

Imagansett

Lore and Legend



Ray Prohaska

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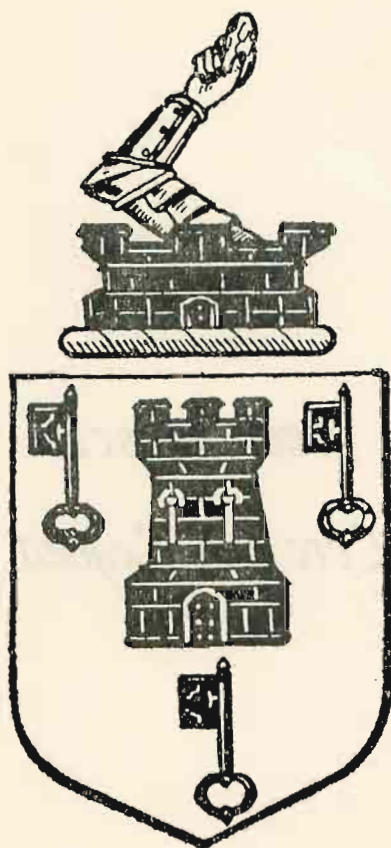
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Amagansett
Lore and Legend



Thomas Baker was born ye 29 of September 1618
 the wife of Thomas Baker was borne ye
 22 of May 1620

we came out of England in the year 1639

Thomas Baker and also his wife
 was married the 20 of June 1643

THE COAT OF ARMS OF THE BAKER
 FAMILY. IN 1680 NATHANIEL BAKER BUILT
 THE FIRST HOME IN AMAGANSETT.

AMAGANSETT
LORE AND LEGEND

By the Book Committee of the

AMAGANSETT VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY

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Amagansett, New York

1948

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East Hampton Star Press
East Hampton, New York

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Here, where the long ranges of the dunes roll

*Their tawny billows to the south and to the north,
and against the sky*

*Flutters the pale sea-grass, fresh is the wind — and the
whole*

*Clear hollow of heaven is full of the wine of thy
glory, even as I.*

The waves curve upward — they fall — they fall —

- - -

Along the shallows, along the far shore-line

They burst in thunder and light . . .

- - -

. . . and are shattered as a dream.

- - -

This is my heart's country. . . .

. . . Here is my heart's home.

—John Hall Wheelock

From: **Noon: Amagansett Beach**
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*To the memory of Amagansett's two historians,
D. B. Van Scoy, M. D., and Gean Finch Barnes,
and to all those who love our village.*

PREFACE

On the occasion of the Tercentenary of the Town of East Hampton, Long Island, the Amagansett Village Improvement Society decided to sponsor the publication of this book to chronicle the story of Amagansett. The Society is grateful to the many persons who so generously gave their time in the writing, illustrating and editing of this volume.

It is hoped that this collection of stories, legends, anecdotes and history will give the reader a pleasurable insight into our village.

THE AMAGANSETT VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We are indebted to the following people and organizations for their time, advice, information and encouragement, all of which they so generously gave: Everett J. Edwards, Kenneth B. Edwards, Samuel S. Edwards, Nathaniel Edwards, Clement D. Eichhorn, Fred A. Finch, M. D., Bart C. Hadel, James O'Brien, E. V. Parsons, John D. Parsons, N. N. Tiffany, and the Reverends Samuel Davis, Nat Griswold, Francis Kinsler, and Joseph Sefcik; the Mesdames George S. Baker (née Edwards), Herbert N. Edwards, Charles Erickson (née Payne), Emil J. Gardell (née Edwards), Harry Hamlin, Charles R. Horton, Robert L. Horton, Charles H. Mulford (née Parsons), Herbert L. Mulford, Arnold Rattray (née Edwards), Samuel Seabury (née Richey), W. Melvin Terry, David Talmage (née Conklin); the Misses Ethel Baker, Hazel Griffin, E. B. Richey, Mary Strong; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis S. Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Morton Pennypacker; The Amagansett Free Library; The Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York, N. Y.; The Pennypacker Long Island Collection, East Hampton, New York; United States Coast Guard, Alex Haley, Journalist

We are especially indebted to Benjamin Barnes, East Hampton, N. Y.; Byron Barnes, Stewart Manor, N. Y.; Herbert Barnes, Lindenhurst, N. Y., and Mrs. James Hildreth (née Barnes), East Hampton, N. Y., for permission to use the writings of their mother, Mrs. Gean Finch Barnes.

We are extremely grateful to the following for their generosity in allowing us to have copied pictures in their possession: Ira Baker, Everett J. Edwards, Carleton Kelsey, Herbert L. Mulford, Jr., E. V. Parsons, John D. Parsons, Ray Prohaska; the Mesdames George S. Baker, Herbert N. Edwards, Orville Davis, Charles Erickson, F. Norton Griffing, Harry Hamlin, James Hildreth, Charles H. Mulford, Herbert L. Mulford, Lewis S. Parsons, Arnold Rattray, David Talmage; Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Mulford, and The Amagansett Free Library.

The coats of arms of Amagansett's first settlers were generously furnished by Miss Ethel Baker, Mrs. David Talmage (née Conklin), Mrs. James Hildreth (née Barnes), and Mrs. George V. Schellinger.

* * * *

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Only the few changes in the original text needed to avoid repetition or to save space have been made, and most reluctantly. Occasionally, material overlapped, so that certain omissions became unavoidable.*

L. M. F.

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CHRONICLES OF THE
COLONIAL VILLAGE OF AMAGANSETT

*"This is the place. Stand still my steed,—
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been."
—Longfellow*

A

magansett, an Indian name, was spelled in ancient deeds, records, etc, variously, as—

"Ammiganset Woods," 1651.

"Ye Amaganset Woods," 1670.

"Ameganset Woods," 1679-1694.

"Ammogonset," Vol. II, East Hampton Town Records.

"Amogonset," 1688.

"Ammigansit," Vol. II, East Hampton Town Records.

One recorder had a bad "spell" and wrote, ". . . a place called Amagansick." In fact as late as 1708, when it was quite a settlement, it was still spoken of as "Amigansit Woods."

Land here was drawn, exchanged, bought and sold, long before the first house was built, although probably temporary places were built at the Plains for the abode of the "gin-man," who cared for the dry herd. Indian wickups and thatched shanties were also made and carted to the Highland, adjoining Napeague, for the use of the man who kept the pound.

The name Amagansett was used as early as 1650, though the place was more often called the "Eastern Plain." The part that later became the village was called "Ye Amagansett Woods," while the unwooded part was spoken of as the "Indian Well Hollow," and the "Indian Well Plain," or collectively, the "Indian Wells." The Indian wells gave the name to the village, and were situated at the west end of Main Street, between the sand dunes and the upland. They were the Indians' "Drinking Place."

William Wallace Tooker a number of years ago wrote a pamphlet on the derivation of Indian names, incorporated in Vol. IV of the East Hampton Town Records, in which he stated that the word "Amagansett" meant "fishing place." Later, in 1911, he published a book, *Indian Place Names on Long Island*, in which he acknowledged his error and rectified it by giving the meaning as "Indian Well Place." He mentioned Isaac Schellinger (1811-1891) as giving him the information, and Charles Roscoe Hand

(1796-1886) told him that an old squaw who worked for his grandfather said that Amagansett was named for its "good drinking water." She further stated that the wells were at the west end of the bottom lot on the "Old Road" (Bluff Road) and that the spring came out of the hollow stump of a pepperidge tree. The pepperidge tree, by the way, which was once so plentiful in this vicinity, has almost entirely disappeared, with the exception of a small dwindling grove at Cranberry Hole (Napeague), and a few at Fresh Pond, near Gardiner's Bay.

There is no tradition that Amagansett was ever an Indian fishing hamlet, nor was it ever a permanent Indian settlement. It was an Indian hunting ground, but never used as a stopping place for any length of time, unless a whale happened to be driven ashore. Then the Indians came and stayed long enough to cut up the carcass and carry the most prized portions, the fins and tail, back to their home at Montauk, as it was there in the High Hills of Montauk that the Indians were in the best position to keep an incessant watch-out for their dreaded enemies from the Mainland.

The Indian braves were fishermen, hunters, and fighters. They hollowed out great "cannows," used to carry visitors, scouting parties, and warriors. The planting of corn, peas and pumpkins, as well as a goodly share of the fishing, was done by the squaws. There is a little jingle, published in 1634, which tells about the Indian on the New England coast. . .

"And Tortoise sought for (by) the Indian Squaw, which
to the flats daunce many a winters jigge
To dive for cocles and to digge for clams
Whereby her lazie husband's guts she crams."

David Gardiner in his *Chronicles of East Hampton* states that "Am-eag-an-sett" was the name of the former owner of the place, but none of the old inhabitants have ever agreed with him, although there is a tradition that an old Indian dwelt alone in a wigwam somewhere near the Indian wells. His name is lost in obscurity, but he was called "Old Amegansit" by the early colonists, as that was the name he gave to his stopping place when he came into town. If there is any truth in this tradition, it would prove that the Indian was named for the place and not the place from the Indian.

About the year 1670, three men of East Hampton village, Thomas Mulford, Jeremiah Conklin, and Minister James, purchased from "Poniute, the Indian Chief," a very large tract of land at Montauk. This tract was called the "nine score purchase"

because the three men so purchasing were re-imbursed on conveying it to the proprietors by an allotment of nine score acres at Amagansett. Some of the descendants of Mulford and Conklin later lived in this village for generations, but Mr. James soon sold both of his tracts to Abraham Schellinger.* Such a large conveyance plainly shows that the place at that time had a large unowned, as well as a large unoccupied, territory.

It has always been understood that the Amagansett Main Street was opened at the request of the owners of the land to the Town Meeting. This request was made early in the year 1672, and a man was sent over from East Hampton to lay out the road in May of that year. It was then only a path through the woods, but in the course of two hundred and seventy-six years the woods have gradually receded, as man has encroached upon the land for farming and grazing.

Our early settlers were not farmers in the strict sense of the word, but they kept immense herds of cattle, sheep, and later swine which were shipped as pork to "the Main," as Connecticut was called for many years.

The first would-be inhabitants decided to locate upon what is now Town Lane, probably about 1668-1670, but they were unable to obtain water with their primitive methods, and the attempt was abandoned. Main Street was then laid out about as it is now, with the exception of the eastern part, which has been narrowed three times. After Town Lane was laid out, Deep Lane immediately followed, to afford a more convenient route to Fresh Pond and to the Brick Hills which were early established. These roads were not town highways until after 1739-1740.

Across the road from the Old Corner Burying Ground was a rail fence which led into an unkept irregular hollow called in their order, Whip-poor-will-hollow, Whip-poor-will Street, and later, to the disgust of many, Atlantic Street. This street was opened, probably, sometime after 1730. The Old Corner Burying Ground was at first private property, until April 27, 1739, when a deed was passed "Conveying four poles of land from Jonathan and Daniel Baker, to the inhabitants of the village of Amagansett, their heirs and assigns, forever, for a burying ground." In 1852, an additional piece of ground was purchased, adjoining it to the south, with the same understanding.

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*William S. Pelletreau in "East Hampton" gives the date of the deed as 1683.

Montauk Road was originally called Amagansett Lane, and it was not opened as a street until after Whip-poor-will Street was opened. All travel to Montauk for over a hundred years was over the "Old Road," now called "Bluff Road." The Indian Well Hollow Highway was opened through farm land to join with the hollow and the beach, with a turn-off at Further Lane which was at first the main travelled road to East Hampton.

About 1784, Pantigo Lane was broken through land owned by the Pantigo Daytons, coming out at the Schellinger property here. This is now the main travelled road to East Hampton. Skimhampton Road is a very old highway and is considered part of an Indian trail. It was used by the Indians either as a burden bearing trail, or when a large number of the tribe were making one of their summer wanderings. An Indian brave going alone had no hesitancy in striking out anywhere, in any place, through the deepest woods, using the shortest possible route to arrive at his destination in the quickest time.

The oldest road in Amagansett is an old Indian trail, the Bluff Road. This was probably a well-defined trail for hundreds of years before the coming of the white man to eastern Long Island. The new highway from Fresh Pond Road north to Accabonac Highway is of more recent origin, having been laid out through farm land after the coming of the Long Island Rail Road. Meeting House Lane, bounded on either side by property either now or formerly owned by the Mulford family, and Miankoma Lane, formed from land taken from the old Baker lands, are both of very recent origin.

As early as 1700, Amagansett was called a "thriving village." In the year 1810 Amagansett was conceded to have twenty houses and a schoolhouse. By 1813 there were thirty houses and a schoolhouse located in the center of Main Street, but growth was retarded by the Revolutionary War, which caused many to flee to Connecticut, where they elected to remain permanently. In 1843 the village had grown to only fifty houses. 1849 found Amagansett not much larger.

Shoe-making was the trade followed by one man in about every household in the village. The shoemaker was called a "cordwainer" in the early period, a word meaning a worker in cordwain or cordovan leather. The traveling Dutch shoemakers were the means by which a cobbler came to be called a "corduwana."

It was common in the early times to find a cobbler's bench either in the garret, kitchen, or in a little shop in the front yard.

These shoemaker's shops were the favorite meeting places of the men of the village to swap yarns and discuss the news after the day's work was done. Later the general store became a meeting place, but there were no stores until Nathaniel Hand built one on the north side of Main Street.

Little, if any, mail came into the village in the early days. In fact, post offices were not established on the Island until about 1800. The first post office in Amagansett was in the old house belonging to Mrs. David Talmage (née Conklin). The first postmaster was Dr. D. B. Van Scoy.* Mail was carried on a circuit, started in 1764, the rider going fortnightly along the north shore and returning along the south shore.

There was one very lucrative way of earning money in this eastern village in olden times, and that was by offshore whaling. It was started very early. ". . . upon the south-side of Long Island, in winter, lie stores of whales and crampasses, which the inhabitants begin with small boats to make a trade catching them to their no small benefit". In 1721: "Forty whales being taken on Long Island this year." Later hardy whaling captains made this their home and when they came from their long adventurous cruises they brought many quaint, curious and valuable gifts from foreign shores. Of the sixteen deep sea whaling captains, the names of only fifteen are available, viz.: Howell Babcock, Erastus Barnes, Brooks Bennett, Joshua Bennett, Lewis Bennett, George Brown, Henry Conklin, Eli Edwards, Melvin Edwards, George Hand, Vincint King, Lorenzo Leek, Davis Miller, Sylvester Miller, and John Stretton.

Many of the old home lots in Amagansett village have changed hands over and over again, in the course of the passing years. Yet there remain a few families whose descendants have lived generation after generation upon the same piece of property that their forefathers owned and built upon when the village was first settled.

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*An abstract, entitled "*The Brief History of Amagansett*," in the possession of the East Hampton Free Library from the writings of the above-mentioned Dr. D. B. Van Scoy, gives the date of the first post office here as 1836, the mail coming and going once a week. The first three postmasters he lists were M. Conklin, serving two years; George W. Stratton, two years, and himself, then in his fourteenth year as postmaster. He also mentions there was no physician in the village until he set up practice in 1844.

THE FRIENDLY INDIAN

"This memory brightens o'er the past. . ."
—Longfellow



STEPHEN PHARAOH, 1819–1879
ALSO KNOWN AS STEPHEN TALKHOUSE.



he word "Indian" is so generally associated with war paint and feathers that it is a relief to dwell on the peaceful pursuits and friendship for the white man characteristic of the Long Island Indians who were of the Algonquian race, never of a warlike nature. Instead of stories of wild adventure there are stories of mutual help between Lion Gardiner and Wyandanch, stories of Indian preachers, and of the almost legendary feats of Stephen Talkhouse.

Henry Hudson wrote the first account of the Long Island Indians in 1609, telling how the Iroquois and later the Pequots had subdued them. To the Pequots they had to pay tribute in the form of wampum. The manufacture of wampum was the greatest accomplishment of the Long Island Indians. It was made from periwinkle shells and round clam shells, strung on deer thongs. The white man appreciated wampum; when he learned its use he could do away with clumsy barter, with corn as a medium of exchange.

Another thing the Long Island Indians taught their white friends was the use of samp. The Indians used to boil corn until the husks were removed, then pound it in mortars, calling the resulting product "samp." Sea-faring men used to say that Long Island could be located in a fog by the sound of samp mortars.

The squaws worked in the fields, which probably belonged to the whole community; here they raised corn, squash, and beans. Hoes were long sticks to which clam shells were fastened. Tobacco was grown, too, the only crop cultivated by the men. Indians were skilled fishermen and whalers. The tails and fins of the whale were the most savoury bits, and were sacrificed to the gods.

The most notable friendship between an Indian and a white man was that between Lion Gardiner and Wyandanch, the strongest and wisest ruler of the Long Island Indians and their last real grand sachem. Lion Gardiner rescued "Heather Flower," Wyandanch's daughter, who had been captured by their enemy, Ninigret

of Block Island. In return Wyandanch gave Lion Gardiner the territory around what is now Smithtown. Wyandanch's sister married Cockenoe-de-Long Island, who helped John Eliot, the "apostle to the Indians," translate the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and Scripture texts into the Algonquian language. He also taught English to the Indians. A story is told of how a missionary was sent to convert the Indians. When he arrived he heard them singing Dr. Watt's hymn, "Raise Thee, My Soul, Fly Up and Run." If they did not know the words, they would hum the tune.

The Indians taught the white men a great deal, and also treasured what they received from them. In 1917 an old Indian burial ground was uncovered on Pantigo Hill near Amagansett. In it were their most treasured possessions, gifts from their white friends, ornaments and utensils of European make.

One of the friendliest Indians of later times was Stephen Talkhouse Pharaoh. He lived in Hither Woods, not many miles from Amagansett, in a house with a stone chimney and fireplace which he built himself, and which is described as a nice piece of masonry. On his way through Amagansett, where he always walked, being in too much of a hurry, as he said, to ride, he would stop and have a 5:30 breakfast with Mr. John B. Strong. It is said he also might have one or two other breakfasts on the route. He used to go blackberrying near Napeague Harbor. He would get two old-fashioned carpet bags full of blackberries, one in each hand, and sling onto his back a twelve-quart stone jar, also full of blackberries. Mr. Benjamin H. Barnes of Amagansett related that sometimes when he went downstairs in the morning, he would find Steve asleep in the kitchen. Steve had such a casual way with him that no one would be surprised.

Full-blooded Montauk Indians are now practically extinct. The Pharaohs were among the very last.



THE LONE RED MAN

A Legend of Indian Well Hollow

"If ancient tales say true. . ."

—Byron



o the first few years of the establishment of the sturdy little "mother colony" by the sea, the following legend of Indian Well Hollow owes its derivation.

At this far-away period there were probably less than forty working men in the whole settlement capable of clearing the land, erecting the rude log huts, and planting the crops. There were at this time few horses in the settlement, and almost the only domesticated animals belonging to these hardy folks were a few goats, which were their only source of milk and cheese. Our colonials called their herds "the poor man's cows." These early flocks were sturdy little animals, requiring little or no shelter and foraging for themselves, so that it was only in the very depths of winter that their owners were obliged to feed them from the haystacks of salt hay. Toward the east of this first settlement were large unwooded plains upon which the first colonists kept a part of their treasured flocks.

They hired for a gin-man*, a crippled Indian of the High Hills, who because of his disabilities hung around the settlement and was persuaded by the settlers to protect their herds from the ravages of the wolves, which frequented the two swamps on the outskirts of the colony. For this service he received enough Indian maize for his needs, a warm coat and a snug wigwam, which the settlers erected for the redman in Indian Well Hollow not far from the "well of good drinking water" by the old Indian trail. There each night the faithful old shepherd settled down, with his flock herded together nearby. Because of the proximity of the wigwam to the Indian well the old warrior would say, "Go Am-eag-an-sett," when he was ready to go back to his shelter after obtaining his stores at the settlement.

So the first inhabitants who had already begun to designate this spot as "the place of the Indian well," later called the little

---

*Gin-man—keeper of the "gin," a kind of trap for stray cattle.

hamlet that had sprung up there "the village of Amagansett."

As time passed and the old shepherd grew more feeble, word was brought to the townfathers that their herds of goats were roaming at will over hillside and plain. A party of men was sent to the wigwam in Indian Well Hollow, and there they found the Indian nigh unto death. They stayed by him until the Great Spirit had wafted away the dying man's soul to the regions of the Happy Hunting Grounds. A few hours after his death several Indians from the tribes of the High Hills, accompanied by their medicine man, came noiselessly over the trail. While the settlers withdrew, the Indians laved the body from the waters of the Indian Well, arrayed it in all its ancient finery, and painted the face to hide its identity from any evil spirit that might beset it upon its last journey. Wrapped in the skins of wild beasts slain by his own hands, and with all his choicest possessions around him, he was then placed in his grave in a crouching position. The grave was covered over with earth, on top of which was placed the customary wooden bowl of samp.

Somewhere between the two plains, in the Indian Well Hollow, close by the old Indian trail that passed the Well of Good Drinking Water, lies the dust of the old Indian warrior. Let us trust that no lawless hand has brought to the light of day all that now remains of the one-time brave who was buried here.



THE PLACE WHERE THE GROUND NUT GROWS



A

Almost every writer of the history of the eastern coast of North America has made mention of the "Indian Potato" or "Ground Nut," but they do not all agree upon the same vegetable root.

Tradition tells us that the "Indian Potato" or "Ground Nut" grew wild and abundantly within the township of East Hampton, and that the Indians dug them and boiled them, sometimes with meat and sometimes alone.

In New England, as early as 1602, ground nuts were found by the early explorers, "As big as eggs, forty on a string, two inches under the ground." One writer mentioned them as "the root of the yellow water-lily," and another as "bearing blue flowers."

In 1654, in a town to the west of East Hampton, if an Indian dug for ground nuts in ground occupied by the English, he was to be put in stocks, and for a second offense, publicly whipped.

Later, in 1703, at the same place, when the colonists had produced larger crops for man and beast, the original owners of the soil were allowed "to dig in the ground for ground nuts except in mowing land."

The ground nut grew in our township in many different places, and many of our oldest people have eaten them, and can tell where they are procured, but even they do not agree upon the same kind of a tuber.

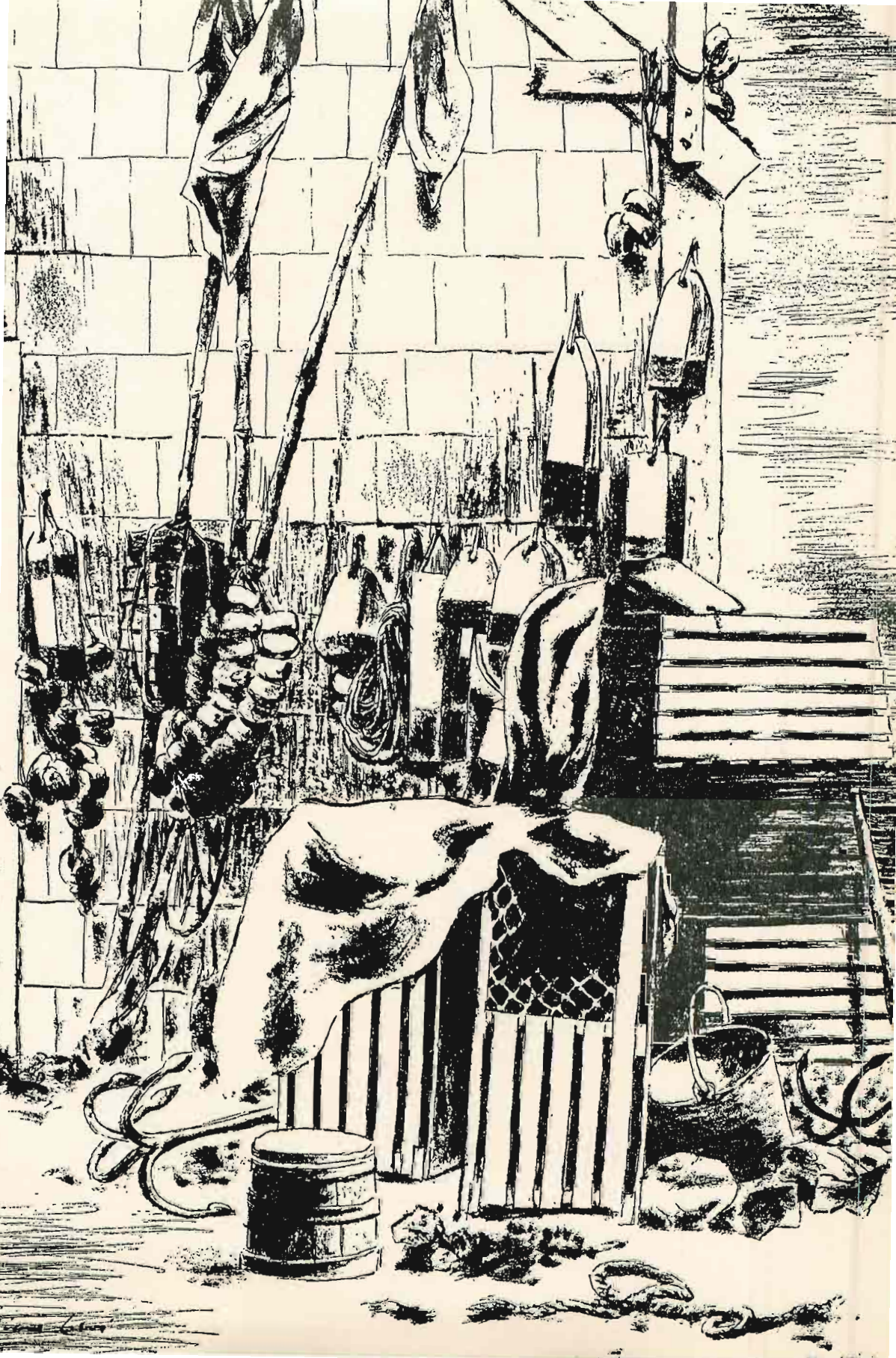
Generally, the place where they were found was damp ground or lowland, or in shady ditches, and forty or more years ago an old man in our village remarked that "an old squaw, who worked for my grandmother, used to go down to Accabonac to dig for ground nuts." This is interesting because "Sagabon" in the Algonquian language means "ground nuts," and also nearly every writer on Indian place-names agrees that an Indian word with either "pon" or "bon" as one of its syllables, means a place where the ground nut grows.

Upon making inquiries among the farmers in our vicinity if they had ever come across ground nuts, the answer came back in one particular, "Sure, they're artichokes," and, "When I was a lad they grew all along the ditch of our bottom lot." Less than forty years ago school boys would go across the road at recess time to a lot where they dug up what they called artichokes, and return eating a vegetable that looked somewhat like a raw turnip.

What the ground nut was in other localities we are not prepared to say. But it is quite evident that the ground nut or Indian potato eaten at the extreme end of the Island of Mattamacke was what is now called a "Jerusalem artichoke." It is quite likely it is the same plant the first colonists in the Dominion called the "Canada potato" and those that settled farther south called the "Virginia potato."

The early settlers found the ground nut to be a valuable addition to their food supply, especially for their stock, as it was capable of resisting the most severe weather and could be left in the ground all winter. In the fall this plant produces miniature sunflowers, and at the root of the stalk you may find a cluster of ground nuts, sometimes a dozen or more with their pinkish brown skin. Even after two hundred and fifty years they are to be found growing in the ditches and by the wayside of our shaded highways.

* * * *



LEGEND OF WHIP-POOR-WILL HOLLOW

L

ong, long years ago, upon the eastern coast of the New World, the earliest English explorers found a narrow island jutting out into the sea which was called by the native red men Mattouwacke, or the Land of the Periwinkle Shell. In the earliest times, at the extreme end of this long strip of land, they found a spring of sparkling water known to all the tribes of the Indian race as the "well of the good drinking water."

Running back from this pure water supply was a shallow dip in the land called "Indian Well Hollow," which was connected toward the east with another smaller valley called "Whip-poor-will Hollow," a continuation of the first green sink of land. Whip-poor-will Hollow was really only a small wooded dell, but in the view of the natives this little green spot encircled by a grove of oak, beech, and pine was a place of reverence, and the ground within the grove a spot of veneration and fear.

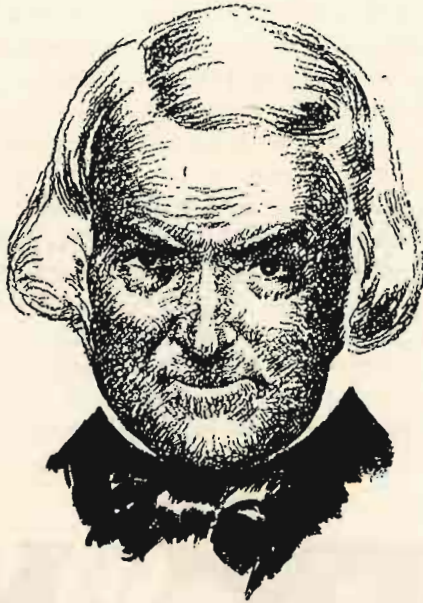
No loiterer by the trails, no hunter of the forest ever thought to desecrate this sacred dell with his foot unless called there by the plaintive voice of the whip-poor-will in the late summer months.

It was said a charm had been laid upon this hallowed region by an ancient medicine man of the High Hills, and if one nearing death could but arrive at the Hollow at the season of the whip-poor-will's call, his passing to the Great Spirit would be peaceful and painless, and without fear. Many, dying of wounds or diseases, were often left there to pass away quietly and alone. It was only the incessant cry of the whip-poor-will, telling the tale of death, that would bring back the litter-bearers to take up the still burden and carry it to the old Indian burial grounds at the High Hills.



THE FIRST FOUR

"Touch us gently, Time!"
—B. W. Procter



AN EARLY CONKLIN



he First Four of Amagansett are undoubtedly the Baker (1680), Schellinger (1690), Conklin (1695) and Barnes (1700) families. Something of the beginnings of each of these families has been included here. These four, with the courage for which their age was noted, came over from East Hampton, which by 1680 must have been a comfortable village for those times. To break away from the old "home-lot" and make a new home in what was still a wilderness was no small undertaking, but the desire of these younger sons to have their own homes was great enough for them to face the hardships of a new life.

THE BAKERS

The first to come to Amagansett was Nathaniel Baker, the second son of Thomas Baker who had come from England in 1639 to marry Alice Dayton, and father four children. Nathaniel married Catherine Schellinger (only sister of Abraham and Jacob, second generation). The little shop he built first and lived in while building his home* is still standing on Main Street, the present property of Mrs. Charles Erickson. Tradition has it that the heavy timbers in this small dwelling were brought over from Holland as ship ballast, and were purchased by Nathaniel, who

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*In 1913 Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hamlin bought the old Nathaniel Baker house on Main Street, and moved it by winch and a pair of horses, to its present site on Town Lane. It was opened in 1914 by a golden wedding reception for Mr. and Mrs. John D. Hedges. This house is one of the oldest in the village. Mrs. Hamlin can show visitors a board bearing two dates. The first date, 1682, is believed to be the year the house was built. The second date, 1797, is the year it was turned from a saltbox into a two-story dwelling. The house has been kept intact, except for slight additions, even to the old hand-wrought nails.

brought them up from old Northwest Harbor by oxcart. Large timber was scarce in the town at that early period and when the people built a new church in 1717, it was necessary to go to Gardiner's Island for timber for the frame.

For many years, from 1859 to 1901, a descendant, Jeremiah ("Jerry") Baker, was the daily mail-carrier, by stage, from Sag Harbor to Amagansett until after the coming of the Long Island Rail Road in 1895. An old record has this statement, "The first daily mail stage from Amagansett to Sag Harbor commenced running today, Jeremiah Baker, contractor, April 1, 1859."

THE SCHELLINGERS

Jacobus Schellinger was a Dutchman from a well-to-do family in Amsterdam, who came to New Amsterdam about 1652, where he was a merchant of means. There upon his marriage to Cornelia Melyn in 1653 he became involved in the lengthy and heated trial between his father-in-law, Cornelis Melyn, patroon of Staten Island, and Pieter Stuyvesant, director-general of New Amsterdam. Melyn stands out as a fighter against directorial tyranny, and was a central figure of his day.

The enmity of Stuyvesant and the burning of Jacob's home and property on Staten Island by the British and Indians finally caused Jacob to seek the peace of East Hampton, to which documents show he had come by October of 1667. Here he died in 1693, aged 67.

Abraham and Jacob, sons of Jacob and Cornelia, were the second family to settle in Amagansett, coming in 1690. Here they owned all the land on the north side of what is now Main Street between approximately the old Conklin house and Abrahams Path, and extending as far north as Town Lane.

The family grew and flourished, and while many of its members moved to other parts of the state and country, there are two branches still living in Amagansett. George V. Schellinger's "Old Red House" was built by Jonathan Schellinger, fourth generation in America, around 1765, upon the same site as the original Schellinger homestead.

THE CONKLINS

Ananias Conklin, the first of the name to settle at East Hampton, came to America from Nottinghamshire, England, with his brother John and settled at Salem, Massachusetts. They were

Note from LIG:

John (1) and Ananias (1) Conklin(g) of Staffordshire, Worcestershire, Nottinghamshire, England and Salem, Massachusetts are the progenitors of two separate LI Lines. There is no documentation known for the parents of John and Ananias Conklin. It is not known if they were brothers or cousins but DNA testing in 2001 confirms they were related. Most of John's descendants trace their roots to the Huntington, Northport, Southold, Shelter Island and Riverhead areas of Long Island while the descendants of Ananias come from further east on the Island, the East Hampton area. (Honor Conklin)



"glassmen" and were the first to manufacture window glass and bottles in New England. John moved first to Southold, and later to Huntington. Ananias also lived at Southold for a short time, but obtaining an allotment of land at East Hampton, he moved there in 1653.

Jeremiah Conklin (second generation) had a parcel of land allotted to him at Amagansett which is described as follows: "One parcel of land more being eastward of the town in the woods by the plain, lying by the highway as men go to Napeake, containing seven acres more or less, and bounded southward by Napeake highway and westward by John Miller, Senior's land and north-eastward by the common land."

The Conklin homestead on Main Street, built by this Jeremiah Conklin so long ago, has been lived in continuously by his descendants and is owned today by Mrs. Eleanor Conklin Talmage. This is the house in which, during the Revolution, the grandmother put the two grandchildren into the old brick oven for safety from flying red-coat bullets. It was also Amagansett's first post office.

THE BARNESES

In 1700 Isaac Barnes, the third generation of that name in the Town, built a home on Further Lane, making the fourth house in the "village," if the collection of four little homes spread out over the site of the future Amagansett could be called a village. The home-lot of the first Barnes was a large double lot and for many years known as "The old House Lott." The house and every trace of it is gone now, but it stood just a short way up Further Lane from Indian Wells Hollow Highway.

The son of the first Isaac was known as "Father Isaac" to distinguish him from his parent, who was known as "Grandfather Isaac." He was a justice of the peace, and was supervisor for one term in the year 1761. He was captain of the militia and in the year 1762, with Nathaniel Baker (fifth generation) was appointed under King George III, "to be assistant Justices of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas to be holden in and for our county of Suffolk in the Province of New York, America." He was very active in town affairs.

Captain Jonathan Barnes, son of Isaac (fourth generation), of the Revolutionary Army was given the "Eastern Farm" on the Montauk Road. This Barnes is the common ancestor of the Amagansett family and of the Barns family at East Hampton.



MRS. GEAN FINCH BARNES, 1870-1922

THE OLD TRADING POST

"We sped the time with stories old, . . ."
—Whittier





ne of Amagansett's old houses, now falling sadly into disrepair, is the old Nathaniel Hand house on Main Street, which must have been, a hundred years ago, quite a trading post. Nathaniel Hand was born in 1776 and died in 1862.

A Day Book, now in the East Hampton Library, kept by Nathaniel Hand beginning April, 1843, and going into the 1850's, is a long, narrow book in a mottled pasteboard cover, with worn leather at the back. Mr. Hand evidently dealt in everything—drygoods, gin, tobacco, cigars, soap, pipes, 'rithmetic, reading and spelling books, ink, plates, a "bunnet," stockings, shoes, food, tea, firkins, to mention some of the more frequent items. He even sold "cloth for making a shroud" as one entry indicates.

Amagansett built a schoolhouse in 1843—or repaired one—and Nathaniel Hand furnished lime and other supplies.

Whaling and other ships outfitted there before setting out on their three or four-year voyages. The Ship Manhattan, Mercator Cooper of Southampton, Master, bought supplies from Nathaniel Hand in the fall of 1843, just as she was starting out on a three-year voyage which included the forbidden shores of Japan. The whaleship Fanny, owned by N. and G. Howell, with an Edwards as Captain, was another on the book for 1843, as was the Ship Richmond of Cold Spring. On May 26, 1844, S. and B. Huntting of Sag Harbor bought hogs for the Ship Portland of Sag Harbor. The Ship Washington took 114 pounds of butter. The Noble, Captain Howes, took 229 hams. The Ship Hamilton, Captain Loper, owned by Mulford and Sleight of Sag Harbor, was outfitted in 1843 before she sailed on August 28 on a voyage from which she was never to return. She was lost near the Rio Grande in February 1845; but 2300 barrels of whale oil were saved.

The book is full of Captains well known locally. George Hand, Zachariah Benjamin, Henry D. Conklin, George Brown, D. G. Vail, Sylvanus Miller, Melvin Edwards, Erastus Edwards, Mulford Hand. "Derby Whaleman" was another seafaring man on

the list. Van Rensselaer, "Uncle Rance," Conkling is also in the book; he is said to have finished a lively career in a fitting manner, having been last seen on a whale's back going out to sea.

"Aunt Rebecca" Conklin is charged for a snuff-box. Nice old ladies took snuff in those days; and others not so nice solaced themselves with a nip of laudanum. An Indian woman is charged with calico and laudanum, on one visit; just two ounces of laudanum, on another; and the next time she bought flour and laudanum. White men and women took laudanum; "worse'n rum" it was. Snuff taking and chewing tobacco were common in all circles a few generations ago.

There are a good many Indian names in the book: Jonathan Talkhouse, and his son, the famous Stephen who went with Barnum and Bailey for a while; Sarah Hannibal, William Fowler, Elisha Pharaoh, Sylvester Pharaoh, John and Abigail Cuffee, are some of the Indian names. Stephen "Taukhous" stocked up on one trip with two pairs Buck mittens, cloth, lead, butter, and meat.

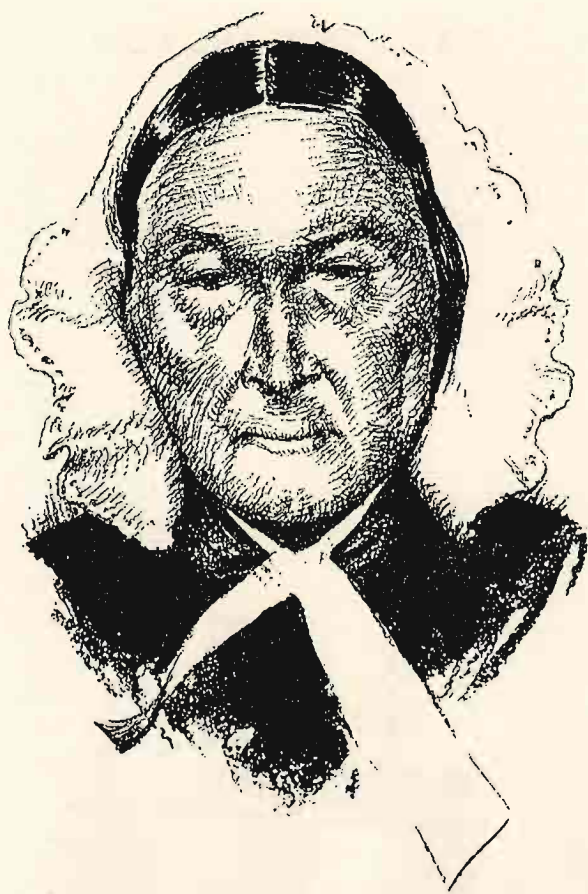
Egbert Voltaire Homan ("Uncle Eg" who drove the stage coach from the New York ferry to East Hampton) bought 178 dozen eggs at 14 cents a dozen, the total bill being \$24.92!

Mr. Hand even sold bunkers to be put on hills of corn for fertilizer. Bunkers sold ten for a penny. Lorenzo B. Leek bought 1,000 for a dollar, and Jacob Strong got 1,470 for \$1.47. The fish went even lower at one time—Abraham Payne bought 1,900 for \$1.61.

Nathaniel Hand's book includes notes on haying. "Commenced mowing Monday morning 6 July 1846. Finished about the 22nd. Cutting 32 loads hay from 15 acres. 4 acres Wheat, 65 shocks; 2 acres Barley, 75 shocks; 3½ Oats 125 shock. Finished August 4th."

Items sold in that store no ordinary storekeeper would stock today: snuff, tallow, wagon springs, indigo, ochre, powder (for guns, not faces), shot and caps, a side of sole leather, vitriol, silk buttons, pearlash, harness, lamps, hogsheads, and wick yarn. "To knitting Seine, 3 pounds at 2 shillings—75 cents," is an item which would be remarkable today. Lots of suspenders and chewing tobacco were down on the book. One lady customer was credited with \$3, for seaweed, against her grocery bill; Miss Ann Elizabeth Woodward, evidently a teacher, was credited by Erastus Barnes' school bill of \$1.70.

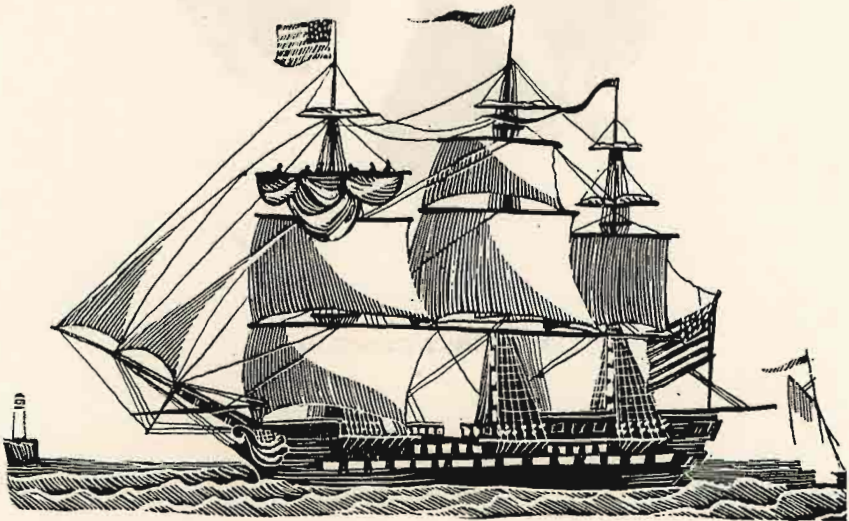
It's long ago and far away—another world, really.



AN EARLY CONKLIN

TRAVEL THEN AND NOW

*"Run up the sail again
Leave to the lubber landmen
The rail-car and the steed, . . ."*
—Whittier





In the early days Amagansett, like all the communities in East Hampton Town, was more closely tied with New England than with the western end of Long Island. This is not surprising since the original settlers in this vicinity were English Puritans who came via Connecticut. Perhaps it accounts for the fact that this region has retained many of its lovely traditions and charms and that it has remained comparatively unspoiled.

Sag Harbor was the commercial and industrial center for a long period. Travelers from New York originally came by packet to Sag Harbor unless they were fortunate or wealthy enough to afford the luxury of a private coach. A coach trip required three or four days. In 1772 a stage line was established between Brooklyn Ferry and Sag Harbor. The Long Island Rail Road went to Greenport in 1844, but it was for the benefit of New England-bound travelers rather than for these parts. The railroad was eventually extended to Bridgehampton and finally reached East Hampton and Amagansett in 1895.

Earlier, mail from New York to eastern Long Island was carried by a rider who came via the north shore and returned by the south, the circuit requiring a fortnight. On April 1, 1859, Jeremiah Baker of Amagansett commenced running the daily mail stage from Amagansett to Sag Harbor. He faithfully carried the sacks of mail for thirty-six years.

As rail and later motor travel broke the bounds of time and distance, Amagansett, like her sister communities in the Town, became increasingly popular as a resort area. Today, a number of people who work in New York live here the year round, commuting on weekends or, in the case of some artists, whenever the occasion requires. Air travel is certain to make eastern Long Island even more popular as a summer haven, not only for New Yorkers, but for New Englanders and people from even greater distances.

THE WHALE DESIGNE

*"And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea."
—Lowell*



E

arly records tell of "The Whale Designe," which was one of the great gifts of the Indian to the English settlers who at first used Indian crews and Indian methods of capturing the mighty "fish." However, as time went on the pioneers took to the sea themselves and whales were captured off-shore until about thirty years ago.

It is interesting to note that the first man to gain prominence as a whaler was James Loper, who came to East Hampton as a young man from New Amsterdam with his widowed mother. She married Jacob Schellinger, the first of the Schellingers in the Town. The Amagansett family of the present day is directly descended from this same notable, James Loper, who married the granddaughter of Lion Gardiner, First Lord of the Isle of Wight.

Eubalaena glacialis, or Right Whale, was the most abundant along this coast, and it must have been abundant indeed because the early Town records constantly refer to ". . . whales cast up on the beach." The abundance, slow speed, and buoyancy of its carcass, as well as the great yield of "oyle" and whalebone, made this the "right" whale. Whales of this species when fully grown average over fifty feet in length and weigh as much as 75 tons.

A distinctive feature of the right whale is the great quantity of whalebone or "baleen" suspended from the upper jaws and consisting of 250 flexible blades of which the central ones are longest, averaging from six to as much as nineteen feet in length, depending on the size of the creature. Whalebone was used to make the fashionable slim waist so admired by the ladies of the 17th and 18th centuries and later days! Frames for hoop skirts were also made of whalebone.

Probably of greater value to the settler was the oil that was "tryed out" of the blubber. It was used for such lighting as these early-to-bed and early-to-rise ancestors of ours needed, but more important, it passed as currency, a barrel being equal to from

one pound ten shillings to two pounds sterling. At the present rate of exchange this may not seem to be a great sum of money, but three hundred years ago its buying power was far greater than it is today. We can imagine the ladies of that day sending to New London, Boston and even to London with the profits from the "Whale Designe" for the fine things that women delight in!

Deep sea fishing today from the snug security of a twin-engined sport cruiser, whether for marlin or tuna or some other sport fish, can hardly hold a candle to offshore whaling from a twenty-eight foot whale boat. Although primarily a serious occupation, whaling was to some degree, at least, a sport and as such it was a thrilling and courageous battle with one of nature's mightiest creatures. A young man in Amagansett had not won his spurs until after he'd gone on his first whale-chase and had come back, literally from the shadow of death, covered with the blood of the dying whale. It was sport and occupation for those who went in the boats and entertainment for those who lined the shore, and that could mean practically everyone in the village, as the cry of "Whale Off!" had the effect of turning everyone's attention and his footsteps, as well, toward the beach.

Children of today would have liked living in those times. There was no school from December to April and no school anyway from the moment "Whale Off!" sounded through the village street!

The thrilling, romantic story of the whale-chase can best be told in the words of an old-timer who was there and took part. The story which follows is that of the Washington's Birthday whale of 1907 as told by a veteran whaler, Captain Everett J. Edwards, who, although he has lived in East Hampton for many years, was born here at Amagansett within sight and hearing of the sea, the second son of the now almost legendary Cap'n "Josh" Edwards.

FATHER'S LAST CAPTURE*

It was Washington's Birthday, 1907. The rally was made about eight o'clock in the morning, here in East Hampton where I now live.

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*Reprinted by permission from "WHALE OFF!" THE STORY OF AMERICAN SHORE WHALING, by Everett J. Edwards and Jeannette Edwards Rattray. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, 1932. Third printing. Now unfortunately out of print.



R. M. Proctor

Folks over here didn't want to let the 'Gansetters know. But I wouldn't go without, so I telephoned Father, "Better come over!"

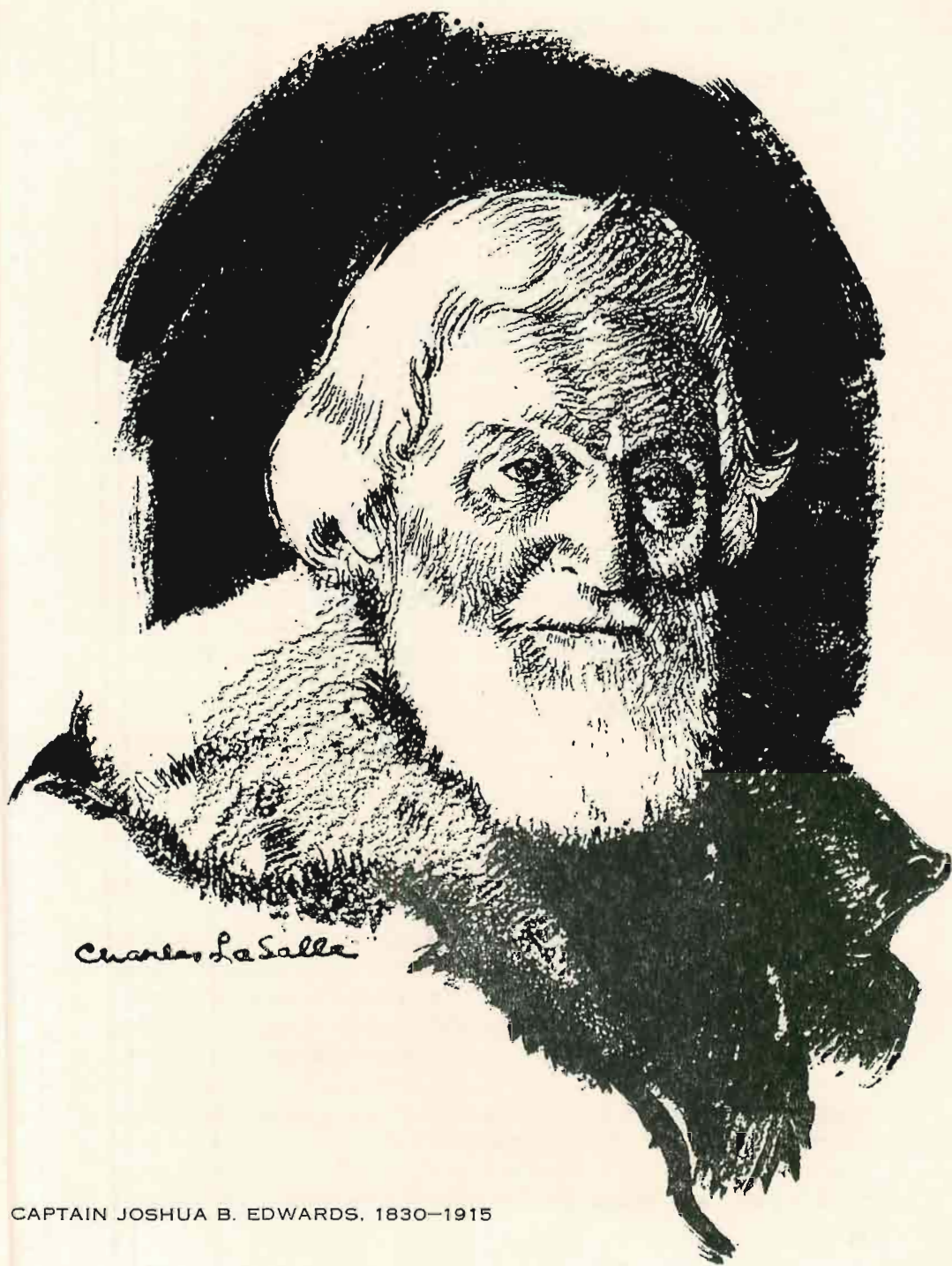
I headed the only East Hampton boat, one belonging to the Dominy's; Felix Dominy went boatsteerer; Charlie Baker pulled stroke oar. The whale was bound eastward about half a mile offshore, when he came up west sou'west of us. We mulled along under sail, and by and by saw his whirl, and followed along just offshore of it. This was my first experience at waking a whale under my own steam—without Father at the steering-oar—and I didn't know just how far ahead of the wake he was. I didn't want to overrun him. When he broke water the next time he was three boatlengths ahead.

When he shoved his nose out of water I called out to the crew, "Spring ahead!" And Charlie Baker pulled so quick and so hard that his oar broke into three or four pieces. The whale only blew once that rising; the noise of the breaking oar scared him. After that, we couldn't get very close to him. Once scared by a whale-boat, the whale will center his attention on this boat, and it will not get a second chance; only a new boat that he hasn't located can get near.

Three boats from Amagansett were now a mile to the eastward and the whale was going toward them. Father was in the lead under sail; never put an oar into the water except the steering-oar until the animal was having his rising. When we drew near to Father's boat he asked me how the whale was working and I told him about where I thought it would be the next rising. I wanted Father to have one more chance if possible, it would please him. Father was seventy-eight years old then, and hadn't had a whale in a good while. Anyway, I knew we had frightened this one a little and probably wouldn't get another chance.

At the next rising, the whale blew four or five times, and gave Father's boat quite an opportunity to reach him. They didn't but just get there at that, with all five oars pulling hard. (A whale on top of water splashes so much himself that he doesn't notice rowing, you have to be careful when he is under water.)

They got to him as he was rounding to go down. When a whale rounds, before you are near enough to fasten, you hear the command, "Heave up!" which means, stop rowing, and you must talk very low; there must be no noise when close by an underwater whale. If a whale goes under water but is going to blow again, you can see his back awash, level; but if he is going to sound and has finished that rising, he raises up his small (after part);



CAPTAIN JOSHUA B. EDWARDS. 1830-1915

points his head down—the tail is the last thing you see and he is gone.

So they fastened to him well aft, which was the best they could do. Uncle Gabe* gave him the iron; then he and Father changed places.

This whale didn't fight hard; he wasn't as limber as some. He fought under water some, and cut around, after they got fast. The iron was so far aft on him that when they hauled ahead on the towline they couldn't get clear of his tail. That is no healthy place to be, but Father didn't get a good chance at him until he straightened away and headed southeast. Then he was unable to dart his lance as far forward as he wanted to. They hauled the boat right up to the whale's tail, and Father filled him full of lance-holes. He kept this up for an hour, being towed out to sea all the while.

When the whale finally slacked up and we caught up with Father's boat I asked if he wanted us to get hold. He said yes; so I told Felix to come aft, I went forward right up alongside of the whale; fastened to him, and shot the bomb. He continued to go. We slacked back astern of Father. I reloaded the whalegun.

When Father hauled up on the right side of the whale I hauled up on the left side because I'm squaw-handed. When I had given him a second bomb, and Father on the other side had lanced him again at the same time, he gave up.

We cut a hole in his lip near the nib end and straightened out for shore. Cap'n Wines Hulse of East Hampton had a dory with an engine in her; we all strung out—four whaleboats and one whale—towed by the power-boat, and landed at Amagansett opposite the tryworks about seven-thirty in the evening.

This whale yielded 2,000 gallons of oil; the largest slabs of bone measured seven feet two inches.**

In the four whaleboats that day were: Joshua Edwards, Gabriel Edwards, Harry Conklin, George Mulford, John Parsons, and John Anderson; Jesse B. Edwards, George Lusty, Charles Bennett, Everett King, Jesse Loper, Clinton Edwards; Bert Edwards, Abraham Loper, Eugene Loper, Bert Barnes, Thomas Bennett, Walter Loper. The only East Hampton boat contained Felix Dom-

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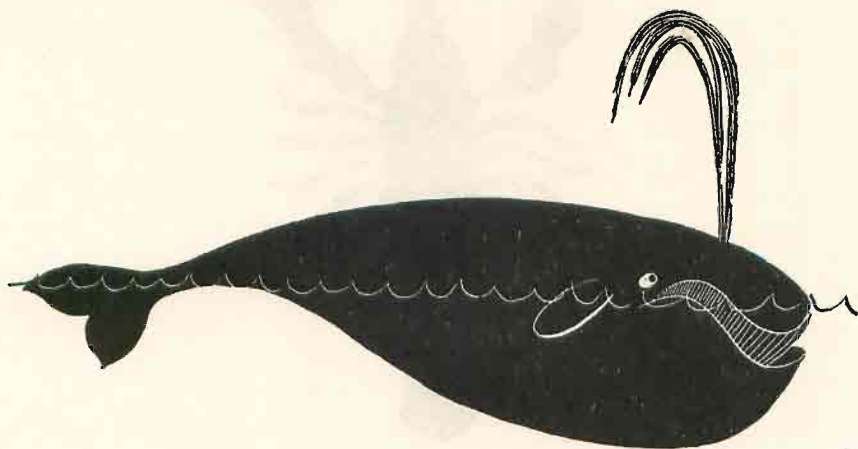
*Captain Gabriel Edwards, younger brother of Captain Joshua B. Edwards, the Cap'n "Josh" of this story.

**This was a cow whale, 57 feet long, clearing about \$3,500.

iny, Enoch Fithian, Philip Ryan, Charles Baker, Joseph Card, Forrest Hulse, and myself.

The old Captain had made his last capture, but this was not to be just another whale. The now world-renowned explorer-naturalist, Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews, was sent out here by the American Museum of Natural History to collect for preservation the vast skeleton of this great right whale, which can be seen today in the Hall of Ocean Life. Dr. Andrews's interest in the life of the whale began at this time, and he became an authority, publishing his studies in several books on the subject.

* * * *



FISHING, ENTERPRISE AND ADVENTURE

*"And who shall discern the marvels of the sea."
—Parmentier*



B

efore the arrival of the white man, the Indians caught fish by using barbless hooks of bone or of birds' claws, gill nets made of woven bark-fiber and spears. It is also said that red men along the coast not only depended on oysters for food, but also used them dried and smoked and strung on twigs, as an article of barter with inland tribes.

Many early white settlers here were from Kent, England, traditionally a home of seafaring folk; therefore, they were attracted to this island by the facilities it offered for commerce and fishing. To their experienced eyes, it was evident then, as it is to their descendants now, that a large, wholesome and nutritious part of their subsistence might be obtained from waters of the locality. They used crude nets and hooks, and their catch of edible fish was often salted, smoked, or dried for winter use. The great variety of fish and vast quantities of oysters, clams, scallops, and other mollusks to be gathered from nearby waters has been a factor in the preservation and growth of this community.

Gradually various improved methods of fishing were introduced. Fire lighting, better nets, pounds, traps and pots for lobsters, crabs and eels made possible the growth of an industry which has become one of the most important of eastern Long Island. The reports of the Conservation Commission of New York State show that East Hampton Town fishing returns equal that of the entire remainder of Long Island. This profitable business grew rapidly after the Long Island Rail Road made it possible to ship iced fish to a ready market in New York City. Prior to this, sea food was taken by horse and wagon to Sag Harbor, where it was shipped by boat to the city; a procedure which was not satisfactory. Today most fish is rushed to market by truck.

A peculiar blend of enterprise and adventure tempted the inveterate fishermen to new and wider opportunities of offshore fishing; and in 1908 beam trawlers were introduced to be used in the bay and ocean. This type of fishing has grown into an industry of considerable importance.

Fishing for a livelihood is not the only kind to be found hereabout. Hundreds of sport fishermen come each year, lured by the hope of catching tuna, blues, striped bass, or swordfish.

The moss bunker, or menhaden, was used by the first settlers as fertilizer, a forerunner of a business which at one time supported ten factories in the township on Gardiner's Bay. The first of these factories was established by B. C. Cartwright in 1872. Menhaden fishing flourished for over forty years. Then the fish became so scarce that the business gradually came to a halt. After a period of years the fish returned and the Smith Meal Company reopened one of the old factories, which is now carrying on a thriving business at Promised Land, or *Bunker City*, as it was once known.

"Bunker Hill" was so named because of the immense quantities of fish that were spread upon the land for fertilizer, many years ago, without being plowed under. This spread of fish was followed by a long damp spell with the wind east, whereby the village received the full benefit of the aroma. The village wag could not forego his little joke, which has come down with the years.

* * * *



CAPTAIN HERBERT N. EDWARDS, 1870-1941
SUPERVISOR, EAST HAMPTON TOWN, 1928-1932, 1934-1936

DEFENDERS OF FREEDOM

*"Tried as by furnace-fires, and yet
By God's grace only stronger made."
—Whittier*



he fire of freedom has always burned brightly in the hearts of the people of Amagansett. In every one of America's wars they have served their country with courage and valor. In the early days of the Republic war was practically within earshot of Amagansett, and the villagers lived in dread peril as to what the morrow might bring.

During the American Revolution, Amagansett, like all of East End, as the easternmost part of Long Island was then called, was surrounded by warfare. Many a son and father answered the call of the Continental Congress for volunteers, and they fought in the Battle of Long Island or across Long Island Sound on New England's shores.

For the most part, only the women, old men and children were left to carry on during the occupation of Long Island by the British after General Washington was forced to abandon New York. Redcoats were a common sight on Amagansett's main street. Her citizens watched in horror and apprehension the black pall that hung all one afternoon from the burning of New London. Taunted and scoffed at by the enemy, robbed of their hard-earned harvests and property, these patriots who remained at home bore up with stoical courage and rare good humor.

On one occasion, a party of redcoats, well fortified with liquor, came into Amagansett on their way to Montauk looking for deserters. First they called at Nathaniel Baker's house without doing much mischief. Then the soldiers moved on to Jeremiah Conkling's, firing through the doors and windows. His two frightened children were bundled into the huge oven for refuge. The marauders then saw a light in Isaac Conklin's house (he had married the widow, Jerusha Buell Gardiner). The account of what took place was recorded many years later by John Lyon Gardiner, one of the little boys to be awakened that memorable night:

"They came to Isaac Conklin's and demanded entrance which he refused. While he was securing the door, my

mother, who was holding a candle, stood in the middle of the room. One gun only was shot and as my mother held the candle very high the ball went under her elbow and took out a piece of a loose gown she had on upon her shoulder, but scarcely touched the skin. They were then admitted. I and David (John Lyon's brother) were then asleep and awakened by the gun. We were in the bedroom and I remember well of seeing them come in. The ball went into the fireplace and had liked to have killed Cato, a negro who was stirring up the fire. . . . There was a curtain before the window and they guessed where the person stood that held the light. (Lieutenant) Darby lost his commission. My mother was within three yards of the man who shot. She offered to conduct them about the house to search. They were ashamed the next day."

Another story of loyal defiance is told of a famous showdown by Jedediah Conklin with the British Major Cockrane, commander of the English forces in this area. A British vessel laden with supplies for soldiers stationed at Southampton and Sag Harbor came ashore east of Amagansett. All the local teams were called upon to cart supplies. A given number of many casks made the required load. Finding one extra cask remaining on the beach, Major Cockrane ordered Jedediah to take it on his cart. Mr. Conklin boldly refused, despite angry oaths. Cockrane, who had an inflammable temper, rushed at the rebel with his sword, vowing to strike him dead. Jedediah brandished his long oxgoad and told the major if he came one step nearer he would kill him. The officer weakened and rode on horseback to the East Hampton Tavern where he told the story, adding that Conklin was the bravest little rebel on Long Island. Just then Cockrane saw Jedediah come along with his ox-cart load of casks. Apparently relenting, the Major called to Conklin to drink with him. The small but fearless Jedediah turned his back on him and said, "I'll see you burned in hell first." He was not further reprimanded!

Second Lieutenant Nathaniel Hand is mentioned over and over again in Proceedings of Provincial Congress and History. He not only saw active duty in a skirmish at Flatbush, but was one of a regiment "raised for the protection of the stock and the inhabitants of East Hampton Town." His home, on what is now Main Street (the F. W. Parsons home), was a Public House during the Revolution where cadets stopped to quench their thirst going on or off Montauk where they watched for British ships and guarded

livestock. Relays of horses were also kept at the Hand home for the messengers.

Thirteen men from Amagansett served in the Revolutionary War from 1776-1781. They were Nathaniel Baker, David Baker, Jonathan Barnes, Matthew Barnes, Ananias Conklin, Daniel Conklin, Samuel Conklin, Zebulon Conklin, Thomas Edwards, Benjamin Eyres, Nathaniel Hand, Samuel Mulford (1713-1795) and Samuel Mulford (1757-1824).

The War of 1812 again brought fears to the defenseless residents of Eastern Long Island. A band of local young men, hardly more than boys, kept a constant watch for British ships that were continually anchoring in Gardiner's Bay.

In the summer of 1813, Charles R. Hand, then about sixteen years of age, who was on duty, observed several boats loaded with men and guns stealing quietly up the Bay, evidently making for Sag Harbor. It was dusk. Rushing home to his father's barn on Main Street, Charles quickly saddled a horse and rode her through Amagansett and East Hampton to Sag Harbor, giving the alarm as he went. Men were rounded up and guns brought to the fort at Sag Harbor. By the time the enemy's ships were in sight, the defenders were in a position to repulse them. The British turned about, leaving behind one captured vessel and a considerable amount of guns and ammunition.

An amusing incident which took place during the War of 1812 is told of Rebecca Mulford Conklin, the young bride of less than a year of Samuel Conklin. British officers stopped at the Conklin place one day demanding dinner. "Aunt Becky Sam," (as she was later called) who was busily cooking in the large fireplace, calmly accepted and kept on with her preparations. Thinking that she did not see him, one of the officers put an old dish cloth in a kettle of water hanging over the fire. When the table was finally set, young Mrs. Conklin called, "Gentlemen, dinner is ready." The officers sat down, and without batting an eye, the unwilling hostess served up the dish cloth. Profuse and abject apologies followed before Mrs. Conklin placed the hot corn bread, boiled pot and pumpkin pie in front of the hungry but subdued Britons.

During the Civil War the feelings of the people of this village were divided. The Rev. Alanson A. Haines, S. S., who served as first minister of the Presbyterian Church from January 27, 1861, to August 5, 1862, went as Chaplain to the 15th Regiment New Jersey Volunteers and served in that capacity from 1862 to 1865. Many of the young men of Amagansett followed their preacher

to war. They were Augustus B. Bennett, George Bennett, Milton Bennett, Nathan Bennet, Lodowick King, William B. King, Wilson King, David H. Leek, James Lester, Daniel B. Loper, Oliver Loper, William B. Miller, William Paddy, Benjamin Terry, William Tompkins.

The Spanish-American War, like World Wars I and II, found Montauk a center of military activity. Amagansett was filled with relatives and friends of the soldiers stationed at Montauk. Boarding houses were swamped and many residents opened their homes to accommodate the overflow.

The boulder on the Green at the east end of Main Street just at the entrance to the railroad station is a memorial to those from Amagansett who served in World War I. During this conflict Charles Blanchard Barnes, William Montgomery, Percy Spicer and Dorothy Hamlin gave their lives in the service of their country.

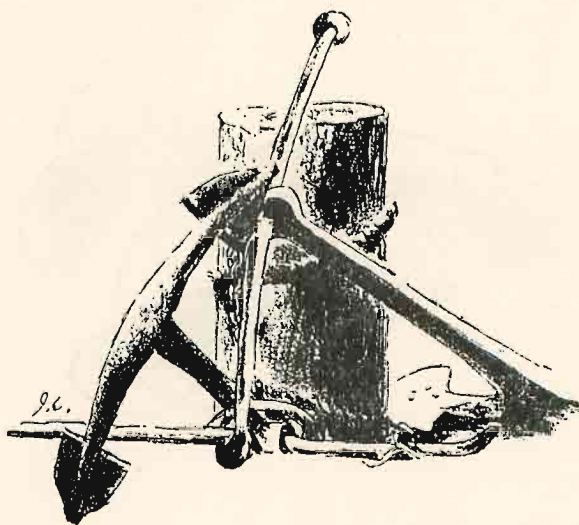
During World War II, Amagansett was thronged with soldiers and sailors stationed at Montauk, as well as with Navy and Coast Guard personnel assigned to the stations at Amagansett. Meantime, Amagansett's own sons were represented in all branches of the Armed Forces and served valiantly in every theater of operations.

As a memorial to the five men from Amagansett who gave their lives, namely, William Jackson, William Raynor, McClelland Barclay, Wilmot Petty and Max Koster, Mrs. John Day Jackson donated five trees which were planted on the grounds of the Amagansett School. These were dedicated on Memorial Day, 1945. Theodore Corwin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore C. Corwin, was another who died defending his country, but at this time the report of his death had not been confirmed.



THE U. S. COAST GUARD

"How shall we rank thee upon glory's page. . . ?"
—T. Moore





ur United States Coast Guard in which so many of our local men have served proudly and well was not always the great and glorious service it is today with its finely trained men, modern equipment, ships and planes. Its early, crude beginnings gave little promise of its great future. It struggled for many years with inadequate appropriations, poor equipment, untrained men and weak organization.

The Massachusetts Humane Society first provided "houses of refuge" for the relief of the shipwrecked mariner along its coast as early as 1786. Volunteer crews aided the distressed seafarer to safety if they could, and as time went on the Society added other "stations." For many, many years the Society stood alone in the work of saving lives along our coasts.

In 1847 Congress finally appropriated \$5,000 for use in life-saving work. But this money was given to the Massachusetts Humane Society, which used it to build stations on Cape Cod. The U. S. Life Saving Service really began with the appropriation of \$10,000 in 1848 for use in building stations along the New Jersey coast, the first one at Spermaceti Cove, Fort Hancock Military Reservation, N. J. The station's equipment consisted of one metal surfboat, one rocket line-throwing equipment, one line-throwing mortar, and other miscellaneous supplies.

Long Island did not receive the benefits of the U. S. Life Saving Service until the following year, when Congress appropriated another \$10,000 to build stations on Long Island and again along the New Jersey coast. Ten stations were built on the Island, the first at Eaton's Neck on Long Island Sound, just north of Huntington. This little Coast Guard station, still standing, is only slightly larger than a one-car garage! It was really only a boat-house and storage place for equipment. Volunteer crews were still called upon to do the work of rescue. The only immediate reform in the service was the appointment, in 1854, of a local superintendent and a keeper for each station, but still no provision was made for proper control, or trained, paid crews. Any benefits of the service continued to be offset by the saddest failures.

Almost twenty years passed before real reform took place. In 1871 Sumner I. Kimball was appointed head of the Revenue Marine Bureau of the Treasury Department. He set out to make over the Life Saving Service. Surveys were made, politics were abolished, incompetents dismissed, and a code of regulations enforced. Congress was induced to make larger appropriations so that experienced surfmen could be hired to become permanent crews of the stations. Steady improvement followed with a regular drill system; practical instruction in the revival of survivors; a code of signals with flags, hand lights, rockets, and so forth; and the mapping of patrol districts between stations.

The stretch of coast between Amagansett and Montauk Point was noted at one time for the number of strandings and wrecks that occurred. The first notable wreck here was that of the immigrant ship, "Catherine," of Liverpool, bound from Dublin to New York. This was before the days of regular life-saving patrols, and the wreck was only discovered by accident on the morning of August 23, 1851, by a little, barefoot boy while driving the family cows to pasture! Imagine his astonishment, when before his eyes, as he looked to sea, the sun came out and the fog along the shore lifted like a giant curtain, revealing a full-rigged ship aground on the false bar. The 300 passengers from the Emerald Isle set up a shout as soon as they saw the boy. An old gentleman on horseback soon joined the boy on the shore and he quickly carried the news of the disaster back to the village, which responded in force. The sea was calm that morning and all passengers successfully landed. Some of them climbed down on the false bar which was high and dry, and on attempting to wade through what they took to be shallow water, stepped off into the deep water inside the bar. However, except for a wetting they got safely to shore.

In 1876, the Amagansett Station (known as "Station 8; District 3") had as its Keeper, Charles J. Mulford. During that year, the schooner "Idabella" of New York, bound from Kennebec River to New York, ran into a snow storm on the night of April fourth. The Captain directed that the wheel be lashed and the vessel beached, since her ice-laden condition, coupled with the intensity of the storm, made that advisable. The mate who lashed the wheel was a C. Cartwright of East Hampton. Just as he completed the job, a wave washed him overboard and he was lost. The vessel finally washed up on the beach, where the rest of the crew was able to make its escape without assistance.*

**This incident by Alex Haley, Journalist, U. S. Coast Guard.*

In December, 1912, the "Bessie C. Beach" came ashore. It was from this ship that a mast was taken and made into the flag pole which stands today on the Village Green.

Two Coast Guard Stations have been built here. The first, now the shoe shop on Main Street, originally stood on the northeast corner of Bluff Road and Indian Wells Hollow Highway. Later the present site on Atlantic Avenue near the beach was selected, a new station built, and the old one sold and moved to its present location. The Coast Guard Station here was in continuous operation until 1937, when it was closed. At the outbreak of World War II, it opened again, only to close shortly after the end of the war.

The use of ships and planes, radio and radar have gradually replaced land stations except in certain locations.

* * * *

WRECKS*

*A pile of ashes in the grate
Was once a ship upon the sea,
And then was driftwood blown by fate
To blaze into a dream for me.
—Elizabeth Mitchell Back*

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*Reprinted by permission from the "Florida Magazine of Verse."

SABOTEUR STORY
OFFICIAL COAST GUARD VERSION



S

hortly before midnight, 12 June, 1942, in the galley of the Amagansett Coast Guard Station, a husky Coast Guardsman named John Cullen hastily gulped a second cup of steaming coffee, pulled together and buttoned the collar of his foul-weather gear, then went out into the damp, foggy night to relieve the beach patrol. That accomplished, he began his measured tread along the beach, wishing, probably, that something would break the monotony.

At 1:10 a. m., something did. Broke it so completely that for weeks afterward, Cullen and the beach he patrolled were key figures in one of the most dramatic homefront stories of the war—one which pointed up with vivid clarity the vital responsibility borne by the Coast Guard Beach Patrol.

The following is Boatswain's Mate first class John Cullen's account of what happened that night:

"The weather was thick, and visibility poor. I had not gone far along my three miles east patrol to Post 57 when I saw three men. One of them was dressed in civilian clothes; the others in bathing trunks. The one dressed was on shore, the others in the water up to their knees. I called, 'What's the trouble?'

"There was no answer. The one on shore started toward me.

"I called again, 'Who are you?' And when, for the second time, I received no answer, I reached in my hip pocket for a flashlight. The man apparently thought I was getting my gun and cried out, 'Wait a minute. Are you the Coast Guard?'

" 'Yes,' I said. 'Who are you?'

" 'A couple of fishermen from Southampton who have run aground.'

" 'Come up to the station and wait until daybreak.'

"The weather seemed to get worse, and the fog closed in. The man snapped, 'Wait a minute—you don't know what's going on. How old are you? Have you a father and mother? I wouldn't want to have to kill you—'

"I saw a fourth man come up through the fog, dressed in a

bathing suit and dragging a bag. He began to speak in German. I said, 'What's in the bag?'

" 'Clams.'

"I knew there were no clams for miles around, but I gave the appearance of believing them. Apparently I fooled the man in civilian clothing. He said, 'Why don't you forget the whole thing? Here is some money. A hundred dollars. . .' He took some bills out of his wallet and said, 'Take \$300.00——'

"I thought it over and finally answered 'Okay.'

"The man gave me some money, saying, 'Look me in the eyes——'

"I was afraid he was a hypnotist, so I steeled myself and looked him in the eyes. But nothing happened. Finally the man asked, 'Would you recognize me if you saw me again?'

"I said 'No,' and it appeared to satisfy him. I then began walking away, toward the station. When I looked back, finally, and could no longer see the men in the fog, I raced the rest of the way in and reported to Boatswain's Mate Carl Ross Jenette, petty officer in charge. He telephoned the alarm to Chief Boatswain J. M. Odin and Chief Boatswain's Mate Warren Barnes. . ."

Telephone wires hummed as the news was relayed to the highest echelons of military and Federal and civilian security agencies. Chief Boatswain Odin went immediately to Napeague Lifeboat Station where he ordered all the men under his command to be alerted and armed with all available ordnance equipment. All available craft were dispatched from their stations with instructions to proceed westward from Montauk and investigate every boat or ship sighted. An Army detail at Montauk was notified; an officer and twenty men went to the scene of the landing.

Boatswain's Mate Jenette, Cullen and three other Amagansett men armed themselves with .30 calibre Springfield rifles and, with Cullen leading the way, hurried to the spot where the incident had occurred, but could find no trace. Jenette posted Cullen and two men on guard, and went with the other men to explore the dunes in the vicinity. They heard the noise of powerful Diesel engines just offshore, and finally the submarine worked herself off the outer bar and slipped away before the oncoming Coast Guard vessels could locate her in the thick fog.

The fog steadily grew worse. When Jenette returned, Cullen shouted, "Who goes there?" and for some reason Jenette did not answer. Cullen said later, "I was so keyed up I almost shot him." Cullen, overwrought, finally recognized Jenette and returned, at

his own request, to the station where CinC Warren Barnes, CBM, gave him a receipt for the bribe money which, they discovered, amounted to \$260.00; two \$50's, five \$20's, six \$10's.

A short while later Cullen and Barnes returned to the search of the dunes. Just before dawn, they found some cigarettes of German make in the sand, half buried. At about the same time, Sic Brooks, an Amagansett man, found a furrow in the sand caused apparently by a dragging object. The searchers followed it to a spot in the sand that seemed wetter than the others.

Some distance off, probably arranged as a marker, were a pair of bathing trunks. The men poked sticks in the wet spot and felt something hard. They dug, and in a few minutes came upon four cases, two of them heavy and two light. The cases were of wood and bound with marlin which fashioned a handle. When pieces of the outer wood covering were ripped off, the inner cases were found to be waterproofed tin.

Meanwhile, Chief Barnes had located some German clothing—two German dungaree outfits, a reversible civilian overcoat, overshoes and an overseas cap with a swastika. All the material was gathered together and carried to the garage of the Amagansett Lifeboat Station.

Two Coast Guard Intelligence Officers had arrived at the station from New York. They were advised of all occurrences to date, then led into the garage and shown the evidence which had been found. The cases were opened, and contents which came out were many deadly, intricate sabotage devices, such as small incendiary bombs disguised as fountain pens and pencils, fuses of all sorts, special timing devices and rolls of electric cable.

The two intelligence officers ordered Chief Barnes to return to the scene of the landing, and cover over the hole in the sand bank from which the materials had been removed. He was told to do this in such a manner that it would not be noticeable that the cases had been unearthed. The evidence was placed in the back of a station wagon which sped with the two officers to New York.

The rest is history. An intensive manhunt was instituted by the FBI. For days on end BM1c Cullen studied pictures of possible suspects, wore civilian clothes and traveled with FBI men, was temporarily detached from the Coast Guard and placed on duty with the Hoover men.

On June 28, 1942, fifteen days after Cullen had first met the saboteurs, the FBI announced the capture of eight Nazi saboteurs;

the four which had landed on Long Island, another four which had landed six days later at Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida. The eight carried \$174,000.00 in U. S. currency, for bribe money. All had been trained at a special sabotage school near Berlin. Every one had been in America previously and spoke the language fluently.*

Cullen was later awarded the Legion of Merit. His quick thinking and tact had saved key points in the American war machine from untold damage.

* * *

FOUR TICKETS TO DOOM: SABOTEUR INCIDENT

The following is taken from a letter written by our Amagansett station master, Ira Baker, regarding his part in the saboteur incident.

After the incident happened there were various writeups in the New York and other papers (In fact, very interesting writeups about me in the Fredericksburg, Virginia, *Star*, where I was born, and the Delray Beach, Florida, *News*, where my family and I vacation in winter, were sent me) telling about my connection with the affair, all of which were exaggerated. My participation in the whole thing was a very minor one. My big headache, when the newspapers got hold of it some time later, was the number of newspaper correspondents on my trail for a story of some kind, and photographs, so that I got so INFLATED I thought I was the whole F. B. I.

The facts, as near as I can recall, are as follows:

I am not on duty Sunday mornings, but usually get up and come downstairs to sell tickets for the 7:10 a. m. train for the accommodation of patrons. The morning of Sunday, June 14, 1942, was atrocious, wet and foggy. When I raised the ticket window about 7 a. m. a swarthy man, who spoke good English, approached the ticket window. "We were going fishing but it's a nasty, foggy morning," he said, "and I guess we will go back home; give me four tickets to Jamaica." Not having been notified to be on the

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*Six of these saboteurs have since been executed. The other two, in exchange for important information, received Presidential clemency and were this year released from prison and returned to Germany.

lookout for four German saboteurs who had landed on the beach, I thought nothing of his remarks as this is a fishing community and the weather was as bad as he had described it.

After he had purchased the tickets and there being no other passengers, I closed the ticket window and went back upstairs. I had not seen any of the other men, nor did I see them when they boarded the train, contrary to all newspaper reports. Not until two or three days later did I hear some rumors of a landing on the beach and of someone having been bribed. But these were still not authentic. Nobody seemed to know the facts, which were evidently being kept from the public by the Coast Guard and F. B. I.

It was two weeks or more before I knew a landing had actually been made. No one ever called on me to see whether or not I had sold any tickets to foreigners or suspicious characters on the morning in question. I knew it to be true only after some of the saboteurs had actually been caught and a confession obtained from one of them by the F. B. I. The prisoner stated that he was the one who had purchased the tickets, discarded some wet clothing in our station hedge, and then boarded the train. This information was imparted to me by two F. B. I. men on their first interview, when they called to verify this confession.

Meantime, before the F. B. I. called on me, I was cleaning papers out of our station hedge and discovered a man's sport shirt (manufactured in New York), a pair of bathing trunks, a pair of socks and one white tennis shoe. I thought nothing of it, except for the fact that one tennis shoe was missing. I picked the stuff up and threw it in our fortunately unlighted incinerator. I thought no more about it until the F. B. I. men came to interview me about selling the tickets, to ask me to describe the purchaser, and to search for the discarded clothing.

The F. B. I. gave me a receipt for the clothing found and, after a careful examination, packed it in a carton. This they sealed and took with them, saying it was going to headquarters for examination and disposition.

Later the F. B. I. brought a number of photographs of criminals to Amagansett and asked if I could pick out the man to whom I sold the tickets. This I was unable to do.

That ended the matter as far as I was concerned. I am the HERO who WASN'T.

P. S. That last line needs correcting. It should read: "I WAS the hero who AIN'T!"

THE BURIED WRECK*

*A storm, a monster tossing seas, had hurled
The wayward sand, and gulched a dune apart,
Revealing wreckage buried in its heart,
That hid perhaps a century from the world.*

*No log, no memory left but sand that swirled
Where grass uprooted lay. The vanished chart
That guided her is far beyond the art
Of treasure seekers, by tornadoes whirled.*

*One day machines appeared and piled up sand,
Repairing dunes, restoring contour, height,
Concealing the hulking wreck beneath the land.*

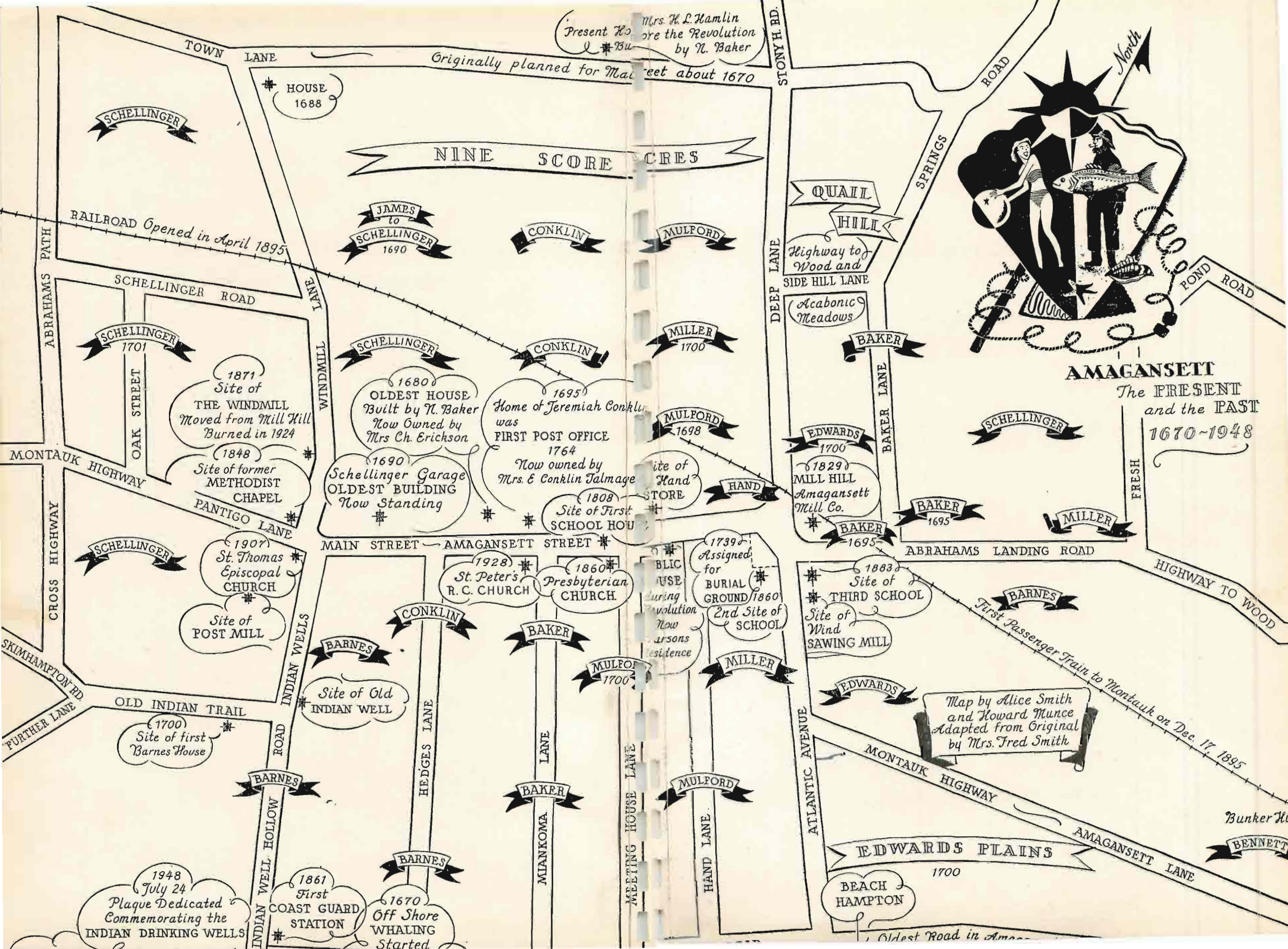
*A ship once shattered by a tempest's might,
Entombed, aroused, now sleeps upon the strand,
And this time sleeps perhaps in endless night.
—Elizabeth Mitchell Back*

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*Reprinted by permission from "Sonnet Sequences."

AMAGANSETT
THE PRESENT AND THE PAST
1670 - 1948

A MAP



FREEDOM OF WORSHIP

"A mighty fortress is our God."
—*Martin Luther*

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH



Early history of Amagansett Presbyterianism is merged in that of the mother church at East Hampton Village. By the year 1860, Amagansett had so increased in population that it was thought it could support a resident minister. Eighty-two members petitioned the Presbytery to be organized into a church, and in June of that year the cornerstone of the First Presbyterian Church of Amagansett was laid with fitting ceremonies. The dedication took place in November. There have been several renovations and improvements in the church since that day. In 1925 a Parish House was built to serve as a Sunday School and social center for the church. Rev. C. B. Scoville was pastor at that time.

LIST OF MINISTERS

- Rev. Alanson A. Haines*, S. S. First minister, January 27, 1861-Aug. 5, 1862. Chaplain 15th Regiment New Jersey Volunteers in the Civil War, 1862-1865. Later Pastor of Presbyterian Church at Hamburg, N. J. Born 1830, died 1891. A. A. Haines Council 66, Jr. O. U. A. M. Amagansett, N. Y. was named in his honor.
- Rev. Edwin Spencer Beard*, S. S. Second minister, Aug. 31, 1862-Sept. 6, 1863. A Congregational minister.
- Rev. William H. Dean*, third minister and first settled pastor. November 8, 1863-Oct. 28, 1866.
- Rev. Charles M. Oakley*, S. S. Fourth minister, March 7, 1867-Sept. 7, 1879.
- Rev. James Bishop Finch*, D. D., S. S. Fifth minister, Fall of 1879-Dec. 1903. Here for twenty-four years.
- Rev. G. Clements Edson*, S.S. Sixth minister and second settled pastor. Summer, 1904-August 18, 1907.
- Rev. Allan Davis Baillie*, S. S. Seventh minister. Sept. 1907-Jan. 1909.
- Rev. A. N. Millison*, S. S. Eighth minister. March 28, 1909-Dec. 31, 1909.

- Rev. Horace Hall Leavitt, Jr.* Ninth minister. Third installed pastor. Nov. 17, 1910-March 19, 1915. Accepted call to Union Church of Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, and later to Honolulu, T. H.
- Rev. William G. Clark-Duff*, B. D. Tenth minister and fourth installed pastor. July 8, 1915-Aug. 11, 1918. Now pastor of Duryea Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn.
- Rev. Clarence Beecher Scoville*, B. D. Eleventh minister and fifth installed pastor. 1919-Aug., 1943. Now pastor of First Presbyterian Church, Milford, Pennsylvania.
- Rev. S. Robert Boston*, Th. B., A. B. Twelfth minister, April 2, 1944-July 1, 1945. Now minister of Presbyterian Church, Glenwood Landing, New York.
- Rev. Joseph Sefcik*, Th. B., A. B. Thirteenth minister, April, 1946-June, 1948. Accepted call to Park Hill Presbyterian Church, North Little Rock, Arkansas.

THE METHODIST CHURCH

Contrary to general belief, Amagansett's first church was not the village Presbyterian church, but the Methodist Episcopal church which stood for over fifty years on the northwest corner of Main Street and Windmill Lane.

Of the beginning of this church, Dr. D. B. Van Scoy, in his "Brief History of Amagansett," wrote, "In 1845, some Methodist exhorters from abroad commenced visiting here and holding meetings in the school house, and by 1848 they succeeded in getting a few of the people here to subscribe to their creed of Religion, and they, aided by some Methodist believers in East Hampton village and other sources, erected near the West end of the village a small neat meeting-house for their, the Methodists', use. This was in the year 1848, and from that time to this a clergyman of that denomination has a part of the time made it his home here."

One of the "East Hampton believers" was John Young, with whom the minister often stayed.

When services were discontinued late in the century, the property was turned over by the Methodist Conference to the East Hampton Methodist Episcopal Church, which soon decided it preferred the money to the extra building. In 1899 a committee of three was appointed by the trustees of the East Hampton church to attend to the selling of the Amagansett property. On the committee were the Reverend James Leggert, Howard L. Mays and John Mulligan. They made a preliminary agreement with Charles H. Mulford. On January 18, 1900, the property passed into



balit

Mr. Mulford's hands. The church representative in this transaction was "James S. Chadwick of the Borough of Brooklyn, County of Kings and State of New York, member of the New York East Conference and Presiding Elder of the Brooklyn South District."

The church building, while in Mr. Mulford's possession, was used by the Episcopalians until St. Thomas' Chapel was built in 1900. After that time it was the much enjoyed meeting place of "The Old Church Club," a lively group of summer and local girls and boys.

Soon Mr. Mulford sold it to John Parsons. Dr. D. M. Bell also owned it for a short time. Eventually it was bought by Harry Hamlin, who intended to use it as a garage or a guest house on his Stony Hill Farm. It was finally used for storage. Mrs. Hamlin called it "Mr. Hamlin's treasure house."

After some years it was sold again. In 1946, Miss Helen Satterlee had it moved to its present site at the west end of the village, where it is expected to become an antique shop.

ST. THOMAS' CHAPEL

As the number of summer residents increased, a desire for a Protestant Episcopal Church grew. Services were being held in the Methodist Church by ministers who came from East Hampton. In 1907 St. Thomas' Chapel was built, with The Reverend Thomas D. Richey* conducting services as the first rector. He was the father of Mrs. Samuel Seabury of East Hampton, and drove here each Sunday from his summer home in East Hampton.

September 4, 1911, Bishop Thomas Burgess of the Diocese of Long Island dedicated the chapel. Dr. E. Clowes Chorley, father of Kenneth Chorley, was the first resident rector and conducted services for many summers.

St. Thomas' is a mission of the Diocese, having services only during the summer months. It has always welcomed a congregation from both the summer colony and the year-round residents.

ST. PETER'S MISSION CHURCH

St. Philomena's Roman Catholic Church of East Hampton began a mission in Amagansett during the summer of 1913. Mass was held each Sunday at Miankoma Hall. In 1920 Father Moran purchased a house and land at Amagansett, and Mass was said

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*Then Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the General Theological Seminary, New York City.

there until the house was sold and moved to East Hampton early in 1928.

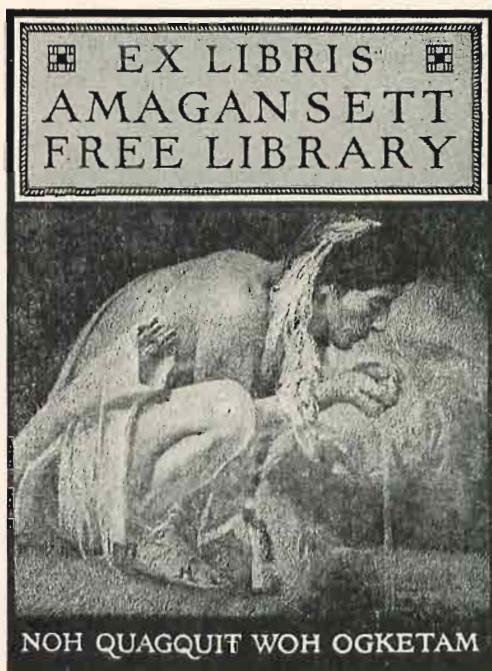
A new church dedicated to St. Peter the Apostle was built and ready for its first Mass July 1, 1928, with dedication performed by Bishop Molloy on June 16, 1929. The one Mass scheduled there each Sunday during the summer season has been said by priests of East Hampton parish or of religious orders engaged for weekend aid. The attending priest now comes from Sag Harbor.

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AMAGANSETT FREE LIBRARY

"The True University; a Collection of Books."
—Newman



I

t was through the combined efforts of the entire village, and the material contributions of Dr. Rossiter Johnson in particular, that the Amagansett Free Library got its start. Dr. Johnson donated several hundred books to the Amagansett order of the American Mechanics, with the understanding that these same volumes should go to the Amagansett Free Library upon its organization.

With this incentive, the library was organized on February 22, 1916, and housed over the post office. The wonderful gift of house and property from Major Richmond Levering provided the foundation for the present library. The house given was an old Schellinger homestead, built probably around 1790, situated in the heart of the village. It was repaired and made ready as a library by the donor, and the dedication ceremonies took place on January first, 1921.

The generosity of these two men led the way to more and more contributions, from villagers and summer visitors alike, of books and more books, of furnishings for the library, and of the voluntary services of several ladies serving as librarian. This volunteer effort was continued until 1930, when a kind contributor started paying for the services of a steady librarian.

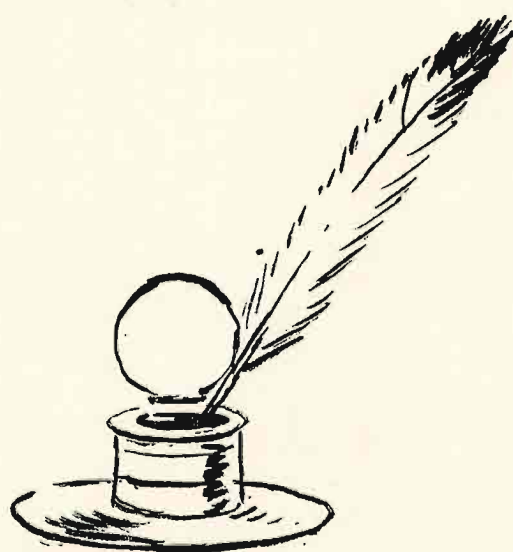
Familiar to all those who have borrowed books from the library is the Indian bookplate, designed and given by Edward E. Bartlett.* This plate is a reproduction of a portion of one of Couse's famous Indian paintings, depicting an Indian crouching over a spring to drink—relating, of course, to the Indian meaning for Amagansett, "the place of good drinking water." The motto in Algonquian under the painting means, "He who runs may (or can) read."

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*Source of the bookplate contributed by G. H. Buek of East Hampton.

The library now operates most efficiently under the librarianship of Mrs. Maude Horton, who has served in this capacity from its start. Volumes now in the library number 9030, with more being constantly bought and donated. Financial support from the State and the school district, plus occasional donations from those interested in its welfare, contribute to the maintenance of this important part of our community life and growth.

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SCHOOL DAYS*

*"The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
And all the sweet serenity of books."*

—Longfellow

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*From the Valedictory Address of Ann Eichhorn upon her graduation from Amagansett Grade School, 1947.

A

magansett's first school stood 140 years ago midway between Indian Wells Highway and Atlantic Avenue right in the center of Main Street, with a road on either side. It was a one-room wooden building with white pine floorboards and hand-hewn rafters. Wooden window blinds kept out some of the cold in the winter. Boys brought live coals from neighboring houses to start a fire in the little stove that stood in the center of the room. The younger children sat on benches that lined the walls, while the older children sat at double desks.

Girls did not go to school very often then because, as one old-timer put it, "in the summer they should be home helping their mothers and in the winter it's too far to walk."

About 1850 the schoolhouse was moved to the southeast corner of what is now the Old Corner Burying Ground. Plaster was added to the ceiling about this time. There were no janitors in the school, but once a week the girls scrubbed the floors.*

Some of the teachers were George Pelletreau, Francis Fuller, Samuel Bennett, Benjamin Van Scoy, Miss Ferguson, and Miss Swarthwood.

At this time there were approximately fifty pupils in one room, making the need for a new school evident. In 1883 the building was started across the street on the corner of Main Street and Atlantic Avenue. It had two rooms, one upstairs and one down. A few years later more rooms were added. That school served for fifty-three years.

Again there was a challenge for a more modern building, and in 1936 our present school was started and the old one was torn down a short time later.

The new school, a fine two-story brick building, is also located on Main Street, not in the middle this time, but on the south side of the street, not far from the site of the first school.

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*This schoolhouse now stands on the property of Mrs. Merck Sheldon.



THE WINDMILL

"The happy winds upon her played. . . ."
—Tennyson

man in Setauket built a windmill in 1814. It was a sturdy, substantial, and good-looking mill. The owner and his wife were well-pleased with their business venture. For fifteen years the mill remained quietly in Setauket grinding grain.

But the year 1829 brought a change. In that year a company was formed in the village of Amagansett "for the purpose of procuring a mill," as stated in "The Constitution of the Amagansett Mill Company," dated Sept. 11, 1829. The eleven shareholders in the company, at fifty dollars a share, were Thomas Edwards, Nathaniel Hand, Henry Baker, Samuel L. Mulford, Thomas J. Mulford, and Ananias Baker, holders of two shares each; and Charles R. Hand, David Baker, Henry Schellinger, Talmage Barns, and Samuel Schellinger, each with one share.

In looking about for a mill, Samuel Schellinger suggested that his wife's grandfather, in Setauket, might be willing to sell his mill. After some negotiations, the mill was bought for the sum of \$700. And for slightly less than another hundred dollars, it was taken down and shipped by vessel to the landing at Gardiner's Bay, and from there moved to the east end of Amagansett village, where the flagpole and the war memorial now stand. This property was part of the tract of land once owned by John Edwards, 5th generation.

The affairs of the mill, while in the hands of the Amagansett Mill Company, were administered by an agent, under the direction of three trustees chosen annually by ballot from the shareholders. The agent's duty was "to purchase everything that is necessary for the mill and to see that the miller keeps an account of all the grain ground, and also whatever is disposed of, and keep in repair and pay for the repair out of the profits of said mill, otherwise he shall have power to call on the stockholders for whatever is requisite, and at the annual election lay before the stockholders an account and statement of the company." Evi-

dently the stockholders had to come forward with the "requisite" as the company's capital was \$1,000, but the cost and expenses of the mill, including the purchase price and putting the mill in condition to grind, amounted to \$1,042.09.

The first agent was John Baker, and the three trustees Henry Schellinger, Charles R. Hand, and Thomas J. Mulford. As the first clerk of the mill Isaac Schellinger kept a neat and precise record of the business transacted. Judging from the many entries, miller Henry Loper was a busy man.

Following the Amagansett Mill Company the ownership of the mill passed through several hands, namely, George Stretton, Charles T. Hand, Marcus B. Hand, Asher Benedict; coming in 1871 to R. W. Ashby, an Englishman. Mr. Ashby promptly had it "moved out of Amagansett," that is, to the west end of the village, where there were no houses, on what is now Windmill Lane. Seven years later he sold it to Abraham S. Parsons, who operated it until his death in 1895. In fact, the day he died he was mending the sails. It then became the property of his two sons, Lewis S., who ran it for three or four years, and John D. Parsons, in whose hands it remained until it burned July 8, 1924. In its busiest days some six thousand bushels of grain, mostly corn and rye, were ground in one year.

The burning of the windmill destroyed one of the famous landmarks on the eastern end of Long Island. But the Windmill Cottage, built some sixty-eight years ago, still carries on the name.

Little is known of the other mills in Amagansett. One is reported to have preceded that of the Amagansett Mill Company on the flagpole site. No records have been found. But on the Windmill Lane mill site is a stone, formerly used as a foundation stone for the Parsons' mill, bearing the date 1797 and the initials N. H. There was a small post mill on the south side of the main street on the hill, that is, west of Indian Well Hollow Highway. This mill was a great curiosity, as it was so balanced on a huge block that the entire building revolved, rather than just the top, to bring the arms up into the wind, as in the case of the ordinary "smock" or "petticoat" mill. The owner was Captain Jonathan Barnes, 5th generation, who lived on the Montauk Road. His family disposed of the mill after his death in 1822.

There was also an old wind sawing mill on the east side of Atlantic Avenue, but this, too, has long since disappeared.



QUAINTNESS AND ROMANCE*

" . . . as ithers see us. . . ."

—Robert Burns

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*Reprinted in the East Hampton Star of Oct. 5, 1894, from the Troy Daily Times.

Amagansett, Long Island, New York, Sept. 1, 1894. The most easterly village in the State of New York and in many respects a quaint and curious one is Amagansett, lying just on the hither side of Montauk Point, L. I. The Pilgrims at Plymouth were scarcely less simple and primitive than are the residents of this village; nor did they exceed these modern Puritans in stern morality and strict integrity of character. The Main Street in Amagansett is 150 feet broad, lined with magnificent trees, each house surrounded by extensive grounds, no house pretentious but all comfortable.

The lands were originally ceded by the Montauk Indians and pass from generation to generation, either by will or by intestate laws; such a thing as a deed of conveyance is practically unknown. During the past forty years it is said that two families have moved into the village of Amagansett. Immigrants are not sought for; emigration is unknown. The population is fixed and reliable except as varied by birth and death. Gravestones in the quaint old cemetery, 200 years old, register the same names that the living bear. It is dangerous to speak to any inhabitant disrespectfully of another, for all are related in degrees more or less remote. The village of Amagansett bears the proud distinction of never having granted a license for the sale of liquor.

Crime is unknown; lawyers and justices are supernumeraries. It is said that no theft was ever committed in Amagansett. A lady missed a watch in the village some years ago. She laid it to theft. The villagers were angered at the imputation, and after several months' search found the watch in the middle of the highway battered by wagons and returned it in triumph to the owner. None is rich here; none is poor; no call for aid is ever made on the poor-masters; but \$10 has been expended by him in half a score of years. The people have neither locks to their doors nor bars to their windows—a reproduction of the Acadian village of Evangeline and Gabriel. If one wishes his shoes shined, he must exert

himself with the brush which will be found ready for all comers at the postoffice. You ask for a barber and are referred to "Hand's Barn," where razor and glass await you, if you see fit to avail yourself of them.

The people are remarkably well read and intelligent, and in sobriety, honesty, and kindness of heart set an example after which the whole world might well pattern.

* * * *



Lucia

SOME MEMORIES OF AMAGANSETT'S
SUMMER COLONY SINCE 1890

*"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne."*

—Robert Burns

I

t was through the well-known writers, Dr. and Mrs. Rossiter Johnson, that my mother, Mrs. Robert Gilchrist, first learned of the attractions of Amagansett in summer. In 1890, she brought my young sister and me to stay at Mrs. Phoebe Hand's notable boarding-house. We found ourselves among thoroughly likable people in what seemed almost a colonial New England village, where some very old English words were still in interesting use.

At this time there were several long-established and comfortable boarding-houses in the village. These were Mrs. Hand's, Mister Ben Barnes's, Mrs. Kate Terry's (now the Griffing House), Hedges's Inn, and the Windmill Cottage. The last-named has remained in the hands of the Parsons family for over sixty-five years, the present manager, Mrs. Charles H. Mulford, being the fourth member of that family to run "The Windmill." Within the next five years two more were added to the list—"The Old Red House," managed by Mrs. George S. Schellinger, and "The Pines," run by Mr. Jones.*

Mrs. Hand served delicious country food to about thirty boarders, mostly Army and Navy people and writers, with two or three retired admirals to stabilize our company. We lodged, as did many guests from the other boarding-places, in houses up and down Amagansett's broad tree-lined street. Rather distinguished people came among us at times. I well remember the interest General Adolphus Washington Greely of Arctic fame took one summer in the doings of a colony of ground-wasps in the Hand farmyard, or "pightel," as it was then called.

The summer days flew by, with plenty of home-made amusements to supplement the splendid ocean bathing. We organized

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*According to report the E. J. Gardell house on Main Street was the first boarding-house opened in the village. It was run by William Hand. It had a separate cook house at the back.

fishing expeditions, went crabbing or clamming, or took botany walks. Always we enjoyed the country's loveliness and quiet. On one of our outings we discovered a very large field of mushrooms. We were told that mushrooms had never been eaten in Amagansett until we identified them there.

In these years almost everyone coming for the summer arrived from our nearest railway station ten miles away at Sag Harbor. Courteous Jerry Baker brought in both mail and passengers in his stage.

There were only two summer cottages in the village then, the Van Houtens' and the Davis's, but others were soon built facing the ocean on what was as yet scarcely a road at all, though the old life-saving station was located at its extreme western end, while at the eastern end there was a "try-house" for whale blubber. This old road, now known as Bluff Road, was the original Indian trail to Montauk. Further Lane, Meeting House Lane and others also proved attractive to the growing summer colony. New roads were opened from time to time, and in 1935 a modern development of bungalows and moderate-sized houses, Beach Hampton, started on its quickly successful way.

The earliest summer social center and general meeting-place was the cooperatively built Namaganeset Field Club. This was eventually sold and altered into a private home, its place in Amagansett social life and sports having been to a great extent taken over by the Devon Yacht Club, where Amagansettters of all ages now sail and swim, dine and dance, play bridge and tennis, or sit quietly watching the waters of Gardiner's Bay ripple under the light summer breeze. The Namaganeset Field Club was still very young when in the year of the Spanish-American War W. Melvin Terry, an Amagansett grandson of Capt. Melvin Edwards of deep sea whaling fame, opened his new Sea View Hotel. Among the early guests came Theodore Roosevelt and members of his staff, General Miles of Puerto Rican fame, and General Sherman. Other Government officials to visit Amagansett about this time included ex-President Cleveland and Secretary Elihu Root. They stayed at Mrs. Kate Terry's, and often held conferences in the little Terry Cottage, the Red Cottage, across the street.

A later event of special interest to many of the summer colony was the building of St. Thomas' Chapel, where Dr. E. Clowes Chorley was the first resident minister.* His son, Kenneth Chor-

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*See "*Freedom of Worship*" page 80.

ley, some years later became president of the Gansett Corporation, the forerunner of the Amagansett Beach Association. The sand beach and excellent surf bathing have always been among the very special delights of an Amagansett summer, but the hurricane first, and then World War II, had given rise to a difficult situation. The necessary beach and bathing facilities had in the past been controlled by a series of owners and lessees, but in 1945 a change suddenly became imperative. Thanks to an energetic, cooperating group of both permanent and summer residents, this was made without sacrifice of any of the simplicity and informality newcomers and old-timers alike value so highly.

Long before the Corporation was even thought of, the peacefulness of Amagansett and the beauty of its dunes had attracted many painters, writers and musicians, some professional, others simply interested in one or another of the arts. A number of these professional people are now year-round residents. Some time before the coming of World War II Hilton Leech opened the Amagansett Art School in the old Cartwright house on Main Street, but it was only a couple of years ago that the old Miankoma Hall was sold, renovated, and turned into a studio which bids fair to become the center of the musical life of the village.

Quietly, steadily, this place of "good water" continues to grow and to develop. It seems no more than fitting that on this 300th Anniversary of East Hampton Town some of these former efforts of both the "foreigners" and the "natives" of Amagansett Village should be recalled, and one believes that the good effects of such efforts may long be recognized by those who truly love Amagansett, its beauties and its unspoiled simplicities.

* * * *

THE HURRICANE

"Let the hurricane roar."
—Old Hymn





hose of us who owned summer homes in Amagansett but were not here on the day of the hurricane, Wednesday, September 21, 1938, realized, perhaps even more than the people on the spot, how much Amagansett and East Hampton were cut off from the rest of the world. We were tense with anxiety over our beloved beach houses, but no communication could be established. The next morning we thought our worst fears were realized, when the New York newspapers stated that every beach house in the new development had been swept out to sea. Later in the day, the welcome news that the houses were all standing was brought to New York by McClelland Barclay. But alas! the Barbour Beach Club was destroyed.

The earliest that most of us could reach the scene was Friday, such a calm, clear day it seemed the ocean was laughing at us. By that time the once beautiful elms had been piled in heaps, leaving just enough room in the road to squeeze by. Many of the larger trees were still leaning against the houses. Porches had been blown off and roofs jammed in. All plants were dead, trees were stripped of their leaves, and on the dunes even the hardy little pines had been killed. Gardens that had been bright with flowers the week before were desolate. The only living plant on the dunes was the seaside goldenrod, which was as alive and bright as ever, a promise that life would come again.

There were big ponds in the most unexpected places. Telephone poles were bending and wires hung down. In the houses near the beach, no water was running, shutters were strewn here and there, and drifts of sand were piled at the doors. Strange that the beautiful Barbour Beach Club, whose existence now seems like a dream, was a shambles, and yet the little real estate office next door was sitting on its dune as perky as could be. Furniture from the club was all over the place, blocks away. That was in 1938, and even now, in 1948, here and there on the dunes shingles and little pieces of wall board can still be picked up.

Everyone had an experience to tell. Mr. Butler, a salesman, was in the real estate office, and went out to see what he supposed

to be the clearing away of the storm, when suddenly he saw the awning of the beach club blown away, and then a tremendous tidal wave fifty feet high demolished the whole club. Supposing the office would go next, he tried to reach the Montauk Highway on foot, and probably would have lost his life except that Chris Anderson was there with his truck and rescued him.

Miss Louise Mulford described the noise of the coming hurricane as so constant that before the storm actually reached here, she had grown so used to it that she did not realize how loud it was until she saw, but did not hear, a tree cracking and breaking. She then knew the storm was making so much noise that all other sounds were drowned by it.

It is strange that the force of those tremendous trees did not take the toll of one life. Six people from Amagansett lost their lives at sea, but not one on land. The fishing steamer, Ocean View, owned by the Smith Meal Company of Promised Land, went down and the lives of six men were lost. A great sea had taken the boat right over a concrete sea wall near Madison, Connecticut.

Reports told of only one person injured in the village. The wife of an operator at the Direction Finder Station at the foot of Atlantic Avenue had taken her husband's lunch down to him and remained there awhile. After the storm came the roof started to give way and in trying to climb out of a window, she was injured by a radiator falling on her.

The steeple of the Presbyterian Church was blown off. Later it was built up to about half its original height. The flagpole near the railroad station was not broken; only the eagle was gone, to be recovered a week or two later in a distant field. Mr. and Mrs. Ira Baker, who live above the railroad station in one of the few brick buildings in Amagansett, scarcely felt the hurricane, but they could look out of their windows and see the trees on Main Street going down.

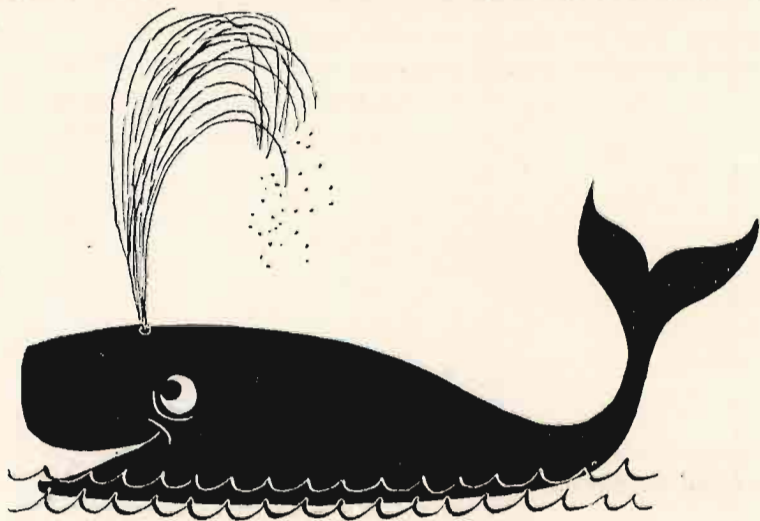
Most people said they did not realize what was happening. Those who had a barometer saw that it registered lower than it ever had before, but they laid that to the equinoctial. Before the hurricane, the air was warm and lifeless, as if the tropics had come to Amagansett. Many people said they could not see what was happening on account of the ocean spray on the windows. The school children, who were only aware of an extremely heavy rain, were kept in the school building until 6:30 p. m. Policemen went to Ryan's store across the way and had sandwiches made for them. About 6:30 p. m. the wind changed to northwest and

parents were able to come to school for their children, not in cars, for the streets were made impassable by fallen trees, but on foot. Those whose parents could not come or who were not escorted home by one of the teachers were seen safely home by the police.

Miss Ethel Baker, who lost two large trees in her front yard, one fifteen feet in circumference, told how her niece looked out of her window and saw the roof of her neighbor's garage hanging on her clothesline. There are some other rather humorous tales. Mrs. F. Norton Griffing told how their camp on the bay was carried to the other side, and deposited there without disturbing a piece of furniture. Even the plates remained on the table. She also told of the funny looking antique clothes that went sailing down the street, blown from someone's roofless attic.

Stanford Smith drove to Riverhead that afternoon. After he had arrived there the storm began in earnest and it proved impossible to drive back beyond Bridgehampton, where the road became completely blocked by fallen trees. So he drove through fields, yards, anywhere he could so long as he kept in the direction of Amagansett, and finally arrived safely.

One would never think now, in looking around our peaceful village, that it had ever suffered from a hurricane. Even if the trees no longer quite form an arch over Main Street, the younger trees which were planted as soon as the debris was cleared away are very beautiful, and some day we hope will equal the beauty of the former ones. The dunes are better protected than formerly, since the wire fencing and stakes have been placed along the beach for miles. Thus the wind which shifts the dunes also builds them up.



AFTER THE HURRICANE*

AMAGANSETT, 1938

*The sea forgets its fury, and is still,
The bright and piercing sun beholds a town,
That shorn of beauty, has a quiet will
To right itself, and wear again its crown
Of stately elms, now stacked in ghastly piles;
Sights passing strange are seen on every hand;
All plants quite dead, stand round like ghosts for miles,
A house rides in the bay, and boats on land.*

*The roads are no more roads, awash by waves,
Live wires awry are hung from posts which bend
At crazy angles. Freakish storm that saves
A shed, and tears a mansion end to end!
O sea, how can you be so calm and bright,
With harmless playful wavelets splashing white!*
—Elizabeth Mitchell Back

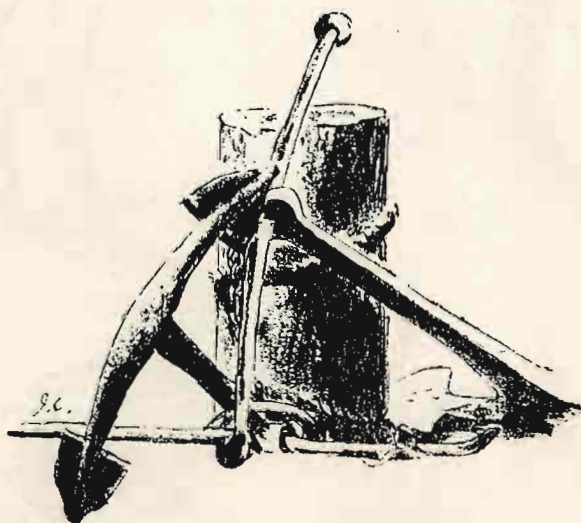
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*Reprinted by permission from "The Long Island Forum."



MEMORABILIA

"Oh, call it by some better name, . . ."
—T. Moore





ollected here is a miscellany which was thought too important to the life of Amagansett to be left out, but too brief to require space in the main body of the book.

THE "49ERS"

Like many others in the little villages all over the United States, a few of our young men braved the perils of the great journey to the gold fields of California, which had become a modern El Dorado with the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill in 1848.

Joshua B. Edwards, the "Cap'n Josh" of later whaling fame, David Barnes and Jeremiah Baker, the "Jerry" of the stage mail-line to Sag Harbor, left home together in the summer of 1855. Departing in midsummer, they left a fine crop of potatoes ready to be dug! They seem to have arrived safely, but they were sadly disappointed by the high prices and the scarcity of gold. The call of home was too strong for them and so back they came. Jerry Baker was to drive his stage to and from Sag Harbor for the next forty years and David Barnes to farm his ancestral acres. "Josh" Edwards, too, after another season as master of a coasting schooner on the west coast, came home 'round the Horn to get married, settle down and go fishing and whaling along his own shores.

VILLAGE GOVERNMENT

Since 1784, the governing body for the Village of Amagansett has been the Town Board of the Town of East Hampton. The Town Board consists of the Town Supervisor and the four Justices of the Peace. Prior to 1784, the Trustees of the Freeholders and Commonalty administered the governmental duties of our community, as well as the entire Township.

Under the present law, Amagansett also has a separate district for fire protection, which is known as the Amagansett Fire District. The affairs of the district are under the control of a Board of Fire Commissioners.

The Board of Trustees of the Amagansett School District govern the educational matters of the village.

THE AMAGANSETT FIRE DEPARTMENT

The Amagansett Fire Department with its new brick fire-house, modern trucks and other facilities, had its crude beginnings back in 1921 when a little, two-tank chemical truck was purchased from the Maidstone Fire Department, East Hampton. E. Vivian Parsons was the first chief of this volunteer organization. Under his energetic leadership the department was built up to a high degree of efficiency with modern equipment and a record of fast and efficient service. The chiefs who have followed in his footsteps have maintained the same high standards.

THE AMAGANSETT WATER COMPANY

Late in 1927 certain citizens of Amagansett, feeling the need for a water supply that could be used with trucks for fighting fires and to supply the wants of the village free from the dangers and inconveniences of private wells, called upon Edward E. Bartlett, Sr., to secure information on the establishment of a suitable water supply system, either by the installation of mains from the East Hampton water company or the building of a plant here. Surveys were made and it was found impracticable for the Home Water Company of East Hampton to supply water so far from their plant.

On March 30, 1928, the Amagansett Water Company, Incorporated, was founded with Captain Herbert N. Edwards, Sr., as its first president. The company at first installed an electric pump, but later a Diesel driven pump was installed. Today both pumps are used when necessary. This water company has proven one of the great assets of the village and an adequate supply of water under high pressure is available at all points.

THE LADIES' SOCIETY OF BUSY WORKERS

In the first year of the present century on the third of November, a small group of Amagansett ladies met and organized a civic society, calling their organization, "The Ladies' Society of Busy Workers" The following spring a "Hall Fund" was established. To raise the money for their hall, the ladies held each summer a fair until the building was paid for. The first fair cleared a profit of \$200. To make it easier for the group to own

property, the Society was incorporated by the State, and a parcel of land purchased for \$500. This debt was paid off within the following year. During the winter of 1903-04, the Miankoma Hall (Miankoma is Delaware Indian for "meeting place") was built, but with a mortgage of \$1700. However, by hard work and perseverance this indebtedness was paid off by February, 1912.

Miss May Hudson, the late Mrs. Frank Tillinghast, of East Hampton, was the first president and Mrs. Samuel S. Edwards the last. The organization was dissolved in 1932 after many years of faithful service and the money received from the sale of the Hall to the Junior Order of United American Mechanics was used to lay 3,800 feet of concrete sidewalk along Montauk Road, Atlantic Avenue and on Main Street past the new school. Two bronze plaques bearing the words, "Presented by the Ladies' Society of Busy Workers—1932" were set into the walk, one at the site of the old school across from the Corner Burying Ground and the other at the west end of the present school property.

A. A. HAINES COUNCIL NO. 66

JUNIOR ORDER UNITED AMERICAN MECHANICS

Beginning in 1896 (March 20) with 35 charter members, the A. A. Haines Council, Junior Order United American Mechanics, has flourished ever since. It has been successful in carrying out the objects of the Order, which are to maintain and promote the interests of Americans; to assist them in obtaining employment and to encourage them in business; to provide for a fund or funds for the payment of benefits in case of sickness, disability, or death of members and their dependents; to uphold the American school system and to encourage the reading of the Bible in school; and to promote and maintain a National Orphans Home. For some years this organization owned the Miankoma Hall, built by the Ladies' Society of Busy Workers.

THE AMAGANSETT VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY

The Amagansett Village Improvement Society held its first meeting September 21, 1921. The original officers were Miss Florence Eichhorn, president; Mrs. Harry L. Hamlin, vice president; Mrs. John Mulford, treasurer, and Mrs. George V. Schellinger, secretary.

The Society stated as its objectives: "the improvement of the roads, sidewalks, cemeteries, parks and greens of the said Amagansett and vicinity, and for the improvement and advancement

of the welfare and best interest of said village of Amagansett."

In 1937, during the presidency of Mrs. Lewis S. Parsons (who was president for almost twenty years), the Society was incorporated. Its aims and purposes were broadened to include "the preservation of historical objects, the gathering and dissemination of information concerning the early history." The by-laws and constitution were again changed in 1948 to give men full membership.

The Society has always taken an active role in espousing civic betterment. It has cared for the trees that line our streets and from time to time has planted new ones. Care of the Old Corner Burying Ground was undertaken for many years by this organization. At Christmas time a tree on the Green is lighted. The A. V. I. S. has been instrumental in getting action taken to brick the area in front of the business establishments in the village; in having sidewalks laid; in having electric lines laid underground along Bluff Road; in getting the Long Island Rail Road to paint its station and to landscape its grounds.

The monument memorializing the old Indian wells, dedicated on "Amagansett Day," July 24, 1948, as part of the Tercentenary celebration of East Hampton Town, is a recent achievement of the Society. This was made possible by a bequest of the late Mrs. Charles Caldwell.

The present administration of the Amagansett Village Improvement Society is as follows:

BOARD OF DIRECTORS, 1947-1948

Mrs. Charles Ward Hall	Mrs. E. Vivian Parsons
Mrs. Sunset B. Hasbrook	Mrs. David U. Snyder
Mrs. Robert L. Horton	Miss Janet Ward
Mrs. John Howell	Mrs. Thomas Ward

OFFICERS, 1947-1948

Mrs. David U. Snyder, *president*
Miss Janet Ward, *first vice president*
Mrs. Sunset B. Hasbrook, *second vice president*
Mrs. E. Vivian Parsons, *treasurer*
Mrs. Robert L. Horton, *corresponding secretary*
Mrs. Erwin B. Schellinger, *recording secretary*

* * * *

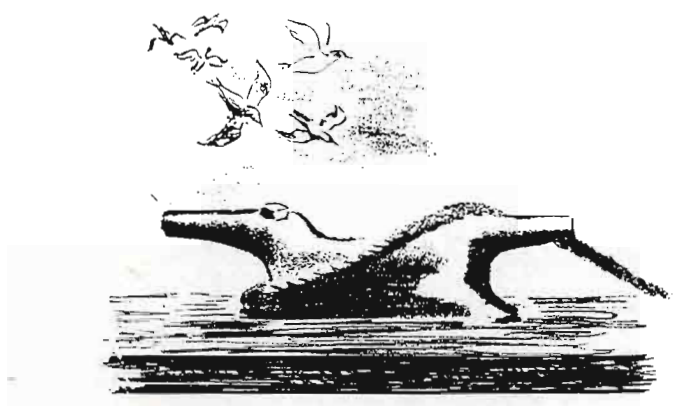
CONCLUSION

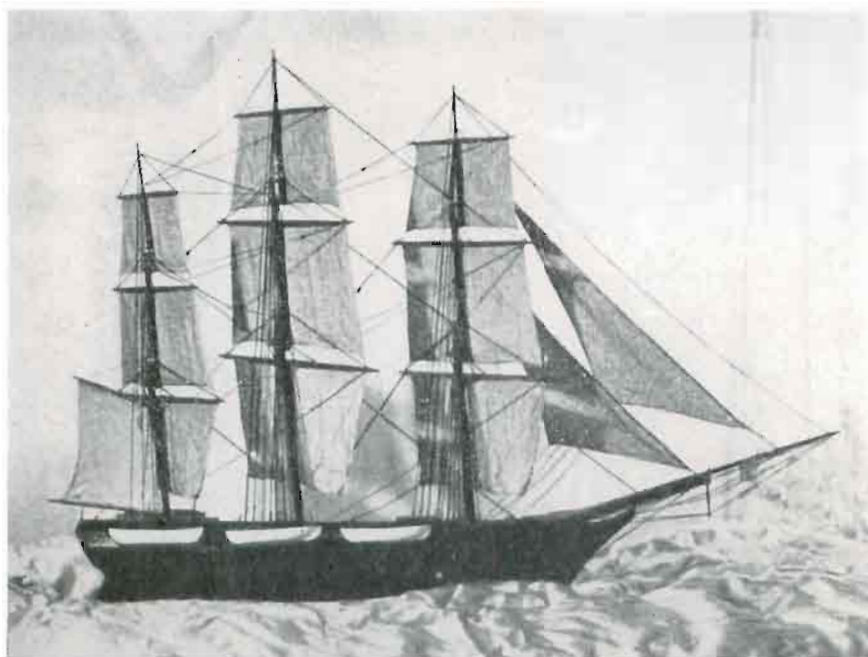
Our pioneering forefathers were men of spirit. They adventured fearlessly over the seven seas. They raised their families and their crops and argued their opinions at home. Our heritage from them lies not in the material wealth of possessions but in the intangible wealth of the spirit. Built solidly into our homes, ploughed deep into our soil, anchored firmly in the unmoved depths of our changeless yet ever-changing sea lie their steadfast religiousness, their calculated daring, their tolerance and endurance, and their passionate love of beauty and simplicity in their way of life.

When Longfellow wrote "Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away," he expressed the prayer that at some time, consciously or unconsciously, springs from the heart of each of us who loves Amagansett. Truly this is our hearts' home.



HERBERT L. MULFORD, JR.
PRESENT SUPERVISOR OF EAST HAMPTON TOWN, 1946—

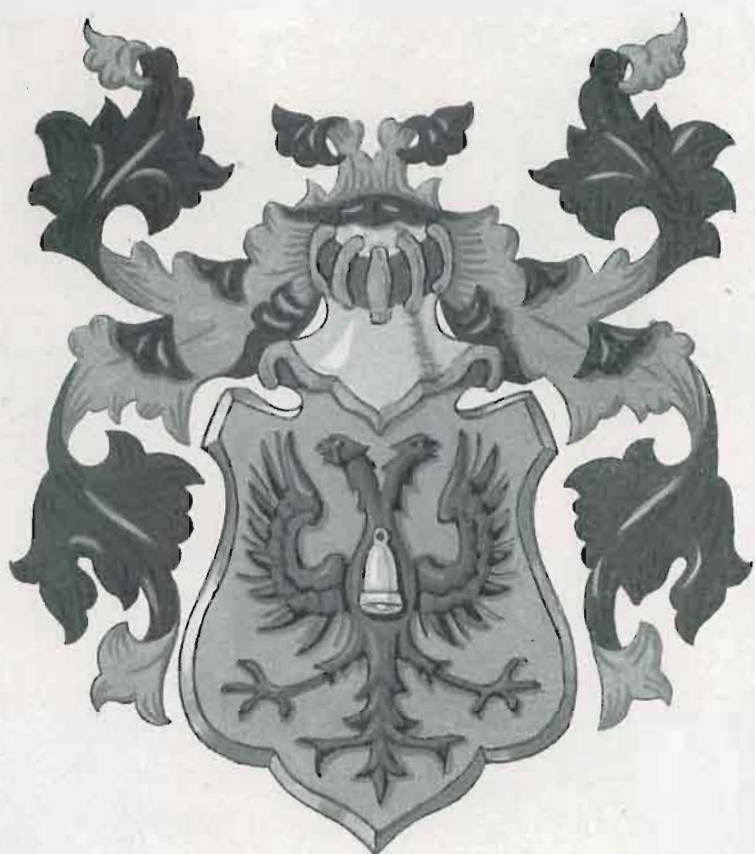




• • MODEL OF THE WHALER "ONTARIO". MADE BY JOSHUA EDWARDS.
"CAP'N JOSH."



• • WHALE TRYWORKS. AMAGANSETT, 1889. LOCATED AT THE EASTERN
END OF BLUFF ROAD, THIS LITTLE BUILDING HOUSED THREE HUGE, THREE-LEGGED KETTLES,
HOLDING ABOUT 250 GALLONS EACH, AND A HOMEMADE FURNACE, BY MEANS OF WHICH THE
WHALE BLUBBER WAS RENDERED FOR ITS VALUABLE OIL.



Schellinger

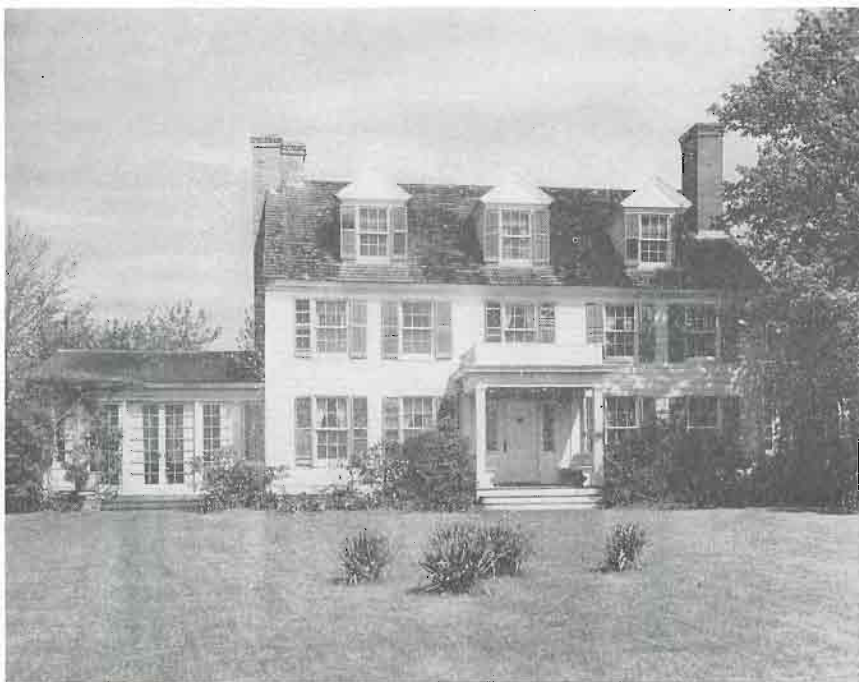
• • THE COAT OF ARMS OF THE SCHELLINGER FAMILY. JACOBUS SCHELLINGER, A WELL-TO-DO MERCHANT OF AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND, CAME TO NEW AMSTERDAM IN 1652, AND TO EAST HAMPTON IN 1667. THE SCHELLINGERS WERE ONE OF THE FIRST FOUR FAMILIES TO SETTLE IN AMAGANSETT.



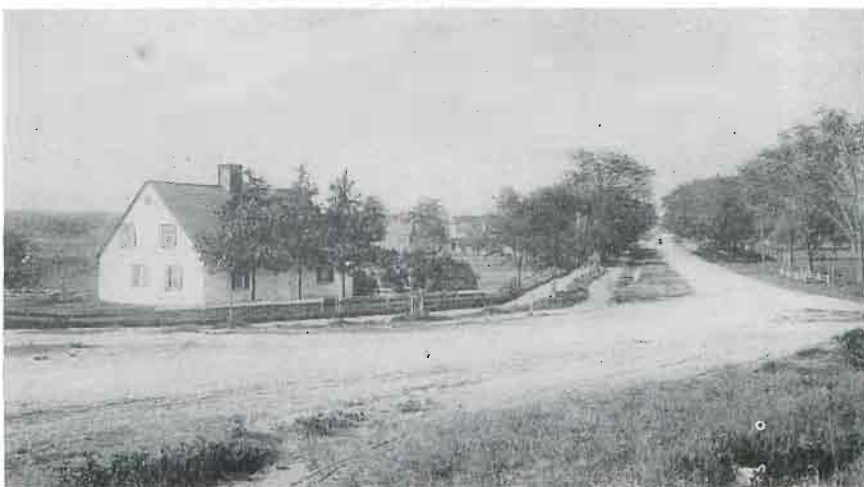
• • SCHELLINGER HOUSE. THE SCHELLINGER HOMESTEAD. "THE OLD RED HOUSE," WAS BUILT ABOUT 1765, AND HAS BEEN CONTINUOUSLY OCCUPIED BY THE SCHELLINGER FAMILY TO THE PRESENT DAY. (PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL MCCONNELL)



• • CONKLIN HOMESTEAD. IT WAS BUILT BY JEREMIAH CONKLIN, BEFORE 1690. IN THIS HOUSE WAS AMAGANSETT'S FIRST POST OFFICE. IT IS STILL OWNED AND OCCUPIED BY A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF THE BUILDER. (PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL MCCONNELL)



• • THE NATHANIEL BAKER HOUSE. BUILT BEFORE 1690, THE SECOND HOME OF NATHANIEL BAKER. IT WAS OCCUPIED BY BAKER DESCENDANTS FOR OVER TWO CENTURIES. IN 1913, IT WAS BOUGHT BY MR. AND MRS. HARRY HAMLIN AND MOVED TO ITS PRESENT LOCATION ON STONY HILL FARM.



• • MISS AMELIA'S. ANOTHER SCHELLINGER HOUSE, OVER 200 YEARS OLD, SHOWING THE WEST END OF THE AMAGANSETT MAIN STREET IN THE EARLY 1900'S.



• • THE COAT OF ARMS OF THE CONKLIN FAMILY. THE ARMS OF THE CONKLIN FAMILY. BROUGHT TO AMERICA FROM NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, ENGLAND, BY THE BROTHERS, JOHN AND ANANIAS CONKLING, ABOUT 1636. THE CONKLINGS WERE THE FIRST GLASS MAKERS IN NEW ENGLAND. THEY WERE ALSO ONE OF THE FIRST FOUR FAMILIES TO SETTLE IN AMAGANSETT.

NOTE From LIG:

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John (1) and Ananias (1) Conklin(g) of Staffordshire, Worcestershire, Nottinghamshire, England and Salem, Massachusetts are the progenitors of two separate LI Lines. There is no documentation known for the parents of John and Ananias Conklin. It is not known if they were brothers or cousins but DNA testing in 2001 confirms they were related. (by Honor Conklin)



• • THE COAT OF ARMS OF THE BARNES FAMILY. THE BARNES FAMILY, WHICH SETTLED HERE ABOUT 1700, WAS THE LAST OF AMAGANSETT'S FIRST FOUR PIONEER FAMILIES, THE OTHERS BEING THE BAKERS, THE SCHELLINGERS AND THE CONKLINS. AN EARLY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, ISAAC BARNES, KNOWN AS "FATHER ISAAC," WAS SUPERVISOR FOR ONE TERM IN THE YEAR 1761. HE WAS A CAPTAIN IN THE MILITIA AND ALSO AN ASSISTANT JUSTICE OF THE INFERIOR COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF THE COUNTY. A MORE RECENT MEMBER, "MISTER BEN" BARNES, WAS A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE FOR MANY YEARS.



• • CAPTAIN EVERETT J. EDWARDS'S WHALING CREW. SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE MEN IN THE BOAT AND THE PROPER WAY OF HOLDING THE HARPOON. EACH MAN IN A WHALEBOAT HAS HIS SPECIAL JOB, FOR HARPOONING A WHALE IS A DIFFICULT AND DANGEROUS BUSINESS AND ITS SUCCESS DEPENDS ON TIMING AND TEAMWORK.



• • FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. BUILT IN 1860. THIS CHURCH IS THE ONLY YEAR-ROUND CHURCH IN THE VILLAGE. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN CONDON)



• • FIRST HOME OF NATHANIEL BAKER. BUILT ABOUT 1680. THE ORIGINAL ONE-ROOM SHOP, MOVED BACK FROM THE STREET AND TURNED SIDEWAYS, FORMS THE LIVING ROOM. NOW OWNED AND OCCUPIED BY MRS. MAUDE ERICKSON.



• • SECOND SCHOOLHOUSE. BUILT BEFORE 1850. THIS SCHOOLHOUSE WAS AT ONE TIME, LOCATED IN WHAT IS NOW THE SOUTH END OF THE OLD BURYING GROUND. IT IS OWNED BY MRS. MERCK SHELTON.



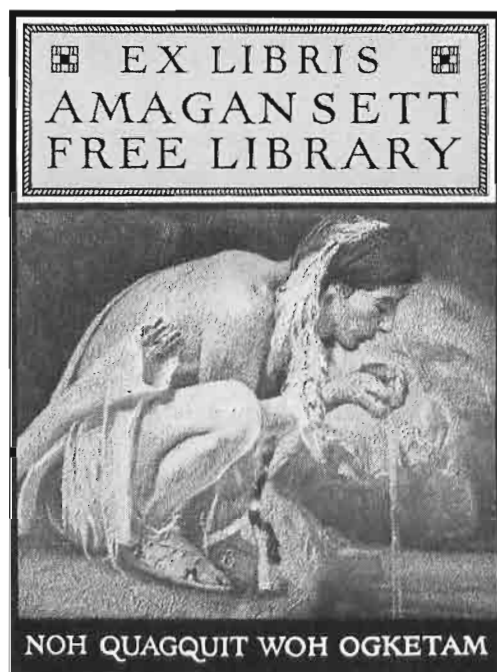
• • MAIN STREET LOOKING WESTWARD. SHOWING THE BEAUTY OF THE BIG ELMS BEFORE THE HURRICANE OF SEPTEMBER 21, 1938. THE HUGE TREES FORMED A WALL OF GREEN ON EACH SIDE OF THE BROAD STREET.



• • AFTER THE HURRICANE. THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND A SECTION OF MAIN STREET, AS THEY LOOKED ON THE MORNING OF SEPTEMBER 22, 1938. APPROXIMATELY HALF OUR TREES WERE LOST, EITHER BLOWN DOWN DURING THE STORM OR REMOVED LATER.



• • TWO CAP'NS. "CAP'N GABE" AND "CAP'N JOSH" EDWARDS AFTER THE WHALE-CHASE. OF ALL THE MEN WHO WENT WHALING OFF THE AMAGANSETT BEACH, CAP'N JOSH AND CAP'N GABE WERE THE BEST-KNOWN AND THE MOST DARING. THERE WAS MUCH FRIENDLY RIVALRY BETWEEN THE TWO CAPTAINS AND THEIR CREWS. BAD SCARES AND NARROW ESCAPES WERE A PART OF THE DAY'S WORK DURING A CHASE. BOATS COULD BE CAPSIZED, MEN KNOCKED OVERBOARD, GEAR LOST IN A VERY FEW SECONDS. A WOUNDED WHALE IS A DANGEROUS ANIMAL. CAP'N GABE PROBABLY CAME AS CLOSE TO LANDING ON A WHALE'S BACK AS HE CARED TO COME, WHEN CHARLIE MULFORD DROVE THE BOW OF THE WHALEBOAT UP ON THE BACK OF THE WHALE AS HE WOULD HAVE DRIVEN IT UP ON THE SAND.



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