

# Provincetown in Gala Garb for Celebration

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These sidewalks, so bitterly opposed by the early town fathers that many refused to use them during their life, are so crowded with gaily clad women, while flannelled men and blue garbed "middies" that any but the proverbial snail's pace is impossible. A continual line of automobiles, bearing the number plates of almost every State in the Union, weave their way in and out, causing traffic jams that would make even a New York policeman weep.

For Provincetown is celebrating for four days and the tourists of the nation are celebrating with her. Commercial street, from the beginning of the town to where the roads turn to sand and sea at the tip of the Cape, resembles a midway, every building draped in bunting while souvenir vendors, hot dog dispensers, dancing monkeys, hurdy-gurdy men, are on hand and even a merry-go-round has been set up on the shore where once whaling schooners anchored.

## Harbor Dotted With Yachts

Out in the harbor—that first lured men to fish in the Colonial days and finally caused a permanent colony to settle, to grow, and to incorporate into Provincetown—is dotted tonight with dozens of yachts, while anchored further out looms the U. S. S. Arkansas, ordered here by the Navy Department to take part in the festivities. And while her officers, with Vice-Admiral A. H. Robertson, commander of the Scout Fleet, are dancing tonight at the ball given in their honor, in the Provincetown Inn by Joshua Paine, the giant searchlights of the battleship are playing in the town, throwing into stern relief the shaft of the Pilgrim Monument as it towers up over the rejoicing settlement.

From the lips of a 14-year-old school girl, Joselyn Lewis, the visitors received their official welcome to the jubilation, for the town fathers resolved that there would be no long-winded speeches to bore their guests during their four-day visit here.

And it was from the members of the first year high school class that the several thousand who gathered around the Town Hall heard the history of Provincetown reviewed for them tonight, at the official opening exercises. In sentences brief and girlish, the blonde-haired Katherine Viera opened the Memory Book and introduced her classmates who were to build up, bit by bit, the history of the settlement.

## Thorvald's Adventure Sketched

The early adventure of Thorvald, brother of Leif Erickson, was briefly sketched—his landing here and finding of good lands, his sudden death by an Indian arrow, and his desire to be buried on the "goodly lands" here, now known as Chip Hill. As the boys, all sons of fishermen, told of the days of Provincetown's glory on the seas, one could almost see the whaling schooners nosing their way in to the placid harbor where the yachts rocked at anchor and the lights of U. S. S. Arkansas played.

Brief as were the exercises, taking not over a half hour and brief as was the welcome, it was indeed impressive.

"We welcome all who wish to gaze on our monument," said Miss Lewis as she leaned on the rails of the side porch of the Town Hall and looked into the sea of faces, "or those who wish to see the ever changing marine views, the picturesque sand dunes or those drawn here by cool breezes and the health giving climate as well as the quaintness of the town. The old town incorporated 200 years ago welcomes each and all."

A band concert, both afternoon and evening, was given by the band of the U. S. S. Arkansas, under the leadership of Bandmaster J. O'Leary, as there will be each day of the celebration. Even the all-year-around residents were given a treat this afternoon when the Highland Coast Guard gave a demonstration to a couple of thousand on the working of the breeches buoy. Seldom do the townfolks have the opportunity of watching life saving unless they brave the cold and make their way to some wrecked vessel.

E. B. Andrews, officer in charge of the station, made a perfect shot of 90 yards to "rescue" A. R. Silva, surferman of the station. This is to be repeated each day, a feature of the programme.

The big day, however, comes tomorrow, when artists and townsfolk unite in a parade that will take over an hour to pass through the six miles of the route.

## Every Truck Chartered

Every truck in town and many from Truro, have been chartered for the floats which the various organizations and clubs are entering in the parade that starts at 2 o'clock and will be reviewed by David I. Walsh, Congressman Charles L. Gifford and a representative of Governor Fuller.

Ample provision for handling the traffic today and the even greater crowd of automobiles expected tomorrow has been made by the committee in charge of the celebration, and by Chief of Police John C. Williams, who not only has the six members of the force directing traffic, but also the five constables. Ten State police officers, under Sergeant Harold McFarland of the Middleboro troop, have come from the various Cape troops to assist.

## Lodgings at a Premium

And tonight as the crowds continued to arrive by car, on the evening train, lodgings are at a premium. Not a vacant room is to be found in any of the many hotels, inns and boarding houses, while many are being forced to drive to Truro and Orleans for lodgings.

The members of the committee in charge of the four-day affair are Jesse D. Rogers, Hersey D. Taylor and Edwin D. Paine.