

THE
PROVINCETOWN
GUIDE BOOK

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The Provincetown
Guide Book

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by the
Provincetown Art Association

The
PROVINCETOWN
GUIDE BOOK

containing

AN AUTHORITATIVE LIST
OF ARTISTS, *and* ACCURATE
STREET MAPS

together with

ARTICLES BY PROVINCE-
TOWN WRITERS OF NOTE
ON THE HISTORY AND
CHARACTERISTICS OF
THIS FAMOUS TOWN

WOODBLOCK ILLUSTRATIONS
BY LOCAL ARTISTS

1931
PUBLISHED BY THE ART ASSOCIATION
PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS



THE MAYFLOWER

Block Print by Harold Haven Brown

FOREWORD

THIS small volume has been compiled and published by the Provincetown Art Association in response to a demand often voiced by visitors for a competent guide-book of Provincetown, carrying a map, and for a directory of artists as well.

We have included several articles about interesting aspects of the town. The names signed to them will be familiar: for many writers of international reputation have been captured by the spell of this fishing town on the very tip of the Cape. Thus the association has been able to offer you, not only a guide-book, but a collection of short essays by people whose subject is congenial to them.

The book is also an introduction to Provincetown artists. The Art Association has herein listed certain artists, giving studio addresses. Visitors are cordially invited by Provincetown artists to avail themselves of this opportunity to visit their studios.

THE PROVINCE TOWN

BY FRANK SHAY

TWO incidents in the history of our immediate locality stand out with such clarity and decisiveness that one must wonder what life here on Cape Cod, and in fact in all of America, would have been like had men and events taken slightly different courses. We know that in 1007 Thorwald, son of Eric the Red and brother of Leif Erickson, sailing from Norway to Iceland was blown so far off his course as to be in sight of Long Point. In the storm he suffered a broken keel and beached his ship at that point for repairs. One may easily visualize the giant Viking stalking up and down the beach while his men labored at the damaged keel. Unlike other masters under similar circumstances he did not chafe at the delay. Thorwald Erickson had found beauty, a softer and more lovely beauty than his own harsh shores. He said to his men:

“This is a goodly land.”

Repairs made, he sailed away to Iceland to see his father. Had he gotten to his destination and eventually returned to his homeland he would have told his people of the goodly land he had found and today we would be a Norseman colony, a race of stalwarts who knew and appreciated the beauty that is ours. Instead Thorwald was mortally wounded by an Indian arrow while near what is now Boston. Knowing death was his share he directed that his body be taken back to Long Point and buried in that goodly land. His grave, now within the town's borders, is known as The Norseman's Fort.

Six hundred years later a band of Puritans sailed into the harbor at the end of the glorious Indian summer. We who know the Harbor at that season, know its great beauty. That same beauty must have been present in 1620. That sheen at sunrise and sunset is no modern improvement.

But the immediate dictation of the Puritan's stern adventure was a land that gave promise of fertility. They sought permanent homes in a rich land. They left Cape Cod for the mainland. There they landed upon a rock to the everlasting satisfaction of the Plymouth Chamber of Commerce.

But some of them must have remembered the chatoyant beauty of the Cape — the sun rising over the Truro hills, the majesty and solitude of the dunes, for as early as 1627 they had filtered back and built the first house here. By 1650 it was recognized as a part of Plymouth Plantation. The Governor of the Colony in that year purchased the land from Eastern Harbor to Long Point, now the Eastern and Western boundaries of the township, from Samson, an Indian. It was bought for the said colony's use, and made a part of the constablewick of Eastham.

In 1714 it was made a precinct of Truro. The seat of local government, Truro Center, was too far away to suit the fishermen and the following year they prayed the General Court that "Cape Cod (the province lands) be declared a part of Truro or not a part of Truro that the town may know how to act in regard to some persons." The persons, their virtues or vices and what the town did to them is shrouded in mystery.

In the application for local autonomy the name was Herrington probably suggested by Herring Cove which still exists, but the state ordained it should be Provincetown and it was so written in.

For many years there was but a single street following the uneven shore-front for some three and one-half miles. Within the memory of some living inhabitants the back road was widened and paved and named Bradford Street. When Commercial Street was modernized some idealist wanted it to be sixty-four feet wide but in the face of opposition he reduced his demand to half that width. Even that was considered too great and it was made twenty-two, and today it remains the same narrow strip of pock-marked asphalt. The narrow side streets giving to the harbor are old landings and those leading to Bradford Street are old boat ways.

Through the traditional thrift of the New England town government the town has kept quaint. The narrow streets have been preserved solely because the people are unwilling to go to the expense of widening them. The little shingled cottages, seemingly huddled in each other's backyards, defy all rules of orderly alignment. The two main arteries are simply known as the Front Street, and the Back Street, a person goes "up-a-long" and "down-a-long". The town is spoken of as being on the "inside" and the ocean and province lands behind the town are the "outside".

Fishing was always the chief industry and it rose to its greatest importance between the years of 1860 and 1900. Whaling had its place until New Bedford

and Nantucket, being nearer to the markets, took the industry out of local hands. While ship-building was never a leading industry there was a time when ship-yards and ways lined the shore from Provincetown Center to Truro Station. The ships they built were ketches and schooners for the local fisherman. Population rose steadily until it reached almost six thousand in 1875. Since then it has slowly but steadily receded until today we can boast of no more than 3750 souls.

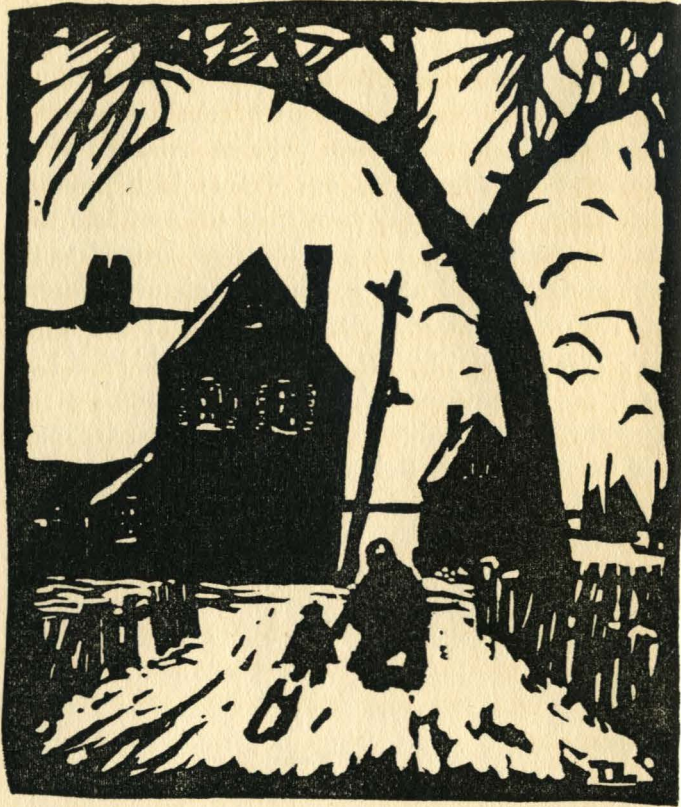
During the late '90s the town was rediscovered by a later Thorwald. He had been commissioned to do some desert pictures and compromised on the dunes. He left Provincetown and told his friends about its natural beauty and "paintable" qualities. Other artists came. Twenty-eight years ago Charles Hawthorne founded the Cape Cod School of Art. The Schools of George Elmer Browne and E. Ambrose Webster are also widely known. All of these have brought students from every state. Many returned after their studies were over to make it their summer home, a few to make it their permanent home. They were followed by writers and dramatists, poets, musicians and singers, in fact, by every type of creative artist. During August Provincetown has the richest population in point of creative effort of any place in the world. Writers who have found inspiration from the harbor and dunes are Eugene O'Neill, Susan Glasspell, Mary Heaton Vorse, Wilbur Daniel Steele, Phyllis Duganne, Sinclair Lewis, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Floyd Dell, and many others whose fame is national.

In 1915 George Cram Cook brought both the artists and writers together in a common effort to found an American theatre. The contribution of the Provincetown Players to our drama is beyond all reckoning. Even today in a little town of less than four thousand there are two theatres devoted to the spoken drama and only one motion picture house.

Today Provincetown is the Mecca of all America's creative artists. Here, in hard-tack New England, are to be found those chief necessities of the struggling artist; solitude, a sympathetic environment and the opportunity to live economically and modestly. Provincetown, for some unfathomable reason, refuses to become modern and expensive.

In the words of Thorwald: "This is a goodly land."





WINTER DAY

BY TOD LINDENMUTH

THE COAST GUARD

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

THE coastguard are an integral part of Provincetown life; retired captains with white hair and a thousand and one tales, or beardless boys in new uniforms, they exist, living personification of the town's relationship to the sea. Venice they called Bride of the Adriatic, yet her union with the oceans

comes no closer than Provincetown's. To the north and to the south, to the east and to the west, lies water, water that merges endlessly with the world's seven seas. The prim little Cape Cod houses, sitting so serenely behind their picket fences, are houses of the sea; from England and the Azores came as ballast in ships the very earth in which their delphinium and hollyhocks blossom. Their windows have been many times splashed by salt water from the harbor when the winds are to the south; their clapboards flecked with the rich brown of seaweed. From behind them, across the Great Dunes, sounds the roar of the surf, the unbroken Atlantic, raging against the beaches at Peaked Hill and the Race. Many of them, even, have tasted the salt of the sea upon their sills when, a century ago, houses and public buildings of the Old Town, off Long Point, took to the water like so many ducks and paddled across the blue harbor on barrels to their present sites.

The summer sea, the sea in which summer people swim and fish, is one matter, but the real sea, the sea which gives and which takes away, is the sea which the coastguard know, and knowing, love as they fear. The sea that gave the town the Eastern Harbor, only arbitrarily to heap up a sandbar so that today there stretches a placid freshwater lake in place of that former haven of ocean traffic. The living sea, the moody, unpredictable Atlantic—the Ocean Graveyard, sailors have called that part of her shore which lies to the north of the town.

Provincetown Harbor is sanctuary, but westward, off Wood End, the tides run dangerously swift, on past the Race, tearing fiercely across sunken reefs. Paralleling the coast for about six miles, on past Peaked Hill, two sunken bars, wreckers beyond reach of any law, lie hidden, the outer one about 1400 yards off shore, the inner about 600. Constantly shifting, changing, constantly varying the depth of the water above their greedy sands, they are an unending menace to ships. In a storm or a good Cape Cod fog, many a boat crosses the outer bar only to meet destruction upon the inner.

In the days of the famous old wrecks, the Somerset, the Jason, the Widdah, there were no coastguard to give warning or assistance. Only since 1872 has the U. S. Life Saving Service been established, though its present excellent organization grew out of one of the oldest services to sailors in the world, the Massachusetts Humane Society, a volunteer group founded in 1786, before either England or France, in the old world, had thought of such a thing.

1872 was the year when the Cape stations were built and manned, nine of them, Race Point and Peaked Hill Bars in Provincetown, and, strung like bright beads along that dangerous outer coast, Highland, Pamet, Cahoon's Hollow, Nauset, Orleans, Chatham and Monomoy.

Wood End, Provincetown's third and most outer station, is its youngest, manned in 1897, and, thirty years later, in 1927, came perhaps its most dramatic moments when for three months Captain Gracie and

his men gave all their efforts to assisting the Navy in the rescue of the sunken submarine, S-4. From the town it is about three and a half miles across dunes and beach; its surfmen patrol, by night and by stormy day, three and a quarter miles of sand to the north and a mile less to the south. This is the only station on Cape Cod where surfmen from adjacent stations do not meet on the beach to exchange checks; southward lies no more land whence a man may come, and to the north, the inlet of Race Run and a patch of sucking quicksands prevent a meeting with the patrolman from Race Point. These men use time clocks; the keys secured to posts at the end of their beat, and the patrolman must reach the key, wind his clock, and bring it back to the station with the dial properly recorded.

Race Point, where James Morris is captain, four miles above the state highway which winds like a dark streamer across the rising white dunes, sends its men westward to Race Run and eastward to exchange checks, at the halfway house, with the man from Peaked Hill.

High Head station, between Peaked Hill and Highland, has been abandoned, so today, at the halfway house between, where, as at all these little shelters there is telephonic communication with both stations, the patrolmen from Provincetown and Truro meet.

The Peaked Hill Bars station is one of the most modern on the coast. High on the white sands it stands, two and a half miles from the village by Snail

Road, which no motor can travel. Walking from the town, one climbs and descends great mountains of sand, the shifting, ever-changing masses that Cape Codders call the Walking Dunes. Through woods and sands, one passes across a swampy lowland where once great cedar forests flourished and where today purple arethusa strangely blossom, to the sea. Frank L. Mayo is captain here.

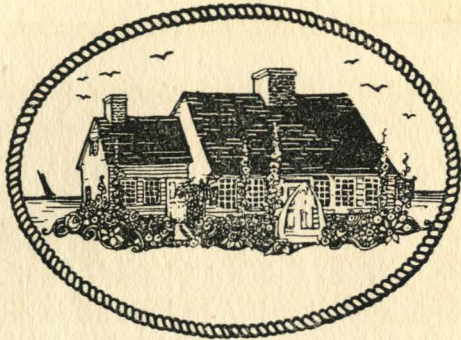
From all these stations the watch is kept, by day—unless the day be sufficiently stormy and disagreeable to demand a beach patrol—from lookouts on the stations themselves or just outside on the shore, and all the boundless traffic of the seas is recorded and set down in the log.

By night, whether the surf is so high that the patrolman must climb jagged cliffs against which waves are clawing and tearing to make his patrol on the perilous upper edge, men are walking up and down the long miles, battered by stiff winds, barraged by snow or rain or sheets of stinging sand, watching out for the safety of ships and men at sea. Each patrolman carried a red Coston signal which he fires off into the blackness of night or the more ominous white veil of fog or blanketing snow, when he sights a ship in peril. Sometimes the ship sees and veers off in time to be saved; not long ago one lone man from Peaked Hill, ploughing through flurries of snow, saw a passenger liner, headed blindly unaware, for that inner bar. He fired his rocket; the ship answered and turned out—and the man went on. He had exchanged no spoken word, had seen no face, yet he

saved dozens of lives and thousands of dollars merely by being there, seeing, and giving warning.

Sometimes ships cannot turn. Then comes the real work; the life boats and breeches-buoy must be hauled to the nearest spot, hauled often through such biting clouds of sand that the horse's head must be covered with a blanket before he will go on. Practise drills with boats and breeches-buoy are carried on so constantly that mock-rescues are often made, from the practise spar, in less than three minutes.

One sees them in the town, young men jogging by in carts on their marketing, or walking past little white houses with their girls. One sees them at the stations, teasing the inevitable cat who came from "off a wreck", playing with the dog, doing their cleaning and cooking as few housewives can do it, going smilingly through the familiar drill and pretend shipwrecks and rescues. But it is in the winter, walking through the long nights, half frozen, constantly in danger of death from a sea which leaves her proper boundaries to surge forward in perilous cut-throughs where dry sand should be, constantly ready to risk even more closely their lives in that sea itself that one sees them for what they are—guardians of the coast, guardians of every inch of sand that touches the Atlantic.



THE OLDEST HOUSE

*THE 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 only by colonies of seagulls. Then, suddenly, we turned a corner and the town was before us. It was a long town with gray wharves jutting out to sea, a town shaded by huge willow trees, and over it a lovely church spire built after the designs 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 Colon-

ial 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 fifteen 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 a 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 the 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 some one 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 ox-carts 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 wabbling 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, our 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.

If you walk up and down Provincetown streets in spring or fall you will see a prodigious carpentry going on. As sure as spring comes, houses cut bay windows and dormers with the regularity of a baby cutting teeth. Some houses sprout ells, while others build on a "Cape Cod cellar," for our cellars are mostly above ground, it being considered difficult to build a cellar in the sand.

As you walk down the street you will notice that in many of the yards there is a little flock of out-houses, 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 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 her 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 courtesied. 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 forbears 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 land-ship or a species of house-boat, 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 your boat and do you not varnish down your spars? Therefore it follows you should varnish the bright work in your house. This 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 kindness 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 with 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" 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 house-mate. 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 great 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 Provincetown. In summer a proud sign in front of his store read "ANTIQUES". When fall came and the conches of the schooners had whistled a loud goodbye to the departing boat, and the last of summer folks had flitted back to town; when the storm signals

were beginning to fly on Town Hill and the town took on its autumnal aspect, its streets filled with men in oil-skins and hip boots instead of girls in bright summer dresses, a new sign better suited to a Provincetown audience appeared before Mr. Berry's store. It read "OLD JUNK".

"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 vertebrees; 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 any more. 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."

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 with the boardwalk. We always have bright flower gardens and the encroaching flowers have driv-

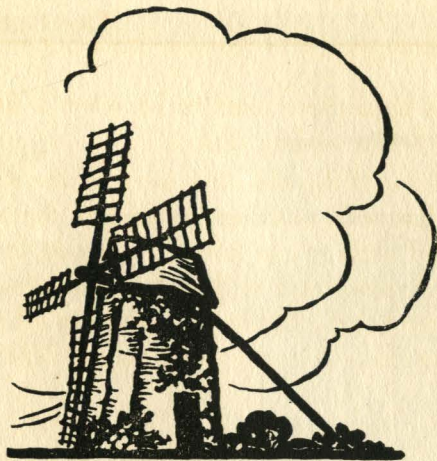
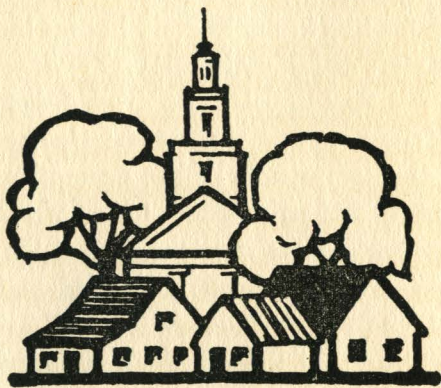
en out the whale's vertebrae. A yard can be stylish without them.

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 and

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.—*Courtesy of Country Life.*



DAWN—CAPE COD

*From The Sea and the Dunes, by Harry Kemp.
Courtesy of Brentano's, publishers.*

Before the day's creation is begun
I must go forth to meet the unseen sun—
Out to the hushed, expectant dunes I love,
More lone because of the still sky above.
The village houses lie like herds asleep.
The tide, black-burnished, spreads out, flat and deep.
There walks a wind of coming change abroad. . . .
The sun shows like a traveller down a road. . . .
Then—what the dark reserved unseen before—
I see long, dancing, golden slopes of shore. . .
Then, as I walk back, close to left and right,
I find young summer in full tides of green;
Where flickering branches thwart the morning lean
Leaves touch my face, leaves brush against my hand,
And beach plums bloom in little banks of white
Up slopes of infinite, immaculate sand.



A WHARF STUDIO

BY BLANCHE LAZZELL

THE PROVINCETOWN PLAYERS

SUSAN GLASPELL

WALKING along the beach in the East End you come upon wrecks of piles. These once supported "the old wharf", a busy and happy place in the summer of 1915.

There happened to live here that summer various writers and artists interested in the theatre and dissatisfied with the Broadway of that time. Some of us

had written plays, others wanted to. "Well, why not put them on ourselves?" asked George Cram Cook. "It will be a way of finding out what we can do."

We gave *Suppressed Desires*, and *Constasy*, by Neith Boyce, in the Hapgood house. People not asked heard about the plays, wanted to see them, so we repeated them, this time in an abandoned fishing shack on the old wharf.

Wilbur Steele had written a play, and a dark young man named O'Neill arrived and took a shack just beyond the wharf. We learned that he was writing one act plays. He showed us *Bound East For Cardiff*. When, two weeks later, we gave this at the Wharf Theatre, for we had pulled out nets and oars and put in benches and a stage ten by twelve, Eugene O'Neill was produced for the first time on any stage.

It was that first season Director George Cram Cook wrote: "One man cannot produce drama. True drama is born only of one feeling animating all the members of a clan, a spirit shared by all and expressed by the few for the all. If there is nothing to take the place of the common religious purpose and passion of the primitive group, out of which the Dionysion dance was born, no new vital drama can arise in any people."

We wrote to the people who had seen the plays, asking if they cared to become associate members of The Provincetown Players. The purpose was to give American playwrights of sincere purpose a chance to work out their ideas in freedom, to give all who worked with the plays their opportunity as artists. The

people who had seen the plays and the people who gave them were adventurers together.

The following summer, 1916, eleven plays by American authors had their first productions on the old wharf. The most expensive set cost thirteen dollars.

We became so interested in writing and giving plays that we did not want to stop for the winter. We opened in New York, just off Washington Square.

The difficulties were great, but "We knew the joy of the theatre last year in Macdougall street, and that joy, strangely uncommon in our great play-giving, play going world is, like beauty, its own excuse for being. There must be one theatre for American writers to play with, where they can give plays not likely to see production elsewhere. Work done for fun has a freshness not found in the theatre which has become a business. We are still not afraid to fail in things worth trying. This season too shall be an adventure. We will let this theatre die before we let it become another voice of mediocrity."

The Provincetown Players continued for eight seasons, producing ninety-three plays by fifty-seven American playwrights. We began in New York with a capital of \$320. We remained unendowed, preferring the freedom of this, rich in faith in a native drama, facing so-called failure as the inevitable price of many an experiment, but always wanting the experiment to be for something that would make it, even if it failed, a part of ultimate success.

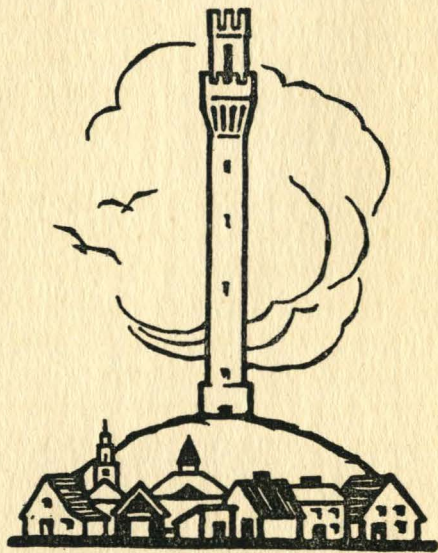
We declared an interim of one year—a curious thing to do, no doubt, but with an instinct for the quickening of faith and freshening of spirit leisure might give. This was in the spring of 1922. George Cram Cook went to Greece, obedient to a dream of many years, and he lies buried beside another theatre, at Delphi. Other groups give plays in the Provincetown Theatre on Macdougall street; there are other theatres in Provincetown. The Provincetown Players ended their story in the spring of 1922.

Why? We did it in the beginning for a very good reason. We wanted to do it. And when we wanted to do it less, we stopped doing it. This was impractical. We had struggled through difficult days. We gave it up with success in our hands. "The most important single creative force in the American theatre," said William Archer of the Provincetown Players. Yet I believe we were right. We did not "cash-in on" an old dream. The dream had its way while desire and faith made purpose, but life is a progress, a continuing belief, an ever new dream that is the miracle of birth.

The tide washes over the wreck of the old wharf. The creator of the Provincetown Players is silent in Greece. But the American theatre of 1928 is not the American theatre of 1915. One cannot estimate how much the Provincetown Players may have had to do with this. And why should one estimate? In the last month of his life George Cram Cook wrote:

I who am audience insofar as the author is one with me,

And author insofar as the audience is one with me,
 More than any person's name and fame
 I will to hear
 The music of the identity of men.



THE STORY OF FISHING

BY JOHN C. JOHNSON

THE Pilgrims founded the fishing industry here. They were the first to fish for profit in these waters. They took up fishing as a business in order to offset the hardships resulting from the lean harvests at Plymouth. For years the Pilgrims held first claim on the fishing privileges in waters surrounding Cape Cod. Often they sold to others the privilege of fishing for mackerel, bass or cod or the use of the land here for curing the fish. The Pilgrims, themselves, observed a regular routine of fishing out of Provincetown throughout the summer, curing their fish here and then returning to Plymouth in the Fall. The early prosperity of the business is indicated by the coup of Captain John Smith, who pocketed a profit of \$7500 on a shipment of dried Cape Cod fish to Spain. The shrewd captain, after this piece of good fortune, is credited with remarking that the richest mine in the possession of the King of Spain was not as valuable as the Cape Cod fisheries.

From this era to the present, Provincetown has had an unbroken career as a fishing port, though its progress has been hectic, marked by many changes in fishing methods and varying degrees of prosperity.

The whalemens were the most adventurous and dramatic actors in this pageant. The Pilgrims likewise visualized the richness of the whaling business, for, in their records, they mentioned their regret in not having a harpoon with which to attack the whales that disported about the Mayflower when she was anchored in Provincetown Harbor. Before the whal-

ing fleet was organized, the early settlers operated in small boats and harpooned many right whales in the harbor. The nucleus of the fleet was formed in 1820; six whalers cleared from here that year. The peak of the whaling boom found Provincetown with fifty-six vessels — barques, brigs and schooners. The whalemens prospered for years. Many New England fortunes were founded by local whalemens and many of the finest old homes along Commercial Street were built by whaling captains.

There are a number of survivors of the old whaling fleet still living in Provincetown; Capt. John Matheson, Caleb Frenzen, Ed Wheldon, Captain Ed Walter Smith, Louis Pinckney. Will Taylor and Hersey Taylor sailed with their father on his vessel the *Rising Sun* when they were little boys. J. Emmons Winslow was born on a whaling voyage. His mother had accompanied her husband on the cruise and the vessel put in at St. Helena where the baby was born. Mrs. Jack Connell is the widow of J. Emmons Dyer and accompanied her husband on five whaling voyages of from twenty-two to twenty-eight months, on his schooner, the *Ellen A. Swift*.

On Provincetown whalers the life boat was lashed to the transom. In whatever seas a Provincetowner was sighted, other whalers knew where she hailed from.

The petroleum development in Pennsylvania hastened the end of the whaling industry. But the whalemens fared much better than any of the more prosaic fishermen. Sperm oil sold as high as \$2.50 a gallon

during the Civil War, hence a successful whaling voyage yielded immense profits for all. The Nickerson whale and oil works was one of the town's busiest industries, but not a trace of the old plant can be found now. It was established in 1886 at Herring Cove to handle the whales caught in nearby waters. It was rated one of the best equipped plants for its purpose on the Atlantic Coast.

The Hatteras and Charleston grounds, off Cape de Verde Islands, were favored by the Provincetown whalemens. Most of the whaling from here was done in Atlantic waters, though a few whalemens went around the Horn. They also went whaling off the coast of Central America, or at a spot known as the Western grounds, located just south of the steamer grounds and halfway to Europe.

The last whaling voyage from Provincetown was made in 1917, according to the best available data. The brig *Viola*, owned by Captain John Atkins Cook, returned from the adventure with 1250 barrels of sperm oil and 121 pounds of ambergris, the total valued at \$75,000.

A faithful chronicling of the exciting and near-fatal experiences of Provincetown whalemens in their encounters with the monsters of the deep would make a book. There are several cases of Provincetown whaling vessels being lost, without a clew as to their fate. It was a common occurrence for a whale to flip its tremendously powerful flukes against a small boat, smashing the boat to pieces and sending the crew sprawling into the sea. One of the most weird whal-

ing adventures in all whaling history was that which befell Franklin Adams of Provincetown on a sperm whaling voyage in the West Indies waters. The whale's flukes struck the small boat he was in and sent the boat kiting from the sea. In his descent Mr. Atkins fell directly into the whale's gaping mouth. His body landed squarely upon the whale's huge, sharp teeth and he was painfully wounded and bruised. Fortunately, the whale did not clamp down. Bleeding profusely and wracked with pain, the whaleman managed to free himself. He managed to swim to the upturned boat, which he clung to until another boat picked him up. After lying in a critical condition for four weeks, Mr. Atkins finally recovered. He lived to a ripe old age. In telling of the experience he evinced some pride in the knowledge that "He and Jonah were the only two persons that had been into a whale's mouth and come out alive."

Ambergris, a secretion found in the intestines of sperm whales, was a prize that whalemen were always on the alert for. Good ambergris is worth more than its weight in gold. Old timers still chuckle over the ambergris anecdote that developed out of a voyage of the schooner Monteguma of Provincetown in waters off the Coast of Central America. A huge sperm whale was caught. While the crew were cutting the whale their spades struck a hard substance. It turned out to be a chunk of ambergris larger than a quarter barrel weighing over 100 pounds. The crew's excitement was naturally intense. Their eagerness outran their judgment, for, in hauling the amber-

gris aboard the vessel, the treasure suddenly dropped from the slings and fell between the whale and the vessel. The dumbfounded crew stared helpless—as \$25,000 worth of ambergris slowly vanished from their eyes in sixty fathoms of water.

Next in importance to whaling was the cod-fishing on the Grand Banks. The bankers sailed from here in April or May, carrying 50 to 150 hogsheads of dry salt with which they dressed the fish as it came out of the water. They returned in September, and often on a successful voyage each member of the crew would average approximately \$300. The largest fare of codfish ever brought into this port arrived in 1882 on the schooner Willie A. McKay, Captain Angus McKay of Provincetown. The craft had been out three months. When the fish were dried and ready for market they weighed 4,062 quintals and sold for \$22,000.

In this era the fishermen were a well organized body. They formed a sort of stock company when a new vessel was built, with the captain, sail-maker, block-maker, spar-maker and rigger sharing in the stock. The crew fished for shares, as they do now. (While the men were off fishing their women would buy their supplies at the company store. They had their own bank, the Union Wharf Company, and their own insurance company.)

The mackerel catchers joined the bankers in these flush times. They did their fishing close to the coast, using a purse-seine with which they took in 100 barrels of mackerel on a haul and sometimes as high as

300 barrels. The old skippers largely depended upon their fish-sense to determine where the big schools lay, and their guesses were seldom wrong.

In 1885, the peak of her fishing prosperity, Provincetown had close to one million dollars invested in the fishing business. There were fifty odd wharves used by the whalers, bankers and mackerel-catchers. Every wharf had its tryworks, where Cod Liver Oil was produced in large quantities. There were boat-builders, sail-makers, net-makers and the town hummed with industry and activity that has not been seen since.

The present-day fishing business is merely a vestige of the erstwhile business. Yet there will always be a fishing industry here, declared the old retired fishing captains. Though the fishermen of this day often have their hard times they manage to provide a comfortable living for their families and many own their own homes and cars.

At this stage 90 per cent, of the fishermen in Provincetown are Portuguese, descendants of the pioneers of their race who were brought here on the whalers from Portugal and the Azores. They are born fishermen, preferring to gamble with the sea than seek a steady income on land.

Provincetown's first Portuguese settler was Manuel Caton of Lisbon. Caton went to sea after running away from home. His ship was captured by pirates. Every man aboard was compelled to walk the plank, but Caton survived and was put into service as the pirates' slavey. Subsequently the pirate captain fell

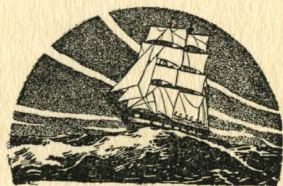
ill. The ship anchored off the Cape and Caton was sent ashore to get attention for his master. The pirate was nursed back to health here. He went his pirating ways, but Caton remained here and made his living here until his death.

The present fishing fleet here consists mostly of small boats, though there are four or five two-masted schooners which go seining. The little thirty-foot power dories, equipped with 40 horsepower engine and a canvas hood for buffeting the seas, are a recent innovation in the business. They frequently go 15 to 20 miles off shore. The power dory fishermen use a trawl—a line, with a buoy at either end, which extends for some three miles. Attached to this line at measured intervals are a series of smaller lines with the hooks. The fishermen set their trawl, then wait for an hour on the scene before drawing in the line. They work the year round and fish for cod, haddock, pollock, mackerel and herring. Two men usually go out in a power dory. Each shares from \$1,000 to \$1,500 apiece when the fishing is good in wintertime, or \$1,500 to \$2,000 in an exceptionally good summer.

The trap-boats work at the weirs, which may be seen in the harbor. The traps are put down the last of March for the herring schools. In May they catch whiting and later mackerel and squid. Sometimes the traps are drawn twice a day. The "baby-beam trawlers" go out for flounders and haddock, using a baglike net which is operated by power. The dragging sometimes is carried on for three hours at a

stretch. The trawlers carry three or four men and they usually operate between Wellfleet and Chatham. The seiners, each of which has a lookout who stands aloft on watch for schools of fish, go out for mackerel and herring in the spring. In the winter they fish for haddock and flounders. When the lookout sights a school he gives the cry and a small boat with seven men aboard sets out with the seine to drag from the sea as much as they can of the school.

Sword fishing is now the nearest approach to the dangers faced by the old Provincetown whalers. Several sword fishermen go out from Provincetown each year, leaving the latter part of June. They usually hunt for the swordfish in waters off No Man's Land and spend one week on a trip. Swordfishing offers one of the richest rewards in the fishing business, though frequently the boats are pierced by the swordfish and sometimes the fishermen are seriously hurt.



THE USE OF PICTURES AS DECORATION

BY RICHARD MILLER

TO the casual buyer of pictures the proposition that there are several important considerations besides that of the picture's appeal to the purchaser, may be surprising. The subject and its attractiveness seem to be the deciding factor. Consideration of surroundings is often not thought of. Such consideration, however, is of vital importance.

The style of the house, the type of room in which the picture is hung, the color of the walls, these and other factors demand careful consideration in connection with a choice of a painting as a decorative addition to one's living surroundings.

The artist usually paints under a strong north light, or for outdoor subjects, in the full light of the open sky. Indoors almost all pictures are hung in a weaker, poorer light. The quantity, quality, and direction of the lighting in the room, therefore must be thought of, both for day and evening, if one's purchase is to pay dividends in the money invested.

Pictures should be in harmony with their surroundings. This seems so obvious that it apparently needs no mention—yet the principle is repeatedly disregarded, usually through thoughtlessness.

The style of the house, which is supposedly echoed in the interior, must affect one's choice of a painting. An example of lack of harmony would be the placing of a modernistic picture of the extreme type in a room of the Colonial or Georgian period.

Size of pictures must be kept in mind. Scale of surroundings exercises a subtle influence. Large,

overgrown paintings, or too heavy frames will dwarf the best surroundings. Even a life size portrait is bad in a small room.

Imagine, on the contrary, a flock of small, insignificant pictures in flimsy frames peppering the heavy walls of some Gothic room in a palatial home.

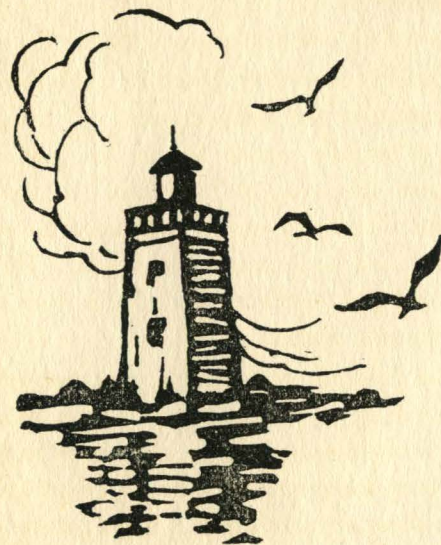
The artist in painting a picture works hard to select his color scheme—to choose the right oppositions, the right areas, in order to make the picture, including the frame, a harmonious and perfect result. This result if in any way subtle or delicate can be ruined by an improper background, or the juxtaposition of other highly colored things not in harmony. The frame is extremely important; and usually an artist who has sense enough to make a good color scheme can be trusted to select a proper frame for it.

The famous story of Whistler and the Peacock Room illustrates the importance of proper background. After the artist found his picture "The Princess from the Land of Porcelain" in a room with which it was decidedly out of harmony, he characteristically decided to change the room. He painted peacocks and gold arabesques over a very valuable cover of Spanish leather.

A great deal of mediaeval art consisted of pictures ordered by a patron for a certain place. Almost invariably these pictures when seen in the place for which they were painted, show a remarkable sympathy with their surroundings. Most artists of today would be very glad to accept commissions of this sort.

The type of picture intended for its decorative value can often be secured at a very moderate price. The collector is interested largely in names, the rarity of the product. The general public is not in this class and should buy pictures for the personal joy to be derived from them, dependent upon the principles mentioned.

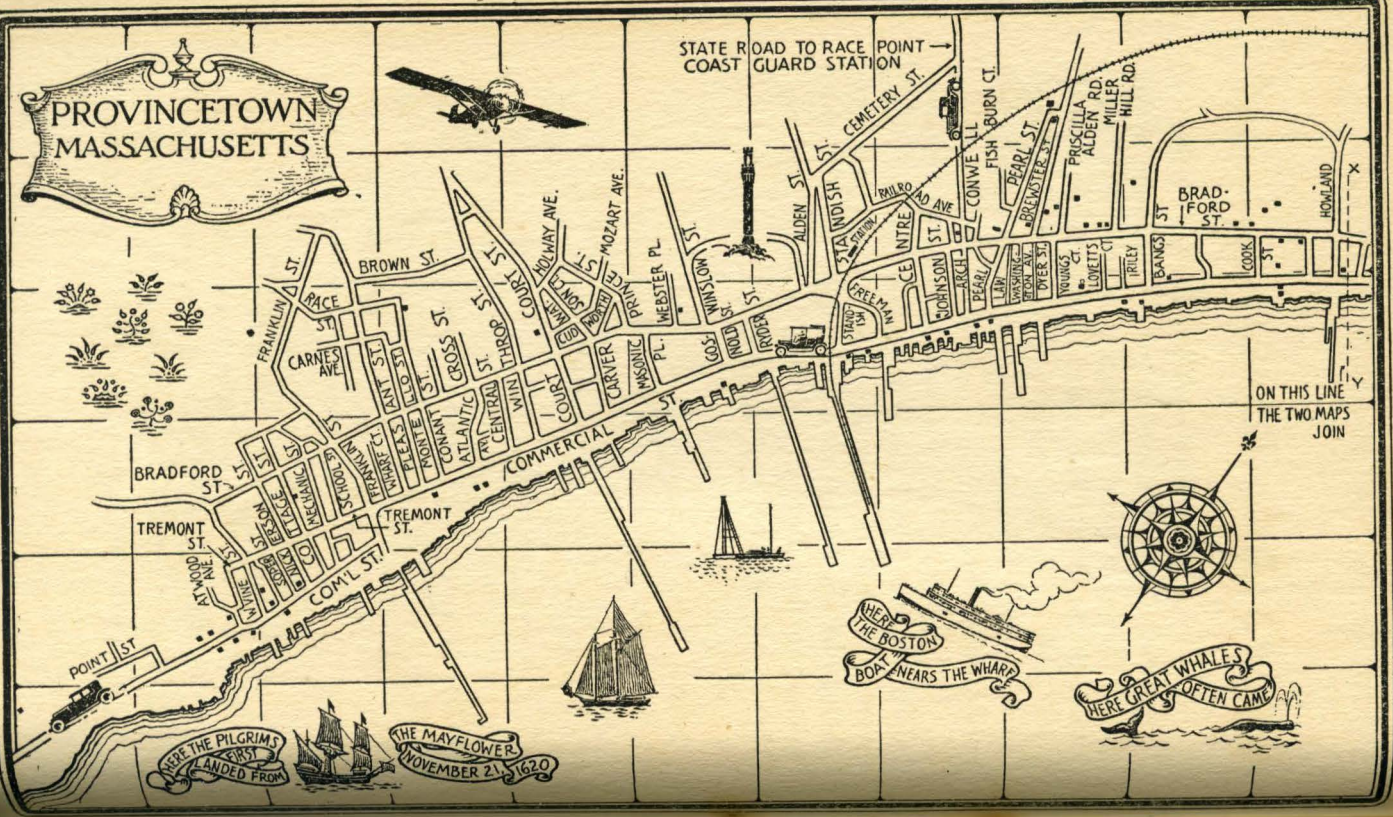
In buying pictures the laymen remembering the above remarks and trusting mostly to his own judgment is not apt to make any more serious blunders than if he should permit some painter to select his picture, or buy through a dealer, in which last case the motives may not be above suspicion.



**PROVINCETOWN
MASSACHUSETTS**



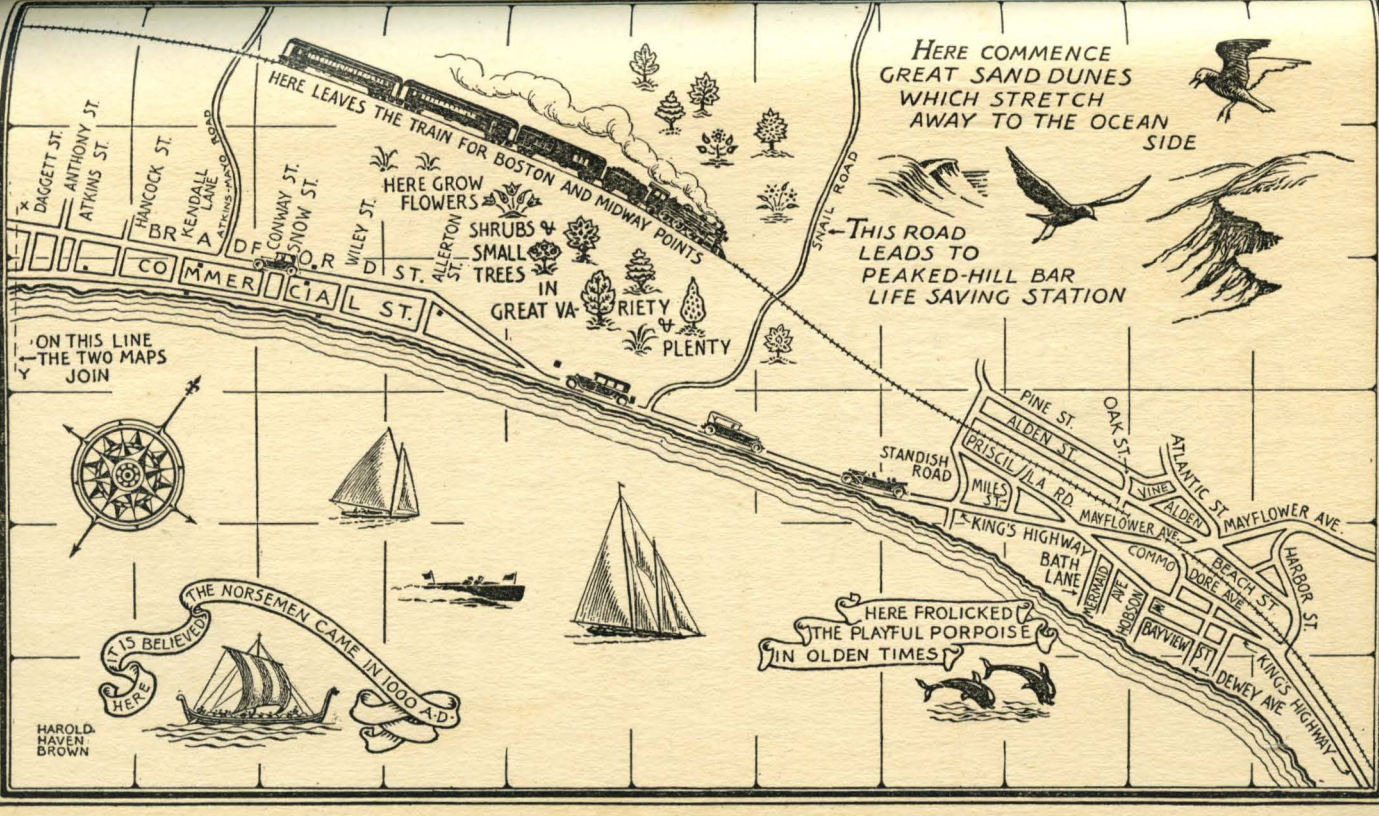
STATE ROAD TO RACE POINT
COAST GUARD STATION



HERE THE PILGRIMS FIRST LANDED FROM THE MAYFLOWER NOVEMBER 21, 1620

HERE GREAT WHALES OFTEN CAME

HERE THE BOSTON BOAT WEAVERS THE WHARF



HERE COMMENCE GREAT SAND DUNES WHICH STRETCH AWAY TO THE OCEAN SIDE

THIS ROAD LEADS TO PEAKED-HILL BAR LIFE SAVING STATION

HERE FROLICKED THE PLAYFUL PORPOISE IN OLDEN TIMES

IT IS BELIEVED HERE THE NORSEMEN CAME IN 1000 A.D.

HAROLD HAVEN BROWN



Directions for locating addresses on the maps:

Find, on the map-edge, the letter and number accompanying the artist's name, given below.

In the square, which is in line with this letter and number, will be found the desired street and studio, the latter usually indicated by a black spot.

ARTISTS' DIRECTORY

- | | |
|---|--|
| BAIN, HARRIET F. -L3 | BAXTER, MISS BLANCHE -B5 |
| Landscape, flowers, oils and watercolors. | Painter of Landscape, still life, oils, watercolors. |
| Provincetown — Care Art Association | 47 Commercial Street |
| New York—112 East 10th Street | Visitors: Thursday from 4 to 6 o'clock. |
| BALL, ROBERT | BENEKER, GERRIT A. |
| Painter, Illustrator | Painter of Portrait, Landscape and figure |
| Studio: 561 Commercial St. | Studio at Truro on King's Highway |
| | Visitors: Any afternoon or by appointment |
| | P. O. Box 312 |

- | | |
|---|--|
| BENJAMIN, MARGUERITE -N3
(Mrs. KAESLAU)
Painter of Magazine and Book Illustrations
530 Commercial Street
Visitors by appointment only
Telephone 71 | BROWNE, GEO. ELMER, N. A.
Painter of Composition subjects, portrait, figure, landscapes, marine
Instructor of Drawing and painting, West End School of Art
Studio: At end of Franklin Street -B3
Residence: 162 Commercial Street Corner of Central Street |
| BICKNELL, W. H. W. -H3
Etchings and Instruction
Vinton Studios, 382 Commercial Street
(Opposite Ocean View)
(Pearl and Commercial Sts.)
Visitors: by appointment | BROWN, HAROLD HAVEN -M2
Designs, paintings, block prints, ship models
479 Commercial St. |
| BIGELOW, CONSTANCE
Studio: 564 A Commercial Street
Tel. 462 | BROWN, MARGARETTA GRATZ
Painter of landscape and flower studies
Studio: Bradford Street and Tennis Way -P3
Visiting hours 4 to 6 o'clock |
| BLAKEMAN, THOMAS G. -L3
Painter
Studio: 85 Commercial Street, Provincetown | BUEHLER, LYTTON -H2
Painter of Portraits, landscapes and decorations
Studio: Francis Studios—Johnson Street
Visitors: Daily from 5 to 6 P. M. |
| BOHM, MRS. MAX -R3
Painter
"Grand View," near junction Bradford and Commercial Streets, East End | CALIGA ELIZABETH HOWLAND
Painter of Flowers and Landscape -D3
Studio: 33 Conant Street
Visitors: Saturday from 2 to 4 o'clock |
| BOOGAR, WILLIAM F. JR. -L3
Painting and Sculpture
c-o Provincetown Art Association | |
| BROWN, FLORENCE BRADSHAW -M2
Water color portraits, miniatures, block prints
Studio: 479 Commercial Street | |

- CALIGA, I. H. -D3
Painter of Portraits
Studio: 33 Conant Street
Visitors: Saturday after-
noons from 2 to 4
o'clock
- CARSON, FRANK -H2
Painter of Portraits, land-
scapes, water colors
Teacher of Drawing and
Painting
Studio; 4 Days Studios,
Pearl Street
- CHAFFEE, OLIVER
Studio: 3 Central Street
- CLYMER, J. FLOYD -C5
Painter of Marines
Studio: West Vine Street
- COLTMAN, ORA
Painter of architectural
groups of houses, street
scenes
Studio: 11415 Mayfield
Rd., Cleveland, Ohio
Provincetown first of
August c-o Art Associ-
ation -L3
- CROCKER, MARTHA -H2
Painter of portraits in oils
Studio: No. 6 Day's Stud-
ios—Pearl Street
Visitors at studio or by
appointment
(c-o Mrs. Hernaldo Kel-
ley, Johnson Street)
- DAVIS, BERTHA BRIDGMAN -K3
Painter of flowers and
paintings on glass
Studio: 400 Commercial
St.—Homestead Gallery
Visitors: 8 A. M. to 6 P.
M.
- DENNIS, MORGAN -K2
Etchings—Dog subjects
and landscapes
6 Priscilla Alden Road
Visitors by Appointment
- DESCH, FRANK H. -M2
Figure Painting and Por-
traiture
198 Bradford Street (Near
Cook Street)
Visitors: Any day, except
Sundays
- DICKINSON, EDWIN W. -K1
Painter—Teacher
46 Pearl Street
Visitors by appointment
- DUPUY, ELLA M. -K2
Painter of portraits and
flowers — decorative
treatment
Studio: Lovell's Detached
Studio (Third House
north of Bradford St.)
- EASTWOOD, RAYMOND -K2
Landscape: Portraits
Studio 4—4 Brewster St.
Visitors by appointment

- FARNSWORTH, JERRY
Painter of figures and
portraits
Studio: North Truro,
Cape Cod, Mass.
Visitors: Any day after 5
P. M.
- FERGUSON, NANCY MAYBIN
Painter of Landscapes -M2
Studio: Bradford Street
near Cook Street
- FERGUSON, DOROTHY -G3
Studio: 321 Commercial
St. (Rear)
- GILMORE, ADA
Studio: 3 Central Street
- GIVEN, EBEN
Painter
Studio: 555 Commercial
St.
- GOWIE, MARJORIE -H3
Painting and Sculpture
Studio: South African
Studio — Commercial
St.
Visitors: Daily from 9 A.
M. to 6 P. M.
- GREENWOOD, CLARA C.
7 Day's Studio, Pearl St.
436 Commercial Street
- GREGORY, DOROTHY LAKE -B5
(Mrs. ROSS MOFFETT)
50 Commercial Street
- HALL, FRANCES M. -B5
Sculpture
Studio: 63 Commercial
St.
- HARTMAN, ELSA ALISON
Painter of portraits -M3
Studio: End Miller Hill
Road
- HAWTHORNE, MARION C. -K1
Painter of flowers and
landscapes
Studio: End of Pearl St.
Residence: Miller Hill,
Miller Hill Road
Visitors: Saturdays from
4 to 6 P. M. at Mr.
Hawthorne's Studio
- HEINZ, CHAS. L.
1 Day's Studio — Pearl
St.
- HENSCHKE, HENRY -K1
Oil paintings
Studio: Youngs Studios
—Brewster Street
Visitors: By appointment
- HOKE, MARTHA H. -C4
Landscape and Portrait
Painter
Studio: 15 Cottage Street
Visitors: Thursday after-
noons open studio
Tel. Call information
- HOWELLS, ALICE -O3
Painter of landscapes,
flowers and still life
Studio: "Beach Plum"—
551 Commercial Street
Visitors: 2 to 4 P. M.
daily

- HUGHES, DOROTHY STUART -H3
Painter of landscapes, portraits, and figures in oil
Studio: No. 1 Day's Studios, Pearl Street -H2
Visitors: Wednesday and Saturday from 2 to 4 P. M.
Tel. 319
- HUNT, PETER -K3
Decorative paintings
Studio: 445 Commercial St.
Visitors: 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. daily
- IVINS, MARIE E. -Q3
Patchwork pictures, embroidered pictures, original decorative ideas for pillows, hangings, lamp shades, etc.
Studio: The Portside Studio by The Ship's Bell, Allerton Street—East End
Visitors: Daily from 9 to 12 (not Sundays)
- JENKINSON, (Mrs.) M. E. D. -C5
Beadwork -C5
Studio: 79 Commercial St.
Visitors: Sunday from 3 to 5 P. M.
- KAESLAU, CHARLES -E3
Studio: 28 Court Street
Residence: 530 Commercial Street
Visitors: by appointment
Tel. 71
- KIRKUP, MARY A. -H3
358 Commercial Street
Visitors: Wednesdays and Fridays, 3 to 6
- KNATHS, KARL -A6
8 Commercial Street
- LAZZELL, BLANCHE -H3
Color wood block prints and oil paintings
Studio: On shore opposite Methodist Church
Visitors: Daily from 4 to 6 P. M. Saturdays 10 A. M. to 6 P. M.
- L'ENGLE, LUCY
L'ENGLE, WILLIAM
Studio: Longnook Wood—Truro
Tel. Wellfleet 11-13
- LEVY, WM. AUERBACH
Painter and Etcher
Provincetown: Care Art Association -L3
46 Washington Square, New York City
- LIDDELL, KATHERINE -O3
259 Bradford Street
At home Sunday afternoons from 4 to 6 P. M.
- LINDENMUTH, TOD -D4
Paintings and Block Prints
Studio: 159 Commercial St.
Visitors: Saturday afternoons and by appointment

- LITTLE, MRS. FRANK -H3
(TACEYM LITTLE)
Etchings and Aquatints
Studio: The Old Barn Loft Studio, 349A Commercial Street
- MAHONY, FELIX
Painter — Caricaturist — Cartoonist
Studio: 557 Commercial St.
- MARTIN, CHARLES J. -B5
Water colors and prints
Studio: 39 Commercial St.
- MARVIN, FREDERICK H. -M2
Illustrations, landscapes
211 Bradford Street
Telephone 132
- MAST, JOSEPHINE -B5
Water color, landscape and flowers
4 Attwoods Ave.
- MEESER, LILLIAN BURK
Still life and landscape
South Wellfleet, Cape Cod, Mass.
Visitors: 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. except Sundays, July and August
- MICHELSON, DOROTHY
605 Commercial St.
- MILLER, RICHARD E., N. A.
Portraits, Landscape and Figure subjects
Studio: Bradford St. -M2
Residence: Bradford St.
Hours for visiting studio by appointment
- MOFFETT, ROSS -E3
Oil paintings
Studio: Shirt Factory building
Visitors: by appointment
P. O. Box 312
- MUNGER, ANNE WELLS
Landscapes, gulf coast scenes
South Wellfleet, Cape Cod (Turn by Adams House)
Visitors: Daily except Sundays.
- MUSGRAVE, ARTHUR F. -P3
Oil and water color landscape painting
Studio: Long Nook Road, Truro
- MUSGRAVE, HELEN GREENE
Studio: Truro
- NEWHALL, HARRIOT B. -D4
Architectural subjects
Studio: 157 Commercial St.
Tel. 256
- PALMER, PAULINE -F3
Painter of portraits, figure subjects and landscapes
Studio: "The Lanterns", 5 Webster Place
- PFEIFFER, HEINRICH -F3
Painter of landscapes and marines in water color and oil

- Studio and Gallery:
Pfeiffer Wharf, 253A
Commercial Street
Gallery open to public
from 9 A. M. to 9 P.
M. (Sundays closed)
Residence: 244 Commer-
cial Street
- RANN, V. B. -H2
Oil paintings
Studio: No. 2 Day's Stud-
ios—Pearl Street
Visitors: by appointment
- RAVENSCROFT, ELLEN -L3
Portrait and Landscape
painter
Wood Block Prints
259 Bradford St.—Prov-
incetown
- ROBERTS, ELLIE -H3
Painting and Sculpture
Studio: South African
Visitors: Daily from 9 A.
M. to 6 P. M.
- ROBINSON, MRS. MONCURE
ROBINSON, LYDIA S. M.
Paoli, Pennsylvania
Provincetown: c-o Art
Association -L3
- RYERSON, MARGERY A.
Painting and Etching
Studio: Sherwood Studio
—58 West 57th St. Tel.
Circle 10158
Provincetown: Care of
Art Association
- SAWYER, HELEN ALTON
Painter of landscapes and
figures.
- Studio: North Truro,
Cape Cod
Visitors: Daily after 5 P.
M.
- SCUDDER, ANTOINETTE Q.
Oils, also small paintings
on ivory; pen and ink;
pastels
Studio: No. 9 the New
Day's Studios -K2
Visitors: Any afternoon
- SHACKELFORD, SHELBY -H3
Oil paintings, pencil
drawings, block prints
Studio: 294A Commercial
Street
Visitors: 2.50 to 5.30 af-
ternoons
- SLADE, CALEB ARNOLD
Portraits, figures and
landscapes in oil
Studio: Truro, Mass.
Visitors: 2 to 5 P. M.
daily
Tel. Wellfleet 11-33
- SPENCER, NILES
3 Carver Court
Tel. 31
- STAHL, MARIE LOUISE -H3
Portrait, landscape, still
life, flowers, carved
book ends
- STEVENS, VERA
10 Cottage St.
- TISCH, ANNETTE PAULINE
Water colors
Studio: Castle Road,
Truro
Visitors: by appointment
Tel. Wellfleet 11-15

- TROUT, DOROTHY B.
Painter and teacher
Studio: Vinton Studio
Visitors by appointment
- VAN DERECK, ANTON -G3
Still life, landscape, min-
iature ship models.
Studio: 331 Commercial
St.—Rear of J. Silva's
Visitors: Mondays, Wed-
nesdays, and Fridays
from 2 to 5 P. M.
P. O. Box 461
- WARREN, ELIZABETH B. -B5
(Mrs. TOD LINDENMUTH)
Etchings and Dry Points
Studio: 56 Commercial
St.
Visitors: Mondays 2.30
to 5.30 P. M. or by ap-
pointment.
- WAUGH, FREDERICK J., N.A.
Painter of marine, land-
scape and figure subjects
Studio: 76 Commercial
St.
Residence: 76 Commer-
cial Street
Tel. 349 -C5
- WAUGH, COULTON -C5
Portraits and figure work
Studio: West Vine Street
Visitors: by appointment
Tel. 404
- WEBSTER, E. AMBROSE -L3
Figure and landscape
painter
Director and Instructor
—Webster School of Art
- At home 180 Bradford
St. Sunday afternoons
Other days—9 A. M. at
463 Commercial Street
- WEINRICH, AGNES -A6
8 Commercial Street
- WHORF, JOHN
Care Grace Horne's Gal-
eries, Trinity Court,
Boston
- WILSON, EDWIN A.
Illustrator, Painter, and
Wood Engraver
Studio: Truro, Mass.
Visitors: by appointment
Tel. Wellfleet 101
- WHITHERSTINE, DONALD F.
Landscape Painter
Studio on Beach—47
Commercial Street -B5
Visitors: by appointment
- WOEFLER, ARTHUR W. -B3
Portrait and figure paint-
er—also marines
c-o Grand Central School
of Art
- WONG, H. L. -G3
Painter of landscapes and
portraits
327 Commercial Street
Visitors: Paintings on
view every day after
10.30 A. M.
- WRIGHT, GRACE LATIMER
Designer of textiles.
Studio: 595 Commercial
St.
Visitors Daily from 8.30
A. M. to 5.30 P. M.



BY ELLEN RAVENSCROFT

COMMERCIAL STREET

PROVINCETOWN AUTHORS

THE Provincetown Players, that remarkable theatrical experiment of which George Cram Cook was the moving spirit, called attention to a group of writers who made this town their home. For more than twenty years there has been a little "Colony" of writers here. But the members of the colony are in no sense outsiders for though the group has inevitably changed a little in that space of time, most of its members are property owners here and in every sense residents of the town. A number of native residents also have done literary work of merit. Books by Provincetown authors can be obtained at the local bookstores—

Mary Heaton Vorse has lived in the "Kibbie Cook's" house on Commercial Street since 1906. She has been a contributor of short stories to magazines for many years. Her books are: *The breaking in of a Yachtsman's Wife: The Very Little Person: The Autobiography of an Elderly Woman: The Heart's Country: The Ninth Man: The Prestons: I've Come to Stay: Growing Up: Men and Steel: Fraycar's Fist: Second Cabin: Strike.*

Norman Matson and his wife *Susan Glaspell* live in Provincetown in the winter and Truro in the summer. They are co-authors of "The Comic Artist" a play in three acts. Miss Glaspell's books are (Plays) *Trifles: Suppressed Desires: (with George Cram Cook) Plays (Bernice, etc.): The Verge Alison's House (the Pulitzer Prize play for 1930: (Biography) The Road to the Temple: (Novels) The Glory of the Conquered: Brook Evans: Fugitive's*

Return: Ambrose Holt and Family. Mr. Matson is the author of Flecker's Magic: Day of Fortune: Dr. Fogg: (novels) and of The Coriolanus, an account of his voyage from New Bedford to Africa in a sailing ship.

Hutchins Hapgood and his wife *Neith Boyce* spend a portion of the year here in one of their houses on Commercial Street. Miss Boyce's books are The Forerunner: The Folly of the Atlas: Eternal Spring: The Bond: Enemies (with Hutchins Hapgood) Proud Lady: Harry, a Biography. Mr. Hapgood's are: Paul Jones: The Spirit of the Ghetto: The Autobiography of a Thief: An Anarchist Woman: Types from the City Streets: Enemies (with Neith Boyce): The Story of a Lover.

John Dos Passos lives on Commercial Street in Provincetown, or in his summer home in Truro, when he is on the Cape. His books are (Novels) One Man's Initiation: Three Soldiers: Streets of Night: Manhattan Transfer: The 42nd Parallel: Nineteen Nineteen (in Preparation) (Travel) Rosinante to the Road Again (Spain): Orient Express (Near East): (Poems) A Pushcart at the Curb: (Plays) Airways, Inc.: The Garbage Man.

Arthur D. Howden Smith's home is on Commercial Street. His books are (Novels) The Wastrel: The Audacious Adventures of Miles McCaughy: Spears of Destiny: The Doom Trail: The Treasure of the Bucoleon: Beyond the Sunset: Porto Bello Gold: A Manifest Destiny: Hate: The Eagle's Shadow: (Biography) The Real Colonel House: Commodore Van-

derbilt: John Jacob Astor: (Juvenile books) Grey Maiden: Swain's Saga: (Personal Adventure) Fighting the Turk in the Balkans.

Harry Kemp lives in Provincetown in the summer and New York in the winter. He is the author of four books of poetry. The Cry of Youth: The Passing God: Chanteys and Ballads: The Sea and the Dunes: Tramping on Life: More Miles: Love Among the Cape-Enders (in preparation) all novels; and The Love Rogue: (translated from the original Don Juan, played by Tirso de Molina).

Phyllis Duganne, whose work is mostly short stories, has a summer home in Truro, and lives in Provincetown or New York in the Winter. She is the author of Prologue, a novel.

Elizabeth Waugh of the "Hooked Rug Shop" and *Edith Foley* are authors of "Collecting Hooked Rugs".

Eugene O'Neill no longer lives in Provincetown, but still owns property here. His plays are: The Moon of the Caribees: Beyond the Horizon: The Emporter Jones: The Hairy Ape: The Fountain: Diff'runt: The Straw: Gold: Desire under the Elms: Marco Millions: The Great God Brown: Strange Interlude: Dynamo.

Frank Shay lives on Conwell Street. His books are: Iron Men and Wooden Ships: Songs That Sailors Sung: Here's Audacity: The Charming Murder: Murder on Cape Cod: Incredible Pizarro, Conqueror of Peru: (in preparation).

Nancy W. Paine Smith, who lives on Bradford Street, is author of *The Provincetown Book: About the Artists: Our Heritage*.

Mrs. Lillian Barrow, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Wm. Sparrow, publishes excellent poetry.

Captain John Cook, who commanded the last whaling cruise from Provincetown Harbor, is the author of *Pursuing the Whale*.



WHERE CAPE COD ENDS

CAPE COD begins Somewhere and ends at Provincetown. Somewhere may be Plymouth, Wareham, the Canal, or where you will; but in all certainty Provincetown lies where are summed up by nature and by men all the unique beauty and all the quiet, leisurely, very human sort of civilization which are characteristic of the Cape. The village is so far out in the Atlantic that on average days the Plymouth shore is not visible and on the clearest days is only dimly seen. In length it follows closely the inner waters of the harbor for several miles; but nowhere does it reach back a mile from the shore—beyond there are forests, ponds, dunes, and sand and sunlight—and more sand and more sunlight. At Provincetown the great bending arm of the Cape has curved inward and become, curving still further, the slightly folded hand, nestled within which lies this village different from all others, looking out forever upon its miles of shining harbor and shrinking back a little from the slim, bent fingers of the Cape that extend a mile or so beyond the last habitation and thus dip and end in the sea.

Regarding it in another way, Provincetown has all the advantages of an island many miles off shore without in fact being an island. That is, you may travel there by car, by train, on foot if you will, as dear old Thoreau once did, all the way on terra firma from the mainland out; yet if you set out from the center of the village, say from Town Hall, in whatsoever direction you will, barring none, you will before long come to open salt water. Thus the last few

miles of the Cape narrowly curve about in the Atlantic and the town is quite surrounded by the sea; and perhaps nowhere else on our coast is there to be found such a variety of ocean water: the warmer sheltered waters of the vast harbor along the village and looking across toward Truro and Wellfleet in the distance; the more open and less placid stretches of the Bay in the general direction of the Plymouth shore and the coast line south of Boston; while to the East lies the same cold ocean that washes the shores of England and France—such an ocean, clean, bright, color—changing, flooded with light, infinite in power and in peace, as somehow you may never see from a mainland coast.

No wonder then that here in this uncommon natural setting, far from the restless world, lies a village which has no duplicate, however you view it. As well as the location, no doubt the gentle ocean climate has much to do with this. Though few mainlanders can believe it in the sense that we can who have peacefully weathered successive winters here, it is true that Provincetown winters are as mild and sunny and as nearly snowless and stormless as those of Nantucket island, and are warmer by record than elsewhere on the Massachusetts mainland. Never are the warm summer days breezeless, sweltering, steaming. Usually spring passes without frost and with a surprising procession of wild flowers in the woods and along the pond-edges; and if these months have a protracted sea-fog or so, moving in swift or slow masses and in odd formations through the near skies for a day or

two or more, it is an experience you are glad you have not missed. But September, October and early November are here the glory of the year. The summer crowds who have to leave for home and school on September's early holiday have not seen at all the year's cleanest and sunniest days. There is another adjective I want in order to help describe these fall days but I am helpless to summon it. The many artists who live here could tell you, or show you perhaps on some of their canvases, what I mean; for they know—they linger on during the long autumn to wander in Provincetown and Truro woods, now clear of mosquitoes, through the warm enveloping light of diluted gold, stopping now and then to pick and possibly to taste a beach plum or a forbidden cranberry, or to sit somewhere on the harbor shore in wonder before the soundless shifting of unimagined colors through the skies and on the half-reflecting, half-creative waters. Have you seen this soft, sunny, changing brightness? You have—if you have Octobered where Cape Cod ends.

All this has become part and inwardness of the lives of Provincetowners. The natives speak seldom of it at all; they are more likely to grumble and prognosticate a bit gloomily about the weather at any season; though in their attitude toward all this peculiar and satisfying beauty, they are rather like those happily married people who no longer make ostentatious love. Take from them this splendor of sea and sky and this abundance of light on water and sand and I fear they would languish. It is the same

way with many artists, among them men of distinction, who have come to this sea village to look upon it and to paint it—and have silently remained to settle down and to establish their homes here. Quiet and intelligent people, their roving eyes know that here in these few ocean-girt, sun-splashed miles of sand are more of variety and of the high spots and broad sweeps of beauty than a painter can record for civilization in a lifetime, and that here too are the quiet and peace that make this labor of love possible. Some of them have been in the village for a generation, and some will be here yet for a generation or two. Somehow, so potent is the spell over all that natives, artists and fishermen are friendly. They know each other best by their first names. Not only is the artist welcome to come and sit and loaf and whittle or smoke in the boat builder's shop, but the boat builder, stopping along the street on his way home before painter and easel, is just as welcome to view the growing work of art with appraising or even quiscial eye, dropping a word of greeting or a suggestion as to shadow or line, or just as likely departing in an understood silence. If a figure is in the scene that is being drawn, it may be that of a silent Portuguese fisherman; and again here the feeling of complete sympathy is evident; some of the rarest and most exhibited canvases are testimony of this. Hundreds of art students summer here, working through the long warm days in studio or on street or beach. Writers of much fame come for a season and remain year after year. The fishermen of Portugal, in whose blood run the

sea-ways as they did in the life-streams of the ancient Phoenicians and Greeks, have filtered in little by little for a century and today make up possibly half the population, still fishing con amore, summer and winter.

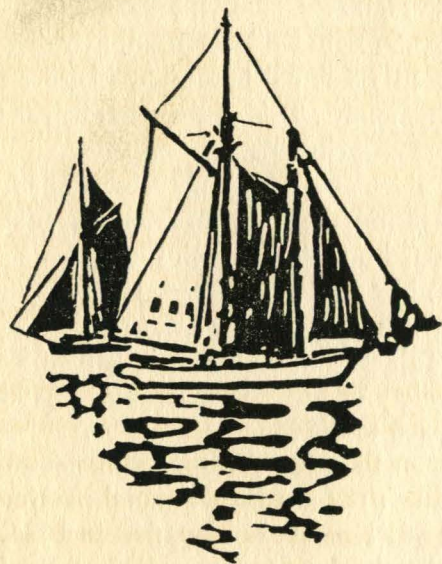
Where else in this land is so diversified yet closely-knit a village life I know not. Think of a village orchestra that had among its members two artists, three blacksmiths, a violin teacher, two high school students, a barber, a college woman, a laundryman, a school teacher and a truck driver; think of a town meeting with every able voter on the registration list casting his vote and with the evening session of the meeting overflowing the large town hall down the stairs and into the streets; think of a great tercentenary celebration and parade in which marched in allied ranks throngs of natives, artists and fishermen; think of the Pilgrims first disembarking from the Mayflower in this peerless harbor within the present village limits and of their leisure-loving and kindly descendants who live here today; think of a boat builder who knows a thousand yarns of endless interest, of matters that have happened to him from Gulf Stream to Arctic Circle and beyond; of a pictorial photographer who was making negatives and prints years before Garfield was shot and today is making more and finer than ever before; think of a retired sea captain who during a brief two hours of a warm and lazy Sunday afternoon can encircle and make vivid for you the entire habitable globe; think of a town which for two summer months is alive and astir

with a thousand city folks, in addition to its other populations, so that evenings the crowds bulge and flow from the sidewalks over half the pavement, and yet which remains hospitable to them all, until some of these pilgrims to Provincetown have to my knowledge been returning year after year for twenty seasons or more; think of a keen late afternoon of winter when during the course of your customary walk toward "Way Up Along" suddenly a strange light descends from the heavens just following the setting of the sun, so that when you look harbor-ward, toward wharf and fish house, the light snow that covers everything becomes a deep violet, while to the opposing north the air over chimney and roof, over the tops of the town hills and a frozen sunset sky are of a filtered transparent green, so rare, so gemlike it may be neither told nor painted; think of stepping directly from a sea village into a great pine woods of manifold undergrowths and beauties, and within an hour from that into a light-drenched desert of sand-hills and sand valleys, so vast and alluring you may be easily lost in it; think of all these and of many other things you will experience anew and you will just begin to know this very beautiful, this most human village.

No matter how you come to Provincetown and to Cape Cod End, by land or by water, you will marvel from afar at the approaching picture. Arrived, you may not like it the first afternoon of hasty inspection. Especially if you are a born-and-bred suburbanite, you may never like it and you will leave suddenly the

next morning. But if you are a lover of Sweetness and Light, as it is preached by Arnold, of friendliness and leisure and the peace necessary for attainment, of human and natural contacts that the outside world no longer knows much about, and of the splendor of landscapes and seascapes that you never dreamed could be yet which you daily see to exist and even to evolve before your eyes, then you will stay a month rather than a week, a summer rather than a month, and an autumn and a winter rather than a summer, and having tried all this you are likely to do as many another and I have done—find your home where Cape Cod ends.

Stephen Marsh.



HOW TO AMUSE YOURSELF
IN PROVINCETOWN

by NANCY W. P. SMITH

What to See

THE Monument—which commemorates the Pilgrim Compact signed in the cabin of the Mayflower, as she lay in this harbor on November 21, 1620. This is the gift of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, of the Federal Government, and of private individuals. The corner-stone was laid by President Roosevelt in 1907, and the monument was dedicated by President Taft in 1910.

The bronze Bas-relief erected by the Tercentenary Commission at the foot of High Pole Hill, which depicts the Signing of the Compact.

The Tablet in Town Hall Yard, marking the landing of the Pilgrims on these shores before the settlement at Plymouth. This was erected by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The Tablet at the extreme west end of the town commemorating the Pilgrim Mothers first washing day. Erected by the Research Club.

The Tablet in the old cemetery to the memory of those Pilgrims who died here during December 1620. Also the Tablet to those first dead which was erected by the Society of Mayflower Descendants at the eastern approach to the Monument.

Governor Princes Doorstone at the entrance to the Monument. (Thomas Prince was three times elected Governor of Plymouth Colony, first in 1634. He was allowed, by special permit, to live at Eastham.)

The Pilgrim Church, which contains interesting old records.

The Universalist Church. This church, built in 1847, is considered an excellent example of Colonial Architecture. The tower is after Christopher Wren, and the frescoing particularly beautiful.

The Historical Museum. The local collection is extremely interesting, and there are in addition, many valuable Esquimaux curiosities given by Commander Donald B. MacMillan.

The Art Museum, where there are exhibitions of work by local artists.

The Town Hall. This contains an old fire engine made expressly for the Town in 1836: the Cup presented the *Rose Dorothea* in the Fisherman's Race, by Sir Thomas Lipton: and interesting paintings in the Selectman's Room.

What to Do

Follow the narrow cross-streets from the harbor to the dunes. Many of the oldest houses are along these lanes.

Walk the length of the Main Street, three miles. You will thus have been "Way-up-along" and "Way-down-Along".

Drive by the State Road, three miles to the Backside, and return along the arm that follows the shore. The road runs through the dunes, along stretches where the sand has nearly buried the trees. This

sometimes is called the Buried Forest. Here also are tracts of reforested land. Trees have been planted to hold the sand by the Commonwealth, for this is Province Land.

Watch the moon rise over the Harbor from the end of the Town Wharf, and the sun set in the ocean from Race Point, at the end of the State Road.

Walk across the Breakwater to the Wood End Light-house and Coast Guard Station. Not far from here the S-4 went down.

Hire a sail boat and a skipper, or a motor boat for a sail across the harbor to Long Point Light.

Visit the "Freezers," where twenty million pounds of frozen fish are exported annually. The fish are caught in traps. Men "draw the traps" before sunrise. They will allow an occasional visitor in the boat. The trip is a unique and delightful experience. However, sit still in the boat, don't talk, and pay the men nothing or pay them handsomely.

Go to Coast Guard Drill Thursday morning early at Race Point.

Walk down Snail Road to the Coast Guard Station at Peaked Hill Bars. The Bars are called "The Graveyard of Ships."

AMUSEMENTS

The Provincetown Theatre ---- 237 Commercial St.
The Wharf Players -- ---- 81 Commercial St.

ANTIQUES

The Chequessett ----- 394 Commercial St.
Mrs. E. A. DeWager ----- 90 Bradford St.
Elizabeth Freeman ----- 407 Commercial St.
Libbie's ----- 327 Commercial St.
The Sea Chest ----- 176 Commercial St.
Susan M. Young ----- 375 Commercial St.

ART GALLERY

Bradford St. Gallery ----- 150 Bradford St.
Cape Cod Art Gallery ----- 436 Commercial St.

ART SCHOOLS

Grand Central School of Art
Mr. Charles J. Martin
Mr. E. Ambrose Webster
Mr. Henry Hensche
Mr. John Frazier
Mr. George Elmer Browne

ART SHOP

Provincetown Art Shop ----- 373 Commercial St.

ARTIST SUPPLIES

Harry N. Campbell ----- 397 Commercial St.
Pfeiffer's ----- 244 Commercial St.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

Robert A. Welsh ----- 3 Court St.
Walter Welsh ----- 3 Court St.

BAKERIES

Portuguese Bakery ----- 299 Commercial St.
Provincetown Bakery ----- 253 Commercial St.

BANKS

First National Bank	290 Commercial St.
Seamen's Savings Bank	274 Commercial St.

BARBERS

Manuel J. Davis	301 Commercial St.
Manuel P. Jason	285 Commercial St.
John Lambrou	379 Commercial St.
John Lucas	198 Commercial St.
Frank M. Rose	301 Commercial St.
Ernest C. Silva	147 Commercial St.
John C. Silva	291 Commercial St.

BEAUTY PARLORS

Bob Shoppe	3 Webster Place
Harbor Vanity Shoppe	381 Commercial St.

BLACKSMITH

Joseph S. Ramos	193 Commercial St.
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BOARDING HOUSES

Bay View	94 Commercial St.
Bryant House	129 Bradford St.
Ann Washington Craton	22 Pearl St.
Daggett Cottage	500 Commercial St.
Gray Inn	392 Commercial St.
Ocean View	378 Commercial St.
Mrs. Annie Ogilvie	Mayflower Heights
The Willows	25 Tremont St.

BOAT BUILDERS

Manuel M. Furtado	99 Commercial St.
"Jot" Small	Post Office Lane

CABINET MAKER

Edward L. Doyle	188 Bradford St.
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CARPENTERS & BUILDERS

Joseph S. Avila	88 Bradford St.
James E. Callaghan	130 Commercial St.
Manuel N. Costa	40 Pearl St.
William Costa, Jr.	6 Tremont St.
Edward L. Doyle	188 Bradford St.
Frank M. Jacobs	5 Kiley Court
Leonard & Perry	8 Pearl St.
Manuel V. Raymond	5 Cook St.

CHINA

Copeland "Spode"

Fred H. Dearborn	284 Commercial St.
Old China Shop	73 Commercial St.

CIGARS & TOBACCOS

Joseph B. Amber	133 Commercial St.
Antone Francis	282 Commercial St.
Janoplis Bros.	Railroad Square
Manuel Peters	136 Commercial St.
George Rogers	147 Commercial St.

COAL & WOOD

Frank K. Atkins	219 Commercial St.
J. D. Hilliard Co., Inc.	337 Commercial St.
Joseph Steele & Sons	25 Winthrop St.

COAL, WOOD & BUILDING MATERIALS

F. A. Days & Sons	24 Pearl St.
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CONFECTIONERY (Wholesale)

Henry H. Young	139 Bradford St.
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COTTAGES TO RENT

E. Jeft Beede	Mayflower Heights
Elizabeth Crowell	17 Brewster St.
Fred Knowles	North Truro
Howard Knowles	North Truro
Preston Cottages	Mayflower Heights
Manuel E. Silva	8 Webster Place
Jackson R. Williams	71 Commercial St.
Louis L. Young	North Truro

DENTISTS

Emanuel A. DeWager	303 Commercial St.
Harry LeB. Stalker	315 Commercial St.

DRUG SUNDRIES

Manuel Silva	163 Commercial St.
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DRUGGISTS

Adam's Pharmacy	254 Commercial St.
Cutlers' Pharmacy	296 Commercial St.

DRY GOODS

New York Store	310 Commercial St.
John S. Silva	269 Commercial St.

ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR

Ephraim J. Rivard	342 Commercial St.
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ELECTRIC LIGHT SERVICE

Provincetown Light & Power Co.,	127 Commercial St.
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FISH (Retail)

Ocean Fish Market	149 Commercial St.
Rush Fish Market	217 Commercial St.
Williams Fish Market	305 Commercial St.

FISH (Wholesale)

Atlantic Coast Fisheries Corp., of New York	229 Commercial St.
Cabral Bros.	217 Commercial St.
Fishermen Cold Storage	185 Commercial St.
Heller Bros.	Town Pier
Joseph A. Rich Co.	Town Pier
Provincetown Cold Storage	363 Commercial St.

FISHING PARTIES

John Taves	112 Commercial St.
Manuel Zora	3 Standish Avenue

FISHING SUPPLIES

Antone Francis	282 Commercial St.
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FRUITS

Janoplis Bros.	Railroad Square
George J. Summers	319 Commercial St.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

John A. Cook	213 Commercial St.
Hersey D. Taylor	140 Bradford St.

GARDEN ACCESSORIES

Little Garden Shop	74 Commercial St.
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GAS FILLING STATIONS

Leno P. Dutra	379 Commercial St.
Joseph P. Dutra	359 Commercial St.
Manuel Peters	East End
All Garages also.	

GARAGES

Adams Garage, Inc.	223 Commercial St.
Connell's (Individual)	235 Bradford St.
Day's (Individual)	143 Bradford St.
Ford Motor Sales Co.	200 Commercial St.
Hyannis Garage	236 Bradford St.
Paige Bros. Garage	211 Commercial St.
Perry's (Individual)	3 Bradford St.

GENERAL CONTRACTORS

L. W. Lyle	252 Bradford St.
James J. Perry	50 Bradford St.
Stephen J. Perry	222 Bradford St.

GENERAL STORE

Alpheus I. Freeman	491 Commercial St.
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HABERDASHERS

James M. Burke	63 Commercial St.
Hiram M. Malcolm	273 Commercial St.
Duncan A. Matheson	329 Commercial St.
New York Store	310 Commercial St.
Herman J. Robinson	224 Commercial St.

GIFT SHOPS

"Billy May"	Chip Hill
Davy Jones' Locker	249 Commercial St.
Mayflower	317 Commercial St.
Priscilla	210 Commercial St.
Town Crier & Advocate Shops	Commercial St. opp. Town Hall

GIFT SHOP & TEA ROOM

Tree Tops	Atkins-Mayo Road
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GOLF

Highland House Links	North Truro
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GROCERS

Mary A. Barnett	32 Bradford St.
C. L. Burch Co.	467 Commercial St.
Jackson Cabral	14 Bradford St.
Manuel Cabral	34 Bradford St.
J. D. Hilliard Co., Inc.	337 Commercial St.
Joseph A. Marshall	128 Commercial St.
Marion A. Perry	91 Commercial St.
J. A. Rich	347 Commercial St.
Frank G. Rosa	90 Commercial St.
William F. Silva	349 Commercial St.
Manuel M. Woods	15 Court St.
Richard M. Woods	389 Commercial St.

HARDWARE

B. H. Dyer & Co.	173 Commercial St.
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HOTELS & INNS

Atlantic House	6 Masonic Place
Bradford Inn	8 Gosnold St.
Gifford House	9 Carver St.
Highland House	North Truro
New Central House	243 Commercial St.
Octagon Inn	74 Commercial St.
Pilgrim House	336 Commercial St.
Provincetown Inn	1 Commercial St.
Red Inn	15 Commercial St.
The Vernon Inn	542 Commercial St.

HOUSE FURNISHINGS

James E. Atkins	257 Commercial St.
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ICE

Crawley Ice Co. ----- 138 Commercial St.

ICE & TRUCKING

Joseph G. DeRiggs ----- 194 Bradford St.

ICE CREAM, CANDY, ETC.

Elizabeth I. Livingston ----- 409 Commercial St.

Sweet Shoppe ----- 314 Commercial St.

Bessie F. Tylor ----- 141 Commercial St.

ICE CREAM MANUFACTURERS

William W. Taylor ----- 309 Commercial St.

INSURANCE (FIRE, ETC.)

John A. Francis ----- 557 Commercial St.

Louis A. Law ----- 337 Commercial St.

Laura T. Small ----- 7 Masonic Place

William H. Young ----- Savings Bank Building

INSURANCE (LIFE)

Maurice L. Nevins ----- 240 Commercial St.

Edward Loring ----- 5 Standish St.

LAUNDRY

Provincetown Laundry ----- Beach Point

LUMBER

F. A. Days & Sons ----- 24 Pearl St.

Higgins Lumber Co. ----- 337A Commercial St.

MARINE ENGINES

Leno P. Dutra ----- 379 Commercial St.

Joseph P. Dutra ----- 359 Commercial St.

Adam's Garage ----- 223 Commercial St.

MILLINERIES

Emma A. Cudois ----- 84 Commercial St.

Hannah P. Curran ----- 241 Commercial St.

MONUMENTS

Theodore S. Nickerson ----- 293 Commercial St.

MUSEUMS

Historical Museum ----- 230 Commercial St.

Pilgrim Monument ----- Town Hill

NEWSPAPERS & PERIODICALS

Joseph Patrick ----- 306 Commercial St.

NOTARIES PUBLIC

Louis A. Law ----- 337 Commercial St.

George F. Miller ----- 173 Commercial St.

Albert H. Paige ----- 209 Commercial St.

OIL BURNERS

Allen & Allen ----- 191 Commercial St.

Paige Bros. ----- 211 Commercial St.

Richard Jennings ----- 376 Commercial St.

James J. Perry ----- 50 Bradford St.

PAINTERS

John Cabral & Son ----- 16 Winthrop St.

Embert M. Gibbs ----- 42 Commercial St.

John T. Oliver ----- 7 Bradford St.

George E. Rich ----- 4 Young's Ct.

PAINTS

F. A. Days & Sons ----- 24 Pearl St.

B. H. Dyer & Co. ----- 173 Commercial St.

Antone Francis ----- 282 Commercial St.

Alpheus I. Freeman ----- 491 Commercial St.

J. D. Hilliard Co., Inc. ----- 337 Commercial St.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Irving L. Rosenthal	317 Commercial St.
"Billy" May Smith	Chip Hill
Walter G. Smith	1 Gosnold St.

PHYSICIANS

Frank O. Cass	284A Commercial St.
Daniel H. Hiebert	322 Commercial St.

PIANIST & TEACHERS

Adelaide E. Gibbs	42 Commercial St.
Sara N. Johnson	5 Winslow St.
Clinton H. Jonas	288 Commercial St.
Beatrice Welch	3 Court St.

PIANO MOVER

Josiah L. Young	375 Commercial St.
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PLUMBING

Allen & Allen	191 Commercial St.
Charles A. Atkins	14 Johnson St.
Richard A. Jennings	376 Commercial St.
George B. Lovell	129 Bradford St.

POULTRY

Arrowhead Farm	North Truro
The Willows	25 Tremont St.

PRINTING

Advocate Press	Commercial St.
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RADIOS

Joseph A. Days	143 Bradford St.
John A. Dutra	29 Pearl St.
Frederick A. Fisher	142 Bradford St.
Provincetown Radio Co.	288 Commercial St.
Ephraim J. Rivard	342 Commercial St.
Ernest C. Silva	147 Commercial St.

RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY, INC.

James R. Turner	Depot Square
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REAL ESTATE

John A. Francis	577 Commercial St.
Edwin C. Paine	National Bank Bldg.
Myrick C. Young	Savings Bank Bldg.

RESTAURANTS

Blue Moon	Railroad Square
Cesco's Italian	211 Bradford St.
Dunes, The	Savings Bank Bldg.
Harry's Quick Lunch	281 Commercial St.
Marshall's Cafe	314 Commercial St.
Pilgrim Cafe	287 Commercial St.
Surfside Cafe	294 Commercial St.
Tid-Bit Lunch	286 Commercial St.
The Cape Cod Tea Garden	327 Commercial St.

ROOMS

Mrs. Harry E. Simmons	59 Commercial St.
Mrs. Frank Thomas	102 Bradford St.

ROOMS & BATH

Mrs. Nellie G. Adams	165 Commercial St.
Mrs. Frank K. Atkins	3 Carver St.
Atwood Cottage	66 Commercial St.
Burch's The	212 Commercial St.
Mrs. H. S. Cook	594 Commercial St.
Mrs. A. F. Davis	156 Bradford St.
Mrs. William Enos	294 Commercial St.
Fair Haven, The	529 Commercial St.
Mrs. E. M. Gibbs	42 Commercial St.

Mrs. Sarah C. Holmes	101 Bradford St.
Mrs. Levi A. Kelley	584 Commercial St.
La Belle Vue	164 Commercial St.
Mrs. Nellie G. Lewis	566 Commercial St.
Mrs. Frank L. Mayo	480 Commercial St.
Misses Rich	151 Bradford St.
Mrs. Fred H. Roe	83 Bradford St.
Mrs. Joseph L. Silva	328 Commercial St.
Laura T. Small	7 Masonic Place

RUGS

Hooked Rug Shop	72 Commercial St.
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SHIP MODELS

Ship Model Shop	72 Commercial St.
Mayflower Gift Shop	317 Commercial St.
William C. Sparrow	73 Commercial St.
John C. Weeks	44 Commercial St.

SHOE REPAIRING

Albert Almeda	130 Commercial St.
Justin Jason	340 Commercial St.
Shoe Hospital	218 Commercial St.

SHOE SHINE

John King	283 Commercial St.
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SIGNS

Joseph Agna	343 Commercial St.
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SUPER OIL BURNERS

Bond Bros.	Hyannis, Mass.
James J. Perry, Agt.	50 Bradford St.

TAILORS

James F. Brennan	251 Commercial St.
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TAXIS

William J. Corea	176 Commercial St.
Antone J. Roderick	119 Bradford St.
Charles J. Roderick	25 Conwell St.
Frank Rogers	21 Center St.
Frank A. Rogers	144 Bradford St.
Paul D. Warren	129 Bradford St.

TEA ROOMS

Chilton, The	161A Commercial St.
Sea Gull, The	175 Commercial St.

TEACHER OF SINGING

Mrs. John R. Manta	154 Commercial St.
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TRUCKING

Alves Bros.	22 West Vine St.
Charles A. Ramos	6 Mechanic St.
Joseph S. Ramos	193 Commercial St.
Fred W. Rogers	21 Center St.
Manuel Silva	27 Pearl St.
Steele Bros.	82 Bradford St.
Horace S. Watson	22 Court St.

TYPEWRITERS

Albion E. Kelley	584 Commercial St.
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VARIETY STORE

Rosa's Variety Store	142 Commercial St.
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*Membership in the Provincetown
Art Association*

IT has been said of us as Americans that we neglect our artists. We offer you an opportunity to disprove this statement. Lend your support to the Provincetown Art Association. The fee for annual membership is but two dollars. This small sum enrolls one as a supporter of American Art.

Make checks payable to the Provincetown Art
Association.