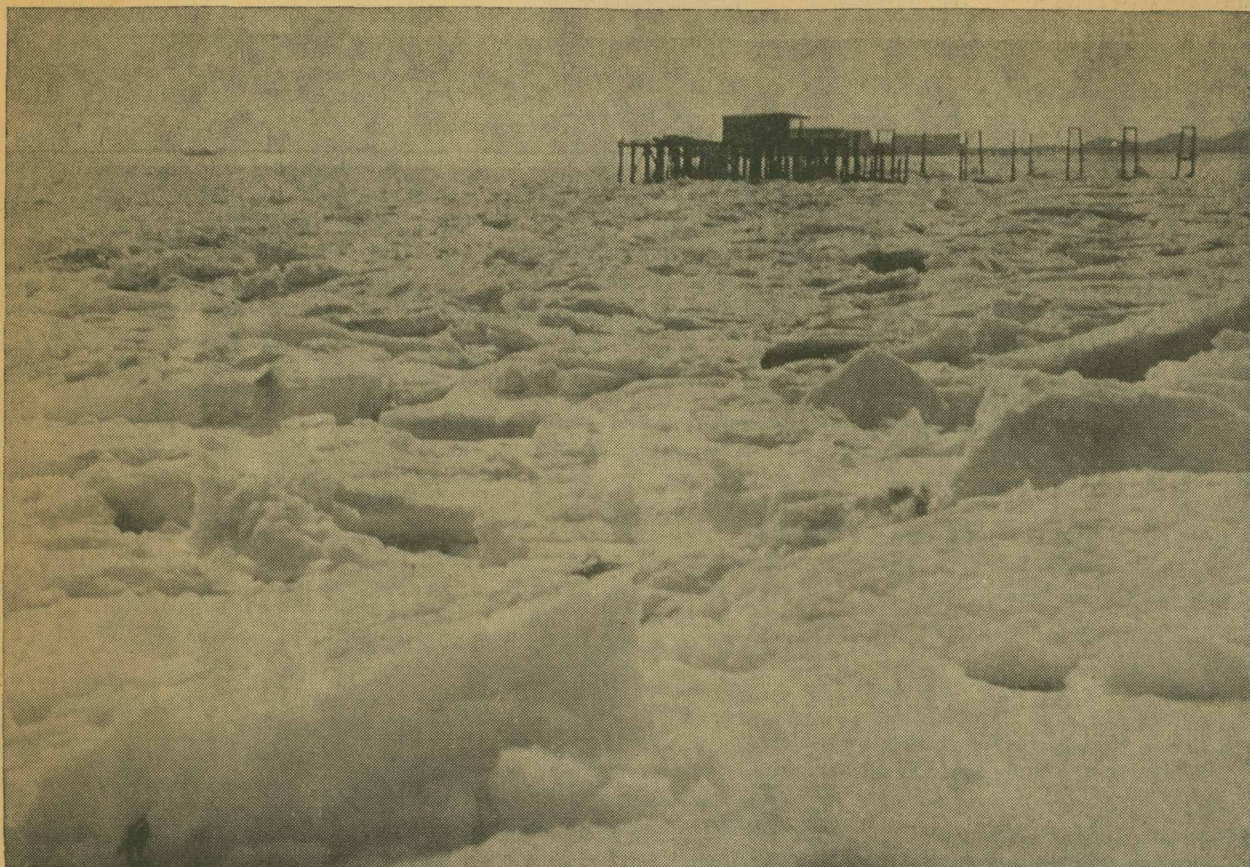


## North Pole? Greenland? Gosh, No! Provincetown Harbor!



This Arctic looking scene of piled up ice glittering with myriad facets of reflected sunlight might be the Far North, but is actually Provincetown Harbor photographed last week, after southwest winds filled the eastern half of the bay with chunks of thick ice. When the ice first came into the harbor it extended out into the bay and along the shore to about the area behind Bryant's Market. Each day's tides, however pulled it farther to the East, until last Wednesday, when its edge barely discernible below a heavy fog, the entire harbor could be seen, filled with a fresh barrage of ice. Unable to move the fishing fleet lay tied up at the wharves or at their moorings, and fears were expressed that this pack, repeating the eastward movement, would cause dragged anchors and moorings, and the possibility of other damage. But suddenly as the ice came, it disappeared, as shifting winds pushed it out of the bay, and once more the Provincetown scene takes on its more usual aspect. This was the first time in many years that Provincetown Harbor was filled with ice.

1958

### Clarence L. Burch

Funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the Nickerson Funeral Home for Clarence Leonard Burch, 82, native of Provincetown, who died last Sunday in South Yarmouth following a long illness. The Rev. Gilman L. Lane, pastor of the Provincetown Methodist Church, officiated at the services and interment was in the New Section Cemetery.

Born in Provincetown, he was the husband of the late Dorothy MacKenzie Burch. He spent his

younger years at sea on Grand Banks fishing vessels and also worked his way to the Yukon during the gold rush. He also joined the old U.S. Life Saving Service. For many years he operated Burch's Market in the East End, now Bryant's Market.

Mr. Burch was a member of King Hiram's Lodge here, of the Provincetown Methodist Church, Odd Fellows and the Cape Cod Grocers Association.

Surviving are two sons, Leonard of Hyannis and Arnold D. of Osterville and two daughters, Mrs. A. Melville Kimball of Danvers and Mrs. Walter H. Gage of Battle Creek, Michigan.

## OLD MARKET HAS ROMANTIC PAST

By Helen Bishop

So often, here in Provincetown, taking a walk, or doing a few ordinary errands, one comes suddenly face to face with a bit of the town's past.

One day last week, we noticed, at low tide, some stumps of pilings in the water in back of Bryant's Market, and going into the store to shop, we asked Duncan Bryant what they were.

"Why, they're all that remain of the long wharf, which used to stretch out into the harbor, when Kibbe Cook and his brother, had their store here," Duncan told us. "This is the oldest market, still operating in town. The wharf was as long as Town Wharf, and the whalers and Grand Bankers used to tie up there."

He went on to tell us that the Cook store was a real general store, which used to outfit the whalers and Grand Bankers before they went off on long voyages. The Mary Heaton Vorse house across the street was the Kibbe Cook home; the Cooks owned most of the property in the neighborhood, and the Richard Miller house, on Bradford Street, now the Corrigan home, was the Cook stable where they kept their horses. The store, now Bryant's Market, is well over 100 years old. Duncan then asked us if we'd like to see an old ledger, kept by the Cook brothers, which he had found in the loft of the store; so we went up to the loft, now used as an office. And here the feeling of the past was very strong. The wide trap door is still in the floor, through which supplies were passed down to the wharf, and to the ships tied up there; and looking out on the wide blue harbor, one could picture what a beautiful sight it must have been to see it crowded with sail.

Duncan took down the old ledger and put it on the desk. Written in fine Spencerian handwriting on the first page are the names "E. and E. K. Cook & Co." Entries in the ledger begin in July 1862 and end on October 8, 1864; and they give a vivid picture of the kind of business which the old store did in those days. For instance, under the date line of December 31, 1862, is a list of items for the "Abbie H. Brown", then obviously fitting out for a voyage. They include cut nails, rivets, 5 boat knives, which cost \$1.85; 12 belaying pins, 72 cents; harpoons, flour, po-

tatoes, rice, butter, molasses, vinegar, barrels of beef and pork, onions, horse-radish, pickles, spices and cloves. Under the name "Schooner Mary Greenwood" are listed such items as needles, mattresses, overalls, hats, sou'westers, pots and pans and tobacco.

There are dozens of names of old ships in the ledger, among them the Eugene, the Alleghania and the Seyschelle—we wondered if perhaps the latter was named by some owner and skipper who had fallen in love with the Seyschelle Islands, off the coast of Madagascar, known as one of the loveliest spots on earth. There is also the name of the schooner E. H. Hatfield; and in Duncan's office is a framed "sight draft", dated September 29, 1869, made out at Fayal, Azores, to Charles W. Dabney & Sons, for the sum of \$398.34, and signed E. and E. K. Cook. Elisha W. Burch was the captain of the E. H. Hatfield, and obviously the draft was used to purchase supplies when the ship called at the Azores.

Ships would unload, as well as load, at the wharf in back of the market, Duncan said. They would often take salt cod to the West Indies, and return with molasses and rum. The cod catch from the Grand Banks would be salted down aboard ship and when the ships returned, the fish would be set out to dry in "flake yards", which were all over town. Next to the market, was a flake yard owned by Philip Whorf, and Johnny Morris, for years a perennial fixture at the market, remembers working there as a boy. Later John Pigeon built boats in the space next to the market.

When the Cooks passed on, the old building was idle for a time; the building was later bought by the old Consolidated Weir Company, who sold it to Clarence Burch about 1905. Clarence Burch, who had been in the old Life-Saving Service, had learned to cook, and he first opened the store as a bakery. (Clarence was a brother of Charlie Burch, who operated the bakery in the center of town for many years.) He had a wagon, which went around the town about six in the morning, delivering fresh bread and doughnuts, and Johnny Morris remembers driving it. In the loft of the building is the huge brick

## Duncan Bryant Dies At 61

May 21 1967

Services were held Tuesday morning at the Church of St. Mary of the Harbor for Duncan B. Bryant, 61, of 129A Bradford Street, who died Sunday, May 21, at the Massachusetts General Hospital following a lengthy illness. Interment was in Provincetown Cemetery.

A well known businessman here, Mr. Bryant owned and operated Bryant's Market on Commercial Street, East End, for the past 25 years, purchasing the business from his late uncle, Clarence Burch, when it was known as the C. L. Burch Company.

He was born in Malden, the son of the late Guy C. and Mary A. McKenzie Bryant, moving to Provincetown with his parents at the age of five. He attended local schools and was graduated from Provincetown High School and East Greenwich, (Rhode Island) Academy.

He was a member of King Hiram's Lodge, A.F. and A.M., Provincetown; past high priest of the Joseph Warren Chapter; member of the Anchor and Ark Club; The Chequocket Chapter 200, OES; the executive board, Cape Cod Council Boy Scouts of America; a former vice-president of Provincetown Art Association.

He is survived by his widow, Marielouise Kopp Bryant, three sons, George D., of Cambridge; Stuart K., of Provincetown, and Eugene A., of Provincetown, a senior at Groton School, Groton; a sister, Mrs. Doris Makas of Medford; a cousin, Arnold D. Burch of Osterville as well as several nieces and a nephew.

oven, and slabs on which the dough used to be rolled.

Later, Clarence Burch added groceries and meats, enlarging the store. Priscilla Simmons worked there, and she is probably the only lady meat cutter in the town's history.

In 1945, Duncan Bryant took over the market, which he has operated ever since. It is now a modern market, of the best type, with a fine selection of foods, both fresh and frozen. It is only when one goes upstairs to the old loft, which still holds a faint aroma of spices and rope, that one steps back into the glorious past of the whalers and the Grand Bankers.