

Forest Buried Under Cape End

ACCORDING to Gustavus Swift Paine, genealogist and Cape historian, the following may be read in a rare old volume, "The American Geography," by Jedediah Morse, published in London in 1794.

"A traveller in passing from the village (Provincetown) over to Race Point, about mid-way travels some distance through a pine wood, the trees about twenty feet in height. At length he finds the path obstructed with a mound of sand, almost perpendicular, rising among the trees to their tops. His horse with difficulty mounts the precipice, his feet sinking almost to the knees in the sand. This volume of sand is gradually rolling into the woods with the winds, and, as it covers the trees to the tops, they die."

"As soon as the traveller mounts this bank, a curious spectacle presents to view a desert of white sand, five miles in length,

parallel with the sea, and one mile and a half in breadth. The tops of the trees appear above the sand, but they are all dead. Where they have lately been covered, the bark and twigs are still remaining, from others they have fallen off. Some have been so long whipped and worn out with sand and winds that there is nothing remaining but the hearts and knots of the trees. But the greater part of this desert the trees have long since disappeared.

"After crossing this wilderness, where the horse sinks to his fetlocks at every step, you arrive at Race Point. Here are a number of huts erected by the persons who come over from the village to fish in boats. Here they keep their fishing apparatus, and lodge. At the distance of fifteen rods from the Point the water is thirty fathoms in depth, and cod, haddock, and other kinds of fish are taken in plenty, whenever the weather will permit. They take many kinds of fish with seines, such as pollack, mackerel, and

herrings. The two latter are often taken in their harbor in great abundance.

"At this place, Race Point, are seen at some times hundreds of sharks lying on the shore, which have been caught by the boats when fishing for cod. They weigh from 300 to 600 pounds. Their livers, which produce oil, are the only parts of them of which any use is made. They are taken by a large hook baited by a cod fish and fastened to an iron chain with a swivel, to prevent them from biting or twisting off. When the shark has seized the hook, they drag him up to the stern of the boat, and being too large to take on board, row ashore with him, drag him up on the beach, rip him open, take out his liver, and the carcass is left to perish."



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RACE POINT LIGHT Keeper and Mrs. Osborne Hallett are awaiting definite instructions which they expect about the middle of next month, for their transfer to Nobska Light, which has been kept bright by Keeper John M. Scharoff for well nigh thirty years and who is now retiring. The Halletts have been custodians of Race Point Light for ten years and while Mrs. Hallett looks forward to be able to have electricity instead of the kerosene she has become accustomed to, and will be able to drive right up to her home instead of traversing two miles of loose, flying sand in both directions, she said yesterday, that in many ways she will be sorry to leave. "I love Provincetown and its people, and it's beautiful and grand out here, especially in the Summer," she said. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hallett are natives of the Cape. He is from West Dennis and she is from Yarmouth. He was at Boston Light for seven years and before that, at Graves light for a year. Now that the Halletts are leaving Race Light after ten years of kerosene, electricity is being installed in the keeper's house.



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