

Cy Young, who runs the summer antique shop (junk, in winter) used to drive the "accommodation" for many years, and was on the job when it changed from horse to gas. In fact, when the first chain-drive machine was turned over to him, after a three-day trip from Brockton, he was told to put two quarts of oil in, every day, without fail. When the engine burned out the mechanic asked him why-the-devil he hadn't put oil in. He said he had, and showed him a little hole at the end of the post of the steering wheel, marked, "Oil here." Every day he had put two quarts of oil there, drop by drop, with a thumb-press oil can!

1943

August 22, 1945

By Irving S. Rogers

Antics and Antiques: One of the most popular loafing places and quaintest shops in town is "Cy" Young' Antique Shop. Local people and many summer regulars look forward to the daily visit and to the colorful tall tales that Cy is so adept at telling. On August 22nd the crowd got together and threw a big party to celebrate Cy's 84th birthday. There was a cake with all 84 candles, punch and songs. Of course all the old timers took a crack at telling yarns but the crown still rests on Cy's head for the best story teller. To wind up the glorious night Mattie Lewis had written a poem which is printed here.

There is a man in our town
His name is Josiah Young
And everybody knows him
And his praises always sung.

He is great for telling stories
You can just believe or needn't
The one that thrilled us most
Was the horse tied to the steeple.

He can turn his hand to anything
Or talk to you for weeks
But the thing he's most proficient in
Is the selling of antiques.

He can take a baby carriage
Place it out on the store step
Put a placard on the handle
Telling you of this and that.

But the final thing that sold it
As the tourists around it hung
Was the tell-tale ticket reading
"Carriage of George Washington."

This is only one of many
Of these relics he has sold
And the many, many stories
To the tourists he has told.

But, he says they always feel bad
That they didn't pay him more
For he often hears them murmur
As they go out by the door.

But, we often wonder whether
'Tis a murmur or an oath
Or whether it's a mixture
And maybe little of both.

But they always leave him smiling
And they're glad to come next time
He can sell them any article
From shoestring to fishing line.

CAPE COD STANDARD-TIMES, FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1946

85 Candles Adorn Cake



Josiah Young celebrated his 85th birthday anniversary at a surprise party given him by friends in Provincetown. A large cake with 85 candles was made by Mrs. Clarence Benson and was served with refreshments. Guests included Mr. and Mrs. Benson, Mr. and Mrs. T. Julian Lewis, Mrs. Adelaide Kenney, Irving Freeman, Manuel Silva, Captain Jo Dutra, George Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Earl deCreny, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Garrish, Bob Garrish and Paul Chapman. Mr. Young, who was born in Provincetown, conducted an antique shop there until recently. He now is living with his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Young in Hyannis. (Photo by Bell Studio.)

His shop has been a loafing place
Where the folks all love to come
And from seven to eleven
There is always plenty of fun.

On August 22nd in 1861
Is recorded on the records
Birth of Josiah Young
He has had full many a birthday
Till they've numbered 84
And we hope to have him with us
Until they number many more.

So, here's a toast to our own "Sye"
Who we cannot do without
Here's to a happy year ahead
"Happy Birthday!" we all shout.

Provincetown: Smuggled Finery

A reader remembers Si Young's father in Provincetown and the exciting tales he told of the smuggling there of the choice things from foreign voyages.

Sailing vessels would come up from the West Indies with cargoes of rum and cigars. Some of the houses had secret hiding holes in the walls for cigars: "Cover the holes with wallpaper; nobody would guess."

The vessels would lie off the harbor till night; then those in the know ashore would go out after dark to the anchorage off Long Point and smuggle in their loads.

Barrels of rum would be unloaded in the harbor, sunk and anchored on the bottom, till a good chance came to fetch it ashore some dark night. One time a storm came on and washed the barrels ashore. The whole beach was covered with rum barrels, but nobody dared claim them.

GOSSIPY NEIGHBOR: GRIEF

Once a ship from the East Indies was wrecked off Provincetown—loaded with "everything the heart could wish: silks, linens, ostrich feathers, boxes of wax to wax a man's mustache." The craft was taken over by the wreck-master and a close watch kept on the cargo. But "you go along where the cargo lies, unloaded, and you skin along by what you want and by and by out goes your hand—that's safe." The box of ostrich feathers—"my they were beautiful!"—was taken home and the man's wife washed them all nice and hung them round the stove in the kitchen to dry. Then she saw a neighbor woman coming up the path. She began thinking, hurriedly, of a place to hide the feathers. There was no place at hand; as a last resort she whisked them into the oven and then tried to put the fire out. The visitor came through the door, a gossipy sort of woman; she had a long visit, for "she set and set like a settin' hen." Finally, after she'd gone, the anxious owner of the precious ostrich feathers rushed to open the oven door. The feathers were burned to a crisp. The woman didn't cry; she just pursed her lips and said, "I hope she burns in hell!—and that I'll be there to see her burn!"