

Tinker mackerel.

Small better fish = half dollars.

Mother cooking 40 or 50 lb. lobster in copper boiler.

Pickett's from American Can Co,

tuna and mussels too strong.

Alfred Mayo great on lobstering.

didn't get blue fish in his day.

Stull, short, heavy, lame, black fish & porpoise.

Hebe Smith tried out for him. small bottles
in windows, sell to Japanese, first to have
electric car. small all along shore, to

Stull for refining.

Sold dogfish to guano factory, big shot head Wyman.

Tom Powe, not fisherman, fish buyer.

Manny Zora, a good honest liar.

"Fish for Friday," a half-arsed play.

not much education, buy boats borrowing

money from fish buyer. tub trawl from

gasoline dory. Always the biggest dory.

Gene O'Neil, could swim out to offshore bar,

and back, no trouble.

More, more parades, Art Assoc., Beach club,

gypsies at Beach Point, circus, daily band

concerts, white fleet (turned searchlights on

town and lit it up here day), here most of summer.

N.Y. Yacht Club big affair. (Rouseteller and all

that gang).

Wild harbor, three or four tides working together, tide rip, blind musician (piano) on Dorothy Bradford, (bum boats tarring newspapers, etc. to Navy, etc.).

Frank Prada, never smoke, drunk, never went with women, died young.

Heaton and mother (2 French maids = Tony Avellar)

Ellen,
had pulling, pulling guts out, heat tar ⁱⁿ with wooden barrels, bubbling, a little water work quiet it down, tarring nets, spread out on bushes, etc.

Dragging spoiled universe forever. Never can be brought back, spawn in markets (halibut) excellent eating, vessels come in to get frozen bait (squid & herring). Foreign factory ships. Russian at Grad Bantles.

Renne head, split, cleaned set to smoke, then put salt whiting, two halves in can.

codfish salted = scully Joe, heads & gut, but scales left on

Fish like gardens. Fishing fleet can't survive. Silva last to build big scalloper.

Peter Oliver Joe's father's brother.
When had to give up fishing, went to ~~work~~ in cold storage,
Skarloff's cod liver oil.

Red Front = A & P (where Mexican shop was)

Far Alves = Francis' brother, carter & mover

Lawrence and Alice Grant owned Colonial Inn.

daughter was Alice Kelly (one of her children
Jan Kelly, another married Nancy Whorf).

Arequipa

Edith & Frank Shay (lived in Kline's house for a
while). Edith Foley's mother owned a hotel in
Winter Park (she owned Kline house).

Betty & Niles Spencer.

Ida Eastman.

Hepgood winter house Bradford Gardens, also Chris
Snow's.

Duganne. =

Duncan Matheson's house West corner of Bay's & Commercial

Arrowhead Farm (on left near road to Sonny's)

Joe Small's ^{Sallen} restaurant (small building west of
Eastern Schoolhouse) lived next to Patricia

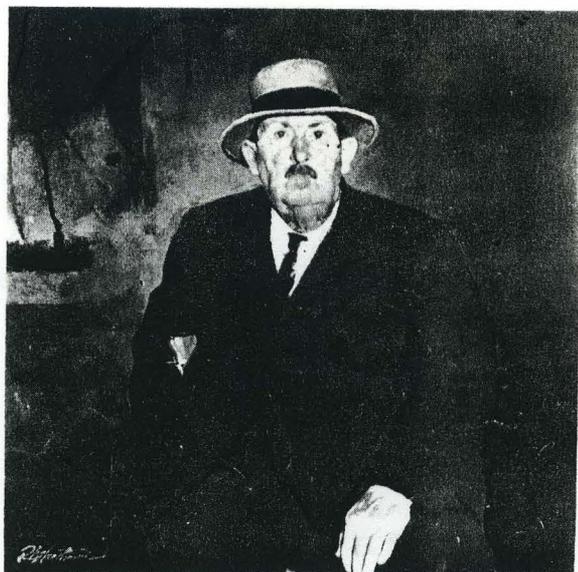
G. W. Reedy (prominent)

Richard Miller (Baby Rillea now owns) across
from end of Cook Street, studio in back

Volume 1, Number 1 — June 1961

Special Exhibition Issue

HAWTHORNE RETROSPECTIVE 1961



Portrait of Tom Powe

COLLECTION WALTER P. CHRYSLER, JR.

The Chrysler Art Museum will present from June 16th through September 17th of its 1961 season the largest retrospective exhibition ever held of the works of Provincetown's most renowned early painter and teacher, Charles Webster Hawthorne.

He was born and reared, the son of a sea captain, twelve miles upriver from Bath, Maine. In his youth, then in his years as art student, we see him endowed with physical energy and ready for hard work. On the Kennebec River he was out cutting ice and on New York's waterfront he earned daytime wages as a dockhand.

At night he attended the Art Students League, where George deForest Brush and Frank Vincent DuMond were his teachers. In the summer of 1896 he went to the Shinnecock Hills school, on Long Island, for study under William Merritt Chase. The following summer Hawthorne served as his assistant. Chase, a master of portraiture and still life, had found in Hawthorne a man of similar talents.

The following year Hawthorne left for Holland. His work and study there were seemingly to have prompt effect. While Chase may have influenced Hawthorne's early style, now after a summer in the Netherlands, we find him preoccupied with the painting of Franz Hals. In his subject-matter and use of light and pigments, we hear Hawthorne referred to as the Hals of America.

Hawthorne was early proving himself an artist of unmistakable talent. In the opinion of a painter who knew and worked with him over a long period, Hawthorne's landscapes show two principal descriptions of nature—as seen in bright sunlight or as seen on a grey day. One wonders whether his summer spent in the special light found along the North Sea accounts for a characteristic way of seeing things that was to stamp his whole later career.

An insistent question is the school of painting to which Hawthorne belongs. And for that matter, should a painter of necessity be easily attributable to a single school? Many a person who knew him, as fellow-painter or as teacher would affectionately insist that he was too big a man, too complex, to be consigned to any one school.

Nevertheless one of his biographers asks uncertainly whether Hawthorne is to be regarded as an impressionist or as an American naturalist. We do not have to choose. Hawthorne is seen to be of both schools. In inspiration (as reflected in most of his painting and in all of his teaching) he was an avowed impressionist. In life (in the way he reacted to others and the way he represented things on canvas) he was not only a realist—he was a naturalist.

In all he said or did, he emphasized the transcendent importance of light. And though, as one of his former students reports, Hawthorne came out of the classic tradition, the man proved himself a progressive. His driving message for all to see and hear was the relative unimportance of intellection and of fine drawing, but the overpowering importance of feeling and of color.

Hawthorne was a naturalist in that he painted what he saw. He considered that whatever the artist saw was equally fit for his brush, that there is beauty in everything. In Hawthorne's primer beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder. It is the painter's function to show this beauty on canvas, and let others feel its thrill.

The second of Hawthorne's trips abroad was not to the north but to southern Europe, bursting with the feeling and expression of romanticism. In Italy, then in Spain, he absorbed first the message of romanticism—the importance of the individual as a moving force; also he studied the mastery of the greats of all time—artists such as Titian and Velasquez.

As is fair to speculate, having viewed the work of such as these, Hawthorne was to be filled with a divine discontent. He had seen examples of consummate conception, composition, balance and brushwork, but thenceforth he would seem forever dissatisfied in that he himself was unable to measure up to the ideal he carried in his mind's eye.

On one or two occasions, while remaining faithful to the code of the naturalist painter (in which everything is regarded as an acceptable subject) he offended certain of his viewers by depicting the brutal. And he seems to have committed two errors unpardonable in his own book—sometimes he was fussy in his painting, sometimes on the pretty side.

Hawthorne excelled in what he did well. Sunlight and grey day he represented faithfully. The question remains unanswered as to the range between the two. Did only the two extremes appeal to him?

For all his emphasis—as a teacher—on color, as a painter he seems to have been somewhat puzzled by what happens to color in different lights and at varying distances. We often have the feeling when we view his pictures that, as far as the light is concerned, objects are depicted as in the same plane. But if this be true, he probably more than made up for it by what he did well.

In the words of one of his former students, "never had a flesh note indoors been so accurately portrayed." And another student says: "His flesh looked as though it really had blood in it—it was vital and alive."

As in all things, there are fashions in painting. We happen now to be in a period distinct from Hawthorne's era (roughly the first thirty years of this century). It would be salutary, and just, to recall what his contemporaries thought of him. In his day, he was considered a leading painter. How else shall we explain the wide distribution of his work and the infinite honors bestowed on him?

He was a good draftsman. "He had the inborn ability to see clearly, and to do what he saw." His painting had realism—it was virile and colorful and strong. "Hawthorne's paintings had originality—there was simplification and startling freshness of color."

His painting was an expression of the man. What sort of person was Hawthorne? What is the image that remains in people's minds? He was warm, but with the quiet reserve of a native New Englander. Before his students he always maintained a formal attitude. "Everybody was quite awed," says a woman who studied with him, almost from the beginning.

Says another, of Hawthorne's presence: "I never knew a teacher to impress his students as he did through his personal magnetism and force. Women worshiped him. The man was a hero to us!"

In his lectures, Hawthorne was strict. Doors were closed and locked as each indoor session began, and he reviewed the previous week's work of



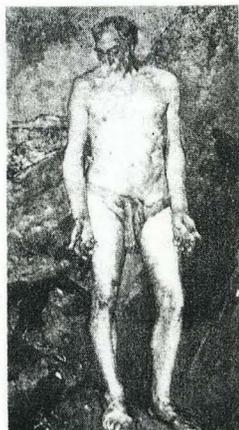
HAWTHORNE ESTATE

Nude before mirror



NAT'L ACADEMY OF DESIGN

The Offering also La Gigia



COLLECTION GERARD WAYNE STEIGLER

Elijah

COLLECTION PROVINCETOWN ART ASS'N



The First Voyage



COLLECTION WALTER P. CHRYSLER, JR.

Summer Millinery



RHODE ISLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN

Girl in White

CHRYSLER ART MUSEUM



Bums Drinking



HARTMORNE ESTATE

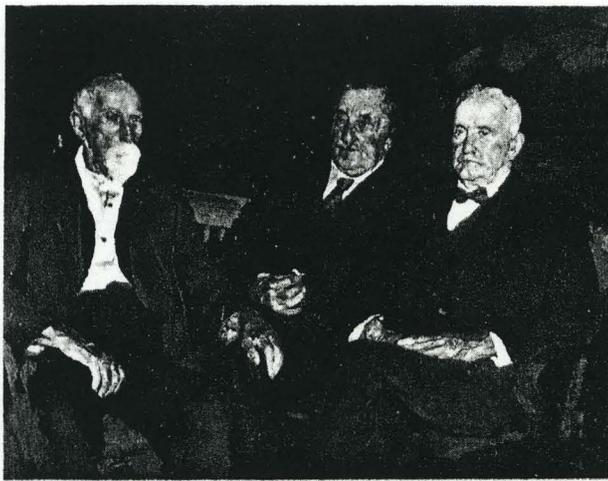
The Fencer



COLLECTION TOWN OF PROVINCETOWN

The Crew of the Philomena Manta

COLLECTION ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

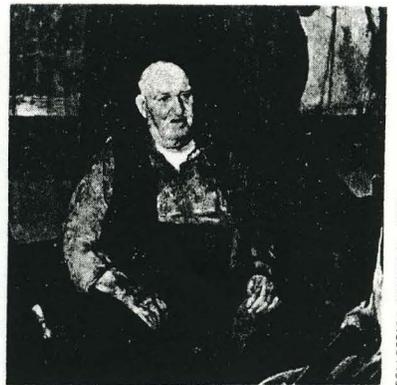


Selectmen of Provincetown



METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

The Trousseau



COLLECTION VICTOR D. SPARK

First Mate

his students. He could distinguish everybody's work—even though classes often numbered over a hundred students, each one with from ten to a dozen studies.

Hawthorne was a man of high integrity. He taught not only painting but character. He himself lived life to the hilt; he expected his students to attack their work with similar intensity of purpose. Under his formal, immaculately garbed exterior, he was a kind man. He loved everybody; perhaps even more important, he recognized his students as individuals and understood them. Such a trait shows not only in his paintings but is reflected in the many scholarships he extended. Finally, "he had the reputation, of having something you got from nobody else."

By common agreement, then and now, he did have a new approach to painting. Of highest importance, he had a certain magic, and was able to instill enthusiasm. Beyond this, he planted in the soul of every student a feeling of purpose. As one of them says: "Students carried away a definite sense of responsibility—to work hard, and to try to produce their best."

Specifically, what does Hawthorne's life tell us? His life was coordinate—one part painter, one part teacher. Both careers contributed to the shaping of the man; each influenced the other. But in important respects, Hawthorne the individual seems to have been an anomaly caught between the two.

We have two chance observations of the man that may shed light on such a contradiction. One of his oldest students, puzzled by a subtle something in Hawthorne, has wondered whether he was perhaps shy. Another, who had occasion to know him more closely, saw him as lonely. But the hypothesis is here proposed that he was the ineluctable victim of his own keen intelligence,

We have heard it said of some one that he wrought better than he knew. Of Hawthorne, it may be possible to say that he taught better than he knew *how*.

Men and women—some young, some mature—were drawn to the Cape Cod School of Art, in Provincetown, by the national reputation of Hawthorne as a teacher. Some were serious; some would devote their lives to painting; some were already professionals, in the fine arts or in commercial art.

"We came to Provincetown conceited, hoping to get a finishing course," wrote Stephen Gilman, "and were literally dragged back to consider matters so elementary and so fundamental we had all forgotten the little we ever knew of them. 'Spots of color coming together' represented the beginning and the end of this man's instruction.

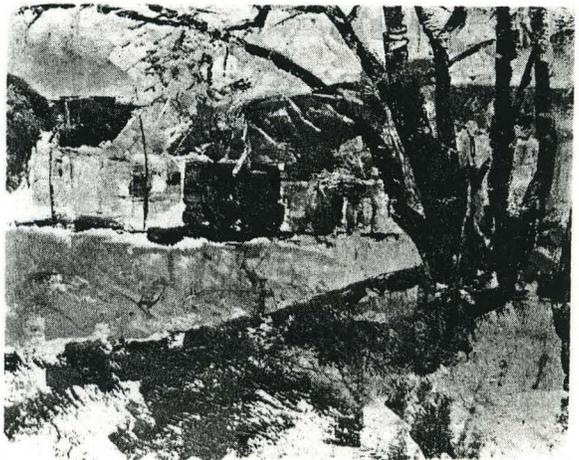
"It was a humbling experience . . . It could have been done only by a man whose attitude toward art was so fundamental and so simple that he could keep pounding on this one issue with the reiterating monotony of a drum . . . This deliberate insistence on fundamentals was the thing that marked Charles Hawthorne as a great teacher . . . He had the courage to repeat over and over again his fundamental concept of art, knowing full well that if his hearers should once understand his meaning they would never be able to forget it."

To one and all he taught the same unvarying lesson, demanded the same obedience to his precepts. Said he: "There may be many ways of painting—but this is the way I want you to do it." And so clearly did he see the true path that his basic teachings, few in number, worked for everybody regardless of age or level of prior competence.

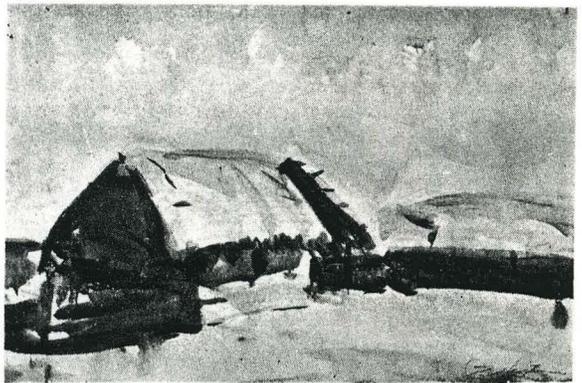
"Anything under the sun is beautiful," he used to say, "if you have the vision . . . It's our profession to train ourselves to see more beautifully, to see the beauty of the commonplace." So much for what his students should paint, and he showed continually that the less they were guided by the conventionally acceptable, the more pleased he would be.



The Fountain



Backyards, Provincetown



Mexican Huts on the Ranch

Having told his students that anything was a fit subject for their efforts, he was quick to disabuse them of a vanity that all too many of them entertained. They came eager to turn out pictures, pretty or otherwise. He would have none of this. They were not ready to paint pictures. "Color first, and house after."

"Our tool of trade is our ability to see big spots of color." This was the keynote of all his teaching. "You are here to represent by color what you see, and thereby learn to see." . . . "Do the essential thing, and don't consider the rest." . . . "The first color you put down influences you straight through"

"Try to get contrasts," Hawthorne would say. "Put down what you see as spots of color rather than as form." . . . "Everything in painting is a matter of silhouettes." . . . "Get the attitude of looking at nature as a pattern." . . . "Make the house a spot of color that cuts into the spot of green that is the tree. Get the color values first, then make it a house."

Hawthorne broke with the Academy on two points—when he said that shadows should be not merely dirty grey but should be a particular color; and when he got his students away from the long-standing emphasis on drawing. "I think drawing . . . and painting are better separated," he told them. "Get [your colors] true, and you will be surprised how little else you need."

One of the things that Hawthorne was impatient with was thinking, not doing. "There is an esthetic excitement about painting," he told his students. "Put things down while you feel that joy." . . . "Painters don't reason, they do. The moment you reason you are lost. Do what you see, not what you know."

He never let a student become satisfied that he had mastered a problem or the use of a particular color or technique. "Be always searching," Hawthorne used to say. "Do studies, not pictures." No; did he ever suggest how to achieve a certain effect or teach his students any trick of the painter's trade. He hoped that they would always go on learning, finding *new* ways to represent on canvas what they saw.

He did everything possible to keep the student from getting too finicky or too facile. "As soon as you become too clever," one of his students recalls, "he'd suggest that you give up canvas and paint on a shingle or on rough beaverboard. Or the moment that you appeared to be having little difficulty with your brushwork, he'd have you switch to a palette knife, and perhaps later to a putty knife."

Hawthorne was not a Cézanne, nor a Van Gogh. He painted during the period of Henri and Luks, and with the works of the latter his paintings are sometimes linked. He was altogether unaffected by the experiments of Picasso and of Braque. But Hawthorne was a vital force in America who used the language of them all.

His early paintings reflect an affinity to Hals, then the influence of Titian. But the weight of his work is that of perhaps Manet, or of a conservative Monet, or it could be said that he suggests an American Degas or an earthy Renoir.

As one of the West's front-rank impressionists, Hawthorne certainly advanced American painting with canvases that showed a new note of naturalism, vigor and fresh interest. Thanks to his successful teaching, over a span of thirty years, he spread the seed of his new vision far and wide through the ranks of painters on this continent.

Charles Webster Hawthorne had a message. During his prime he had the energy and purpose to promulgate it. At 58 he died, too young to have realized his greatest hopes; but he passed on, secure in the knowledge that in the time allotted, he had made a contribution to the continuity of good painting.



The Skaters

COLLECTION A. MORRISON



The Song

COLLECTION TOLEDO MUSEUM OF ART

THE CHRYSLER ART MUSEUM
Provincetown, Massachusetts

NEW MEMBERS

- Sustaining Members.* Lundgren & Mause, Inc.
- Contributing Member:* Mr. Courtney Allen
- Family Members:* Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Farnsworth
Mr. Thomas Francis
Mr. Stanley Freborg
Dr. and Mrs. Gerald Hoeffel
Mr. Maynard Sandol
Mr. James H. Simpson
Mr. and Mrs. Martin Slobodkin
Mr. and Mrs. William H. Wenneman
- Annual Members:* Mrs. L. S. DePinna
Mr. Henry Ferne, 2nd
Mr. Thomas C. Francis
Mr. George Payne Harvender
Miss D. Marguerite Hughes
Mrs. Barbara Reis
Major Joseph Rettinger
- Junior Members:* Miss Beth Burgard
Mr. Stephen Burgard
Mr. Christopher Snow
Miss Robin Snow

CHRYSLER ART MUSEUM OF PROVINCETOWN

COMMERCIAL AND CENTER STREETS, PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., *President*

Trustees: Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., Joseph E. Macara, John C. Snow, Courtney Allen, Bernice C. Garbisch, Robert A. Welsh.

Consultants: Bertina Suida Manning, Yeffe Kimball, Albert Chung-Yuen Sze.

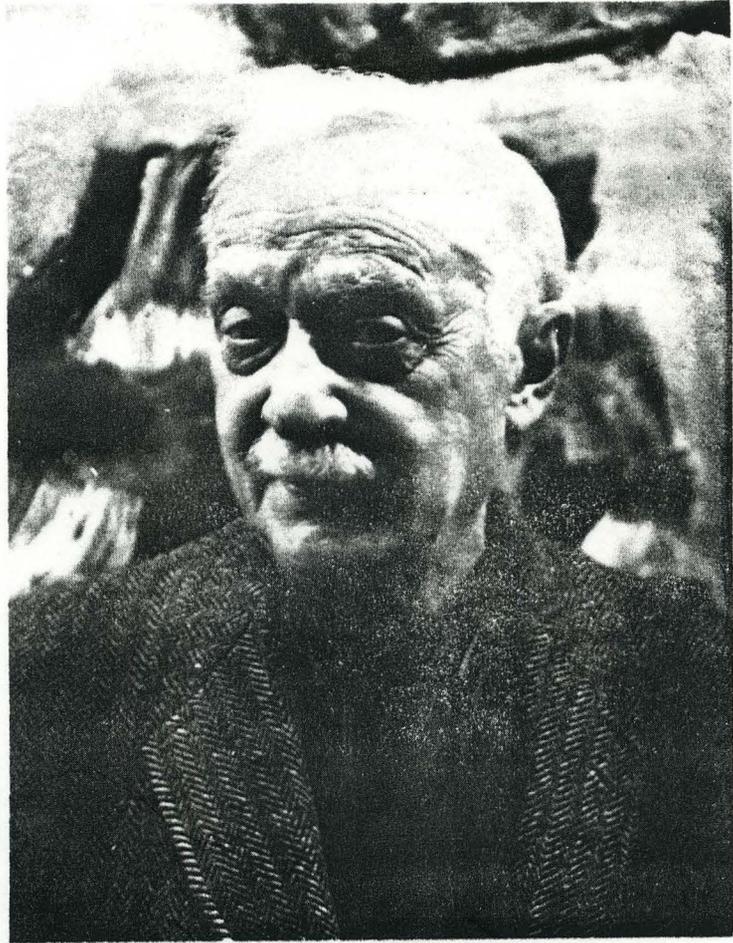
A non-profit educational institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Massachusetts to create and perpetuate a Museum for the preservation and exhibition of works of arts, and to make, maintain and exhibit such works.

Admission—The Chrysler Art Museum of Provincetown is open daily from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. June 15th through September 15th, and from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. September 16th through June 14th— *except on Mondays*, when the Museum is closed. The Museum is open to the public at an admission charge of seventy-five cents. All members of the armed forces in uniform and frocked members of the clergy are admitted at half the admission charge. Children of twelve and under are admitted at twenty-five cents. All students of art schools on Cape Cod, Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard registered with the Museum are admitted free.

Library—The Art Reference Library is open, without charge, to all Members from 1 to 5 p.m. Tuesday through Friday.

Membership—No invitation is required to become a Member of the Museum. Persons interested may obtain complete information by calling Provincetown 1052, by writing to the Chrysler Art Museum of Provincetown, Commercial and Center Streets, Provincetown, Massachusetts, or by inquiry at the desk at the entrance to the Museum. Members have such special privileges as an annual admission pass, exhibition previews, use of the library without charge, museum bulletins, museum publications, reduced rates for art publications, discount on art books, special events, reduced rates on lectures, use of members' room, members' children under twelve free if accompanied by a parent. Membership fees, gifts, contributions and endowments support increased Museum activities and growth. Forms for Gifts and Bequests may be obtained upon inquiry.

BURLIN



BORGENICHT GALLERY
1018 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK

APRIL 27 - MAY 15 1965

OPENING APRIL 27 4 TO 7

1. MADE IN AMERICA II 1964 72" x 48"
2. THE HIEROGLYPH 1964 60" x 54"
3. LA CAVE 1964 60" x 70"
4. THE FIGURES 1964 60" x 54"
5. HERO WORSHIPPERS 1964 70" x 60" *
6. HAPPY HAPPY CARLEE HO 1964 54" x 60"
7. MR. PING AT HOME 1964 14" x 16"
8. THE CAULDRON 1964 16" x 14"
9. BOLD BLACK 1964 16" x 14"
10. MADE IN AMERICA I 1964 32" x 25"

SELECTED DRAWINGS

** not in exhibition*

The National Institute of Arts and Letters has awarded Paul Burlin the Marjorie Peabody Waite Award of \$1500.00 to an older artist for continuing achievement and integrity in his art.

photograph WARREN BRANDT

Fine Arts Work Center NEWSLETTER

SUMMER 1978



Stanley Kunitz, Agnes DeMille and Robert Motherwell — hosts of the extremely successful New York City Benefit Celebration for the Fine Arts Work Center on May 16th. (Photo by Ken Zeran)

FINE ARTS WORK CENTER IN PROVINCETOWN
NEWSLETTER

Summer 1978

NEW YORK FUNDRAISER A HUGE SUCCESS

The May 16th fundraising party in New York for the Fine Arts Work Center attracted some 300 old and new friends and raised more than \$7,000 to ease the Center's operating deficit. Hosting the affair were choreographer Agnes DeMille, poet Stanley Kunitz and painter Robert Motherwell.

Held at the spacious 22 Wooster Street loft of Bill Hinckley and David Baker, the event was a glamorous evening of fine food, music and exciting conversation.

Berta Walker, who also coordinated the Christmas Art Tour Benefit, and an active Benefit Committee did a superb job of organization, getting out the mail, arranging for refreshments and entertainment, and, in general, giving their best effort for the Work Center. The members of the Benefit Committee were: Benny Andrews, H. Harvard Arnason, John Ashbery, Elise Asher, David Baker, Elizabeth C. Baker, John I. H. Baur, Emily Beratelli, Rosalie Berkowitz, Jordan Bock, John Button, Byron D. Caran, Sylvan Cole, Jr., Elaine Dannheisser, Louise Davy, Felice DeWitt, Alan Dugan, Joanna Dymond, B. H. Friedman, Brendan Gill, Lloyd Goodrich, Mr. and Mrs. Chaim Gross, Patricia Hamilton, Lily Harmon, Bill Hinckley, Budd Hopkins, Peter Hutchinson, Mervin Jules, Renata Karlin, Ivan Karp, Alex Katz, Katherine Kuh, Nicholas Meyer, Alexander F. Milliken, Stanley Moss, Alice Neel, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Newman, Rhoda Rossmore, Judith Rothschild, Barbara Sahlman, Dorothy Gees Seckler, Judith Shahn, Marjorie Strider, Jack Tworokov, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., Robyn Watson, Berta Walker, Mrs. Hudson D. Walker, Ken Zeran and Dorothy Zinberg.

Among the Fellows and former Fellows who attended were: Wayne Biddle, Les Bohnenkamp, Michael Brown, Kathleen Ferguson, J. Bart Gerald, Alexandra Gieffers, and Bert Yarborough.

Our heartfelt thanks to all those who helped make the New York Benefit a rousing success. Hopefully, we will have another, bigger event in New York next year, and similar affairs in other cities.

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WHEELER WALKS FOR F.A.W.C. RAISES OVER \$800

Former visual Fellow David Wheeler outdid himself from April 7th to April 9th as he walked 120 miles from Boston to Provincetown to raise money for the Former Fellows Fund. The fund, which Wheeler created with his 1976 Create-a-thon, received over \$800 as supporters pledged donations by the mile. Our thanks to David and all those who contributed.

HUDSON D. WALKER GALLERY OPENS SUMMER SEASON

SUMMER 1978 SCHEDULE

| | |
|------------------|--|
| May 26-31 | PAUL BOWEN, BERT YARBOROUGH |
| June 2-7 | RUSSELL KIMBALL, DAVID WHEELER |
| June 9-14 | TONI BEGMAN, ANN MATHEWS |
| June 16-21 | MICHAEL BROWN, JANE KOGAN |
| June 23-28 | JANE HORNER |
| June 30-July 5 | VISUAL STAFF & RESOURCE ARTISTS |
| July 7-12 | M A P P |
| July 14-19 | MARTHA FOWLKES, SHARLI POWERS LAND |
| July 21-26 | SUSAN BAKER |
| July 28-August 2 | MARK LIBBY, JOAN PERIERA |
| August 4-9 | WILLIAM EVAUL, ROBERT RAKITA |
| August 11-16 | PETER MACARA, SUSAN MARENECK |
| August 18-23 | FORMER FELLOWS - in conjunction with Art Assoc. Days Studio Show and F.A.W.C. Week |
| August 25-30 | M A P P |
| September 1-6 | DAVID LONGWELL, CHUCK McCORKLE |

HOURS: 6 - 11, closed Thursday & Sunday
Rainy days 2 - 5, 6 - 11

SUMMER GALLERY SERIES

The Summer Gallery Series is a presentation of readings and lectures by artists and writers involved with the Lower Cape art community. The series will be held on MONDAY AND WEDNESDAY EVENINGS at 8:30. Many of our speakers and guests are residents of the Lower Cape. Participating this summer will be Keith Althaus, B. H. Friedman, Arturo Vivante, Peter Watts, and others.

As you can see from our schedule, we are having a busy season in the Walker Gallery. The Gallery has a fresh coat of paint on the walls and floor and is in good shape. So far, the shows have been going quite well, and, as of this writing, Toni Begman and Anne Mathews are hanging a fine exhibition. It is especially gratifying to see work of former Fellows from outside of the Provincetown area.

The Provincetown Gallery Guide which we put together as a community service came out on Memorial Day. This year we have included Wellfleet galleries and printed an additional 1000 copies to cover increasing demand. This has been a huge job and much of the credit goes to Mickey Elkus, whose energies I could not have done without. We hope our expanded coverage will solidify the relationship between the two arts communities.

-- Bert Yarborough, Gallery Director

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M.A.P.P.: OUR NEW SUMMER TENANT

The Mass. Art - Project, Inc., Provincetown (M.A.P.P.), a combined effort of the Massachusetts College of Art and Project, Inc., of Cambridge, are renting the Work Center facilities this summer to run an art school and artist community.

Summer courses, many being taught by former Fellows and friends of the Work Center, are being offered in Painting, Drawing, Sculpture, Design & Architecture, Crafts, Photography, Film, Video, Arts Administration and Dance. Classes for children as well as adults are being offered. Most of M.A.P.P.'s courses may be taken for college credit.

Among the former Fellows on the faculty are Peter Macara, Susan Mitchell, Susan Mareneck, Ben Brooks, Bert Yarborough and Arjyra Stedman. Noted local artists and teachers such as Leo Manso and Budd Hopkins are also on the faculty.

For a course catalog and/or information on studio rentals, visit the M.A.P.P. office (1st floor of the Barn) or call 487-9190.

The Work Center hopes that its association with M.A.P.P. will be a long and productive one.

CHERRY STONE GALLERY TO HOST F.A.W.C. BENEFIT

On Saturday, July 15, the Cherry Stone Gallery, Railroad Ave., Wellfleet, will host a Benefit Party and Exhibition for the Fine Arts Work Center, from 4 to 7 PM. In the Cherry Stone's smaller gallery will be works by recent Fellows of the program.

Entertainment will be provided by the popular Provincetown Jug and Marching Band, who will appear live, away from their regular stand at the Surf Club.

Cherry Stone Gallery owners Lizzie Upham and Sally Nerber have gone all out to make our Wellfleet party a success, and we are very appreciative of their efforts. Ms. Upham serves on the Work Center's Board of Directors, and has been a mainstay of the Executive Committee throughout the winter.

A cash bar will be set up at the party, with proceeds going to the Work Center to ease our operating deficit. We hope to see a large contingent of our friends on the 15th.

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NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown will take place this summer on Thursday, August 17, 1978, at 4:00PM. All members of the Board of Directors and the Advisory Board are urged to attend.

Among the topics to be covered at the Annual Meeting will be election of new Board members, approval of the Annual Budget, and a number of proposed by-law changes.

Agendas for the Annual Meeting will be prepared in advance and sent by mail to all Board members. Additional copies will be available in the Work Center office.

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SUMMER EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETINGS

All members of the Board of Directors are invited to attend and participate in Executive Committee meetings throughout the summer. Meetings take place usually on Monday afternoons at 4:00 PM. Since an every-other-week schedule is being contemplated this summer, please call the office for meeting dates (487-9960).

FINE ARTS WORK CENTER WEEK III ... AUGUST 14 - 20

Planning is now underway for the third annual Fine Arts Work Center Week, to be held from August 14 to August 20. This is the Work Center's major summer fundraising event and this year is under the leadership of F.A.W.C. Week Chairperson Rhoda Rossmoore.

BUSINESS SUPPORT

Once again, the Work Center will be asking local merchants to donate a percentage of their receipts on specified days during the Week. As usual, we will be encouraging our friends to patronize our business supporters.

AUCTION

A Benefit Auction will be held during the Week, where one can purchase everything from furniture to furs to a unique selection of "artists items"-- paintbrushes, coveralls, palettes, etc.-- and many donated services. Anyone with items or services to donate to the auction should bring them to the Work Center office, 24 Pearl Street, weekdays from 10 AM to 4 PM. Items not sold at the auction will be put into a "yard sale" the following day. Watch for announcement of time and place for the auction and yard sale.

KJARNEY SCULPTURE

Sculptor John Kearney, whose delightful animals welded from automobile bumpers have been a fixture of the summer art scene in Provincetown for many seasons, has generously donated one of his works, a Goat, to be raffled off at the end of F.A.W.C. Week. Valued at \$2,200.00, the piece will be on display at the Work Center office throughout the summer. Tickets for the raffle will sell for \$2.00 apiece, or a book of six for \$10.00.

John Kearney is the founder and guiding light of the Contemporary Art Workshop in Chicago, and is a member of the Work Center's Advisory Board.

WRAP -- UP PARTY

The final fling of F.A.W.C. Week will be the annual Wrap -- Up Party, this year taking place at the Rossmoore's, 43 Commercial St., on August 20. Tickets for the Wrap -- Up will be available in July.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

The F.A.W.C. Week Committee urgently needs volunteers to make the event a success. If you have time which can be donated, please call Rhoda Rossmoore (437-1615) or the Work Center office (437-9960).

RANDOM NOTES

ELLEN WITTLINGER's first collection of poems, Breakers, will be published by The Sheep Meadow Press in New York City. Ellen was married to David Pritchard in Boston on June 23.

...

JAMES WILLIAM BROWN, a Writing Fellow last year, has won a Wallace Stegner Fellowship in Fiction at Stanford University. Six of these sought after Fellowships are awarded each year.

...

PAUL BOWEN, who will be returning in October as a second year Visual Fellow, has received a Welsh Arts Council Fellowship of £500. He is spending the summer in Wales, continuing his work which relates to historic Bardsey Island.

...

JOHN SKOYLES will be teaching during the coming year at Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas. His poetry will be featured in an upcoming issue of Ark River Review. He and Keith Althaus read this spring at Kirkland College, Clinton, New York.

...

Former Visual Fellow MARY CUNNINGHAM will be at Skowhegan this summer.

...

LES BOHNENKAMP will have a one-person show at the Betty Parsons Gallery this coming January.

...

KEITH ALTHAUS, former Fellow and Chairman of the Writing Program, has been awarded a month-long stay at Yaddo in July.

...

JUDITH COHEN will be teaching Creative Writing this fall at Skidmore College in Saratoga Springs, New York. She was in residence at the Work Center during March and April.

...

KATE RUSHIN, after a summer of travel in California and Europe, plans to spend the fall at the Cummington Community of the Arts in Cummington, Mass.

....

SUSAN MITCHELL, returning this fall as a second year Writing Fellow, currently has poems in the New Yorker and The Nation.

...

It is with great sadness that we report the death by suicide of ELENA NEWMAN. News has reached us belatedly of her death in New York City in March, 1977. She was a Writing Fellow in poetry from 1970-1972. The editors of Shankpainter will put together a selection of her work in a future issue. She will be remembered with great affection by those of us who knew her during her years in Provincetown.

IN SUPPORT OF LIVING ARTISTS - A RATIONAL PRINCIPLE

Keith Althaus, knowing that this Newsletter was forthcoming, handed me a quotation the other day which he felt was appropriate to our situation at the Fine Arts Work Center. It is from a letter written by one Richard Woodhouse in 1819 to Keats' publishers, advancing the poet 50 pounds. With his contribution, Mr. Woodhouse stated:

"Whatever people (say they) regret that they could not do for Shakespeare and Chatterton, because he did not live in their time, I would embody into a Rational principle, and (with due regard for certain expediences) do for Keats."

Mr. Woodhouse's "Rational principle" sets him apart, I think, from the aesthetes and critics of his era. Rather than bemoan his inability to have patronized the accepted and established geniuses of a previous age, he chose to support, and by that act participate in, the career of a young poet. From our vantage point in the twentieth century, Woodhouse seems clearly to have had great vision. By implication, he associated the 24-year-old Keats with artists who had already survived the test of time. We know now that his vision was accurate, and we can admire the practical and courageous way in which he backed his belief.

The Fine Arts Work Center exists today because a number of committed people had a similar, courageous belief in young artists and writers. Although many of the concerns of contemporary art have changed considerably in the decade since its founding, the Work Center's reason for being remains the same: to provide a place where talented people at the beginnings of professional careers can work for an extended period of time, free of the pressures and restrictions of everyday life, in a supportive community environment.

It has been my privilege for the past year to have served as Director of the program. This has put me in almost daily contact with a very exciting, innovative and challenging group of artists: the Fellows of the Fine Arts Work Center. Because the Work Center exists, many of them have been really able, for the first time in their lives, to explore the limits of their creativity, often shaking the perceiver of their work out of an all-too-comfortable complacency. I have learned much from them.

I have also gained a great respect for the many people who have supported the program with their contributions and good wishes. Whenever someone returns the familiar Work Center donation envelope with a gift, no matter how small, Woodhouse's "Rational principle" is being put into contemporary effect. What we are too late to do for the great artists and writers of the past, we can do, now, for the talents of the present.

-- Bill Tchakirides, Director
Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown

FINE ARTS WORK CENTER IN PROVINCETOWN
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Provincetown, Massachusetts 02657

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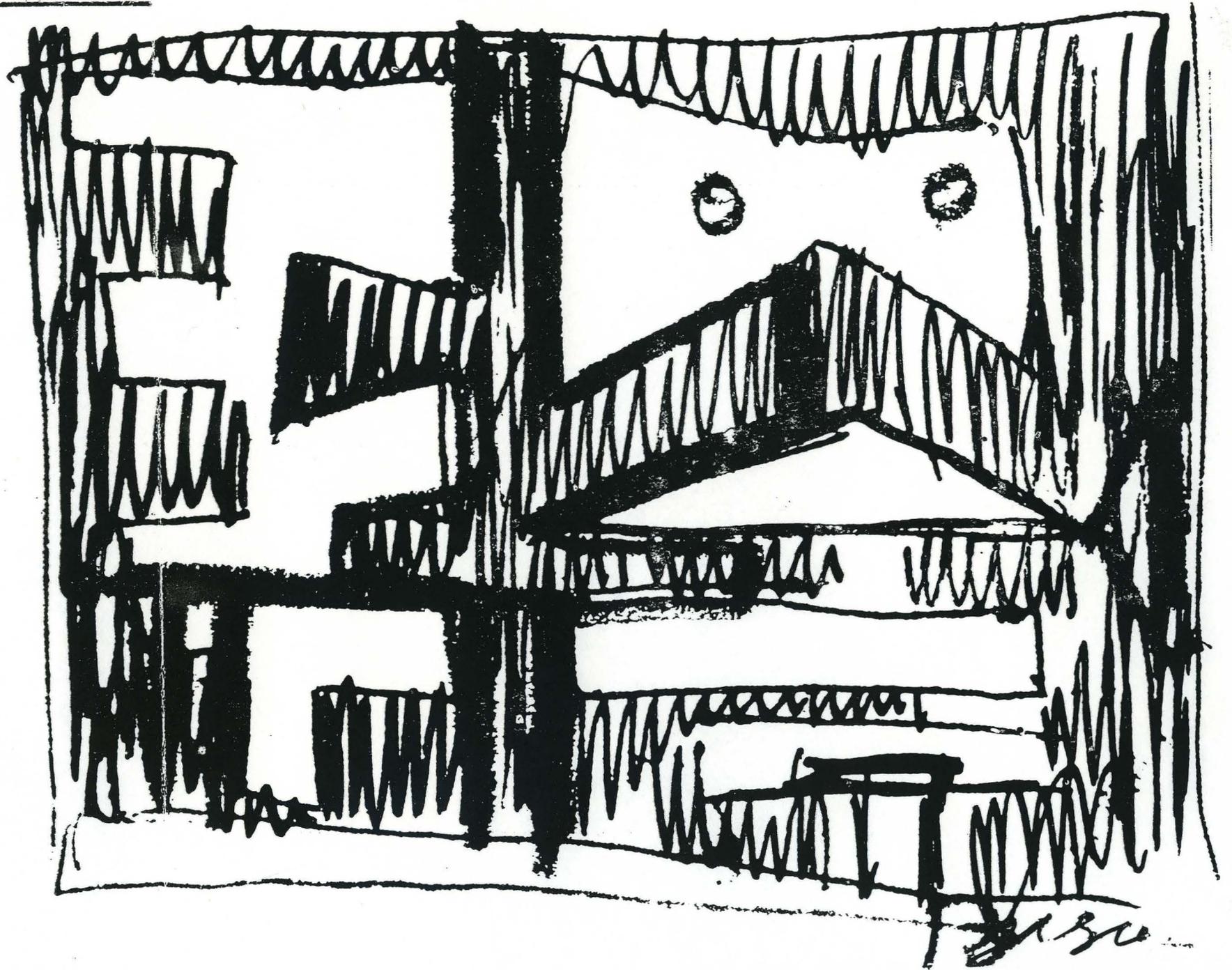
retrospective

august 24 through september 7

chrysler art museum of provincetown

| | | |
|-----------|---------------------------------------|-------------|
| 1 | Portuguese Girl | 1934 |
| 2 | Bather | 1935 |
| 3 | Italian Girl | 1936 |
| 4 | Children's Game | 1943 |
| | (Collection: Mrs. Chaim Gross) | |
| 5 | On Land, Sea, and Air | 1944 |
| 6 | Greek Dancers | 1945 |
| 7 | The Thing in the Present | 1946 |
| 8 | Beauty and the Beast | 1950 |
| 9 | Star Gazer | 1952 |
| 10 | Bayou | 1957 |
| 11 | White Cover | 1962 |
| 12 | Syntax II | 1962 |
| 13 | From Odevance | 1964 |
| 14 | Strip II | 1965 |
| 15 | Floor and Wall Piece | 1968 |
| 16 | Tri Color | 1969 |
| 17 | Whale (Wood Sculpture) | 1944 |





The importance of the period in American Art between 1935 and 1945 is just beginning to be understood as revealing the ideas operating in the 1950's and 1960's. Although this aspect of American Art prior to Abstract Expressionism has had too little exposure, its relationship to later work can be appreciated in a show such as this.

In his recent work, Busa has developed some of his early concepts of space and structure. The flat space of Busa's early work, influenced by primitive art and American Indian Art has been given added impetus by the more simplified statements in his latest paintings.

It is with this spirit in mind that the Chrysler Museum has made a discerning selection reflecting the unique development of an artist whose work has contributed to the innovations of the abstract tradition in painting.

S. M. Kraskin
Minneapolis
1970



D I G R E S S I O N S

recent water-colors by

PAUL BURLIN

november 8-26 1966

opening november 8 4 to 7

BORGENICHT GALLERY
1018 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK

BURLIN



GRACE BORGENICHT GALLERY

1018 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK

RECENT PAINTINGS

PAUL BURLIN

FEBRUARY 12 - MARCH 2 1963

OPENING FEBRUARY 12 FOUR TO SEVEN

In the process of making a painting in an abstract way, the painter is in search of a reality. Not one of realistic objects, but of the complete end result. The painting is experienced as a whole, and must evoke in the painter the absolute conviction that this is how it should be and no other way. Then a picture has existence; when it has its full meaningful expression, that is its reality.

PAUL BURLIN

Burlin's turn to abstraction took place when he was approaching his seventieth year, a testimonial to the youthful outlook of this artist. His constant search and development has not stopped to this day. The newness in Burlin's painting is earned; it is the result of a lifetime committed to exploring all that which is vital in art.

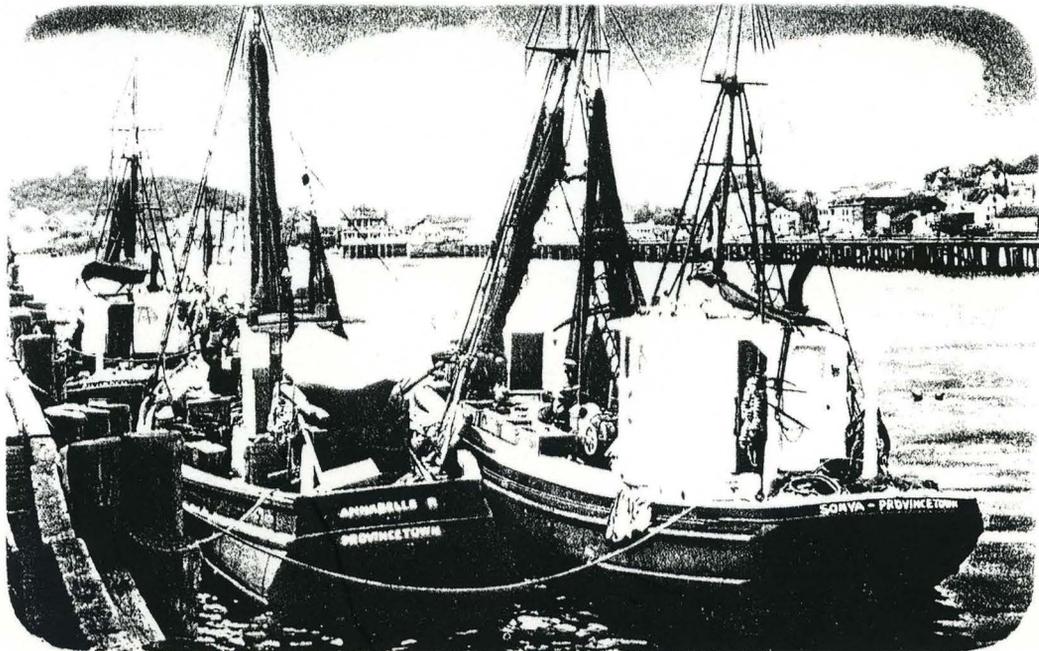
IRVING SANDLER

Although a persistent image dominates the span of Burlin's work, that image has never been permitted to become merely residual. It is forever being freshly created — which is tantamount to saying it is forever being freshly attacked. In this sense, the aggression of the work is one of its notable characteristics. The very latest paintings, marked by an increased fluidity of expressionist technique and a re-encounter, at least by implication, with the challenge of the figurative, show him in fullest possession of his medium and of his sardonic universe.

STANLEY KUNITZ



VIOLET AND WHITE 1962



14- FISHING BOATS IN HARBOR
CAPE COD, MASS.

The fishing industry is the third largest source of income for Cape Cod, exceeded only by the vacation business and Cranberry raising.

DISTRIBUTED BY E. D. WEST CO., SOUTH YARMOUTH, CAPE COD, MASS.

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COLONIAL - INN - BEACH - HOUSE



Bill + Frannie Shree
Debbie, Casey + Denny

Joseph F. Oliver, a resident-owner of Day's Studio's at 24 Pearl Street, formerly of the National Trap Company and until September 1, owner of the F.A. Day's and Sons, plumbing and heating company of Pearl Street, purchased the Pond Village Traps in North Truro on March 11. The new company will be known as the Charlotte Trap Company, Inc. with offices at 24 Pearl Street operating out of Provincetown, with Captain Ernest Tasha Jr. of Court Street and crew in command. Clayton (Blue) Enos, new owner of the F. A. Day's business will serve as bookkeeper for Mr. Oliver.

1965

A large sign is now displayed on the balcony of the studios in the rear of the F. A. Days & Sons building on Pearl Street. In elaborate lettering it reads "Oliver University," named in honor of the present owner Joe Oliver, who now owns the F. A. Days & Sons business. As far as can be learned it is the brain child of Joe Miller, who has since moved to Truro. Small neatly lettered cards indicate the offices of university officials—Auntie Mayme Claxton, Dean of Women and Edna Gunther, House Mother. It was learned that Joe Oliver is president, Lauren Cook, publicity director to the president, Marian Cook, dean of applied arts, with Philly Days as head coach. A position has not yet been found for Frank O'Connor, a newcomer, but the dean of women promises that after the initiation it will be announced.

1960

Company Has New Owners

PROVINCETOWN, July 12.—Although the firm of F. A. Days and Sons will still continue in business on the Lower Cape, for the first time in the 74-year history of the company, it soon will be without a member of the founding family as its head with the retirement of Frank A. Days Jr. and his brother, Joseph A. Days.

The business was started 74 years ago by Frank A. Days, father of the Days brothers, as builders, but it has been a general contracting firm for more than 50 years, and at its present site, on Pearl Street, for 37 years.

Frank Days Jr., who at 74, is rounding out 55 years with the company, plans to leave the firm soon, although he will still remain until the new owners become acquainted with the busi-

ness. The firm, still with the same name, will be a partnership, owned by Joseph F. Oliver and Manuel V. Raymond.

Joseph Days, who was the man in the field for many years, has been spending most of his time the last three years with his cottages on Beach Point. He was with the firm at the same time, except for the last few years.

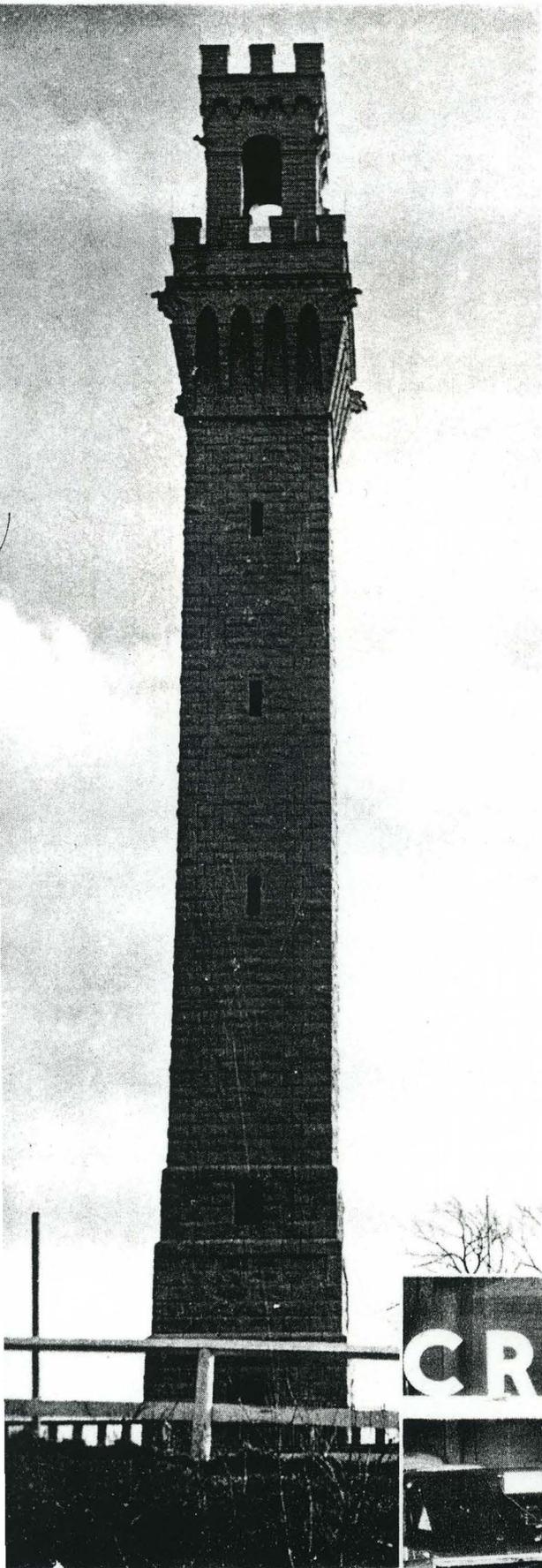
Frank Days Jr. started working at the age of 10 and is "looking forward to retirement now," although he said he hasn't done much loafing for "64 years." His firm has done work in all parts of the Cape. Perhaps his biggest job was Provincetown High school.

He and Mrs. Days, who live on Court Street, has eight children, six of whom still are living, although none is at home.

NOTE: FRANK A. DAYS

D. 13 NOV 1961

AE 84-8-5



No turkey pictures
or overflowing horns of plenty,
but all these pictures relate,
in a shirtsleeve way, to Thanksgiving.

EVERYBODY KNOWS about the pilgrim fathers and how they landed at Cape Cod in November, 1620.

Many people have seen the famous Pilgrim Memorial monument which rises 252 feet above Town hill in Provincetown, Massachusetts, overlooking the harbor where the Mayflower first anchored. But even if the Pilgrims drew up the first charter for a democratic government here, even if they did suffer hardships and celebrate the first Thanksgiving, it would all be ancient history now. It would be dead, dry, dusty history were it not for countless other monuments to freedom and enterprise. Almost within the shadow of Pilgrim monument in Provincetown is hard-working Joe Oliver's shop, the F. A. Days and Sons Plumbing Company. It forms as much of a living monument to free enterprise as anything we can think of. It is a sort of living memorial, a witness, to what the Pilgrims came here for in 1620.

*The Pilgrim Memorial Monument,
Provincetown, Massachusetts.*

Nov. - 1957

OUR OWN

Thanksgiving



Almost in the shadow of Pilgrim monument, another sort of reminder of the dignity of free-enterprise. This is Joe Oliver in front of his shop in Provincetown.



PROVINCETOWN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION Inc

◆ ◆ ◆ BOX 552 ◆ PROVINCETOWN ◆ MA ◆ 02657 ◆ ◆ ◆

Dear and valued fellow members and future members of the Provincetown Historical Association:

We've decided to incorporate all our mailings into one News Letter. For one thing it will save money, and for another, it will save time — and keep you up to date on what's happening.

We've had a long, hard winter but, fortunately, now that the sun is shining all we can remember are the good times! Our Rose Dorothea dinner in September last year at Sal's Restaurant raised \$1,000 and our auction at the Provincetown Inn in December raised another \$7,800. We all had such a good time that we didn't feel as though we were "donating" only enjoying! Henry Morgan was the auctioneer and he outdid himself. Every artist that we "touched" came through generously. As a matter of fact, everybody was munificent — volunteer workers, Provincetown Inn and all the donors who came across with dinners, holiday weekends and many valuable items for auction. Thank you, all of you! The money has been stashed away to be used for materials for the building of the model of the Rose Dorothea in the Provincetown Heritage Museum. This is really a labor of love. Flyer's Boatyard is arranging for all volunteer labor and Flyer, himself (Francis Santos) is supervising the work.

You will be pleased, we're sure, to know that we've been awarded a \$64,000 CETA grant to employ 9 people, from June 1 to December 31, 1977 to restore the Provincetown Heritage Museum and prepare the upper gallery for building the half scale model of the Rose Dorothea.

Through all the storm and wind and high seas last week, (May 9th) Warren "Pinky" Silva arranged for a crew to resurrect the 14 ton "Charlotte," the last of the Provincetown trap boats, from the sands of the West End. The work was all done at cost by Fred Pena of Harwich and Warren "Pinky" Silva and his crew. Phil DesChamps of Nauset Marine donated the flatbed truck to transport the boat to Cape Cod Tech, where the students, under the supervision of Dick Alpert, will restore it for the cost of materials, plus 15% for contingencies. We're lucky in our friends!

Then there is our town's 250th anniversary book, which we are publishing, containing some fascinating articles on the history of Provincetown and some great pictures of "old Provincetown." It's a handsome book that will sell for \$2.00 and, if you can't wait to get your copy and want to order it immediately, use the order form at the foot of this newsletter. Include 50 cents for postage, please.

Dinner at the Moor's was so successful last year that we're looking forward to the one this year — May 31st at \$10 per person. There will be not only the good food, but good friends and prizes and a happy hour from 5:30-6:30. Send for your tickets (see form below), or buy them at The Patrician or The Shoe Port in Provincetown.

We do need your donations, but just as much we need YOU — your moral as well as your financial support. The envelop enclosed can be used to let us know you're involved all the way. Fill out the forms for each order and mail them to us now, along with your dues. Please, don't forget to put a stamp on the envelope, it saves us money, and that's what it's all about!

One more thing! We want to know that all your friends are our friends. Let them know about us — ask them to join — or give them memberships for their birthday, for Christmas, or just for fun!

Caryl J. Patrick
President

P.S. Just heard that Mischa Richter is designing a T-shirt for the Preservation Dinner at The Moors on the 31st of May. It will be a white background with a blue trim, but the design will be a surprise. Comes in Small, Medium, Large or Extra Large and costs \$5.00 apiece. Be surprised!

| | Number | Amount |
|---|--------|--------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dinner Reservation \$10.00 | _____ | _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PROVINCETOWN 250 YEARS — \$2.00 | _____ | _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Preservation T-Shirt — \$5.00 S M L XL | _____ | _____ |
| TOTAL | _____ | _____ |

Add Postage (50 cents for Book, 50 cents for T-Shirt or both for 50 cents)

1977

The Provincetown legacy of Eugene O'Neill

By William Hamilton

PROVINCETOWN — "There was a fog, just as the script demanded, fog bell in the harbor. The tide was in and it washed under us and around, spraying through the holes in the floor, giving us the rhythm and the flavor of the sea . . ." someone who was there recalled.

So began, in an old fishing shack in Provincetown 59 years ago Monday, a career that would revolutionize American theater.

"Bound East for Cardiff," the play produced on Lewis Wharf that night in 1916, marked the debut of Eugene Gladstone O'Neill, a struggling 28-year-old playwright who had come to Provincetown shortly before, with a trunk full of plays, but no one to produce them.

The isolated fishing village was a haven for a remarkable group of writers and artists whose disaffection with American theater had led them to form their own company, the Provincetown Players, for the purpose of putting on plays that Broadway would never touch.

"Bound East for Cardiff," a look at the lonely life of sailors, was the first of several O'Neill plays the group produced — in Provincetown and then in New York's Greenwich Village — which launched his career.

In addition to an outlet for his plays, O'Neill found in Provincetown something that was to be rare in his later life — a place that he liked and where he felt at



EUGENE O'NEILL
... in Provincetown, 1920

home. On and off for eight years, it was his home, where he wrote, fell in love, went on colossal drinking sprees and indulged his lifelong fascination with the sea.

In 1924, he left Provincetown, explaining to a friend: "I feel sick of all past connotations and think it behooves me to shake them . . . The thought of going back to P'town . . . rather wearies me and makes me sad."

O'Neill died in 1953 without ever returning to the place where he got his start.

Memories of O'Neill's years in Provincetown live on. Heaton Vorse, 73, remembers the first performance of "Bound East for Cardiff," which was staged on a wharf owned by his mother, one of the original Provincetown Players.

Hazel Hawthorne Werner, a writer, was 16 when she first met O'Neill and his second wife Agnes, and she recalls her disappointment at being considered too young to be invited to one of their parties.

Since both the Wharf Theater and Peaked Hill Bars — the abandoned Coast Guard station where O'Neill lived during most of his years in Provincetown — have long since been swept away by the sea, the memories of Vorse and Werner, and those of others who knew O'Neill, have been the playwright's only legacy in Provincetown.

Now that may change, thanks to a new museum dedicated to the man regarded by many as the country's greatest playwright.

Organized last summer, the Eugene O'Neill Theater Museum is the beginning of what Adele and Lester Heller, owners of the Provincetown Playhouse, hope will be an O'Neill center.

"We felt that we had nothing in this town that was O'Neill," says Mrs. Heller, explaining why the museum, which is part of the playhouse, was started.

So far the museum collection includes about 500 photographs — most of them

copies of originals brought together last year for a New York City exhibit of O'Neill, his family and scenes from his plays. Not all 500 are on display, but the ones that are offer a fascinating glimpse of O'Neill's troubled family and the time he spent in Provincetown. There is also a narrated slide show about the highlights of O'Neill's life.

It is a modest beginning, but response to the museum has been encouraging and the Hellers say they have been offered letters and memorabilia from people who agree that Provincetown is a logical — and alluring place to honor Eugene O'Neill's memory.

(William Hamilton is a contributing writer to CALENDAR.)

EARLY
1920





W. G. Tiff

PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

FINE ARTS WORK CENTER

JOE OLIVER DAY

Street Fair

FOOD
BEVERAGES
PLANT SALE
DOOR PRIZE
FAT CAT CONTEST
BAKE SALE
CHILDREN'S WALL MURAL +

MOE & HIS FRIENDS
DANCING
PIE THROWING
GAMES OF CHANCE
CRA
RUMMAGE SALE
MUCH, MUCH, MORE

in Provincetown

fun! excitement! surprise!

1973

SATURDAY, SEPT. 15
RAIN DATE SUNDAY 16

NOON TO DUSK
24 Pearl St., Provincetown
(All proceeds to benefit FAWC)



1974

- 福 Season's Greetings
- 賀 Meilleurs Voeux
- 福 Felices Fiestas
- 禧 C HOBBIM TOAOM

*Merry Christmas & a very happy
New Year!*

*Love,
Cecilia, Chris, Lisa, & Jeffrey*



Trapped by trouble 1978

Provincetown's trap fishing season is about to get under way. The trap boat Carlotta, E. Tasha Jr., skipper, was ready to make the first trip, with poles for driving, when trouble developed with the pump, and it had to put back to MacMillan Wharf for repairs to the pump. Louis deiro, Tasha, Joseph Andrews (repairing the pump, and Joe Bent, in the trap boat, are shown here. (Staff Photo by Neil G. Nickerson)



Frank Reis Jr., business agent for the Provincetown Fishermen's Co-Op, is shown with a rare type fish for Provincetown, a marlin, caught in the Charlotte traps, and unloaded at the Co-Op. The fish measured about 7 feet in length, and weighed 85 pounds. (Staff Photo by Neil G. Nickerson)

Aug - 20 - 1970

85 pound marlin caught in Cape-tip fish trap

PROVINCETOWN — A rare fish in these parts, a 7-foot marlin, usually found in southern, warmer waters, was on display on MacMillan Wharf Thursday at the office of the Provincetown Fishermen's Co-op.

Frank Reis Jr., business agent for the co-op, said the fish, which weighed about 85 pounds, was caught Wednesday night,

in the Charlotte traps, owned by Louis Cordeiro. The trap boat Charlotte is skippered by Ernest Tasha.

Reis said the marlin is in the swordfish family, or more like a sailfish, and is usually a sport and trophy fish, seldom marketable. This fish was cut up and distributed about town by the co-op.



Blue Shark Caught off Cape



Attracting persons to Town Wharf in Provincetown is a 12-foot blue shark pictured above. The fish was caught by a Summer visitors aboard Captain Bill

Cabral's Rosamund off Beach Point. Bait was a whole mackerel. The size of the fish may be seen by comparison with Reggie Cabral who stands beside it.

catch May. 19-1941.

Cape C

All the I

38-Pound Salmon Trapped



Just to prove it was no fish story, John Brown, William Sklaroff and Stuart Joseph display the 38-pound, 4-foot Massachusetts Bay salmon which was taken in a fish trap in Provincetown harbor recently. The fish, according to Mr. Sklaroff, is the largest caught in those waters in 50 years. It was netted by Trap Boat Captain Joe Oliver. It found eager buyers in Boston.

2000 19-1917

Horse Mackerel Caught at Cape-tip

PROVINCETOWN, June 19—Captain Joe Oliver brought the first horse mackerel of the season to Sklaroff's Wharf this morning.

Dressed, the fish weighed 425 pounds. It was taken in one of the fish traps. Stuart Joseph of Sklaroff's said the big horse mackerel run would start in July and continue through August.

Other fishing vessels brought in approximately 400 barrels of mackerel and there were about 35 barrels of whiting to each boat.

Aug. 20, 1942

Boston Mayor Has A Grand Vacation

Finds Trap Fishing A Thrilling Occupation

"Just a regular guy."

And that was the verdict of the many Provincetown people, in all walks of life, who came in contact, during the past two weeks, with Maurice J. Tobin, mayor of the City of Boston, and it summed up, too, his lady, Mrs. Tobin, here with him, and his very good friend, Eugene Hudson, Boston lawyer.

It wasn't entirely Provincetown's fault that the Tobin party had such a good time here because they went after their good time and found it—on foot, by bicycle and boat. It isn't Mayor Tobin's idea of a rest to meet the sun when it is about to reach the yard-arm. On two of his mornings he was up at three and ready to go aboard Captain Joe Oliver's trapboat. On one of those it was so stormy that it was hard to decide where the sea left off and the rain began.

But on the other morning the Mayor was treated to one of the exciting adventures of trap fishing. Three fighting mad tunas were in the trap thrashing with their hundreds of pounds of brute strength. Brought over the side finally they weighed together more than half a ton.

The Tobins have been here many summers before but this year, with the crowds thinned out by the absence of the excursion boat, the gas and rubber shortages and the superabundance of rumors, they found the town more to their liking, more like the Provincetown of years ago.

Mrs. Tobin spoke with particular pleasure about the return to the simpler pleasures and this morning, as she was packing up summer slacks, sneakers and sweaters, and while the Mayor was putting his bike back in the crate, she told of the fun she had had here with her own bicycle. The Tobins stayed in one of Si Benson's cottages at Kalmar Village on Beach Point and used their bikes to get to town and back.

Mayor Tobin liked his fishing experiences about as well as anything, enjoyed seeing big, lively lobsters coming aboard—and claimed them—and enjoyed the fishermen's breakfast prepared by Mrs. Joe Oliver for all hands of Captain Joe's crew, the Mayor, Mrs. Tobin and Mr. Hudson. Patrolman Jocko Cabral, the Mayor's aide while here did his share with the breakfast too.

Asked whether he had any suggestions for the improvement of Provincetown, Mayor Tobin said, "No, I think Provincetown is fine as it is. I do think that after the war you should go after a complete, modern sewage system." As for Mrs.

Mayor Tobin Goes Fishing at Cape-tip



Mayor Maurice J. Tobin of Boston accompanied Captain Joe Oliver of Provincetown on his trapping trip yesterday morning. The party which included the mayor; the crew; Eugene Hudson, Boston attorney, and Joseph Cabral from the Provincetown Police Department, left the harbor at 3 a.m. in a driving rain. The visitors helped to pull the nets and after the trip was over displayed broken finger-

nails and tarred hands. Mr. Tobin was host at a breakfast party held after the trip at the Colonial Inn. Included in the above picture taken at the breakfast are Mrs. Oliver, Mr. Hudson, Joseph Perry, Captain Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. Tobin, Patrolman Cabral, John Fields, Arthur Roderick, John Raymond and Mrs. Edith Pell.

Many Admire Decorations

June 22 1941
About 200 friends attended an open house party at the Colonial Inn Sunday afternoon given by Marjorie Pell Oliver to mark the opening of the newly redecorated dining room of the Inn. Mrs. Warren Akers and Mrs. Harry Hall poured.

Peter Hunt did the decorations and he injected into them the inimitable Hunt-esque touches which are creating such a demand for his work. Strawberries—the blossoms, fruit and colors—are the motif, giving Peter the opportunity of insinuating a hint of his famous pink into the gray walls which reach to a ceiling of strawberry red. A gay wall paper heavy with strawberries covers the walls of one room and cut-outs from it have been used as a border in the other part.

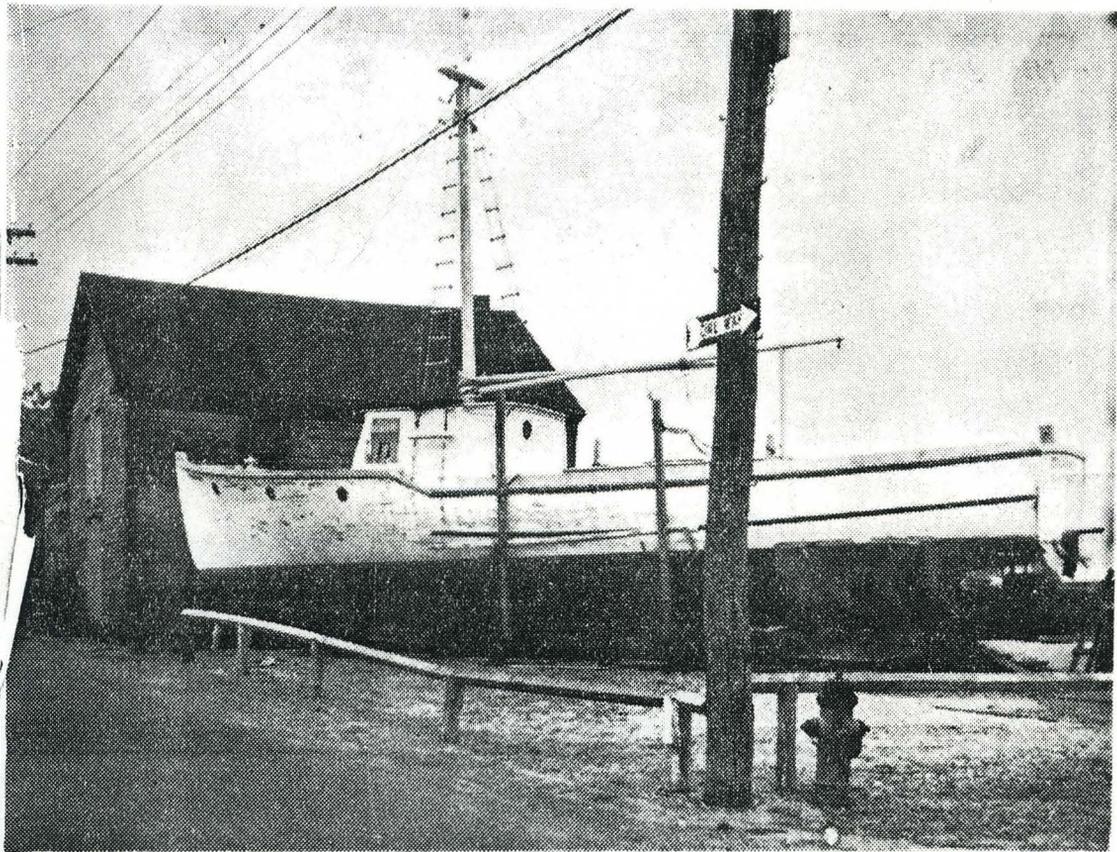
The floor is spattered blue in keeping with the other floors of the Inn and the lamps have unusual fishnet shades. For the main dining room Peter dug up somewhere fine old-fashioned eagle wall lighting fixtures.

OWNED - THIS - PARTY - BOAT.

18, 1941.

May 18, 1941.

Rosamund Is a Bit Out of Her Element



Provincetown police probably could book the owner of this boat on three charges if they wished. The vessel is parked on the wrong side of the street; it is headed in the wrong direction on a one-way street, and it is parked too close to a hydrant.

Strangers in Provincetown have been startled this Spring while driving in Commercial Street by the sight of this large boat drawn up to the curb. She is the Rosamund and the owners hauled her into drydock last Fall in a vacant lot sandwiched

between the harbor and the street. A WPA crew found it necessary to move the boat to the edge of the street when they laid a pipeline through the lot and now the Rosamund has the appearance of making ready to sail down the middle of the thoroughfare.

Florida with Three Young Men?

BY JOHN WHITNEY

CALLING ALL ATLANTIC COAST PORTS SOUTH OF BALTIMORE TO FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA. PLEASE REPORT RECENT ANCHORAGE OR DEPARTURE OF FORTY-TWO-FOOT SLOOP WANDERER OUT OF PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS. LAST HEARD FROM BALTIMORE ABOUT DECEMBER 15. THREE YOUNG MEN ABOARD. FRIENDS HERE ANXIOUS. HARBOR MASTER CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, PLEASE REPORT IF WANDERER ANCHORED THERE AFTER DECEMBER 15.

The 42-foot sloop Wanderer, a rotting hulk, had lain on the beach at Provincetown for ten years. The tides and sands had ground at it and many of its planks were worn and warped. In the Summer of 1933, two New York boys, identities unnecessary, found that no one in the town claimed the boat. So they claimed it. They hired some fine tough peasant labor and dragged her down to the water. Amazingly, she floated. Then and there the pair decided to sail for Florida for the Winter. Coast guardsmen, Portuguese fishermen and friends wrestled with them to dissuade them, and to no purpose. Late in the Fall, with just enough repairs made to keep low water out they were ready.

Farewell Party

They gave a tremendous farewell party on the beach and, about 7 o'clock one scudding evening, they went aboard. They were tipsy, these two, as a result of their party, but they sailed away to cheers. The wind shouldered in behind them and they cleared Race Point easily. After a while the wheelman got hungry. His friend went below to cook a meal. He lighted a gasoline stove which had lain in the boat the full ten years and which they had not even tested before sailing. The match touched the jet and in a moment the whole stove was ablaze. They took sacks and threw over it, ripped it from its shelf and tossed it overboard—and then they went on the sand at Peaked Hill Bars.

There is a Coast Guard station there and the watch saw the flare of the flames and saw the sloop shudder to a stop. He called the alarm and a long boat was put out. The guardsmen took the boys off—or tried to. He who had been cook was eager to go ashore. The boy at the wheel elected to stay with the boat.

Gets Jeered

The long boat landed, the cook and he trudged in to Provincetown and

men toiled over her. New timbers were put in, planking was nailed down, she was scrubbed, scraped and painted. A detail of Portuguese, breathing warnings of practical suicide, stepped her mast in. Sails were repaired and her rigging fixed.

In six weeks she was ready. Old and ancient mariners, grumbling in their whiskers, would come down and pray with the boys to abandon the crazy trip, but also they brought gifts. A case of beans, a bale of dried fish, an alcohol stove, blankets, gear and their earnest blessings. On the morning of November 1, 1934, the Wanderer was put over into the water, sail was hoisted and as she sailed out of that calm harbor the Portuguese colony knelt on the beach and prayed for the boys.

Inland Route

The Wanderer this time took the inland route, going through the Cape Cod Canal. She arrived in New York December 1. She was anchored in the East River at the foot of 23d street for one week. The boys reprovisioned, picked up some books on navigation and arranged with friends to send money to them at Baltimore, Charleston and Fort Lauderdale. They sailed about December 8 and in good time arrived at Baltimore, where, presumably, they anchored and went ashore. They must have got the money, because it never was returned to friends here as unclaimed.

Since then no word has been received from any of them. They have not been reported, they have not anchored along the coast and, apparently, they have not arrived at Fort Lauderdale.

Not one message or sign has been received since they arrived at Baltimore—and the Baltimore anchorage is only a presumption based on the fact that the money sent to them there was picked up.

* * *

Romantic Young Mariners Sail In Motorless Sloop for South

Special to Standard-Times

PROVINCETOWN, Oct. 18—While old salts wagged heads and spoke of the adventure as being downright foolhardy, three young men, well known in the Summer colony here, sailed today in a 28-foot motorless sloop down the Atlantic coast on a "Provincetown-to-Miami-before-Christmas" cruise.

They are Belford Shoumate, 25, of Mobile, Ala., the skipper; Robert Harcourt, 21, of Quincy, and Richard Stokes, 24, of New York.

With very little money, a scant knowledge of seamanship, but with a superabundance of romance and daring, the trio are making the risky voyage as a way of escaping boredom this Winter. If they are becalmed, or if a sail gives way en-route, they are banking on the chances of getting a tow from some passing craft. It will be a sort of marine hitch-hiking adventure. They are sure they will arrive in time to celebrate Christmas and New Year's in Miami.

Their boat, "Wanderer," has a small cabin and is equipped with an oil stove for cooking. Plenty of

fishing lines were taken along to help solve the food problem. The three mariners have had little or no experience with the sea, though they are staunch devotees of sailing and have cruised considerable about the harbor here.

"We don't know what we'll do after we get to Miami," said "Captain" Shoumate. "We may sail off for the Caribbean, or to the Mexican coast. There's nothing definite about our plans, except that we want to get to Miami before cold weather sets in. It's a lark. We expect to have a lot of fun."

The seasoned waterfront veterans outspokenly say the young men are very unwise to start sailing down in the direction of Hatteras at this season of the year. Terrible storms break out there about this time of the year, storms that sometimes spell disaster for big passenger craft. Furthermore, they don't like the tender build of the Wanderer for such a strenuous voyage.

The three young mariners have promised to send reports of their cruise every so often to friends here.

The sloop yacht "Wanderer" left Provincetown Tuesday morning at 10:30, for Florida. Members of the party are Mr. Dick Stokes, Mr. Belford Schumade and Robert Harcourt. Capt. Joseph Oliver accompanied them as far as the Cape Cod canal, where they arrived at 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. The entire trip will be made by sail, arriving in Florida about December 1.



men they went

Peaked Hill Bars. There is a Coast Guard station there and the watch saw the flare of the flames and saw the sloop shudder to a stop. He called the alarm and a long boat was put out. The guardsmen took the boys off—or tried to. He who had been cook was eager to go ashore. The boy at the wheel elected to stay with the boat. Gets Jeered

The long boat landed, the cook and he trudged in to Provincetown and rejoined the still-existent beach party. Jeers were his portion. The Coast Guard sent out a power boat, dragged the Wanderer off the bar, towed it into Provincetown Harbor and beached it. The boy at the wheel stepped down to dry land—and jeers.

Another Winter swept over the Wanderer and, last Summer, three other young men began speculatively to look at the hulk. They were Dick Stokes, a young actor; Belford Shoumate, a young architect, and Bob Whosiz, a skilled amateur tennis player whose last name I don't know. They arrived at the thought that it would make a swell thing to go to Florida in—but they went about it scientifically. They talked to old fishermen and were promptly discouraged; they talked to the Coast Guard and had their heads almost taken off. But they were not stopped and their fiery determination was such that within a week the refitting of the Wanderer became a community project. A cradle was built by volunteer fisherman labor.

The Wanderer was dragged inland and night and day squads of

Since then no message has been received from any of them. They have not been reported, they have not anchored along the coast and, apparently, they have not arrived at Fort Lauderdale.

Not one message or sign has been received since they arrived at Baltimore—and the Baltimore anchorage is only a presumption based on the fact that the money sent to them there was picked up.

* * *

Young Mariners at New York On Long Sailing Trip to Miami

Special to Standard Times

PROVINCETOWN, Oct. 31—The three young mariners who sailed out of Provincetown Harbor in a 28-foot motorless sloop, planning to reach Miami, Fla., "before Christmas," have finally completed the first leg of their adventure cruise, according to word received here today.

The adventurers—Belford Shoumate, 25, of Mobile, Ala., skipper; Robert Harcourt, 21, of Quincy, and Richard Stokes, 24, of New York, who are well known in Provincetown's Summer colony—have arrived in New York, but it took them two weeks to get there.

Friends among the fishermen and other townsfolk have been closely following the progress of the little cabin craft, "Wanderer." The contention of certain waterfront veterans that the trio will not reach their destination in the motorless craft, has stirred up considerable discussion locally.

News that the young men reached New York today enlivened the discussions and there were several who were ready to argue that the Wanderer's crew will not only voyage to Miami, but arrive there in time to celebrate Christ-

mas and New Year's, as they set out to do.

The young men, when they left here, said it was their intention to get a tow from larger craft whenever possible and by degrees to make Miami in this fashion. Towing assistance would also be sought from passing craft should the Wanderer be becalmed or have other difficulties.

They are travelling light, with modest funds and getting food stores from port to port. Stokes, an artist, said he planned to sketch a series of pictures on the cruise. A diary will also be kept.

What they will do after reaching Miami was undecided when they left here. Possibly, Captain Shoumate said, the cruise of the Wanderer will be extended to the Mexican coast.

To quickly allay skin irritations or hurts, depend on soothing



Resinol

Youthful Mariners of Cape Cod Making Headway on

Special to Standard Times

PROVINCETOWN, Nov. 20—All's well with the three intrepid young Provincetown mariners who set out from here some time ago in their 28-foot motorless sloop, Wanderer, announcing they expected to be in Miami, Fla., in time to celebrate Christmas.

Miss Josephine Patterson, aunt of Bob Harcourt of Quincy and Provincetown, who is one of the crew, and several local friends have received interesting cards and letters from the adventurers. Bob's shipmates on the Wanderer are Belford Shoumate, the skipper, and Dick Stokes.

"Everything has happened aboard our craft—even a fire," Bob has written. The trio had an enjoyable two weeks visit in New York, where they were entertained by the noted American yachtsman, Adrien Iselin II. But their biggest thrill in the metropolis was "bathing in a real bathtub."

The last word received from them was a card from Atlantic City, stating they were getting under way for Norfolk. They expected to make Norfolk by next week.

Although it was their intention to help along their cruise by getting an occasional tow from passing larger craft along the coast, the Wanderer has not made many hitches and a good part of the cruise thus far was made on their own sailing.

The Wanderer was being towed by a fishing schooner in Long Island Sound when a terrific north-

west gale developed, necessitating the use of the towing line. The young men managed to make but Harvourt was from 8 a. m. to 5:00 p. m. sloop was swept overboard and no survivors.

The young sailed on day at sunrise. It was the most dangerous cruise will be waters in the Cape confidence, however, when they left a they are having a

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Cape Liquor Dealers Going to Convention

BOSTON, Oct. 18—Among Massachusetts delegates to the 10th national convention and exposition for retail liquor dealers in Atlantic City next week will be M. F. Patrick of the Flagship and Joseph Oliver of the Stork Club, Provincetown.

The delegates, with other retailers representing 35 Massachusetts cities and towns, will travel to Atlantic City by special train. The party will leave South Station, Boston, tomorrow noon, led by Robert S. Lufkin of Fitchburg, president of the Massachusetts Retail Liquor Dealers Board of Trade and secretary of the National Tavern Association.

A strong bid will be made by the Massachusetts delegation to bring the 1948 national convention of retail liquor dealers to Boston, Mr. Lufkin has said.

Catches Two Shark *Aug. 1941.*



Miss Helen Whelan of Waltham is shown above with 500 pounds of shark as the result of her first experience as a fisherman. She caught the two fish yesterday in Cape Cod Bay.

Visitor, on First Fishing Trip, Puts 'Old-Timers' to Shame

PROVINCETOWN, Aug. 15—Miss Helen Whelan of Waltham was spending the weekend in Provincetown with friends when some of the group, all fishing enthusiasts, suggested a deep sea fishing trip.

Miss Whelan had never been fishing; in fact, she had never caught so much as a tadpole.

So at first she demurred, but later decided to go along just to "pick up a good sunburn."

Once anchored over the fishermen's ledge, 14 miles out in Cape Cod Bay, she sat back and watched while the "real fishermen" in the party tried unsuccessfully to connect with a big one.

Finally, she became bored and asked somebody to bait a hook and toss the line over. Within a few minutes she had hooked a 100-pound shark and when she succeeded in boating the big fellow, she received the congratulations accorded a fortunate novice.

Again she tossed over her line and soon felt a tug that all but pulled her out of the boat. This time she needed some help, but when the fish was finally boated after a 40-minute struggle, it proved to be a 400-pound 10-foot blue shark, the largest brought in here this season.

This was too much for the other members of the party, and the return to Provincetown was made in rather painful silence.

The action occurred aboard Captain Bill Cabral's party boat, the Rosamond, and both fish were taken on squid bait.

Cape Cod Standard Times
March 1973

Property transferred at Cape-tip

PROVINCETOWN — Representatives of the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown Inc. have signed needed transfer papers deeding the area it now occupies on Pearl Street to the center.

Deborah Minsky, executive secretary of the work center, said the closing papers for purchase of the Joseph Oliver property at 24 Pearl St., were signed March 15.

The center thus has a permanent location and it is felt this permanence will strengthen the existing program and give impetus to further development, she said.

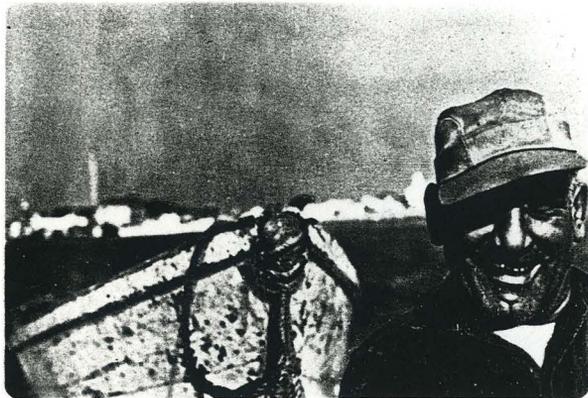
Hudson Walker is president of the Board of Directors of the center.

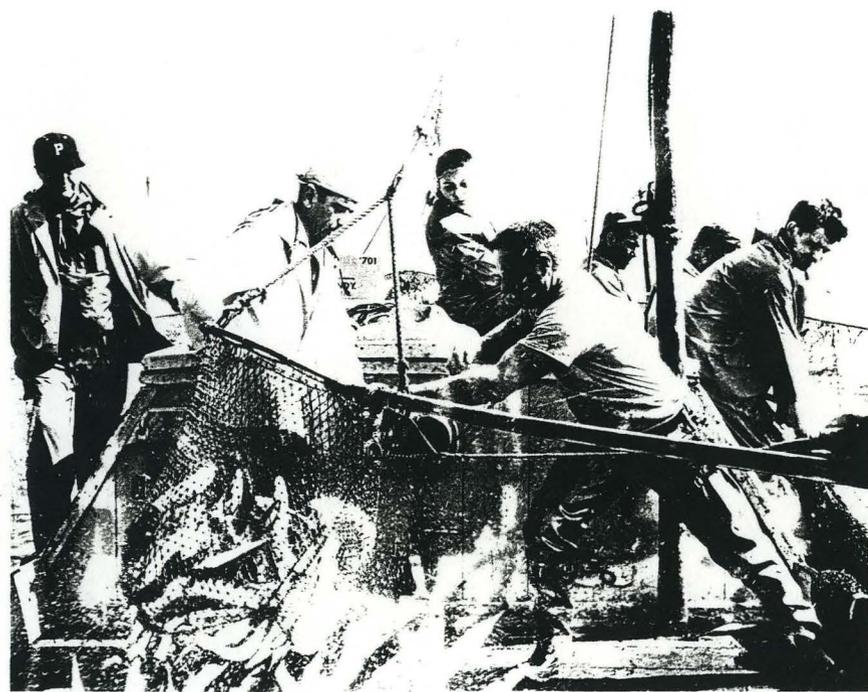
Provincetown Advocate

THE FINE ARTS WORK CENTER signed the closing papers for the purchase of Joseph Oliver's property at 24 Pearl Street last Thursday. The building now becomes FAWC's first permanent home, and FAWC executive secretary Deborah Minsky reports that "plans are being made to expand activities at FAWC beyond the existing October-May session, with the aim of establishing a year-round center of cultural activity."



CARLOTTA CREW 1965

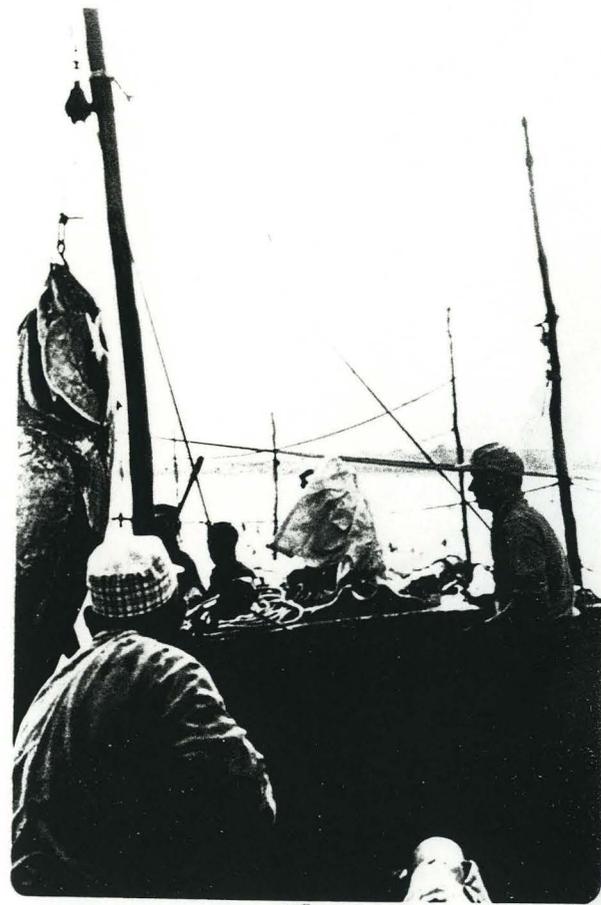
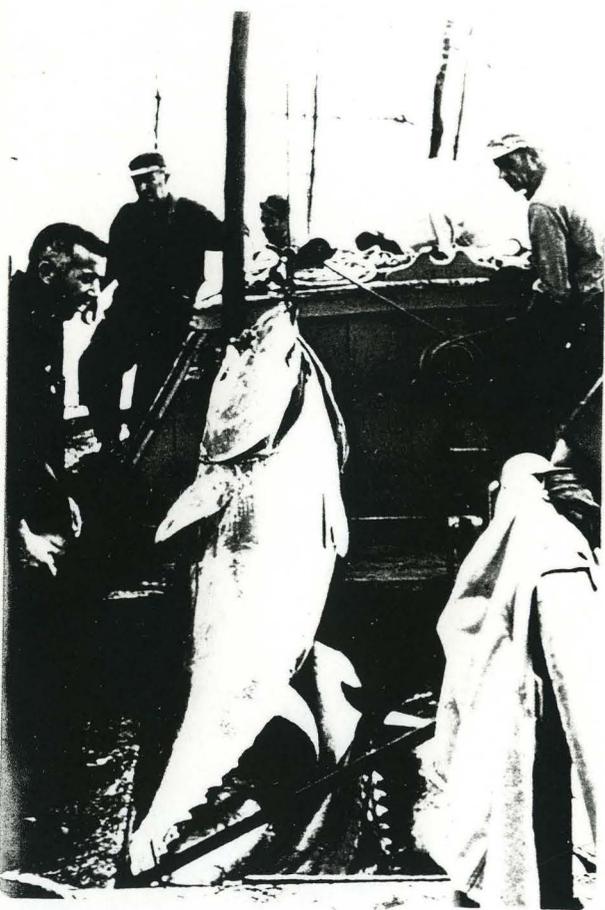
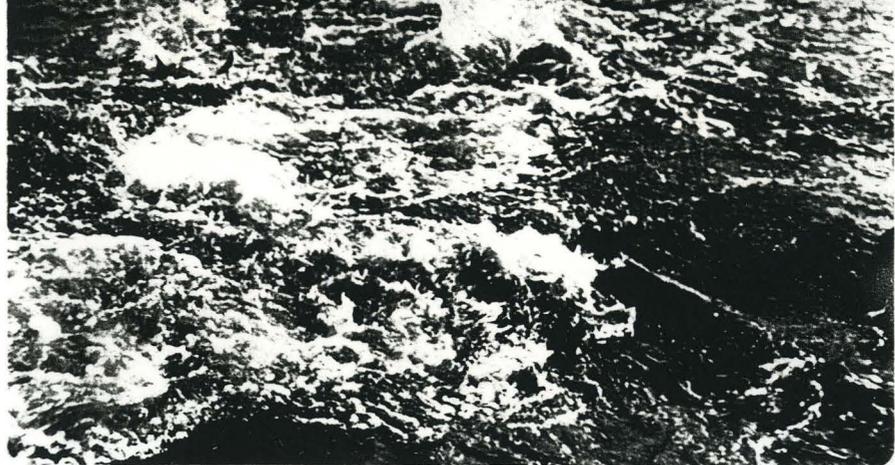




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summer of 1965

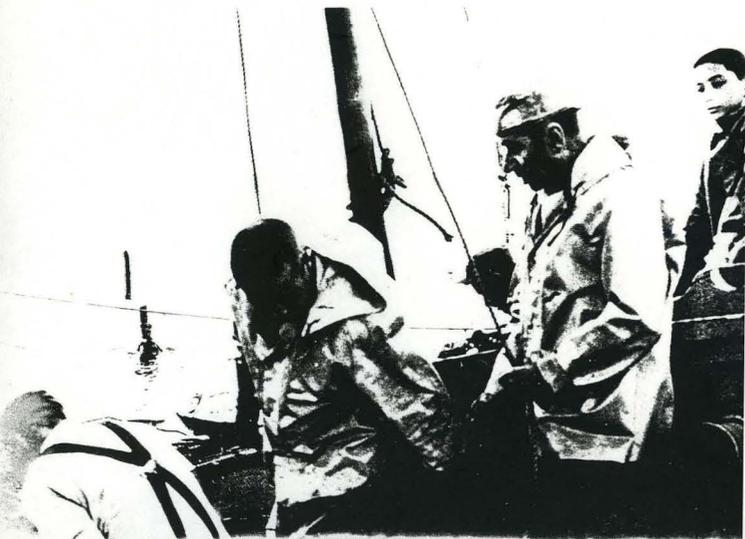


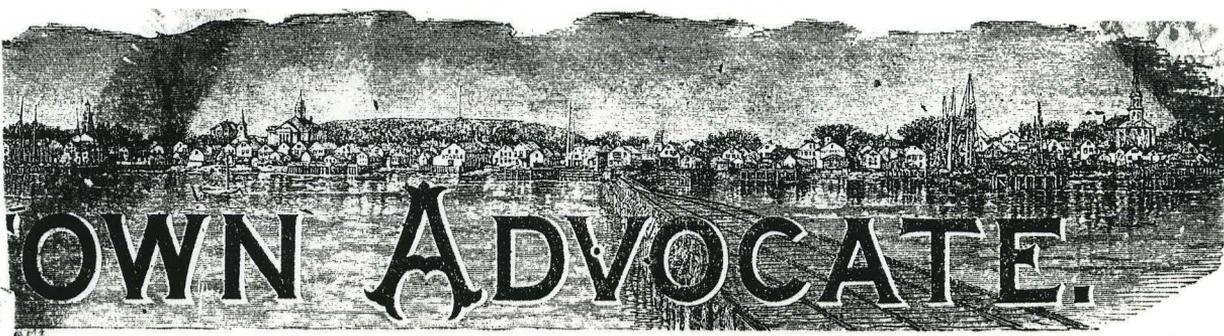
Aug.
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The trap boat "Calotta" of the Charlotte Traps, in the charge of skipper Ernest Tasha, landed six tuna Wednesday. The fish, weighing 480, 570, 620, 110, 140 pounds and an experimental tuna, weighing 150 pounds, which was harpooned and turned over alive to members of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution for tests. The scientists, operating with a catamaran and a Boston whaler, have been in these waters about six weeks. They inject the tuna with tranquilizers and keep them alive for blood tests and tagging.

Summer of
1966

launched - 3-22-66





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THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1969

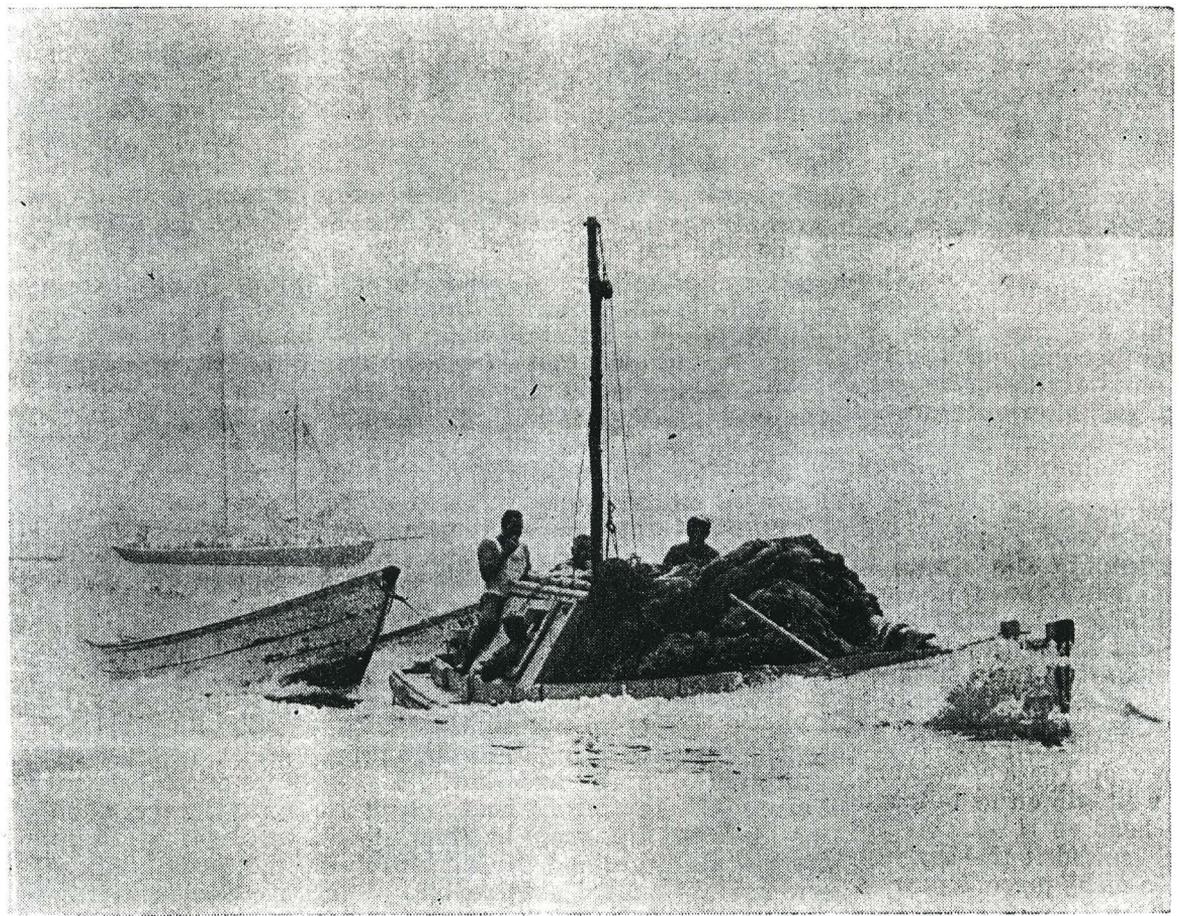


PHOTO BY PAUL KOCH

... Plowing gunwale-deep across the harbor under a load of netting from one of their fish traps, the crew of the trapboat Carlotta look confident that their craft won't sink. Standing in the stern is Dan Pimental. Behind the pole is Joseph "Tarts" Bent, and looking over the pile is skipper Ernest "Zeke" Tasha. Peering from the engine room window is Louis Cordeiro, officer in the Charlotte E. Corporation that recently bought the traps from Joseph Oliver. Ghostly in the haze behind their dory appears the schooner Hindu, Capt. Justin Avellar.

©1969 by Paul Koch



Resurrecting the trap boat 'Charlotte'

Advocate photo by Steven Schwadron

Lost crew men

(Continued from Page 3)

Sandy.

Tragedy has struck often in the Joseph family. Both Morris "Mott" Joseph, 47, and his son Alton "Buddy" Joseph, 19, were lost Sunday night. With these deaths, three men in three generations of that family have died at sea, including Alton Joseph's maternal grandfather.

Before this last trip, the elder Joseph, a life-long fisherman, had pleaded with his son to stay home. He is described as "fatalistic" by Edith Nechin. He was superstitious about father-and-son fishing from the same boat. He wanted a better life for his son.

He also had had close calls with the sea. Twenty years ago, fishing with Jimmy Avila out of New Bedford, their boat broke in two in a late December storm. Still afloat, the two huddled together against the cold and sang Christmas songs until they were rescued many hours later by the Coast Guard.

Alton Joseph was graduated last year from High School. He starred on the basketball team, netting all-Cape honors by a series of stellar performances.

He was planning to marry Terry White of Provincetown. He had hoped, along with his father, to pursue a career in law enforcement. But he couldn't enter the State Police Training Academy until he was 21. In the meantime, there was money to be made scalloping.

Morris Joseph had two children. His daughter Sonya and his son both moved to Provincetown from Las Vegas to be with their father a few years after he had separated from his wife, Carol.

Ernest Cordeiro, 46, was a "happy-go-lucky" man with a broad, winning smile. He was a graduate of Provincetown High School, where he played football. Besides fishing, and "a good laugh" with his friends, he enjoyed deer hunting, often in Maine with his friends.

His fishing experience goes back to the days when trap fishing was a thriving industry. When trap fishing passed into history last year, he signed aboard the *Patricia Marie*.

He is survived by his wife Joan, son Peter, 24, and daughter Nancy, 22.

Engineer aboard the *Patricia Marie* was Walter Marshall, 52, who was lured from several onshore jobs by the riches of the scallop beds offshore. His wife Mary Ann described him as a man who liked machinery. "He was an all-around good guy, always willing to give a hand. He was a very capable and a very wonderful person."

Marshall had lived in Provincetown for 10 years. He is survived by five sisters and a brother and three daughters by a previous marriage. Before going fishing he was a carpenter, truck driver and employee of Seafood Packers.

Bob Zawalick was also lured to the scallop industry from a variety of jobs ashore. After graduating from Provincetown High he worked at the Provincetown Inn, the Donut Shop and finally on Capt. Joe Lisbon's *Reneva* earlier this summer.

Zawalick was new aboard the *Patricia Marie*. He was elated last week when Capt. King told him he'd been doing well in his first week. He told his brother Steve that things were finally coming together for

Provincetown Advocate, Thursday, October 28, 1976

him.

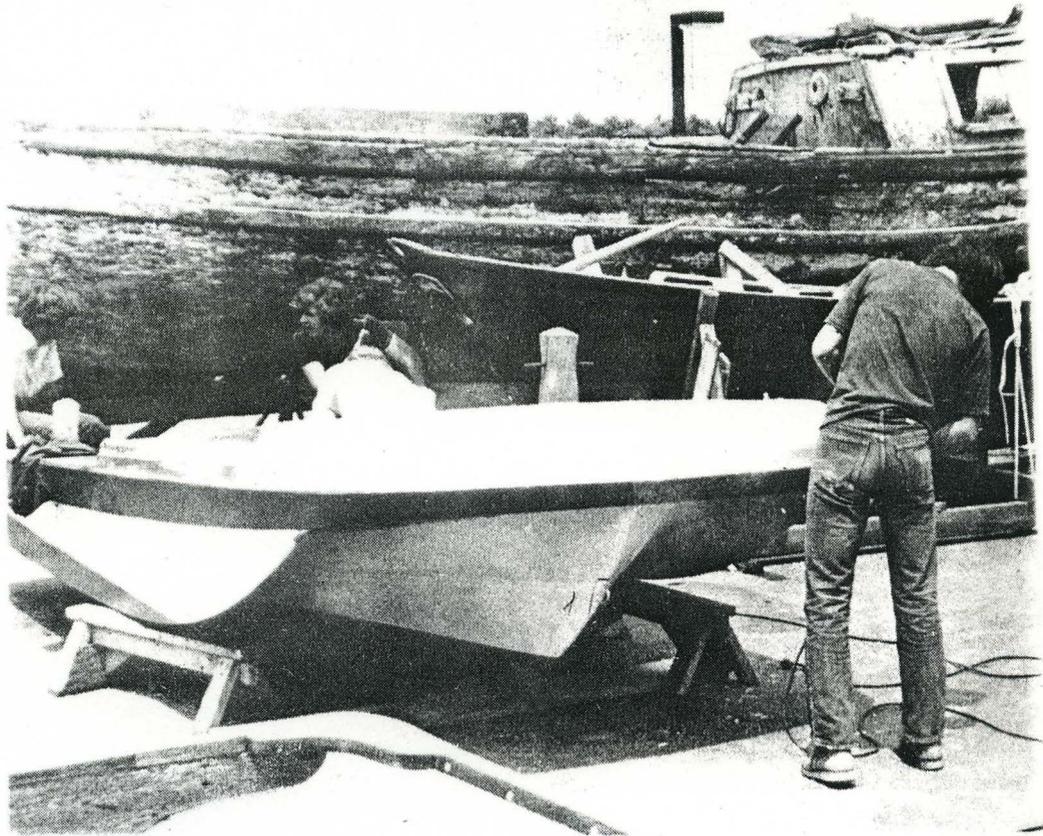
He liked to party, listen to music and have a good time. Like several others in the crew, including Mott Joseph, Zawalick was an animal lover. His dog ran away inexplicably the night he was lost, returning home a day later. His brother will take care of it.

Zawalick lived alone in Provincetown. He had a number of girlfriends. He lived in half a house he shared with his father before he died a few years ago. His brother lives in the other half of the house.

Sandy Oldenquist, Edith Nechin and others left to grieve by the tragedy are sincere in their hopes the bodies are never recovered.

Like the crews of most fishing boats in town, the men were very close. Marshall, the elder Joseph, King, Cordeiro and Oldenquist were the best of friends. Alton and his dad were especially close after having to live apart for many years.

"It doesn't make sense to take them out of the sea they loved so much," said Sandy Oldenquist. "They belong together when they



Students in Cape Tech's marine repair shop work on sleek new tri-hull in the foreground. Waiting background is the archaic trap boat "Charlotte" which was transported recently to Cape Tech after mud off Provincetown where it had rested for decades.

Charlotte getting face-lift

A crew of 11 men with a towering crane and a flatbed truck yesterday finally raised the **Charlotte**, the last Provincetown trap boat, from the sands of the West End.

The boat was carted off to Cape Cod Tech where students in the marine railway shop will repair her for a spot of honor next to the Provincetown Heritage Museum.

Raising of the 14-ton trap boat was frustrated Monday and Tuesday by gale winds and driving rain, despite earnest efforts by the crew.

Warren Roderick, and a friend, Fred Senia of Harwich, organized the crew to dig out the **Charlotte** and lift her with the crane. They offered to do the work for cost. Phil DesChamps of Nauset Marine donated the flatbed truck to transport the boat.

Cape Cod Tech's Dick Alpert, who renovated New Bedford's whaling schooner **Logoda**, agreed to work on the boat with his students for the cost of

materials plus 15 percent for contingencies.

George Colley donated the boat, which had lain inactive by the Provincetown Inn, to the historical association.

The delays in raising the boat over the last three days did not reflect a lack of effort. The crew tried three times Monday to raise her, first from the bow, then the stern, digging under the hull by hand and then by machine.

Suction held down the massive, water-soaked boat. At one point, straps supporting the boat in the air snapped, sending onlookers running from what sounded like an explosion.

After attaching new cables and supports, the workmen decided to put off the job until Tuesday. As the storm kept up, the **Charlotte** was not raised until yesterday morning.

PRESERVATION PARTY

TUESDAY, MAY 31, 1977
COCKTAIL PARTY 5:30 / DINNER 6:30



(Photo by Mary Klein) Cape Cod Times

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Trapboat restoration a community project

By PETER HARTLEY
Staff Writer

HARWICH — The Charlotte led a long, useful life. And then she was left on the beach to die.

But the 40-foot Provincetown trapboat, built

in 1918, didn't die; she was rescued from her grave on the beach at the west end of Provincetown Harbor and trucked to Cape Cod Regional Technical High School where restoration work began last October.

And every so often a short,

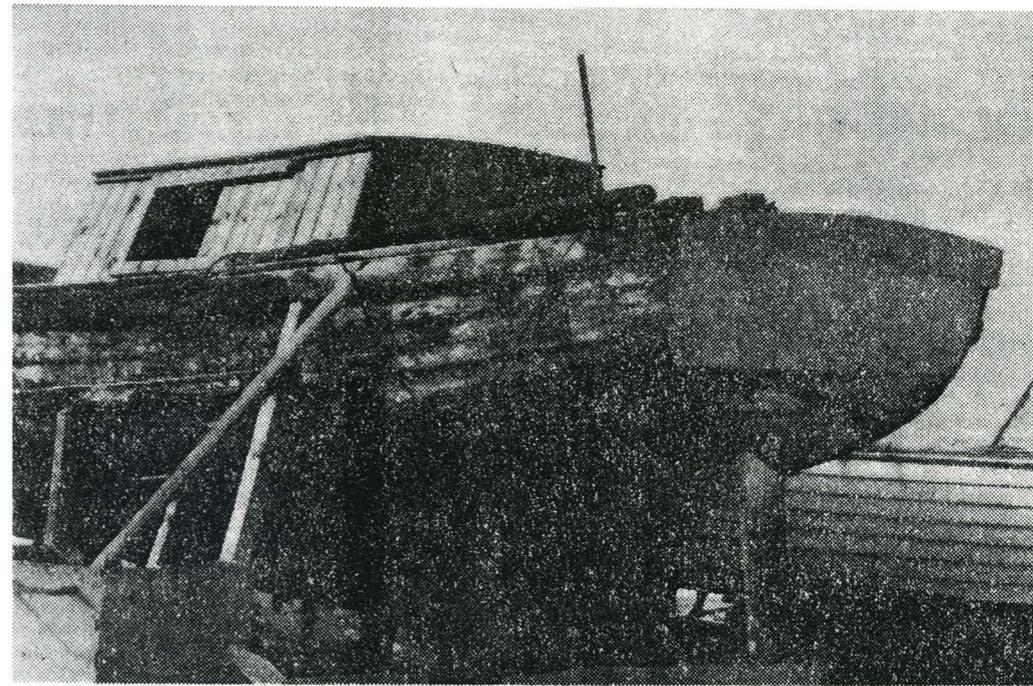
softspoken man with an agile, quick way about him, who, though he admits to 74, could easily pass for 20 years younger than that, makes the trip from Provincetown to Harwich to see how the dozen or so students involved in the project are coming along.

Joe "Ducky" Perry is eminently qualified for the job. For 31 years, he worked aboard the Charlotte, and for eight of those years he was one of her four owners.

He likes what he sees when he travels to Harwich, but those supervising the work say he's quick to make suggestions and those suggestions have been invaluable in insuring the authenticity of their work.

The restoration project, according to Cyril Patrick, president of the Provincetown Historical Association, is one more attempt by that body to preserve a part of the past of Provincetown's historic fishing industry.

Trap fishing was once common in Provincetown and all along the bay shore of the Cape. The practice involved taking fish from traps set up with long leader nets. The nets ran out from the shallows



(Staff Photo by Peter Hartley)



Joe "Ducky" Perry

THE 60-YEAR-OLD TRAP BOAT Charlotte may appear forlorn at its berth outside the Cape Cod Regional Technical High School in Harwich, but enthusiasm, expertise and

about a dozen hardworking students will help get the venerable vessel ready for exhibiting at the Cape-tip. Target date is next April.

to deeper water where fish were guided into circular nets, then closed off and emptied. Trap fishing gradually died out for a variety of reasons, but primarily, as Perry puts it, because of "no fish." Trap fishing still exists off Harwich and Chatham in Nantucket Sound.

But even within Perry's memory it was a glorious fishery:

"I can remember days we came in with 120 barrels of fish and the decks were practically awash — we didn't care, it was summer!"

The last trap boat to actually work traps in Provincetown was the Carlotta, a sister to the Charlotte, still moored in Provincetown Harbor, and still fishing in other fisheries.

Her last season trap fishing was 1974, and it was a disaster.

Perry says he thinks the fish have come back, but he asks, "Where's the half-million bucks going to come from it would cost to start up again?"

Late last week, Perry and Patrick along with Helen Fernald, who does public relations for the historical association, were in Harwich to check on progress.

Perry was pleased: Much of the starboard side has been replanked. Sister ribs have been installed to hold that new planking, the transom has been rebuilt, the deck has

been relaid, and the small house aft, which housed the engine characteristic of older trapboats, has been rebuilt.

To date, according to Patrick, \$1,000 has been spent on materials, with another \$4,000 scheduled to be spent before the restoration is completed. The Charlotte will then be moved back to Provincetown for exhibit at the Heritage Museum. Target date for that move is April 1979.

Yet to be done is completion of replanking and a great

deal of other work. It's fairly slow-going because the vessel is outside, and work is thus dependent on the weather.

No attempt will be made to put the engine back into running condition, but it will be sandblasted and painted so at least it looks as if it is operable.

As the weather warms, work will move more rapidly, and so far as giving credit where credit is due, Perry says it best:

"It's the kids. They're great!"

Benefit to raise money for *Charlotte*

Provincetown Historical Association will sponsor a benefit dinner June 15 to raise money toward restoring the trapboat *Charlotte*.

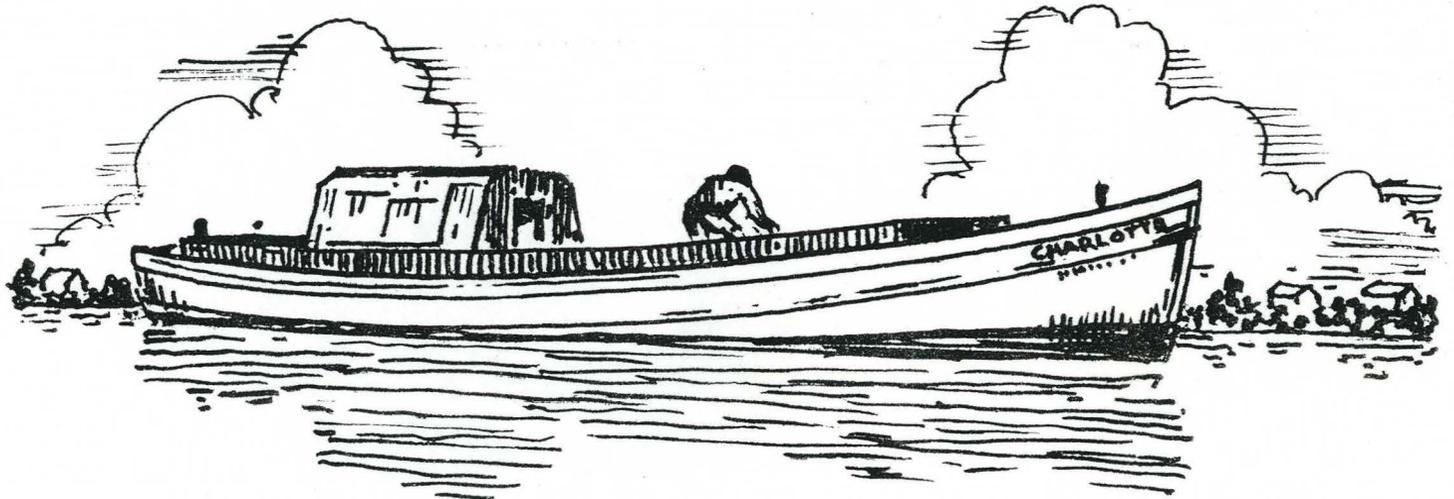
The dinner, slated for the Provincetown High School, will feature former Gov. Francis W. Murphy and State Sen. John Aylmer as speakers.

To help raise money to restore the boat, the historical association is also selling a book on trapboats called "The Trapboat Era."

The contributors to this book, due for publication this month, are all local persons. The *Charlotte* was the last active boat of the Provincetown trapfishing fleet. The 60-foot boat was rescued from the flats a few years ago. Since then, students in the repair shop at Cape Cod Tech have been doing the labor to work on the boat.

The project cost is estimated at \$5000, of which about \$1000 has been spent. Dinner tickets can be made through the association board members or at local shops: the Shoe Port, the Fish Shop, Long Wharf Fish Market, and the Cape Cod Fishnet Industries.

For information call Georgia Coxe at 487-0534 or Helen Fernald at 487-0534.

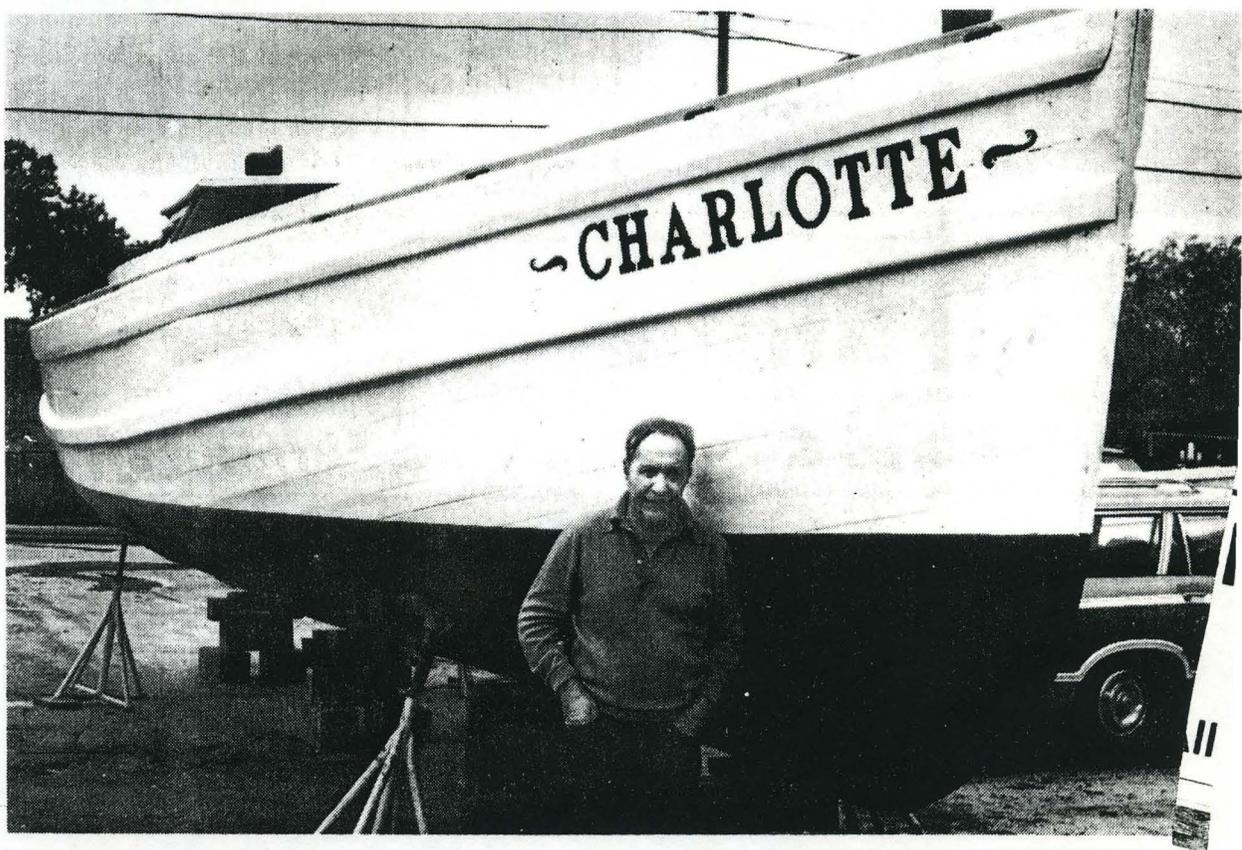




QUITE A CHANGE — The trapfishing boat Charlotte, abandoned nine years ago, has been completely restored by students at Cape Cod Regional Technical School. The vessel sailed into Provincetown Harbor this week and will be on display at the Heritage Museum next week. She was

restored under the direction of the Provincetown Historical Association and the high school's marine repair division under the direction of Richard Alberts and Odd Lilleheil.

(Staff Photos by Gregory Katz)



MILESTONE

Capt. Joseph F. Oliver Jr., 92

By Marilyn Miller

Capt. Joseph F. Oliver Jr., a legendary trap fisherman and former owner of the Colonial Inn and the property that is now known as the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown, died May 28 at his Provincetown home. He was 92.

He was the last surviving member of the Seagull Club, a group of native men who banded together as boys and maintained their friendship into their twilight years.

A quiet introspective man, Capt. Oliver inherited a love of fishing and the sea from his father, a Portuguese fisherman who drowned off Race Point seven days after his marriage to Julia (Raymond) Oliver, a Provincetown native. His body was never recovered.

He was 10 years old before his mother found the heart to remarry.

He quit school in the tenth grade to help support the family. By the time he was 18, he was the captain of his own vessel, the Charlotte, which he named after his half-sister, Charlotte Cordeiro of Provincetown, who survives him. That vessel can still be seen, stored behind the Heritage Museum, a reminder of Provincetown's rich history as a fishing village.

Capt. Oliver was very much a part of that history. He was one of the youngest captains ever in the Provincetown fleet, renowned as a "crackerjack trap fisherman, one of the best, the very

best," said Francis Alves of Provincetown.

Trap fishing once dominated Provincetown. Huge nets, strung between poles set into the floor of the bay, dotted the harbor. Fish would swim into the nets, but were not able to get out of them. Instead, they would swim around and around in the center of the weir until the fisherman pulled the bottom net tight, forcing them to the surface where they would be transferred to the trap boats, then taken to a cold storage plant to be packed in ice.

He trap fished up until the late 1940s, bringing his fish to the Provincetown Cold Storage Plant, which was located where the Johnson Street parking lot now stands.

"I was connected with the Provincetown Cold Storage at that time, and he used to come into the Provincetown pier there," Alves said. "He had the Charlotte, which was really a famous trap boat."

In the late 1930s, he married Marjorie (Pell) Oliver. Together, they owned the Colonial Inn. When they divorced in the late 1940s, Mrs. Oliver kept the inn, but sold it in the 1950s. It was later divided into two properties, now the Ship's Bell and the Watermark Inn.

Mrs. Oliver died in 1992. She and her former husband remained close friends after they divorced, said her sister, Shirley Yater of Truro.

"Joe was a very friendly, affable man, very generous," Mrs. Yater said. An

artist and the widow of artist George Yater, she said Capt. Oliver had a fine art collection including works by noted Provincetown artists. "He gave it all away when he was 90 and thought he was dying," she said. "He wanted to give the works he'd collected to his friends."

Bill McNulty, who with his wife Nancy purchased the Ship's Bell in 1971, said he never got to know Capt. Oliver well. "But I think of him often because I often come across the plumbing work he did here," McNulty said. "It's distinctive work. He had been in the plumbing business, and our plumbing here is great."

He was "an interesting man and his wife was an interesting woman," McNulty said. "They were an unusual couple with quite a lot of talent between the two of them."

The Colonial Inn was a landmark in town, home to many visiting celebrities.

Among the guests who stayed there were Gloria Vanderbilt, Leopold Stokowski, Ernie Pyle, Eleanor Roosevelt and Mayor Tobin of Boston, who used to go out trap fishing with Capt. Oliver.

Capt. Oliver also owned the former lumberyard that now houses the Fine Arts Work Center.

He later would say he virtually gave away the property to the founders of the center out of a love for the arts and his friendship with many artists.

Berta Walker, whose father Hudson D. Walker was one of the founders, recalled how in the early years, the center used to celebrate Joe Oliver Day once a year.

"It was a celebration for having the land," she said. "The trustees were all very happy that he allowed them to buy it."

He sold that property "so that they could make it into an artist's place," said Yater. "He sold it at a very reasonable price, and they put up a Joe Oliver Way sign in remembrance of him."

Capt. Oliver holds a special place in Walker's memory. When she was a girl, he used to let her go out with him to the weirs aboard the Charlotte.

"I was a young teenager, and he would let me go out on that boat in the summer and fall almost every day at 3 a.m. The boats would go out to the weirs at 3 a.m., then bring back the fish at 8 a.m. Then the fishermen would go to Cookie's Tap and get drunk on home brew."

In addition to his sister, he leaves a brother, Raymond Perry of Alabama; a number of nieces and nephews; and his good friend, Linda Rogers of Truro.

A Mass of Christian Burial will be held at 9 a.m. tomorrow at St. Peter the Apostle Church in Provincetown.

In death he will join the father he never saw. His ashes will be scattered at a later date over the rip at Race Point, where his father drowned in 1902.