

Feb. 21,1960

## Mrs. Daisy Pfeiffer

Mrs. Daisy T. (Throne) Pfeiffer, 81, a Provincetown resident for about 30 years, died Sunday in Modesto, Cal., at the home of her daughter, Miss Ruth Pfeiffer, with whom she had been living for the last three years. She had been in failing health for some time.

Mrs. Pfeiffer and her late husband, Heinrich R. Pfeiffer, who died three years ago, moved to Provincetown in 1919, where they operated an art supply store for 30 years. She was born in York, Pa., and attended schools there.

Survivors include three daughters, Miss Mary Pfeiffer of Philadelphia; Ruth, with whom she lived; Mrs. Grace P Bell of Provincetown, and a son, Chester D. Pfeiffer, and one grandchild, Shaun Pfeiffer, all of Provincetown.

Cremation and burial will be in Modesto. Cal.



- October 16, 1958 -

ANOTHER OLD PROVINCETOWN landmark is disappearing with the tearing down of the shop at the former Pfeiffer house on Commercial Street by the new owners, Mr. and Mrs. Kurt Ruckstuhl. Arthur Bickers tells us that back in the old days Mrs. Mary Liz Crowell and Miss Sarah Chapman ran a millinery establishment in the shop. They bought their own hats and kept them for season after season, the more trimming the more the demand. Miss Chapman died at the age of 90 in 1923. Millinery was quite a business in Provincetown in those days with the late Mrs. Hannah Curran and her shop in the Curran homestead which now houses the Perron Art Gallery and Gift Shop. And Miss Lucy Paine, sister of "Mid" Paine, also had a hat shop where the Viking Restaurant is now.



## A Sea Of Plenty

According to Will Young, many years ago a Provincetown parson went 'way out to the Middle West to find himself a wife and in order that she might not expect too much of life and its material comforts he picked for his bride the daughter of a parson.

He brought her back to the end of the Cape, showed her his church, the parsonage and the town. She was quite cheerful about it all and liked it. Then he took her over to the backside to give her what was her first real glimpse of the ocean. She said nothing, but merely stared.

A few days later she went out there alone, and the next and the next. She would go out and sit for long spells just looking at the ocean. Finally the parishioners began to ta'k about it and one made so bold as to ask her why she did it.

"Well", she said, "It's the first time in all my life I've seen enough of anything."