

British Colonialization of the New World; Origins of Dartmouth's Earliest Villages



Ben Cumming's Mill at Russell's Mills, built in 1823 (Whaling Museum)

With the town of Dartmouth celebrating its 350th anniversary, there is a renewed interest in the town's origin, history, and personages. There is a sense of awe attached to pondering how long three and half centuries is. While many parts of the world, particularly Europe and Asia, would consider 350 years to be a relatively short period of time – in the context of a nation that is officially 238 years old, it is indeed a long time.

Unofficially speaking, there were a number of European – mostly Spanish – settlements that could be said to be firsts. San Juan, Puerto Rico in 1521. A little known place called San Miguel de Gualdape in Georgia which lasted for a whopping 3 months in 1527; a few decades after Christopher Columbus made his landing. Childersburg, Alabama is noted as the “Oldest

City in the Continental U.S.," since it was inhabited by Spain's larger-than-life *conquistador* Hernando de Soto in 1540...for a month.

Most people who are history buffs, will leap at the chance to share the factoid that San Agustín or as we know it today: St. Augustine, Florida, is the oldest continuously occupied European-established settlement in the continental United States. She was founded for Spain by Pedro Menéndez de Avilés in 1565, an astonishing 449 years ago.



*Caleb Anthony house at
Smith's Neck in 1905.
(Spinner Publications)*

However, all of these "firsts" were really firsts for Spain, and in a sense failures for that nation's colonial expansion – for they would eventually become British territories. These satellite settlements initially were intended to establish trade connections or a foothold to spread religion and the Spanish had modest success in these ventures. The British had a primarily financial motivation for the colonization of the Americas.

Of course, this does not include the Brownist English Dissenters who are considered the first "British" to settle in the New World. The Leiden group's motivation was to find a place where they were free to practice their particular brand of religion and perhaps generate enough industry to survive.

The same could generally be said about the Puritans and Quakers who followed. All three of these groups had one thing in common: "Chop wood, carry water." They were all industrious, hard working individuals who saw the practical benefits of maintaining a trade connection with the nation they abandoned. They knew they could not survive without some sort of established economy.

While one cannot say that America today is a British nation, it is upon British colonial expansion that the America that exists today was built. In that context the first English settlement was established in 1585; the infamous Roanoke Colony of Virginia, which was in what is today North Carolina. Croatoa, Mothman, vanished, yada, yada, yada.

Once Jamestown, Virginia was settled in 1607, this oldest colony of the original 13 colonies was a sort of death knell for Spanish expansion in North America. A combination of failed settlements, competition from other European nations, and the allure of gold contributed to Spain's decision to focus their interests on the Central America, South America and North America's Southwest.



In Dartmouth's early years it was an agricultural community of homesteads, mills, and farms like this picture of the Crapo family at their farm. (Spinner Publications)

With Spain's focus elsewhere, Britain seized the opportunity to further its interests in North America and began to pour vast resources into expansion. With a smaller Spanish presence, there was one less danger to worry about – although there was of course still the French to deal with.

The vacuum left by Spain was another factor in drawing the Leiden group congregants to the New World where Plymouth Colony was established in 1620. The same folks led by William Bradford – many of whom were aboard the Mayflower, Elizabeth or Anne – were involved in the famed purchase in 1650 of a tract of land that would become Olde Dartmouth. Surely Wampanoag chiefs Massasoit and Wamsutta, had no idea what this tract of land would become when they sold it.

Named after the town of Dartmouth, Devon, England, this tract of land would soon enough be sold to the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers). At this time it encompassed Acushnet, Fairhaven, New Bedford, and Westport. The various and somewhat confusing annexations to follow are readily available and common knowledge. Suffice it to say that it was incorporated in 1664, and was primarily an agriculturally based town.

Once New Bedford's wealthy whaling, textile and glass moguls discovered the natural beauty of the town, they began to build their stately homes and visit seaside resorts. Population has steadily increased since the 1920s drawing people for the same reasons!

Old Dartmouth at one point – before all its annexations – had twenty villages with no central government or town center. In essence, churches/chapels, the Meeting Houses and their Elders would serve in this capacity. Anyhow, without further ado...



*"Beach and Cliffs at Nonquitt" 1868 painting
by Robert Swain Gifford (Spinner
Publications)*

Bakerville

The village of Bakerville got its name from the Baker family who emigrated from Cape Cod. The first Baker to arrive in the New World was Francis Baker from Hertfordshire who came over in 1635. The family nestled in at Yarmouth, Dennis and Harwich and remained there for five generations.

In 1806, six brothers born of Shubal Baker and Lydia Stuart moved to Dartmouth and settled on a massive tract of land. No surprise since they had eleven children (that survived). Surely, things got a little claustrophobic. Seven of these eleven were sons: Archelus, Shubal, Ezra, Michael, Ensign, Sylvanus, and Halsey. I'm unsure who the seventh son that decided not to relocate to Dartmouth was.

These 6 Baker farms were the origins of the name "Bakerville." After they paved the way, so to speak, they were followed by the Brownells, Slocums, Shermans, Smiths, Briggs and Davis'.

Bay View

What little I could find on this village is that it was at the

North end of Smith's Neck. James Akin's homestead included this village in its entirety and Thomas Getchell's homestead was sandwiched between "Bay View village and Nonquitt." While there is sadly little mentioned historically about this village, not much imagination is needed to figure out the origin of its name.

Bliss Corner

Bliss Corner is a 2 square mile water-less tract of land...if you don't include coastline. I'd love to tell you some fantastic story about how an early settler saw the gorgeous flora and fauna and fell into a blissful swoon – hence its name. However, its origin is more modest in nature. Bliss is a surname of a family that contributed much to Dartmouth's growth early on.



An early 19th century auction at Bliss Corner. (Spinner Publications)

The Bliss family were Seventh Day Baptists from Rhode Island whose arrival in the region the mid-1700s was signaled by Reverend William Bliss. One of his sons, Arnold who was from Middleton, Rhode Island followed his father's footsteps to Dartmouth and in his career choice: he was also a Seventh Day Baptist preacher. Like many they owned portions of land, did some farming and ran a saw mill; most notable was another of William's sons John Bliss, who was not only a preacher, this time for the Freewill Baptist Church, but also served in the Revolutionary War under Col. Archibald Crary. With the birth of Arnold's son William (grandson of the original William) the family would begin to leave the clergy and focus on milling and farming.

Regardless, they contributed in a multitude of ways to Dartmouth's industry, community and society and rightfully earned the right to have a very special part of Olde Dartmouth named after them. On a side note, the Bliss family's religious contribution and presence still exists in Rhode Island today and there is a Bliss Four Corners and Bliss Four Corners Congregational Church in Tiverton.

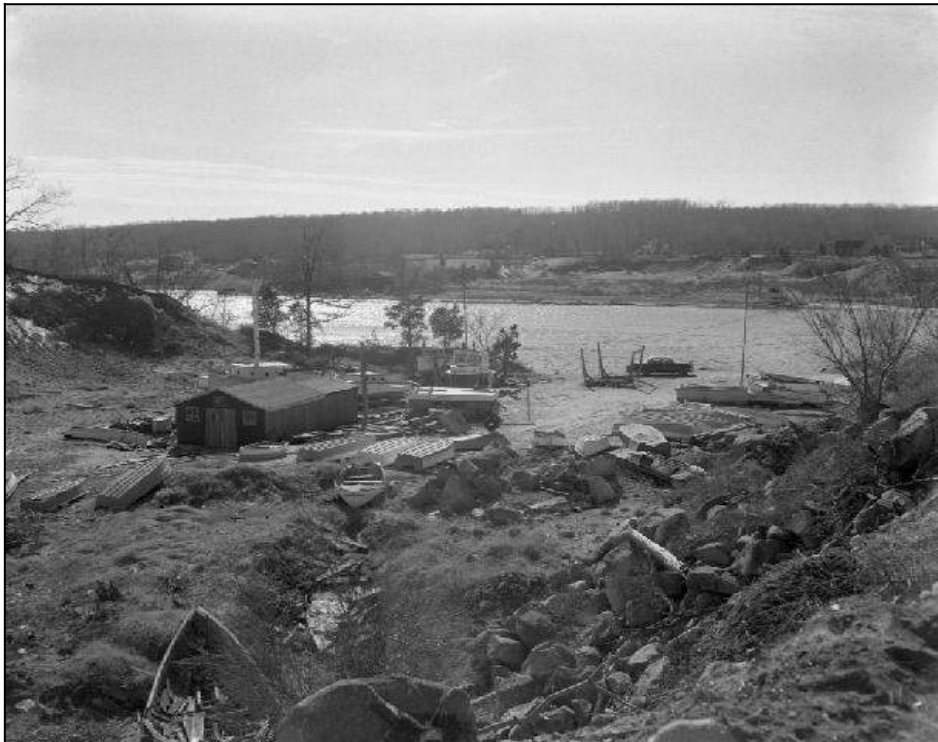
Hixville

Founded in 1785, Hixville, or Hicksville has similar origins in that a surname contributed to its moniker. The surname is one of the country's oldest and arrived with Samuel Hicks, Sr. who came aboard the Anne in 1623. Samuel Hicks Sr. was one of the town's original founders or proprietors and settled in to put Dartmouth on the map when he moved here in 1666. In all likelihood a Quaker, Samuel produced quite the number of progeny.

In this case, the Hicks family had more business-minded leanings as opposed to the religious oriented Blissess. Most of the Hicks had business ventures in booming nearby New Bedford, including Kirby & Hicks Stable on the corner of Elm and Pleasant Streets, Herbert E. Hicks Antiques, at 38 North Water

Street (a shop which curiously used the stern board of the whaling bark “Atlantic” in its storefront), and the whaling vessel “Andrew Hicks.”

There are few families who left a more indelible mark on Dartmouth and beyond, than the Hicks family. Indeed, their presence was so powerful that there is still a Hick’s Street in downtown New Bedford today, sandwiched between Logan and Washburn Streets, east of Route 18.



Vintage photo of Hixville. (Spinner Publications)

Nonquitt

Nonquitt is a corruption of the Amerindian word Namquid or Nomquid, and actually has no meaning. In the 17th century this area was settled by Nathaniel Howland and was called Nomquid Neck. Originally this referred to the east side of Smith’s Neck. By 1872, it referred to a much larger area that became a seaside community the we know today. These terms were applied differently and refer to different stretched of land depending on what time period you are discussing.

Padanaram

Padanaram Village rose from the remains at the foot of Lucy Street, of a settlement burnt to the ground during King Philip's War (1675-1678). Padanaram was a village before it was dubbed so. It was a shipbuilding mecca called Ponagansett (and later South Dartmouth Village) leading up to the Revolutionary War when a few local Tories that were banished, returned with a small band of Redcoats. These rogues and knaves made an attempt to raze the village as best they could, but were interrupted by a spirited unknown lady who not only doused the burning homes, but made sure to spare a generous amount for the Tories and Redcoats themselves! They managed to burn down two homes, but her spitfire – pardon the pun – salvaged a third building: St. Peter's Episcopal Church on Elm Street. Girl power!

After the war, Ponagansett became a supporting village for the Whaling Boom in New Bedford. Many industries benefited by supporting whaling, even those altogether unrelated. One of these, the salt industry, made a fizzle. Many businessmen made an honest go of it, but for naught. Why mention the salt works? Because one of those businessmen, was Laban Thatcher, who was a sort of early Panagakos. He invested in a number of properties and built, owned and ran windmills, a magnesia factory, shipyard, wharf and more.



Elm Street in Padanaram at the turn of the 19th Century. (Spinner Publications)

In spite of his successes, his salt work was dubbed “Laban’s Folly” by the community, since it utterly fell flat.

Regardless, it would be Mr. Thatcher that would dub the village Padanaram. Contrary to what many believe or what is the common method of place naming in New England, Padanaram is not an Amerindian word, but Aramaic, meaning “the fields of Aram.” Of religious bent, Thatcher felt there were uncanny similarities between his life and the Genesis’ Laban, who lived in the plains of Padan-aram.

Russells Mills

The oldest of all Dartmouth’s villages had its beginnings in the early 17th century. The first place settlers look for when they arrive is water. It’s not only necessary to sustain life, but needed for washing, power or energy, milling, smithing and diverse other tasks. The Slocum or Paskamansett supplied this

amply. Like the first two villages we mentioned, Russells Mills was also named after a family: the Russells, of which a vast amount of literature has been written by people far more capable and talented. I refer you to them.

Of interest is where the “mills” part of Russells Mills is derived. Many historians have pontificated, guessed, and theorized which type of mills these may have been. Unfortunately, since they were built prior to King Philip’s War and important parts of the infrastructure, when Metacomet and crew came rolling around they were prime targets. Historical records that may have told us what the first mills were, surely went up in flames with the rest of the area. What historians are sure of is that it was *not* an iron mill.



*The gorgeous stone bridge at Russells Mills.
(Spinner Publications)*

Residents returned and rebuilt at the advent of the war, and thankfully it remains relatively unchanged – retaining the early character of the village.

Smiths Mills

Originally called Newtown, the very first act of the town of

Dartmouth after its incorporation was to offer 1/34th of the total land of the town to anyone that would immediately erect a mill here.

On June 30, 1664, Henry Tucker and George Babcock took up the task. History does not record the specific sort of mill that was erected and as aforementioned King Philip did a bang-up job destroying the town and historical documents. The first mention of a mill in Smiths Mills is George Babcock's mortgage of a grist mill and a fulling mill in 1702.

In 1706 an Elishib Smith acquired the land, farm and mills and even erected a saw mill of his own.

The name "Smiths Mills" is missing an apostrophe denoting ownership, i.e. "Smith's Mills," or "Smiths' Mills." Were the mills named after an early family or individual that settled there, e.g. Samuel Smith, town surveyor or Judah Smith the very first settler there? Or was it named so because there were a number of various smithies there? I couldn't find anything suggesting either, however I find it likely that the latter is the case.



*Tavern House at Smith Mills built in 1830.
(Spinner Publications)*

Smith's Neck

Smith's Neck was originally called Namquid Neck which means "The Fishing Rock Place." The particular Smith that Smith's Neck is named after is a one John Smith, a boundboy (a young indentured servant) of the Mayflower's Edward Doty. With Doty's leave he took to the sea and eventually was commissioned aboard a barque that served as one of the earliest versions of a Navy.

In spite of the fact that John Smith had very humble beginnings he earned himself enough to purchase a home in "Plimoth Colonie" which he exchanged for land in *Ponagansett*. After removing to Dartmouth, he built himself another home and began to rise in prominence as a local arbiter and town surveyor. He earned the title of "Lieftenant" and was nicknamed "The Lad of the Mayflower" by locals.

John would marry twice – once into the Howland family (Deborah) and a second time to a Ruhamah Kirby. He would have thirteen children and many of them would marry into the prominent Russell and Howland families.

While not true villages, or even hamlets there were tiny areas that were in essence neighborhoods consisting of homesteads. Places like Allen's Neck, Colvin's or Durfee's Neck, Gidleytown, Mischaum Point, Perry's Grove, Round Hill, Salt-House or Salter's Point, Slocum's Neck, etc. weren't true villages, but worth mention.

Dartmouth should be rather proud of its history, for it really is America's history and Dartmouth's 350th anniversary is just as much an anniversary for America!

ngg_shortcode_0_placeholder

If she could speak, what would the Charles W. Morgan tell us?



Built in the city in 1841, she is the world's oldest surviving merchant vessel and the only surviving wooden whaling ship from the 19th century American fleet. (Debbie Bowers)

After more than ten glorious days in her home port of New Bedford, Massachusetts, the whaling ship Charles W. Morgan made her departure from this historic port. Built in the city in 1841, she is the world's oldest surviving merchant vessel and the only surviving wooden whaling ship from the 19th

century American fleet. This was her first visit in 73 years. During her 80 years of service, she made 37 voyages ranging from nine months to five years. She appeared in three movies. Nearly destroyed by fire in 1924, she was ultimately rescued by Colonel Green (son of Hetty Green known as the Witch of Wall Street) and brought to Round Hill, Dartmouth, Massachusetts. After Green's death, her future was uncertain. After surviving the 1938 hurricane, she was ultimately saved by the Marine Historical Association (later renamed Mystic Seaport, Connecticut). In 2010, Mystic Seaport undertook a multi-million project to restore her to seaworthiness. On June 28, 2014, she made her 38th voyage from Mystic to New Bedford. What a life she's had!

As I waited with anticipation for the Charles W. Morgan to depart New Bedford harbor, I couldn't help but wonder how she feels today. Is she remembering the many times in years long gone when she traveled this very course, knowing that she would not return for one, two, three or more years? Would she tell us of all the adventures as well as fears she had on these long, arduous voyages? Was she ever afraid that she would not return? Or was she more hopeful of bringing back a hold full of whale blubber and oil. And when she was successful in bringing back this liquid treasure, would she take pride in knowing that her contributions helped New Bedford earn the title of The City That Lit The World? Would she have dared to imagine that she would ultimately, one day, carry the distinction of being the last whaling ship of her era in the world?

If she could speak, there are so many questions I would ask her. Did she have any concerns about her voyage from Mystic to New Bedford after all these years? Did she wonder if, after 73 years away from her port of berth, that anyone would care – that anyone would show up? 40,000 visitors later – there should be no doubt in her mind. We love her! We miss her! We wish she were back here permanently in her homeport. However –

we are thankful to Mystic Seaport for bringing her back to life and back to her home, even for this short stay.

Godspeed Charles W. Morgan – until we meet again.

The New Bedford Institution for Savings building – a little structure with a big history!

Digging through historical documents and images as part of research for historical articles, I come across an inordinate amount of stories. Some are short, others need a novel to tell them. Some of these are “well-known” and others I have never seen or read elsewhere. When it comes to any information base on any topic -especially history- there are people who have varying amounts of knowledge. What may be well-known to one may not be to another – no matter how incredulous it may seem to he/she that is already in the know.

I mention this because I ask for a bit of liberty from that demographic that is already in the know on the topics I share. This is especially the case with Russell Warren’s historic New Bedford Institution for Savings, whose history we first mentioned in the [The Grand Designs of Russell Warren; New Bedford Architecture](#) article.



Built in 1853 by Russell Warren for the N.B. Institution for Savings. (Spinner Publications)

The New Bedford Institution for Savings is a building that has been around a long time and changed hands too many times to count. Because of this there are a lot of photographs of the building. Over the years the folks at [Spinner Publications](#) have been generous enough to allow us to share these and similar photographs. Without their thoughtfulness, these articles would simply not exist – exposing my writing for what it is. I *need* those photographs! Please consider patronizing this fantastic organization.

As mentioned above the New Bedford Institution for Savings was built by Russell Warren in 1853 in a Greek Revival style building, albeit without the columns that Warren seemed so fond of.

Let's set the context of the time: Franklin Pierce became the 14th President of the United States, inheriting the position from Millard Fillmore. America was just near the end of its famed Gold Rush out West which helped drive one of its massive immigration rushes.

With the intent to construct a transcontinental railroad to expand trade opportunities, America would purchase a large part of southern New Mexico and southern Arizona under the

Gadsden Purchase. In Massachusetts Abba Alcott would lead the charge to petition the Constitutional Convention to urge suffrage for women and voters along with 420 male delegates would reject all eight proposals from the state's **Constitutional Convention** to alter the Massachusetts Constitution.

Only a year earlier in 1852, Herman Melville would meet Essex captain George Pollard in Nantucket for the first time. The Essex was of course the inspiration for his iconic Moby Dick novel, written just a year earlier.

Warren's brick, granite and sandstone building was built in a time where the economy was burgeoning along with New Bedford's population – which was 18,000 strong at that point. Whaling actually reached its economic peak in 1853, so New Bedford was at its height in terms of revenue generated from the whaling industry. In fact, it was considered the "Richest City in the Country." This would be the year that the city would get gas light for the first time, and its first public library on Union Street. Parker Street Grammar school would open.

It was a safe time to operate a bank and the intention for this structure was as we all know to be the New Bedford Institution for Savings. Not to be confused with the New Bedford Institution for Savings which was headed by William A. Crapo and incorporated in 1825, on the corner of Union and Fourth Streets.



The "NBIS: Building looking up William Street circa 1890.

Note the pediment has yet to be engraved with "THIRD DISTRICT COVRT OF BRISTOL." (Spinner Publications)

As mentioned before 1853, was the peak of the whaling industry and it began a decline. New Bedford has always had a knack for industries and has never been stubborn about evolving and jumping ship to the next one. While whaling declined, other industries grew. New Bedford latched onto the textile industry to maintain its economic environment.

The New Bedford Institution for Savings would decide it needed a larger building, so would relocate to 174 Union Street – today's Oceanarium – in 1896.

When it was vacated the Bristol County Court System moved in and the structure became the Old Third District Courthouse as its pediment still silently declares today. The richest city in the world surely sounded good to any criminal element and it goes without saying that where there is money, there are crooks. This Old Third District Courthouse was simply too small to handle the criminal activities and had to relocate to larger facilities – which it did circa 1914.

After life as a courthouse, the NBIS building would become a variety of local businesses, including an antiques store and Johnson's Auto Parts. It was added to the National Register of Historic Places in 1971. It would become a bank again in the 1990s as Fleet Bank. Fleet Bank teamed with WHALE, New Bedford's Waterfront Historic Preservation LEague, and renovated the now almost 150 year old building. WHALE then bought the building from Fleet, who surely – once again – felt the building was too small.

WHALE then turned the building over to the National Park Service in 1995 and the building became the Visitor's Center,

which is a function it still serves today!

The curious cases of mailing children in 1913-1914

Did the United States Postal Service really mail kids? (Smithsonian Institute)

While researching history for some of the articles here at New Bedford Guide, I browse through a substantially large number of photographs. While a fair amount of them are uninteresting or dull, it's not uncommon to come across some rather curious ones. In some cases, it takes an entire photo album to tell a story – in other cases, one photograph tells a number of stories!

Such is the case when I came across the above photo of what appears to be two postal workers delivering an infant and a baby. This is one that I just had to share. Before we get too far and draw too much attention from those who like to leap out of the woodwork and declare “FAKE!”, let's clarify one thing: these two photos (assembled into one image) are staged photographs from the Smithsonian Institute's collection.

However, this *did* happen. Let me explain. Let's take a fun, little detour from the typical historic articles.



New Bedford's Mail Carriers in the 19th century. (Spinner Publications)

While the photographs were staged, they serve as hyperbolic images of actual historic events. The United States Postal Service's precursor was called the United States Post Office, which was started in 1775 before the nation had official status. Its first Postmaster General was a fellow you may have heard of: Benjamin Franklin.

Before the "First American" headed the Post Office, there were a few attempts to get some sort of service running in the 1630s for a route from Boston, Massachusetts Bay Colony to England. As colonies began to spring up throughout the 17th century, it was an organic part of the process to have routes connecting them.

In 1792, the United States Post Office was renamed to the United States Postal Service and the nation now officially had a legitimate delivery system in place that was government structured and run. In 1847, the postage was developed as a way to generate revenue for expansion and the increasing number of employees on the payroll. It cost .05 cents to send a letter up to 300 miles, .10 cents for anything over 300 miles. In the 1860s, massive growth in the rail industry led to expanded routes for the USPS and the rates reached a relative high of .06 cents in 1863.

However, by 1883 – two decades later – the rates would drop to

.02 cents. While the USPS did have a Parcel Post system in place, it was only overseas to Europe. In 1913, Postmaster General Hitchcock aggressively sought to generate additional revenue for the department and felt that adding a domestic parcel post would do just that. He extended the service to domestic locations for the inexpensive rate of .02 cents plus an additional .02 cents per ounce over the first.



What many Post Offices looked like at the turn of the 19th century; Mattapoisett Post Office (Spinner Publications)

This service and rate meant that people now had access to goods that they couldn't find in their locale. Local and national economies benefited greatly from the service and it actually stimulated that national economy. This rate was so affordable that there are anecdotes of university students mailing their dirty laundry, since it was cheaper to mail than actually launder. In fact, people sent all sorts of things through the post – butter, eggs, groceries and even day old chicks and chickens!

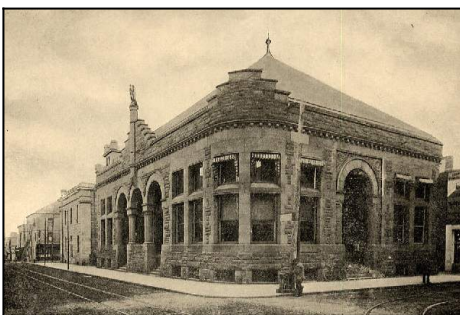
Sending poultry and the publishing of an article in the New York Times that Hitchcock was entertaining the idea of delivering children as parcel post, gave a number of people a bright idea: since it was more expensive to travel by rail or coach, why not mail them?! Since the Post Office hadn't yet had precedence for sending humans through the post, they

charged the going rate for mailing chickens: .53 cents.

Within weeks mail parents Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Beagle of Glen Este, Ohio got the bright idea to send their baby – who was just under the 11lb limit – to his grandmother, a Mrs. Louis Beagle a mile down the road. Carrier Vernon O. Lytle gladly obliged and delivered (pardon the pun) the baby safe and sound. Since it was only a mile down the road, the Beagles got the discounted rate of .15 cents...with insurance of course.

Later, in a similar story, a grandmother in Stratford, Oklahoma, sent a two-year old child to his aunt in Wellington, Kansas. As the New York Times reports: *"The boy wore a tag about his neck showing it had cost 18 cents to send him through the mails. He was transported 25 miles by rural route before reaching the railroad. He rode with the mail clerks, shared his lunch with them and arrived here in good condition."*

The third officially reported incident (there were plenty of others) is when parents of Charlotte May Pierstorff sent their daughter from Grangeville, Idaho to her grandparents in another part of the state. There is also mention of a 9-year-old girl, who entered the main Washington City Post Office and asked that she be sent to Kentucky, however she was denied.



The New Bedford Post Office on William Street near the Customs House. (Spinner Publications)

The mailing of Charlotte May Pierstorff was the proverbial straw that broke the camel's back. Postmaster General Hitchcock added regulations prohibiting the "mailing" of any human through the post.

On a rather large **discussion thread** on Facebook about this image, a number of people have made jokes about how they would have mailed their pesky sibling to North Korea or the Antarctica. It was advised that one remember to put the wrong return address lest the "package" be refused!

In essence, the mailing of children was never an official policy of the USPS. It was a sign of the times that people even considered the notion and it was really more of asking the postal worker for a favor because "he was going that way anyhow." It wasn't that there weren't perverts or horrible things happening to children back then, but that people were more trusting, and perhaps a bit naive. Certainly people felt that one could trust a federal employee, anyhow.

On the aforementioned thread, a number of people shared stories of when they were children in the 1910s and 1920s. Here are two that stood out.

"I am 81 and me and my cousin were sent to Gramma by the milk train. We shared our lunch with the guys in the caboose and we had a great time. We were told they would look out for us and they did. It was a great adventure for this farm girl. Grampa worked for the railroad when he was a young man. We also rode the train when we were teenagers and went to Detroit from Nebraska to be in our cousin's wedding. You couldn't do that now. I remember the scene we did at Lincoln. We played the movie scene, kissing the boys goodbye, waving from the train as the boys ran throwing us kisses. B y the way these boys we knew and went along with the gag."

"My father's cousin was mailed by her father in Montana to his parents in western Indiana after the death of her mother from the 1918 flu epidemic, which also killed her aunt and baby cousin in Indiana. My Dad said she arrived safely, albeit dirty from coal dust from the train, and in possession of substantial funds much given her by other passengers. This was approximately 1920.

Her father was a mine worker in Butte and couldn't take care of her. Children fly between parents today with airline staff as escorts I think. When children were mailed, they were looked after by the person responsible for the rest of the mail. They had money given by the sender and ate in the dining car or had food packed with them.

Kidnappers and other predators were not as prevalent then, and people in general looked out for each other. The young girl was 5 at the time, raised by her grandparents who also raised my Dad and his brother after the death of their mother. She grew up to become a wife, mother of four, and grandmother. She passed away 10 years ago. This has always been an interesting part of my family history. AND may you all escape this year's flu safely!"

New Bedford Streets; A Piece of Americana: Washburn Street

Northeast corner of Washburn Street & Acushnet Avenue in the 19th century. (Spinner Publications)

Welcome to next installment in the New Bedford Streets; A Piece of Americana series. Previously we covered William Street, Kempton Street, Middle Street, Centre Street, Ashley Boulevard, Elm Street, Coggeshall Street, Mechanics Lane and others. If you would like to read those or perhaps revisit them, they can be found by using the search bar to the right. You can also select the "Streets" category.

As usual, I'd like to re-iterate the importance of reader feedback, correction, and contributions. In the process of exploring these streets, I try to confirm or validate statements and dates by finding multiple sources. Unfortunately, if all those sources are making their statement based on an older, incorrect source, and there isn't any dissenting information available, there's no way to know otherwise. So by all means, please join in.



*Washington and North
First Street circa
1895. (Spinner
Publications)*

In addition, when trying to validate some statements, often there is very little to no information available. I haven't decided which is worse – finding one source, or finding multiple sources, but not knowing if they were all founded on an inaccuracy. So help from local historians, those who remember, oral histories and anecdotes handed down through the generations, people with private collections, and even know-it-alls will help!

By all means, let us make this an open discussion to keep the “wiki” accurate.

How many times have you taken the Washburn Street exit? If you do any driving locally – that’s well, everyone – chances are you’ve taken the exit and driven on Washburn Street hundreds – nay, thousands – of times. This little strip of road spans the Acushnet River to Acushnet Avenue abutting Route 18. It’s a strip of road that folks rarely stop on and if it weren’t for Kyler’s Seafood, I wonder who would ever stop on it!



Frederic Augusts Washburn – was Washburn Street named in tribute to this prominent citizen?(Spinner Publications)

So how did this heavily trafficked thoroughfare earn its name? How did this street that many of us are on daily become Washburn Street? Let’s dig a little.

The Washburn name is a very old one that can be traced back to 13th century England, where it was Washborne or Washburne which is a fuller’s stream or stream where washing was done.

The family was a distinguished one whose vanguard was church warden John Washburn (1597-1669) who arrived in 1631 at Duxbury or Duxborrow as it was known then. After establishing

himself as a town surveyor, grand juror and possibly as Secretary of Massachusetts Bay Colony, he returned to England to prepare his family's passage to the New World. He returned in 1634, purchased a palisaded homestead called "The Eagles Nest" and his family, wife Margery (Moore), and sons John and Philip followed shortly thereafter aboard the historic Elizabeth and Anne in April of 1635.

John's brother William started a line of Washburn's in Long Island New York. All Washburns can be traced to these two forks. John and William were born of a rather well-to-do family. Their father John was a husbandman who had substantial land holdings. This status and the finances paved the way for John to serve his high social positions and to become one of 54 original proprietors of Bridgewater by purchasing land from the Massasoit Indians.

The prominence and privilege that the monies and position gave the Washburn family allowed them to have many children and spread over much of early New England, particularly Middleboro, Lakeville, Bridgewater, Providence, Connecticut and of course, eventually greater New Bedford. Future Washburns would serve in several Indian wars, the "French" war, the Revolutionary War, become generals, lawyers, Justice of the Courts, and Congressmen. There is historical mention of Baziel and Thomas Washburn who were on the payroll of the Company of His Majesty's Service in the 1760s.

The first Washburn to come to New Bedford was Lieutenant Amos Washburn of Middleboro, now Lakeville. He served in that militia's 7th Regiment, which came to Fairhaven and New Bedford to fend off the British when they landed here in 1778. A duty which earned him promotion to Captain. Amos was the great-great grandson of the original John Washburn from England. Historical records name five of his children, but it seems he had a few more. One of these children, James Washburn graduated from Harvard, class of '89...1789 that is!

James went on to practice law in Middleboro, and was even appointed as postmaster by President John Quincy Adams in 1804. He was offered a Court Officer position in New Bedford, relocated here and thus starts the local Washburn legacy. In addition to his service as a Court Officer, James was part of a committee formed in 1814 to deal with the influx of privateers in New Bedford harbor that threatened the safety of the citizens. Alas, I couldn't find much more in the historical record about James' descendants.

Another descendant of the original John Washburn was Bridgewater's Marsena Washburn who arrived in New Bedford in 1820. A housewright (and shop owner) and mechanic by trade, he married Lucy Gifford in 1823 and had five children. Their only son Frederic was a true "born and raised" New Bedford citizen. He started as a messenger for Merchant's Bank on 50 North Water Street before rising in the ranks and becoming a cashier, then 2nd Clerk.



Washburn Hall at Tabor Academy in 1925 named in tribute to Frederic Washburn. (Spinner Publications)

After two decades of service there he became the assistant treasurer of the New Bedford Institution for Savings, which capacity he served in for 37 years. Frederic was very

community and social minded and was quite busy in local endeavors. He was a member of the board of trustees for the Fourth Street Episcopal and Trinitarian churches, served as deacon and senior deacon, and was a superintendent of their bible schools. He also helped get the YMCA off the ground as its treasurer and president. Frederic also served as treasurer at Tabor Academy and the Washburn Hall or Dormitory built in 1905 was dedicated in his honor.

Based on his social status, community service, membership in various churches and lodges, and association with the YMCA and Tabor Academy it is my *opinion* that Washburn street was named after Frederic Washburn. Which Washburn do *you* think it was named after?

Other notable Washburns in New Bedford include:

- Charles Washburn – Shipwright; carpenter that specialized in the construction of ships.
 - Leander Washburn – Block Maker; person who creates blocks for printing presses.
 - Lettice R. Washburn – Water Department Board 1914. Reuben Washburn, paper maker, soap maker, Pound Keeper for the Police Department and Hoseman for Acushnet Village's Engine No. 21852.
 - William Washburn – Sailmaker
 - William H. Washburn – Director of King Manufacturing Company, office at 147 North Water Street and two story factory at 213, 215, 218. Window and door frames, artistic novelties rakes, mouldings, shutters, etc. Established in 1875 by Perry and Washburn. Employed 21 men.
-
-

Who Remembers...Mister Donut?!

Mister Donut was started in 1955 by Harry Winouker

Here is another installment in our *Who Remembers?* series. You can browse previous articles by using the search bar on the right or by clicking **here**. These articles are strolls down memory lane. In some cases the buildings, but new businesses have replaced them. In other instances, the buildings or even the properties have been razed. Instead of a building, it may be a TV show, personality, or commercial that no one longer exists. Either way, it can't stop us from taking the Memory Lane stroll!

As always we would rather this be a discussion. No one knows this area better than those who grew up here! Please, leave constructive criticism, feedback, and corrections. We'd love to hear your anecdotes. Please share!



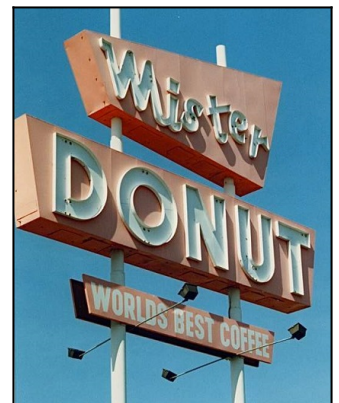
*Miss those cheesy
mugs!!*

Mister Donut is one of those “Who Remembers...?” that is on the fringe of my memories. It’s at the outer limits and extreme range for this 43 year old. I have vague memories of Mister Donut. I don’t recall the addresses, the exterior or the interior. I do remember the important part though: I would order a small “regular” of deliciousness. I distinctly remember that cheesy logo and either white or brown cup – a

horrible color that Mister Donut adopted before a certain mail delivery company did. I wouldn't have it any other color!

When digging up information on Mister Donut, I began with the misconception that it was an utterly defunct business. One of those places that we have fond memories of and that's it. Nothing physical exists. However, I came to find out that Mister Donut is a modern and incredibly popular coffee chain – just not in our neck of the woods. In fact, Mister Donut has over 10,000 shops and can be found all over the world and is Japan's most popular coffee chain and pronounced *Misutā Dōnatsu*. Japan is also where corporate headquarters are. Their Facebook page has 102,000 fans. Go figure.

If you are in Europe, Canada, Asia, even Africa and want a Mister Donut, you can get it. They are a modern chain with a far more expansive menu than they had “back in the day.” New items, more varieties, more more. Blasphemously offering salad, rice, and other healthy fare.



*Classic retro
sign of Mister
Donut*

But I'm not having any of that. I'm not going there. These memories are hallowed ground. Watch where you tread modern progress! Leave Britt...er...Mister Donut alone!

Brothers-in-law, Harry Winouker and Bill Rosenberg started a donut shop in 1955. Rosenberg went on to found Dunkin' Donuts

and Winouker went on to found Mister Donut. Ironically, in 1990 Dunkin' Donuts would purchase the Mister Donut chain and offer all of them the option to change their name to Dunkin' Donuts.

If you are craving a Mister Donut experience (albeit a modernized version) I believe that the closest Mister Donut is at 64 Rhode Island Ave in Fall River.

Do you recall the locations of the Mister Donuts in the greater New Bedford area? Please share!

Who Remembers...A&W Restaurants?



Look at those 1970 prices! Nothing over a buck!

Here is another installment in our *Who Remembers?* series. You

can browse previous articles by using the search bar on the right or by clicking **here**. These articles are strolls down memory lane. In some cases the buildings, but new businesses have replaced them. In other instances, the buildings or even the properties have been razed. Instead of a building, it may be a TV show, personality, or commercial that no one longer exists. Either way, it can't stop us from taking the Memory Lane stroll!

As always we would rather this be a discussion. No one knows this area better than those who grew up here! Please, leave constructive criticism, feedback, and corrections. We'd love to hear your anecdotes. Please share!

In this installment of "Who Remembers...?" we take another stroll down a memory lane that will involve some mouth watering memories. It seems, in my case anyway, that many fond memories revolve around food and drink. They seem to serve as a mnemonic anchor – you not only remember that first pizza, ice cream, or steak, but these evoke the conversations, laughs and people in our lives during those moments.

A&W Restaurant is one that evokes strong memories, particularly the one on Route 6 in Fairhaven, where Honey Dew is today. While I don't particularly recall what the building looked like, I do recall the big, brightly lit sign and of course, the iconic "frosty" mug. As a kid, a gimmick as simple as a frosty mug was all it would take to get me and my brother Mike to recommend a visit!



*This is what's
called happiness!*

Of course, A&W had so much more than gimmick and marketing going on for itself. That root beer or as the kids would say today "Dat root beer." A&W is synonymous with root beer. It conjures that rich, mildly spicy flavor of founder Roy W. Allen's recipe that he created one hot, California summer day in 1919 and sold from a stand.

Allen's motivation was a parade to honor WWI veteran's. He sought something refreshing to cool down spectators and participants, and bought a recipe from a pharmacist in Arizona. Yes, a pharmacist since at that time soda or tonic was not a dessert, but a concoction for health. Root beer takes its name from the root or bark of the Sassafras tree and was a lightly alcoholic beverage, hence the "beer" aspect of its name.

Allen's idea was to promote a health drink (minus the alcohol) that would cool the locals down at an irresistible price: a whopping 5 cents! He succeeded in doing this so well that he almost immediately took on a partner, Frank Wright and they went into the root beer business, named after the first letters of their surnames.

In 1923 they opened up their flagship drive-thru in Sacramento, California and by the early 1970s, they would have

more stores than McDonald's all over the world!

Do you remember the Family Burger mascots Papa Burger, Mama Burger, Teen Burger, and Baby Burger or the Great Root Bear, also called Rooty? The Papa Burger which was "...two 1/8-pound beef patties, with two slices of American cheese, lettuce, tomato, onion, pickles, and A&W's proprietary sauce, on a sesame seed bun"? The mouth watering curly fries, onion rings, fish & chips and hot dogs? The delicious root beer float at the end of the meal?



The Acushnet Avenue location had car hop service.

sigh

Besides the Fairhaven location there was an A&W in New Bedford on Acushnet Avenue (anyone remember where?) that offered a car hop service. Wouldn't it be a kicker to have a retro A&W with car hop service brought back the area? With all the local car shows and 50s nights, we'd have a spot to retire to! Someone make some phone calls and make it happen!

A&W restaurants still exist all over the country and many are doing rather well. Today the company is owned by the Dr. Pepper Snapple Group. The nearest locations are at 1460 Putnam Pike, Smithfield, RI – 401.949.9892 and 297 Route 28, Harwich Port, MA – 508.432.9838.

Well, now that we've taken this stroll? Maybe I'll bump into you in Smithfield or Harwich Port in the future – we can share

a toast over a frosty mug.

ngg_shortcode_1_placeholder

Who Remembers...Penny Candy!

Here is another installment in our *Who Remembers?* series. You can browse previous articles by using the search bar on the right or by clicking **here**. These articles are strolls down memory lane. In some cases the buildings, but new businesses have replaced them. In other instances, the buildings or even the properties have been razed. Instead of a building, it may be a TV show, personality, or commercial that no one longer exists. Either way, it can't stop us from taking the Memory Lane stroll!

As always we would rather this be a discussion. No one knows this area better than those who grew up here! Please, leave constructive criticism, feedback, and corrections. We'd love to hear your anecdotes. Please share!

This installment of "Who Remembers...?" is kind of melancholic. Visiting Penny Candy is a bummer, since there are only a few bastions of sugar remaining. While you certainly may find packages of old penny candy favorites, or even "2 cent candy" or "nickle candy," you'd be hard pressed to find PENNY candy. Regardless, it's just not the same. It wasn't only about the candy. It was about the experience.

I guess, identifying with penny candy and waxing nostalgic about it simultaneously outs one as “old.” It’s how I felt when I told my daughter when she was 8-9 years old about pay phones and she thought I was pulling my leg. “Why would you put a coin in a phone, when you have a cell phone.” Remember the spiral chords? Rotary dials? If you remember cranking the phone to get an operator, then you are positively Jurassic. Anyhow, that’s another article for another day.



Bazooka Joe's: gum, advice and a comic!

As a kid, there was something special about being gifted with a dollar. Heck, even fifty cents. When that George Washington was put in your palm, you could feel all the neurons in your brain fire at once. Your salivary glands would explode in anticipation. That boring, dull day just became one of the best days ever. The first thing I would think of was finding my brother or a good friend to share in the stroke of good luck.

Penny candy wasn't just about the candy. It was about the experience. It was about taking your sibling or best friend with you. It was about racing into the store to gaze at the shelves of what – in my mind at least – was a million choices of candy, stacked to the ceiling! It was about grabbing a brown paper lunch bag and trying to fill it to the brim. It was when you didn't need safety seals. It was about the trust that the proprietor extended you – he didn't watch over you. He *knew* you would taste the merchandise, but that was OK.

You can head to that chain to buy the 99 cent bag of assorted

fish, spice drops or circus peanuts all you want. It just isn't the same.

As those of you who are regular readers may recall, I lived a sort of gypsy lifestyle moving all around the the greater New Bedford area. This meant I became an expert at penny candy. A connoisseur if you will. A grandmaster of Squirrel Nut Zipper-Fu. My fondest spots were Bob & Eileen's on County Street and Chris' Variety on Main Street in Fairhaven.

Do you remember the paper receipts with the small dots of hard candy? I think they were called Candy Buttons. There was Abba-Zaba, atomic Fireballs, Bit-O-Honey, Pixy Sticks, Bazooka Joe bubble gum and Baseball chocolate balls. There were candy necklaces, chocolate coins, red hot dollars, Mexican hats, root beer barrels, nonpareils, Göetzes, and Mary Janes! The list goes on and on!



Mexican hats were my personal favorite. Especially the green and black ones!

Of course, there was always a few extra coins about, so we'd purchase more than we could...or should have. But that was also OK, because it just meant we had to shrink the packed bag down before we got home for the "mom inspection." It was fun to have her inspect the lot and "steal" a few of her favorites – always followed by a playful "HEY!" from us.

The vast majority of the time, the best way to polish of a bag was to race to the bedroom and pull out some comic books, sprinkling each page with sugar!

Then one of the most glorious treats of all: the medley of crumbs, bits and sugar that sat at the bottom of the brown paper bag. I wonder how many times we've straightened that bag out, and formed a funnel to savor those sweet remnants.

While candy goes back 5,000 years, Penny Candy made its debut sometime circa 1896 with the Tootsie Roll at [Woolworth's Five and Dime](#). Of course, the popularity of the Tootsie Roll inspired Woolworth's to expand into an entire Penny Candy Aisle.

It's sad that the entire experience has disappeared. Penny candy no longer cost a penny, there are no more brown paper bags or "trusting" proprietors. No more sugar sprinkled comic book pages. No more testing the merchandise. The next best thing is a place like Emma Jean's or Billy Boy Candy. And we can always reminisce.

But it just won't be the same.

ngg_shortcode_2_placeholder

Apponagansett's

350th

Anniversary; From Hap's Hill to Present Day

Dartmouth was originally a pastoral community and consisted of farms like this one from 1909 (Spinner Publications)

Few could imagine the change North America would go through with arrival of Bartholomew Gosnold at Hap's Hill or Dumpling Rocks in 1602. Of course, most know it as Round Hill today. In just a few centuries, the North and South American continents would be drastically altered and the world remapped, with new nations – indeed, Superpower and First World nations – springing up with a feverish pace.

While, the “Vikings” had certainly arrived six centuries before Gosnold at L'Anse aux Meadows -in an attempt to explore Vinland- they had done nothing with their presence (that we are aware of) beyond the small settlement. After Leif Ericson, would come a man hardly anyone has heard of: Cristoforo Colombo, who sailed the ocean blue. However, Mr. Columbus never made it to the mainland of North America.

Gosnold's arrival at Cuttyhunk signaled what would become a mass influx of Europeans, beginning with the Leiden church members 18 years after. The rest as “they” say is history.

European Settlement

On November 29, 1652 the governor of New Plymouth, William Bradford, along with thirty-four (or thirty-six depending on the historical document) shareholders signed a deed making an official purchase of a “tracte” of land from Wampanoag Indians Woosamequin (Massasoit) and his son Moanam (Wamsutta) for “...thirty yards of cloth, eight moose skins, fifteen axes, fifteen hoes, fifteen pairs of breeches, eight blankets, two kettles, one clock, two English Pounds in Wampum, eight pair of shoes, one iron pot, and ten shillings...” Though made

official in November, the land was unofficially purchased 6 months prior on March 7. While the exchange seems like a pittance, these things were incredibly valuable to the Wampanoags.



*Old Cummings grist
mill (Spinner
Publications)*

The deed that ties this parcel of land to the European proprietors, the Religious Society of Friends or Quakers, gave specific dimensions on what it encompassed – some 100,000 acres of pristine country. These lands were owned by the Wampanoag tribes the *Acushnets*, *Acoaxets*, *Apponagansets* who would have Acushnet (included New Bedford), Dartmouth and Westport respectively, named after them. This also included *Sconticut* or Fairhaven.

For you etymology buffs or fans of Amerindian culture, the words are simple descriptions. *Acushnet* means “[at the head of the river](#),” and *Acushenas* meant “those who live near the head of the river.” *Apponagansett* means “waiting place at the ledge.”

Sconticut means “a place to stay during the summer,” *Acoaxet* means “at the fishing promontory,” or “at the place of pines.” In this context the promontory is a part of land that overlooks a body of water. Please, lend me the liberty of inaccurate spelling with many of these Amerindian words. Historical documents show a similar struggle to write these words using our alphabet.

Over the coming three decades, the European settlers began to spread into the continent, primarily around garrisons, due to the general hostility, understandably so, of the local Amerindian tribes. The first garrisons were at the head of the Apponeganset (would later become Joseph Russell's property) and a mile north of what would become Oxford Village in *Sconticut* or Fairhaven, at the Isle of Marsh. Some of the foundation of Russell's Garrison can still be seen at the site on the appropriately named Fort Street. The garrison, named after John Russell is where the locals would hold out during the coming King Philip's War.

Garrisons, homesteads, and farms

These garrisons were often simply isolated, fortified homesteads, which is what Dartmouth was comprised of early on. The garrisons eventually grew into hamlets, villages and townships. Some of the very first being in *Nomquid* known as Russells Mills, Slocum Neck, and Smith Neck.



*Increase Allen House
south of Bald Hill
meeting house,
nearly 1 mile south
(Spinner
Publications)*

Many of these first settlers to the Dartmouth region were Quakers, who ironically were escaping religious persecution from the Puritans – who came to the New World to escape religious persecution. The early Quakers were far more liberal

in their approach to religion and gender equality, than the Puritans were. Indeed, many Puritans tortured, humiliated, banished, and even executed Quakers for their religious beliefs.

The early Quakers were an industrious, hard-working folk who weren't averse to working on the Sabbath day, unlike their counterparts, the Puritans. This "extra" work day gave the Friends a substantial advantage in availability and convenience which translated into an economic boon for the little township.

One site in particular that really placed the township on the proverbial and literal map, was the iron forge at Russell's Mills started by John Russell, circa 1660. Russell had bought Myles Standish's full share of land – approximately 3,200 acres for \$210. Standish must have been a happy camper, since he paid about \$8 for his share. Quite the return on his investment for a holding of less than a decade! Russell's share comprised a little place we now know as Padanaram, from Bush Street to Russell's Mills Road – including Bliss Corner and vicinity. Padanaram is typically and incorrectly thought to be an Amerindian word, but it is actually an Aramaic term meaning "the field of Aram" dubbed by Laban Thacher in the late 18th century.

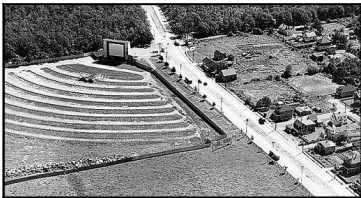
Dartmouth's first buildings

In addition, John and William Cummings erected a stone grist-mill and factory at Smith's Mills. Allen-Sheehan Mill was on Slades Corner Road was erected then and may be the country's oldest. By 1664, Dartmouth would incorporate as a town, taking its name from Dartmouth, Devon, England where many of the first Puritans that came to Dartmouth originated. Around these mills and forges, many farms sprouted up as homesteaders nestled in.

By 1675, and the advent of King Philip's War, there were just shy of 40 dwellings, mainly homesteads. King Philip's War has

been written about ad nausea, so I won't enter the topic with any breadth or depth, but suffice it to say that most of the homesteads were wiped out. In Acushnet, the devastation was total.

However, the settlers weren't deterred and made haste in rebuilding and returning back to normal.



*Aerial view of the
Drive-Thru in
1946. (Spinner
Publications)*

This time a few salt works, shipyards, and workshops were erected to support the booming whaling industry and complimented the homesteads and mills. The first Town House, was erected in 1686, followed by a post office, tavern, school and general store. The first "Dartmouth Friends Meeting House" was built in Dartmouth in 1699, on six acres of land donated by a Mr. Peleg Slocum. It was razed during the Revolution, a new one was put up near the same spot in 1799.

The Howland Homestead was built in the early 1700s, but this home was moved to Newport, Rhode Island. Nonetheless, and perhaps because of its historical relevance, Colonel Green built a summer cottage on the site where he would berth the [Charles W. Morgan](#). The Akin House was built in the 1760s by Job Mosher. It was burnt down by the Redcoats during the Revolution, but Padanaram's first business mogul Elihu Akin rebuilt a home on the spot.

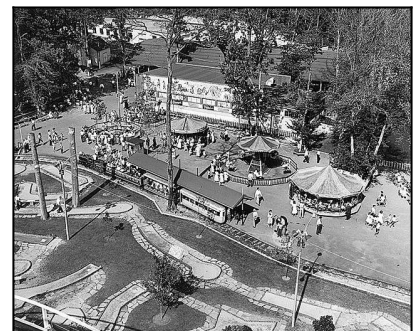
Dartmouth's villages sprout up

The little township of Dartmouth continued to grow, as did the surrounding villages and towns. Eventually, some got too big

for their britches and/or ideological, political differences made them itchy to separate. In 1787, New Bedford (included Fairhaven and Acushnet) and Westport were established with New Bedford receiving additional land from Dartmouth in 1845 and 1888 and Westport in 1793, 1795, and 1805. Reflecting these numbers, the population of Dartmouth according to the census was 6,773 residents in 1776, but 2,499 in 1790 after the towns separated. Dartmouth wouldn't see 6,000 strong until 1920.

Hixville was named after the Reverend Daniel Hix who established a church and mill in the village in 1781. As **public transport** developed, Hixville became a stop between New Bedford and Fall River. This was pivotal in the village's growth and in very little time, a general store, school, post office, inns, and blacksmith sprouted up turning Hixville into a minor economic hub among a primarily pastoral landscape.

In 1827 the Dartmouth Bridge Company erected a bridge across the harbor. Baptists communities developed and the first Baptist Church in the area was built in 1838.



*Everyone's favorite
place to reminisce
about: Lincoln Park!
(Spinner
Publications)*

The Grange Hall put up in 1860, the library in 1871. By 1900, the region was booming and New Bedford was becoming very industrialized with markets, waterfront, and mills.

As is the case today, many would rather live in a more rural area and have a short commute. This made Dartmouth highly desirable and it became a prime residential area. The Dartmouth coastline became a favorite resort area for the wealthy members of New Bedford society and the well-to-do flocked there in record numbers. This led to the development of Mishaum Point, Nonquitt, Salter's Point.

The very pastoral and residential nature of Dartmouth attracted the next population wave: Portuguese immigrants. What attracted them to Dartmouth was that they could continue to have livestock and farms just as they did back in the old country. In spite of Westport, Fairhaven, Acushnet, and Dartmouth annexing, what was left in terms of land makes it the fifth largest town by land area in Massachusetts.

A look to the future as Dartmouth celebrates its 350th anniversary

The town of Dartmouth has a lot in store in terms of celebration. While events are planned over many months from May 18th to September 7th, the actual anniversary is on June 8th, and the town has fireworks, a live concert, and a massive birthday cake planned at Apponagansett Park for "Incorporation Day" and the finale will be a parade on Sept. 7. Each village or neighborhood will have its own [calendar of events](#) planned. The variety of events is astounding. Antique car show, community floats, emergency vehicles, youth orchestras, a visit by the Mashpee Wampanoag Tribe, wine tastings, ballroom dancing, breakfasts, luncheons, tea, historic photograph displays, cook off showdown, sidewalk sales, civil war encampment and MORE. The vast majority of which are free. Keep up to date and find detail on the town's official website dedicated to the celebration: dartmouth350.com.

The Layperson's Guide to the Charles W. Morgan

Charles W. Morgan, built at the foot of Maxfield (now Hillman) Street in 1841 (Spinner Pub.)

The Charles W. Morgan is scheduled to sail into New Bedford Harbor on Wednesday, June 25, at approximately 3:30pm. Homecoming ceremony is Saturday, June 28 at 10am. The vessel will open to the public on Saturday, June 28 at 1pm.

What's the big deal about the sea vessel, Charles W. Morgan? Why all the hoopla? It seems like locals are going bananas over the upcoming visit of the vessel to New Bedford this summer. Why is that? Here is our guide for the layperson, or average Joe without all the historic fluff to make you drowsy. We'll keep it interesting, and place some wonderful historic photos that you all love.

Just the -not so boring- facts, ma'am.

The Charles W. Morgan was built in July 1841 right here in New Bedford. Indeed, at Jethro and Zachariah Hillman's Shipyard at the bottom of Maxfield Street – which “turns into” Hillman Street until it runs into the harbor. Hillman Street was named after their father, Zachariah who was the commander of the first uniformed militia in New Bedford in the 1820s. The War of 1812 wasn't even over for a decade and there was yet to be an official police force. These Hillman's were the same fellows who tried to stifle the mob violence that revolved around New Bedford's “brothel in a ship,” **the Ark**.



*The unsung heroes of
the Morgan – its crew!
(Whaling Museum)*

The 113' foot long, 351 ton ship would one of many to be owned by New Bedford whaling mogul, Quaker, and Pennsylvania native, Charles Waln Morgan. It took more than 30 craftsmen, a total of 7 months at the cost of \$26,877 to build her. Her main truck or mast for you landlubbers, stood 110' *above* the deck. Her masts held a whopping 13,000 square feet of sails and was one of a few ships, that had a tryworks* on deck, as opposed to paying someone else to do it. Because of this she had a rather large crew of approximately 30-35.

She would serve the Morgan family on many voyages until America's largest whaling firm, New Bedford based J.&W.R. Wing Company, purchased her in the middle of the Civil War in 1863. She continued as a whaler through 1921, making 37 voyages, totaling exactly 80 years. She also had a part-time career as an "actor" in three movies from 1916-1923.

While sitting in the harbor on the night of June 30, 1924, a steamer called the *Sankaty* caught fire and drifted into the *Morgan* and set her afire as well. Poor gal. Here she was with no industry to ply her trade for, looking forward to retirement and she gets nearly burnt down. She would have certainly been destined to be trashed if it wasn't for one of the world's richest men, Col. Edward Howland Robinson Green, son of the "Witch of Wall Street," Hetty Green. He tossed lots of money at her, then brought her to his Round Hill Estate,

embedded her in the sand, then exhibited her.



*The Morgan docked
in New Bedford
(Spinner
Publications.)*

In November of 1941, she was sent to rest at Chubb's Wharf, Mystic Seaport. In 1968, a restoration project did a bang-up job on restoring her structurally. This was followed in 1974, with some work on her hull. Finally, the most recent restoration project was undertaken in 2008, she had major work done on the keel ("fin" at the bottom), the bow (front) and the stern (rear). On her 172nd anniversary, July 21, of 2013, she was re-launched into the Mystic River.

She will then make her 38th voyage with stops in New London, Conn., Newport, Vineyard Haven, New Bedford (yay!), Boston, back to New London, a stop at the Cape Cod Canal Mystic Seaport before returning to her home at Mystic Seaport in August 2014. The full itinerary can be read **here** and the specifics on the New Bedford visit can be seen **here**. To see if you had a relative that sailed on the Charles W. Morgan, check the New Bedford Whaling Museum's **Crew List Database**.

What's all the hoopla about?

The short and easy summary of why the Charles W. Morgan is a big deal is because it is the oldest wooden whale-ship on the planet. Whaling gave America in general, and New Bedford

specifically, a massive economic boost and contributed to making both financial powerhouses. It served a total of 80 years generating massive amounts of revenue. That means it has a tremendous value in the nation's and New Bedford's history. In fact, it was listed on the National Register of Historic Places and designated a National Historic Landmark in 1966.

Of great historic importance to America and the South Coast. Check.

But, what else?



*Gorgeous 19th century
capture of the Morgan
at New Bedford wharf
(Whaling Museum)*

How about the 1,000 souls who worked as crew on the *Morgan*? The scores of craftsmen that restored it? The docents that worked on it in an historic capacity? It has generated income for countless people whose families have benefited. It has put supper on the table, paid mortgages, developed bank accounts, or simply placed priceless smiles on thousands of faces. Imagine how many tens of thousands of people that this ship has affected by its existence!

So, when a multi-million dollar restoration project was undertaken in 2008 at her home in Mystic Seaport, she garnered everyone's attention. Everyone wants to see this almost magical ship. If it weren't for the whaling industry, and vessels like the Morgan, New Bedford would not be the same. Not by a long shot. Countless *more* will be affected.

We will be able to climb aboard the *Morgan* and walk the *very same footsteps* as the 19th century whalers – great men who had the fortitude, resilience and doggedness to go to sea for up to 3 years at a time. Men who made enormous sacrifices, to take care of their families. We'll be able to share the tread of men of character that helped found the greatest nation on earth. You will be able to stand on the deck and declare "I am standing on vessel that played a pivotal role in history – America's, the South Coast, and New Bedford's." A privilege, I will be honored to receive.

That's why it's a big deal. And it'll be worth it every penny.

** For you landlubbers, a tryworks is a facility that melts whale blubber, and filters it to produce barrels of oil for lighting, heat, and more.*



Almost 2 centuries old, the Charles W. Morgan will come home to New Bedford, June 2014 (Spinner Pub.)

ngg_shortcode_4_placeholder
