

The Dennis Conservation Land Trust

Spring 2020

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President's Message

Joseph Masse, DCLT President

The Beatles' lyrics in their song "Help!" hit the mark in 1965 and they still do today.

As we all struggle for balance, these words are prophetic. We all are asking someone to help us, to help us determine what the new normal will be – short and long term.

Back in 1965, we were dealing with other scary issues. To connect with someone we knew, or search for some answer, all we had was a rotary phone and the television to tell us what was going on in the rest of the world.

We were then, and we are now, a society of neighborhoods. Today's neighborhood, or social community, can still be a group of friends or people with common interests, but the neighborhood today is not restricted by physical boundaries. Our neighborhood can literally be spread across an entire country.

As we reach out for help or reassurance, "I do appreciate your being 'round" can apply to anyone or anything in which you and others have a common interest. Virtual neighborhoods can be global in their scope, or people with common interests in our town, or just the folks down the street.

We have, at our fingertips, the ability to chase dreams, to find out stuff, to learn. We can open up the possibility of being a more intimate part of a neighborhood of common interest within our town or be part of something brand new, something not confined by bricks and mortar and yet still a neighborhood.

Helping each other "get our feet back on the ground" is taking the time to care about each other. It's reaching out to ensure the neighbor down the street is okay, and it's also telling those people in our virtual networks what's on our mind and finding out what's on theirs.

It's true, right now, we can't do a lot of what we used to do the way we used to do it. However, now we have an opportunity to learn a new way, to be involved, to be

perhaps a better informed, more effective and caring neighbor.

We, the Trust, are learning to do things quite differently in a time when resources are less abundant. But doing more with less is not possible, especially if we try to apply last year's methodologies. Thinking outside the box to create effective solutions, different from the way we could afford to do it in the past, and applying those new ways is where we can be better now and more prepared for the future – whatever form that future takes.

We are part of a Cape neighborhood of land trusts, which is part of a larger neighborhood in Massachusetts and an even larger neighborhood of land trusts throughout the United States. We have the opportunity to see how others are managing their land and educating their communities regarding our natural environment. We can't always be out there in the land physically nor can we physically meet our neighbors; however, we continue to work to be good stewards and advocates for the land. We hope we will be better at our job now and in the future, not despite these challenging times but because of them.

Being part of this new world means many things, but helping to shape it and our part in it means taking the opportunity to learn how. It's okay to ask for help. It's okay to "be not so self-assured." There are so many ways, today, to find that help, gain the confidence, be an integral part of the community, the neighborhood.

We will all get to the end of this challenge and the one after this, and the one after that, as a community of people – a neighborhood – whocared about each other at a time when caring is so important.

We thank you for your support and hope you stay healthy and find away to continue to be engaged with our environment.

"The place to improve the world is first in one's own heart and head and hands, and then work outward from there." Robert Persig "Lila"



Help by the Beatles

*"I need somebody
(Help) not just anybody
(Help) you know I need someone
Help!*

*When I was younger, so much younger than today.
I never needed anybody's help in any way
But now these days are gone. I'm not so self-assured
Now I find I've changed my mind and opened up
the doors.*

*Help me if you can, I'm feeling down
And I do appreciate your being 'round
Help me get my feet back on the ground
Won't you please, please help me, help me, help me.*

*And now my life has changed in oh so many ways
My independence seems to vanish in the haze
But every now and then I feel so insecure
I know that I just need you like I've never
done before."*



Notes from Behind the Desk

Julie Early, Executive Director

I write to you “from behind my desk” - not at work, mind you, but in my home office, during a challenging and unprecedented world health crisis. We are just beginning to develop plans for emerging from this time of being “sequestered” -- a term that one of our articles this issue, will consider within the natural world -- at home.

When life presents its challenges, as it has this spring, spending time outdoors can be one important antidote. Humans have an inherent need to connect with our natural world, and gain a sense of well-being when we do spend time in nature. What E.O. Wilson refers to as “Biophilia” -- a love of nature.

Organizations such as the Dennis Conservation Land Trust have as their mission to preserve and protect those natural areas that we need very much at times like these. In writing articles for this issue, we wanted to share articles that are relevant and add to the current discourse. Articles and stories that are both meaningful and hopeful.

Earlier this year, we celebrated the purchase of the Tobey Woodlands, 14 acres of woodlands and marsh right off of Route 6A, and asked the Winters family, direct descendants of the Tobey family, if they might share stories passed down through the generations that are relevant to us today. They were kind enough to share several which

you will find within this newsletter. We have included a “bonus” article that is particularly compelling account of one of Frank Bassett Tobey during the Chicago Fire of 1871.



You may also relate to Dianne Callan’s insights into time spent homeschooling her grand-daughter, as a time for family and fun in nature.

Tyler Maikath then underlines the importance of conserving wetlands for their multi-faceted contributions to reducing the impacts of climate change.

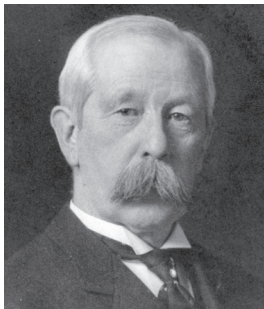
Enjoy this issue of the DCLT newsletter, and I hope you find the stories and articles speak to you in meaningful ways, as they did for me.

Stay safe, stay healthy, and stay fit!

I thank you for your continued support, am thinking of you at this time, and hope to see you soon out on the trails.

Tobey Woodlands and a bit of Tobey Family History

Julie Early

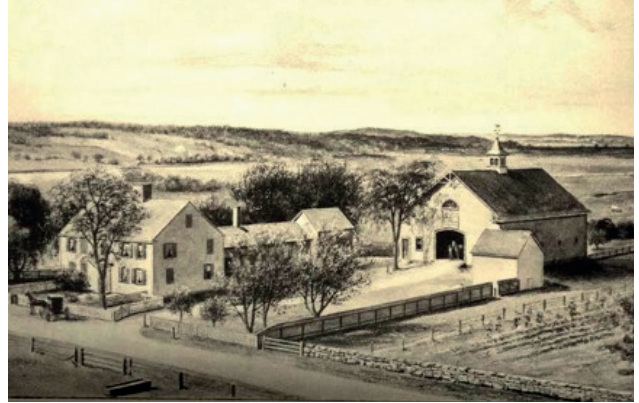


Francis Bassett Tobey

The Tobey Woodlands have remained fairly unchanged over the years -- farmed in the past, and upland forest now above the Chase Garden Creek. Nature abounds with red-tailed hawks and red-winged blackbirds perched in trees and reeds along the edges of the marsh. As you approach the marsh from the parking area of the Tobey Farm, you can almost picture the Tobey family over the -- years planting vegetables and managing their animals. Further back, before colonial times, the marsh appears the perfect setting for a settlement of the Nobscusset to take advantage of fertile soil for planting, plentiful water, and fishing grounds nearby.

Since their arrival in the 1630's, the Tobey of Sandwich, Dennis (formerly, Yarmouth), and Kittery, Maine, prospered as sea captains, whalers, ministers, dentists, physicians, merchants, hotel owners, engineers and farmers. They settled in cities and towns along the east coast of the U.S., west to Chicago, and later to the Pacific coast.

Thomas Tobey, III first turned the land, given to his



family upon his father's death in the King Phillips War in 1676, into a productive farm when he was old enough to farm. Two of his great-great-grandsons, Charles (1831-

1888) and Francis Bassett Tobey (1833- 1913) became successful businessmen, designing and manufacturing furniture based on furniture they had grown up with at their family's farm in Dennis.





They left Dennis in their mid-twenties to seek their fortune out west and landed in Chicago, having been encouraged by Horace Greeley. The business burned to the ground in the famous Chicago Fire of 1871. Through resilience and commitment, they rebuilt the

company, and following the fire, the new Tobey Furniture Company grew and prospered, becoming known widely across the U.S. and even internationally.

The brothers continued to visit their home in Dennis, and with funds from their furniture business, purchased and renovated what was then the Cape Cod Bay Inn, which became an even grander hotel and resort on Cape Cod Bay, the Nobscusset House. Charles made the initial purchase and redevelopment of the hotel in 1885, although he died three years later. Francis (Frank) then managed the business until it closed in 1929. During his ownership, which included rights to Scargo Hill for his guests, Frank had the stone tower on the top built for the scenic views it provided.



Wild Geese

Mary Oliver (1986)

You do not have to be good.
You do not have to walk on your knees
for a hundred miles through the desert repenting.
You only have to let the soft animal of your body
love what it loves.

Tell me about despair, yours, and I will tell you mine.
Meanwhile the world goes on.
Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of the rain
are moving across the landscapes,
over the prairies and the deep trees,
the mountains and the rivers.

Meanwhile the wild geese, high
in the clean blue air,
are heading home again.

Whoever you are, no matter how
lonely,
the world offers itself to your
imagination,
calls to you like the wild geese,
harsh and exciting—
over and over announcing your place
in the family of things.



In Zoe's words

My Nature Mandala

Zoe Simmons

I made the mandala pictured here in April, and it symbolizes nature. The thing about mandalas is that there are four gateways. That's why there are the four elements in the mandala I made.

- The **Green** area is the Earth, with its people and the earth elements;
- **Blue** is for the Water, with a figure representing a water god;
- The **Purple** section is Wind, and Magic, and a wind god;
- **Red** is for the Fire element.

Then the middle is the core, the central part, earth.

Together, they all make one mandala.

After a certain length of time, a mandala is always dismantled. Mine was taken apart after two hours. Click on this link to see the animated version of building and taking apart my mandala.



Zoe Simmons is a sixth grader at Monomoy Middle School and has been part of the DCLT all of her life. She is passionate about nature in all forms, but especially otters.

Mandalas for Nature

Dorria DiManno

A mandala is a geometric picture that symbolically represents the universe in some Eastern religions and philosophies. A symbolic pattern, usually in the form of a circle, is divided into four separate sections or bears a multiple projection of an image. They are often constructed from sand, to transmit positive energies to the environment and to the people who view them.

Creating mandalas has been a ritual since ancient times, and they were used as a means of deepening and enhancing the meditative experience. There are various forms of mandalas with distinct concepts and different purposes. (compiled from Oxford and Merriam-Webster dictionaries)



Chase Garden Creek Estuary

by Tyler Maikath, DCLT Stewardship and Outreach Coordinator

Chase Garden Creek is an approximately 5 mile long tidal river with headwaters near the Dennis Conservation Land Trust (DCLT) office in Dennis Village. The Creek forms a portion of the northwestern boundary of Dennis with Yarmouth. The height difference between low and high tides is about 9 feet and tidal currents flow in and out from the mouth of the creek on Cape Cod Bay. With a watershed of over 4,500 acres, Chase Garden Creek has long supported robust and diverse human and natural communities. Pioneering archaeological research by Craig Chartier at Taylor Bray Farm, on the other side of the Creek in Yarmouth, has uncovered a history of human settlement that extends back 10,000 years. Today, the Creek is a popular destination for recreational boating, swimming, fishing, and shell fishing. The Aquacultural Research Corporation (ARC), a shellfish hatchery, located near Chapin Beach, relies on the water quality of the Creek.

A 550-acre salt marsh, often called Black Flats, borders Chase Garden Creek for most of its length. This lush, scenic landscape is dissected by smaller tidal creeks and mosquito ditches dug during the 1930's. Tidal creeks provide critical nursery habitat for juvenile fish, such as summer flounder, striped bass, and American shad. Salt marsh grasses, rushes and other plants remove carbon dioxide from the atmosphere as they grow through the process of photosynthesis. The carbon is incorporated into the plants' cells. Salt marsh grasses



have extensive root systems to hold them in place against tidal action. These roots are found within the soil and the accumulated dead plant matter, which form a dense mat of material called peat. Peat is low in oxygen and although bacteria are able to decompose it, the process is very slow. This process is what releases small quantities of hydrogen sulfide gas into the air, producing the characteristic “rotten-egg” smell of a salt marsh. Due to the slow rate of decomposition, far more carbon is stored in the peat every year than is released back into the atmosphere. This is what scientists refer to as “carbon sequestration.”

EPA scientists¹ estimate that the salt marshes of the northeastern United States sequester the carbon equivalent of burning 136 million gallons of gasoline. To date, the DCLT has protected approximately 266 acres of salt marsh in the Chase Garden Creek watershed, a

long-term land protection priority for the Trust. Using scientific estimates from Waquoit Bay National Estuarine Research Reserve's Greenhouse Gas Calculator², we calculated that our Chase Garden Creek parcels sequester approximately 6,250,000 kg of carbon each year, the equivalent of burning 700,000 gallons of gasoline!

The diversity of plant species in salt marshes is low because it is a stressful environment for plants to survive in. However, coastal marshes are some of the most productive ecosystems on Earth. They support a great variety of organisms from tiny amphipods, periwinkles and mussels, schools of mummichogs and other killifish, hermit crabs, invasive European green crabs, and wading birds. Rare species such as saltmarsh sparrows, king rails and diamond-backed terrapins are found in these habitats.

The Black Flats and other salt marshes also provide the benefit of buffering homes and adjacent upland habitats from storm and tidal surges. As sea level rise continues, this will become more and more important.

Image caption

Forest Carbon - An Essential Natural Solution for Climate Change Northeast Climate Adaptation Center. Anthony W. D'Amato, Ph.D., The University of Vermont, and Paul Catanzaro, PhD, UMass-Amherst (2019, report)

Research Citations

1. Charpentier, M., C. Wigand, AND J. Hyman. Estimates of Carbon Sequestration and Storage in Tidal Coastal Wetlands Along the US East Coast. Presented at New England Estuarine Research Society Spring Meeting, Long Island, NY, May 05 - 07, 2011.
2. Xie, Y. and A. Leschen, Waquoit Bay National Estuarine Research Reserve. 2012. Greenhouse Gas calculator for land-holding entities. www.waquoitbayreserve.org.



A CARBON POOL IS A PART OF THE FOREST THAT STORES CARBON AND CAN ACCUMULATE OR LOSE CARBON OVER TIME

(e.g., live aboveground biomass, such as trees, soil, and organic matter).



2 There are two basic aspects to a carbon pool: how much it contains, and how much it is changing. These aspects are referred to as **carbon storage** and **carbon sequestration**.

The terms *storage* and *sequestration* are often used interchangeably; however,

EACH ONE HAS A SPECIFIC MEANING AND REACHES ITS MAXIMUM LEVEL AT DIFFERENT TIMES DURING FOREST DEVELOPMENT.

Nevertheless, both are necessary for reducing the effects of climate change.

CARBON STORAGE:

The amount of carbon that is retained in a carbon pool within the forest.

Storage levels increase with forest age and typically peak in the northeastern United States when forests are old (>200 years old).

CARBON SEQUESTRATION:

The process of removing carbon from the atmosphere for use in photosynthesis, resulting in the maintenance and growth of plants and trees.

The rate (or amount and speed) at which a forest sequesters carbon changes over time. In the northeastern United States, carbon sequestration typically peaks when forests are young to intermediate in age (around 30–70 years old), but they continue to sequester carbon through their entire life span.

Serving as an AmeriCorps Cape Cod member in Dennis, MA

Kelsey Leahy, Spring 2020



I was certainly not expecting to spend most of the spring on lockdown due to a global pandemic, but I've had ample time to reflect on my service year so far and to rethink the remainder of my service year for the Cape Cod community.

This is the 21st year of AmeriCorps Cape Cod (ACC), serving the area by focusing on natural resource management, disaster preparedness and response, environmental education, and volunteer engagement. 20 members from all over the country have dedicated 11 months of their lives to Barnstable County. The program provides housing for its members in three houses located in Wellfleet, West Barnstable, and Pocasset.

Here's a look at what life is like for us, although it has changed more than a little since the pandemic, and we can no longer do all of our activities.

On Mondays and Fridays we do group service projects as either a full corps or split between lower and upper Cape houses (there are 9 members in Wellfleet and 11 in Pocasset/West Barnstable). When split in half we do service projects such as trail maintenance and shell fishing. Full corps days have included a few days of fuels

reduction projects at the Cape Cod National Seashore putting our chainsaw skills and wild land firefighting training to good use.

The other main full corps project was the WetFest, an educational experience brought to 4th-6th grade students to teach them about the sole source aquifer that provides clean water for all the humans of Cape Cod. The event starts with a skit where the ACC members take on the roles of Chore Kid, various pollutants, and the Water

Wizard. (I, of course, took on the role of Water Wizard for the year, complete with robe, wig, and a staff.) We would lead the students through three stations to teach them different aspects of protecting our natural resources, the crowd favorite being “Flush the Kids”! Tuesdays through Thursdays we disperse across the Cape to serve the towns with land trusts, natural resources departments, and other organizations that provide services supporting the focus areas of ACC.

I am lucky enough to serve the Town of Dennis, splitting my time between the Dennis Conservation Land Trust and the Natural Resources Department. I have gotten to spend a great deal of time exploring the conservation lands of Dennis while helping to preserve and protect the natural resources of the town.

The project I spent the majority of my time on this year was planning the Dennis Conservation Celebration,

which has been postponed until the fall because of the spread of COVID-19. Through the process of putting the event together I have seen how much good can be accomplished when different agencies and individuals work together towards a common goal. The annual town-wide litter pick up is a way for everyone in Dennis to come together and clean up the public places while also enjoying each other’s company at Johnny Kelley Park during the nonprofit fair.



[Watch AmeriCorps volunteer Keisey Leahy explain what to bring in your pack.](#)

Grandparents: A Reflection During COVID

Dianne Callan

Like many grandparents, I’m helping to take care of home-bound grandchildren while their parents work from home during this strange COVID time. The days can be busy, with requirements of “home schooling”, meal planning and just keeping children safe, but days can also be long.

We are lucky to be able to look out our windows and see nature around us, ducks on the pond, an early robin, a lady bug, blossoming trees and shrubs. Hours pass finding bark, rocks, shells and moss and constructing our fairy house. We are practicing our bird calls (assisted by the Merlin Bird ID app) and identifying flower and trees.

In this way, I hope my granddaughter will remember this period, not as a period of missing friends and the “wiggles” from being inside too much, but as a time of family, learning and discovery of the inspirations of nature.



BONUS FEATURE

Francis B Tobey and Chicago, 1871

Insights from Experience Past and Present

Julie Early

The Dennis Conservation Land Trust mission of preserving and conserving the natural resources in Dennis includes promoting the public's understanding of our conservation efforts and successes. As an organization, in times like these, we cannot help but consider how the work we do and the stories we share are relevant and add to current discourse. Here is one story of past strength, vision, and meaning has particular meaning for us today.

In celebrating the conservation of the Tobey Woodlands, we asked the Winters family if they could share stories passed down through the generations of their family's time on the land. Below is one of those stories - the story of two Tobey brothers and the famous Chicago Fire of 1871. Following is a letter of brother Frank to his sister, Ruth Shiverick (wife of Asa Shiverick, Jr. of Dennis shipbuilding fame) recounting his firsthand account of racing to check on his furniture buildings, and a second letter to his cousin two months after the fire, sharing his thoughts on his father's recent death, and the resilience of the community.

As a result of the Great Chicago Fire of October 1871, approximately 300 lives were lost, while 100,000 people were left without homes. The city quickly turned to restoration efforts, and history shows the city benefitted from stricter building codes. Chicago's economy similarly thrived, and became even more robust. Interestingly, the city's fire training academy is located on the site where the fire began. (<https://www.history.com/topics/19th-century/great-chicago-fire>)

Charles Winters and his brother Tobey Winters generously shared stories of their family's past. Charles sent the letters you see on the following page, with this note.



Caption goes here

“I am attaching copy of a transcript that my aunt, Mary Shiverick Fishler, made and sent to me about 40 years ago. Aunt Mary was the family historian & archivist and just a delightful person.

The original letters were written by Frank B. Tobey following the Chicago fire. In them, he notes the loss of the original deed to the farm dated 1678. I remember rummaging in the attic of the farm and seeing “C.T. and F.B.T.” burned into the rafters as if by a magnifying glass. I think that was done by Charles and Frank Tobey in their youth. At the end of the letters, Aunt Mary adds details about them and the family members.

These letters give me a sense of Frank Tobey as a real person. “

We readers will also gain insight into who Frank Tobey was. There is a positive message for us conveyed through ages in these letters, and as you drive by the Tobey Woodlands think of these words, and the experiences related below.

Chicago, Jan'y, 28th, 1872

Chicago, Nov. 11, 1871

My dear Sister:

Ever since the fire I have been trying to get time to write you a long letter giving fuller details of the Great Calamity, but now, so much time has elapsed that the newspapers have furnished full accounts of the general incidents. So I will only relate my personal experience.

On the night of the 7th of Oct. (Saturday) occurred - what was thought to be then - a very distinctive fire laying waste some three or four blocks along the west bank of the River, from Van Buren to Adams Sts. I went the next afternoon (Sunday) with thousands of others to visit the burned district - then called on some friends on the west side and spent the evening. On my way home about ten o'clock noticed quite a fire raging in the vicinity of Twelfth St. (on the west side) - walked around that way and found the fire under full headway, making fearful havoc among the wooden tenements in that region and spreading rapidly. It had already burned over three or four blocks. After watching the progress for half an hour or so, not having the least doubt that the firemen would soon have it under control, I walked home in company with Mr. Field (of Field Lester & Co.) On our way home Mr. F. expressed great sympathy for the sufferers who were being burned out and remarked as I left him at his gate, that such destructive fires as were occurring in the city and in the Lumber regions would seriously affect the trade of the city - neither of us then dreaming that in five or six hours from that time both our stores would be in ashes. The fire was then nearly two miles from our store. Before I reached the Orient House I met a fellow boarder, Dr. Pillsbury, who desired me to walk with him to Polk St bridge and take another look at the fire as he thought it was still spreading. We crossed the bridge and found the fire spreading at a fearful rate. The wind had increased to a gale (from the south-west) and the raging Demon seemed to reach out its fiery tongues in every direction licking up everything within reach - the efforts of the firemen with their powerful steam engines were of no avail - in fact the fire travelled so fast that it had already overtaken and disabled two engines before they could be removed. It then seemed that the whole West Side must burn unless the fire stopped for want of fuel to feed on when it reached Van Buren St. (the southern limits of the fire of the previous night) Thousands of people were rushing across Polk St. bridge on foot and in every kind of vehicle trying to save themselves and such goods as they could carry.

As the fire was fast hemming us in we started for the south side, but before we reached the bridge it swung to let through a vessel which was in danger of burning - then we were exposed to more danger than at any other time during the night - those thousands of refugees pressing closer and closer together as the fire approached us with no safe way to escape on either side. We waited with considerable anxiety for the bridge to swing back, and when it did we were a little fearful that the immense crowd would break it down - but we took our chances and crossed safely. I remembered a lumber pile some 20 or 30 ft. high on the south limits of the fire of the night before - that is on the north side of Van Buren St. - the only thing saved on that entire square - I told the Doctor that if that burned it would carry the fire across the River to the South side. Almost as soon as we reached Van Buren St. bridge that lumber pile took fire - the flames seemed to leap with joy and from that pile were hurled cinders and burning fire brands two or three foot long and carried by the furious gale directly to the South Side. In five minutes Barrett & Arnold's Tar Works (near Adams St.) were on fire one third of a mile distant from the lumber pile - in five minutes more the Gas Works (adjoining) were on fire - then the Armory, just across the St. blazed up, a solid stone building which nobody thought could possibly burn. Then Van Buren St. bridge was burning - vessels were on fire in the River - It was an exciting moment, the air was filled with clouds of dust and clouds of smoke and cinders and oppressive with the heat - people were rushing in every direction trying to do and save what they could - horses let loose from their stalls were racing through the streets crazed with fright. It was then about one A.M., and the Dr. and myself were so exhausted from having walked from I don't know how many miles - we walked out to State St. where it was a little more quiet - and sat down on the sidewalk to rest - Thinking our factory was in great danger we started for that, passing our store, which I thought was in no immediate danger. I saw Mr. Van Arman shaking the door - he said the city was going to burn up, nothing could save it - and advised me to get out at once what goods I could, he was going to save his law library. The Dr. thought Van A. crazy, and as there were between us and the fire at that time five or six squares of stores and brick buildings I thought he was unduly excited and started again for the factory, but before I had gone a block was stopped by the shower of fiery cinders etc., then returned to the store, got our two Fire Extinguishers and buckets of water on the roof, tore down the awnings and stationed men on the roof to put out sparks - some of our men had begun to arrive - went downstairs and began to get out books and papers. Downer went out to look for a team, told him to pay \$100 for the use of one but everything that was out was pressed into service in the more immediate neighborhood of the fire - sent a boy for Charles' buggy, which we loaded with our books and some plushes and found a buggy in the alley without a horse - this we loaded with plushes and hauled it away by hand - this was all we saved.

About half past two I went out on the roof and saw a vast current of fire pressing towards us. Just then the Court House cupola took fire and blazed up like a bundle of straw. The old bell rang out until the last moment and I was told afterwards the Bell ringer who had filled the place for years had to be taken away by force, and as he left repeated the verse, "The boy stood on the burning deck, etc." When I saw the Court House burn,

My Dear Cousin,

Your letter of the 8th inst, so full of sympathy and good words, was to me an agreeable surprise. And coming when it did was the more appreciated as an evidence of your thoughtfulness in our day of trial and calamity.

I sat down two weeks ago today to answer it but something interrupted and the next day we received a telegram saying that Father was very low - Charles left that day for home and the next morning I received the news of his death. I intended to have gone to the funeral and bought a sleeping car ticket etc. but afterwards found there were matters requiring my attention here which could not be neglected without great loss and therefore did not go. You have doubtless received the full particulars of his sickness and death and I presume some of you attended his funeral. Although Father had reached an age and the condition of his health was such that we might have reasonably expected at any time to hear of his failure or death, and thought we were in a measure prepared for such news, yet when the final event did occur it was hard to realize and the attempt to realize it made it the more painful. It stirred up a thousand thoughts and recollections which the anticipation had not touched. It is hard to think of home with Father and Aunt Nabby both gone. Home will seem desolate without them. But we learn by experience every day to reconcile ourselves to the natural course of events - which cannot be changed.

I sent you the other day a copy of the Jan'y number of the Lakeside Monthly, which gives I think as correct and as clear description of the different features of the Great Fire as can be had. I suppose I could not tell you anything which you had not read before. But after reading all the reports and exercising your imagination to the utmost you cannot comprehend the vastness of this great calamity. I happened to be in the vicinity of the fire very soon after Mrs. O'Leary's historic but somewhat mythical cow kicked over the lamp, and watched the progress of the fire all night - It was such a night as I hope never to be obliged to experience again, and yet, since it happened am glad I saw it. Our store windows fell in at past three in the morning - finding we could do no more, I went to my hotel and saved my clothing, but lost all my furniture, books, pictures etc. etc. and a great many little relics or treasures - for instance the original deed of the Tobey farm dated 1678 which I had framed and hung up. Such things I regret the most as they cannot be replaced. The Hotel burned about 8 o'clock A.M. This was a half mile south of the store. Then went to Mr. Van Arman's - Chas.' father in law - and prepared to move again, but fortunately the fire did not reach them. I presume you have seen Charles who can tell you these things better than I can write them. As a rule the Chicago people bear up under their losses heroically - very little murmuring or complaining is heard. We all came to the conclusion at once that there was but one thing to do - viz: to go to work again, and they have all been at work right hearty. I think the wonderful and unexampled generosity and sympathy shown by the whole country and every other civilized country for Chicago did much to inspire the hearts of the people with courage and determination to restore their business and rebuild the city as fast as possible. So far as I am concerned, it took everything I had, which couldn't help making me despondent at times, but it did not throw me out of business. I have some credit yet and my two hands, as you say, and good health. So I do not complain. I hope now Keziah that you have opened communication between Lincoln and Chicago that you will keep it open and write again very soon. With kind regards to your father and mother and Mary and Huldah and Ruth and family and Aunt Huldah, I am

Your cousin etc. Frank

Frank Bassett Tobey, son of Jonathan Howes Tobey and Rachel Bassett, was born at the Tobey farm on Sept 15, 1833. He worked on the farm in the summer and attended school winters until he was 18; then he was clerk in the Post Office and village store. In 1857 (at the age of 23 or 24) he went to Chicago to work with his brother Charles (who was two years older) who had opened a furniture store on State Street south of Van Buren in 1856. The Tobey Furniture Company was organized in 1875 with Charles as president and Frank B. manager. Their brother Seth, born 1827, was a lawyer and clerk of the Municipal Court of Boston before returning to the farm, where he died on his birthday, Sept. 15, 1883. His wife had died in 1861 and his three year old son in 1860. Charles Tobey's wife, Fannie Van Arman, died July 9, 1872 at the age of 27. They were married in 1868, and had no children. Ruth, sister of Seth and Charles and Frank, was born in 1826 and was the third wife of Asa Shiverick. Their son, Asa Frank Shiverick, went to Chicago in 1891 to work at the Tobey Furniture Company. Charles Tobey died in 1888; Frank Tobey, who died in 1913, made his home with the Shiverick family in Chicago. He maintained both the farm and the Nobscussett Hotel in Dennis, leaving the farm and the hotel and the furniture company to his sister's children when he died.

Frank Tobey's Cousin Keziah was probably the daughter of George Howes and Polly Tobey. Keziah was born in 1832 and died 1887; Ruth was born in 1834; Mary was born in 1837; they had a sister Huldah whose birth date isn't given in the Howes Genealogy. Frank and Keziah were cousins on the Howes side - Frank descends from David Howes (born 1698) and Keziah from Thomas Howes (born 1711), sons of Jonathan and Sarah Howes. We have Jonathan's will, written in 1742, which was probably framed by Frank Tobey. Of course they were also first cousins on the Tobey side: Frank Tobey's father (Jonathan Howes Tobey 1794-1872) and Keziah's mother (Polly Tobey Howes) were brother and sister. Aunt Nabby (Abigail, who died in 1869) was an unmarried sister of Polly and Jonathan Howes Tobey. According to the Howes Genealogy, Keziah did not marry.

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