

# The Harthaven Herald

Fall and Winter edition – 2012/2013

"All the news that fits"



Hurricane Sandy inundates Seaview Avenue

# **Hurricane Diary**

## **Sunday – October 27th**

10:30 AM - Weather reports call Sandy a super-storm and advise battening down. Folks in Harthaven are seen moving detritus out of their yards, stowing rowboats, canoes and kayaks, and putting garbage cans away.

1:02 PM - the “back door” into Harthaven is opened as a way in and out when Seaview Avenue is closed.

2 PM - All boats have been pulled out of the water except two. By late afternoon these are pulled, a triumph of neighborly helpfulness. Special thanks to Andrew Moore from Peter Pease, the last boat out.

10 PM - first power outage in HH - Moores and Low - fixed within an hour.

Winds remain brisk from Northeast - 25 knots - during the evening.

## **Monday – October 29th**

8:00 AM - winds steady at 35mph NNE - Seaview Avenue still open.



8:20 - Seaview Avenue closed.

11:20 ocean begins to enter the Harbor via the path to Young's Beach

1 PM - Dusty Burke makes the rounds offering his and the strong backs of his two sons to provide help where needed.

1:15 - PM Doug Pease reports that the water is approaching the Clark's guesthouse. Peter Pease retells his earliest memory, when he and Doug were on the lawn in 1954 during Hurricane Carol. The waves broke across the pond and against the little house, rising to within an inch or two of the floor level. They had to move to the big house. The adults were pulling up the rowboats. Peter was 3 and Doug an infant. Their dad Marshall was yelling in the high winds to Penny's mother Polly: "You should go inside!" Polly hollered back: "I've lived long enough! You have little children. YOU should get inside!!"

2:30 - PM the water level in Farm Pond is higher than I have ever seen it. My dock is underwater and the walkway to it is floating. The



ocean flows into the harbor through the path at Young's Beach. The ocean sweeps in against the dunes but the sea grass planted by the community holds. The tide in the Harbor is ebbing but with the storm surge the water is about ten feet into the cobbles of the parking area. All docks are completely underwater and the ocean laps at the parking lot by the Gifford boathouse. Gusts increase to about 70MPH with a steady 60 MPH wind. A branch is now resting on the power

line by the Howell home and a tree has fallen down across from Peter Pease's home and is resting on another tree.

6:00 PM - The water level is still very high in the harbor although it is low tide. On Farm Pond Road two pine trees at Clarks have snapped off about 12 feet off the ground, taking down a phone line and destabilizing the transformer on the pole, which drops a few feet to an angular perch, but remains up and functional. 1:15 - PM Doug Pease reports that the water is approaching the Clark's guesthouse and remembers an earlier hurricane. Winds 50 mph and 65 in gusts.

Sometime during the evening the Abbe's dock is lifted from its posts and gently deposited in the bushes intact.

## **Tuesday – October 30th**

8:30 ARE - the wind has veered southerly during the night and is now blowing at maybe 25 MPH. The storm has passed. A crew from NStar is now cutting down trees in front of Peter Pease's home and the Clarks'. Work continues most of the day.

9:00 AM – Peggy Yoars is observed at the Our Market parking lot raking up big bags of seaweed and stashing it in her pickup. "It was great," she said, "all that good seaweed just lying there waiting and not a grain of sand in it. My gardens will love it."

3:15 PM - power goes out in the community as NStar installs a new transformer.

5:15 PM - festivities to honor Ron Moore's birthday begin at Martha Shaw's home with candle light. The party also takes on a celebration of our good luck in weathering the storm.

7:15 PM - Power restored throughout the community. Everyone takes a breath of relief.



## **Reflections from Young's Beach – Fall 2012**

By Alan Willens

Long before we knew about super-storm Sandy, or whatever you like to call it (no hurricane on MV this time), I have spent portions of my morning beach walks observing the ever-changing scene. Some neighbors have lamented the narrowing of this stretch of sand beach, the increasing prevalence of stones under foot, and the periodic invasions of seaweed and other green stuff that washes ashore when the wind comes off the water.

I agree. My feet hurt as much as those of other adults when treading on expanses of stones, my nose curls at the odor of rotting seaweed, and my shoes are stained green when my feet sink into deep piles of seaweed lurking just below a thin veneer of sand and stones. It has been suggested that we hire someone to clear away the stones and restore out once-sandy beach.

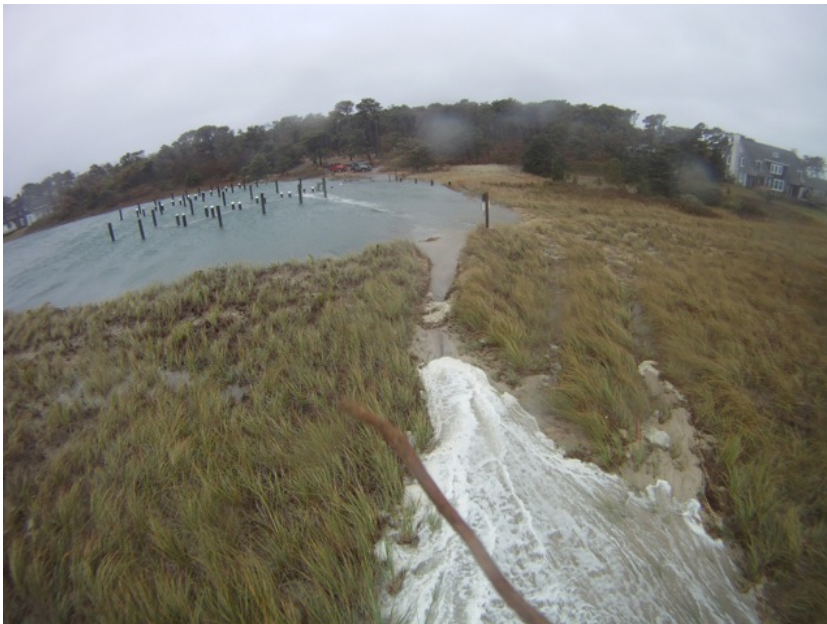


Experiencing the near-total rearrangement of the beach earlier this week makes it easy to dismiss the notion of pitting shovels or front-end loaders against Mother Nature. The most striking thing about the way the beach looks today versus a week ago is that everything looks

different. It feels like a place I haven't visited before. The vistas from water's edge up toward the dunes and the pond and road beyond have been opened up as I have never seen them. The dunes, such as they still are, have been flattened and moved up between 20 and 100 feet or more from the water. My overall perception is that the beach seems much wider than before. Whether this is actually so or simply an illusion has to await the tides coming back to near-normal; they are still a lot higher than we are used to, even at low water.

A few details: it's no longer necessary for Alley Moore to hire machinery to spread the remains of last spring's dredging of the harbor entrance channel. 100 percent (and then some) of that large sand pile was blown back into the channel (and maybe beyond). At the North end of the beach, the fence, which was stout wood posts and rails set in concrete, has migrated from last week's location to various spots all along the top of the beach. Some of the remains of the fence components are up by Sea View Avenue.

It feels as though a lot of the mushy seaweed base that was under the sand has either been washed away or compacted so that the beach again feels solid under foot, and that's a good thing. It may also be that the ratio of sand to stones was actually improved by the storm. At least that's the way it appears at first glance. We'll have to wait for things to settle down to be sure. That said, it's a bit disheartening to see how much soft sand has been carried up into the dunes and the harbor. Given the Federal, State, and Local



environmental restrictions in place these days, it may not be possible to put any of this valuable sand back where it would do the most good. I have to note, however, that environmental rules do not seem

to deter the Town of Oak Bluffs from moving around sand near the water at will. Don't the rules apply to our Town?

Those of us who use the harbor to dock our boats may well face another problem sooner than we would wish: sand and other materials driven by tides and the storm are relentlessly pushed up toward and into the harbor. We have a dredging permit for the harbor entrance, but what will happen when the harbor itself fills in enough that navigation to and from the docks becomes difficult or impossible. It's certainly none too soon to start planning for this eventuality and to apply for any additional permits that would be necessary. Our harbor is a resource that contributes to the value of every property in Harthaven, boat owner or not. It's too valuable a resource to cede to nature.

In the past few days we have all observed that awesome power of Mother Nature, and we need to keep in mind that someday a storm may actually hit our beautiful island instead of making landfall hundreds of miles away. In the past two seasons, we have had two clear warnings about what might happen. We need to pay attention and to plan for that day.

## **Update: Still Another Storm on November 7-8**

**Alan Willens**

Hard to believe but a bit over a week after we were battered by super-storm Sandy we were targeted by another Nor'easter, called "Athena" by The Weather Channel. Apparently they're naming winter storms now – not quite sure why. For us on the Vineyard, this was a two-day affair and, except for the lack of astronomical high tides that coincided with Sandy, the wind and rain were about as bad – probably longer-lasting as well. So far as I have heard, no big tress fell in Harthaven this time: maybe the weaklings gave up the ghost last week.

I walked the beach this morning, braving a cold northwest wind, to see what had happened as a result of our latest storm. Pretty generally, the beach looks pretty much as it did after Sandy. A lot of beach grass has been uprooted or covered by sand, so the beach still



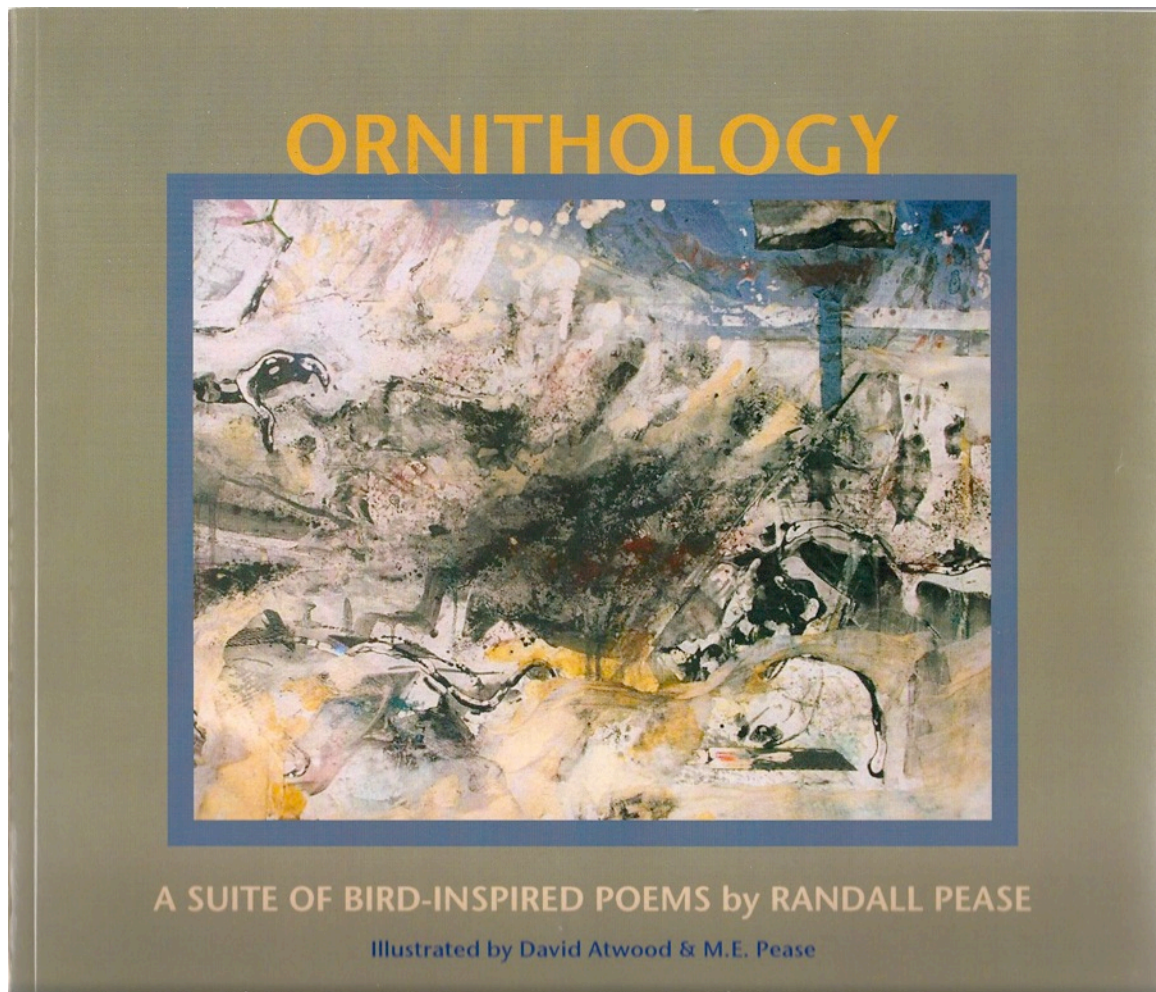
appears vastly wider than before. The accumulations of seaweed have largely been dispersed, and the overall aspect is one of a vast, barren beach, with far fewer stones and rocks than this past summer. We'll have to see how this holds up over the winter, a season that, after all, hasn't even begun. Is what we are seeing a precursor of what's to come? We'll have to wait to know for sure.

One thing that has visibly changed – a lot – is that the harbor entrance channel, which survived Sandy somewhat unscathed, has now silted up more than I can remember at any time in the 14 or so years we have been here. I walked on the south jetty close to the morning high tide, and even then it would have been easily possible to walk across the newly-deposited sand to the south jetty. We have seen something like this a few times in the past, but rarely at high tide and never in my memory this early in the season. The sand in the channel looks beautifully clean and smooth, as does the sand that was washed up over the path to the parking lot last week. It's truly a shame that we can't recover this sand for use on the beach. My guess is that's not going to happen.

It should be an “interesting” winter, beach and harbor-wise.



## The Arts



Randall Pease recently published a beautifully illustrated volume of his poetry. "The writing process was unique and classical," Randy wrote in the preface. "I was a full time writer. In the morning I would lay down in my bed with a notepad in my lap. As I fell into a dreamy half sleep, I scribbled down a truly rough draft. I was able to write free of judgment. Then I woke and welcomed the judge into the process, as I transformed rough ideas into poetic forms. My source for poetic shapes? Dante of course. The entire writing period I was reading *The Divine Comedy*, and as you wall see, Dante was my inspiration." The book is illustrated by Randy's sister Marnie Berman and his old friend David Atwood. Copies available from Randy at [randallpease53@gmail.com](mailto:randallpease53@gmail.com)



## **Harthaveners Sponsor, Compete in Annual Sullivan Run/Walk**

by Alan Willens



On August 25, a beautiful Saturday morning, the 24th annual Sullivan 5K Run/Walk kicked off at 9:00 AM with walkers getting a half-hour start over the runners. The annual event, which benefits the Martha's Vineyard Hospital, is sponsored by our own Lou and Ginger Sullivan. This year, the Cenkl family also got major notice on the t-shirts that all contestants earned, as additional sponsors.

Among this year's contestants in the walker division were Harthaveners Shirley Hall, Gina Cenkl, el Edwards, Alan Willens and, of course, Lou Sullivan. [maybe more here when



results are posted]. After a leisurely 5 kilometer stroll with Jordan Cohen of Chilmark and a gracious act of “you go first” at the finish line, Alan ended up with a medal for “the least slow really old guy,” a signal honor. Needless to say, Alan finished far behind the younger and more agile Gina and Shirley, who finished far earlier, but ahead of Lou and el, who took an even more leisurely stroll.

Thanks to all, especially the Sullivan’s, for supporting our hospital.

## **Jayden is Eight**



Jill and Al Woolcott's granddaughter, Jayden Baird, celebrated her eighth birthday on October 5<sup>th</sup>.

Jayden is the youngest of the three grandchildren - Rya is fourteen and Jake is twelve.

Happy birthday, Jayden.



## **Mickey Graham's Pig Roast a big success**

On Saturday, August 17<sup>th</sup>, Mickey held his annual pig roast at his home on Seaview Avenue. Most of Harthaven attended and stayed on to watch the Oak Bluffs fireworks display. Thanks Mickey for your warmth and generosity – your party has become a Harthaven tradition that we all look forward to.



## **Over the Bar**



### **Mike Pease Thoroughly Enjoyed Long, Happy Life.** **The Vineyard Gazette - Thursday, November 29, 2012**

Born on July 18, 1922 and although named after his father, Maurice Henry Pease, he was for the rest of his life called simply "Mike." Mike grew up amid an extended family and enjoyed a boisterous and happy (occasionally verging on the slightly notorious) childhood, divided between New Britain, Conn. and Harthaven. He attended the Mooreland Hill School in New Britain, followed by Andover Academy and then Yale University, as a member of the class of 1944. Like so many young men of his era, WWII postponed his graduation.

Mike wanted to fly and had indeed received his pilot's license with Steve Gentle Sr. at the Katama airport. Unfortunately, his eyesight

was not up to Navy standards, so he attended Roosevelt Aviation School (where he lived on a houseboat with some other nuts and ate anonymous food from cans without labels that were found after a house fire). He then entered the Navy in San Diego where he trained as a flight mechanic. At the war's end he returned to Yale, graduating with a degree in geology. He received his master's degree at University of California, Berkeley and spent three years mapping in the Pacific Northwest for the U.S. Geological Survey.

Then, with his first wife and two children, Holly and Jeffrey, he moved to Puerto Rico, where he spent the next nine years producing the definitive geologic map of that island. Returning to Boston, he continued mapping in western Connecticut.

In 1974, he met and married Mary Jane Case, along with her three children and other assorted animals. They lived in Lexington and Cambridge until they built a house in Waterville Valley, N.H., where they wintered for the next 20 years. They skied all over the U.S, Canada and Europe, traveled extensively and spent the warmer months at Mary Jane's house in Chilmark and at Mike's beloved camp, "The Shackteau," on Tisbury Great Pond. His favorite activity was gathering and roasting oysters for friends and family.

Mike thoroughly enjoyed his life. He literally never met a person he didn't like and criticism was, quite simply, not a part of his nature. He died on Nov. 10 after an increasingly debilitating illness. Many of his family and friends and his dog Jacques were at his bedside when he died, listening to songs of Billie Holliday.

He leaves his loving wife Mary Jane; his beloved son Jeffrey and daughter Holly Hughes and her children Jesse and Tegan, their spouses Channon and "Toph" and great-grandson Chuck Hughes; his very fond step-children Chris, Alison and Timothy and all of their children: Tyler, Olivia, Melanie, Henry, Eleanor, Finn and Flora. A celebration of Mike's life will be held on Saturday, May 19, at the Chilmark cemetery with a reception afterwards.



## Memories

### “Coming to the Island”

by Dr. Jack Thomas

I first came to Martha's Vineyard in the summer of 1969, the year that Ted Kennedy proved himself to be such a good swimmer. That was the year in which traffic jams caused by morbid curiosity seekers trying to see the infamous Dike Bridge, stretched all the way back through Edgartown, sometimes as far as the triangle. It was also the year, if I remember correctly, that men first landed on the moon. Which was the most significant event? Certainly not my coming to the Vineyard. One of the other events may have changed the course of American presidential history; the other, who knows?

I came to the Vineyard at the urging of Allan McDowell, the father of Ba Dutton and Lanny McDowell. Allan had been a patient of Benjamin White, the senior partner in our medical partnership. When Ben retired, Allan, even though he lived way out in Kent, Connecticut, continued to come to Hartford to see me for medical advice. In the spring of 1969 it came out in conversation that my family and I were planning a summer vacation on Cape Cod. Allan expostulated " Oh no, Jack, come to the Vineyard instead! "

Fortunately I was able to extricate myself from the Cape Cod arrangements, and we rented the main house at Crow's Nest for three weeks that year, and the Mess House for the next two years. Russ and Barbara Hart were our landlords

Allan was a tireless advocate for Harthaven and eventually convinced me to buy the lot back here in the woods where my house now is. I have been coming here ever since.

He was a courtly Virginia gentleman who used to speak fondly of growing up near the North Fork of the James River. I think he would have found me some property there if I shown any interest. He was an accomplished artist and architect. His small house, perched between Seaview Avenue and Ice House Pond, was a masterpiece of

design. Its interior reminded one of the interiors of a yacht, with custom designed storage areas for almost everything in the house. It was similar in design to the Lehmann house in Harthaven, which he also designed.

Allan was a great raconteur, and appreciated the finer things of life. Among these fine things was a cocktail called a Negroni, named after some obscure Italian nobleman. For those who don't know, a Negroni is made of equal parts of gin, sweet vermouth and Campari over ice. Orson Welles also liked Negronis, and was once quoted as saying that the bitters are good for your liver, the gin is bad for you, but they cancel each other out. Allan's yardstick for judging the quality of a restaurant was to be able to walk in, order a Negroni, and have the bartender know how to make one without having to look it up. Only a few restaurants made the cut.

I once had a piece of laboratory glassware known as a graduated cylinder, which I presented to Allan. He was greatly pleased, knowing that he would henceforth be able to make Negronis with absolute accuracy.

Allan died fifteen or twenty years ago, perhaps more, but not before I had the chance to thank him for introducing me to this lovely island.

## The Arts Redux

Photo by Sam Low – “Seaview Night”



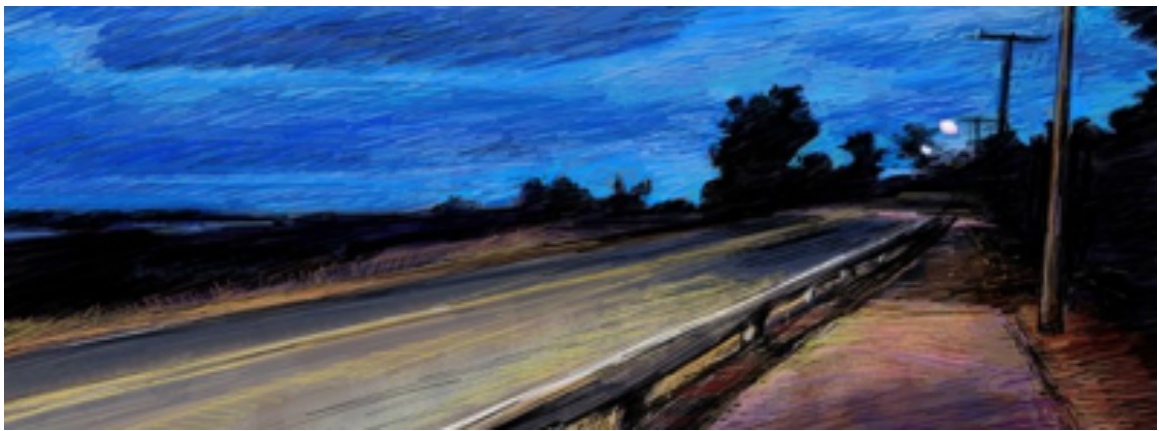
## Goff Gallery

Daily art by our own Heather Goff

Almost every day, Heather creates a work of art and posts it on the web. Heather's collection can be seen on Facebook at: <https://www.facebook.com/HeatherGoffDailySketches>. Here is a selection featuring Harthaven and near environs.







## We all are a wee bit curious about our roots, aren't we?

By Alfred Woollacott, III

A few months ago, e I Edwards asked if I would give a genealogy talk at the Oak Bluffs Library, since the recently hired research librarian wanted to increase awareness about Ancestry.com, the largest, fee-based family history website. With some local publicity about 50 people attended, several from the Harthaveners, which I appreciated. I hoped that the talk was well received, but wasn't sure. But when asked later if I would be willing to do it in the spring, my doubts lessened.

Having recently completed a project for my mother-in-law on her father, Russell Clark Germond born 4 Oct 1887 in Brooklyn, NY, I used him to demonstrate Ancestry.com's power. Russell's family tree with ancestors, siblings and descendants took shape with only three censuses. The basics, dates and places for birth, death and marriage, were added and then the "leaves" (*e. g.* his schooling, income, street addresses, draft statuses, immigration), all available from genealogical websites. The free websites Familysearch.org and findagrave.com were accessed during the talk to demonstrate their capabilities. In about an hour, the audience had a sketch of a person, who was previously unknown to them and branches to explore further – it really is that easy. Records are being digitized daily, allowing for ready access. As an example findagrave.com presently has 93,000,000 gravesites available on line - access it and type in your extended family's last names.

At the outset, I asked the audience about their family history experiences. Many were dabblers, who had encountered stumbling blocks and stopped. Upon retirement, I too became a dabbler. But now my Personal Ancestry File (PAF) approaches 4,000 names. The PAF software is available free from familysearch.org. As I gazed upon the sea of innocence, I feared for what my talk might unleash. So I offered a cigarette pack styled warning as an early defense lest a plaintiff's attorney might sue for a client's disturbed behavior that I allegedly caused.



*CAUTION: genealogy can be habit forming, possibly leading to obsessive compulsive behavior.*

In October, the Friday before the 1987 market crash, we purchased our residence from Jill's cousins – no, they didn't give us a deal. Jill's great grandfather, Maxwell Hart, built our house *circa* 1915 and during her childhood she stayed in the guest house. Even though I had visited the Vineyard but briefly, I was aware of this former family compound's history. And whenever I entered Harthaven, the White House reminded me of its patriarch, William Henry Hart born 25 July 1834 in New Britain, CT.

As we met neighbors during our first summer, the dearth of Harts in Harthaven surprised me until I learned that the patriarch's only daughter Martha married E. A. Moore. They in turn had five children and a daughter, Barbara married Maurice Pease. My self-imposed enigma was becoming clearer as more pieces were fitted into the puzzle. Harthaven had plenty of Hart blood, but much of it was concealed by the surnames Moore and Pease.

I was pleased with my sleuthing until my mother-in-law threw more puzzle pieces on the table. Her mother was a Chamberlain from New Britain and many of that family lived in Harthaven, too. Phronsie, the Bamfords and Sam Low have a common ancestor, Valentine Burt Chamberlain born 13 April 1833 in Colebrook River, CT. Further, since Sam's grandmother, Louise Chamberlain married Walter Hart, he and Jill were the only ones in Harthaven with both Hart and Chamberlain blood. My latent genealogical tendencies were aroused by two minutiae; Jill and Sam's common bonds and Val Chamberlain's birth day of April 13<sup>th</sup> - the same as Jill's, albeit years apart. Dates stick onto a genealogist's mind like Velcro, impossible to shake off. Thomas Jefferson was born on April 13<sup>th</sup> and John Adams on October 30<sup>th</sup>, my birthday. Hopefully that is where the date connection ends. Unlike these two Presidents, we are not planning on dying eleven hours apart on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July.

Genealogical curiosity once unleashed is never quelled. Known as Sandy, Jill's father's full name is Sanford Ballard Chandler, Jr. Sam

Low's first name is Sanford too and his father's full name is Sanford Ballard Dole Low. And there was a Sanford Ballard Dole, who was President of the Republic of Hawaii and then Governor of the Hawaii Territory. You need only a short genealogical journey to realize that we WASPs lack imagination when naming our children. Saddled with Alfred Woollacott the third, I am living proof. I still remember my grandfather's annoyance when we named our first born son Justin – for Jill, Alfred IV was just a bit much. But giving Justin the middle name Chandler probably increased Alfred Sr's frustration even further. So a rare first name, Sanford, coupled to an even rarer middle name, Ballard, couldn't be happenstances. My genealogical obsession was aroused and I couldn't escape – I had to know. While my research is not completed, I have located the common ancestor, Calvin Ballard born about 1780 in Hallowell, Maine. Calvin is Sam Low's and Sandy Chandler's great, great, great grandfather. Thus these two Sanfords are fourth cousins.

So Jill and Sam are thrice related. If I were an accomplished genealogist, I would recite the probability of such a rare occurrence. As Chamberlains they are second cousins, having a common great grandfather, Val Chamberlain. As Harts and Ballards, Sam and Jill's father Sandy are second and fourth cousins, respectively, having the same respective great grandfather, William Hart and respective three greates grandfather, Calvin Ballard. Jill and Sam have the same relationship, but one generation removed. This obscure genealogical journey began about 1780 in Hallowell, Maine, expanded to Connecticut, Hawaii and elsewhere to conclude in 2013 for two of the many descendants, who just happened to be next-door neighbors on a tiny island 8 miles and 45 minutes from America. And for me, I remain an outlaw in-law not descending from a Hart or a Chamberlain or a Ballard - my children and grandchildren on the other hand....

*CAUTION: genealogy can be habit forming, possibly leading to obsessive-compulsive behavior*

## The New Harthaven Shirt is In!

and we still have mugs and hats for sale. Contact Ron Moore - [moorevineyard@yahoo.com](mailto:moorevineyard@yahoo.com).

Harthaven Centennial Hat - dated on back 1911-2011 - Blue only, One size fits all. \$15.00ea.

Polo Shirt, Preshrunk, 100% cotton White only with Harthaven Pennant ( Pennant will be smaller than shown) medium, large, x-large \$28.00 ea

Polo Shirt, Preshrunk, 100% cotton, Blue only with HARTHAVEN logo (as shown) medium, large, x-large \$ 28.00ea

Harthaven Centennial Mug, \$8.00ea, 2/\$15.00, 4/\$25.00 Limited quantities first come until sold out. Will not be re-ordered.



### **Send in your news Please**

The Herald's mission is to keep us all in touch with each other. I depend on you for news items.

Send to: Sam Low - [samfilm2@gmail.com](mailto:samfilm2@gmail.com) - or 508 687 9771