

July 1961

This Distracting Town

By Joyce Koch

The torrential rains that fell on us Friday and Saturday were like some impossibly bad practical joke. However, by pitcher-of-beer time on the second day of the long weekend the sky began to clear, the town to dry out.

There's been a lot of spade work done at the cemetery these past two months. The brush, bushes and weeds have been cleared away, the grass cut, lots seeded, sunken graves filled in and leveled with loam and, says Frank "Blaney" Flores, who is supervising the work under the direction of Town Manager Walter E. Lawrence, between fifty and sixty trees planted. These include maple, white birch, white oak and dogwood.

The cemetery, especially its older sections, is a place of great historical and sentimental interest and it has long deserved this careful attention. The oldest marker, "Blaney" found, was a piece of slate marked Ryder and dated 1761. Several of the older lots had been completely hidden under the tall grass.

An innovation has been the names given to the roads running through the cemetery grounds. They were chosen by Mr. Flores and Mr. Lawrence and include such titles as Lilac, Maple, Birch, Chestnut and Spruce, to name a few. A card index file showing the location of each of the 957 lots in the cemetery was worked up by "Blaney" using the newly named roads for identification. "This comes in handy," remarks Frank, "when a person has been using a bush for a landmark to locate a lot and suddenly discovers it's no longer there."



The Pilgrim Memorial Monument from the New Cemetery - 1954

NOTICE

Town Cemetery gates will be closed beginning August 11 until September 8, at 8 p. m. each night due to the destruction and vandalism at the Town Cemetery.

FRANK FLORES, Supt.

Aug. 8, 1962

CAPE COD STANDARD-TIMES, TUESDAY, MAY 15, 1962

Cemetery Rhymes Abound In Cape-tip's Provincetown

PROVINCETOWN—In the old cemetery at the end of Winthrop Street, the oldest grave is that of Desire Cowing, who died in 1723. Most of the stones are badly eroded and illegible, especially the names. Some of the epitaphs can be read, however. A 1794 one reads:

My years are scarcely 28
As you can plainly see.
Stoop down, my friends, and
weep for joy
For you must lye with me.
In 1799:
Friends or physicians could
not save
My mortal body from the
grave
Nor can the grave confine
me here
When Christ shall call me to
appear.

Another, with no date:
Stop here, my friends, and
cast an eye,
Consider well that you must
die,
Wisely conduct so that you
may
Triumph in Christ at the last
day.
In 1808:
Here lies the body of a
blooming youth
His dying expressions were
goodness and truth,
His weeping friends around,
hearing him say,
"Come my sweet Jesus and
take me away."
In 1812:
Sickness some long time I
bore,
Physicians all in vain,
'Til God did please to give
me ease
And free me from my pain.



Odd Gravestones - - 1977