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From Deyo's "History of Barnstable County":

When, in 1826, Connecticut, entertaining a profound aversion to mischievous boys, sent here an impulsive, green, bright, jolly saucy lad - Joseph P. Johnson - of thirteen, to hoe his way, and to try his muscle with the resident young tarpaulins and blue-jackets of the day, she knew as little what she had lost, as did Provincetown what she had gained. It didn't take long for the boys and people to find out. Both have long since known that when the interest of the community required personal sacrifice, when public spirit was to be evoked, enterprise promoted, or charity solicited, the exile from Connecticut could always be relied upon to lend a hand or to lead the way. Indeed his inability to say no, especially when the hat went round, has long since become the village proverb. Hence when the erection of this hall (Town Hall) became an established fact, our presiding officer could no more help contributing to this enterprise in some way than he could help having been born in Connecticut. And what gift more striking, or timely than the clock! And while none will desire to hasten by a single span, his final departure hence, we are nevertheless admonished by his venerable locks and shining crown, that he can not always remain with us, nor always preside over our town meetings. Then what more useful and constant pledge of interest in his adopted home could he leave? Each stroke of this clock will suggest to the present and future inhabitants of the town, the engagements, the duties and obligations of the passing hour. Thus will it serve as a perpetual monitor, as well as a perpetual memorial of merits universally acknowledged and as widely esteemed.

February 18, 1954

... The old Town clock about which so much hot debate centered at the Town Meeting is running again. Selectman Flier Santos, Joseph Ferreira and Clarence Kacergis climbed to the steeple with Jeweler Francis Oliver and examined the mechanism thoroughly. Mr. Kacergis, expert welder, proceeded to build up worn shafts, gears, many universal joints. He secured the mechanism solidly to the faces and completed a number of other repairs. He plans to build up the weights that counter balance the hands and expects the old clock to run well for four or five years. The bill? Oh, he's giving his services to the town. It's good to hear again the sound of the deep toned bell which spreads over the town like a reassuring benediction.

August 25, 1955

OUR STOPPED TOWN CLOCK

(And the Angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth. lifted up his hand to heaven, and sware—that there should be time no longer, Revelations V:6)

I dreamed of great towers high in star-wide night
Which measured time beneath the meteors' flight. . .
These solemn clocks of slow, majestic tread,
To left and right, sadden me with times dead;
And little, fretful watches on the wrist
Should, from the first, have not been let exist.
But our brave Town Clock serving the Higher Will,
Hints at eternity by standing still;
By brave neglect it follows Scriptural lore
The Apocalyptic Time-Shall-Be-No-More!
Listen to what its mystic silence says:
It will make easier your vacation-days:
You should take time to stroll along the street,
Not using hectic cars instead of feet;
When on the beach, forget time in your fun;
Take winds and waves, but don't take too much sun;
It is vacation-time; let hours fulfill
Their pace unwatched, where watching clocks bode ill.
Gain Leisure's health by going as you please;
Put by the Modern Rush, that Great Disease!
Repair our Town Clock to show regular time?
The Man who did it would commit a crime!

Harry Kemp

April 24, 1872

The familiar and welcome sound of the town clock's voice was heard again last week. We are glad it has found use for its tongue again.

