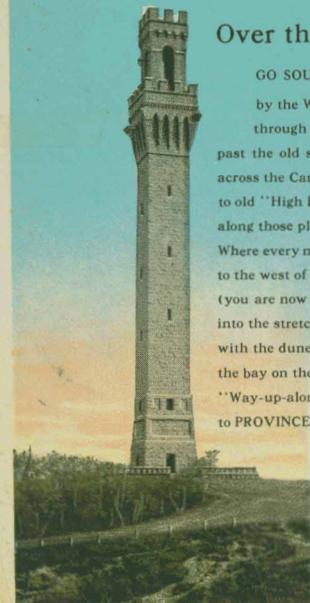


1551



Over the Road to Provincetown

GO SOUTH down the Old Colony
 by the Weymouths and Kingston to Plymouth,
 through the Plymouth woods,
 past the old shop where the Sandwich glass was made,
 across the Canal,
 to old "High Barnstable", the county town,
 along those pleasant streets which Joe Lincoln loves
 Where every man but one is "Capt'n. and he is fust mate"
 to the west of Highland Light,
 (you are now going north)
 into the stretch of road
 with the dunes on one side and
 the bay on the other
 "Way-up-along the shore,"
 to PROVINCETOWN.

From
 The Provincetown Book
 By
 NANCY W. PAINE-SMITH.

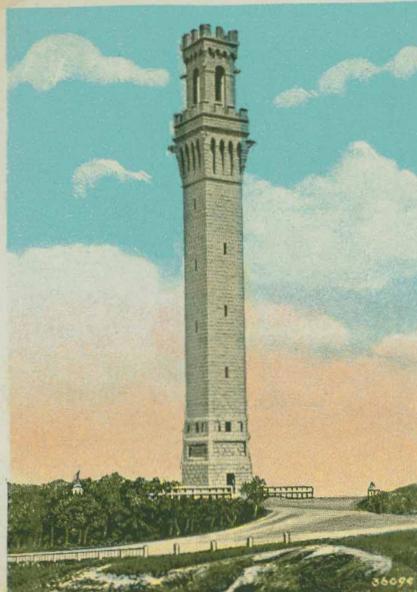
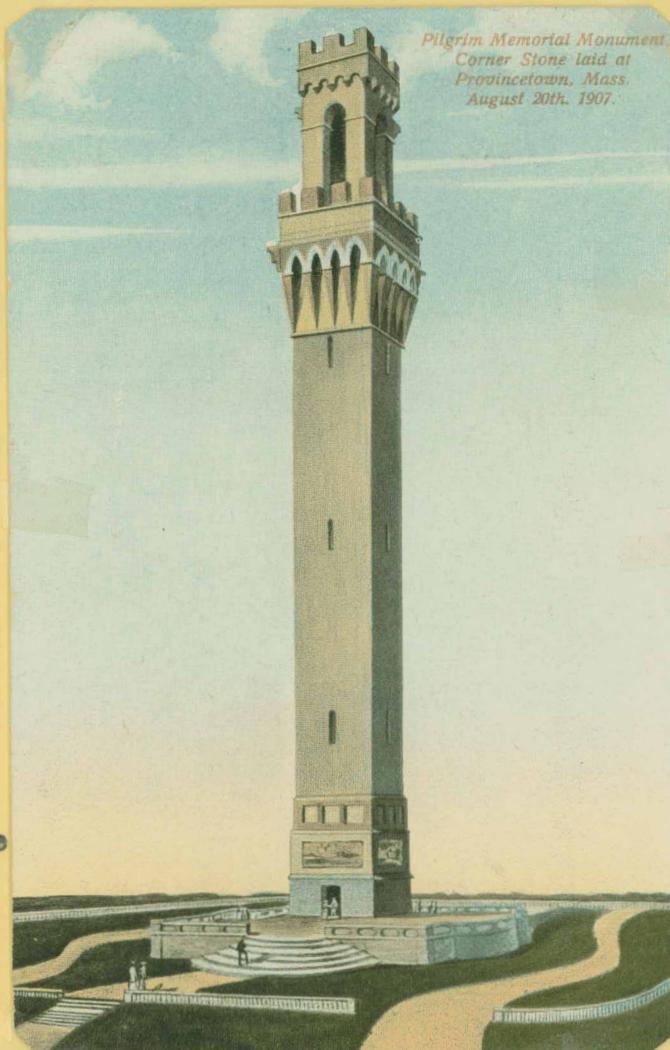
109. PILGRIM MEMORIAL MONUMENT, PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

112815

- 1928 -

A vision of how the
 Builders of the Monument
 saw the finished work,
 with murals or paintings
 in the base (now not yet come
 to pass (1970)

- A 1907 card -



Pilgrim Memorial Monument, Provincetown, Cape Cod, Mass.

PILGRIM MEMORIAL, PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

Inscription Upon the Bronze Tablet on the Face of the Monument, Written by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard College.

On November 21st, 1620, the Mayflower, carrying 102 passengers—men, women and children, cast anchor in this harbor 67 days from Plymouth, England.

The same day the 41 adult males in the company solemnly covenanted and combined themselves together "into a Civill Body Politick".

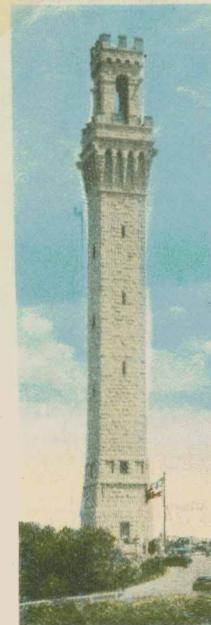
This Body Politic established and maintained on the bleak and barren edge of a vast wilderness a State without a King or a Noble, a Church without a Bishop or a Priest, a Democratic Commonwealth, the members of which were "straightly tied to all care of each other's good and of the whole by every one".

For the first time in history they illustrated with long suffering devotion and sober resolution the principles of civil and religious liberty in the practices of a genuine democracy.

Therefore the remembrance of them shall be perpetual in the great Republic that has inherited their ideals.

- 1928 -

PILGRIM MEMORIAL MONUMENT, PROVINCETOWN, CAPE COD, MASS.



OLD CAPE COD
 THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE
 Did you ever go down on Old Cape Cod,
 That place that speaks of peace and
 GOD,
 Where the trees, and flowers and even
 grass,
 Nod you a welcome as you pass,
 Where you hear the waves apounding
 the shore,
 When the wind's nor'east and the storm
 clouds lower;
 Where you breathe in the smell on the
 old salt grass,
 As on the highway of God's country
 you pass,
 No place in the world shines the sun so
 bright,
 Or the moon when it's full on a sum-
 mer's night,
 And the people "God bless them," that
 true do they ring
 They make you as welcome as the flow-
 ers in Spring.
 A hand clasp that thrills 'way down to
 the toes,
 Is the greeting one gets wherever he
 goes,
 Just to think of that place is to me,
 With its wonderful flowers and sky and
 sea,
 Like sweetest nectar, fit for a god,
 That I drink to the health of Old Cape
 Cod.

JOHN CHIPMAN.



SAND DUNES OF CAPE COD, PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

- 1928 -