

# POOR HOWARD'S

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

# POST



WHAT IS CAPE COD  
TALKING ABOUT?



# STREETCORNER SOCIETY: CAPE COD'S KID COPS

By Rose Levinson

MAN IN THE NEWS

The other night we met a summer visitor to Cape Cod who didn't want to see the Kennedys. He was standing on Main Street in Hyannis watching all the other summer visitors drive to places like Hyannisport and Provincetown and to antique shops and beaches and art galleries and aquariums.

He was looking at the people in the cars and the kids on the street and he was waving his arms and blowing a whistle. Who was he? A political science major at Boston State College working as a summer addition to the Hyannis Police Department.

One of many student additions to the Cape police department, Andrew Martin says what he likes least about his job are "the idiotic people who try to run me down." "But there are compensations," he said. "Like the broads. One of the reasons I came up here is to see the broads. They're one of the attractions of the Cape."

A native of Brockton, Massachusetts, Martin says that when he first joined the force he had trouble directing lost tourists. "But after two days on the job I knew the place like the back of my hand."

Philip Steere another summer policeman is a law student at the University of New Mexico. He spent last week breaking up brawls, arresting drunks, and looking for dope rings. Recently, the Hyannis police made three or four dope raids, he said, arresting about 75 alleged dope peddlers. Heroin, marijuana and "bennies" were the most prevalent narcotics they found.



Much of their work is devoted to keeping kids from congregating around the benches near Howard Johnson's on Main Street. Says Molloy: "A bunch of high school and first-year college girls come here and march up and down. What they're looking for, I don't know. Maybe boys. But the girls go home alone. Actually, they'd look pretty good if they combed their hair and took some of the make-up off their faces."

On another part of the Cape, Provincetown Police Chief Francis Marshall told POOR HOWARD'S that seven student cops, three of them women, were added to his force this summer. The ten regulars are all graduates of the Massachusetts State Academy. The students are all natives of the area.

One summer addition, a guidance counselor in a local high school, was asked why he didn't take a summer job more in line with his regular profession. "It is", he said.

Another addition, Carol Souza, says she finds the work a novelty. Planning to become an elementary school teacher after graduation from college, Carol is spending the summer making finger prints and taking photographs of suspected criminals.

But crime isn't the only thing with which temporary policemen are concerned. Steere says the most excitement he's seen in a long time occurred three weeks ago, when a flock of bees (about 100,000 of them) covered the wall of Liggett's Drug Store on Main Street. The city was forced to call in a bee expert to remove the insects.

Both Steere and Walter Haggerty, a biology major at Kansas State, estimate that this summer about 50 students were added to the regular force of about 75.

Steere says he likes working on the force because he gains a lot of knowledge about criminal law--his future profession. But he laments: "Criminal law is the poor man's law. You never go into it if you're trying to make any money."

A permanent Hyannis policeman, Frank L. Molloy, says that the temporary cops are well qualified for their job. Moreover, they usually cover beats with more experienced cops who teach them the in's and out's of the trade.



IMMENSE  
ATTRACTION!

**Cape Cod  
MOTORCYCLE**

259 Main St.  
Hyannis  
775-9340  
ORLEANS  
DENNISPORT  
HYANNIS

Mr. Val's  
Lovelei  
BEAUTY STUDIO  
Hair Styling and  
Coloring Our Specialty  
Route 28  
South Yarmouth, Mass.  
Phone: 398-9217

**Harlequin**  
P-TOWN  
BEDAZZLING BOUTIQUE

**wayside real estate**

SALES - RENTALS  
STONE LION SHOPPING PLAZA  
WEST YARMOUTH, MASS.  
THOMAS HOUGHTON  
OFFICE: 775-0286 RES.: 775-1323

Provincetown

**Annettes  
Gallery**

originals  
in jewelry  
rosaries of  
distinction  
oils and water  
colours  
a speciality

222 commercial  
street

# What is Cape Cod Talking About?

By DAVE OVED

"All the sports cars and station wagons--the tourists--and an awful lot of money," that's what Cape Codders are talking about according to Edward Goode of Hallet St., Yarmouthport.

All along the Cape, his fellow Cape Codders agree with him. Frank Perry, a Pepperidge Farm

The weather, sea shells and driftwood are what people talk about according to George Drinkwater, proprietor of Driftwood CraftShop on Route 6A in East Sandwich.

Many other Cape Codders said that major topics of conversation were things that concerned them individually. The tourists and the weather seemed to be the only subjects they all discussed.

For instance, at the Draw Me A Circle portrait studio in Provincetown, Clayton Buchanan of Memphis, Tennessee said that people ask about "samples and where we're from and how long we're up for and if we're lucky they sit for us."

Sid Corris of West Yarmouth Rd. in West Yarmouth who works at a strawberry stand in East Sandwich said, "What do people talk about? Strawberries--when they're in season. There's nothing like Cape Cod strawberries. People come from Brockton and Boston just to our stand."

Rather than strawberries or portraits or driftwood, Jim Burnham, a truckdriver of Highland St., Cotuit, said that Cape Cod was "a second Peyton Place" the way people talked and that "half of it isn't true. I dated three girls who were supposed to be sluts and didn't get anything off any of them."

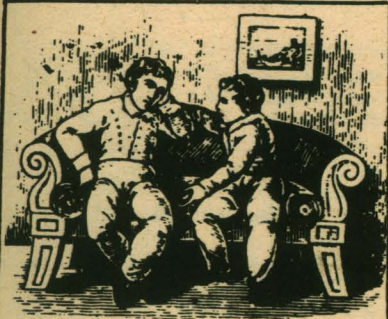
Burnham further pointed out the paradox of Cape Codders depending on tourists for money and "knocking" the summer people in their conversation.

Back in Provincetown a mailman who preferred to remain anonymous said that what Cape Codders were talking about depended on WHAT Cape Codders you talked to.

Fishermen talk about fishing; others talk about beatniks; still others talk about the congested streets in P-town. The new National Seashore has been a topic of conversation, the postman said. Finally, they talk about the tourist season and feel it's going to be good with the influx of people.

Back in his bayside Driftwood shop, Drinkwater displayed a flash of New Englandese when he said, "Well I don't know, we don't say too much, I don't believe." So maybe it's not what Cape Cod is talking about that's important--maybe it's that it's not talking--or listening.

When asked what Cape Codders talk about, Mrs. L.W. Sylvester of Provincetown summed it up and said: "I usually haven't paid any attention to what they say."



## WHAT IS CAPE COD TALKING ABOUT?

Bread truck driver in Provincetown, said, "the business end--it's going to be as great as last year."

Downcape in Hyannis, Everett Pierce, proprietor of the Hyannis Candy Shoppe, commented that the tourists "just seem to want to come here--they like the atmosphere away from the city."

Joel I. Connolly of Lower Rd., Brewster said, "the coming tourist season is what people are talking about. What it means for business in the coming two or three months."

These summer people--they want to go beaching--all they care about is the weather," said Tony Costa of 361A Commercial St., Provincetown. Pepperidge Farmman Perry agreed that the weather was a major topic of conversation, mainly because of the beach aspect.



## THE BLUES BAG coffee house



THIS week:

Son House • old-time Chicago & Mississippi blues man

TOPS IN FOLK + BLUES

120 Commercial Street Provincetown.

## Anecdotes and Pleasantries



Poor Howard thanks Howard Samuels, New York State dem. gubernatorial candidate, for his help + support

"where are the snowdons of yesteryear?" wzz

Frank Patti's SALT WINDS RESTAURANT cocktails OPEN DAILY 5:30 398-2972

ROUTE 28 WEST DENNIS

HAIR DESIGN BY...

Michael Orchard

Formerly Mr. Stanley's complete wig service

461 Main Street Hyannis 775-5350

South Shore Drive, Bass River, 398-2288

NEW!!!

instermatic coloring machine

safe

time-saving

for bleaching, tinting, frosting

cuts time by one tenth

## THE OLD BARN Club

featuring THE DYNAMICS

Dancing & Entertainment NIGHTLY

ROUTE 28 DENNISPORT



The PENNY PRESS Is Back !!!

READ Poor Howard's

## Provincetown Bookshop

246 Commercial Street, Provincetown, Mass. 02657

The thousands of people under 25 who will pour onto Cape Cod this summer pose problems for businessmen, residents and police of the various towns. Here is how Hyannis and Provincetown, two of the most attractive towns for youths, are attempting to deal with the situation.

# The Battle Against The

## ...in hyannis

By T. J. McCARTHY, JR.

"Wanna go to a party?" Poor Howard would no longer be poor if he had a penny for every time that question will be asked on Main Street, Hyannis, this summer.

Hundreds of teenagers clog Hyannis sidewalks every day of the summer, reaching their full strength after the beaches close on weekend evenings.

Some boys are looking for girls to take to impromptu parties, and some girls are waiting for invitations. But many teenagers come just for lack of something better to do, or to be "where the action is."

Why Hyannis? John Lucas a sophomore at the University of Massachusetts, summed it up with a shrug: "Where else? None of the other towns have any more to offer, and you have to go someplace when the beaches close."

A coed from Springfield, Mass.,

who identifies herself as "Tiger", said she comes to Hyannis to meet people. Then she thought for a minute and discovered that she actually meets very few people there.

Anne Johnson, a freshman at Kent State, Ohio, said, "I don't know why I come here, I guess. The boys are obnoxious and there's really nothing to do but walk up and down the street."

Hyannis seems to have gotten a reputation as a wild teen town. A group of girls who refused to name their high school and sorority came to Hyannis after a majority of the sorority selected the town by vote.

Idle teenagers present special problems for the local police. The force is more than doubled in the summertime to prevent trouble.

"Most of our trouble is with parties and liquor", said Frank

L. Malloy, who has been with the Barnstable Police Department for more than 30 years. "These kids are a bunch of nuts."

Most of the young summer additions to the force were less harsh in their criticisms. "Most of them are clean-cut American kids," policeman Philip Steere said. "It's a small minority who cause the real trouble."

The police patrol the streets, keeping the crowds moving and breaking up large groups gathered around park benches or cars. Steere said the police arrest several drunken teenagers and raid a few parties every week.

Drunks are put in jail for a night, but the police do not arrest underage drinkers who are not drunk. Teenagers who have had a few drinks are usually stopped by

the police, warned, and told to go home.

Parties are raided only after two complaints, policeman Walter Haggerty said. After the first complaint, the party-goers are warned, after the second, they are jailed and brought to court.

Beaches are patrolled regularly and a \$50 fine is enforced to prevent transient teenagers from sleeping there.

Steere said dope is becoming more prevalent in the Hyannis area; a raid last week proved that heroin, morphine and marijuana are being used in the vicinity.

Hyannis businessmen, unlike those in Provincetown (see opposite page), do not feel that youthful vacationers are a detriment to business. No organized action has been taken by other businessmen or local government officials in an attempt to discourage any element from coming to Hyannis.

Many of the businessmen polled preferred to remain anonymous, but the consensus was that teenagers causing trouble are a necessary nuisance in Hyannis. Storeowners and residents of the Town of Barnstable seem willing to allow the police to handle youth problems.

"Sure, they walk up and down the street in front of my store," said one merchant, "but all they do is walk. Aside from a few instances, we've never had any trouble with them."

Another storeowner: "I don't think the problem here could be compared to the situation in Provincetown. These kids get in a few scrapes once in a while, but they certainly don't terrorize the town or scare away tourists. The police here keep them in line."

One businessman seemed able to sum up the attitude of Hyannis toward teenagers: "Let 'em come. I don't care if a million come. But you're got to keep an eye on them, and if they get out of hand, just clap 'em in jail."



**Penrod's**  
mainst., hyannis

antiques~  
creative arts  
old & new

" SOMETHING OLD  
SOMETHING NEW  
NOTHING  
BORROWED."

open 10~10

**TERMITE  
CRAFT  
SHOP**

*fine hand carvings*

CRAFT SUPPLIES  
Off 6a - Truro


The Sign of the

**Blue Swan**

**GIFTS**

INTERIORS

463 Main Street,  
Chatham, Mass.  
Telephone: 945-0123



**Wig Magic**  
OF CAPE COD

21 SHERMAN SQUARE  
(WEST MAIN STREET)  
HYANNIS, MASS.

TEL. 775-7517

CARICATURES BY  
**LOWEN**  
OF HOLLYWOOD



commercial street  
outside of "treasure  
in trash" Provincetown

# Unwanted and Undesirable

## ...in Provincetown

By MARGIE McCARTHY

Frenchman Gene Poyant is a slightly balding, middle-aged cafe owner who thinks that Provincetown is being taken over by bearded "beatnik". He wants the police to run them out of town.

Police Chief Francis Marshall is a direct, no-nonsense Provincetown native who refuses to legislate against people who do not break laws.

Albert Dweissberg is another Provincetown merchant, but he disagrees with Poyant:

"You can't tell the difference between a beatnik and a college student who dresses informally... so who do you run out of town?" he asks.

Vance is a tall, bearded young man with hair that covers his ears and falls in his eyes.

"I'm not even sure what a beatnik is—I never looked it up in the dictionary," he said thoughtfully, stroking a huge, hairy Afghan dog.

Poyant's one-man crusade to rid the town of what he calls "undesirables" and "pigs" came to a head at an open meeting of the Selectmen Monday, June 13, when he demanded that Chief Marshall take action.

Chief Marshall countered Poyant's statement by citing sections of the 14th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, which protects the civil liberties of individual citizens.

According to Marshall, Poyant has no legal basis for any action against the "undesirables."

Poyant describes an "undesirable" as a "bearded, dirty bum with long hair who sleeps in cesspools and chicken coops and picks up cigarette butts off the street."

"If the beats want to run Provincetown, the poor people will have to move out," he said.

According to Poyant, the "undesirables" drive tourists out of Provincetown and ruin business. He thinks that they are "selfish college kids who don't appreciate the life of living; and they expect strangers to help them out."

"If we didn't have this trash in town, everyone here would be very happy from June 1 to Labor Day", Poyant said.

When asked where he thinks the undesirables come from, shook his head sadly and stroked his small mustache. "Probably from Mars", he said.

Poyant makes a careful distinction between "undesirables" and "artists". As Poyant sat in his open air cafe and discussed Provincetown vs. the Undesirables, two bearded young men lounged at a nearby table.

"They are artists", he said, "artists, not beatniks".

"Not beatniks", he repeated.

When a newspaper photographer asked Poyant to pose, he invited the two artists to pose with him.

Last year, Poyant presented a petition to the Town of Provincetown, urging officials to "recognize the serious and tragic problems with which we are confronted by the great influx of 'beatniks'..."

The petition signed by 78 Provincetown businessmen and taxpayers urged officials to make the "beatniks" unwelcome and preserve the "the good name of our town".

Although Poyant maintains that the other merchants agree with him, a random sampling indicates that they are philosophical about the long-haired youth and opposed to any discriminatory measures.

"You can't really say they're undesirable", one businessman here said. "Some of them have a very good education and a lot of talent."

"Sure they hurt business, he continued. "Older people don't like to see them hanging around. But

you can't put a man in jail or run him out of town if he minds his own business."

The owner of an expensive dress shop snorted and twitched his small blond mustache when asked for his opinion of the "undesirables".

"I'm the most undesirable guy in town", he said.

The merchant added, "Instead of conducting a witch hunt, the store owners should improve their property and the quality of their merchandise, so they can attract a more 'desirable' clientele".

Albert Dweissberg agreed with this view: "An undesirable person is one who is loud, boisterous, uncouth and foul-mouthed", he said.

"The police take care of them. As long as the beatniks are quiet

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14



**Town House  
Restaurant  
and  
Galleria Bar**

Specializing in — Seafood

Luncheon — Dinners  
• Steaks • Chops •  
at the Pianos

**Buddy Shanks  
& Ronnie Scott**

Tel. 487-9023

291 Commercial St.  
Provincetown

**SKRITSHAW  
LEATHER  
SHOP**



7 BEARSE'S BY-WAY  
CHATHAM

BELTS - SANDALS  
REASONABLE



**murry leather  
LEATHER INVENTIONS**

WE'RE AT THE  
END OF THE LANE  
AND EASY TO MISS,  
BUT DO STOP IN.  
BROWSERS WELCOME.

349 COMMERCIAL

**BASSETT  
&  
LOWE**



**CURIOS**

FROM

*Near + Far*

Rt. 28, Hyannis

**ROGER  
RILLEAU**

Sandals  
&  
Belts



the only AA approved  
leather shop in town

## an introduction to Poor Howard's

We came to Cape Cod to start a newspaper and a couple days ago we were walking along Commercial Street up in Provincetown and people were asking us questions.

We came to start a newspaper, but a different kind of newspaper. We came to start a half-news, half-idea paper. A paper which asks why, which probes, which not only reports the fact but the truth behind the fact.

Call us what you like, newspaper, magazine, news-magazine, it doesn't matter. We are here because we feel there is a need for a new kind of publication on the Cape this summer.

We are graduates from Syracuse University and we come from Hopedale, Massachusetts and Virginia and Hewlett, New York and New Jersey and we are young but already tired of mediocre and unstimulating journalism.

We come here not out of pretension or arrogance, but because we sincerely feel there is a need for a meaningful and intelligent publication here. We don't expect it to be easy.

And we are here but this is your newspaper, it belongs to the fellow who makes good clam chowder at the Wharf Restaurant and to the tourist and to the artist and the storekeeper and to our neighbors in Brewster.

We are here to talk about the real Cape Cod - to talk about its problems, its business, its weather, its future, its highways, its humor and its excitement and its disappointments and its history and

most of all its people.

We are here to provide the Cape with a vehicle for its own expression. In future issues we will expand our arts page to include poetry and fiction from residents and visitors. We encourage letters and comments.

We are here to provide the residents of Cape Cod with something they can call their own and the tourists with something that will help them to understand what the Cape is all about.

And some guy on Main Street in Hyannis asked us what kind of policy we have and we told him that we are not liberal or conservative but rather that we will take stands on individual issues as we see them.

But we do stand by what Dante once wrote. If we do have a credo it is his: "The hottest places in hell are reserved for those who in times of moral crisis maintain their neutrality."

Poor Howard's Wednesday Afternoon Post will be published for ten weeks this summer and we hope for many summers to come. We are selling it for one penny and distributing it from Buzzards Bay to Provincetown. It is a regional newspaper and it is dedicated to imagination and responsibility.

We like it here. We like to take walks along the beach and talk to the kids and we think it is beautiful when it rains. And the other day we were walking along Commercial Street and somebody yelled, "It's nice to see you." We are glad to be here.

Poor Howard's Wednesday Afternoon Post is published by the Promethean Publishing Co., Inc., printed at the South Shore Publishing Co., Scituate, Mass., with editorial offices at Jolly Roger, Route 6A, Brewster, Mass. (385-9229).

Co-Editors-in-Chief - Carol Rubright  
Howard Schneider

Business Manager - Stuart Peskin

Photography Editor - Cynthia Cable

Photography Staff - Mike Magin  
Sue Reger

Editorial Staff: Rose Levinson, Dave Oved, T.J. McCarthy, Jr., Margie McCarthy, Stuart Ginsburg,  
Karen Moore, Daryl Down, Allison Aja.

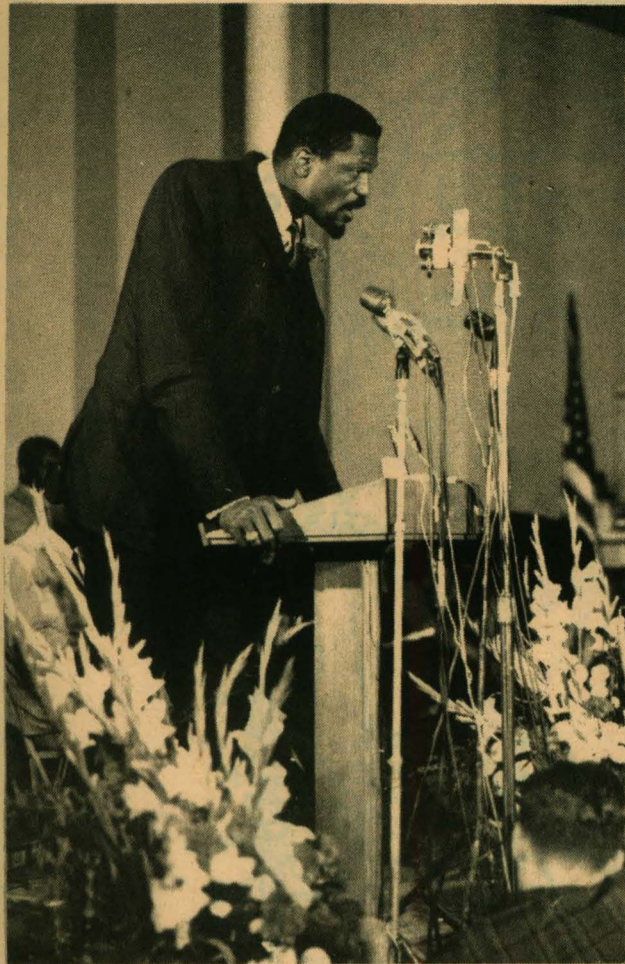
Production Manager - John Donley

Business Secretary - Ilene Weinstein  
Ed Susman

Art Director - Lars Anderson

# ROXBURY'S DOUBLE GRADUATION

PHOTOS BY CYNTHIA CABLE



**BILL RUSSELL**  
... the speaker



**THE CHOIR**  
... is violence ahead?



**" THE STRIP "**  
... Blue Hill Ave.

Roxbury is a suburb south of Boston and two weeks ago there was a graduation there at the Patrick T. Campbell Jr. High School. There were to be the usual procedures. It was to be like the thousands of other graduations all over America. The words of past and future, the prayers, the ritual connected with the reaching and passing of milestones, the valedictory and presentation of the class gift.

Principal Harrington was speaking. He announced that he and not Mrs. Louise Day Hicks, Boston School Committee-woman, would hand out the diplomas.

Patrick Campbell, a school 97 percent Negro in an area described by Lyndon Johnson as one of the ten poorest communities in the nation, was about to bestow the keys to an uncertain future to 140 of its own.

\* \* \* \*

Roxbury is located mostly on Blue Hill Avenue. Business on the "strip", as it is commonly known here, varies according to occupation. And business is bad. There's not much sales tax revenue. In the area of community self-help groups, however, business is booming.

Every empty store filled with dust and dead wallpaper has been replaced by one filled with trust and a live telephone. The old reliables are there; CORE, Operation Head Start, Roxbury Work-Study Project, American Friends Service Committee, and the Opportunities Industrial Center. (OIC).

And newcomers compete for frontage space. The Blue Hill Christian Center, New England Grass Roots Organization (NEGRO), the Boston Action Group, and Operation Exodus, all share

the load of lifting the community. There's a group for every area of need; legal aid, housing, welfare, unemployment, skills, and education.

Things are happening all right, but it is not easy to forget or escape the frustration and humiliation of the 50's and 60's and one day in June at a Junior High School graduation things exploded on Blue Hill Avenue.

Principal Harrington was still talking when suddenly the Rev. Virgil Wood, a Negro minister of the Blue Hill Avenue Christian Center walked onstage and grabbed the microphone from Harrington.

"There's an intruder here today," he cried, referring to the uninvited Mrs. Hicks, whose voting record on the school committee has made her unpopular in the Negro community. Police officers, whose presence at Junior

High School graduation is also a sign of the 60's, restrained Wood and later charged him with disturbing a public assembly. When the auditorium calmed down Principal Harrington had to hand out the diplomas from a room inside the school, while Mrs. Hicks was led away by a police escort.

By **STEVE SINGER**

But it wasn't calm in the streets that evening. It was summer. The Rev. Wood was addressing a street rally at the corner of Blue Hill and Lawrence Avenues. Members of Operation Exodus and the Rev. Gilbert Caldwell of Union Methodist Church, met with Wood and decided to sponsor a freedom graduation, a graduation to take place at Campbell and replace what they considered a funeral with a begin-

ning-a commencement. The school committee was to meet and deny the request to use the school grounds, but graduation went ahead anyway.

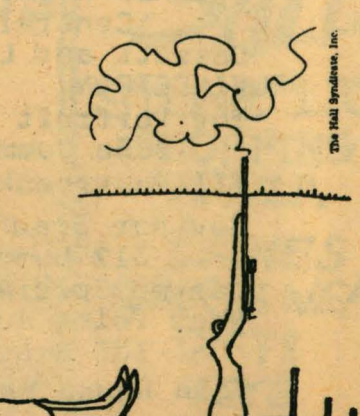
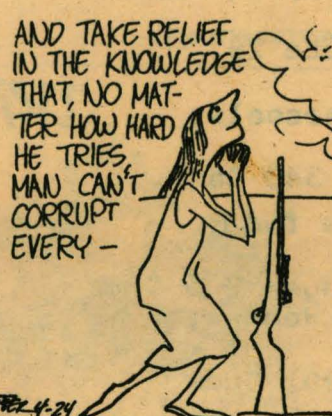
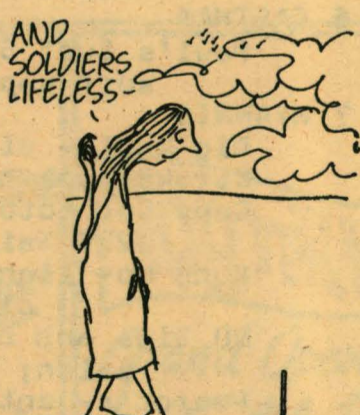
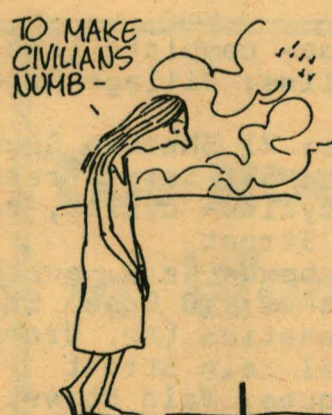
The graduation was shifted to the neighborhood's St. Hugh's Catholic Church, Wednesday. The stage was now set and the actors were in their places.

The Boston press had a number of descriptions for Rev. Wood's position. He was "militant". He was "non-violent". All we really know for sure is that he is chairman of the Massachusetts unit of Dr. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

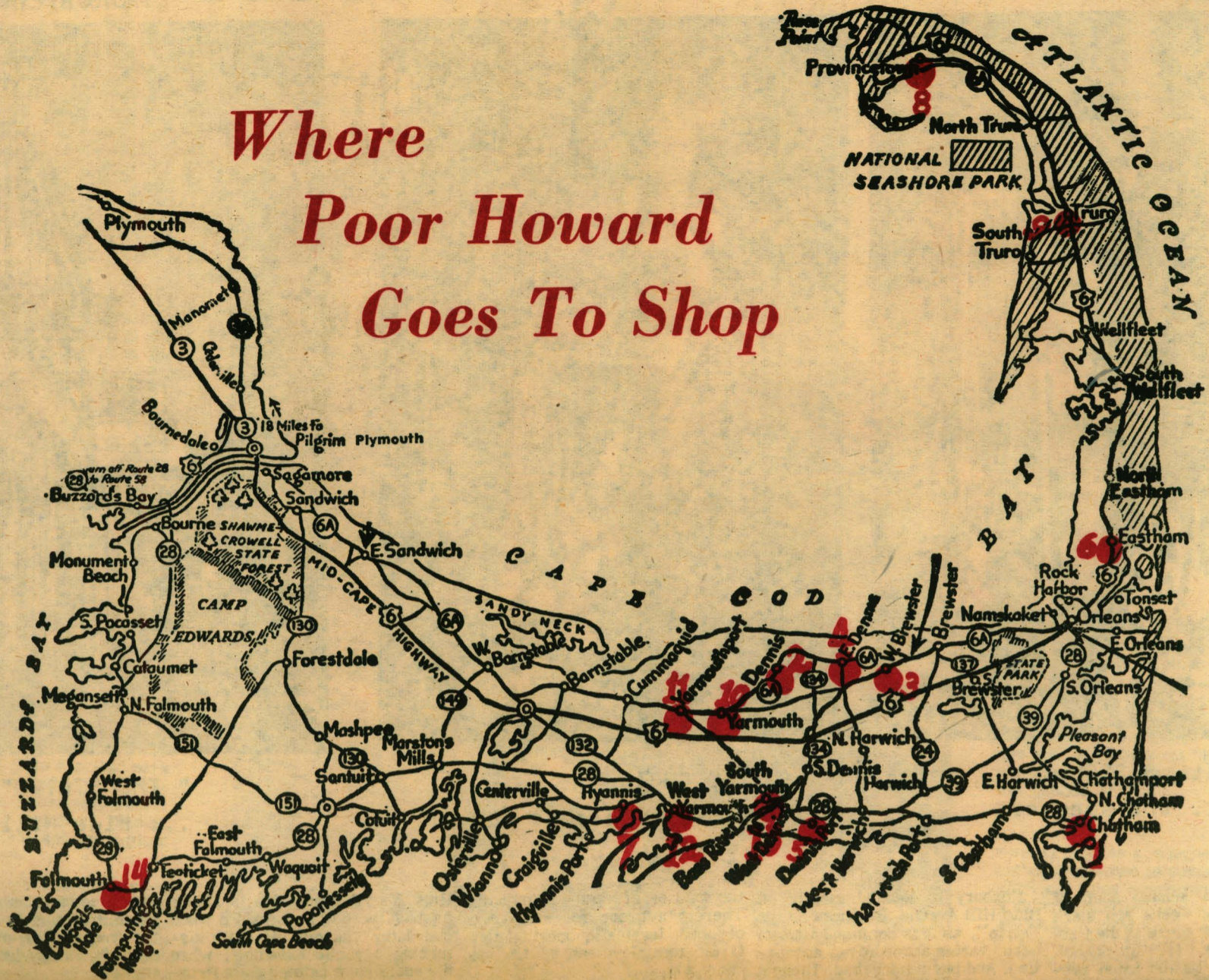
At a press conference before the freedom graduation ceremonies, Wood claimed he used non-violent, direct action yet stated that he "had heard talk of social dis-

SEE FREEDOM Pg. 14

**feiffer**



# Where Poor Howard Goes To Shop

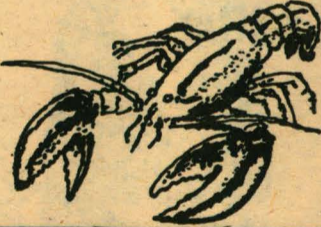


- 1 CHATHAM  
Scrimshaw Leather Shop- leather goods  
7 Bearse's By-Way  
Blue Swan Gifts- gifts; 463 Main St.
- 2 DENNIS  
Cape Playhouse- summer stock theater  
Route 6a
- 3 W. DENNIS  
Salt Winds Restaurant- fine foods and  
cocktails; Route 28
- 4 E. DENNIS  
Olde Stagecoach Motel+ cabins; Route 6a
- 5 DENNISPORT  
Old Barn Club- dancing, entertainment  
Route 28
- 6 EASTHAM  
Paul's Surf Shop- complete line of  
surf supplies; Village Green Rt. 6
- 7 HYANNIS  
Wig Magic- wigs; 21 Sherman Square  
Kareka- enamels; 571 Main Street  
Cape Cod Motorcycles- cycles, rentals  
259 Main Street  
Hung Up- light boxes, art, guitars, "hip"  
clothes; 10 Ocean Street  
MO Wigs and cosmetics (Mr. Orchard)- beauty  
salon; 461 Main Street  
Penrod's- antiques; Main Street  
Hyannis Hobby- model raceway, hobby equip.  
Central Street  
Bassett and Lowe- odd curios; Route 28
- 8 PROVINCETOWN  
The Portrait Studio- pastels, charcoals;  
283a Commercial Street  
VII Paperback books- paperbacks; 340 Comm.  
Governor Bradford Restaurant- fine food;  
312 Comm.  
Marine Specialties- nautical things; 235 Comm  
Race Point Auto- specializing in Hondas;  
135 Bradford Street  
Town House Restaurant- seafood; 291 Comm  
Provincetown Bookshop- books; 246 Comm.

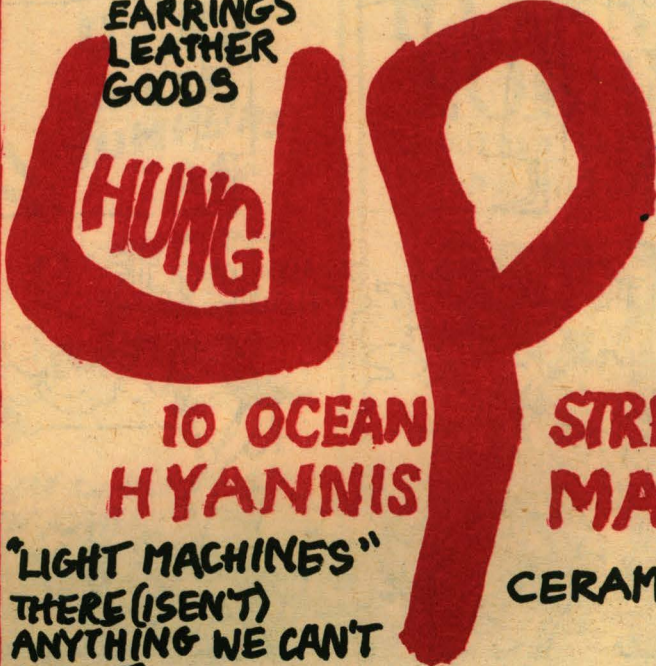
## The Lobster Hut

**NATIVE SEAFOOD  
OUR  
SPECIALTY**

297 1/2 COMMERCIAL ST.  
PROVINCETOWN



**EARRINGS  
LEATHER  
GOODS**



HUNG UP

musical instruments

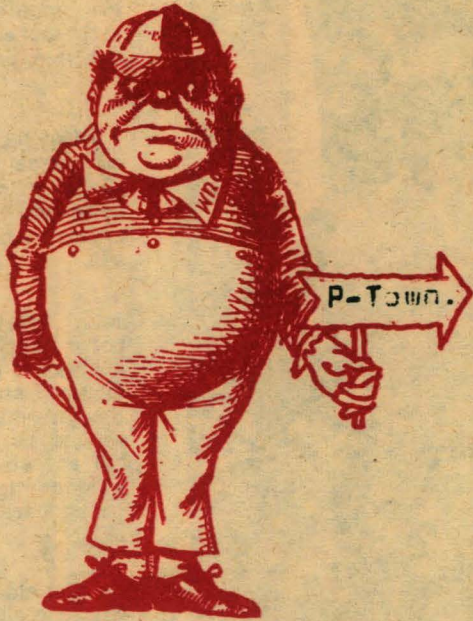
10 OCEAN  
HYANNIS STREET  
MASS.  
CERAMICS

"LIGHT MACHINES"  
THERE (ISN'T)  
ANYTHING WE CAN'T  
MAKE

CONTINUED ON Pg. 16



# POOR HOWARD'S JOURNAL: BEING A CONSCIENTIOUS COMPENDIUM -PLACES OF INTEREST ENCOUNTERED BY POOR HOWARD ON WEEKLY RAMBLINGS



This Week; Poor Howard in Provincetown:

Having just arrived on the Cape from the latest packet boat, Poor Howard sought food and drink; was most pleasantly surprised to find that the COLONIAL INN serves an excellent Spanish meal--gaspacho (a well-spiced cold cucumber soup) and paella (a conglomeration of tomato, rice, sea-food and meat which the COLONIAL tops with broiled clams and a half lobster).

Satisfyingly filled, Poor Howard waddles (for he is, in truth, a rather rotund character) down Commercial Street, bewildered by the glitter of lights and the noise of the crowds; never one to exert himself after a fine meal, he heads for the nearest bed and finds himself at the CROWN AND ANCHOR, a most reputable establishment featuring the softest of beds and fluffiest of pillows.

After a nap, Poor Howard feels sufficiently renewed to search out the inhabitants of his new home for careful scientific study--and finds a number of them gathered in a little room known as the BLUE BAG; there they while away the

evening in attentive appreciation of their native music. Poor Howard is of course a music lover, and is fascinated by the compelling quality of the "folk" and "blues" sounds. It is late when he returns to bed.

Arising at noon, as is his custom (Poor Howard finds morning light far too bright), Howard strays into the Marine Aquarium, where he finds himself confronted by a great many Fish. Never one to leave new fields unexplored, Poor Howard attempts to strike up a conversation with a flounder.

Inspired by his visit, Poor Howard wanders into the MAINE SPECIALITIES SHOP, where he acquires a great many useful objects: a WW I helmet, a safari jacket, three yards of camouflage netting, two grenades, and a navigational guide to the seacoasts of India. Poor Howard now feels fully equipped for life on Cape Cod.

The sun is high by now, and our hero decides to do a little conscientious sightseeing. Required of all tourists is a visit to the PILGRIM'S MONUMENT, which broods in gray and stony splendor atop a nearby hill. From this station Poor Howard catches a glimpse

of the blue waters and golden sands of RACE POINT BEACH--and since the sun is hot, he decides to go for a swim. On the way to Race Point he is intrigued by the strange and desolate character of the land: drifts of sand to which stunted black trees cling, as though the last survivors of a great War.

At Race Point Poor Howard bounds happily into the waves, only to find that it is ice water. A native informs him that Cape Cod waters retain their chill well into the summer, and recommends a nice motel with a swimming pool for those who really must swim.

Disappointed but philosophic, Poor Howard wends his way back to Provincetown. It is now late afternoon, and he is attracted by the activity about the picturesque whaves. Driving hence, he observes the sturdy fishermen bringing in the day's catch, all silvery slimy and redolent of the seas. This spectacle reminds him of the imminent arrival of dinner time, always one of his favorite meals. (Poor Howard attained his present considerable girth through a lifetime of eating, and often consumes six meals a day.)

Strolling back along the wharf, he throws a quarter to a young lad who dives through the waters to retrieve it; a testament to the hardiness of natives, especially in business matters. Between the wharf and his hotel, he picks up a little snack for later--five pounds of fudge, three of salt water taffy, a bag of candy pebbles and some beer.

After a fine dinner--lobster, this time, a Cape Cod specialty and invariably delicious--Poor Howard dresses for a night of Theatre. Provincetown is fortunate in having an excellent Theatre, PROVINCE-TOWN PLAYHOUSE, an entire season of Eugene O'Neill this summer. Much edified by an evening of Culture, Poor Howard returns to his room where he eats well into the morning.

\* \* \* \*

NEXT WEEK: Poor Howard at Nauset Beach.

## THE MEXICAN SHOP

personally chosen Mexican Artifacts

HAND WOVEN DRESSES

ponchos, sweaters  
sterling silver,  
jewelry, wooden  
masks, pottery



444 Commercial St.  
Provincetown

From ancient wells  
And Sandy Shores  
The Starker Sandal Now Dwells  
From INCA, PUEBLO, & YURUBA Souls  
The Roaming Roving Spirit Soars  
Where gold is gold  
And Emeralds fly  
the dreamy world of diamonds high  
these are things that Starker does  
THEY FLY



J. B. STARKER

PROVINCETOWN

the STARVING ARTISTS  
STUDIO



PORTRAITS  
247-9 COMMERCIAL STREET

LANDSCAPES  
PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

The House  
of Wong

CAPE COD'S  
FINEST  
CHINESE  
RESTAURANT  
679 Main Street  
FALMOUTH

Tag'n'Rig

Grand Opening  
SALE

STONE LION  
SHOPPING  
PLAZA  
LADIES  
SPORTS WEAR  
GIFTS  
TOYS

# July 4th-It's Off And Running

Explosions predicted for this weekend are population, fireworks, and minds-in that order. Herds of tourists stampeding through the Sagamore will turn Main Streets into supercircuses and Route 6 into one LONG traffic jam. Cash registers will grow fat, and nerves will grow thin in the frenzied insanity that is the fourth of July on Cape Cod.

A few inland private havens will remain aloof and undisturbed by the Coney Island madness of the Cape extremities. But when the

By Daryl Down  
and Allison Aja

owners of the little brown shanties come out of hiding for a loaf of bread and an extra tube of sun lotion, they will see the metamorphosis.

Excitement, pain, panic, fatigue, and tension will be the result of an anticipated 106,000 visitors trying to find the "real" Cape Cod this weekend.

The image of the "real" Cape Cod is not found on the map. It varies with the beholder. To the Selectmen it is a scenic park to be well preserved. To the Codders who live here year-round, it is isolated beaches, maniac winter weather and springtime overgrown green.

The summertime capitalists see the Cape as motel row -- fighting city hall for licenses. As Paul Noll, owner of Provincetown's Flea Market told Poor Howard, "Small towns discourage outsiders from setting up businesses to protect their security. They're afraid. They make laws to prevent competition."

Problems of this nature are not uncommon - but to the millions of visitors this weekend the Cape will be a carefree playground. The college students consider the Cape a three month spring vacation of vagrant jobs and beach parties.

As Ralph Hochstein, a law student at Georgetown commented, "When I think of the Cape, I think of Batman." To John Lieter of John Hopkins University, "Cape Cod is wooden eagles, sports cars and bikes and a tan."



Tourists will remember the Cape's hot crowded beaches, "little shops" and fine sea food. As a tourist from Salem Mass said,

"The great thing about Cape Cod is that despite the great throngs, it remains simple, rustic, hospitable and charitable.

"What I like is the waitresses-they make you feel that they're not doing business with you, they're friends. The tourists forge the two hour stand still on Route 6 and blistered feet. The summer vacationers can absorb more Cape than the Boston non-stop, day trippers."

When the tourists hit the Cape en masse this weekend the conglomerate of all these images will converge - often clashing - in the explosion of the '66 summer season.

The little old lady with her polka dot silk dragging at her ankles and the lady with Dr. Spock, diamond studded sun glasses and the Brownie super instant flash around her neck gape at a long haired, wire-frame goggled youth wearing tight jeans, hand tooled boots, work shirt and wide leather belt.

A side-eyed, chubby, curly-haired blonde with a pink pacifier to match her pink pinafore accidentally knocks over the antiquated china figurine in an antique shop and tears come to the eyes of the proprietor who retired 14 years ago and only manages the shop to maintain an interest in beautiful old pieces of china.

Across the counter haggles a paunched, moustached gentleman in sneakers, golf shirt and shiny new bermudas with a skinny young lady with garboured earrings hanging to her shoulders, a short faded flowered shift and sandals strapped up to her knees.

Down on the beach the forces meet again as the coast guard patrol asks for a fire permit which no one has ever heard of before. Only the tides remain unconcerned with the change that is taking place on Cape Cod.

But to all concerned, Cape Cod is people - the lack of them 10 months of the year and their overabundance from this weekend to Labor Day. Whether it's for peace or pace, for sun and salt foam, or for boutique shops and lobster, the Cape attracts people - see them come this weekend.

A  
curious  
enigma

## POOR HOWARD

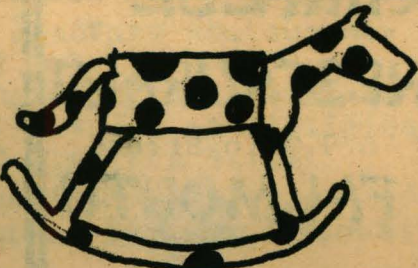


VII  
paperbacks

340 Commercial St.  
Provincetown

OLDE STAGECOACH  
MOTEL

ROUTE 6A  
E. DENNIS



U.S.N.  
DRESS  
JUMPERS  
2.50

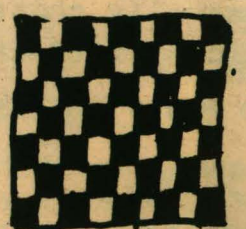
13-BUTTON  
BELL  
BOTTOMS  
3.75 pr.

CAPE COD'S MOST  
UNUSUAL "SHOP"

MARINE SPECIALTIES, INC.  
235 COM'L ST. PROVINCETOWN  
OPEN 9AM - 10:30PM. 617-487-1730

HYANNIS  
HOBBY

complete line of  
hobby equipment



MODEL RACEWAY

open every night  
'til 10  
central street near  
emerson cleaners.

# PROVINCETOWN

## CRAFT AND ARTIST

THE INDIVIDUAL ARTIST IS PART OF THE ADVENTURE OF PROVINCETOWN. THE TINY SHOP THAT SPECIALIZES IN ATMOSPHERE.



# THERE ONCE WAS AN AUTHOR-- HIS NAME WAS GRASS

## ...as novelist

Gunter Grass's three novels, "The Tin Drum," "Cat and Mouse," and "Dog Years" have all met with great success both in Europe and in the United States. Each of the novels deals in some way with the German experience under Hitler and each has provoked violent controversy on both sides of the Atlantic.

Perhaps most controversial of all is the most recent novel, the sprawling "Dog Years," which received a generally unfavorable critical reception in this country. This tumultuous and imaginative novel is a moral indictment of modern man.

Dealing with the period from the collapse of the Weimar Republic to the postwar economic miracle engineered by Erhard, "Dog Years" centers itself around the lives of two young E. Prussians--Eddie Amsel, a Jew, and Walter Matern, his protector.

Grass's point seems to be the proximity of man and beast and the terrible ease with which one can change into the other. This is first illustrated when Matern, a member of the S.A., attacks his friend Eddie, battering his face to a pulp. On a larger scale Grass shows that whole societies can become bestial, or, as he says referring to Germany, "leitmotiv becomes murder motive."

The controversial part of "Dog Years" is the last third of the novel in which Grass elaborates upon his belief that the conditions and human attitudes which caused the sadistic rampage of the Hitler era are not gone, but have simply withdrawn beneath the veneer of the German economic recovery. Syphilitic scarecrows are Grass's symbols for these violent, bestial passions, and, as Matern sees in the book's climactic scene, these scarecrows lurk just below ground, ready to reappear and once again carry all of Germany before them.

Grass brings his rage to bear on complacent modern Germany, in fact upon all mankind. He feels that man must bare his past; he must admit his horrible guilt and atone for it. Grass sends Matern on a rapacious, avenging campaign across modern Germany to make his old friends admit their crimes, but Matern never confesses his own guilt--he refuses to acknowledge his complicity.

And when he meets Eddie again, he reverts to the past as he utters the bitter cry "Sheeney!" and flings the knife that had symbolized his blood-brotherhood with his Jewish friend back into the Vistula. It shall all happen again. "Hate, rage and roving revenge will be back in style one of these days. A cardinal emotion which promotes the grinding of teeth can't be a passing fad."

It is all like the ominous Black Witch in "The Tin Drum." Where's the Witch, black as pitch? She was behind us, but now, now and forever, she is in front of us coming closer.

History flows on but man and beast can still never be far apart. The same "leit- and murder motive flits like a spook through the entire history." "And in the end the radio symphony orchestra in its brown work clothes plays something from "Gotterdammerung."



## gunter grass

BY John Ackerman

Three years have passed since that precocious blue-eyed dwarf who pounded on a red and white drum appeared on American bookshelves. "The Tin Drum" was the auspicious debut of Gunter Grass, the best German author since Thomas Mann and one of the most gifted and inventive writers of this century.

Grass has left the conscience of guilt-stricken Germany outraged and smarting. He has campaigned avidly for Mayor Willy Brandt and written a new play which produced an uproar greater than that stirred up by Hochhuth's "The Deputy." This spring Grass is in the U.S., conducting a seminar at Columbia.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Grass is his genius with words. His novels are dense with symbolism and the facts of history, all of which he weaves into overpowering and memorable scenes. No one who has ever read "The Tin Drum" will forget the skill with which he constructed the nauseating eel scene, and in "Dog Years" he marshals syphilitic scarecrows, headless nuns, and jet-black dogs and then, invoking the whole spectrum of German history and pagan mythology sends them rampaging across the land in an increasing furious crescendo until, able to bear no more, the scene bursts into flame.

Grass is also able to actualize the horror and sadism that were Nazi Germany. This is skillfully done in "The Tin Drum" when, in the chapter "Faith, Hope and Love," he sustains the "There once was a ..." construction and gives it a remarkable rhythm.

His genius with language has been compared to Joyce, but Grass's answer is to say that people take his symbolism too seriously and that his only aim is to tell a good story.



## ...as dramatist

Although Gunter Grass is best known as a novelist, he actually began his career as a dramatist and had completed five plays before he began "The Tin Drum." That these wildly imaginative plays are every bit as controversial as the novels is illustrated to the violent response West Berlin has recently given to Grass's new play, "The Plebians Rehearse the Uprising."

An earlier play, "The Wicked Cooks," is the only Grass play currently available to the English reading public (it is included in Delta Books' Vol. 2 of "The New Theatre of Europe"). Although the play has not yet been performed in America there are current plans to produce it Off-Broadway later this season.

The play is an impassioned defense of the individual and of individualism in a materialistic, commodity-oriented society. Similar to the novels in its wild and complex symbolism, this play tells the story of a group of capitalistic entrepreneurs (The Cooks) who try to con one Herbert Schymanski into giving them the recipe of his "gray soup."

This gray soup is Herbert's secret of life. It has given him a sense of what human life means; it has made him a vital, interesting human who rises above the banality of modern capitalist society.

In the end Herbert (also known as The Count) discovers that his secret can't be given away, for it is not a recipe at all, but "an experience, a living knowledge, a way of life."

This is a vital, disturbing play in which Grass exposes the basic fraud of a society in which the purveyors of big business try to market the noble individuality of a man like Herbert. But they soon see that this cannot be done, for the individuality is not a grocery, it is not marketable. It is instead a quality that exists of itself, and, as such, it is dangerous and inimical to the con-man's system. The Cooks' murder of Herbert symbolizes modern society's destruction of the individual.

Grass's latest play, "The Plebians Rehearse the Uprising" probes a favorite Grass theme, the failure and guilt of those people who do not speak out during times of human crisis. The play takes place inside a theatre in which the late E. German dramatist Bertolt Brecht is directing a rehearsal of Shakespeare's "Coriolanus."

Outside rages the abortive popular revolution of June 17, 1953. Brecht had often expressed his sympathies with these workers, but now, in their hour of peril, he turns his back on them.

They burst into the theatre and he studies them with the director's eye, hoping to use their reality in his production while berating their ineffectiveness with a contemptuous air rivalling that of Coriolanus himself: "You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate, As reek o'th'rotten fens..."

Grass summed up this play last summer in the New York Times, saying, "I'm not judging Brecht. I'm just showing how it came to be--how easy it is for all of us to become intellectually guilty."

## SPIDER-MAN PSYCHOANALYZED

By John Donley

In contemporary American culture the field of literary endeavor has achieved new heights in sophistication--accompanied, lamentably, by new depths of confusion and aimlessness among the prophets of the day.

It is the year of the non-novelist, the neg-nihilist, the writer protesting the very existence of nearly everything. And within the steaming caldron of literary dissent and dissension there appear no leaders, no progress toward unity of spirit, or refurbishment cliché-infested "high camp" culture.

The main body of literature in America is old and shop-worn--and one needs only glance at the sure, steady refinement of one segment of our literary culture that has been totally cut adrift from the main flow, to realize the staggering inconsequentialities of the mass, pop culture.



The evolution of the super-non-hero is a predictable development in the comic book field--and Spider-Man of the Marvel Comics Group is perhaps psychologically the most advanced extrapolation in the genre. He has come to be the favorite among the servious devotees in the college crowd, rated by Esquire as "one of the 28 people who count on campus."

His personal problems are unparalleled--the kind of super-problems one could only expect of a super-hero. According to the VILLAGE VOICE he has "a terrible identity problem, a marked inferiority complex, and a fear of women. He is anti-social, racked with Oedipal guilt, and accident

prone. His shyness led him to adopt a cocky manner which so alienated the other super heroes (of the Marvel group) that none of them will have anything to do with him"--with the sole exception of Daredevil, whom Spider-Man periodically engages in friendly combat. But Daredevil, being totally blind as well as totally introvert, can be forgiven for accepting Spider-Man's obnoxious effeminate nature.

embittered a good portion of his less understanding audience by cooing ecstatically over how "nice and fresh" he had been able to cleanse his costume.)

But his surface eccentricities can only intimate deeper turbulences. Even before acquiring powers proportional to those of

while Peter was away from home, secretly performing as Spider-Man. And to avenge the slaying of his uncle--as well as to hide his feelings of guilt--Spider-Man devoted himself to a life of fighting crime.

But the path of the super-hero is far from easy. Such poorly-plotted epics as Batman or Superman may depict the super-hero as unanimously cheered on by a grateful public, but Spider-Man's powers are largely resented and feared by society. And in compelling himself to maintain a second, secret identity, Peter Parker isolates and embitters himself still more.

Spider-Man meets abnormal emotional stresses on three fronts. First comes his deviant social life as Peter Parker--he is a true social accident-prone, always somehow managing to become entangled with another diabolical menace to society just in time to be torn away from a gathering of his fellow college students.

Second, he must struggle simply to survive in a society that brands him an outlaw--for which he tends to overcompensate in intense humanism. His chief opposition comes not from some costumed villain, but from J. Jonah Jameson--crusading editor for that great metropolitan newspaper, the DAILY BUGLE--who has decided that Spider-Man is a Bad Influence on the youth of America, and repeatedly sets the police on his trail.

Finally, there are the deep-running Oedipal influences, carried over from his slain uncle to J.J. Jameson himself--on whose newspaper Parker diligently works (to support his widowed aunt), despite Jameson's vow to see Spider-Man in jail.



The three forces are intimately intertwined--ensnaring Parker in self-contrived, and self-perpetuating, emotional crisis. And the schizoid factors introduced by the parallel development of the two opposing personalities draws Parker deeper into the vortex of unconquerable problems. As Spider-Man he must force himself to remain friendless--but as Peter Parker his unaccountable intro/extrovert nature drives away most of the lesser men about him. Tragically enough, he is ever forced to remain aware of his social ostracism, and obsessed with his physical superiority.

Spider-Man, most assuredly, has problems. And it is his extraordinarily deep-running nature, as well as the ease with which he lends himself to psychological analysis, that makes him so attractive to the mature comic-book fan--especially to the college students who can easily identify with him.

But Spider-Man's psychological depths certainly mark him out as one of contemporary literature's few truly original anti-heroes. The Colgate MAROON says of him, "If Charlie Brown wore a skin-tight costume and fought crime, he would be Spider-Man." And, like the less heroic Schultz character, Spidey will undoubtedly live on to face endless complications--and to keep providing his steady fans with whatever the satisfaction it is we get out of fumbling along with him.



### SUPER HERO COMPLEX

of a spider, Peter Parker was an atypical child prodigy, frail, scientifically inclined, and hated by all in his age group. But then, while still in high school, he was bitten by a radioactive spider and, understandably was never again his old self.

With the bite given with the last dying gasp of the radiated spider, Parker acquired the abilities to lift bank vaults, manufacture a web-making goo and walk across ceilings. He immediately designed a costume to cash in on his talents--displaying himself as a side-show freak. But Peter Parker's exhibitionist facade crumbled with the death of his guardian uncle, shot by a common burglar

Spider-Man consistently alienates not only his fellow super-heroes, but also his more sensitive readers--with his self-adopted nickname of "Spidey", his shallow cocky nature in battle with most of comicdom's less formidable baddies, and his exhibitionistic skin-tight suit. (Recently he

**GOVERNOR BRADFORD REST.**  
Provincetown



Tip of the Cape seafood at its BEST

312 COMMERCIAL STREET

needle in a haystack

SPORTSWEAR

371 COMMERCIAL ST  
PROVINCETOWN

ANTIQUES ACCESSORIES INTERIORS

The Gray Goose

ROUTE 6A  
YARMOUTH PORT, MASSACHUSETTS

TEL. 362-3046

THE McPHAIL GALLERY  
141 CRANBERRY HIGHWAY  
ROUTE 6A  
YARMOUTHPORT, MASS.

KAREKA TRAYS KAREKA BOWLS

**KAREKA**

571 MAIN STREET  
HYANNIS, MASS.

KAREKA GIFTS KAREKA JEWELRY

**F. Schoonmaker Snyder**

Wooden: Toys Tableware  
Gifts Carvings Furniture  
Models Kitchenware Etc.

371 commercial street provincetown

Great Island Pharmacy

ANTHONY J. CASELLA, B. S., REG. PHARM.  
YOUR FRIENDLY DRUGGIST

PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES DRUGS

SUMMER NEEDS DELIVERY SERVICE

West Yarmouth

BUS. 775-3165

# Freedom Graduation

Continued from Page Seven

ruption if he was jailed." When asked to elaborate, he refused.

Observers wondered if Boston was in for a long hot summer, the kind they had in Watts and Harlem.

After the press conference, everyone walked up the street to St. Hugh's. After elbowing through the Black Muslims, the youths selling the National Socialist, the great numbers of clergymen, the basement-hall panorama unfolded.

The room held about 700 and it was full. The graduates sat in the front, a steel band entertained on the left, and it was standing room only at the back and on the sides. The program went smoothly. The main speaker was Bill Russell, player-coach of the Boston Celtics and an outspoken critic of the status-quo.

Russell read his speech. He was nervous and the speech wasn't so good. But he really didn't have to say anything. The room rocked when he sat down.

The graduates then received several gifts; a medallion from Richard Cardinal Cushing, with His Eminence's face engraved, flowers from community donations, a copy of Russell's book, and an achievement citation awarded for "extraordinary endurance in completing the course at Patrick T. Campbell Junior High School."

Reverend Wood made a few closing remarks, accepted a new coat for one torn by police the previous week, then everyone filed out wondering where this was going to lead. Was it merely a pointer in the direction of a more concentrated effort in the area of education or was the obvious success of the meeting a primer for violence during the summer?

Leaders on "the Strip" endorse the former Mrs. Marlene McCluaine of Exodus, whose group bussed 400 children daily to schools outside Roxbury, claims education is the major concern. "The rest will follow", she says confidently.

Farther down the street, a grocer running for State Legislature chides Rev. Wood for having to miss his classes at OIC. "We need that class time most of all."

Concerning the likelihood of violence, Rev. Charles Brown, Boston co-ordinator of the James Meridith march, said that Wood is committed to non-violence. Rev. Brown mentioned close ties between Wood and Dr. King's organization.

So it seems we are having a merger of the two—a resurgent interest in education linked with the mechanics of civil rights action. The Rev. Wood exhorts graduates to go on and complete high school and think of college while calling for "a hundred wild men if wold men can drive out bigotry."

The exercises mixed ceremony with practicality, freedom songs with mention of telegrams of congratulations from important people.

It looks like a happy merger and it will be a lasting one if co-operation or at least recognition is forthcoming from the Boston School Committee. Blue Hill Avenue will not slow down nor deviate and what should take 50 years to complete may take 100.

Wednesday the Freedom Graduation Committee was prepared to hand out 140 rungs on the ladder—140 rungs on a ladder which reaches not for the sky but simply for the wall. They could give away only a third of that number. The rest of the graduates stayed away.



## GALA LEAH

### AN AMAZING ARRAY of Hand-Crafted OBJETS D'ART

Hand painted boxes, benches trays, and Cradles, Stuffed Animals, Artificial Flowers, Stained Glass Mobiles, Scented Candles, Oil Paintings, and Various Other Assundry artifacts of Interest to the Collector, or casual Browser.

419 commercial st.  
PROVINCETOWN

Continued from Page Five

and mind their own business, they're not undesirable", Dweissberg continued.

One woman, the wife of a merchant, blamed the townspeople for "catering to the beats by letting them sleep in their rat holes".

Oddly enough, some of the younger people condemned the beatniks. "I don't like the," said one college girl who works in Provincetown as a waitress. The girl said she likes collegiate boys and disapproves of the long hair and beards.

"Maybe they're O.K. for friends, but I wouldn't date them", she said.

A 14-year-old Provincetown girl said, "Oh, they're horrible. I think they should be run out of town. Mr. Poyant is right. They come in here and their beards hang

in their food when they eat. It's disgusting.

"What about the "undesirables"?"

Vance denies that he is an undesirable. "I don't think I'm a beatnik, either, because I'm looking forward to something", the tall, bearded boy said.

"I have a cottage, but I sleep outside, under the stars, because I live nature".

Vance defined an undesirable: "A person who goes to work, reads the paper, eats supper, watches T.V., takes a shower and goes to bed--THAT'S an undesirable, because that's a person who is not really living, who is not really happy", he said.

Vance added, "Mr. Poyant is just trying to put water on me. I'm not going to be part of his puddle".

## CAPE PLAYHOUSE

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS SUMMER THEATRE  
**NOW! AIR CONDITIONED**  
FOR YOUR SUMMER THEATRE ENJOYMENT  
ROUTE 6A • DENNIS ON CAPE COD

OPENS SAT. JULY 2 thru SAT. JULY 9



**VIVIAN VANCE**  
in  
**THE TIME OF THE CUCKOO**  
a romantic comedy  
by Arthur Laurents

also starring

**WILLIAM ROERICK**

Directed by CHARLES FORSYTHE  
set by HELEN POND  
eves. (except sun.) 8:30 P.M.  
mats. Wed. & Thurs. 2:30  
reservations phone 385-3911

## THE HANDCRAFTER

PRESENTS

**THOMAS PHELAN**

**FAMOUS JEWELER**

to the  
**Hollywood Stars**

ANY STONE MOUNTED IN  
RINGS, BRACELETS, PENDANTS, TIE  
TACKS AND CUFF LINKS.

ORIGINAL DESIGNS

BRING IN YOUR OWN GEMS OR BUY FROM  
OUR SELECTION. DELIVERY IN ONE HOUR TO ONE DAY.

**PORTRAIT GALLERY**

SEE YOURSELF BEING PAINTED ON LIVE TELEVISION

LARGEST ORIGINAL SELECTION  
OF \$1.00 EARRINGS ON THE CAPE

VARIETY OF HANDMADE JEWELRY

241 COMMERCIAL ST., PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

# The Great Tide of 1822 ...



By Cap'n Walter

In Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, the natives have never experienced the tides of the Atlantic Ocean. Nor for that matter have they experienced the tides of the Indian Ocean.

However, the port cities of the Cape have experienced this phenomenon. It has come mainly from the Atlantic Ocean, but occasionally, as in the Great Tide of 1822, some Indian Ocean water has been known to wash up on the coasts of our nation. This has occurred mainly on the East coast of the nation, from Virginia to Buzzards Bay.

In that sensational year of 1822, Sabu ben Halavah was driving his oxen on his rice plantation. Then the Great Tide started. It sucked Mr. Halavah, along with his ox team and a couple of trees out to sea.

Luckily for Mr. Halavah, he shaved the trees into surf boards and rode the great Kahuna Wave on into the New World.

But I digress. The tide finally washed up along the entire East coast of the United States. From Nevada to the Argentine. Cape Cod and environs were included in this massive onslaught of water, and it was here that Sabu finally touched land again.

It is here that the Great Tide of 1822 gains its historical significance. Ben Halavah then began to make his mark on the Cape area and the new world. He immediately took up his chosen profession, planting rice. Up and down the Cape, and eventually up and down the entire coast he planted his crop.

At last his journey found him somewhere in the south of the United States, planting rice until his death in the winter of his years.

After his death, a grateful nation paid tribute to this Johnny Appleseed of the Rice game by naming Rice University in his honor, after his beloved crop.

Were it not for this great tide of 1822, which washed up on Cape Cod and Argentina, Sabu ben Halavah might never have come to our shores, and there would be many confused graduates of some university in the South who would have no school rings and paraphernalia to reminisce about.

Next week: The Tremendous Tide of 1947.



## IN REVIEW

Crowds of vacationers poured onto Cape Cod Friday in preview of the annual Fourth of July influx of vacationers. For most it was spoiled by cold damp weather.

The Republican State Committee re-nominated John Volpe as its candidate for Governor. Nominated for United States Senator was Edward Brooke former Attorney General of Massachusetts.

With federal interest in alleged misuse of wiretapping increasing here, the Dept. of Public Utilities voted to continue informal investigation of the New England Telephone Co.'s practices.

Provincetown Harbor was the scene Sunday of the 19th annual blessing of the fishing fleet. The religious ceremonies were followed by the annual tug of war among the crews of the fleet.

Sunday also saw the dedication of the new medical center in Wellfleet. Serving the communities of Wellfleet, Truro, and Eastham, the center began operations Tuesday.

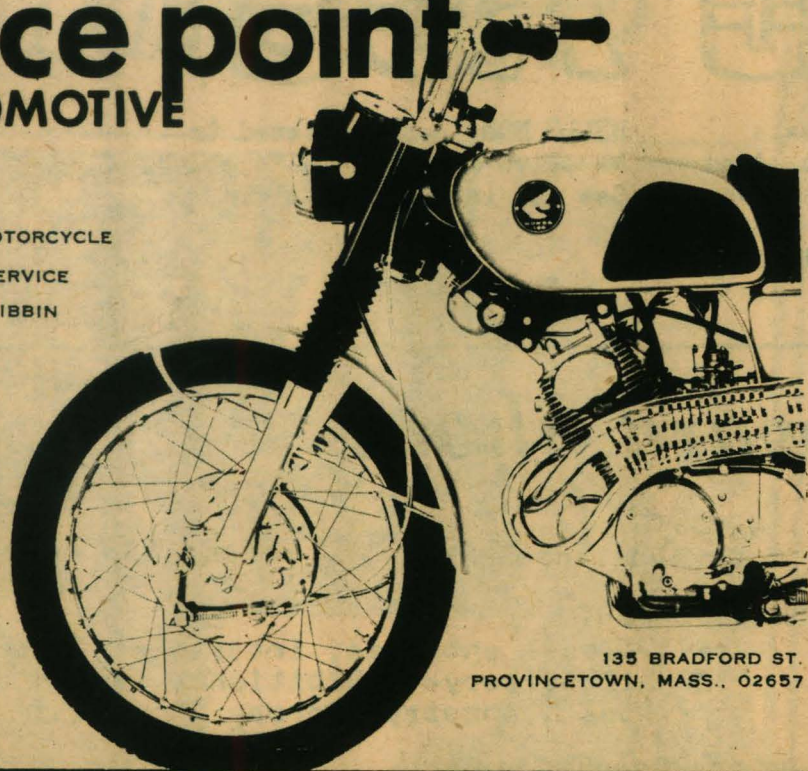
Reverend Virgil Wood was arraigned Friday in connection with a disturbance of the peace charge, (See story pg. 8). Judge will continue the case after Labor Day.

# PHWAP!!!

## race point

AUTOMOTIVE

HONDA MOTORCYCLE  
SALES & SERVICE  
JOHN MCKIBBIN



135 BRADFORD ST.  
PROVINCETOWN, MASS., 02657

THE  
PORTRAIT STUDIO

provincetown

## Pastels + Charcoals

283a commercial street



Home of the East

Coast Surf Club

### EVERYTHING FOR THE SURFER

Custom Surfboards

Sales

Service

Rentals

Accessories



### SUPPLIES FOR THE FISHERMAN

Fishing Rods  
and Tackle

Bait

Fishing Rod  
Rentals



## PAUL E. MCGOWAN

Village Green, Route 6  
North Eastham, Mass.

Dial:  
(617) 255-3221

# WANT ADS:

WANTED--A camshaft from a 1908 Stanly Steamer. Only original part missing from collection. Want to build my own '08 model as have always had an itch to start from scratch.--Fanny M., Yarmouthport.

WILL SWAP my wife Myrtle for best offer. Call immediately at 385-9229 after 2a.m.

DEAR UNCLE OSCAR--Am presently spending spirited vacation in Marstons Mills but am all tuckered out. Meet me in Harwich Sunday. Best to Aunt Yenta.--Morry.

**INNEEDOFUHERE-D**  
**IN NEED OF U HERE-D**

WANTED, REAL BAD--\$7,000 in small, unmarked bills. Will pay \$68,000 in negotiable Boston Brinks bonds.--Louie, Box 178894, Hyannis.

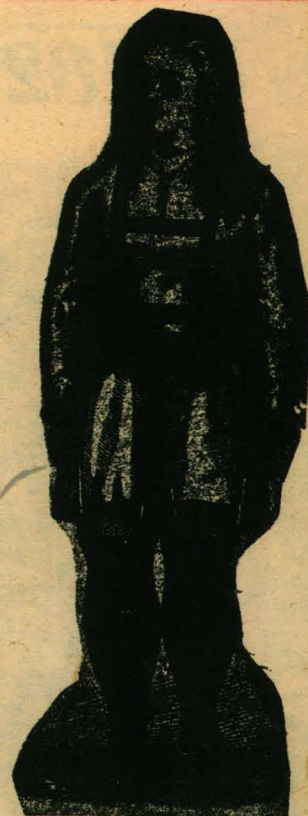
**FAST TRADE desired. Have unwanted tin of Tuna, will swap for a pint of mayonaise. Ask for Harold at TF3-2372 in Buffalo. Call collect.**

FOR SALE--An Arabian saddle; polished leather with silver studs. Broken in but still in good shape. Best offer--Walter, Brewster.

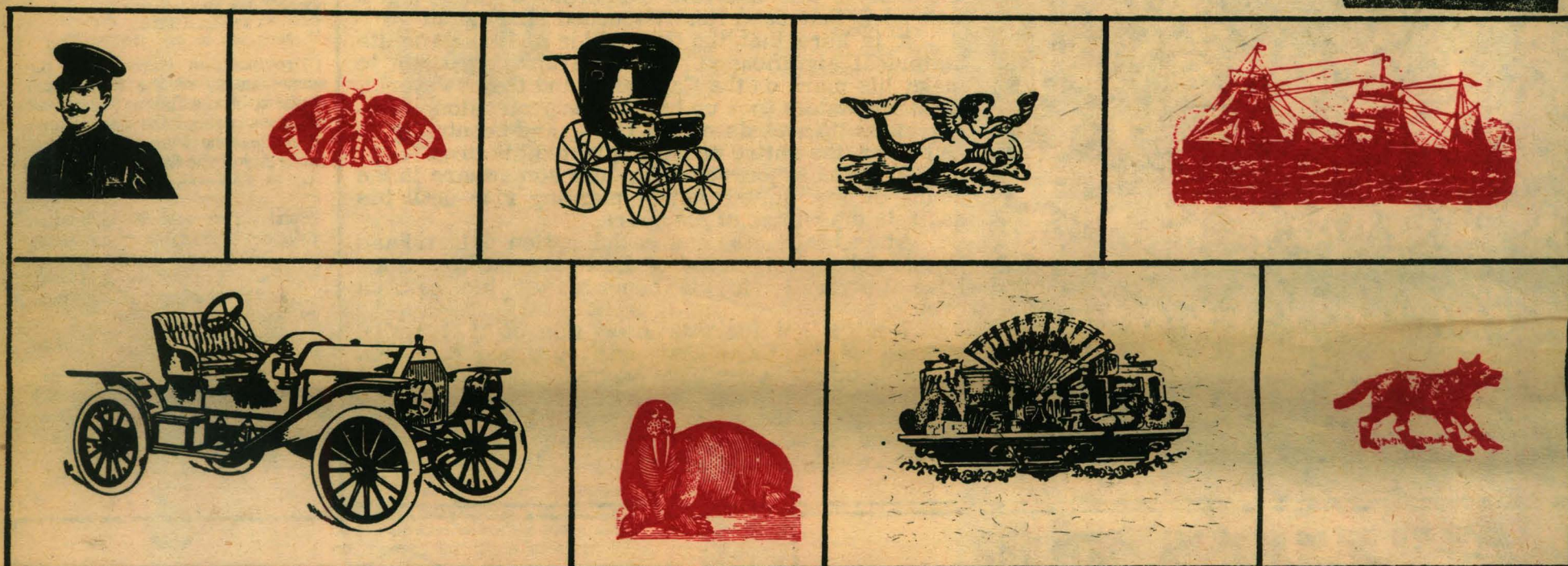
**THIS SPACE FOR SALE**

**CLASSIFIED, swap and want ads can be purchased for the ridiculously low rate of \$1.00 per inch of type.**

**POOR HOWARD'S will photograph your swap or sale item and insert it in your ad for only \$1 more.**



# SWAP:



# CLASSIFIED ADS:

PENPAL WANTED--I'm 17, blonde, 4' 3", a girl, and have a Hershey Bar complexion. Would want to correspond with eligible dwarf. Linda, Box 12, Northeast Dennisport.

PENPAL WANTED--I'm 18 years old with wavy, windblown blond locks and a strikingly handsome face. Actually I don't want a penpal--I just like to describe me. Sammy, Wellfleet.

HELLO MOM!--Am believed to be alive and well in Falmouth. See you in August.--Alvin H.

## Poor Howard Shops

CONTINUED FROM Pg. 8

Lowen of Hollywood- caricatures; Comm.  
F. Schoonmaker Snyder- items of wood; 371 Comm  
Lobster Hut- (needless to say) lobsters; 297 1/2 Comm.  
Annette's Gallery- objects d'arts, rosaires; 222 Comm  
Gala Leah- unusual specialties; 419 Comm  
J.B. Starker & Co.- sandals; Comm  
Starving Artists Studio- portraits; 247-9 Comm  
Harlequin- men's and women's sportswear Comm  
Nedde in a Haystack- women's sportswear; 371 Comm  
Murray Leathercraft- sandals, belts etc.; 349 Comm  
Mexican shop- silver, clothing, straw; Comm  
Blues Bag- coffee shop, hootenanny; 120 Comm  
Handcrafter- portraits, jewelry; 241 Comm  
9 TRURO  
Termite Craft Shop- handcrafts; just off Route 6a

10 YARMOUTH  
Wayside Real Estate- homes; 525 Main Street  
11 YARMOUTHPORT  
Gray Goose- antiques, interiors; Route 6a  
McPhail Gallery- exhibitions, hangings; 141 Cranberry Highway (Route 6a)  
12 WEST YARMOUTH  
Great Island Pharmacy- drugs; 520 Main St., Stone Lion Plaza  
Togs 'n' Rigs- sportswear; Stone Lion Plaza  
13 SOUTH YARMOUTH  
Mr. Val's Beauty Studio; hairstyles; Route 28  
14 FALMOUTH  
House of Wong- Chinese food; 679 Main Street