



by WHEELER '85

THE SOLE AND THONG

For Fancy
with love,
Adair
and Menalkas

THE SOLE
AND THONG

By

ARDEE DUNCAN

Published by

THE SANDAL SHOP

PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

Foreword

PROVINCETOWN is a very pleasant place — and a very pleasant thing to do here is to sit on an old bench under a tree and make sandals. At least Menalkas seemed to enjoy it immensely in my back yard — twelve years ago. He hung up a sign at the front of the lane and people read it and saw his craft and asked him to make sandals for them. And as pleasantly as that, another worth-while industry was created in this creative village.

Of course an idealistic situation like that is too simple to last. Rains came, we've had a little hurricane or two, and a war. The old tree died. Despite all that, orders for sandals poured in necessitating a work room and shelter. A very enterprising promoter I know suggested that DUNCAN SANDALS would be a fabulous nation-wide success if Menalkas made them in a New York department store. I'm glad he didn't listen to such blandishments, but settled finally in a nice shop across the street from me.

I watch good honest leather being fashioned and molded into good honest sandals during all the year. Naturally this craft has become a famous and successful industry here because of the research that has established the perfection of the design and the integrity with which it is carried out — still as cheerfully and pleasantly as under the old willow in my back yard.

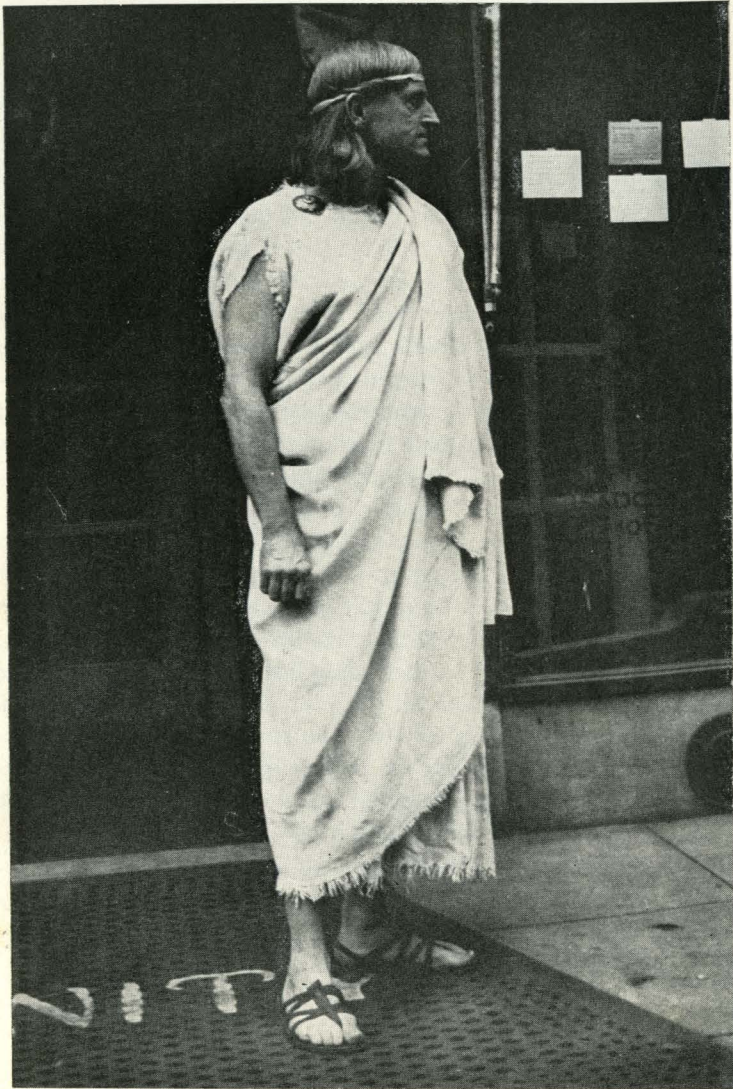
It is as if Hermes spoke to Duncan as well as to Perseus.

Peter Hunt

Copyright, 1948 By

ARDEE DUNCAN

*All rights reserved, including the
right to reproduce this book or por-
tions thereof in any form.*



Raymond Duncan in front of his Akademia branch on
57th Street in New York City, 1931

THE SOLE AND THONG

By
ARDEE DUNCAN

THE Greeks have been accredited with an assortment of gods, goddesses, heroes and lesser divinities, who were all addicted to the sole and thong. Hermes being the most famous, since it was he who carried his mischief making messages among his Olympian friends, while flying about in his Talaria, or winged sandals.

Sandals were the footgear of ancient Greeks, Romans and Egyptians. Sandals are still the exclusive feet protectors of much of the civilized world today. Every country has its own conception of how to make sandals with functional qualities of comfort as well as beauty, and we find that modern craftsmen design sandals much as the pagan and primitive folk made theirs. Certainly in the Atomic Age, with the New Look, and streamlined vehicles to transport us over far distances, our sandaled feet are capable of carrying us over the sand of dunes and beaches, the cement of our modern streets, with effortless ease and freedom of unfettered action. We are reminded of the words of Hermes to Perseus, "these sandals of mine will bear you across the seas, and over hill and dale like a bird, as they bear me all day long; for I am Hermes, the far-famed argus-slayer, the messenger of the Immortals." For try as they might, the argus-eyed fashion dictators can find nothing to criticize about our full ruffled petticoats and bustled hiplines, complemented by twinkling toes cradled on an arched leather sole, and fastened by a slender thong. Truly it is, a New Look!

Now, we concern ourselves with the story of a family who are directly responsible for the trend of thought which has led us



Isadora Duncan 1916

THE SOLE AND THONG

back over the ages, causing us to appreciate the footwear of the gods.

It begins with two intrepid Californians who went to Europe in the late eighteen-hundreds, to study in preparation for a life of creative work. Isadora Duncan, and her brother, Raymond Duncan.

Isadora has described in her autobiography, how the attendants in the Louvre thought she and Raymond were more than slightly demented, as they crawled about the floor examining the lower shelves filled with archaic Greek vases, or standing on tip-toe exclaiming over a depicted Dionysos, Medea or Athena on the top shelves. Two young people; Raymond in his large black hat, open collar and flowing tie, and Isadora in her simple white dress, and Liberty hat. They seemed to the blase French and phlegmatic English, just two more simple Americans, worshipping at the shrine of culture. The Europe of that day was content to take things as they were, as was most of the world. But these two youngsters were rebellious of things that "went against nature," and had set out to bring back into a humdrum, prosaic existence, the glory that was Greece!

It was those symmetrical figures carved on the Grecian urns and vases, that gave Isadora inspiration she sought in perfecting The Dance. Not being people who could be content with half-measures, they eventually adopted the sandals and clothing as well as the postures of the Greek divinities. For Raymond, master artisan, was bold enough in that Victorian era to snub conventional habiliment, and wove tunic and chlamys by hand, and made sandals of leather for himself and his sister.

Isadora, in her fidelity to the bright-eyed Athena, wore the peplum attributed to that patroness of the useful and elegant arts. Her dancing costumes were chiton and chlamys only, all during her conquest of The Dance. Peplum and sandals were her wardrobe, until her later years, when she finally succumbed to fashion and was dressed by Parisian couturiers, until her tragic death in 1927. Raymond, however, is still a familiar figure to

THE SOLE AND THONG

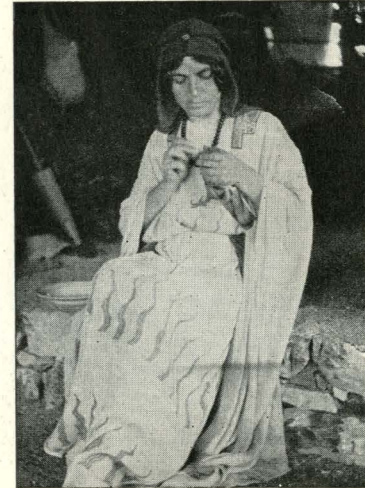


Ardee Duncan

the people of Paris, France, and to American cities, as girt in tunic and chlamys draped about his shoulders, his sandaled feet carry him along the streets in all kinds of weather. His indomitable spirit in refusing to bow to what he calls, submissive stupidity, and his complete dignity of purpose in living a life of personal independence, has carried him into the halls of learning he spurned as a school-boy, to lecture on his philosophy of Action, and to the hinterlands of Europe, quelling civil strife, building temples and re-building ravaged villages.

Influenced as the Duncans were by ancient Greece and the gods of that pagan people, it isn't surprising that they finally became obsessed with the idea of going to Greece and building there a temple of their very own. This was after Isadora had won all of Europe with her dancing and gained fame in her own country. They set out in the most primitive fashion possible, to the land of their dreams. Scorning luxury, they took a tiny fishing smack when arriving at the sea, accepting accommodation

THE SOLE AND THONG



Penelope Duncan feeding a pet dove in Albania

aboard a train when they came to the mountains. With Raymond declaiming Homer, and all of them dancing, not walking their way to the Acropolis to pay homage to the no doubt bewildered gods, and to the puzzled wonderment of Greek peasants, we understand perhaps that these were certainly remarkable people, these Duncans!

The Duncans, Elizabeth, Raymond, Augustin and Isadora, with their mother, set up housekeeping on Kopanos, a barren, arid hill, a few miles from the center of Athens, and there they started building their temple. A herculean task to contemplate, but not impossible to the ringleader, Raymond, who immediately set out with a legion of natives, carting stone from the foot of Mount Pentelicus, about ten miles away. To get water on this site, Raymond was eventually to strike water about a hundred feet deep. His family, one by one became discouraged with the difficult and costly work, and either returned to America or France. The tenacious Raymond stayed on alone. He met and

THE SOLE AND THONG

married a lovely Greek girl, Penelope Sikelianos, who became as enamoured of her country's ancient culture as her husband, and so living a pastoral life, alternately writing a modern version of a Greek tragedy, digging for water and building the temple, they continued undaunted, for about a year. Then, Raymond had to take his young wife to Paris, to await an auspicious event.

In 1905, on a cold November night, their baby was born. A little boy.

Gertrude Stein, in the book "Alice B. Toklas" has told how the registration of Menalkas' birth took place. Her brother went with the excited new father to the registrars as witness, and to keep Raymond's feet on the ground. When they came to the question of the baby's name, they suddenly realized that no name had been decided upon. And that is how on the birth certificate his name is legally, Raymond Duncan! Penelope however, called her boy, Menalkas. And Menalkas he remained, after the little shepherd boy, in Theocritus.



Isadora. Taken while on last tour
in the United States

THE SOLE AND THONG

While Menalkas was a tiny baby, his parents took him to Germany, where Raymond grew a beard, and lectured the Berliners on Greece, and his idea of incorporating into modern living all that had gone into the making of that once great civilization. After about a year there, they returned to Paris and London, lecturing and teaching.

In 1910, the Duncans toured the United States, Raymond lecturing and with a company of Greek players presented his version of the tragedy, Electra of Sophocles. Penelope played Electra and Raymond danced the chorus. Penelope had a lovely singing voice, and gave lessons and recitals of Folk Singing. They taught weaving and dancing, also. They journeyed across to San Francisco, Raymond's hometown, and on up to the headwaters of the Columbia River to visit the Klamath Indians, where they exchanged lessons in weaving, for instruction in the Indian's music.

Menalkas, then five years old, has one very vivid memory of his first visit to America. It had to do with his clothing, and left a lasting impression on his mind. In that time when children were bundled in long woolen underwear, rubber overshoes and heavy coats, the minute leaves began to fall, Menalkas was clothed only in woolen tunic, chlamys and sandals, in the middle of Winter, in New York City. He was taken for a walk by his aunt Hélène one day, soon after their arrival in the States. She, not being a disciple of the Duncans, wore a warm fur coat and all conventional accessories. A policeman, startled to see a child walking in Central Park with little bare feet, in snow and ice, didn't believe Menalkas, when he said he wasn't cold. And the aunt, not being able to speak English, was unable to explain why the child wasn't cold, nor indeed who he was!

They were taken to the city jail, where the distracted aunt was detained, and Menalkas was consigned to the Gerry Society. Just like that. Not allowed to use a telephone, she couldn't notify Raymond and Penelope, of the awful thing that had happened to herself and to poor little Menalkas!

THE SOLE AND THONG



Isadora Duncan. Paris 1908

The Black Marias then, were horse-drawn, and in Winter, blankets were kept in the wagons to cover the horses when they were left standing still in the streets. The solicitous officers tenderly wrapped those blankets about the indignant Menalkas, while he was being driven to the home for prevention of cruelty to children. He was completely disgusted with his well-meaning saviors by this time, so taking the smelly blankets off, he threw them out the open back of the wagon, as they jogged along. Three times he was covered, and three times he threw them off, and out! The weary guardians, having to stop the wagon and walk back to pick them up each time, finally gave up and allowed him to ride the rest of the way in comparative quiet. For Menalkas was telling them what he thought of them, in three languages! When his parents rescued him around midnight, Menalkas in his determined manner had worn out the attendants of the place, by yelling his head off, refusing food and banging on the doors and generally making known his displeasure. New

THE SOLE AND THONG



Menalkas, fifth from left, with a group of refugee children in Onchismos

Yorkers were eventually convinced that the Duncans and their child were warm enough in their tunics and sandals, although perhaps not understanding why! But Menalkas and his aunt H el ene, never forgot the humiliation, of being "different," from the other fellow.

Returning to Paris in 1911, Menalkas' parents founded the now famous, Akademia Raymond Duncan. They taught anyone who came to them the crafts of weaving and spinning. Furniture making, sculpting. Printing of books, and book binding. And, of course, sandal making. These are only a few of the many crafts and arts taught at the Akademia. Raymond built his own theatre, where he taught dancing and the drama, to those who were interested and talented; eventually to give there the plays he writes himself, as well as the classic plays well known to all of us.

Menalkas soon became his father's best pupil, proving himself a craftsman at the age of six by making his own sandals. He

wove cloth for his tunics when he grew tall enough to throw a shuttle with dexterity. He helped his father set the type for books and newspapers which were published by the Akademia, learning to spell and read as he worked. His mother, a linguist, instructed him in the finer points of grammar, in French, Greek and English. He received no formal education, since it is not in his father's philosophy that such training is necessary.

During the Balkan wars of 1912, his parents went to Albania, where they tended the wounded, and helped to rehabilitate the refugees. They rebuilt the town of Onchismos, and taught the people crafts, the proceeds of sales going toward their support and eventual economic recovery. The civil strife caused Raymond to establish an army. He printed his own money, and newspapers. The little city was held successfully against marauders. Then at the beginning of World War One, Raymond was called to Athens by Prime Minister Venizelos, to help take care of the refugees pouring into that city from Asia Minor.

Menalkas played childhood's games with the little refugee children and learned their languages and customs, while he taught them French and English. Those are the last memories he has of his mother, for during that time she was stricken ill and her family placed her in a sanatorium in Switzerland.

When Penelope became ill, Isadora undertook responsibility of Menalkas, taking him to the school in Switzerland, where she had taken the young girls of her dancing school. Those young German ladies enjoyed the neutrality of Switzerland, and the name with which Isadora endowed them; she adopted her whole troupe, to facilitate their travel across France into Switzerland, during the first World War. But, poor Menalkas! With the company of one other small boy he had recourse to nothing but boyish deviltry in that female heaven. He made a complete nuisance of himself, and his father finally had to come and take him back to besieged Paris. His mother died in 1917, while he and his father were staying in Isadora's home at Neuilly.

In 1918, Raymond and Menalkas moved the Akademia to Rue Bonaparte, where Raymond instituted the innovation of eating, cooking, working in full view of the crowds in the street. It was a corner store building, with huge plate glass windows affording unobstructed view into the main room of the Akademia. His idea being that his school and family should be at all times, one with the crowd. Menalkas was at times perturbed, when desiring privacy at a task, he must have an interested or curious crowd staring at him. It was about this time, that he began thinking of returning to America. For sensitive of his clothing, and the unorthodox manner his father intended he should live, he became resentful and eventually rebellious, as all adolescent boys are apt to be. He wanted to be just like the ordinary, conventionally dressed boys of his age, much to his father's chagrin.

It became an issue between father and son, and like any other boy who considers himself misunderstood and injured, Menalkas ran away from home when he was only fifteen. He got himself lost, so he thought, in the city of Paris, and found himself a job in a shoe factory . . . shades of sandals! He was dressed in the fashion of a young-fellow-about-town, when Raymond, with the aid of detectives, found him at the home of a friend on the outskirts of Paris.

Thwarted in his first attempt for independence, he promised his father to be a good boy and wait until a more convenient time to come to America for the purpose of going to college. Time passed by, and no real preparation was being made for his journey or school. So, the impatient, impetuous Menalkas, accepted the somewhat dubious aid of a follower of his father's, who offered to get him out of France, into Greece, where he could get a passport, and then on to the U. S. A.

Andre was a young man who thrived on excitement. A self-styled genius and adventure seeker, he had attached himself to the Duncan philosophy . . . which was convenient at odd moments; for he could either live by it or let it go. He loved to dress in the garb of ancient Greeks, which Raymond advocates for

all his disciples, and one memorable day he devised a tunic of burlap and using a chlamys of green felt, the color of a pool table cover, he strapped over all a leather belt with holster, containing a pistol. He then went from arrondissement to arrondissement, all over the city of Paris, getting himself arrested for carrying arms. For the mere satisfaction of being released, with apologies, when he protested his rights as a French Citizen to carry arms, so long as they were not of the current army issue, and unconcealed, as provided by such and such law, section so and so, chapter, et cetera, et cetera. Whereupon, the gendarme would look in the big-book, and sure enough, Andre would be within his rights!

His most successful "invention" that Menalkas can remember, was a rather startling affair, which Andre called a Hydroglider. His airplane lost a wing one day when he crashed the thing, so he simply removed the other wing, and PRESTO! he had invented the Hydroglider, which he sold to the French government, for chasing submarines. A gay young man, and an essentially honest one, whatever his eccentricities, for he seemed always to know what was sham, and to put his finger on it, when it came to his fellow humans. But he had some very peculiar ideas about the construction of the world, as will be shown later in the narrative.

And so it was in the Spring of 1922, when Menalkas was smuggled out of Paris, by his friend, Andre, who was to lead him into exciting, and at times, ridiculous adventure.

Because of his conspicuous clothing, Menalkas couldn't just simply walk out of the house and go. It had to be arranged that a suit of conventional clothing would be in the taxi, which would call for him at a certain hour. Which happened. Menalkas changing into the suit, as they drove to the station, where they took a train to Belgium. They stayed in Brussels for about a week, waiting for Hélène, the faithful aunt of Menalkas, who had sworn to Penelope that she would watch over him until she was no longer needed. All this was much against her wishes. But since Menalkas was determined to reach the United States and

his own, personal independence, she was duty bound to follow along and see that he kept well and out of mischief.

From Belgium on, Menalkas must of course have a passport to travel across borders without difficulty. But he hadn't a passport, therefore his journey takes on the quality of a Terry And The Pirates story at this point.

Andre and Menalkas went for a drive in a fiacre one afternoon, and when they arrived at the Holland border, they told the guard they were on a pleasure trip, and receiving the usual permission, they eventually arrived at Flushing, where Andre left Menalkas and returned to Brussels, after the guard had changed, to pick up Hélène and their luggage. Andre and Hélène returned to the Netherlands, as respectable Europeans should.

The little group of fugitives remained in Holland for a month or so, traveling about from town to town, until Andre thought Menalkas' father would lose trace of him. In the meantime, Andre was working on an invention involving a bicycle with sails. He never finished the novel vehicle though, for one evening they were caught by local cops for riding ordinary bikes without lights, while outside the town limits after dark. Their names were taken and they were warned not to take the same chances of getting hit again. Immediately they reached their lodgings, Andre began packing and making plans for leaving at once. Fearing that Raymond would be able to trace Menalkas through the silly mistake of riding the roads without lights, they purchased a little sailboat and set sail amid the canals of the Netherlands.

Their destination was Amsterdam, but having no knowledge of navigation, much less charts of the canals, they were stranded on one mud bank after the other, when the tides went out and left them high, and not too dry! They ended up in some little dam, far from Amsterdam, when Hélène became ill from exposure. They hurried her to a hospital where they left her to get well, and to eventually rejoin them.

THE SOLE AND THONG

Then Menalkas and Andre, retraced their route and returned to France. Going to Italy, this time.

Following the same recipe for eluding the border guards, they eventually came to the Alps. Perhaps the strangest looking pair of mountain climbers those venerable mountains are ever to know, climbed over and down into Italy one night.

Each carrying a suitcase, they slipped and slogged their way through a drenching downpour of rain. Finally, at dawn, cold and wet to the skin, they discovered themselves in a cornfield. Hungry and miserable, they searched about for some sort of shelter and found it in a rude hut, evidently used for storing tools. They built a tiny fire and dried their wet clothes, which raised their morale and relaxed their tired bodies so they could rest and sleep until later in the day, when they started down the cart road toward a little village.

On the way they met a farmer on a small donkey. They stopped him and spoke, Andre in French, Menalkas in English and French with a smattering of Greek thrown in for good measure. Language became a barrier, for the farmer spoke only Italian. They made themselves understood with universal sign language, and the farmer took their luggage aboard his donkey and led them to the village priest, who spoke French, to the delight of Menalkas and Andre! The whole village turned out to welcome the weary pilgrims, and the kindly priest housed and fed them until they went on their way to Ventimiglia the next day.

Arriving in Ventimiglia, Menalkas waited while Andre returned to Villefranche for the baggage they had left there. When he returned, they resumed travel toward Pisa, from Pisa to Rome, thence to Naples and across to Brindisi. In leisurely tourist manner they saw the sights and enjoyed the people of the Italian cities.

While in Rome, Menalkas went to the Greek Consulate and explained that he was returning to his family in Greece, from school in Paris. Therefore to facilitate his departure from Italy,

THE SOLE AND THONG

he would like a passport. On the strength of his excellent Greek, and the fact that his family name of Sikelianos, was well known, he was given a passport.

They sailed from Brindisi, going to Athens, where they stayed at the home of Menalkas' uncle Angelo, a brother of his mother. They were to wait for nearly six months in Athens while his Greek relatives managed a passport for him, in his legal name of Duncan, and then, almost one year after he had run away from his father's home in Paris, he was to sail for his native country, in company with his aunt Hélène.

While in Greece, he and his cousin, Glaucos, renewed acquaintances with many a childhood haunt in the mountains where they had hiked and explored. And with another friend, Spiros, they had an exciting expedition involving two canoes that were being delivered to Glaucos from America.

They boarded the ship delivering the canoes at Piraeus and were lowered over the side in the canoes in the bay of Corinth. One canoe was the standard type, while the other was a big thing using oars instead of paddles. They towed the little one, and all three boys rowed across to shore, and found lodgings for the night. The next day they bought provisions for the trip back to Glaucos' home near Xylocastro. Staying close in, they rowed along the shoreline, thinking it would take them only one day to complete the trip. The boys were alarmed after an endless time, suddenly realizing that night was falling, but fast. So intent had they been on their work, they had neglected the time. Making for the shore which was about fifty to a hundred yards away, going became rather difficult, since the breakers were filling the canoe they were in, and the little one being towed was completely swamped in no time, which slowed them down to a snails-pace dragging the water filled thing behind them.

By this time, it was quite dark, and Glaucos, being concerned for his canoes jumped overboard to see how deep the water was, and found himself only up to his knees in water! Menalkas took off his clothing, and wrapped it in a raincoat that Spiros had

THE SOLE AND THONG

brought, and jumped over too. Then Spiros followed, and they pulled the canoes ashore. The only dry clothing among the three boys was Menalkas' suit, and of course the comparatively dry raincoat.

Finding matches still dry in his clothing, Menalkas and the boys gathered wood on the beach and made a fire to dry themselves out. Menalkas wore the pants of his suit, Glaukos wore the coat and Spiros wore his raincoat. They decided to try sleeping around the fire, but the boys soon found that whatever portion of their body was uncovered soon became too cold for comfort! So they spent the balance of the night changing the pants for the coat, and either the pants or coat for the raincoat! In this manner they managed to keep arms and legs and middles fairly warm with alternate wearings of the pieces. The sun came up finally, to warm and dry the grateful little group of stranded canoers, and they rowed on the short distance left to Glaukos' home.

Glaukos is now building boats at Eastham, Cape Cod, Massachusetts, far from the sunny shores of the Adriatic. The Sikelianos Boats could have been born in the mind of Glaukos while his canoes were filling with water that dark evening. For I understand they are outriggers!

Andre, in the meantime, desired to make his return to France. He had delivered his charge and having no money for his fare back, suddenly approached the family with his idea of tutoring Menalkas in the prescribed forms of culture inflicted upon the unsuspecting young. The Sikelianos family agreed that Andre should teach Menalkas the three R's. For a sizeable remuneration, of course! So it happened that Menalkas faced his friend, who had miraculously turned into teacher and had his first lesson in mathematics. All went well, and both enjoyed the experience. But the next day ended Menalkas' formal education for all time. The study of geography was on the agenda, and when Andre after lecturing upon the different hemispheres, asked Menalkas at the question period, what kind of climate one would find at the North Pole, Menalkas answered correctly, saying it

THE SOLE AND THONG

was cold, with ice and snow, and all that went with zero temperatures. Then, with a gleam in his eye, Andre asked the question that has thrown many a school boy, fully expecting Menalkas to answer as to the other extreme of temperature. What are the normal temperatures at the South Pole? But, again Menalkas answered, it is as cold as it is at the North Pole! It was the wrong answer as far as Andre was concerned, so after lecturing Menalkas on knowing more than his elders, he went to the family and informed them that he could no longer teach Menalkas, since he refused to be taught! His passage was secured however, so he sailed away, back to France and out of Menalkas' life, to be remembered with affection.

A few days before Christmas of 1923, Menalkas and his aunt Hélène landed in New York. Having turned his back on everything Greek, he took a job with a group of Russian artists, who were screen-painting silks in a studio in New York City. He had been taught screen-painting in his father's Akademia.

He was eventually to work as mechanic for Burroughs Adding Machine Company for a good many years, and during the depression, unable to find employment, as were too many others, he opened a little vegetable store.

His father came to New York in 1931, and opened a branch of his Akademia on 57th Street. He and Menalkas had forgotten and forgiven their differences by this time, and when he returned to Paris one year later, several orders for sandals had been unfilled. He asked his son Menalkas to fill them; and that is how Menalkas came to make the Raymond Duncan Sandals, for Americans.

He found that people liked them for their comfort and beauty, and appreciated the name Duncan and all it means in the world of creative arts and crafts. So he started the building of a sandal business, by making them for Summer camps and dance studios. Slowly, but surely.

At one time or another, all artists and craftsmen come to Provincetown. Since the days of Hawthorne, it has been the

THE SOLE AND THONG



Designs for your selection

(Photo by George Yater)

mecca of all who create. Amateur and professional alike, they find here the atmosphere of informality and freedom so necessary for cultivating ideas and nurturing those ideas on paper, canvas, and working them out in silver, bronze and leather, or weaving them into marvelous cloth or turning them out on a potter's

THE SOLE AND THONG



(Photo by George Yater)

Custom-made only

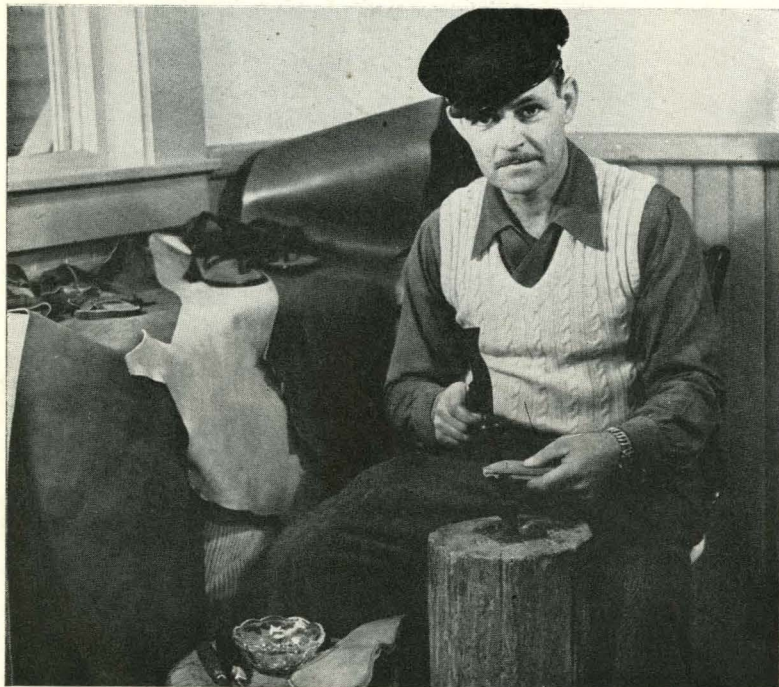
wheel, to the music of the sea and the song of hungry gulls. It was here that Menalkas came in the Summer of 1936, to make his first sandals in Provincetown while sitting under a tree in Peter Hunt's Peasant Village garden.

The following Summer, he put up his loom in the basement shop of the Peasant Village, and wove cloth for the first time since leaving his father's home. In the Winter of 1938, he went down to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, taking his loom and his sandal tools, and opened a shop there making sandals for the Southern vacationers. And during the Summers of 1938-39 many Sandal Shop customers remember the little portable shop he built and set up in the alley of the White Whale, operated at that time by Warren Clay and Frances Bell. A restaurant very popular with the art students and artists for many years.

In 1940, due to his expanding business in Florida, he was unable to come to Provincetown during the season here. He

THE SOLE AND THONG

contracted an agreement with a friend and associate, who was to make the Raymond Duncan Sandals, paying a 10% royalty on each pair sold. For various reasons, the agreement was never kept, nor royalties paid in the full amount. Menalkas came to Provincetown intending to have a little vacation, and instead



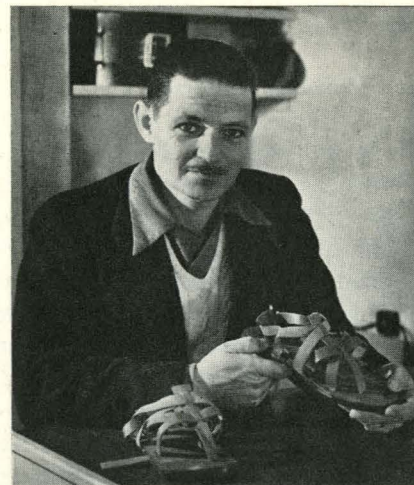
(Photo by George Yater)

Your sandals in the making

went to work with his associate, making his sandals! Being careful of the Duncan sandal's reputation, he saw to it that every pair was made according to standards of quality in workmanship and materials.

In 1941, he re-opened his Sandal Shop here in Provincetown

THE SOLE AND THONG



(Photo by George Yater)

Your sandals are ready!

near the old Town House, now The New Central House. And that was the last time The Sandal Shop was to open its doors until after the war.

Returning to Florida in the Fall of 1941, and finding that the war had changed that colony, he decided against opening his Sandal Shop, and went to work instead at the Fort Lauderdale Country Club, managing the bar and dining room for that establishment. A few weeks later he met a lady from West Virginia, Mrs. Ardee Black, of Charleston. We were married on January 21, 1942 in the main lounge of the country club, surrounded by friends, backed with lillies and palms and faced with the Rev. John H. Hangar, who read the service. It was a beautiful wedding, although many of our Provincetown friends thought it took an awful long time to go through the Methodist's methodical ritual!

Soon after our wedding, Menalkas went to work building boats for the Navy, at a local boat yard in Fort Lauderdale.

THE SOLE AND THONG

Then, in October 1942, he enlisted his services in the United States Navy.

Menalkas served for three years, and when Japan surrendered, we were in Newport, Rhode Island, awaiting his further transfer. Instead, he was separated from service, and being only about 140 miles from Provincetown, we immediately came home!

Our leisure hours were spent during all those three hard years, planning The Sandal Shop we were to re-open, and all the new styles of sandals with which we have presented our customers. And so it was, in the Spring of 1946, we opened The Sandal Shop, across the street from Peter Hunt's, and with Nancy Tuttle, Provincetown's well-known silversmith, as our neighbor. And our dreams of success are coming true!

There are now, several new popular styles, all original designs by Menalkas, at The Sandal Shop, but the most popular is still the famous Raymond Duncan Sandal, that has stood the test of time and fashion! That classic Greek design that Raymond worked out years ago, with Hermes' sandals as the pattern; an arched sole and a thong, reproduced after many thousands of years, and given back to our modern civilization, by the family who spent a lifetime recovering the lost arts of the Ancient Greeks.

And, I still seem to hear the approving words of Hermes . . .

*"These sandals of mine will bear you across the seas,
and over hill and dale like a bird, as they bear me
all day long; for I am Hermes, the far-famed argus-
slayer, the messenger of the Immortals."*

(Kingsley, The Heroes)

NOT, THE END!

It is only the prologue to a story still in the making and yet to be written.