

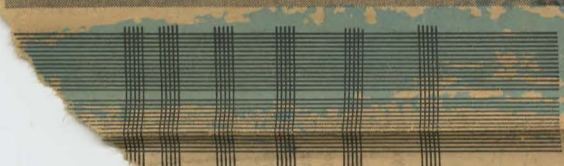
REAR WINDOW

PHOTO BY JON BENT

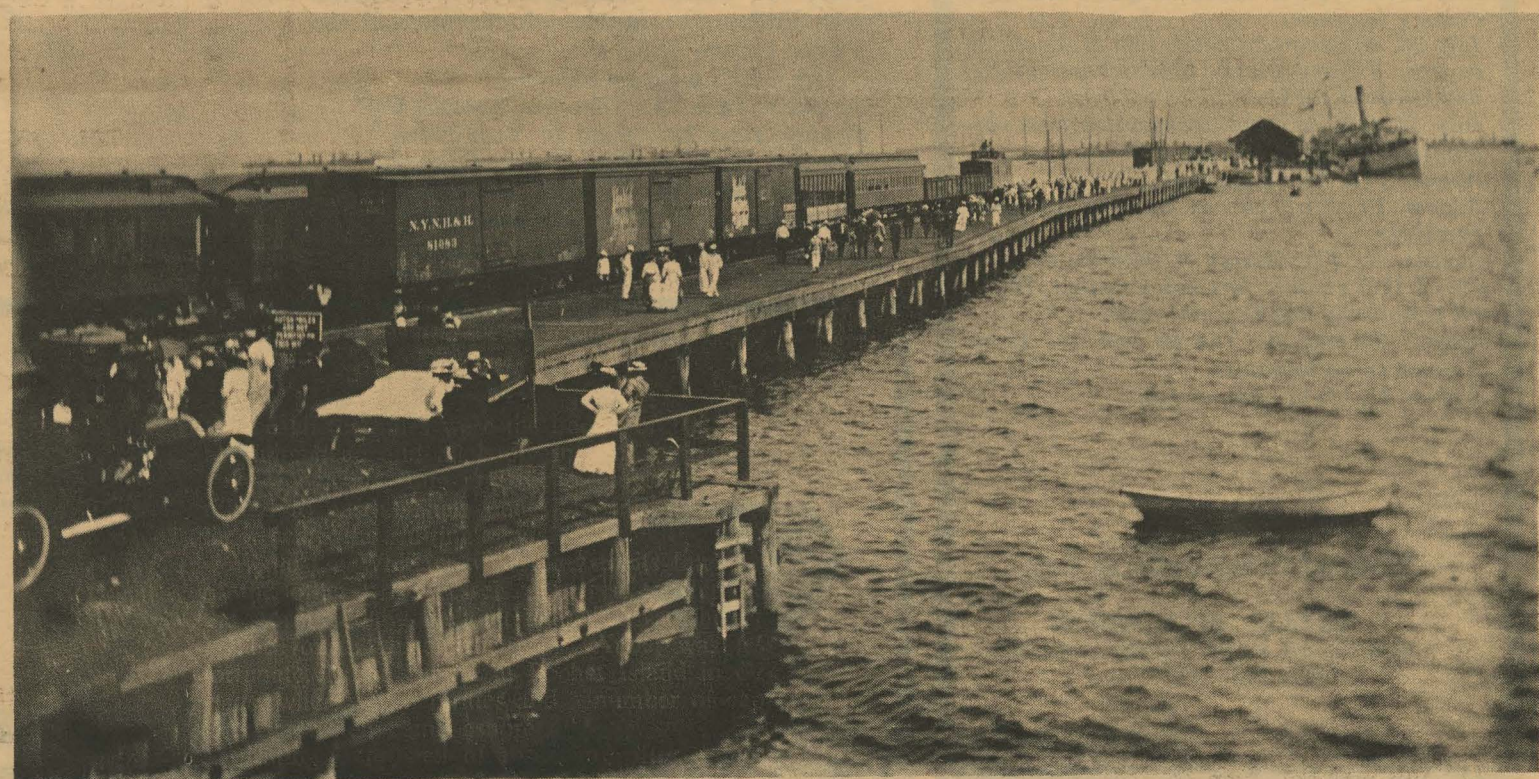
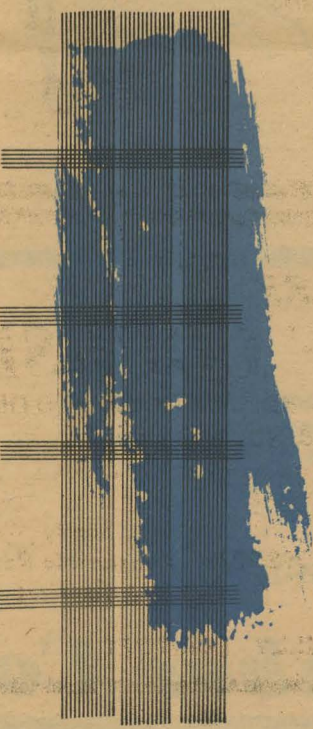


Sunday

Although some of the more pleasant elements have seeped through the years, the Sabbath, as observed at the turn of the century, was a bit more sedate than it is today. And, if you were in Provincetown, there was something special about it. It was a time for exchanging pleasantries during an early morning walk along Commercial Street, a relaxing sail in the harbor. It was a time for mugging for the camera, a stroll along a quiet lane or, for the less fortunate, a scramble for the last boat out for Boston.



From The L.L. Rosenthal Collection
Courtesy Of Cape Cod Photos

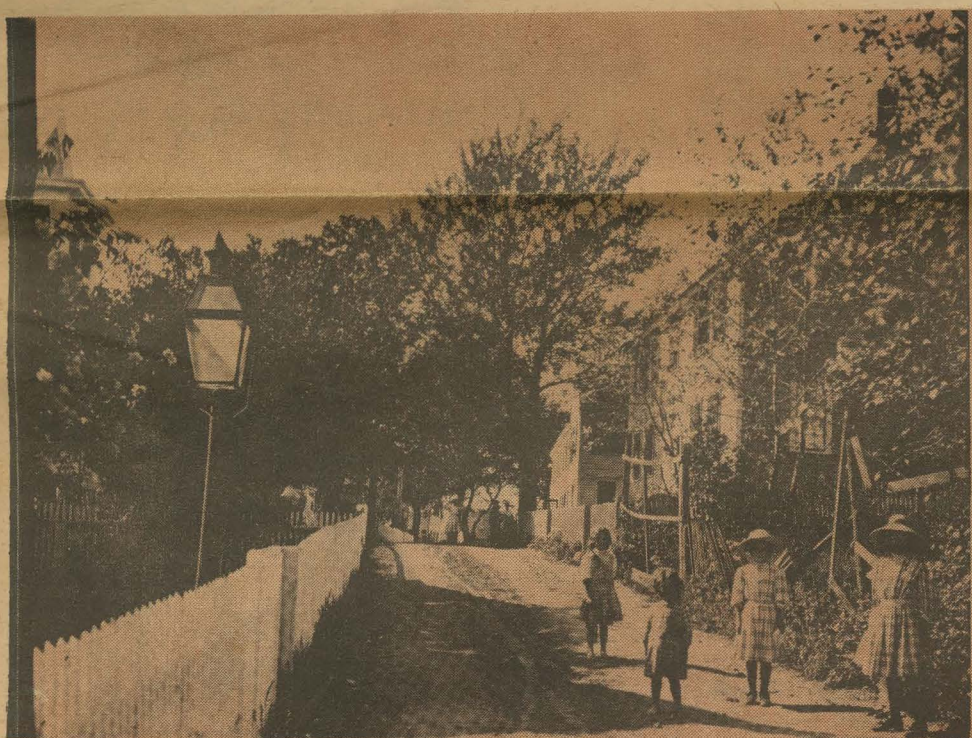


REAR WINDOW

From I.L. Rosenthal Collection
Courtesy Cape Cod Photos

*"Cape Cod girls they have no combs
They comb their hair with codfish bones
Cape Cod boys they have no sleds
They slide down hills on codfish heads"*

*Not really, at least not in Provincetown at
century's turn. As these pictures show, Cape
Cod kids looked pretty much the way they did
anywhere.*



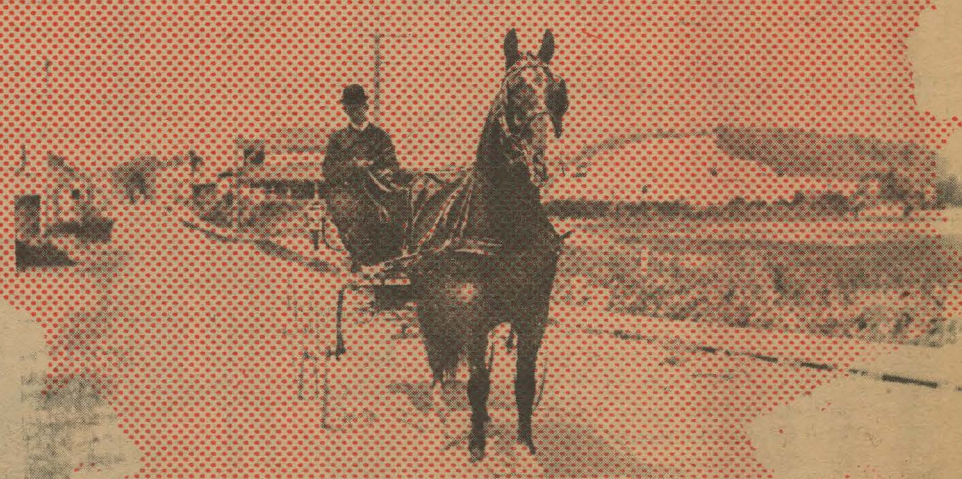
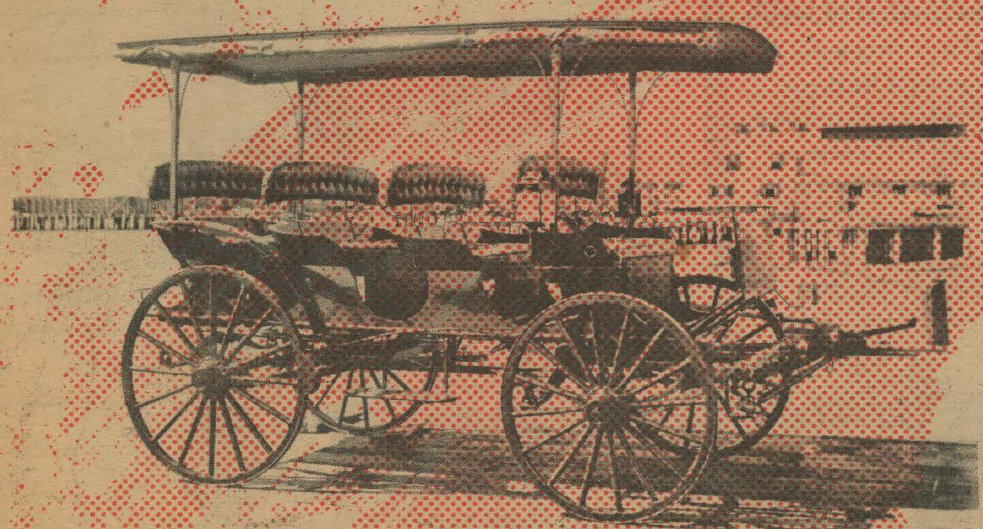
REAR WINDOW

From I.L. Rosenthal Collection
Courtesy Cape Cod Photos



HOW WE GOT AROUND

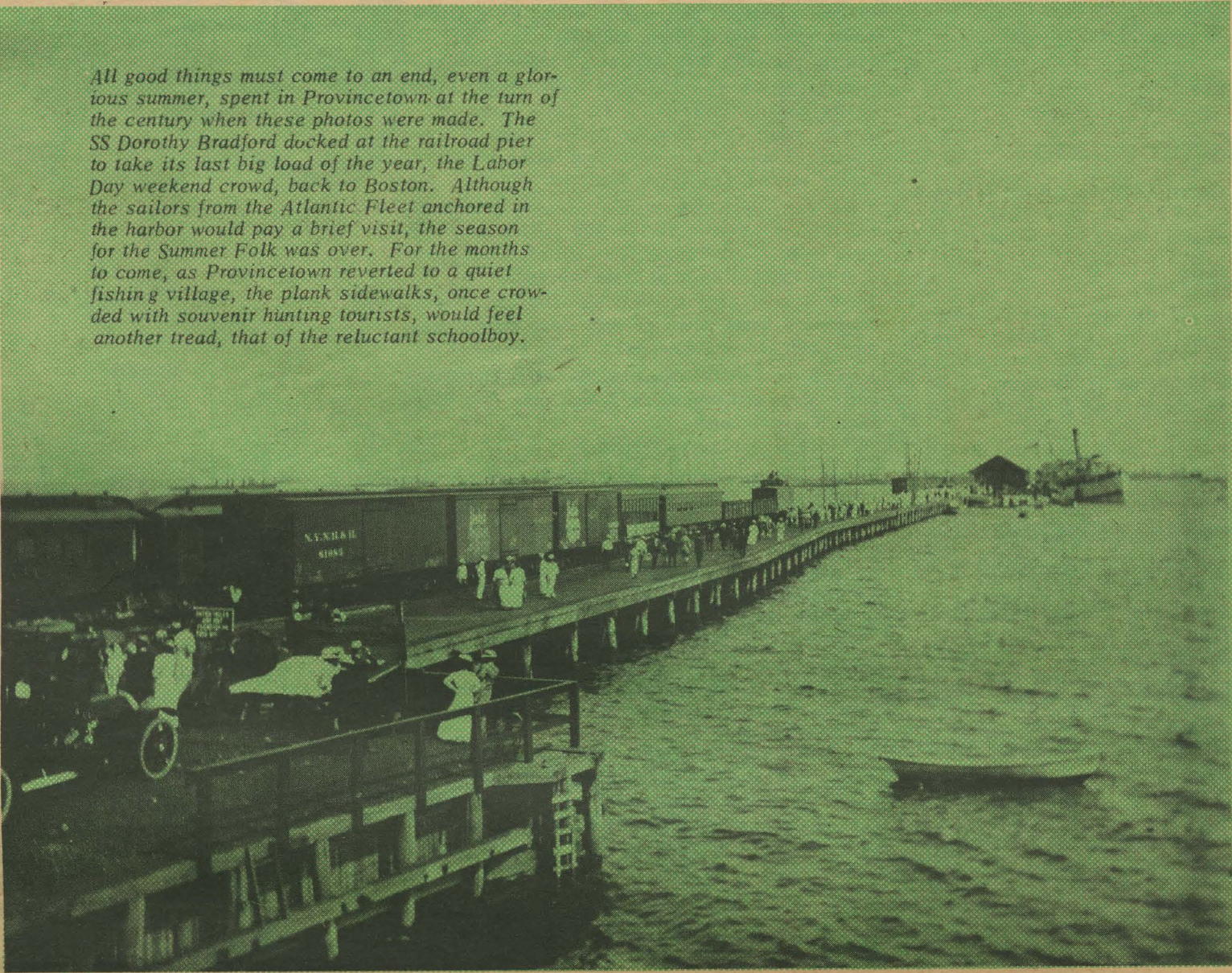
However one moved about Provincetown back near the turn of the century, it was rarely by exhaust-belching chariots. Life moved at a slower pace then. One paddled or peddled. Or one took a ride on Billy Nick's sightseeing barge or a two-seater buggy.



REAR WINDOW

From the I.L. Rosenthal Collection
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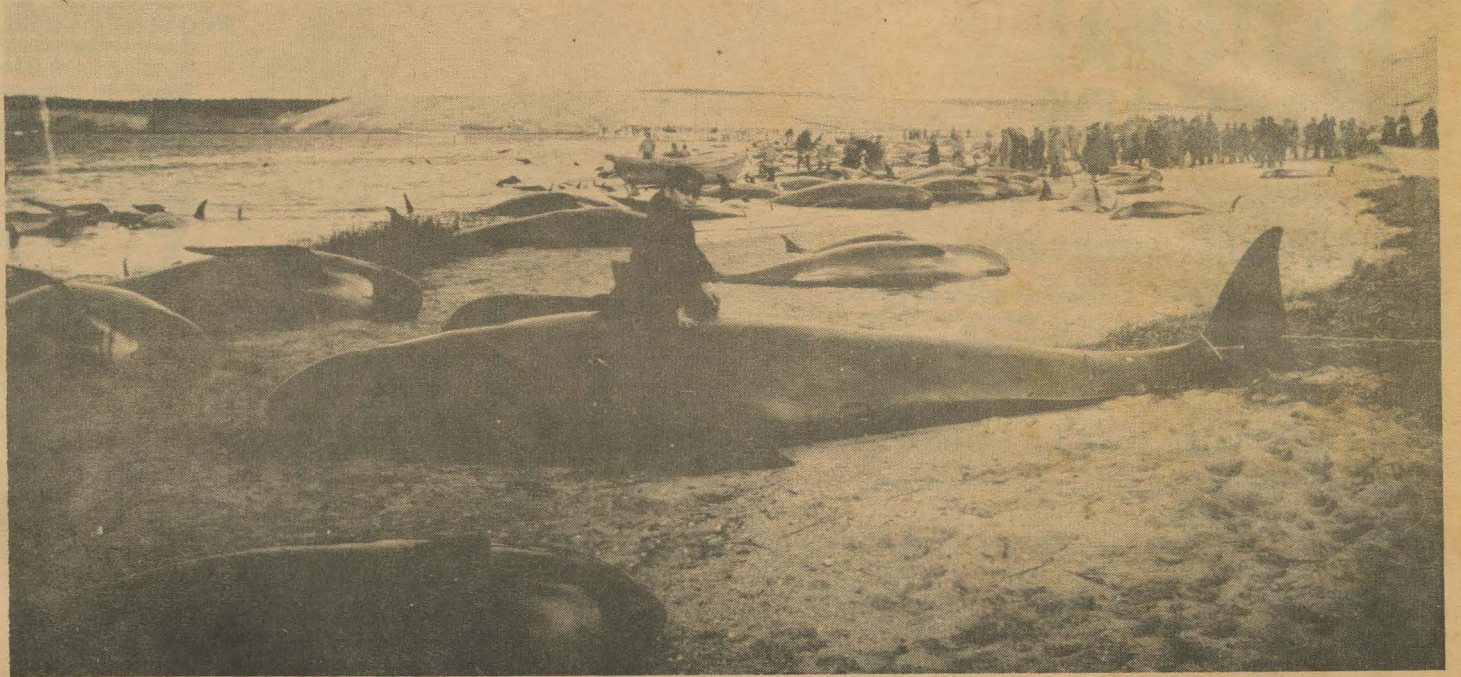
All good things must come to an end, even a glorious summer, spent in Provincetown at the turn of the century when these photos were made. The SS Dorothy Bradford docked at the railroad pier to take its last big load of the year, the Labor Day weekend crowd, back to Boston. Although the sailors from the Atlantic Fleet anchored in the harbor would pay a brief visit, the season for the Summer Folk was over. For the months to come, as Provincetown reverted to a quiet fishing village, the plank sidewalks, once crowded with souvenir hunting tourists, would feel another tread, that of the reluctant schoolboy.



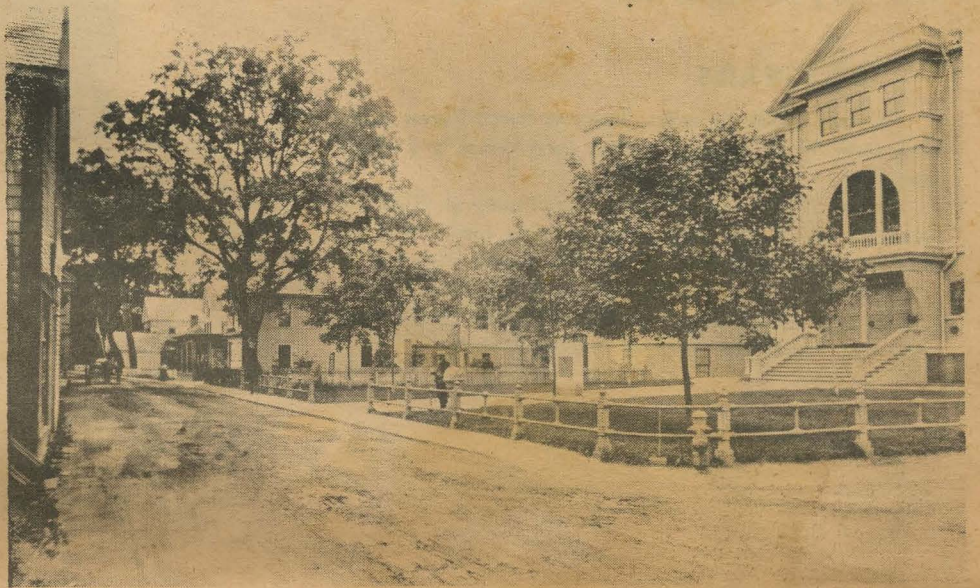
REAR WINDOW

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A QUIETER TIME



By the time the balmy summer had melded into the crisp fall, the biggest crowd to be found anywhere in Provincetown at the turn of the century might be at the beach when a school of blackfish came ashore. Traffic consisted of an occasional buggy and the social gatherings in front of the town hall were warm weather ghosts. The summer folk had been welcomed, quartered, entertained and were back at home now. There was time to tend to more important things like a walk along Main Street and a chat with friends.





This is how they came, in Boston ferries and ships of the US Navy. Railroad Wharf was their first solid feel of Provincetown. Below, is the reason most came: the old houses crowding the edge of the harbor, the Cape Cod sun and the picturesque white sails of the fishing fleet.



ar window

From the I.L. Rosenthal Collection
Courtesy of Cape Cod Photos

The Beautiful People

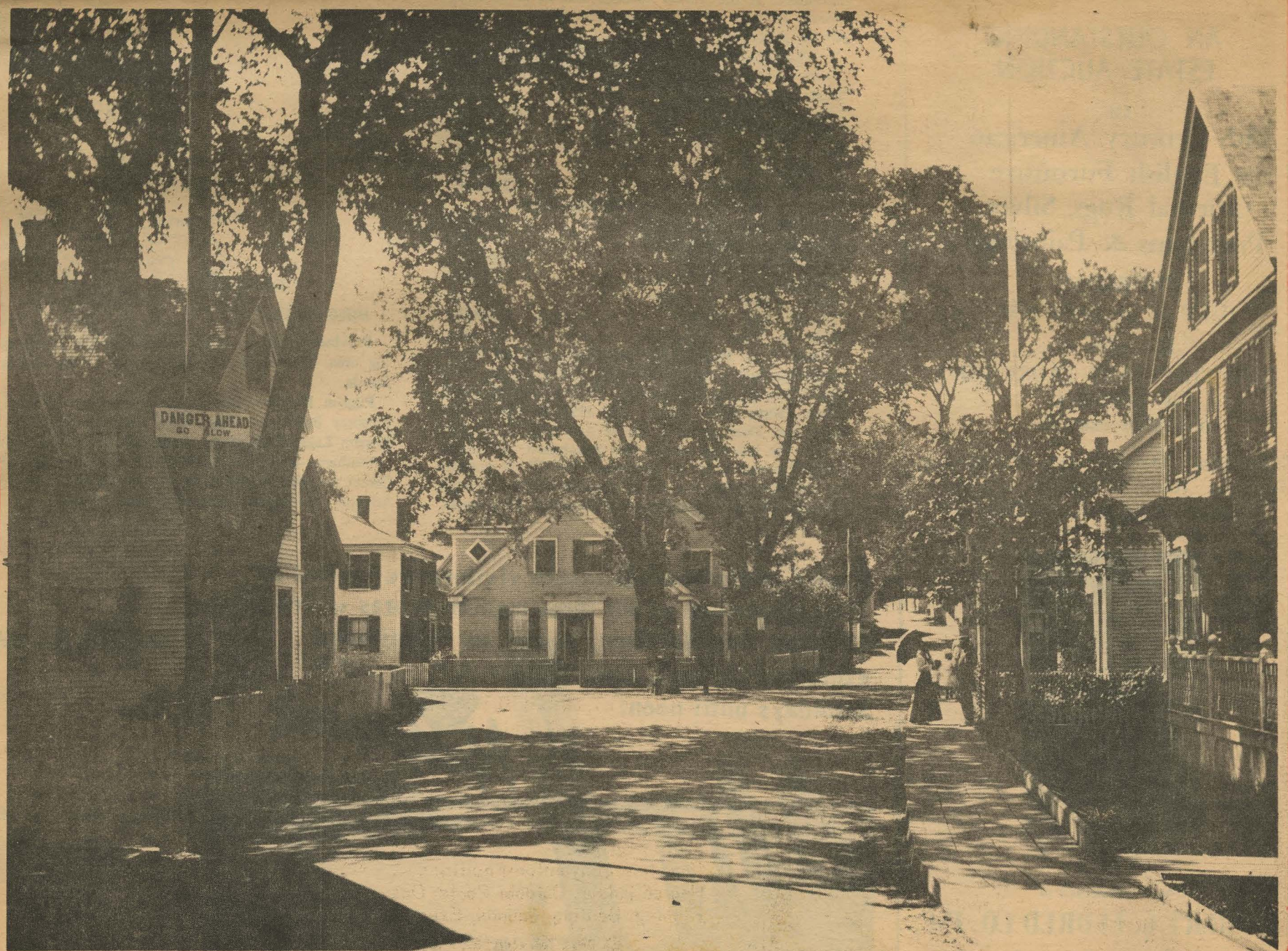
They were truly the Beautiful People, the inhabitants of Provincetown around the turn of the century when these pictures were taken. Character was etched into every face, whether it was that of Frank G. Cook & Family posing outside his store or the workers at the fish filleting plant.



ear window

From the I.L. Rosenthal Collection
Courtesy of Cape Cod Photos

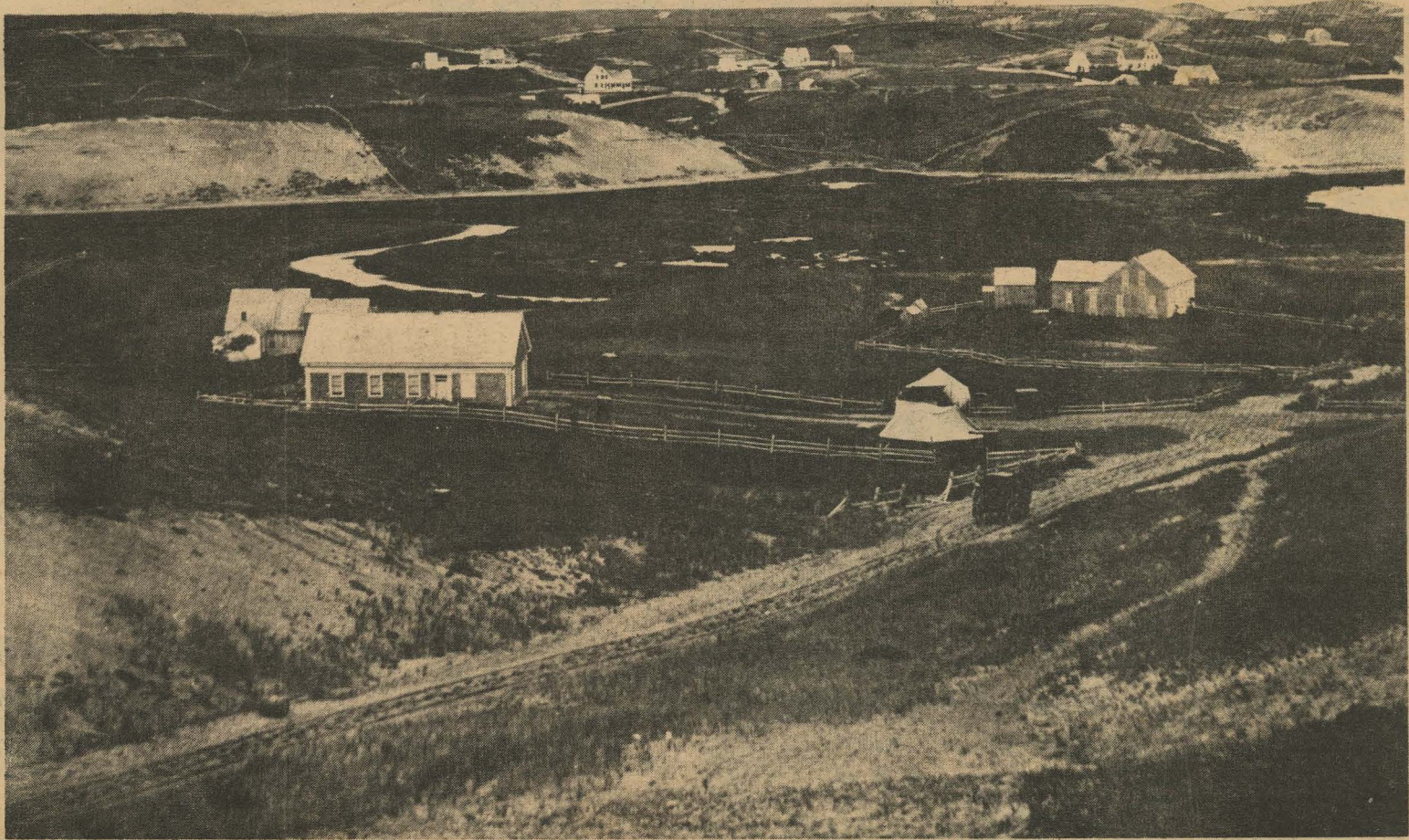
In the summer around the turn of the century, Commercial Street, as it is today, was the bustling heart of Provincetown. The traffic was heavy, with the tour barges making the rounds and the pedestrians forsaking the narrow wooden boardwalk that was Provincetown's version of a sidewalk. But at the West End, still a good hike from the center of town, it was quieter, quiet enough for a chat in the shade of towering elms.





Truro Road

Unless you took the train or packet back about the turn of the century, a trip to Provincetown would be a rugged experience. These pictures show Truro, north, above, and south, below, when the main thoroughfare was a sand road and traffic was somewhat lighter.





Summer's Over

After Labor Day, after the summer folks went home, the resort of Provincetown removed its gaudy trappings and became what it was in essence about the turn of the century when these pictures were made, a peaceful fishing village. The West End of Commercial Street again felt the exclusive tread of the year-rounders; there was time for some work around the boat, in this case, the brigantine D.A. Small; or a walk along deserted Rail Road Wharf.



