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"All The Dirt That's Fit To Dish."

PROVINCETOWN LOG

Copyright, 1938, by Evelyn Lawson Wells

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Managing Editor, Evelyn Lawson Wells
City Desk, William Steele
Dramatic Editor, Francis Dears
Advertising Manager, Randolph Bowers

Weather Forecast: Rain.

The Red Menace Or You Can't Win

Last night at the Flag Ship I was startled to hear that a red menace had landed and settled in Provincetown. I was even more startled to hear that the staff of the Log were Stalinists to the man and that Moscow gold was being pored into the coffers of the Log. This is bad. The coffers of the Log could stand a little gold pouring in but I don't know how to go about getting any from Moscow. Any suggestions? I only know about getting gold from one place and that is from a very conservative Republican Investment banking house in Baltimore and Richmond, Va. that handles a very old and a very democratic estate, and I have had a good deal of experience in getting gold this way. It comes from a family estate from which I am lucky enough to derive certain benefits and is the direct result of moneys built up in the late eighteenth century on, "God help us," not share coppers but actual slave cotton labor, with tobacco on the side.

But what with Jimmie Roosevelt selling insurance and other taking ways it seems as though it hasn't been quite worth while for Grandfather or his Dad to have worked so hard. Yes, I think they wasted their time as it has turned out now. So if there are any fresh ideas about ways of getting gold, cut me in on it.

I suppose the Log is constructed on communistic principles, the girls and boys like to say it's co-operative but that's only because I haven't enough money to pay them good salaries. But I think they would like good salaries better. Yes, I don't think even Bill Steele would let his convictions stand in the way of a good salary.

(Continued On Page Five)

We All Make
Mistakes
Contest

Coupon Number
TWO

★ FLASH ★

Dunes Claim Tom Moran Practically

Provincetown, July 26. Tom Moran was found this morning in the dunes behind Race Point prostrated from exposure and hunger resulting from a weird series of events to be found in the annals of Provincetown.

To quote Moran: "McLaughlin, Link Allen and myself left last night on what we thought would be a pleasant horseback ride through the twilight dunes. All of a sudden Mack's horse bolted, so I gave him mine to aid him in corralling the steed. Link went with him and I was left with myself.

"I stayed in that spot for four hours, hoping for their return, but with no success. Then I started to talk to myself, but the fog was so thick this didn't seem to help much. In the distance I could hear the fog whistles, but they never seemed to come from the same place. Due to the inclement conditions none of the town lights were visible, as was not the North star also. I finally realized that they couldn't find me so I began to look at the base of the scrub pines that had been scratching at me all night. I had heard that moss at the base of trees always told the direction of true North. Doves of insects attacked me from all sides. I wandered around in circles until I found my own footsteps. I climbed the nearest dune, hoping to get my bearings from there. But a larger dune loomed ahead. I reached and climbed it. Still another dune ahead. At last I reached the foot of that final dune. It took me hours to reach its crest. Just as I turned my eyes downward, and was about to light the flare that would have brought relief, I collapsed. I was done in."

Link Allen and the crew of the Delft Haven Stables, who made the thrilling rescue at eight o'clock this morning, confirmed many of Moran's statements. "The dunes looked as though a troop of cavalry horses had been going through manoeuvres," said Allen. "Moran showed great fortitude. He got nowhere so fast it's a wonder he's alive to tell the tale.

Maia Duncan Dances

On Wednesday the 27th Maia Duncan will give a solo recital at the Beach Terrace. She is well known in Provincetown for having performed for many seasons past, usually with a partner. The dance features will be Hungarian, Oriental, and Spanish dances. She is famous in New York for her interpretive folk numbers.

— Cape Capers —

Apologies to NAOMI—she got a letter from WILLY VAN LOON this week .. but I was referring to the group as a whole .. it was really BLAKE, his sister and KAY HARE that thought she was such a mess .. I hope this column has enough sting for her now .. it can keep on all summer too .. HAWTHORNE (BERNAR MacFADDEN) BISSELL says "I hate BILL STEELE" .. BILL says he still has TRAY .. "Bring 'em Back Alive" JOCKO has cell number 4 reserved for JACK TUCKER all season .. CHARLEY DARBY is hitting it again .. it must be that something unhappy has happened to him .. I wonder what .. I think I know .. CHARLIE HEINZ seems to be stealing the show at the ART ASSOCIATION .. even the big boys admit it ..

And on the subject of Art, who may we ask comprises the Art Committee at the BEACH TERRACE .. or is it solo .. Understand WARREN CLAY'S shaving interferes with the afternoon radio program at the SHED .. he will have to beard it all summer if the local boys expect to get in their Cocktail Carioca .. Order a Green Creme De Minthe at the WHITE WHALE and watch MILT put it through the new FRAPPER .. VAN WART'S song there we like the best is his MEDITERRANEAN FOLLIES, "she wore her HELEN RUBENSTEIN new strawberry sponge mask .. that allows the pores to open and close at will" .. a very ga ga song.

Enough comments about MRS. PATRICK'S cigars .. she wants 'em, she deserves 'em, and she ought to have 'em .. Again PROVINCETOWN knows no SPAIN .. witness the BARRICADE of BLOCKADE .. The little twist that mistakes the FLAG SHIP for a Turkish Bath is DELL GRILLEY BERELY .. no pants at all .. The live wire on Center Street was apprehended by JOCKO last Thursday night .. it could have killed thousands .. BILLY TASHA, former all 'round athlete-four letter man (who could ask for more?) is going to Hyannis State Teachers' College in the fall if mama lets him .. REINE AVELAR is the happiest married gal in town .. VERONICA FISHFURN says she would like to have a little boy named STERLING SILVA .. but don't take her up on it.

PET DEPT. .. I have been elected vice-president for the SOCIETY FOR THE RETENTION of the IRON FIREMAN .. Do not serve MERCEDES drinks as I will not be responsible for her tabs .. it's all I can do to pay my own .. The cock JOE, 40-8, does not like his new home and JACK CONNELL has put him in the Guard House to await fresh detail there .. NORMAN RAYBAN arrived and is painting .. BETTY LODGE, ye seamstress songbird, has clicked with her new designs and her new stand at the PERSONAL APPEARANCE SHOP .. Her custom built dresses are so wonderful that they are being copied by VOGUE and sponsored by the WAMSUTTA people .. ARTHUR at the FLAG SHIP reports that he served two people hamburgers instead of mackerel that they had ordered .. and they ate it .. half way through they asked him if he were sure it was mackerel .. the folks were from IOWA .. On the night of the ball all the spots can keep open but can't serve liquor .. they will serve food however and music will be allowed to go on .. The FLAG SHIP will be the press headquarters. Your welcome Beachcombers .. PAT PATRICK is personally donating the liquid press refreshers as his contribution to the brawl .. our staff has viewed the prizes and they are something. ..

At the BONNIE DOONE they are putting up dollar lunch boxes for the Beachers who like to spend the day .. you would be surprised what you get in the boxes .. they are big enough to go around in quite a crowd.

MARGARET PERRY was at the BEACH TERRACE on their Russian night looking handsome in red .. BRIT BOLTON has been let out of the Kennel .. Why? .. The Messrs. BURCH, MALCHMAN, and EARL had better watch their p's and q's if they want to hold on to the cute red head on FURTARDO'S wharf 'cause several of the ebs. have their eyes on her .. Eh, Mr. SNADER? .. IRA IRIS is doing so much business at his BOHEMIAN bar that we know we will hold our indoor picnic there .. Unexpected fun from all quarters .. The Q.P.s. plan a reunion to plot their attack for a comeback and victory over the ggs. .. MARION WELLS will go to New York to see about getting released but she won't stay at liberty as long as Pulverizing PULVER has his way .. TOM MORAN, entertained at the BEACH CLUB along with GEORGINE .. got a big hand .. WALTER SHIVERES plays at the DECK for his own amusement .. Unlike most composers the guy can really play .. SARA LOIS WOOD'S open air art shop on Bradford Street is said to be the most photographed spot in town this summer .. It has something to do with the way she has arranged the pictures and the trailer .. Look for the cream and orange awnings.

(Continued On Page Six)

Sunday Concerts Draw Crowds

Last Sunday evening's concert at the Art Association produced the overflow house that the current series has grown to expect, but the two hundred and fifty persons who packed the hall got a good deal more than they bargained for.

They got Debussy and Chopin, and they got Brahms. They got everything that they came to hear, and they got a lot more. They got Malaby, a guest artist on the bassoon, and some more Malaby.

The bassoonist, Anne de Guichard, proved the high spot of the evening. She played her own arrangement of an Arioso by Bach, "Fantasia" by Bourdeau, and as an encore, Bach's "Air on G String" Miss de Guichard, vacationing in Provincetown from Boston, was lured to the Art Association recital through the combined efforts of Jo Hawthorne and Bella Gaffen. Bella, by the way, accompanied Miss de Guichard in the three numbers, and a nice job of it she did.

Malaby brought down the house in the second half of the concert, by deserting the master's in favor of Malaby. He produced the score, and a running synopsis of the book of his forthcoming musical show "Mad but Merry," with but such charm and with but such neat dispatch that no one got sore. He was so good, as a matter of fact, that the crowd howled its approval.

"Mad but Merry," according to Malaby is a musical show based on the premise that the world is topsy-turvy, snow in summer, swimming in winter—that sort of thing. Richard was right in the spirit of the thing. He started out by saying: "I can't sing, which is fortunate for you, but unfortunate indeed for me!" and then going ahead and singing for all he was worth. He'd play the score of a number and explain that you really needed the words to appreciate it; and then fool you completely by giving the words.

Malaby was indeed mad but merry; but he liked it, and the crowd liked it, and neither Debussy nor Brahms were in a position to say one way or the other.

It was a good evening from start to end.

SOCIETY NOTES

On Saturday immediately after one has washed up from the ball Mrs. Bertha Wells of Baltimore and New York will receive a small group of intimate friends for breakfast. We hope.

Meet Your Friends At Mack's Bar
—Adv.

Green Light And Grapefruit

by Evelyn Wells

Chapter The Chess Game

The harbor looked like sapphires shot with gold flakes. It was a cold spring day. Hardly anyone had come up. Angus Pendergast pulled threadbare overcoat around his gaunt frame and walked more rapidly toward the East End to give his chess lesson. A young woman was waiting for him in a first floor front with fire place at the Washington Inn. A young woman who had a dollar and maybe a drink and wanted to know the names of a few opening moves and to brush up on her end game.

As Angus walked down the bright and deserted Standish street he saw Letitia Landslide seated on her breakwater pulling up grass from between the bricks. He greeted her cordially. Letitia merely nodded, acknowledging his greeting. Letitia had not been receiving Angus for a while. Angus was accustomed to not being received and it disturbed him not at all. As he turned into the path of the Washington Inn, he thought, "A nice girl Letitia. I'll have to call on her soon. She has a fireplace too."

Celia, we shall call her, was waiting for Angus. She was propped up in an early American bed, the counterpane was smoothed out beside her to hold the chess board, and the room was light because the draperies had been pulled to one side so that Celia could see who went up and down Standish street, the beauty of the harbor, and Letitia pulling up the grass. It was somehow comforting to see Letitia pulling up the grass. The sight of Angus never comforted anyone. He was like the White Knight in all the worst ways. The Tenniel illustration of the White Knight. Angus was not in the Knight business. He was not in any business. He never had had enough money to even think of buying a horse to fall off of. He played chess and took it quite as seriously as did the Knight his inventions. In general physical structure they were about the same. Unknight the White Knight,

take his horse away from him, give him his chess instead of his inventions, give him a low cunning instead of his kind melancholy, and two quarts of bad liquor a day, and you have Angus if you want him.

He took off his overcoat. He had no coat under it. The bottom button his soiled white shirt was off and just above his belt buckle was a triangular patch of skin. In the middle of that patch of skin Angus' navel blinked. Celia thought, "I am nervous anyway. I can't concentrate on chess with that navel blinking at me. Indeed I can't. He will have to do something about it." She said, "Angus, your shirt is open." He said, "I know it. It always is. I can't do anything about it." And he made no effort to. Celia didn't know what else to say, so the game began.

Angus was a good teacher and he earned his dollar. They played more than two hours. It was then beginning to get dark and the room was suddenly chilly. Angus put the chessmen away and lighted a fire in the fireplace. He had seen a bottle of rye on a chest and he had no intention of leaving until he had had one or two drinks. He was neither above or beneath asking for a drink, but he felt he would enjoy it more if it were offered to him. Celia lighted the light at the head of her bed and turned the electric pad on at her feet. Angus settled himself by the fire. Someone had left a copy of "With Lawrence in Arabia" on a table near the fireplace and Angus saw it. "Now," he said, "there's a man for you. I can remember as tho' it were yesterday. That last drive. How we all loved him and suffered under his indomitable will."

Celia recalled someone saying, "But one can tell he came out of the top drawer." She thought, "And if he came out of the top drawer someone must have been keeping dirty linen in it." Aloud she said, "Yes, go on." She never stopped anyone in their stories, and she never liked to be stopped herself.

"The heat..the desert.." he continued. "The hours in the saddle..riding..the usual thing." "It must have been very interesting," was her comment.

"Not nearly so interesting as in Egypt," he said.

Celia said, "Have another drink." He had one.

"Now," he bawn, "you take Allenby. A different sort altogether. There was something one could get his teeth into."

"Allenby?" Celia asked.

"Oh yes. Quite. For God and Empire sort of thing. Something all of us could understand. He inspired us with the feeling of do or die, don't you know. Marvellous campaign. I say, do you feel cold?"

"A little," admitted Celia.

"You will have to pardon me," said Angus. "I never feel cold. That is, I never have since that frightful time running the typhoid serum from Winnipeg to Nome."

Celia said, "You had better have another drink."

After that he continued, "I have never felt the cold. A lot more was required of us mounties than to just get our man. Ah yes. A lot more. I never will forget after we crossed the Meckenzie, all ice and snow. Sixty below. No fun I can tell you. One of our dogs, the leader of the team, Bingo was his name, got an icicle stuck into his foot and there remained hundreds of miles to go. Women and children depended on us don't you know for the typhoid serum. All that distance with a lame leader."

"I thought it was dyptheria serum," said Celia.

"Well, dyptheria or typhoid, we were always under sealed orders don't you know. A perfectly terrible experience." Angus shuddered.

"Ah, whiskey," he continued. "I don't know what we would have done without it in the Boer rebellion."

Now thought Celia, this man has got to be stopped. He has no sense of time and pretty soon he will be with Burgoyne and the Indians. And if I let him get that far he will be polishing Nelson's glass at Trafalga. He has gone through enough for one day. So she said, "Angus, I place you now. You were in the Crimean war. Possibly in the Charge of the Light Brigade. When Ronald Coleman was putting on his make-up you must have been holding the grease paint. So don't let's have any more campaigns."

Angus looked into his empty glass. "With three more lessons you ought not to be ashamed of your chess game," he said. "What's that noise? The paper boy most likely. Shall I get it for you?" Angus had not seen a paper in months. He scanned the headlines. "Ah," he said, "War!" War in Spain and war in the Far East. Soon the whole world may be plunged into war and it will all be like the last one. The whole thing frightfully uncalled for don't you know. Well, cheerio. I'll see you soon."

Green Light and Grapefruit to be continued next week.

Chapter Two—In which Commodore Gillespie may have been humiliated by a certain amount of frigging in the rigging.

In the next edition of the Log we will give the Provincetown casting for "Gone With the Wind."

More Notes On The Antiquity Of Chess

by Nat Halper

In an earlier essay, I suggested that the game of chess was not invented in a vacuum. A study of it's structure, it's spirit, and it's rules must give a substantial clue not only to the nature of the people who devised it, but of the society in which it was devised. I suggested, further, that except for the King, all the chess-pieces are feminine. Yet the world of the chessboard is not a world of make-believe, of whimsical topsy-turvy. Even a cursory analysis plainly indicates that chess is a sentimental, shrewd, humorous and catty world. It shows an anti-proletarian and anti-masculine bias. But, none the less, it gives us a rather faithful and factual portrayal of it's inventors' world.. as it's inventors conceived it. CHESS WAS FIRST PLAYED IN A SOCIETY THAT, AS YET, WAS MATRIARCHAL.

I suggested, too, that once we realized this, the game of chess becomes an important document. Chess antedates all written records. It is perhaps the only vestige that is still remaining of that virtually unknown hoary matriarchal world. A study of chess may throw some light upon this world.

I am not, at the moment, quite prepared to give you my definitive conclusion about the nature of this world. To tell you the truth, a better equipped, a more exhaustive scholarship than mine is needed to cope adequately with the peculiar anthropological problems posed by this study of chess. I am merely a humble pioneer in this field. I merely will give you some of the problems that later, more learned and more brilliant scholars will work on and solve. I will wistfully throw out a few tentative suggestions, which you may accept, or—more probably—reject.

1) The Castle may move north, south, east or west. The Bishop may move northeast, northwest and southwest. This, of course, is only too obvious. No one, as yet has pointed out that the movements of the Knight are north northeast, east northeast, etc., thus showing that the women who invented chess were aware of SIXTEEN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS. The landsman, as a rule uses no more than eight. It was only at sea that sixteen points of the compass were required. The women who invented chess were members of a SEAFARING community. While the world was still in a matriarchal state, Mankind—or rather Womankind—had acquired already some of the art of navigation.

2) Navigation and the resulting commerce caused the invention of numbers. The number-system in use in matriarchal society was not our decimal system. The chess board, which is eight squares by eight, shows us that this early number-system was based on the interger EIGHT.

3) Was there any dissatisfaction of the proletariat? Yes, and the aristocracy attempted to appease them not by circuses and

bread, but by granting them the strange privilege of taking a Pawn en passant. At least, I can find no other explanation for this most bizarre by-law. Note—with a permissible cynicism—that the Pawn gets this privilege only at the expense of another Pawn.

4) Both the King and Queen may make a diagonal move, the move of the Bishop. Frequently, in primitive society, the members of royalty are priestly, occasionally godly.

5) Consider the supernatural implications of castling. The Castle, of course, is not an inanimate object, and so it is not a question of the mountain coming to Mohammed or anything of that sort. The Castle is a person, a proud noblewoman, the most powerful member of the landed gentry. The Queen is probably jealous of the power of the two Castles. That is why the Castles are placed so far from the throne. Castling therefore becomes a sort of a Peter Ibbetson story, a tale of highly spiritual love between one of the Castles and the King. They love and they wing to each other through space. Note, though, that they cannot wing if either of them has moved. In other words, their supernatural power is premised upon their virginity. In primitive society, magic was often tightly wound up with virginity. Nor does psycho-pathology altogether frown upon this notion. Notice, too the superb aesthetic intuition which tells us that this great love is not between the King and Knight, but between the King and Castle. We would expect the Knight, but the quixotic and volatile Knight expends himself innumerable causes. It is the solid forthright Castle who, when he falls, rises to the highest, the most spiritual heights. Still waters run deep!

6) Notice that the King is never killed. The game is over as soon as he might be removed. This is not an act of squeamishness or mercy. This is an important constitutional feature of the very game itself. I give you the law of Stale-mate as a proof that the immunity of the King is a fundamental feature of the game. Why? Well, remember the Trojan War? The topless towers are burned. Hector and great Achilles are killed. But Helen is not harmed. As soon as Helen can be taken, the Trojan War is ended. Now, I do not mean that the game of chess is a take-off on the Trojan War. For, chess, of course, far antedates it. I suggest that this element of chess satirises a war which the women of two nations waged because of a very lovely man. I suggest that as the society of women became a society of men, this story became a story of men fighting for a woman. Certainly there was a Troy and we may see it's ruins, but the story of Helen, the Swan's daughter, really has nothing to do with Troy. It was really an old, old story which through the years had various metamorphoses. At one point, it entered into the game of chess. At a later point, it entered into the Iliad.

These are merely suggestions. As I said earlier, these conclusions are not final. They are meant primarily to provoke your discussion. Much, much work still remains to be done.

FLAG SHIP

after the Ball is over—after the Bar is closed
we will be going strong with eggs to music
and the crowd will be here
like always only more so

Greetings to You New York and Boston Scribes

Greetings to You Magazine Boys

You are Our Guests For the Evening

Essays On Stuff

Many admirers of my frank discussions on This and That have asked me to enlighten them as to a method of walking on Commercial Street—safely that is.

First, consider well your manners. Manners show. In this important respect, they are much more important than morals. Morals don't show—unless you're SO depraved. In which case, stay home, for we don't want you walking around anyway. Manners, then, are more important than morals in walking on the street—any street—but particularly on Commercial Street.

Let us start Our Day with a morning ramble. Begin about ten-thirty way up at the East or the West End as the case may be. Walk slowly and stay on the sidewalk. Stop to let others pass; as you do so, drawing in (1) the skirts of your india print, or (2) the full bottoms of your sailor pants (cerulean blue). Call pleasant greetings to all your friends and anybody you've seen once before. Say, "Isn't it a lovely day!" or, "Will this rain NEVER cease?" Let it rest there. Discourage any conversation. Remember, it is morning, which always follows a previous night. End up at Taylor's a little before noon for petite déjeuner de tomato juice. Jot down in a little notebook who is with whom and how each looks. This will be used for 'holding it against them' later in the season. Then go home quick like a mouse before two.

From two to four—don't walk on Commercial Street.

From four to seven are the dashing hours. This is when you must give the impression that your life is so full. Jump on and off the sidewalk in order to pass people. If you are travelling West, keep looking over your shoulder for traffic. This will keep your fanny free of fenders. This takes a little practice, but you can master it quickly if you have your heart in your work. Still discourage conversation. You are not supposed to have the time. Should something really scandalous have happened, reverse this rule. Stop and go over all the awful details with everyone. This makes you 'In The Know' which is considered very good.

Now comes that lovely lush time—from seven 'till nine. It is the promenade hour. Dress up exotic but clean, mind you, and stroll. It might be well to have your dog along. Stop to look in the windows of the quaint little shops. Your dog should be placed gutterward. This makes an excellent snare for 'Unknown Friends.' They trip over the leash—you pick them up—brush them off—and say, "You are from New York, aren't you?" This starts the 'Talking About Home! Excelsior! A new friend! Gather in large groups and chat. This completely blocks the sidewalk but nobody minds walking around you at this time of day. In fact they will probably stop and join the group.

After nine, walk as best you can to wherever you wish. Then later, as best you can to wherever you are spending the summer. But quietly, please!

The Red Menace Or You Can't Win

(Continued From Page One)
If this paper could support really good salaries I assure you it wouldn't be run so cooperatively. It wouldn't be necessary.

So when the question comes up is the Log red? I think the answer should be, "well yes, and no." Or like Sweden we are the middle way. One thing is sure, the Log likes to report social news. That's what the Log is published for, to reflect social reactions in town, and right or left, good or bad, I shall do my level best to reflect them. Personally I don't like Communists. That is socially, I mean. But then I don't like Republican rallies, or large groups of Aryans or large groups of Legionnaires, or big bunches of large social groups of any one class or creed; I don't even like Thanksgiving family dinners, but that's only one girl's opinion, and has nothing to do with news.

I put Communists in the social group, because they always seem to be in one and make more of a point of it than most of the other groups. Another thing is that Communism in P'town isn't very advanced; they haven't learned to crease their shorts as they have been given orders to do, but with it all they do seem to have fun with parties, and weddings, and funerals among themselves, and from a news standpoint their functions are as important to me as the precious Cafe Au Lait. I have only one political conviction and that is I don't like Roosevelt. My other convictions are purely social. Call this a red attitude if you will but on the strength of it, I don't think the reds would want me. It would be the old story of the Cobra in their midst

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**BOHEMIAN BAR AND
COCKTAIL ROOM**

Ira G. Iris, Mgr.

sort of thing.

So much for the Log, now about the town—Is the town going red? Is there a communist spy system mapping the dunes and laying roads for the triumphant march on the town hall to take things over and execute Jesse Rogers? Is there a black list that the communists have gotten together, naming citizens who will be shot on the happy day. Are the party's airplanes lurking behind the Pilgrim Heights dunes ready to ride down and destroy the Carpenter cottages?

Some have said that these things are true, but it looks to me that the communists of the moment are having so much fun getting drunk for dear old Spain that they can't be bothered with a side issue like taking over the township. Spain is a vague, romantic, ideal; Provincetown is just sea, dunes and fishnets, a few bars and beaches, and it lacks the proper umph for which great heroes die.

Around here it looks to me like a social angle. The Communists concerned with social activities

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find it necessary to cloak them with political applesauce and as near as I can find out there are only seven real Communist party members in town. Send a self addressed stamped envelope and I won't send you their names.

The Editor

Mrs. Edith Rowell of Chicago testified in her divorce suit that

JOLLY JACKS
Provincetown's Largest and
Finest Restaurant Over the Bay
At the Foot of Railroad Wharf

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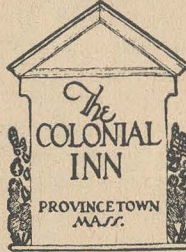
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THE WHITE WHALE
"Dinner .75" — Portuguese Specialties
Donald Van Wart — WNAC — At The Piano
Dinner Hour Concert Music

BEACH TERRACE

kirk merrick georgine
inimitable impressions song-swingstress

monday tuesday
friday thursday
saturday (no cover) sunday

SPECIAL FEATURES
wednesday

her husband had spoken only about four words a day to her for 34 years.

It is the law in Chestertown, Md., that persons riding in the fire department ambulance must pay a fare of 25 cents a mile.

With its 217 golf courses, Chiago is known as the golf capital of the world.

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Full Course Fish Dinner
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Chisel and Palette

by Jack Beauchamp

Don't stop me if you've heard this one. Just go roll your hoop and let me talk to myself.

For the last couple of thousand years a lot of smart apples have pondered about what is Art and so far no one has found a definition that is satisfactory to all parties. The answer is that there is a type of painting for every taste, and that is as it should be. There has been too much dictating of public taste by art critics and dealers and too much bickering between painters as groups and individuals as to who has the most stuff on the ball. It is time now for Mrs. John Q. Citizen to learn that a painting is valuable only if she herself gets some emotional or intellectual lift from it.

Even the comparatively few geniuses of the painting business occasionally turned out second grade stuff and if you think that all the five hundred or more contemporary painters that are being billed as geniuses are on the level or that they never do any poor work you are certainly catnip to the art dealers. With the odds about a thousand to one that you will be sold a bill of goods anyhow, why not at least have the satisfaction of being honest with yourself. Buy the kind of painting that appeals to you and forget all the things you have read and heard about Art. You'll have lots more fun.

A good chance to find out what appeals to you would be to take advantage of the open studio idea that is being promoted by some twenty or so local painters. Bill Boogar, Jr., next to the Flag Ship has a list of names and addresses and visiting hours.

I'm supposed to review the show at the Art Association, but as I said once before, this column is strictly uncritical. The show is worth seeing and there are some good canvasses there. Also some stinkers. See if you can tell which is which.

A new exhibition has opened at the Board of Trade Building on Railroad Wharf. It's a good show.

Richard Miller is wondering which is the easier way of earning a drink .. making a soap painting on a bar mirror—or delivering a lecture on art.

G Clef

by Marvin Waldman

If you have dinner at Wong's Chinese Restaurant you'll hear strains of very unfamiliar melodies. They'll be played on still more unfamiliar instruments. The performer is Kei-Ping Chan, one of the finest Chinese musicians in this country. The instruments are traditional. The tunes are lovely.

Kei-Ping has played many concerts in New York, both from the stage and on the air. He is a master of the Young Chin, or Butterfly Harp. This is an instrument very much like a dulcimer or the Hungarian cymbalum, and is played with fragile bamboo sticks. His work on the Hu Ch'in (the Chinese violin) is enough to bring joy to anyone's heart. If you should stop in to see Kei-Ping, ask him to play "Rain Dropping

on Leaves of Bananas" or "The Dancing Horse." Of course you'll have to adjust yourself to the whole tone scales and oriental phrasings. You're bound to agree, however, that there's more to Chinese music than seems to meet the ear.

Wong himself is also a fine musician, but he's been too busy this summer to play... So—for a new musical experience, Wong's is the place and Kei-Ping Chan is the musician.

* * *

The very successful season of the Art Association Sunday evening concerts continued last week with a piano recital by Richard Malaby. Dick is very popular in P'town and he delighted his audience by devoting the second part of his program to his own compositions. They were all tunes taken from a new operetta and from musical comedies. Judging by the enthusiastic reception, at least one of his shows should reach Broadway. Next Sunday, the 31st, Martha Hutcherson, well known New York concert pianist will perform.

* * *

Peter Chambers, bass baritone, who gave the successful folk-song recital at the Beach Terrace in July, will return. He's to sing at the Art Association on August 26. This program will include classics as well as folk-songs. More later about this recital.

* * *

The rise of the Hammond pipeless-organ in danceband business has been phenomenal. It has been helped a great deal by Milton Herth. Milt swings out on an organ in a way you've never heard. At least it's a long cry from the old movie technique.

He has a quartet (organ, piano, guitar, and drums) that really goes. If you're really interested, you can hear them on Deccas. Incidentally, merry-go-round jitterbugs (record lovers) can get Deccas, Vocilians, and Brunswicks at Slade's Gift Shop in the center of town.

Speaking of Hammonds, last evening Wilfred Tremblay played in Truro. Thelma Given was the violin soloist. It was a grand affair for a particularly worthy cause. Please hold your breath. The cause: The Truro Neighborhood Association Restoration Fund for the Old Meeting House.

Walter Shivers, the song-writer, covered the waterfront (and really covered it) last week. His last was "This Time It's Real," and you'll have to write ASCAP to find out his take. As a hint, it was terrific! Walt's written two more since he's been here and they sound like hits to this jaded ear.

* * *

Georgine has been signed up by the Beachcombers for the big affair Friday night. So that's where I'll be seein' you.

Carroll Mack Huxley, III, the prominent arranger of the Chesterfield Radio Program and Warner Brothers Pictures, is visiting Kirk Merrick in the latter's summer quarters on Johnson Street. Seen doing the spots the other night with them was Allen Farnham, of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra and Betty Hall of the Chicago Parlor Performers.

Mid Summer Nights Dream

by Francis Dears

It is raining not only rain in Provincetown this summer but Pickens sisters. Somehow or other I could wish the rain was as pleasant to contemplate. However, every Monday night at the Wharf Theatre, another member of the Pickens family has appeared to worry the ggs who sit out front with their boy friends on opening night. I'm going to wear bullet proof armor all next week for this one but it sure is excellent PICKENS for the ebs, bs, and the wltbebsas. No need to ask our managing editor what that one means. She doesn't know.

Something I didn't know, among other things, a method has recently been invented to note intricate dance steps so that an appendectomy need no longer interfere with a hooper's creative impulses. All of this because Mr. Collins, playing in Laburnum Grove is sending a new dance he has created to the National Convention of Teachers of the Dance meeting in New York City. Am curious to know just how it's done but I don't know whether Mr. Collins is speaking to me this week. I didn't like Laburnum Grove—remember?

Competition for the Puppeteers at the Artists' Theatre this week. The Strolling Puppeteers are at the Art Association on their annual visit to P'town.

Neil McFee Skinner Presents "THE SPIDER"

There's murder and magic at the Wharf Theatre all this week and so many excellent individual performances it's difficult to know just where to begin. Perhaps I had better start by advising you to reserve your tickets early because THE SPIDER is, in my estimation, perfect summer theatrical fare.

The play itself is so constructed and devised that at least half of the cast is sitting scattered among the audience when the curtain goes up and once the machinery of the play begins to work, you are never quite sure but that you shouldn't inject a line or two of your own at odd intervals. It is that informal and that much fun. As for plot-well, there's a murder and to tell you any more would spoil the evening for everyone concerned.

However, I can tell you this much, there are a couple of vaudeville turns when the curtain first goes up; a hooper, and very good too, and songs by Blanche Ring—and if you think there isn't a trick in getting an audience to join in the chorus,

try it some time, or at least watch carefully when Miss Ring is working—she's my idea of one of the few good troupers left in the theatre.

Then comes James Rennie as The Great Chatrand, a magician of international fame. From that time on the wheels begin to spin and it's fast and furious until the final curtain. It's probably the shortest long play I have ever had the pleasure of sitting through and I can't recommend it too highly.

As for individual performances Mr. Rennie is tops, of course. But right up there with Mr. Rennie is practically every member of the cast. Bill Bowles as Alexander has a tough part and does it well. Then there's Jane Pickens as Beverly Lane, and Milton Parsons, as Doctor Blackstone who along with Inspector Riley, played by Ralph Morehouse, carry the burden of the play. They're all swell. Each and every one should have their awn special paragraph, but unfortunately I am limited to space.

Just one thing more. Monday night's audience had the pleasure of hearing the three Pickens Sisters sing two of their more popular songs. Very swell, too. I have a hunch they'll repeat throughout the week if the audience insists and the audience will insist, I know.

CAPE CAPERS

(Continued From Page One)

POLLY BOYDEN'S cocktail party in TRURO on Sunday was "the" thing of the season, as far as Cafe Royale and Cafe Parfait are concerned.... They say there were 150 people present directly out of WHO'S WHO... the others not counted.... As this goes to press we understand the party is still on.... Does anyone know whether POLLY is "right" or "left" this season.

Who asked MIMI ADAMS to leave town and for what reason and why did she leave at three in the morning? Me know me know tell, find out and you have something .. Two boys named SMITH and BOLTON have arrived from Wilmington and have two Cafe Au Lait ggs ga-ga. It is said that GERRY GIRARD and his pal who took certain ggs by typhoon will return for the ball this time

Cue To The Night Spots

Provincetown Inn

Dinners ... soft music ... dinner dance every nite ... beautiful dining room, beautiful view ... dressy, but not too ... fairly priced ... Mr. Peck, Prop.

Club Mooring Mast

Dinner ... good piano ... coolest place on a warm night ... fairly priced ... Portugese food a specialty.

Mack's Bar

A lot of fun for the town people and old summer residents ... just a bar ... inexpensive ... it's Mack's place ... just for drinks.

Flag Ship

Colorful atmosphere ... Zorilda at cocktail hour ... Gypsy music later ... Pat's boss ... young crowd predominates ... dinners, steak and lobster cooked on grille ... delicious but high.

The Beach Terrace

This place holds a certain top prestige ... Kirk Merrick & Georgine alternating nights ... Marvin at the piano ... cocktail hour tops.

Atlantic House

Host, Ira Iris ... hotel bar ... very gay ... small orchestra Saturday night ... town crowd but very, very, jolly ... try it late when in the dancing mood and not quite up to the Inn.

The Deck

Best place to dance ... just drinks ... medium priced ... Tom Moran, host ... get him to perform for you ... pianist expected.

minus their charming impediments .. goodie, goodie .. SHIRLEY and the new blond DREAM PRINCE at the TERRACE look cute over WHALE BEAN SOUP .. Was terribly disappointed by the end of the SPIDER .. I thought FREDDIE McKAY did it all the time .. ELLEN ADAMS here for a few days between FREDDIE and LEONARD Mc LAUGHLIN .. BILLY PETERSEN went to New York with ALBERT for fun this week .. and ANNE COURIER can't wait for Labor Day.

Daphne

Meet Your Friends At Mack's Bar
—Adv.

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in person

James Rennie — Pickens Sisters

Charles Collins in

"THE SPIDER"



SUPPER CLUB

Back Stage After the Show

Beer & Wines

Hostess, MIMI ADAMS