

Provincetown in the Cape.

Book One.

The SPIRAL

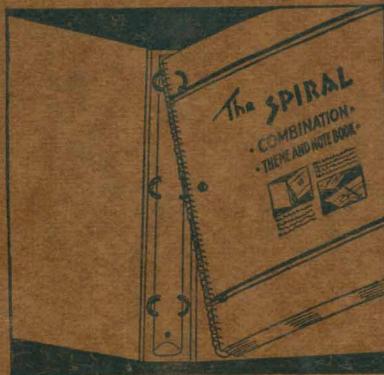
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1920 -



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1920

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VINEYARD SOUND

CAPE COD BAY

NANTUCKET SOUND

SOUTH



Provincetown

Narrow streets, and natives galore.
 Hundreds of shops, right on the
 shore.
 Artists and fishermen, 'just folks'
 and such
 Mingle together so close that they
 touch.

A blue sea for a background
 Plus sand dunes and pines
 Make up the landscape
 Weathered by time.

On the tip of the Cape
 At the end of the earth
 Provincetown lies
 Quite proud of its birth.

Hardened Globetrotter's First Impression of Provincetown.

It's all BUBBLES fault. Many of you readers will know this brilliant, promising artist as ELSA HARTMAN or under her nom de plume GUY LORN. Anyway, down in hard boiled New York City your ambassador plenipotentiary so vividly and alluringly described the inmate charms of Provincetown that I simply could not resist to obtain first hand impressions—

The approach to your fair city is somewhat cumbersome, anyhow via Fall River,—Yarmouth—I shall return via boat to Boston, but I dread the very thought of ever leaving. By the sweat of thy brow "shaltst thou earn thy daily bread" and by similar token did I obtain entry within your hospitable cafes.

BUBBLES cast her eagle eyes for a suitable pension for her convert and MARTINS INN at Bradford and Pearl Streets indeed provides shelter and sustenance admirably, as very reasonable cost. Mrs. Martin is a culinary artist par excellence and she caters to all tastes, be they native or foreign. Balmly breezes, a stillness utterly unknown to city dwellers fairly compels uninterrupted, soothing slumber—perhaps the best tonic known to the human race, for better health, vigor and disposition.

Singing birds and the roosters early crow usher in the next morning. City worries have not only been left behind, they actually have been banished for good. I would like to call this town REHOBOTH a biblical name, meaning Heavenly rest. This atmosphere of peace pervades everything and everybody, it is highly contagious.

There is nothing mercenary, coldly commercial about this town. An appreciation for true values really exists—none of the rarest traits to be found anywhere in the U. S. A., verily democracy in its noblest tradition. Good breeding, a colorful personality are an open sesame to the best circles. Little do they care whether you are rich or poor, humble or famous, in fact immaculate attire is obviously uncalled for.

Pretentious mansions are conspicuous by their absence, but such pride in attractive, livable homes, I have not found outside of Switzerland from where I originally emanate.

The old Cape Cod style of architecture predominates. No matter how humble the house, its artistic ensemble of vivid colors—the ubiquitous well kept gardens with a profusion of flowers, the air laden with their

perfume, venerable trees wafting in never ceasing zephyrs, cleanliness and excellent taste within and without, indeed he must be sadly bereft of enthusiasm who will not respond spontaneously to the magic of this all.

Wild roses, gentians, poppies bordering the highways and byways leading to Provincetown, seagulls leaving their airy expanses—the DUNES on the other side of the city, how picturesque and romantic—a veritable Sahara desert with oases of Pines, Wild Rose, cranberry bogs and shrubbery transplanted to the ocean's side—the breakwater, the quaint lighthouses, fishing vessels and other marine craft, the antique piers and fishing shacks—what inspiration for creative art and what opportunities to indulge where the wine spark exists. The very landscape an inspiration, the best schools and teachers, the kinship of purpose, the marvellous climate, the ready encouragement for beginner and master alike.

Or, if you are merely here to loaf, how well you will like it. Hospitable inns, many good eating places, excellent movies, boating, fishing, swimming, Tennis and Miniature Golf. And the quaint shops and Art exhibits. I would particularly like to mention the Hooked Rug Shop, located in the oldest house. There is nothing quite like it anywhere and to my great surprise the most artistic and beautiful creations, emanating from native toil, are obtainable for less than unworthy imitations. The hand painted maps from this shop are in demand everywhere; one of them graces the walls of Mayor Walker's office in New York City. Brentanos in N. Y. C. sell some for \$20. a piece, and they can be had for so much less here.

There are many, many more shops, but I have not had an opportunity to sample them, but will. I would like to mention another place, sponsored by Mrs. Waugh Sr., the charming wife of the World famous Marine Painter. Clever baskets from the Virgin Islands, French ornaments and gadgets for garden and home, native appliqued Pillowcases are only a few of the original offerings.

Then the theatre, small but excellent, the night clubs, yes inexpensive, truly bohemian and intimate, where you can dance and be merry, sans de rigueur, or more to the point, in your ducks or pajamas. A particularly attractive place is the Club Nautilus run by Doctor Eisenberg of National Musical fame atop the Playhouse, and so on, ad infinitum—

The social life rotates within the many rustic studios—a camaraderie exquisitely exotic. Ah, once Provincetown has taken hold of you, never will you stay away—very long. It's like an old love you come back to it to get your bearing. As Paris has inspired the feminine mode and always will, so Provincetown will give the best in Art to the World. There is a warning, however, I would like to sound. Don't modernize this gem, no matter what the immediate rewards. Ye City Fathers, you have a priceless treasure, preserve it for posterity.

by LOUIS LOEB.

PROVINCETOWN

The glowing sun has sunk in the west, clouds have lost their rosy textures and dusk settles like a cloak over a little village. One by one the silver stars peep through and suddenly a disk of yellow moon shines down, all resplendent. Waves lap a sandy shore, trees whisper and lament, and the spars of many an old fishing vessel creak and moan in the moonlight breeze.

It is where many years ago a little band of pilgrims came, despondent and weary, looking for rest and shelter and where their sons and daughters now come to prove their talents and receive new encouragement in a land their forefathers made.

Just a little village, but one that satisfies and makes perhaps just a ray of hope for some—and for others opens up a new and glorious road.—The village,—Provincetown.

GRACE SMITH
Ridgefield Park, N.J.

Rem. first 20 ago

Provincetown had an interested visitor last Sunday in the person of Mrs. Marion Adams, daughter of Captain Atkins Brown, former resident of this town. Mrs. Adams, who was born here, remembers the town in the days when, as a little girl, the tip-cart took them out to the dory, in which they were rowed out to the packet, and by packet it was an all day's sail to Boston.



Helen Hamill Cashman



SLW

Provincetown Musts.

- 1 Hawthorne's House
- 2 Snail Road to Peaked Hill Bar,
Eugene O'Neil's house (later washed out to
Present C.G. Sta sold - Aug 1939 - No walk. ¹⁹³¹ Seq.
- 3 Bissell House (621 Com) where P. Players first started.
- 4 Francis Apt. (577 Com) O'Neil, one lived there.
6 & 7 (students from Washington, D.C. had First ^{Art} Night Club.
- 5 Homes of Susan Glaspell, Dos Passos, Mary H. Vorst
- 6 Church of St. Mary of the Harbor (Epis)
- 7 Eastern School - Original line bet. P. ^{and Truro.}
Whale's jaw bone set in ground side of red oak stump. Now boys' Club - later Civic Centre - branch of U.S.O during war - Later meeting place V of F. W. (women ^{meetings})
- 8 Figure Head House - figure picked up in Indian Ocean. - later apt. house
- 9 Home of McMillan (present) Birthplace -
- 10 Art Association Bld.
- 11 At Left (empty bell tower - old sch. bld. from ^{L.} Pt. 1871. first train
- 12 Pilgrim Monument, also west quay, South hampton, Eng. tower with May flower on top.

- 13 Historical Museum
- 14 Norse Wall on Chip Hill
- 15 Site of old theatre (demolished by storm)
opp. Waugh's House - ^{also} Oldest House
- 16 Octagon House
- 17 Pilgrim Tablet (near P. Inn)
- 18 (Above) Castle - below P. Inn - near Red House
- 19 L. Point - tip end of Cape - Wood End (at
end of Breakwater - Race Point and
Highland Light & Coast Guard Sta
- 20 Cross - mem. St Tragedy (garden of St Mary
of Harbor.)

A 1935 VERSION OF AN OLD CUSTOM BROUGHT FROM ENGLAND BY THE EARLIEST COLONISTS: AMOS KUBIK, Town Crier of Provincetown, Mass., Who Calls Out Announcements of Interest to the Town at \$2 Each, With an Additional Charge of \$2 if the Announcement Is to Be Made on the Main Thoroughfares. (Times Wide World Photos, Boston Bureau.)

Town Crier
1920 -



Did Ex-Cop Find Brewster's Button?

July 5

7



Tad Arnold Photo

Patrick Lerck, for 10 years a member of the Medway, Mass., police force, is shown holding what seems to have been the copper surface of a very old button or shoe buckle found by him deep in the earth on Pilgrim Heights near Pilgrim Spring, North Truro. Inset shows the copper button.

Exeter Institute in Boston, which includes on its staff experts in identifying relics unearthed in this broad area, will be asked to pass upon a strange copper disk, about the size of a silver dollar, found by Patrick Lerck, a member of the Medway police force for 10 years, while pursuing his favorite hobby of digging for Indian and other relics.

At present Mr. and Mrs. Lerck are staying in one of the Beach Point Village cottages, owned by Pearl Sawyer on Beach Point, and whenever the former patrolman can get away, preferably alone, he is out with his special rake, several of which he has designed searching through the debris of bygone people. He has enjoyed this hobby for 20 years and has assembled quite a collection of arrowheads as well as what he believes are pegs and spikes obtained some years ago from the British Somerset, wrecked off the Back Shore.

However his most unique find to date is the copper disk-like medallion which he found on Pilgrim Heights near Pilgrim Spring

where the Pilgrims found their first fresh water in the New World. He found it under about eight inches of sandy loam, firmly embedded, all of which precludes the possibility that it might be of recent origin. The disk is embossed with the central round shield being encircled with acorns and leaves.

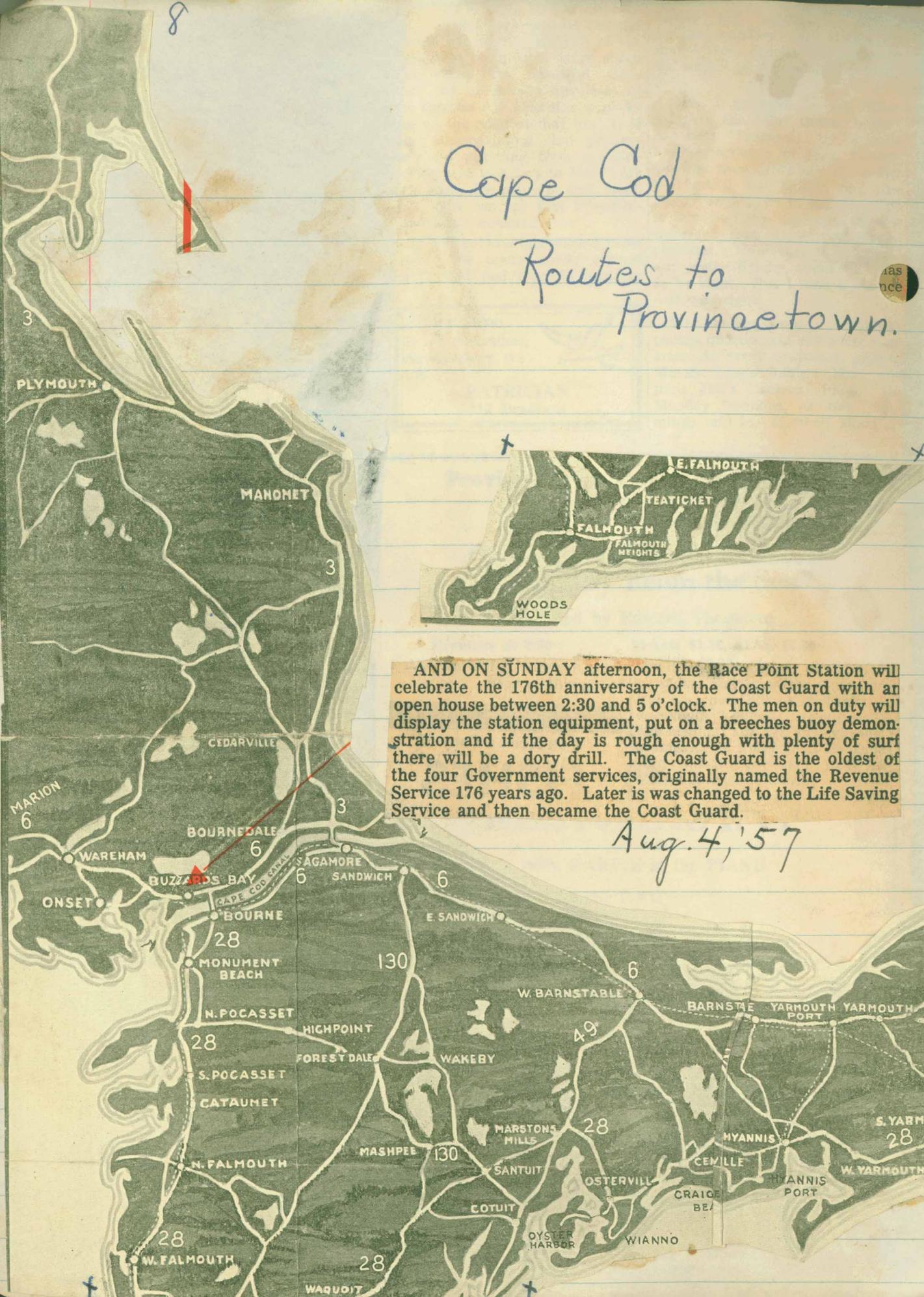
It is believed that the Pilgrims wore such disks as buttons and as shoe buckles and it is quite possible that one may have been dropped on an expedition they were known to have made in the area.

The find has greatly encouraged Mr. Lerck to continue with his explorations and next Summer he will bring with him his metal detector to help him locate other metal relics. He is also a great admirer of Edward Rowe Snow, the well-known authority on New England shipwrecks and coastal activities, who plays Santa Claus to New England light-houses and Coast Guard stations each Christmas, and who has written a number of books on sea tragedies.

15-10-10
C. P. J.

Cape Cod

Routes to Provincetown.

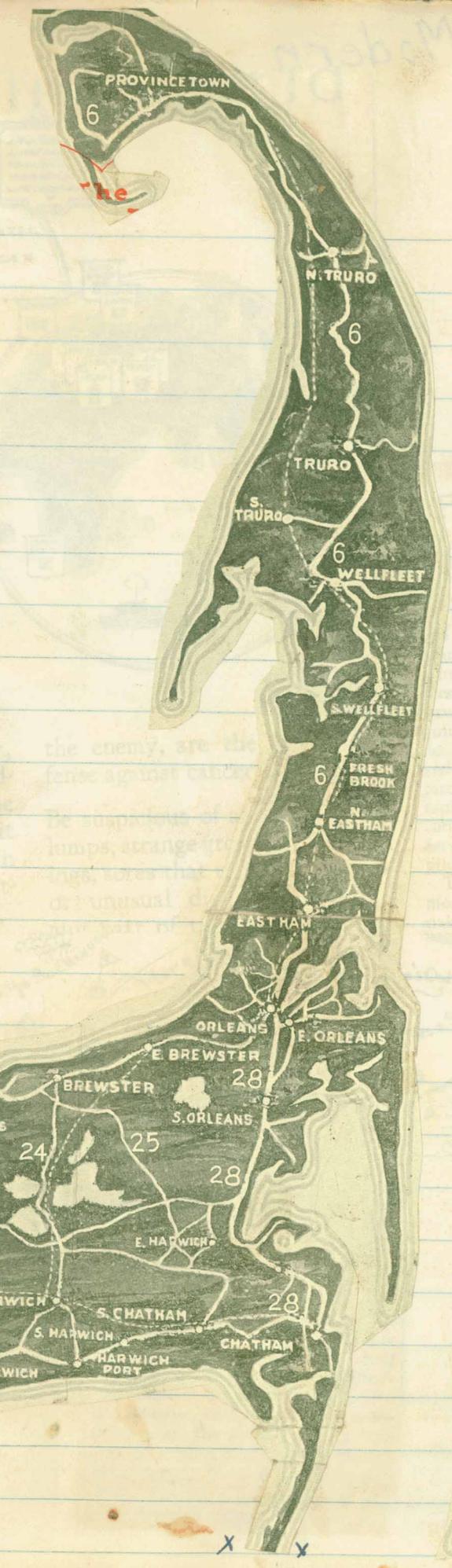


AND ON SUNDAY afternoon, the Race Point Station will celebrate the 176th anniversary of the Coast Guard with an open house between 2:30 and 5 o'clock. The men on duty will display the station equipment, put on a breeches buoy demonstration and if the day is rough enough with plenty of surf there will be a dory drill. The Coast Guard is the oldest of the four Government services, originally named the Revenue Service 176 years ago. Later it was changed to the Life Saving Service and then became the Coast Guard.

Aug. 4, '57

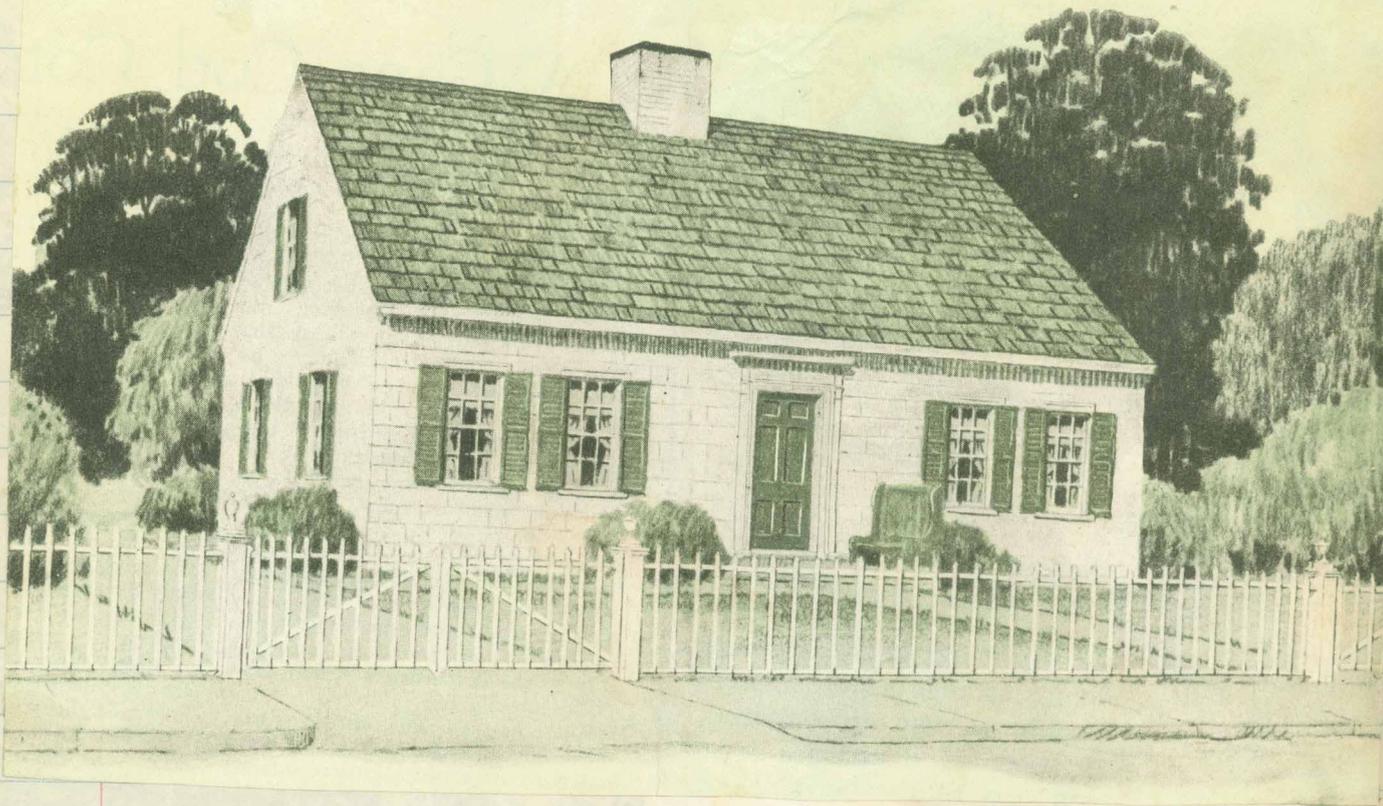
Note:-
Curves
in
Route 6.

Many have been,
and more
all the time
being eliminated



Modern

A Cape Cod Cottage

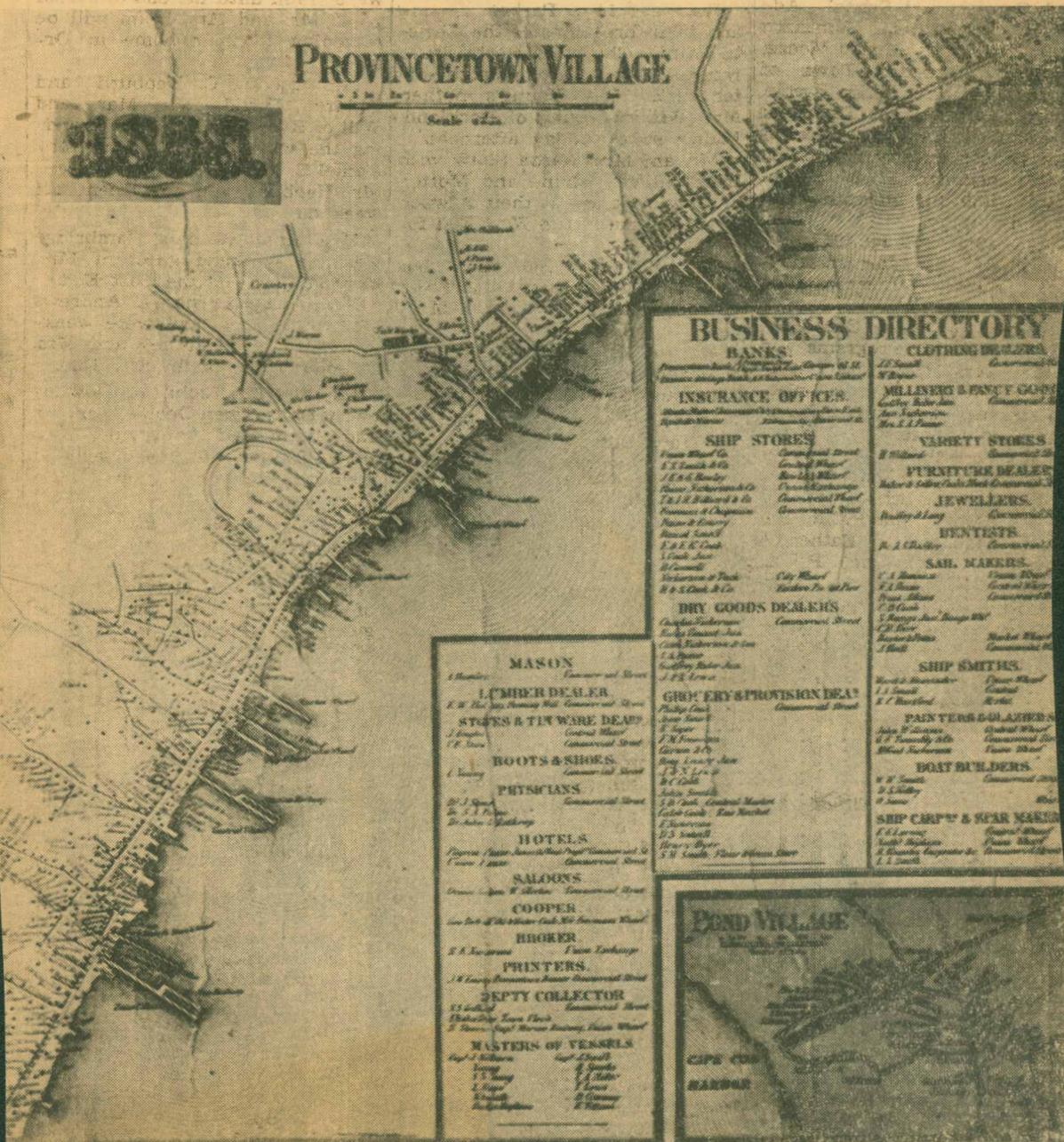


Provincetown Busy, Prosperous, One Main Street In 1858

PROVINCETOWN VILLAGE

Scale 1/2 in. = 100 ft.

1858



BUSINESS DIRECTORY

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>BANKS
 American Savings Bank, 100 Commercial St.
 Commercial Bank, 100 Commercial St.</p> <p>INSURANCE OFFICES
 Merchants' Mutual Marine Insurance Co., 100 Commercial St.
 Fire Insurance Co., 100 Commercial St.</p> <p>SHIP STORES
 Frome & Co., Commercial St.
 J. J. Smith & Co., Commercial St.
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.
 J. E. B. Smith & Co., Commercial St.</p> <p>DRY GOODS DEALERS
 Charles Robinson, Commercial St.
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.</p> | <p>CLOTHING DEALERS
 J. J. Smith, Commercial St.
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.</p> <p>MILLINERY & HAT GOODS
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.</p> <p>VARIETY STORES
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.</p> <p>FURNITURE DEALERS
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.</p> <p>JEWELLERS
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.</p> <p>PHOTISTS
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.</p> <p>SAW MARKETS
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.</p> <p>SHIP SMITHS
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.</p> <p>PAINTERS & CARPENTERS
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.</p> <p>BOAT BUILDERS
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.</p> <p>SHIP CARPENTERS & SCAR MARKETS
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.</p> |
|---|--|

- MASON**
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.
- LEATHER DEALER**
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.
- STAINS & TIN WARE DEALER**
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.
- BOOTS & SHOES**
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.
- PHYSICIANS**
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.
- HOTELS**
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.
- SALOONS**
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.
- COOPER**
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.
- BROKER**
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.
- PRINTERS**
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.
- DEPUTY COLLECTOR**
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.
- MASTERS OF VESSELS**
 J. E. B. Smith, Commercial St.

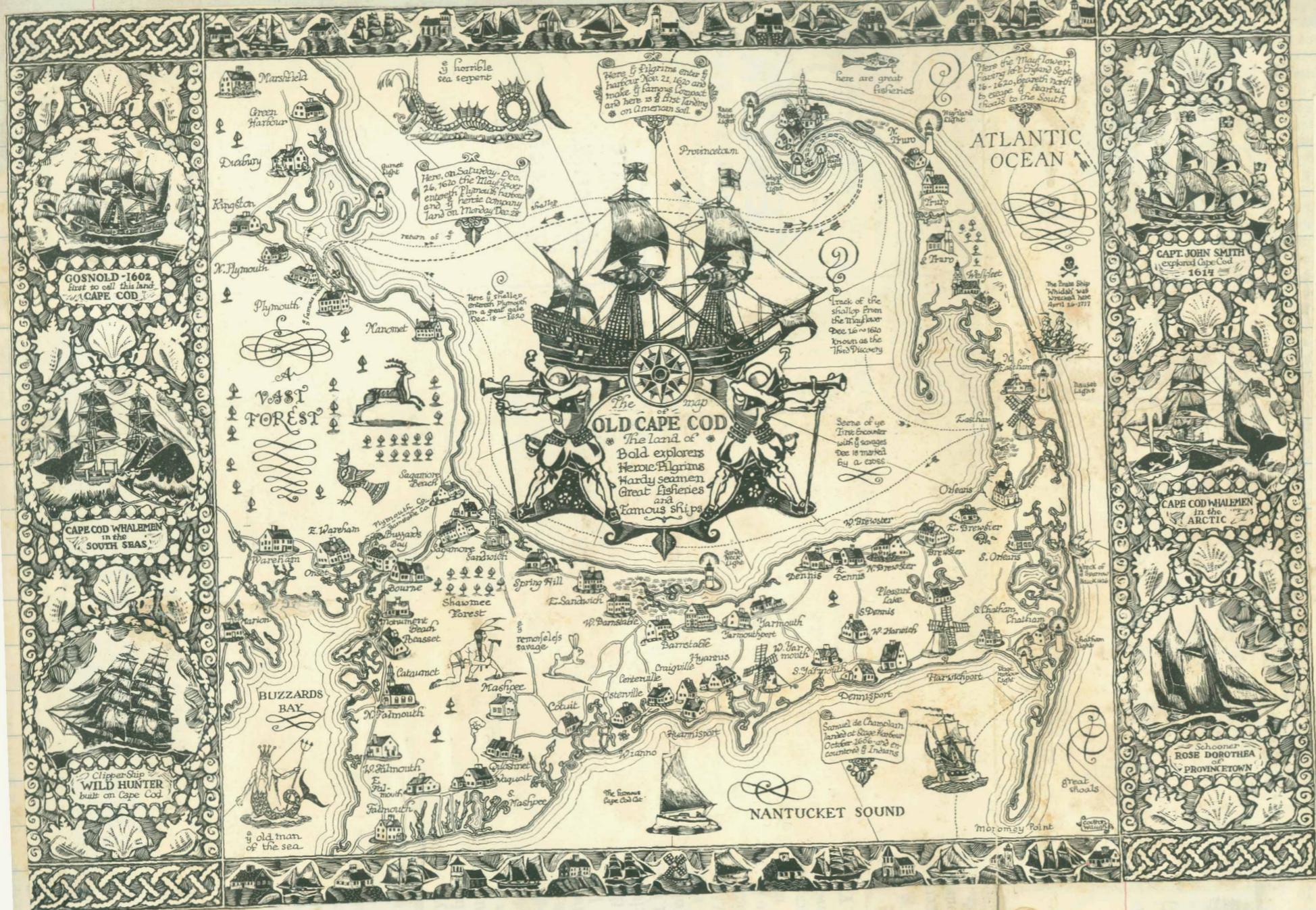


Courtesy Cape Cod Photos—Orleans

This was Provincetown 102 years ago, the year our oldest citizen, Mrs. Florence Waldin was born. It was a busy, prosperous town with wharves lining the shore and with only one main street—Commercial. The Advocate is indebted to Cape Cod Photos, who gained possession of the map when John Shaw disbanded the old general store, conducted for many years by Irving Freeman. The map, of the entire Cape, shows each home with the owner of each.

COULTON WAUGH'S MAP

Colton Waugh, Son of Frederick Waugh,



Mr. Waugh's latest effort, reproduced on the opposite page, is probably more complete historically than any decorative map which has ever been prepared of Cape Cod. It shows sixty old houses and churches which still exist, the routes of the Pilgrims about Cape Cod Bay, from their first landing at Provincetown to their ultimate settlement in Plymouth.

The beautiful cartouche shows the "Mayflower" and two warlike Pilgrims in half armor, firing blunderbusses. Note that each detail of their attire is historically correct.

The drawing of the "Mayflower" shows the famous vessel as she actually appeared, and is the result of most thorough research. Another point of greatest interest is that the houses on the map actually exist in locations as shown. The roads are those of the present day, so that the tourist may find his way upon this map, as on any other road map.

The border is in itself a work of art. It is reproduced from a drawing which was cut with a knife in the wood-block technique. The exquisite top and bottom strips show

the typical Cape Cod landscape with old houses, dunes and ships.

The side borders are decorated by six famous ships which played a significant part in Cape Cod's history. The upper left shows Gosnold's ship. Gosnold was the hardy English mariner who in 1602 named Cape Cod, from numerous cod fish which he found swimming about his boat. Below we see a spirited whaling scene showing hardy Cape Cod whalers battling with the sperm whale in the distant South Seas. In the lower left we have the clipper ship "Wild Hunter," which was built on Cape Cod, and which symbolizes the activity of our early merchant marine.

In the upper right hand corner is shown Captain John Smith's vessel. This famous adventurer made the first detailed map of our Cape. Below we see Cape Cod whalers in the Arctic, pursuing the right whale who yielded the flexible bone which was used for the corset stays of the dainty ladies of 1850.

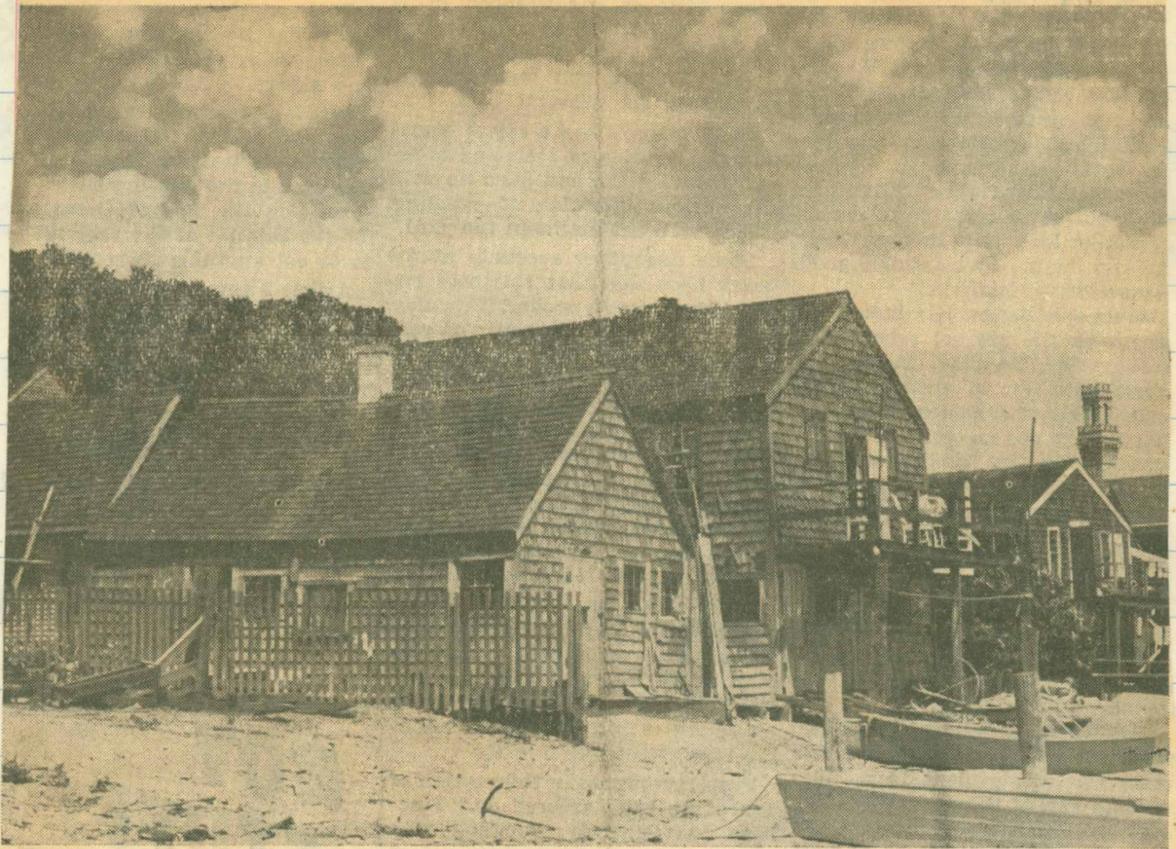
In the lower right hand corner is the schooner "Rose Dorothea" of Provincetown, who won a trophy in a fishermen's race, and which typifies the famous fishing schooners of Cape Cod. Sailors rope work and sea-shells appropriately surround the ships.

Moanin' Low
 Outside a small shop in Provincetown, Mass., stands a plain wooden seat labeled "Husband's Bench." This is adorned with a sketch of a man wearing a most doleful expression, and must be intended as a resting place for long suffering males whose wives are inside, presumably spending all the men's money.

1959.

ST. GRAV

They Still Stand Basking In The November Sun



Camera Study by John Gregory

In the gay weeks of Summer these old fish sheds may shelter artists and writers who come to the Cape End to exist simply and live riotously, and in the Winter they may, appropriately, house lobster pots. They resemble Brook's "falling house that never falls" for they were sturdily built and in a storm like yesterday's they only settle down closer to their sands and go through with it again as they have done for these many, many years.

A few same ones 1951.
Others converted (?) into
Cottages and Apts.

✓



1947

grat

Cape Tip Story Told By Radio

Mrs. Marion Blakeman And Alice Silva Relate History And Customs

On Saturday evening from Cape Cod's new radio station WOBC in West Yarmouth Mrs. Marion Blakeman who operates the Personal Appearance Shops here and in Orleans told an interesting story of Provincetown, its summer and winter activities, its people, stressing particularly its Portuguese population and their Christmas customs which are so full of color. With Mrs. Blakeman on the program was Miss Alice Silva of the Provincetown Community Center who added much interesting description to the story of the true Portuguese Christmas. Contributing much to the program was the music of old Portugal played and sung by Jack Joseph, Jack Edwards and Charles Rosa. Young George Rosa sang the "Cradle Song."

Mrs. Blakeman's radio description of Provincetown and its various elements follows:—

Lying in the palm of the hand of the strong arm of Massachusetts as Cape Cod has sometimes been called, is a little town—surrounded by water—the farthest point East of any place on our Atlantic coast. It is very small, with a total population of not many more than 3,000 people: its total area amazingly small, with only two real streets held together by tiny little lanes that run at frequent intervals between the two main thoroughfares—its snug houses built close together as if for companionship against the elements which beat at it during the long winter months.

And yet, this little town—isolated as it is—is known all over the country. The very name Provincetown seems to hold a magic that has drawn many thousands of people to its quaint byways through the years. To the casual summer tourist, who comes to Provincetown in the mid-

ral

Con't P. 40

X Did you know, by the way, that flowers bloom on Cape Cod every month in the year, except January? Cactus and holly are both native to this land where the winters are tempered by the Gulf Stream.

✓ HOW DO NATIVE CAPE IV CODDERS LIVE?

HAVE you ever motored from Sagamore to Provincetown in the month of May? The road is built over the old sandy trails and at each turn some old house, set upon a well-tended lawn, appears. The grass is a peculiar warm emerald green, and the willows are soft red-orange in the distance. Spring is always beautiful, but it has peculiar charms on Cape Cod.

only
Sometimes I wonder if nature is altogether responsible. I look at our quaint little houses, trim and freshly painted after some two hundred years of existence, and they are so integral a part of the picture of spring in Cape Cod that it is hard to decide which is more lovely, the pigment of nature or the handiwork of man.

Another thought occurs: All those old homes, perched so fortunately by the road-side, are so well kept. Every detail of house and grounds is perfect, no window has a broken shutter, no weeds grown among the grasses. Now, to maintain a house and grounds requires money, yet these little cottages seem cut off completely from filthy lucre or the means of attaining it. The average Cape Cod holding seems not large enough to be a farm and surely these people are no longer fishermen. Yet on Cape Cod poverty seems non-existent. Why?

This problem was too perplexing to leave unsolved; and although in its entirety it will perhaps mystify every one but the tax collector, I have at least discovered the source of some of the Cape Coddors' annual stipend.

Cape Cod fisheries, for one thing, have by no means ceased to be profitable, nor is there any reasonable likelihood that they ever will; we all know that there are more fish in the sea than have ever been caught. Nor is Provincetown the only town which fishes. Cape Cod oysters are famous everywhere and Wellfleet and Cotuit are headquarters for the big Cape Coddors: Lobsters are caught in abundance at Wood's Hole and indeed abound

15
in all Cape waters, as do the famous soft shell clams, quahaugs and scallops.

Let us leave the fisheries and the touristeries (if we may coin one word to designate hotels, shops and rooming houses) out of the discussion. These two industries are evident enough, but they are not sufficient by themselves to explain the modest but continuous prosperity of Cape Cod.

Motoring on the Cape, at all seasons of the year, the eye is held by the glistening dark red of the cranberry bogs. At first the visitor supposes that these tangy red berries grow wild, and that a few are picked for Thanksgiving. This is greatly understating the case, for these gleaming red bogs are one of the most important sources of Cape Cod prosperity.

The cranberry *did* originally grow wild on this Cape but by careful cultivating the yield has been increased from twenty to three hundred dollars per acre. Now, three hundred dollars per acre is a very handsome yearly profit from land however it is planted. Ask any farmer. The cultivation of the cranberry, moreover, is simple. The little berry likes plenty of air and sun and wind—especially wind—to ventilate its foliage; it must have sand and must be wet part of the year and very dry while the berries are ripening. In other words, needs Cape Cod. It is a native and a prosperous one.

But these berries are by no means the only crop which can be made to grow profitably in our sandy soil. Asparagus, strawberries and other market vegetables grow well in fertilized sand.

The Indians taught the first settlers to bury fish and to this day Cape Cod householders use this effective fertilizer. When you see especially brilliant flowers or extra tall hollyhocks you may be sure that there are fish beneath them. Curiously enough fish supply the lime and phosphate which are just the elements lacking in sandy soil. By adding a bit of leaf mold—humus—we have a perfectly balanced soil and can grow anything almost. X

The Cape Cod parlor or "fore-room," as it was sometimes nautically called, is carpeted with hooked rugs; these made by the female part of the household and were often works of art. On the mantel gleam several choice bits of Sandwich glass, for the factory which was started in 1825 and did not close until 1888, specialized in knick-knacks.

The glory of the parlor mantel, however, is the ship model which almost every Cape Cod family possesses. Among a people who owed their prosperity directly or indirectly to the sea some ship was



sure to be associated with the family and its likeness preserved by a scale model. Ship pictures were also most popular. Original water colors of ships shared the wall space with the nautical subjects lithographed by Messrs. Currier and Ives.

Ascending the steep, narrow stairway, which recalls the companionway of a ship, we glance into the bedrooms.

Let us inspect these interesting bed coverings. Did you know these sheets were cotton woven on Cape Cod? Most people do not realize there were mills for the weaving of cotton and woolen cloth in Wellfleet, Chatham, and Sandwich.

Perhaps no other part of the world has so excelled in the art of the patchwork quilt. As we turn them over they are like cubist pictures, only infinitely more beautiful and romantic, for each bit of color recalls some quaint dress or important occasion. Then we see blue and white draft quilts which were

woven on attic looms and white candle-wicking bedspreads.

For storing these fine bed coverings quilt chests were made; and many a fine sea-chest home from the sea was put to similar use. Both these types of chests are still to be found in Cape Cod antique shops or in the possession of the original owner. They are not only beautiful and typical Cape Cod antiques, but I venture to say will be useful in any house in America today, and that quite irrespective of the size or grandeur of the residence.

Have one at 518 Com.
The quilt chest at first sight often looks like a chest of drawers. Sometimes it even has two false drawers in the top but in reality it will be found to have only one drawer in the bottom and the top will open like a chest. The top should be made of a single piece of pine and very wide pine boards used throughout. Quilt chests should have rat-tail or butterfly hinges wrought by hand.

furniture to characterize Cape Cod I should choose the sea-chest. Like the native it spent its time partly at sea and partly on land, but mostly the sea. The sea-chest has been tossed by Cape Horn gray-beards and has been cracked by the heat while the vessel which contained it was anchored off some South Sea island. It has faithfully held the possessions dear to its owner and has been carried ashore loaded with strange exotic gifts.

Also have N. Eng Pie Closet

X
that nobody except the lighthouse-keepers and the coast-guards can be tempted to linger there overlong — FRANCES LESTER WARNER, in "Surprising the Family and Other Peradventures" (Boston: Houghton Mifflin.)

Cape Cod's Deck

Discovering our love for the details of the old houses, our favorite neighbor took us calling with her one afternoon. I shall not soon forget those cozy rooms, with their exquisite white paneling around the fireplaces, and from their wainscoted windows distant glimpses of the sea. Several of our hostesses brought out their choicest copper-luster and Sandwich glass to show us, not with the idea of selling it, for they always have plenty of chances to do that, but to let us enjoy it, and to tell us with grave voices and hidden, hidden humor about certain over-confident antique-hunters who, in summer-time, had "been along."

On our way home from our last call, we cut across the dunes over the trackless snow, past the tidal river where the missing golf-balls of summer club-men are frequently found caught among the herring in the weirs. All this region within miles on either side of Highland Light is capital golfing country, the nearest of anything we have to the Scotch links. And so, every summer, diligent caddies scour the matted moors, among the wild cranberries and the beach-plums. And every winter there is an excellent supply of fresh golf-balls for the fish.

There is no end to the delightful cruising that one can do on foot around Cape Cod. In the intervals when the sun comes out, the snow melts quickly, and the hosts of sea-gulls go winging over the harbor or alighting on the water and bobbing there like so many decoy ducks. And when the snow-squalls come up, the gulls are an unexpected part of the shifting scene, white ghosts of sea-gulls against the whitened air, or sometimes sitting upright on a frozen spar with snowflakes falling around them, the motionless birds looking so erect and wise, like a row of penguins at the Arctic Pole.

All this, is on the harbor side. But if you chance to be there on a day of raging storm, the Atlantic side of the Cape is the place to see. Out over the deserted ups and downs of the moor you beat your way struggling breathless against the violent wind. It is only three miles across at this part of the harbor to the outside, but it seems three hundred as you toil against the flying sleet. With your last spurt of strength you scramble up the last high dune to an opening where the wind has bitten out a hollow between two came-back crests of sand. And there you lie down perfectly flat, like the battered-down beach-grass that sparsely clings there, and thrusting up your head over the edge of the sand-cliff you gaze down and out at a hundred thousand horizontal acres of Niagara Falls. Thoreau said it was like watching the storm from the deck of a ship at sea. And you have the great advantage that Cape Cod's deck, at least as yet, does not pitch and toss. It is an unforgettable phase of land and sea, in the winter's worst wild-crested moods; and one so extreme

thousand dollars per annum or under usually earns his money.

Old Cape Cod was not only populated by whalers and their families but it was the place of all places selected by retired sea-captains; and a Yankee skipper of the old school was most unlikely to retire empty handed. Their savings often formed the nucleus of family prosperity.

THE intimate workings of Cape Cod thrift are most amusing, not to write, instructive.

Not so many years ago I lived with a retired Cape sea captain and his wife. The old man was of that type of male Yankee beauty depicted by Messrs. Currier and Ives. He had steel blue eyes, an aquiline nose and, in his younger days—according to the large photograph in the parlor—a long flowing raven mustache. A fine figure of a man he still was, not so many years ago.

His father had been a shoemaker—a lucrative post in the old days when shoemakers made shoes. So he inherited a little money. He invested some of it in a whaler and went to sea as mate of the vessel. When whaling collapsed he had saved enough to buy a fishing schooner, but finally lost that and retired with his wife to a snug little house surrounded by less than an acre of land. He owned another acre up the road and on this he planted a truck garden. He grew potatoes enough for the year—corn enough for the summer—and

enough to can for all winter; also lettuce, radishes, peas and beans, beets, turnips and cabbage. The root vegetables were stored in the little round Cape Cod cellar and the beans and peas canned by the captain's wife—so that they never bought vegetables.

Near the house they raised chickens, which could not run, to be sure, but were clean and happy nevertheless—so that they never bought eggs or fowl.

All kinds of fruit grew on the place, apples, cherries, plums and pears and in out of the way corners were planted blackberry bushes—so that they never bought fruit.

Now the captain remembered how to make shoes and his art included the practice of putting aluminum soles on them—so that he and his wife never bought shoes.

The captain's wife could not only sew, but had once been an apprentice to a tailor, so that neither man nor wife bought much from the store.

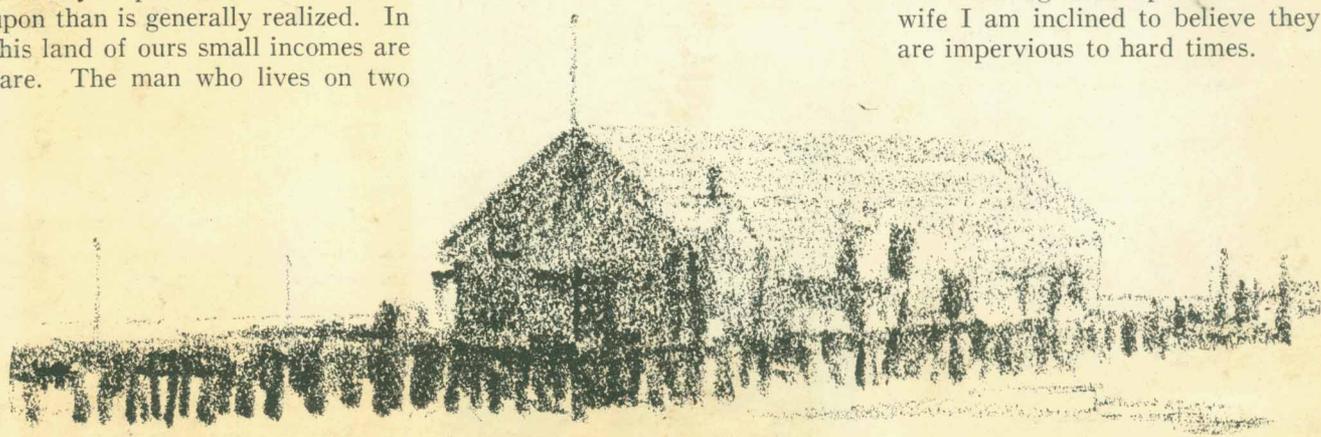
Nor were they without means of adding to their income. The captain was an expert rope worker and received good wages in the spring for "nittin ne!" (making seines). He was not above selling apples and pears to the children and in his old age he hooked rugs!

The captain's wife took in "roomers" and as they papered or painted the house themselves the rooms were kept immaculate at the minimum cost and highest price could be charged for them.

During the recent depression Cape Codders did not suffer—and remembering the captain and his wife I am inclined to believe they are impervious to hard times.

THE native Cope Codder, as we have said, is of a saving habit, and no inquiry as to how the little Cape houses are kept so freshly painted can be answered without taking this important factor into account. The Cape Codders fish, entertain tourists, and raise cranberries but also—and this is important—they live on income.

Fortunes were amassed in the early days of whaling and these fortunes did not altogether disappear when kerosene lamps came to displace whale oil ones. Money wisely invested does not as a rule disappear completely. More people who live in tiny Cape Cod houses have also tiny Cape Cod incomes to live upon than is generally realized. In this land of ours small incomes are rare. The man who lives on two



lars, Sailors, Rebels, n Pages of History

the thundering ocean side. They also come to paint some of the nation's finest pictures and write some of its finest plays.

Provincetown, at the tip of the Cape, looks dourly upon the hills behind Plymouth, forty miles across Cape Cod Bay. The two towns are arch-rivals for the historic limelight. In November, 1620, the Mayflower slid into Provincetown Harbor and the Pilgrims debarked on the sandy shore. It was their first introduction to the New World. But a few weeks later off they sailed again to make Plymouth Rock the stepping-stone to their first permanent settlement.

A Pre-Plymouth Landing

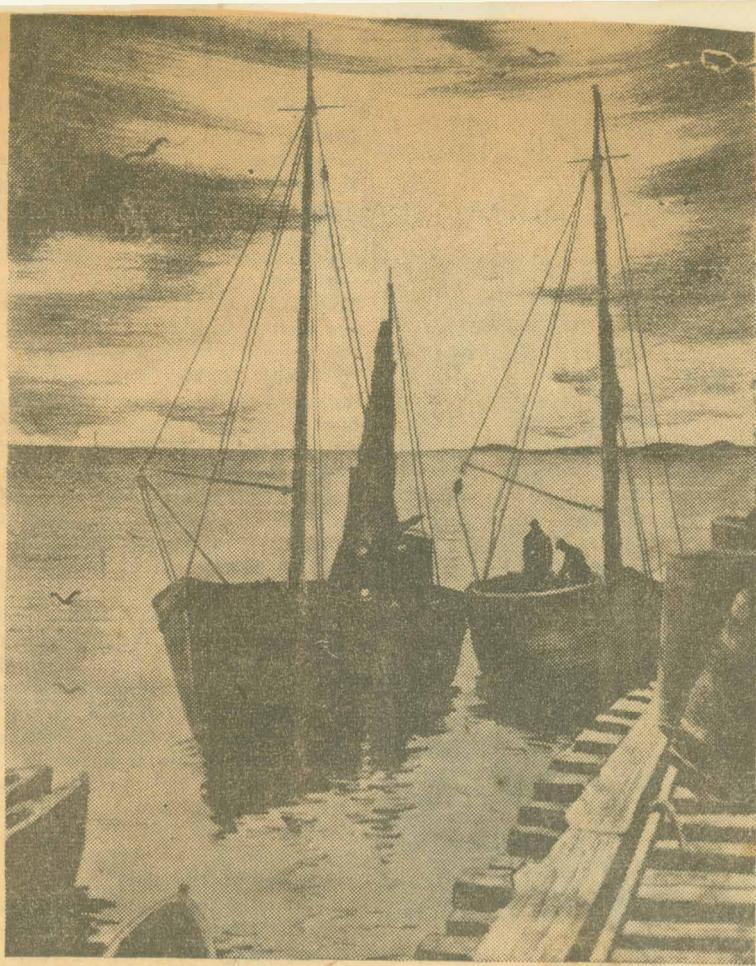
"The Mayflower landed here first!" thunders Provincetown.

"Yes, and the Pilgrims liked it so well they just stayed long enough to turn the ship around," answers Plymouth.

Anyway, Provincetown built a Pilgrim monument rising 252 feet above the ground, 352 feet above sea level. Jeremiah Diggs, WPA author, born in the West, says in his "Cape Cod Pilot": "The monument is thoroughly American in its make-up. Although the Pilgrims had never been to Italy, its design is Italian; the plans were made by an army engineer of French and Swiss descent; it was built by the Irish and is taken care of by the Portuguese; and annually it is climbed by several thousand Mayflower descendants."

Plymouth Rock, in the last analysis, may be more important. But indubitably the monument is bigger and can be seen a great deal farther. Provincetown is satisfied.

The Cape was once the center of the whaling industry. The whales gave out, roamed away from their old haunts, quite a good many years ago; the Civil War took its levies of men. Some natives—and Summer folk too—waded out into the tidal flats up and down the coast and dig clams. Provincetown, however, still carries on a fairly virile fishing industry. Its large Portuguese colony tend trap nets set up in the harbor and come home each morning with boatloads of haddock and white perch, or other fish in season. Few Provincetown boats make long trips to the fishing banks, although occasionally a Gloucesterman or a Boston trawler enters the harbor for shelter or for supplies.



Drawn by John W. Gregory.

"Wharf's End"—scene along the Massachusetts coast.

The Genesis Of A Common Saying

Records show that one Samuel Hill migrated from England to Massachusetts in the seventeenth century, becoming an active and popular citizen of his colonial township. In time he became something of a politician and ran for nearly everything in the gift of the electorate of his adopted town. He was invariably elected, and his name became the symbol of a successful candidacy, so that those doing particularly well at the polls were said to "run like Sam Hill!" From thence the simile spread to the connotation of run in the sense of locomotion.

F. E. Hartwell, Bolton, Vt., in
Yankee Magazine.

Boxing Day In Truro

"Boxing Day" in Truro, England, means one thing, and in Truro, Cape Cod, quite another. Yet in both towns the term has something in common.

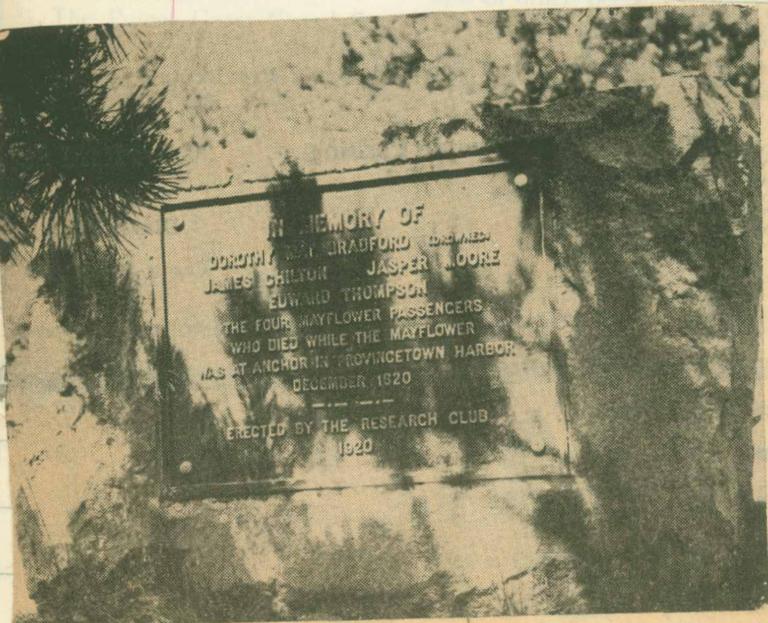
On the first weekday after Christmas, British families wrap up the cravats and cigars too stout for conservative tastes and give the boxes to their postmen.

And on Boxing Day in Truro, Cape Cod, good, warm clothing, soap, fats, tea, rice and other cereals are packed for shipment to the people in the English town from which their own gets its name. There they are welcomed with great joy and gratitude by a people who have known too little for too long.

Here, indeed, is a very real and substantial application of fellowship, brotherhood and those principles which The Teacher sought to inculcate. Truro is a little town, small even for Cape Cod. It could not, if it would, erase any of the suffering from the entire image of humanity. Instead it selects a place that, like itself, is quite small, and in that sphere endeavors to lighten the load of privation and unhappiness.

Letters that come back are heart-warming. Recipients of the parcels are grateful for more than the material things they contain. They cherish the bond—as the senders must—that has been established between the two towns.

And somehow this bond joins not alone the two Truros but it is attached to our part of Cape Cod on this end. For that reason we all might well have a share in strengthening it, in helping our Truro help England's Truro. It will not be at all unpleasant to realize when we see the sun come up at dawn that one spot on which is has set is a bit happier because of our modest efforts.



This memorial stone will be found in the old cemetery off Winthrop Street, where it stands in memory of Mayflower passengers who died while in the Cape End harbor before the Pilgrims went to Plymouth. The memorial was erected by the Research Club.

Historical Groups Abound on Cape

Societies Are Proud of Individual Towns; Capitalize on Unusual Features of Each

Historical societies abound on the Cape, and yet, though they all pertain to the surroundings of the Narrow Land, each manages to have entirely different exhibits to offer its visitors. Proud of their individual towns, the societies have capitalized on the unusual features of each place in an effort to retain the glory of their home towns.

Sandwich was made famous by its glass factory. A collection of this valuable glass features the display of the Sandwich Historical Museum. Quantities of Sandwich glass were contributed by townspeople. There are goblets, flute-shaped and elongated; spoonholders and perfume bottles. The colors of these include ruby, dolphin, opalescent, and canary.

Strange History

The museum building, itself, has a strange history. It was built in 1812 as a "spite house" by Melitiah Bourne. When the old Sandwich church broke with the parish, Bourne objected to having the new church face his property. He built a crude barn to face it. The barn, since made into a dwelling and moved to a different location, now houses the exhibit of the Sandwich Historical Society.

The building also contains the relics of the widow of Captain William H. Burgess of the "Challenger." She brought the ship home herself from Hawaii after her husband's death.

In Falmouth the society was willed the home of Mrs. James B. Woods in 1932. This they have preserved as a museum. The house has been furnished as it was probably furnished when it was built in 1780. It now appears to be the typical home of a sea captain, with carvings done on long voyages on display and articles from the Near and Far East scattered everywhere.

Glass Collection

A collection of glass from Falmouth's own glass factory has been placed in the china cupboards. There are even old period clothes hanging in the closets. Trunks, containing newspapers that date from the time of Washington's death, were found in the attic. Even now there are medicinal herbs hanging from the upper rafters.

At Aptucxet, where Indians traded with Dutchmen and Yankees, the Bourne Historical Society restored the old trading post and established its museum. The building was erected on the foundations of the old post. The original hearthstones have been preserved.

The restored building includes colonial tables, chairs, cooking implements and weapons. Furs hanging on the walls help to revive the

feeling of antiquity. Here also is the famous "Indian" doorstone that is thought to be a relic of Lief Erikson's voyage.

Brewster Society

Stoney Brook Mill and Mill Sites provide a picturesque background for the Brewster Historical Society. The mill, operated by a water wheel, was once a grist and cloth mill. The town purchased the building a year ago and has made many improvements. The old wooden undershot wheel still turns.

Visitors may see the implements used to grind the corn and make the cloth. Also on display are collections of weapons, Indian arrow heads and some furniture. In the lower section it is possible to see the big wheels in action.

Chatham and Falmouth are alike in that their exhibits are arranged in a home-like atmosphere. The Chatham house, however, is of an older period. The Atwood house, one of the oldest on the Cape, was bought by the Historical Society in 1925 and was opened to the public in 1927.

Colonial Air

A colonial air prevails in this typical Cape Cod house. The place has been furnished with furniture of the early colonial period. There are spinning wheels, mahogany cradles, and many fine pieces of pewter. The interior has been kept unchanged through nearly two centuries. Each room has a fireplace.

Provincetown has had a varied history. It has all been preserved in the museum of the Provincetown Historical Society. Separate divisions contain the collections of sea shells, for relics of the sailing and whaling days, a shell room with shells from all parts of the world, a handicraft room of samplers, quilts and lace, and an Indian room that has clothes, moccasins, arrow heads and wampum.

Commander Donald B. MacMillan, one of the Cape-end's most famous sons, donated a polar exhibit. Here are stuffed animals, data of his numerous arctic expeditions and personal equipment. In the basement is a carefully preserved kitchen, with a dutch oven and a tremendous fireplace.



The coast guard house that became a home

Pamet House

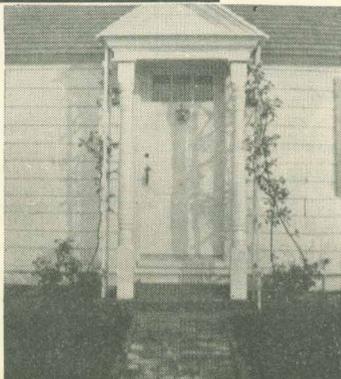
ALFRED V. MARX

WE SPENT many a glorious sunny day at Ballsom beach, near Truro. The huge sand dunes in the background, the stretch of sand to the left and right as far as the eyes could see, and then the tremendous span of ocean with the canopy of the blue sky always held us in their magnetic spell. Up to the time we had no definite anchorage, stopping at the numerous camps in the vicinity from season to season, never entirely satisfied, for we had the dull ache and longing for a home in Truro, a sort of harbor where all our belongings could be kept—a real home.

The Pamet Coast Guard Station stood as a sentinel on one of the dunes. With a fine commanding view of the sea it was one of nine built in the year of 1875.



Originally it was a structure twenty by twenty-five feet in dimension but later two ell additions were placed around making the house almost square in shape and forty by forty-two feet. The additions gave the roof a distinctive Cape Cod effect—with its



that the government had condemned "our" coast guard house at Pamet River. You see the coast along the ocean side of the Cape is twisted and churned by the heavy northeast gales that frequent this section during the late fall seasons. It is constantly changing and swept by the force of the heavy surfs and tides from one spot to the other; and so we learned authentically that for the reasons mentioned the government had decided to invite bids for the purchase and removal of the station—evidently certain that, sooner or later, it would be swept out to sea.

And so our bid went in—with countless others—no doubt. Somehow or other, because we loved it so, we felt we had an inherent right to the old station and, with confidence dictating full steam ahead, we selected ten acres of land, covered with wild cranberries with a view of the bay so superb that it made us think of the Greek theatre at Taromina, Sicily. We had our land but no house—and it made me think of the time when I was a child and bought my bicycle stockings fully two years

The coast guard house is now an attractive and thoroughly livable home with a superb view of the bay

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x Under
told. It's a craft in itself handed down from the first settlers and very few are left who understand how to carry on this work. The house was cut up in fifty-two sections, marked to distinguish its various parts, and then flaked on, one section on top of the other, and trucked to the new location where a foundation had been carefully prepared ahead of time.

before my mother presented me with the much desired bicycle.

Time marches on . . .

Don't governments move slowly! Why all the headlines about Nazi Germany; the bonus fight; the gold basis—and not a word about who had been awarded the bid on the station? News is not published for individuals but for groups. Don't governments move slowly! It's no wonder everything is in a terrible mess! "If a business man ran his business the way our politicians run the government they wouldn't last two winks," chimed in my Lily. "Yes, you would think if they decided to sell they would cut out all the unnecessary red tape and do it!" "What's holding them back? By the time they make up their minds to accept the best bid, the sea will have washed the whole thing away. We had better forget it and build a new house; it will probably be a better idea." And time marched on!

We were in our New York City apartment one day when we received word from one of our Cape Cod friends that "they heard from the coast guard that acceptance of the bid had been made"—and were we sore! For this advanced information also was to the effect that the accepted bid was lower than the one we had sent in. "Bunch of crooks!" . . . "Rotten politics!" . . . "Or did they throw out our bid on some technicality just to favor some local man who knew someone higher up!" These were the thoughts which flashed through our minds in rapid succession.

It was decided to write the commander of the Coast Guard of the eastern district for details, and we received a reply that the award had not been made, so we had a new lease on life.

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Continued

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About a month later we were on our way to Providence when we received an official document stating in a few words "your bid has been accepted." We motored to Wakefield, Rhode Island, to the Coast Guard headquarters, paid the amount of our bid and received the government receipt along with instructions to remove the building within sixty days; and continued on our way to Truro to make our arrangements for its removal. It was a cold bleak day and we continued on our way along the road to Provincetown. It was sundown by the time we reached Buzzards Bay and not a single star was to be seen in the skies above.

Of course we were in a state of excitement, for we had the "Coast Guard Station" but—could it be moved in good condition—for our land was situated about four and a half miles away from the government site.

My time was limited so I called up a few contractors in rapid fire

When Our Monument Was Growing



This unusual view of the Pilgrim Memorial Monument was made through "old" Ryder Street during the interim between the laying of the corner stone on August 20, 1907, in the presence of President Theodore Roosevelt and the dedication by President William H. Taft on August 5, 1910. Ryder Street then ran close to the east wall of Town Hall. It was moved some distance west to make room for a proposed approach to the monument, a plan later abandoned. About three years ago, through the efforts of the Provincetown Civic Association Ryder Street was widened to its present proportions.

3½ Foot Snake Menaces Monument Climbers

A three and one-half foot black snake gave twenty-five spectators a thrill Sunday afternoon near the Pilgrim Monument. The spectators had been gazing up at the tall shaft of the monument while the reptile had crawled within eight feet of the Monument tower door. Sam Rice, Provincetown, had the presence of mind to grab a "Keep Off the Grass" sign and disposed of the snake.

So rare to
see in
any part of
Cape

1931.

Road Built to Peaked Hill In 1894 Seems to Have Disappeared Entirely

by Gustavus Swift Paine, Genealogist and Cape Hi storian

About Cape Cod roads I have found many unrelated scraps. What we call the old King's Highway was extended to Wellfleet in 1717. Not long after that there was a road of a sort all the way down the Cape to Provincetown. For over a century the worst stretch was that into Provincetown along the edge of the bay. For that the stage driver carried shovels and often had his passengers help dig him out.

Then Cape Codders began putting clay on their sand roads, which were thereafter fair in dry weather. After a rain the going was hard. Of course snow made roads impassable except for crude bob-sleighs. In the early days apparently oxen could draw a cart along the sand tracks from a beach at the rate of about a mile an hour.

In 1904 J. M. Westgate, a government scientist, reported on "Reclamation of Cape Cod Sand Dunes." Incidentally he wrote: "The building of the state road across the Province land was commenced in 1894 and completed in 1901. It extends from the city (Provincetown) to the Peaked Hill life-saving station and provides an easy means of access to the heart of the dune territory. The road was not constructed

across the dunes area until the shifting sands had been brought under control. The roadbed was first graded and then covered with a layer of brush; after which it received a covering of turf-sod obtained from the adjacent woods. It is still in good condition and promises with some attention to be fairly permanent, as it is subject to but little heavy teaming. The cost of construction was about 35 cents per running foot." Would that be nearly \$2,000 a mile?

What has become of that road? Westgate was writing before the motor age. In 1949 I could discover only the faintest indications that wheels had ever been over to the abandoned Peaked Hill station. A walk over there is through some of the wildest and most lovely sand dunes on the Cape. Many remember other roads through little regions that would now satisfy anyone who craves the feeling of remote solitude. Nowadays only one's own feet provide "an easy means of access" to some of the most delightful spots in the dunes. Though I have long told my boy and his friends that I was 137 years old my last birthday — so that they will not rush me too much — I still like using my feet on Cape Cod, especially on the King's Highway, marked with red circles, through the Truro woods.

Draggers Bring In Heavy Loads

Heavy landings of fish have been made in Provincetown during the last few days, chiefly by the draggers which all season have had the lion's share of the business.

On Thursday 21 draggers accounted for 158,000 of the 176,000 pounds of fish caught, with five gill netters bringing in 8,000 and six trap boats 10,000 pounds. Whiting, fortunately, formed the bulk of the catch with 153,000, large mackerel 14,000 and the rest in cod, haddock and yellow tails.

The total catch for Saturday and Sunday was 412,000 pounds and of this 45 draggers brought in 267,000, and 15 trap boats 131,000 pounds. Two line trawlers landed 1,000 and 16 gill netters 13,000 pounds. Again whiting was the large part of the catch amounting to 234,000, large mackerel 126,000, haddock 23,000, with smaller catches of large and market cod, flounders, scrod haddock, gray sole and yellow tails.

For Tuesday the total catch was 142,000 with the draggers bringing in 121,000, six trap boats 20,000 and one line trawler 1,000 pounds. Whiting was the bulk of the catch with 89,000, haddock 14,000, scrod haddock 4,000, large mackerel 16,000 and the rest in large, market and scrod cod, sea herring, gray sole, yellow tails and mixed.

Never such catches as Summer 1942

A Street Scene In Old Provincetown Many Years Ago



This is a view of what is now a busy section of town showing the Masonic Building, what is now the office of The Advocate, then a fruit store, and Dr. Curley's office, now Dr. Perry's office beyond. This picture was taken before cement sidewalks replaced the famous wooden plank walks, so much opposed by some groups.

Cape End Worked For Its Library

Opening 70 Years Ago Heralded As Event Out- shadowing All Others

How the Provincetown Public Library got its start was told in a paper read by Miss Frances Gifford at the 70th anniversary program held last Tuesday. The founding was largely a co-operative effort on the part of the townspeople, aided to a great extent by leading citizens. Miss Gifford's paper follows.

In 1863, the Mayflower Division of the Sons of Temperance gave to the Town about \$300, deposited in the Seamen's Savings Bank, to be the start of a fund to be raised for the purpose of founding a Public Library, the first movement made here with that aim in view.

At a Town Meeting in 1872, it was voted that the sum of \$25 and the dog tax refunded to the Town by the County for the preceding three years amounting to \$191.45 be appropriated for the purpose of establishing a Public Library.

At the annual meeting in 1873, \$58.58, the dog tax for the preceding year was added to the fund and in that year Nathan Freeman gave the present building to the Town.

The Provincetown Advocate of December 17, 1873, describes the dedication of the Freeman Library building, which took place at the Center Methodist Church the previous Thursday evening and said:—

"At 7 p. m. precisely, Mr. Freeman with the Board of Trustees and other gentlemen walked into the church and took seats reserved for them. Hon. N. E. Atwood presided and Rev. Mr. Bray, senior, opened the service with prayer. Hon. Mr. Atwood spoke briefly and said he hoped books upon fishes with others upon natural history would be among those on the shelves.

A Never-Ending Book

"Mr. Nathan Freeman then addressed the assemblage and said, 'In this donation which I am about to make to you, I see only the commencement of a work almost without end.' He spoke to the Young Men's Christian Association and then said to the Trustees that he hoped their efforts, together with those of the entire community would make the library a blessing to the town. The Y. M. C. A. was to have the use of the second floor.

"The deed of conveyance was then read by Nathan D. Freeman, son of the donor, and Mr. A. T. Williams made the speech of acceptance in a manner reflecting much credit upon himself."

ed in the galleries. The choir furnished excellent music under the leadership of Mr. O. Snow."

In 1874 seven Trustees were chosen and the accumulated funds given into their hands. The Town appropriated \$2,000 for purchasing books, with the provision that \$1,000 should be raised by subscription. This was accomplished, Jenning's book on Provincetown says, through the efforts of James Gifford (grandfather of the author of this paper). The Trustees received the total amount of \$3,466.12.

Augustus Mitchell was chosen to select the books and the result was very satisfactory to all, with 2,202 volumes being purchased. The library was opened to the public on June 13, 1874 and The Advocate of June 17, 1874 has this to say:—

Important Event

"Provincetown has taken several steps in advance during the past year. The railroad, public lectures, speakers and conventions have contributed to the good of the town. We deem the opening of the library an event which overshadows all the rest.

"Today any reasonable demand for information can be met by a call at the library. Of course, some will run to excess. Boys will read Oliver Optic, Cooper and Marryat when they should be studying or at work. Girls will read Miss Phelps and Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney when they ought to be washing dishes and sweeping the kitchen.

"Never mind, we say, they will come back to better food after they have tasted the sweets. The older ones will take care of themselves. We will risk that. One sermon made Darwin go out into a dozen different families last Saturday. We rejoice that the library bids fair to become a perfect success."

Librarians were Miss Salome Gifford, William Mitchell, Miss Mattie Bangs, Miss Hattie M. Dyer and Miss Abbie C. Putnam who served for 34 years. Mrs. G. Harland Crooker had charge during the period between the resignation of Miss Putnam and the election of Gilbert Rich who was succeeded by the present librarian, Miss Penelope V. Kern.

The Y. M. C. A. gave up its rooms after a time and they have been used by the J. C. Freeman Post 53, the G. A. R., the Women's Relief Corps and others. In 1889 Benjamin Small of Provincetown gave to the library the sum of \$5,000, the income to be used for the purchase of books with the principal remaining intact. This bequest, made possible through the interest of Moses N. Gifford (father of the author) has proven of much assistance through the years.

2 There were several other speakers, among them "the venerable G. Ryder, Esq." who said that "one of the greatest curses of the town is the crowds that congregate upon our streets. A library would help to remedy this."

Rev. Mr. Blanchard pronounced the benediction. The Advocate continues, "The commodious church was filled with an audience of men, women and children. Most of the schools were present in a body, seat-

Thursday, December 28, in Provincetown

Dear Friends:

Today a thawing sun is shining in the dazzling whiteness of one of our heaviest snowfalls in recent years, drawing up the mercury from 'way below the freezing mark, gleaming and friendly on white expanses of field and cottage roof. The fall came a day late for a white Christmas but just right for kids who got new sleds. Tiny flecks of snow began looking around for places to 'light early Tuesday afternoon but by the time the afternoon wore into larkness a real storm was raging.

It was reassuring, on a drive from Hyannis through the wind-driven snow, to see all cars and trucks moving with the greatest caution and with no effort to speed. Early in the evening State trucks and sanders were out in full force over the road, although sanding did but little good as new snow covered the road surface. Here at our end of the Cape about four inches of white, fluffy blanket covered everything, even parts of East Harbor over which, here and there, some ice had formed. Later at night the snow practically ceased and the youngsters hauled out their sleds for the fun of coasting which they have been seldom able to enjoy here where the salt air so quickly dissipates the snow. The small inclines on Bradford street were alive with kids and ringing with their shouts.

When the snow stopped, the mercury took a dive and it was really cold for these parts. It was only 10 above at Wood End and along the waterfront, and 8 over Truro-way. Yesterday was cold all day long with the temperature steadily below freezing.

But all in all it was a lovely drama of early Winter weather. Skipper Charlie Mayo who is usually in Florida waters ere this said last night that he was glad he hadn't missed it, and Alice Berlin and son, arriving last night from New York to stay at the Anchor and Ark Club while visiting Louise "Mid" Paine who suffered a fall recently, said this morning that she is enjoying all of it. It is quite a bit different from a city snow storm.

Especially lovely were the Christmas street lights and the holiday lights in homes sending their colors through the whirling snow and afterwards on the soft covering. Our special street light garlands, the rich display at the base of the Monument, will be turned off on Tuesday, leaving our world to darkness and to us, again.



Happy New Year

Miss Kern's
picture -
A devoted
worker and
Librarian.

Her retirement
broke her
heart.

Signature
under

IN AN ARTICLE in the May 19 issue of the Saturday Evening Post, titled "Rising Star of Britain," describing the force and courage of a new British statesman, 34-year-old Minister of State Anthony Nutting who heads the delegation of the United Kingdom to the U. N., mention is made of the "famous political cartoonist, Edmund Duffy, who has been a discerning and skeptical observer of the political scene for more than 30 years." Mr. Duffy is but another of the noted people who have Summer homes on Pamet Road in Truro. The writer of the Satevepost article goes on to say, "Duffy was so impressed that he put Nutting down in his Winter book as a possible future prime minister of England," adding, "From experience, I know that Duffy's selections, whether among racehorses or statesmen, are not to be taken lightly."

Christmas - 1950

Of course the most impressive display of all is that arranged by the light and power company at the base of the Pilgrim Monument. The semi-circular reredos has been outlined with lights and surmounted by a lighted Noel. In the foreground are the emblazoned messages as if from old manuscripts and in the center, in a cradle, is the Christ Child. Above, to one side, gleaming out of the dark hill, is the Star of Bethlehem, white, sure, steadfast. At Ryder and Commercial the scene appears to be the Great Altar of a mighty cathedral with the trees branching into Gothic arches and the Monument reaching to a lofty steeple.

ANTIQUES

Marine Antiques — Figure Heads How the Ships Were Put in the Bottles

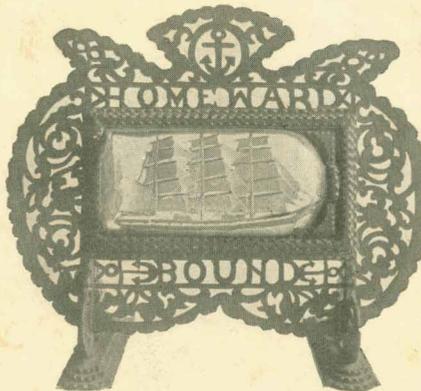


AMONG the rarities which are proudly exhibited by Cape Cod antique dealers, many of whom, by the way, are connoisseurs whose shops resemble museums, you will see, if you are lucky, a few figure-heads.

est works of art in the world and it is a figure-head.

We are not likely to collect medieval figure-heads on Cape Cod. Or a lion rampant from off a British ship-of-the-line either. But we might find a few old American figure-heads off merchant or clipper ships, and it is interesting to know a bit about their form and history.

Clipper ships always had their figure-heads painted purest white, and they were repainted with white



Courtesy of Ship Model Shop

lead even during the voyage that they might dazzle the eyes of foreigners when the ship arrived in port.

Merchantmen, however, by no means scorned bright colors and many old figure-heads were most gaudily painted. The "La Hague," for example, sported a green and chocolate lion, whose grinning mouth displayed rows of white teeth and a huge red tongue. Another grotesque figure-head was on the "Styx," launched in 1841. This ship carried a half length figure-head of the devil himself painted a dark chocolate color.

The most popular and usual figure-heads were female figures, usually with long hair and flowing robes. Due to an action of the British admiralty these became half figures after the year 1800. The reason for this was that the admiralty had but little money in the treasury during the last years of the eighteenth century, and as wood carving then as now was expensive, they decided to abolish the figure-head.

"The Putnam rose and fell, pendulum-like, to the pulsing of the ocean's breast, and the whaleboat disappeared for a space behind the lope of an intervening roller.

"Soon, a voice sounding faint and reed-like in the distance, was heard. 'We've got 'er,' was the cry; and, boat and schooner being thrown aloft simultaneously upon the very brows of their respective, though widely separated, seas, the men on the latter beheld the boatmen in the act of rolling something inward above the gunwale, which was much inclined, as if supporting a heavy burden.

"A couple of minutes later, the whaleboat, swinging circling inward

alongside ship, hooked on below the open port gangway; and the second mate, standing in the stern sheets, grinned sheepishly upward at the master on the quarter as he called to the bare-footed sailors clustered in the waist, bidding them to pass down a strap and tackle.

A Graven Image

"'God Lord!' one of the group exclaimed in a tone that betokened surprise and disappointment, as his gaze rested upon something that reclined in the boat's bottom, 'Tis nuthin' but a gol-darned figurehead, arter all.' And, sure enough, twas a graven image—not a bit of human flotsam—that had been rescued from the deep.

"A splendidly fashioned figure-head it was, however, one that must have graced the prow of some great clipper ship employed in the East Indies passenger-cargo carrying trade—a colossal full-length presentation of womankind, modeled with great beauty and vigor and measuring fully eight feet from the placid brow to the underside of the sandaled feet.

"The figurehead was too bulky to be kept on deck; the limited space offering between casks in hold and hatch combings precluded bestowal of the full figure below deck, and, in the end, all that portion below the hips was sawed away and used for firewood, when the upper part was, with ease, gotten down the main hatchway.

Gone Are The Vessels

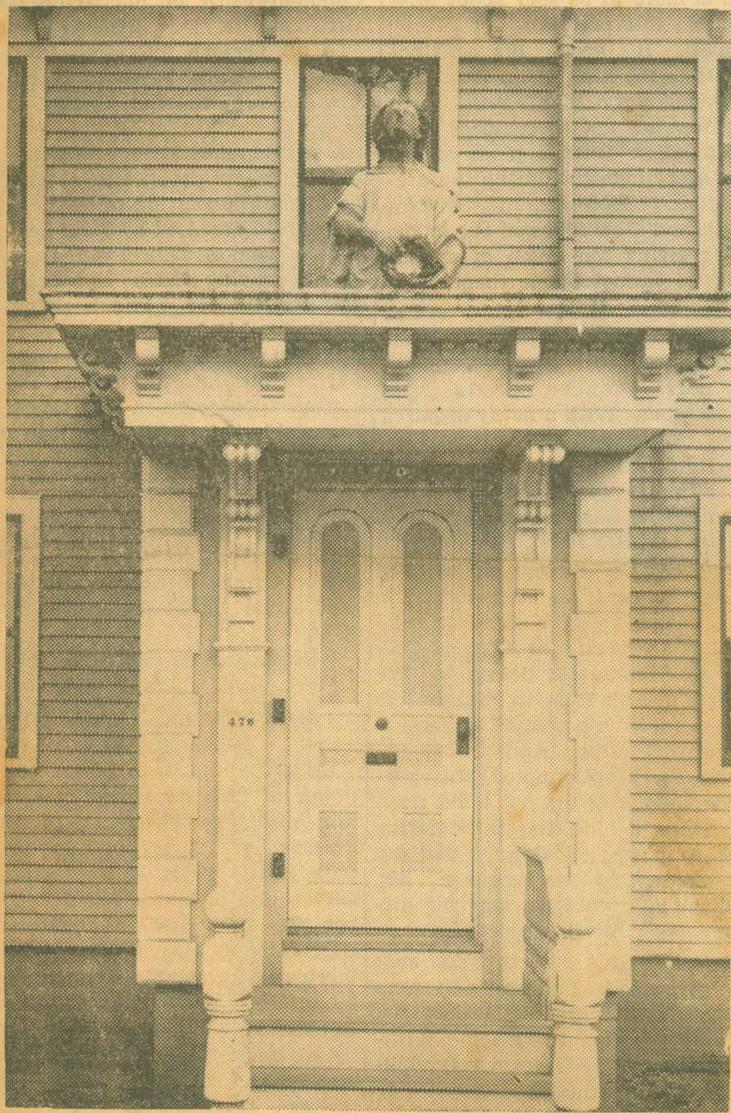
"Of all the forty-six whaling vessels that sailed from Provincetown at that period not one remains: the mass of their crews, too, have sailed outward upon the sea of death during the intervening years. The A. L. Putnam, with all her crew, went into the maw of the insatiable sea years ago, and Captain Handy died long since on his fruit farm in Southern California. But the magnificent figurehead (sole reminder, perhaps, of a sunken ship and crew) that topped the Indian

craft.



Lady of Sea Keeps Long, Lonely Vigil For Her Ship to Return Across the Bay

What Proud Vessel She Once Graced As A Figurehead,
What Distant Oceans, What Strange People She Has
Known Are Shrouded in Mystery, Her Own Secret



One of the interesting sights seen along Commercial Street is that of the Figurehead Lady on what has come to be known as the Figurehead House. By request, an account of this mysterious lady is reprinted today from a former issue of *The Provincetown Advocate*.

Someday our Commercial Street—that road of now well-nigh forgotten dissension—will be discovered and its story written. If the tale is told by one whose ear can hear its whispered memories and see its ghosts of ancient mariners who still walk its narrow way with printless step, we will come to know our "Front Street" for what it really is—one of the romantic roads of the world.

Walled within every old little house along its way is a book-shelf of tales of travel, adventure, love and tragedy, of patience, devotion and labor, of hardy men, brave women and courageous lads.

The seed of this tree may have germinated in a cargo from Australia and the last soil it met may have come as ballast from the Orient. And buried beneath the surface are the stumps and swamp land of a once mighty forest of oaks, pines, birch, ash and walnut.

Muted Mouth

But the whole story will never be told. Too much of it was "lost at sea" or buried in the sandy graves of the Cape. Like the lady whose image looks out to the harbor over the porch of the Putnam house on Commercial.

27
She has her story to tell but can never tell it. She, too, was "lost at sea", from what vessel none will probably ever know, nor will we know what seas have bathed her, what strange people she looked upon as her great ship was loaded in foreign ports.

But the "rescue" of the "Figurehead Lady" for whom collectors have offered large sums is typical of the Yankee humor and adventure of the whaling days. Thirty-three years ago an unnamed scribe wrote the tale for the *Boston Globe*. Only a part of it can be retold here.

"Without a ripple or feather of foam the sunlit ocean waters came rolling to the coppered bends of the A. L. Putnam, ten months out from the home port, Provincetown, in quest of 'sparm'."

"Ben' Handy, master, stumped the starboard quarter, spy glass under arm, in readiness for use at the first welcome call of 'ere sh blo-ows!' from the 'masthead' man in his dizzily swinging 'crows nest' ninety feet above the deck.

"Mind your eye aloft there!" the skipper shouted.

Woman Adrift

"Immediately—so soon in truth that it seemed at first but the echo of the master's admonition—the hail 'Woman—all adrift; two points off the weather bow; cable's length away,' was trumpeted from aloft, the unwonted nature of the communication, together with the evident excitement of the communicator, serving to send the captain over to the lee rail on a run.

"Quickly, the object which the keen eyes of the whale men on deck identified as the form of a woman of truly magnificent physique, with a crown of glossy black hair, loosed and clinging to the ivory tinted nape and shoulders exposed by a low-cut white gown, appeared for an instant on the front of a glassy, up-

shouldering swell, then was over-ridden and hidden by the faster moving element that rocked it.

"'Tis a drowned woman!' some one of the waist loungers cried.

"Stand by there—stand by to lower away the larboard quarter boat!" Captain Handy called excitedly.

"Jib sheets to windward!" he continued, the craft having been brought to the wind, 'Lower away!' and the boat having been let run into the sea and tackles unhooked, away went the little craft, dancing off astern, to recover the body, which was seen occasionally as some undulation of the sea threw it into partial relief against the pale blue of the sky just to leeway of the vessel's dissolving wake. X

Oct. 20 - 1949.

28

Last night we talked with Provincetown's young airport manager, John C. Van Arsdale whose administration of the field and service has won him so much applause, and the present situation so much sympathy. He told of the manifold and highly technical extra precautions that had been taken at every turn to keep the record of the field unblemished by accidents. Right now, he seemed to feel that everything that had been so painstakingly wrought had come tumbling around his feet. All the principles on which we have built our service will have to be changed, he said. At present planes from the field, plying between Boston and Provincetown, are either climbing to an altitude of 6,000 feet or are following the shore route around the bay to Logan Airport and return. Neither method is as speedy or nearly as economical as the former method.

This morning seven of the airport pals of Pilot Dan Lacey, lost in the crash, flew to Norwood and went from there by cab to Westwood for the funeral services. Included were Clint Patterson, Tudor Garland, Tony Perreira, Bill and Barbara Oldenquist, Wilbur Cook, and Manager Van Arsdale.

Following loss of plane Boston to Provincetown in which Mrs. ^{Mrs. John Gregory} Marian Gibbs sister and two children, a pregnant woman, the pilot and a man were lost. Blamed to lack of "Sea Vision" in young, modern C. Guardsmen - ^{Life Boat} Could not see down into waves - as Radar Boat from Boston + Plane indicated to them. No storm.

Dec. 14, 1950.

Fire Siren Shifted Fire House Gets Heat

Work of removing the fire siren from the Consolidated Cold Storage at Howland and Commercial streets to a position on the roof of the No. 4 Fire House is now in progress with electricians making the necessary wiring changes. It is expected that the siren will again be in operation at the end of this week, according to Fire Chief Joseph E. Matta.

With radiators provided at low cost No. 2 Company will have heat for the second floor of the Johnson Street Fire House and the work of installation is now under way. This is the last of the five fire houses to have heat on both floors, Chief Matta said.

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Necessary - but
terrific at night
and deafening at 12
N. to near neighbors

AUGUST 13, 1942

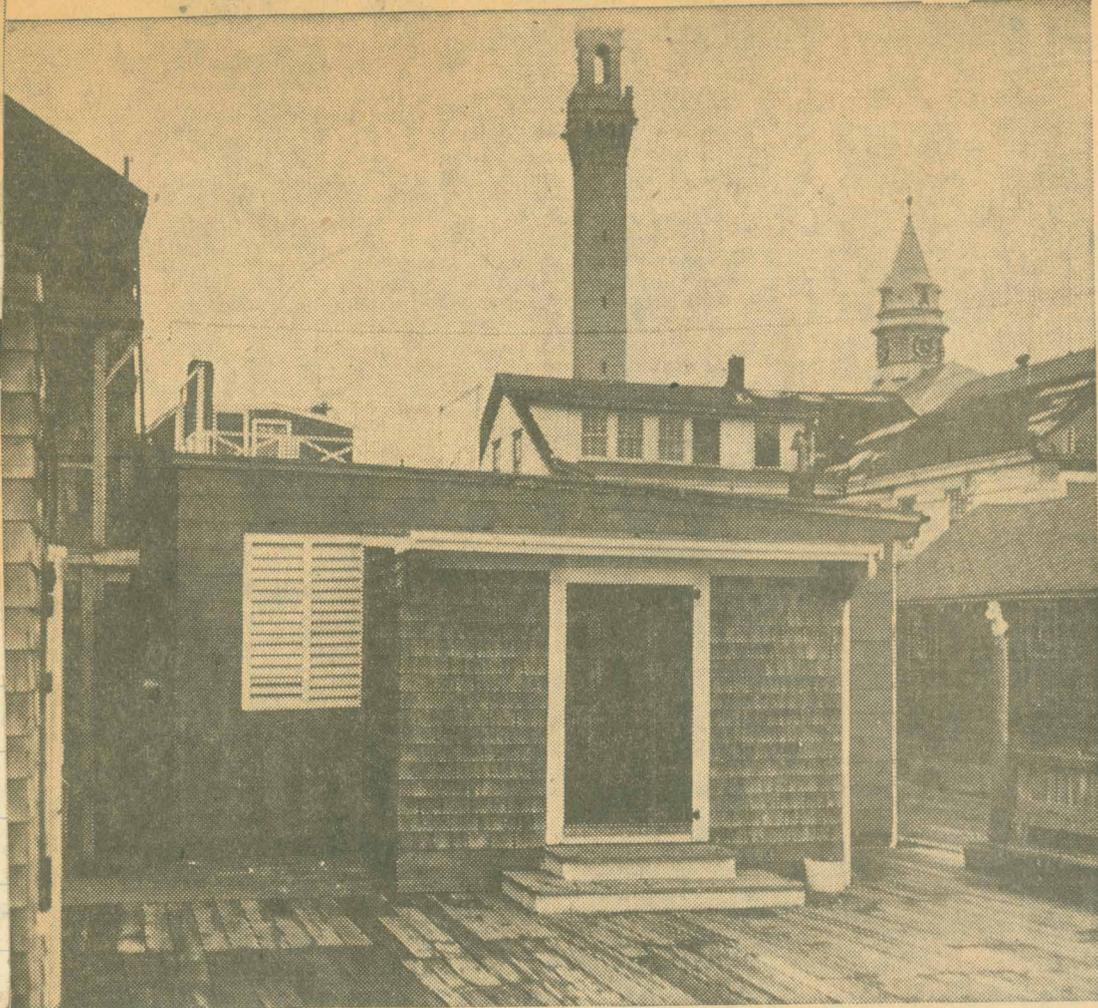
Atlantic Fisheries Will Move Fish Liver Shed To West Coast

Practically All Raw Material, Rich In Vitamins, Now Comes From Pacific Side—Wm. J. McCaffrey Will Go To Los Angeles

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Playhouse to Remain as Playhouse 1957

29



1958
Aug. 14

Fire
threatens
Wharf
Theatre
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front
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(Cape Cod Standard-Times Photo)

The Provincetown Playhouse, well-known Summer mecca for vacationists to the Cape, will remain as a playhouse with negotiations completed for sale of the buildings at the Cape-tip to the Playhouse management. Today the citizens of Provincetown telegraphed the owners of the building, thanking them for giving the playhouse first chance to purchase the building and thus enabling the management to retain the playhouse its long-time site.

Photo by John D. Bell

Many were willing to help the battling firemen and a number, including members of the Playhouse staff, turned to when the streams of water, rushing along Gosnold Street, threatened to flood the theater on the wharf. They shoveled a gutter to the beach and the play went on as usual that night.

Wharf Theatre sold by Pfeiffers to
Players.

Wharf Theater Transfer Hailed

Cape-tip Citizens
Acclaim Pfeiffers

PROVINCETOWN, Dec. 29—A telegram of New Year greetings and congratulations for giving first choice for purchase of the Provincetown Playhouse to the present management has been sent by citizens of Provincetown to the Pfeiffer family in St. Augustine, Fla.

The property was to be sold and an offer was made by a group which said it wanted to convert it into a gift shop. But the Pfeiffer family offered it to the playhouse management.

1957-

J. M.
and 8
back

HYANNIS, MASSACHUSETTS, FRIDAY, AUG. 1, 1941



ALTHOUGH NOT LISTED in the guide books as an important recreational activity on Cape Cod, hurrying to fires and standing about watching the men battle the flames is a popular vacation sport. This phenomenon, in fact, not only is a favorite outdoor sport but has an important place in the social life of the year and Summer residents. This general crowd view was taken during a minor fire in Provincetown.

What's Going On TOMORROW

PROVINCETOWN IN FEAR OF FIREBUG

Burning of Governor Bradford School Causes Belief That Pyromaniac Is Loose in the Town



SMILING THROUGH THEIR TEARS

These boys don't appear to be really serious about those tears. They are viewing the ruins of the \$40,000 fire at the Governor Bradford School.

PROVINCETOWN, April 6—Fear that the firebug who terrorized this section several years ago is active once more was entertained tonight, as authorities pressed an investigation into the mysterious origin of the fire which destroyed the Governor Bradford School here today, with an estimated loss of \$40,000.

Some of the 120 children who attended the two-story wooden school, erected in 1892, wept today as they surveyed the ruins, but most of the pupils appeared to be in a highly cheerful mood, until they learned that they will go to classes as usual in the high school.

At the same time the school committee was considering asking for a federal grant of \$50,000. The town will receive \$30,000 insurance money as the result of the destruction of the school, and the committee is expected to proceed with proposals for the building of a new school to replace the one destroyed last night.

ERA Art Ruined

In addition to the regular school classes, the Bradford School also housed ERA art classes of adults, the productions of which have received much praise from members of the art colony here. The fire destroyed more than 500 exhibits of the art class, along with much valuable materials and tools.

Instructor Saul Yalkert announced tonight, however, that the ERA art class will be continued in the high school building.

Until a new school building is ready, pupils of the Bradford School will attend classes in the high school from 1 o'clock in the afternoon until 5:30.

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1951

Natives too, Winter as well as Summer.

Later - not enough pupils to
fill new H.S. so brought them
over from Truitt

neighboring roofs.

MARCH 11, 1943

New Curfew Law Send Youngsters Into Homes Starting This Week

Acting Police Chief John Rego said today that the new 9 o'clock curfew, recently added to the Town By-Laws and enforced for the first time Monday night, seems to be working out well and that no violations have been noted to date.

Because of the danger of creating confusion by using the fire and freezer sirens, which are already employed for fire and air raid alarms, it was decided to announce the nightly curfew by sounding the siren of the police prowler while circling the town. Although, at first, a number of people mistook this signal for the siren of the Lower Cape ambulance, the town has pretty well accepted the alarm at 8:45 each evening as the curfew which sends boys and girls under 16 into their homes at 9 o'clock unless suitably chaperoned.

Children under the age limit may not attend the movies in the evening unless properly chaperoned and all youngsters whose age may be open to question must carry birth certificates.

1931.

PLANS FOR NEW POSTOFFICE RECEIVED

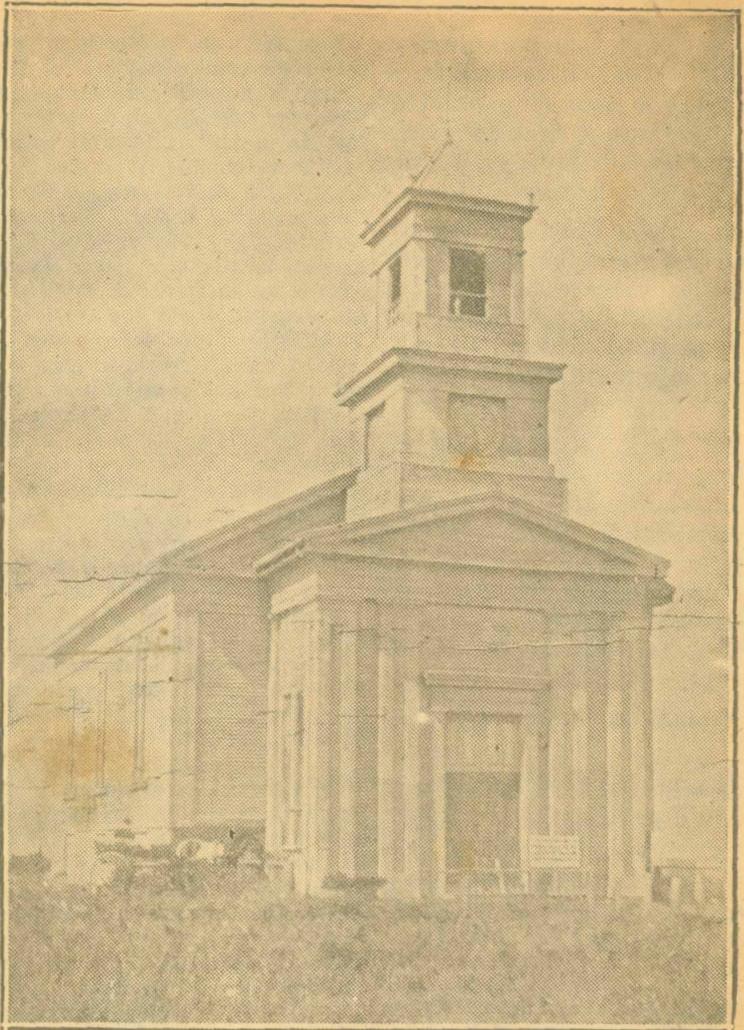
Plans for Provincetown's new post office building, to be situated between Adams and Paige Bros. garages, have been received by Postmaster N. Edwin Lewis from Federal Government Headquarters.

Postmaster Lewis announces the inspector in charge of post office work stationed in Boston will be in town the first of next month to consult with the postmaster, the Coast Guard officials, and Custom authorities to determine if the tentative plans are acceptable to their needs, and immediately after their approval, the Government will advertise for bids for the construction work. Congress has appropriated \$105,000 for a large and adequate building to have special colonial designs in keeping with the architecture of old Cape Cod.

Aug. 1955

In one of the biggest real estate transactions of recent years, the old Parsonage on North Pamet Road was sold, through the office of Ethel Archer Ball to Mr. and Mrs. John Carleton, long-time Summer colonists at Ballston Beach. Robert Nathan, former owner, has commitments on the West Coast, and so the five acre estate colonial homestead passes to the new owners.

Entirely Destroyed By Fire



The Old South Truro Meeting House, being restored by the Truro Neighborhood Association, struck by lightning early this morning.

LIGHTNING HITS TRURO CHURCH, ENTIRELY DESTROYED BY FLAMES

Fire Early This Morning Completely Consumes Edifice Being Restored By Truro Neighborhood Association— Building Was Famous Landmark On Cape

Lightning struck the 90 year-old South Truro Meeting House shortly after midnight this morning starting a fire that completely destroyed, down to the last sliver, a landmark famous throughout the Cape, known throughout the country, pictured by painters on hundreds of canvasses, some of them in museums, and the cherished possession of the Truro Association whose president, Dr. Burn have worked with a high degree of care to be a permanent memorial and center for things of interest to Truro and visitors on the Cape.

Today nothing is left save an oblong area of embers surrounded by the high brick walls that served as a foundation and the basement walls of the church. Within lies the twisted furnace, lengths of stove pipe, and the broken rocker arm of the priceless bell which hung in the belfry—the belfry that could be picked out many miles away, whether by land or sea.

Danger Foreseen

“—the greatest danger to the old structure was from fire, a stroke of lightning—” wrote Phyllis Duganne in her little history of the church, and prophetically, it happened last night in one of the freakiest storms to hit the Cape in years. A light rain came in the early eve-

ning and then the bright moon rode high sending the wisps of clouds scudding away. But shortly after eleven the heavens sent thunder echoing over the sea and the countryside flashed white with blinding lightning.

There was a crash and the Truro fire s'ren blew. That was 11:15 and the firemen hurried to the station. The recorder had turned up only one number when three should have tallied. The lightning had struck the alarm system putting it out of service and it was not working late this afternoon.

It was somewhere around 12:30 this morning that Surfman John Costa, on duty in the tower at Highland Coast Guard Station saw the sky illumined by red flames over in the direction of the South Truro Meeting House, ten miles away. Lightning had already rendered the telephone system to the station useless so he called Olive Williams of the Marine Signal Station at Highland Light on the Coast Guard line. She relayed the message at once to Edgar Francis and George Williams, and both went for the apparatus at North Truro. They could sound no general alarm so they blew the s'ren on their truck to call out the firemen.

Already Doomed

However, when they and the two other trucks of Truro's department reached the church it was already doomed. Walls had begun to fall in

and flames seemed to shoot a hundred feet into the air. They could be seen in Hyannis, it was reported and in Plymouth as well. There was nothing that could be done then. The grass and brush nearby had been so soaked with rain, and with snow still piled in spots there was hardly any danger of the flames spreading. A brisk southwest wind whipped the fire and sent embers flying hundreds of yards away but those sizzled out without trouble.

It was amazing how many people in Truro slept through the whole tragedy and only discovered this morning that the one monument that marked their town as nothing else could, that epitomized the nature, the austerity and the godliness of its people for generations was gone. Only about a hundred gathered to watch the end of an edifice which, in the prosperous days of Truro, seated five hundred worshippers and then was often crowded

The church, due to the efforts of the Truro Neighborhood Association had been completely redecorated inside. The old plaster had been entirely torn out, the auditorium and vestry below had been wired for electricity, the walls had been covered with sheet rock and painted, so that those who had worked hard might see this summer the fruit of their labors.

According to some the bell, the "very sweet-toned Bell hung in the belfry" was from Paul Revere's foundry and, according to one story, the sum of eight thousand dollars offered for it by an antiquarian had been refused. Little was left of it this morning, just hunks of bubbled twisted metal, and these were soon taken away as mementos.

On A Bluff

The South Truro Meeting House was on a high bluff overlooking the harbor for many miles,—"set high on a hill to be nearer God and a landmark for the fishermen." Erected in 1851 it was built toward the close of the brief period of Truro's commercial prosperity. Though it was always crowded on Sundays and on many weekday nights during its early years, it had a membership of only 41 in 1891, forty years after its building. It is thought that some of the timbers from Cape Cod's first Methodist meeting house went into the construction, after the custom of thrifty Cape Codders.

The building of the church was financed by auctioning the unbuilt pews for a hundred dollars, ninety-nine, seventy-five, according to their position. In the vestry in the basement was the center of practically all the social life known by the people of those early days. Here were held the cake sales, the suppers, the necktie parties and singing services. Here many a "date" was made that eventually perpetuated present Truro families, and here they were joined in holy matrimony, or were gazed upon for the last time.

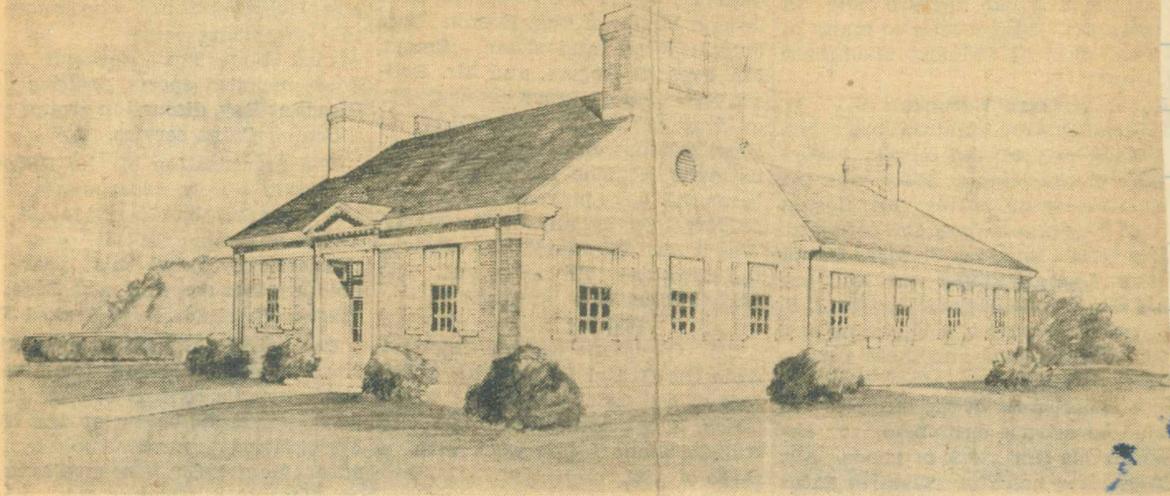
But evil days came upon the town

Now here's the old South Truro Cemetery. . .renamed in later years the Pine Grove burying ground. The monuments bear the grand old names of the early settlers. . .Riches by the dozen, and Paines, and Elliotts, and Mayos, and Cobbs, and, of course, Lombards. Seafaring men all, and many a marker stands over soil containing not a body, but the memory, only, of a mariner lost at sea. You'll note that the stones over in the northeast corner, which is the oldest section, are slate—they're neatly lettered, and some of them have gruesome skulls carved in the black and red stones, grim reminders of the fate of man. Midway of the cemetery the monuments are marble, lichen-covered, weathered smooth. This would be the era of flowery epitaphs—"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die. . ." and here, in the new section, the style in tomb stones changes to granite. We believe, as do most Truroites, that a cemetery should have a good view, and the vista of rolling hills and the placid bay and the spear of the Cape's end across the harbor certainly qualify the Pine Grove location.

We recall the last time the old bell was rung for an emergency. During the big forest fire of 1927, it was, when a secondary blaze broke from the main head of the fire and roared up-valley towards South Truro. . . Charlie Francis had a crew of men with him in Prince Valley, and he drove his car up to the church, and seized the bell-ropes, and pulled until the folks about town heard the alarm, and came over to lend a hand. . . Well sir, the townspeople and Summer folks got together in the late 30's, and raised some money, and restored the old Hogsback Meetin' House. And then a rare, early Spring tempest roared over the South Truro hills, and a freak bolt of lightning struck the steeple of the venerable landmark, and it burned to the ground, as the volunteers of Pamet's fire department stood helplessly by, booster tanks empty, the water supply many hundreds of yards away.

And so to installment three of the O'Caghan guided tour of Truro: We're exploring, in memory, the old Hogsback church, the famous landmark and seamark. As we recall, there were two stairways leading up from the basement into a barn-like auditorium. . . the wooden shutters were closed, and a ghostly light filtered into a scene of decay and disuse; here a pile of broken plaster, faded scraps of carpeting on the aisles, straight-backed pews, with flecked paint. If we were in a brave mood, we'd thread our way through the rubble, and climb the rickety ladder that led up into the belfry, and give a tug or two on the rope-pull. A startled bird or two would dart from the louvered openings in a great flurry of feathers, and clouds of dust would settle through the hatchway. . .

New Home Of First National Bank of Provincetown



Above is the architect's sketch of the new home of the First National Bank of Provincetown construction of which has been started at the corner of Winthrop and Commercial Streets. It will be built of red brick with slate roof along modified Colonial lines. Excavation for the basement which will extend under the entire structure has been completed and footings have been laid for the basement walls. According to present plans the exterior work will be finished before severe Winter weather sets in.

Again Pittsburgh Likes Waugh

"Line Squall," a marine painting by the late Frederick J. Waugh of Provincetown—foam-shrouded rocks against a dark, forbidding sea—is among the first five most popular pictures judged by 5,000 visitors to

A large Marine Painting for each panel of pale green wall, now adorns the Bank Bld.

The presented by Frederick J Waugh some years before, were kept for new building.

Far for Eastenders to walk —

Bus 1950 - private concern - Runs on schedule but only about June 15 - Sept. 15

Let us not forget - *

See Bk 4 - p -

*Transportation In The Early Days

The following paper was read at the regular meeting of the Research Club, December 9th, 1914.

In the early days of Provincetown, there were no horses and as the dwellings were built very near the shore, the water was the common highway until 1840.

Not only were goods and fisheries carried this way but when the people wished to visit a distant part of the village, they would have the boat brought to the door, as we would a carriage, the father, brother or friend would sail the craft to its destination. There is no record of any serious accident during the more than a century that people traveled in this way. The lady passengers were clad in attire suited to their needs, for they did not escape tasting salt water.

Though advantage was usually taken of transient vessels to procure passage to and from Boston, it does not seem probable that regular lines running on stated days, were established much before the beginning of the 19th century.

The harbor was a rendezvous for British men of war during the years of 1812-15 so local shipping was annihilated.

The first Provincetown packet of which we have any record was the sloop "Truth," which began running between this port and Boston in 1820. This packet could carry from 25 to 50 passengers, crowded in the cabin or on deck. There could be no social distinction, the squire, the village storekeeper, the minister or doctor would share the same as their humble neighbor. The passengers were usually very friendly whether they had met before or not. The topics of conversation were most interesting. They varied from original sin to the price of cod-fish. The people were notified of the arrival or intended departure of the packet by signals hoisted on the staff from the summit of the highest hill. Great was the excitement among the people when they saw the signal for arrival. The shores were swarmed and the wharf crowded long before the hour. Then came eager inquiries for "the news."

In 1847 Capt. Whitman Freeman was captain of the schooner "Northern Light" which went to and from Boston from March to December, three times each week.

Steamers came upon the route at various times, in 1842 the steamer "Express" ran between Boston and Provincetown by way of Plymouth. It was about before this that the first steamer made a trip between New York and Providence.

When the people saw her for the first time they were heard to whisper as they saw the boat apparently burning up—go quickly sliding away without sails over the water that, "the devil had a hand in it and perhaps was on board in person."

Eighteen forty-nine, 1850, 1851 the "Naushon" made trips to Provincetown and Wellfleet, and in the summer to Dennis. The "Naushon" was followed by steamer "Acorn." From 1863 to 1874 the steamer "George Shattuck" commanded by Capt. Gamaliel B. Smith, made regular trips. The same year, 1863, the wharf now owned by Fisherman's Cold Storage, then known as Bowley's wharf, was extended to deep water for the "Shattuck" and became known as Steamboat Wharf. After 1874 there were several steamers on the route at different times, but in 1883 the "Longfellow," Capt. John Smith, was built expressly for this route. This steamer made trips from early spring to late fall without an accident until 1898, she was sold to New York parties and used to carry fruit and mail to different ports in the West Indies. The "Longfellow" afterwards returned to these waters and on September 9, 1904, sank near Pamet station. The cargo was dynamite and nitroglycerine. After an explosion the wreckage was strewn ashore on December 24, the same year.

The "New Brunswick," then the "Martinique" were on the route until 1900, when the excursion steamer "Cape Cod" was built. She was sold in 1907, to be succeeded by the "Dorothy Bradford," carrying 1800 passengers.

Thus the progress from the packet, with capacity to carry 25 to 50 passengers, to the large commodious steamer "Dorothy Bradford" with 1800 excursionists.

Stage Coach

The stage coach line, to transport passengers from Plymouth to Sandwich, ran in 1790 and was by gradual steps extended toward the extremity of the Cape. The stage ride from the Cape to Boston was a two days' affair until the opening of the railroad line to Plymouth, and was not resorted to except when the weather was unfavorable by packet. There were people who lived to a good old age, had been to all parts of the world, but had never taken the stage ride to Boston.

35
One writer has said, "It seemed to matter little how long was your journey, nor where you were going, your coach always started before daybreak. One had to rise, dress and eat a hurriedly prepared breakfast in the dark, and start out in the blackness of night or depressing chill of early morning."

This was true of the Cape for there was a time when the stage left Provincetown at 2 o'clock in the morning. The numerous stopping places along the route gave ample opportunity, however, for the exchange of news and to partake of good cheer of various taverns—for they had no hotel nor saloons in those days. "A good meal and a hot toddy, in the days before the temperance movement had been

inaugurated, left pleasant recollections of the place left behind and excited agreeable anticipations of the next one to come."

Newspapers were not needed in those days, when new comers from all points of the compass brought all there was to tell from everywhere.

May 19, 1854, the railroad was extended to Yarmouth. Two years later, in 1856, three young ladies went from Provincetown for a term at Brigewater Normal School. The stage left at 5 o'clock, on a dark cold morning, the passengers had to do without light but carried hot bricks to keep the feet warm. The ladies with their band boxes, got inside the coach while the trunks were strapped on the back. The first stop was at Grozier's in North Truro, to take more passengers with band boxes and trunks and to collect, assort and leave the mail, while the travelers patiently waited. The stage also stopped at Truro, but at Wellfleet, while the driver changed horses, the passengers went into the Holbrook House and exchanged cold bricks for hot ones. They then proceeded to Orleans, where dinner was served. By this time the number of passengers had so increased that it was necessary to hustle for a good seat in the coach, lest one was obliged to ride backward. The stage was due to meet the train at Yarmouth about 1 o'clock. Delighted were our friends when they took the train, which arrived at Bridgewater at 4 o'clock, the passengers going to Boston rode until 6 o'clock.

People coming to Provincetown would leave the train at Yarmouth and take stage, stopping at Orleans and Wellfleet to change horses. When the stage was crowded the men were asked to walk over the sand hills in Truro. Some took this pleasantly while others found it a hardship after being on the route so long. All were happy, however, when they heard the horses' hoofs strike the bridge and saw the light in the Henry Atkins House; the first light to be seen in town.

at 9 o'clock but sometimes it would be midnight before the arrival.

The young ladies on their return from Bridgewater, were obliged to remain in Wellfleet over night on account of a terrific gale. The next day, when they started for home, the bridge had been washed away so they came around East Harbor, the route used before the bridge was built.

The railroad was opened from Yarmouth to Orleans, December 6, 1865, and to Wellfleet in 1870. How short then seemed the ride by stage, only as far as Wellfleet, changing horses once at Jonathan Collins' in Truro.

July 22, 1873, the railroad was extended to Provincetown. Rapid indeed was considered traveling when the train left at 5:15 in the morning and arrived in Boston at 10:30.

Mails

The citizens of the Cape were dependent upon travelers to carry letters until 1797, a weekly mail route was established from Yarmouth to Truro, but it was not considered of consequence enough to continue the service to Provincetown, so it was not until 1808 that the mail was brought here.

History speaks of a Mr. Mayo who used to take the mail to Pamet River, on horseback. Crossing the foot bridge, he took another horse on the opposite side and proceeded to Provincetown, returning by the same route. By this plan he saved three miles each way through a sandy road.

The mail was easily carried in one side of a pair of saddle bags, the other side was devoted to packages and an occasional newspaper. It was considered a great distinction to have a letter in the mail. When the carrier was about to start from town a man was sent around with a tin horn to give

notice of that fact. The mail carrier, in winter, used to carry a saw on one side of his horse and an axe on the other to clear away obstructions after a snow storm.

In 1820 the mail was brought to Barnstable and Yarmouth three times a week; about this time a petition was circulated to have the same arrangement on the lower part of the Cape but many refused to sign on the ground of expense and because once a week was often enough. After the daily stage route was established, the mail was brought by stage.

Next to this arrangement came the postal car service, which was introduced about the year 1855. Cyrus Hicks of Boston, was the first postal clerk, leaving Boston in the morning for Hyannis and returning in the afternoon.

One mail pouch was sufficient for the letters and a limited number of pouches for the newspaper mail. There were from 80 to 120 pouches per day required in 1890 for newspaper mail alone. Since that date, the quantity of mail has been greatly increased by the introduction of post cards, the unlimited number of magazines and daily newspapers and one of the most convenient of all, the parcel post service.

Provincetown High School Dedicated

1931

The Provincetown school committee dedicated the new Junior-Senior High School, Friday evening at eight o'clock.

Father Douart opened the program with a blessing and the Chairman, Jesse Rogers, presided over the meeting. In part he spoke:

"Provincetown experienced one of the worst fires in history; it completely destroyed the old high school. After the fire this committee wasted no time and effort in securing full value for every dollar spent, that the children should get a good education. Tonight you face the fruits of our efforts. It is the best equipped school on Cape Cod, a monument to the generosity of the people of Provincetown, dedicated to the health of all those children. We surely hope this building meets with your approval.

"We also want to publicly thank all the artists who so generously gave their beautiful paintings. We also want to thank Judge Welsh for the legal advice he has always been willing and ready to give."

Frank A. Days, Jr. gave a few statistics concerning the building.

"Little better than a year ago the town voted to build the high school. The architect was selected in the person of William H. McLean, of Boston. The material for the building came from far and wide—as far west as Oregon, as far south as Louisiana. There were 74 carloads of this material and the weight of the building was 5,000 tons."

Mr. Days then turned over the keys of the building to the architect, Mr. McLean presented them to Dr. DeWager, who in turn passed it to Mr. Barnett, the selectman. Mr. Days, head

of the building committee, is also head of the school committee, and he once more held the keys to the high school. But not for long. Mr. Harris, superintendent of the schools, was given the keys and as a closing speech to the formality, he said:

"We are going to take care of this building. What a contrast this is compared with the educational conditions of 300 years ago." Mr. Harris proceeded to give a brief sketch of the schooling problems of three centuries ago, and in closing, he said, "So that was the status of education at that time...and I want to congratulate...the spirit that prompted this High School Building."

Judge Waler Welsh and Dr. Eaton next took the platform in turn and their speeches were most favorably accepted.

The speaker of the evening was Mr. Harry Gardner, of Boston, agent of the State Board of Education, who took Dr. Smith's place.

His talk was most interesting and as the closing paragraph he said: "I often wondered as a student if the greatest problem of life was not the distinction between things that are true and the things that are not true, between insidious propaganda spread abroad, not to educate but to spread discord. We must train the will of these children, we must so train them that having decided which is the true and the false they will have the will to do the true and refuse to do the false."

The Reverend Mosely closed the meeting with a benediction.

Music was furnished by the Nicker-son saxophone quartet of Hyannis.

Schools also Bk. 3 p 218

1931

N. Y. Yacht Club at Provincetown

The first of the 150 yachts of the New York Yacht Club sailed into the harbor Saturday afternoon from Vineyard Haven. By Sunday morning the fleet was at rest.

Every year the race is held. This year starting from Newport, Rhode Island, the yachts raced to Vineyard Haven, and from there to Provincetown. Then Monday morning at 9 o'clock they unfurled their sails and set out for Marblehead. After that they will sail through the Cape Cod Canal back to Newjort.

It was a sight never to be forgotten Sunday morning when the entire fleet was at rest, spreading their sails to dry; the cruisers had strung up their multi-colored flags, and the whole harbor seemed to put on a holiday atmosphere of welcome for the maritime visitors.

1931
**Pajama Day On
Dorothy Bradford**

Thursday, July 30, was Pajama Day on the Dorothy Bradford. Miss Agnes Frazeau of White Gate Oldenburg New York who is spending the summer at 537 Commercial Street, Provincetown, was the winner. She wore a blue and white spotted costume with hat to match. The prize was a round trip season ticket for the rest of the season.

Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, of Medford, Mass., summering in Provincetown won second prize which was a round trip ticket thru the Cape Cod Canal on the 12th of September at which time the Dorothy Bradford will make an entire day's trip through the canal, returning to Boston by moonlight. The boat will leave Boston at 11 a. m. and arrive back at Boston at 11 p. m.

1931

Adams' Gasoline Boat Explodes Operators Badly Burned

1931

Fog Sets Off Burglar Alarm

The police and officials at the Provincetown First National Bank were confused last Friday when the burglar alarm at the Bank sounded for no apparent reason.

The alarm was heard to go off about five p. m. Friday afternoon. An hour later it rang again, disturbing telephone operators at their switchboards next door to the bank building. A policeman eagerly responded to the alarm but found everything at the bank in order.

The bank officials immediately got in touch with the manufacturers of the burglar alarm system and were told that the excessive moisture from the fog which frequented town last week was most likely responsible for the disturbance.

Old Bank

Dorothy Bradford Makes Final Trip This Season

The Dorothy Bradford made her last trip of the year on Monday, September 14th. Amid a blow of cold storage whistles, she majestically left the dock and in return she saluted the town with many blasts of her own.

Carrying 283 passengers this last day, the steamer Dorothy Bradford ended her season \$20,000 behind that of last year. George McCaffrey, police officer of the steamer who takes charge of the tickets, states that every holiday and week end was usually unpleasant. "The early part of June was practically all rain, the seventeenth of June, Fourth of July, and most holidays were days of wind and rain and fog."

The gang planks were locked away in the shed and the doors of the office locked for the winter. With the final warning whistle the officer in charge shouted "All Aboard" for the last time and the steamer moved away. Hardly had a foot widened between the wharf and the boat when cold storage whistles burst into farewell sirens; automobiles on the wharf tooted their horns and the spectators on the pier waved frantic goodbyes.

With the going of the steamer the summer season officially ends. No more pleasure cruises are at hand, no more speed boat rides and no more busses on Commercial Street. All of these summer luxuries are being put away until once more the Dorothy Bradford touches the Town Pier and begins a new summer season.

many less passengers
This year

Topics of The Times

Cape Cod Roads

The old roads on Cape Cod have a distinctive appeal and charm. The upper Cape, to be sure, has a few big cross-stitches of macadam sewn onto the sandy soil; the lower Cape has one long black thread that runs north from Orleans and is tied to the hook of Provincetown harbor. But away from the few main roads where tourists are in a hurry to "do" the Cape, are the old roads that tell part of the story of a unique region.

Who can describe the full flavor of the Narrow Land? It is compounded of shining beaches and spreading marshes, salt water creeks that twist from ocean's edge to mainland, little villages and trim small houses, widows' walks on the square, two-story homes of yesteryear's captains, sun on the glistening mud flats at low tide, fog that flings a misty curtain over water and land, cool breezes that bring a blended fragrance of ocean, marsh and mainland.

There are two main kinds of Cape Cod roads. In the early Seventeen Hundreds villages were established up and down

the Cape, some on the Bay side, some on the ocean side. The villages were near the water but not always at the edge of the ocean. There was a road that went from village to village. After the era of oxen and the lumbering two-wheeled carts came the horses and four-wheeled vehicles. It is this road that went from village to village that is now a twisting black seam of macadam. When we follow it we follow history. It is worth while to slow down and turn the pages at our leisure.

From this main road branched the first type of country road that offers exploring possibilities today. Towns established landings where boats could load and unload. Roads through woodland and along the edges of the marshes were made to serve the needs of the communities. Clusters of buildings, fishermen's shanties and storage sheds for articles of trade were built. For a century the packet boats came along the coast and carried passengers and freight to and from Boston. The roads to the town landings of long ago are still scarred into the soil. They were worn deep.

Roads to the Sea

As the decades passed, other roads went down to the sea. Pioneer farmers discovered that seaweed was an excellent fertilizer and they cut roads through the pines and oaks to the beaches. Here after a good storm a man could gather tons of the valuable greenstuff without cost to spread on his planting acres. Before whaling and fishing supplanted farming as the chief occupation, husbandmen discovered that marsh hay cut during August had value for livestock feeding. Among clumps of cedar the brown stacks of fox and spear grass dotted the upper levels of the marshes. Farmers made rough roads through this woodland, winding down to the bird-haunted marshes that provided free fodder for their cattle.

Where the Wheels Rolled

Now these ancient abandoned roads drowse through the seasons. Two sandy strips tell where the wheels rolled a long time ago. The center strip, where horses' hooves scuffed a hollow and which one might expect would also be a white, stark strip, is a lane of grasses and bracken. The scuffed soil was receptive to seeds that came through the air; the hard-packed strips after all the years are sterile.

The scraggly, rough-barked pitch pines lean over the winding roads. Old, weather-blackened cones with blunt open scales hang beside the green cones of current growth. The gnarled pin oaks crowd close to the road and hold twisted branches above the strips of bare earth. And perhaps ahead one glimpses the blue of the ocean and the whiteness of the beach sand against it. For these are the roads men made that took them to the waters and the marshes.

Old Roads in an Old Land

Inland there is another type of road. It too has the clean fragrance of the pines and the picturesqueness of the low oaks, but in addition one sees the clumps of beach plums that throw white blossoms in spring and hold masses of purple-blue fruits in autumn. There are small neglected fields beside the roads where corn grew tall two centuries ago. Here and there the road through the woodlands and open areas passes near a cellar hole, poignant reminder of a day long ago when these fields above the ocean were prosperous farms. Here men built and delved in a hope that lasted for a time, and vanished.

Sometimes following a back road through the woods where the two tan-white streaks of sand twist and turn in parallel lines one comes upon a small cemetery with little slabs that tell of the time when a new nation was beginning. Along the road in spring one can find pink and white arbutus half hidden beneath the brown oak-leaf carpet. In summer's heat the old road is a pattern of shadows from the limbs of the oaks and pines that stretch over it. In autumn the dry, clinging leaves of the oaks rustle as the winds gather strength for winter. Now in that interlude before November's brownness sears the countryside the old roads of Cape Cod wait patiently through mellow gold and blue days and the lengthening starry nights of the Hunter's Moon. They are old roads in an old land—with meaning for him who is sensitive to stories of the past.

Now —
1953
will probably see
an abridged
high way
here & there
eliminating
hills & curves
in the old
Sandwich to Ptarm

and running back of town, almost as old R.R. on to the New Bath House on New Beach.

1959

Wednesday, January 21 in Provincetown

39

Dear Friends:

SOMETIME DURING LAST FRIDAY night, with a south wind behind it, the ice moved into Provincetown harbor. From the Barnstable shore, from Orleans, from Eastham it moved in, covering the bay, glittering and blinding in the morning sun. It was a strange and a rather ominous sight—huge pieces of ice left stranded on the beach by the outgoing tide. It was a cold day and the sight of the iced-in harbor seemed to make it even colder. Sunday morning found it pushed by a west wind over toward Beach Point and Truro with a great curve of white stretching from Truro around in an ever widening arc out from the East End breakwater and stopping almost abruptly just off the Seascape House beach in the East End. Now and then a high cloud over the white expanse would create the illusion for a few moments of a path of open water and then would pass and the great, glittering field would still be there.

LAST NIGHT with the help of a half hearted easterly wind the whole mass moved out from the shore to the east and this morning the harbor is covered as far as one can see—which isn't far because of the fog and the grayness. It snowed last night for a time, a lovely soft snowfall, but it changed to rain during the night and there were few signs of it this morning. The temperature has been rising all morning and now there is a white cloud of vapor rising from the harbor ice and blowing in waves inshore. And the ice, which looked so hard and glittering and brittle a day ago now has taken on a mushy look. And with the wind from the west—it can move again within 24 hours.

die of the summer, it often seems to be a complete mad-house—a teeming labyrinth made especially to send motorists quite crazy—with its narrow streets full of cars, its strolling pedestrians who pay no attention whatever to the motor traffic, the cyclists who always go in the wrong direction and never seem to be able to handle their bicycles anyway.

Some Are Frightened

Some people—quite understandably, take one frightened and desperate look and scuttle out as fast as traffic will allow—drawing a deep breath only after they are on the open highway once more. But for those who brave this first mad summer impression, as for those of us who have chosen this as a place to settle happily and permanently, there is something—difficult to put one's finger on—some atmosphere that is so utterly different from any other place, that it holds us all irresistably, and once it gets you, you always come back. It is hard to say just what it is—it is made up of so many different things, but, somehow, in Provincetown there is a blending of the old world with the new—mellowed by the long years: perhaps the constant touch through generations with far-distant ports through its fishing and whaling fleets—but, whatever it is, Provincetown has the true flavor of some little town of the old world, and the richness and color of old world customs, language and beauty are blended here in a way to give it its unique atmosphere.



Much of this we owe to the Portuguese people who have been in Provincetown for well over a hundred years. The story goes (and seems to be well authenticated) that one day about 1830 or so, a young boy was found wandering along the beach out at the Race. He was dressed only in dungarees and although he knew his name, he couldn't speak a word of English. His sudden appearance on the shore remained a mystery for a time until he learned to speak English, and then it came out that he had been fishing off the Grand Banks when they were attacked by pirates. Everyone else was killed, but they relented for some reason—perhaps his extreme youth—and simply put him ashore at the first possible landing place which happened to be Race Point out back of Provincetown. This Manuel Caton was the first Portuguese settler to come to the Cape, and he married a Well-fleet girl and settled here. He was followed by others—fishing or whaling fleets picked up a few members for their crews from time to time and gradually a larger group grew, intermarried and have become an integral part of the population there. Their customs, language and traditions have been retained—perhaps because more and more Portuguese came over all the time and kept the freshness of these things always

apparent. But it is certain that the life of the community has been immensely enriched.

Home Of Artists

Then, of course, we have a really important group of artists and writers who make their permanent homes in Provincetown or close by. Since Provincetown first began to

draw them with its charm, we have had many famous names that are almost synonymous with the name of the town. Everyone knows that Eugene O'Neill started on his high road to fame from a little theatre on a rickety wharf on the shore of Provincetown. In fact, even the name, Provincetown Players, went on to fame and prosperity in New York. Provincetown was the first to have a summer theatre—the whole movement which is of such tremendous importance to the theatrical world—was born there. Other names—too numerous to mention—were well-known in Provincetown before they were well-known elsewhere. Today, in your morning stroll “down along” you may meet Susan Glaspell, or John Dos Passos,

John Whorf or Richard Miller, Phyllis Duganne, or Thelma Given and many another whose names are familiar to lovers of books, the theatre, painting or music the world over.

Naturally, with the European background of our Portuguese people and the sea-faring background of our native Cape Codders—together with the artists and writers who have lived all over the world, we have absorbed into the daily life of the town certain customs and habits that are far more European than American. All the shops close for the noon luncheon hour—the regular year-round restaurants take the place of the little cafe where one meets everyone and chats over a cup of coffee—and where there is always a game of checkers or cribbage going on in a quiet corner. All this of course is only after the mad business of summer is over and everyone settles down to a regular life on a more even keel.

Harbor Life

In the harbor, where the Mayflower first dropped anchor in the New World, there is usually a Navy boat or two, perhaps a new submarine making test runs, a destroyer or a Neutrality Patrol boat, and more often than not there are men in Navy blues on shore leave looking for a bit of amusement. Fishing, of course, is the main business of the town, and always one sees the picturesque activity connected with this industry—fishermen in rubber boots and slickers carrying home strings of fish or a couple of big lobsters, powerful great horses pulling the weir posts out of the water or getting the fishing boats up on land, high and dry, for the winter. And always—everywhere—you hear Portuguese spoken on the streets, in the shops

all these things add up to the richness of flavor, the unexpectedly cosmopolitan atmosphere, of Provincetown.

At no time of the year is this charm and flavor more noticeable than at the Christmas season. At this time we see particularly the delightful results of all the various influences of which I have been speaking, the contributions of all the groups that go to make up our unusual community. Commercial Street, a strange commonplace name for so picturesque a thoroughfare, is strung with gaily colored lights from one end of the town to the other, lighting up the snug houses and the fishing boats, pulled up into various vacant lots along the shore, their noses almost disputing the right of way of the cars in the street. The shops—grocery stores, drug stores, bookshop, florist and bake shop—are strung with garlands and lights and each tries to outdo the other in the beauty and originality of decoration. The houses burst into color and light, too, and there are prizes for the best decorations for both shops and private houses.

Artists Compete

This year, the Provincetown Light and Power Company announced a contest for the artists for the best design submitted for the decoration of its own building. The building has recently been remodelled in the early colonial manner and lends itself well to beautiful design. The winner of this contest, Barbara Malicoat, has, with her artist husband who carried out her design on the building, given a new impetus to Christmas decoration in the town, I am sure. For the result of the cooperation of the Light company and the artists has achieved something that would be well worth anyone's time to run down and see. They have painted Christmas themes on cello-glass which, when lighted at night look like great stained glass windows from some cathedral in Europe. As you drive down Bradford Street past the place which commemorates the Pilgrims' stay here, you see a richly colored stained glass window with a beautifully conceived and executed scene of the Nativity, flanked by panels of singing angels.

The little church with the famous Christopher Wrenn tower which has been so often painted by the artists who live or summer there, stands quiet and serene with flood lights and Christmas greens to bring out its beauty anew. The old Center Church on Commercial Street has great clusters of candles in the steeple and is also softly flood-lighted.

Old World Atmosphere

The Episcopal Church of St. Mary of the Harbor is so unique and so utterly charming that if any of us happened on it in Europe we would talk about it always as something we would not have missed

seeing for the world. Not as old as the other churches, it has the feeling of having been there forever. It was designed by the late Frederic J. Waugh, and was remodeled from an old building that has stood on that spot for many generations. Richard Miller has painted a reredos for the altar, Mr. Waugh did a lovely Madonna and Child, and Arnold Geisbiller and William Boogar Jr., have contributed statues of St. Francis and the Virgin. An old ship model hangs from the ceiling in the old tradition of European churches in sea-faring communities, commemorating the safe return of a ship to port. On Christmas Eve there will be a midnight service at St. Mary's which is well worth a trip down the Cape to attend. This midnight service on Christmas Eve has become a notable event in the life of Provincetown. This year, as in past years, the church will be strung with Christmas garlands and lighted only with candles and the music, sung by the vested choir, will be Gonoud's Mass. It will be, as with other music, an integral part of the service, rather than just a concert of Christmas music. I have spent Christmas Eve in Belgium, in France and in Spain and have always attended the Midnight Mass in the cathedrals but I have never seen a more moving and lovely service than this midnight one on the birthday of our Lord in little St. Mary's of the Harbor in Provincetown.

One of the most colorful and delightful customs which our Portuguese neighbors have kept is the Christmas Altar and Creche which is set up in every home in the old tradition. I have asked Miss Alice Silva of Provincetown to come with me tonight to tell you about this Christmas festival, for she can tell you about it far better than I can. And we have also asked a group of musicians who play and sing the old traditional Portuguese songs with instrumental accompaniment to play and sing for you some of the lovely old songs that have been sung for generation after generation in Portugal and now in America, wherever Portuguese people have settled.

Miss Silva Answers

Q. Although you are a real American girl, you do believe very much in keeping the beautiful customs of your parent's country alive do you not?

A. I do indeed. I think these old things from other lands can add a great deal to the richness of life in America.

J: Will you tell a little about the way your people celebrate Christmas?

A. Well, of course, it is primarily a religious season and so the whole celebration centers around the story of the Christ child. In every home at this season of the year is what we call the "Menino Jesus" which is the same as the creche or manger scene used in all countries. Only we

make it especially a part of the family life, more important than any Christmas tree or anything like that. There is a definite ritual connected with it and, although perhaps many people do not fully understand everything they do, or the symbolism connected with it, still they do exactly the same things year after year because it has always been done that way for generations. Every family has lovely little plaster figures, some of them very old now, which are packed carefully away in cotton and brought out each year to take their place on the Altar to

bring vividly to mind the ever new and beautiful story of the birth of Christ.

Q. There are certain things that are done some time before Christmas aren't there?

A. Yes, three weeks before Christmas we plant a small dish with wheat so that it will be freshly sprouted by Christmas. This is so important that if it isn't started in time we do not put up the altar at all. You see, the dish of sprouting wheat is always placed on the altar and signifies the living body of Christ.

Q. When do you set up and decorate the altar?

A. About two days before Christmas. Then the manger scene is set and the dishes of wheat are placed upon it.

Q. When are the candles lighted on the altar?

A. Not until Christmas Eve. Then when the candles are lighted, we decorate the altar as beautifully as we can with flowers. Of course, in Portugal they always used fresh flowers, but it is not always possible to do that here, so we often use artificial ones. But there are always flowers. Then when the candles are lighted, the homes are thrown open to visitor—everyone is welcome, friends and strangers alike. Musicians take their instruments and go from house to house, singing—their songs the ones that have always been sung for this particular time. There is a song which they sing before the house they have come to visit, asking if they may come in and visit the Menino Jesus. The musicians are going to play and sing that song for you now.

Q. And now what do they do, Miss Silva?

A. The hostess invites them to come in and accept her hospitality. They always sing a special song before the altar. This is a sort of cradle song, a tender song to the baby Jesus in the manger.

Q. After this, I suppose the gaiety starts?

A. Yes, in every home the table is spread with wines and special Portuguese pastries which are made only at this time of the year, and the guests are offered refreshment.

4/1
the custom of the wine comes I suppose from the Last Supper and signifies the blood of Christ. The visiting goes on merrily all evening and ends when everyone goes to the Midnight Mass. There is great rejoicing and gaiety and much gay music all evening, both before and after the Mass.

*
**Marie Amelie Dies,
Portugal Queen**
1951

VERSAILLES, France, Oct. 25 (P)—Former Queen Marie Amelie of Portugal died today. She was 86.

She was a granddaughter of the last king of France and the mother of the last king of Portugal. For more than twenty years she lived in the quiet Chesnay suburb of Versailles, near Paris, where the inhabitants spoke of her as the "forgotten queen."

Her death followed a long illness.

The widow of King Carlos I, Marie Amelie fled from Lisbon with her son, King Manuel, during the revolutionary coup of 1910, when Portugal was proclaimed a republic.

In recent years she was on the best of terms with the Portuguese regime of Premier Antonio De Oliveira Salazar. In May, 1945, after thirty-five years of exile, Portugal welcomed her back for a visit and she prayer at the tomb of the royal family.

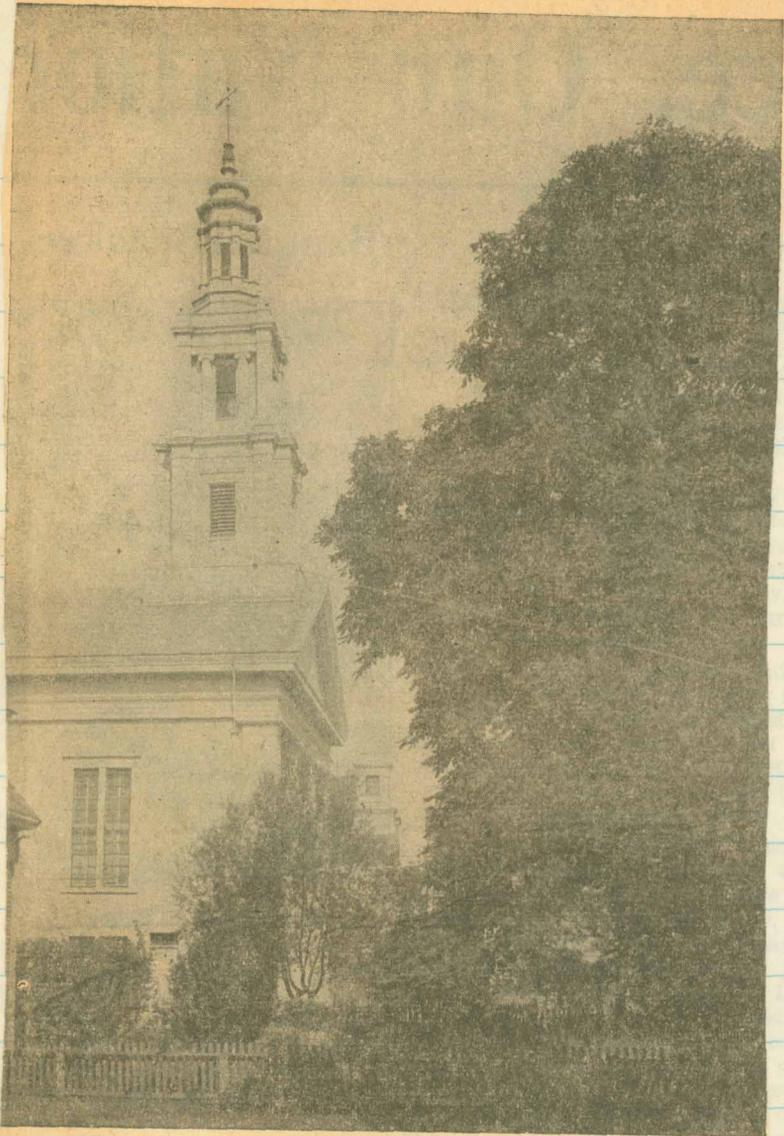
The former queen was born in Twickenham, England, the daughter of Prince Louis Philippe D'Orleans, count of Paris, on September 28, 1865. Her father was the son of France's King Louis Philippe I.

At the age of 21 Marie Amelie married the prince apparent of Portugal, who three years later succeeded to the throne.

During World War II she defied the Germans by hanging the Portuguese republican flag from the window of her home. She was driven from her chateau in 1940 but later was allowed to return.

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A Century Old This Year



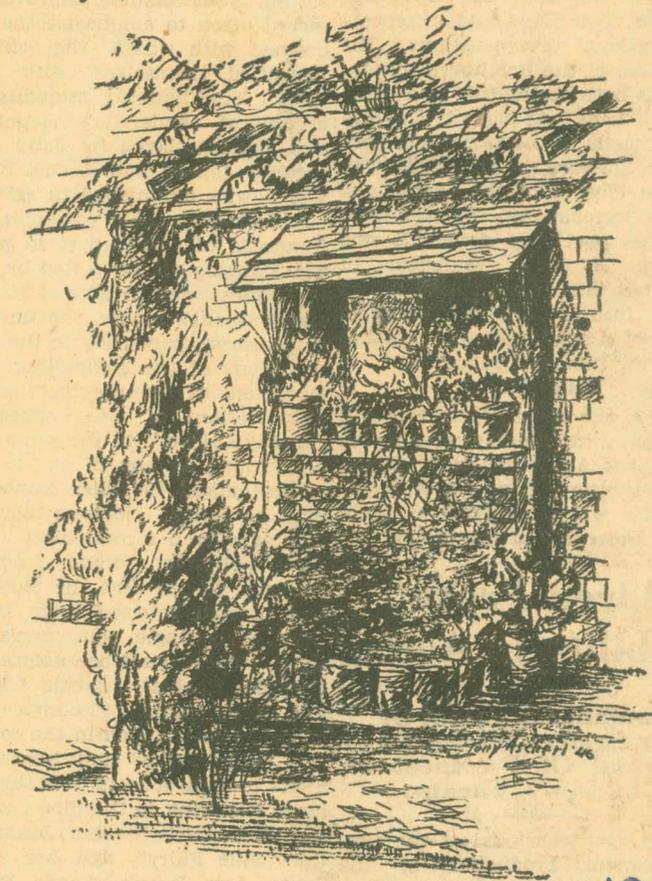
A noted church of classic New England beauty is the Church of the Redeemer, Universalist, of Provincetown which this year will celebrate the 100th year of its building. It is photographed by thousands every season. Open to visitors every afternoon, this noble structure, with its steeple in the style of Sir Christopher Wren, contains unusual mural fresco-paintings.

1947.

Sept.- 1954.

On Monday the Nautilus Club met at new quarters in the Church of the Redeemer, newly decorated and furnished with chairs and tables from the old building. Mrs. Anthony Tarvers headed the committee which did the work. Speaker at the meeting was Mrs. Olive Pearson Rice of Wellfleet who gave an amusing talk of "The Story Behind A Story" in which she regaled her audience with anecdotes from her long experience as a feature story writer, assistant editor of the Springfield Sunday Republican and freelance writer . . . And partly because the Nautilus ladies took away the furniture but mainly because of the condition of the building, the Provincetown Civic Association had its meeting last night at the gallery of the Provincetown Art Association.

St. Mary's Garden Fair Next Wednesday



GARDEN FOUNTAIN

1947

Color spot of Garden Fountain is a della Robbia plaque

Set in a weathered brick wall, the blue and cream della Robbia plaque enlivens this feature of the garden of St. Mary's of the Harbor (Episcopal) on the harbor side of Commercial Street at the foot of Anthony Street. Sheltered by a seaworn driftwood canopy, this garden fountain lies to the left of the main entrance of the church. The church interior displays many works of art made by distinguished Provincetown

artists. The church was rebuilt from an old fish house as the low ceiling and the length of the chancel indicate. The Rood is formed by the three statues of Arnold Geissbuhler set on an ancient oak beam, "Christ on the Waters" and "Adoring Angels". The altar piece is "Triumphal Entry" by the late Richard Miller, N.A. The painting above it is Constance Biglow's harmonizing "Coming of the Holy

FORUM

ONE-WAY STREETS?

I speak as a property-owner and taxpayer interested in the business and social good welfare of Provincetown. In my opinion, making Commercial Street a one-way street would mean a vitally beneficial step toward enlarging the business derived from tourists and summer visitors who come to our town—would eliminate the exasperating annoyance which every autoist who attempts to drive through Commercial Street under the present traffic system is subject to; and would increase the value of all Bradford Street property.

If drivers are to be well impressed in their first few minutes of Provincetown, something must be done to make the first trip down our "front street" less tedious and enervating. No more driving through Commercial Street for the first time can possibly be cheerful after dodging between busses and other cars, stopping and starting, backing up, moving on, being delayed in traffic jams, and spending thirty minutes or more in traversing a distance of less than two miles.

The present system transforms a car into something more than a nuisance—it becomes excess baggage—you can't even park it—and you can get there quicker on foot. People used to cars, who depend on cars, who pay money for the convenience of a car, do not want to hike—that is disagreeable. Disgruntled people do not enjoy being where they are and furthermore they don't part with money freely—they don't enjoy buying.

When the tourist sees an attractive store front he wants to stop and have a look. People cannot stop on Commercial Street where they are wont to nine times out of ten without tying up traffic fore and aft. Horns start to blow—the noise is irritating—a policeman motions you forward or backward—you finally move on—The storekeeper loses a sale. If a tourist wants to browse in an antique shop, get a meal, or buy some smokes, there must be a place to leave his car and do his shopping without going two blocks away.

A one-way street system with parking on one side would permit this. It would solve the problem. It would make it easier for any prospective buyer to get to what he wanted to buy. And he would feel much more happier, free, and in a mood to buy ice cream cones for the kiddies as well as a cigar.

One-way streets are nothing new. They have been tried where necessity was much less urgent than in Provincetown, and have been retained because of their benefits.

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From the viewpoint of well-managed traffic, good business, and making friends for the town, Commercial Street as a one-way street would in my opinion, afford desirable advantages.

Narrow streets are at the bottom of our traffic situation. Ten policemen couldn't regulate traffic and improve

the condition. Traffic moving in the direction with unlimited space for parking would, I believe, be the conclusive adjustment toward combating this important problem.

Carl Robertson Dietrich

ANOTHER VIEWPOINT

Mr. Editor:—

With the heated discussion regarding one-way traffic on Commercial Street I would like to say—we are together with most of the Cape, developing into a summer colony. The people who come here during the summer months, which means really July and August are here mainly for recreation and enjoyment.

If Commercial Street is turned into a one-way street, which would be in direct opposition to the majority of the store keepers, it would mean that a person from away would have to go around the block and come in again, which in many cases would result in their going out of town without stopping.

There are two features that enter into the whole thing:—The Town is run by its taxpayers,—with the summer months giving the cream here as in all summer places.

We want every summer visitor that comes here to feel that he or she is welcome and wish them to come again. I have done business on Cape Cod for over thirty years, and I have found that the American people can take care of themselves wherever they come from, and if left alone without interference can work themselves out of a jam.

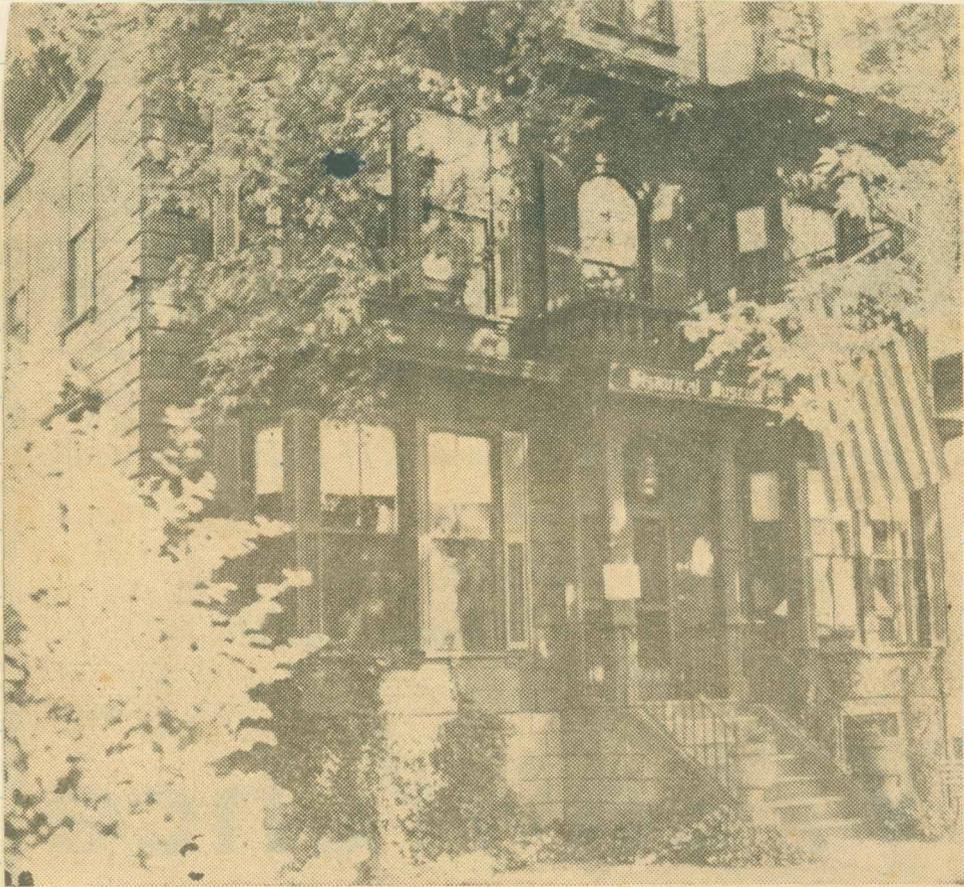
It is a sad commentary to think that we have to have officers to tell us what to do and how to do it.

Let the Tourist come into Town. Make him welcome. Let the Selectmen instruct the Police to keep traffic clear—that's what they are paid for; and let us welcome the summer visitor and make him feel that Provincetown is the place he wants to come to and have a good time.

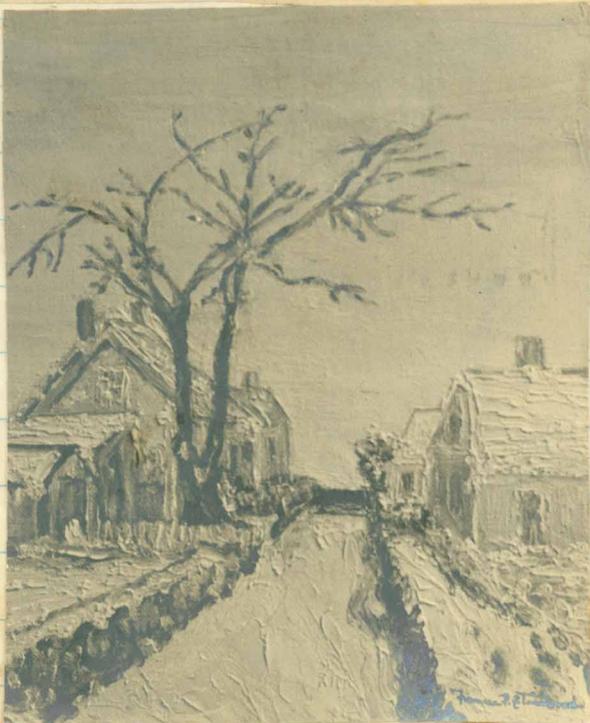
Since the Great War we have had the country filled with theorists who want to regulate everyones conduct according to their ideals. Well, America has grown to become the greatest nation in the World and fanatics and theorists had no part in it. America was built by men and women who were not of this class.

Provincetown was the first landing place of the Pilgrims and here they started the first form of "Free Government", which gave to every man that freedom he had been seeking for years. Let us preserve that one great essential to human happiness, "Individual Freedom".

One-way Streets is just another fanatical method to force another law on the tax-payer . . . The people pay for the streets—for God's sake let them use them and let the paid officers keep traffic clear.



FOR 17 YEARS the Provincetown Historical Society has been housed in this building, typical of many built by sea captains. (Story of Cape Cod's historical societies will be found on Page 2)



Lane, down
from
Mary H. Vorst's

46

And Talking About Glories Of Cape Cod:

DID YOU KNOW THAT . . .

Cape Cod Canal is the widest canal in the world—double the land cuts in the Panama and Suez canals . . . Woods Hole is the most important summer center of biological research in America . . . and . . . the first marine laboratory in the world for instruction and research in this field was founded by Louis Agassiz on Penikese Island which is situated southwest of Woods Hole.

THE LARGEST ranch east of the Mississippi is situated in Falmouth near the southern end of Coonamessett Pond . . . all ponds on the Cape with more than 20 acres are called "Great Ponds" . . . and . . . even when these ponds are enclosed by private property it is the law that the public must have a right of way to them.

CHATHAM has the largest wireless receiving station in the world . . . and . . . it was from here that Lieutenant Read hopped off in the NC4 in his historic flight—the first man to cross the Atlantic . . . and . . . the first station in America to send radio messages over the seas was situated in Wellfleet . . . The shopping center of Hyannis is known as the "Queens Buyway" . . . Provincetown has the largest Summer art colony in the United States.

THE EARLY Cape settlers did not beat around the welfare bush, for if there seemed any likelihood of a person becoming a public charge the constable was directed

to warn him either to provide bond against costs which the might incur in his support or to move himself within a given number of days to the place he last resided . . . More than one-half of the largest cities in the United States and Canada lie within 1,200 miles of Hyannis

FALMOUTH is one of the greatest strawberry producing centers in the country . . . and . . . also located in that community is the finest rose garden in America . . . West bound liners receive their true bearings from a radio compass station situated near Highland Light which is operated by the United States Navy . . . There are 370 stocked water ponds and lakes on the Cape . . . Wychmere Harbor at Harwichport was once a lake surrounded by a trotting horse race track . . . With the exception of the Washington Monument the Pilgrim Monument at Provincetown is the tallest masonry tower in America.

THE MINISTER'S salary of the old Indian Church at Mashpee is paid by Harvard College. This church has been an endowed institution for more than two centuries and it is the oldest Indian congregation in the United States still in existence.

THE ORIGINAL Kenrick house in South Orleans built in 1792 is considered one of the best representatives still standing of the old Cape Cod type of house. It was the home of Captain John Kenrick, who discovered and named the Columbia River, opened up the trade to the Northwest Coast and who was the first American Commander to circumnavigate the globe . . . The first business contract written and signed in America was for the establishment of the Aptucxet Trading Post in Bourne. A replica of the original post has been erected on the site.

Aug 31-1944

Whose Victory Are We Buying

The professional politician, says Howard Pierce Davis in the "World Observer" is at the height of his power in the United States of America. Democracy at home is becoming a farce. The "government of the people, by the people and for the people" has become a government of political machines, by bosses, and for special interests. Symbols of this new government are the names of Hague, Kelly, Flynn and Pew. Both major political parties have now been taken over by this type of leadership and have lost all pretense of popular control.

Certainly a man of the calibre of Wendell Wilkie bit the dust in one brief skirmish with the Pew Republicans, and Henry Wallace went down fighting a hopeless battle against the slimy combination of Flynn, Hague and Kelly. Even the President found it expedient to scuttle a man of character for the accommodation of a handful of men without character. Welles, Wilkie and Wallace! These are names to ponder. These were men who stood and fought for something outside the mean circle of petty political privilege. They symbolized a calibre of statesmanship too high for the blindness of a boss-ridden American citizenry, so they have been relegated to the gallery of American political martyrs, leaving the coast clear for well-organized and amply financed apostles of Reaction, Isolationism, Monopoly-Enterprise and White Supremacy.

Who can successfully defy these forces which are now moulding our national character? Nobody, says Mr. Davis, at present, for the simple reason that they reflect too accurately the political, economic and social illiteracy and the moral callousness of the American people. The millions of decent people of this country are too busy making money to exert themselves to the extent of taking an intelligent interest in the mechanics of good government. Politics has been handed over—lock, stock and barrel, to the political gangster.

It would be bad enough if this were merely a domestic and temporary illness, but the tragic truth of the matter is that this government of self-seeking bosses will determine our foreign policy in the crucial months ahead, and this foreign policy will determine the content of the peace for which we wait.

Aug 24 - 1944
If airplanes loaded with high explosives can be guided across the English Channel without a pilot at the controls the next step is obvious, Mr. Hunt predicts. Within a few years they will be flying the Atlantic as easily and accurately as they now span the English Channel and the next world war will make this one look like a high school football game.

To carry out her plans, Germany must have a soft peace that will leave her strong enough to fight again when the next generation of fanatically-trained German boys are of military age.

Already the propaganda has started to allow Germany to renounce Nazism, tie the can to Hitler and set up a "republic" as she did after the last war.

Many Americans are displaying a strange receptiveness to this kind of propaganda. They are talking about a peace that will be "fair" to Germany.

How about a peace that would be fair to us? They haven't thought of that!

Twice within a generation we have sent millions of our finest young men into combat against the German legions. We got soft-hearted after the first victory and got a second war.

According to The Society for Prevention of World War III, an organization set up to combat German propaganda for an easy peace, Germany is making plans for extensive emigration into South America, to secure economic domination there, gain control and be able to strike at the United States from convenient bases on this side of the Atlantic.

If she can fight us alone, she will probably have a good chance of success. And we will fight her alone unless we work with the nations now our allies to enforce upon Germany the kind of peace that will be good for us and for the rest of the world. And that kind of peace, Germany has herself demonstrated, will not be the kind she will want.

We must be tough. We must remember that since the time of Frederick the Great, Germany has been fed raw meat by its leaders. For almost 200 years the German people have been told that their destiny is to rule the world. They have killed hundreds of thousands of our boys trying to do it.

Hitler didn't originate the superman stuff. He just repeated what other German leaders have been saying since 1752.

In 1893 General Count von Hessler boldly hit the theme when he said:

"It is necessary that our civilization build its temple on mountains of corpses, on an ocean of tears and on the death cries of men and women without number. Germany must rule the interior races of the world."

And in the following year Prof. Wilhelm Ostwald, Nobel peace prize winner, bared his true sentiments when he said, "I can not recognize any other source of right than force."

Prof. Heinrich von Treitschke, historian at the University of Berlin, brought out the Aryan idea in 1896 when he said, "Those who preach the nonsense of eternal peace do not understand Aryan national life."

Scores of similar quotations, collected by the Society for Prevention of World War III have been printed in a book, "Know Your Enemy." *What about Russia? 1951*

The Cape Cod Flying Service has contracted to perform a very unusual seal-spotting task starting on March 1, from Gander, Newfoundland. Arrangements have been made for the Lockheed Electra to take off next week with John Van Arsdale and Carleton Fisher of Presque Isle, Maine, for a two-week trip to Newfoundland. While there they will work with a 300-ton motor vessel of a company from a French possession a short distance off the Newfoundland coast. The job will be to spot seals on the ice floes drifting down from the north a short distance off-shore. The pilots will advise the boat of the location of the seals in order that the crew can save valuable hunting time. Radio communication between the boat and the airplane will be maintained to advise the fishermen of latest information. The seal hunting season starts March 1, and the airplane will be needed in the area for twelve to fifteen days. The Lockheed Electra was chosen for this work because of its excellent single-engine performance for over-water work, being able to climb fifty feet per minute on one engine when fully loaded at 4600 feet.

June 19 - 1952

Traveler Applauds Cape End Stand

This week the Boston Traveler made quite a point of strongly praising in a lead editorial the stand taken by Provincetown's Board of Selectmen in framing regulations aimed at the elimination of certain types of visitors regarded as undesirable. While the regulations, which have now been delivered to all places dispensing alcoholic beverages, were received with mixed reactions and with questions as to how they are to be enforced, The Traveler seems to have entertained none of these doubts. The issue carrying the editorial bore the caption "Provincetown Cleans House" in large type in an eight column spread across the top of the front page.

Here is the editorial:—

PROVINCETOWN CLEANS HOUSE

That clean refreshing breeze drifting this way from Cape Cod undoubtedly is related to the fact that Provincetown has just slammed the door against an invasion of homosexuals.

The action nearly came too late, for the brassy behavior of these drifters on the streets of the old town had caused desired summer visitors to hustle elsewhere in great numbers. Business was taking a bad beating, except in the cheap clubs and rooming houses where these characters got together.

Now Provincetown has acted with the authority and swift impact of a kick in the pants. And apparently other Cape towns are going to take similar action, to avoid the damage that was done at Provincetown.

It was Provincetown's own fault that she got caught in such an unsavory mess. For years she was a favorite among good artists and writers, free-spending summer visitors and healthy-minded fishermen.

Then, a few years back, the female impersonators began to arrive in the night clubs. They drew others of their kind. They drove away the solid middle-class vacationists who didn't want themselves or their children exposed to embarrassing sidewalk scenes.

Provincetown at first took a tolerant view of the setup. By the time she woke up to what was happening, the performers and their pals were running wild. The town's reputation among normal vacationists had plunged to zero.

Now the selectmen have picked up the soap and given the town a bath.

Ten new regulations, approved this month, bar female impersonators from doing any public entertaining, and prohibit the "habitual gathering" of homosexuals in any restaurant, bar or club. The Provincetown cops have been given the power and the orders to keep things in line.

Already the undesirables have started looking to other Cape towns for a place to roost. They by-passed Eastham and Wellfleet, which happen to be dry. This month they began making gestures toward Orleans.

The Orleans Board of Trade promptly declared, "We don't want 'em!" and voted unanimously to ask the selectmen for a duplicate of the Provincetown laws.

If other Cape towns are as smart, and if they check up on the business that was lost at Provincetown, these unwelcome migrants eventually will be pushed back across the canal. From there, they can waltz along home.

Provincetown deserves a clap on the back for getting tough before it was too late.

And hereafter, she'll probably do a lot of sizing-up through a crack in the door before letting strangers romp into her house.

July 21 - 1952.

Results - so far: -

'Tho perhaps no less in no., a beginning in improvement at least.

Nicer people coming in this season — Perhaps article gave ^{some} assurance —

No legal actions generally taken —

Galeforce Farm Last Dairy To Bow To High Operation And Labor Costs

This week a large number of Provincetown people were dismayed to find with their morning milk a letter from their favorite dairyman, Joseph Alves, announcing that this was their last delivery from Galeforce Farm and that White Brothers would take over future distribution.

That announcement marked the end of a dairy which has been the source of real pride, not only to the owner and operator but to many Cape Enders to whom it has been a real, grass-roots home industry. It marked the end, too, of the last of a fine line of dairy farms which once flourished in this area and provided milk for many generations of Provincetowners.

High cost of labor and increasing costs of operation were given by Mr. Alves as reasons for being unable to continue Galeforce as a milk producing farm for the retail trade. He has found it impossible to compete with the wages in manufacturing centers. He is losing one of his men this month and his son, Kenneth, who has been attending agricultural college and on whom he depended to help out materially this Summer has been called to Fort Knox in Kentucky for military training.

"When I think back to the last war when I had practically the same situation on my hands I remember I didn't think much about it, but ten years can make a difference in a man's strength and endurance," Mr. Alves commented.

The heavy rains of this Spring have imposed an additional and disastrous handicap on a farm that has had to produce good cattle forage from the sterile sands of the Cape End and Mr. Alves, who is regarded by pasturage experts as something of a genius in growing cattle food, said that he had lost some 50 acres of feed because of the almost incessant rains.

Galeforce was started half a century ago by the present owner's father, Frank Alves, who had a few head of cattle and horses and delivered milk from the can to door-

step containers for 6 cents a quart. Under the present owner the dairy farm has been brought to a high standard of efficiency and quality of product. Guernseys and Holsteins make up the splendid herd of 37 head. These produce from between 300 and 400 quarts of milk that Mr. Alves and his boys have been delivering to Provincetown doors. He will continue to produce milk in a like quantity but the entire production will be taken over by White Brothers and processed by this company.

Mr. Alves has kept abreast the times in providing his plant with the best and latest equipment from milkers to pasteurizers. He keeps complete records on each individual cow so that at any time he knows its exact production. In the periodic tests made by State officials Galeforce has maintained a very high record for butterfat content and an amazingly low bacteria count. With a count of 50,000 allowed milk has tested as low as 400.

Every year Mr. Alves has been welcomed into the annual Green Pastures Contest conducted throughout the State and he hasn't failed yet to come through with honors. Grass growers from distant points have made pilgrimages to Galeforce to find out, if they can, just how Mr. Alves does it. Recently an expert from Dartmouth, who had been able to grow 18-inch Japanese Millet in his area, couldn't believe that it reached the height of six feet at Galeforce. He had to see it.

Mr. Alves will continue to produce milk in bulk for White Brothers but he will discontinue the retail sale entirely. Some years ago White Brothers bought out the Highland Dairy in North Truro operated by Sumner Horton. And there was a time when Jerome Smith, Joseph Holmes, Joseph Steele and John I. King all had profitable dairy farms serving this area. Mr. Alves took over the entire management of Galeforce on the death of his father in 1932.

The Passing Of Our Dairy Farm

June 26-1952

There is probably no one in Provincetown particularly happy about the decision forced on Joseph Alves of the Galeforce Farm to discontinue the retail distribution of milk. On the contrary many feel a deep and personal loss in the absorption of our last and courageous dairy farm by a large and, to a great extent, impersonal organization.

We know, of course, that standards of quality, purity, cleanliness and service will be maintained. But that's far from the point.

Just another Sign of the times - toward Centralization of Power - U.S.

To be deplored. - Remon -

Yes, we have had a feeling of pride in this, the last of our dairy farms, in its standards and achievements, excelling a great many other good dairy farms. And we have had a feeling of pride in its operator who has been able to make so many tall blades grow where none grew before that experts have come from far places to view his accomplishments with amazement. Joe Alves wasn't licked because he had not mastered the impossible task of raising cattle food on land where it was generally admitted it couldn't be done. He was licked by a cockeyed economy that today is paying far too much for the wrong kind of things. And the toll being taken among the fine and good things of this country is tragic. Perhaps, in the whole big picture, the passing of a little dairy farm is but a minor and unimportant issue. But that passing points to a much bigger and vital issue. The oncoming generations of Americans do not have the capacity or willingness to take long hours of hard work at fair wages. It was that capacity and willingness that gave this nation the present power and wealth of which we can boast today. Some day we may be weak against nations which have preserved those qualities.

Hitherto we have had a warm feeling of kinship for and a proprietary interest in the last dairy farm of our town. The distance between the bottle of milk at the door and the farm from which it came was short and to all of us thoroughly familiar. It was possible to call personally on the individual cows at milking time, scratch their bony foreheads and ignore their stolid indifference, knowing full well that they were there, living a healthy, wholesome Cape Cod existence, entirely for our benefit. Or it was most pleasant, of an early evening to stop on the road, when the last golden rays of the sun, sinking into the bay off Race Point, slanted over green covered dunes, and watch those same cows as they took their evening meal, close gathered in the lush meadow below. There they were, - in a sense - our cows, starting on our morning's milk, in an oasis as beautiful as unexpected, out there with the seas all about and on land built by the sea.

strance of no avail.

Just to remember Cranberry Land

Golden Can Opener For Ike's Cranberry Sauce

President Eisenhower's cranberry sauce for his first Thanksgiving in the White House will be opened with a gold can opener, specially designed for him by National Cranberry Association. There's even a possibility that the president will open the cans himself, so intrigued was he with the opener's performance at the presentation. One flick of the wrist and there is his Thanksgiving cranberry sauce following out the Pilgrim tradition of serving the native berries with turkey in an easy and up-to-date way.

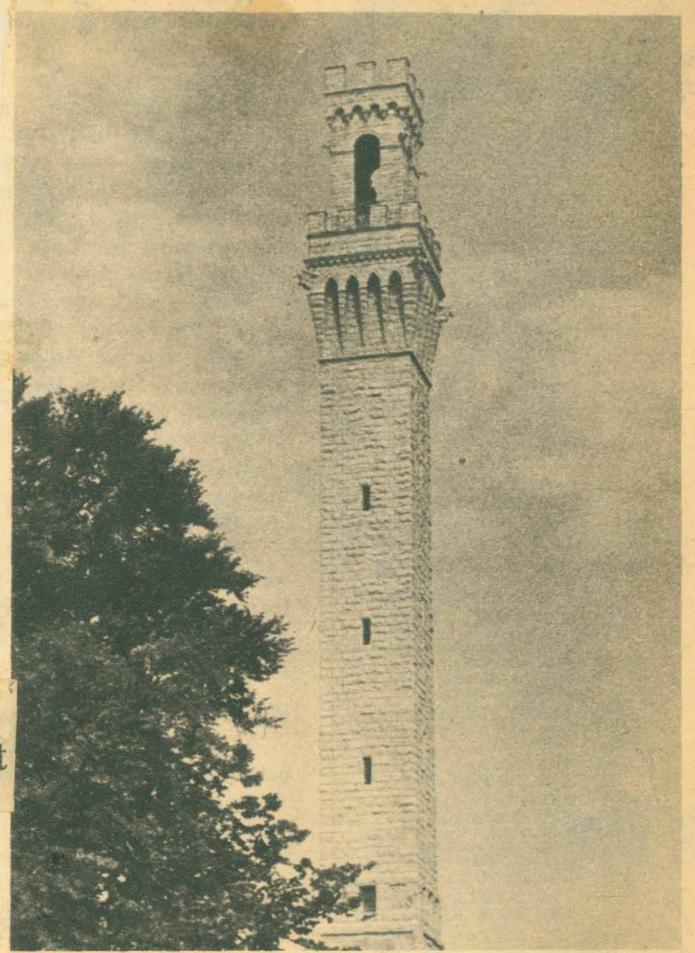
1953.

Milions See Provincetown Activities In Hour-Long "Home Show" Broadcast

It is estimated that 7,000,000 persons got an intimate, close-up view of Provincetown and its activities for the hour between 11 and noon yesterday, when Arlene Francis put on her NBC-TV "Home Show" from various points in town and with her assistant editors, Hugh Downs and Nancyann Graham gave thousands of people a demonstration of television techniques. Provincetown was the first of a series of three "Vacation on the Air" shows. The next emanates from Cotuit Harbor this morning and the final show will be from Coonamessett in North Falmouth tomorrow.

Putting on the program, "live", was quite an undertaking involving a large staff of workmen and technicians. A crew of more than 20 cameramen and technicians arrived Tuesday and went to work putting up equipment. Four cameras were used, one of these a micro-wave unit at the top of the Pilgrim Memorial Monument. Other equipment used included

3,500 feet of microphone cable, the same amount of camera cable, eleven microphones, a mobile unit, large truck, two ranch wagons with 15 technicians to set up, operate and dismantle the equipment. The telephone company had from six to ten men at work with six trucks for three days prior to the broadcast. There were relay points at North Truro, Brewster,



PILGRIM MONUMENT in Provincetown dominates town, held TV camera 335 feet above sea level.

1st T.V. show of P. and the Cape.

Barnstable, Falmouth, Fall River, Foxboro and into Boston. The "Home Show" goes over 117 television stations coast-to-coast and in Canada and Mexico.

Excellent weather, though a bit heat-hazy favored the show. Early in the day the men of the Provincetown Police Department barred parking along Commercial Street from Lopes Square to Town Hall but cars were detoured away from Commercial Street to Gosnold, for some reason or other, there was no parking on the main stem from Town Hall west to Winthrop giving it a most odd August appearance.

There was a spirit of tension in the center of the town as the hour of 11 approached. A great many had their TV sets warmed up and tuned in ready. Not a few shops and restaurants also had their sets ready. Those in the Mayflower,

in the center of town had the unique and somewhat bewildering experience of being able to look, with the right eye out into Commercial Street to a scene being televised and with the left eye up at the screen and see the same scene there after it had been boosted along a number of relay stations to Boston and returned.

Cape Tip Shown

The Provincetown broadcast was the 633rd program of the Home Show and it opened with impressive views of the end of the Cape taken from the top of the Pilgrim Monument. Arlene Francis gave a bit of historical background with emphasis on the First Landing Place of the Pilgrims, although she only gave them a stay of three days here which was quite short of the mark. An early feature was the Portuguese Bakery an dan interview of Mrs. Elspeth Vivers, who works there to help

finance her painting studies here, and her small daughter, Stephanie.

Town Crier Art Snader came breezing into the scene with an announcement of "609" which he explained to Arlene as being the number of passengers on the Boston excursion boat and he announced it to all business places, restaurants in particular, so that they could prepare accordingly. Arlenethought it a darned good idea and started yelling "609" into shop doors herself. Nancyann Graham told more of the history of the town and recounted the first Monday Wash Day which took place in the vicinity of the Provincetown Inn. The Town Crier gave information as to the background of his noble calling as well as facts about Provincetown.

Hugh Downs took over on the dragger Liberty on which he had an interesting interview about fishing and fishermen with Captain Norbert Macara. A difficult feat was also done in the hold of the Liberty in televising a film, taken earlier, showing how fish are caught by the dragger method. For the most part the film shots were clear and provided an informative insight into an important Cape End industry.

Explorers Interviewed

Another excellent interview was handled by Arlene when she talked to Rear Admiral and Mrs. Donald B. MacMillan. The noted explorer, long accustomed to the center of the stage and many audiences, told of his many years of travel into the Far North, his journeys with Perry in 1908 and 1909, of being forced to stay up North on one trip for four years instead of two, as originally planned.

Art's Beach Taxi took Josephine Marshall, Barbara Avellar and Marie Leonard for a trip over the dunes for a dip in the ocean along the Back Shore but the water was a bit too chilly. Harry Kemp's dune shack was shown as were Cape End homes which had been added to through the generations.

Hugh Downstalked to John C. Van Arsdale, operator of the Provincetown-Boston Airline and Van lost no time in crowding in as many plugs for the air service as the time permitted. He told how the town grows from its 3,500 population in the off-season to a city of 20,000 in the Summer. He also described the efforts being made to preserve the essential charm of the town. During most of the broadcast the Provincetown Symphony orchestra was holding an open-air rehearsal in front of Town Hall with Jo Hawthorne conducting and mention was made of this latest addition to the cultural life of the town. Snatches of music from it could be heard now and then in the broadcast.

Nancyann Graham took over a talk on the crafts of Provincetown with excellent examples of sandals by Duncan and lovely bronzes by Bill Boogar described the work of each. Hugh Downs undertook to demonstrate an artists' easel and used it to display pictures. Some difficulty in the broadcasting was experienced at this point. A number of Henry Hensche's pupils in an outside painting class were interviewed as was Mr. Hensche who told about painting technique which he, as a pupil of Hawthorne, followed.

Finally there was an interview with Joseph Macara, father of the skipper of the Liberty, with Mrs. Norbert Macara and children.

In closing there was reference to Provincetown as the "center of artistic life in America" and some juggling around by Hugh Downs and Arlene Francis of some good sized fish. As the siren blew 12 she was seen being helped by Cape End's "finest" into the Town House Restaurant for a bit of cleaning up. The NBC staff used the Town House Restaurant as headquarters before and after the broadcast.

Win Praise Of Vice Pres ident Nixon During Washington Junket



President Nixon had enthusiastic praise for the members of a Bay State delegation spending Wednesday of last week in Washington as a reward for achieving the largest Republican vote increase in the 1954 elections as compared with 1952. At an impromptu gathering in a Senate committee room the Vice President predicted the Republican ticket would get more votes than in 1952 "if you folks get out and tell the people about the party's three-and-a-half percent increase in vote." Above are shown the members of the Provincetown party early Wednesday morning about to board Provincetown-Boston Airline planes for Logan Airport for the flight to Washington. Front row: William Mayo, Mrs. Albion Kelley, Mrs. Edith Paul, Mrs. Mabel Stillings, and Richard A. Jennings. Back row: John F. Rosenthal, Duncan Bryant, William H. Gordon, Burton Kenney, Captain Domingo Godinho, Herbert Frank Henderson, Ernest Carreiro and Henry B. Fisk.

'On-the-Air' Vacation continued

From Provincetown to Coonamassett

director, commercial coordinator, script people, sign painter, publicity people and office staff.

Add to that engineers and cameramen necessary to man four cameras and the group sent from Boston's WBZ with one mobile unit, one large truck and two ranch wagons, one micro-wave unit complete with cables, generator, micro-wave equipment to service the camera which was placed in the top of the Pilgrim Monument, and had to be carted up all 235 steps. A second complete micro-wave unit took care of the bulk of the program which was photographed from the ground. Fifteen technicians came with the Boston group, plus 3,500 feet of camera cable and 3,500 feet of microphone cable. Protective cable was borrowed from the town to cover cables crossing street, etc.

The New England Telephone Company had six to eight men and six trucks on the job for the full three days. From Provincetown it was necessary to relay the program to Boston by way of North Truro, Brewster, Barnstable, Falmouth, Fall River and Foxboro. Way stations were dropped as the show worked back along the Cape.

Lest you harbor illusions concerning the easy life of a TV showman consider the routine. The entire group stayed at Coonamasset, flew to Provincetown to start rehearsals at 7 in the morning. They rehearsed surrounded by spectators so interested that they spilled all over the town. Cameramen had to wedge through the mobs, Arlene was grabbing for air and at one point during the show Nancyann had to jump a fence to get back on camera. Brief interlude after the show before flying back to Coonamasset, lunch, change, drive to Cotuit, rehearsals on beach for placement, casual run through and conferences. Clambake for press was dry run for the clambake on TV Thursday morning. Again rehearsals start early, show goes on with seeming ease. Show emanated from beach at *The Pines* and original difficulty in getting signal out of Cotuit was solved by telephone people who figured out a way to get signal out by passing it through crotch of a tree, bouncing it off a building. One engineer did a back flip on the pine needles, bounced down the hill and seemed to bounce right up again.

Cape color during the various shows was added by

Arlene taking a painting lesson, Hugh Downes interviewing Admiral Donald B. McMillan, polar explorer, with eight-foot whale's tooth as prop, Nancyann consuming clambake with aid of Art Carney. A group of Portuguese dancers in native costume added brilliance and music to the beach scene at Cotuit. Driftwood and colonial candles, catboats and golf pros and the Edaville Narrow Gauge Railroad in the cranberry country all added up to the Cape vacation.

Arlene Francis appeared and reappeared in colorful sportswear, looking as gay and fresh as though she had stepped from a designer's sketch pad. She does her own hair, travels without secretary or maid. There is a wonderful atmosphere to this HOME group. Everyone works hard, loves the job, feels that the show is something really special. Obviously, they enjoy working together. "Why do we do remotes? We want to feel that HOME is a reflection of the whole country, so we get out and reflect. After all we're from all over the country. Basically we're corn-fed." It was promotional director Ernest Fladell who answered the question but this time they were clam-fed.

Fire Destroys "The Castle" Filled



Provincetown-Boston Airline Photo

A mass of flames moved back and forth through the interior of "The Castle" as firemen fought to bring the fire under control. This picture was taken from the air in the uncertain pre-dawn light of Monday morning as the fire burned furiously in the west wing. In the background, on the other side of Commercial Street, is the Provincetown Inn.

With Treasures Owner Finally Reached In Ecuador With News - Is Returning Here

Art, Antique Collections, Records Lost Faulty Wiring Expected As Cause - Total Loss May Reach Quarter of Million - Fire Had Long Start Before Discovery

About 11 yesterday morning Dr. Carl Murchison, who with Mrs. Murchison is touring South America, was finally reached at Quito, Ecuador, with word that their beautiful Provincetown home, "The Castle", filled with priceless art treasures and irreplaceable scientific data, accumulated over a lifetime of search and research, had been all but completely destroyed in an early Monday morning fire, causing a loss estimated at close to a quarter of a million.

The Murchisons were somewhat behind their travel schedule and it was expected that they would reach Quito on Tuesday. Horace F. Hallett, president of

the Cape. A great column of smoke streamed out to sea lighted with brands and sparks. The roof of one of the small cottages on the estate caught but was quickly extinguished.

the First National Bank, who had the unpleasant task of conveying the word, arranged to have an agent meet each incoming plane but it wasn't until shortly before noon yesterday that they arrived. Dr. Murchison took the news of the tragedy and the destruction of his records into which he had put a lifetime of work, philosophically. He said he was leaving Quito immediately for Province-

Faulty Wiring

While there were innumerable rumors as to the cause of the fire, it is expected that worn or faulty wiring will be given officially as the reason. There is no doubt, it seems, in the minds of those who made a painstaking investigation beginning as soon as the embers had cooled sufficiently, and these included Provincetown Fire Chief Manuel White, Police Chief William N. Rogers, State Detective Lieutenant George Killen, County Identification Officer Louis Cataldo, and a number of expert insurance investigators, that the fire had started three or four, possibly five hours before it was discovered by Wallace O'Donnell, living nearby, some time after 4:30 in the morning, as he was getting ready to go fishing. A first alarm was turned in at 4:40 and, the second about 10 minutes, or less, later.

When the firemen arrived the home was a mass of flames which were breaking through the roof. Chief White said that the fire had undoubtedly started in the basement at the northeast end of the structure and in the absence of any fire-stops had funneled

High 7 HIGH

10	12:16 AM
11	
12	1:03 AM
13	1:51 AM
14	2:44 AM
15	3:39 AM
16	4:38 AM
17	5:41 AM

Day Program Truro Church

Day program with Christian Union at North Truro Sunday School, 3:30 p.m. The program is sponsored by the church but will include the smallest children.

...ould be an...
...able items...
...found and...
... "We feel...
... enough to...
... gain."

...ed psychol...
...r, the total...
... higher than...
... rted. Her...
... herb Oriental and Chin...
... all of the...
... Much of the home was...
... with priceless antiques...
... were de...
... very large library of...
... and limited editions in...
... issues and special bind...
... rs of the

...er, Dr. Murchison's brother...
... claimed that the heaviest loss...
... is not visible in the general...
... sion. Dr. Murchison had...
... one of the finest libraries on psych...
... chology to be found in the world...
... been more important were his...
... rds to which he had devoted...
... years of intensive study and...
... developing a system of cross...
... ferences for use by libraries...
... grating psychological and so...
... gical subject matter from all...
... parts of the world, chiefly from...
... Europe. He was nearing the com...
... pletion of the great task, Dr...
... Murchison's brother said, when...
... the fire destroyed the work of a...
... lifetime.

It was learned that there was \$90,000 insurance on the building and \$127,000 on the contents. Some clothes, books, records and personal belongings were saved but these were negligible.

through to the roof and had been burning briskly for some time between the ceiling and the roof. The gates of the high iron fence surrounding the estate, were chained and one of the fire trucks was used to force an entrance. Soon 12 streams of water from 2400 feet of two-and-a-half inch hose and 3200 feet of one-and-a-half inch hose leading up the sharply inclined hill from Commercial Street below, were pouring water on the furiously burning fire and before 5:30 Chief White said the fire was brought under control, but the Spanish-style building, constructed of stucco over wooden framework, was so damaged that little if any of it can be saved. Two particularly violent heat blasts blew out all of the many windows, hurling glass as far as Commercial Street below and injuring several firemen slightly. One of the blasts lifted the high tower which was a central part of the building and dropped it into the flames. Drama was added by the periodic explosions of ammunition such as shotgun shells and cartridges and, as Chief White said, "There were times when we didn't know whether to charge or retreat."

"The Castle" with its beautiful site atop a dune in the West End opposite the Provincetown Inn, commanding a view of the entire Cape End, the harbor, bay and dune country provided a tragic spectacle in its passing for the flames were seen many miles away just as dawn was coming to

Chief White said that fire broke out again among the books Tuesday night but was quickly extinguished by a standby engine. In commenting, Chief White paid high tribute to the efforts of the firemen who fought such a hard battle, though a losing one because of the many hours of head-start of the fire. He said that the efforts of the Red Cross canteen workers who had hot coffee and doughnuts on hand for the firemen were especially comforting. "The Castle" was originally built some 30 years ago by Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hollingsworth of Pittsfield, close friends of the late Augustus Smith. It was later sold to Fred Dyer who was attached to the ram, Katardin, which was stationed in Provincetown harbor during the Spanish-American War. While on that duty Mr. Dyer became interested in Provincetown and returned years later to become associated in the fisheries business with Joseph Rich, Josh Paine and others. Mr. Dyer acquired the hilltop mansion and later it became the property of Mr. Paine who added the east end wing and the rumpus room.

Fireman Leo Morris of No. 1 was temporarily overcome by fumes and smoke and after treatment by the Rescue Squad was taken home but he soon returned to the scene. Fire Engineer James Roderick suffered a twisted ankle and James Roderick of No. 1, Manuel Aresta of No. 5 and Frank Aresta of No. 4 were cut on the hands by flying glass. They continued their work after treatment.

Higher Value Placed
Dr. Murchison's brother, Dr. Claudius T. Murchison, who had arrived at his Wellfleet home, off Gull Pond Road, some days earlier, was inclined to put a far higher figure on the total loss and said that the value of the paintings destroyed would be at least \$250,000. He said that apart from an almost complete collection of paintings by artists who painted in Provincetown from the early days down to the present, there were fine examples of Reuben, Gainsborough and Tintoretto.

Long a patron of art and a past president and director of the Provincetown Art Association, Dr. Murchison's collection of canvases by Cape End painters is almost a listing of the best who worked here and he always sought to get the best of each. There were paintings by Frederick Waugh, George Elmer Browne, Charles Hawthorne, Max Bohm, Ernest Caliga, John Noble, Ed Dickinson, Gordon Grant, Reeves Euler, John Whorf, Karl Knaths, Charles Heinz, LaForce Bailey, Ross Moffett, Frank Desche, Gerrit Beneker, Jerry Farnsworth, Courtney Allen, Helen Sawyer, Harold Lund, Pauline Palmer, William Paxton, Vollian Rann, Bruce McKain, Oscar Geiberich, John Frazier, John Foster, Phil Malicoat, Henry Hensche, Ada Gilmore, etchings by W. H. W. Bicknell, drawings by Dorothy Lake Gregory, prints by Tod Lindenmuth, watercolors by William Zorach. Recently a fine oil portrait of Rear Admiral Donald B. MacMillan by Samuel Oppenheim had been added to the collection.

A Rear View of "The Castle" As Firemen Battle Flames



Provincetown-Boston Airline Photo

Shown is the northwest corner of the Murchison home in the early dawn of Monday morning after the fire had been brought under control. The part shown is adjacent to the parking area at the top of the hill.

1931 Universalist Church

The evening picture-lecture was amusing as well as pathetic, a story of how some boys go wrong, how some homes are wrecked, and the simple and easy remedy.

Next Sunday morning, the day before Labor Day, Dr. Rose preaches on "America and Present Day Problems." Next Sunday evening will be presented "The House Beautiful" well worth seeing and hearing.

On Sunday Sept. 19 this parish entertains the Orleans parish. Dr. Coons, the state superintendent is expected to preach then.

Frescoes

Greatest portrayal of Life :- Broadway Success (Great ones), used as greatest sermons that lasted.

Heard him preach Aug, 1951, first time here in years

Church of St. Mary-of-the-Harbor (Episcopal)
513 Commercial Street
Rev. Frank Orr Johnson
Residence 46 Commercial St.
8 A. M. Holy Communion
10 A. M. Children's Service
11 A. M. Morning Prayer and Sermon.
All visitors most welcome.

Dr. Athina use to come during Aug. while at Chalton.

Church of the Pilgrims Congregational
Next to Town Hall
Rev. Frederick E. Emrich, D. D. Pastor
Residence, "The Upper Standish", 453 Commercial Street.
Service on Sunday at 11 A. M.

Bible used property of Mrs Doyle's father. loaned.

Now closed. Sold.

Church Directory And Programs
Christian Science Society
418 Commercial Street

Sunday, 11 A. M.
Sunday School, 12.15 P. M.
Wednesday, 8 P. M.
Reading Room:
Tues, Thurs. and Sat. 2:30-5 P. M.
Tuesday and Saturday, 7:30-9:00

"Man" is the subject of the Lesson-Sermon which will be read in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, September 6.

The Golden Text is: "Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright" (Ecclesiastes 7:29).

Among the citations which comprise the Lesson-Sermon is the following from the Bible: "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, possesses and reflects God's the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them" (Genesis 1:26,27).

The Lesson-Sermon also includes the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy: "Man, made in His likeness, possesses and reflects God's dominion over all the earth. Man and woman as coexistent and eternal with God forever reflect, in glorified quality, the infinite Father-Mother God" (p. 516).

**WREN'S LAST HOME
TO BE DEMOLISHED**

**Contains Art Collection the
Great Architect Began**

The contemplated demolition of Sir Christopher Wren's old home in Hampton Court, where he died on Feb. 25, 1725, in his ninety-first year, recalls the fact that he was not only the greatest architect of his time but also that he was a great art collector.

Sir Christopher had the house on lease from the Crown, and his successors there, on the same terms, down to the present tenant, Norman Lamplugh, not only never disturbed the original collection but even added to it. A. C. R. Carter writes in The Daily Telegraph of the collection—which includes two portraits of Wren—and the collector as follows:

"In his great age Wren would take the coach to London and sit for hours under the public dome of his creation [St. Paul's]. Indeed, it was on the last of these pious journeys, in February, 1723, that he took a chill and returned to Hampton Court to die. A portrait by Cipriani shows him holding the plan of the cathedral.

"The other Wren portrait was probably painted by John Closterman, who came to England about 1685 and did capable journeyman portraits, such as those of Pepys, Henry Purcell and John Churchill in the National Portrait Gallery. The same gallery also holds Sir Godfrey Kneller's portrait of Wren, painted after he had been ousted from his post, which he had held for half a century, as Surveyor-General of the Royal Buildings, for which he received £45 12s 6d each quarter, with a few extras.

"The ill-fated Lady Arabella Stuart is recalled by Paul van Somer's portrait of her. That accomplished woman painter, Mary Beale, whom Sir Peter Lely commended, is represented by a portrait of Charles II in armor, and there are anonymous artists' portraits of James I, Charles I, Mary II and the Old Pretender, with one of the dramatist William Congreve.

"In the style of Canaletto is a very interesting picture of the old 'Chinese' bridge at Hampton Court, along with landscapes of the Dutch, Italian and French schools, and architectural and flower pictures."

Tower
who was
planned
after
Wren
design

Center Methodist Church

Rev. Benjamin L. DuVal
Morning Service at 11 o'clock.
Sunday School at 12.15.
Vespers at 7:30 o'clock

Labor Day services will be held Sunday. The Pastor will be back in the pulpit with a sermon appropriate to the occasion on the subject, "The Labor Principle." This topic for discussion should interest all who labor for it will be a frank scrutiny of work as we know it. In the evening the subject is to be, "Come and Rest." The usual good vocal and instrumental music will aid in making these worship hours delightful.

There is a pew for all our visitors. Let these hours in our church afford you their inspiration and rest. All are invited.

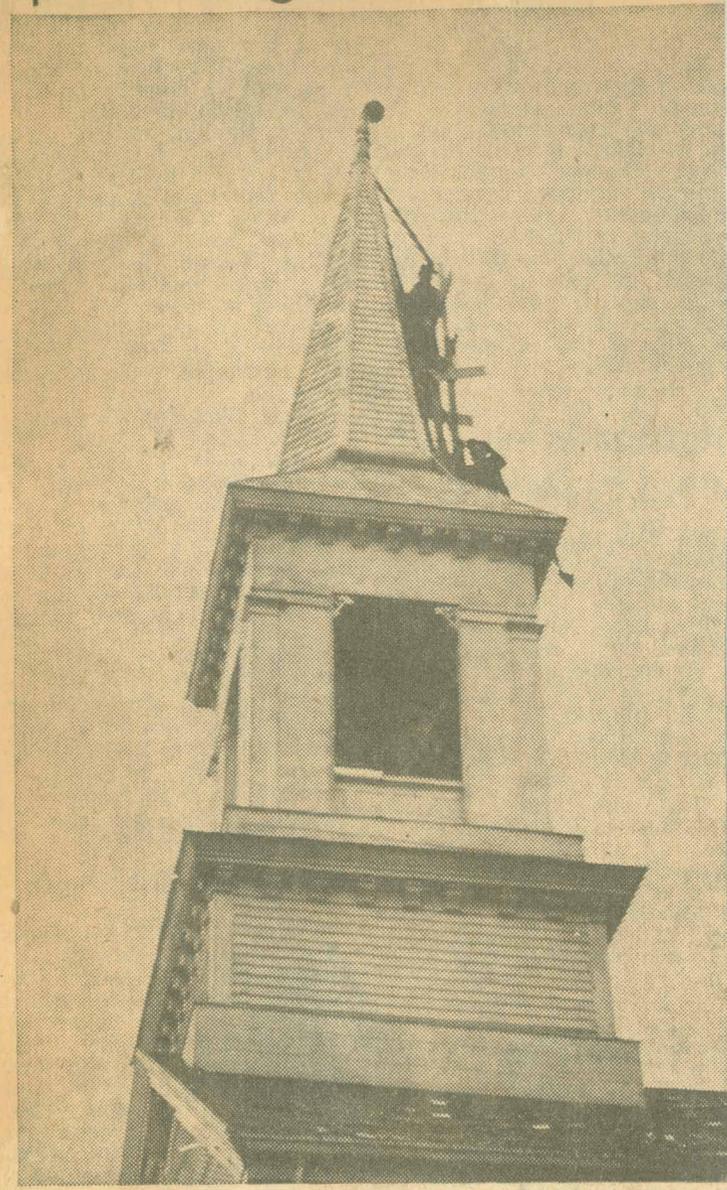
1st
Church
built
here -
white oak
rafted over
from Truro

Present church
used as much of
1st material as
possible.

St. Peter's R. C. Church
Masses: 7 A. M., 9 A. M., 11 A. M.

1951 Much largest congregation
in town.

Spire Being Dismantled



(Cape Cod Standard-Times Photo)
Another familiar landmark to Provincetown residents and visitors, the spire to the former Church of the Pilgrims, more than 100 years old, will soon be just a memory. Workmen started yesterday to dismantle it. Shown are Manuel Cook, top, and Joseph Bent, at the foot of the spire. The church is adjacent to Town Hall.

Jan.
1953

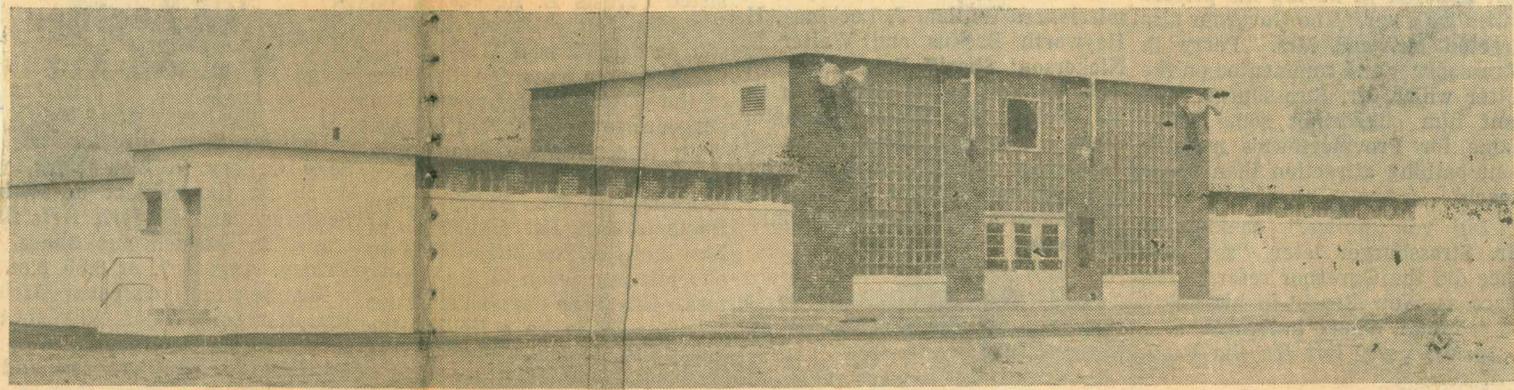
Certainly to be
deplored.

Surely some
where's a
church could
be used.

who
was

of THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1953

Commonwealth's First Public Bath House Is Dedicated At Cape End



The bath house is of modernistic and functional design consisting of a central two-story administrative section 40 feet by 48 feet, with two adjoining one-story wings for patrons, which are 32 feet by 50 feet, making a total length for the building of 148 feet. There is additional room at either end for the addition of wings should the necessity arise.
The foundation and framing of the entire building is reinforced concrete. The center, or administrative, section is surfaced with brick and glass blocks and the wings have stucco finish on cinder

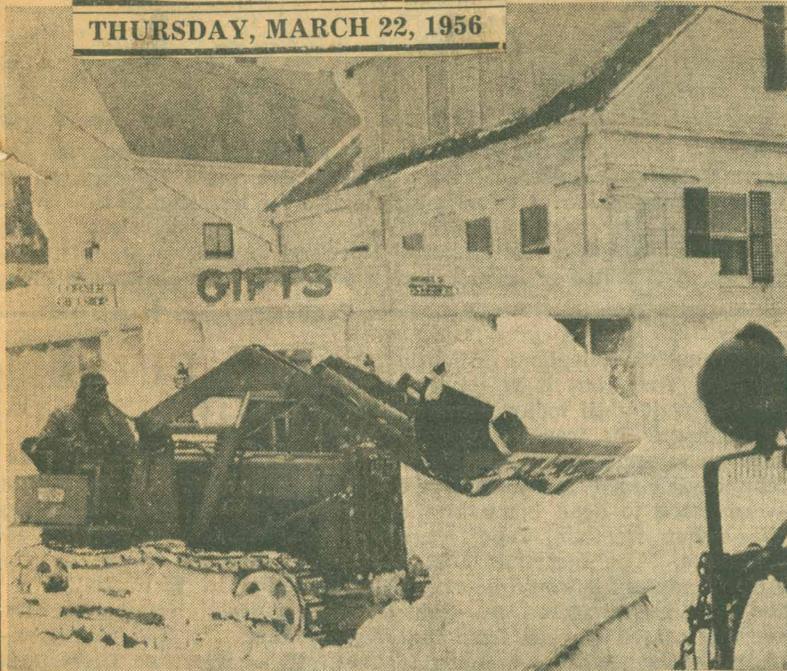
Wide terraces and concrete steps lead to the entrances.
In the administrative section on the first floor lobby are the checking rooms, First Aid room, and concession area, and the manager's office. The second floor will be used for storage and a utility room.
Of special interest is the safe in the checking room where valuables may be checked.
Personnel includes a manager, assistant manager, clix matron, three checkroom attendants, two bath house attendants, two porters and three life guards.
Inside the bath house itself there

are shower stalls—33 for women, 33 for men. Known as a basket-type bath house, bathers can check their clothing and valuables knowing they will be well protected while the owners are bathing or sunning themselves on the beach.
Another notable feature of this new bath house is that for the first time in the history of the Province Lands there will be public sanitation facilities for bathers.
Any necessary first aid treatment (and we express the hope that there will be very little need for it) can be obtained in the First Aid Room. Besides the ordinary band-

age, adhesive tape, etc., for cuts and bruises, there will be such equipment as a double resuscitator for those who may need that service.
A dignified concession counter has been provided for in order that bathers and other visitors can be accommodated with refreshments.
Electric power has been brought in from Provincetown itself. A pipeline, septic tank and tile field have been installed in the proper sewage disposal. Four artesian wells, going down into the earth for 30 feet, supply fresh water for drinking and bathing purposes.

Storms Hide Cape End Town In White

THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1956



TWIN BLIZZARDS BELT LOWER CAPE END WITH SNOW FILLED GALE FORCE WINDS

A typical scene in Provincetown is this front-end loader digging out the intersection of Gosnold Street and Commercial with a plow standing by to take over after the piles of white stuff are removed. Every piece of removal equipment in the area was commandeered for the work.

Strong Sun, Shovels Start Clearing

Work Crews Labor Around Clock — Provincetown Nearly Hidden In Places — Power Off Only Few Minutes — Cost Of Clearing Will Probably Reach \$3,000.

St. Patrick's Day's double-barrelled blizzard, ushering in Spring with more snow than Cape Cod has seen in decades, driven by gale force winds that curled white dunes in streets, highways and along railways, halting passage on land, flight by air, calling off assemblies of every kind, in classrooms, churches, long planned public suppers, every social event—that is still the big story here, as it will be for days to come, and to be remembered as a record for intensity, size and lateness.

There are no accurate records of the amount of snow that fell during the twin storms. It is said that eight inches came with the first and ten with the second. But when the 60 to 65-mile gale winds hit obstacles of any height they dumped a great deal more than that, piling it in drifts that reached for the eaves of many a Cape cottage. The storms blew with a determined ferocity, shutting away daylight, taking over completely the space without which is so vast

in the vicinity of 5 Tuesday afternoon. Other trains which had left earlier or were on their way to Boston were stranded at various points. Some 38 passengers remained overnight on three New Haven trains in Pocasset and Buzzards Bay and 30 more spent the night in a five-car Boston-to-Cape train at Buzzards Bay.

Added anxiety, apart from the high winds and heavy snow, was caused by the fear of more than normal tides. Some 75 persons were evacuated from the Common Fields in Barnstable and limited states of emergency were declared there, in Falmouth, Orleans and Harwich. Tides came up high in Provincetown but no part of it was in any real danger. However, Joseph W. Acker and John F. Bosworth who own a house at 607 East Commercial Street jointly, suffered damage when the high tide washed into a small circular Cape Cod cellar and had covered floor furnaces with almost half a foot of water,

at any time, seemed to become gradually engulfed, submerged by an eruption, not of this world.

Like many great adventures, it started in a quiet way that would have been foreboding had it not been for the promise of Spring. Friday afternoon a light flurry of tiny flakes came playing in with no definite plans for alighting, for these were the outriders of the real blizzard at their heels. From the east and northeast the wind blew harder, 40, then 45, low and straight across the Cape Tip so that breasting the blow became painful. The winds increased in force to 50, 55, settling down, finally to about 63, with gusts even stronger. Race Point Weather Bureau clocked the wind but no effort was made to measure the snow. That was out of the question. Folks of the Lower Cape got inside their cottages, locked their doors and watched their windows become opaque squares.

But there were some who battled through the hours to keep minimum emergency lanes open. Provincetown's highway crew, using three trucks and three front-end loaders labored steadily for 36 hours without rest, knocking off Saturday night and Sunday morning until the second storm brought them back to do an even more difficult job all over again. In order to give the men some relief, two Selectmen, Larry Kargeris and Flier Santos with Town Manager, James V. Coyne, manned a sanding truck Saturday night.

Constant Electricity

But Provincetown, along with the Lower Cape, was fortunate in having electric power throughout the long siege of storm. Except for a short period of about 20 minutes Monday noon, Provincetown had uninterrupted service. That meant heat for many people and light, but also the radio which brought in constant word as to the blizzard's progress, warnings to motorists to keep their cars at home and word as to other precautions. It also meant to the Cape End, TV which assumed an even greater importance for the shut-in, isolated people of the town. The short cut in service Monday was caused, according to Ray Ham, Cape and Vineyard manager for this area, by wet insulators cutting open at Orleans, necessitating the use of the Provincetown station which had been maintained in readiness for just that kind of emergency. Monday afternoon the line crew and Mr. Ham went on duty to work through the night and far into the next day.

Wednesday (yesterday) morning classes were resumed in the schools of Provincetown and Truro but not in Wellfleet where considerable ploughing was still to be done before the school bus could get through. Yesterday morning, too, there was the first small trickle of mail since that brought in early Saturday. First train to emerge from Boston was

cutting off heat. Then pipes exposed by the washout froze. A cesspool caved in. James Thomas who has charge of the property was on hand to start repairs at once.

Town Manager Coyne estimates that the cost of digging out the town and clearing away the snow following the St. Patrick's day double-headed storm will be in the vicinity of \$3,000 and adds that it will be necessary to ask for additional highway funds from the Finance Committee.

Extraordinary progress has been made today in snow removal, aided by most favorable weather and Mr. Coyne was able to say that all streets and lanes in town have been opened. It is said that with another day like this tomorrow the whole situation will be entirely under control.

'Twas Chilly In January

1956 too
The past month was the second coldest January here in the past 40 years, Warren O. Johnson of the U. S. Weather Bureau said today.

The average temperature was 56.4 degrees, 5.6 degrees below normal, the weather summary shows.

Average maximum temperature during January was 66.3 degrees; the average low temperature was 46.5 degrees. The mercury went to its highest point, with 79 degrees, Jan. 30. The lowest reading was recorded Jan. 9, when the temperature dropped to 32 degrees.

January also was the fourth coldest month in the 40-year history of weather records at Lakeland, Johnson said. Other cold months include February, 1947, with a 54.7 degree average; December, 1935, with 4.8 degrees; and January, 1940, with an average of 52.8 degrees.

Total precipitation during January was 1.43 inches, a departure from the normal of .73 inches. Nineteen of the past 25 months have had below-normal rainfall, Johnson said.

Followed by 61
A cool wet spring
A cool summer
with
spells of
Intense heat!

A peculiar year
1956!

Feb 9 1956
A TOTAL OF 5.97 inches of precipitation made January one of the wettest months since records have been kept at the Race Point Coast Guard Station weather bureau. During the month it rained or snowed on 12 days, and on January 9 wind of 65 miles was clocked. On January 9, 10, 11, 23 and 25 the mercury reached 45 degrees and during the first few days of the month it got no higher than 40 above zero.

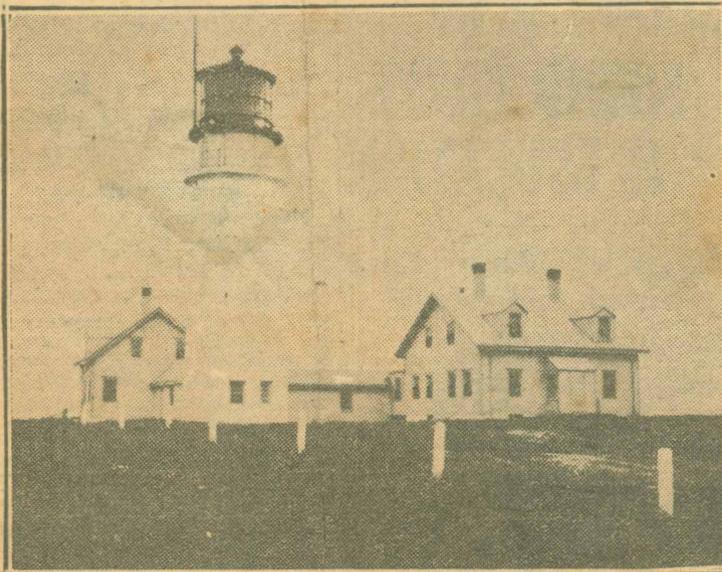
WEDNESDAY A. M. . . The first thunder storm of the season rolled across The Narrow Land sometime during the black, early hours of morning. A feeble storm it was, to be sure—a warm air pocket rubbing elbows briefly with the static cold mass above the ocean. Torrents of rain, and a score of lightning flashes and a delayed rumbling of thunder . . .

And, as the storm died away over the hills we lay half awake, thinking back to the time, some years ago, when the old South Truro Church burned to the ground. Just such a night as this, it was, same time of year, and a freak, late Winter "tempest" as old Ed Snow used to call it, crashed suddenly in from the bay. A few Pamet folks, light sleepers, awoke for an uneasy moment or two as the alien sounds of the storm rolled over their snug cottages, but by and large, the village slept.

Feb 8 '56

Must have been an hour or so later that we awoke to the jangling of the magneto telephone . . . three long and one short . . . our number . . . and the operator was pounding out the ring with an insistence that spelled emergency. And so we struggled into our clothes and palmed the receiver to hear the excited voice of Cleve Woodward, Depot Road artist . . . "There's a big glow in the sky beyond the hill, and I'm afraid it's the South Truro Church, afire . . . "We brushed the last cobwebs of sleep from our eyes, thinking the while about the venerable old building . . . the TNA had recently set a crew of carpenters to work on the structure, and the old Hogsback church was in the final stages of restoration. They'd shored up the weakened timbers, and replaced the fallen plaster, and wired, and glazed the gaping sashes, and made the roof tight.

THE SHIP'S SAGE AT HIGHLAND LIGHT



Highland Light, at North Truro, Cape Cod

The House That Walked Away

by

Perry B. Strassburger

There are so many monuments and markers on Cape Cod, that a stroller has to mind his steps when rambling on the bypaths to avoid tripping on tradition.

However, on Ryder Beach Road in South Truro, there exists a memorial to a dear old Dedham lady which is not made of bronze and granite. It consists largely of a house-site now overgrown with a grove of locust trees. In the corner of the vacant lot prospers a luxuriant lilac bush and along the roadside a great bank of tiger lillies grins at the sun.

The precise location of this site, of a Truro pioneer's house is on the north side of Ryder Beach Road, which runs down from the Pamet-Wellfleet road over the dunes. Just over the railroad tracks toward the beach on the right-hand side, may be found the vegetation described. South of the old dune-top Methodist meet-

ing house site (marked with a monument and stone) this well-built hard road leads down to Cape Cod Bay at Ryder Beach.

No trace exists of the three-quarter Cape Cod house which was formerly on the property of Emily Fuller Whiting who had bought it about the turn of the century. Included in that purchase were some 20 acres of farm land on both sides of the beach road, now dotted with "modern" ranch houses. Mrs. Whiting was the widow of James Whiting of Dedham, and early hotel operator throughout New England and a great admirer of Cape Cod. Mrs. Whiting was also the owner of the railroad bayside of the Great Hollow, giant kettle hole on the bay end of the road leading from Whitmanville from Route 6 to the beach. She had intended to remove the hand-carpen-tered Cape Cod house to Great Hollow. A few years delay interven-

LIGHT

ed. Neighbors say that the house disintegrated.

In any event, it walked away completely. One spring late in the teens of the new century, all that remained of the cottage was the Cape Cod cellar. By the following year, the bricks from this Cape Cod cellar also had meandered away.

It was not a great financial loss, but it was a sentimental loss to Mrs. Whiting. She was, with her husband, a life-time Truro lover. Both the Ryder Beach Road property and the vacant Great Hollow property were sold within the last few years by her daughter, Ruth Pride Whiting McKenzie.

Mrs. McKenzie died at her Provincetown home early in the summer of 1952. Her daughter, Miss Jean McKenzie of Fresno, California is the sole survivor of the family.

Mrs. McKenzie had two bachelor brothers, both of whom were well known as outdoor enthusiasts on the lower cape. Both died as bachelors, Earle F. Whiting and Boyd S. Whiting.

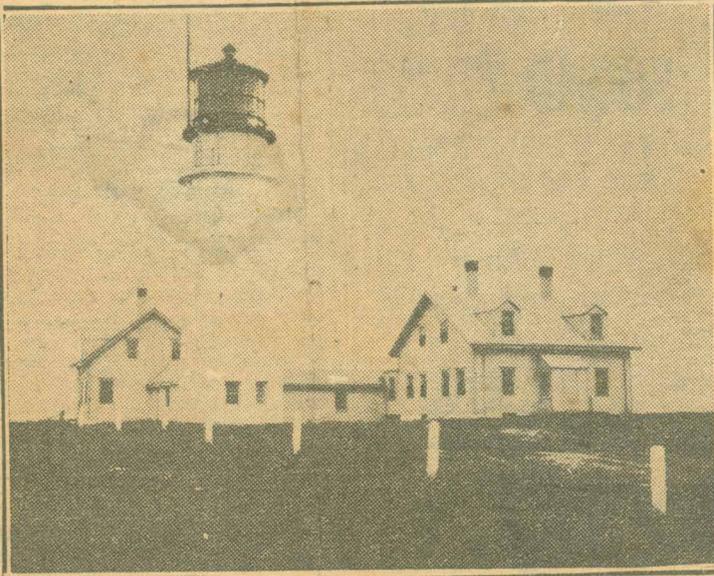
Born in Groton, Massachusetts, grandmother Emily Fuller Whiting attained a certain distinction by her dress. It was composed entirely inside and outside of lavender cloth, items including petticoats, stockings and coats, as well as dresses. She was long a well-known resident of Dedham, but perhaps for all of the lavender and old lace, which she brought to Truro, she left a unique living memorial of lavender lilacs on the Beach Road where once was located the house that walked away over a winter.

No granite and bronze memorials have been erected on Ryder Beach Road but one familiar with the story might recognize in nearby houses a fireplace mantel, or some hand-hewn panelling, or a front door and frame or other hardwood Cape Cod craftsmanship from the hands of Truro shipbuilders, from the house which strayed away over a winter many years ago.

But the lavender lilacs still bloom in memory.

THE SHIP'S SAGE AT HIGHLAND

LIGHT



Highland Light, at North Truro, Cape Cod

The House That Walked Away

by

Perry B. Strassburger

There are so many monuments and markers on Cape Cod, that a stroller has to mind his steps when rambling on the bypaths to avoid tripping on tradition.

However, on Ryder Beach Road in South Truro, there exists a memorial to a dear old Dedham lady which is not made of bronze and granite. It consists largely of a house-site now overgrown with a grove of locust trees. In the corner of the vacant lot prospers a luxuriant lilac bush and along the roadside a great bank of tiger lillies grins at the sun.

The precise location of this site, of a Truro pioneer's house is on the north side of Ryder Beach Road, which runs down from the Pamet-Wellfleet road over the dunes. Just over the railroad tracks toward the beach on the right-hand side, may be found the vegetation described. South of the old dune-top Methodist meet-

ing house site (marked with a monument and stone) this well-built hard road leads down to Cape Cod Bay at Ryder Beach.

No trace exists of the three-quarter Cape Cod house which was formerly on the property of Emily Fuller Whiting who had bought it about the turn of the century. Included in that purchase were some 20 acres of farm land on both sides of the beach road, now dotted with "modern" ranch houses. Mrs. Whiting was the widow of James Whiting of Dedham, and early hotel operator throughout New England and a great admirer of Cape Cod. Mrs. Whiting was also the owner of the railroad bayside of the Great Hollow, giant kettle hole on the bay end of the road leading from Whitmanville from Route 6 to the beach. She had intended to remove the hand-carpen-tered Cape Cod house to Great Hollow. A few years delay interven-

ed. Neighbors say that the house disintegrated.

In any event, it walked away completely. One spring late in the teens of the new century, all that remained of the cottage was the Cape Cod cellar. By the following year, the bricks from this Cape Cod cellar also had meandered away.

It was not a great financial loss, but it was a sentimental loss to Mrs. Whiting. She was, with her husband, a life-time Truro lover. Both the Ryder Beach Road property and the vacant Great Hollow property were sold within the last few years by her daughter, Ruth Pride Whiting McKenzie.

Mrs. McKenzie died at her Provincetown home early in the summer of 1952. Her daughter, Miss Jean McKenzie of Fresno, California is the sole survivor of the family.

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From Earle Johnson in Key West, Florida, comes a card with a picture of his home in that city. Built in 1825, entirely of cedar, it is the oldest house in Key West. He expects to be in Provincetown soon at his Alden Street home. Another card from globe-trotters, Mary and Preston Hall, "We're in Palma of Mallorca of the Ballerics in Spain. Three days here, then three days in Barcelona and from there we have to rush to meet our boat at Cannes, France. Fortunately we can lounge for 9 days on our boat home. After this rushing around we'll need it." *June 1954*

63

1956
Sec Library - 25
Her Home - 27

1957 - Place on Alden St. F. town "Sale" becoming a wreck - long for "Sale"

Sept. 18 - 1958

Farewell To The Coast Guard

THE CAPE CODDER — With the exodus of its equipment Tuesday, the Nauset Coast Guard Station in Eastham officially went out of existence. Various Coast Guard stations on the Cape and at Boston hauled away the gear which had been there for many years.

Why?

We quote from "The Life Savers of Cape Cod" copyrighted 1902 by J. W. Dalton of Sandwich.

"Captain Alonzo N. Bearse and his crew of life savers have rescued seventeen persons in their surf-boat and seventeen shipwrecked sailors in the breeches-buoy since Captain Bearse had been keeper, while thirty-eight persons were rescued from the surf by ropes and small boats. Of the total number of vessels stranded on the bars near the station (Nauset Inlet) eight schooners and one cat-boat were a total loss . . ."

Times have changed. White sails are rarely seen today on the blue seas off Nauset. A more likely concern of the Coast Guard is the unwary weekender who ventures out on his shiny new

outboard-powered skiff, minus spare shear pins, spare gas, tools, life preservers, light, oars, etc.

There is a possibility that the National Park Service, if a national park is established on Cape Cod, will include this station in its domain and preserve it as a sort of Coast Guard museum. It is to be hoped that this will be done and that the proud, white station we saw today will not, in a matter of months, become a vandalized, grey shell of a memento to the proud history of the U.S.L.S. and the U.S.C.G.

Abbie Putman Dies Former Librarian *June 12 - 56*

Funeral services were held Monday afternoon at the Fisk Funeral Home for Miss Abbie Cook Putnam, 86, former librarian of the Provincetown Public Library for many years, who died late Friday at her home at 476A Commercial Street after being in ill health for some time. The Rev. Arthur O. Dewey, pastor of the Provincetown Methodist Church officiated and interment was in the Gifford Cemetery.

A daughter of Louis A. Putnam who came to Provincetown from Danvers, Mass., and Adelaide Cook of Provincetown, Miss Putnam's ancestors included the early American hero, General Israel Putnam and the noted whaling skipper, Captain Henry Cook who found the figurehead which now adorns the front of the east end home, formerly owned by Miss Putnam. Her parents and grandparents were skilled mariners and were prominent in fishing and whaling activities. At one time they owned many of the houses and buildings in the east end where Miss Putnam lived.

For a long period Miss Putnam was the Cape End librarian but in recent years in her retirement she lived at home, cared for by Mrs. Elizabeth Gillis. However, she retained much of the fortitude and determination of her forebears and at 65 she decided to learn to play the trumpet. She was a staunch Republican and with the return of her party to office in 1952 she gave a public demonstration of her trumpet abilities by playing the "Star-Spangled Banner" as she had promised she would.

Only survivors are cousins in Danvers and elsewhere.

was substitute teacher in the Taunton public school system.

Rev. and Mrs. Lane, who have an eight-year old daughter, Judy, will observe their 11th wedding anniversary on June 30.

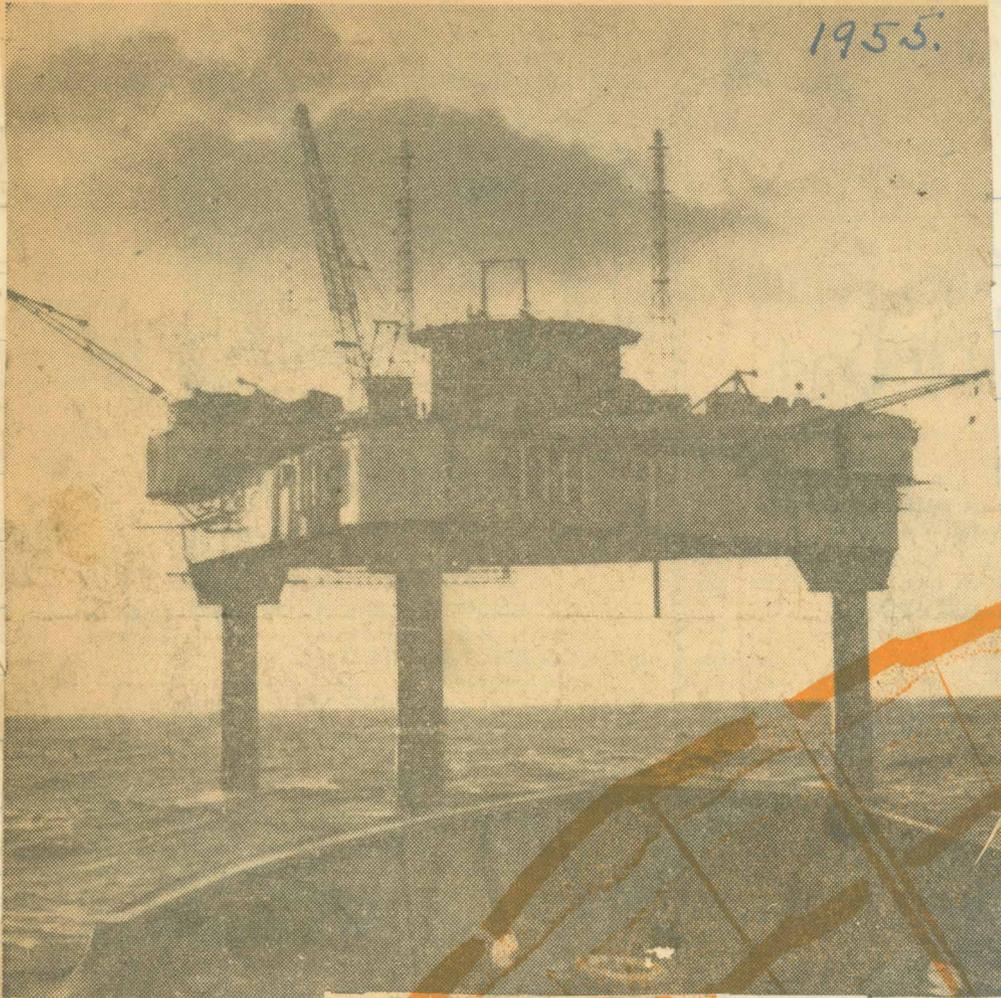
1956 Beginning

WHILE NOT YET on a par with Wellfleet, interest in water skiing at the Cape End is definitely on the increase. Joseph T. Patrick, Senior next year at the University of Florida, has assembled excellent equipment with two pairs of skis and one single ski for two feet, also a 16 foot boat powered with a 30-horse Johnson motor that can develop as much speed as the most avid might require. At low tide Joe meets parties at Town Wharf and at high he will go around to any cottage along the shore. Furthermore, he guarantees to have any pupils standing on the skis at the end of one lesson. He has attained unusual skill in the sport in Florida waters

SCENE OF RESCUE FROM SEA TOWER

1st. Storm experiences for. Tower :- proving its safety and extreme value in war

1955.



Others to come ashore included tower workmen whose chores had been completed and some who were lowered down to the tug to assist in the transfer operations.

All praised the dexterity of Patrick Carlough, skipper of the El Sol who celebrated his 37th birthday by taking off the stranded men.

An Aleutian Indian, he held his 174-foot craft almost under the 8,000 ton tower platform for an hour and a half as waves up to 25 feet endangered the transfer.

Don Guy, Associated Press photo editor in Boston, who telephoned daily stories to his office while on the tower, said he was relieved when he boarded the tug. "I know boats," he said, "but that tower

J. Walter Green, AP cameraman who made scores of "shots" aboard the tower and during the transfer operations, described his unavoidably extended assignment as one of the "best picture-making opportunities" in his long experience.

110 MILES OFF SHORE

Tug Braves Heavy Seas, Removes 52 From Tower

BOSTON, (AP) — Fifty-two tired, bearded refugees from the Texas tower were back on land yesterday and headed home for Thanksgiving, grateful for the combined efforts that brought them safely to shore.

The rescue tug El Sol pulls away from a Texas Tower (radar outpost) 110 miles off Cape Cod (upper picture). Five men in a bucket are lowered from the radar island (bottom picture) to the tug after being marooned there by bad weather five days.

Of the group, 37 were visitors who went out to the man-made radar island 110 miles off Cape Cod last Thursday on what was to be a brief inspection trip. These included Navy brass from Washington and two Associated Press staff men.

A succession of storms kept them aboard the tower — a radar outpost — until the tug El Sol maneuvered under the structure and removed them in a huge basket — four to seven at a time.

many officials were given the unexpected value, of their resident

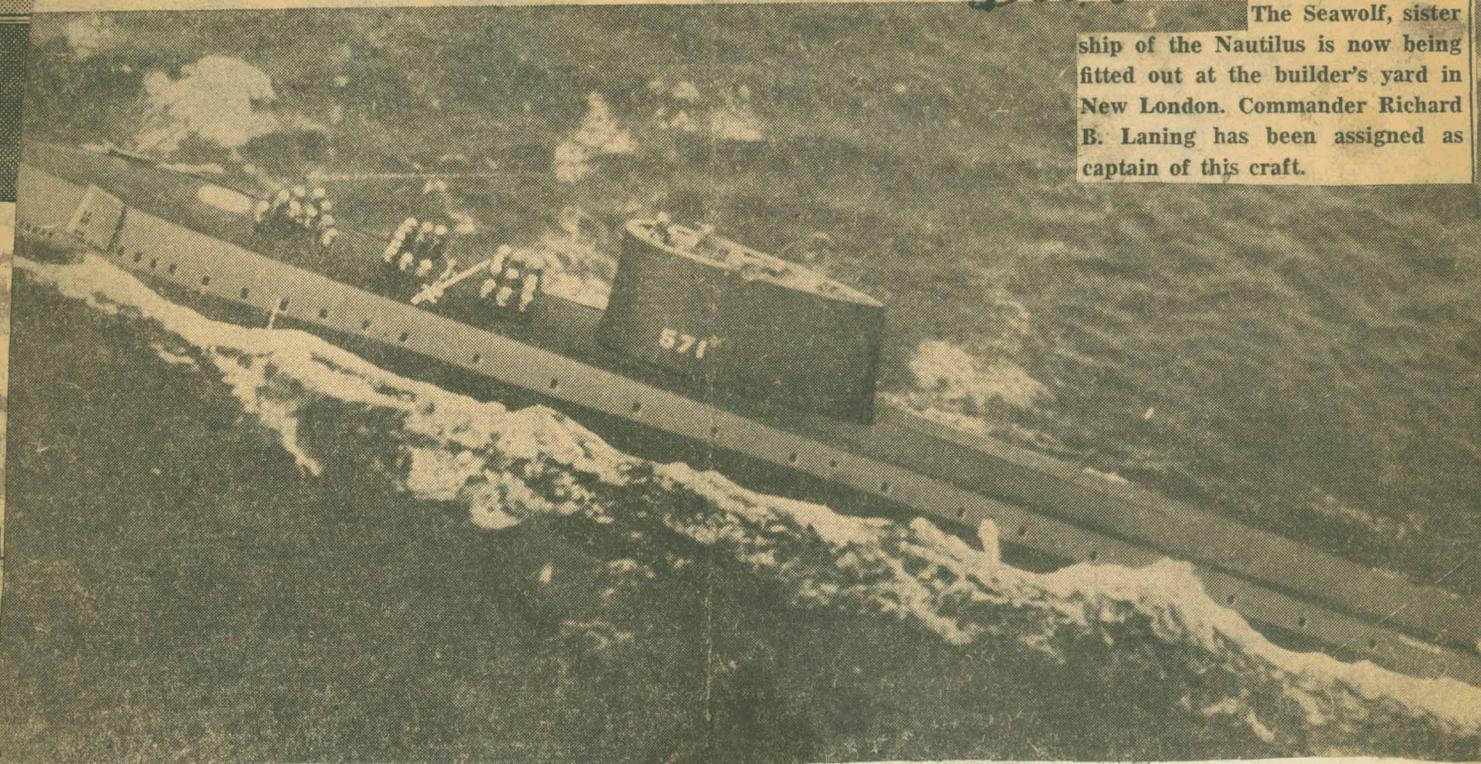
test, visit!



World's First Atom-Powered Vessel Leaves Provincetown Harbor After Severe Tests

Dec 8-1955

The Seawolf, sister ship of the Nautilus is now being fitted out at the builder's yard in New London. Commander Richard B. Laning has been assigned as captain of this craft.



The Sea, esp. around Cape has, its own time & way of testing man's work!

Nineteen of the leading atom and submarine scientists of the country, and perhaps of the world, left Provincetown Friday after observing the Submarine Nautilus, history's first atom-powered vessel being put through various tests on the Navy's measured course off Wood End.

The above photograph of the world's mightiest submarine, which has already traversed 25,000 miles without refueling was arranged for

by Steve Barrie, well known to many Cape End people during his lengthy Summer vacations for many seasons, and engaged as Director of Special Events by the national headquarters of the American Cancer Society in New York City. In the photograph members of the crew of the Nautilus spell the letters, ACS, as a salute to the annual American Cancer Crusade of 1956.

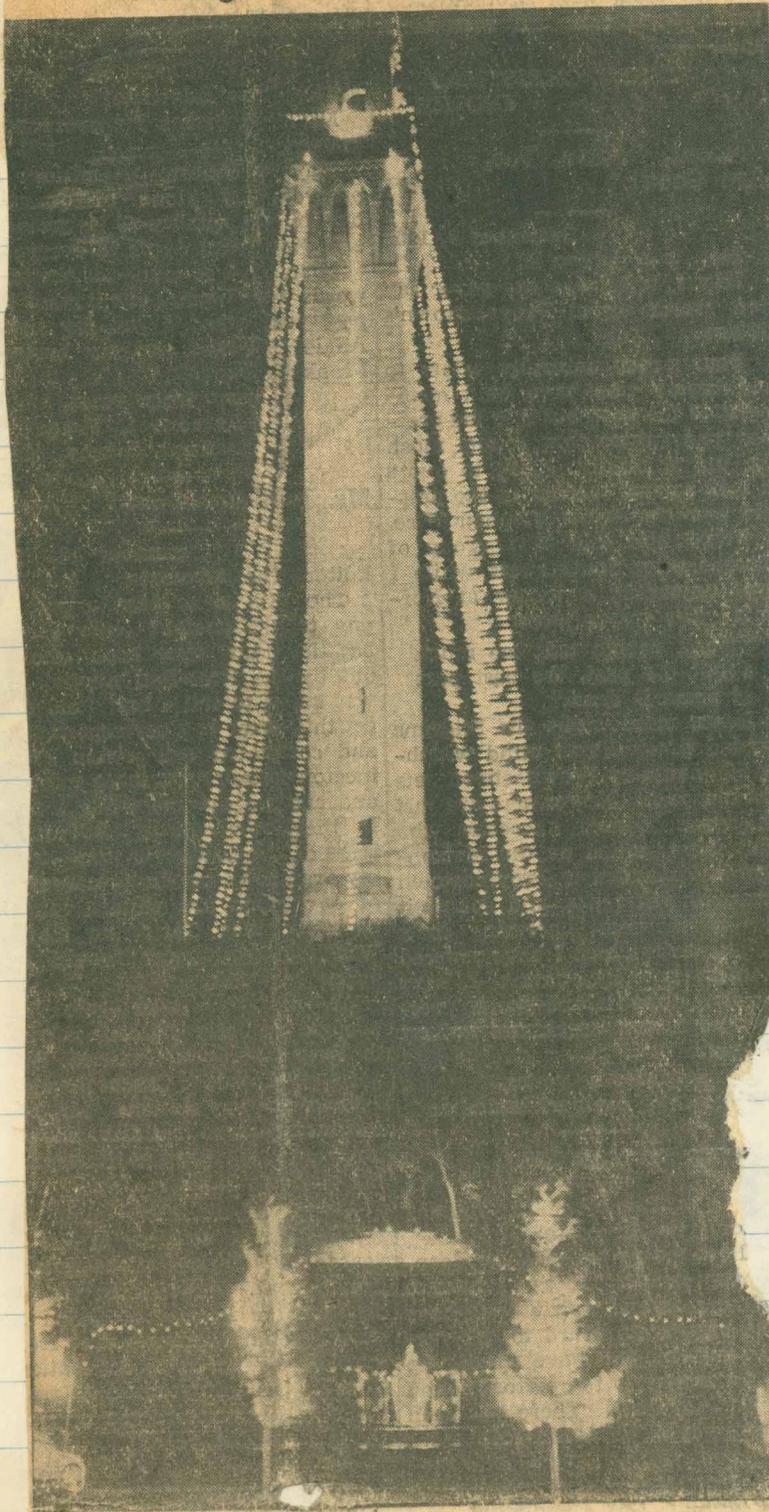
Says Mr. Barrie, "The world's

most powerful submarine uses the same energy for propulsion that is being employed in scores of institutions to experimentally treat cancer and to label chemicals that can help trace out cancer's cause. I hope, earnestly, that all the good people of Cape Cod will do all in their power to help us in the 1956 American Cancer Drive that seeks to raise \$26,000,000 to support research, education and patient service."

July 24-'58

THOUGH NOT EVEN faintly reminiscent of the submarine S-4 tragedy when the sub was rammed and sunk off Wood End with the loss of her 40 men in 1927, it was near the same spot that last Saturday morning the USS Piper, modern Navy snorkel-equipped submarine, ran aground on the Wood End sandbar. The sub, with an 82-man crew aboard, was running on the surface during calibration tests and she was later freed by the Coast Guard cutter Frederick Lee, which was on duty in the harbor.

Gleaming Shaft Of Christmas Cheer



John D. Bell Photo

Thirteen long strands of colored lights hang from the top of the Pilgrim Monument to herald the greatest holiday far out to sea and along Cape Cod. At the base is the nativity scene of the Cape & Vineyard Company as well as small lighted Christmas trees.

A letter later said "The Pilgrims never would have approved."

But all ^{the} friends of Provincetown and Lovers of its monument felt that it was a joy not only to passing ships but to the "stay at home folks" during the hard & long winter of 55-56 to see "its cheer!"

FROM ALL PARTS of the country have come comments on the lighting of the Pilgrim Monument. The picture used in The Advocate two weeks ago, taken by John D. Bell was sent by him to the Associated Press which bought it and put it on the wire for all AP clients and some television stations. Wrote Grace E. Woodstock from Tarpon Springs, Florida, "We saw our Provincetown Monument on TV, all dressed up for Christmas, on our Florida TV station and enjoyed your newspaper picture which we have put in our scrapbook." Peter Hand at Miami Beach wrote, "Imagine our surprise this evening when we opened the pages of the Miami Daily News and discovered the enclosed picture! In the midst of all the holiday glitter and glamour that Miami is noted for it was like a breath of clean, sweet Cape Cod air to just see the picture. Always homesick at this time of the year for Provincetown, this picture certainly did not help matters. Thought that perhaps the folks up our way would like to know that their handiwork is seen and appreciated 'way down Florida way.'"

(Continued on Page 6)

Christmas
1955

Conrad Malicoat Joins First Search To Find Hurricanes As They Start

On Monday morning Conrad Malicoat, son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Malicoat of East Bradford Street left for Woods Hole to ship aboard the 125-foot ex-Coast Guard cutter, Crawford, the first ship ever to be converted for hurricane research and the young Cape Ender who has just concluded his Junior year at Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio, will also have an important role to play in the determination of the interplay of sea-salt nuclei and associated electrical phenomena present near the sea surface and within the clouds.

The Crawford, taken over Saturday morning at the Munro Shipyard in East Boston by Rear Admiral Edward H. Smith, USCG (ret.) Director of Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, has been extensively renovated at a cost of about \$200,000. Under her new skipper, Captain David F. Casiles, who has been in the ship service at Woods Hole for many years, Conrad Malicoat will be aboard for the five-day shakedown cruise, after which scientific equipment will be put aboard and the vessel will be officially commissioned on June 30 after which she will leave on a 6-weeks cruise on July 1. Legislative officials and notables from the scientific, civic and military world have been invited for the ceremony.

Last Summer Conrad was a member of the party on the Woods Hole schooner, Atlantis, on a cruise which had for its purpose the gathering of scientific data concerning sea currents and at that time mastered the intricate, newly developed apparatus for measuring the salt content of sea water at various depths. He and the inventor, Alfred Woodcock, alone are able to use the apparatus and hence the invitation to join the Crawford party.

Trouble Starting Areas

The Crawford will head for the tropical area between the Cape Verdes and the Caribbean where hurricanes are believed to form and which has been shunned by scientific vessels during the Summer months. It has now become extremely important to obtain oceanographic and meteorological observations in that area in order to understand under what conditions hurricanes form and breed.

A theory of this formation has been developed by scientists at

the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, and it is thought that hurricanes start out as weak disturbances. "This is the time for man to try and attack them," said Dr. C. O'D. Iselin, Senior Scientist, in a recent article in the pub-



ANTIS
S HOLE

Conrad Malicoat

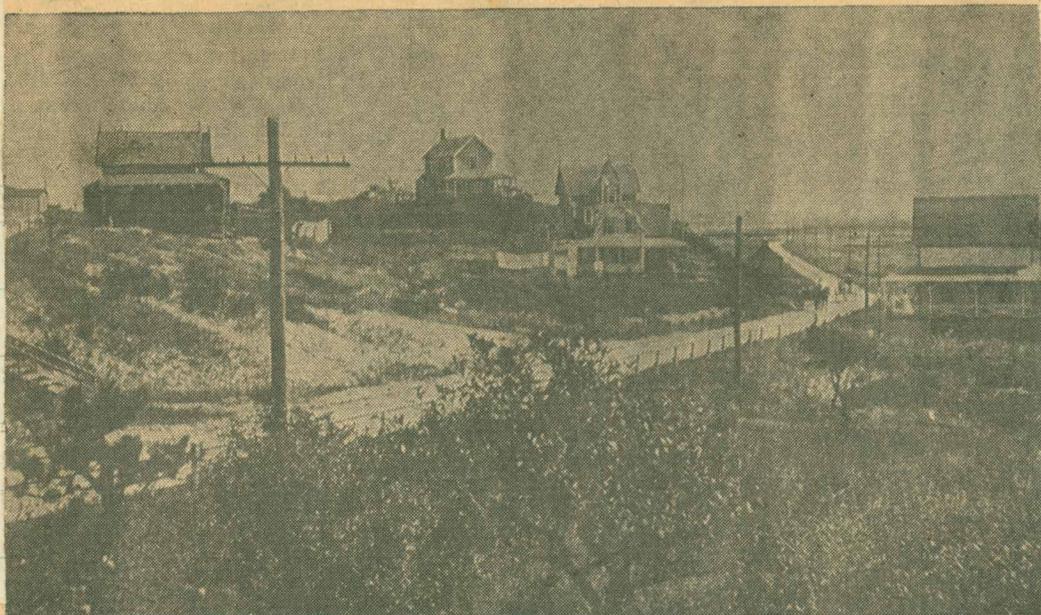
lication "Oceanus". "Once full understanding has been gained, the question of whether or not weather modification at sea will become practical depends mainly on how weak the weak link in the chain of events turns out to be," the noted scientist added.

"Last autumn we began to think about the oceanography and meteorology leading up to the formation of a hurricane," con-

tinued Dr. Iselin. "Between us, we soon evolved a plausible physical model of the birth of a hurricane, but we found that we had practically no data that could be used to support or to refute this model. We had kept our ships out of the tropics during the summer season and so have nearly all other oceanographers. Our data on tropical clouds are similarly limited. Since hurricanes form along a rather narrow band of the marine tropics, centering 5° to 8° away from the equator, perhaps oceanographers could make a significant contribution to their understanding, for they are a uniquely marine phenomena.

Birth Of A Hurricane

"What is this physical mode of the birth of a hurricane that we plan to test out with the "Crawford" during the next several summers? First of all, it is supposed that the situation becomes particularly ripe for the formation of a hurricane after a period of abnormally light winds across the northern half of the trade wind belt. Light winds in theory result in several important effects. As far as the sea is concerned, heat accumulates near the surface. So far as is known hurricanes only form in areas where the sea surface temperatures are higher than 27°C. Light winds, according to Mr. Woodcock's studies would also result in the production of too few of the larger condensation nuclei and consequently few of the lower clouds would rain out. Thus the humidity of the lower layer of the atmosphere can build up to abnormal levels. A large supply of especially warm and humid air over the sea is the first requirement of a hurricane, for this becomes an unstable situation. Our model goes on to suppose that at this point a large scale wave-like disturbance occurs in the light easterly winds. As this wave travels westward, locally at its crest the winds pick up so that white caps are present. A supply of larger condensation nuclei is then available to the low level convection processes. Clouds can begin to rain out and the energy of latent heat accelerates the convection. Locally the surface winds further increase, bringing more moist air and a really adequate supply of salt particles to the region of most active convection. The clouds increase in height and remain active for a long time so that the low level wind flow becomes organized over a considerable area, as when the whirl forms over the drain in a

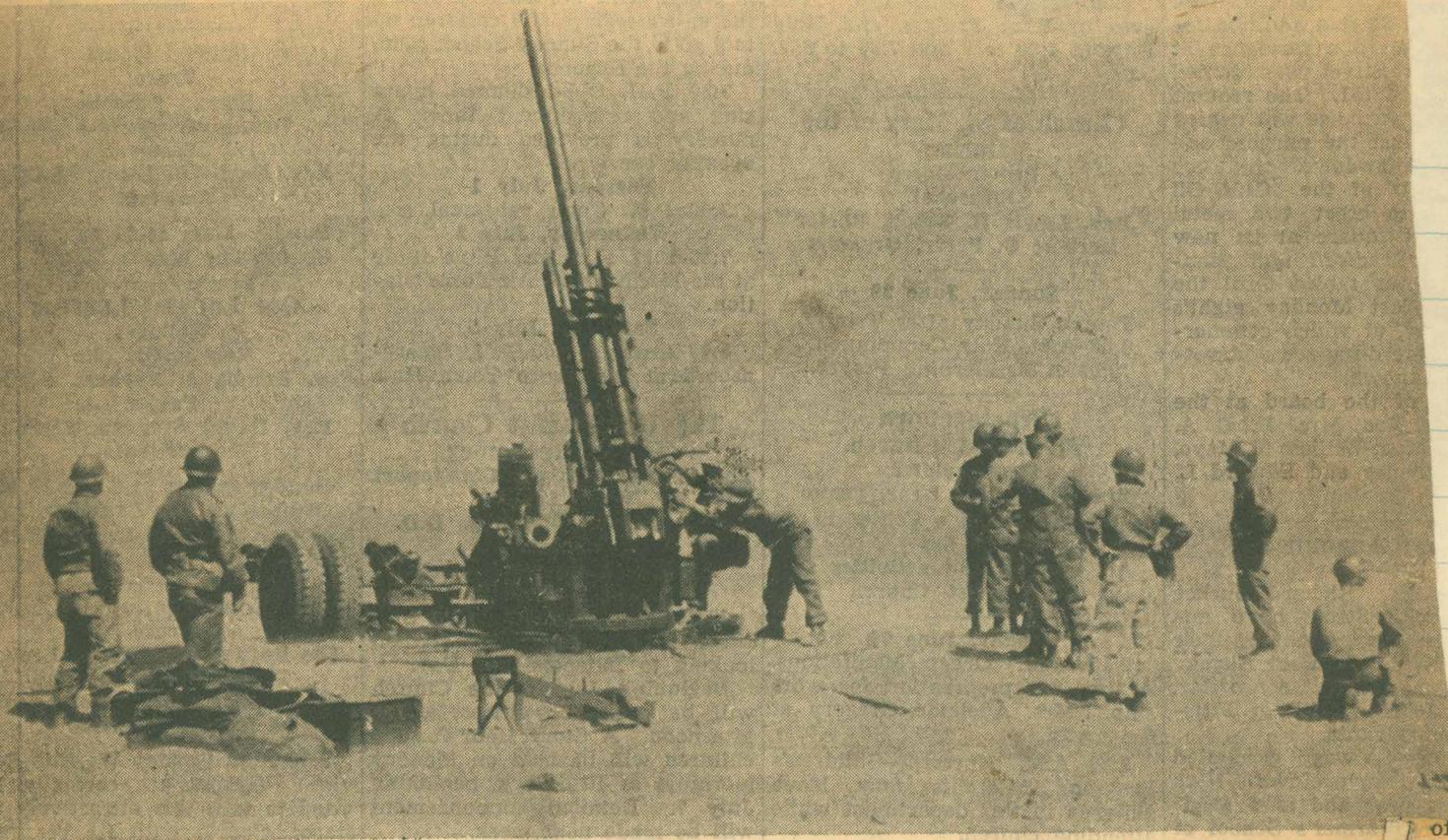


FIFTY YEARS AGO Mayflower Heights and Beach Point looked like this. A sand road with a horse drawn dump cart and a horse and buggy. A few summer homes on the Heights. Shown above on the extreme left is a part of the Alexander Heath house, which has since been torn down. Next the home of Mrs. Florence Rogers of South Weymouth. Atop the hill is the house belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Crispin of Needham. Called Newton Eyrie, it formerly belonged to a Mrs. Scales. Down closer to the road is the former home of Mr. and Mrs. A.T. Wood of Framingham and now owned by Mrs. Marion

Alves. and in back of it is the Seabreeze Cottage, formerly owned by the Bangs family. The section was then known as Bangsville, and the house, brought down the Cape by water, is now the summer home of Mrs. Ruby Ham of Morgantown, West Virginia. On the right side of the road is the house belonging to Paul Hanscomb of Washington, D.C. A far cry, this peaceful little settlement, from today, with motels and cottage colonies crowding the Mayflower Heights and Beach Point sections on both sides of the road and a four-lane highway, new Route 6, just over the hill.

Big Guns Test Fire Along Beach At Camp Wellfleet

69

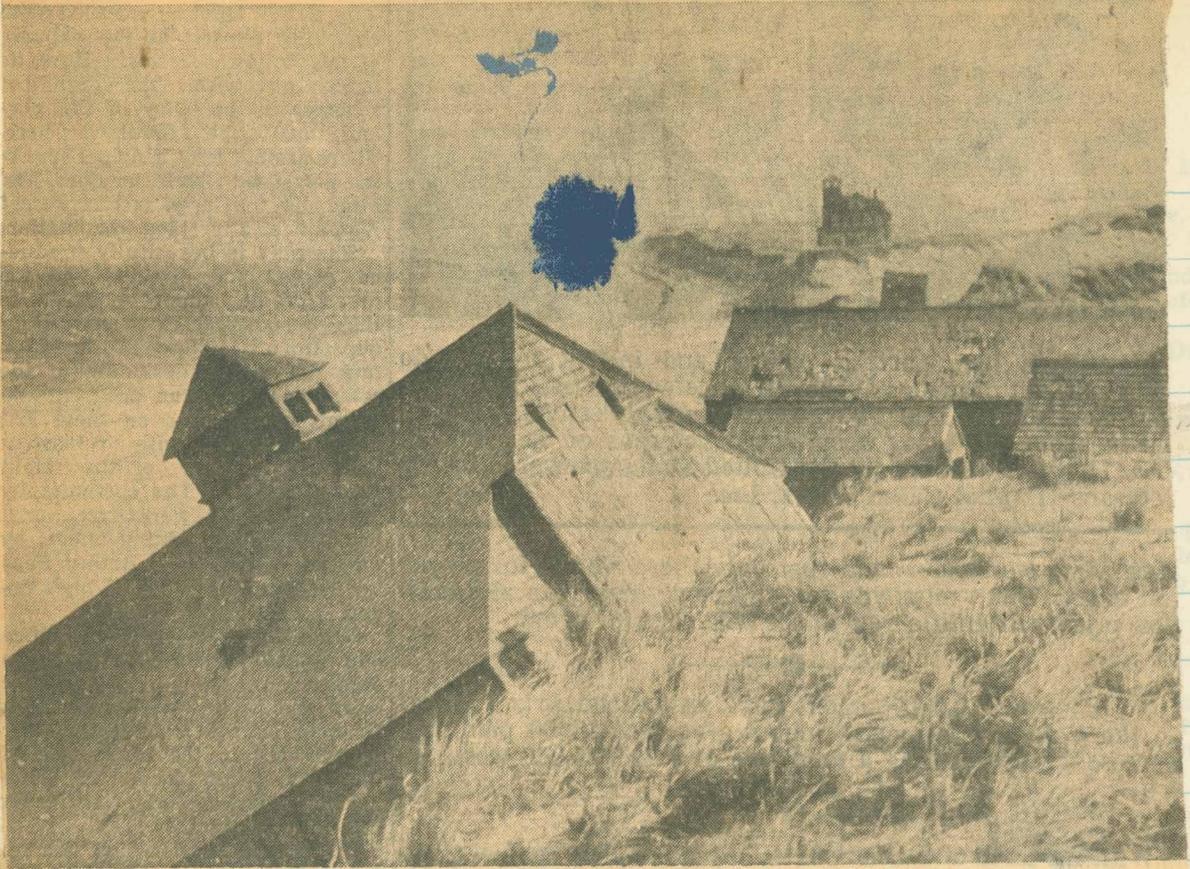


Personnel of the 101 Ordnance Detachment test fire the 90MM while personnel of the 685 AAA 90MM B Test runs were held on Saturday and Sunday along the beach at Camp Wellfleet. The arrival last week of the National Guard and Reserve units at the Camp signified the opening of Visitors Day festivities at the Camp. The arrival was followed by an announcement by Major John M. Yarbrough, Post Commander, who welcomed the units. The ceremonies are an annual tradition at Camp Wellfleet and will be held every Wednesday afternoon from the conclusion of Summer training activities the final week of August.

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July '58

ON A THIN strip of beach facing the Atlantic Ocean at the eastern edge of Camp Wellfleet, the boom of 75 millimeter guns, long-nosed radar-controlled weapons called Skysweepers, will echo steadily during this week and next week. The Skysweepers, one of the most potent weapons in the Army's anti-aircraft arsenal during World War II, are on the way to replacement by more modern weapons. They are being rapidly replaced by Nike weapons and similar guided missiles. The regular army has already retired its 75s. The National Guard currently is changing over. Within the next three years, the Reserves—organizations such as the 300th AAA Brigade now training at Camp Wellfleet—also will convert to Nike. With the shift from conventional weapons to guided missiles that can zig and zag through distant space, what is the future of anti-aircraft artillery? "Our AAA defenses today are more extensive than ever before," Brigadier General Frank L. Lazarus, commanding general of the 300th AAA Brigade, said.



This picture was taken around 1920, according to Harry Kemp, Provincetown's Poet of the Dunes, who has lived for many years in his shack in the vicinity of the Peaked Hill Coast Guard Station, which can be seen in the upper right, before it was moved further inland. In the left foreground is the older station in which Eugene O'Neill wrote his earlier plays and which is so touchingly described by Agnes Boulton in her book just published, "Part of a Long Story."

Fire Levels Famed Peaked Station, Lone Sentinel Of O'Neill-Lost Ships

Another famed Provincetown landmark was swept away on Sunday night, when the old Peaked Hill Bars Coast Guard Station on the backshore went up in flames. Although de-activated since the end of World War II, "Peaked Hill," as it was called colloquially, was cherished by all because of its great past, and the gallantry of the Coast Guardsmen who manned it.

At about 9:30 p.m., Mrs. Laura Fowler, who is spending the Summer in a cottage in the dunes, saw the station on fire. She drove in her jeep to town to sound the alarm. John C. Van Arsdale, flying near the station in a Provincetown-Boston Airline plane, also spotted the fire. Later, Arthur Costa of Art's Beach Taxi Service said when he was driving a group of visitors on his sunset drive

along the beach at 7:45 there was no sign of fire, but he did see two adults in the building, one in the top lookout tower and the other sitting in a second-floor window sill. Many people who are in the dunes for the Summer said the smell from the fire, which for a time seemed to threaten nearby cottages, seemed to indicate that "the place had been soaked with gasoline or kerosene."

The station was built about 1915 to replace an older one which was being gradually destroyed by the sea. This was the station which Eugene O'Neill had bought some years before, and in which he lived while he was writing many of his early plays. In the early 1930's, long after O'Neill had moved away from Provincetown, the building was washed away in a severe storm. The new station was moved back several hundred feet to insure its safety.

In the years since its de-activation, windows and doors disappeared, and there was no equipment or furnishings inside, the building being little more than a shell. It was a favorite spot for campers.

Fire Chief James J. Roderick called in the State fire marshal's office to determine the cause of the fire. Yesterday the Chief said the cause was unknown, and that damage could be assessed at \$1,000, as that would be the probable value of materials and lumber in the vacant structure.

In the sands and the shadows of the dunes are the stories of the officers and men of the old Peaked Hill Bars Coast Guard station that was razed by fire Sunday night.

The violent torch that angrily spat thousands of feather-like red-orange flames against the summer sky, brought back the legends of the old station that will live forever.

The ghosts of Captain Ambrose Cook of the Peaked Hill Bars station, of the Pulitzer prize winning playwright Eugene O'Neill, Captain Sam Fisher, Daisy, the white, life-saving horse and the "girl of the fog" still roam the dunes where the station once stood. In her wonderful book, "Time and the Town," Mary Heaton Vorse tells of listening to Captain Cook's stories of shipwrecks, rescues and the legends that hang over Peaked Hill like a ghostly mist.

One was the story of the Coast Guardsman who was making his rounds, and suddenly out of the fog loomed a beautiful girl. He was so startled to see someone so far from town that he was speechless. The next night she again appeared. He was so smitten with her loveliness that he begged her to visit him the following night. She smiled softly at him and said, "I'll see you soon again, and disappeared into the night. Within a few nights a Portuguese ship was wrecked. The Coast Guardsman saw his "girl of the fog," on the deck, with a child in her arms. The surfboat came alongside "on the heave of the wave." She threw the child to him, and then jumped, missing the boat. She was swallowed up by the sea. It was evident to the Coast Guardsman that it was her spirit he had seen in the fog and that she meant for him to take care of her child. He adopted the little girl, and brought her up.

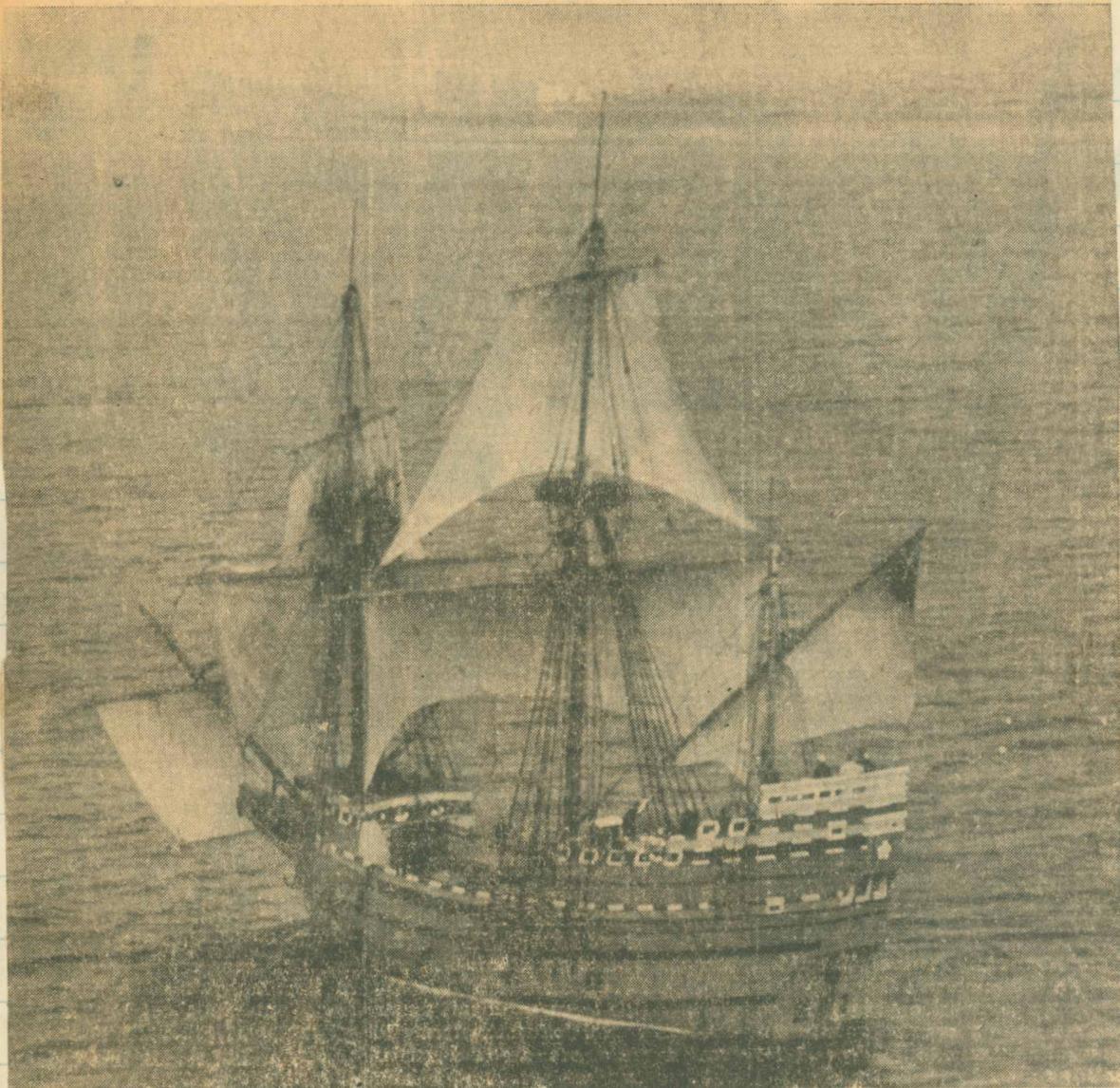
Mrs. Vorse also tells of seeing Daisy, the life-saving horse, "clumping past on her big sand-splashed feet—for even horses get sand-footed on the dunes—taking Captain and Mrs. Cook to the station. Daisy wandered at will around the dunes, but when the dinner bell rang she'd come with her tail up in a smother of flying sand. If she got to the door before the men got to the table, she got fed. Otherwise she would have to wait till they were through. And wait she would, snuffling and puffing at the window and peering in. She would wander up behind some stranger when a group of visitors were looking at the lifeboats and affectionately nuzzle a shoulder. If women screamed at this, Daisy would look at her with soft, reproachful eyes and walk off with dignity. She had a passion, too, for drinking out of fire buckets. "That ding-dong hoss don't give a goddam if the hull station was to burn," Captain Cook would grumble."

In her new book, "Part of a Long Story," Agnes Boulton, who with her husband Eugene O'Neill, lived at Peaked Hill in the old coast guard station, when the new one, which was destroyed last Sunday was built recalled "the time a whale drifted in to our front yard and lay there decomposing for weeks and Gene and I hoped each day for a strong breeze from the South, to blow away that morbid odor . . . The morning we got up to find a barge cut loose from its tug and wrecked on the beach . . . The sunny morning a coast guard brought us a wire saying Gene had won his first Pulitzer prize and how he and I looked at each other, wondering what on earth the Pulitzer prize was."

The O'Neills shared some of the happiest moments of their lives at Peaked Hill which was where the distinguished playwright did most of his productive writing. In her chapter on Peaked Hill called "A Red Cape And Some Holy Images," Agnes Boulton writes: "It was there, that first summer at Peaked Hill, that Gene told me of how he first got himself into the writing of plays, trained himself, I was going to say, because in one sense it was that—a training of the senses. . . Sometimes—but now I am remembering Peaked Hill—I think perhaps it was that first summer out there that he finally settled into the general routine that he followed faithfully when he was working as long as I knew him . . ."

Agnes Boulton relates the time her husband was swimming in the surf off Peaked Hill, his dark head bobbing up and down. Then he dove underwater and when he came up there was another dark head swimming beside him. Minutes later he was beside his wife, telling her that he had been swimming underwater and when he had come to the surface a sleek young seal was gazing at him with big, bright friendly eyes. The seal swam along with him and for a few days remained off Peaked Hill Bar, waiting for her swimming partner. Then she disappeared forever. And forever will spin the tales of Peaked Hill Bar, where today live the well-known novelist Hazel Hawthorne, artists Boris Margo and Jan Gelb, and the Poet of the Dunes, Harry Kemp, interesting personalities all, who add color to the talk and tales of the hill.

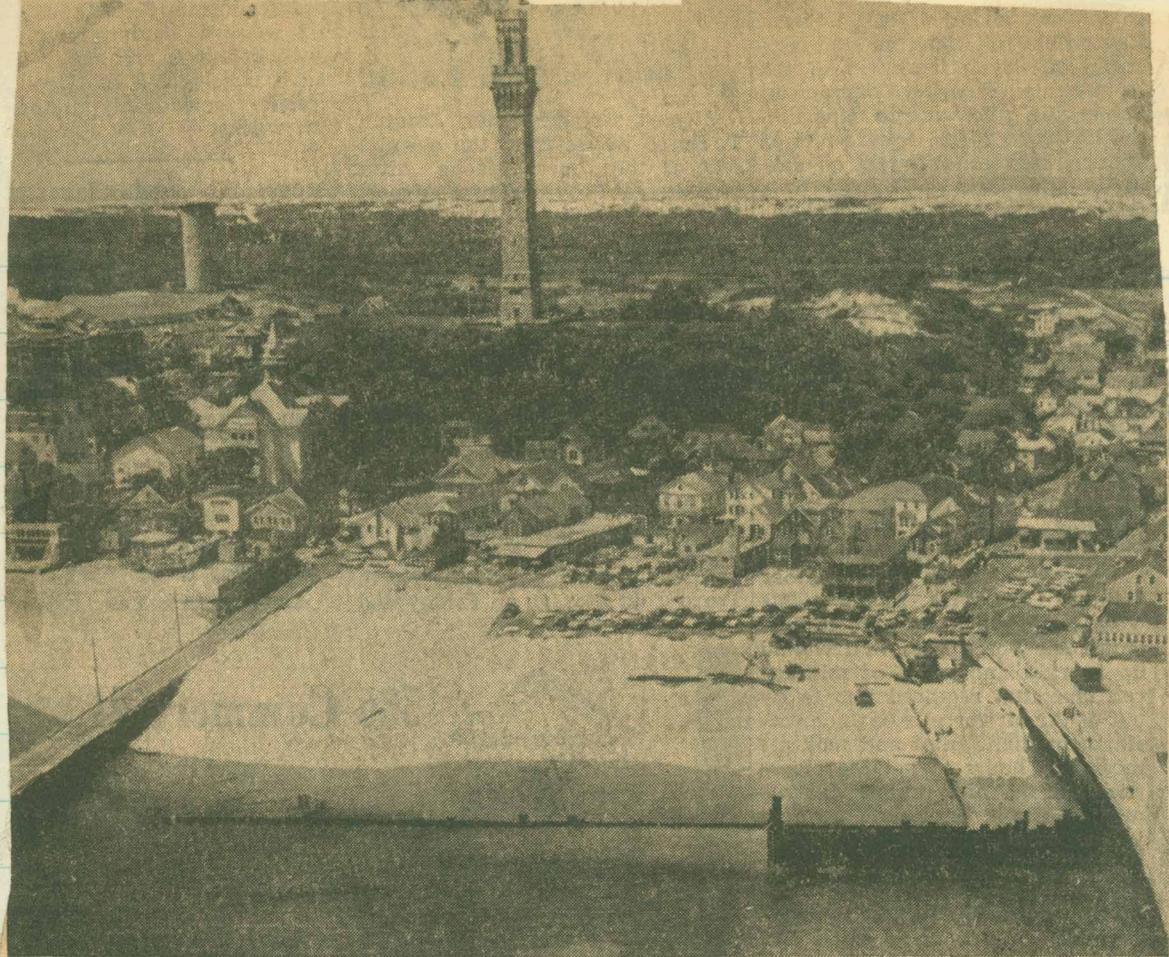
Provincetown Thronged To Welcome Mayflower II



It was a dream come true, a year ago, when on June 12, following the original course of her predecessor. The Mayflower II sought the Cape End harbor, rounding Long Point shortly after noon, 53 days out of England, with the eyes of the whole world upon her. Although she was heartily greeted by the fire siren and church bells and by the harbor craft, the crowds which streamed in to Provincetown were strangely quiet as though they felt they were sharing in the great historical event.

1620 - 1920 - 1958

Provincetown - Some Different.



1958

Provincetown-Boston Airline Photo

An important step is being taken in the initial phase of Provincetown harbor development with the construction of the long contemplated bulkhead between MacMillan and Monument wharves. While 40 percent of the work has been done so far, it is expected that the whole project will be completed by next October 15. Being used in the construction are 2,200 lateral feet of sheet steel, 16 inches wide and 16 to 35 feet

long, being driven to a depth of 19 feet below mean low water and there will be a depth of 6 feet along the front in low water. It is estimated that the area when completed will accommodate about 350 cars and there is a possibility that mid-town parking on Standish and Ryder Streets can be eliminated. A small portion of the area has already been surfaced, creating parking for 60 cars, and the spaces are eagerly

sought by visitors, who also show great interest in the bulkhead construction work. The work is progressing under the watchful eye of Bill McKellar, member of the Provincetown Harbor Development Committee and executive secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, from his office in the Chamber of Commerce information bureau, who practically guarantees that the area will be all ready for visitors next season.



Laboratory Open At Manor

The long anticipated clinical laboratory at the Cape End Manor is now open under the direction of Mrs. Mildred Calesa.

Mrs. Calesa said that operations have been limited until complete equipment has been installed. The laboratory already has a powerful microscope; a laboratory refrigerator and a water bath, used for heating blood serum, which records the clotting time. Bunsen burners were installed Monday. Mrs. Calesa also said that the late J. Darrow Adams, former Health Officer, had given a sterilizing auto clave, which is of great value.

Still to come is a sterilizing oven and chemical scales, which are due to arrive next week. Blood count, blood sugar and N. P. N. tests will be made at the laboratory, where tests on the recommendation of a person's individual doctor, will be made, and results given to him.

Mrs. Calesa said she is in need of one more item, a one-burner electric hot plate with temperature control, low, medium and high; and would appreciate hearing from anyone who has such a burner and who would give it to the laboratory.

Formerly a nurse at the Cape End Manor for two years, Mrs.

Calesa was sent by the Town to St. Anne's Hospital in Fall River, where she studied under Dr. Gilchrist for two months, to qualify as laboratory technician. A survey was made of various hospital laboratories, she said, in order to determine the fees to be charged by the laboratory at the Manor. These rates, plus a consideration of the population here have decided what the local fees are. Although the laboratory hopes to operate on a self-sustaining basis, it is expected that due to the high cost of equipment, it will be some time before this goal is achieved.

July - 1958

SERVICES OF THE new Clinical Laboratory at the Cape End Manor are now available and the laboratory is now officially open, with Mrs. Mildred Calesa as laboratory technician. Some of the equipment has still not arrived but there is a meeting there this afternoon of Lower Cape physicians, nurses and pharmacists for the purpose of ironing out some of the last minute problems and for suggestions as to the work to be done there. Tomorrow the lab will be open to the press and to the members of all the committees who have actively backed the work for the Manor and its new facility. Starting next week interested townspeople may visit the lab—hours are 8 in the morning to five.

Also B.1-P 69

Progress

AND SPEAKING of changes in Provincetown, last Friday with the final transfer of papers, the 98-year old Provincetown Methodist Church ceased to be a church and became the Chrysler Art Museum of Provincetown, Inc. The church building has been purchased by Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., at a reported price of \$40,000. Mr. Chrysler, who has a summer home in Wellfleet, has an estimated 3,500 pieces of art and sculpture in his present collection which he started 35 years ago when he was 14 years old. The first group of paintings will be exhibited in the new museum this summer and while it will take time to assemble the collection to be exhibited in Provincetown, Mr. Chrysler has said that it will be as fine and as representative a group as it is possible to assemble. Last Sunday the Methodist Church services were held in the Church of the Redeemer, Universalist, and the Rev. Gilman L. Lane has announced that they will be conducted there for about a year along with other church activities.

1958 Again - Summer -

1st Horse Show in Provincetown for

1st Sculpture Show

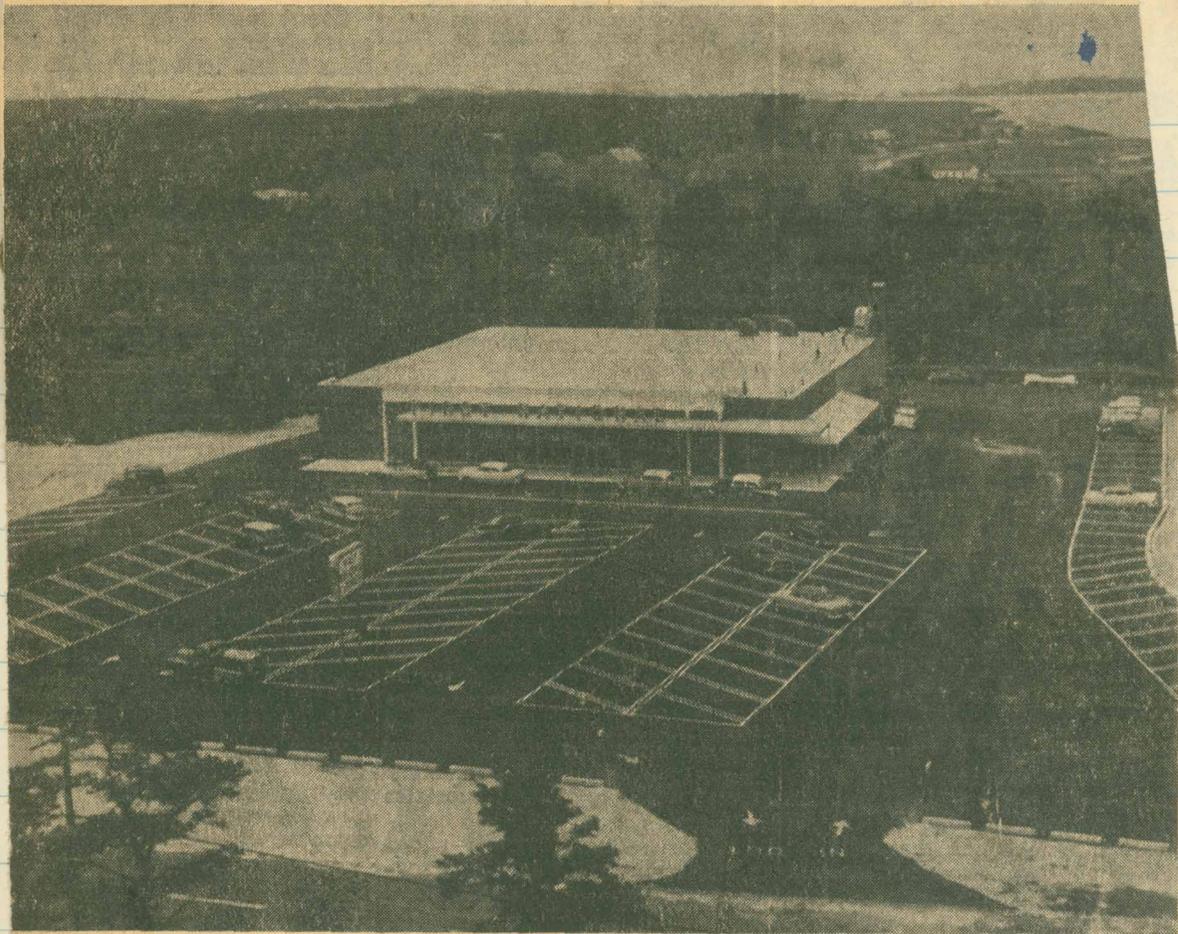
1st Art Festival

Lion's Milk Fund

First Provincetown Arts Festival

Huge Success With 54 Paintings Sold

New First National Store Exceeds Crowds' Expectation



Provincetown-Boston Airline Photo

Thousands who have visited First National's newest and "finest" store, which opened yesterday on Route 6 in Wellfleet at the corner of Cove Road, have come away marveling at the beauty, arrangement and convenience of this ultra-modern shopping center.

Also A+P earlier in year opened their modern store on Beach Ht. (Conant St near new Ht to Beach opp Henschel's.



"THEY MAY CALL this progress but not for me," and the disappointed Cape End shopper turned away from the First National Store which was closed Saturday night after having served the town at Commercial and Standish Streets since 1932. There were many more who shared in the disappointment brought about by the expiration of the lease, for to many the store had become an institution and a sort of belonging to the family. There purchases

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"C"

Leaving the 2 East Corners of Commercial St. - bare.

Now Chef's Lunch occupies Nat Cor. - 1958 Summer.

74
Yet..... In the Old Days.

For Years Visitors Have Turned Eager Eyes To Cape En



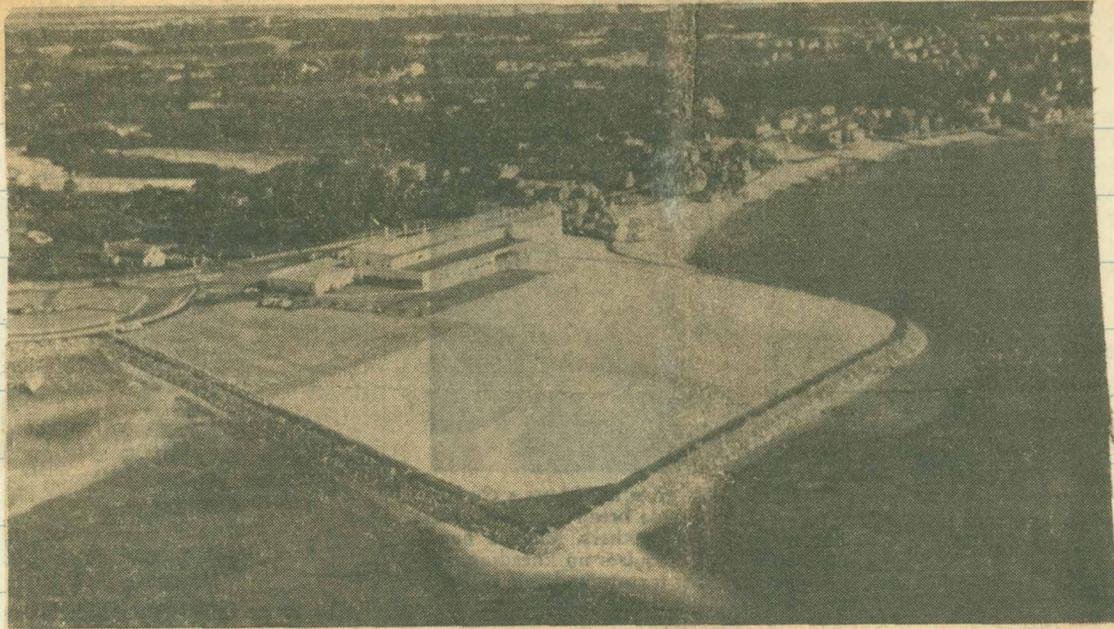
(Jim's Camera Shop)

This scene, showing the center of Provincetown, was taken early in the century and depicts arrivals bent on enjoying a holiday here. The wooden sidewalks which caused so much dissension when first installed can be seen. On the right is a restaurant conducted by the late R. A. Jennings, father of "Pete" Jennings, and on the left is the site of the present Cutler Pharmacy then occupied by the Morris Pool and Refreshment Shop.

1958

77

Inn To Step Into Front Rank Among New England Resorts



Provincetown-Boston Airline Photo

On fill moved last winter from a massive dune at Bradford Street Extension and New Beach Highway was built this broad expanse of new shore fronting Provincetown Inn. By Spring more than 30 motel units will be ready for visitors, and the area will be equipped with two swimming pools and facilities for the enjoyment of a variety of outdoor recreational activities for patrons of the Inn.

Latest Bass Edges World's Record

Oct. 5 - 1958

SUNDAY BEING THE DAY it was—an extra fine day for quahog digging—about 1,500 quarts of fine quahogs were taken from the newly opened flats off the East End breakwater. The better part of those who have digging permits—a total of 256 have been issued, eight of them to women—were on the flats and about 160 licensed diggers got the quota of one ten-quart bucket.



Provincetown-Boston Airline Photo

The probable winning entry in the Provincetown Striped Bass Derby is this 68½-pound beauty caught last week by Ralph Gray of Southville in a skiff off Peaked Hill. Mr. Gray's catch is the second largest striped bass taken by rod and reel in the world. The world's record was set 'way back in 1913 by a 73-pounder pulled in off Martha's Vineyard.

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Among the fine horses that will appear at the Lions Club Milk Fund Horse Show is "Boy-
" Cabral's four-year-old registered Morgan colt, "Dana Mansfield". Cape and local riders
be put through their paces during the program.

**Horse Show Nets \$1,300
For Lion's Club Milk Fund**

ACCORDING TO A recent Ripley's Believe It or Not, the
only transportation in Provincetown in 1829 was a one-eyed horse.

See P. 35

80

50th Anniversary Of Nautilus Club

The 50th anniversary meeting and dinner of the Nautilus Club was held Monday evening in the Club Rooms at the Universalist Church. The dinner table was decorated with candles in brass candlesticks, gold place mats, white flowers and pussy willows. The lighted anniversary cake was cut by the president, Mrs. Manuel G. Macara.



George Yater, well known Provincetown artist and Director of the Provincetown Art Association, has recently been notified that his oil painting "Wellfleet in Winter," was awarded first prize of \$100 in the 4th Summer Regional Exhibition held by the Falmouth Artist's Guild at Falmouth.

1961
Town Meeting -

81
Dutch . . . Actress Mary Martin, who is taking a sabbatical leave from her Broadway hit, "Sound of Music" gave the tourists and townfolk alike a "happy turn" as she strolled down Commercial Street the other afternoon. I hear tell, she treated herself to a Mr. Kenneth creation! . . . The Folk-

parking privilege for their horse-drawn vehicles in front of the Seamen's Savings Bank. They also applied for permission to display a sign board at their parking stand, similar to signs displayed by the beach taxis.

Selectman Snow delicately remarked that "a problem might be presented by a certain propensity of horses that are not street-broken and they have to remain in one spot for a considerable length of time, to leave signs that they have been there," and he inquired whether the Messrs. Tarvers intended to clean up the "signs" that their horses had been there.

Selectmen McKellar advised that it would be very bad precedent to allow parking stands all over town because soon the taxis would want to select their own choice spots all over the town.

"But this is not a taxi," Bruce Tarvers argued.

"It is a vehicle for hire," Mr. McKellar maintained, to which Mr. Tarvers replied, "Agreed," and he went on to explain that the proposed location would be helpful to the town as it would help to avoid holding up traffic. As Mr. Tarvers put it, "We would swing into Ryder Street and down Bradford and not hold up traffic."

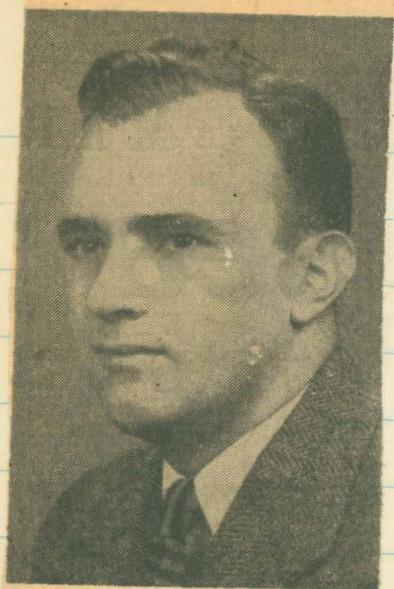
White Wings

An action was presented by Bruce Philip Tarvers for

82

June 1958

New Selectman



Attorney John C. Snow has been appointed as Selectman to serve until the next Town elections. He replaces former Selectman Joseph T. Ferreira, who resigned about a month ago.

The appointment was made by Provincetown Selectmen at their executive session last Monday night following the special Town meeting and announced by Town Manager James V. Coyne, Jr., on Tuesday.

1958

IN TOWN FOR the summer from Philadelphia are Mildred and Elmer Greensfelder and son, Lewis, staying with Mildred's mother, Mrs. Helen C. Wood, in the East End. Mildred, who has been supervisor of nursing at the Graduate Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia for the last two years, has been notified by the Dean of the School of Nursing that she has been awarded a scholarship, which will allow her a year of study at the University, leading to a Master of Science degree in nursing education and administration of nursing services. She plans to attend the University full time when she returns in the Fall.

Cape-tip House Takes to Harbor ^{Sept} 1959



(Cape Cod Standard-Times Photo)

This Provincetown house was moved on wheels — not by more conventional methods, over the road, but over Provincetown Harbor flats at low tide — from its former foundation, to a new lot 300 feet east. In order to be moved, the house had to be towed directly out into the harbor to escape the small rock breakwater shown at right. Dory in front of picture gives nautical air to the seagoing building, against background of bulkheads and waterfront buildings. The house is owned by Dr. and Mrs. Arlie A. Sinaiko of 597 Commercial Street, Provincetown, and was moved by Robert F. Hayden and his men from Cotuit.

was acquired by the Sinaikos
 Moved 300 Feet
 It was moved to a lot about
 300 feet east, a lot which the
 Sinaiko's acquired when they pur-
 chased the Joseph Sears estate
 and present plans are to enlarge
 it and remodel a barn on the
 same lot.

Sole purpose of moving was so
 the Sinaikos could have a more
 complete view of the harbor, as
 the building was directly on the
 water side of their house and ob-
 structed their view. Now they have
 a view of the broad expanse of
 harbor.

Mr. Hayden and his men first
 had to get the building off its
 foundation, onto a cradle under
 which huge sets of wheels were
 set.

Boards were placed under the
 wheels and workmen kept setting
 the boards ahead of the wheels
 while the Tinkham Construction
 Company bulldozer from North
 Truro towed the load out quite a
 way during low tide in order to
 get around a small rock breakwa-
 ter, and then the load was turned
 inshore, escaping the rising tide
 by minutes, with practically all
 workmen either in bathing suits or
 soaked clothing before it came up
 far enough to escape the tide.

Delayed Until Today

As it was, during the latter part
 of the day, the load struck a soft
 spot and had to be delayed until
 today's high tide.

Dr. Sinaiko is a retired eye, ear,
 nose and throat specialist, and
 now a well-known sculptor and
 painter. Mrs. Sinaiko also is a
 painter. They have Summered in
 Provincetown many years.

House Moved In Unique Way

Loaded on Cradle, Pulled Over Flats

PROVINCETOWN, Sept. 26 —
 Moving a building is nothing new;
 but moving a building the way it
 was done yesterday in Province-
 town, could be construed as an
 engineering feat—it was loaded
 on a cradle, which was mounted
 on huge wheels, and pulled along
 harbor flats at low tide.
 The building was moved by Rob-
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 Cotuit and his men, and the
 work was done for Dr. and Mrs.
 Arlie A. Sinaiko, 597 Commercial
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 east of its former location.
 The house—it was built many
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 for her children and other teen-
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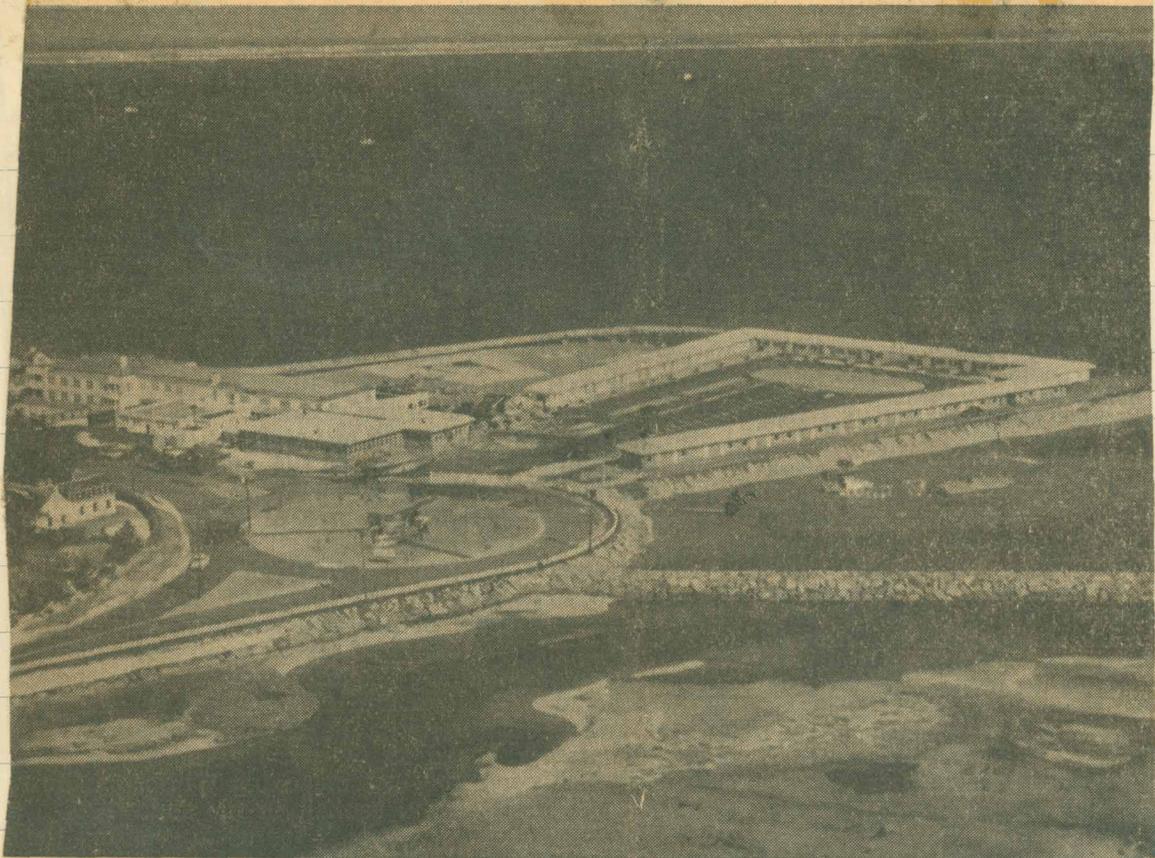
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 Mr. Hayden and his men first had to get the building off its foundation, onto a cradle under which huge sets of wheels were set.
 Boards were placed under the wheels and workmen kept setting the boards ahead of the wheels while the Tinkham Construction Company bulldozer from North Truro towed the load out quite a way during low tide in order to get around a small rock breakwater, and then the load was turned inshore, escaping the rising tide by minutes, with practically all workmen either in bathing suits or soaked clothing before it came up far enough to escape the tide.
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 The building was moved by Robert F. Hayden, building movers, Cotuit and his men, and the work was done for Dr. and Mrs. Arlie A. Sinaiko, 597 Commercial Street. The building was moved by a matter of some 300 feet east of its former location.
 The house—it was built many years ago by Mrs. Gladys Miller for her children and other teenagers to have plays—was a recreation cottage for Mrs. Miller.

Famous Cape End Inn Is Still Expanding



Provincetown-Boston Airline Photo

Work is now being completed at 21 new motel units which added to those built last year will give the Provincetown Inn a group of 54. In each room there will be a TV and telephor as a part of the luxurious furnishings. Also shown in the airview above is the extensive building at the west end of the Inn in which will be located a coffee shop that will seat 12 small cocktail lounge, a new location for the gift shop and a new Inn office. Last year addition to the first motel units a spacious pool was added to the Inn grounds.

Traditional Christmas Altar At Community Center



Menino Jesus, (Christ Child) a traditional Portuguese Christmas altar, sponsored by the Portuguese-American Civic League, was on display at the Community Center during Christmas week. Mrs. Mary Souza, chairman, was assisted in arranging it by Mrs. Clara Cook, Mrs. Barbara Chobanian and Mrs. Billie DaRoza. Miss Jocelyn Lewis loaned her authentic Menino Jesus which came from the Azores and other saints were loaned by Mrs. Souza and Mrs. Alice Oliver. Christmas Eve when the public was invited to view the altar, lighted by candles and trimmed with wheat and greens, they were served Portuguese delicacies of favas, sweet bread, esperos, trutus, assorted cookies and punch made by Mrs. Mary Tavers, Mrs. Ethel Thomas, Mrs. Delphine Motta, Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Oliver and Mrs. Souza.



The first shipment of Air Express is shown arriving at Provincetown Airport. It is also the first piece of Air Express ever flown by a non-subsidized air carrier. Provincetown-Boston Airline Line Chief Tony Pereira unloads the Air Express from the wing baggage compartment of a PBA Lockheed Electra and passes it to Provincetown Railway Express Agent Burke. The first shipment was that was recovered by the stationmaster in Boston and shipped Air Express to the resident. Air Express provides delivery to a previously unknown method of air Tip area.

Provincetown
Aug. 1961.

The nature of my livelihood requires shuttling between Hyannis Port, its environs, and Provincetown. Believe me, the seven Presidential weekends to date have not produced anywhere near as much fun or excitement as right here at the Cape End.

The Selectmen turned down Weathering Heights; the Albert Z. Carrs' garden party for "Sonnie" Silvia backed up Truro traffic a mile; Captain "Ted" Gelinias of Hyannis resumed old-fashioned steamboat service between Boston and Provincetown and now Eldred Mowery, Jr., who does not flinch easily, is planning a mammoth clambake, family-style, with food for everyone and possibly a bit of profit for the Chamber of Commerce, which he heads.

First the steamboat.

There were grouchers, of course, who said "What the ---- do we want a steamboat in here for? Let well enough alone. Who wants all those odd characters loose around here? We've got plenty as it is. What money they spend just moves around in circles." There are soberer minds, naturally, who think differently, and see nothing wrong with money traveling from pocket to pocket.)

But the point is that the venerable "Martha's Vineyard" Saturday rounded Long Point, blew a long blast on her 30-year-old steam whistle and sidled gently alongside the end of MacMillan Wharf. "Boston Belle" is dead. Long live the "S. S. Martha's Vineyard!"

At the gangplank waited a colorful and important group. Selectmen John

C. Snow and Commander William W. McKellar; Catharine Huntington of the Provincetown Playhouse in 19th century costume, complete with parasol; Town Crier Art Snader in official garb; Town Manager Walter Lawrence and Frank H. Barnett, Executive Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. Everybody shook hands with Captain Joseph T. Gelinias, the owner, and wished him well while hundreds of spectators clustered around.

That was a big day on the Provincetown calendar but there is another coming up next week, Thursday, which is the day that the Chamber of Commerce, with the blessing of John C. Snow, representing the Selectmen, have picked for an all-out clambake. Not just clams, mind you, but lobsters and just about everything else in your Grandmother's clambake cookbook.

Details of the enormous feed will be announced within a day or two but the date is definite, Thursday, August 24. Chowder, crackers and coffee will be ready to gulp at 3 p. m. Steamed lobsters, clams, sweet potatoes, rolls and watermelon will be ready by 6. The tab is five dollars for adults, less for small fry who doubtless and paradoxically will eat more than their parents!

What Our Readers Are Saying

Editor, The Advocate:

Along with the check for a renewal of my subscription to The Advocate, which I enjoy very much, I feel I must answer Mr. Gregory's tirade on the Junior Senator from Wisconsin.

First of all let's dispel with the fiction that I am "naive" or to quote Mr. Gregory, one of the "Headless Multitude". The last glance I took in my mirror showed my head is still on my neck. I have always been capable of doing my own thinking as some of my friends in Provincetown know. Just because the press has made Senator McCarthy their whipping boy doesn't prevent me from forming my own opinion. Just because you read it in the papers does not make it pure fact. The pen is very capable of being biased or misconstruing the actual truth.

The Senator sometimes loses his temper too quickly, but so do I on some occasions. So do a great many other people. If he did nothing else, he has made the every-

day, ordinary American very aware that the Communists have been in places in our government where they could do us great harm. Also any American serviceman should really burn at the fact that a fifth amendment Communist was given not only a promotion, but an honorable discharge. Perhaps Mr. Gregory doesn't know what being a Communist really means. It means you have taken an oath to "overthrow this government by force" if necessary. That also means no holds will be barred as to how its done.

I can't understand why there is so much hysteria over Senator McCarthy's treatment of these fifth amendment Communists and his possible threat to our form of government. Where were all these so-called liberals when President Roosevelt, for example smeared Lindbergh by calling him a "cop-head". Anyone who has studied history knows what that term implies. After all, Mr. Lindbergh was an American who felt like

voicing his opinion as we all have the right to do. None of us must agree with a man simply because he is president. That is one of our great privileges.

These anti-McCarthy people always go overboard with rash and foolish statements. For example, Mr. Gregory's statement, that when he watches the Army-McCarthy hearings on television he must sometimes pinch himself to realize he is in America and not Russia. Whenever I watch my television set I know I'm in America, for none of the people on the screen are in chains nor do they talk and look like they have been drugged and tortured. Mr. Gregory should have someone take him aside and explain in simple American just how Russia conducts what she calls trials. If these anti-McCarthyites must get so venomous in their attacks, why not direct some of it to people such as Alger Hiss. We won a war, but lost it in actual fact at Yalta and Potsdam. Hiss was present when we lost some of the victories our army had won for us. If it hadn't been for a congressional committee Alger Hiss would still be forming our policy in foreign affairs. Some of the countries in Europe taken over by the Communists were not taken by an army of Communist Soldiers. It was done from within by a small fanatic group. Let's just keep that little fact in mind.

As for the Democratic party, that too needs a change of outlook. I have become very disillusioned with it, since it has put party welfare above our country's welfare. The democrats would rather cover up for these subversives than chance losing a few votes. However I believe they have made a big mistake, as they will lose more votes by refusing to clean out their own party. I am a registered Democrat, but you can bet I'm not voting that way in the past few years, nor until they change their policy. I can see nothing great about the three democratic senators on the

McCarthy committee. They seem to be playing politics all the time.

These alarmists, such as Mrs. Roosevelt, who go to Europe and tell the people there that we have become a nation of fearful people because of Senator McCarthy, would do our country more good if they placed the finger of danger just where it belongs, namely on the hidden Communists. I am not afraid to write of my convictions, nor apparently is Mr. Gregory. He stated exactly how he felt. All this gives the lie to this stupid fear talk that so many Liberals indulge in. Perhaps Mrs. Roosevelt is really afraid, but with justification. Some of her past words and deeds are coming back to haunt her.

Another issue I would like to clear up is Mr. Gregory's use of the words "McCarthy's television inquisition". Why the use of the word inquisition? We have never had an inquisition in our country, but we did have a "Salem Witch Hunt". Why not use that term if he wishes to indulge in rash statements. I dislike the word inquisition for obvious reasons, one being that a lot of people associate it with a certain foreign country and one particular religion. I certainly hope Mr. Gregory didn't want to give that impression.

As for Mr. Gregory's ancestors, I have had a few too. Some were here very early and others only made it in the last seventy years. However they all helped make this Republic great. I consider myself a very loyal American. As for the "Elder William Brewster", if he is the one of Pilgrim fame, please let's not let the reading public think that he would have approved our Constitution. The early settlers of Massachusetts wanted freedom of religion, but only for their own religion.

What most of you anti-McCarthyites forget is that to disagree politically has been one of our greatest freedoms. Just because people do not think of the Senator in the same terms you do does not mean

they are naive or of the Headless Multitude as you stated. Some of us refuse to condone in any way those who would overthrow our government by force. Certainly no congressional committee will do that! Our government is still one of check and balance. If the executive branch chooses to be blind or slow about subversives its the right of the legislative to proceed along these lines and force their removal. It was no congressional committee that allowed Alger Hiss and Harry Dexter White free sway in our government. No senator is forced to agree with a president or his party if he doesn't wish to. Mr. McCarthy is answerable only to the people of Wisconsin, who elected him. The southern senators answer only to their people, as you can see by the way they vote on various matters. Try getting vindictive about them as they too are a danger to our Constitution in some ways.

I personally am glad to see a senator who walks alone. I know that it's only in such countries as Russia, where there is all agreement. There they have no arguments, only firing squads. If we want a democratic form of government we must put up with some of its faults. One of course being endless wrangling on some issues.

Lets just not make rash and mean statements. Our Constitution has survived other storms and it will still be here, God willing, when you and I, Mr. Gregory, have left this earth.

I, too, am not yellow or pink, but to put it in a corny but true phrase, I'm red, white and blue through and through.

Thank you,
Mrs. Ellen Lynch Cerra
Carbondale, Pennsylvania

Many Provincetown people paid a moving tribute this morning as they crowded into the little Church of St. Mary of the Harbor for the last rites at the funeral of Bill Oldenquist who died so suddenly and tragically at his home on Monday of a heart ailment. Some said they were unable to remember when a funeral had so crowded the church, and many followed the remains to the cemetery. Yet Bill wasn't famous, nor in the usually accepted sense, prominent. He had, perhaps, crowded more hard, often menial (if such there be), downright labor into his 37 years than is the lot of several to endure in their lifetimes. He was always cheerful, glad and eager to be working, whether at cleaning cesspools, jackassing for a trash truck, driving great loads to distant points, or whatever he had to do. He did it cheerfully and with easy dignity. He answered Uncle Sam's greetings, and with his lanky Swedish physique became a good soldier, saw hard action, came back, his grin revealing the new teeth his uncle had given him and admitted he had enjoyed Army life. Bill began the study of diesel engines and it was a proud day when he became employed at the Cape End light and power plant. The best job, he said, he had ever had. And he was regarded as one of the best diesel operators the plant had ever had. Bill seemed to feel that to work was his mission in life; just as loyally for activities and friends for no remuneration as in jobs in which he earned his livelihood. So today the little Church of St. Mary of the Harbor, for which he had also worked in so many capacities, was thronged to pay tribute to one unknown to fame and brushed so lightly by fortune.

hard
worker
all his days!

St. Mary of Harbor To Have Windows In Memory of Vestryman, Warden

In memory of Perry Beaver Strassburger of Montclair, N.J., and Provincetown two stained glass windows will be dedicated at the 10:30 service Sunday in the Church of St. Mary of the Harbor. The rector, the Rev. H.M.M. Nicholas, will bless the windows and preach the sermon. He will be assisted during the service by the Rev. Warren Ward, rector of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Providence.

The windows, placed in the chancel back of the choir stalls, have been given by Mrs. Strassburger. Members of the family will be present at the dedication which will be of interest to Mr.

Strassburgers many friends. From the Payne Studios in Paterson, N. J., the windows are cool shades in greens and blues, appropriate to their seaside location and in the corners are appropriate symbols. The dedication takes place on the Sunday nearest the Feast of the Transfiguration, which is also Mr. Strassburger's birthday anniversary, which falls on Saturday, August 6.

For many years Mr. Strassburger was a loyal Summer member and benefactor of the Church of St. Mary of the Harbor and had served as vestryman and peoples' warden. He also was a member of the Beachcombers.

At dedication
Aug. 21, 1955
with Mr. Strass-
berger's worthi-
ness was evalu-
ated as one
of the "3 great"
in St. Mary's
history-

The other two. Thos. Blakeman,
and above, Bill Oldenquist
1958 Rector helping Miss H. Richards to collect
names in which Memorials were made & given.