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YOUR WEEKLY GUIDE TO CAPE COD - 1955

Sandpipers
On the Cape

ONE of our most interesting and loveable shore birds is the sandpiper. Celia Thaxter has immortalized this little bird in her poem, "One Little Sandpiper and I," in which she gracefully tells of her walking the beach with "one little sandpiper" accompanying her, as it were, while she hurried to avoid an approaching storm.

There are several kinds of sandpipers. The two most familiar on our coast, including Cape Cod, are the semipalmated sandpiper, about six and one-third inches in length, and the "least" sandpiper, about six inches in length. They some-

times occur in flocks of hundreds on our shores and flats. They are confiding little birds as they trot along the shore, probing in the ooze for midge larvae and the like, and sometimes they will allow one to approach within a few feet of them without taking alarm. The semipalmated sandpipers and the "least" sandpipers are not so closely related as their similar appearance suggests. Their eggs look alike, too. Both species are often simply called "peeps."

Once it was considered proper sport to kill these birds. Dozens would be brought down at a single discharge of a shotgun. Luckily for them, and for us, those unhappy days are gone, and bird lovers when they come to Cape Cod on vacation, are assured the presence of these friendly shore birds.

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"Fogs, Storms, and
Tossing Billows"

WERE the frequent experiences of one of Cape Cod's deep-sea skippers who went on his last cruise during spring this year. Captain Manuel Enos was one of the Cape's able mariners, a group fast vanishing now, who were deep-sea sailormen. Always a Cape Codder, he went to sea as young as twelve years. Thereafter, for many a year, his home was on the bounding wave, with only the skin of his ship between him and the water. He went with his vessels to fish off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, the Western Banks, and Sable Island. An apt and natural sailor, he quickly acquired essential seamanship and at the age of twenty-three years he became the skipper of the deep-sea schooner Gertie S. Winsor. How proud he must have

felt to take her out, as her master, on his first such trip.

His many vivid experiences and an inherent capacity for it, made Captain Enos a fascinating sea-story teller. He often told, with undying sorrow, of the loss of his first love, the *Gertie S. Winsor*. She was the victim of a dense fog on Peaks Hill Bar, off North Truro — that graveyard of scores of fine vessels and their men. Captain Enos and his crew were taken ashore from her by the Coast Guard's using the breeches buoy. The loss of his vessel was all the more hard to bear since she had just weathered two violent storms on the way home, only to meet her doom "at the Cape End's back door."

On another occasion, while skipper of the *Annie Perry*, he was nearing Boston Light, when his vessel was rammed by a beam trawler and went down. All aboard were saved.