens of vessels for fishing, commerce, and international shipping. The only builders of clipper ships on Cape Cod, they built eight vessels from 1850 to 1862. They built the hulls that were towed to Boston to be outfitted. The third clipper ship, *The Bell of the West*, was built in 1853.

This ship was 182 feet long and 936 tons made of "oak and copper fastened" and was captained by William Howes. Each ship was profitable, traveling around the world from Peru to Singapore to Australia and other ports, returning with valuable goods. In 1863, because of



The Belle of the West (1853).
Courtesy Dennis Historical Society.

the Civil War, the brothers closed the Shiverick Shipyard in East Dennis, and two sons, Asa, Jr. and Paul, joined the Pacific Guano Company in Woods Hole. The main ingredient in the fertilizer produced there was the guano transported from the South Pacific to Cape Cod on the clipper ships they built.



Skaters on Shiverick's Pond (1900).
Courtesy Donald Fish.

As Falmouth became a popular vacation town, after the Civil War and aided by the arrival of the railroad, Shiverick's Pond retained its importance for recreation for the town residents.

The Falmouth poet, Frances E. Swift (1880 – 1962), wrote about Shiverick's Pond in 1894 in her *Rhymes of Falmouth*:

*How oft I longed to dip
My fevered brow in this cool pond
And of the waters sip.*

An Early Proposal

In February 1905, Henry Fay recommended that the Town "take a strip of land along the border of Shiverick's pond for a park ... with a winding walk along the border of the pond, planted with hardy shrubs and trees. What more simple and beautiful in the center of our village than this could be made." And "I should be willing to donate my land on Main Street for this purpose." Unfortunately, the citizens didn't enthuse over Mr. Fay's scheme, because they thought it was "too expensive."

In June 1930, 25 years later, Sarah Fay commented that "years ago my brother had the same plan of a beautiful park around the pond. He and I offered to give our holdings ... and we both would have done considerable to make it a go. It was absolutely turned down; thought chimerical, a useless thing! How lovely it would have been all these years."

Changes to Shiverick's Pond

The saga of a wastewater system in Woods Hole and Falmouth continued for many years beginning in 1927 with studies, debate, and threats from the State Board of Health due to the danger of epidemic diseases. In 1938 the Works Progress Administration (WPA) offered to allocate a grant for 45 per cent of the cost, but the Town voted down the project.

In the summer of 1949, hundreds of dead fish were found floating on Shiverick's Pond due to "hot weather and lack of oxygen in the water." The odor from the pond was "apparent in the school department offices high above the pond." This was "primarily caused by the septic systems from Main Street leaching into the pond."

Again, in the summer of 1973, "raw sewage was bubbling up through the area behind the Eastman block." Finally, in 1984 after over fifty years of problems, the wastewater system in Falmouth Village was completed and water quality improved in the Pond.

In 1956, the Falmouth Planning Board recommended the construction of Katherine Lee Bates (KLB) Road as an alternative to the traffic on Main Street. The road was constructed by filling in a section of the Pond on the south side. The former road on the east side of the Pond along the school property was developed as a walking trail in this area. A recent aerial view of the pond between Lawrence School and Mullen-Hall School north of KLB Road is shown below.



Shiverick's Pond in Falmouth Village. Google Earth photo.

Educational Aspects

The Waquoit Bay National Estuarine Research Reserve (WBNERR) Interpretive Programs Coordinator has been working with Lawrence School teachers and students for many years, including facilitating a long-term study of Shiverick's Pond that began in 1996.

Every year since then, Reserve educators visit the school three times a year to lead students in data collection and observations of the Pond and human impacts on it. Every 8th grade student is able to study the Pond in different seasons, collect samples, investigate water chemistry, and measure the depth of the water table at three test wells installed more than 20 years ago for the students' use. This educational program at Shiverick's Pond has been ongoing for almost 25 years.

Summary

Shiverick's Pond has been an important natural resource in Falmouth's 300-plus-year history. Though its rich potential has never been fully developed, the Pond has long been the center of environmental and recreational activities for Falmouth village and in recent years has also been a valuable educational resource.

A group of Falmouth citizens who saw the potential in Shiverick's Pond supported a project to provide safe access for these various activities in the middle of Falmouth Village. This proposal is that the Pond will have "a walkway that serves as a park." With the approval of

Town Meeting in September 2020, the Pond will become once again a centerpiece for residents and for visitors to the Town, realizing a concept originally envisioned by Henry Fay 115 years ago.

About the Author: Paul C. Dreyer is a Professional Environmental Engineer in private practice with extensive international experience, and is a member of the Falmouth Planning Board, the Coastal Resiliency Action Committee, and the Transportation Management Committee in Falmouth, MA.

Sources:

Archives: Woods Hole Historical Museum, Falmouth Museums on the Green, *Falmouth Enterprise*, and Falmouth Public Library.

Boston Daily Atlas, New Clipper Ship, May 14, 1853.

Burdryk, Peter, *Fishing Cape Cods Ponds & Lakes*, 2005

Falmouth Board of Trade and Industry, Falmouth by the Sea: The Naples of America, 1896.

Cape Cod Commission, *Pond and Lake Atlas*, 2003.

Cavanaugh, Lisa "Shiverick's Ships", Cape Cod Maritime Museum.

Falmouth Department of Public Works, Long Pond Water Filtration Facility, 2018.

Strahler, Arthur N., *A Geologist's View of Cape Cod*, 1966.

Smith, Mary Lou, *The Book of Falmouth, A Tri-centennial Celebration: 1686-1986*, 1986.

Waquoit Bay National Estuarine Research Reserve.

Prosser Gifford: Our Own Renaissance Man

By Vicky Cullen

Prosser Gifford, 1929–2020

Pross long will be remembered for his kindness, his expansive spirit, intellectual discernment, open mind, and most distinctly for his signature booming laugh that could be identified anywhere by all who met him.

—Nicholas Allard

Prosser Gifford was what might be called a “summer native” of Woods Hole, one who enhanced village life by drawing on his wide world experience to contribute to local organizations and activities both before and after retiring to a family home here. His grandparents, Bankers Trust Company chairman Seward Prosser and his wife Constance, traveled from New York to summer on Nantucket, in Quissett, and in Woods Hole before purchasing the Edgar Harding estate and its large home called “Weatherside” on Penzance Point in 1917.

After the Pacific Guano Company that had occupied Penzance Point beginning in 1867 went bankrupt in 1889, a developer had divided its land into 24 lots ranging from 1.5 to 9.43 acres. Wool merchant Edgar Harding of Cambridge was the first buyer. He purchased four large lots in 1892 and constructed Weath-



Prosser Gifford and friend at the Woods Hole Library in 2016. Photo by Anne Richards.

erside, a rambling three-story, gambrel-roofed, shingle-style home. It was soon joined on the point by other large summer homes. (The story of Penzance Point’s development appears in interesting detail in the Winter 1992 issue of *Spritsail*.)

In 1934, Seward Prosser enlarged the chauffeur’s cottage for his daughter Barbara, her husband John Archer Gifford, and their son Prosser. Following the deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Prosser, Weatherside was demolished in 1948.

Eight years later, its site was chosen by Barbara and her family for the first section of the house that Prosser and his wife Deedee retired to in 2005. By then, the house had been enlarged several times. The property, where there are now three homes, including a renovated barn, is now owned by Prosser and Deedee’s three daughters, Barbara, Paula, and Heidi, and their families.

Prosser Gifford was born May 16, 1929, in New York City, where his father was a lawyer with White & Case specializing in trusts and estates. His paternal grandparents were Helen Conyngham Gifford and Charles Alling Gifford, of Newark, New Jersey, where Charles practiced architecture; his design projects included the Mount Washington Hotel in Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, and numerous armories and courthouses along the East Coast of the United States.

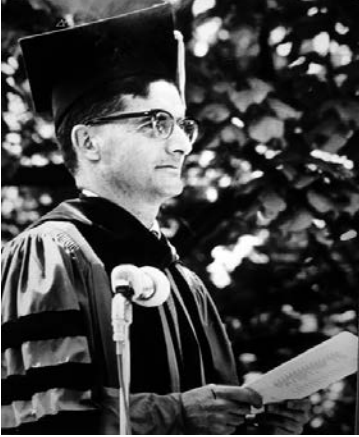
Prosser graduated from the Hotchkiss School in Connecticut in 1947 and earned an undergraduate degree from Yale University in 1951. He was named a Rhodes Scholar and read English at Merton College of Oxford University for the next two years, developing a lasting affiliation—he was a life trustee of the college and president of the Merton College Charitable Corporation from 1998 to 2006. Upon returning to the US, Prosser completed a law degree at Harvard in 1956 followed by a PhD in history at Yale in 1964. Research for his thesis, *The Framework for a Nation: An Economic and Social History of Northern Rhodesia from 1914 to 1939*, included some residence time in Northern Rhodesia (now Zambia), still a British colony, and by this time Pross and Deedee, who were married in 1954, had three daughters in tow, aged 3, 6, and 7. Quoting from a tribute Barbi Gifford Shimer wrote to her mother, “We drove thousands of miles over bumpy roads in a Land Rover, stopping to pick up people who needed rides, to explore ostrich farms and waterfalls, libraries, and a hospital. We tasted caterpillars and got stung by fire ants and stuck in

swamps. We stalked cheetah, were stampeded by wildebeests, and got chased by a rhino.”

Staying on at Yale as an assistant professor, Pross taught undergraduate as well as graduate courses and continued to write and edit on the subject of African history. Yale President Kingman Brewster tapped him to initiate a new kind of global education by organizing a five-year pilot program through which Yale undergraduates could live and work in underdeveloped countries for a year between their sophomore and junior years. This was in the middle of the Vietnam War, and according to Tim Weiskel, one of the first participants, it involved Pross going to “battle with our draft boards back in 1966 to argue for each of us to have the right (as fully enrolled Yale students) to devote a year to work in a third world country in a self-supporting job.” He continues, “The program was a smashing success in all respects, and it was continued for years thereafter.”

While Pross was working on publishing a book version of his thesis, one rainy day he received an unexpected visit from Calvin Plimpton, then president of Amherst College, who convinced him to become the first Dean of the Faculty at the Massachusetts institution. With some trepidation, Pross and Deedee decided to make the move to Amherst, where Pross began his new position in 1967.

Successfully navigating this difficult time of campus protests regarding civil rights, the war in Vietnam, college governance, and other issues, he continued as Amherst dean until 1979, championing equal rights, free speech,



Prosser Gifford
in scholarly attire
speaking at an
Amherst College
graduation.
Courtesy Gifford
family.

and coeducation, and also teaching at least one class every semester. These were the early days of Black studies, and within his first year, he was one of 12 faculty members and students appointed by President Plimpton to the Black and White Action Committee to consider the problem of the "disadvantaged in our society," especially "blacks victimized by history and racism." He also chaired the Black studies committee for the Five College Consortium in western Massachusetts. Amherst music faculty member Lew Spratlan later wrote, "He forced preachy members of powerful committees at Amherst to get to the point and left order in his wake."

In 1969, Amherst College called a two-day suspension of classes to conduct a college-wide discussion of campus and national issues. Prosser wrote and read to a large assembly a letter addressed to US President Richard Nixon urging him to address poverty, urban riots, racial discrimination, and inequities in the draft system. "The pervasive and insistent disquiet on many campuses throughout the nation," the letter said, "indicates that

unrest results not from a conspiracy by a few, but from a shared sense that the nation has no adequate plans for meeting the crises of society." Signed by Amherst president Plimpton, the letter was reprinted in full in the *New York Times* and elsewhere. This was also a time of emerging women's issues. Pross later wrote that his proudest achievement at the college included leading the commission that resulted in the Amherst trustees voting in 1974 to admit women (the first coed class arrived in fall 1976) and increasing the number of women faculty members from one upon his arrival to 26 when he departed. In a 2011 interview for an Amherst archival project, he said, it is "a singular disadvantage to men to bring them up as undergraduates when they never encounter brighter women . . . they're going to be in law firms and doctors' offices and engineering, businesses . . . where women are going to be their bosses! And they better get used to the fact that [women are] equally as bright, quicker, and have different emotional reactions."

In 1979, having rejected possibilities for college presidencies, Pross took a new direction, becoming deputy director of the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars in Washington, DC, which consistently ranks among the top think tanks in the US and internationally. His responsibilities during eight years there included convening meetings in the US and abroad that involved hundreds of scholars from around the world to collaborate on research, writing, and discussion of national and world issues. Not surprisingly, the *Wilson Quarterly* once described him as an "exemplar of the strenuous life."



Prosser Gifford engaging with a student during an Amherst College freshman class picnic in 1967. Photo by Jim Gerard, Amherst College photographer.

In 1990, Prosser began a 15-year tenure as Director of Scholarly Programs at the Library of Congress, a position created for him. His responsibilities included directing the library's Poetry Office, which conducted a Poetry at Noon program, and helping to select the US Poet Laureate. For a taste of his days there, you could go to the Library's website, click on an audio, and hear him introduce a program such as "Poet Laureate Consultant in Poetry Robert Pinsky reading his poems" from May 7, 1998. Or, from 2001, you could watch "Islam in America, 18th–21st Century" with Prosser as a contributor. He was the first director of the Library's John W. Kluge Center, founded in 2000 to better understand and address the challenges facing democracies in the twenty-first century by bridging the gap between scholarship and the policymaking community. The center brought together some of the world's eminent thinkers and supervised the selection of the \$1 million Kluge Prize for life-

time achievement in the humanities and social sciences. In 1995, he curated a major international exhibition, *Treasures from the Bibliothèque nationale de France*, and was an editor of a book by the same name. This must have been the perfect job for Pross to cap his scholarly career; his daughter Barbi observed, "he loved to gather people together to share and test out ideas."

At home, the Giffords lived a full life. When Deedee died in 2010, Pross wrote the following: "Deedee taught nursery school in our first house in New Haven; we had three graduate students who lived on the third floor, and they were part of the family; we had a succession of au pairs from Denmark, Holland, and France who were part of the family; in the summer we had the daughters of Deedee's French friends who lived with us and spoke French with her; we held birthday parties and neighborhood parties; in Amherst we had gatherings of many kinds—women's groups, garden groups, student seminars, work groups, discussion groups, faculty parties; we entertained a lot; we entertained distinguished guests of the College, we entertained undistinguished guests of the College. The house was always full of people, but not just people. Our golden retriever had 22 puppies in two different litters; we had a succession of at least six cats; we had gerbils, salamanders, and guinea pigs. There was life underfoot as well as above board."

The family always spent summers in Woods Hole, with Pross commuting to Amherst or Washington. Daughter Barbi reports that they enjoyed the sea, family ties, the lively

intellectual community, the peace and quiet, the fresh air, the town's walkability. She reflected, "My Dad loved being able to mingle with so many interesting scholars and practitioners in different fields; the peaceful atmosphere in which he could reflect and create; and having a homestead for his growing family, where everyone gathered, especially on holidays and in the beautiful summers." Affection for Woods Hole continues, and village influence is evident in the career choices of the six grandchildren: one is a doctor, one a health-care consultant, two are in computer science, and two are working in environmental affairs.



When Pross turned 75 in 2005, he and Deedee retired to Penzance Point and the waters where they met in a sailing race when he was 11 and she was 9. They had long been members of the Ensign fleet in Quissett. Pross crewed for the Bermuda Race half a dozen times and raced trans-Atlantic twice, once in a hurricane-filled trial from New York to Spain. He captained his own boat, *Windhover*, 28 times between Woods Hole and Solomons Island, Maryland, a trip

that became known as the "annual stress test" for its unpredictable weather and mechanical mishaps.

After the move to Woods Hole, Prosser continued to write and pursue knowledge—he read three to four books a week and over his lifetime assembled a home library of more than 9,000 volumes that he organized with his own Gifford decimal system. Having served as a trustee for many schools, colleges, and poetry, academic, and nonprofit research organizations (he was chair of the MBL Board of Trustees from 1977 through 1990), he lent his enthusiasm and expertise locally to the Falmouth Chorale, Falmouth Academy, Highfield Hall and Gardens, and the Church of the Messiah. The Reverend Deborah Warner remembers Pross as deeply committed to the congregation. He frequently served as an

Prosser Gifford, his wife Deedee, and (left to right) and daughters Paula, Heidi, and Barbie on a sailing vacation in the Caribbean. Courtesy Gifford family.



Prosser Gifford at the helm of the family's Ensign class boat. Courtesy Gifford family.

usher (outside in the coldest weather clad in parka and gloves handing out the program for the day) and encouraged the church to welcome all comers. Ever the teacher, he was also a frequent reader for church services, often prefacing the reading with historical context he had researched. During the renovation of the Parish and Community Center next to the church, he contributed funds for the large (100 capacity) meeting room, aptly called the Woods Hole Room, to foster a continuing connection and commitment between the church and the community. He served as chair of the Falmouth Forum, drawing on his scholarly expertise and contacts to bring engaging world-renowned speakers to Woods Hole (including one poet per year).

Continuing his enthusiasm for libraries, and bringing a generous long-term perspective for village life, Pross became a trustee of the Woods Hole Public Library in 2007, served briefly as secretary and then as president from 2009 to 2017. During his tenure, he took the occasion of the Library's 100th anniversary as a fundraising opportunity, with activities that included personal visits to potential donors and a Simon Sinfonietta benefit concert held at Highfield Hall. Replacement of the large Library windows and the slate roof were undertaken while he was president. With fellow board member Bill Mackey, Pross initiated the Library Director's Endowment fund. He took great interest in the Woods Hole Historical Museum, a division of the Library, supporting investigations regarding potential improvements to the archives and Bradley House in

general that included facilitating designs submitted by a class at the Rhode Island School of Design. He opened his home for a variety of library events that included a concert by pianist Robert Wyatt, a talk on hydrangeas, and a gathering that featured Chequessett chocolates. He enthusiastically supported concerts and especially poetry readings at the Library.

Now, it's easy to imagine Prosser, with his signature laugh echoing widely, assembling white-robed angels for poetry sessions in heaven.

About the author: Vicky Cullen's swan song in 2005 after 32 years in communications at WHOI was a book on the institution's 75-year history. She next wrote a short history of the Woods Hole Public Library, published in 2008, when she was drafted to join the Library's board of trustees, which she currently serves as president.

Sources:

Prosser Gifford, Interviewed by Robert C. Townsend, June 8, 2011, videorecording and transcript, Amherst College Archives and Special Collections, <https://www.amherst.edu/library/archives/holdings/friends-of-the-library-oral-histories/prosser-gifford>.

"Plimpton Appoints Twelve Members to Committee on Race" by Terry Andrews, May 2, 1968, *The Amherst Student*.

Email communications and interview with Barbara Gifford Shimer in September 2020.

Various obituaries, including one written by the three Gifford daughters and most notably the one posted on the Rhodes Scholar website written by Nick Allard, <https://www.americanrhodes.org/news-oblitaries-1183.html>.

Yale Alumni Memory by Tim Weikel on the "5-yr BA program" dated July 29, 2020.

My Big SEA Adventure

By Maureen Nolan

In 1996 I knew nothing about SEA, but while vacationing and serendipitously pedaling in Woods Hole, my husband John and I noticed two stunning ships docked at what we later learned was Dyers Dock. The gate was open and we walked in to get a better look. An enthusiastic crew member explained that the two ships, the *R/V Westward*, a two-masted staysail schooner and the *SSV Corwith Cramer*, a brigantine, belonged to Sea Education Association.

They were “school ships” for a sea semester for college students. The students would hone shipboard skills, study ocean science while on land, and then embark on a sea adventure applying all the skills learned. It sounded wonderful! I was a middle-aged elementary school teacher a long way from a college student. But the idea of experiencing a sailing ship adventure was so enticing I jokingly asked the young crewmember if SEA might have a program for school teachers too. Amazingly, she said, “Yes.” She gave me a brochure and that might have been the end of it, except the next day it poured rain, so my husband suggested we visit the SEA campus on Woods Hole Road and learn a little bit more.

We headed to the Madden Center, the main SEA building just past the five saltbox student cottages along the gravel road. We were greet-



“My dear Westward, my home on the sea.”
Photo by Maureen Nolan.

ed warmly and offered a tour. Along the way our guide told us that SEA received a teacher grant from the National Science Foundation and other organizations. Because of this funding, there would be a five-week campus program ending with a ten-day voyage in New England waters. Not only would we collect and study ocean data, but we would literally become part of the ship’s crew. I was almost 50, so I timidly asked if I was too old for this rigorous program. “No, not at all.” I left with a lengthy application which I promptly completed when I returned to our home in Illinois. And then, oh my gosh, I WAS ACCEPTED!

The next summer my daughter Colleen and I headed for the Cape, me for five weeks on the Woods Hole Road campus and ten days at sea, and her, to give me a little support. As we hauled the canvas sea bag full of everything I needed including a journal, I planted it in front of the bunk bed that I would share with another woman. I felt like I was going to college and my daughter was the parent getting me settled and I was the kid with butterflies telling her I would be fine, even though I didn't feel fine. I had never been away from my husband or home for more than a couple of weeks, nor had I experienced dorm life in college. At Northeastern, I had been a commuter. I applied for this adventure because I loved the ocean and everything about it, and I wanted to share what I learned with my 4th and 5th grade students. However, I had no sailing experience, except an occasional kayak paddle in a salt marsh. And here I was about to become a member of the crew of a 125-foot Schooner!

Our class was divided up into five groups. I was assigned to Deneb, the fourth of the five cottages. My housemates were a variety of ages, men and women, all teachers, kindergarten through high school, from all over the country. We lived together, planned meals and clean-up, shared a bathroom and shower, worked together on projects and, most of all, got along. After a short time getting the hang of things, I loved it. We shopped for food together in teams, attended classes, and worked on academic projects. One of my new friends, Carolyn, and I went swimming at the Knob every morning, rain or shine. I felt like a teenager!

I learned later that successful cottage life was a prerequisite for the future shipboard experience. If you couldn't get along and work cooperatively in the cottages, you would not be successful in the tiny shared shipboard space.

We spent each day learning about the ships, names of sails, mechanics of sailing, equipment we would use to collect data on the ship, navigation, oceanography, marine biology, geology, and weather. Our two captains of the ships, Peg Brandon, now President of SEA, and Sean Bercaw, taught many of the classes. Chief Scientists Paul Joyce and Gary Jaroshow and educators Pat Harcourt and Peter Barnes rounded out the team of teachers. We had homework each day, some of which was to find ways to teach the concepts that we were learning to our students, and then present these ideas to the rest of the class. The high school teachers learned their elementary peers seemed to have a knack for creatively explaining tough concepts, and we elementary teachers were happy to have the high school partners to lean on when we needed a refresher course on some math or science technicalities. We learned to read navigation charts and plot courses, designed model boats that would withstand storms in a wave tank, collected shore data to plot changes in beach slope, and recorded weather data outside our houses each day. We also learned sea ditties about "drunken sailors." We struggled to put on bulky lifesaving gear and explored knot tying, which I found particularly trying. All in all, I experienced an exhausting, but invigorating five weeks.

We spent our free weekends riding bikes on the Vineyard or Shining Sea bike path, visiting Spohr Gardens, and swimming at different beaches, sipping strong brew at Coffee O in Woods Hole, and always trying to anticipate the likelihood of the WHOOSH trolley picking us up. But above all, our favorite place was The Knob, with the beach, the hiking, and the wonderful swing that hung from a giant tree in the woods there. (I later heard that the tree fell down in a storm.)

July flew by and August 3rd came, and our on-board SEA adventure was about to begin. My life was in for a big change. First of all, what looked like a really big ship from outside suddenly became much smaller as I headed for my assigned berth, about the size of a coffin, mid-ship, just behind the galley. There were three other bunks in that very small space. I found no storage for my things, and had to lay out my gear under my sleeping bag, under my pillow, or at my feet. Other berths in the foc'sle (front of the ship) seemed to have more room. At first, I was a little annoyed about that, but later would feel so lucky when, during a gale, my foc'sle seasick friends were bounced out of their beds, and I slept in the steadiness of the middle of the ship. I really learned to love my little cradle bed. The pitches and rocking lulled me right to sleep like a baby.

Time certainly changed noticeably, since we now functioned on a 24-hour clock. The captain arranged us in watches, two six-hour ones and three four-hour ones. I was in A watch led by mate Eliza. As part of the crew we were on

duty at certain times throughout the whole 24 hours, just like the Navy. Duties for each watch consisted of: deck watch, galley watch, and lab watch. We also had classes and maneuvers where all hands were on deck. We enjoyed some free time as well, but you had to make time for sleep, which could be in the middle of the day.



"My little coffin bed." Courtesy Maureen Nolan.

Our ten-day voyage transected the continental shelf, south of New England, studying samples of the warmer water along the Gulf Stream, then north on to George's Bank. We studied the distinct chemical, physical, and biological characteristics of each area. We learned to use oceanographic gear to collect

samples of sediment and sea life using a tow, and we analyzed dissolved chemicals in water at different depths and in diverse locations. Our dear *Westward* traveled over 600 nautical miles. In the lab, we analyzed the samples as well as kept constant track of temperature, pressure, and salinity of the ocean water. One of the important transects was conducted from Boston Outer Harbor to Cape Cod Bay. This was a baseline survey of physical and geological characteristics of the region before the operation of the Boston sewage outfall pipe.

During the voyage I helped keep the ship's log, but also had my personal log (journal). Here are some entries:

Aug. 5th—First night on board. Slept very well in my little cozy bunk. Breakfast was French toast, fruit and bacon. The tables were gimbaled, which meant they stay level when ship is rocking and so the tables are not secure. Don't put elbows on table or you will get a lap full of food. Advised not to have coffee because of possible seasickness.

Had my first Watch today. 13:00-19:00. Deck watch. I STEERED the boat! We steer using the compass. My eyes were glued to the compass to get the exact course given to me, but I tended to oversteer. (Someone yelled back to me, "Who the heck is steering back there - I'm getting dizzy!") Then I had bow watch. Then helped to set and stow some heavy sails. Also got a little seasick, but mild so far... I helped with the neuston tow where we discovered mostly copepods and salps, not very diverse. Our

location was on the inner continental shelf.

Aug. 7th—The otter trawl, a net that drags a smooth sandy bottom, came up with lots of sea stars, some hake, flounder, crabs, shrimp, sand dollars, and skates. We counted everything, 16 species, about 1300 total. Depth about 50 meters. Although we threw everything back, it was sad. Many would not make it.

Aug. 8th—Tested sediment at Hydrographers Canyon, almost 1800 meters deep. Took a long time for shipek grab, a large jaw-like piece of equipment, to hit bottom and come up. The mud was freezing cold and the finest sediment I have ever felt. We rubbed it all over our bodies. It felt like we had gone to a crazy spa. Either that, or we looked like pirates, just like the wild crew of the *Cramer* did, when they came by and shot at us with their cannon earlier in the day. Oh, yes, we returned fire under Capt. Peg's order.

Aug. 9th—Started my first watch today at 3:00 AM. We found some swells. Steering was quite fun when you went over waves. The stern would rise high and you would actually be looking down at the bow. We raised the fisherman (a kind of sail) and we kept our heading as best we could. The wind was coming from the north, so we had to head east and west in a sort of a slalom routine. Later I went out on the bowsprit. I love it there. With the swells and the wind picking up, the bowsprit was thrilling. What a feeling you get being lifted high and then

you quickly fall like kind of a roller coaster. We are really in the ocean, no land in sight anywhere and hardly any other boats... it's just us and the sea. Yesterday a pod of dolphins sped by. Today we saw a couple of birds, a shearwater and a plover. Otherwise, it's just us in the middle of the deep sea!

On my second watch, which was 9:00 to 11:00 PM I had lab during a gale. The lab was rocking back and forth--then fore and aft. James, our watch scientist, and I were doing phosphate tests where you had to pour caustic liquid into small vials to use on a spectrometer -very tricky. I worked for

We are really in the ocean, no land in sight anywhere and hardly any other boats... it's just us and the sea. Yesterday a pod of dolphins sped by. Today we saw a couple of birds, a shearwater and a plover. Otherwise, it's just us in the middle of the deep sea!

4 hours on just that. I was supposed to be relieved, but my relief immediately got sea sick, so I stayed with James, who seemed to be a little sick too. It was a dastardly night. Waves coming right over the bow. The bow watch guy had to be standing midship and even then needed to be tethered. We thought the wind would never stop. After watch was over at 21:00 we had finally finished. James said I did awesome! I don't know how I kept my stomach together.

At the beginning of the voyage, Captain Peg and I were chatting on the deck, when she asked me if I had any special goals for the trip. I told her I was looking forward to

"doing science" with all the special equipment, and then I paused. "Well," I said, "I would LOVE to climb the masts and spot whales." And with a smile and her hand, holding her endless cup of coffee, pointed upward as she said, "So you shall." And I did...often!

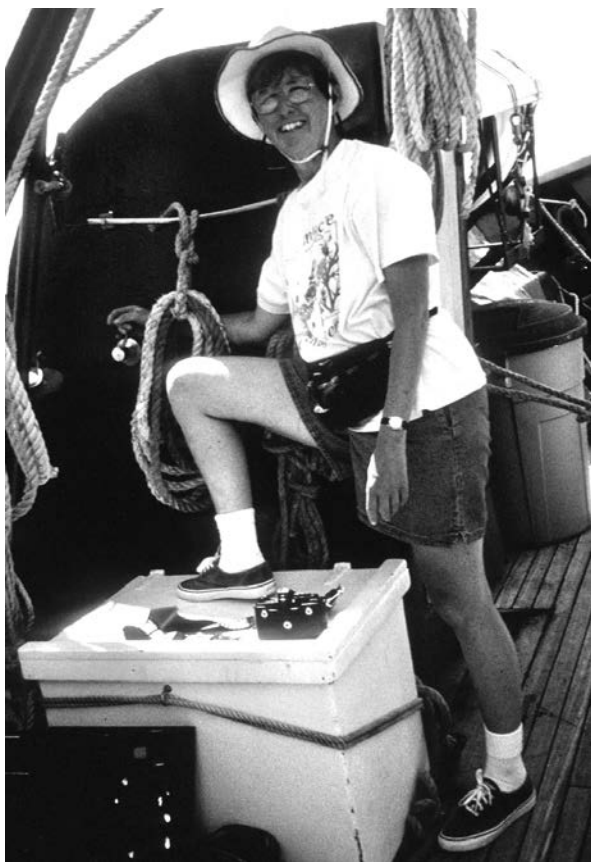
Aug. 10th—Permission to go aloft? Ok, put on my harness, climb up windward side, hitch whenever I stopped climbing. Either wiggle through hole in crow's nest or climb up and around outside to get to crows nest at about 100 feet up. I climbed aloft. Hey, I was getting pretty good at this. It was beau-

tiful up there. And there they were, a group of humpback whales! I had chills and tears in my eyes and just stared. Two of the females had calves. Finally, I shouted down to Mate Matt, "Whales, Ho!" "Where are they?" "9 o'clock." I had just started to climb down when I heard, "Prepare to tack." They were turning to go see the whales. I shouted, "What should I do?" He said, "Hold on!" I scrambled back on the spreaders, then held on to the mast for dear life. The sails luffed (flapped) all around me. The fisherman (a four-cornered sail) hit me in the face. I crouched down and held tighter than ever. It was scary and loud. When the tack was complete, I started to come down. The

wind had picked up and I realized that I was now on the wrong side of the ship, and was climbing down on the leeward side, which meant that the wind was blowing me away from the ship. Well, I held on real well and carried my tether ready to hitch it at any moment. I was fine. Peg chimed, "So how was it?" She's so casual, like I had just been on an amusement ride."

Aug. 11th—It was another big day. Presentations were over and we were all feeling good. Our cook Lee prepared another famous meal and we ate outside. Just after lunch Peg and Paul lowered the boom on us! They announced that for the rest of the day, we would have to run the ship by ourselves: navigate and tack and all that as well as conduct the experiments. We would run the tests in Boston Harbor to see if there was any impact from the sewage plant on Stellwagen Bank. Nobody thought they were prepared. I decided to do science. We were supposed to do a shipek grab. I sort of took over because I had done it before, but I still wasn't sure how to put it together, set it up to the winch without guidance. James, Vera, and Paul were there to look on. (I could tell it was hard for them to stand back while we struggled.) I was the one who was to give the orders and orchestrate the wire-up, wire-down, J frame, brake, and get that big heavy thing over the side without banging against the ship.) The biggest thing we pulled up was a piece of asphalt. Next, we did the CTD, (Conductivity-Temperature-Depth Recorder) -commonly called

the BMW because it's so expensive. (It collects water samples from different depths to test for salinity, temperature, and density.) We attached it to the J-frame and sent it down. The computer would read it. We were successful in all our tests. I felt so proud of myself and our team. Wow, I am blossoming!!!! What an interesting feeling for a 50-year-old.



"I gave the orders for the shipek grab to lower."
Courtesy Maureen Nolan.

Aug. 13th—I had an interesting experience on bow watch in the middle of the night, actually two. The first was seeing bioluminescence. Our bow was aglow and then a dolphin came by and it was also aglow like a silvery torpedo. It sped off after a bit like we were standing still. Standing bow watch is so important. Even though we had instruments, there could be problems that they didn't pick up. I was instructed to alert our first mate, Eliza, if anything looked strange or unexpected. I gazed over the bow during the starlit night and noticed a small strange light up ahead near the horizon. It was small and low, but bigger than the stars and seemed to twinkle, or blink. I called Eliza and showed her the strange light ahead. She poked me in the ribs and laughed. "Maureen, you silly, that's Nobska Light!" A beacon of light, of home and safety, such a warm feeling from that little light.

(I have felt that way about dear Nobska ever since!)

On our last day somewhere near Noman's Island, we all got to jump off the ship and go swimming, except for the mate in the rigging on shark watch. I think that refreshing swim and the mysterious icy cold beer for lunch were our rewards for a voyage well-done.

I had many other adventures and learned so much about ships, the ocean, my crew mates and myself. As we headed into Woods Hole, I thought I could see my husband John standing there in his grey shirt. But it was hard getting

off. The *Westward* had, after all, been our little world for ten days, and I was attached to it. Also, no one wanted to be the first off -- and make a fool of herself by walking like a drunken sailor. But the adventure wasn't really over, since I brought the SEA experience back to my 4th and 5th graders in Naperville, Illinois. We studied currents, navigation, fisheries, climate science, and continued to conduct chemical, physical, and biological tests on bodies of water, (rivers and streams) near our school.

Note: Sea Education Association is no longer able to offer the teacher-at-sea program. But SEA Semester, since 1971, continues teaching ocean studies as an accredited college undergraduate study abroad. High school environmental studies are offered in the summer and a "gap year" program has begun. *The Corwith Cramer* still can be seen at Dyers Dock, but the *Westward*, sadly, has been sold. However, to make Pacific Ocean studies easier, *Westward* has a beautiful replacement called the SSV *Robert C. Seamans*, which sails out of California.

About the Author: Maureen Nolan is a retired elementary school teacher who received the Presidential Award for Teaching Science and Mathematics in 1998. Originally from Somerville, MA, she and her husband lived in the Midwest for 30 years before moving to Falmouth, just a couple of miles from the SEA campus. She is still involved in education, planning and guiding student field trips at the Coonamessett River restoration and explaining history at the Museums on the Green. She is currently a member of the Board of Directors of the Woods Hole Historical Museum.

Dan Clark: Marine Contractor and Woods Hole Legend

By Pamela Nelson

On January 9, 2020, just two months before the global SARS-CoV-2 pandemic would make such a gathering unthinkable, the Woods Hole Historical Museum invited the community to join in a Conversation about Dan Clark in the Woods Hole Public Library. The discussion in the Library's Community Room centered on Dan's influence as a marine contractor in shaping the contours of the Woods Hole waterfront and the lives of a generation of young men who worked for him and whom he mentored in the 1960s through the 1980s.

An overview of Dan Clark's life and activities in Woods Hole is captured with warmth in an obituary released by the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute in April of 1999:

Daniel W. Clark, a seaman and later Second Mate aboard Atlantis in 1945-46, was born in 1918. Although he worked only briefly for WHOI, many knew him through his long association with the Institution as a marine contractor in Woods Hole. He assisted WHOI with many projects through the years, from dock maintenance and repairs on the ships to construction and deployment of a meteorological buoy and other instruments . . . He is perhaps best known to WHOI staff for construction of R/V Lulu in 1965 to serve as the support vessel for the new submersible Alvin. Dan wrote the estimate for the ship's construction on a shingle. Dan Clark also worked on other major local projects, including repairing damaged electrical cables



Dan Clark was a respected mariner and mentor to his friends and his employees.

Courtesy Woods Hole Historical Museum.

supplying power to Martha's Vineyard. His generosity and willingness to help are known to many. . . George Cadwalader credits Dan more than any other individual with helping him launch the Penikese Island School. [Dan moved his coastal freighter, La Chanceuse, to the island, where it was used as a dormitory while the house was being built—it offered comfortable bunks down below as well as a woodstove.]

The archives of the *Falmouth Enterprise* in the 1950s and 1960s include references to docks on the Upper Cape that Dan built and repaired and to the schooner *Brown, Smith and Jones*, on which he lived in Woods Hole's Eel Pond, before she sank at her berth on the inner Town Dock. The archives also include a terse reference, in the winter of 1959, to a roof fire, which caused only minor damage, at his Millfield Street house, "Zero Acres." A former neighbor says such roof fires occurred more than once over the years, when Dan, father of eight, got around to burning gift-wrapping paper after Christmas.

Most of the attendees at the WHHM Conversation had known Dan, but the few who were not acquainted with him doubtless showed up because of his legendary reputation in the community. Every chair in the room was taken, and behind the chairs people stood, shoulder-to-shoulder. Moveable bookshelves had been pushed to the sides of the room to make more space available, while a few latecomers sat cross-legged at the front, at the feet of the invited discussants. Following WHHM Director Debbie Scanlon's welcome and introduction, the speakers—Tom Renshaw, Peter Bumpus, and Chip Shultz—shared a nostalgic and affectionate collection of literal and verbal snapshots and anecdotes featuring Dan's boats and construction equipment and their roles as members of his crew.

Dan Clark arrived in Woods Hole in the mid 1950s from Osterville. According to Tom Renshaw, "he was at the time a one-man

dock-building crew. He said he lived on peanut butter, raisin bread, and quahogs. He said the raisin bread stayed fresh because of the moisture."

Peter Bumpus related the history of the coastal freighter *La Chanceuse*, the boat Dan loaned to the Penikese Island School. "This vessel was proceeding south from Canada to Cuba and had an engine failure about 100 miles off Cape Cod. She was towed in and brought to New Bedford and ended up in limbo. No one wanted her. She was eventually left alongside the pier and sold at auction for essentially nothing. Because it was a foreign bottom boat, that is to say, it was a Canadian vessel, she couldn't be used for work, couldn't be sold or used by the

"he was at the time a one-man dock-building crew. He said he lived on peanut butter, raisin bread, and quahogs. He said the raisin bread stayed fresh because of the moisture." — Tom Renshaw

fishing community. She could only be registered as a yacht, so Dan bought her, registered her as a yacht, and used her as he pleased.

"When he first got her," continued Peter Bumpus, "she was hauled in Falmouth and the bottom was painted and was never painted again. He used her to push his barge around. It's a challenge with 80 feet of boat and 90 feet of barge to try to get into a narrow channel. Eventually, she sat for so long without attention that she sank at the pier there at the Clark

house. She was raised, Dan had some jobs going on at the shipyards in Boston, and his intention was to take her up and rebuild her, but she was not good enough to go through the Cape Cod Canal. There was nothing left, the bottom was paper thin, and she wouldn't have made it. The Cape Cod Canal people pay attention to those types of things—they've had problems before! So she was broken up by the beach by the yacht club."

Chip Shultz shared some of his very early memories of Dan. "I was growing up, and remember him in the *Rose and Crown*, a double-ended motor whaleboat from Nantucket. Dan was coming across Eel Pond with a baby, Gale, in his arms. It was about the coolest thing that I'd ever seen. A little later, at 20 years old, I was working at WHOI. Dan and his crew were working on Dyers Dock. I think they were turning it into a seaplane ramp, and there was Dan standing high on a single pile directing things. And then, that became the coolest thing I'd ever seen.

"After Sam Cahoon's Fish Market was closed, the Steamship Authority hired Dan to build the first "third" ferry slip. They needed help and so I joined the crew. It was a whole new experience for me in heavy construction. Paul Twitchell, dock builder and a legend himself, was there working, driving sheet pilings and 'monkeying' the sheets, 25 feet in the air. The police pulled up and said, 'We're looking for Paul Twitchell.' Dan said 'I haven't seen him,' and they went away. He couldn't stop the whole job just for that! I'm sure they caught up with Paul later.

"At the end of the job, Dan got Mrs. Frederick Pingree, who was the Woods Hole School first and second grade teacher and whose husband owned a nursery, to come down at night. He got her and the youngsters on the crew to put in a green, grassy area without the permission of the Steamship Authority so that they couldn't park cars there. He did it for the village. Someone then wrote a letter to *The Enterprise* congratulating the Steamship Authority for that.

"Dan was always very generous. When he found out that the steamer *Nobska* would make its last trip, he put a bunch of us in the seaplane and flew us to Nantucket so we could make the last trip on his dime. Who does that?

"A thing that we learned from Dan was his whole work ethic. He basically had two rules: one was to show up on time and the other was no drinking on the job. Both were a little flexible.

"Peter and I became carpenters, heavy timber carpenters, and Dan showed us the importance of keeping our tools. I used to take my paycheck every week and go buy a single tool and put it in my toolbox. Peter and I used to loan each other tools but to nobody else. We spent so much time sharpening them."

Dan's generosity was a recurrent topic. Peter Bumpus related an illustrative story. "A long time ago we used to have a different aquarium in Woods Hole and alongside it there was an old wooden residence, each built in the 1880s. The hurricane of 1954, Hurricane Carol, came

"A thing that we learned from Dan was his whole work ethic. He basically had two rules: one was to show up on time and the other was no drinking on the job. Both were a little flexible. — Chip Shultz

and trashed them both. A couple of years later, Dan got the job to tear them down. They were all brick foundations, not stone. There were a hell of a lot of bricks, and they were all mortared together. If you took the mortar off, you'd have clean bricks. The bricks were offered up to the local community. If you wanted bricks, you just came to pick up as many as you wanted. It was a service to the community. He could have sold the bricks, but he left them there for people to share."

When the conversation was opened up to members of the audience, Matthew Bumpus, a crewmember from the next generation down, told of how he began working for Dan at the age of 14. "He had me doing night watch duty on the barge while I was working for Kit Olmsted during the day on the boat, when I was 14 and trying to get paid 24 hours a day in the summer. I started out just a kid working on *Cigana* and then I ended up managing the dive work in the end. As long as you stepped up to it, Dan would kind of let you do anything you wanted. At 17, I was diving out there in 90 ft. of water all alone, [without a dive buddy. There were tenders on the surface and there was a back-up diver there ready to jump in if needed.] Dan was happy to have you do anything you could do.

"At that time there were four or five live power cables to the Vineyard. Mostly in the summer, when they were overloaded, they'd blow out.



Dan Clark (right) with crew member Skip Norgeot at an Eel Pond project in the early 1960s.
Courtesy Woods Hole Historical Museum.

We'd have to go out there and locate the cables. They'd send radar guns down to locate them and we'd have to go find the break... Then there'd be two or three chase boats to keep other boats away and a tug minding the work barge 24 hours a day. So you have to get this all setup, then you have to go out with a great big reel on the deck of the barge to actually splice the cable, then carefully move the barge over during tide. So basically, Con Electric paid for a lot of my college and a lot of the local economy here!

"Dan was excellent at getting cooks for those cable jobs. He'd steal chefs from the Vineyard and we had exquisite food. They'd bring seven or eight shopping carts of food and he kept everyone going and happy. The fact is that he could mobilize that much stuff, get it all set up, and do a beautiful job. Never had one of his splices fail that I can remember and it worked out great."

Chip added one more observation about Dan's work ethic. "Never let safety get pushed aside for anything. It didn't matter what it cost. Safety was paramount."

These stories and others shared that January day during the Museum's Conversation emphasize Dan's generosity and his commitment to his workers and to the entire Woods Hole community. He is remembered as a genuinely kind man, a gentleman in his day-to-day interactions, with an inclination to offer people second chances when honest first attempts had resulted in failure. While members of his crew went on to other endeavors, he instilled in them a dedication to integrity and to producing quality work, to sharing knowledge with younger workers as they came along, and to treating everyone fairly.

A recording of the event can be accessed through the Woods Hole Historical Museum's website, <http://woodsholemuseum.org/wordpress/category/whhm-conversation/>.

A special thank you is extended to Daisy Glazebrook for her transcription of this Conversation.

About the Author: Daughter of an MBL scientist/investigator, retired radiologist Pamela Nelson summered in Woods Hole until she went to college. It had always been her intention to move to Woods Hole permanently although she did not achieve that goal until 2004, when she was able to join her husband, Kit Olmsted, in his family home. They had married in 1997, during a Vineyard cable job. Dan Clark, who considered Kit an indispensable member of the cable repair crew, generously offered to clear a corner of the work barge for the marriage ceremony.

To The Editors:

It has been an honor and a pleasure to serve on the editorial board of *Spritsail* ever since we featured an article on Baldwin Coolidge by Jane A. McLaughlin in the first issue in the Summer of 1987. Now the time has come for me to step aside.

Back in the 1970s, Mary Lou Smith had recruited me and many other friends and neighbors to create a history of Woods Hole. She was the manager of the Woods Hole branch of The Market Bookshop on Depot Avenue in Falmouth and she needed the book to meet customer demand.

We put out the word for people to look in their trunks and attics for old letters, logbooks, and photographs. We put notices in the paper and we tacked signs up around town asking for contributions. By the early 1980s we were able to publish *Woods Hole Reflections* through the Woods Hole Historical Collection.

Almost immediately, Mary Lou observed that Falmouth would be celebrating its tricentennial in 1986 and we should repeat the whole process with each of the other villages in town! We all followed her lead. Each village had an editor, many people contributed material, and in 1986 *The Book of Falmouth* was published by The Falmouth Historical Commission.

Almost immediately, Red Wright said there was still plenty of material and why didn't we start a quarterly magazine? *Spritsail*, the semiannual journal of the History of Falmouth and Vicinity was created. We named it for the jaunty, practical sailboat that had navigated under the fixed stone bridge from Eel Pond out into the fish filled tidal waters of Vineyard Sound.

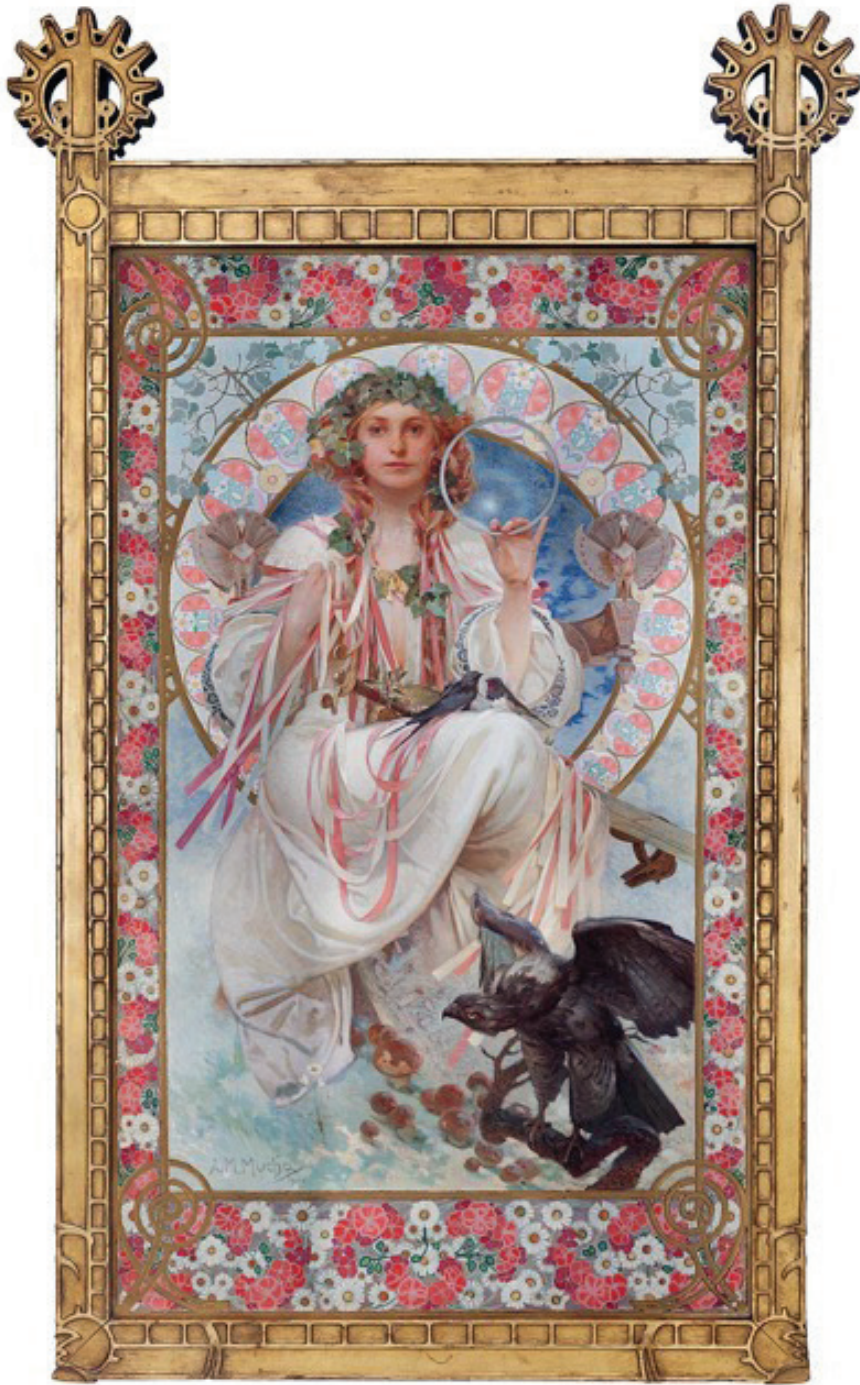
May *Spritsail* continue to sail on for many a year!

—Judy Stetson



Judy Stetson was an editor of *Spritsail* for an amazingly productive 32 years.
Photo by Leonard Miele.

From the Editors: It has been an honor for us to work with Judy Stetson on the *Spritsail* Editorial Board. For the past three decades, she has tirelessly solicited submissions for more than fifty editions of our journal, she has guided and advised countless contributors to *Spritsail*, and she has written her own articles on such diverse topics as "Woods Hole in World War II," "Mail Order Houses," and "Beebe Woods: Falmouth's Miracle." Judy is a respected member of the Falmouth community who was awarded the prestigious Falmouth Heritage Award in 2011 for her community activism and her efforts in preserving the history and culture of Falmouth. We shall miss her intelligence, wisdom, and guidance as she bids farewell to *Spritsail*.



Alphonse Mucha's painting of Mary Josephine Crane Bradley as Slavia.
Displayed in the National Gallery of Prague.

