

THE TALE OF THOMAS APPLETREE

(How he shot haphazardly into the Great Queen's Royal Barge; and was not executed, but pardoned)



When every single ripple was instinct
With gold, and in the warm, broad afternoon,
Her Maids of Honor arm in arm were linked
Like Grecian Girls, to the lutes' languid tune,
Elizabeth's royal barge rowed on the Thames
Filled with her Courtiers of noted names . . .
The other barges crowded the fine day,
But the Great Queen's bright barge led the way;
Then burst the gun-blast sent by Appletree
Full upon her open Majesty,
Wounding one of her rowers through both arms;
The Thames grew rife with cries and wild alarms.
The Queen stepped forth—"Whoever fired that shot,
Shoot now again! Here I, Elizabeth, stand,
"My Royal Presence a full aim affords.
"Don't harm my Maids of Honor, nor my Noble Lords!"
Then Thomas Appletree sprang up and cried,
"I shot the blast, your Mighty Majesty!"
"But why, you rogue, did you do so?" asked she.
"The target was too great!" cried Thomas Appletree.
The Great Queen laughed. Appletree was not martyred.
She commanded the wild mob to let him live.
They fell back saying he should be hanged, drawn, quartered.
But she showed how a Great Queen could forgive.
She made Appletree's Master take him back
In service. The Fool never felt the wrack,
Nor got one blow to pay for his absurd attack.

Harry Kemp

- April 7, 1960 -

A PROOF has been received by Harry Kemp of his biographical entry to appear in the "1960 Author's and Writer's Who's Who in England," published by Mercury House in London. It outlines our Dune Poet as follows: Kemp, Harry Hibbard. b. Youngstown, Ohio 1883. e. Mt. Hermon Preparatory School, Mass., and University of Kansas. m. (1) Mary Pyne (2) Frances MacClerman. Pres. Provincetown Pilgrim Association; mem. London Poetry Society and American Poetry Society; original member of early Provincetown Playhouse; books published, *Tramping On Life*, *Life of Shakespeare*, *Poet's Life of Christ*, *Book of Poetry*, *The Sea and the Dunes*; play, *Boccaccio's Untold Tales* (now an opera); poems published in *Saturday Evening Post*, *Harpers*, *Saturday Review of Literature*; clubs, *Beachcombers*, *London Poetry Society*, *New York Poetry Society*. In addition to this he was listed as "runner-up World Light Heavyweight Boxing Championship". In correcting the proof, Harry told them "this last item is not true though I did stand up pretty well with professionals in gym workouts. Winchell had a sensational story about my going a round with Harry Greb, who bested Tunney, then lost to him afterward; but I only did this on a bet to earn enough to take my current date out. He almost killed me!"

April 7, 1960
IT WOULD SEEM that our Poet of the Dunes, Harry Kemp, is in the news more than usual this week. On Monday night the Selectmen at their regular meeting plan to honor him by hanging in Town Hall a painting by Marilyn Zapp which is a stylized version of the poet against the background of his favorite dunes. The artist is donating the painting to the Town and Chester Pfeiffer is creating a special frame. Harry is being asked to say a few words on Monday night. The meeting is open to the public . . . Our well known sculptor, Sheila Burlingame is planning on presenting her piece, done in stone, depicting the Pilgrim woman doing her wash, to the Historical Museum here, as a salute to Harry Kemp. It will be a tribute to his valiant efforts in making Provincetown known everywhere as the first landing place of the Pilgrims and for other historic background . . . Finally, "Sunny" Tasha is still at work on Harry Kemp's home on Howland Street and she is sending out a plea for a giant size flat-top desk with lots of drawers and things. She would also like to have for Harry a comfortable straight back, padded arm chair.

The Evening Gazette Worcester Tues., April 26, 1960



Around These Parts

By Frank Crotty

HARRY KEMP — With some 35 to 40 poets, painters, sculptors, and music composers, I attended a housewarming party for 77-year-old poet Harry Kemp, greatest of the Bohemians, in Provincetown Saturday afternoon.

For the last six or eight months, Harry has had no home. For many years he lived in a shack out in the dunes . . . but he has not been able to get to it for some time because of foot trouble. It is a long arduous hike from the center of town.

So of late he has been guesting here and there with this or that friend. Most of the beatniks — who sort of worship him as the original of their kind — have been particularly kind to him. Others have too, such as Mr. and Mrs. Herman Tasha, their son Carl Tasha, Alan Dodge, Richard Briggs, and Charlie Zender. These others, under the guiding eye of Mrs. Tasha, began work last Thanksgiving on a home for Harry and completed it Saturday.

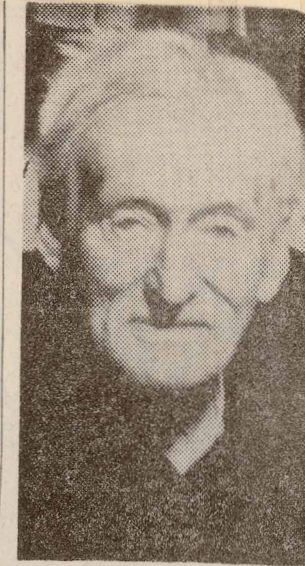
Tashas Gave Land

The Tashas donated the land as well as their services. The lumber came from here and there. Recent Provincetown buildings which went under razers' battering-rams made their contributions. The aforementioned folk took up hammers and saws in their spare time. The structure, reminiscent of a Swiss chalet, was designed around the likes and dislikes of the dune poet and has many windows and much light. The east side is completely glass-walled so he can abundantly enjoy the Cape Cod dawns which he loves so well. Set on the side of a hill amidst

scrub pine and locust trees off Howland Street, it is an attractive one-room atelier. It is an ideal place for an artist or poet. Stained-glass windows on the north came from the old Provincetown Methodist Church and similar ones on the west, from the Old County Hospital Chapel in Boston. Shingles covering the outside are hand-hewn and the place is completely insulated.

Jig Cook's Bed

Harry's bed was formerly that of George Cram (Jig) Cook, original director of the old Provincetown Players and one of the persons who discovered Eugene



HARRY KEMP
Poet of the Dunes

O'Neill.

The party was a lot of fun. One of its features was the presentation of ownership papers and a medieval symbol of possession in metal by John C. Snow, chairman of selectmen. The metal symbol was wrought by Herman Tasha.

Because it was Shakespeare's birthday and because Harry loves his Shakespeare, Miss Elizabeth Shanklin read a passage from "As You Like It." It was all most enjoyable and Harry was deeply touched.

"For the first time in my life," he said, "I'm glad I'm Harry Kemp."

THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1960

Street Pays Honor To Famed Pilgrim

A little heard-of street in Provincetown, perhaps because it is one of the shortest, is Allerton Street, in the far East End, named in honor of Isaac Allerton, who in a large measure made the epic voyage of the Pilgrims possible and insured their survival.

Isaac Allerton was born in England, probably in 1586, left London for Leyden in 1608. He joined the Pilgrims and when they decided to emigrate to America, he was one of the four to complete the arrangements at Leyden, and to buy and equip the *Speedwell*. On this little ship he, his wife, and three children embarked in 1620; but later they transferred to the *Mayflower*.

For three years, following 1621, he was Governor Bradford's chief assistant; and when the merchants who had financed the Pilgrims withdrew their support, it was Allerton to whom they turned for help. He responded to their call by making several journeys to England; obtained repayment of the original expenses for equipping the colony; and borrowed money to purchase goods and cattle, which ended the extreme poverty at Plymouth.

He arranged for the emigration of the remainder of the Leyden congregation in 1629, and secured the patent of 1630, which at last gave the Pilgrims the title to their lands and property. These achievements were among the most important in the history of the colony, and its future was assured.

His success in influencing the merchants with whom he came in contact led to private adventures in trade and, after moving to New Haven, he and his son carried on extensive traffic with Boston, New Amsterdam, and towns along the Delaware Bay, Virginia, and the Barbados. He amassed a considerable fortune, for that time. Allerton was looked upon as the founder and promoter of the great mercantile activity of the New England states, and earned the title, "Father of American Commerce".