

Yo-ho-ho and a Radar Set

The King of Calf Island and his buried treasure were back in the news last week—for the last time. The King, a wild, unemphatic, silent man, came to Boston in 1846, got a lonely job as keeper of Bug Light, finally retired to salt-bleached solitude on an outer harbor island. By waterfront legend, he was one of the pirates who had ravaged the West Indies early in the 17th Century, had come to the U.S. from Canada after murdering a man with a barrel stave. The King died in 1882 without discussing the matter.

Twenty years later, a man who claimed to be his brother spent weeks probing the sands of storm-swept Great Brewster Island off Boston with long steel rods. He told a wharf bartender, a lighthouse keeper and a peg-legged man named John Nuskey that he was hunting a map, key to a



EDWARD ROWE SNOW & TREASURE

treasure which had been buried by the King.

Death under a Dory. The peg-legged man, still alive in 1937, passed the story on to a Boston writer and photographer named Edward Rowe Snow. Shortly thereafter, in the best treasure-hunting tradition, Peg-leg Nuskey was found dead under an upturned dory with a towline around his neck. But he had talked to the right man. Snow, a burly descendant of New England sailing masters, had been hunting treasure, unsuccessfully, for 20 years. He began trying to track down the King of Calf Island's gold.

World War II halted his search for a while. Commissioned a first lieutenant, he did photo reconnaissance with the 12th Bomber Group, was wounded in North Africa. A fortnight ago, healed and discharged, he went to Great Brewster Island to take up once more the search for the legendary gold.

He failed to find a map, but he unearthed a 17th-Century Italian book beneath the floor of a deserted shack. Just to have it appraised, he took it to Harriet Swift of the Boston Public Library. She turned the leaves, noticed a pattern of pin-holes on page 101. The holes pierced letters, formed a simple code message. Its exciting intelligence: the King of Calf Island had buried a treasure on Strong Island, off the shore of Cape Cod.

A Small Copper Box. Snow and his brother, Donald, headed for the island last week with a shovel and an electronics device like a mine detector, used in locating metals. Five times they dug down, found buried hulks. Their sixth excavation hit the jack-pot: a small, encrusted copper box. It was full of tarnished old coins minted in Peru, Mexico, Portugal, France and Spain.

At most the treasure was worth only \$1,900, but it was the King's trove and Snow was jubilant. Beaming at his find, he planned to get a radar set, go hunting storied New England hulks (among them the British Privateer *Mary Ann*, sunk off Chatham with \$1,000,000 in bullion) which have hitherto evaded unscientific treasure seekers.

Captain Entered Shipwreck Protest

In the Provincetown town records is an interesting document wherein the skipper of a wrecked vessel protests the elements for wrecking his sloop.

It reads, in part: "Be it known and made manifest to all whom it may concern that on the 28th day of January, at Provincetown, Cape Cod, in the county of Barnstable, State of Massachusetts, came and disered of us the Subscribers Selectmen of Provincetown, to grant him a protest which we have done as far as the law admits upon condition he maketh oath untoe the town clerk of Sed town and the Sed town clerk to make record of the Same—

"Joshua Howard, master of the sloop Peggy, Caleb Howard and Isaac Terrel, seamen on Board the Sed Sloop and made declaration That on the 21st of inst, January we left Cape Ann . . . (then follow details of the voyage) . . . then made the surf but being so near the Shore had not room to ware Ship So in an Instant was in the Breakers where we Struck and soon grounded. Wherefore I do protest against the wind and weather and seas whereby said sloop & all concerned hath or may suffer any loss or damage this done & protested to at Provincetown, in the State of Massachusetts this 28th of January A. D. 1792.

CAPE COD FACTS

by
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Brewster

There have been many stories of buried treasure along the shores of Cape Cod, but probably the most authentic, if any can be called so, is the story of Money Hill, Provincetown.

About 1817, Manuel Caton, a small boy, ran away from his home in Lisbon. He made his way to the wharves and shipped on a merchantman bound for America.

CAPTURE BY PIRATES

Small as he was he made himself useful, the vessel made a good crossing and expected to be in port within the week. When only a few miles off the coast another vessel came up from astern and overtook the wallowing merchantman. She proved to be a pirate and attacked as soon as she came in range.

The Merchant crew knew the fate they might expect at the hands of the pirates and fought stubbornly. But they proved no match for the better armed pirate vessel and her crew. Coming along side, grappling irons tied the two vessels together. During the hand to hand fighting Manuel was knocked into a corner where he lay unseen until the last of his sailor friends had been butchered.

The pirates were half decided to kill the boy, but as a doctor was needed he was sent ashore to find one. All that black night he cowered shivering on the Provincetown beach.

It was here that Freeman Bowley found him the next morning. He was such a tearful, frightened little fellow that the kind-hearted Freeman took him home with him. From a casual cast-away Manuel became one of the family and grew to manhood under the Bowley roof.

DIGGING FOR "TREASURE"

After his first explanation of how he happened to get ashore Manuel would say no more about the pirates. The few days of fright he had put in with the freebooters were always in his memory, and he seemed to fear they would seek retribution.

One day while listening to idle talk of buried treasure, he happened to mention the treasure buried under a large hill near Provincetown. The news created a great uproar, but in spite of all coaxing Manuel would say no more. He had said enough, however, for people to believe that he had actually seen riches buried there. Diggings began to show all over the mound, and for the want of a better name, it came to be known as Money Hill.

No treasure was ever found, until one day when interest had nearly gone, Ernest Cabral unearthed a clinking object. It proved to be a tiny silver anchor and caused another wave of excitement, but except for an old kettle, probably a relic of Indian days, nothing further was ever taken from the hill. Today the law which prohibits excavations on the Province Lands denies us the pleasure of digging for pirate gold, but who knows—perhaps untold riches do lay deep under the sands of Money Hill.

One of the most thrilling sights was seen on Peaked Hill bar shore at 7:30 Saturday morning. The seven men and one woman comprising the company of the brand-new three-master, Theta, Capt. Marsters, stranded on the bar, were brought through a terrible sea to shore by a crew of life-savers representing three of this district's station crews.

The Theta (Br.) with plaster from Cheverie for New York, dashed upon the inner bar at 3:30 in the morning during a haze that prevented a glimpse of the lights and while a smart gale was blowing from northeast and piling a heavy sea upon the bar.

The fact of this being the vacation season of the life-savers accounts for the predicaments of the big vessel until daylight, only the Keepers of the various stations being on duty in June and July when no patrol is kept night or day.

Keeper Cook of Peaked Hill station was early astir and notified the keepers to right and left along the beach.

Keeper Fisher of Race Point drove into Provincetown and sounded the alarm, drumming up such of the station crew as were in town and these hurried by wagon to the scene of the wreck. The boat was dragged to a point abreast the wreck and launched about 7 o'clock. A 1-minute pull sufficed to put the boat right under the cat-heads. Connection was made on the instant, and one by one the Theta's company slid down the rope from rail to boat and were stowed away between thwarts.

Capt. Cook had Ben Henderson, Will Carlos and Silva of his regular crew and George Bowley of Highland and Fred Franzen of High Head stations in his boat.

The Theta was gotten off with but little damage and towed into the harbor Tuesday.

January 8, 1856 the whaling schooner Mountain Spring of Provincetown, Captain Moses Young, capsized during a sudden storm in the bay of Cintra on the coast of Africa, with the loss of thirteen of the sixteen on board. Captain Young of Provincetown survived.