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**THE HISTORY OF
PROVINCETOWN**

by Margaret Mayo and Peter Carter

The history of Provincetown does not begin with the arrival of the Mayflower at Cape Cod but includes the details of the memorable discoveries of the early navigators and explorers who began to visit its shores nearly a hundred years before the landing of the Pilgrims.

In 1624 John Verrazano, the great French navigator, visited the shores of the New World, and in the famous Verrazano map of 1529 appears for the first time upon any chart of the New World an outline of the coast sufficiently distinct for identification. The investigations of Henry Wheaton and the lifelong studies of Carl Christina Rafn of Copenhagen fix New England as the legendary Vinland of the Sagas, and the map of Vinland, published by Rafn in 1564 locates upon the New England coast, the places visited by the early Norse navigators and applies to the extremity of Cape Cod the name "Kjalarness."

The first discovery of Cape Cod by an Englishman was made by Bartholomew Gosnold in 1602. It was Gosnold who is credited with giving Cape Cod its name because of being "pestered" by codfish. It was applied to that part which extends northerly from the mainland of the Cape at High Head.

The Pilgrims arrived in the harbor on Nov. 11, 1620. They left for Plymouth on the 15th of December. The history of the place is derived from the records of Plymouth Colony. The colonists early recognized the title of the Pamet Indians to the lands at the Cape, which were believed to be of great value, and took steps to purchase title. Provincetown was looked upon as a very valuable fishing station and its commodious harbor was considered the best upon the coast. The practice arose very early of leasing the bass fishery at Provincetown to such roving fishermen as applied, and the income derived from the leases was appropriated to the support of the schools in Barnstable, Plymouth, Duxbury and other towns of the colony. In 1668 the land at Pamet, down to Provincetown, was voted to be within the Constablerick of Eastham.

Upon the union of Plymouth Colony with the Colony of Massachusetts Bay in 1692 the Province of Massachusetts Bay succeeded to all the right of Plymouth Colony in the lands at Cape Cod, and later, upon the establishment of the State Government, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts became the proprietor of the lands which since 1692 have been known as the "Province Lands." The Acts of 1854 provide that, "The Title of the Commonwealth as owner, in fee, to all the Province Lands within the Town of Provincetown, is hereby asserted and declared, and no adverse posses-

Continued on Page 33

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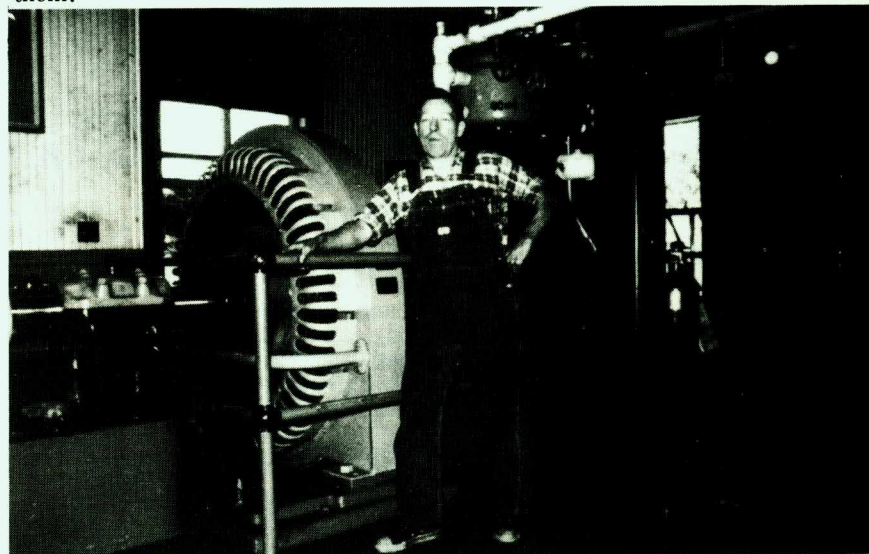


TRAVEL

INDUSTRIAL ARCHEOLOGY OF THE COLD STORAGE ERA AN INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE HOWARD

by George D. Bryant

When the switch was opened for the final time two years ago cutting the electricity to the 175 horsepower GE motor that ran the refrigeration equipment at the Cape Cod Cold Storage it was done by George Howard, now retired in his home at Pond Village. With this he became the last stationary engineer to operate a cold storage on the Lower Cape. George is most familiar with the two plants in which he worked, the other one being the Consolidated, now called the Ice House Apartments. Like any man absorbed with his profession he visited them all and is able today to make comparisons between them.



George Howard standing in front of the 175 horsepower GE electric motor at the Cape Cod.

George Howard, and a number of other local men, including Ernest Irmer, Gene Watson and John Worthington, who were involved with the operation of the cold storages constitute an important resource in the industrial archeology of this area. This field, known as IA, has developed rapidly in the past twenty years, in the United States, Canada and abroad. It consists of the scientific study of the tools, equipments and structures of an industry, with the object being to organize and preserve the knowledge.

Provincetown is the outstanding industrial archeology site of the Cape and Islands, and where the fisheries are concerned, is one of the most important in the country, and certainly the one with the longest history. It is fitting, that on our 250th birthday we review the cold storage era.

The earliest mechanical fish freezers here used the direct anhydrous ammonia absorption system designed by Mr. Magnus J. Palson of Gloucester. They were the Pond Village of North Truro and the Provincetown at the foot of Johnson Street, built between 1890 and 1893. Most cold storages went through at least one major expansion and one major change in freezing apparatus during their time of operation. Here is the description of the Pond Village facility by its engineer, Mr. E.R. Ingraham, at the time it was built:



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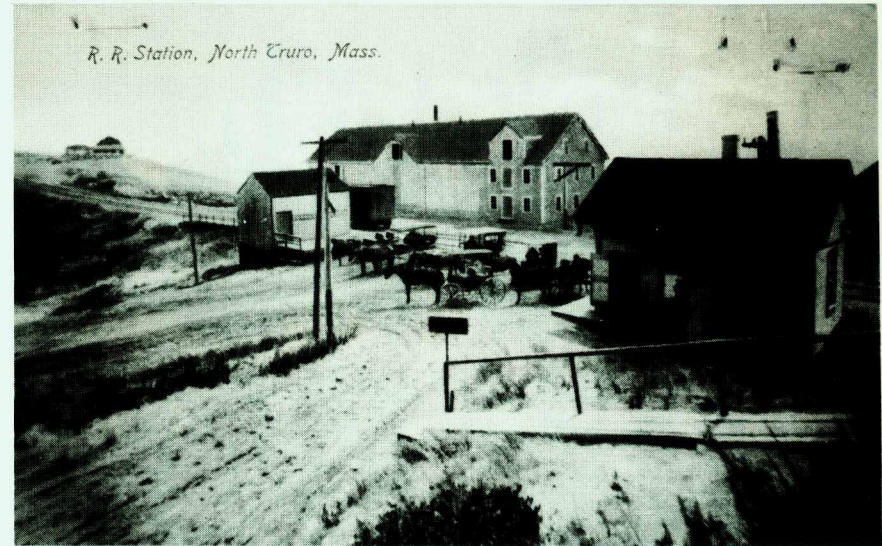
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The original Pond Village Cold Storage is the long building in the middle background of this postcard.

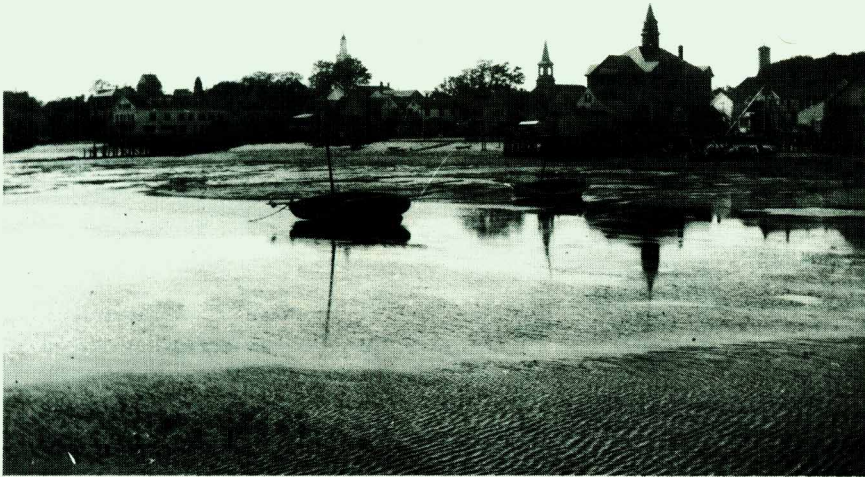
Our building is of wood, 100 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 3½ stories high. Our sharp freezer is on the third story; it is 70 feet long, 30 feet wide, 8 feet high, and contains 10,896 feet of 1½-inch pipe arranged in four coils running the length of the building. The pipes are 12 inches from center to center. Upon these coils are placed wooden flakes, or shelves, 6 feet long and 4 feet wide. Upon these flakes the fish are placed to be frozen. The capacity of the machine is 125 barrels in 24 hours.

As soon as the fish are frozen they are put down through scuttles into the storage rooms, which are four in number and contain 8,400 cubic feet each. Here the fish are held at a temperature of 15 degrees above zero. In our sharp freezer we carry a temperature of from 15 degrees to 15 degrees below. We have two machines of the absorption type—direct expansion. The temperature of our condensing water is 52 degrees. We carry 140 pounds high pressure on the generator, 3 to 10 pounds on absorber, 40 pounds of steam on generator, and 60 pounds of steam on boilers. We burn on the average of one ton of coal every 24 hours. The fish are all caught in the weirs about one mile from the storage. They are brought in boats to the shore, where they are dressed and washed clean; then they are hoisted to the top of the third story, whence they do down through scuttles into the freezing room, where they are frozen solid.

No two cold storages were alike in size, appearance or equipment and they tended to become more dissimilar as the years advanced. One aspect that they held in common was that they employed a lot of people. Provincetown would have become a ghost town during the early decades of this century without the jobs that they furnished. They also turned out a corps of thoroughly trained plumbers for the town. Beyond providing substantial employment the traps, the boats and the freezers helped to reduce the taxes for all townspeople. For fifty years they paid about a quarter of Provincetown taxes. The Advocate in 1899 claimed that one-third of Truro's valuation was tied to trapping and their single freezer! We could use that kind of help today.

George Howard first came to the Cape Cod Cold Storage at 125-129 Commercial Street in 1935. Here chilled brine circulated through the pipes of the freezing and storage rooms. This system made for safer working conditions.

Continued on Page 51



Waterfront from Railroad Wharf. Broken wharf near left was probably smashed in the Portland Gale; its remains held the Provincetown Playhouse on The Wharf, destroyed by fire in March 1977. Circa 1898.

From High Pole Hill, circa 1900-07.



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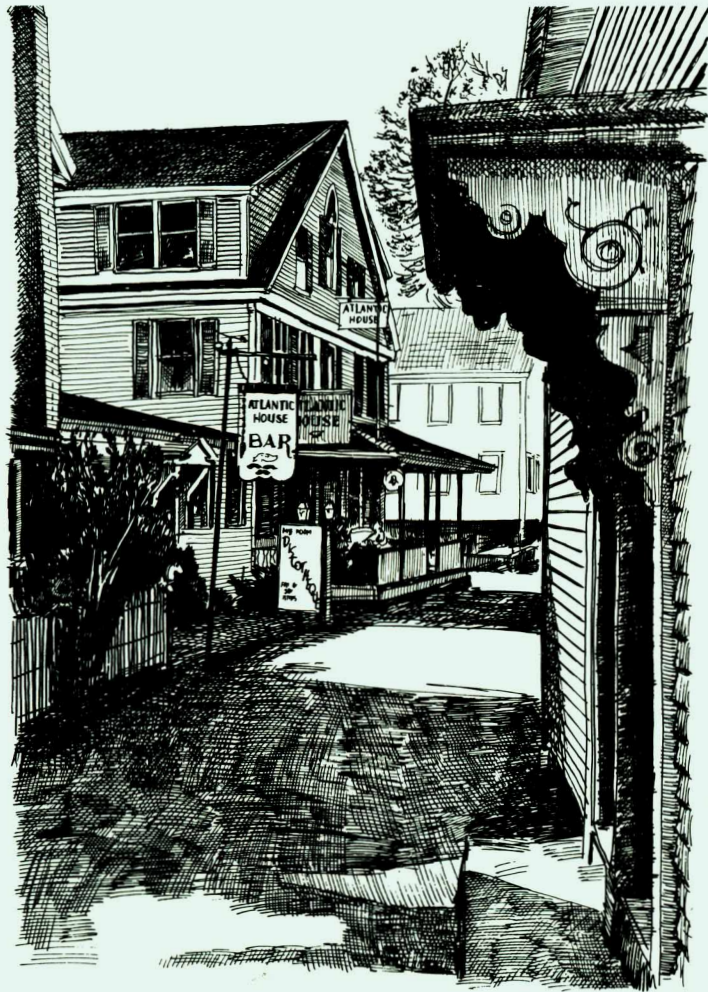
THEN: TOWN CENTER, PROVINCETOWN
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(The following article, reprinted in its entirety from the 1931 Guidebook of the Provincetown Art Association is published here with permission from the Estate of the late Mary Heaton Vorse.)

Whimsical Ways of Provincetown Houses

by **Mary Heaton Vorse**

The first time I saw Provincetown it rose in magic fashion from the sea. We came down by boat from Boston and skirted a remote shore inhabited by colonies of seagulls. Then, suddenly, we turned a corner and the town was before us. It was a long town with wharves jutting out to sea, a town shaded by huge willow trees, and over it a lovely church spire built after the design of Christopher Wren. In those old days the "standpipe" back on the dunes was our landmark. It stood out as unpretentious as a slate pencil against the skyline for incoming vessels to lay their course by.

Presently I was walking down Provincetown streets, and right there at the first moment I knew that this was my home. Maybe it was because of the low-lying houses spread out three miles along the waterfront. I saw one house after another that beckoned to me as a likely place in which to spend my days. There were houses with beautiful old Colonial doorways, a few stately houses with pillared porticos, all of them rather near together as though crowded on one another, neighborly fashion, in fear of storms. I like the crowded streets and having a bay for a front yard. This was 15 years ago, and within that time I have seen many other places, and still this town of all others seems to me a place for living.

Let me describe the kind of house I like best to live in. It is a wide, low-lying house, a story and half high. The pitch of the roof is almost a right angle, and unless it has been tampered with, a great square chimney arises from the center. Dormer windows, like as not, give light and air to the upper chambers. The doorway of this house has a half oval above the door. The spaces and adornments about it hark back to the nobler traditions of house building, for all its unpretentiousness. It is a

shingled house, and if you look closely you will see that the shingles were riven by hand, that the door shows the mark of gouges, and that the nails are hand wrought.

This house is a deceptive house — seen from the street it looks small; in reality it is ample, it rambles on room after room. Its wide fireplaces can hold big logs. Its best rooms are wainscoted, and woodwork, though plain, has been fitted in with the nice workmanship of older days. The proportions of its rooms have a satisfying quality. The rooms have a comfortable dignity for all their low ceilings and their modest size. Plenty of cupboards and closets there are. And most of all, it is a house very comfortable to work in.

It is, of course, a matter of individual taste, but personally I like to live in an old house. I like the careful, leisurely workmanship of a former day. I like the quiet patina which is purchased only with time, the golden dimness that the years lay across a well-constructed dwelling. I do not like a house glittering with highlights, floors and furniture too shiny, and the spaces all too open. For, above all, give me a house with doors, rooms and not enlarged hallways. Give me a house whose work I can do myself if need be — then I am no man's debtor. In a house of a shape and size where I can do my own work I am insured against fate. No home means home to me that is shaped so that it cries for paid service, a house where you must necessarily be overworked and uncomfortable if you cannot find someone to do your work for you.

Now this brings me to why Provincetown seemed like home to me. One of the things that cried out so eloquently on the first day, though at the time I had not analyzed it, was that the houses in Provincetown one and all are built exclusively to live in. They were built for the convenience and comfort of the dwellers. They were built, too, for a generation which knew nothing of paid service. There was no "servant problem" in Provincetown when its comfortable houses were put up.

In the old days the first houses faced the sea. The kitchens looked out upon the encroaching dunes. There was no street at that time. Ox teams dragged low-hung wagons with wide tires through the sand, and they said up the Cape that you could tell a Provincetown girl by the dexterous way in which she could flip the sand from her slipper by a twist of her ankle.

But some adventurous soul wanted to build a road through the town. Town meeting session rang with this heresy. And in spite of the soberer minds who felt that the morals of the village would be undermined by the building of a road and that the oxcarts which were good enough for their fathers were good enough for them, the road went through. A similar convulsion racked the town when the back street was added, for though the two long streets of the town are named Commercial and Bradford streets, we speak of them as "the back street" and "the front street" for there are no others. Then one day a new heresy showed its "horned head." This was when men, obviously with piety, suggested putting

down a boardwalk. The town fathers arose and pointed out that the young people would do nothing but walk up and down the walk if they should have one; but the boardwalk triumphed. And now in my own day I have seen a similar convulsion. It was when the boards were replaced with a concrete pavement. By referring to the minutes of the town meeting the student of morals can learn that virtue was not to survive after the innovation. Yet it survives until this day. Indeed the crime wave has not yet touched us.

In most places when a man builds a house he builds it and there it stands, practically unchanged almost invariably in the same place. This is not true in Provincetown. Houses there do not remain upon their foundations. Every summer you may see houses of all sizes solemnly waddle down the front street. People do not here regard houses as stationary objects. A man will buy a piece of dune land above the town and a cottage on the front shore, and presently up the hill toils the little house. Or he buys a piece of shore front and a cottage on the back street and presently the little house is wobbling along to take its place on the water view.

It has always been so since the old days. Provincetown houses got the habit of moving some generations ago when the original colony was built on the outward hook over by Long Point. This is a sickle of sand which encloses one of the finest harbors on the North Atlantic. But so narrow is this sickle that encroaching storms played havoc with it and threatened at one time to sweep the narrow point away. It was too valuable a harbor to be so destroyed, and the Government bought it and the houses on it. But the thrifty Provincetowners asked the Government:

"What are you going to do with these houses?"

"Nothing," responded the Government.

"Well, can we take them?"

"If you take them away," answered the Government. The Provincetown fathers consulted together. And next, houses supported on wrecking barrels bobbed solemnly across the bay. They "figgered" it this way:

If wrecking barrels can support and bring up from the sea's bottom a vessel of many ton's burden, why can't a raft of wrecking barrels support a house on the surface of the water? They could and did. Matheson's Department store, or principal store in town, once was the schoolhouse, and I have been told that it, too, went to sea and became an amphibious animal, but I have never verified this. It seems a large building to have floated across the bay.

As you walk down the street you will notice that in many of the yards there is a little flock of outhouses of "Shops", or two-room dwellings. Houses expand or diminish according as people's folks come or go away. The mother of a neighbor of mine came to live with him in her old age, and he moved down a two-room cottage which he attached to the main

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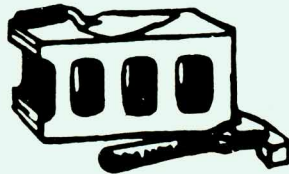
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house, so that his mother needn't be bothered with the children and could have her own privacy. After a time the old lady died, and he moved the house away again, because he said it made him feel lonely. Next his sister's husband died, and home she came with the children. Well and good. He moved down the cottage from the back lot. So the progress of a house can be marked by additions in the family.

Why this carpentry is never done and why every one brings out hammer and saw and goes to work remodeling his house to his heart's desire when spring comes I did not at first understand. I didn't understand this peculiar flexibility of Provincetown houses or why they did not stay upon their foundations after the fashion of houses in other towns, but picked up their skirts in their old age and went wandering up roadways or sandy dunes — not until some out-of-town people bought a piece of property near me and wanted to build on it. What to do with the old house? The carpenter was a Provincetown man and he was not for a moment perplexed. He shoved the house out into the bay and there he anchored it. Unfortunately a storm came up and for two days the distracted house rocked and courtesyed. Its shutters and door blew open. The blank windows and the yawning door looked like frightened eyes and a doleful screaming mouth. Then I realized why it was that our houses are more flexible than other houses in other towns. Provincetown men are not landsmen at all. Almost without exception they have at one time or another followed the sea. Certainly their

Continued on Page 65

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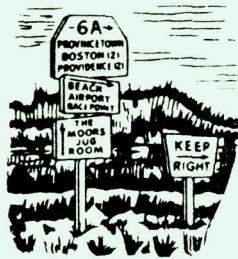
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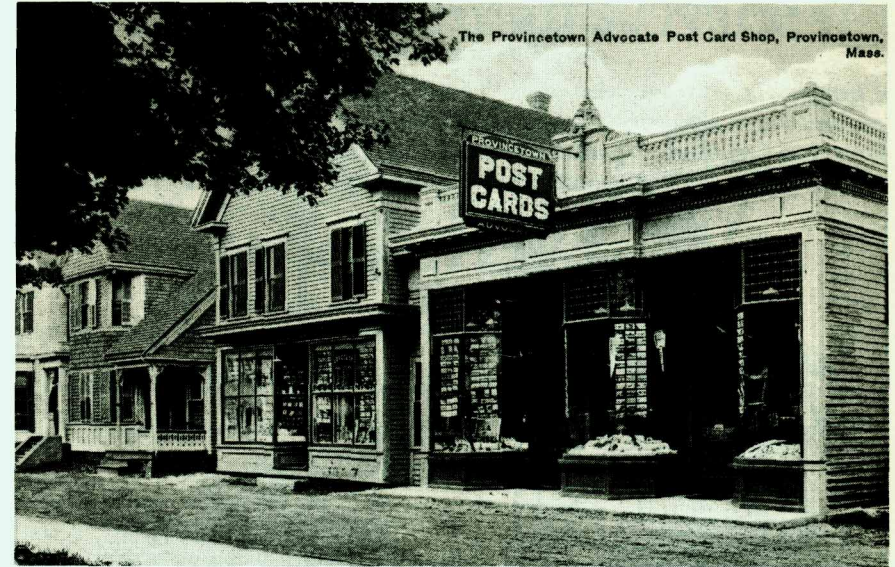
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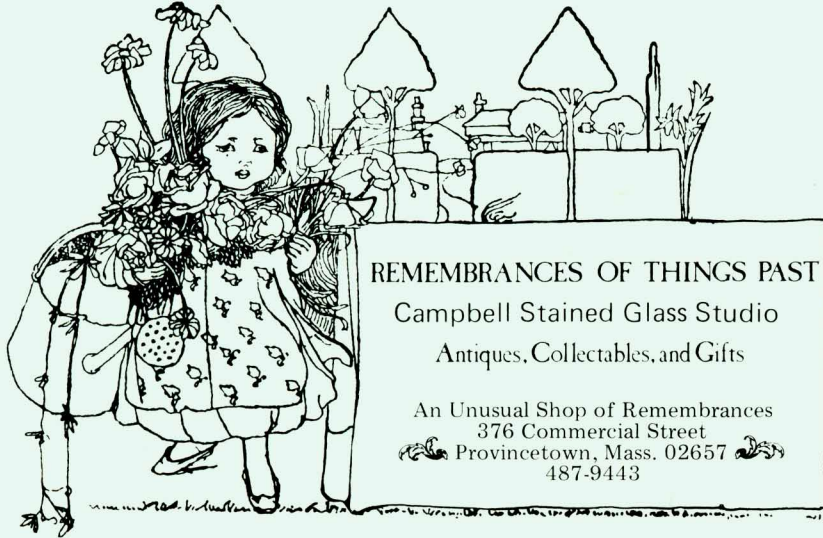
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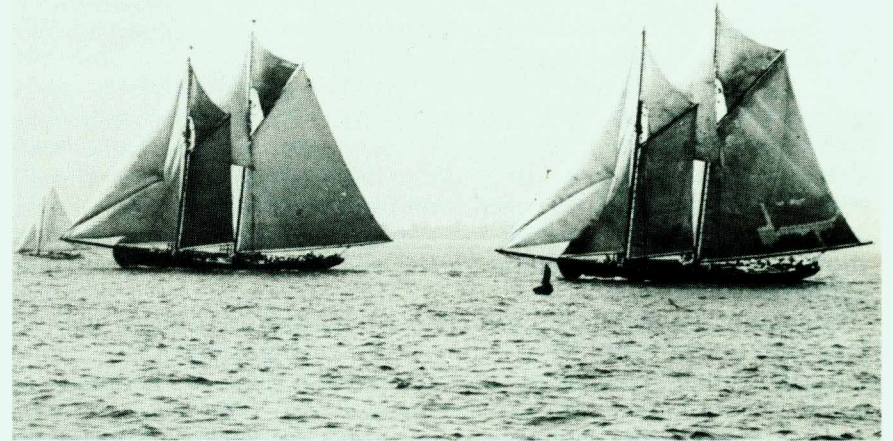
334 COMMERCIAL STREET

The Fisherman's Race

Grim and hazardous are the lives of those who man New England's fishing fleet — but they tread the decks of staunch craft and in them sail not infrequently in the face of fate — here is a story of an historic meeting of schooners over a measured course in a race for a cup.

By JAMES F. McNALLY

Photographs courtesy of Peabody Museum



Five of the fastest vessels of New England's fishing fleet competed in a race off Boston Light for the trophy donated by Sir Thomas Lipton. Rose Dorothea, after an exciting contest with Jessie Costa, won and will be the first fishing vessel to have her name inscribed upon the cup. While the fishermen's race was one of the great features of Boston's Old Home Week celebration, the victory of Rose Dorothea brought glory to her home port, Provincetown, and her beautiful trophy was admired by President Roosevelt during his visit to the ancient seaport town at the tip of Cape Cod.

The race between Rose Dorothea and Jessie Costa was one of the best ever sailed between fishing vessels in Massachusetts Bay, and was made more exciting by the fact that the winner carried away her foretopmast. But in spite of her crippled condition she was kept in the fore by her skipper, John Watson. After the race, with a broom lashed to her broken foretopmast, and another at the main truck, the American ensign and her name on a gaudy streamer floating out astern from under her main peak, Rose Dorothea swept proudly up Boston harbor.

Every passing craft which had steam tooted her contragulations, while from the crews of the sailing craft was sent up cheer after cheer. At T wharf, where she docked, there were hundreds of people waiting and they gave the "queen of the fishing fleet" the heartiest welcome.

She won a grand race, a race that was fought from the start to the finish with Jessie Costa, a foe that was ever alert and ever on her trail. As Costa was always within striking distance, the skipper and crew of Rose Dorothea had to use all their skill to keep the vessel in front. Crippled as she was with her foretopmast carried away about twenty feet above the hounds, Dorothea would have surely lost but for her splendid handling.

Capt. Watson, a nephew of Nate Watson, secured his advantage at the start and never lost it. There were but two minutes and thirty-four seconds between Dorothea and Costa at the finish of a forty-mile course and but two minutes between Mesquita and Thomas of the second class.

The boats were sailed for glory, and the skippers never let up in driving their craft from whistle to whistle. The weather conditions were splendid, both from a racing standpoint and for those who wished to witness the contest. Some might argue that there should have been half a gale blowing, but the breeze was strong enough, and there were shifts enough in it to give the skippers a chance to show what they knew about racing and the contest was all that could be desired.

Manomet, which had been entered, passed in with a fare of mackerel as the boats were bound down to the starting line, while Captain William Thomas of the knockabout, Helen B. Thomas, deserves the warmest praise for sacrificing his trip for fish in order to make a race in the second class. Captain Val O'Neil of James W. Parker, the Gloucester representative in the race, entered his boat, although he knew that he did not have a chance in light conditions, and with a band on board and a big crowd of friends he took Parker over the course, game to the last, and finished third in the first class.

There was a light to strong wholesail breeze, with the wind southeast at the start, southeast and east-southeast to south-southwest at the finish. The sea was comparatively smooth, but toward the latter part of the race there was a nice chop with a lively jump to it, which gave life and animation to the going. The skies were bright and clear and the sun shone warm. It was a beautiful day afloat and there was a big flotilla of boats about the starting and finishing lines, while a number of craft followed the racers over the course.

The first class was sent away at 11:10 and the second class at 11:15. The starters in the first class were Rose Dorothea, Captain Marion Perry of Provincetown; Jessie Costa, Captain Manuel Costa, also of Provincetown, and James W. Parker, Captain Val O'Neil of Gloucester.

In the second class were Francis P. Mesquita, Captain Joseph P. Mesquita of Provincetown and the knockabout, Helen B. Thomas, Captain William Thomas of the T wharf fleet.

When the warning signal was given at 11 o'clock the vessels were well to weather of the line, but they came down slowly just before the preparatory whistle sounded. All the boats had fore and main gafftopsails set over lower sails, with the exception of the knockabout, Helen B. Thomas, which did not carry a foretopsail at any time during the race. The boats had their jibtopsails up in stops in true yacht racing fashion ready to break out as they went over the line.

They did not manœuvre very keenly for the start and with the exception of Rose Dorothea, came for the line in a happy-go-lucky way. The latter, however, thanks to the racing experience of Captain Watson, was well timed and came down under good headway. She broke out her jibtopsail just before she crossed and with a good rap full and everything pulling swept across the line with a fair lead over Jessie Costa.

With all their kites drawing and with gafftopsails and maintopmast staysails set, every inch of canvas that they carry, Dorothea and Jessie Costa sailed it nip and tuck at the very start. Before they had sailed very far they were close hauled for the wind headed them a little and so with sheets flattened they raced along for the first mark.





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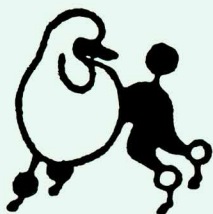
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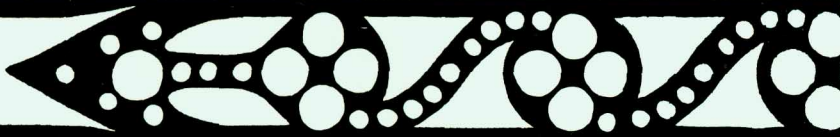
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Francis P. Mesquita got away first in the second class, but Helen B. Thomas came down for the line close to the judges' steamboat and hauled her wind as she crossed on the weather of the Mesquita. It was a pretty start, but the skipper of Thomas did not give his boat the more that she should have had as he approached the line, running out the time with his sheets off.

In the meantime it could be seen that the race between Dorothea and Costa was going to be close. With five minutes start this pair were soon far in the lead. Thomas and Mesquita got the wind more from the southward, and it kept heading them off until their chances for the Lipton trophy were spoiled. The wind knocked off Thomas first and let up Mesquita, and she closed upon her rival. About a quarter of an hour from the start the leading boats were close hauled and both had dropped Parker.

In the meantime, the wind headed the stern boats to such an extent that Thomas and Parker had to take a hitch to windward. Rose Dorothea held her lead and forty-five minutes after the start the breeze took on strength and sent the rails almost down to the water, while the white caps began to show themselves and it looked like real racing.

The boats rounded the first mark at Davis Ledge as follows:
Rose Dorothea, 11:45:51; Jessie Costa, 11:47:42; James W. Parker, 11:51:43; Helen B. Thomas, 12:01:52.

Continued on Page 77



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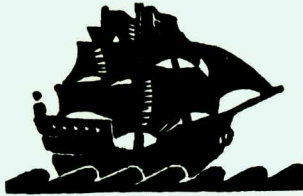
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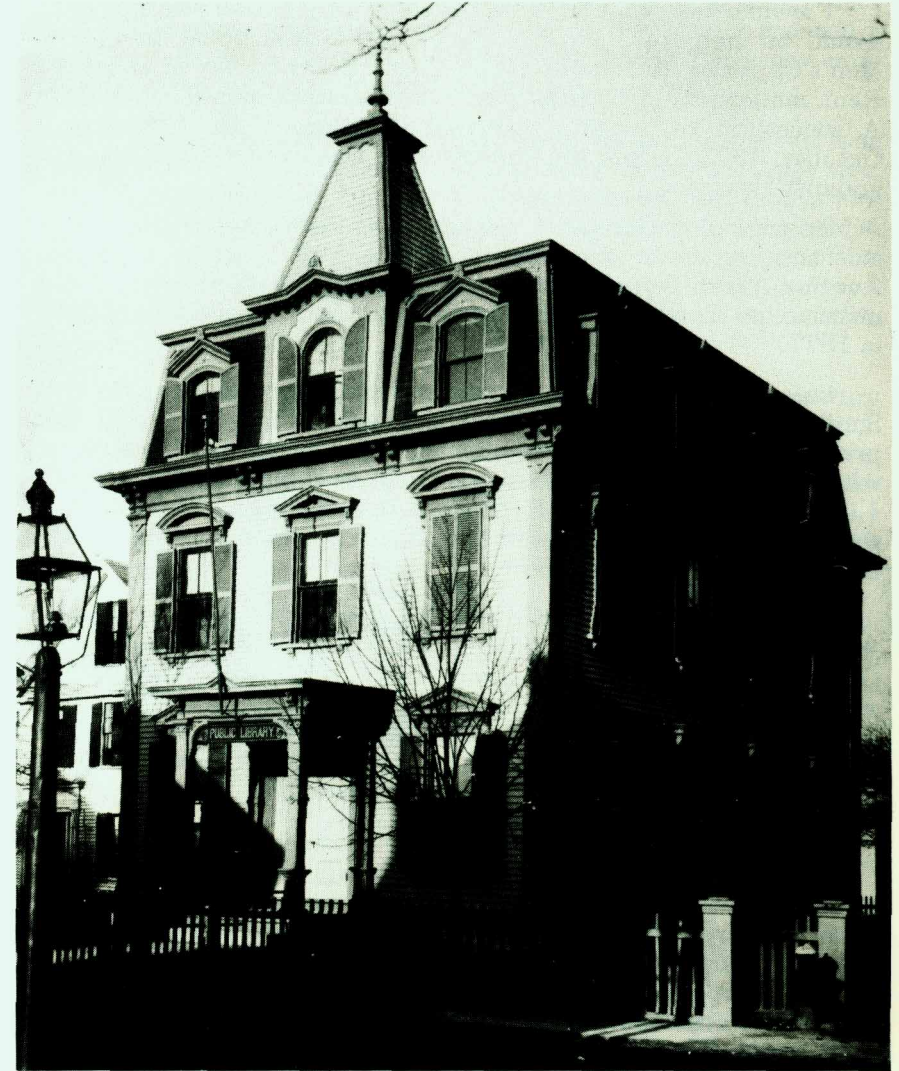


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HISTORY OF PROVINCETOWN PUBLIC LIBRARY by John D. Bell



Photograph from the Rosenthal Collection

Highlighted by the morning sun in the mid-1890's, the Public Library looks as neat and prim as it did in 1873 when Nathan Freeman's carpenters put the finishing touches on his gift to Provincetown. The linden tree planted at the dedication ceremony has grown to over fifty feet tall. At night, the building glowed dimly in the light of a kerosene street lamp, seen at far left with

its chimney standing beside the burner. Already the donor of the building was "the late Mr. Freeman," but his name is preserved on the street sign fastened to the Freeman Street side of the front.

Freeman had stipulated in his deed of gift that the first floor would be used for a library, the second would house the Young Men's Christian Association (YMCA) and the third would be rented. Rent moneys were to help pay operating and maintenance costs. A succession of tenants occupied the third floor, beginning in October, 1873, before the construction was completed. A "photographer" was first.

Photographer George H. Nickerson's most enduring photograph still appears under the banner of the *Provincetown Advocate*. Another, taken from Steamboat Wharf at the foot of Court Street, pictures the Town Hall and High School that burned to the ground in 1877.

Later, Nickerson joined forces with photographer John R. Smith, but the partnership did not survive the stationery they printed. On some old documents, Smith's name is blocked out with red ink. However, they were still working together on April 1, 1883, when Agent R. R. Horton sent them \$17.80 in a triple-sealed envelope from a customer in North Eastham via New York & Boston Despatch Express Co.

Some time before 1888, the top floor of the library became the meeting place of the Chequocket Lodge No. 76, Independent Order of Good Templars. Since this was a temperance society supported by members' donations and solicitations, possibly it paid no rent. Town Reports for the year 1888 show an appropriation of \$300 for the Public Library, and the trustees spent that plus other income plus \$19.44 in overexpenditures.

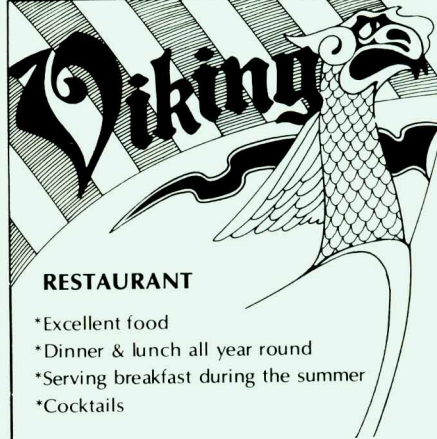
Perhaps to excuse themselves, the trustees reported that they "take pleasure in announcing to the town that one of its oldest citizens, desiring to leave behind him a suitable token of his interest in the welfare and improvement of his native place, has given to its Public Library the munificent sum of five thousand dollars. The conditions upon which it is donated are, that the income from this sum shall be used in the purchase of books and that the principal shall remain intact as a perpetual fund for such purchases. The securities representing this sum are now in the hands of a Trustee, and the name of the donor is withheld until they shall be formally transferred to the town for the library, when it will be duly announced and the appropriate acknowledgement can be made."

In 1890, income from the Benjamin Small Fund amounted to \$310, and the town's appropriation had increased to \$350. At the end of their report, the trustees wrote "with regret that Benjamin

Small of Provincetown, the generous donor . . . died Dec. 30, 1890, and (we) suggest that the town take appropriate action thereon at the annual meeting in February, 1891. (Signed) Andrew T. Williams, Fred'k A. H. Gifford, George H. Holmes, Moses N. Gifford, Artemas P. Hannum, James H. Hopkins, A. L. Putnam, Rob't D. Baxter and Edwin N. Paine. Two months later, James Hopkins introduced a resolution deploring the loss of Benjamin Small, "an active contributor to the business prosperity of his native town . . ."

It appears that the library's third floor fell into disuse not long after the turn of the 20th century, becoming merely a storage area. When the building was emptied in preparation for renovation, workers found little evidence that any organization had succeeded the Good Templars. They did find hundreds of photographic plates stored in the shallow attic over the mansard-roofed third floor, and these are being studied by Provincetown Historical Association photographers.

Architecturally the Public Library is typical of 19th-century American fondness for the work of Francois Mansart, a French architect of the 16th century. Mansart did not invent the two-sloped roof but merely made it popular through outstanding buildings using the design, some of which still exist as museums. Wealthy Provincetowners built a number of houses with Mansard roofs



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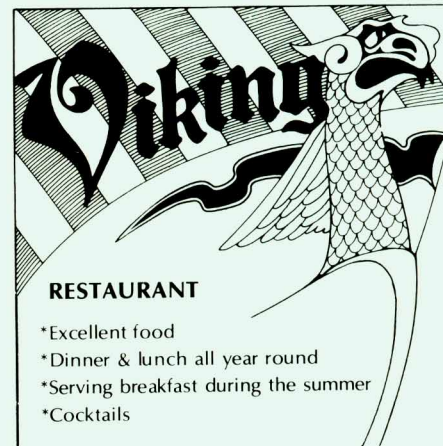
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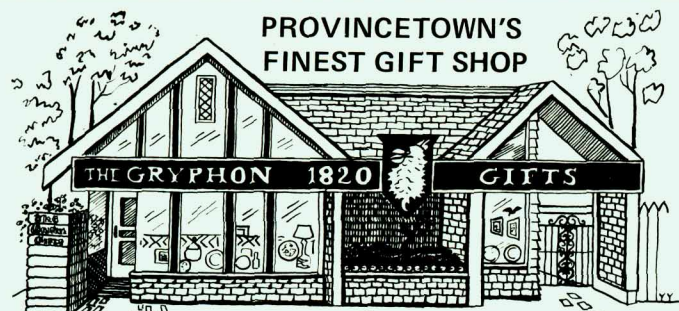
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during the last quarter of the 19th century, but only the library escaped modernization inside and out.

In 1975 it was nominated to the National Historic Register of landmark buildings, and shortly afterward federal funds were awarded to make all three floors usable by the library staff and the public.

Meanwhile, the Massachusetts Uniform Building Code had become law on Jan. 1, 1975. Public buildings had to conform, regardless of their historic status. Architect Daniel Sullivan and his associates had to produce plans that preserved the exterior as much as possible but made the old building practically fireproof. Expanded facilities became housed in a three-story annex built of stone, containing steel-and-concrete stairways, a new heating system and new rooms. The roof sprouted an air-conditioning vault. Wrapped around the front, a ramp provides easy access for the infirm and handicapped, as mandated by the Architectural Barriers Board. Only a special variance allowed Sullivan to avoid building an elevator to the third floor.

It seems ironic that the Public Library, which survived generations of kerosene lamps and antiquated electrical wiring, must now wear a fireproof bustle on its rear end.



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Continued from Page 3

sion or occupation thereof by any individual, company or corporation, for any period of time shall be sufficient to defeat or divest the Title of the Commonwealth thereto." Not until after 1700 does any evidence exist of private occupation of distinct tracts of land. The circumstances of the early settlement of the Town are also involved in considerable obscurity by the absence of any recorded transfers of real estate. The earliest existing Town records begin with the year 1724. Other evidence exists showing that a settlement had been begun before 1700 notably the record of births preserved in the Clerk's Office of the Town of Provincetown, which shows that Ezekiel Cushing, son of the Rev. Jeremiah and Hannah Cushing, was born here April 28, 1698. Rev. Cushing was a graduate of Harvard College in the Class of 1676 and was the first resident preacher at Provincetown.

The first Public Act with reference to the establishing of a Municipal Government at Cape Cod was passed in 1714. Previous to that year the "Provincetown Lands" seem to have been regarded as a part of Truro for municipal purposes. The boundaries of the new precinct were not fixed by the Act of Incorporation. Accordingly, May 26, 1714 an Act for the Determination of the Boundary between Provincetown and Truro was passed by the General Court. The union of the Precinct of Cape Cod with Truro was not satisfactory to the inhabitants of Truro, who found the anomalous Municipal Charter of the Precinct a source of many difficulties in administration. Accordingly in 1715 a petition from the Inhabitants of Truro was presented to the General Court praying that Provincetown be declared either a part of Truro, or not a part of Truro, that the Town may know how to act in regard to some persons. The Court did nothing about this but in 1727 a petition was presented to the General Court asking for the Incorporation of the Precinct as a separate Town. The name selected—Herringtown—found little favor with the General Court. The Act, passed in 1727, contains the first use of the word Provincetown in connection with the Precinct of Cape Cod.

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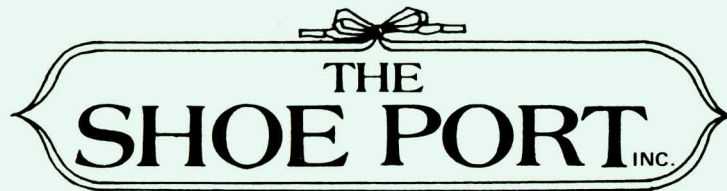
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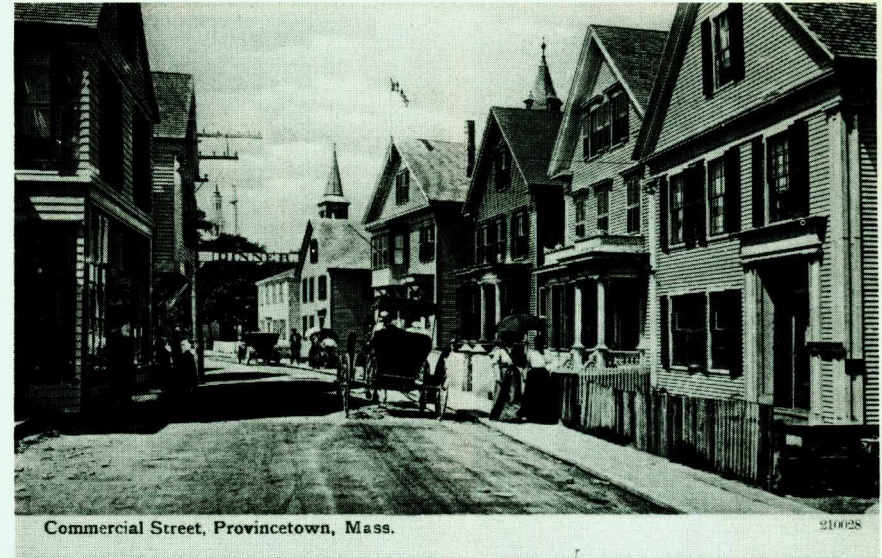
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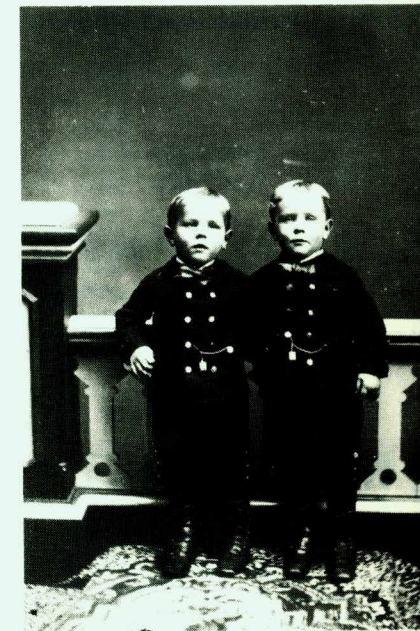
Photos taken at the turn of the century on the third floor of the Provincetown Library



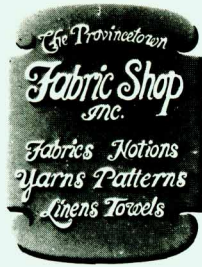
Glass plate photographs from the collection of Provincetown Historical Association

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Photos taken at the turn of the century on the third floor of the Provincetown Library



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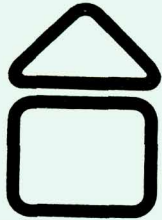
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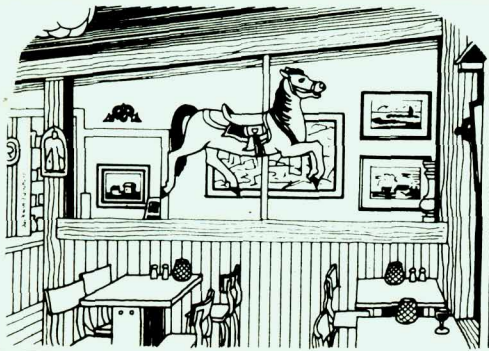
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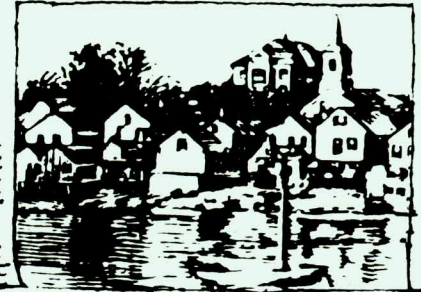


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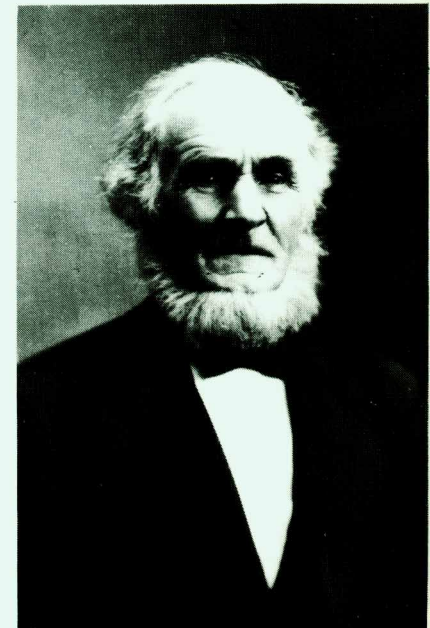
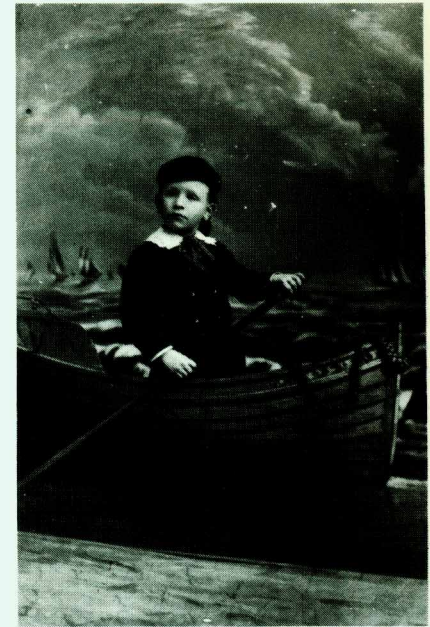
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PROVINCETOWN HISTORIC DISTRICT

PRELIMINARY REPORT

(An Excerpt)[†]

Historic District Study Committee

November, 1973 - April, 1977



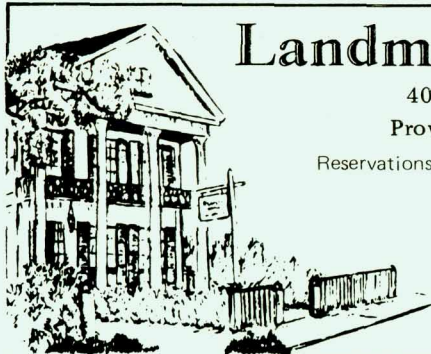
The Victorian mansion of Mr. Benjamin Lancy at 230 Commercial Street, Provincetown, now disfigured by over-commercialization.

The architecture of our simple homes and the general layout of Provincetown can only be understood in the broad context of its past. As we move from the two narrow streets which were dirt paths until the 19th century, and wind in and out of the community's by-ways such as Dyer, Law, Center, Pearl, Carver and so forth, each street leads us to the Harbor view, to the spectacle of brilliant blue and to a world of compressed activity. "Their life's the sea's, By following any street, Your feet will find the waves at either end," said Harry Kemp in his poem, "Fishertown," and his words are tellingly true.

The streets themselves reveal their compacted geneology. Many homes are Greek Revival in design; some are Cape Cod cottages, which are of 18th century origin; some are captain's houses and many bear the marks of alteration to accommodate a renting room, an apartment or a whole addition to increase income and defray taxes. Somehow, the alterations have fitted in, for the most part, for they have been gradual and minor due to the general income level of the residents. The fishermen's families in this century were thrifty and their needs simple. What additions they have made are not destructive, overall, to the human scale of the community.

The original Yankee homes were, some of them, grand, and a number of these survive in grandeur to this day. The "Figurehead House" of Captain Henry Cook, the Greek Revival home of Lysander Paine and the Victorian mansion of Benjamin Lancy, now almost hopelessly disfigured by the excrescences of construction on its once magnificent street facade, are a few examples of former elegance. These were the homes of the town whose wealthy and distinguished families, such as the Ryder family, composed the community in the early 19th century and through the years of great prosperity into the late 1890's.

The typical Cape Cod cottage continued its quaint existence here throughout every period beginning in the early 18th century. It suffered from alterations, but many are still architecturally sound and unaltered. Their familiar faces peek out on every street from under dormers, added ells, or extensive additions butted up against the basic full, three-quarter or one-half original structure. The development of the "added-on-to" look in Provincetown is rather classically illustrated by the example at 3 Johnson St. (Inv. Sheet No. 77-P and page 41 of the Center Album) which was first a Cape Cod double, then a 19th century Greek Revival addition and lastly a 20th century shop structure. In microcosm, it is a perfect ex-



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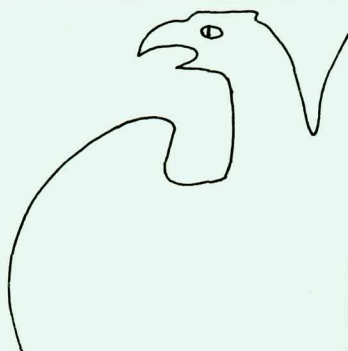


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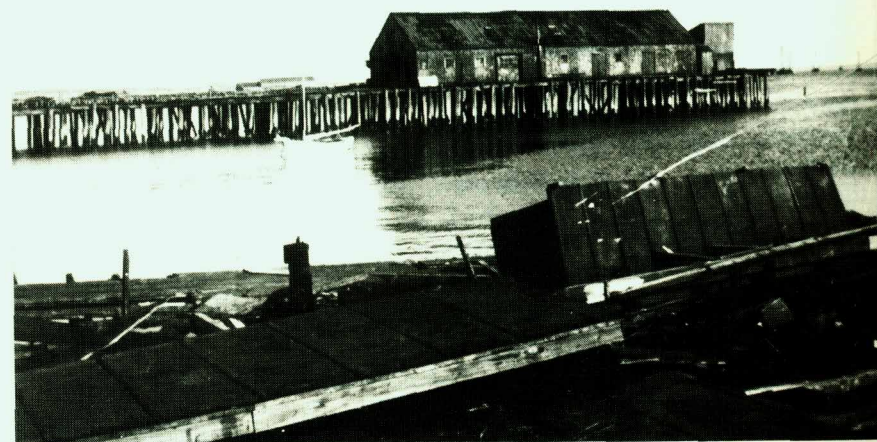
Dairy Queen

of Provincetown

ample of the cultural changes and architectural erosion that Provincetown is experiencing on a rapidly accelerating basis.

Although "erosion" is a proper description from the purists' view, from the standpoint of a total landscape, it has not been as disastrous as might be thought. Provincetown has evolved, not happened. It is an old town and a port town. Its location determined its life and its life dominated the style of architecture. If today we see quaint houses in the West End, we learn that many of them were moved from Long Point and remodeled somewhat on the mainland. What today we see as apartments on truncated piers, were originally fish sheds on long wharves extending 1,000 feet or more into the Harbor. The shoreline today is one long jaw-line full of the stumps of wharves like broken teeth where once a "full set" graced the smiling mouth of Provincetown Harbor. Two or three boatyards build and repair vessels today; whereas, years ago, each wharf had its riggers, caulkers and sailmakers. The fishermen picturesquely preparing trawl have been replaced by sunbathing tourists in deck chairs.

But Provincetown Harbor still boasts an impressive working fleet and a brisk life at the main pier just as she did in 1880. Although Hilliard's Wharf is derelict and falling into the sea, Union Wharf a bare 60 feet of its original 1200 foot length and Freeman's Wharf has been amputated by ice and neglect, they are testament to a time and trade that has just now become a renewed chapter in an ongoing history.



Hilliard's wharf, probably after the Portland Gale, November 1898.

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Union Wharf after the Portland Gale, looking southeast. December 1898.

The 200-mile fishing limit and other factors have stimulated a healthy resurgence of American fishing and Provincetown's fleet will be among the first to respond to such stimuli. As long as the "fleet" remains, Provincetown's character as we know it, will remain. If Thoreau should round the curve of the Cape at Truro and look down on Provincetown as he did in 1852, he would find, with the exception of the windmills, a similar landscape to the one he remarked on then. The overlay of the last wave of settlement may have added "nondescript" to the Cape Cod Cottage, the Greek Revival or Mansard residence, but the basic scale remains, and somehow, inevitably, it is Provincetown!

Josephine Del Deo, Chairman

Provincetown Historic District Study Committee
April 18, 1977

Provincetown Historic District Study Committee:
Josephine Del Deo, Chairman
Mary Avellar
Edward Allodi
Claude Jensen
Phyllis Temple
Paul Mendes
John Bell (Chairman 1973-1976)*
George Bryant*
Alice Cook*

* Resigned

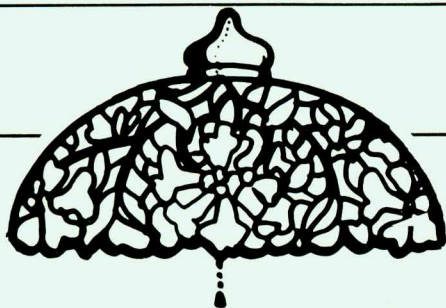
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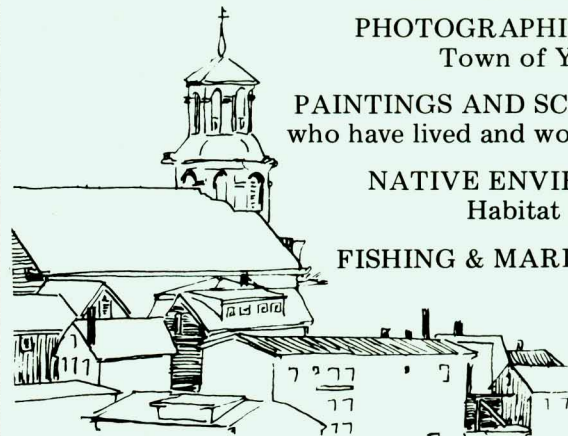
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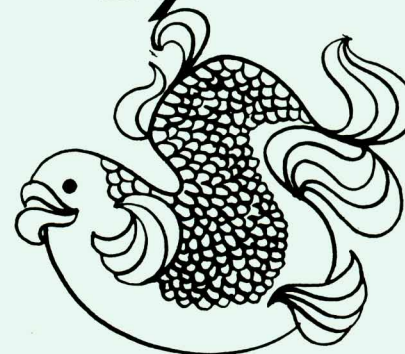
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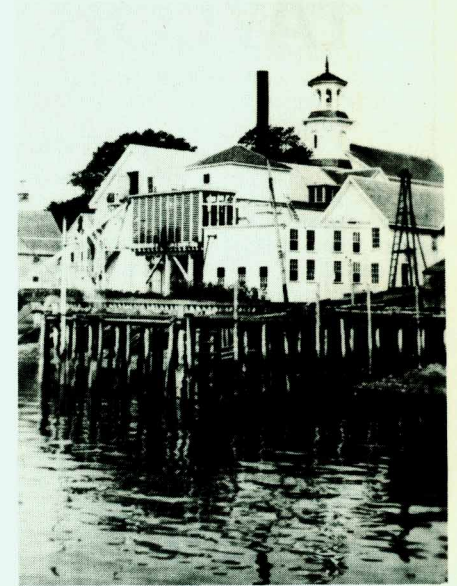


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Continued from Page 7



Man with cigar is Mr. Ingraham of the Pond Village. At upper left, Mr. Julian Lewis, who began as a trap fisherman, was later boss of the Provincetown and is remembered by everyone as Provincetown's Fire Chief. The third person is Mr. Hart of North Truro.



The Provincetown as seen from the shore.



The Provincetown (along the lower edge of the photo) as seen just after it was built about 1895. Note aerial cableway with fish carrying box suspended from it.

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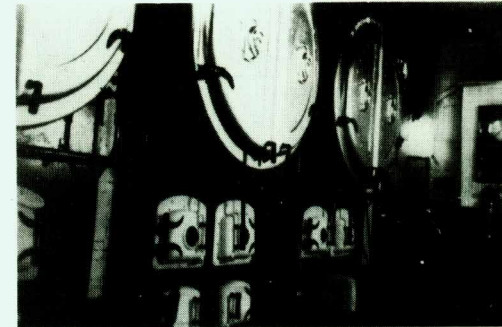
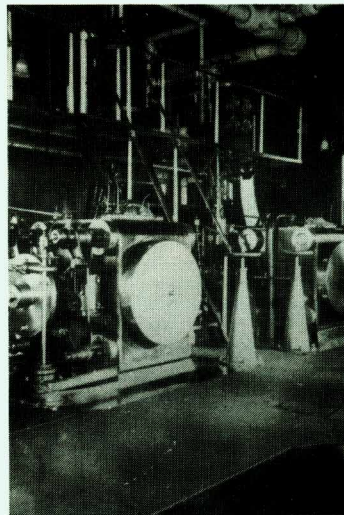
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When an ammonia pipe let go in a direct expansion ammonia freezer like the Pond Village or the Provincetown workers had to evacuate the affected areas. The gas also ruined the fish.

The power house of the Cape Cod was the large wooden building directly on Commercial Street that had the semi-circular stained glass sash near the roof peak. It was 100 feet long, 40 feet wide and 20 feet high inside—with the height necessary to service the machines. In it were two Corliss patent cross-compound double-expansion steam engines. They were about 8 feet long and generated 100 horsepower each, with impressive flywheels, connecting rods and other sizeable moving parts. Steam went first to the 14-inch inside diameter high pressure cylinder, then exited to a receiver and through valves entered the 22 inch i.d. low pressure cylinder where it did its final work in the engine. Its last path was through a boiler feed water preheater to the condenser. Engine parts were kept well painted or nicely polished. For inspection purposes it was known as a second-class plant. George does not believe that there were ever any larger steam engines on the Cape.



The three steam boilers at the Cape Cod. The one at the left was added to power the steam turbine electrical generator for the town.

The old cross compound Corliss steam engines at the Cape Cod. The catwalk was for manipulating the compressor controls. Flywheels cannot be seen in this photograph.

The brine used to freeze and hold the fish was first chilled down by ammonia. Two vertical ammonia compressors connected by crank arms to the Corliss's were located in the same machinery hall of the power house. Two men were needed to put the refrigeration system on line. One handled the controls of the engine and the other, up on a metal catwalk manipulated the suction valves of the compressors that operated against a big head pressure. A distinct advantage of steam engine driven refrigeration, George says, is that it could be operated at a range of speeds without gearing.

The path of the ammonia from the compressor where its density was increased was as follows: 1) to the condenser, 2) then to a receiver in the basement, 3) then up through the brine tank which was a "heat exchanger" where the ammonia took the heat from the brine. Ammonia boils at a low temperature. This utilized the dependable physical principle that a liquid (in this case ammonia) passing into a gaseous state carries away a definite amount of heat from the substances around it (in this case brine). Both the ammonia and the brine circulated in closed piping loops, separate from one another, without mixing even where they came together in the "heat exchanger." A fresh brine solution was mixed up in a 500-gallon wooden stave vat when there had been a leak in the system. This vat is now part of a wine display at Bryant's Market. It sits on maple flooring that was salvaged from the Cape Cod's machinery hall.

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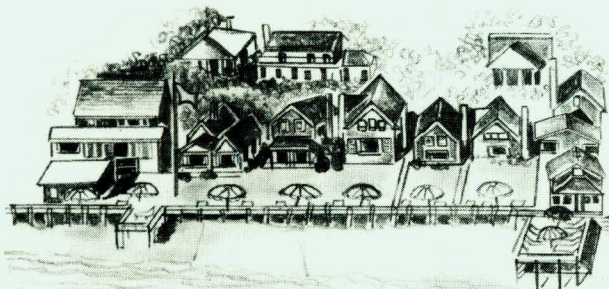
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On the wall behind the Corliss's were four spigots fixed into a copper plate. The first released regular cylinder oil which was thick. The second was engine oil and the third, "Esquimo" oil, a kind that wouldn't congeal on the cold moving parts of the compressors. The fourth spigot was "drainings," used for oiling fittings. The reservoirs were in the attic. The ceiling above the machinery was fitted with eyebolts and a hatch. These were used when pulling pistons and other heavy parts out of the equipment.



Aerial cableway at the Cape Cod that took the fish from the trap boats to the packing section on the fourth floor.

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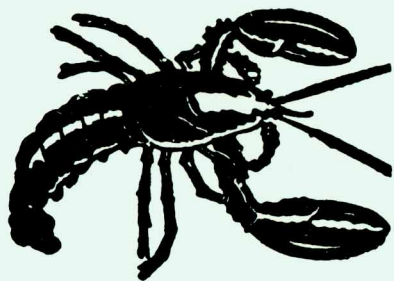
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Originally there were two coal-burning, hand-fired, low-pressure (120 p.s.i.) horizontal return tube, tubular boilers at Cape Cod. The heat from the coal firebox travelled under the boiler proper from the front of the boiler to its rear wall and then back through the fire tubes themselves to a point just above the firebox and then was exhausted. The smokestack was 90 feet high and about 10 feet in diameter at the base. About the time of the First World War another boiler was added when the Cape Cod became the first electric generating plant in town. The generator was driven by a steam turbine. Electricity was supplied to subscribers in town from dusk to about midnight daily, and on Saturday afternoons in order to operate the motion picture theater. Three white tubular ceramic electrical insulators, manufactured by Westinghouse, 17 inches long with a 1-inch diameter bore remained in the power house wall until the building was demolished. I donated one to the museum at the monument. All of the electricity used by the town passed through these insulators. Steam also operated nearly every other piece of moving equipment at the Cape Cod including the winch of the aerial cableway that brought fresh fish from the narrow gauge railway on the wharf to the plant.

At its final expansion the Cape Cod had one acre of freezing and storage rooms. In this area 1,000,000 pounds of fish could be held frozen. The top, or fifth floor of the cold storage building itself was an attic that was used mostly for old equipment and packaging. At least one-half of the fourth floor was the packing section. It was at this level that the aerial cableway dumped the fish. The third floor was the freezer and the second and first floors were cold storage rooms. Through the center of these floors ran a large freight elevator. The flow of fish product through the structure was from top to bottom. During its history the building was extended laterally once to the east adding 50 percent to its capacity. Towards the shore a filleting section was added.

At the start of the Second World War, Atlantic Coast Fisheries Co., which now owned the Cape Cod, moved refrigeration equipment there from a shut-down filleting plant of theirs at Groton, Connecticut which they had outfitted in 1926. The GE motor, mentioned at the beginning, was included along with twin York Ice Machinery Corporation ammonia compressors. The motor was installed between the identical compressors and in the same axis. This setup along with a Vilter single unit compressor and electric motor supplanted the old steam engines and vertical compressors and served the plant until the end. Before starting the electric motors, George would first telephone to the power company on Race Point Road. In order to handle the starting load they would usually have to put on another one of their generators. Even so there was generally a voltage drop all over town as the 3 phase, 220 volt, 400 ampere motor started.

Atlantic Coast Fisheries eventually bought all of the operating cold storages except the Provincetown. These were the Fishermen's (originally Matheson's) which stood where the Seaview Restaurant is now, the Consolidated, and The Colonial (the Little Store was the office and Treasure and Trash was the power house), as well as the Cape Cod.

The first refrigeration system at the Consolidated was the direct expansion type with ammonia as the circulating medium—no brine was used. The plant had two steam boilers that worked reciprocating ammonia pumps. There were no impressive moving parts as on the steam engines at the Cape Cod. It was the only reinforced concrete freezer in New England when it was built and for a number of years afterwards. Atlantic Coast also moved electric compressors both here and to the Fishermen's from the filleting plant in Groton. Today most of the tenants in the old Consolidated freezer are pigeons. In spite of neglect the building has classical lines. It would be a pity to destroy its structure before thoroughly investigating ways to recycle it.

The Colonial power house was the most detailed architecturally of all the cold storages on the Cape. Its large spreading roof was clad in Spanish clay tiles. It still has character today even after considerable alteration. The power for the refrigeration plant came off a pair of Frick tandem steam engines, that

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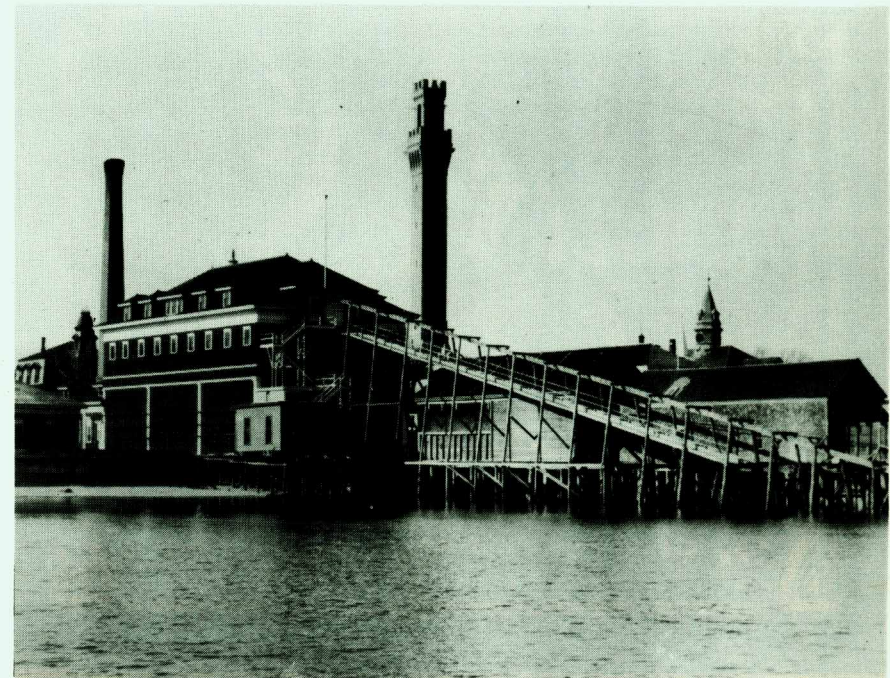
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The Colonial in a photo taken about 1937, with the power house on the street and the larger freezer behind it.

The Colonial freezer.



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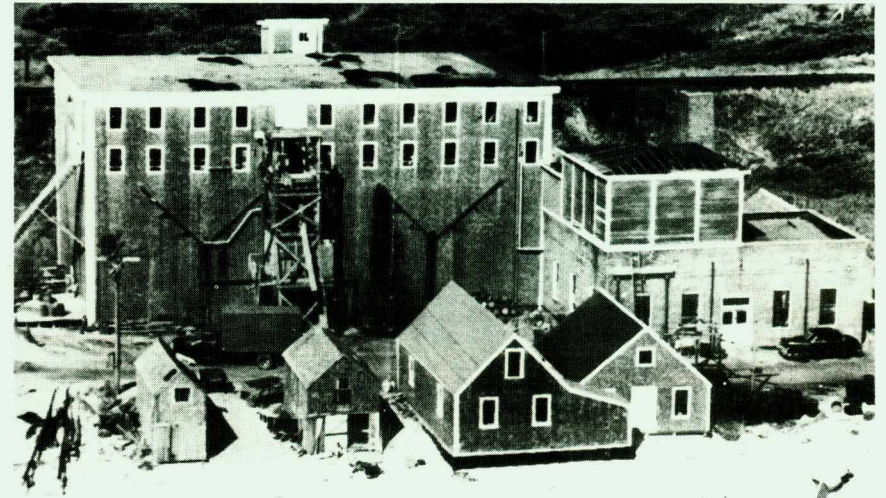
328 COMMERCIAL ST., PROVINCETOWN



Fishermen's, showing a trap boat unloading fish onto an aerial cableway early in this century.

were about 4 feet longer than the Cape Cod's Corliss's but not as powerful. They were also connected to their compressors by cranks. In its last years of operation the Colonial was a brine and ammonia plant.

The original Pond Village burned early in this century. It stands today as it was rebuilt. Two York ammonia compressors driven by diesel engines were its last equipment. This made it, according to George, "a very economical plant to operate."



The second Pond Village in a photo taken in 1962. The building is still standing.

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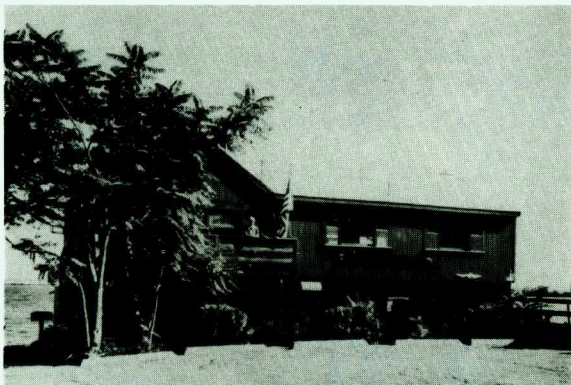
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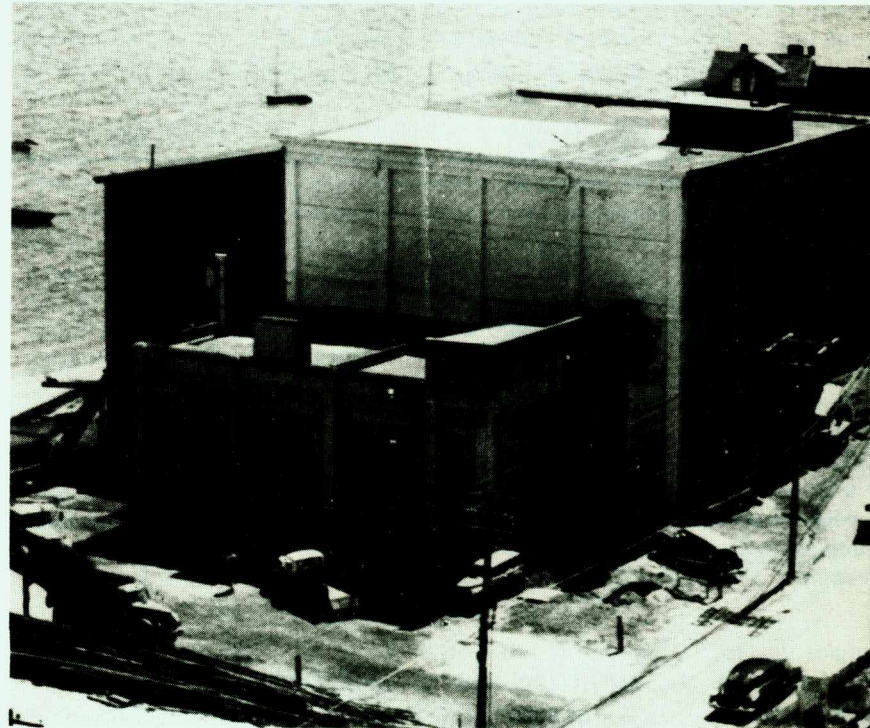
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Before the turn of the century the freezers principally supplied bait fish to the hand-line and trawl dory fishermen. The situation changed rapidly and by the beginning of the First World War they were largely holding and processing fish for human consumption. The Consolidated, led by W. Irving Atwood, was the national pioneer in the frozen whiting business. They satisfied a demand for fish with whiting's characteristics in the Mid-West. Whiting could not be shipped far iced in boxes as it is highly perishable. Freezing turned it into a marketable fish.



The Consolidated, photographed in 1962. The large concrete structure is the freezer. The lower one in front of it was the power house and also the location of an ice-making plant.

When George Howard started to work at the Cape Cod it had three trap boats, with a crew of five men each and anywhere from 50 to 100 workers in the cold storage itself from April to December. In spite of its large capacity there were days when the freezer couldn't process-to-hold any more fish. The trap boats had to run the catch outside of Long Point to be dumped. The Provincetown had one boat and the Consolidated had two. Mountains of soft coal were brought here by rail to power these operations. Several hundred acres of the open lands north of the town were either owned by the cold storages or licensed to them by the State within the Provincelands. The tarred trap "twine" or nets were dried there.

George remembers the canning operation set up at the Cape Cod after World War II to help feed the starving people abroad. Provincetown whiting were packed in one and in five pound cans after having only the head, guts and tail removed. He says that the finished product had a fine and delicate taste. Local herring was also canned in a tomato-based sauce for the same market. Atlantic Coast manufactured edible cod liver oil on the wharf behind the Colonial. During the war the equipment was moved to the West Coast where the livers had been shipped from.

Continued on Page 73

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Continued from page 17

forebears have. The life of his race has spent so much of its time on the sea in ships that they look upon houses as a sort of landship or a species of houseboat, and therefore not subject to the laws of houses.

Now every man who owns a boat or a vessel overhauls it, alters it, tinkers with it. So that is why all Provincetown people tinker with their houses ashore and add to them perpetually. Once understand that the people here are seafaring folk and you will understand why it is that every good housewife takes her can of varnish out in the spring and varnishes all her mahogany furniture over again, for do you not varnish down the bright work on you boat and do you not varnish down your spars? Therefore it follows you should varnish the bright work in your house. The likeness of Provincetown houses to ships explains some of their architectural peculiarities. In many an old house the front door opens on a narrow entry. The stairs mount sheer. They are not truly stairs but a companionway. I have seen upstairs chambers where the small windows had the air of portholes, as though built for security against the weather rather than for light.

In the old days, after the first upheaval and when the first road was building, almost every house had attached to it a building known as a shop or a store. This did not mean a store where you bought and sold things, but a place where you stored things. These shops or "fish houses" had one wide room with doors that opened on the sea, and a loft where tackle, net, and all sorts of gear were stowed. The greater number of these shops have now been turned into houses for summer visitors.

It would not be fair to Provincetown not to speak of what you might call the "barn and fish house architecture." For most of these little unpretentious dwellings have been done over with so much ingenuity and love that they fit into Provincetown's old-time charm far more closely than some of the new houses which have been built "Town Along." Back of my own house is now what is one of the pleasantest dwellings in town — a long white house with blue shutters and pleasant bricked paths leading to a studio. A few years ago this was an ugly barn. My eyes rested on it for a few years before I noticed the kindliness of its general proportions.

In the fish houses on the shore the big room that was used for storing tackle and mending nets is transformed into a living room of ample size. Dormer windows make pleasant bedrooms of the loft formerly used for storing sails and gear and net. Then add a brick walk and a bright flower garden on each side, and you find what was formerly a mere shop transformed into a pleasant habitation.

Legends linger around many of the old houses. This tall, white house on the hill was the home of a whaling captain who drove his men to death in the northern seas. In the cemetery a stone with "Lost at Sea"

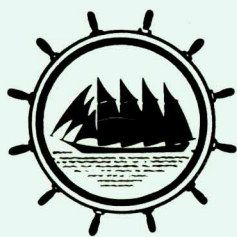
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marks his memory, but old people say that he has been seen walking around his old house to which he never returned, trying to get in. Way "Up Along" a comfortable Colonial house sits far back from the road, yet when you pass it it strikes you in the eye with its strangeness: a fence occupies the middle of the front path right up to the front door. This fence has been here so long that a big tree has grown alongside it, encroaching on some of the pickets. Here until recently two brothers lived in the house which had been left them jointly by an injudicious father. Because of some quarrel they divided the house in two and put the fence up, and throughout their lives they never spoke to one another again. When one of the brothers died it was found he had left his will in such a fashion that his share of the house could never fall into the hands of his surviving housemate. One could fill a book with Provincetown legends and Provincetown customs. But slowly the old are dying.

When I first came to Provincetown it was considered not quite the thing to have the front yard that was not ornamented with a few whale's vertebrae or a whale's jaw. Garden beds were bedecked with large shells, disabled dories were turned into flower beds, and morning glories climbed up the grat bleaching whale jaws. I learned that I was vaguely criticized for my failure to conform. I remember very well the day when Mr. Berry beckoned to me in the friendly way he had when he had a new treasure to show me. Mr. Berry was for years an institution in

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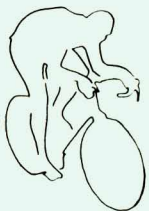
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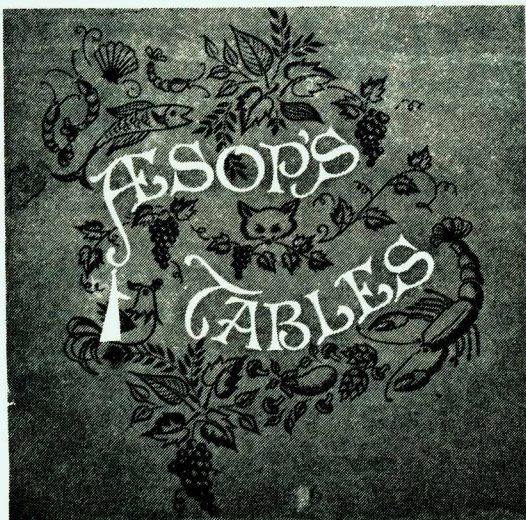
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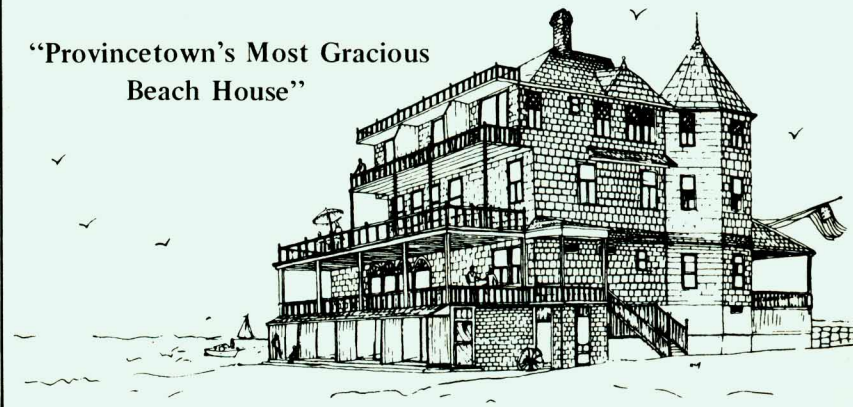
"Come inside." said Mr. Berry to me "come here, I' got something to show you; I' got something you need. Your yard don't look stylish. You ain't got any whale's vertebrae; you ain't got a whale's jaw in your front yard with morning glories twining on it. You ain't got a figger head. Why, you ain't got nothing in your yard. It ain't right for a woman like you. What you need is this ship's bill." He pointed to a huge bronze bell almost as tall as I. "That'll give tone to your yard, that'll give style to you, that'll shut folks' mouths when they start talking how plain your yard is. Why, the other day I went past and I see you down on the waterfront hollering out to sea like any common woman, hollering for your kids to come home to dinner. Now you buy this ship's bill. Come noon, you can ring eight bells stylish and you won't have to holler on the end of a wharf anymore. Won't be any other house around there that's got a ship's bill. Come noon, you ring eight bells and your kids come right in."



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By this kindly advice I saw that I had not lived up to what was expected of me, but fifteen years have seen a change. Some of the old customs are passing along the boardwalk. We always have bright flower gardens and the encroaching flowers have driven out the whale's vertebrae. A yard can be stylish without them.

In the old days Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, New Bedford and Provincetown were sister Towns; more whalers went out of New Bedford and Nantucket, more bankers left Provincetown. Not that Provincetown did not send vessels into the South Seas after whale and sea-elephants, which returned with many a contraband barrel of Jamaica rum stowed away in the hold. Alone of all these towns Provincetown still remains self supporting, a town making its living from the sea. Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket have fallen into the hand of "Off-Islanders", New Bedford drones with the noise of the mills, the Portuguese negroes live in the fine old houses built by the whaling captains of an earlier day. Provincetown still sends out her fleet of beautiful fresh fishermen; but maybe her days are also numbered. One hears many stories of the competition of the beam-trawlers, and it may be that that ugly, efficient boat will drive our hundred-foot schooners from the face of the sea.

Every year sees another of the old houses passing into the hands of "summer people". The newcomers have treated the old houses tenderly. And as yet "summer folks," as they are known play but little part in the town's prosperity. But the old days are passing. Last summer for the first time the Town Crier cried no more. Berry is dead, and for years the monument to the memory of the Pilgrims has loomed above the town. There are more flowers, more trees than there used to be when I first came. There are fewer sailing dories.

It looks as if the old days were on the wane. But whatever happens, nothing can change the wild back country and nothing can tame the outside shore. Nothing can happen that will make Provincetown anything for me but the pleasantest place in all the world in which to live.



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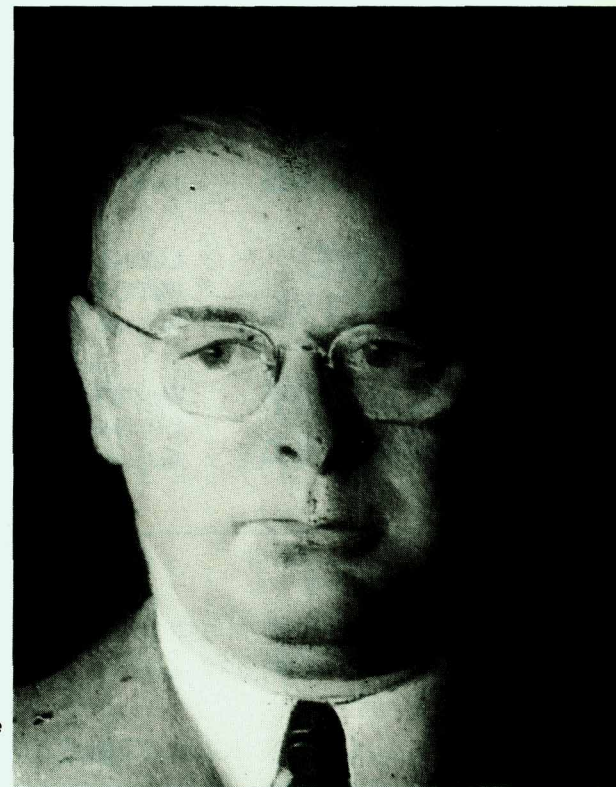
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Whiting processing was kept going in the winter for many years. Frozen summer whiting were taken from the freezer and dumped on tables. A worker would separate the hard fish with a machete-like instrument and lop off the heads. The whole fish was then dipped in hot water for 2 minutes, removed and the skin stripped from it in the manner of peeling a banana, while the flesh itself was still frozen. It was then packed in 4 pound boxes and sent back to the freezer to await shipment to the Mid-West.

Atlantic Coast was the first company to develop machinery for turning fish-as-caught into a consumer's product. It took them 20 years and \$1 million to do so, and they were the envy of the industry at the time.

The early cold storage operations were capable of making most of their own equipment repairs. Trap equipment and boat repairs required a lot of blacksmithing. Consolidated had a three story boat repair building directly behind Bryant's Market (then Burches) that was standing until the 1920's and was run by a Mr. Pidgeon. The men working in the various company machine shops could usually fix anything in the way of running equipment and were often called to. The late Joseph Souza, the resident mechanical genius of the Cape Cod, did everything from blacksmithing to fish filleting machine design. He had a Greaves-Klausman engine lathe, a drill press, a milling machine and other equipment. His old blacksmith shop was moved in March 1975 to a new location on the east side of Bryant's parking lot. When the Cape Cod was razed the same year the monolithic concrete bases of the old Corliss's and compressors—each one as big as a small house—remained long after the first of two demolition contractors fled from the scene. Not a few people including George and I got a chuckle from the fact that they had defeated all of his efforts to remove them.



Portrait of Frank Rowe
painted by
Henry Henschel

Provincetown Playhouse On The Wharf

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George Howard came to this area to serve as temporary keeper of Long Point Light from his native New Bedford. He applied to the late Frank Rowe for work and started by cutting fish at the Cape Cod. George stepped from this to fireman, a job that he recalls as being "hard" and then to stationary engineer. He held a special engineer's license that covered that plant. Before even coming to Provincetown he was a licensed fireman.

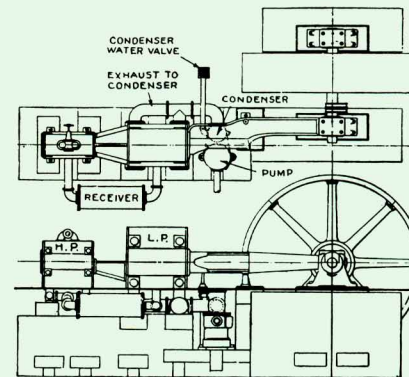
No discussion of the cold storages would be complete without mentioning Frank Rowe (1897-1958). For over 30 years he was the chief of the Atlantic Coast operations here. There is no question that during this time he was just about the most important man in Provincetown as the boss of several hundred persons. His quick wit and sound understanding of Provincetown and the rough and tumble fish business and the nature of fishermen is preserved in his confidential company memos that I acquired for the Grand Banks Archive.

Frank came here about 1925, originally scheduled to stay only two weeks to work out some problems for Atlantic Coast and never left. At a relatively young age he was given full responsibility for running the four freezers and 38 traps that the company owned. His widow Mary remembers that in the 1940's and 1950's they couldn't leave town when the whiting were running.

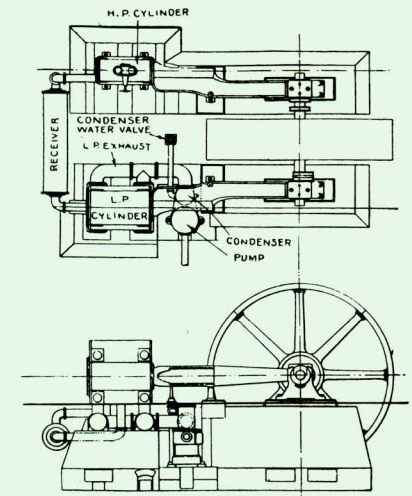
Until recent years the price of fish was measured in pennies and nickels, with the freezer varieties of fish usually worth less than 20 cents per pound, but subject to sharp advances and declines. If the price of a fish went from 5 to 10 cents per pound it represented an increase of 100 percent—and that was the kind of action that made fortunes for freezer owners.

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March 21, 1977

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Tandem compound steam engine similar to the ones at the Colonial.



Corliss cross compound steam engine similar to the ones at the Cape Cod.

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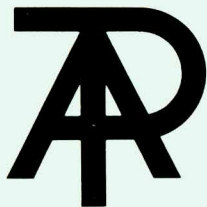
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After rounding, sheets were eased to port and foresails gybed over to starboard, so wing and wing the boats ran for the whistler off Eastern Point. Costa gained a little on Dorothea, and she was luffed out a little on Costa. The latter could not get near enough to spoil the wind of Dorothea, and the pair made a nice race in the run to the second mark, with the wind southeast and east-southeast on the run.

The rounding times at Eastern Point were: Rose Dorothea, 1:51:47; Jessie Costa, 1:52:22; James W. Parker, 2:04:58; Francis P. Mesquita, 2:14:00; Helen B. Thomas, 2:15:10.

Then came the exciting part of the race. Just as Rose Dorothea hauled her wind as she rounded, the foretopmast snapped and a cheer went up from Costa as they noted the accident and all hands tailed onto the sheets to get them in flat for the first hitch toward



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home. When the mishap occurred, Watson shot Dorothea up into the wind and held her high but kept her going while the crew cleared away the wreckage and took in the jibtopsail and the foretopsail. It looked as if the accident would cost her the race, but the wind had shifted and was at that time about south, so that even close hauled, the boats would not be able to fetch the finish line, especially as the wind was hauling more to the westward as they raced for home.

Costa tried hard to get on the weather of Dorothea, but Watson held her up too high and luffed out on Costa. By the wind, the accident did not prove so serious as it would if the boats could have laid their course home, for then Dorothea would have lost the use of her jibtopsail and foretopsail which would have meant much to her with such a fleet rival always at her heels.

The skipper of Costa kept his jibtopsail on, and it would have been better for him had he taken it in, for the wind kept knocking him off to leeward and he could not follow the same road as Dorothea.

The wind had taken on strength and was blowing a good whole-sail breeze. Dorothea kept working out steadily to weather on Costa. The latter stood well in under Egg Rock, her skipper evidently looking for a favoring westerly slant which might enable him to catch Dorothea. He did get a lift out, but not enough to do the trick.

On the last hitch to the finish line, Costa, though astern, was to weather of Dorothea, but she could not catch her, and with her jibtopsail on, which the skipper persisted in carrying, she could not point as high.

As soon as Dorothea crossed the finish line the whole crew rushed aft and almost mobbed "Johnny" Watson at the wheel. Caps were thrown in the air and the men danced like youngsters, cheering and yelling like a band of victorious savages. They gave their defeated rival a cheer as she crossed, and her reception was almost as great as that of the winner.

The Lipton Cup is to be a perpetual challenge trophy for fishermen. Captain Marion Perry of Rose Dorothea has a sort of elephant on his hands at present, as he will have to defend it if challenged by any of the vessels of the fleet.

Visit the
HERITAGE MUSEUM
and watch the building of a half-scale model
of the "Rose Dorothea."

THEN AND NOW



PETER HUNT LANE, PROVINCETOWN, CAPE COD, MASS.

THEN: KILEY COURT, PROVINCETOWN
From the collection of Helen Rogers

NOW

Photograph by Peter Carter



Amos Kubik, Town Crier.



DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

DO YOU KNOW WHO WE ARE?



Capt. Manuel Enos at Heller's Wharf.





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