

of Harry's friends went to Peaked Hill, the spot on the dunes where he had first gone, and spread half of his ashes there at the spot that he had requested. The three were Frank Henderson, who had given Harry the shack where he lived for 38 summers, John Francis, who had given Harry an apartment in town for over 30 years and Hudson Walker, who had backed Harry when he published his little books.

- May 26, 1960 -

### THE FRIENDLY FIGHT

(An anecdote of the Old Provincetown Players which O'Neill himself told me, one afternoon.)



George Cram Cook, our Director and Producer, came up from Macdougall Street, to speak enthusiastically of The Emperor Jones. He said now he would show he was a Great Producer and Director. Eugene O'Neill looked him directly in the eyes saying, "You're a lousy director, Jig. I'm getting Arthur Hopkins to do the job. I warned you the time would come when I was to go on beyond you and the Group. You've brought me as far as you go with me." "Well, at least, 'Gene, you're brutally frank!" George Cram Cook said tearfully.

Jig brought his foot down through a kitchen chair  
And left it like a heap of kindling there.  
'Gene slammed some plates against the studio wall;  
Their pieces came down with a clattering fall.  
No blow was struck; it was a Friendly Fight;  
Each one had love, respect unto the other;  
For a long time their rage kept up its pother.  
"Christ, Jig, I warned you that the time would come  
"When we must part!" "You came to us like a bum,  
"With Terry Carlin, seeking out our help  
"Forlorn and lost like an abandoned whelp!"  
Roared George Cram Cook, Eugene O'Neill replied  
"— and gave the Group Great Plays, strong as the Tide  
"Which sweeps Cape Cod, with a world-fame in view;  
"And so I must go on, Jig as I warned you!"  
"If you're a Great Playwright, I'm a Director, too,  
"As great!" "For The Emperor Jones no amateur will do!  
"I'm getting Arthur Hopkins in the place of you."  
The Friendly Fight proceeded while the room  
Was littered like a very place of Doom  
With a recurrent storm of tableware  
And furniture smashed up beyond repair . . .  
Finally 'Gene brought out a jug of rum  
And they drank toasts unto The Kingdom Come  
Of Dramatists' Heaven that the world's hope waited,  
They talked a little less exacerbated!

Harry Kemp

- January 3, 1958 -

In spite of the weather, Harry Kemp is probably the happiest man in Provincetown this week. For several years now, one of Harry's projects, and there have been many of them as we all know, has been a statue commemorating the first Monday washday in America, when the Pilgrim women came ashore in Provincetown to do their first washing after many days aboard the crowded Pilgrim vessel. From New York has come a letter to Town Manager James V. Coyne, Jr., with a copy to Harry, stating that "a major national manufacturer, who prefers to remain anonymous for the present, is seriously interested and entirely prepared from a financial standpoint to take over the project of erecting in Provincetown the monument to America's first washday, which Harry Kemp has so notably been championing for a number of years."

PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1963



It was three years ago today that Harry Kemp, colorful Poet of the Dunes, passed from his beloved Cape End where he pioneered movements to get Provincetown its rightful place in history as the First Landing of the Pilgrims. He is shown here in the classic robes of an ancient poet looking from his dunes across the Atlantic awaiting the arrival of Mayflower II.