



Dennis Historical Society Newsletter

Volume 39, No 10

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

Nov. 2016

Internet: www.dennishistoricalsociety.org

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E-Mail info@dennishistoricalsociety.org

The next Board Meeting is Wednesday, November 9, 2nd floor, Dennis Memorial Library, Old Bass River Road, Dennis Village

New DHS Officers & Directors

The 2016 DHS Annual Meeting/Luncheon, held on October 29, in historic Liberty Hall in South Dennis was a wonderful time and a great success!

After a delicious luncheon, catered by the Red Cottage Restaurant, a brief business meeting was held before we were entertained with a delightful presentation by Phyllis Horton and Joshua Crowell, *Phyllis and Josh Remember*, wonderful remembrances of days gone by in Dennis.

During the business portion of the meeting, the slate of your officers and directors was unanimously approved for the upcoming year/years and they are as follows:

2016-2017 EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

PRESIDENT.....Diane Rochelle
VICE PRESIDENTS.....Dave Talbott, Terri Fox
TREASURER.....Bob Poskitt
ASSISTANT TREASURE.....June Howes
RECORDING SECRETARY.....Bonnie Hempel
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.....Ruth Derick

ELECTED DIRECTORS

Pat Corcoran, Bo Durst, Jinny Devine,
Mary Kuhrtz, Larry Symington, Jan Ward

APPOINTED DIRECTORS

HISTORICAL

COMMISSION.....Diane Rochelle
JERICO & MEMBERSHIP.....Dawn Dellner
DENNIS MANSE.....Terri Fox
WDGS, MARITIME MUSEUM.....Phyllis Horton
ROSE VICTORIAN.....Pat Sakellis
CURATOR/ARCHIVIST.....Phyllis Horton
PHOTOGRAPHER.....Dick Howes
LIBRARIAN.....Ruth Derick
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN.....Paul Lapense
PROGRAMS.....Betsy Harrison, Jinny Devine
PUBLICITY.....VACANT
TECHNOLOGY.....Pete Howes
DIRECTOR AT LARGE.....Priscilla Hutchinson

David Talbott

1st Annual Apple Pie Baking Contest

It was a warm sunny afternoon. 13 hopeful bakers delivered their freshly baked pies. Many of the pies were still warm and fragrant with spices. Our judges from the Red Cottage Restaurant in South Dennis and Woolfie's Bakery in Dennis Port tackled the daunting task before them: to choose the best 3 pies.

Many visitors and bakers toured Captain Theophilus Baker's barn and house at Jericho while they anxiously awaited the deliberations of the judges. It is not clear whether they were more interested in finding out who would win, or getting a chance to taste the pies!

Ivaylo Dragnev of Dennis Port won the Blue Ribbon. His prizewinning recipe is listed below.

Grandma Ada's Apple Pie

Ingredients:

Crust

2 1/2 cups unbleached flour - 1/3 cup cake flour
2 tbsp. sugar
1/2 tsp. salt - 1 stick butter - 1/2 cup Crisco
1/2 cup ice water

Filling

6 cups sliced apples - 1/2 cup white sugar
1/2 cup brown sugar
2 tbsp. cornstarch - 2 tbsp. flour
1/2 tsp. cinnamon - 1/8 tsp. clove
1/8 tsp. nutmeg - 1 tbsp. lemon juice
2 tbsp. butter

Glaze

1 egg white - 1 tbsp. ice water - sugar

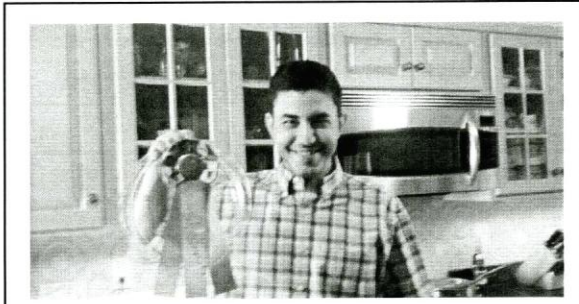
Preparation:

Sprinkle lemon juice over apples. Sift flour, sugar and spices over apples and toss. Set aside.

Sift flour, sugar and salt. Cut in butter and Crisco until coarse. Add water and mix gently until moist. Form two balls and roll out one to line the pie plate. Spoon filling into unbaked pie crust. Dot with butter. Roll out second ball and cover pie. Fold edges under and flute. Slit top of

pie to vent air. Beat egg white and water. Brush top of pie and sprinkle with sugar.

Bake 450 degrees for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 350 degrees and continue cooking 45 minutes or until center bubbles.



First Prize Winner Ivaylo Dragnev

Jennifer Marceline of Dennis Port won 2nd place with her recipe for: "Dutch Apple Delight". Amy Berry's "Old Main Street Gluten Free Apple Pie" placed third. Check out the Jericho Historic House Facebook page for these recipes.

Next year we may ask to publish your recipe after the 2nd Annual Apple Pie Contest!

Dawn Dellner

(After I ran a prior story about Scargo Lake, I received a note from a reader who is collecting such material. While there are many stories about Scargo Lake, I recently located this one that is a variant on the others. Ed.)

The Legend of Scargo Lake

SCARGO LAKE, to the eastward, figures in an oft-told Indian legend. So long ago that no tree-rings can number the years, Princess Scargo was the darling of her chieftain-father, Sagam of the Nobscussets. His favorite squaw, so the story goes, died in giving birth to the princess, and Sagam, stricken and bewildered, vowed that the innocent baby should never have to ponder the dark riddle of death, never have to face the intimacy of loss as he had faced it.

One day, among the gifts the distant tribes sent to Scargo, arrived one which snared her fancy as no other—a golden bowl carved from a pumpkin; water inside, and in the water, "little perch and dainty trout."

When the fish got bigger, Scargo made a little pool. They grew in number; then there came a dry summer. The streams failed, the pool dwindled, and some of the Princess's pets,

"with gills wide opened, turned them on their sides to die."

The little girl had never heard of the thing called dying. But somehow she knew. Her grief was intolerable to Sagam. He called for signal fires, and drew to him all his warriors, squaws, even the papooses, for a mighty powwow. The tribe, he said, must dig a fishpond—one that would be so wide and so deep it would never fail—as broad across, in fact, as an arrow's flight.

The Princess picked the brawniest brave in the tribe to draw the bow, and stood him so that that dart should have fair wind.

Scargo watched the arrow's falling,
Placed a shell on either side,
Cheated some on east and west lines,
Got it longer than 'twas wide.

For weeks in the broiling sun, the squaws toiled on, and the braves grunted. At last, in the autumn, it was finished; a great heap of sand, Scargo Hill, stood beside it. And the rains of October filled the lake to its brim. Of her beloved fish the Princess had saved a few.

Now she placed them in the pond,
Watched them as they swam away,
There they are, or their descendants,
Swimming to this very day.

And on quiet summer evenings,
At the far side of the lake,
Calling gently, "Scargo, Scargo!"—
Then the echoes will awake.

The legend has been told in several forms, but most published versions of it draw upon a long anonymous poem that was published in the *Cape Cod Magazine* in January 1922, from which the above passages are quoted. The poem concludes:

Where the shadows lie the deepest,
Loving couples often pause.
They are listening to the echoes,
'Tis the grumbling of the squaws.

*Botkin, B. A. Editor
A Treasury of New England Folklore
Crown Publishers, N.Y., 1947, pp470 et seq.*

(This is embarrassing. I found this next piece in my files for future newsletters, but I have no idea who sent it in or when. It's a neat bit – and while a tad (or two) late, it is still quite interesting. Will the author please drop me a note? Ed.)

Some Kodak Moments in West Dennis

This summer of 2015 truly was a photo op for many of our visitors—and perhaps for locals, too. There is an osprey nest on the west side of Swan River on Lower County Road that has attracted loads of attention.

The same adult pair were there last year (2014) and provided entertainment for locals and “from aways” alike. After the chick was hatched and grew large enough to be up on the rim of the nest the fun began. Junior--or Junette—whichever it might have been--became the same size in August as the parents and showed no interest in leaving the nest. The parents flew overhead calling the kid to take wing and fly day after day. He/she sat on the nest and looked down at the ground, over at the cars on Lower County Road or out at Nantucket Sound—anywhere but where Mom and Dad were trying desperately to get its attention—just like a typical teen-ager!

Finally, in desperation, dear old Mom landed on the nest and gave the kid a push. He/she left in a great flurry of feathers, pulled itself together before it crash landed and flew over the marsh! About a week later the parents left. The youngster hung around about a month and then was gone. Quite a few people recorded this drama on cellphones or cameras.

This year (2015) was a repeat of last year except—the viewing audience increased a lot. Anywhere from two to fifteen cars were parked along Lower County Road whenever I went past and cameras of every kind from cellphones to very elaborate tripod and long lens equipment was in use.

A week or so after the parents left another abandoned osprey joined ours, both perched forlornly on the rim of the nest waiting for salvation. The visitor stayed around about four days, then moved on looking for better prospects.

Junior seems to have caught on to his survival thing. The last time I saw him he was tearing into a just caught fresh fish with great gusto. He will soon leave West Dennis to follow his life's design while we winter over and wait to see how next year's nest shapes up.

March 28, 2016. Mr. and Mrs. Osprey arrived today for the season at their summer residence in West Dennis. Are your cameras in good condition?

For now, Anonymous

Cape Codders Are Saving People

They have had to be. Through the years, there have been considerable more lean times than fat, and Cape Codders know it! Mother said you should always use every thing at least twice. Like, if you had to smoke cigars, at least save the ashes. They would keep moths out of the closet, and soaking the cigar butts in water made a good aphid killer for the roses. Old sayings such as "haste makes waste", and "take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves" found fertile soil here. See, its a matter of taking care, being careful, and making do. A woman in West Dennis used to save her tea bags, dry them on a line, and reuse. Except for one, which she kept moist for sealing envelopes. Sound cheap? No, saving! Mother said she knew a woman who kept everything, even had a box marked 'pieces of string, too short to use', but I think she read that in the Reader's Digest.

Mother was not a Caper, but she knew. She was from Nova Scotia stock, (by way of her mother,) another piece of ground, which, like the Cape stuck out into the Atlantic, its people fishermen, and the like. Nana was among other things a time saver. She used to like to sit on our front porch when she made a summer visit and eat fresh cucumbers from Dad's garden. She never peeled them, nipped off the stem end, salted, and munched away, skins and all. Saved time. Her breakfasts were interesting. She would put a shredded wheat biscuit in a bowl, drop a soft boiled or poached egg on top; and pour coffee over the mess, and EAT it! Saved time.

Thacher, Ben, Whose Boy Be You? pp61

The Order of Their Going

A YANKEE Pedlar with his cart, overtaking another of his class on the road, was thus addressed: "Hallo, what do you carry?" "Drugs and medicines," was the reply. "Good," returned the other, "you may go ahead; I carry grave-stones.

"Botkin, B. A. Editor, op. cit, pp177

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



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The shops of "The 1877 Rose Victorian", owned and operated by DHS, closed for the 2016 season on October 28th. Watch for opening details in your May 2017 Newsletter.

WRITING A HISTORY BOOK

Saturday, Nov. 19 at 2 p.m.



Author Jim Coogan recounts his new
adventure in research & writing a book
on local history

Sponsored by the Dennis Historical
Society

Dennis Memorial Library

1020 Old Bass River Road, Dennis
Phone 508.385.2232
Donation \$5

Sunday, December 4, 3:00-5:00 P.M.

"Visions of Sugarplums"

DHS Christmas Open House
Jericho will be decorated and ready for
"The Night before Christmas".

Begin your holiday celebration with us.
Traditional holiday refreshments.

1801 Jericho Historical Center
90 Old Main Street, West Dennis

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*Sunday, December 11, Noon to 3:30 P.M.*

*Christmas Open House*

Part of the *Dennis Visions Stroll*  
Costumed docents will greet you throughout  
the festively decorated historic home  
of Rev. Josiah Dennis.

Enjoy holiday refreshments with us.  
1736 Josiah Dennis Manse Museum  
61 Whig St., Dennis Village