

## Only One Fatality Marred Memorial But That Was Death Of Rosilla Bangs

**Her Great Moment And End Were Both Connected With  
Pilgrim Monument—But She Lived Long To Accomplish  
Much And She Was The Pioneer Of Bangsville  
And Tourist Cottages**

Construction of Provincetown's lofty Pilgrim Memorial Monument was marred by only one fatality and that could hardly be attributed directly to the building work.

It happened one hot day in August. A sudden and severe thunder storm came up. A bolt of lightning struck the steel cable which pulled the heavy granite laden cars up the side of Monument Hill to the base of the construction.

A car with its enormous weight of stone plunged down the hill. In its path was a little, aged old lady,

Provincetown's oldest citizen, who just a short time before had shaken hands with President Theodore Roosevelt and had heard his famous "Dee-lighted," when he was here for the corner-stone laying exercises of that same monument.

Yes, there was only one fatality, but that was the death of one Rosilla Bangs, a truly great figure of her day—a woman who seemed to epitomize all those qualities of courage, determination, energy, imagination and downright spunk

characteristic of her generation of Cape Cod women especially, and pioneer women in general.

But let Josephine Patterson tell the story of Rosilla Bangs as she told it to the members of the Research Club at their regular meeting last night. Here it is:—

### From Cape Cod Soil

This evening I am going to diverge from my usual musical program, and present to you a pen picture of an unusual personality, perhaps not as glamorous as it is courageous, for when one reaches the three-score and ten years span of life, and starts pioneering, not to the West in a covered wagon, but to the East in the family buggy, certainly cannot be measured by calendar.

So I end my prologue and introduce to you the life story of Rosilla Bangs whom I am proud to call Aunt Rosilla.

Mrs. Bangs was always a booster for the less fortunate and, being deeply religious, would always say, "What the Lord has for you, the devil can't take away."

Let us now catch a glimpse of the building of this strong character.

Born in Truro in 1822, Rosilla led the normal, out-of-doors life such as Truro offered to children in those days and which, no doubt, prepared her, at the age of seventeen, for the Herculean task of caring for a mentally deranged relative—proper institutions being unavailable at that time; her faithfulness in this capacity, marked the beginning of her married life with her husband, Solomon Bangs.

Captain Bangs, owner of the second set of weir traps in Provincetown, resided with his family at the East End of the town where he had considerable property. On the waterfront was a store, a sail-loft and Bangs' Wharf, which is now the location of the Beachcombers' Club. His property extended to Bradford Street, owning land on both sides of what is now Bangs Street.

Several houses were erected, bearing such names as Bangs' Block and Solomon's Temple. After many years the Provincetown Art Association bought his property, at the

corner of Bangs Street and Commercial Street upon which stands the foundation of the new Hawthorne Memorial Gallery, replacing the three-family dwelling where one paid the high rent of thirty-six dollars a year.

Uncle Solomon's home was a three-story structure with a large front yard, not landscaped with a lawn and flowers, but gleaming white with an expanse of fish-flakes, upon which was spread to dry, the fish he had salted, when he returned from his fishing-traps.

Always uppermost in the career of Rosilla Bangs was a keen sense of justice which asserted itself in their early married life.

The narrow road, now called Bangs Street, was but a winding lane, bordered by sand hills on either side. So, after much debating, it was decided to lay out a regular street, wide enough for two horse-carts to pass each other, and Uncle Solomon was to engineer the project.

### His Conscience Decided

The sand hills were eliminated