

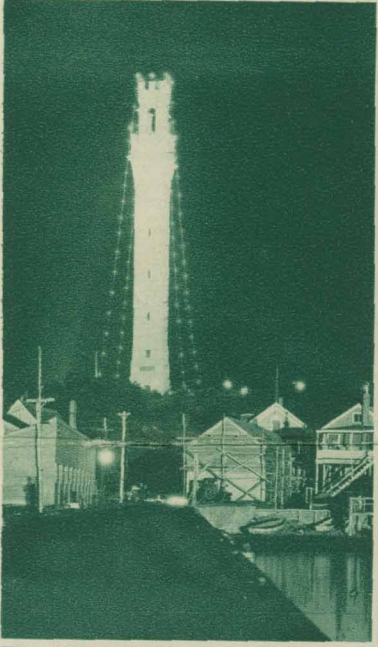
At Right — Famous painter of marines, Frederic Waugh, has produced no more virile or stirring canvas than "The Buccaneers." Time was when these blood-thirsty tars sought shelter in Provincetown's remote and quiet harbor and the town learned to know them all too well. Painter Waugh's pictures hang in many great American collections including the Metropolitan's in New York. One of the founders of the Provincetown Artist's colony, Painter Waugh lives there all the year round. His white Colonial house, set in gardens that rival his art in local fame, is one of the show places of the town. The interior of his studio, built to resemble the inside of a ship, houses his fine collection of Indian and Early American relics.



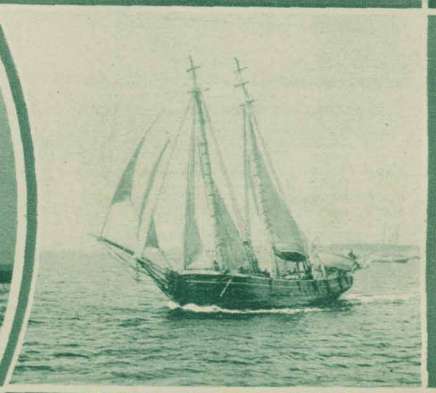
Above — For city streets the motor — but on Provincetown sands, Dobbin still draws the carts to collect the fish unloaded from Cape Cod dories. Note — in the distance — Wood End Light.



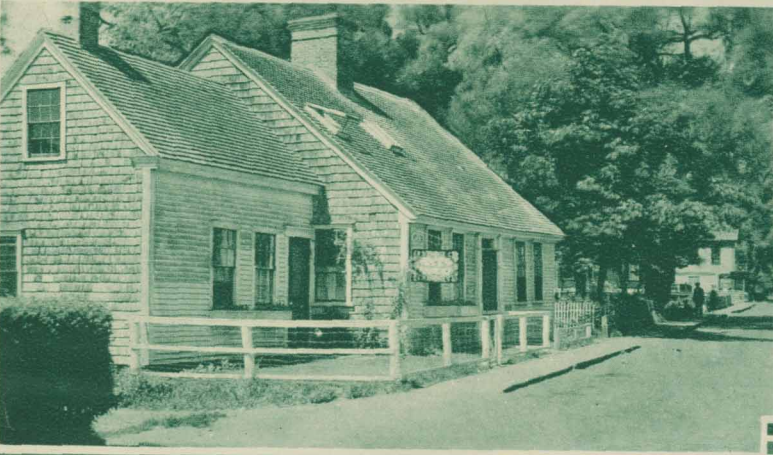
Above — All day long, while summer holds enthralled vacationers on Provincetown shores, fleet sails skim Bay waters, rivalling the seagulls in kaleidoscopic patterning of white on brilliant blue.



Above — Gala-illuminated for night festival, the shaft of the Pilgrim Memorial Tower reaches skyward above the hallowed spot where Pilgrim feet first trod American soil.



Above — Fishing time again! From long low wharfs of Provincetown, the busy boats once more see forth, continuing in the ancient way the long tradition of the Cape. From sandy shore, the eager eyes of visitors to Provincetown pursue, until a last horizon-speck drops lower than the sea-edge, "off for the banks."



Above — Oldest house in a community where little indeed is new, this quaint old home of long ago still gladdens the eyes of connoisseurs by its rigid simplicity of design, its innate rightness for the soil it occupies. Visit it on Commercial Street, in the west end of Provincetown.



Above — Squatted on the sun-baked piers, Provincetown fishermen mend their nets after a seining expedition. Sights like this, commonplace in Provincetown, make startled visitors realize that though cities change, and fashions wax and wane, the ways of the sea and the men who sail it go on and on unchanging.



Above — Here, in this lonely, now abandoned shack — once a U. S. Coast Guard station — great Playwright Eugene O'Neill, Provincetown alumnus, wrote sensational "Anna Christie" and "Strange Interlude", plays applauded as America's finest

drama. A winter's winds and seas ate out the dunes and tumbled the studio eccentrically askew! . . . Migrating sands are an enemy Provincetown must constantly fight: winter gales, allowed free play, could bury the community deep in sand.

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