



At Left — Provincetown streets tread gently in the shade of ancient elms past doorways that remember clipper ships and men who sailed them. Behind prim fences of trim front yards, bright hollyhocks lift high, proud heads. The air is filled with memories of centuries now history.



At Right — Provincetown seas, summer's gracious hostess, rage like mad beneath the January gale. Still on Race Point where she washed aground, lie these broken bones of the "W. N. Reinhardt," stark warning to the winter mariner, romantic background for the camera of the May-October visitor.

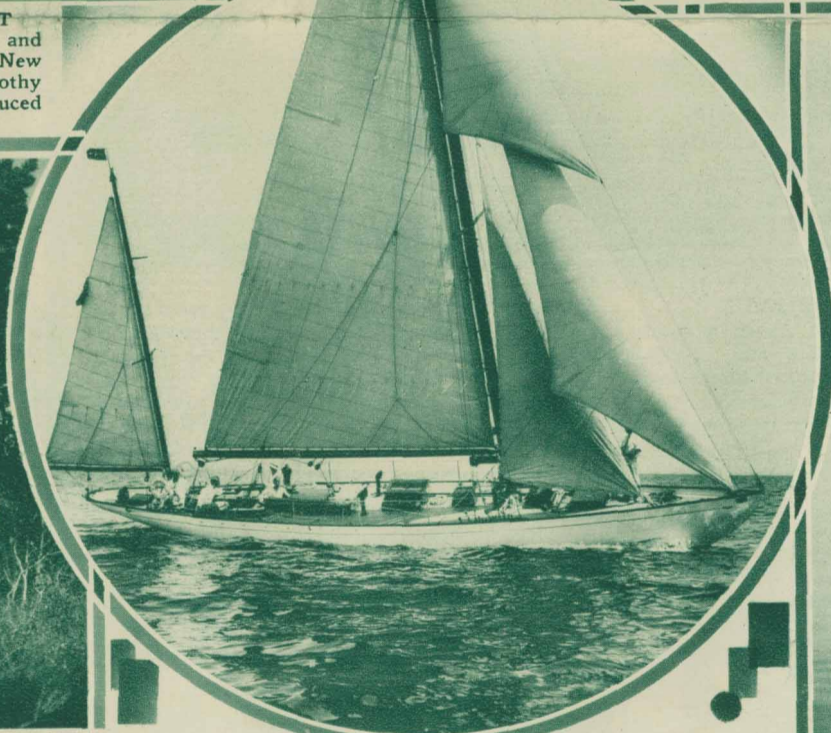


B. W. & N. Y. COACHES CONNECT WITH BOAT
Above — Daily excursions from Worcester, Marlboro, and Framingham are conducted by the Boston, Worcester, & New York Street R.R. Co. These de luxe coaches meet the Dorothy Bradford again at Long Wharf for the trip home. Reduced rates for round-trips without stop-over privilege.

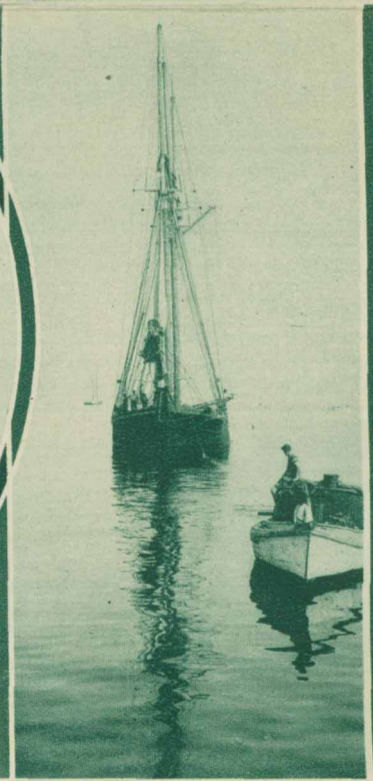
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Above — Surprisingly, behind the lanes of Provincetown, where casual eyes expect but swelling sands, the scrub pines raise their twisted branches and cone hung crowns. Strange paradox of the ever-contradictory Cape, these sturdy plumes deck the last thin strip of land that points into the blue Atlantic toward the land the Pilgrims left behind.



REGATTA COPPER BRONZE BOTTOM PAINT
The "Dorade," winner of the 1931 Transatlantic Races, and of the International Races in England, will continue to use Regatta Copper Bronze Bottom Paint in the 1933 Internationals; made by the Baltimore Copper Paint Co., Baltimore, Md.; local agent, A. E. Coleman, 110 State St., Boston.



Above — Home from the fishing banks, deep loaded with their finny catch, the lofty-rigged ships of Provincetown (auxiliary powered today) cleave wearily toward piers where open arms await.



Above — First welcome beacon of west-bound ships making Boston from the ports of Europe, the white tower of **HIGHLAND LIGHT** (just outside Provincetown) stands constant watch against the battering storms of gale-ridden winter seas. In

summer, when the ocean rests, the view is like, said Thoreau, "being at the mast-head of a man-of-war sixty miles out at sea." The tower is 80 ft. high, stands on a cliff 140 ft. above sea level, flashes a white light every 5 seconds.