

"All The Dirt That's Fit To Dish."

THE CAPE-ENDER

Copyright 1938 by Elizabeth L. Duval

First Edition

Provincetown, Mass., Thursday, August 11, 1938

Five Cents

Publisher — Elizabeth L. Duval
Editor — Bill Steele
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Advertising Manager — Randolph Bowers

Due to personal business Miss Wells was forced to leave Provincetown suddenly last week, and the Provincetown Log suspended publication.

In the face of the popular demand we bring you The Cape-ENDER, under a new management. Next season we would like to expand our publication to cover the entire Cape End. We ask the help and support of our friends to further this ambition.

To our advertisers, contributors and supporters our sincere thanks for making this first edition possible.

May we count on you again during the coming three weeks?

The Cape-ENDER

Amateur Night Packs Mooring Mast

Sunday's Amateur Night at the Mooring Mast went over with a crash, with the assembled mob putting on as big a show as the self-styled amateurs.

Betty (Summertime) Lodge sang Gershwin's "Summertime," Richard (Sunday Evening Concert) Malaby sang and played his own lyrics to his own scores, and Shirley (Donald's sister) Van Wart played Snow White—in costume. The three pooled and divided the first three prizes, but not without stiff competition.

Vivian Duncan, the beautiful girl from the Beach Everbreeze got a terrific hand for her tap dancing, Viki Girard pleased all with her monologue of a cigarette girl in a night club, and a violinist whose name has escaped Frances Bell for the moment, was more than just good.

Mistress of ceremonies for the evening was Blanche Ring, and in spite of the size of the crowd, she managed to keep everything well under control; giving in to the whims of the gang only at the end of the show, when she obliged by singing a few of her favorite songs.

ALL A MISTAKE

As far as the Cape-ENDER is concerned, the We All Make Mistakes contest that graced the pages of the Log was named too well.

From the lack of response on the part of the reading public, their views on the matter coincide closely with ours.

Following the line of least resistance, we intend to forget the matter.

Okay?

Art Ass'n Ball Due Aug. 19

The Provincetown Art Association Ball will be held at Town Hall on the night of Friday, August 19.

The theme of the costume affair will be "Midsummer Night in Old Portugal," and a Chamarita danced in native costumes is planned as one of the features.

William L'Engle and Helen Sawyer, well known artists, will act as judges to award the six prizes.

Coulton Waugh, head of the committee on arrangements, has been busy planning for what should prove a gala affair.

Terrace To Hold Fashion Show

Late summer and early fall styles will be shown at a Fashion Show to be held at the popular Provincetown Beach Terrace at three o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, August 11.

Represented at the Show will be the products of the Cape Cod Fishnet Industries, the gowns of Dorothy Couteaur, and the hats of Sally Victor. Accessories and dresses from Marion Blakeman's Personal Appearance Shop will also be on display.

Models for the afternoon will be Miss Diana Spencer, Miss Shirley Pell, Mrs. Luther Howes, Mrs. Gervin O'Brien, Miss Kitty Young, Miss Ruth Roberts, Mrs. Vernon Stoneman, Mrs. Brent Wells, Mrs. Hawthorne Bissell and the Misses Dorothy and Betty Miner.

Marvin Waldman will play his piano, and Georgine will sing her songs the way you want to hear them.

Madelon Rowley Hits The Deck

The cheering heard in the vicinity of the Deck of late is the result of the announcement that Madelon Rowley will be hostess during cocktail hour at that spot starting Friday afternoon, August 12.

Madelon's cheering herself, and justly. She's inaugurating something that the Deck has long been in need of—entertainment afternoons and evenings, and daily specials that are priced way down.

Time: Monday night. Scene: Night Club. Player: Van Wart. Listening: La Palmer. Tune: "The Lady Was a Tramp." Result: Panic.

Meet Your Friends At Mack's Bar
—Adv.

— Cape Cut-Ups —

PROLOG—Being new to this game we do not know how to start a column, so we will just say that we don't aim to be malicious but if you stick your neck out we most certainly shall hit it, and hard. Just to prove our credo, there will be no crack about NAOMI this week. So .. here we go—

Down to the East End, the BEACH TERRACE and over-production .. Too much wheat is too much wheat, and so is MERRICK .. 'taint funny anymore .. it's Vox Pop speaking pals. GEORGINE who wowed 'em at the Ball has clicked again, and big time too .. EDDY DUCHIN looked, listened and signed at that Ritz-Cariton audition Friday. .. Her Pappy's chest is out to here, he's that proud of his little wonder girl .. and rightly too. All the best youg lady, but "Stay As Sweet As You Are." MAIDA HUNEKER, MARVIN and JACK BEAUCHAMP who took her Bostoning went on to Marblehead and GERRY GERARD'S for the night .. we smell a story there, or could we be wrong And speaking of Marblehead, one hears that there is considerable traffic twixt here and there these mid-nights .. Well - well - well.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN DEPT. Mixing two babes and a bottle is no cocktail to cure that empty feeling. Better write a letter son.

It's nice to see MADELON ROWLEY back in town .. the swains are being very attractive. Somebody give her a job, quick, so we can keep her here. It will help us not to miss MARY ELLEN BEAUCHAMP who takes herself and super-son BUTCH off to Old Lyme and the WILBUR FISK'S for a protracted visit. Ducking Augustitis no doubt. Also in the departures column—MARION WELLS who goes Nooyawking soon .. but don't let it start your tongues awagging. Say your good-byes to the HARRY HALLAHANS who also leave for heat and humidity.

BETTY and DOTTY DECK have moved away from that place .. too bad. We wonder why the management doesn't get wise to itself and pay some attention to the suggestions of its patrons .. the customer isn't always wrong .. and we don't mean TOM MORAN, a swell gent doing his best .. it's awfully hard to reach around that eight ball. One hears that DOTTY will soon be with the MOORING MAST .. a smart move MR. CLAY.

FRANKIE DEARS did NOT write that column and you pipples that have been making talk should take shame to yourselves. Incidentally, the intrepid animal trainer is still carrying his arm in a sling as a result of his clawing at the hands, or should we say paws, of his charges ballnight. However the show must go on, so all credit to you fella.

Tops in silliness for the week was that open letter in The Advocate. It was in almost as poor taste as that radio broadcast. The signers thereof deserve a great big onion which is hereby offered. When will these people learn that THE BEACHCOMBERS is strictly a social group and aspires to be nothing else .. and isn't it almost time for the annual RICHARD MILLER—GEORGE ELMER BROWN fueled to come to life? The Kentucky hills have nothing on the Massachusetts dunes .. also by way of a victory dinner the Beachcombers punch-bowled again last Wednesday eve .. this time JERE SNADER stayed sober .. which is more than can be said for MESSRS. RANN, MCKAIN and DARBY.

What goes on with THE FLAGSHIP ggs? Why don't people tell us these things? All eyes there, the other night, were on that funny man TEDDY HART, who just finished a marathon in ROOM SERVICE .. it took a straw hat production, seen on the way here to make him think the play was funny. (GEORGE ABBOTT please note). There's a certain gregarious corner in the Ship which they call the BOTTOM OF THE GARDEN .. render unto Caesar the fruits that are Caesar's, we always say. JOE O'BRIEN asks why PAT doesn't serve up those succulent mosquitoes we have always with us this season .. two bits a plate with A-1 sauce .. well, it's an idea.

DONALD VAN WART, the WHITE WHALE thrush is sporting a wooden GB pin these days .. better go to bed earlier Toots or you'll lose that schoolgirl complexion. DONALD'S sister SHIRLEY is a visitor, and a cute trick too .. FRANK BLAIR, the everpresent, seems to think so too, as he immediately attached her to his string .. nice going boy.

CANDID CAMERA SLAPS—Have you heard the definition of a sissy? Ask CHARLES DARBY .. it's a honey. HAZEL WERNER and CHARLES KAESLAU are seen with heads together these many nights .. what makes? Who is that gent in gay pajamas who strolls
(Continued On Page Three)

Full Faces

by Anton Van Dereck

BRUCE MCKAIN: THE MAN WITH THE ITCHING FOOT

Compromise is a diplomatic word but it is not the exclusive right of diplomats. It enters into most of our living moments if we are social creatures, and it makes social life possible. The greatest initial compromise of all might very well be one that occurs when we reconcile our childhood dreams of adventure with the prosaic facts of life. Adventure usually includes fleas and frost-bite and mouldy bread. But no matter how annoying these things may be, we still dream of some day doing what we want to do, and idealize the possibilities of those moments which give us back our day dreams.

Painting is an adventure that is a complex synthesis of personality and reality; of materials and technique. Individual, and highly personalized reactions determine the precipitate which is the result of this organic chemical experiment called art. And the laboratory in which this experiment is carried out is the world of living, changing, organic human individuals.

This preamble to introducing Bruce McKain may be trite but as Bruce couldn't figure out what there was to write about him that could possibly be interesting to anyone, some way of starting the story had to be found.

However, Bruce exemplifies the individual who is in search of something, and is willing to put up with the inconveniences of adventure in order to find it. He left Indiana because he wanted to get away from what he felt he had already finished with. He attributes his pilgrimage to Provincetown as caused by an itching foot. The more practical reason was to enter Hawthorne's class in 1928, and study long enough with him to learn how to paint hands. Hands at that time were important things, it seems. What was more important, though, was to put a thousand miles between himself and Indianapolis.

The adventure had begun! It has continued ever since, although the road has been full of detours. Bruce is a big man, and has to eat. He enjoys convivial tipping, and that requires cash. A studio, paints, canvas and models are expensive, and time has to be purchased. All of these things he has supplied himself by doing odd jobs—the frost bite and the fleas along the road. Despite the needs that must be supplied, he continues to paint. Just where the road is leading to can't yet be seen, but if persistence and good natured courage count for anything, McKain will find the goal he is pushing toward. And very likely once there, the itching foot will keep him on the move until a wreath is placed on his head. He won't worry much then whether it be laurel!

Essays On Stuff

James Kirk Merrick

Fishing! Ah, to be off with rod and reel over the brine. Why not? Let's!

Devotee of Isaac Walton (See "Famous Men in Folk Lore Made Easy" by Albatros Boniface Merrick, Doubledaily Dorian, page 1745 at the bottom, please. Ed.) Devotees of Isaac Walton, then, may be divided into three groups—the serious male fishers—the serious female fishers—and the for-the-hell-of-it fishers. I have tried time and repeatedly to tell the first two groups things, but would they listen? Of course not, the serious zanies. Let them go, I say, and you for-the-hell-of-it ones gather around.

First say, "Let's go fishing!" Then sprint to the sporting goods store, beam at the clerk and say, "I am going fishing. Will you satisfy my needs, please." You may think this puts you at his mercy. Maybe it does, what matter. (See "Mercy Me, and How to Avoid People" by Donald Dix Merrick, published by Bonnybanks Liveright, Ed.) Buy all the junk he has for you but one thing—any one thing. Say, "Oh, I shall not need that, I have one of those from last season." He will mistake you for an old hand, and it will Show-Him.

Now run around the corner and get whatever it was you didn't get because you will probably need it—especially if it happened to be a hook or two. (Technical note—A hook is a bent piece of metal stuff usually sharp at one end, designed for tying on the end of the string or line and definitely for keeping out of the human anatomy. Author). (Technical comment—I might add, the fish don't like it any better than you do. This delicate point is ignored in fishing).

Throw everything and you into a sailboat with a bottle of your favorite iced tonic or other brew, and shove off! I suggest a sailboat because we had our sailing lesson in this column two weeks back and you're old tarts (pardon) Tars by now. Sort of killing two stones with one bird, as I always say.

Where are all the fishes? The quest is on! When you see a

flock of gulls screaming and diving like mad things, sail quickly to that spot. It may be just a party for Sadie Gull's natal day, but more than likely it's fish—and that's what we want, don't we? You don't, Sylvia? Well, quiet, please, I brought you here to fish and fish you shall!

Anchor near the gulls. (Technical point—Notice the word 'near' not to be confused with 'under.' Author.) Break open a bottle and just look at the harbor. It is lovely this beautiful morning. Great thunder clouds abound on all sides. Provincetown lies wrapped in a scarf of fog. One can see the rain in Truro. Quick! Look! There's an ever so small patch of sunshine on the Christopher Wren tower! Too late, Shirley, but you'll see it next summer.

Bottle empty? Down to the serious fun then. Bait your hooks everybody! Oh, golly, don't tell me. We really should have gotten some, I guess. (Technical point—Don't forget to buy the bait next time. Me).

What matter! Duck, me hearties, we're coming about. I know a swell fish market back in the village. The fish will be fresher than ours would be by the time we got 'em off the hooks anyway. And it has been fun!

Chisel and Palette

by John Beauchamp

I am not one of those citizens who feel that the only great paintings are wrapped up in moth balls. But I do think that a trip thru a museum now and then is important. The things that men have learned about painting during the last two thousand years are a painter's heritage and should be used.

No matter when a painting was made or whether it is a thing of great social significance or a simple expression of a man's delight in nature, form, color or abstract

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shapes, they all have one thing in common and that is fine craftsmanship.

Craftsmanship is not an end in itself but it is the thing that keeps it from coming out sour when you blow it in so sweet, and if your talent is so pale pink that it can't stand the rigors of a sound training, you might just as well stop now.

Humility is a fine thing to temper the inflated ego that most painters have and I know of no better place to get it than a museum. Some of those old boys were really painters.

A couple of years ago I was bringing a canvas of mine back from New York. It was a small canvas and I tucked it under my arm when I got to Boston and wandered out to the museum to kill time between trains. I checked the canvas at the office and went up to look at the pictures. It occurred to me then that this was a good time to do something I had always wanted to do: see how a canvas of mine would look in a gallery full of the old masters. I didn't expect to steal the show, but I did think that in such fast

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company I could get some idea of what the score was.

I did. It took a lot of explaining and fast talking to convince the director that this was the proper thing to do and that I had no ulterior motives. He finally said that it would be all right. I took my canvas, unwrapped it, and leaned it against the wall in one of the galleries where most of

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my favorite painters were—Here, copy boy!—take this stuff away. I can't waste my time writing—I've got too darned much to learn about painting!

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Book Notes

Gilbert Rich, of the public library, dropped into the Bookshop today, and as often happens, our talk turned to the topsy-turvy quality of Provincetown's book season. Nothing happens in this town on the same schedule as other places.

Summer, for example, is the season when publishers grind out quantities of what is charitably called "light summer reading." The theory is that the public, and that means you, goes a little balmy, what with the sun and all, and refuses any mental nourishment stronger than "Tiger Love," or "Some Girls Don't." Perhaps—but in Provincetown both the public library and the bookshop find that "summer reading" goes best in Winter, while the summer reader demands a diet of meaty non-fiction and serious novels.

Another case in point is the fate of two Faulkner novels which were popular sellers here in 89c reprints, but have just been remaindered at 39c, due to poor sales in less enlightened communities.

If you'd like to know just what Provincetown does read in summer here, are the leaders:

Best Renters in the Public Library:

1. The Yearling
2. Importance of Living
3. Rains Came
4. Bowleg Bill
5. Cape Cod Pilot

Best Renters at Provincetown Bookshop:

1. The Yearling
2. My Son, My Son
3. Young Man with a Horn
4. Serenade
5. The Citadel

And while I'm dishing statistics; the best selling non-fiction at the bookshop is the Cape Cod Pilot, best selling fiction is a tie between the Yearling and My Son, My Son, best selling Juvenile continues to be Ferdinand, which is nosing out Nez Hogan's new Kangaroo Twins.

Footnotes: JOE LINCOLN will crash through tomorrow with a new novel "A. Hall & Co.", priced at two-fifty, which I think is fifty cents too much. PROVINCETOWN AUTHORS will be interested to know that ROBERT SPELLER, formerly of Mohawk Press etc. has done it again, Beware the Jabberwock, my boy . . . JERRY DIGGES is swordfishing on a boat out of Gloucester, and may put in here, though I doubt it. . . . HARRIET ADAMS cook book, scheduled for publication this summer, has been postponed until just before Christmas . . . PAT HALLETT, whose Summer Notes stationery is the swellest buy on Cape Cod this summer, is planning a photographic record of Cape activities . . . so far, no Provincetown DOCTOR has published his memoirs, which is some kind of a record these days.

More Anon . . .

P. S.

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What Has Happened To Our Forests?

What has happened to our forests? When the Pilgrim Fathers sailed into the P'town harbor, they could see ash and walnut, birch, oak and pine growing to the water's edge. The very name Wood End is a token of a time when the tall trees stood like leafy masts where the blinking Light now stands.

We have a few solitary trees. What has happened to our forests?

The physiographer may give his scientific reasons. The economist may tell us they were cut down to make timbers for clippers and for whalers. A tattered crumbling fragment of a yellowing newspaper gives a third answer to the problem.

It seems that in 1831, Uncle Eliphalet Ghen and his wife, Aunt Tamsen, kept hens upon the outskirts of the Long Point settlement. As a matter of fact, they were living at Wood End.

One day in early October, they rowed across the Bay. As he fastened the oarlocks, it seemed to Uncle Eliphalet that he could hear a woodpecker rat-a-tat-tat-tatting somewhere in the shed. But he gave no further thought to it. He knew that one could never tell where a woodpecker was working.

His first impression had been right. The woodpecker was in the shed. It bored a hole in a barrel of beer, drank some, and fell into a drunken sleep. The hens, smelling the beer, scurried into the shed. They drank some, and then they too fell into a drunken stupor. In the twilight, when the Ghens returned, they saw their hens, seemingly dead, scattered all over their lawn.

It was a bad blow, but there was nothing to do. And, making the best of it, Aunt Tamsen plucked the birds and began to sew up some pillows. In the half darkness, she plucked the woodpecker too.

It had been a hard day. The Ghens went to sleep. They were awakened by a twittering. They lit the lanterns and ran out. They saw the sobering hens staggering over the lawn, all as naked as shorn lambs, as new born babes.

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Aunt Tamsen gathered the shivering fowl and put them into the warm feather-bed. Meanwhile, Uncle Eliphalet heard a wailing overhead. In some unknown fashion, the denuded woodpecker had managed to get up on the top branches of the tall ash near the house.

Uncle Eliphalet was a kind-hearted man. He swung the lantern till it shone on the miserable huddled bird. He felt that he must get it down. He must give it kindness, he must give it sympathy and warmth.

He tried to coax it down, but it was to no avail. He started to climb the ash, but he had long passed his prime. He tried to wheedle it down again. Aunt Tamsen tried her tact and charm. It was all to no avail.

Uncle Eliphalet saw his duty. He would let nothing stand in its way. Uncle Eliphalet took his axe and started to chop the ash down.

He made it fall away from the house. The ash fell into the thick woods and leaned on a walnut and a pine. The pitiable bird still stayed in the top branches.

Uncle Eliphalet saw his duty. Aunt Tamsen got his his comforted and she made him some warm milk. Uncle Eliphalet started to fell the walnut and the pine. And, sure enough, when they went over, they leaned upon an oak, two other walnuts, and a pine.

Uncle Eliphalet saw his duty. He sharpened his axe. Then he spat on his palms . . .

This is where the newspaper is torn. No other copies are available, and we can do no more than surmise what eventually happened. But if things continued in the same way as they started, it stands to reason that Uncle Eliphalet's soft heart gives us a third answer to the vexing problem of what happened to our forests.
Nat Halper

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Cape Cut-Ups

(Continued From Page One)

the streets these early A.Ms. . . from CAPT. JACK'S we think. That wrestler's frau, MARTHA by name, has certainly been throwing the EBs around town . . . JOHNNY DEARS is down . . . but ANN APREA stepped right in . . . look out for a body slam pal. Did you know that HARRY MARSHARD had signed our number one jivester for the winter season . . . a break for Marshard we think . . . and did you see that band perk up when he started in to give ballnight? HEATON VORSE and bride arrived and let us know they will be three . . . nice work HEATON, someday you may be president of the PTA. BETSY who was bedded is around again and wishes to thank all her friends for their solicitude and

attention . . . consider yourselves thanked. BRIT BOLTON surprised and pleased us all by his thoughtfulness on NEZ HOGAN'S birthday . . . we think he should be let out of the doghouse for awhile . . . which reminds us, what does he do around THE AQUARIUM all these nights? That item here, last week, about THE SHED seems to have been strictly a phony . . . so sorry, even though we didn't write it. People who have been wanting for years to get something on that certain matron around town have been chuckling for the last two weeks . . . it's a wonderful story . . . too bad it can't be printed. Ask your friends, they might know it.

THOUGHT FOR CLOSING, or, Text for the Week—Never sue anyone for libel, they might prove it on you.

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Sharps and Flats

by Marvin Waldman

The Fifth Weekly Free Concert of the P'town Art Association on Sunday last was really something. The line-up: Ellen Stone and Philip Palmer, French horn soloists; a string quartet with Frances Kessler (of the Flagship) and Fritz Fuglister, violins; Jo Hawthorne, viola; Jack Foster, 'cello; Richard Malaby was at the piano. The program, with its variety and color was received with enthusiasm by the biggest crowd ever to jam the Association Gallery.

A sextet for two horns and string quartet by Beethoven opened the program, followed by a trio for violin, piano and french horn. The evening ended with the grand Mozart composition "A Musical Joke," for two horns and strings.

Yes, the program was swell, and the ventilation, as usual, was lousy. Jo Hawthorne, however, has promised something is going to be done about something, and a ventilating system is in order. As you know, the concerts are free and naturally you can't expect the performers (tho' they suffer most) to supply fans; nor can you ask it of the sponsors who contribute both time and money to make these affairs a success. But you non-sponsors who attend and enjoy the music should get yourself on the sponsor list. And I make the suggestion that as you hand over your two bucks to one of the committee you ask that part of the money be applied to ventilation.

Deems Taylor once said that chamber music should be listened to in pleasant surroundings, and individual easy chairs; a drink, and cigarettes at hand. He really had something there; and still has. We can't expect the Art Association to supply us with the beer and smokes, but please won't some interested patrons come forward and give us more air!

Jimmy Lee, who's relaxing in North Carolina, is expected back at the Mooring Mast sometime in August. He's the chap who does the clever piano monologues.

If you're interested in the Shivers vs. Fredericks controversy we urge you to wait until the dance tune "Between You and Me" is published. That'll settle the matter. Personally, we liked Walt Shivers, even tho' P'town did have him groggy. Here's wishing him luck back in New York!

A gal we also wish good luck to is Georgine. She had an audition at the Ritz-Carlton Roof last week... Jack Marshard thought she was swell. Incidentally, Jack and his band open in the Persian Room of the Plaza, N. Y. C., early in September. Jack's brother Harry, who played the engagement for the successful Beachcombers' Ball, may be back to town next week. The Art Ass'n Ball is the occasion (Aug. 19). Don't quote me on this, however.

ASCAP is sponsoring an "Old Song Week" sometime in August over the Networks. If you're interested in the old ones buy the current Stage Magazine—you'll find some wonderful lyrics and be surprised who the lyricists were.

Irving Berlin's new tune "Now It Can Be Told" catapulted into first place this week. The Berlin name is still magical.

— Curtain Call —

by Francis Dears

I don't mind the kidding—but for the benefit of you who do not know me, I didn't write this column or review ALL'S WELL last week. Our well intentioned managing editor, Daphne Wells, forgot to sign her name, I guess, or the printer was too tired to change the by-line.

Anyhooooooo!... Jane Pickens has gone with the rain... although you never can tell what you'll find when the fog lifts. Of course there's always the quintuplets... or aren't they old enough to appear in Provincetown yet?... Jean Paul King stepped in front of the curtain at the Wharf Theatre last Friday night and spoke a very appropriate little piece... Just in case it's slipped your memory, Mr. King is associated with Mr. Skinner in producing the weekly bills at this tip-of-the-Cape theatre.

The following for Neil McFee Skinner's benefit... It's not my idea, either, although I think it deserves his consideration so I promised to mention it. August theatre goes in Provincetown would like at least two recent Broadway successes to be produced at the Wharf Theatre for their benefit. They are wondering why the July visitors should get all the breaks in that department. Tryouts, at best, are a gamble. All this because of the tentative schedule announced in last weeks program. It seems you're in a bit of a spot, Neil... you set a pretty high standard the first half of the season. Personally, however, I'm not worried... yet. But if YOU feel very strongly about it a post card or phone call to Mr. Skinner might help.

"WE DIE EXQUISITELY"

A new play in three acts by John Stuart Twist and Catherine Henry. Presented by Neil McFee Skinner at The Wharf Theatre, Provincetown, Mass.

Directed by E. Stanley Pratt. Set by Ray Tallman. Cast:

Steve, William Challee; Kirby, Neil McFee Skinner; Nicholas Garth, Milton Parsons; Judith Rudd, Helen Pickens; Peter Dixon, Charles Collins; Linda Mead, Patti Pickens; Jared Mead, Lionel Ince; Doris, Virginia Deane; El-lory Crane, LeRoi Operti; Burkhardt, Ralph Morehouse.

Melodrama runs rampant behind the footlights at the Wharf Theatre all this week in the form of a suicide pact between a group of very disagreeable characters. The novelty—if it is a novelty—is the nature of the "way out" which these people choose. The authors streamlined the road to oblivion in appropriate twentieth century manner and sent them

winging their way to death in a luxury-air-liner that would rival the China Clipper. Certainly the angels soaring with outstretched wings waiting to guide these poor beknighted souls to Saint Peter must have chuckled at their cumbersome efforts to fly into oblivion.

As a play, however, it died, and not too exquisitely. But the individual performances, and without exception they were all excellent, lived throughout the entire three acts in spite of a script which was so badly conceived that the entire first act, with the exception of the scene just before the curtain, which ran not more than five minutes, could have been completely cut. The second and third acts, I admit, were better fare, but even they were spotty and lacked pace, and this through no fault of the actors or the direction.

But in spite of all this your evening at the Wharf Theatre will be well spent if only because of Milton Parsons' superb characterization of Nicholas Garth. It is a different Mr. Parsons than you have ever seen before, and a performance you will not wish to miss. Neil McFee Skinner as Kirby, Charles Collins as Peter Dixon, Virginia Deane as Doris—but why pick and choose? Each and every one worked like hell to go to Hell on Monday night and worked with conviction. If I didn't like the play it wasn't their fault; because from a performance and technical angle it was tops.

To Chief of Police Anthony Tarvers go the heartfelt congratulations of the members of the staff of the Cape-Ender; and through them oft-heard praises from the people of the town; Never before has a summer gone by with the force as cooperative, kindly, and downright cheerful as it has been this year!

The Peasant Village

PETER HUNT

Provincetown, Mass.

Wharf Theatre

"We Die Exquisitely"

with

Charles Collins Milton Parsons
 Patti Pickens Helen Pickens

THE ATLANTIC HOUSE

BOHEMIAN BAR AND

COCKTAIL ROOM

Ira G. Iris, Mgr.

ARTIST'S THEATRE

PROVINCETOWN

Screen Stage
 Every Day But Sunday

Cream Of The Bilge

by Topping Lift

From the way the Provincetown Yacht Club craft stood up to the spanking breeze that prevailed during the races last Sunday, the Wellfleet boys had better produce some top-notch sailing in order to come out ahead next week end.

It was rough on the water last Sunday, and wet, but the unidentified crewman who went overboard from Leroy Fraser's "Karnow" on the beat up from the can, reports that the bay was warm. No one knows how the lad went over. He was on deck one minute, and fast disappearing astern the next. Fraser made the only possible move—reached over and hauled him aboard by the seat of his pants.

Another casualty of the afternoon was a bent spreader on Ted Rowley's "Imahah," caused by a combination of a broken head stay and a forced jibe at the bell.

In the second class race Phil Malicoat had the beautiful experience of finding that his tiller had gone overboard while he was tending his sheet. Phil, it is told, cursed soft and long and let his boat drift ashore. He spent the rest of the day working his weary way to a mooring.

Commodore Marge Seaver expects six or seven boats to go over to Wellfleet for the races next Saturday, and in spite of the fact that Provincetown will have to give a little larger handicap this year, she feels that the local fleet has a good chance of making it three straight wins. As the series stands now, Provincetown has won twice to Wellfleet's once.

Happy Sailing, Boys!

Bob Penn the lad who lives in the cement Igloo on the dunes by Peaked Hill Bars has just about finished a 9 by 11 foot addition to his little nest.

Cue To The Night Spots

Provincetown Inn

Dinners ... soft music ... dinner dance every nite ... beautiful dining room, beautiful view ... dressy, but not too ... fairly priced ... Mr. Peck, Prop.

Club Mooring Mast

Dinner ... good piano ... coolest place on a warm night ... fairly priced ... Portugese food a specialty.

Mack's Bar

A lot of fun for the town people and old summer residents ... just a bar ... inexpensive ... it's Mack's place ... just for drinks.

Flag Ship

Colorful atmosphere ... Zorilda at cocktail and dinner hours ... Gypsy music later ... Pat's boss ... young crowd predominates ... dinners, steak and lobster cooked on grille ... delicious but high.

The Beach Terrace

This place holds a certain top prestige ... Kirk Merrick & Georgine alternating nights ... Marvin at the piano ... cocktail hour tops.

Atlantic House

Host, Ira Iris ... hotel bar ... very gay ... small orchestra Saturday night ... town crowd but very, very, jolly ... try it late when in the dancing mood and not quite up to the Inn.

The Deck

Best place to dance ... entertainment afternoon and evening ... medium priced ... Madelon Rowley hostessing at the cocktail hour ... Tom Moran, host ... get him to tell you a story ... almost a city atmosphere.

Meet Your Friends At Mack's Bar —Adv.

LOBSTER HOUSE

On The Harbor

Cape Cod Shore Dinners

Charcoal Grilled Steaks and Broilers

Beer and Wines

"Tops in Town"

BEACH TERRACE

kirk merrick
 inimitable impressions

georgine
 song-swingstress

monday
 friday
 saturday

tuesday
 thursday
 sunday

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17th

COVER CHARGE 25c

"NIGHT IN CUBA"

DIANA DEL RIO

PROVINCETOWN THEATRE

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