Nelson Sigelman looks forward to slaying more deer and catching more sharks with his friend Coop.

Deer completely eradicated from Martha’s Vineyard

State biologists from the Department of Fish and Wildlife (DFW) have confirmed that deer have been completely wiped out on Martha’s Vineyard.

Mr. Sigelman said since beginning his “lifelong hiatus” from The Martha’s Vineyard Times, he’s finally been able to hunt as much as he wants — every day, from sunrise to sundown.

“I’ve been dreaming about this for years,” he said. “And the best part is, I don’t have to write a goddamn article about it.”

Mr. Sigelman has been lionized by Lyme disease activists for eliminating the deer, which, along with white-footed mice, played a key role in perpetuating the growing tick-borne disease epidemic on the Island. He is being awarded the “Golden Tick” at a ceremony later this month, which he has already said he will skip.

“Why would I spend time with a bunch of annoying people when I could be out hunting?” he said.

Mr. Sigelman’s mood darkened when he realized there were no more deer for him to hunt.

“Fuck,” he said. “Now what am I going to do?”

Updated 11:30 pm

Huntman Nelson Sigelman has decided since there are no deer left to hunt on the Island, he will be returning from his “permanent hiatus” to the Martha’s Vineyard Times.

“What the hell else am I going to do, hunt mice?” he said. “You ever see what a 12-gauge does to a mouse? You ever see a mouse mounted on a wall? Besides, Norma said if I didn’t get out of the house, she was going to get my crossbow and give me a one-minute head start.”

Continued on Page A2

Good Job, Nelson

Nelson Sigelman’s retirement is a cultural passage in our business. Sometimes cranky, often wise, with an unblinking eye toward journalistic transgressions, Mr. Sigelman is a throwback to old-timey editors.

The kind of editor who loves words so much, he doesn’t waste them in conversation, or his own tongue protruding. This is the story I have heard Nelson tell the most often, and if we can not have a Photoshop of some dam in front of Mill Pond bowing up, I think it should be the photo on his newspaper.

He was out of town when the photo ran, but he did discuss it with Danielle (this is an important part of the story), and he never told people outside the paper, when they came down on him about its horribleness, that he had not picked it. This might have been my favorite story about Nelson, except that today I found out about his Japanese modeling career.

— Barbara Davis

And that’s an example of Nelson’s grace: I was sitting in his chair that week he was gone. He was on vacation, but spending it here on the Island hunting. When I saw the photo that Michael Cummo had shot of the dead deer with the rictus grin (the deer’s face had been sliced to show how many teeth he had, I believe), I thought it was an arresting image, and had a great back story. And suited the Island (hunting) season. But I knew it would elicit a strong response from our readers, so I asked Nelson what he thought. We decided to run it.

From the Grateful Publishers (no, not the band)

There was never any doubt that for Nelson publishers were like children — best seen but not heard. The model seems to be the Daily Planet’s Jimmy, Lois, and Clark along with gruff editor Perry White. And no publisher it would be hard to argue that at The MV Times, the publishers add much to each week’s paper, and we try to stay out of the way. Ours is a public business, though, requiring both high standards of professionalism and a very clear sense of community responsibility.

For those things we rely completely on our staff, and in leading from the trenches, Nelson has protected The Times and our culture, by example and as a teacher. Of course it would be disingenuous to omit that Nelson has also been a giant pain in my ass (as I hope I’ve been in return), but it has never been about anything except making The Times the best newspaper it can be. Barbara and I truly appreciate it. Happy hunting. —Peter and Barbara
Another appreciation

I suppose I should be endlessly grateful to Nelson for shoul-dering the weight of public disarray over that gruesome deer incident, an event that was from readers of MVTimes’ delicious homemade venison meatloaf might have helped some of those tender-hearted readers adjust their attitude, we never got away about the shark tournament, though (don’t go bringing in any sharkfood, Nelson, I’ll never be swayed!). —Danieille Zerbonne

And another one

I’ve been working with Nelson for about six years. Get you-thing someone who works under high-stress days, snow storms, and many late nights, when you’re the only one in the office, I will be the first to admit I have lost my patience with him, especially when I’m waiting to leave on a Wednesday night as he scribbles to write or edit the last of the news stories — there goes my dinner date. Tough love is how I describe our relationship, one of a boss/ employee or a father/daughter. He teases me about using my space heater in August, going for an hour run on my lunch break, eating a sweet potato almost every day for lunch, not reading the news stories, smoking cigarettes, and reorganizing the newsroom on a whim or for “the Cape Pogue season.” We seem to have a common understanding that neither of us has any idea how to do the other person’s job, but we each do a damn good job of our own. I’ve learned to trust Nelson over the years and I have learned a lot from him, ranging from learning to shuck scallops in the MVTimes kitchen to M.V. history lessons. I am learned a lot from him, ranging from learning to shuck scallops in the MVTimes kitchen to M.V. history lessons. I am

Portuguese translation

Nelson used to terrify me. When I started to write the Brazilian column, I made every effort to avoid him. For awhile I was successful and even wrote about Lidia Marinda. During the process of getting the story ready, Nelson taught me some life lessons. He told me that I would have to make a choice about what kind of reporter I would be, and what were the stories that would motivate me to exercise integrity and fairness. Perhaps the biggest lesson he taught me is that we don’t always know other people, we don’t pretend to know what they are going through, or even feed them words. He constantly reminded me that the biggest act of fairness that we could do for people is to give them the opportunity to speak for themselves, to tell their stories from their perspective. Nelson, thank you for taking the time to teach me so much about writing for your honesty, and for allowing me to share pieces of my culture with you.

A couple things I know about Nelson

H e is kind and generous, with a great sense of humor. This may jar with some Times alumni recollections, and it sometimes jars with mine. I recollect well his attempts to corral a couple of us in my various residencies at the Times. But overall he put up with a lot more from me than I put up with from him, even though we stand on opposite ends of the spectrum on many matters, particularly political. I usually unfairly answers my emails, no matter how trivial or close to deadline. And he is gracious and uncomplaining when I still stupidly try to proofread Naz uniform, totally unskilled, and issue corrections from home late on Wednesday afternoons — or even after the paper is printed. He’s given a lot to this island we love, and he’s hope it goes well with his alpaca, in fish and deer and ducks as well as good wishes for his future! —Sara Crafts

Alpaca appreciation

It was a pleasure working with you for the dozen years! Wishing you happy days of fishing, and lots more, ahead! —Barb Roncetti

And another appreciation

Thirteen years is a long time to work together and not get on each other’s nerves. Somehow we always managed to stay out of each other’s way — until needed something. Always there, always willing, always helpful. We’ll miss you, Nelson! —Carrie Blair

Yet another appreciation

He is a first-rate fisher, hunter, and friend. —Don Lyons

Touche is how I describe our relationship, one of a boss/ employee or a father/daughter. He teases me about using my space heater in August, going for an hour run on my lunch break, eating a sweet potato almost every day for lunch, not reading the news stories, smoking cigarettes, and reorganizing the newsroom on a whim or for “the Cape Pogue season.” We seem to have a common understanding that neither of us has any idea how to do the other person’s job, but we each do a damn good job of our own. I’ve learned to trust Nelson over the years and I have learned a lot from him, ranging from learning to shuck scallops in the MVTimes kitchen to M.V. history lessons. I am learned a lot from him, ranging from learning to shuck scallops in the MVTimes kitchen to M.V. history lessons. I am

‘Where’s Nelson?’

The publishers of “Where’s Waldo?” in collaboration with The MV Times have recently announced their newest live show通风ven on the pages of “Where’s Nelson?” We are delighted to offer readers of The MV Times the opportunity to continue praying to Nelson after he left us out of the blue. This unprecedented new challenge means Vineyarders will not have to transition their prayer and rage to a new editor. Can you find Nelson? Is he in the woods? On the water? Or perhaps he would do such a thing...He is, as you know, a first-rate fisher, hunter, and friend. Yet another appreciation it fit like no other, while still keeping all the important ingre-ndings of the cooker — for his future!

Editor displays compassion

One winter morning I showed up at the newsroom to a horri-cal voicemail left for me by a MVRHS cross-country runner, who had been “on crutches” for weeks. On the contrary, I felt like he was owed consistent coverage without ever reaching out to me, the sports editor. His voicemail was full of personal attacks and how terrible I was at my job.

I spun around in my chair, tears in my eyes, asking Nelson, who was working, “What would you do?” He would do his work and, in his usual calm, composed tone, he said, “If a story didn’t fit, you always know where things stand. Nelson’s ability to dice up with from him, even though we stand on opposite ends of the spectrum on many matters, particularly political. He called him to defend me. Me! A new photographer/sports editor just trying to acclimate to a new environment. I’ll never forget what Nelson did for me. It is, to me, the definition of what a successful and competent editor in-chief should be like, and Nelson was all that and more. I can honestly say Nelson is the best boss I’ve ever had. He led by example and did it in fine fashion.

Plus, after the phone call that was completely agreeable the rest of the year. Don’t mess with Nelson or you’ll get the horns. —Michael Cummo

Good Job, Nelson

Continued from Page A1
sandy beaches, known to write around a fact we don’t have, and sometimes we choose to ignore the need for facts. Nelson finds it right away, and makes you crazy. He doesn’t have a list of editors with a terse “good job” and are willing to listen to rage and vitriol from readers and reporters who know they are right (and are absolutely, without a doubt, wrong about a story or an editor). The kind of people who can neither the story was right. Good job, Nelson. —Jack Shue

‘Deepler Departed’

Continued from Page A1
custom, we debated what cutline to run on the photo. I can’t remember if the story of Nelson was suggested “Deepler Departed,” but that was my favorite. For good sense prevailed, and we didn’t use it. Well, that weekend (and for weeks, and months after), everywhere I went, people approached me, expressing dubiul that “Nelson would put the photo on the front page.” I’d tell people it had been my decision and it wasn’t his fault. Because they knew me and thought my sensibilities to be . . . different from Nelson’s, they assumed I was just taking the fall for him, and that it had nothing to do with me. I don’t persuade them otherwise. And when people called him,nelson, he didn’t care (and the month after), and readers sent letters, he never said, “That was Jamie’s call.” He listened, said we stood by our decision, ran the letters in the paper, and moved on. —Jamie Stringfield

Seligman bitten by plum bug

Month of speculation ended on Thursday, Oct. 27, when Nelson Seligman, departing editor of the Martha’s Vineyard Times, announced at his going-away party that he would be hanging out his shingle as a plumbing contractor. Mr. Selig- man’s new company, called Flush with Success, will be located in the retail space on Main Street in Vineyard Haven formerly occupied by Juliska. Plans to specialize in high-end toilets,” said Mr. Seligman. After keeping the johns running at the Times office for 20 years, I know enough about flappers, flush valves, and overholt to write a book. Coming at least at a very long Oi Ed lace.”

When asked whether his new endeavor would still allow him to indulge his passion for hunting and fishing, Mr. Selig- man became almost giddy. “Did you ever try to get a plumber during the Derby, or during deer season? Forget it, they take their phones off the hook!” For more information, go to flushwithsuccess.com —Evlhatias

— Geoff Carrier

business briefs

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TRADEMARK
I confess: I’ve been procrastinating about writing something about Nelson. What would I say about my editor of 11 years, the longest I have ever worked for the same boss? Then I heard his voice in my head. “Just knock it off quickly,” he would say impatiently, as he often did when I struggled with an article. “I shouldn’t take you more than 15, 20 minutes.”

And the maddening thing was, Nelson could do that. He could write a whole article in a quarter of the time it took me to write a few paragraphs. He possessed the skill to write succinctly and quickly, and I spent a decade trying to master his technique. Six times a day, he would sit at his laptop many, many times across the newsroom behind me, the sound of the keys clicking in staccato time as he typed with two fingers as fast as many 10-fingered typists. I knew there was no escape. Every 15 minutes or so, he would yell over to me, “Janet, how are you doing? Are you done yet?”

I started at The Times with a few advantages over other new reporters. My husband and I had a home in Oak Bluffs, and I already was familiar enough with the Island to know better than to write “Oaks Bluffs.” But after my first day on the job, I realized how much Nelson knew about all things Martha’s Vineyard and how much I had to learn.

Within the first week, I quickly dropped whatever trace of “Texas speech patterns” I had left and spoke faster and in sentences to avoid his withering look, disinterest and irritation. Oftentimes, while I was on phone calls with sources, Nelson would slip a note to me with a question he thought I should ask. I used to marvel that in the midst of constant phone calls he held fielded, he had the uncanny ability to keep one ear tuned. I thought it was a gift, certainly, and most treasured resources. Trips to get a cup of coffee at Xtra Mart, a cup of yogurt at Stop and Shop, or pick up my mail at the Post Office yielded some of his best tips.

Nelson knew that I like cats, which became a long-running subject of teasing from him. He once came back from vacation with a gift for me. It was a bright red bumper sticker with white letters reading, “Cats — the other white meat.” I think he realized, though, how many traits he and cats have in common: fiercely independent, sociable when necessary, and good at hunting.

Nelson was my mentor, my teacher, my sounding board on everything that went on in the newsroom, but pretty much everything that was going on around the Island. If he didn’t hear about it, he would find out. He asked, and he knew. He also knew all the most treasured resources: Trips to get a cup of coffee at Xtra Mart, a cup of yogurt at Stop and Shop, or pick up my mail at the Post Office yielded some of his best tips.

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On his many outings, Nelson Sigelman recently retold an amusing story to The Martha’s Vineyard Times. He notes how a full moon one winter evening suggested itself to him in regard to day-to-day activities. He could not absolutely rule out the possibility of sighting a wild animal. There was a lot of snow, and the tracks were not visible. Nelson Sigelman recently retold an amusing story to The Martha’s Vineyard Times. He notes how a full moon one winter evening suggested itself to him in regard to day-to-day activities. There was a lot of snow, and the tracks were not visible.

Nelson Sigelman, Vineyard Haven; DOB 12/6/50, was an accomplished editor, writer, and artist. He had been the editor of the Martha’s Vineyard Times for over 20 years. Nelson was known for his dry sense of humor and his ability to convey complex ideas in a simple, straightforward manner. He was a respected figure in the community and will be missed by many. Please join us in remembering Nelson Sigelman and his contributions to our community.

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