

in this snow-sequestered land where age-old verities still stand, my pulse has slowed to seek a key of matching grace and dignity.

—Barbara Christie

VINEYARD

Island of Martha's Vineyard, seven miles off southeast coast of Massachusetts. Winter population, 6,000; in summer, 40,000. Twenty miles from city of New Bedford, 80 miles from Boston, and 150 miles from New York.



GAZETTE

Devoted to the interests of the six towns on the Island of Martha's Vineyard, viz.: Edgartown, Oak Bluffs, Tisbury (Vineyard Haven), West Tisbury, Chilmark, Gay Head. These, with Gosnold, constitute Dukes County.

*A Cold Week
for the
Vineyard*

*low, Blow
Thy
Winter's
Wind*

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Peter Simon

TEMPERATE? WARMED BY THE GULF STREAM? SNOWBOUND IS THE WORD YOU'RE AFTER.

Tragic Result Belies Heroic Effort for Pilot

Willing aid and resourcefulness rallied quickly on Sunday to rescue Pilot, the six-month-old Labrador retriever owned by the Wallace E. Tobins, from the icy waters of the Lagoon. The rescue, sadly, came too late — half an hour exposure proved fatal to Pilot — but the united effort and warm humanity of so many who gathered to give aid will remain memorable.

Pilot had ventured out on the ice, which extended for 300 or 400 yards from shore, in pursuit of a Canada goose. His eagerness took him too far, and he fell into the water.

Nelson Coon who, like the Tobins, lives close to the Lagoon, telephoned that he had seen the dog struggling. The Tobins called the Communications Center, and within 10 minutes Donald King, Tisbury harbor master, was at the scene. Within the half hour state police and neighbors had joined forces. Charlie Conroy tried to get out with his boat. Leslie Freeman of the S.P.C.A. arrived to help.

It was Chris Crawford, a stranger to Pilot, who maneuvered a light dinghy over the ice and succeeded in pulling the dog — a weight of some 40 pounds — into the boat. As soon as he reached shore, willing hands worked over Pilot, and Leslie Freeman administered a shot of cortisone. Resourcefulness and teamwork deserved to succeed, but after 15 minutes it was clear that the icy exposure had been too long. The heartwarming, ready help and sympathy will remain, however, a consolation to the Tobins in the loss of a fine young dog and companion, and will stand as another bright spot in a long Vineyard tradition.

In Edgartown on Wednesday afternoon what might have been a sad episode was turned into a rescue by prompt discovery and the efforts of rescuers attracted to the scene. Edith Blake, on the yacht club wharf to take photographs, heard a sudden splash and

Winter Relents, a Little, but That's No January Thaw

By WILLIAM A. CALDWELL

Mercury that had sagged to zero or below began creeping back up the thermometer tube yesterday, and the forecast for today surmised temperatures within a degree or so of freezing. It was not quite the January thaw. But on plowed roads snow softened into slush, on eaves the icicles resumed dripping, and in the sheltered lee of houses and barns the sun felt actually warm.

Things might have been worse during a week of cold as bitter as many a Vineyarder could remember.

- The wind might have blown every day the way it did at the outset of the great freeze of '77 — up to 60 knots. That would have carried the cold to a level, as perceived by human nerve endings, around 40 or 50 below zero.

- The ice that locked coves and bays and upland ponds fast might have closed the harbors against traffic, as it closed off Nantucket for most of the week.

- Supplies of oil and gasoline, not to mention food, might then have run out, as they're still threatening to do on Nantucket.

Things might have been worse. They were bad enough.

The last big snow of the month — so far, at any rate — fell Saturday — four tenths of an inch when melted for Weather Service records, as much as five feet in the drifts that are the reality of life on the Island. Another dusting, 0.05 inches, filtered in Monday. After that the skies were clear.

Temperatures averaged a little less than 16 degrees, but nobody lives in an average temperature.

Water temperatures spoke for themselves in an idiom of their own. The Oak Bluffs harbor was frozen over. So were Katama Bay from shore to shore, the Lagoon, Sengekontacket, and Tashmoo. At Menemsha ice lay thick in the basin and on the pond. Steady westerlies, driving offshore at Vineyard

of Jared Grant who piloted his own plane on the tour.

A Coast Guard boat was moving in Edgartown harbor, breaking a channel. A path had been cleared to the ferry dock in Vineyard Haven. All ponds were frozen except at their tide-crumpled openings to the sea.

Even in December water temperatures had dropped to their lowest in 13 years. At the state lobster hatchery in Oak Bluffs the temperature of water drawn for the tanks from an intake eight feet below the surface of the Lagoon averaged 39.5 Fahrenheit. The average in December 1975 was 52.8.

Thick ice, some of it, but the Island's shellfish management committee asked the Gazette to warn parents to warn children in turn that salt-water ice is dangerous ice. People in some of the towns were reporting youngsters' walking across salt-water ponds like the ones enumerated above. The constables wanted to remind parents and children that although the surface looks solid such ice has soft spots that can give way under no more weight than a small child's. Or a small dog's. Immersion in freezing water can be fatal in a matter of minutes — 20 to 30.

Thus far fuel supplies on Martha's Vineyard appeared to be sufficient. Ralph M. Packer Jr., operator of the oil distributorship in Vineyard Haven

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Voters Approve Road Standards

*West Tisbury Passes Guides
for Town Road Acceptance;
Fire Company Gets Chassis*

Forty-four West Tisbury voters — 10 more than needed for a quorum —

A Tour: West Tisbury by Snowfall

Doctors Establish Policy to Fill Obstetrical Gaps

By MARY BRESLAUER

When off of the Martha's Vineyard should the baby decide to be born before