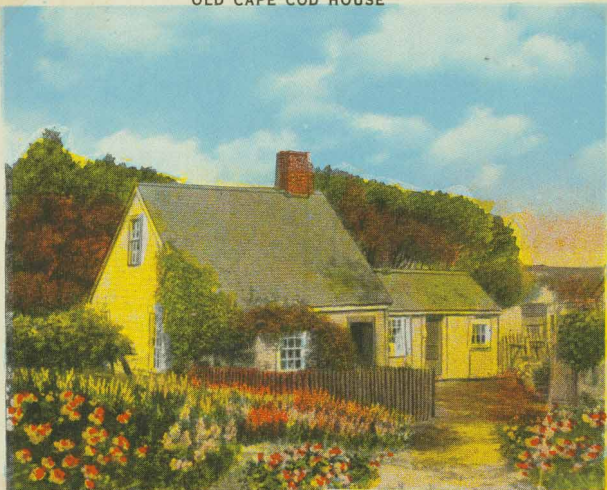


OLD CAPE COD HOUSE



There sailed an ancient mariner,
Bart Gosnold was he hight—
The Cape was all a wilderness
When Gosnold hove in sight.
The hills were bold and fair to view,
And covered o'er with trees.
Said Gosnold: "Bring a fishing line,
While lulls the evening breeze.

"I'll christen that there sandy shore
From the first fish I take—
Tautog or toad-fish, cusk or cod,
Horse-mackerel or hake,
Hard-head or haddock, sculpin, squid,
Goose-fish, pipe-fish or cunner,
No matter what, shall with its name
Yon promontory honor."

Old Neptune heard the promise made:
Down dove the water-god,
He drove the meaner fish away
And hooked the mammoth cod.
Quick Gosnold hauled, "Cape-Cape-
Cape Cod!"
"Cape Cod!" the crew cried louder,
"Here steward take the fish away,
And give the boys a chowder."

"OLD SALT." CAPE COD, MASS.

Old House on Montello Street
which used to be Provincetown's
Oldest - Now torn down - 1916