



UNTOLD TALES OF FALMOUTH

from the archives of Museums on the Green

Christmas Memories: Presents for a Lifetime

Excerpts from *The Captain's Best Mate: The Journal of Mary Chipman Lawrence on the Whaler Addison, 1856-1860*

December 25, 1856 [approaching Brazil]

Christmas seems as if it had come in July, instead of December. Minnie hung up her stocking last night. We had quite a Christmas dinner: roast chickens, stuffed, potatoes, turnips, onions, stewed cranberries, pickled beets and cucumbers, and a plum duff. For tea I had a tin of preserved grape and a loaf of fruitcake. Cape St. Roque is in sight. . . . My first view of a foreign land.

December 25, 1857 [near New Zealand]

Minnie wished to hang up her stocking as usual, and as I had a tin of candies which her grandpa put up for her, Santa Claus managed to fill it very well. We sat down to a Christmas dinner of two roast turkeys, sweet and Irish potatoes, boiled onions, stewed pumpkin, and cranberries, pickles, and a nice Indian pudding made of milk and eggs. Had a goat killed for the benefit of those living in the forecastle, to which they did ample justice, as there are but two legs remaining. In the afternoon they were cheered by the sight of a right whale; lowered the boats, but it was rough and a heavy sea so that their efforts were without success, as he kept under water most of the time.

December 25, 1858 [off Baja California]

Minnie hung up her stocking as usual last night and [found] it quite well filled with candies, nuts, and oranges, also a book and transparent slate from me, and a \$2.50 gold piece from her papa. A few days ago, Mr. Forsyth, our mate, gave her a very pretty little spyglass, which she said she should call her Christmas present too.

December 25, 1859 [en route from Honolulu to Cook Islands]

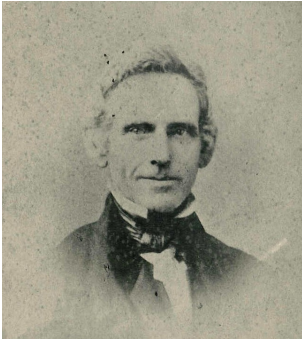
Minnie awoke bright and early to examine the contents of her stocking. Her father made her a pair of ivory candlesticks with little candles of the same material, which were very cunning, and I presented her with a book. Those with candies made up the supply.



Clockwise from top left: Capt. Samuel Lawrence, his diarist wife Mary, and their daughter, Minnie.



Continue reading for more memories



Prince G. Moore lived at 766 Palmer Ave. Extension, also called Sippewissett Farm. He and his wife Charity raised seven daughters before their boisterous granddaughters came along.

Excerpt from the *Falmouth Enterprise* of August 13, 1940, in which a 64-year-old Mrs. Allen recalls her grandfather:

Prince Gifford Moore was a leading member of the Friends' meeting, a tall, strapping man with a shock of white hair. When [the future] Mrs. Allen and her sisters were too noisy about the house they were warned of their grandfather's appearance by the sight of his white head through the panes of glass above the doors, for he stood over six feet tall. Once he threatened, "If thee are not more quiet, I will put corn cobs in thy mouths," and one of Mrs. Allen's sisters saucily replied that she would put a corn cob "in thy mouth, too." The following Christmas the girls presented their grandfather with several corn cobs tied with red ribbons.

Excerpt from "I Remember Teaticket," an unpublished memoir by Lloyd Turner Nightingale, in the museums' archives:

One day in July I spotted a white pine [in the Teaticket woods]. It was about six feet high and its proportions were beautiful. This would be a perfect Christmas tree for us if someone else didn't get it first. Periodically I would check on it and finally, about the first of December, I chopped it down and my dad set it up in the living room. All decorated in the season's finery it was even more beautiful than I had imagined it would be.

Another Christmas, I got up early (about 4 a.m. I think). I couldn't stand it any longer. Holey socks! You should have seen the presents around the tree, including a wind-up train with a tunnel. Ginny soon joined me and we were having a ball, when suddenly, Dad's voice said, "What's going on?" Uh, oh — but he was smiling and got down on his hands and knees and joined us. Mom soon came out and every one had a good time. Boy! What a Christmas!

While I'm on the Christmas subject, I'd like to mention the one in 1933. Mom and Dad gave me a drawing board and a T-square. Over the years, the [T-square] perished. But the drawing board I still have and use it virtually every day. In fact, I'm writing this on it right now. You might call it a present for a life time.



Lloyd Nightingale was mentored by E.F. Lincoln and became an artist himself. He drew this sketch of his old Teaticket homestead, probably using the drawing board he got for Christmas in 1933.