

Appendix 3

Appendix 3a.

From the Nantucket Meeting's Book of Objections (Nantucket Historical Association Manuscript Collection 35, Book 9) some examples of activities for which members of Nantucket's Society of Friends were "treated with" or "labored with," "set aside," or "disowned." [Italics added for emphasis]

Music and dancing:

18th 9th month 1773

John Coffin has been *treated with* for keeping in his house a musical instrument called a spinnet and permitting his daughter to play thereon.

30th 9th month 1773

Keziah Coffin *disowned* for keeping a spinnet in her house and permitting her daughter to play thereon.

27th 6th month 1774

John Coffin declares he had no hand in bringing the spinnet to his house, also has forbid it ever being used there and also he is sorry that ever it was brought into his house and acknowledges he was a little short and rough with visitors.

27th 6th month 1774

Eunice Worth been *treated with* on account of her persisting in frequenting places of amusement where fiddling and dancing is carried on.

Set aside.

20th 5th month 1781

Ichabod Paddack sailed about in a vessel where dancing was performed and he a partaker therein.

Disowned.

Appearance:

5th month 1776

John Hussey to be *labored with* for his inconsistent appearance in dress, particularly in wearing his hair, and that he discovered no disposition to make any alteration therein.

31 8th month 1778

George Coleman Jr. has been treated with concerning his going to sea in a prize vessel and also some excess in his apparel. A committee appointed.

Association:

26th 6th month, 1775

Andrew Worth *treated with* for joining a company in throwing a quantity of oysters out of a vessel without legal authority and for being in fellowship with those called Freemasons both which he refused to give satisfaction.

25th 9th month, 1775

Andrew Worth justified throwing over the oysters but declined to discuss Freemasonry.

Disowned.

p. 67 1775

Solomon Coleman had permitted his daughter to be married in his home after the manner of the world and also joining in prayer with a priest of another persuasion. The committee had *treated with* him but see little room to hope it will have desired effect. Continued.

p. 68

Solomon Coleman acknowledges suffering his daughter to be married in his house by a Presbyterian minister and in his joining in prayer with said minister.

p. 69 1776

Samuel Gardner persists in attending marriages where the parties are married by a Presbyterian minister. (*"Presbyterian" was used in this context to mean a salaried clergyman.*)

Vaccination:

31st 8th month 1778

Obadiah Coffin *disowned* for going to Gravelly Island to be innoculated for the smallpox and for going to sea in an armed vessel.

26th 4th month 1779

Gorham Folger had been to Gravelly Island and passed the operation of the smallpox by inoculation but did not seem disposed to amend the breach.

Appendix 3b *Excerpted from the Inquirer and Mirror, December 29, 1956*

Next Monday, December 31, Mr. Lincoln Porte will retire from the local Post Office after more than 40 years' service. For the past 20 years, Mr. Porte has been cheerfully greeting customers at the Money Order and Registered Mail windows and his many friends, both Nantucketers and summer residents, are going to find it very strange when they enter the Post Office and fail to find him waiting for them.

Mr. Porte started delivering parcel post on July 1, 1914, when the Post Office was in the Masonic Building, occupying the premises where Buttner's is now located . . . During the summers of 1914 and 15 he delivered parcel post with a horse and cart. The following summer he began the duties of a letter carrier and also made the collections from mail boxes.

In December, 1916, he became a permanent member of the Post Office crew here in Nantucket, a service interrupted only by World War I. He served from 1917 to 1919 in the Army, with a year in France, during which he received the Purple Heart.

Following his return to Nantucket after the war, Mr. Porte continued as a letter carrier until 1924. He had many experiences, not all of which were pleasant, during those five years. In the winter of 1922 the steamer arrived here about seven o'clock at night and the carriers delivered the mail after that—sometimes after the street lights had been put out.

He was transferred to the position of clerk in December, 1924, and, when the new Post Office was built in 1936, he was again transferred, this time to the Money Order and Registered Mail windows, where he has served the public ever since.

In his 40 years of service Mr. Porte has seen many changes. He has served under eight Postmasters. . . .

In addition to his Post Office duties, Mr. Porte has many outside activities. He is a member of many of the Island's fraternal and civic orders. He has carried his membership in these with the same conscientiousness that he did in the Post Office.

Among his many memberships are:

Nantucket Lodge, No. 66, I. O. O. F. and Wanackmamack Encampment, No. 16; Island Rebekah Lodge, No. 24; Byron L. Sylvaro Post, No. 82, American Legion; Sidney and Robert Henderson Post, No. 8608, Veterans of Foreign Wars; Nantucket Voiture, No. 1002, Forty and Eight; Overseas Lodge, No. 40, Free and Accepted Masons.

He is Past Master of Union Lodge, F. & A. M. and Proxy to the Grand Lodge, and Past High Priest of Isle of the Sea Royal Arch Chapter. He is a member of Sutton Commandery, No. 16, Knights Templar, New Bedford; Aleppo Temple, Shriners, Boston; Sherburne Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, No. 182; Nantucket Historical Association, and National Federation of Postal Clerks.

Continuing his fine work in all these orders he will find little idle time in his retirement. Happy New Year, "Link"!

Appendix 3c. *Letter from Joan Genesky Rubin, January 15, 2003*

My dad, Emile Genesky, met David Sarnoff when they both were very young men, possibly in their twenties. Sarnoff was employed at the Marconi wireless station in Sconset at the time, and he needed a suit of clothes. He said to my father, "I have no money," and he wanted to pay him one dollar per week. I believe my father said no and gave him the suit, and that was the beginning of a forever friendship.

When David Sarnoff left the island, he went on to become a Brigadier General and then to found R.C.A. He always remembered my father, and my cousin told me that he sent a large television set to him. We were the first family in New Bedford to have television. Through the years he would come back to Nantucket on his yacht and spend time with our family. My last recollection of those visits was being on the yacht and being told by the Coast Guard to go back to shore because of "trouble with the *Andrea Doria*." [This was July 25, 1956. Emile Genesky died less than a year later.]

When David Sarnoff heard of my father's death, he sent a letter to both the family and the newspaper speaking about their friendship and the man who gave him his first suit of clothes on Nantucket. It was from the store that is now called the Toggery Shop, which my father had owned at the time.

Appendix 3d.

It is Now "The Toggery Shop."

The City Clothing Company has passed out of existence and in its place Emile Genesky has brought forth The Toggery Shop, in a new building, with new fixtures and new goods, but with the same old smile and hearty welcome. It was some opening on Tuesday, too, with the interior of the store bedecked with flowers and everything spick-and-span from floor to ceiling and from proprietor to clerk.

But Emile modestly accepted the congratulations which were showered upon him from all sides and now feels that it was worth it, in spite of vexatious delays and the "dolling-up" necessary in order to produce the new Toggery Shop out of the old City Clothing Company. And it is of course needless to state that Emile is the "Shop" just as much as he was the "Company." With its new and modern fixtures, the Toggery Shop would certainly do credit to a town or city much larger than Nantucket, and its young and popular proprietor is justified in taking pride in the result of his efforts since he started in business here twelve years ago.

Appendix 3e.

i. *Inquirer and Mirror*, April 7, 1928

Old Store Buildings Razed on Main Street

The two store buildings on the south side of Main street, between the Lovell building and that now occupied by “The Modern,” have been razed this week to give place to a new structure to be built by the new owners, Messrs. Anastos and Genesky. The little shop which was the last place to house the “Union Club” was the first building torn down and it was no surprise to anyone when the mass of rotten wood was revealed. Next came the other building, known as the Austin store, where James Austin, and later his grandson, plied the trade of tinsmith. The second building was in even worse condition than the other, and when the sides of the other buildings were exposed it seemed almost a marvel to think that they could stand up.

The little group of buildings on the south side of Main street were only temporary structures placed there after the fire of 1846 in which to do business. They have remained during the years that have passed, with the roofs and ends repaired when necessary, but with no way to repair the sides. This accounts for the rotten wood which has been brought to light this week.

ii. *Excerpt from a letter to the editor of the Inquirer and Mirror, June 9, 1928*

A news item in a recent issue of your paper was of especial interest to me. It was the news of the razing of the two wooden buildings on Main Street, one of which was James Austin s tinshop. I remember the other as a barber shop, carried on by Rev. Mr. Crawford for many years. It has always been my impression that that building was moved to Main Street from what we called “the west garden,” a part of my grandmother’s estate on Liberty Street. . . . My grandfather, Benjamin F. Gardner, had a little grocery store on the premises . . . At this time, too, [after 1849], the store building must have been moved to Main Street. . . .

Lila Barnard Starbuck

12 Grafton Street, Greenwood

Appendix 3f. *Excerpt from interview with Robert Kaufman, August 15, 2002.*

They [Si and Rose Kaufman] were on Lower India Street, and they moved in 1936 to the South Water Street location. There is a very nice story about that. My grandfather rented the South Water Street property from a gentleman named George Lake who became very friendly with my grandfather. [George Lake was president of the Nantucket Institution for Savings.] Mr. Lake told my grandfather that when he was ready to sell it, Si would have first right to buy it. It wasn’t written down. It was sealed with a handshake in 1936. In 1957, twenty-one years later, Mr. Lake decided to sell and, without any rancor and based on that handshake, he lived up to it happily, and he sold it without putting it on the market.

And it shows you the different standards. For those who think that this was an unremittingly hostile place, there’s hostility, but there are very nice stories too. So as in most places in the United States, the pos-

itive vastly outweighs the negative. And George Lake is an example, from my family's standpoint, that there were people here who were quite open.

Appendix 3.g. *Excerpt from an article in the Inquirer and Mirror, May 29, 1926*

Opening of "Nantucket Spa" in New Store.

Anastos Brothers opened their new store on Main Street, last Saturday, under the name of the "Nantucket Spa." The new building adjoins that of the C. F. Wing Company on the east and it is a great addition to the "square," the two new buildings which have been under construction the past winter putting a finishing touch to the south side of the street below the alley. . . . The "Spa" occupies the eastern half of the building, the other half of the street floor having been fitted up for rental by the owners. . . . The opening of the "Nantucket Spa" was set for 2.00 o'clock Saturday afternoon and long before that hour the sidewalk was packed with children, each anxious to get an ice cream cone, which they had been told was at the disposal of every youngster who visited the "Spa." Every lady received a box of chocolates and every man a cigar, and hundreds of each were passed out during the afternoon and evening.

The "Spa" is new throughout, with an up-to-date soda fountain and equipment, new show cases for candy, large display windows and a very attractive "parlor" at the rear for serving patrons with ice cream and other refreshments. Cosy booths are on each side of the room, with tables in the centre, all capable of accommodating about sixty customers at a serving.

During the afternoon and evening of the opening day, music was rendered by the Coast Guard orchestra. . . .

A few years ago they [George and John Anastos] purchased the building from the heirs of the late John Wing, the purchase including not only the store they used themselves but the stores occupied by Eugene M. Perry and Andrew Librino.

Last autumn the Anastos Brothers had plans drawn for a new block and the old building was torn down. It had been erected only as a temporary structure in which to do business on Main Street after the "great fire of 1846." That was nearly eighty years ago and the old wooden building was hardly more than kindling wood when it was razed.

Down in the basement was found a flight of stone stairs leading from the sidewalk to the darkness below. . . . No one knew the stone steps were there until the work of tearing down the old building was underway. Then some of the more elderly citizens recalled what they meant, and considerable "reminiscing" followed the discovery of the stairs leading down into the town dungeon.

Appendix 3h.

i. *Excerpt from NHA cassette CT-50: John Egle: Miscellaneous Stories, 1978*

The year 1920 was not an easy year for my family. I remember it as a really hard year. So let me start from February 9. It was an ordinary winter day. There had been a lot of snow, close to twelve, fourteen inches, and it was melting because of a warmer spell and was nothing but puddles and slush and most of

the snow was gone.

I had my brother; we were very close. There was really no day we didn't see each other to talk and laugh and any old way. We couldn't stay away from each other. . . .

My brother had a shop, a repair shop where we repaired engines. At that time they were putt-putt engines. . . . When work was a little slack we used to go hunting. On February 9, 1920, we went out back to Hummock Pond to look for rabbits. We had a dog along, but somehow it wasn't very good weather—a lot of puddles, big bunches of drifted snow that had melted away. We didn't have much luck.

All of a sudden my brother says, "Well I feel kind of chilly." I said, "Well, Max, let's turn around. It's time to quit." Because there was a lot of sickness around then, the bad influenza that had started in town. People had it and it was very powerful, the Asian influenza. So I said, "Best thing we go down home."

So we were maybe a mile out of town. Walking back, we went by the cemetery, Prospect Hill Cemetery. The road leads by there. Coming by, we kept joking and talking. And there's a valley in the cemetery, and that valley was filled up with water. And we joked and said, "Well, we wouldn't like to sleep in that kind of place, under water." But he pointed out that farther down there is a hill and a bush, and he said, "Do you know, I shot a rabbit there." "Well," I said, "Is that so?"

Anyway, we went down home. But when he got home, he got real sick and he had to go to bed. In another day he contracted double pneumonia. Everyone was sort of scared. They were afraid to go to visit. So he was sick, and on the 12th of February—It was a real cold day—my brother passed away.

My brother's wife asked me to come over, so I came over and went into the room where the undertaker had picked my brother up already, and he was laying in a casket in another room. And I went and stayed with him, and somehow, when I was with him, I felt so much better. My fear sort of disappeared, and I felt like he was alive yet. I felt like he was talking, and I felt so much better.

The undertaker—Today we'd call him the funeral director—said in order to go to the cemetery, we had to have a lot there. He happened to have a lot where we'd fit in. Anyway, I didn't know what else to do.

I didn't know what to do about the funeral rites. I asked the undertaker, "Is it all right if I conduct the rites at the graveside myself?" He said, "Oh, it's all right if you would like to do it. It's really proper if you want to do it." So somehow I was my brother's—I guess you'd call it keeper.

At the funeral there were about five or six Latvian families, so really Latvian that they hardly spoke much English at all. And that was one reason I wanted to conduct the rites in Latvian so they would understand.

There arrived the funeral hearse drawn by black horses. A carriage brought his wife, and we came in a carriage. All gathered at the grave, and I tried with a good heart to make the rites in Latvian. And so everyone understood, because when I was a kid, my father was often called to conduct the graveside rituals in Latvia. So it sort of came into my mind that I can do it in private for my own brother, and I think nobody could put more love in it than I could do for my own brother.

As you remember, we talked, my brother and me, by the cemetery. He pointed out the bush where he'd shot the rabbit. Superstition, much superstition, but it was just two weeks later that my brother was buried in sight of that bush in the same cemetery. That really suits well the people who hold superstitions about what you shouldn't do in the cemetery—disturb anything—because you will be punished. We try to

be not superstitious, but it just happened. And that you can put in a true story.

ii. *Excerpt from “An American Egle” by Leeds Mitchell Jr., p. 44*

. . . When the move to Lily Pond took place Mr. Mitchell had died on Nantucket, a sad event for John. His period at Brant Point had been “ the happiest place for me to work. When I first met the Mitchells I loved them and they loved me. I enjoyed working with the kids as well as the adults. I felt like one of the family. I loved boats, and boats with the Mitchells were my work.” There were many memories. Poignant among these was the time when little John [John and Alma’s nine-month-old son] died. Mr. Mitchell had sent a horse and carriage to bring Erna to the Point so that she wouldn t have to observe the sadness of the ceremonies. And there was the grand champagne party Mr. Mitchell held for Erna’s wedding in the Point house. And of the trip to Newport with Mr. Mitchell, Jr. These memorable occasions continued to happen even after Mr. Mitchell’s death. John’s and Alma’s silver wedding anniversary was held in the Mitchell house, now in Polpis, and Bob Blair’s band was on hand to play the dance music. . . .

Appendix 3i. *Inquirer and Mirror*, October 28, 1922.

Our Swiftest Season
by Charlotte Gibbs, Class of 1923
Nantucket High School

If only the summer visitors knew the witching charm of Nantucket when the colors are all flying and the air is just frosty enough to bite cheeks and nip fingers, then they would spend not only the summer but part of the winter here. Some of the best of them, however, have found it out, and we are glad to have them linger. They seem to belong in a way. Our name for them is “On-from-Off.”

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The Nantucket winds have a way of their own, just as we islanders do. They come driving in, cool and salt from the ocean, early in October. All winter they rush along over our island, sometimes at the rate of ninety miles an hour. At night when we lie in bed, we can feel the house rock, and hear the wolves and bears howling around the windows and roaring down the open fire-places. The Weather Bureau puts up signals when a storm is coming, and upon request will tell you the velocity of the wind. We feel the full strength of it, as there is nothing to stop the mad gallop, like troops of horses, across the island. Trees are blown down and vessels driven ashore by nor’easters. Our little stubby pines out on the commons are all flat-headed in the spring. The prevailing winds are south-east, and this accounts in part for our mild climate.

Such winds as these keep the surfmen at Nantucket busy. Treacherous shoals guard our little island; and these, with the frequent nor’east blows, make our waters a place to be dreaded. Over five hundred wrecks have occurred here since the settlement in 1659. Since the writer is a surfman’s daughter, she knows more about the life-saving stations than some, and will try to tell you about them.

There are four Coast Guard Stations situated at dangerous, exposed parts of the shore, besides a few Humane houses. The last contain necessary apparatus, so in case of a wreck a long distance off, the life-savers will not have to drag their apparatus from the station along the beach and thereby lose time.

Our Coast Guard Stations are located on Coskata, about two miles from Great Point; at Madaket, on the southwestern corner; on the island of Muskeget; and at Surfside, on the south shore. The last is now officially closed, and all the government furnishings have been distributed among other Coast Guard Stations. The Radio Compass Station takes the place of Surfside to such an extent that most boats in trouble, especially in thick weather, are directed on their routes.

The Coast Guard Stations are much alike, and are all painted white. Each has a barn and a workshop, besides the main building. In this is a kitchen, a captain's room, and two or three boat and beach cart rooms. On the roof is a cupola, where the men stand watches. In the daytime these are four hours long; at night, three.

From five o'clock in the evening until seven in the morning, through fair or stormy weather, the sturdy coast guards patrol the beaches, peering out across the dark waters in search of distress signals. These patrols are divided into eastern and western beats and last three hours. The coast guards also have boat drills, which consist of the launching, manning, and landing of the surf-boat in the surf; and gun drills, or practice in shooting the breeches buoy. Besides these are drills in wigwagging, semaphore, and the international code.

Furthermore, each guard learns the use of the medicine chest and what to do in case of accidents. These hardy, well trained men take part in many a thrilling rescue, and more than one has a medal to show for his bravery.

One of the joys of this same surfman's daughter is a walk across the beaches or commons. A favorite hike is to Miacomet, across the commons and back to Surfside along the beach, with the big rollers piling in. Everything is quiet, save for the harsh cawing of the crows and the pound of the sea against the bluff. The grass is all dried and brown, and the grove of pine trees in the distance looms up in tall dark blots.

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Spring is usually late on our purple island; but when at last it comes, with its warm and sunny days, every house-keeper gets the house-cleaning fever. The lines in the yards are filled with winter clothing and blankets, hurry-up dinners are eaten at noon, so no time will be lost, the clean smell of soap suds and varnish fill the air, and everything that can be scrubbed is washed until it shines.

Houses to be rented receive an extra spring polish. If you are unlucky enough to be living in one, you know how renters always come to look it over at the wrong time; and how they insist on seeing the room where you are dressing, or the kitchen at diner time.

After house cleaning is over we have a little peace. Soon they arrive, and we move into cramped quarters until September. Then we are free again, and our village, our commons, and the whole of our island are ours until another visiting season begins.

Appendix 3j. *Inquirer and Mirror*, May 12, 1951.

Death of Capt. Pedersen

On Saturday evening, at the home of his niece in Watertown, Mass., Capt. Peder Pedersen, formerly of Nantucket, passed away. Although in poor health for the past few years, the end came suddenly. He had removed from Nantucket only a few weeks ago, having sold his house at 22 Pleasant Street, where he had resided with Mrs. Pedersen since coming to Nantucket three decades ago.

A man well known along the waterfront, Capt. Pedersen's headquarters was the Austin Strong boatshop on Old North Wharf. He was admired and respected by many acquaintances. His knowledge of boats and yachting was of the highest order.

Born in the Lofoten Islands of Norway in 1874, Peder Pedersen came from a rugged seafaring race. At the age of 14 he went to sea in a merchant ship—a sailing craft—and followed the sea all of his early life. As he made his way aft from foremast hand to officer, he soon became interested in sailing yachts, and he spent every summer from 1901 to 1912 sailing in German and Danish waters.

Having circumnavigated the world in windships, he found the transition to steam yachts not too difficult. For thirteen years he was with Alison Armour on the 3-masted yacht *Eutewana*, when Armour entertained all of the royalty of Europe. He once carried a message to Queen Victoria, who chatted at some length with him about the sea and ships, and upon another occasion he received a medal from the German Kaiser Wilhelm II for winning a yacht race.

Having secured his citizenship papers, he served as the skipper on freighters for the U.S. Shipping Board in World War I. Following the war, he continued in the merchant service, until he came to Nantucket in 1922, where, upon recommendation by Admiral Seth Ackley's widow, he entered the employ of Austin Strong, and was with him 10 years. During this time he aided Mr. Strong in organizing the first Rainbow fleet, as well as other craft.

In subsequent years he sailed yachts for the Hagner, Coors and Miller families, of Nantucket.

Capt. Pedersen was a member of Union Lodge, F. & A. M., the Wharf Rat Club and a former member of the Sportsmens' Club. Besides his widow, he is survived by a nephew, Capt. Arne Pedersen, and two nieces, Miss Fanna Pedersen, of Holyoke, and Mrs. James Tyler, of 61 Ralph Street, Watertown, with whom he was living at his death.

Appendix 3k.

Composed by Maximille Paradis Howes for the Paradis family reunion on November 28, 1957.

Published in the Inquirer and Mirror, November 30, 1957.

La Famille de Paradis

A wonderful lady, Marie our Mater,
Mother of eleven with the help of Pater.
Ten little daughters at first she had;
Finally, lo and behold, a wee little lad.
Some with odd names and so hard to spell,
Many with “ettes,” as you know very well.
There’s Annette, Bernadette, Laurette,
Germaine, Claudette, and Adrinette.
Also Maximille, Jeanette, Therese, and Georgette.
Last, but not least, Pat—with no “ette.”
The Paradis line will go on, it’s true,
But this is to show what two people can do.