

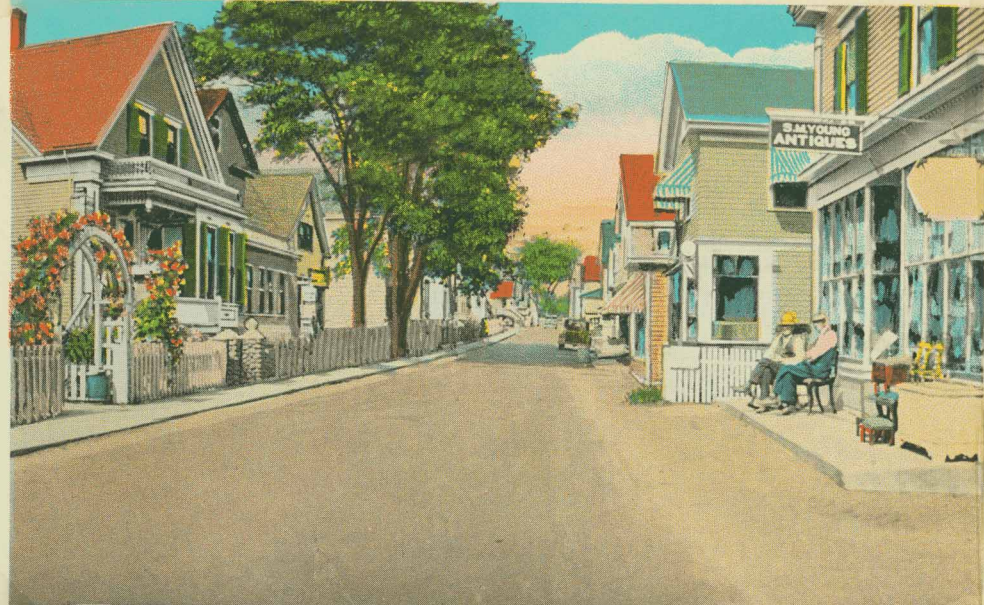
APR • 69



... Si Young^{rt} and
His
Cronies

Sept. 1943

EASTERLY ON COMMERCIAL STREET, PROVINCETOWN, MASS.



Si Young, left, in his rocking chair, outside his Antique Store - opposite Johnson Street - - 1939

Provincetown Advocate--August 9, 1956

SI YOUNG'S JIGGER

(A Rhythm in Blank Verse, dedicated to George Allen, who told me many things about Provincetown Jiggers and their owners)

"He gave it to me: I kept it; never smoked it,
"Because I chew tobacco, don't smoke at all",
Said Si Young, showing proudly the saved cigar,
A gift from Teddy Roosevelt; "I was his coachman
And drove him to the Monument's site the time
When he came to help us lay the corner-stone.
I tell you Teddy was a real man
Even if he was a smoker not a chewer."
But Si Young was far more famous to me as the owner
And driver of the last Jigger in Provincetown
Than as sturdy Teddy's coachman and gift-receiver . . .
"What was a Jigger?" It was a Yankee Invention,
A low-bellied sort of land-craft built with the purpose
Of skimming close to the sand-road like a swallow;
To load it you didn't have to lift much, you mostly shoved.
If you got one end up, say, of a Grand Piano,
You could shunt the rest aboard with a thumb and a finger
No matter how loose the sand which you took stance in.
Once there were many jiggers in Provincetown
That held this practiced conquest of Cape sand,
Now only Si's was left; the King of the Road,
Si stood high, driving his Jigger; himself a monument
Of Independence and Shrewdness, plus a kind heart;
Chewing his tobacco from a pocketed plug,
His valiant crisp-spoken sort today we lack;
Too-wasteful Time will never bring them back!

Harry Kemp