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GUIDE TO PROVINCETOWN

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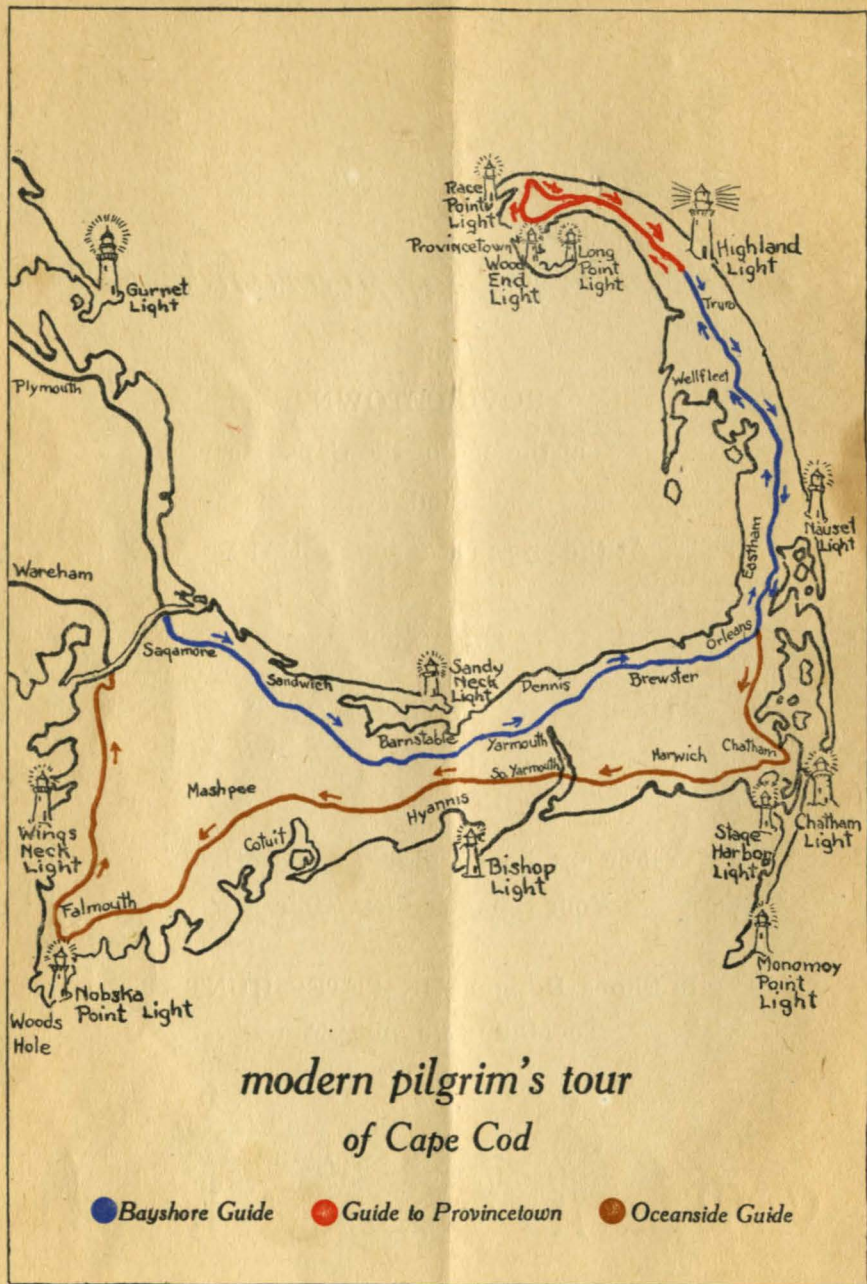
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A Modern Pilgrim's
Guide to Provincetown

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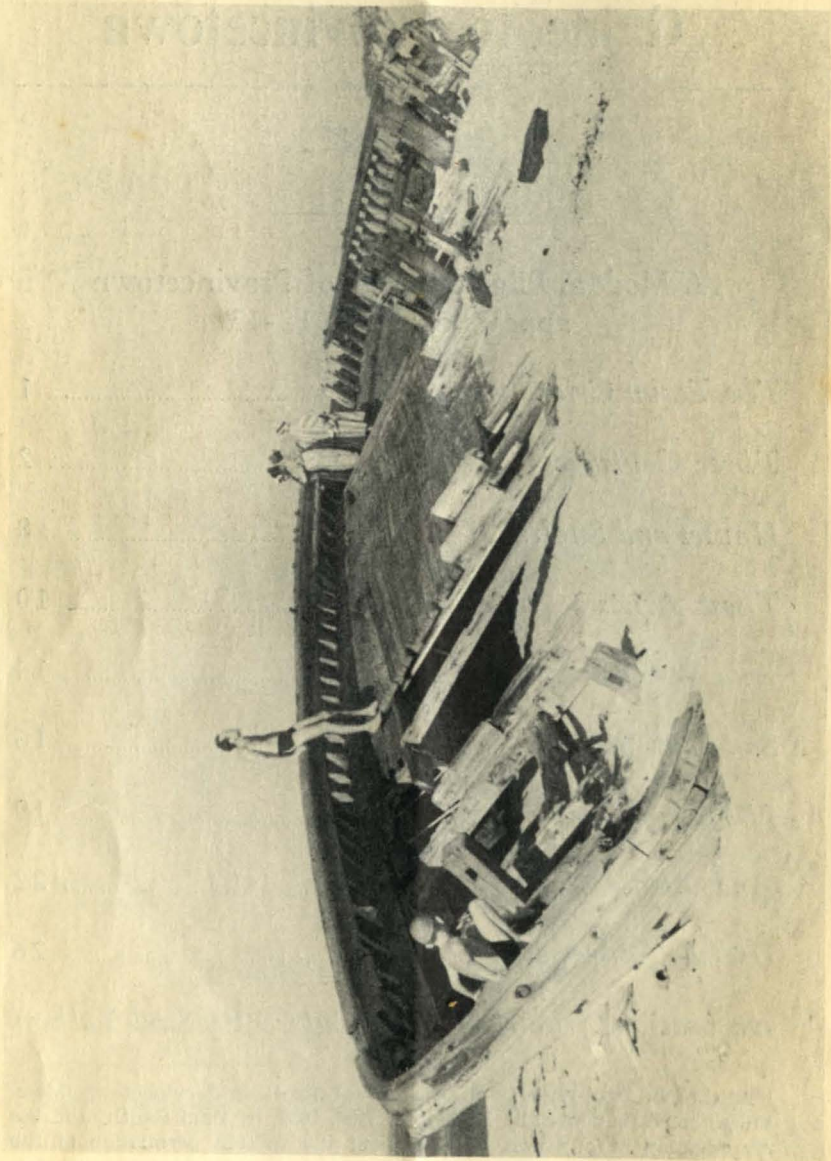


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Last Haven



We Started Something!

Our accessories have circled the globe.

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For You

*Turbans
Men's Shirts
Hostess Gowns
Lumber Jackets
Little Girls' Dresses*



For Your Home

*Lamps
Shades
Dressing Tables
Curtains*

CAPE COD FISHNET INDUSTRIES

NORTH TRURO—HYANNIS—FORT LAUDERDALE



Frank Andrews, veteran actor, makes his first round as Town Crier, July 1940—Photo by Stiff's Camera Shop.



THE TOWN CRIER

When, in 1930, Walter Smith laid aside his bell and cap of office, it was generally believed that the last Town Crier in America had cried his last cry. A great deal was written about the sadly inevitable passing of another victim of the machine age.

But Provincetown has never had much liking for the machine age, and in the spring of 1935 the campaign for the appointment of a new Town Crier was successful. Amos Kubik was appointed and served that year. It is his picture you see in town booklets, his voice you may have heard over the radio.

Town Criers have always made as well as cried news in Provincetown. George Washington Ready who once graced the office, achieved national fame when—"not unduly excited by liquor"—he sighted a monstrous big sea-serpent taking a cross-country jaunt. The creature, which had three red eyes to port, three green ones to starboard, passed so close that Ready smelled the sulphurous odor of its body, saw the underbrush wither and smoke from its infernal heat.

At one time the Crying business was so brisk in these parts that there were two criers, and between the competition for news and "commercials," and the competition to be heard, it is said they kept the town in an uproar in more ways than one.



THREE CENTURIES

But for a freak of chance New England might have been the last part of the Atlantic coast to be settled. No one wanted to live in New England.

Gosnold had tried it in 1602, building some huts on Cuttyhunk Island. In 1605 a colony had been founded by George Weymouth on the Kennebec river. But the winters had proved too severe, and both attempts were abandoned.

The Mayflower sailed from Plymouth on Sept. 6th, 1620 (O. S.), bound for the land of the Virginia Company. Severe storms buffeted her about and drove her off the course, and when—after two weary months—land was sighted, it was the sandy shore of Cape Cod. Even then the ship was put about and headed south, for the Pilgrims had no patent from the Plymouth Company which owned Cape Cod. But bad weather and treacherous shoals forced them back, and at last they put in to Provincetown Harbor on Nov. 11th. "It is a harbor," wrote Edward Winslow, "wherein a thousand sail of ships may safely ride."

Before ever they set foot on shore they gathered together in the main cabin and drew up the Mayflower Compact, one of the most important social documents in our history. The Compact was signed by the 41 adult males of the company—four months later 21 of the 41 were dead.

As soon as they landed the women hastened to do

In ye name of God, Amen. We whose names are underwritten, the loyall subjects of our dread soveraigne Lord, King James, by ye grace of God, of Great Britaine, Franc and Ireland King, defender of ye faith, &c., haveing undertaken, for ye glorie of God and advancemente of ye Christian faith, and honour of our King and countrie, a voyage to plant ye first colonie in ye Northerne parts of Virginia, doe by these presents solemnly and mutuallly in ye presence of God, and of one another, covenant and combine our selves together into a civill body politick, for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of ye ends aforesaid; and by vertue hereof to enacte, constitute and frame such just and equall lawes, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices from time to time, as shall be thought most meete and convenient for ye generall good of ye Colonie, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In Witness wherof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cape-Codd ye 11 of November, in ye year of ye raigne of our soveraigne lord, King James of England, France and Ireland ye eighteenth, and of Scotland ye fiftie-fourth, Ano. Dom. 1620.

MR. JOHN CARVER
WILLIAM BRADFORD
MR. EDWARD WINSLOW
MR. WILLIAM BREWSTER
MR. ISAAC ALLERTON
CAPT. MILES STANDISH
JOHN ALDEN
MR. SAMUEL FULLER
MR. CHRISTOPHER MARTIN
MR. WILLIAM MULLINS
MR. WILLIAM WHITE
MR. RICHARD WARREN
JOHN HOWLAND
MR. STEPHEN HOPKINS
EDWARD TILLY
JOHN TILLY
FRANCIS COOKE
THOMAS ROGERS
THOMAS TINKER
JOHN RIDGDALE
EDWARD FULLER

JOHN TURNER
FRANCIS EATON
JAMES CHILTON
JOHN CRACKSTON
JOHN BILLINGTON
MOSES FLETCHER
JOHN GOODMAN
DEGORY PRIEST
THOMAS WILLIAMS
GILBERT WINSLOW
EDMUND MARGESON
PETER BROWN
RICHARD BRITTERIDGE
GEORGE SOULE
RICHARD CLARKE
RICHARD GARDINER
JOHN ALLETON
THOMAS ENGLISH
EDWARD DOTEY
EDWARD LEISTER

their much needed washing in one of the fresh water ponds. This was on a Monday, and from this first washing comes our time-hallowed Monday washing day.

It was shortly agreed that Provincetown would not do for their settlement. Perhaps they were prejudiced because they had to wade ashore over the flats in the chill November air, and many of them caught cold. At any rate they decided to send out a party to explore the country for another site.

The first trip was by land, and the party had not gone very far when they sighted several Indians with a dog. Much excited, the Pilgrims hastened after them, but the Indians fled and were not seen again. They camped that night somewhere near East Harbor, and the next morning came upon a spring where they drank thirstily and "with as much delight as ever we drank drink in all our lives."

Later that day the party came to what is now Corn Hill, where they found queer heaps of earth. On digging into these they unearthed a store of corn in an Indian basket, and also an old iron kettle, now supposed to have been washed ashore at some time from a wreck. After a long consultation as to the proprieties, they put some corn in the kettle and turned back toward the ship. That second night they camped by a little fresh water pond in North Truro, and into the pond they threw the kettle, finding it too heavy to carry.

A second expedition was even less fruitful. Corn Hill was discussed as a site for their colony, but they decided to explore further.



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Provincetown

Books to sell, books to rent,
Cape books, Children's
books, best sellers, good
reprints

Two events of importance occurred on the ship during this time. Dorothy, the lovely young wife of William Bradford, fell overboard and was drowned—the first death in the new land. And the first New England baby was born: Peregrine White.

The third and final expedition left on the 6th of December. They explored Wellfleet Harbor, and somewhere around Eastham had their first encounter with the Indians, an attack at daybreak. At nightfall the same day they came into Plymouth Harbor, and after exploring the shore were satisfied that this should be their home. They went back at once to the ship, full of their find, and on the 15th of December—after lying five weeks at anchor—the *Mayflower* sailed out of Provincetown bound for Plymouth.

It is more than 300 years since the little 180 ton vessel with its brave band of pioneers first sighted Provincetown. Now the town bristles with tablets and memorials in their honor, and if the *Mayflower* were to sail, ghost-like, into Provincetown today, the Pilgrims would have as a landmark to guide them the towering Monument built in their honor.

Also of Historical interest:

Chip Hill (in the West End), so named because it was hardened with chips from a Mr. Nathaniel Hopkins' sparyard, is the site of a relic that may date from 1007. The *Norse Wall*, as it is known, was first uncovered in 1853 when Saul Nickerson, builder, was digging the cellar of Francis A. Paine's house. They explored the wall, which was of granite and ran due east, for about 30 feet. Then



The Optimist

Photo by Cabeen

the sand crumbled in and Mr. Nickerson resumed his building.

The only rock on this end of the Cape is what has been brought here. There must have been ballast in the high ship that bore Thorvald, brother of Leif Ericson the Norse discoverer of America, to his death by an Indian arrow and subsequent burial somewhere on this coast.

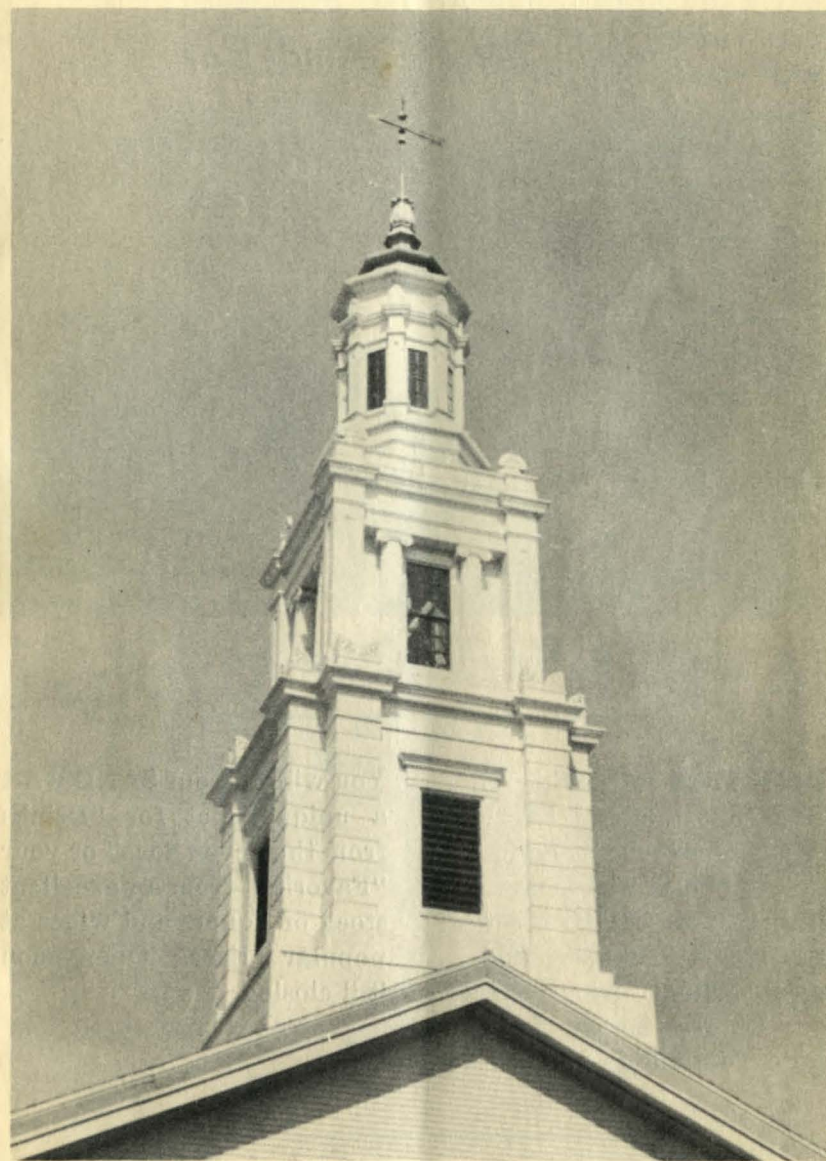
At least one house will have to be moved before you can see, and archaeologists sift, the mystery of this relic. But a visit to Nancy Paine Smith (niece of the Francis A. Paine who had his house built) at Billy May's Bookshop, on Chip Hill, will give you more facts than we have space for.

The *oldest grave* in the *Old Cemetecy*, Winthrop Street, is that of Desire Cowing, 1723, near the entrance. A tablet here to the memory of Dorothy May Bradford (drowned wife of William Bradford) and three other passengers who died while the *Mayflower* was in the harbor. Many old stones here among the pines and house-leeks.

The *New Cemetery*, on Cemetery Street, has graves dating at least to 1820. "Mrs. Thankful wife of Joseph Pinckney" a typical inscription. Or the six children (reading left to right: Louisa Kibbey, 1844-5; Louisa Kibbey, 1849-55; Hannah Kidder, 1845-5; Hannah Kidder, 1858-9; Willie B., 1861-1861; Lizzie B., 1861-3) of Joseph P. and Delia C. Knowles, who lived to be 70 and 76.

A sail across the harbor to Long Point will take you to the light there (1826) and a little beyond, the crumbling earthworks of *Civil War Forts*.

The Historical Museum, 230 Commercial, con-



Christopher Wren Tower

Photo by Cabeen

LOBSTER HOUSE

AND

Beach Terrace Sand-Bar



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●

SAME MANAGEMENT PEASANT INN, FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA

tains relics of Indian and Pilgrim days; Revolutionary, 1812 and Civil War documents and guns, whaling relics; dolls, samplers, old gowns. Commander Donald B. MacMillan has endowed the Museum with his personal collection of treasures from the Arctic, to be found on the third floor.

The World War Memorial (1928) stands at the corner of Commercial and Ryder, in front of Town Hall.

WHAT TO SEE:

- First Landing Place, No. 6 on map.
- Tablets, Town Hall, Bas-relief on hill, No. 13 on map.
- Tablets to the four lives lost in Provincetown, No. 11 on map, and foot of Monument Hill.
- The Pilgrim Spring, No. 22 on map.
- Corn Hill, Truro.
- Second Night Encampment, No. 24 on map.
- The Pilgrim Memorial Monument, No. 14 on map.
- Pilgrim Washing Place, No. 9 on map.
- Historical Museum, 230 Commercial Street, No. 12 on map.
- Norse Wall, Chip Hill, No. 8 on map.
- Old Cemetery, Winthrop Street.
- New Cemetery, Cemetery Street.
- Civil War Forts, No. 1 on map.
- World War Memorial, No. 13 on map.



HOUSES AND SUCH

Around about the 1850s some of the townspeople moved over to Long Point where they could practically fish from their doorsteps. The settlement flourished for about forty years, then they packed the houses on scows and floated back again. People thought as little then of moving houses as we do of moving chairs, and often whisked their homes over to Truro on short notice.

The big frame building at 329 Commercial Street was the school-house at Long Point, and the *Red Inn Annex*, way up the west end, was the bake shop.

The Oldest House, is the title claimed for the building located at 72 Commercial Street, in the West End. Of particular interest there is the old-fashioned fireplace, with its Dutch oven and out-moded chimney construction.

The Christopher Wren Tower, atop the Universalist Church, opposite the motion picture theatre, was designed *after*, not *by*, the celebrity whose name it bears. Nonetheless, it is considered a very fine example of period architecture.

Many Provincetown houses have quaint stories. *The Figure-Head House*, at 476 Commercial Street is one of the most famous. Tradition is that one of the whaling ships was sailing in the Indian Ocean when they spied what they thought was the body of a woman floating in the water. A boat was

put over and they fished out the figure-head. Because space was short they chopped it in two and brought the upper half home to Provincetown. The figure-head was called "The Lady of Mystery", for nothing was ever known of the ship that had carried her, or its fate.

Here is a *mystery* to solve yourself. Just beyond the bend at the west end, 113 Commercial Street, is a little house with Victorian scroll-work around the porch. And worked into the scroll-work you may read "J. Rogers—Delight—Delight—Delight."

The Octagon House at 74 Commercial Street is another town oddity.

MacMillan Houses—At 524 Commercial Street, marked by a bronze tablet, is the house in which Commander Donald MacMillan, Arctic explorer, writer, and lecturer, was born. Most illustrious of Provincetown's seafaring sons, Commander MacMillan still makes his home here, at 473 Commercial St.

WHAT TO SEE:

Seagoing School-House, 329 Commercial Street.
Oldest House, Opposite No. 7 on map.
Christopher Wren Tower, Center of Town.
Figure-Head House, 476 Commercial Street.
"Delight House," 113 Commercial Street.
Octagon House, 74 Commercial Street.
MacMillan's Birthplace, 524 Commercial St.
MacMillan's Home, 473 Commercial St.



THESE ARTISTS

According to Nancy W. Paine Smith, the Art Colony owes its existence to some unmentioned art patron's fondness for the Sahara Desert. This gentleman commissioned a Mr. Marcus Waterman to paint a desert scene, and the artist, lacking a convenient

Sahara, came to Provincetown and used the dunes for his model. Like many another citizen, artist and otherwise, since that time, Mr. Waterman was impressed with the charm of the village, and told his friends. That was in the early '90s.

Although Provincetown has been a Mecca for serious artists for over forty years now, its reputation as a major art colony dates from the foundation of the Cape Cod School of Art by the late Charles W. Hawthorne in 1901. Before that time there were many individual artists, among them W. H. W. Bicknell, the etcher, who summered here, but it was Mr. Hawthorne who first brought the beauty and paintability of the place to the attention of students, and when you see a class grouped around a model on the beach, it is a safe bet that they are studying by the Hawthorne method.

In the Selectmen's office in Town Hall hangs one of Mr. Hawthorne's canvasses, considered to be among his best. Also in Town Hall you can see a mural by Ross Moffet, one of Provincetown's distinguished Moderns.

Today there are at least eight art schools here in



Harbor Idyll

Photo by Cabeen

Notes for a Flagship Ad -



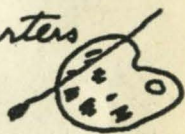
Might plug those
delicious lobsters
and steaks -

On cocktails and
horsid'oeuvres at the
famous cocktail hour -



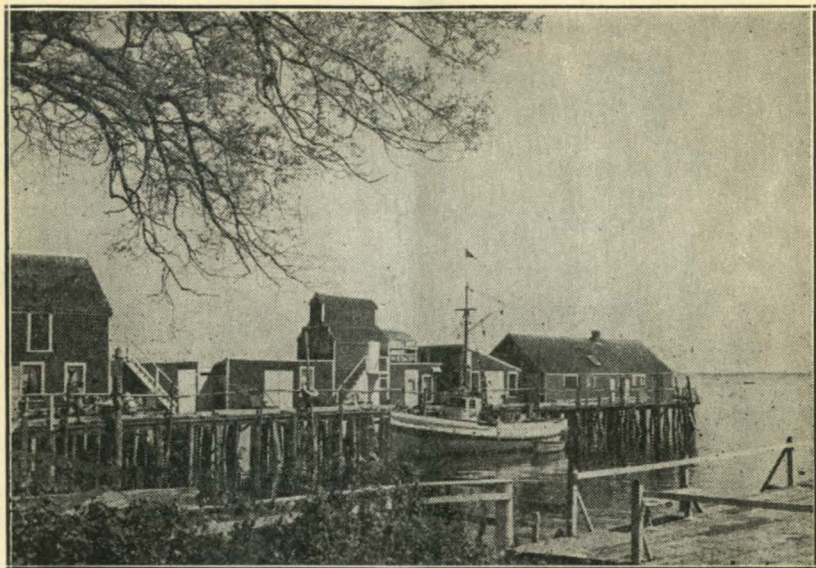
On the swell view of
the harbour from the
new captain's decks -

Might mention its headquarters
for art colony whoopee -



But what's the use? Everybody
goes to the Flagship!

Pat



Capt'n Jack's Wharf

Photo by Ruth Hiebert

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For information and reservation see Skipper or write Mrs. Emily Hiebert, Provincetown, Mass.



Diving Boys at Rest

Photo by Cabeen



Shell Vendor

Photo by Cabeen

colony here dates back to the early days, preserves an apartment over his office in much the same condition as when O'Neill occupied it. On the four beams that support the living room ceiling, are the following mottoes:

Before the eyes can see, they must be incapable of tears!

Before the ear can hear, it must have lost its sensitiveness!

Before the voice can speak, it must have lost its power to wound!

Before the soul can fly, its wings must be washed in the blood of the heart!

Today, Provincetown is still the home of most of the original Provincetown Players, as well as many other writers who have been drawn here by its congenial atmosphere and its traditions. Perhaps the most prominent of the newcomers is John Dos Passos, author of *U. S. A.*, *Adventures of a Young Man*, and many other books.

WHAT TO SEE:

Mary Heaton Vorse's House, 464 Commercial St.

Susan Glaspell's House, 564 Commercial St.

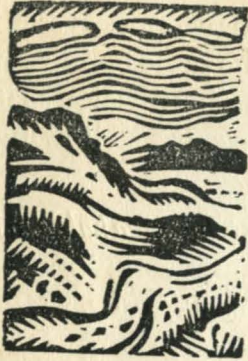
John Dos Passos' House, 563 Commercial; No. 18 on map.

O'Neill's Apartment, No. 19 on map.

Barnstormers' Theatre, No. 10 on map.

Site of Old Provincetown Theatre, No. 18 on map.

Site of O'Neill's House, No. 20 on map.



SAND AND SEA

High Head, or *Pilgrim Heights*, in North Truro beyond East Harbor, is the original end of the Cape and southern boundary of the last glacier. A marked change from soil to sand. Here in Provincetown you are standing on the sands of time, and not a very long time, geologically speaking—20,000 years.

Therefore *New Beach*, along the *New State Highway*, joining the end of King's Highway (Commercial) with the Old State Highway to Race Point, is rightly so named. Soon there may be newer beaches beyond it, or perhaps it will wear away into the sea and one of the reserve beaches take its place. Here is the finest bathing, white sand, blue water, but no bathhouses.

The *Breakwater* at the extreme West End, a government project (1911) for keeping the tip of the Cape from dwindling back into the sea, is the hunting ground for seadollars and sea-urchins. A goat-walk across will bring you to *Wood End Light* (red at night, built in 1872) and the site of the S-4 disaster. The ramming of this submarine as she breached December 17, 1927, under the bow of the Coast Guard *Paulding*, was an occasion of national horror. Although communication was established with some of the men inside her, storms prevented her lifting until all 40 had died. A memorial to them may be seen on the grounds of the Church of St. Mary of the Harbor, 517 Commercial Street.

Peaked Hill Bars, reached by a long walk over the trail known as *Snail Road*, is called the "graveyard of the Atlantic." Here in 1778 the dreaded British man-o-war *Somerset* came ashore, and is still fast under the beach. From time to time the sea has uncovered her, and her ship's Bible and a chair made from one of her timbers are to be seen in the Historical Museum.

Snail Road leads also to the Dunes, as do the *Atkins Mayo Road* and the *Race Road* (footwork) and both *State Highways* (car). The first two lead to the more characteristic dunes.

The gardens in town are evidence of the New England ability with any or no soil. The dunes around from Long Point to Highland Light give proof of the tenacity of another native son, the beach or dune grass. Without this the town would be buried in short order. Where a few blades of dune grass are, a hill will be. The sand, blowing in the storms of winter, gathers at the roots of the long tough grass. Next spring the grass seeds itself that much higher, and 30-foot hills have sprung up in a few years.

The dunes present a mountainous aspect, changing from year to year as the smaller hills skip about. The most venerable and highest of the permanent range, near Mayflower Heights, is known as *Mount Ararat*.

Besides grass and hills, the dunes grow stunted pine and oak, and not much nearer the ground, the beachpea, all planted by the government in an attempt to redeem, as well as keep, the land. Here also the wild rose, the bayberry, the beachplum;

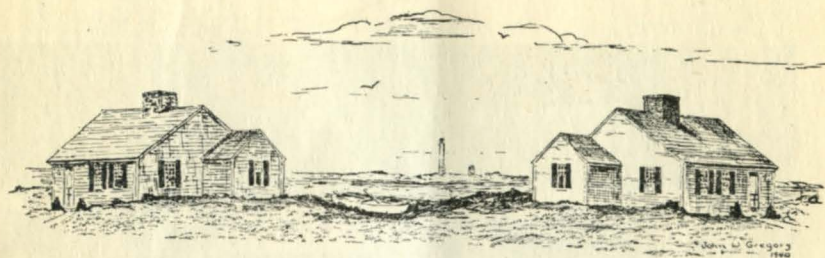
cranberry bogs that sand themselves each year; water-lily ponds; reindeer moss, dusty miller. Rabbit, deer, skunk (few), field mice (many). The beachfly, with a housefly's guileless look. "Guinea pigs," burying themselves from light. The sand-piper, scudding as if on wheels. The gulls are younger and whiter on the Back Shore, and really fish. The old grey harbor gulls, every beak in line, perch on the weir poles in town like retired sea-captains around a cracker barrel.

The *Buried Forest*, out on the Atkins Mayo Road, shows what would happen to the town if the dunes had been left to their own devices.

East Harbor, between *Mayflower* and *Pilgrim Heights*, once admitted ships. In 1854 a bridge was built across it, and in 1869 a dyke, which still exists. Since then it has taken on the character of a lake. Iceboating in winter, freshwater bass in summer.

WHAT TO SEE:

- High Head, Pilgrim Heights, No. 21 on map.
- East Harbor.
- Mayflower Heights, west of the Harbor.
- Mt. Ararat, near Mayflower Heights.
- Snail Road, to Peaked Hill Bars, No. 20 on map.
- Dunes, there and out the following roads:
 - Atkins Mayo Road, East End
 - Old State Highway, middle of town
 - Race Road, from Pleasant Street, West End
 - New State Highway, extreme West End.
- Buried Forest, Atkins Mayo Road.
- New Beach, out New State Highway, No. 3 on map.
- Breakwater, extreme West End, dashed line on map.
- S-4 Site, Wood End Light, No. 2 on map.
- S-4 Memorial, 517 Commercial St.



Five minutes drive from busy Provincetown, on the peaceful shore of Provincetown Harbor, these completely modern cottages invite your inspection.

EAST HARBOR

Herbert F. Mayo, Prop.

COTTAGES ON CAPE COD BAY

BEACH POINT

PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

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in attractive designs you won't
find elsewhere.

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"The Port Hole Shop"
PROVINCETOWN



FISHING

“In Provincetown on Cape Cod,” wrote a journalist in 1901, “fish is the very life-blood. It is bartered in the grocery stores, shoe shops and bread stores, for all the commodities of life. The business street is paved with rock cod. The women use the hind fin of the great halibut for brooms. Flying fish are as plentiful around the village as English sparrows on Boston Common. They roost in the branches of apple trees and caw like crows. Lobsters make intermittent incursions through the lanes of the town. Some of them are intelligent and learn to follow children along the dusty roads to school.”

The last flying fish was shot in 1911, the automobile has driven the lobster back into the sea, but fish is still the “very life-blood of the town.”

Go down to Town Wharf some busy morning. Here you will find mackerel seiners, flounder draggers, or an occasional sword-fisherman. If you are lucky you may catch a glimpse of the *Mary P. Goulart*, Grand Banker and queen of the harbor fleet. A trip on one of these boats will be out of your reach, unless you can spare several days and are willing to rough it, but you can go out with the trap boats.

To take this trip, find a captain who likes guests—most captains do—then get a permit from the company he works for. As the boats leave at about three o'clock in the morning, plan to get to bed early the



Making Ready

Photo by Cabeen

night before. Set your alarm clock, or get a friendly fisherman to wake you. You'll be out at least until eight, so eat before you leave.

You go down to the boat-house. You can hear the throb of other launches on the water. You go out on the wharf and climb down into the dory.

**Splashes the lazy-sweeping oar,
The oar-lock mutters. In the grey
Of air and sea the listless shore
Murmurs and fades away.*

*They board the launch. Deep-toned and fine
The motor rumbles, timbers shake. . . .*

Wood End light blinks red. Long Point light is steady and white. Nimble the beam of Highland Light scuttles over the harbor.

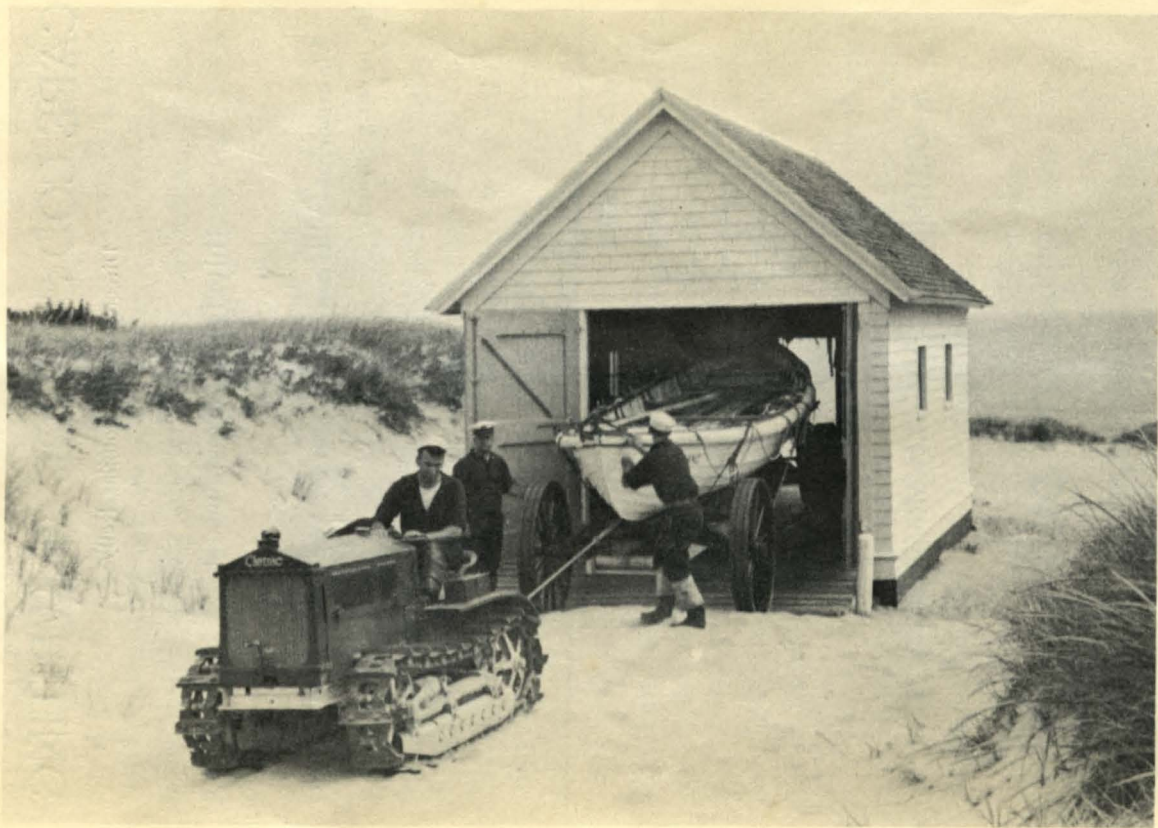
*Astern, the dory on a line
Noses into the wake.*

The sun rises over Wellfleet. The water glitters. Gulls creak. They swoop; against the spread tail-feathers their claws hang like withered limbs. The launch steers into the trap.

The crew stands at the rail. They pull a line and close the weir. Slowly, surely, they draw the net. The pocket narrows. Darting, shadowy shapes become terrified fish. Quivering white bellies tumble into the hold.

Whiting is the main catch in summer, mackerel in fall. Flounder, haddock, pollock, bill-fish like

*From "Galilee and Points West" by Jonathan Tree.



Coast Guard now-a-days

Photo by Cabeen

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PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

TELEPHONE 229

finned skewers, with an occasional hake or cod vary the catch. Pink and translucent squid scurry forwards and backwards, squirting ink; then, in the hold, their gathered tentacles spread, writhe, clutch for a foe. Obscene gosefish gasp, show the fish that have fallen into the gargoyle mouth; crabs brandish irate claws; gaudy jellyfish jitter. A fisherman impales them on a pitchfork, flings them out into the sea.

There is plenty of excitement when a horse-mackerel or a shark gets into the trap. They create a wave even before you see them. Then you see the scudding razor fin of the shark, or a horse-mackerel's yellow-tabbed and stream-lined tail. These harbor bruisers must be handled with guile, for they are powerful enough to rip their way out of the net. Fishermen don't like sharks, but they can get a tidy price for a horse-mackerel—tuna to you.

When you get back to the waking town, you can get some food; then watch your catch going through the "freezer." (Get a permit from the office). Look closely at these fish. You may meet again next winter in Missouri.

Tourist boats with hand-lines will take you shark or cod fishing. Shark is more fun, cod a bit stodgy but more certain. These trips may take all day, so get your landlady to box your lunch.

Freshwater bass, pickerel and perch are in East Harbor, and other near-by ponds. Get your license at Town Hall.



AND ALSO—

Commercial, the front street, a memento of New England character, is one of the narrowest in America, 22 feet wide. Laid out in 1835, one vote for 64 feet was snowed under. Most of the streets entering *Commercial* end in *Town Landings*, where boats may be tied and fish unloaded. Some of these landings are at the feet of West Vine, Franklin, Good Templar, Freeman and Pearl Streets, and Atlantic Avenue. The streets were originally paths from the landings to the fish-flakes and saltworks, and, converging into four roads which still exist, to the Back Shore.

Fire! is announced in Provincetown by a blast of the siren a-top Town Hall. One blast means West End, Provincetown Inn to Franklin St.; two, Franklin to Court St.; three, center of town; four, Johnson to Howland St.; five East End. Blasts at noon are tests and needn't worry you. The fire department is a volunteer one, more noise and less apparent order than city departments. That it is highly efficient is demonstrated by the continued existence of this compact, frame-buildinged town.

The ancient fire engine, to be seen in the Town Hall basement, lays no claim to being America's oldest, modestly admits her age to be a single century. Built in 1836, her name *Washington* is still legible in proud gold letters, and on parade days she rolls along the streets with the rest of the fire department. Still on tap for emergencies is the

Washington's successor, a snorting, horse-drawn, *steam pumper*, which is garaged at the West End. When the purchase of this machine was being considered in 1889, town history records that "one strong-headed old fellow who was opposed to the purchase clinched his argument with the remark that he believed 'cold water would put out a fire as well as biling water, and there would be no danger of scalding people around the fire.' "

The Horseless Buggy, which you may see chugging up the street some days, parked in front of Connell's garage others, was purchased by Mrs. Henry J. Lewis in 1907. Paragon of machines, it has reached the stage when its trade-in value increases each year.

The *Public Library*, 330 *Commercial*, is open afternoons, 2 till 5:30; evenings, 7 till 9; closed Sundays. Well stocked with books on the Cape and New England, the Library sports a picture of the rescuers of four men from the Schooner *Sarah J. Fort*, wrecked at Peaked Hill Bars April 4, 1879. When the flatbottomed lifeboats could not be launched, a whaleboat was lugged across the dunes. Since then Cape Cod lifeboats have been built on Cape Cod, keeled like whaleboats.

Coast Guard Drills, including demonstrations of the breeches buoy, take place weekly. Ask in your hotel for the day and hour. Easiest station to reach is Race Point, at the end of the Old State Road, and there, too, may be seen the wreck of the *Spindler*.

Highbland Light, located in North Truro, shares with Montauk Light on Long Island, the honor of being the second most powerful on the Atlantic

Coast. Visitors are shown the complete plant, if they call during the day.

Bayberry Candle Works, directly across the Cape from Highland, still manufactures candles by the old dipping process.

The Marine Experimental Station, of the Lankenau Hospital, is located in Whitmanville in North Truro. There, if you make an appointment with Dr. Frederick Hammett, who is in charge, he will show you the process by which the natural chemical factors concerned in growth and development are explored. Special interest is directed toward a knowledge of the cause of cancer.

Lipton Cup—Presented by the late Sir Thomas Lipton, of yachting fame, and won by the schooner *Rose Dorothea* of Provincetown in 1907, in a fishermen's contest, this beautiful trophy may be seen in the Town Hall.

The Board of Trade maintains headquarters at the foot of Railroad Wharf. A secretary there is prepared to give visitors any practical help they may require.

Day Trips by car from Provincetown can be made to include most of the charming side roads of the Cape. To those unfamiliar with Cape sand the warning should be given—any road not paved is a trap for cars not equipped with low-pressure "sausage" tires. In planning excursions our *Modern Pilgrim's Guide to the Bay Shore* and *Modern Pilgrim's Oceanside Guide* will prove useful.



Club Living Room at the Priscilla Alden

SOLID COMFORT—The Priscilla Alden offers spacious home-like comfort, in Provincetown's shopping center, for women travelling alone.

PRISCILLA ALDEN CLUB RESIDENCE *for Women*
246 Commercial Street

The
PROVINCETOWN ART ASSOCIATION

Invites you to enjoy their

- SUMMER EXHIBITIONS
- SUNDAY EVENING CONCERTS
- LITTLE GALLERY

And don't miss the Annual
COSTUME BALL

At Town Hall, Friday, August 30
THE EVENT OF THE SEASON



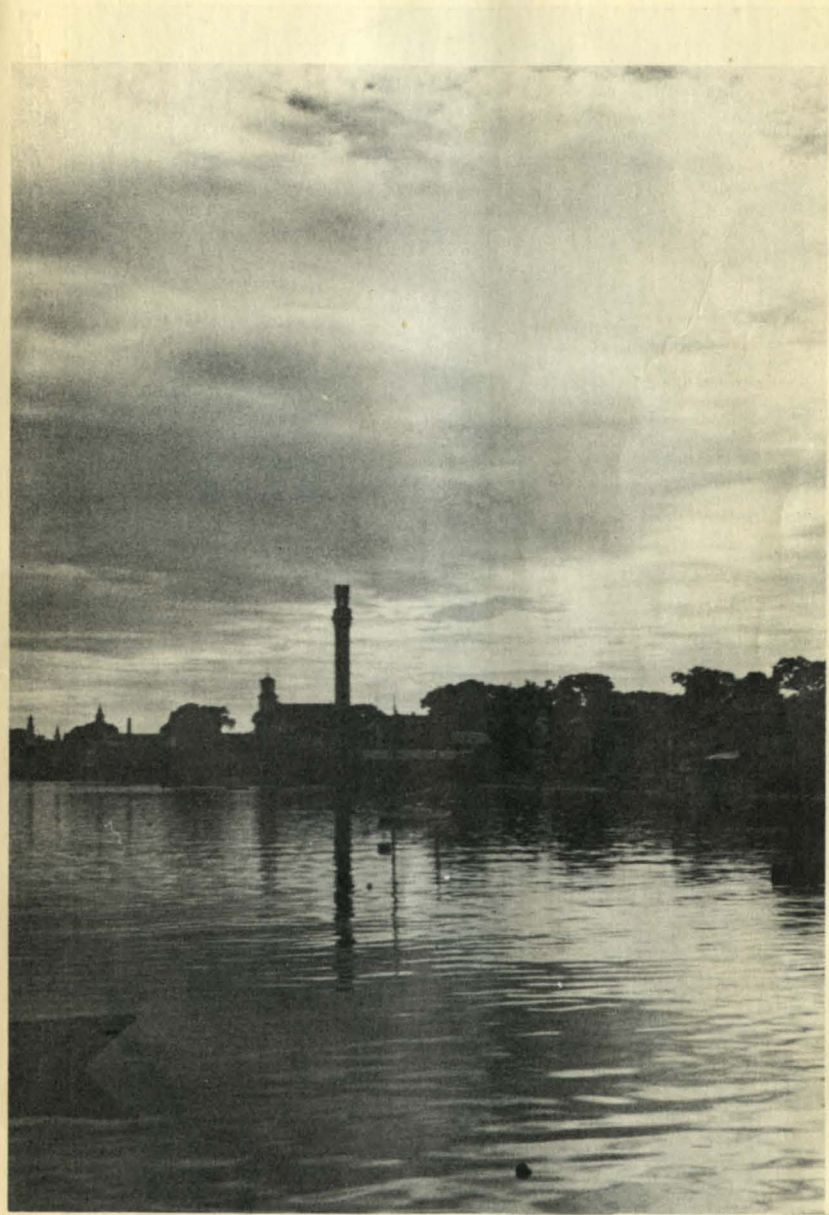
Flying Gull Shade Pulls \$1.00

Shell and Gull Paper Weights \$1.50

BOOGAR JR. BRONZES **SOLD AND MADE**
ON CAPE COD

Visit the Foundry opposite Art Association

Commercial St., Provincetown



Peace

Photo by Cabeen

USEFUL ADDRESSES

ART GALLERIES

Tod Lindenmuth and
Elizabeth B. Warren
56 Commercial Street

Sara Lois Wood
Outdoor Exhibition
Trailer Gallery—Bradford St.
East End, P. O. Box 522

Provincetown Art Association
460 Commercial St.,
Tel. 255

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Joseph H. Seaman
257A Commercial Street
Telephone 603

BAYBERRY CANDLES

Bayberry Candle Place
Depot Road, North Truro

BUILDING MATERIALS

Higgin's Lumber Company, Inc.
Hilliards Wharf Tel. 150

BEAUTY SHOP

Harbor Vanity Shoppe
381 Commercial St., Tel. 511

BOOKS

Provincetown Bookshop
246 Commercial St., Tel. 653

COAL AND WOOD

J. D. Hilliard
337 Commercial Street
Telephone 311

COSMETICS AND CLOTHES

Personal Appearance
Opposite Center Church
Telephone 100

COTTAGES

East Harbor
Beach Point, Provincetown

ENTERTAINMENT

The Beach Terrace
383A Commercial St., Tel. 781

The Flagship Bar and Grill
465½ Commercial St., Tel. 699

ELECTRIC LIGHT SERVICE

Provincetown Light and
Power Co.
104 Bradford St., Tel. 10

FISHING TACKLE

Lands End Marine Supply
303 Commercial St., Tel. 564

FISHNET SPORTSWEAR

Cape Cod Fishnet Industries
North Truro

GARAGES

Connell's Garage
237 Bradford St., Tel. 84
Paige Brothers' Garage, Inc.
211 Commercial St., Tel. 136

GENERAL CONTRACTING

F. A. Days and Sons
Building Materials
24 Pearl St., Tel. 41

GIFT SHOPS

Davy Jones' Locker
246 Commercial St., Tel. 653
The Mayflower Gift Shop
The Corner Gift Shop
The Provincetown Inn

GROCERIES

C. L. Burch Company
467 Commercial St., Tel. 134
Fisherman's Market
128 Bradford St., Tel. 238
Nelson's Market
349 Commercial St., Tel. 45
Tillie's
506 Commercial Street

GUEST HOUSES

Apple Tree Cottage
534 Commercial St., Tel. 496-W
Mrs. Elizabeth Foster
70A Commercial St., Tel. 8-W
Mayo's Cape Codder
570 Commercial St., Tel. 131
Our House
22 Court Street
Priscilla Alden Club for Women
246 Commercial St., Tel. 653

HAND INDUSTRIES

Sandals, Weaving and Belts
320 Commercial Street

HARDWARE AND PAINTS

B. H. Dyer and Company
173 Commercial St., Tel. 114



Sara Lois Wood has a charming outdoor exhibition of oil paintings—Bradford St. East End

HOTELS AND INNS

- The Atlantic House
6 Masonic Place, Tel. 690
- The Colonial Inn
586 Commercial St., Tel. 296
- Gifford House
Bradford and Carver Sts.,
Telephone 195
- Priscilla Alden Club for Women
246 Commercial St., Tel. 653
- Provincetown Inn
1 Commercial St., West End
Tel. 576
- Red Inn
15 Commercial St., Tel. 50
- Seascape House
542 Commercial St., Tel. 229

INSURANCE

- William H. Young
Savings Bank Bldg., Tel. 272

KODAK FINISHING

- W. G. Stiff
225 Commercial Street

LANDSCAPE GARDENER

- Warren Alexander
224 Bradford St., Tel. 282

LENDING LIBRARY

- Provincetown Bookshop
246 Commercial St., Tel. 653

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

- J. A. Lopes, The Men's Shop
222 Commercial St., Tel. 94-R
- H. M. Malchman
Opposite Town Hall, Tel. 230

MUSIC

- Provincetown Art Association
Sunday nights

PEASANT FURNITURE

- Peter Hunt's Peasant Village
Kiley Court, Commercial St.

PACKAGE STORE

- Tarvers' Package Store
362 Commercial St., Tel. 370

PHARMACY

- Adams Pharmacy, Inc.
254 Commercial Street., Tel. 69
- Brownell Pharmacy
224 Commercial St., Tel. 120

PHYSICIANS

- Frank O. Cass
284A Commercial St., Tel. 60
- Daniel H. Hiebert
322 Commercial St., Tel. 75

PRINTING

- Advocate Press
94 Bradford St., Tel. 20

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

- John A. Francis
577 Commercial St., Tel. 303

RESTAURANTS

- Harbor Lunch
273 Commercial St., Tel. 535
- Lobster House
383A Commercial St., Tel. 781
- The Sandwich Shop and
Indian Tree Room
314 Commercial Street
- The Taylor Restaurant
Parking Square, Town Wharf

STUDIOS

- Studios on the Sea
Capt. Jack's Wharf, West End

TENNIS

- East End Club of
Provincetown, Inc.
286 Bradford St., Tel. 621-W

WRITING SCHOOL

- Cape Cod School of Writing
Colonial Studio
496 Commercial St.

GOOD BOOKS ABOUT CAPE COD



The modern pilgrim's BAYSHORE GUIDE (15c) and *the modern pilgrim's* OCEANSIDE GUIDE (15c) are uniform in format with this book. Like it, they are designed to point out worthwhile sights, briefly and accurately. Together the three make a complete Cape guide.



The Little Pilgrim's Guide (35c) is a treasury of those facts about Beach and Dune which make a Cape summer exciting for children—written by Jonathan Tree, and illustrated by Inez Hogan.



CAPE COD CHRISTMAS CARDS • Here is a distinctive collection of holiday cards available only to Cape Codders and their summer visitors. Each box contains reproductions of six breath-taking Cape Cod snow scenes from the camera of H. F. Hallett. On display at your Cape dealer's and nowhere else in the world. (25c the box)