

Commencement Exercises
of the
Provincetown High School

Thursday, June twenty-fourth
Nineteen twenty-six
Eight o'clock
Town Hall

Program

Processional

Invocation

Chorus — “The Recessional” DeKoven

Salutatory — “A Plea for the Fairy Tale”
Mary Willie Bowley

Violin Solo — “Oberon” J. Danbe
Francisco Carriero

Oration — “Super-Power”
Francis Joseph Alves

Songs — “Largo” Handel
“Little Boy Blue” Perkins
“Smilin’ Through” Penn
Girls’ Glee Club

Valedictory — “Some Possible Improvements of
Motion Pictures”
Elsbeth Miller

Program

Chorus -- "The Rustic Dance" Resch

Presentation of Diplomas
 Jerome P. Fogwell
 Superintendent of Schools

Class Ode:
 Words by Raphael M. Avellar

"The Better Way"

A one-act Play

Cast:

The Elder Sister	Mary A. Cross
The Younger Sister	Florence B. Dill
The Agent	Raymond A. Brown
The Millionaire	Raphael M. Avellar

Directed by Mr. John Greene

Class Roll

Francis Joseph Alves	Herbert Franklin Mayo
Raphael Maurice Avellar	Elsbeth Miller
Mary Willie Bowley	Florence Eunice Patrick
Raymond Anthony Brown	Chester Donald Pfeiffer
Mary Adeline Cross	Ruth Addison Smith
Florence Bertha Dill	Agnes Mae Sousa
Fannie Francis Dutra	Phebe Margaret Summers
William Otis Forrest	Stella Marie Summers
Elsa Alice Hartman	Josephine Elizabeth Taylor
Abbie Loveland Higgins	Ellen Frances Williams
James Elmer Williams	

Class Motto

Launched but not Anchored

Class Colors

Yellow and White

Faculty

Webster Hall, Principal	M. Elizabeth Colley
Phebe E. Freeman	Lois H. Curtis
Florence E. Foss	Eva M. Huntress

Musical Director

Ethel Lovley

Superintendent of Schools

Jerome P. Fogwell

School Committee

Frank A. Days, Jr., Chairman	
John S. Silva, Secretary	Emanuel A. DeWager

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Mass.**

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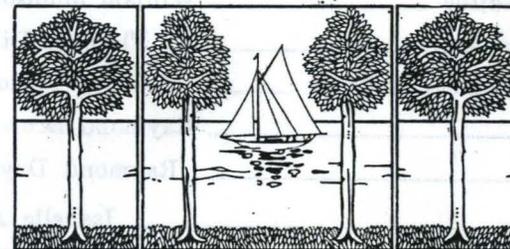
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JOSEPH PERRY

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HYANNIS

For Francis Alves from George Bryant
See pages 14 and 34, Pg 26, 1
25, 30

**THE
LONG POINTER**



SPRING NUMBER

1926

**PROVINCETOWN
HIGH SCHOOL**

STAFF OF LONG POINTER

Editor-in-Chief	Raphael Avellar 1926
Associate Editor	William Johnson 1927
Business Manager	Florence Dill 1926
Assistant Business Manager	Seabury Taylor 1927
Athletics	Raymond Brown 1926
Jokes	Raymond Days 1927
Exchange	Isabelle Avellar
Faculty Advisors	Mrs. Florence E. Foss Miss Eva Huntress

FACULTY

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Assistant Principal	Miss Phebe Freeman
Head of English Department	Mrs. Florence E. Foss
Head of Commercial Department	Miss Eva Huntress
Science	Miss Lois Curtis
United States History	Miss Elizabeth Colley

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ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL

"Don't shave my sidelights and just a little off the top," Ted Hallett instructed Barber Lewis, as he seated himself in the red, plush-covered chair. Ted could not help but look at himself in the large mirror usually found in barber shops. "Not such a bad looking guy," he thought. But just wait till he got his hair cut; that would add considerable to his appearance, he knew.

Today Ted felt happier, more confident and full of the exultation of youth than ever. Hadn't Betty Johnson promised to go to the dance with him that night? and hadn't he that very day received a letter from the college board telling him that he had passed all the exams?

No wonder he pitied old Seth Rich when he came into the barber shop for his weekly shave. Old Seth was failing fast and had to be helped every step. It was with many "Ohs" and "Ahs" and "Good graciousses" that Seth was ushered in.

"Jest like a dozen knives stickin' into me. Damn this rheumatiz, anyway." When finally seated and fairly comfortable, he said to Cy Atkins, one of the men who had helped him in, "Thet's what you git when you git old."

Ted was glad he wasn't old. What an existence one like old Seth's must be. No future but the grave. What good is a man when he's reached that age. Just an old hulk whose body had fallen into decay. Almost ready to quit, slipping fast.

"By the way, Seth," spoke up Sam Parkins, chairman of the Board of Health, "What year was the Center church built and which was built first, that or Til Nason's old house?"

Much to Ted's surprise, Seth answered without hesitation, "The Center church was built in 1860 and Till Nason's house was built two years afore thet."

"Thet's the year I was born," Cy Atkins put in. "Just before the war. Say, Seth, you ought to be able to settle the argument that we was having the other day. Who was the first town crier?"

"Well, lemme see," said old Seth thoughtfully as he rested both hands on the Post's gold headed cane and assum-

ed an attitude of deep reflection. "First there was ole man Clarke; he was the first I knew."

"Thet's what I allus said," broke in Cy, "but Ben Pot said 'twas Rube Williams."

"No, Rube Williams came arter old man Clarke; he took it up when the old man died. Then came George Reedy; then the fellow they got now, Hoppytee."

"We boys used to tease the life outer ole man Clarke," went on Seth. His eyes took on new light as he thought of the past. "You know arter ole man Clarke got through hollerin' we'd ask him what he'd said and he'd tell us to go to thunder. One day ole Clarke was a comin' down the street and he stopped right in front of Caucus Hall and begin to ring his bell and holler. 'New England supper.' 'What'd you say?' we sings out. 'Go to hell and be damned,' he sez without changin' his voice,— at half past six at the Methodist church.' Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed Seth; "I kin never forgit thet."

"Ole Clarke, you understand," continued Seth, "used to help John Matheson dry fish. One day his youngest boy was aplayin' around and he sez to the boy, 'Alph, you go straight home.' By and by he sees Alph back. 'Didn't I tell you to go straight hime?' he sez. 'I did been home,' sez Alph, 'but you never tole me to stay'." Seth again laughed at his anecdote. "Boys will be boys," he said, shaking his head "I wouldn't give a hoot for a too goody boy."

"Thanks!" said Barber Lewis as he handed Ted Hallett his change. As Ted went out he looked at old Seth. Seth appeared different. From the feeble old man he had changed to a man surrounded by mystery. A man who was so old. Look how he had been able to tell those other men things and as old as he is, he still says "Boys will be boys." "Well, old boy," Ted thought, "Here's one boy who will hate to see you go. You're a good old scout after all and what a glorious past you must have had. You're not to be pitied but envied."

Raphael Avellar

friends, family servants and service, and other literary prop abound.

"Pride and Prejudice" is a story of the second type. The heroine is Elizabeth Bennet, a young lady whose character combines amiability, intelligence and beauty in a most pleasing manner. Fitz William Darcy, a proud insolent young man plays the hero and reforms his manners while succumbing to the charms of Miss Eliza Bennet. A fascinating young man, named Wickham, takes the villain's part and it is discovered toward the end of the book that, playing true to type, has made more than one villainous attempt to abscond with the hero's bank accounts, sister, cousin, other female relatives or family plate.

Finally, to end this none too charming treatise, I will say that I like "Pride and Prejudice". However, I wouldn't advise you to take my opinion on it, as one young man said gloomily on hearing that I liked Jane Austin's work, "There is one born every minute."

E. Miller

Athletics

FOOTBALL

Hyannis vs. Provincetown, Oct. 3

Our first real game of the season was with Hyannis. It was played on a very rainy day and in mud up to the ankles. Both teams slipped and slid a lot. Our boys did not have any pep during the first half but, in the second, almost swept Hyannis off her feet. This was quite a day to start a fairly green team into its season schedule. Nevertheless, the team played well, with Alves starring at fullback, as he did throughout the year. Captain Avellar, unfortunately for us, hurt his shoulder seriously during the game. He was not able to play the rest of the year, we are sorry to say. The game ended with the score: Provincetown 12, Hyannis 6.

Tabor vs. Provincetown, Oct. 17

Our second game (with Tabor) won us great credit. Tabor usually plays big teams like Bridgewater, etc., and frequently wins from them. Tabor got away with one field goal during the first half but when the second half began the Tabor coach thought it wise to put in the regular team. They were fresh, and playing hard against our boys, who were already quite tired, scored two touchdowns and two goals. During the rest of the half the game was even on both sides. The score at the end of the game was: Tabor 17, Provincetown 0.

Hyannis at Hyannis, Oct. 31

On Oct. 31, Provincetown arrived at Hyannis in excellent spirits and full of pep and vigor to put into their coming game. They were eager to make up for their defeat in Provincetown. The first half showed this pep. We almost wiped Hyannis off the field. But during the second half, we slumped, and Hyannis, taking advantage of this, came back strong and, gaining courage all the time, finally won. Hyannis came back with her end runs and the only thing that saved us in the second half was, when we got the ball, we gave it to Alves and he dazed Hyannis by taking the ball into their territory every time. The game finally ended with the score, Hyannis 14, Provincetown 6.

New Bedford vs. Provincetown, Nov. 14

On Nov. 14 Provincetown played New Bedford on her own field. It had been raining quite hard the night before and consequently the field was soft and muddy. Our boys, when they did get started, slipped and fell before they were tackled. For the first quarter the game was even; both teams fighting for every inch of the way. Then something unexpected happened. Some, our great tackle, who had been smashing every play before that, was told to leave the game for unsportsman-like conduct. This and many other things happened to us that day and from that very minute we started losing. Alves, our fullback, tried in vain to sweep the ends, but could not because of the slippery field. Through all these conditions, we give Alves credit for making some of the few gains of the game. Nelson, Mayo, and Baker played well for P. H. S. At last the game ended with the score, New Bedford 53, Provincetown 0.

Great Comeback

At last, at the end of an unsuccessful year, P. H. S. made their great comeback at Falmouth Nov. 25. It may have been thoughts of the Thanksgiving turkey which made them play well, but opinions were that it was the spirit behind them and the great talk they got between halves. Falmouth had us 20-0 at the end of the first half, but during the second half Provincetown came back strong as no one thought they would. Nelson was our great star that day, and when Nelson did not carry the ball, Alves would advance it. Nelson, with his huge shoulders, would plough a big hole through center every time he got the ball. The second half was only a repetition of the first half with the score in our favor. The game finally ended with the score, Falmouth 20, Provincetown 20.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL

Wellfleet vs. Provincetown

It was a stormy night on Nov. 18 when Provincetown played Wellfleet at Wellfleet. Our girls were cold and unsteady from the ride up the Cape but they played very well indeed. The Wellfleet girls were at home and had the advantage. Miss Avellar, the Provincetown captain, played a fine game as she always does. Misses Patrick and Bryant, urged on by the cheers from the few rooters we had up there, shot basket after basket but to no avail; Miss Thompson, Wellfleet's wonder forward won, to Wellfleet's credit. At the end of the game the score was Wellfleet 30, Provincetown 24.

BOYS' BASKET BALL

On Christmas afternoon the Provincetown High played the Favorites of Provincetown. It was some game, I'll say. It was our first real game and for some of the boys their first appearance on the floor. Both teams played well. James Williams was the star of the game. Nelson, Joseph, Perry and W. Williams, also played well. The score at the end of the game was, Favorites 15, P. H. S. 14. Not so bad for our first real game.

Raymond Brown 1926

AN ALL-STAR P. H. S. FOOTBALL ELEVEN

I

If our football players of the last two years
Could be gotten together, we'd surely give three cheers,
For with the boys of today and the boys that are gone
We could make up a team that no one would scorn.
Now, before I begin, don't think I'm queer,
Because this team couldn't be beat,
Let me tell you right here.

II

Let's start with centre and see what we can do.
"Bill" Rogers is the man, maybe you've guessed it, too;
He liked other sports, but football best of all,
No use trying to go through center, he was like a stone wall.

III

The guards have to be strong and must have a lot of grit,
But we have made a good selection, I think you'll admit;
Tom Somes and Joe Loring were the boys, I hope I am just,
They used to be so tough they could eat nails and spit rust.

IV

A good pair of tacklers we surely do not need
For you can't find a better pair than Brownie and Swede;
Many, many times you have heard it said
That they were the best tacklers the Cape ever had.

V

Joe Johnson and Bob Perry as our best ends we crown,
Their greatest hobby was pulling forward passes down;
There may be others who are good and who are always
on the job,
But as our best ends I give the palm to Joe and Bob.

VI

The signals he starts to bark, "nine, four, three, seven"
Of course, you know it must be Jimmy Allen;
He weighed but one hundred and twenty-five, and he
was kind of small,
But he knew that "the bigger they are the harder they fall."

VII

Macra at fullback was a boy who could play,
 Everytime he bucked the line they got out of his way.
 "Big Boy" Alves at halfback was always wide awake,
 When he was in a game he'd kill himself for P. H. S.'s sake

VIII

Remember "Honey" Bennet? How he could make his
 feet go!
 Beside him his opponent seemed very, very slow;
 He was an artist at dodging and at stiff arming he was fine,
 Before anybody knew what had happened, he would be
 by the goal line.

IX

If we could get these boys together,
 They would like a few scores to settle;
 For they would know that there is no team on the Cape
 That could even give them a battle!

John Russe, 29

One of the things P. H. S. needs most of all at present is a good athletic field and gymnasium. All of the schools up the Cape have fields which are near their gyms and which are in excellent condition.

When our team goes up the Cape, they change clothes in the gym, and then step out of door onto the field. The game is played on an even field. After the game showers are at the squad's disposal. In Falmouth, after the game, the boys went into a dining room and refreshments were served by the school girls.

When the up-Cape teams come down here, they change their clothes in a paltry little class room. Then they have to walk about half a mile over a cinder road to a field which has sand holes and a small bank—small to look at but large enough to throw a runner out of stride. After a hard battle comes another long walk back. No showers await them here and, except in the case of Falmouth, no refreshments.

In back of the monument is a good location, although

it would require considerable grading. A small double locker building with showers would not cost much. All this I realize is beyond the scope of P. H. S., but with proper backing and with the help of the town and several philanthropists, this could be very easily accomplished.

Norman S. Cook, 1927

FOOTBALL

To play football in former times, towns and villages were often matched against each other, the whole of the able-bodied people taking part, the goals often being a mile apart and usually consisting of natural objects, as a brook or a river. The modern form of the game is played by two parties of players, on a large level piece of ground, oblong in shape and having in the middle of the ends, a goal, formed by two up-right posts six to eight yards apart, with a bar or tape extended between them at the height of eight or ten feet from the ground.

There are different styles of playing the game, the most important being the Rugby game and the Football Association game. The game played in the U. S is a variation of English Rugby. In both games the main object is for either party to drive the ball over the goal that their opponents are guarding and thus count a goal against them.

The Rugby game is much rougher and less scientific than the Association game, which discourages rough play and relies mainly on the skillful maneuvering of the ball with the feet, it being forbidden to touch the ball with the hands; while by the Rugby rules the player may catch the ball in his hands, run with it, and kick it as it is falling.

When time for the half is up, or a goal is made, the parties change ground for the next play.

The roughness of the game makes the parties try harder, and it is said that the football player will keep on trying hard even after he gets out into life. It encourages his faith in time of a real struggle for his own benefit.

Charles Holway

"Let's go," yelled Jimmie, as our car started on its way to Marion, Mass. We were going to Tabor Academy to scout a football game between that academy and Noble and Greenough Academy. There were six of us in all, Ray Avellar, Ray Brown, Jimmie Williams, Arthur Nelson, Norman Cook, our driver, and myself. A jolly bunch indeed.

Everything was going fine. The weather was clearing and we were making good time. Suddenly Cookie said, "We've got to have some water in the car, and we've got to have it now." The car was enveloped in steam from the radiator.

"Where do you expect to find water around this joint?" said I.

"Here's a well," yelled Jimmie, as he ran thru a little lane on the side of the road.

Jimmie managed to get a bucket of icy water from the well and succeeding in filling the radiator, we were about to start on our way again. Cookie stepped on the starter, but no use, the engine wouldn't turn over. What else could one expect when that awkward Jimmie dumped half of the bucket's contents on the coil of the engine. "We'll need a blow-torch before we pull out of here now," said Cookie, disgustedly. But we didn't.

After about fifteen minutes we were once again on our way. Outside of stopping about thirty times, from then on, to fill the radiator, we reached New Bedford without any other misfortune, at about noon.

We ate dinner in the Far East Restaurant and then visited Raphael's brother, Gerald. We left Gerald at about two o'clock and arrived at Tabor Academy in time for the game.

We obtained from the game all the points we needed and then started home. We stopped for supper at Wareham and by that time it was dark.

The storm that had threatened us all day now broke and we were in for it. The gale grew to a hurricane and all the lights in every town were out. This made it hard to find water for the car. The old "Detroit Steam Boiler" was going hard too. We opened her up going down hills and then we just barely made twenty miles per hour. We expected to get home at eight but were disappointed. Every garage we stopped at was nearly deserted and so we had to wait a

long time for water. More than once we cursed that water pump for being on the blink.

But the worst was to come yet. Just as we were approaching Truro, the car stalled. Cookie got out to see what was the trouble. After about five minutes he succeeded. We were all happy again. This time we had to get out and push.

"Oh, night of nights!" exclaimed Brownie.

"There goes my hat, yelled Cookie. "Somebody get it but don't get lost."

What was the use? Ray went back with a flashlight to find Cookie's hat, but to no avail. It was pitch dark and the wind would nearly lift us off our feet. He came back shortly to find the rest of us bucking the old "Detroit Steam Boiler." We shoved and shoved so that it seemed as though we were covering miles. Probably we did, for we arrived at North Truro in about a half hour, still pushing. Here we got some more water at a roadside house and after looking at the engine for a moment we started on the last lap of our journey.

Everything went fine then, as compared to before, and slowly but surely we pulled into Provincetown. One by one we left the bunch, and soon we were all asleep none the worse for our experience.

Francis Alves 1926

HAMLET ON THE GRIDIRON

Hamlet is some boy on the football field. He is more of a hero there than in the book.

It was the game between two London teams. Shakespeare coached one of them and the other was coached by Ben Jonson. The game was played on a battlefield before Warwick Castle. It was scheduled to start when the sun got about half way across the heavens. The teams were evenly matched. Polonius played left tackle; Hamlet played quarterback; Horatio, fullback; Marcellus, right tackle; Hamlet's ghost played center; Laertes, right guard; Bernardo, left guard; Francisco, left end; and Reynaldo, right end. It was some game. Hamlet was undoubtedly the star of the game. In fact, he played a wonderful game. Running punts back and sweeping the ends. Horatio washed

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COMPLIMENTS

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J. E. ATKINS

ADAMS' PHARMACY

Provincetown, Mass. :- Sagamore, Mass.





Frank G. Cook Groceries & Provisions, north side of Bradford St. at Pleasant St. right across from Tips for Tops'n. Frank G. Cook's family in picture; his brother was John A. Cook, Francis' sister Josephine's husband who ran funeral parlor next to present day Post Office (Christina's Jewelry) & was a photographer. Another brother was Manuel Cook, whose daughter Madeleine was John Snow's mother (Chris Snow's grandmother), & owned house next to "John W. Deutra"

There was also a Perry's Market, 2 doors west of Franklin St on Bradford. "Flyer" Santos later sold aluminum storm windows & doors from that location.

"John W. Deutra" at 141 Commercial St. was later Bessie Tyler's Store, popular neighborhood institution when Francis & Minnie were kids. In between Chris Snow's great-grandparents' house on left & The Country Store



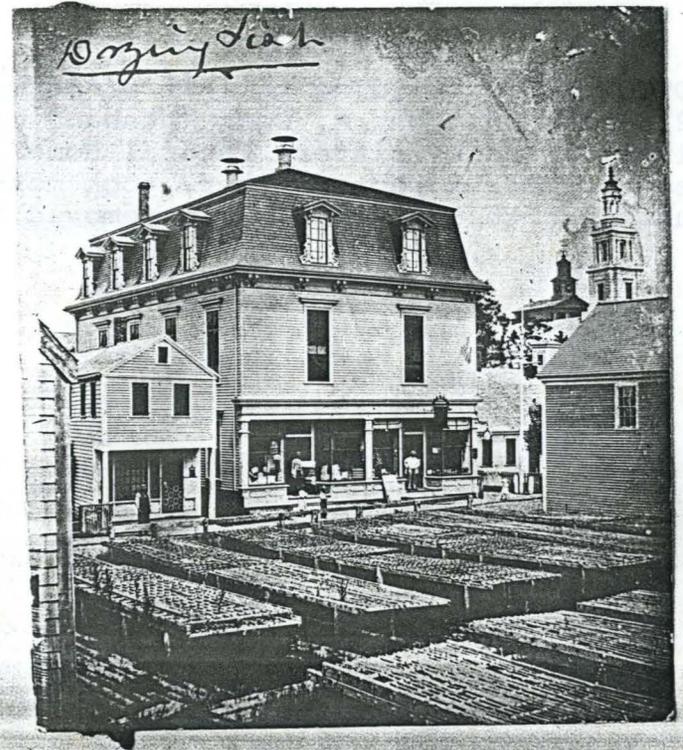
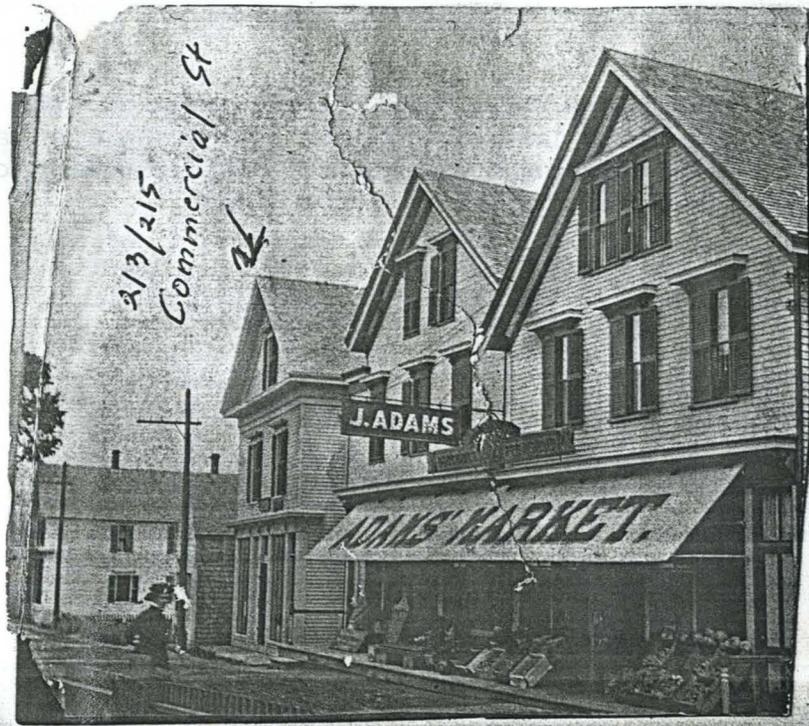
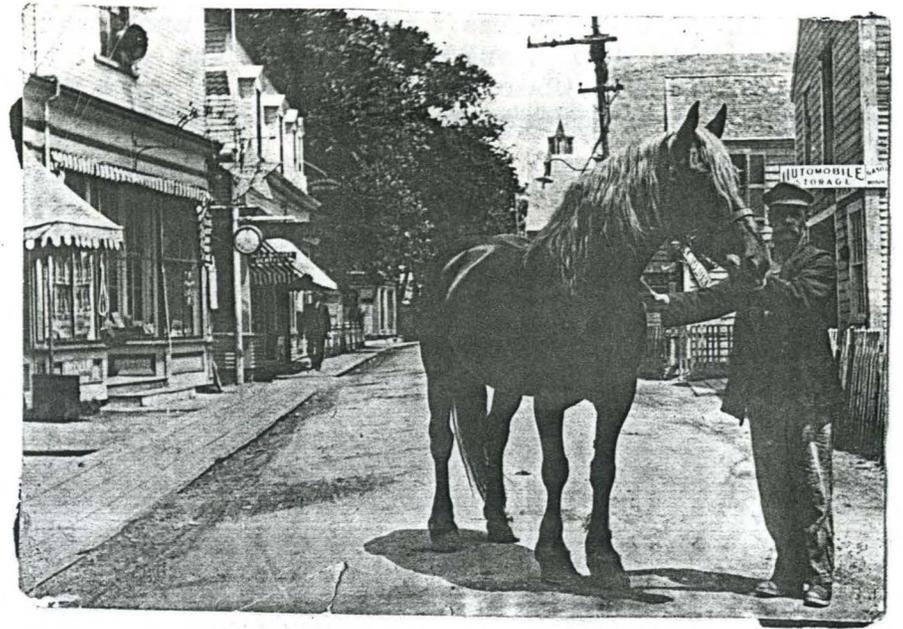
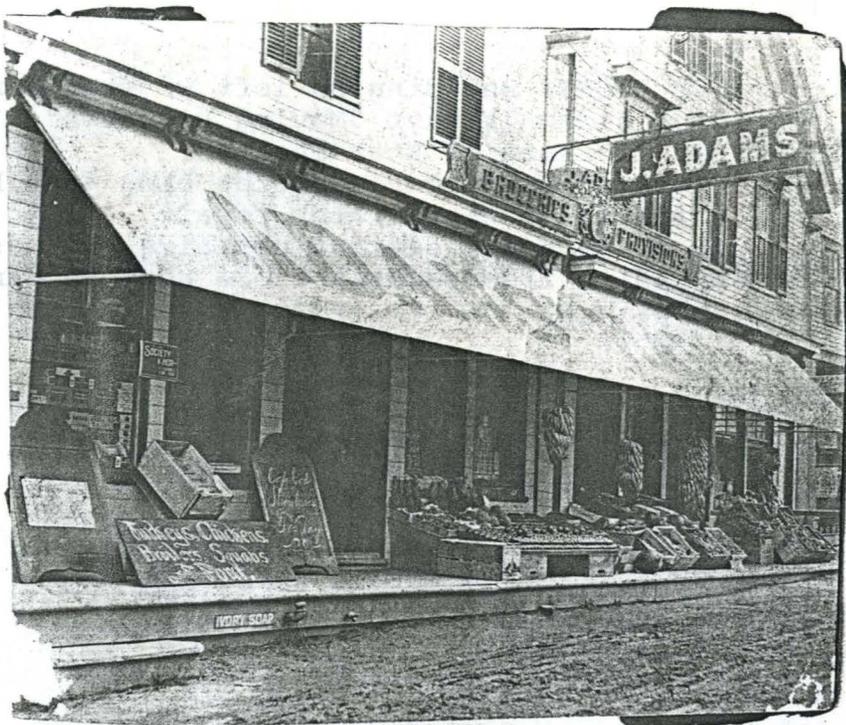
Caul. St., old Waterville, Conn.



Benjamin Lancy in middle of street (?)
John Manta on left in front of "Joseph A. Manta"
"Willard F. Rich - Boots - Shoes" just beyond Central House

Joe Amber's Store - confectionary, tobacco - later became Cookie's Tap

Manuel ("Paloop") Davis ran grocery store in building just beyond Cookie's
He was Minnie Alves' mother's god-child - later moved to S. Wellfleet,
started S. Wellfleet Gen. Store complex on Rt. 6.
Building was later owned by "Friday" Cook, who ran restaurant there
next to Cookie's Tap

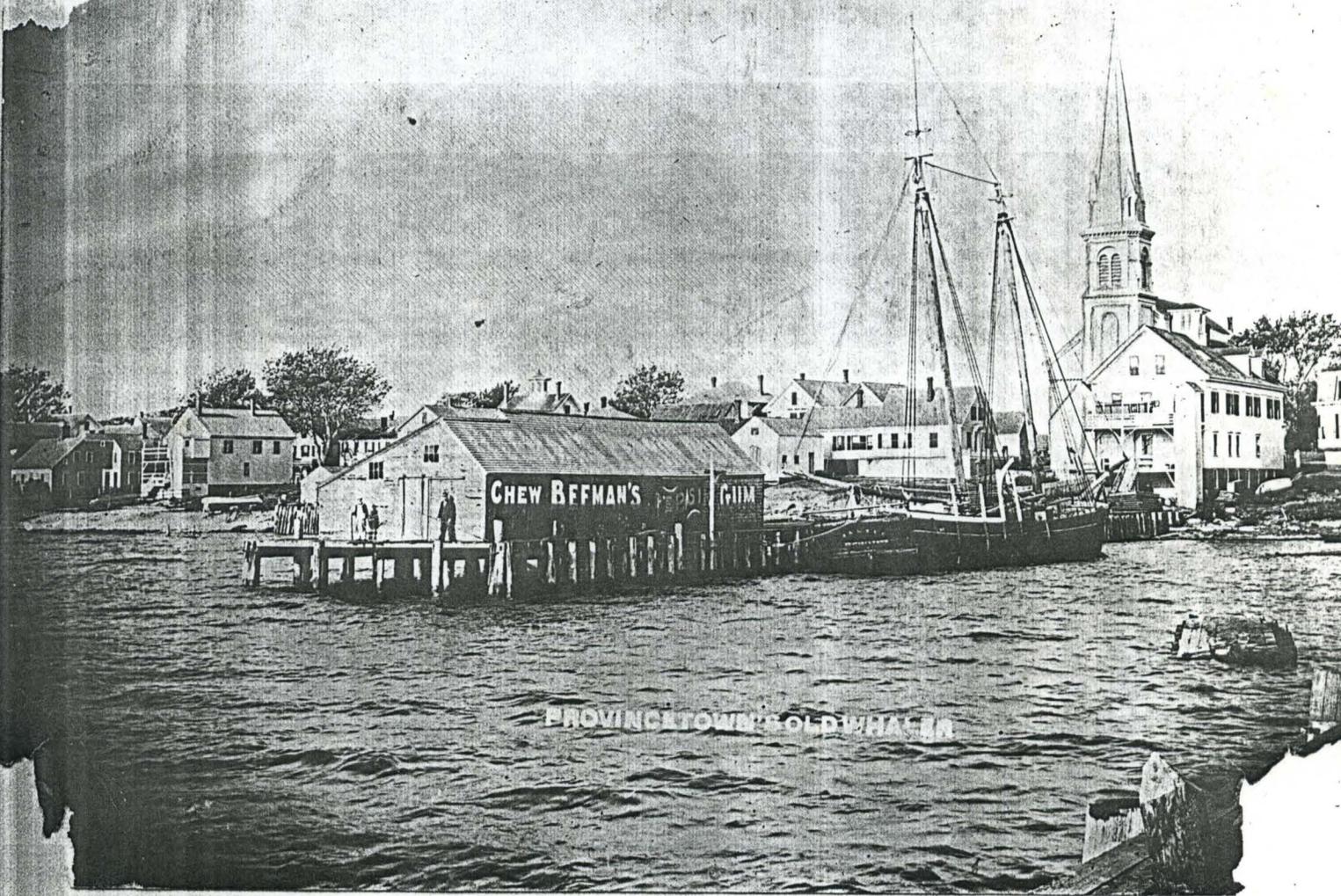


TOP LEFT: John Adams Market (forerunner of modern day supermarket) on Aquarium lot
"Cape Cod Strawberries today" sign next to door
Paige Bros. Garage replaced it c. 1917

TOP RIGHT: Building on left w/ star hanging over sidewalk says "Moving Pictures" (?)
Old location of Star Theater?
Clock at Masonic Pl denotes bldg just beyond which is jeweler, watch repair
E. A. DeWager, dentist upstairs (he was later upstairs from package store next to Camera Shop)

BOTTOM LEFT: Building to left of Adams Mkt (213-215) was John A. Cook (husband of Josephine Alves, Francis' sister) Funeral Home
He was amateur photographer, took most of these pictures
Buildings to left of 213-215 removed for P.O.

BOTTOM RIGHT: Fish flakes across from Masonic Lodge, present day Seamen's Bank lot
Old Advocate office to left of Masonic Lodge, later Matenos' cobbler shop







Anthony

Justin
Avellar



Left to right

1. Joseph Silva
 2. Anthony Alves
 3. ?
 4. Justin Avellar
 5. ?
 6. Joseph "Ducky" Berry
-



Left to right

1. Justin Avellar
 2. Joseph "Ducky" Perry
 3. Richard Jason?
 4. Anthony Alvea
 5. James Nelson?
-



Left to right.

1. Richard Jason?
 2. Philip Days
 3. Anthony Alves
 4. Joseph "Ducky" Perry
 5. Leonard Burch
-

WAGER-ALVES

Miss Mary Eva Wager, daughter of Mrs. Pheobe Wager, 40 Bradford street, and Francis J. Alves, son of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Alves, 3 Young's court, Provincetown, were married Tuesday morning at the Church of St. Peter the Apostle, the Rev. Father Carey officiating. The couple were attended by Miss Elmena Alves, sister of the groom, and Alphonse Wager, brother of the bride.

The bride was gowned in St. James blue georgette crepe with silver slippers and a veil forming a turban, in blue. She carried a bridal bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley and tea roses. The bridesmaid wore a gown of peach chiffon with gold slippers and her bouquet was tea roses and lilies-of-the-valley.

Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast of fried chicken was served at the Knights of Columbus hall, after which the couple left on a trip to New York, Montreal, Quebec and the White Mountains. On their return, they will make their home at 73 Franklin street.

The bride is a teacher at the Governor Bradford School, a graduate of Hyannis Teachers' College and Rhode Island College of Education. The groom is a civil engineer and surveyor, attended the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, and was graduated from Northeastern University.

The bride wore a traveling costume of royal purple with fox collar with beige accessories.

First Assessors' Maps Find \$75,000 In Added Valuations, Chairman Says

This Above Means About \$3,500 In Additional Revenue To Town in 1948—First Maps Make Handsome Profit For Town—Those Who Oppose All New Ideas May Learn From This Example

NOTE: It had not been the intention of the writer of this series to resume the weekly insertion of these articles in The Advocate until after Christmas. However, the receipt from the Civil Engineers of the first part of the new Assessors' Survey Map has proved so beneficial to the Town, it seems timely to report on it at this time.

By John R. Small, Chairman,
Board of Assessors

At the annual town meeting last February, the voters of this Town took an historic and progressive step. Tired almost to the point of distraction at hearing of "hidden property", disgusted with glaring and apparent inequalities in local taxation, and determined, at long last, to exert every effort to get the truth about our assessing situation, they passed Article 24 of the Warrant which had been recommended by the Finance Committee.

Article 24 reads as follows: "To see if the Town will vote to raise and appropriate the sum of \$1,000 to be expended by the Assessors for the purpose of having made an assessors' survey, and assessors' survey maps of a portion of the Town of Provincetown."

The sponsors of Article 24, the Provincetown Board of Trade, had held exhaustive hearings on the assessing situation at special meetings over a period of two months prior to the annual Town Meeting. At these hearings there appeared as witnesses assessors from neighboring towns which had found it profitable to undertake surveys, members of the local Board of Assessors (two of whom strongly favored the taking of such a survey), and personnel from the office of the Commissioner of Corporations and Taxation in Boston, as well as numerous plain, ordinary citizens!

Untaxed Property

At the hearings it came to the attention of those present that there actually were pieces of untaxed property which had escaped the attention or notice of the assessors, and that the only positive method of making certain that every parcel of land in Provincetown would, in future years, be placed properly on the books was to spend the necessary money for the first part of a survey map.

From the start, the opposition to the Article came from three sources. Some persons argued that it would be a waste of money to spend one thousand dollars in 1947 for an assessors' survey and survey maps, as the town could never hope to get back that amount in taxes in 1947. Some persons, including one of the assessors then in office, thought it was unnecessary because all the properties in town were "known" as of December, 1946. Still other persons were opposed for what this writer, in plain English, will call selfish motives. It is perfectly obvious that a few persons who held land which was untaxed or under-taxed were willing that the situation which permitted this assessing inequality, continue unchanged.

The sponsors of the plan, however, when it came up for action on the floor at Town Meeting, were adequately prepared to prove to the citizens that its passage was a "must", and that failure to approve the article would mean a continuation of injustice to hundreds of taxpayers. Following the article's passage, the Board of Assessors advertised for bids from various civil engineers, and finally awarded the job to Francis J. Alves, of Provincetown. Mr. Alves, assisted by John R. Dyer, of Truro, commenced work, and on November 30, this year, turned over to the Provincetown Board of Assessors the "atlas" of the portion surveyed.

Summary of Results

The Assessors have been studying this map now for almost three weeks and have the following report to make to the taxpaying public of Provincetown:

1. 51 parcels of property, hitherto unassessed and untaxed have been added to the real estate property list of the Town, and bills for 1947 taxes have been forwarded to the owners of record by the Collector of Taxes, as of December 10, the date upon which he received the "Omitted Property (December) Assessment."

2. It can be safely estimated that not less than \$75,000 valuation has been gained through the revelations of this first portion of the assessors' survey map. The 1948 Real Estate Tax list will show this gain, and possibly more. In dollars and cents (based on the 1947 tax rate) this will mean roughly \$3,500 in additional revenue for the Town of Provincetown in 1948, AND EVERY YEAR THEREAFTER. Thus, it can be seen, the cost of the portion of the survey completed in 1947, will be paid for, with \$2,500 to spare in one year alone.

3. The survey made in 1947 includes the portion of the Town from the Provincetown-Truro line to a point in the East End near the Colonial Inn, and running from Provincetown Harbor to the Atlantic Ocean.

4. For the first time, the Assessors have definite knowledge of the actual land areas and bounds of all parcels of property within the range of the survey, which includes all of Mayflower Heights, East Harbor Beach, and the so-called Pilgrim Park tract.

5. Had the property, previously unassessed and untaxed which has just been uncovered, been on the tax books in 1947 in June, the tax rate could certainly have been dropped to \$46.00 per thousand.

6. From the information thus gathered, and the study which has been made of the assessors' survey map of 1947, the Board of Assessors can, without fear of reasonable contradiction, predict that the second "leg" of the survey, planned for 1948, will uncover at least \$40,000 more in untaxed and improperly (underassessed) land areas.

7. The "Omitted Property (December) Assessment", dated December 11, 1947, will bring in, in taxes, to the Town, over \$2,500. Most of the parcels assessed in this commitment were discovered through the use of the survey map.

Wrong Again!

The opponents of the survey have been proven wrong. The facts and figures prove that this expenditure of \$1,000 is one of the few expenditures ever made by the Town of Provincetown which IN THE VERY FIRST YEAR paid a profit—in fact a dividend of 350%!!! The money has not been wasted, but spent to the advantage of 99% of the taxpayers. The opponents of the survey have been proven wrong again. Their statements made prior to last February that all properties were known and properly assessed to the right owners can now be seen for what they were—a lot of baloney, sliced mighty thin. Those few who may have opposed the survey for selfish reasons will now find themselves paying their fair share of taxes on exactly what they own—no more and no less.

Like so many other proposals which have been made from time to time for Provincetown, the survey map was discredited before it was ever tried. The better judgement of the voters saw merit in the proposal and said, in effect, by their vote, "Never mind! Let's try it and see!" The results should be glad tidings for those who had faith in the proposal and who fought for the survey on the floor at Town Meeting. The whole Town is better off for this experiment which has been shown, beyond any remote shadow of doubt, to be so fruitful and productive of good results, in excess even of the wildest dreams and expectations of its backers.

Provincetown's perennial foes of progress will do well to heed the lesson of the assessors' survey map, which is simply this: Not all expenditures are wasteful and extravagant. Many pay rich dividends to the Town and its people in one form or another—revenue for the treasury, better accommodations for residents and tourists, solutions to vexing problems—a better community for all.



L - R: "Cul" Gouveia, Francis Alves, Joe "Flyer" Sants, Richard Madeiros,
Joe Madeiros (no relation), Bob Collinson

John D. Bell photo

Francis has programs from Memorial Day Services between 1949 - 1961
Armistice Day " " 1948 - 1953
Veterans' Day " " 1954 - 1963



Kelly's Korner

By Jan Kelly

The fall smells and sounds are coming slowly. The spicy smell of the evening woodfire—romantic heat until it's time to switch on the furnace for a more practical source. I always enjoy the sound of a dog barking on the far side of night. The crisp autumn air carries the sound as no other season does. Soon the leaves will firm up the visual, and you will be constantly aware that it's autumn. No more slipping into a summer gear once that happens.

The bird migrations are ending. Four of us went to Monomoy to see another aspect of the migration, a concentration of shore birds. Whimbrels, sanderlings, semipalmated and black-bellied plovers and one golden plover, a hudsonian godwit, a dowitcher, a small blue heron, great blue herons, snowy egrets, a male marsh hawk, many female marsh hawks, and, host of the day, an immature bald eagle. Wonderful trip.

You don't have to go that far though. Sunday at Anthony's Pond at the end of Shank Painter Road the sun outlined three wood ducks, a black-crowned night heron (they look just like Tony Muco), four blue-winged teals, sanderlings feeding as they hopped from lily pad to lily pad, a whimbrel, and 13 painted turtles doing their "salute to the sun." That's a tiny pond, tiny and busy. After you check that pond, go to the Beech Forest and check our resident Canada geese. The family is grown and charmingly friendly. They will even trot around you if you don't have bread, and, if you do, they will eat out of your hand.

Wasn't that harvest moon a glorious one? The energy in town was very good. People sleep less when the moon is full, so they'd better be happy or they'll get into trouble. The word lunatic is apt; it was not coined out of guessing. The one I saw in trouble was in my yard. Near sunrise I heard banging on aluminum, banging on wood, on plastic milk cases, on Capuccino the Rabbit's cage—I could follow the progress of the noise. I raced down the stairs to check what this could be. "Bang, bang, bang," and no rhythm. Patience—then: entering downstage left, a skunk with a jar on his head. I attempted to help the poor creature; then I thought better of it. How was it seeing through that glass? Nearsighted or farsighted? I let it be. If Billy Fields isn't in Ireland yet enjoying a pint of Guinness, I'll ask him to perform the smash. But next night Stinky was trotting around minus the jar. He did figure it out and will never crave Parmesan cheese again.

Heaton is busier than ever with Meals on Wheels. Helen Fernald has fractured her right wrist, and Heaton is nursemaid. Heaton is very talented at this skill; he was a wonderful nurse to his mother during her convalescence. Heaton is a caring man. Poor Helen, always so active and doing for others, is in an opposite role now. I wonder how Heaton will manage her. I'm sure he'll find a way.

The other day I heard laughter coming from Young's Court. Never wanting to be let out of a good laugh, I turned the cycle around and rode up the lane. Abby Marchesani was working on one of her very good works. Abby's career as an artist is strengthening each year. Her talent grows as she works with it, and that so creative aspect, change, is evident from her canvases. Ricky Howard was the heartiest laughter in the group. Ricky is joyful these days, but he also needs some comic relief. He has just launched his 32-foot cement sailboat *Starbuck*, and although it will be interesting and fun, a boat is a lot of responsibility. Ricky worked on that boat up at Nelson's Riding Stables for eight years. There were times we thought it would become a cement stable, but Ricky persevered even to a custom-made interior.

Also watching Abby's brushstrokes were the future owners of the painting and the present owners of the house being painted. It was the first I knew of the move of Francis and Minnie Alves to Young's Court. They had lived at 144 Commercial Street since 1947. That is Minnie's family homestead. Her father bought

nie went to Hyannis Normal School. She first taught at Adamsville, Rhode Island, and rode daily in a jitney five miles each way to and from Little Compton. Minnie taught six grades, all in one room, for 14 months. During the winter a dedicated student kept the wood-fire burning. Minnie then taught in the Provincetown schools for 40 years, retiring in 1969. At that time she told Francis that he was not going to set the world on fire and that she wasn't going to stay home alone, so he retired in 1971. Off they went for a trip to Hawaii right away. Their mutual life is like a honeymoon. They were both born January 18, 1907, six hours apart. You see them regularly, fashion plates out on the town. Always smiling, always making people feel good.

They moved this year to his family homestead. Minnie's homestead is for sale. The Young's Court house was bought by Francis' father, John Joseph Alves, in 1906 from a Captain McKenzie who went off to Nantucket. Francis showed me the room where he was born 76 years ago. Bill Silva of the Seamen's Savings Bank was born in the same room 84 years ago during a period where the Silva family rented the house from Captain McKenzie. Bill, Emma, Francis, and Minnie were the best of friends. Francis always teased Bill that it was the one thing he held against him—they were born in the same room. Everything becomes a joke with jovial Francis. We sat in each room and all the artifacts, furniture, and photographs were explained to me. I even saw a photo of Francis in a dress when he was only a year and a half old. It was a family photo, the parents and seven children. Francis is the only one in the photograph still living. I remember his brother Anthony "Fat" Alves and his sisters Madeleine and Elmena. Anthony was chief engineer at the Provincetown Cold Storage at the foot of Johnson Street. Later he worked as a plumber.

I sat in Francis' mother's easy chair. All the furniture has been reupholstered. This one was done especially for Bill Silva. It was his special chair when he visited. The next room had a picture of the *Cap'n Bill* painted by Marilyn Chase Schofield. Minnie bought it for Francis as a surprise; she knew how much he liked it. And does he! Twenty minutes he can go about that painting. There's a photo of Father Manuel P. Ferreira, whom they refer to as their son. He spent more of his time in the Alves' house than in his own, so his mother would joke, "He's your boy, not mine." Father Ferreira is the pastor of the Immaculate Conception parish in New Bedford. The prettiest lamp I've ever seen is next to the photo. When the light is on, you have a beautiful sunset through the trees. I left with a promise to return. I'll carry a gift of homemade wine, and the talk will be even more glib. The skeleton key is in the door.

Minnie and Francis were sad that they had to miss the Trash Fish Banquet. They returned too late from Cape Cod Hospital, where Minnie's brother Alphonse Wager is. You know Alphonse; he was the meat cutter at Bryant's for years. With his marvelous sense of humor to inspire them, the nurses are chuckling through their chores. I'm writing up a list of one-liners for him now. Tom Kane visited to tell Alphonse he was saving all the baritone horn pieces for him. Tom and Alphonse both play for the Lower Cape Concert Band.

Well, Trash Fish was delicious and delightful. The restaurants showed great respect for the art of cooking. I would like to go three nights in a row to do it right. I invited the King of Trash Fish, Howard Mitcham, and Suzanne Sinaiko, a superb cook whose favorite dish is "raie au beurre noir" from her native Belgium. After a dozen or so notes to the deaf Mitcham, Suzanne asked, "Can you speak French, Howard?" French is Suzanne's first language. "Only fractured Creole Cajun French," Mitcham wrote back. Mitcham said, "They should only serve fish with this beautiful view of the Harbor. Never a piece of beef." As he looked around at the guests he said, "The hoi polloi, the hoi polloi." Belly full of shells and scales, he went off to liven up the Jug Band at the Surf Club. He's horrendously funny but unprintable. I'll have to tell you in person.

I heard next day there was some criticism that "Trash Fish" was taken as an ethnic slur by a few people in town. Janitor Jimmy Sants told me that during the depression his family got so sick of lobster they buried it in the backyard. It's in the eye of the beholder. Can you tell a family from Kansas who longs for their annual lobster dinner that the first person to eat a lobster must have either been very brave or very hungry? Joy McNulty of the Lobster Pot pleases

PRESIDENT
John W. Delano
220 Hudson Street
Halifax, MA 02338
(O) 617-294-0813
(H) 617-294-1284

VICE PRESIDENT
James P. Lapsley
76 Cottage Drive
West Yarmouth, MA 02673
(O) 617-362-8133
(H) 617-771-7469



SECRETARY
Paul R. Lussier
195 Orchard Road
Belchertown, MA 01007
(H) 413-253-7488
(O) 413-584-7444

Executive Director-Treasurer
Newsletter Editor
C. Edwin Anderson
215 North Main Street
East Longmeadow, MA 01133
(O) 413-525-4145
(H) 413-525-2380

MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION OF
LAND SURVEYORS AND CIVIL ENGINEERS, INC.

April 21, 1987

Mr. Francis J. Alves, P.L.S.
3 Young's Ct.
Provincetown, MA. 02657

Dear Mr. Alves:

In researching our records, we find that your license (#268) is the lowest number still on the list of Land Surveyors in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts as published by the Board of Registration.

I write a newsletter for our association and I would like to write an article about you. Would you please send me an outline on yourself with details of your past and present?

If you have any questions, please do not hesitate to give me a call. Thank you.

Sincerely yours,

John W. DeLano, President
Massachusetts Association of Land
Surveyors and Civil Engineers, Inc.

JWD/mmj

AFFILIATED WITH:

AMERICAN CONGRESS ON SURVEYING AND MAPPING
FEDERATION OF NEW ENGLAND SURVEYORS ASSOCIATIONS
ENGINEERING SOCIETIES OF NEW ENGLAND

REGIONAL CHAPTERS:

Berkshire County

Cape Cod

Central Massachusetts

Connecticut Valley

Eastern Massachusetts

FRANCIS J. ALVES
3 Young's Court
~~145 COMMERCIAL ST.~~
PROVINCETOWN, MASS.
CAPE COD

September 18, 1987.

Mr. John W. DeLano; President
Massachusetts Association of
Land Surveyors & Civil Engineers, Inc.

Dear Mr. DeLano:

In response to your inquiry of April 21st regarding my L. S. Registration Number 268, permit me to apologize for not getting to you sooner. Reasons for the delay are many but I will not bore you with them.

I was born in Provincetown on January 18, 1907 and married to Mary E. Wager, a grammar school sweetheart who became a school teacher in the Provincetown school system for forty years.

Following graduation from Provincetown High School in 1926 I attended Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, N. Y. and graduated from Northeastern University in 1932 with a B.C.E. degree in civil engineering.

Upon graduation from N. U. I came back home to start a surveying and engineering business. During those depression years, things were not very brisk however.

From the late thirties to 1971 I acted as Provincetown Town Engineer, doing road and sidewalk layouts, parking lots and drainage design and construction.

The above period of time was interrupted by World War Two when I served with the 1395th Engineers in the South Pacific from August 1943 to November 1945.

FRANCIS J. ALVES
3 Young's Court
~~125 COMMERCIAL ST.~~
PROVINCETOWN, MASS.
CAPE COD

After the war I also became associated with the late John R. Dyer, R. L. S. and P. E. of Truro, until 1957.

When registration became compulsory I registered as a Land Surveyor on October 20, 1942 and as a Professional Engineer on August 22, 1947, from which I retired in 1971.

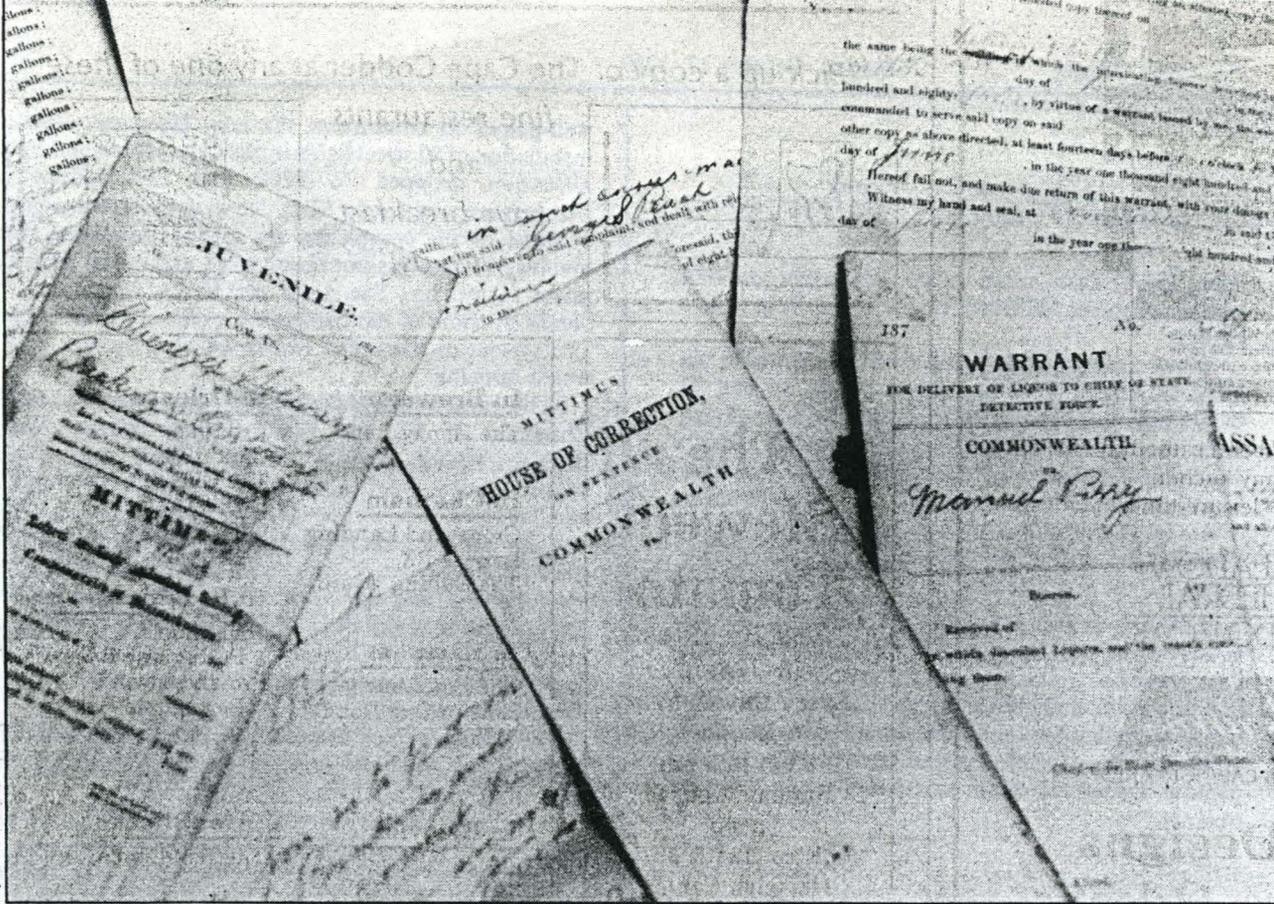
From 1963 to 1981 I served on the Board of Investment of the Seamen's Savings Bank of Provincetown. During the fifties I was elected to the Provincetown School Committee and more recently to the Board of Health.

At the present time I am living at 3 Young's Court in Provincetown in the same house in which I was born and that my father bought from an old sea captain in 1906. Presently I am an honorary trustee and appraiser for the Seamen's Savings Bank. I am a member of the Board of Directors of the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association and the Provincetown Lions Club, being a past King Lion. I am a life member of the Boston Society of Civil Engineers and the Cape Cod Society of Professional Engineers and of Land Surveyors of which I am a charter member and former secretary. I am also a life member of the local V. F. W. Post and Past Commander of the local American Legion Post.

Hoping that this resume will give you some idea of where I have been and what I am busy with at the present time.

Very truly yours,

Francis J. Alves
Francis J. Alves



Search warrants, complaints and other legal documents found during the renovation of a Provincetown home are on display at the Provincetown Museum at the Pilgrim Monument.

PHOTO BY HAMILTON KAHN

Provincetown Find Reveals The History Not Put In Books

By Carol Snowden

Anyone remodeling an old house expects surprises. Napi Van Dereck, owner of Napi's Restaurant in Provincetown, was not at all prepared, however, for a shower of documents when he opened up an old ceiling in his house on Freeman Street this past spring.

Whether these papers from 1883 and 1884 had been stuffed into the crawl space as insulation, or just discarded, will never be known. But it is fortunate that they were saved, for they provide a vivid picture of the other side of life, the human side which history books often overlook.

For the most part, the documents are search warrants and complaints written by Deputy Sheriff James W. Whitcomb. There also are bills relating to Sheriff Whitcomb's other jobs as an undertaker and florist. Unfortunately, many of these were too wet or too nibbled by mice to be salvaged, but the legal documents survived quite well. Mr Van Dereck recognized the value of the records and presented them to the Provincetown Monument Museum where they are now on display. All too frequently, museum director Clive Driver says sadly, finds like this one have been thrown out as worthless.

Among the administrative papers is a form listing 92

(Continued on Next Page)

Sheriff Moonlighted As Undertaker, Florist

It is not known if a policeman's lot was a happy one in Provincetown in 1883, but it certainly was not a lucrative one. The modest appropriation by the town for Watch and Police could not possibly support both Deputy Sheriff Joseph W. Whitcomb and Constable J. Harvey Dearborn fulltime. They had to have outside occupations.

Mr Whitcomb assisted undertaker Robert Knowles for many years and, in 1880, upon Mr Knowles's death, he established himself as his successor. Town Hall records note Mr Whitcomb was born in Yarmouth, Maine, in 1834 and that when he died in 1897 he was both a florist and an undertaker. These two occupations are represented in the few bills that survived the inroads of rain and mice.

Coffins were ordered from William L. Lockhart of East Cambridge, whose letterhead reads:

*"Caskets, Black Walnut and Whitewood Coffins
Thibet, Lawn and Cambric Robes, etc."*

At that time, adult caskets cost from \$10 to \$14; infant caskets \$4-\$6. One bill charged for six child's

robes (\$1.75 each, more or less) and eight assorted caskets. Another bill listed five adult and three child's caskets.

Floral arrangements came from J. Newman on Tremont Street, Boston. A special floral anchor, 22 inches high and suitable for the funeral of a sea-faring man, cost \$12. So did a 22-inch floral column. With steamships making regular trips between the two locations, shipping fresh flowers was not difficult.

As for Constable Dearborn, when he was not rounding up unlicensed male dogs, he worked as a janitor in the local schools.

A History of Barnstable County, edited by Simeon L. Deyo and published in 1890, states that up to that date, there had not been any murders in Provincetown and no natives had been sentenced to state's prison. It would seem that Law and Order could safely sell floral arrangements, provide coffins and wield a broom without feeling the town was being taken over by outlaws.

C.S.

Documents—Continued

"offences" in alphabetical order under columns for "Male," "Female" and "Total." Some are:

"Abandoning Child; Abduction; Bastardy; Bestiality; Cock-fighting; Common night-walker; Gaming; Incest; Liquor laws, viola'n of (including liquor nuisance); Obscene publications; Oleomargarine, keeping or selling; Profanity; Stealing a ride; Stubbornness; Unlawful keeping dog...."

The last item on the list is "Violating Lord's Day."

The opportunities for breaking the law were considerable and complaints for a fair number—not including oleomargarine harboring—turned up in the crawl space above "Poverty Hollow," Mr Van Dereck's house.

The number of legal documents makes it difficult to

accept the 1883 town report figures of only 74 arrests that year in a community of over 4000 people. As an example, the official report lists only two illegal sales of liquor for the year. However, Mr Van Dereck's find reveals that Bridget Butler was fined \$50 plus costs of \$6.65 on August 29, 1883, for the possession of 50 gallons of whiskey, rum, brandy, et cetera in her dwelling place. That same day, Manuel Perry was found to be selling liquor from his shoe store and candy shop, as was George Joseph from his shoe store. On August 31, only two days later, Hannah Stevenson was found to have a cache of liquor in her dwelling and an outbuilding. And there were more.

The temperance movement had swept the Cape earlier in the century and so Provincetown officially was "dry," which explains the large number of search warrants. Oddly enough, the town appropriated the same amount of money (\$300) in 1883 for "Watch and Police" as it did for "Temperance cause." The latter may well have given rise to the need for the former as residents moved into the smuggling business. Provincetown, as a seaport, was

well-placed to circumvent the law. However, after the installation of 82 street lights in 1884, the Watch and Police allocation dropped to \$250 and the amount for Temperance was cut to \$200. No explanation was given.

Some of the complaints are rather innocuous, some involve dishonesty, some immorality, and in one there was intent to murder. The good sheriff was wordy and the details of some of the complaints make colorful reading. The system of fines, if it can be called a system, also is worth noticing.

In the most innocent complaint, dated three days before Christmas of '83, five boys—George Brown, Joseph Brown, Walter Welch, Frank Chase and Frank Wagen—were picked up at the intersection of Franklin and Tremont Streets for engaging in a dangerous activity:

"...for the purpose of coasting and then and there did coast to the danger of the citizens and travelers then and there passing and did obstruct the said Highways and Streets aforesaid and did annoy those persons residing on said Streets and Highways and other wrongs then and there did in violation of the Bye (sic) Laws of the Town of Provincetown."

The five were fined \$1 each, which was pretty heavy for young boys. After all, hunting on the Lord's day only carried a fine of \$1.50 plus costs for adults.

For some reason, Francis M. Freeman's fish store was a challenge to youngsters; there were two complaints of breaking in the window glass and breaking open the door "while owner not there." The miscreants were fined \$1 each, plus a share of the court costs. One of the boys already had a record; he had been a coaster.

However, the two boys who broke into another shop "with the intent to commit the crime of larceny" did not fare as well; one was put on probation and the other was sent to the State Reform School during his minority. Freeman's store obviously had nothing worth stealing; fish in a seaport would never be something one would go to such lengths to obtain:

Male offenses against women were not punished very severely—if punished at all. A husband who "beat, wound, and ill treat and other wrongs" was fined only \$5. A man accused of rape—and there were two witnesses—was found not guilty and ordered to be discharged without delay "after due and full examination" by the judge. The man from Dennis accused in a bastardy case was declared innocent; his expense was \$10.50. To be fair, in the complaints about unlawful cohabitation and adultery, the participants were not punished, at least in the court, by

(Continued on Next Page)

anything more than having to pay costs. The reaction of the community is not recorded.

There is a lengthy description of the assault by a young man on the person—one did not use the word “body” in those days—of a young woman. This is how Sheriff Whitcomb described the encounter:

“Amos L. Lovett unlawfully and indecently did make an assault in and upon one Angie Bell and did then and there unlawfully, indecently and against the will of said Angie Bell hold the said Angie Bell in his arms and did then and there unlawfully indecently and against the will of said Angie Bell pull up the clothes of the said Angie Bell and did then and there unlawfully indecently and against the will of said Angie Bell put and place the hands of the said Amos L. Lovett upon the person of the said Angie Bell and other wrongs to the said Angie Bell then and there did Amos L. Lovett.”

Mr Lovett’s bond was \$300; the costs he paid were \$7.75.

Angie Bell died a spinster; nothing is known of Amos L. Lovett. There is cause for speculation about their reactions to the encounter with its publicity and legal after effects, but there is no further information about either party.

One of the more sensational complaints was filed by a mother on September 3, 1884 against a Vinnie Fish, who had led her underage daughter astray. A follow-up complaint subsequently was filed against the daughter, who had not heeded her mother’s admonitions.

The first complaint charges that Mr Fish:

“...fraudulently and deceitfully did entice and take away Rebecca A. Ghen from the house of one Rebecca S. Ghen, mother of said Rebecca A. Ghen to a house of ill-fame situated in Boston, Suffolk County, for the purpose of common indiscriminate and public prostitution at the house of ill fame aforesaid the said Rebecca A. Ghen being then and there an unmarried woman of chaste life and conversation.”

It is interesting to note that someone drew a line through the last four words. Although there were four witnesses (reimbursed 60 cents each), Vinnie Fish was found not guilty and was discharged after paying court costs of \$23.80, which included the four witnesses (one day, two miles each). The officer’s fees were \$18.95; other costs were \$2.45.

However, 12 days later, the mother filed a complaint against her daughter for stubbornness (see the list above). There is a ragged hole in the middle of the paper, but the surviving words read: *“idle... vagrant and vicious life and is*

Letter From A 19th Century Jail

Address (Sheriff J. Whitcomb
Dorchester
one of the N.B. Jail)

Dorchester N.B.
Aug 23rd 85

Mr. Whitcomb

Dear Sir

I now take
the pleasure of writing you a
few lines to let you know
I have not forgotten you & your
kindness to me while I was
with you. It is a little over a year
now since you have seen or heard
of me, but I guess you have not
forgotten me. I do not like to
write you. I am very sorry to
let you know I and James got
into trouble, as we did June 5th/84.
We were kept in jail till Oct 9th
waiting trial, and was then sent
ed for 2 year here in prison

PHOTO BY HAMILTON KAHN

At left, a letter written to Sheriff Joseph W. Whitcomb by Fred Koehler, one of his wards, in 1885—a tall tale if there ever was one. Its contents:

I now take the pleasure of writing you a few lines to let you know I have not forgotten you & your kindness to me while I was with you. It is a little over a year now since you have seen or heard of me, but I guess you have not forgotten me. I am very sorry to let you know I and James got into trouble, as we did June 5th/84. We were kept in jail till Oct. 9th waiting trial, and was then sentenced for 2 year here in prison. If I behave well I will have 3 months 6 days taken off my time. I have behaved very well so far. If I keep on so, I have only 11 months more to do. Bentley (I am sorry to say) had to be punished once (lost 10 days).

Perhaps you would like to know the reason we left the vessell. I have lots of good reasons, but some wouldn't do to write, but I will explain myself as well as I can. 1st, we had a drunkard for a cook and while drunk he was very dirty with the food. He attempted to strike Bentley twice, and of course I would take his part, so we couldn't get along very well. The evening we left we had quite a fight. Our mate was drunk about half of the time & we didn't think it would be very safe out in a dory with a man who was drunk. As I had never been out of the U.S. before I thought I would like to see what the Bluenoses [(Nova Scotia ships) were like. We walked over 2 hundred miles on the R.R. track and was

(Continued on Next Page)

guilty of continued stubbornness toward her mother.” On October 9, 1884, the court ordered the daughter committed to the State Industrial School for Girls during her minority. The family is no longer represented in the town.

The most serious complaint was filed against Frank Williams for attacking John Malcom in the back with a marlin spike. It reads:

“...in and upon one John Malcom (sic) with a certain dangerous weapon to wit with a marlin spike with which

the said Frank Williams was then and there armed, feloniously willfully (sic) and of his malice afore thought did make an assault and the said Frank Williams with said marlin spike the said John Malcom in an(d) upon the back of the said John Malcom then and there strike feloniously, wilfully and with malice afore thought did strike and bruise with the intent...to kill and murder.”

Frank Williams’s bond was set at \$3000, which shows the gravity of the crime, and he was ordered to appear in

(Continued on Next Page)

Documents—Continued

Superior Court in Barnstable. There was no question of his guilt; there were eight witnesses. It is not recorded, however, if he paid bond or languished in the jail on Central Street until time to appear in court in Barnstable.

Not all the crimes were as serious. Men who disturbed the peace, the most popular offense, were fined \$1 plus costs. Issabel Costa kept her shop open for an hour on the Lord's day—"the said labor business and work not being then and there works of necessity and charity." She was fined the usual \$1, plus the cost of four witnesses. There always were witnesses about.

Of the crimes officially listed in 1883, there were 31 cases of disturbing the peace. Malicious mischief was a distant second with nine. Drunkenness and liquor nuisances were right behind with eight each.

Constable J. Harvey Dearborn also was busy. There are several complaints against owners of unlicensed male dogs. The fine was very large—\$15 plus costs, which could be as high as \$5.25. Since the dog tax went to the library to purchase books (dog-eared volumes?) there might be some excuse for this apparent imbalance. It was for a worthy cause.

Historically, seaports always have had a high incidence of crime. The Yankee citizens of Provincetown might have decided prohibition would help keep the number down. It is difficult to say how effective this position was; seaports are such convenient locations for smuggling contraband like whiskey. Even an employe of the New York & Boston Express was charged with illegally shipping liquor in June of 1883.

Probably the only conclusion that can be drawn after reading these stained, scribbled warrants and complaints is that people will get into trouble despite all well-meaning attempts to prevent their doing so. Of course, these documents tell of the lapses of a small segment of the residents of Provincetown; the majority led sober, honest lives... and filed complaints against those among them who did not.

Letter—Continued

going to Halifax to ship for some place. We were within 40 or 50 miles to Halifax when we were very tired and sat down at a R.R. station to rest, when we had a temptation.

We left the vessell May 30th and reached this station June 5th, walked none one day, so you may judge for yourself how tired we were, and how much we needed money. But however (in broad day light) we entered the station and took \$.40. We were arrested two hours after. The doors of the house were all open and no one in. We went in and came out without touching a door nob.

While I was in jail I had a friend in, any one that would see me. The jail keeper is a widow woman with 7 daughters. There are two who took a great interest in

me, and even write to me now (age 18 & the other 16). There was a man came there to see us (Jim and I) and soon after he & his daughter came to see us and brought us books & papers. Soon after he came again with a minister. We had a few prayers, & the same day he called me aside in a corner and said he would try to get us off a tryal, & said that his daughter took a great fancy to me and said when I get out if I could marry her he would give his consent and also a small farm, 1 hundred acres of land (mostly wood) with a small house and barn attached and a few head of cattle (I got along very well). But hardly any one speaks well of Jim. I am well at present and hope you all are the same. Please give my love to the children, and also to your wife & sister in law. I will close now, hoping to hear from you some time.

forever yours,
Fred G. Koehler

NOTES FROM CONVERSATIONS WITH FRANCIS ALVES 1994 -

Photographs of his older brother & friends circa 1920

Standing in front of shack

Joseph Silva

Anthony Alves - born same day as Joe Oliver 9/20/02

Philip Days (&)(?)

Justin Avellar

Joe Oliver (?)

Joe "Ducky" Perry

Standing on porch

Richard Jason

Philip Days

Anthony Alves

Joe Perry

Leonard Burch

Kneeling

Justin Avellar

Joseph Perry

Richard Jason

Anthony "Fat" Alves

James Nelson

Francis' father used to load up on groceries at Crowell's Market (where Ocean's Inn is now) and take them down to Pickett's Wharf (where Hall's Parking Lot is now) and load them onto fishing schooners (inc. Rose Dorothea)... Francis helped him/also cooked on Valerie, sch. pict
Crowell lived in present Plums, corner of Pearl & Bradford//in Advocate su
2 wharves at Pickett's property: lement(see bel

(L. Pickett Fish Co.)

Fish were brought in at wharf on west side of lot
herring & mackerel from traps in harbor... Joe Oliver brought his catch in
Fish was prepared in building at end of wharf, there
Canning factory at ~~1/2~~ foot of wharf ... Francis worked there
Boardwalk connected to wharf on east side of lot where smokehouse was
fish were brought from one to the other
Red building in postcard view "Along the Shore" was sawdust storage for
fuel for smokehouse
Pickett's cannery later became Pilgrim FishCo. which Darrow was involved in

Advocate 125 year Supplement 8/18/94

p. 5 photo of Capt. John Silva & Frances Silva & family

Minnie's grandparents

Phoebe Silva (Wager) -- Minnie's mother

Minnie Silva -- Minnie's aunt (for whom she was named)

John Silva Jr. -- Minnie's uncle (Gloria Santos' father)

p.23 Capt. Frank C. Wager -- Minnie's grandfather on other side

Francis & Minnie married in 1937

lived at 73 Franklin St 1937-47; bought it for \$1750

" " 144 Commercial 1947-81, Minnie's grandfather's house

Capt. John Silva... Capt. John's Quarters, guesthouse

Francis' sister Madeleine (unmarried) lived on Young's Ct until 1981 (died

Francis' father bought 3 Young's Ct in 1906... Francis born there

Francis' sister Josephine (born c. 1892 - 1971) m. John A. Cook (1876-1943)
She was oldest of 7 (4 girls, 3 boys)
ran ice cream parlor where Christina's Jewelry is now;
her husband later moved his funeral business in there.
(In days before funeral homes, people were buried right from their homes)

Francis' photo shows Josephine on right in white dress in front of her shop
Susie Easterbrook on left -- she ran gift shop across the street
later became Priscilla Gift Shop/ Gryphon (owned by Joe Patrick)
platform in front of Adams' Market shown in foreground on right
Awning on the left over Fred Weeks' Market - 1st fl. of Masonic Hall (Cape
Francis' Sister Mary m. Joe Cabral, ran Rush Fish Market Spor
just of Josephine's/Christina's
just of " " was "Greasy" Prada's plumbing shop

"Mattie" Atkins owned house next to present Emporium across from Pl O,
had a lot of cats -- The "cat house" -- donated land on Snail Road
to Animal Rescue League

John A. Cook was partners in funeral home business with Walter Welsh
(orig. Judge Welsh) before he became judge; he owned 2nd house up Court St
from Commercial on right
(Francis still owns Josephine's/Christina's -- 213-215 Commercial)
Walter Welsh was grandfather of present judge -- son Robert owned house
next to Joe Oliver's on Commercial, no longer in the family;
grandson Robert lives in Dennis now

10/17/89 Cape Codder p. 2 section 2
3 days before Christmas 1883 -- 5 boys inc. Walter Welsh & Frank Wager
arrested for sledding on Sunday, brought to police sta., fined \$1. each
(orig. write-up found by Napi in old house he bought & was renovating
adjacent to restaurant)

Francis has photo of Susie Whitcomb on Foster's Wharf;
her father/brother (?) was sheriff, lived in Mirafior house on Freeman St

Frank C. Wager, Minnie's father
p. 94 of Life-Savers of Cape Cod, also p. 81 of Ruckstuhl book
at Wood End Station
Also pictured: Capt. Bickers, Arthur Bickers' father
p. 77 in Life-Savers : Charles Higgins at Peaked Hill Bars,
father of Phyllis Higgins who lived next to Heaton Vorse's

younger

Minnie's/brother Alphonse ("Phonse") Wager (died 1/9/96)
lived at 40 Bradford in homestead where Minnie grew up
He is mentioned in 1990 Blessing of the Fleet booklet
He worked at Joe Marshall's Fisherman's Market where Cumb. Farms is now
next to Center School
Later met man at George/Duncan Bryant's
Played baritone in Provincetown Band...Francis managed Band 17 years
Minnie played glockenspiel
Minnie also had older brother Louis

Minnie played piano at Provincetown Theater for silent movies \$9./week, 7 nights a week -- double features, matinees on Sat-Sun, 7¢ adm had to furnish ~~her~~ her own music

Her brother Louis played at Star Theater where Bowl-a-Way was also at Pilgrim Theater, on Town House side of present Portuguese bakery Frank Atkins ran Pilgrim; gasoline generator ran movies

Eastern School had 4 rooms, 4 grades -- 2 up, 2 down

Center School had 3rd, 5th, 7th grades (Francis went to both)

Helen Nickerson, principal of Center Sch. also taught 7th grade

Francis had her in 7th, her daughter Christine Nickerson in 8th 4th grade

Christine m. Jack Foster (painter); their son David lives on Duncan Lane boat-builder, had boat-house on Pamet Harbor (Dennis Jones knows him)

"Clayton College" in old VFW building on Conant St where Bonnie Doone is "stupid kids" went there according to Francis

Minnie taught 4th grade at Gov. Bradford School,

"departmental work" : music, science, geography

her kids had turtles; one that Minnie was particularly fond of, she used rub its neck & he would stretch his head out; kids were heart-broken to lose turtles when the building burned down

(thru 7th)

Kids went to "elementary school" at Center/Eastern Schools, then "grammar School" (8th-9th grades) on 1st floor of old high school

Francis was on 1925 PHS football team, won Cape championship, beating Falmouth

John Dennis owned house at 164 ~~Conant~~ Bradford...his children:

Hilda -- school-teacher, lived in front house

Delphine -- (m. Cabral) now in Manor, lived in house behind

Sylvester -- built house 2 back from street; born 6 days before Francis, his best friend

Frank Raymond, Joe Oliver's grandfather, raised Joe

owned where Nancy Kelly lives, down to where Harry Kemp Way is now had gardens, cranberry bogs, farmed

Frank's sons: Sam, John, Frank Jr.

Provincetown Inn mural featured on postcard #19 "Town Center"

shows "Scarry Jack" on converted fire truck peddling fish

Willie Sears (son of Capt. Joe Sears) who drove parcel post truck, wearing red vest & cap

Joshua Paine owned Murchison castle in Francis' time (Hollingsworth came earlier)
He was 1st owner of Provincetown Inn

Francis thinks Commercial St paved c. 1915
Manuel Peters' filling station: late 20s (?)

DeRiggs Ice Co. on part of Pilgrim Lake
near Whitehead Bros. sand pit
Crawley's Ice Co. on Shankpainter Pond near end of Race Road
Bennett's
Foster's Ice house near Bennett's
ice cut in winter, packed in sawdust/wood chips

De Riggs Ice house : replaced by "guano" factory
made fertilizer from fish waste ("gurry")
had pier on harbor, overhead trestle went over Rt. 6-A carrying gurry
short-lived, 1920's (?)
Frank "Blaney" Flores ran a dance hall on pier after guano factory gone
Joe Roberts (Margaret's father) had gas station later where pier was

2 companies owned land on Beach Point
Provincetown Band held concerts at Mayflower Heights (hired by land
companies?)...sold raffle tickets: win a lot on Beach Point

F. A. Days owned Mt. Pleasant House (his wife, Mrs. M.A. Days, prop.)
He sold it to John Francis, who sold it to Arnold Dwyer

F. A. Days bought former shirt factory on Court St (where VNA office is
rented studios to artists
It burned down (when?)

"Dan" Frank Small started Provincetown Cold Storage 1893
owned original Board of Trade building (business org.)
now Chamber of Commerce (re-organized as C.ofC. 1950)
also owned land along Standish St, now Small's Court:
conveyed building to Board of Trade Assn.

Francis says "Fishing Stezmers" pictured in blue-tinted postcard
are out-of-town "pogey" boats (menhaden same thing?): small "trash" fish
converged on the area late summer/fall, used nets, fished off the Race
probably burned coal for steam

1880 Atlas of Barnstable County: map of Provincetown
Barn on Pearl St shown as S. Cook -- owned Aho house also
S. Cook wharf at foot of Pearl St

Christy & husband Frank Murphy own Taqwa Glass across from Shop Therapy
(Pam Mandell worked for them organizing family papers & photos)
Christy's uncle (Baumgartner) owns family house behind Community Ctr
she & Frank live there now
Louise Waldin m. Leslie Baumgartner: son "Dickie" Baumgartner
Francis did survey of family property & plans for subdivision of part
inc. site of present Methodist church
(Francis laid out present Shankpainter Rd for County Commissioners c.1961
Photo shows Matheson Barn on present lower Winthrop St:
used to tar nets, later owned by Atlantic Coast Fisheries

Joshua "Tom" Small's Bakery, west of P.O., became "Charlie" Burch's
Clarence Burch owned Bryant's - No relation

"Jimmie Eddie" ATKINS owned furniture store at corner of Gosnold St Ext
same building as Post Office, east door
He offered Minnie anything she wanted when she & Francis got married:
she picked out silverware set; he said "That's all you want?"

He owned green-roofed house at corner of Center & Bradford, later owned by
"Jimmy Peak" Souza (strawberry man)

Walter Stiff had studio in back of J. E. Atkins store

Snow's (general merchandise) was just east of that building

Joe Macara started Land's End Marine in present Post Office Cafe
Prior to that, "Jack Peter" Silva had fish market there

J. D. Hilliard's store & wharf (later Higgins Lumber Co.)
was where Land's End is now... sold Kerosene, pickles, molasses, fish hooks,
general merchandise

Standard Oil tanks where Conwell Lumber is now: sold kerosene, gasoline,

Dunes Restaurant was upstairs from Seamen's Bank at corner of Ryder
Louise Baumgartner, prop. (daughter of Florence Waldin) 1923-40

Surfside Restaurant was just east of present Pier Cargo--driveway between
Minnie waited tables there

First National Bank was where Pier Cargo is now, remodeled 1921

Wippich Jewelry was one building west of Star Theater/Bowl-a-Way

Pierce & Cutler Pharmacy run by Priscilla Cutler/Dorothy Crowell (lesbian)
orig. on waterfront side of street, later moved across

Looking east from Standish St:

present Old Colony Tap sold "souvenirs, cigars & tobacco, confectionary,
ice cream": was Navy commissary during WW I

later, 2 Crawley sisters ran restaurant there - "Seabreeze"?

Pilgrim Club was behind O.C.

American Express office was on 1st fl. of building just east of O.C.

Darrow Adams/Arthur Bickers worked there

Lai's Chinese Restaurant was on 2nd fl.

now gone -
where bike shop
now is

Wong's Chinese-American Restaurant was across Comm'l St corner of Freeman
(later Plain & Fancy)

O'Hare's Fruit Stand next to O.C. Tap

Manuel "Maline" Costa had hot dog stand
just W. of Lobster Pot (before Moot)

Marshall's Cafe was east part of present Gov. Bradford:
Minnie worked there, \$5./week

John Francis (not East End realtor) had barber shop in little building
in front of Dr. Hiebert's office (which is now Pilgrim Variety)

He kept bees out Race Point Rd by present Dunes Edge Campground,
sold honey in his barbershop; advertised "Honey in the comb"

Rosenthal had gift shop next to corner - Standish & Comm. East.
later owned by "Blue" Enos

Looking east from Standish Street (cont.):

Isador Ferreira's cobbler shop was just east of Arnold's (now Hersheldon's)

Justine (*Stine) Jason had cobbler shop on n. side of st. just past Pil. P.
present "Elements" (?)

He had 10 kids, inc. daughters Catherine Cadose & Philomena Patrick

Ramos (blacksmith) was just east -- in alley -- of Frank Hurst building
which is just east of Court St firehouse

Francis' broth³r Anthony died 2/24/78 (6th oldest of 7)
retired 1965, chief engineer Provincetown Cold Storage for 25 yrs
survived by 1 daughter, Stephanie (in N.M.)

2 sisters, Mrs. Mary Cabral (d. 1978, 1 daughter) - 2nd oldest
Madeleine Alves (d. 1981) - 3rd oldest

2 brothers Francis

John Jr (Tulsa OK) (d. 1980, 2 sons) - 5th oldest

Elmina (4th oldest) died 1968/Josephine (Cook) (oldest) died 1971

Helen Rogers' house at corner of Conwell & Brqdford used to be/schoolhouse
part of Grace Pine estate (Helen was executor) along with cottages
at Beach Point 5th distr

Dr. Day left Drop-In Center Bldg on Gosnold St to the Town for Library
to be returned to Harvard U. if not used as library --which is what
happened...Harvard sold it

COLD STORAGES:

Oldest: Provincetown (Johnson St)
Cape Cod (Atlantic Coast Fisheries)
Puritan (Flyer's Boat Yard)
Fishermen's (Seaview Restaurant)

Built during Francis' time: Consolidated (Ice House) -
being built while Francis was going to Eastern Schoo^l
Colonial (Treasure 'n Trash/Penn. Co.)
West End (by C.C.S.) - didn't last long/too shallow

Francis attended Rensellaer Polytechnic Inst. 1926, graduated from
Northeastern 1932 w/ B.C.E. (civil engineering degree)
Town Engineer from late 1930's - 1971 (retired) -- road & sidewalk layout
parking lots, drainage design & construction-- reg. land surveyor 1942
Aug 1943 - Nov 1945 in So. Pacific

PRESENT ORDER OF BUSINESSES ** EAST TO WEST

SHORE (NORTH) SIDE

FREEMAN ST
Library
Cafe Blase

Pilgrim Variety/Dakit of Sanibel
(small building in front)

Gov. Bradford Restaurant
" " Bar

STANDISH STREET

Napi's Ice Cream
SMALL'S COURT
Skin Leather
Original Souvenir Shop
Mayflower Rest.
Lotus Guest House (w/tower)
(new shop on ground level)
Coconuts
ALLEY
Pier Cargo
Market Square/Cheap Thrills
The Shirtery
Sumo
(Seamen's) Fudge

RYDER STREET

Ton Hall

Euro/B & J
Firehouse
Pharmacy
GOSNOLD ST

WATER (SOUTH) SIDE

Land's End
Fat ~~Capt.~~ Jack's
Wild Rice/Edwige
Hersheldon's
Arnold's
Old Colony
Lobster Pot
Bennetton
BodyBody

STANDISH STREET

Portuguese Princess
Kent Edwards
Post Office Cafe
David's Place/Town Camera
Portuguese Bakery
Town House Mall
" " Restaurant
" " Lounge

Strangeways
Exuma
Penny Patch

RYDER STREET

Stormy Harbor
George's Pizza
Diane Z
Gloria's
Mario's
The Cotton Gin/Cock & Bull (3-story d
alley bl
Cotton Gallery/Family Jewels (Atkins/
GOSNOLD ST EXT
Shalom Gift Shop
Crown & Anchor complex

Sparks fly over fire house sale

By George Liles
BANNER STAFF

When the Selectmen voted August 7 to sell the old fire station at 189 Commercial Street to the highest bidder, they thought they were carrying out the wishes of Town Meeting. But, in the days since they accepted a \$100,000 bid by two New York residents, a number of people have questioned the decision.

One of the questions involves the Selectmen's decision to include in the sale a five-foot strip of land on the town landing west of the old Engine No. 2 building. The bid by Melissa Schwartz and Linda Freundlich, of Stormville, N.Y., was contingent on that strip being included in the \$100,000 purchase price. Because the fire house covers virtually the entire plot being sold, the five-foot strip of land may offer the building's owners their only possible location for a septic system.

Gwen Bloomingdale, a local business woman who has a shop that sells airplane memorabilia, told the Banner she tried to put a bid together and probably would have been able to get a loan to make a bid — if she'd known the five-foot strip could be included.

The successful bidders got a "windfall," Bloomingdale said. With the five-foot strip included, the fire house parcel is "worth a lot more than \$100,000," she said.

After the August 7 vote, several members of the Board of Selectmen, responding to public complaints, asked Assistant Town Manager David Goode whether they were operating within their authority when they included the

five-foot strip.

In an August 16 memo to the Selectmen, Goode said the five-foot strip was included in the parcel voted on by Town Meeting in 1988 and 1994, and in the document that went out to all potential bidders.

Bloomingdale acknowledged that the five-foot strip may be included in the bid document drawing, but charged that the drawing did not make that clear. "There's no numbers there," she said. "How could you possibly know what was included?"

Bloomingdale, who is a lawyer, wrote the Selectmen a letter in July, during the bidding process, asking that the boundaries be clarified.

"The only persons who can bid on the property as it now stands are persons or entities who can pay cash," Bloomingdale wrote, urging the Selectmen to clarify the boundaries of the offering so that local people could "solve the septic prob-

lem" and get loans to bid on the property.

Goode acknowledged that Bloomingdale came to him with those issues in July. "But they are policy issues, not technical requirements for selling town property," Goode said.

Another complaint to the Selectmen came from Francis Alves, an 88-year-old Provincetown native who produced an assessors map for the town between 1947 and 1954. Alves told the Banner that the parcel that is being sold was never legally separated from the town landing, and he questioned the legality of subdividing the site.

Goode said the parcel with the five-foot strip first appeared on an assessors map done by John Sewall Company in 1980. Before papers can be passed on the land, the subdivision must be approved by the Zoning Board of Appeals and the Planning Board.

Town landing

To the Editor:

Following is the text of a letter recently sent to the Provincetown Board of Selectmen:

This is my first letter to the Board of Selectmen in eighty-eight years. I am motivated by the recent vote of the board regarding the sale of Fire House No. 2. You received two bids of \$75,000 each with no conditions attached for the fire house lot. The \$100,000 bid was not for the fire house alone, but carried the condition that it include five feet of the adjacent Town Landing, yet you accepted the bid? The bidding is not on the same thing!

I might add that around 1950 the Commonwealth of Massachusetts ordered all sewer lines to the harbor removed. In order to comply with that order, an article was introduced at Town Meeting which would have allowed residents of Court Street to install a community cesspool on this same Town Landing. I personally spoke against this article, terming Town Landings as "Sacred Property" which are extremely important to all citizens of Provincetown, to say nothing of boat owners. The article did not pass.

My opinion concerning these town landings had not changed. In view of the above, I sincerely hope that you, our elected Board of Selectmen, will reconsider your vote on this very important matter.

Francis J. Alves
Provincetown

8/17/95

Humor and Acceptance Unite These Valentines

By Joyce Johnson

PROVINCETOWN — Sixty years together and still in love! That's a Valentine story for sure in this age of divorce and separation.

Mary and Francis Alves will celebrate their 60th wedding anniversary on April 19. They are both 89 years old and have lived in Provincetown almost all those years.

What is very special about their lifetime romance is that they were born within six hours of each other, on Jan. 18, 1907.

"When I found out there was someone on the other side of town that had been born on the same day as I was, I just had to meet her," Mr. Alves said in a recent interview.

The romance began to bud in earnest when Mary Wager sent a piece of her birthday cake to Francis, who was a year behind her in school (he had to repeat first grade because of illness).

Mary, whose nickname is Minnie, sent the cake to him by way of a classmate. At first Francis spurned it, thinking it was from the classmate, in whom he had no particular interest. When he found it was from Mary, he insisted she should have a piece of *his* birthday cake, a special Boston cream pie baked by his sister every year.

They became inseparable. Mr. Alves remembers

some of the simple things they did as teenagers, but especially the dancing.

"There were dances everywhere in those days," he said. "Minnie loved to dance. Her mother said it was because when she was being born, at home, the students next door were marching into school and she must have heard them because her feet have never been still since."

He also remembers rowing her around Provincetown Harbor on Sundays after church, she still in her fine dress and patent leather shoes.

"I had to make sure the boat was not leaking or wet," he said.

They married in 1938, Francis having attended college to become a civil engineer and Mary to become a teacher. Since then, except for his years in the Army during World War II, they have seldom been apart. (He



Francis and Mary Alves will be celebrating their 60th wedding anniversary.

Staff Photo by Joyce Johnson

served with the engineer corps, building bridges, roads and air strips from Guadalcanal to Okinawa)

Although they never had children, they have made up for it by filling their lives with the children of the community.

"She taught every kid in town," Mr. Alves said. "It was destiny — someone had to take care of all these kids in school."

Her students remember her love for music and how during the war, she would play the piano while they sang a medley of war tunes. She played for hours accompanying the old "silent movies."

"I was paid \$9 a week for playing every performance, which sometimes included a double feature," Ms. Alves said.

Mr. Alves also showed his love of children by running croquet tournaments at their home, inviting all the neighborhood children to participate.

(Continued on Page 13)

2/13/96

Valentines

(Continued From Page 1)

A licensed engineer, he was the first to survey the town and although he retired a number of years ago, he is still called upon for advice and opinions, the most recent being his disclosure that a town firehouse could not be sold because the property

includes a town landing to Provincetown Harbor.

For 17 years, he managed the town band in which his wife played the glockenspiel.

They both love the fact they were born on the same day, within six hours of each other.

"She is the oldest," Mr. Alves said, grinning. Ms. Alves smiled back fondly.

Perhaps it is that easy humor

and acceptance that has sustained their relationship all these years.

"We always talked about things before we did anything," Ms. Alves said. "When you talk you see things more clearly."

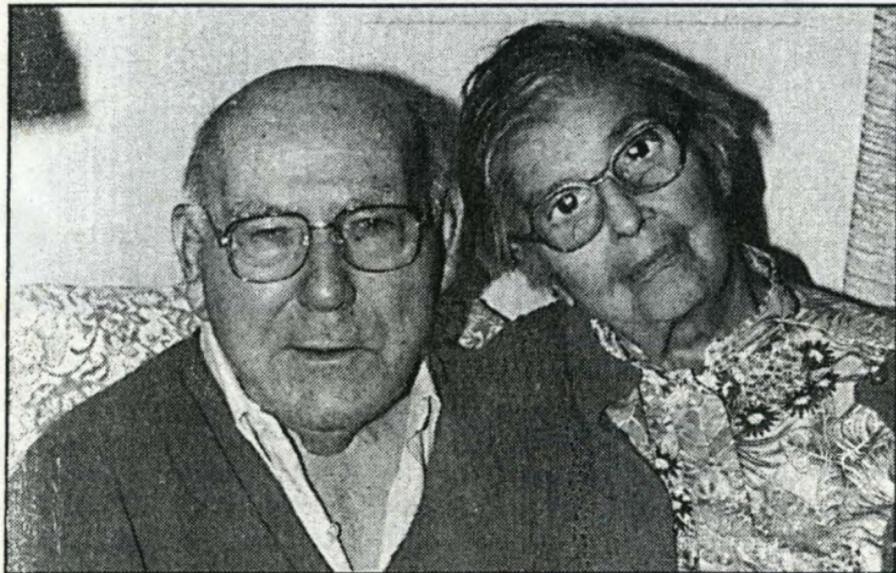
Mr. Alves agreed. He said another key to harmony is knowing when to keep quiet and when to speak up.

"When you say 'for better or

worse' you have to understand what it means," he said. "The problem with young people today is that they don't spend enough time getting to know each other. We went together a long, long time. We knew we were right for each other."

He noted Mary's maiden name is Wager.

"Our marriage was a good bet," he said, "a very good bet."



Mary 'Minnie' Alves and her husband Francis.

Staff Photo by Joyce Johnson

Mary "Minnie" Alves, 89

Mary "Minnie" (Wagner) Alves, 89, of Provincetown, died Dec. 16 after a long illness. She was the wife of Francis Alves.

Mrs. Alves was born in Provincetown to Frank C. and Phoebe (Silvia) Wagner. She was the granddaughter of Capt. Frank C. Wager and Capt. John G. Silva, schooner captains in the Provincetown fleet in the late 1800s. She graduated from Provincetown High School in 1925 and received her teaching certificate from Hyannis Normal School in 1927.

Her career as a teacher spanned 42 years. Mrs. Alves first taught in Adamsville, R.I. and then she returned to Provincetown where she taught grades 1 through 6 at the Eastern, Center and Gov. Bradford schools. Best known for her playful sense of humor

and love of music, Mrs. Alves played piano for the silent films at the Provincetown Theatre in the early 1920s, and was a glockenspiel player for the Provincetown Band from 1945 to 1962. Her marriage to her "soul mate" Francis took place in 1937. Born six hours apart, their courtship began in grammar school.

She was a former member of Legion Morris Light Post 71 Ladies Auxiliary, V.F. W. Lewis A. Young Post 3152 Ladies Auxiliary and the Massachusetts Teachers Association.

Beside her husband she is survived by two nieces, two nephews and several cousins.

Memorial donations in her memory may be made to the St. Vincent DePaul Society, c/o John Cook, Court St., Provincetown, MA 02657, or to the charity of one's choice.

Last week at Michael Shays Steak and Rib House, Francis Alves of Provincetown, Raphael Avellar of Louisville, Kentucky and Florence Dill Evans of South Yarmouthport, the three surviving members of the Provincetown High School class of 1926, celebrated their 71st reunion.

Hale and hearty, the threesome toasted one another and their missing classmates. They exchanged reminiscences of their happy days together at Provincetown High School and growing up in Provincetown. It was the first time the three had met since their 50th reunion in 1972.

The years have treated them well. At 89, Evans is the youngest of the three. A secretary for the Town of Winthrop for 25 years, Mrs. Evans retired in 1959. She married twice and raised two children, Walter and Barbara. Her son is the former football coach at Dennis-Yarmouth Regional High School.

Mrs. Evans spoke of old Provincetown, mentioning Town Crier Walter Smith, whom she said always had a runny nose. Town Criers were in those days a reliable source of daily "news," much of which wouldn't be considered news today. She also spoke of how different it was then for young people, who often traveled great distances all over the Cape to attend dances.

They danced a lot and went everywhere to do it, traveling as far as Hyannis to the Mill Hill Club.

"We thought we were raising Cain," she said.

"We were innocents, really," said Avellar.

"Unless you went out behind the barn," Evans said.

The Provincetown they remember so fondly was quiet. It was busy and crowded only on summer holiday weekends, they said, otherwise, everything went back to "normal."

Both Alves and Avellar are 90 years old. Alves is older than Avellar by six months. Both were members of Provincetown High School's football team. Alves had been a running back.

They particularly remembered how Provincetown, the smallest team in the league, as usual, played the large, up-Cape teams like Barnstable, whose 53-6 loss to Provincetown they still remembered with great relish.

Avellar, the quarterback, played much of that game with a broken shoulder. Alves asked him if that injury still bothered him.

"It sure does," said Avellar, grimacing. "If I had



Advocate photo by Duane A. Steele

Having a very good time at their reunion, (l.) Francis Alves, Florence Dill Evans and Raphael Avellar

known what it would have been like, I would never have played football."

Alves, who graduated from Northeastern University, was a successful civil engineer and land surveyor in Provincetown. He was married for nearly 60 years to his childhood sweetheart Minnie, a fourth-grade teacher in Provincetown who died last year. Alves is still a source of information for Provincetown officials when it comes to land in Provincetown and its boundaries.

His license as a land surveyor in the Commonwealth is number 268. He has been notified by the state that he has the most longevity among all of Massachusetts's registered land surveyors.

"I'm the grandfather of land surveyors," he said. "No one has been registered longer than I have."

Avellar, who now lives in Louisville with his baby sister Izabel Souza, 88, was a journalist at the New York World Telegram who, among other things,

covered the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptman, then called the trial of the century. Hauptman was found guilty of the kidnapping and murder of the Lindbergh baby. Avellar, who went to Dartmouth College, also covered the vice trial of Charles "Lucky" Luciano, the Hindenburg disaster and was an investigative reporter for Good Housekeeping and Cosmopolitan magazines. He had been the editor of the Provincetown Advocate, a position, he said, that landed him his newspaper job in New York.

He met his wife, the former Katherine Schachner, when he was a soda jerk at Priscilla Cutler's Pharmacy, where Zazz clothing store is located. Katherine had come to Provincetown to study art. They were married for 55 years.

Evans, Avellar and Alves were joined by Mrs. Evans's son Walter and daughter-in-law Marie of Centerville, Avellar's niece Mary-Jo Avellar and her husband Duane A. Steele.

FROM THE ADVOCATE ARCHIVES



Jan. 10, 1957

Land Grabs Would Halt Future Growth

Provincetown, already by far the smallest town, in area, on Cape Cod, would be some 1,230 acres smaller with the passage of a bill now filed in the Legislature, calling for the conversion to state and federal ownership of that amount of Cape End land. According to Francis J. Alves, civil engineer, who recently completed mapping properties in the town, only a little more than 200 acres would be left for development and much of this land is covered by marsh or water.

Figures compiled by Mr. Alves show that the grand total of property in Provincetown is some 6,136 acres. Of this, the Province Lands take up 3,591 acres, leaving the town a balance of 2,545 acres. With the construction of Route 6, some 402 acres were taken by the state, leaving the town with 2,143 acres.

The 1,230 acres proposed to be taken by the state for its conservation and recreation program would leave Provincetown with a total of 913 acres. However, Mr. Alves said, about 700 acres are now developed.

Provincetown Selectmen and the Planning Board have gone on record opposing proposed state taking of some 1,230 acres of land in the town, which would give the state and federal government ownership of some 85 percent of the town's territory.

Opposition to the proposed federal taking of the back beach area in Truro for recreation purposes was voiced by members of the Truro Neighborhood Association.