

77.1

No.

~~III~~ V

RAYMOND W. LEWIS
SCRAP BOOK.

ENTIRE SCRAPBOOK IS
PMPM 00670

Folder No.

RARE SPECIES OF WOOD ARE HIGHLY PRIZED

Cabinet Maker of Provincetown Has Fine Collection from Many Climes

SAMPLES NUMBER 180

Treasures Souvenir from British Frigate Somerset, Wrecker in 1777

One of the finest collections of rare wood in the world is the prized possession of Edward Leland Doyle of Provincetown, once a roving fisherman but for the last 30 years occupied as a cabinet maker and woodworker. His greatest feat was a voyage to Cape Town from the Cape tip, in what is believed to be record time for sailing vessels.

Now 65, Mr. Doyle still clearly remembers the speedy voyage of the fishing schooner Alice of Provincetown.

"We were fitted for mackerel seining but fish were not plentiful enough along these shores. So on Oct. 8, 1889, Captain Josiah Chase (he was always called 'Si') ordered the crew to make sail. Standing out from Provincetown harbor the Alice made a fine race of it all the way.

Makes Trip in 52 Days

"Exactly 52 days later, the Alice dropped anchor in Cape Town harbor. Of course the British customs officers checked us in and we right away went seining for mackerel. After a month of fishing the Alice happened one day to be at Cape Town again. Just in from New York was an Italian bark, and soon after her arrival the port authorities came aboard to ask questions.

"It seems the bark had left New York just 30 days before the Alice left Provincetown and the bark had arrived at Cape Town 30 days later than we did. It took some tall explaining why a small old fishing schooner had beaten a big bark by 60 days. However, the port authorities passed it off, but they never quite believed us.

"The mackerel seining progressed fairly well, the Alice making good catches and shipping the fish home salted away in barrels. Towards the close of the year 1890, Captain Chase headed the Alice homeward but we got no further than Monrovia on the West Coast of Africa when most of the crew came down with yellow fever. And I had it about as bad as any of them.

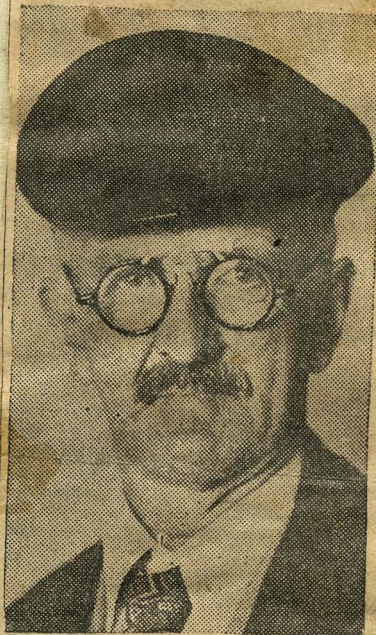
Schooner Takes Fire

"It was while everyone was ashore that something went wrong on the Alice, she caught fire and burned to the water's edge, a total wreck. By merchant vessel, the crew of the Alice finally landed in Provincetown June 6, 1891. Nine years later, I married and gave up seafaring and fishing at my wife's request. Since then I've been occupied with about every kind of woodworking a man could think of.

"On one occasion a man came in to see me with an order for a wooden leg, not a shaped leg, but a regular peg-leg. Although the future owner wasn't handy to be measured and fitted, I understand he was perfectly well satisfied. The poor chap had lost his other peg-leg after carrying it around nearly five years. It seems the worms had been eating away the heart of the wood and one day it just folded up and crumbled all to pieces.

Many of the rare species of wood that Mr. Doyle has collected were picked up during his travels.

Collects Woods



Edward L. Doyle.

Others he has spent long years writing away to firms able to make the supplies. He figures his collection numbers about 180 different samples and states that mahogany can be reckoned in 13 different species. Hardest wood in the Doyle exhibit is Vera wood from South America. Some of his most unique pieces are English ash burl, Japanese ash, amboyna burl, quilted maple, tulip wood, curly burch, Australian lacewood, faux satine crotch, and curly sandalwood.

Horace H. Potter of Natick has helped Mr. Doyle with his collection; and at present a college graduate, Livingston French, is voyaging on a tramp steamer through South America and picking up rare wood for the Provincetown collector.

Many Souvenir Relics

Mr. Porter made him a gift of a souvenir piece from the red oak of Natick under which John Eliot made it his custom to preach to the Indians. Another piece comes from the steamer Portland, wrecked in 1898 off the Cape. Foremost among the souvenir relics is a slice of well-preserved oak from the British Frigate Somerset, wrecked on the Provincetown shores in 1778.

The story of the Somerset makes a thrilling addition to Provincetown history. The frigate left England in 1777 to take an active part in the Revolution, and for a year harried the unprotected folk of Provincetown and other Cape villages. She was present at the bombardment of Charlestown, being stationed third ship up the river in line; and she covered the landing of British troops at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Commanded by Captain Aurey, who took every means to harass the defenseless Cape coast, the Somerset often made a rendezvous in Provincetown harbor and levied on the people for supplies. Instead of paying money for the confiscated goods, Captain Aurey would send his chaplain ashore on Sundays to preach to the villagers, giving this as an equivalent of eggs, butter, and fish taken from the town.

Recalls Revolutionary War

Such was the dread of seeing the vessel, that mothers threatened their disobedient children by saying the frigate would carry them off. At length, one day the villagers saw the frigate returning after a long period of absence; and close at her heels a French man-o-war ploughed through the treacherous Provincetown tide rips. The wind was blowing heavy from the North and the Somerset was making a desperate effort to make port for safety.

Being unable to weather Race Point while taking ship, she mistayed, fell into irons and struck on the outer bar. The French vessel, seeing her hard aground, fired a few shots at her and tacked ship, putting out to sea only just in time to escape a like fate.

The townsfolk soon lined the shore and made every effort to save crew members. The ship launched boats but all were smashed to matchwood as the northerly seas piled them against the frigate, those in them drowning. Her masts went by the board, broken flush at the deck. These were cleared away, as guns, shot, ballast, supplies, were thrown into the sea to lighten ship. Finally, at high water, leaking and strained, the frigate was driven by the high winds and heavy seas over the bar and up on shore.

Those of the crew still alive, were placed under arrest and sent to Boston as prisoners of war. Because of the tyranny to which they had been subject from the British frigate, the Provincetown folk pillaged all that could be got from the wreck. The date of her wreck has been set at Nov. 3, 1778, and for years parts of the Somerset were torn away for building material or souvenirs.

The present site of the wreck is believed to be about a mile westward from Peaked Hill Life Saving Station. A stone marker was placed near the spot where the Somerset lies buried, 20 feet below the sands. Some day, shifting shores may reveal her once again.

Mr. Doyle now lives quietly in his Provincetown home at 188 Bradford Street, but of late he has thought how fine it would be to put out to sea in a fishing smack once again. Well known to all the villagers, he is to them simply "Uncle Ed."

1933

1868-1937

B. 1868
65
1933

PMPM 00670-1

Boston Post Dec 19, 1937 BOS

Passing of the Dorothy

She was only a steamship, with none of the glamour that men hang about great yachts or square-riggers, or the vanished clippers.

What is still more prosaic, she was only a summer excursion vessel. She never sought the open sea. She had no history of far-flung ports, or romantic visits to islands beyond our ken.

But a very small item from Philadelphia recently, that the iron steamship Dorothy Bradford was to be scrapped, told the story of the end of a long, long, voyage.

Most of us remember the broad-beamed old maid of Massachusetts Bay. She trudged her watery way daily for 25 summers between Boston and Provincetown. Old and reliable, when she left us she was an institution.

Now the fabric of her sides and the elements of her bones will no doubt be shot out of guns in one or the other of the world's weary wars. A sorry plight, indeed, for that respectable old vessel. Her decks were the playground of children. Her mission for long years was the routine programme of peace.

Lloyd's register of shipping tells us that the Dorothy was a whole lot older than her fat, white sides would lead us to believe. She was born in Neafie and Levy's shipyard in Philadelphia away back in 1889.

They called her the Charlotte then. Details of her early history are few. It is known that she was quite the thing in coastwise shipping, around 1890. They built her to be a solid and substantial thing. She was 228 feet, nine inches long, from bow to stern.

She displaced 1747 tons of water and had a 38-foot beam, and a depth of 22 feet. When you looked at her from the side, she had a gentle line swinging back from a sharp prow, and was quite attractive. But when you looked at her from the front, you saw that she sat firmly and resolutely on the water like a fat duck.

Under the name of the Charlotte she went her way for many a year. In fact, it was not until June 18, 1911, that she arrived in Boston, seeking work.

Then she was given her new name, one which would befit her station in life as the daily visitor to the first landfall of the Pilgrim Fathers. And on her first day she kicked up quite a fuss in the harbor, which made a lot of sea-wise people shake their heads and opine that she wouldn't last long on the run.

On the first day, on her first trip in fact, her rudder went wrong. She nearly rammed the steamer Ransom B. Fuller at Central wharf, she hit the schooner Sadie A. Kimball and when she reached Bug Light with a cargo of passengers her steering gear failed entirely and she sat there in the main channel, blocking everything, for more than an hour.

But after the anxious crew got her steering machinery fixed, the old vessel got her ire up and with her slender, single stack belching black smoke, she sprinted down to Provincetown and broke all existing records coming back.

Back and forth, summer after summer, she ploughed her path, regularly and most of the time, on time.

Down there in the narrow strip of land, people set their clocks by the wail of her whistle. Years went by, and a genuine affection for the old boiler began to spring up far down there on the Cape. It got so that no one used her last name any more.

Like an old, familiar friend, she was referred to by her given name. She was "The Dorothy," nothing else. She was a benefactor and almost a relative.

She brought the excursionists to the little fishing town and sometimes, in hot weather, over a thousand of them at a trip.

The crowds who took the saline air from her high decks created the legend that is Provincetown, and spread its fame, the news of its quaintness and its art colony, throughout the world.

It got so that on her first trip in June, the entire town turned out on the long wharf, and beamed pleasure as she whistled for her first landing. It was an event, like Christmas or the Fourth of July.

And each year, in September, as she reluctantly pulled away on her last trip to Boston, there was genuine sadness. It is too bad that she couldn't have spent her last days, disintegrating respectably on the Cape Cod flats, or in soundless peace in the graveyard off Cape Cod Light.

Now she is off to wars beyond far horizons, a tragic destiny for a fussy old tea-kettle of a vessel; a destiny she didn't deserve.

R N Lewis

PMPM00670-2

SEA CAPTAIN OF CAPE DIES

Herman L. Mayo, 76, Was Whaler, Fisherman Out of Provincetown

Special to Standard-Times.

PROVINCETOWN, March 21—Captain Herman Lester Mayo, 76, one of this town's most interesting old-time personalities, who was held in affection particularly by many Summer colonists of the East End, died Monday afternoon of bronchial pneumonia after a few days' illness. The funeral will be Thursday, 2 p. m., at the late residence, 572 Commercial Street, the Rev. Benjamin L. DuVal officiating.

Captain Mayo was a direct descendant of the Rev. John Mayo, first preacher of the Old North Church, in Boston, soon after the Pilgrims settled in New England. His distant kin have settled in many communities on the Cape and figured importantly in their history. Most of his life, Captain Mayo had followed a fisherman's career.

He was taken ill last Friday afternoon and was confined to bed for the first time in his life. Friday morning he had been active with chores about home. He died at 2 p. m. Monday.

Fisherman and Whaler

A native and life-long resident of Provincetown, he was the son of Joseph and Eliza Mayo. His father had been a Grand Banks fisherman; in his youth, he went whaling out of this port. The Mayo family was one of the oldest families of Provincetown. The Joshua Atkins Mayo Road (now called Kendall Lane), which once extended from Commercial Street over to the ocean shore and was a traffic way for teams of oxen in olden times, was named after Captain Mayo's great-grandfather.

Captain Mayo quit school when in his teens to go fishing. At that time the boys of the community ceased their schooling, except for a brief period in the Winter, and took their places in the fishing fleet. Captain Mayo had an extensive career in the fisheries here. He operated in southern waters and as far north as the coasts of Maine and Nova Scotia. His last command in the fleet was his own vessel, schooner Little Jennie.

He had his full share of adventures, the most notable of which was the foundering of the sloop Little Jennie on a bar off the Monomoy Point Lifesaving Station.

Though he retired from the local fleet in 1919, Captain Mayo never lost his love for his calling. Up until last Autumn he would regularly set his mackerel nets in the harbor from a little dory.

Was Popular Character

Among Summer folk he was regarded as one of the most popular veteran characters of the Cape tip. To townsfolk and visitors alike, he was known as "Uncle Herm." He was respected as an authority on seafaring lore, and, being gifted with a lively and quaint imagination, the captain was especially popular among city visitors, who delighted in listening to him spin his hilarious yarns of the sea. He showed a keen interest in late years in activities of the Provincetown Yacht Club, and often would skipper one of the little sailboats in the Summer races. He contented himself in other seasons by clamming on the flats and taking long walks on the ocean shore. Among his mementoes are several antique coins he picked up on the sands on these hikes. His philosophy was simple, according to one of his sons. He stated it in five words: "I like to enjoy life."

His wife, whom he married in January, 1887, died in 1922.

Five sons survive: Hollis, Framingham; Chester, Quincy; Herman, Westchester, N. Y.; Kenneth C., Quincy; William T., Provincetown. Herman is master of the S.S. Scappenn, now enroute to Copenhagen. William is assistant cashier of the First National Bank here. A daughter, Mrs. Leonard Burch, Hyannis, also survives, and 11 grandchildren.

Fishing Boat Towed 2,000 Miles to Port

SAN PEDRO, Cal., Feb. 11. When the tuna bait boat Santa Margarita dropped her propeller while fishing off the Galapagos Islands, it was necessary to tow the craft 2,000 miles to port for repairs.

It was declared to be the longest tow by one fishing boat of another.

MISS JOSEPHINE P. JOHNSON PROVINCETOWN, March 26

(Special)—Miss Josephine Parker Johnson, member of one of the Cape's oldest families, whose mother was a direct Mayflower descendant, died at 3 yesterday morning of Bright's disease and complications at her home, 8 Masonic place. She had been confined to her bed since last June.

A native of Provincetown, born October 24, 1850, Miss Johnson received her schooling here and was quite active in church and temperance work. She was treasurer of the local W. C. T. U. chapter for a number of years. She belonged to Center M. E. church. She was the daughter of the late Joseph P. Johnson and Mary Atkins. Mr. Johnson, one time selectman, noted in his day for his numerous benefactions, in 1886 made a gift to the community of the big gold lettered clock that graces the top of town hall.

She is survived by nephews William H. Young of Provincetown; Frank Howard of Winchester; Stephen Whorf of New York city, and nieces, Miss Josephine Johnson, and Mrs. Hubert Arrowsmith of Winchester. Funeral will be held from the residence Sunday at 2:30 p. m., the Rev. Benjamin L. Duval, pastor of Center M. E. church, officiating.

Obituary

ALTON DAGGETT

Captain Alton Daggett at the age of 67 years died suddenly Saturday while aboard his fishing vessel the Pearl.

Captain Daggett was born in Provincetown and lived his entire life here. From boyhood he was a fisherman by trade and was skipper of many vessels. The Pearl was engaged in scalloping at the time of his passing.

He was a member of the Odd Fellows here. He attended the Center M. E. Church and was interested in its welfare.

His survivors are, his wife, Mrs. Jessie Daggett, Provincetown, and one sister, Mrs. Sarah Whalen of Malden.

The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon at his late home, the Rev. Benjamin DuVal, pastor of the Center M. E. Church officiating at the service. Interment was in the family lot in the Provincetown cemetery.

Captain William B. Lewis, 64, of 7 Cook Street, while scallop fishing off Race Point Monday morning with his brother, Elmer, was found unconscious in the engine room. He was taken in the dory to Higgins' wharf and removed to his home. Dr. Frank O. Cass diagnosed the case as clogging of the blood vessels. Captain Lewis was unconscious for about four hours.

Miss Thelma C. Nelson, 19, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Nelson, Provincetown, and Samuel H. Boyd, 27, radio operator at the Highland wireless station for the last two years, were married Saturday night, Dec. 5, at the home of William Eldredge, the bride's uncle, in Chatham. They will establish their residence in Provincetown.

Miss Corinne A. Dears, 19, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dears, is also a resident of Provincetown.

Just what happened to the Isabelle, Owls Head, Me., fishing smack, may never be known, but the belief is the craft either blew up or had its bottom knocked out by one of the ice floes. Whatever happened, it cost the lives of three men, and only two of the bodies have been recovered.

The bodies of Captain Alexander Bain and Raymond Dow Jr., were washed ashore at Monhegan Island Tuesday, and searchers are looking for the third body, that of Neil Farrell. All these men are well-known along the waterfront, the Isabelle having fished out of here last Summer.

The vessel left Owls Head for the scallop grounds last Friday and was last seen at 10:30 a. m. that day near the southern buoy of the United States Naval trial course. What happened after that will forever remain a mystery of the sea. The Isabelle was owned by Capt. Bain's father and valued at \$5,000.

1934

1932

1933

1932

PMPM00670-3

INTER OFFICE CORRESPONDENCE

DATE _____

M _____

1946
1946

Provincetown Bank President, Merchant Dies

**George F. Miller, 84,
Served for 63 Years
In Hardware Firm**

PROVINCETOWN, May 27—George Fillmore Miller, 84, well-known merchant, died early today at his home, 7 Winthrop Street, after a short illness.

Mr. Miller was born in Truro, a son of Francis S. and Lucinda (Atwood) Miller. He attended Truro schools and was a graduate of Provincetown High School, coming here to live at the age of 17. Upon his graduation he went to work in the B. H. Dyer Hardware Company where he has been associated for the last 63 years. He has been president of the Seamen's Savings Bank since 1918, trustee for 46 years and a corporator for 53 years.

He married Ada (Dyer) Miller, Sept. 1, 1887, and the couple observed their golden wedding anniversary four months before Mrs. Dyer's death.

Mr. Miller was active in civic affairs and served as moderator at town meetings for more than 20 years. He was a member of the Provincetown Tercentenary Com-



GEORGE F. MILLER

mission, having been appointed by the Governor and was president of the Helping Hand Society and chairman of the trustees of the Centenary Methodist Church.

Mr. Miller was a member of the King Hiram's Lodge, A. F. and A. M. of Provincetown and a past master; the Joseph Warren Royal Arch Chapter and past high priest; the Boston Commandery of Knights Templar; Aleppo Temple Shrine of Boston, and was also a 32d degree Mason and member of the Anchor and Ark Club here.

He also belonged to the Board of Trade; Marine Lodge, I.O.O.F., and was a past noble grand and oldest living member of the Odd Fellows. He was also a member of the Cape Cod Past Masters Association and of the Wellfleet Chapter, Order of Eastern Star.

He is survived by his son, George Jr., and two grandchildren, Miss Mary Stewart Miller and George Fillmore 3d.

Engagement Told At South Chatham

SOUTH CHATHAM, July 29—Mr. and Mrs. Leon Allen of this village have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Barbara June Allen, to Robert Bayard Chapin, son of Mrs. Allen G. Chapin and the late Mr. Chapin of Chatham.

Both are graduates of Chatham High School, Miss Allen expects to take entrance examinations for the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, in the Fall. No date has been set for the wedding.

ts for Sale 1946

CRANBERRY BOG IN GOOD

KING CORN

Corn is our greatest crop by any measurement—acreage, bulk or value.

It is generally worth about as much as our wheat, cotton and oats crops combined.

About 13,000,000 bushels of seed corn were planted in 1945. The total acreage put to corn is about the same as the state of California. The harvest of about 3 billion bushels would fill a freight train stretching half way around the world.

Have collected just about all the class dues that are owed. They aren't due until we graduate usually, but this year I changed it and said they had to be in by tomorrow if they wish to graduate.

QUITE A MAN!

Thomas Jefferson was one of the most talented of all men. In addition to being author of the Declaration of Independence and a statesman who was twice elected President of the United States, Jefferson was a very progressive farmer, a gifted architect, a draughtsman and an accomplished violinist. He was well versed in mathematics, astronomy and physics. As a linguist, Jefferson spoke Italian, French, Spanish and Greek, as well as the dialects of no less than 40 Indian tribes.

Among his inventions were a plough, a sun dial, a phaeton, a swivel chair, a chaise longue and a folding ladder.

PMPM00670-4

Oldest Resident and Veteran of Whaling Era, Captain E. W. Smith, 92, Dies in Provincetown

PROVINCETOWN, May 29— Captain Edwin Walter Smith, 92, Provincetown's oldest resident and holder of the Boston Post cane, died late last night in his home.

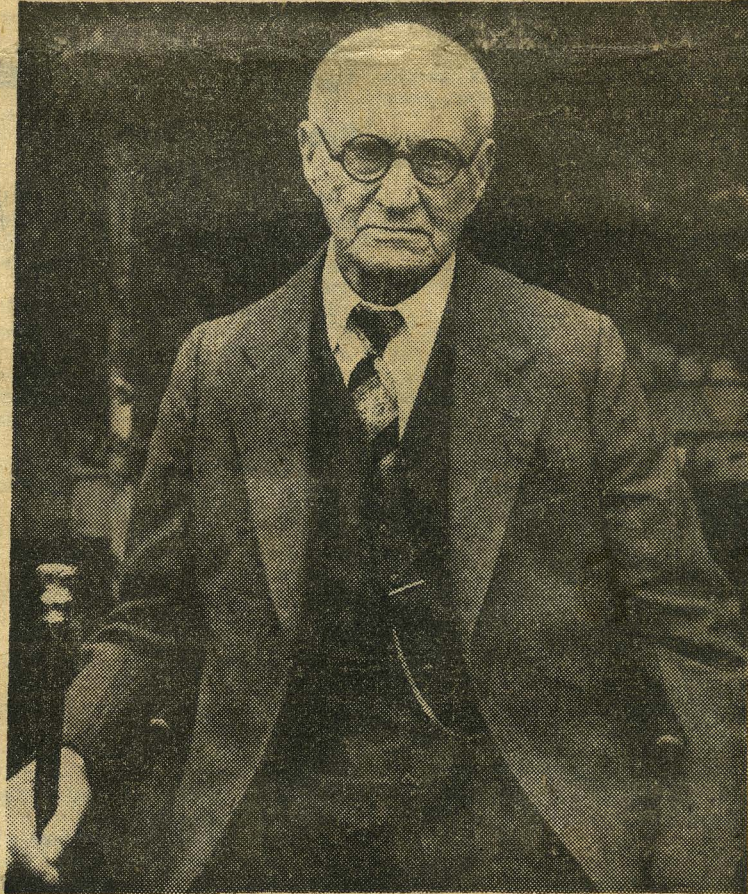
Rated in his younger years as the best "bow man" sailing out of Provincetown, Mr. Smith retained many memories of his whaling days. Outstanding was his killing in 1888 of a 73-foot "right" whale, the largest ever seen at the Cape-tip, which yielded 100 barrels of oil.

Captain Smith, the last survivor of the colony of 200 which once lived on Long Point, had enjoyed good health almost up to the time of his death. Failing eyesight had been the only cause of his becoming less active, he had said, and although 66 years of age at the beginning of the First World War, he volunteered his services to his country, being turned down by his age.

Many of the souvenirs Captain Smith brought back from numerous trips to the West Indies on whaling vessels in his youth are on display in the Provincetown historic museum.

A son of Robert Eldredge and Nancy (Flood) Smith, Captain Smith was the husband of Emma F. (Law) Smith who died about 25 years ago. A member of the Odd Fellows, Charity Rebekah Lodge, Royal Arcamum and an attendant of the Center Methodist Church, Captain Smith would have celebrated his 93rd birthday had he lived until June 22.

Survivors include two daughters, Mrs. Mabel W. Stillings, with whom he lived, and Mrs. Ida F.



EDWIN WALTER SMITH

Cooper of Peoria, Ill.; two grand-children, Mrs. John (Cooper) Jackson, S. C.; also, several nieces Elliott of Columbia, S. C., and and nephews.

Cape Will Filed For Probate

Details of Daggett Bequest Publicized

The Standard-Times Cape Cod Bureau BARNSTABLE, May 12—Under the terms of the will of the late Jessie V. Daggett of Provincetown filed for probate in Barnstable County Probate Court, her sister, Flora MacKenzie, is to receive \$10,000 and all clothing, linen, bedding and other household furnishings.

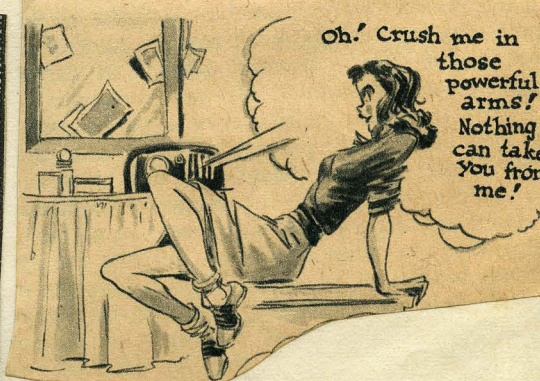
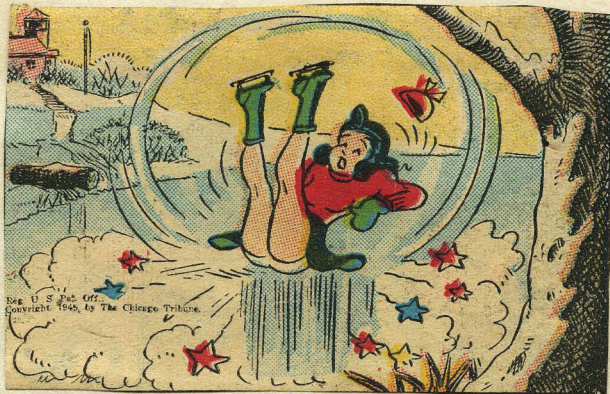
Other bequests are \$2,000 to her brother, John W. MacKenzie; \$500 to her niece, Doris N. Bryant; \$500 to a nephew, Duncan

A. Bryant, and \$500 to another nephew, Arnold B. Burch.

The Center Methodist Church Society is left \$1,000, the principal to be a permanent fund and the income to be applied to regular expenses of the church.

All the residue of every description is left in trust for the benefit of her granddaughter, Elsie Jane Mullarney of Malone, N. Y. She is to receive an income until she is 30 years old and then get the full principal sum. In the event of her death before reaching 30, Flora MacKenzie is to receive \$10,000 of the trust fund and the sum remaining is to be divided equally between the Bryants and Burch, or the survivor or survivors. She makes a request that the casket containing her remains be buried in a cement vault.

George F. Miller of Provincetown is the executor named, and in his petition filed to probate the will, the heirs-at-law and next of kin are listed as John W. MacKenzie, brother; Duncan MacKenzie, brother; Elsie Jane Mullarney, granddaughter, and Flora MacKenzie, sister. Real estate is estimated at \$350 and personal estate at \$80,000.



PMPM00670-5

THE USES OF ADVERSITY

"I WISH I could slide along in business as easily as George Seagrave," said John Nelson, as he joined his father in the library after dinner.

"What's up now?" asked his father.

"Oh, nothing," replied the son, "only

George has just been appointed assistant general manager of his father's firm. It doesn't seem right for a fellow to have an advantage like that given to him, while fellows like me have to dig for everything they get."

"But that seems to be the way the world is made, John, and the more I see of it the more I'm convinced it's a capital arrangement. I used to feel as you do, but I've lived long enough to see a great many things adjust themselves. There is a law of compensation at work, my boy, and no class has all the advantages. It would be a very poor world if we all slid along as easily as George does."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the son.

"Just this: it takes opposition or hardship, or whatever you please to call it, to bring out the best in us and make us good for anything. You know the old saying, 'It's three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves.' A man goes out in his shirt sleeves and gets his living, but he decides that his children shall have more opportunity than he, so he gives them an education. The sons make money by their educational advantage, and they pass it on to their sons, who have never known the struggle of acquisition. The sons' sons go through it. And so the shirt-sleeve process begins again. It doesn't always happen so, but it happens with sufficient regularity to form the basis of a proverb. The exception proves the rule."

"Yes, but it needn't be so," replied the boy.

"I know that," replied the father, "but there is enough truth in it to prove what I want to say. Even God himself put the Jews through the process of adversity to whip them into shape. It was only about four hundred miles in a bee line across the wilderness. But God made the Jews take forty years to get to Canaan, because He wanted to toughen them and make them ready for the conquest, when He got them there. The Bible says He led them not through the way of the land of the Philistines, although that was near. They would have got there too quickly to stand the hardship. And if they had defeated the Philistines, they would have been unprepared for a still worse enemy; I mean the opulence and plenty of Canaan."

"Men are defeated by easy victories and cheap successes more than by adversities. Disraeli was hissed down in the British Parliament when he made his maiden speech. But that only toughened his fibre and stiffened his resolve. Grant's reverses were the school in which he learned how to win his later victories. It makes all the difference whether a closed door is a final rebuff or an invitation to battle through. I'm more afraid of a cheap and easy success for you than I am of struggle. If you struggle before you achieve, you will have character to hold you steady when success arrives. The trouble with many persons is that they have no character to go with their acquisitions. It is a case of diamonds on dirty fingers."

"Have you never seen an engine pounding itself to pieces on a slippery rail in winter? What it needed was sand, opposition. Friction spelled progress. Even a kite can't rise with the wind. It must ascend against it. Don't spend your time quarreling with the order of things or fretting about some one else's easy success. An oak grows in the open, tortured by a thousand storms. The hothouse plant never knows the glory of the sky."

EX-SCULLING CHAMP TRAINS
ON BIG STEAKS AND OLD ALEKubik, Provincetown Crier, Plans a Comeback
Race—Son of Old Mentor His Trainer

Special Dispatch to the Globe

PROVINCETOWN, June 13—"Reunion in Vienna" pales before the reunion in this salty town when three Navy destroyers steamed in last night for annual inspection by the squadron commander, and Warrant Officer Dennis McCarthy of the U. S. S. Tillman discovered that Amos Kubik, Provincetown town crier, was once the national amateur single scull champion.

Back in 1889, McCarthy's father was trainer for the then youthful Kubik when he won his title on the Schuylkill River at Philadelphia, and Dennis McCarthy's ears were gladdened last night with the news that Kubik has challenged the excursion steamer Dorothy Bradford to a race on July Fourth from Wood End to the harbor wharf—a four-mile course.

Quartermaster McCarthy at once volunteered to train Kubik for this comeback match and has dated the old-timer for a workout in a fisherman's dory this afternoon.

The crews of the other two destroyers, the U. S. S. Tatnall and the Badger, from New York, are heart and soul behind the match.

Kubik, a Bohemian by birth and former resident of Springfield, has the Navy men worried over his training diet. For supper last night he had a five-pound steak, two loaves of bread, four pounds of spinach and a gallon of old brown ale.

Trainer McCarthy thought that Kubik ought to cut out some of the



AMOS KUBIK

He trains on steak and ale

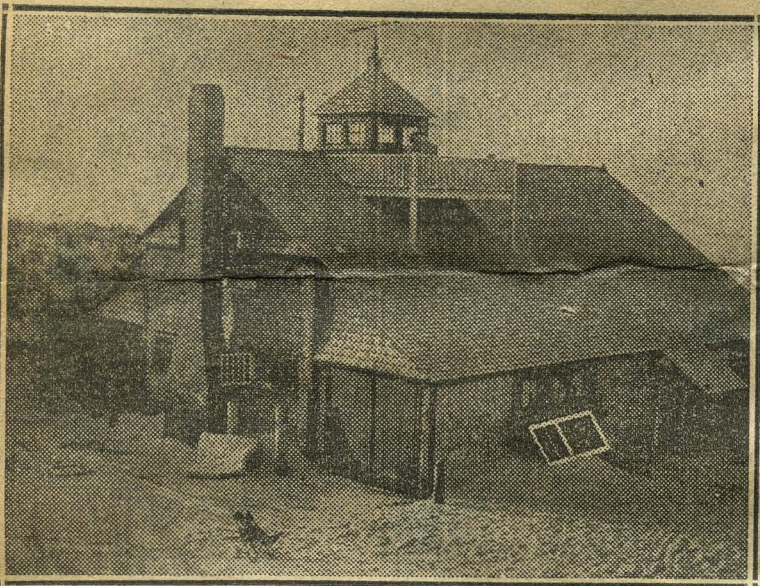
items or he would be carrying too much weight on July Fourth.

"Don't worry," Kubik assured him handsomely. "I'm willing to make any sacrifice to beat the Dorothy Bradford. If you insist I'll jettison my big brass bell."

BOSTON GLOBE—WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1931

"OL' DEBBIL SEA" CLAIMS CAPE HOME OF EUGENE O'NEILL

Playwright's House at Peaked Hills Bar, a Former Coast Guard Station, Drawn to Sea by Tide



SUMMER HOME OF EUGENE O'NEILL, PLAYWRIGHT, AT PEAKED HILLS BAR, CAPE COD, WHICH WAS SWEEPED AWAY BY TIDE YESTERDAY

Special Dispatch to the Globe
PROVINCETOWN, Jan 6—"Ol' Debbil Sea" today took into its maw the Summer home of Eugene O'Neill, American playwright and author of "Anna Christie," when an unusually high tide sucked the building and all its furnishings into the water.

The building, one and a half stories high, was originally a Coast Guard station, located on Peaked Hills Bar, handy for the rescue of mariners whose ships, caught on the treacherous sand-bars, smashed to pieces, throwing their human cargo into "Ol' Debbil Sea." Approachable only by a three-mile walk over sand-dunes, it was an ideal writer's retreat. O'Neill purchased it in 1917, and here wrote "The Emperor Jones" and "The Moon and the Caribbees."

Here he could write undisturbed, except by visitors who were willing to take a bit of bother to see him. When he was last in the house, some two or three years ago, it seemed as if nothing could disturb it. But "Ol' Debbil Sea" got it today, as it got Christie."

The fierce storms and high tides of the past Winters had battered away the cliff on which the building stood. For weeks it has hung over the cliff, waiting just a slight push to send it into the ocean. Today's high tide had no difficulty in sucking the building into the sea's maw. There was little wind, but a heavy swell.

Originally, the house had seven rooms, but O'Neill took down some of the partitions to make a living room. Its value was about \$10,000. It ceased to be a Coast Guard Station in 1914, and three years later was transformed into a writer's retreat.

GRACIE LEAVES COAST GUARD AT WOOD END

Will Take Up Duty at Highland Station

PROVINCETOWN, July 10 (Special)—Emanuel F. Gracie, B. L. and officer in charge of the Wood End Coast Guard Station for the last six years, today will shake the beach sand of Wood End from his shoes and set a last dry shod course across that charming and most scenic breakwater which extends from Wood End to Provincetown, to complete his official transfer by Commander William Rolfe to officer in charge of the Highland Coast Guard Station.

On the same transfer, Edward Andrews, B. L. officer in charge of the latter station, will assume the same duties at the end of the break-water station.

Apart from the usual equipment of surf boats that the visitor may readily see on many of the stations, the Wood End station is one of the few that has in service and afloat ready for immediate action, a large power life boat and a law enforcement picket boat, and in both Mr. Gracie has experienced many eventful and successful duties.

Entering the service as a surfman in 1910, he was appointed officer in charge of the Peaked Hill Bars Station in 1921, being transferred from the latter station in 1925 to the same duties at Wood End. During the last six years he and his crew have rendered valuable assistance to those afloat, from the smallest row boat to the modern ship of today, all of which is characteristic of the entire coast guard service.

Perhaps the most outstanding duty rendered by Mr. Gracie and his crew while at Wood End, was on the night of March 9th, 1928. About 9 p. m. the wind was mulling along about 35 miles an hour from the east, escorted by a blinding snow storm, when word was asked to the station that the steamer Robert E. Lee was stranded on the Manomet shore. Mr. Gracie immediately mustered his crew together and little time was lost in their plodding against the gale for a mile, to a point where they could board their dory to row out to the power life boat that lay at anchor in the harbor.

Leaving the murky mists of lights behind from several craft laying in the harbor, they rounded Long Point Light to push their power life boat through a blinding snow storm and rough seas across the long open stretches of Cape Cod Bay. Arriving near the stranded ship with its human freight and valuable cargo shortly after midnight, they were successful in transferring some 111 passengers from the helpless vessel to safety, and were also successful in saving life from an overturned lifeboat of the Manomet crew who fought gallantly to fulfill the duties of the Coast Guards. Again during the S-4 disaster; Mr. Gracie and crew rendered valuable assistance in which all hands were very highly commended.

PROVINCETOWN IS FOG BOUND

Coast Guardsmen Stand To for Possible Trouble

PROVINCETOWN, July 3 (Special)—A heavy fog enveloped the tip of the Cape last night, one of the worst in some time. All Coast Guardsmen in this vicinity were out on patrol, alert and ready for emergency.

At Race Point, Surfman Ben Lombard fired a light rocket to warn a vessel, apparently troubled by the fog, getting in too close to shore.

The beautiful Marconi sloop yacht Valiant, New York, with its owner William Aldrich, banker, aboard, bewildered by the fog, put in here last night. It is bound from City Island, N. Y., to North Haven, Me. Its captain is Adolph Nelson.

The fog still held this morning, not being entirely cleared at noon. The halibut boat Viking, Captain Hans Harm, New Bedford, came in through the fog this morning to order a lot of squib bait for her second trip. She reported a poor catch of about 10,000 pounds on her first trip, off Sable Island. It sold at 11¢ the pound.

Old time Provincetown salts were greatly interested in the Viking's imported oil skin-bags buoys, a new type from England, as well as the green glass buoys, used in holding up the lines.

The Isabelle Parker, a big local vessel, set out this morning, fog all.

A Chicago man took a big drink of bootleg whisky and presently began to see reptiles and animals in assorted colors. He rented a hall and put a notice outside: "Museum, twenty-five cents admission." Patrons seeing nothing but an empty room complained and called in a policeman. An arrest was imminent. The man, however, got the policeman off in a corner and gave him a drink out of the same bottle. A few minutes later the cop was offering the man \$300 for a half interest in the show.

MPM00670-7

Coast Guardsmen Hampered by Fog In Freeing Liner

Round-the-World Steamship President Hayes Still
Beached Securely on Sand Bar Off Monomoy
Point—Crandon Grounds at Plymouth After
Getting Clear at Provincetown

[Special to The Times]

CHATHAM, July 11.—While Coast Guard patrol boats aided in attempts this morning to refloat the round-the-world liner President Hayes of the Dollar Line, aground on a sand bar off Monomoy Point since yesterday, Boston tugs were trying to free the British tramp steamer Crandon which grounded on a Plymouth harbor shoal last night after the tide had freed her from Peaked Hill bars, Provincetown.

The Crandon, carrying a cargo of baled sisal, was under command of a pilot when he suffered her second mishap at Plymouth.

The President Hayes, a 10,533 ton vessel, carrying a crew of 145, was securely beached in sand but is not believed to be in danger. A thick fog which enshrouded the Cape today hampered efforts to free the vessel.

Her ballast tanks were pumped out yesterday and coast guard boats tried to pull her off the sandbar, but succeeded only in turning her around to a new position in which the rip tide again piled sand against her hull to leave her stranded as badly as before.

The fog lifted for a short time this morning and the stranded vessel could be seen by members of the Monomoy Point coast guard station about a half mile off shore. The fog soon closed in again, blotting out sight of the ship.

A lifeboat from Monomoy Point in charge of Chief Boatswain's Mate John L. Caton, with P. Wheldon, William Pitts, and J. Williams went out to the boat yesterday afternoon and had not reported back this morning.

The Cutter Mohave, the Coast Guard destroyer Shaw, two 57-foot picket boats and wrecking tug are standing attaching lines.

The President Hayes, as far as is known here, failed to give any distress signals, blowing only her usual meeting and passing whistles at the time of the accident. Apparently her navigating officers hoped at first to get off the shoal without assistance.

Hardly had Caton and his crew put out in the surf boat than the CG-285, a 75-foot fog patrol boat of the Woods Hole base, also picked its way through the mists to the side of the President Hayes. The coast guard crews megaphoned to the captain of the Dollar liner, but

he replied that he was not in need of assistance and expected the next tide would swing him around so that he could free his craft under his own power. He also rejected at that time the suggestion that a cutter be called for, but late this afternoon, the two destroyers and the smaller coast guard boats were all doing their bit to aid him.

All of the President Hayes ballast tanks were pumped out and about 10 feet of her water line was visible late yesterday afternoon. She had no perceptible list, she was travelling practically "light" without any quantity of freight on the Boston trip and was in ballast.

The President Hayes grosses 10,533 tons and weighs 6,195 tons, draws 26 feet of water and is 502 feet long.

The Hayes was but a few hundred yards from her course when she struck, she lies about one half-mile from the beach, near Point Rip, on Shovelful Shoals. She is in 24 feet of water at high tide in her present position, drawing two feet more.

The President Hayes was to sail from Boston tomorrow for San Francisco, Cal. It is reported that the trip to Boston was the captain's first along the New England shore.

Crandon Freed

The steamer Crandon was freed at 5 p. m. yesterday from Peaked Hill bar, Provincetown, by Coast Guardsmen, working from two boats.

The Crandon was freed after a hawser from the Coast Guard patrol boat Agassiz had been put aboard her and the Coast Guardsmen pulled off shore until they had moved the freighter from the bar.

The freighter then had to be maneuvered a half-mile north inside the inner bar, before there was sufficient depth for her to cross it.

Assisting in the operation were the crews from the Peaked Hill Coast Guard station, Capt. Frank Mayo commanding, and the picket boat from Wood End Coast Guard station, in charge of Capt. Edward Andrews.

The freighter, which is owned in Cardiff, Wales, ran aground in the thick fog yesterday morning within sight of the Peaked Hill station. She grounded amidships, and as the sea was calm, the captain and crew of 27 were in no danger.

Fog So Thick Had 'Em Dizzy

WEIRD HAPPENINGS DOWN AT
PROVINCETOWN

PROVINCETOWN, Nov. 21—Strange things happened in the pea soup fog that enveloped the Cape tip this morning. A waterfront observer swore to witnessing at least six collisions between gulls that ventured aloft, neglecting to sound their port and starboard signals. This prompted a cautious pedestrian to carry an umbrella over his head as he picked his way down Railroad Wharf. He wasn't going to be hit by any falling gulls.

Captain Joe Enos said the fog was so thick as he was going to work that he lit a match and couldn't find the pipe in his mouth. His brother, Captain Manuel, told of a man who, after pounding his thumb several times, laid off shingling a roof. Returning after the fog lifted he discovered the new shingles were not on the roof, but all tacked to the fog.

The din of modern auto horns on craft of the Portuguese power dory fleet which groped about the harbor resembled the clamor of a terrific jam in mid-summer.—Boston Sunday Post.

Editor's note—The above supposititious article was clipped from the news section of a Sunday newspaper.

FIRE RAZES OLD CAPE COD HOUSE

Provincetown Resident
Discovers Blaze Early
in Morning

TRURO, Nov. 28, (Special)—The Warren Small house and barn which was situated east of Corbett's place, Pilgrim Heights, North Truro, burned to the ground early yesterday morning at a loss of about \$3000.

The fire was at first discovered by S. Osborn Ball when he was on his way from Provincetown, about 1 a. m. When he was nearing Pilgrim Heights he saw a light in that direction which looked suspicious. He followed it and found that fire had broken out in a small room adjoining the kitchen. He started back to notify the fire department of the fire and got stuck in the sand. He finally reached the pumping station and phoned for help. It took about 50 minutes to get help and by that time the buildings were burned down.

The house was vacant and it is not known what caused the fire. The North Truro fire apparatus responded.

PMPM00670-8

The Gam

800-Pound Man-Eating Shark Captured off Provincetown

Hundreds See Monster Harpooned by Two Fishermen in Dory 1933

PROVINCETOWN, Sept. 19—A terrific battle with a 12-foot man-eating shark, 30 feet from shore, engaged the attention of late fall excursionists and visitors today.

The shark, weighing 800 pounds, was captured after a hard tussle by two well-known Provincetown fishermen. It was immediately put on exhibition and was viewed by hundreds. Few sharks have been caught in these northern waters and never in the history of the old town, so far as oldest inhabitants can recall, has one been taken so near shore.

The peace and quiet of the town was somewhat disturbed by the shark fight. The old town had about settled down to its quiet fall and winter atmosphere. But today things were enlivened a bit and all due to the fighting ability of Ed Gaspie and Sylvester Carter.

Quite a number of fishermen were gathered at Manual Futardo's boat

shop in the West end at 9:30. The air was cool and the fishermen basked in the sun on the lee side of the building. Presently some one saw a big ripple just off shore. A huge fin appeared and Gaspie, shouting "Shark!" ran for a lilly iron in the boat shop.

He hailed Carter, and the pair put out in a dory, with Carter at the oars. The shark, disporting in the shallow waters, was tossing about furiously. The dory was rowed to within a few feet of the shark and with true marksmanship Gaspie harpooned it over the eye. The monster squirmed and thrashed about, lashing the water into white foam. Finally Carter drew near enough to shore so that a dozen fishermen grabbed the harpoon line and the man-eater was hauled ashore.

Gaspie, experienced in battling sharks in southern waters, on many fishing expeditions, pronounced the shark of real man-eating type. Under the fin was a small black fish, which old salts called a pilot fish.

Cast Lots

At the end of the first week four drew lots to see which would die that the other three might live. The looser cheerfully sacrificed himself. That night it rained, the eighth day one of the three men remaining died and it rained again. On the ninth day it rained again. The fates seemed to be all favoring the little boat and two occupants. In the afternoon the fates were particularly favorable for a dolphin leaped out of the sea and landed aboard. As it went on the men were able to two or three birds which ventured within reach.

On July 13, just 21 days after they had left the Janet the men in the whaleboat sighted land. They had made their objective Cocos Island, 1,000 miles from where they had capsized. The keel scraped bottom and they jumped ashore. They caught a shark and drank its blood. Fresh water was close by. On July 15 another whaleboat fully manned landed Cocos. It was from the Leonia, Captain Swift, out of New Bedford. The two survivors were rescued. One of them was Captain Hosmer who lived to tell the tale.

The Bark Janet

A lot of incidents that happened to whalers wouldn't be believed very far away from New Bedford. They are much stranger than fiction.

For instance there was the boat that got lost from the bark Janet, out of Westport under Captain Hosmer. Captain Hosmer has described the happening in his own book "The Whale and His Captors." It was on June 23, 1849 that the Janet sighted a school of sperm whales and lowered three boats for them. Captain Hosmer was in charge of one boat and soon had his whale "fin-out." He began preparations to tow back to the ship when the boat capsized. All the gear including the compass and the boat keg containing fresh water was lost at the time. The sea was running high and the boat being just awash she was constantly washed by the combers. They got the boat right side up and set a miserably small distress signal. The other boats were sighted about two miles off towing their whales to the Janet. The six men clinging to the swamped boat saw their companions reach the ship and hoist their boats. Then to their amazement and distress the Janet changed her course and rapidly drew away from them. When night cut off their view they pulled up to their head whale and attempted to free their boat of water but found it impossible in the rough sea. Then they cut loose from the whale and rigged a patch of sail to head toward the signal lights at the masthead of the Janet which they could see from time to time.

One Man Dies

When day finally dawned the Janet was no closer to the frantic men. As the time went by she drew farther away and finally disappeared. The men spent a second night in the water. On the second morning the wind which had been blowing fresh softened and they made another attempt to free their boat of water. The exposure and exertion proved too much for one of the men. That death left five.

The morning attempt failed but that afternoon they had another try at floating the boat and were successful but the victory cost another life which left four of the original six.

When the four men were finally able to get inside the whaleboat after 48 hours in the water without food or drink not one of them was able to handle an oar. Two of them were delirious. The remaining two finally ripped up part of the ceiling and set a makeshift wooden sail.

Chatham Democrat Sends President Wilson

Standard-Times Cape Cod Bureau.

CHATHAM, Jan. 31—Among the telegrams sent to President Roosevelt from Cape Cod congratulate him on his birthday yesterday, was one which must have given the genial Chief Executive a smile.

It was sent by Dr. F. Worthing, who for years has claimed the distinction of being Chatham's only dyed-in-the-wool Democrat.

His message read: "Birthd greetings and Godspeed from Cape Cod, the right arm of the Commonwealth, the land of sand dunes and stunted pine Northeast gales and poverty. It was signed "Old Doc Worthing and townsmen."

Epic of Newfoundland Fisherman Recalls Famed Gloucester Sea Tale

GLOUCESTER, Mass., March 28 (AP)—Old Gloucestermen recalled tonight how Capt. Howard Blackburn rowed through snow squalls and heavy seas for four days without food or water, his hands frozen to his oars and his dorymate dead.

Blackburn lost both hands as a result of the harrowing experience, but lived to cross the Atlantic alone in a small boat.

The tale of a Newfoundland fisherman who struggled into Canso, N. S., yesterday after he had rowed six days with a dead boat mate reminded them of the saga of Blackburn, now buried in "The Acres" cemetery with many another hardy Gloucester seaman of the past.

In January, 1903, Blackburn, then 50 years old, and Thomas Welsh, his dorymate, realized a snowstorm off Newfoundland had separated them from the fishing schooner Grace L. Fears. It was bitter cold and the sea was running high.

For hours they rowed searching for the vessel. Finally abandoning

hope of finding her, they steered blindly for shore.

A gale whipped up heavy seas, snow beat against them, it was zero. After three days of continuous rowing Blackburn saw Welsh topple over dead from exposure and lack of food.

For another day, Blackburn, unable to free his hands from the oars pulled away. That night the dory scraped ground on Newfoundland's shore.

Blackburn pulled himself from the dory and staggered a mile through deep snow to a fisherman's cottage.

Although he lost his both hands as a result of the gruelling experience, old timers mused tonight, "it didn't stop him."

Twice after his return, he crossed the Atlantic despite gnarled stumps which pained him when he touched rough surfaces. Once he went alone in a small boat, landing in England 39 days after he left Gloucester.

When not at sea, Blackburn conducted a little waterfront fruit store. He died four years ago at the age of 79.

PMPM00670-9

TILTON, MORGAN SKIPPER, DIES

9/05, 2, 1932
Nationally known Whaling
Master Under Treatment
at Naval Hospital

Captain George Fred Tilton, this section best known old time whaling master, has taken his last cruise. The skipper of the enshrined whaleship Charles W. Morgan died at Newport Naval Hospital at 9:27 o'clock last night from heart disease. He was 76.

Captain Tilton had been at the hospital since Oct. 22. Yesterday he grew worse and Mrs. Tilton was sent for. She and William Gelchis, past commander of Weeks-Plummer Post American Legion of Dartmouth, who is a patient at the hospital, were with him at the end.

Ill Two Years Ago.

Two years ago Captain Tilton was stricken with pneumonia but recovered after a long siege of illness and had followed his customary activities the past two Summers. Less than a month ago, on Thursday night, Oct. 6, he vigorously refuted, in a speech at the Whalemens Club, a reported remark to a visitor in New Bedford that the last of this city's whalemen died in 1913.

The fame of "Cap'n George Fred," as he was universally known, reached far beyond the boundaries of his native Massachusetts. Accounts of his exploits found their way from time to time into the leading newspapers of the country. His biography, written a few years ago by Joseph Chase Allen, has had wide circulation.

As master of the enshrined Morgan and curator of Colonel E. H. R. Green's Round Hill whaling museum, he entertained thousands of visitors to the Green estate from all over the world with robust tales of whaling's hey-day.

Born On Island.

Captain Tilton was born in Chilmark in the old Oliver Tilton house, built by his great grandfather. He has always maintained a home on the island.

As a boy George Fred had to sleep in an attic that had never been finished off and grew strong and hardy through contact with nature and rough and ready sea-

(Continued on Page 3.)

Dies at Newport



Captain George Fred Tilton, famous whaleman, died last night at Newport Naval Hospital after a ten-day illness with heart trouble.

over →

PM00670-10

11-07100MSM7

Reverse

Nov 2, 1932

TILTON, MORGAN SKIPPER, DIES

(Continued from Page 1)

faring life of the time. He was the fourth of ten children, eight boys and two girls. While still a lad he ran away to sea and began a career on the water which was to take him far and wide over the world and leave its permanent stamp on his personality.

Captain Tilton outlined his own life story a few years ago in the biography written by Joseph Chase Allen, "Cap'n George Fred," a tale with a salty tang and robust as the teller. The Chilmark lad was 14 when he first succeeded in running away to sea. He was a year older and \$35 in debt to the ship when he returned. Then he shipped on coasting schooners for a couple of trips, and again went whaling on the brig *A. J. Ross*.

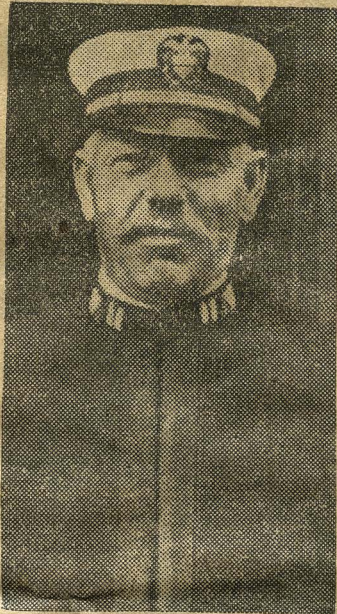
In the coasting trade, George Fred went south and worked on rice and sugar plantations, rode out a flood in a cattle trough, and survived yellow fever and swamp fever. Shortly thereafter he participated in his first shipwreck, when the bark, loaded with sugar sank enroute from Havana to New York. It was a hairbreadth rescue for all concerned.

Boat Steerer.

At 18 he was a boat steerer and soon rounded Cape Horn on a square rigger. He worked on a sugar plantation in Hawaii, spent some time in San Francisco, penetrated the Arctic on numerous whaling voyages, sailed on clipper ships, lived in a sailor's boarding house at Liverpool, was boss of stevedores in Buenos Aires, where he was knifed in the leg by a member of his gang, and for years enjoyed an adventurous existence in which shipwrecks, mutinies and privation played a part.

One of the outstanding adventures of his life as a whaler which he never ceased to delight to relate, came while he was still a young man and when he was serving as third officer on the steam whaler *Belvedere*, which he later came to command. It was the experience which resulted in his amazing 3,000 mile trek across the wastes of the Arctic in quest of

In Navy Uniform



Above photo of Cap'n George Fred shows him in navy uniform just after his elevation to the rank of lieutenant in 1918.

succor for his shipmates and their craft imprisoned in the ice.

That was in 1896 when the *Belvedere* and eight other whalers were caught in the ice off Point Barrow. Six of the nine were crushed, the other three, including the *Belvedere*, eventually escaped. Survivors of these craft saw nothing but the prospect of death from starvation when their provisions gave out unless aid could be brought them. Mate Tilton volunteered to assay the long walk to civilization.

An outfit of provisions to last 15 days, an eight-dog sled team and two Indian guides were furnished him and the eventful journey began. After 16 days of extreme hardship their entire store of provisions were exhausted. By killing a dog a day for the next three days they were able to feed the remaining animals and on the 19th day reached a tiny trading village, 600 miles from the starting point at Point Barrow.

Here a new stock of provisions was obtained and the perilous journey continued for 29 days more to St. Michaels, another trading post,

where Mate Tilton met a relief party bound for the imprisoned whalers. He gave them instructions how to proceed and restocking his own outfit, pushed on. Months were spent in crossing the wilds of Alaska, moving slowly from post to post, but eventually Portland, Ore., was reached and there a steamer conveyed Mate Tilton and his two Indians to San Francisco. Rescue parties eventually reached the stricken vessels and those not already crushed in the ice were brought out by blasting a passage through the ice.

A newspaper writer on Captain Tilton's arrival in Boston after this amazing experience had this to say of the man: "A typical New Bedford whaler is depicted in Captain Tilton. Tall, broad-shouldered, a man of iron frame and muscle, with body inured to hardships and the intense cold of the North, it was the confidence in his own powers of endurance that induced him to make the trip which many believed would end in his death, a terrible end, thousands of miles from civilization."

In January, 1900, Captain Tilton married Miss Lucy I. Look, Chilmark. The ceremony was performed in the Vineyard Haven M. E. church by the Rev. W. G. Wilkinson.

Captain Tilton had been whaling for many years prior to his hike across Arctic wastes. He made numerous voyages to the Far North thereafter, as first mate and then as master of his own vessels. He commanded the steamer *Bowhead* in 1907 on a voyage to the Northwest Arctic which brought back bone and oil worth about \$100,000.

On return from that trip Captain Tilton announced his intention of attempting an expedition to the North Pole. That was before either Peary or Cook had voyaged polewards. Lack of sufficient funds at first held up this proposed attempt and later Captain Tilton abandoned the idea altogether because, he said, his family's objections overruled his ambition to be the first to reach the pole.

Just as he won fame in his seagoing exploits the world over, Captain Tilton achieved note in the old days on the Vineyard as a horse racer. The islanders used to turn out in great numbers to witness contests between Tilton steeds and those of his neighbors.

Trips north did not end for Captain George Fred when he abandoned his plan to try for the pole. He made numerous cruises to Alaska and beyond and in 1917

sailed to Hudson bay in the 190-foot Gloucester fishing schooner *Pythian* to carry supplies to Captain George Cleveland in charge of the fur trading station at Fullerton and bring back the ter's fur catch.

Then the World war offered an adventure to the famous Vineyard skipper. He enlisted as a boatswain and was immediately transferred to the merchant marine service. Within 20 days out of an American port he was a full lieutenant.

"Look here," said George Fred of a young ensign who gave him order a few days after his enlistment, "you tell me what you want done and I'll do it, but don't tell me how to do anything aboard this vessel. I've squeezed more salt water out of my mitt than you'll ever sail on in all your life."

Captain Tilton returned to the Vineyard home after the war, and a few years later was engaged in search for the steamer *J. Dwight*, lying on the bottom of Vineyard Sound, after a mysterious sinking with loss of all hands.

His appointment as master of the enshrined *Charles W. Morgan* Round Hill came in 1925. He also made a shareholder in a vessel and given a house to reside in close by his precious charge. Thousands who have visited the mous old vessel each summer still then have found the skipper even bit as interesting as his craft.

Besides his widow, Captain Tilton leaves four brothers, William Tilton of Chilmark; Welcome Zebulon Tilton of Vineyard Haven and Willard Tilton of Edgartown. Funeral services will be held at the Vineyard with burial in Chilmark.

PMPM00670-11

PAY TRIBUTE TO TEACHER

Provincetown Graduates Honor Member of Faculty for 46 Years

Special to Standard-Times.

PROVINCETOWN, Feb. 15—About 150 students and graduates of Provincetown High School attended a reception at the High School Tuesday night, given in honor of Miss Phebe E. Freeman of the High School faculty, who is retiring after 46 years as a teacher in Provincetown schools. Officers of the Provincetown High School Alumni Association, who arranged the tribute, suggested that Miss Freeman has perhaps the longest record of service in school teacher ranks of the entire Cape.

Mrs. Anna Y. Cook, a P. H. S. graduate of 1873, who received her diploma in "the first public graduation ceremonies in Provincetown," was present, with her daughter who graduated in 1901, and granddaughter, an alumnus of 1929. The alumni constituted an impressive gathering, which included numerous notables of town life: Mrs. Mary E. Roberts, newly elected school committeewoman; Chairman of Selectmen Frank H. Barnett, one of Miss Freeman's former students; Selectman Jesse D. Rogers; Charles N. Rogers, moderator at the annual town meeting; Mrs. Charles Pennell, wife of the former superintendent of schools; Superintendent of Schools Charles A. Harris.

Draw Up Testimonial

Lawrence A. Days, vice-president of the alumni association, presided. The other officers of the association are: Miss Alice M. Fratus, president; J. Arthur Lopes, treasurer; Frances L. DeRiggs, secretary. An impressive feature was the reading by Superintendent Harris of a testimonial presented to Miss Freeman. The testimonial reads:

"Entering the Provincetown school system in 1888 as a teacher in the High School and continuing in service in the same school until Feb. 23, 1934, Phebe E. Freeman has nearly completed 46 years of continuous service.

"Therefore the alumni association of Provincetown High School wishes to express its profound appreciation and that of her superintendent of schools, her fellow workers, the parents and citizens, for her unfaltering loyalty, her marked professional spirit, her generous and whole-hearted devotion to all her pupils at all times, giving them a type of moral and mental training which has its effect later in life, all emanating from one who possesses practical Christian ideals.

"Be It Resolved: That the members of this association extend to Miss Freeman their sincere wishes that her life be filled with rich and bountiful blessings and that joy which follows eminent and devoted service ever be hers."

Gifts Are Presented

Charles N. Rogers delivered the main address and made the presentation of the alumni association's gift to Miss Freeman, a silver console set of candlestick holders and lamp. He spoke warmly of Miss Freeman's "long years of faithful service and the love and esteem in which she is held by every one of her former students." "Phebe Freeman," concluded Mr. Rogers, "is one of the best friends Provincetown ever had."

Miss Freeman appeared deeply affected when she rose to respond. Her characteristic quiet wit was reflected when she compared the occasion to a time when a High

School party was enroute to Washington, D. C., and one of the students got separated from the party. It was in Philadelphia and the missing youngster, finally turned up, on the run, just as the train was about to depart. "I said to him," related Miss Freeman, "Boy, you don't know how good you look to me.' And he, in turn, replied just as earnestly, 'Miss Freeman, you don't know how good you look to me!' That's exactly how I feel here tonight.

Grateful for Tribute

"When I heard Mr. Rogers' words of praise, I said to myself, 'I don't deserve it, yet I cherish it just the same.' I appreciate what you did last Fall, and I thank you more than words can tell for the paper that has just been read. I can read it over once in a while as the years pass. Indeed, I almost feel as though this were my golden wedding day.

"I voted for this school, you know. I shall have many pleasant memories to recall in connection with my work here."

Following the collation and the talks, the gathering joined in dancing on the gymnasium floor. Among those attending were: Miss Catherine Jason, '19; Miss Nora Perry, '19; Mrs. Anna A. Days, '94; Mrs. Delphine DeRiggs, '12; Mrs. Catherine DeRiggs, '12; Miss Lucinda Anthony, Mrs. Amelia Days, '01; Miss Helen M. Silva, '14; Mrs. Virginia Williams, '07; Mrs. Anna Andrews, '12; Miss Blanche Holmes, '90; Francis Ramon, '24; Miss Cecilia Anthony, '25; Miss Rozilla Santos, '28; Miss Mary Amaral, '32; Miss Cecilia Steele, '19; Leo Silva, '19; Mrs. Mary Silva, '16; Miss Grace Pine, '16; Miss Florence Rock, '13; Mrs. Reba Kelley, '05; Mrs. Georgia M. Lucas, 1900; Miss Mary O'Rork, '27; Mrs. Orie S. Viera, '25; Miss Ruth Swett, '27; Miss Anna M. Nelson, '27; Mrs. Mary V. Chapman, '30; Mrs. Marion Raymond, '24.

1934

SKIPPER WON'T DESERT AUTO

Car Stalls and Search Starts as Captain 'Sticks'

PROVINCETOWN, Dec. 8 (Special)—Applying his sea training not to desert the ship except as a last resort to his flivver operations brought worry to the family of Captain Alfred Mayo, 61-year-old resident of this town yesterday afternoon, and gave the skipper himself a bad few hours.

He departed at 1:30 yesterday afternoon for Wellfleet to look over oyster beds on the bay side of the town in the Herring river section. It is deep, wild country and it was about 2 when the captain turned the nose of his small sedan toward home.

The worst happened. His car left the well worn sandy ruts for new soft sand, and the whole contraption went into a gully. Rather than start a four mile walk to Wellfleet Mayo battled with the car himself through a snow fall of several hours and a cold, high wind.

At 7:30 the family informed Coast Guard stations, State police, town police and a few neighbors of the fact he was missing and about 50 shoved off on a cold and rather melodramatic hunt for a man who knows this wild country better than many of them.

Relatives of the bachelor skipper, the family of his cousin, Frank Mayo, of Commercial street, grew less confident as the hours wore on. The crew of the Cahoon Hollow Coast Guard station found the skipper about 11 o'clock still able to care for himself. He had finally left the car in disgust and was walking for help toward Wellfleet. Mayo allowed himself a few red hot remarks about his car but declined to give details of his experiences. His car was towed in and he is keeping close by the range today.

Sneezing Skipper Unships Teeth; Recovered

(Special to The Standard-Times.)

CHILMARK, Sept. 7—When Captain Charles Forrest of the Provincetown dragger Angeline, moored in Menemsha Basin, arose Tuesday at daybreak, his first inclination was to sneeze. But misfortune followed him to the deck of the dragger, and with the sneeze out when his set of false teeth, over the gunwale, and into the dark basin waters.

Neighboring fishermen noticed the skipper's plight and, after several hours raking with tongs and drags, recovered the lost molars from "Davy Jones' locker."

Inserting the teeth in his mouth, the grateful Captain Forrest shouted, "Well, cookie, how about breakfast?"

PM7M00670-12

PROVINCETOWN SKIPPER DIES

Capt. Manuel C. Santos
Led Fishing Fleet for
50 Years

PROVINCETOWN, March 14—Capt. Manuel C. Santos, 70, who in his 50 years as a fishing schooner captain, consistently brought in the largest catches of any skipper in the north Atlantic, died today at his home, 151 Commercial street.

Capt. Santos had helped build three fishing schooners, and had captained and owned a half dozen more, one of which, the Progress, was a champion in fishermen's races. He was on record in 1904 as having been the "high-liner" (the captain landing the greatest amount of fish) of the Provincetown and Gloucester fleets, and in 10 months in 1917, brought in catches totalling \$90,000 in value.

Born in St. Michael's in the Azores, Capt. Santos came to the United States when 17 and had been a fisherman since. His first ship was the sloop Lear C, with which he surpassed all known records for money-making with that class of vessel.

In 1902 he was given charge of the Phillip P. Manta, and in her he broke all previous records for crew shares in the Provincetown fleet. With Joseph Manta he built the schooners Margaret C. Santos and Antone C. Santos. In succession he owned the schooner Mary P. Goulart and was master of the schooners Joseph E. DeCosta and Isobel Parker, both of Boston.

Capt. Santos fished in the channel grounds and his principal ship, the Mary C. Santos, was known in Provincetown as the "Channel Express." In 1916 the Mary C. Santos fell in ill luck and blew up in Boston harbor with the loss of three men. Capt. Santos himself was injured in the arm.

The veteran skipper retired from the sea 10 years ago, but in 1930 he was persuaded to captain the schooner Progress, which won the fishermen's races that year. The vessel subsequently caught fire and burned and sank to the waterline 50 miles off Chatham. Capt. Santos really forsook the sea then, although he has made fishing trips since.

Capt. Santos, whose wife, Mary C. Santos, died several years ago, has four sons, two of whom are fishing vessel captains. They are Lawrence Santos, master of the Mary P. Goulart, and Frank Santos, of the Gloucesterman Rohodora, and Antone and Manuel Santos. There also is a daughter, Miss Lea Santos of Boston, and a brother, Frank Santos of Provincetown.

The funeral will be held here Saturday.

Five Boats Hunt Vineyard Craft Lost With 2 Men

Dragger Alice May Vanishes on Way to Woods Hole with Fish Cargo

UNABLE TO FIND DEBRIS

Earle Wade and Manuel Canha Believed Swamped by Heavy Seas

Special to Standard-Times.

WOODS HOLE, Oct. 3—Disappearance of the Vineyard Haven dragger Alice May remained a mystery today as Coast Guard patrol boats 285 and 281, with three fishing vessels, the Quest, the Halberd and the 3 & 1, left at daybreak to resume search for the boat and its two-man crew.

Manned by Earle Wade, 38, of Union Street, and Manuel Canha, 26, of Beach Street, both of Vineyard Haven, the Alice May was bound for Woods Hole early yesterday morning accompanied by the 3 & 1 and Quest. At about 2:30 a. m., Thomas Tilton, a member of the crew on one of the other vessels, noticed the lights of the Alice and May were not visible.

Notify Coast Guard.

The two vessels turned back, and after a fruitless search for the dragger, they made for Woods Hole where Coast Guards were notified. At daybreak yesterday, Coast Guards of the Gay Head and Woods Hole stations started searching for the boat. A theory that it may have put in at some cove at Nomansland was dispelled when no sign of the boat was found at that island.

Fishermen declared the Alice and May was heavily loaded with 10,000 pounds of flounder and expressed belief heavy seas may have swamped the vessel.

Coast Guards searched the spot where the boat was last seen, but were unable to find any floating debris such as would come to the surface if she had sunk.

The two vessels put about, but after searching the waters, were unable to find any sign of either the Annie May or her crew. A three-day search by fishermen and Coast Guards failed until a few parts of the boat were found on the south shore of Marthas Vineyard Tuesday.

Part of the lost dragger came ashore last night on the westward end of Cuttyhunk, the Coast Guard station there reported this morning. The wreckage consisted of one side of the hull and the wheelhouse.

Married Acushnet Girl.

Canha was born in Vineyard Haven, 26 years ago, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Canha. After attending schools there, he followed his father's occupation of sea fishing. He was married to Dora Authier, formerly of Acushnet, four years ago. Besides his widow, he leaves two small children; his parents; two brothers, Frank and John Canha; and two sisters, Miss Mary Canha and Mrs. A. R. Jardin, all of Marthas Vineyard. He attended St. Augustine's Roman Catholic Church.

Mr. Wade, who was 43, was born in Oak Bluffs, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wade. He was the last of their four children. The family moved to Vineyard Haven when he was a boy, and it was from that port he began following the sea at 16, after leaving Tisbury School.

Engaged to Wed.

He was engaged to marry Miss Mae Eccleston, of New Bedford, former world-famed high diver and swimmer. He leaves only his mother, Mrs. Ida Wade, with whom he lived on Union Street, Vineyard Haven. He was a member of Marthas Vineyard Lodge, A. F. & A. M., and attended the Baptist Church.

PROVINCETOWN SKIPPER DIES

Capt. Manuel C. Santos
Led Fishing Fleet for
50 Years

PROVINCETOWN, March 14—Capt. Manuel C. Santos, 70, who in his 50 years as a fishing schooner captain, consistently brought in the largest catches of any skipper in the north Atlantic, died today at his home, 151 Commercial street.

Capt. Santos had helped build three fishing schooners, and had captained and owned a half dozen more, one of which, the Progress, was a champion in fishermen's races. He was on record in 1904 as having been the "high-liner" (the captain landing the greatest amount of fish) of the Provincetown and Gloucester fleets, and in 10 months in 1917 brought in catches totalling \$90,000 in value.

Born in St. Michael's in the Azores, Capt. Santos came to the United States when 17 and had been a fisherman since. His first ship was the sloop Lear C, with which he surpassed all known records for money-making with that class of vessel.

In 1902 he was given charge of the Phillip P. Manta, and in her he broke all previous records for crew shares in the Provincetown fleet. With Joseph Manta he built the schooners Margaret C. Santos and Antone C. Santos. In succession he owned the schooner Mary P. Goulart and was master of the schooners Joseph E. DeCosta and Isobel Parker, both of Boston.

Capt. Santos fished in the channel grounds and his principal ship, the Mary C. Santos, was known in Provincetown as the "Channel Express." In 1916 the Mary C. Santos fell in ill luck and blew up in Boston harbor with the loss of three men. Capt. Santos himself was injured in the arm.

The veteran skipper retired from the sea 10 years ago, but in 1930 he was persuaded to captain the schooner Progress, which won the fishermen's races that year. The vessel subsequently caught fire and burned and sank to the waterline 50 miles off Chatham. Capt. Santos really forsook the sea then, although he has made fishing trips since.

Capt. Santos, whose wife, Mary C. Santos, died several years ago, has four sons, two of whom are fishing vessel captains. They are Lawrence Santos, master of the Mary P. Goulart, and Frank Santos, of the Gloucesterman Rohodora, and Antone and Manuel Santos. There also is a daughter, Miss Lea Santos of Boston, and a brother, Frank Santos of Provincetown.

The funeral will be held here Saturday.

Five Boats Hunt Vineyard Craft Lost With 2 Men

Dragger Alice May Vanishes on Way to Woods Hole with Fish Cargo

UNABLE TO FIND DEBRIS

Earle Wade and Manuel Canha Believed Swamped by Heavy Seas

Special to Standard-Times.

WOODS HOLE, Oct. 3—Disappearance of the Vineyard Haven dragger Alice May remained a mystery today as Coast Guard patrol boats 285 and 281, with three fishing vessels, the Quest, the Halberd and the 3 & 1, left at daybreak to resume search for the boat and its two-man crew.

Manned by Earle Wade, 38, of Union Street, and Manuel Canha, 26, of Beach Street, both of Vineyard Haven, the Alice May was bound for Woods Hole early yesterday morning accompanied by the 3 & 1 and Quest. At about 2:30 a. m., Thomas Tilton, a member of the crew on one of the other vessels, noticed the lights of the Alice and May were not visible.

Notify Coast Guard.

The two vessels turned back, and after a fruitless search for the dragger, they made for Woods Hole where Coast Guards were notified. At daybreak yesterday, Coast Guards of the Gay Head and Woods Hole stations started searching for the boat. A theory that it may have put in at some cove at Nomansland was dispelled when no sign of the boat was found at that island.

Fishermen declared the Alice and May was heavily loaded with 10,000 pounds of flounder and expressed belief heavy seas may have swamped the vessel.

Coast Guards searched the spot where the boat was last seen, but were unable to find any floating debris such as would come to the surface if she had sunk.

The two vessels put about, but after searching the waters, were unable to find any sign of either the Annie May or her crew. A three-day search by fishermen and Coast Guards failed until a few parts of the boat were found on the south shore of Marthas Vineyard Tuesday.

Part of the lost dragger came ashore last night on the westward end of Cuttyhunk, the Coast Guard station there reported this morning. The wreckage consisted of one side of the hull and the wheelhouse.

Married Acushnet Girl.

Canha was born in Vineyard Haven, 26 years ago, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Canha. After attending schools there, he followed his father's occupation of sea fishing. He was married to Dora Authier, formerly of Acushnet, four years ago. Besides his widow, he leaves two small children; his parents; two brothers, Frank and John Canha; and two sisters, Miss Mary Canha and Mrs. A. R. Jardin, all of Marthas Vineyard. He attended St. Augustine's Roman Catholic Church.

Mr. Wade, who was 43, was born in Oak Bluffs, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wade. He was the last of their four children. The family moved to Vineyard Haven when he was a boy, and it was from that port he began following the sea at 16, after leaving Tisbury School.

Engaged to Wed.

He was engaged to marry Miss Mae Eccleston, of New Bedford, former world-famed high diver and swimmer. He leaves only his mother, Mrs. Ida Wade, with whom he lived on Union Street, Vineyard Haven. He was a member of Marthas Vineyard Lodge, A. F. & A. M., and attended the Baptist Church.

Seagulls Nestle on Top Of One Another to Keep Warm

Pile Four Stories High on Cape Tip, Swears Veracious Fisherman

Special to Standard-Times.

PROVINCETOWN, Dec. 30—Provincetown's clever, resourceful seagulls gathered under wharves and caught up on their sleeping this morning by nestling on top of one another, three and four tiers high. It was that cold at the tip end of Cape Cod.

A veracious fisherman swears he observed clusters of the gulls keeping warm in this fashion. The smart birds, he said, kept their balance by forming two rows close together and then their comrades piled on top four stories high. They seemed quite comfortable. Other gulls clustered around chimneys on the roofs of fish freezing plants to avoid having their wings frozen by great clouds of icy vapor that rose from the harbor.

Forage on Clams

The more active gulls, foraging for breakfast, picked up hard-shelled clams on the beach, and dropped them while in flight over the town wharf, the only place not snowed under, and then alighted beside the, shattered clam to pick out the meat.

The minimum temperature was six below. A Coastguardsman at Race Point Station reported that when he went on surf patrol early yesterday morning he wore two suits of "Brand Banks underwear," two pairs of heavy woolen socks, heavy flannel trousers, dungarees, a windproof jacket, a pea coat and sou'wester. The peak of weather freakishness, however, was related by an old native who got up this morning to discover his radio was "frozen." The man said the radio had given faithful service for five years, hence he was quite surprised when a broadcast came out in jerky fashion and a crooner stayed

on one note for 15 minutes. The radio was turned off. Later, after the room was well heated, the owner tried it out again. The reception was perfect.

It was so cold in Provincetown that fish venturing up near the surface were frozen stiff, Captain Manuel Enos, this town's authority on sea lore, announced today. Captain Enos pointed to great clouds of icy vapor steaming over the harbor, explaining that was a sure sign there are many frozen fish on the harbor bottom.

Said Captain Enos: "Y'see these fish, curious like anyone else, come up now and then to have a look around, but on a day like yesterday was it's fatal for 'em. The water's so cold near the surface the fishes' gills are frozen and the poor fish drops to the bottom like a chunk of lead."

Coldest in 40 Years

It was the coldest day in 40 years, according to Captain Enos, who was rescued 40 years ago this Winter from the foundering schooner Gertrude Winsor. He and his crew of 22 men were pulled through a rough surf in the Peaked Hill Bars section in breeches buoy apparatus. It was midnight, the temperature was four below. In Boston it was eight below.

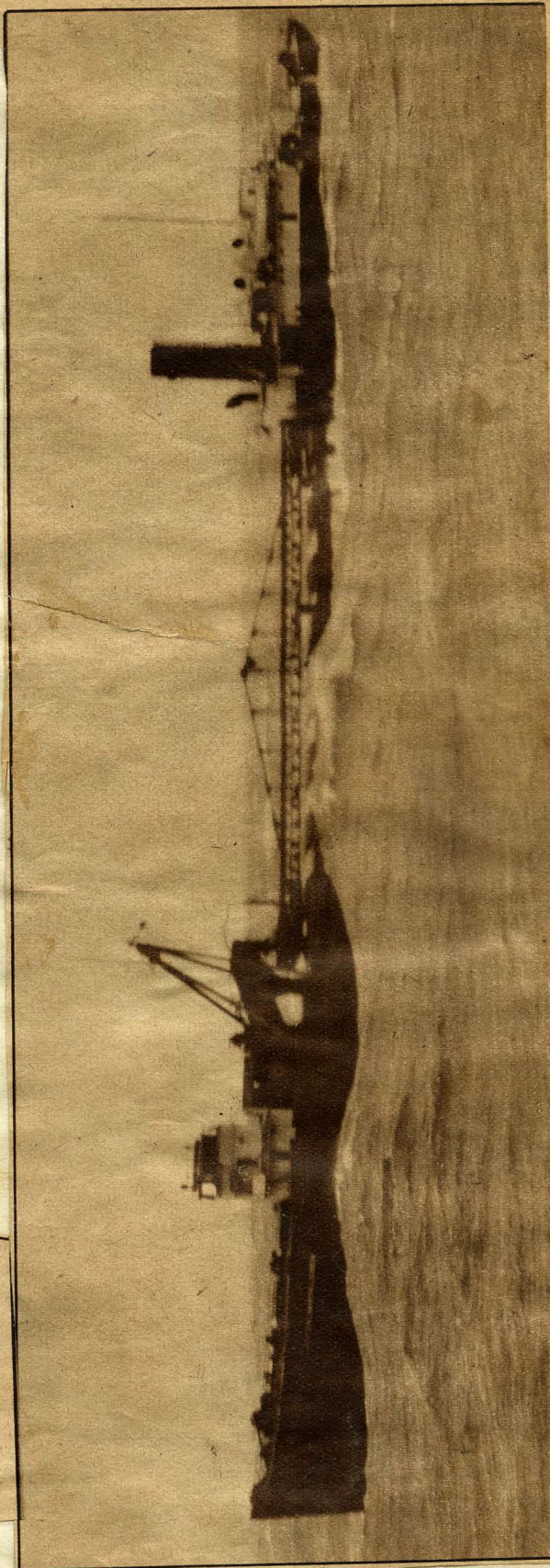
Coast Guardsmen fear that if the cold weather hangs on there will be large ice floes drifting here from the Orleans, Wellfleet and Truro shores, with the possibility of a blockade in this harbor. Men of the Wood End Coast Guard Station could not get to their power lifeboat yesterday, as the harbor's edge in that vicinity was packed with ice floes.

William D. Carlos, local sportsman, appealed to nature lovers to save the many species of birds at the Cape tip from perishing. He suggested that grain and suet be spread about the woods for the birds, starving because of the snow and frozen earth.

Another Sea Casualty
Waves sweeping over the
collier H. F. De Bardel-
eben just before it sank
500 miles off Nantucket
Lightship. The picture
was taken from the Coast
Guard cutter Ossipee that
saw the crew removed to
safety.

Associated Press

1932



PMPM00670-14

Two Men Injured When Boat Explodes

From Advocate Dec. 17, 1931

Two men were injured Monday morning at 4 a. m., when the engine of their fishing vessel, "Liberty," back-fired and a terrific explosion followed.

Manuel Santos, 43, of 127 Bradford street, owner and captain of the 42-foot boat "Liberty", was severely injured. He suffered a wound on the side of his face. Deep burns are on his face and both hands, and a gash over his right eye. He will be incapacitated for two or three weeks.

His partner, Frank Marshall, 55, of 22 Alden street, escaped with less injuries. He received burns on his face and his right leg was bruised. Both patients were attended by Dr. Daniel H. Hiebert.

Captain Santos was starting the engine preparatory to moving out to his harbor mooring, when the engine back-fired. The engine room was full of gasoline fumes and caused the explosion which followed.

Mr. Marshall was casting off the lines of the vessel when the explosion came and was thrown overboard into the water. He hit a pile on the wharf. The streaks of burning gasoline spread over the surface of the water near him, and at any moment he feared that the flames would surround him.

Mr. Marshall could not swim and hampered by the weight of his heavy clothing, he was helpless. He clung to the piles of Higgins' wharf and called for help. Nearby fishermen on the wharf ran to his rescue and threw him a line. Captain Santos was blown thru the engine room onto the deck where he lost consciousness for a moment. When he recovered his senses he hastily climbed up the rigging, hoping to escape from the flames. A rope was thrown to him, and he was hauled onto the wharf.

Both sufferers were hastily carried to Dr. Hiebert's office, where the physician attended them.

The fishermen who aided the trapped men were in fish sheds in the neighborhood when the explosion occurred. men were in the fish sheds on Higgins' wharf the explosion occurred.

The boat, a flounder dragger, was demolished. The fire apparatus, however, upon their response to the frantic alarms sounded by the cold storage plants, saved the hulk. Opinions were frankly expressed by fellow-fishermen that it would cost far too much money to rebuild the charred, cracked vessel.

The "Liberty" was not insured. A total loss of \$5,000 was reported.

This vessel was purchased thirteen years ago by Captain Santos from Joseph Macara.

Sunday afternoon the vessel came in from a fishing trip on account of propeller trouble. The afternoon was spent correcting the trouble, and by night the vessel was in order for the next day's work.

No damage was done to Higgins' wharf. When the fire engines arrived the wharf was guarded so that no sparks would ignite the lumber.

The Wood End Coast Guard picket boat, 2339, was cruising about when the explosion was heard by the Coast Guardsmen aboard her. Captain Manuel Henrique, officer in charge, raced the boat to the scene of the disaster. But when he arrived the men were already saved.

The 2339 stood by for some time, then making sure the danger was over, Captain Henrique went on his way.

The explosion was heard throughout the greater part of the town.

His Reward a Debtor's Cell

THE school histories say that Robert Morris, a merchant and banker of Philadelphia, on January 1, 1777, won a victory for the American cause in the Revolution and saved the Continental army when he started out before daylight, went from house to house, begged money from his friends and finally got \$50,000 in "hard" money. This he sent to Gen. George Washington who was in desperate need of it to get his soldiers to re-enlist.

But the school histories are silent about the man who, Robert Morris himself once declared, saved the Revolution with his loans of more than ten times the amount Morris collected on that historic New Year's day and whom a grateful republic allowed to die in debtor's prison with \$400,000 of the \$600,000 he had advanced it still unpaid and his body to lie to this day in an unmarked grave. In fact, it is doubtful if a single school history contains the name of Haym Salomon, a Jew.

Salomon was born in Prussian Poland in 1740. When he came to New York some years before the Revolution he was a widely-traveled, well-educated young man and although he had nothing to gain and much to lose by doing so, he espoused the patriot's cause. When the British troops took possession of New York, Salomon, with many other American sympathizers were thrown into the gloomy old prison known as the Provost, but fortunately for the cause he escaped and went to Philadelphia.

In the Quaker city he quickly built up a large fortune as a merchant and banker. When the dark days of the Revolution came and the struggle for independence seemed doomed to failure because of lack of money, Salomon, through Robert Morris, lent large sums to the Continental congress and in addition made loans to such patriot leaders as Jefferson, Wilson, Ross, Duane, Reed, Mercer, Arthur Lee, Joseph Jones and Harrison Randolph, to innumerable officers and enlisted men in the Continental army and to ministers and agents of foreign countries cut off from home by the British blockade.

Just as his career was marked by an early rise to fortune, so was it marked by an early descent to impoverishment. The new government could not or would not repay him and many individuals whom he had befriended forgot his help. Saddened by this ingratitude, both public and private, and finally thrown into a debtor's prison he died at the age of forty-five years. He was buried in the cemetery of Congregation Mikre Israel in Philadelphia and when in 1917 his great grandson, William Salomon of New York, placed a memorial tablet there it had to be put on the east wall of the inclosure because no one knew where the grave was.

From the Advocate Dec. 10, 1931.



16. A 270 LB. HALIBUT CAUGHT AT PROVINCETOWN, CAPE COD, MASS.

72754



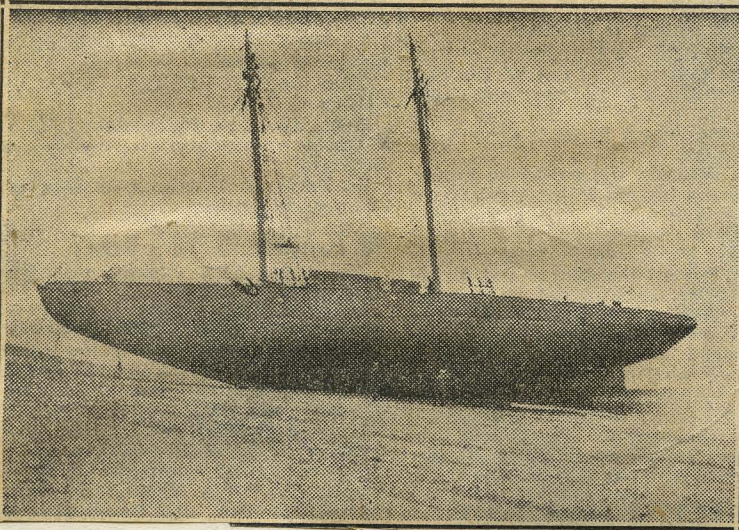
65 SCHOOL OF ARTISTS ON BEACH AT PROVINCETOWN, CAPE COD, MASS.

213-29

PMPM00670-16

SCHOONER ELK STILL ON SAND NEAR RACE POINT LAST NIGHT

Attempts to Move Her Abandoned Until Tide Comes In—Position Is Critical



SCHOONER ELK, HIGH AND DRY

Special Dispatch to the Globe

PROVINCETOWN, June 4—The schooner Elk of Gloucester was held prisoner on the ocean beach, near Race Point Coast Guard Station tonight, Coast Guardsmen having given up attempts to move her until the next high tide early tomorrow morning. She is leaking, her keel is buried four feet in the sand, and she stands in a critical position should rough seas develop.

The cutter Mojave, which sped from Boston to the scene, succeeded in getting a bridle line about the schooner this afternoon, with the aid of the crews of the Wood End and Race Point Coast Guard stations, but before the work of towing her into deep water could be attempted the tide receded, and the salvagers were forced to quit. The 16 men of the crew, headed by Capt Jaquin V. Brown, remained aboard the vessel tonight.

Large crowds of townsfolk and

Summer inhabitants went to the beach to watch the work. The vessel was pointed head-on over the beach, where she stranded early this morning. Capt Brown attributed the grounding to a lack of knowledge of this stretch of coastline by the two men at the wheel and the fact that he was called an hour late to his watch. The night was clear and the sea flat calm.

The Elk, which lost her two spars in a bad storm off the Nova Scotia coast two Winters ago, is partially insured. Owned by Gorton Pew Fisheries Company, Ltd, she is valued at \$20,000. She was bound from Gloucester to Provincetown to take on bait.

A shift to bad weather is likely to do severe damage to the schooner, Boatswain Edward B. Andrews, skipper of the Race Point Station, said tonight.

1935



Drowsy Man

at the wheel is blamed for schooner Elk of Gloucester being high and dry near Race Point, Provincetown. Crew of 16 jumped off bow on to shore. Craft

(Daily Record Photo)

June 4, 1935

PMPMO0670-17

CAPE COD STANDARD-TIMES, MONDAY, JUNE 7, 1937.

Dragger Annabelle R Is Top Power in Cape Tip Harbor



The Annabelle R, new dragger addition to the Provincetown fleet, owned by Joseph Macara and captained by his son Manuel Macara, was a former rumrunner with 300 horsepower engines. Converted to 110 horsepower, the Annabelle is now top power in the harbor at the Cape Tip, and may lead the fleet in hauls.

Boat on extreme left of the 3 grouped in gas scallop dredger.

PMPM00670-18

JOT SMALL
N.Y. POST.
As the July 26
1939
Crow Flies

By ERNEST L. MEYER

PROVINCETOWN, Mass.—Every man, as James Hilton observes accurately, has his Shangri-La, his dream city beyond the mountains where no winds of hatred blow and where life is a pleasant unfolding.

Not exempt from this universal longing is Jonathan Small, known locally as "Jot." Short, wiry, bald and tanned, with a face like a puckered pippin, Jot runs a little restaurant here known as Jot's Galley, Eat Ship-Shape, where both chowder and tales are served up hot.

When Jot was a lad in Provincetown, his neighbor was a boy named Donald MacMillan. Jot stayed here, learning the arts of fishing, boat-building and cookery, but Donald went away to Bowdoin College, where they made him a scientist and a very fine gentleman to boot.

In 1912 the American Museum of Natural History outfitted an expedition to the Arctic and named MacMillan as commander. And Commander MacMillan immediately signed on his old chum Jonathan Small as cook and chief mechanic. Which was not merely neighborly but wise, for Jot was a fellow of infinite resources, with a special talent for constructing kyacks and clam pines.

Land of the Long Nights

The story of the Shangri-La of Jot Small is the story of this journey to the Far North. After a year's adventuring and a series of mishaps, the Bowdoin expedition split into two parties. One group fought its way back to civilization. The other, consisting only of Jot and the Commander and a handful of Eskimos, was marooned north of Greenland.

Word of their plight reached the outer world, and the American Museum of Natural History dispatched a rescue vessel. It was wrecked. The museum outfitted a second ship, a reconditioned sealer equipped with steel plates, and the craft went crashing through the ice floes on its mission of mercy.

Meanwhile, Commander MacMillan and Jonathan Small and their Eskimos were having the time of their lives. They lived snugly in a big igloo. The Commander was busy keeping records of the flora and fauna and the meteorological vagaries of the Far North. He reveled in log-books and statistics.

And Jot wrestled with the more edible facts of life. From the Eskimos he learned the fine art of hunting seal and walrus and Polar bear, and the art of concocting savory stews, collops and ragouts from the provender of the Pole.

During the long nights, when the log-book was closed and the last kettle cleaned, the Commander and Jot would play a game. They would start at the western tip of Front Street in Provincetown and try to recall the name of every household-er to the eastern town limits. Long and detailed was the debate on whether a Silva or a Mayo lived at No. 423. Though the question was important, they never came to blows.

+ + +

The Dreadful Awakening

Thus two whole years passed. Pleasant years of labor and learning, of simple wants simply filled, of daily tasks and fugitive delights. This, truly, was the Shangri-La of the North.

And one morning Jot left the igloo and saw in the breaking ice of the harbor the black outlines of the ship come to save them. He raced back to the igloo and shook the sleeping Commander.

"Mac," roared Jot. "Mac, wake up! We're rescued, damn it!"

"To the Editor of the Post:

"Sir—How was Wall street in New York city named?"

Wall street derives its name from the wall built in 1653 by Stuyvesant to protect the settled area within from both the British and the Indians. The wall was removed in 1699.

PMPM00670-19

Sept 19, 1929
 PROVINCETOWN ADVOCATE THURSDAY, SE

SWALLOWED BY A WHALE

In March, 1863, the one-hundred-ton schooner G. W. Lewis, Holmes, master, left Provincetown, bound to the southward for whales. One fine day just after dinner when she was off the Cape Verde Islands, a large whale was raised down to leeward.

It was evident to all hands that the whale was a sperm for he spouted forward, instead of straight up, and at regular intervals of about a minute. His size clearly indicated that he was a bull, and all hands were in great glee at the prospect both of an exciting chase and of a large yield of oil.

As the Lewis bore away for him, he went down. But the captain stood on until he thought they were near where the whale would come up, then he hove to, hauled his jib to windward and lowered two boats.

Captain Holmes was at the steering oar of one boat and Mate Nye was in the other.

In these boats there are usually five men besides the one in command, who steers the boat up to the whale. A man in the bow called the "boat-steerer" throws the harpoon, and then comes aft and takes the steering oar while the captain goes forward ready to lance the whale as soon as the opportunity occurs.

The boats started off in slightly different directions, and when they were about a mile apart the whale came up. A few vigorous strokes put the mate's boat alongside of him; the boat-steerer threw the harpoon and they were fast.

The whale immediately began sounding, and ran out about one hundred fathoms of the three hundred they had in the two tubs. Then Nye went forward and they began to take in the slack.

The whale came up within thirty

feet of the boat, and Nye brought the gun to his shoulder and fired a bomb into him well forward.

These guns are made, stock and all, of brass, and are fired from the shoulder like an ordinary musket. On top of the powder is placed a leather wad with a hole in it, and into this hole fits a little nub of sealing wax which projects from the bottom of the bomb, which is an iron cylinder fifteen inches long and one inch in diameter.

When the gun is fired, the flame of the powder ignites a fuse leading into the cylinder—which is itself full of powder—and explodes it inside the whale.

A second time Nye fired, and down went the whale. But the second shot seemed to have about finished him, for he soon arose and lay on his side with his belly toward the boat, decidedly a sick whale.

The sea was becoming rough. Nye wishing to end the contest, hauled up close to the whale and shoved a hand lance into him. Quick as a flash the whale threw his head round, and at the same time made a vicious snap in the direction of the boat.

His lower jaw hit her bow and smashed it clean off, and this threw the mate, who had been standing there, into the water directly between the huge jaws.

They came together with a rush, closing on the mate's legs just below the knees, and down sank the whale with his prisoner, through the foam and swirl of the waters.

The teeth of the sperm whale are in the lower jaw three or four inches apart and fit into sockets in the upper jaw.

Into two of these three or four-inch spaces fitted the legs of the mate, who could congratulate himself that he was long and thin rather than short and stout.

The whale kept sinking until it seemed to Nye that he was going to the very bottom, but the probability is that he did not go down more than five fathoms.

If he had gone to the bottom or had forged ahead, or had stayed down a minute longer than he did, Nye would never again have been seen alive.

Borne downward in this terrible vise-like grip, with the waters closing over his head, the mate did not for a moment lose his presence of mind, but placing his hand against the head of the whale, tried his utmost to free himself.

It was of no avail, and saying to himself, "I've got to go now", unable to refrain longer from breathing, his lungs filled with water, everything grew black, and he became insensible.

Meantime the second boat had come up, picked up the wrecked boat's crew and was hanging about the scene of the disaster, when all hands were greatly relieved to see the body of the mate rise to the surface. It was quickly followed by the whale, which was dead.

They immediately put back to the ship; Nye was take aboard, and after long-continued efforts was brought back to life. He has often declared that he suffered so much in the operation that he wished they had left him alone.

Such was the experience of the mate of the G. W. Lewis, when, as he said, he "guessed he came about as near to slipping his cable as any man ever did and yet live".

J. OTIS.

PMPM00670-20

STONE SAYS
1939

DEATH TAKES CAPTAIN WEST

One of Last of Whaling
Skippers Passes On



CAPTAIN NEWTON P. WEST

Retired whaling captain, who died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Pigeon, former member of the Boston school committee.

Following a long illness Captain Newton P. West, one of the last of the famous old whaling skippers that sailed out of Provincetown, died yesterday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Eliza-

Embargo Mrs. Roosevelt, Mussolini's Paper Urges

By The United Press.
ROME, Nov. 7—An embargo on Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt would be an excellent precautionary measure for the United States if it wants to remain out of the war, Premier Benito Mussolini's newspaper, Popolo d'Italia, said in a front-page editorial today.

While President Roosevelt proclaims the United States' determination to stay out of the conflict, the paper said, the First Lady, for various reasons, thinks the United States should intervene.

Elizabeth W. Pigeon, former Boston school committee member, 58 White street, East Boston.

After retiring from the whaling industry Captain West became associated with the United Fruit Company at their terminal in Jamaica where as supercargo he directed the loading of the steamers of the Great White Fleet that sailed from there for England, for New York and Boston. He retired from this work nearly a score of years ago but annually since, he has journeyed to Kingston and Port Antonio to spend the winter months.

The funeral will be held tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock in the Taylor Funeral Chapel in Provincetown and the burial will be in the Provincetown cemetery.

THAT'S HIM

The teacher was explaining the difference between the stately rose and the modest violet.

"You see, children," she said, "a beautiful, well-dressed woman walks along the street, but she is proud and does not greet anybody—that is the rose. But behind her comes a small creature with bowed head—"

"Yes, miss, I know," Tommy interrupted. "That's her husband."—L. & N. Magazine.

RECLUSE PAYS UP ON TAXES

Was on Welfare Though
Worth \$100,000

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 1—Anthony Cassetta, 60 years old, recluse, who according to internal revenue agents was hoarding \$100,000, while accepting relief from the city and State, walked into the City Hall today and paid taxes of \$26.46 on real estate. The federal government forced him to pay \$4000 on hidden income recently.

The city of Newport and the Rhode Island State government had taken no steps today to recover monies paid Cassetta while on the WPA or the SURA, or FERA, during the past six years. "Ponzi," as intimates have known him in the past, uncovered Polish and Italian bonds and a number of bank accounts during an investigation recently inspired by the Department of Justice.

Cassetta, who is listed as a laborer and who registered complaints recently when discharged from a municipal job on the Easton's Pond dam, lived in a box-like shack at the edge of the North dump and his "estate" is littered with debris. Today he said "All I ask is to be left alone. A man has a right to put aside some protection for his old age."

PMPM00670-21

First to Steam the Atlantic

Excerpt from The Manchester Guardian Weekly

EARLY in 1838, the people of the Old and New Worlds were much pre-occupied with the coming transatlantic race between the rival steamships Great Western and British Queen, then nearing completion in England. Several vessels had previously made partial use of steam during long ocean passages, but scientists had ridiculed the idea that steam could ever be the main source of power for long voyages.

It was fated that neither of the prospective contenders should be first across the Atlantic under continuous steam power. The Great Western was almost ready to sail; but the British Queen's engines failed, and the company building her, determined to beat the Great Western, chartered the Sirius, a small coasting paddle-steamer. She was a pigmy compared with her rival: 412 tons net. Her crew numbered 38, her passengers 40; all of them would not have filled one of the Queen Mary's lifeboats.

On April 4, the Sirius steamed from Passage West, seven miles below Cork, with thousands lining the river banks to

cheer her on her way. Her voyage of 2897 nautical miles across the Atlantic is an epic of courage, determination and tenacity on the part of her captain, Lieutenant Richard Roberts, R.N. During her passage of 18 days she had 11 days of gales and head winds, and a shortage of coal developed. Much rosin — part of her cargo — had to be burned, and her commander feared he would have to burn the saloon furniture and part of her masts. More than once the crew were on the verge of mutiny, and many times her passengers implored him to turn back.

But at 10 p.m., April 22, the Sirius arrived at New York, 11 hours before the Great Western, whose captain attended the official banquet given Lieutenant Roberts by the Mayor.

As the *N. Y. Herald* put it: "The excitement of Monday was further increased by the arrival of the Great Western. The Sirius, however, is the pioneer and to her the glory is due." Her voyage will keep her name honored as long as steamships cross the Western Ocean.

— Alexander Bone

Misplaced Mirth

The mirth which greeted the discovery that a prize painting at the recent exhibition of the National Academy of Design was hung, and judged, wrong side up, is entirely misplaced. To assume that the position in which the Fossil Hunters was seen was an accident shows a lack of familiarity with modern art, and so does the speculation as to whether the picture would have been awarded prize if it had been hung right side up. The clue to the riddle is found in the statement attributed to the artist—that he is confident his canvas was hung in its proper position. Of course it was, because for a real honest-to-godness modernistic painting any position is proper. That this is so illustrates the great progress that has been made in painting. Could you hang the Mona Lisa up-

side down? No, indeed. As a painter da Vinci was a modern painter mastered it. Right side up or upside down—it made no difference. Their work was as good one way as the other. This showed progress, but not much, as the same had long been true of playing cards. The next step, therefore, was to make pictures that could be hung any side up. The Fossil Hunters is presumably in this class—adjusted, like a good watch, to four positions. Of course it would have won the prize however it had been hung. All that remains now is to perfect technique to the point where a picture will be equally good front-to or back-to, and that is only a question of time.

Dickensons (P. Town Artist)
 futuristic painting took
 first prize, and was
 discovered to have hung
 upside down while on
 display at the Academy.

1939
DAY, OCTOBER 16,

HOSPITAL OLDEST IN BAY STATE

Marine Institution Was
First Started
in 1804

The origin and history of the Marine Hospital in Chelsea and its close association with the growth of shipping in the Port of Boston and the development of medicine and medical institutions in New England are the subject of a detailed article by D. John W. Trask, director of the hospital in the current issue of the New England Journal of Medicine.

OLDEST IN STATE

The hospital is the oldest hospital in Massachusetts. New quarters are now being built in Brighton. "The Marine Hospital, originally located in Charlestown in 1804, and for the last 112 years in Chelsea, is the product of Massachusetts," the writer says, adding: "The hospital owes its origin to the Boston Marine Society, which, at a meeting held in the Bunch of Grapes Tavern in Boston, Oct. 12, 1790, voted the appointment of a committee for the erection of a marine hospital.

"Of the 11 men who were at the head of the hospital during the first 75 years of its history, all were born in New England," Dr. Trask writes. Eight of these men were from Massachusetts; the rest from New England. Nine of them had medical degrees from Harvard University.

John Adams, later President of the United States, was a member of the Boston Marine Society at that time.

A bill was passed by the Legislature requiring owners of vessels to pay 20 cents per month for each man employed. The act was essentially a form of compulsory sickness and accident insurance, administered by the government to provide medical care and hospitalization for seamen. The money was called the Marine Hospital Fund.

On Castle Island

Dr. Thomas Welsh, one of the incorporators of the Massachusetts Medical Society, was named to have charge of the medical and surgical care of seamen. Barracks were established at Castle Island, sometimes called Fort Independence. He drafted some of the first rules and regulations for the hospital.

In 1802, Congress provided that \$15,000 of the Marine Hospital fund should be devoted to the erection of a permanent hospital in Massachusetts. For this purpose, the Treasury Department secured from the Navy Department a tract of land, purchased some time before for a navy yard. A two-story building with basement was built, and patients moved into it in 1803.

Dr. Charles Jarvis succeeded Dr. Welsh. He was one of the incorporators of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and an "ardent patriot." He died in the hospital in 1807. He was succeeded by Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, who introduced into New England the use of Jenner's vaccine as a preventive of smallpox and, with the personal co-operation of President Jefferson, introduced it in Virginia.

Establishing Clinics

He enlarged the out buildings of the hospital; established an out-patient department and wrote to the Collector of Customs mentioning the need of having access to a hospital so that the students of the Harvard Medical School might have the opportunity of actually seeing conditions described in their lectures, according to the article.

He was succeeded by Dr. David Townsend, who had studied medicine under Dr. Joseph Warren, hero of the Revolution. He accompanied Dr. Warren as regimental surgeon at the Battle of Bunker Hill. He was also with the Colonial army under Washington at Valley Forge. He was physician at the Marine Hospital for 20 years.

During the War of 1812, Dr. Townsend took care of the sick and wounded from the Constitution and of the prisoners taken from the Guerriere after their famous engagement, as well as sick and wounded from other naval engagements and other British prisoners. He followed the policy of Dr. Waterhouse, the article relates, and placed the clinical facilities of the hospital at the disposal of Harvard medical students.

Build Larger Hospital

"With the increase of shipping activities at Massachusetts ports," the article continues, "and the greater number of seamen employed, a hospital with a greater bed capacity became necessary, and in 1826 a 10-acre tract of land in Chelsea was purchased and a larger hospital constructed, to which the marine patients were transferred in Oct. 1827."

Dr. Charles Harrison Stedman succeeded Dr. Townsend. He wrote a number of authoritative medical works. He was succeeded by Dr. George Washington Otis, who was librarian for the Massachusetts Medical Society from 1838-40, and later recording secretary. The next head was George Bailey Loring. He left the hospital to become a member of the House of Representatives, United States Commissioner of Agriculture and United States Ambassador to Portugal.

Dr. Loring was succeeded by Dr. William Ingalls, who was succeeded by Dr. Charles Augustine Davis, under whom the present hospital was built in Chelsea. That was in 1860, the article relates.

26 Other Hospitals Now

The activities of the hospital in the port of Boston grew steadily. In 1820 there were 382 patients treated at the hospital. In 1938 the total number of patients treated was 13,155. Today there are 26 such hospitals in the country. All these were hospitals of the Treasury Department and were administered by the Secretary of the Treasury up until July 1, 1939, when the Public Health Bureau was transferred to and made a part of the Federal Security Agency, under the administration of Paul V. McNutt.

The hospital is now erecting new buildings to meet the growing demands for service. The hospital is being built on Warren street, Brighton. This new group will be the fourth to house the Marine Hospital patients since 1804, not including the barracks at Castle Island. The plan of collecting money from ship owners was discontinued years ago and the deficits paid by the government. Hence, the hospital service was made available to certain governmental employees, such as the United States Coast Guard, the lighthouse service, the Coast and Geodetic survey, and cadets on State school ships.

PMPM00670-24

named for Miss Williams of Highland Weather Station
North Duxbury Mass



(NEWS photo)

Need any ice? The Olive M. Williams brought in plenty yesterday that it has no use for. Decks and rigging are sheathed in white armor plate that even a meat ax will scarcely dent. It's tied up Fulton Fish market after chilly trip. Dec. 18, 1930

PMPM00670-25

Hydro Bull. WHALE SHARK Aug 9, 1939

The Hydrographic Office is cooperating with Dr. E. W. Gudger, of the American Museum of Natural History, in his study of the whale shark, by collecting reports from shipmasters who have sighted or struck these sharks. Reports should be made to this office, where they will be recorded and copies forwarded to Dr. Gudger.

In a recent letter, Dr. Gudger requests that in reporting these sharks the observer's description should include notes on the shape of the head, the position of the mouth, and the shark's coloration.

Capt. J. M. O'Neil, of the American motor vessel *Pacific Queen*, reports that from April 9 to 14, 1939, while fishing for tuna on Gordo Bank, off the tip of Lower California, each day at least one whale shark was circling around and under the ship. While going under the vessel's stern the large dorsal fin and the large upper part of the tail fin would strike on the fishing rack before going under. It was found that tuna were always around these sharks and that the sharks circled around the vessel in order to eat the excessive live bait that was thrown over to attract the tuna. Twice, while in the fishing racks, one of these whale sharks was observed, directly below, to open his mouth in front of a small school of the live bait and by exerting a powerful suction draw them into its mouth. Their movements were very slow and leisurely, and once when one of them was located directly below the rack, about 5 feet under the surface, by placing the end of a pole against its back it was found to be as hard and unyielding as a brick wall. These fish were 40 to 50 feet long, very broad at the head, and shaped exactly like a salt-water bullhead. They had large side fins which had no movement, as far as could be seen, but appeared to be used like the ailerons on a plane to maintain balance. Their bodies, which were very heavy at the head, tapered rapidly toward the tail. The fish were of a dark-green color with large yellowish spots all over the body and head but not on the fins, which were almost black. Their tails and dorsal fins were shaped like those of an ordinary shark. The upper part of their tails and these fins were from 4 to 6 feet high. The mouths are quite large but not located far under the head like those of an ordinary shark but were similar to those of a catfish or bullhead. They were inoffensive in the extreme and attracted little attention after the first day or so.



Streaks of light from the sun to the earth or to a body of water often cause people to remark that the sun is "drawing water."

These people would make you think that thousands of streams of water were actually being drawn up to the sun.

The truth is that the sun does not draw water in any sense, and that the crepuscular rays which one sees are not streams of water at all.

What the sun actually does is to vaporize water wherever it is found and the water vapor rises.

When the sun shines on the rising vapor it appears as streaks, like sun shining into a dusty room.

Remember that fog that we had just at the end of July? The Observant Citizen was interested in just how long the fog horns were in operation during that hazy spell. Captain George E. Eaton, superintendent of the second lighthouse district kindly supplies the figures. He writes in part:

"Information has been obtained from the following stations as to the longest period that the fog signal has been continuously in operation this year, and it is given below:

- "Boston Light Station: Started 10:45 p. m., July 28. Stopped 2:45 p. m., July 30.
- "Boston Lightship: Started 8:40 p. m., July 28. Stopped 6:30 p. m., July 30.
- "Relief Lightship 106 (now on Pollock Rip Lightship Station): Started 4 p. m., July 28. Stopped 12:30 a. m., Aug. 1.

"Below is listed the total number of

hours that the fog signal has been in operation during the fiscal year 1939 (July 1, 1938, to June 30, 1939,) at the following stations:

- "Boston Light Station—808 hours, 25 minutes.
- "Boston Lightship—1074 hours, 35 minutes.
- "Pollock Rip Lightship—1759 hours, 35 minutes."



Today commemorates the beheading of St. John the Baptist at the order of King Herod, who kept a rash promise made to Salome.

At a birthday feast, Salome, daughter of Herodias, danced before Herod and a group who were at the table with him. Herod was pleased with the dance, and told the girl that he would give her anything that she might ask for. She asked her mother, who told her to ask for the head of St. John the Baptist. When she made her request of Herod, he was shocked, but because of his oath, and because of those who were with him at the table, he wouldn't displease the girl. He dispatched an executioner, commanding that the head of St. John the Baptist be brought in on a platter.

St. Augustine said: "Thus the prize was awarded to a dancing girl, the toll exacted for an oath rashly taken and criminally kept."

1938 Salt Urged to Offset Heat

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10 (AP).—The Public Health Service prescribed liberal doses of salt today for the entire American population. If salt lost in perspiration is not replaced regularly and in adequate amounts, an official said, the sweat glands of the body close up and heat prostration results. Some steel plants and other industries in which men work in excessive heat, he said, have cut the number of heat prostrations by as much as 98 per cent by providing salt tablets at every drinking fountain.

"To the Editor of the Post:
"Sir—Is it true that food left in tin cans after they are opened becomes poisonous?"

According to the Canned Fruit and Vegetable Grading Service of the United States Department of Agriculture, it is safe to leave canned goods in "tin" cans for the same length of time it

would be safe to leave them in any other open receptacle. The contents are not affected by any action from the metal.

Rescue of 42 by Crew of Young Phoenix Told in Clipping Held by Falmouth Man

Son of Late John M. Lawrence Treasures Medal Awarded to His Father

Standard-Times Cape Cod Bureau.
FALMOUTH, March 12—John M. Lawrence, who sailed from New Bedford 60 years ago on the whale-ship Young Phoenix, has been dead for 15 years. His story of the eventful rescue of survivors of the Strathmore by the crew of the Young Phoenix, however, preserved in a newspaper clipping handed down to his son, Milton H. Lawrence of this town, makes the account of that drama of the sea as vivid as though Mr. Lawrence were telling it today.

The story of the rescue has become news again through the recent discovery of seven unawarded medals in the New Bedford Customs House, of 11 struck off to reward men of the Young Phoenix for their deed. Mr. Lawrence and the late William T. Davis of Falmouth were among the four who received their medals. Milton Lawrence, who keeps his father's medal as a family heirloom, believes the two were the last survivors of the rescue ship's crew.

Went to Sea at 16

Here is the elder Lawrence's story, as the clipping preserves it: "I was born in 1859 in Teaticket. My father was a whaler and the spirit of adventure seized me when I was quite young. When I was 16 I sailed aboard the packet Emily Mack of Falmouth for New Bedford, a whaler's haven for wanderers from all over the world.

"The casks of oil on the wharves gave me an inspiration and I felt that there was money in the business and a chance to see the world besides. I signed up as steerage boy on the Young Phoenix, commanded by Captain David L. Gifford.

"We sailed out of New Bedford Harbor on July 8, 1875, and cruised in the Atlantic Ocean in search of sperm whales. Only an exciting chase now and then after a whale marked the records of the log book. We made for the Azores after being out a short time to take on a fresh supply of provisions and then headed direct for the Indian Ocean, little thinking that we were speeding before the breeze to give the world a story of pathos and devotion among seafaring men, a story of shipwreck and suffering in which manhood was asserted and womanhood honored.

"We made Tristan da Cunha for water. The Crozet Islands have always been the Eldorado of whalers and before the wreck of the Strathmore they were praised in prose and poetry."

Signal Is Seen

Attracted by a peculiar signal on one of the rocky islands which

they sighted Jan. 3, 1876, the captain ordered the Young Phoenix maneuvered in closer to that particular island as he sighted human beings on the barren spot. The ship's flag was dipped to let the signallers know that they had been seen. Mr. Lawrence's story continues:

"I was on deck at the time and, looking over the rail, tried to make out how many persons were on the rock and wondered who they were. The captain lost no time in having a boat lowered away. He ordered the mate to make a landing and find out who the persons were and if any help could be given them. The mate called to me to get into the boat and I guess that I never got into one any quicker in all my experience.

"As soon as our boat got away from the ship she stood off to sea as the waves were running high and we were too near the rocks for safety. We pulled with all our strength and kept the boat going as if we were after a whale. It was difficult to pick out a good landing place as a fearful surf was breaking on the rocky shore. We thought we could land at a point for which we started but the persons on the rock signalled us not to land there and, running along on the jagged edges of the big rock, they waved to us to make a landing at a point which afterwards we learned was the only place that we could get ashore safely.

"As we neared the rock, to our horror, we saw a man on the rock jump into the water. The heavy seas instantly carried him away from the rock and the next moment he was making a desperate effort to reach our boat. We started for him and, as he came alongside, pulled him into the boat."

Stranded for Months

The man, whose name Mr. Lawrence failed to recall at the time of the interview, related to his rescuers the story of how the Strathmore was wrecked. He told them that there was one woman in the company; that all had been on the verge of starvation for months; and that when he saw the boat coming to their relief he could not restrain himself from jumping into the sea, being crazed with fear that they might not rescue him.

With great difficulty the rescuers landed on the rock-island and were horrified at the scene of wretchedness which faced them. Mr. Lawrence's own story continues:

"In all my life no scenes of wretchedness ever appealed to me as did the pale and wan features of that woman whose emaciated form told plainer than words the suffering and exposure she had undergone during the six months that she and her companions had been prisoners there. Her joy knew no bounds when she got aboard our ship and was placed in

Graphic Record of Sea Epic of 1875 Is Preserved

charge of Captain Gifford's wife, for her exile was at an end.

"It was getting late when we succeeded in loading our boat with as many survivors as it would hold, the woman being the first to be given a safe place in the small boat. The others we took on the first trip were those who had become enfeebled from the exposure. We told the rest to be stout hearted as we would return for them at daylight. They seemed satisfied that they would be rescued soon and cheered us lustily as we shoved off. We reached our ship before it got very dark and the survivors were made as comfortable as possible. We kept the ship as near the scene as possible and were ready to lower away our boat when day dawned."

All Were Rescued

In spite of a heavy sea the whaler succeeded in getting the remaining survivors aboard without mishap and gave them all the spare clothes they had on the ship. The next day when a breeze sprung up they headed north intending to make port and land the shipwrecked company as soon as possible that the news of their rescue would be known to their families and friends and the world.

On the morning of the second day the crew of the Young Phoenix sighted a large ship and, after contacting her, told the captain that they had a shipwrecked company of British subjects aboard and it would be his duty to take them to the nearest port. He could only take half the number but in the afternoon of the same day the remaining survivors were placed aboard a British ship bound for India.

Returning to the whaling grounds Captain Gifford ran the Young Phoenix close to Crozet Islands and sent a boat ashore to explore the place where the sur-

vivors had lived for six months. Mr. Lawrence was a member of the boat crew and his description of the island follows:

"The rock rose perpendicularly out of the sea to a height of 400 feet. We found a spring of pure water flowing there. A more desolate place cannot be imagined. On this rock the shipwrecked company had lived day after day with such scanty supplies that life became unbearable. Here the signals were waved numerous times and

never seen until we sighted them. Sea fowl for food, sea fowl for clothing and for fire together with grass roots were all that the survivors had to live on.

"We found the graves of the five members of the company who had perished and Captain Gifford had the ship's carpenter make five small wooden crosses to mark the last resting places of those who had given up their lives in the struggle."

RMPM00671-27

CAPE'S TIP ROCKED BY EXPLOSION

Veteran Sailor Blown From Catboat Into Nearby Dory

0-1929

PROVINCETOWN, Nov. 16 — Shortly after 3 o'clock this afternoon the West End of the town was rocked by an explosion which narrowly averted killing Ves Ellis, 80, a favorite of the art colony here and a character for half a century in Provincetown.

BOAT BLOWN APART

Ellis' 31-foot catboat, anchored a short distance off shore, was literally blown apart and the veteran blown clear out of his catboat into a dory five feet distant. Tonight found half of Provincetown filling into Will O'Donnell's store, where Ellis is propped up in a cot, to inquire after the condition of the veteran sailor.

Despite his injuries and the protests of his physician, Old Ves insisted upon regaling his guests with a vivid account of his close escape from death, when he concluded that he opined he intended taking a trip to Africa "for a change."

West End of Town Shaken

Ellis was preparing to cook a meal for himself, he stated, and had soaked the stove with kerosene. When he couldn't make it ignite he started to crawl out of the cabin to go ashore. As he did so an explosion resulted which shook the west end of the town.

Will and Herbert Newcomb rushed out to the assistance of Ellis, and found him lying in the bottom of the dory in the midst of debris, splintered timbers and burning embers. He was clutching in his arms his spotted hound "Peggy," that had jumped into the dory just be-

fore the explosion, preparatory to going ashore.

Given First Aid by Artist

All the old salts turned out in dories and rowboats to cruise about and pick up Ellis' equipment, compass, cranberry scoop, gun and supplies, floating on the surface. Ellis was removed to the home of Frederick V. Waugh, who last week was awarded first prize by the National Academy of Designs, where he was given first aid.

He insisted upon being removed to O'Donnell's store where he could hold forth in grand receptive style, and spent the balance of the day and night in recounting his narrow escape from death.



THE 7-YEAR OLD
MOTHER!
A CHINESE PRODIGY
AND HER PROGENY!

The father was 8 years old!
Canton - China 1921

Q.—Is it possible to see the wind?
E. L. D.

A.—The weather bureau says that to see the wind, hold any flat, smooth surface having a straight edge (a straight-backed handsaw is excellent for this purpose) against the wind, but inclined to the vertical, with the straight edge uppermost and leaning with the wind, then sight along this straight upper edge toward a white object. If the wind is moderately strong one will see it pouring over the straight edge like water over a dam. This phenomenon is owing to irregular densities in the air which in turn cause irregular refractions of the transmitted light.

POOR PA



"Ma said our son Jim was like my people until he got to doin' well, but now she declares she's always said he was just like her people."

PMPM00671-28

WILLIAM A. MILLER 1931

PROVINCETOWN, July 10 (Special)—Funeral services will be held at 2 this afternoon at the home, 100 Commercial street, for William A. Miller, 64, fisherman here for 40 years, who died Wednesday noon at the Taunton state hospital.

Mr. Miller suffered a shock about nine years ago when his sloop burned at sea and he had never fully recovered from the experience. He was taken to Taunton two weeks ago after he had left his home and walked into the sea.

While fishing with his partner, Manuel Patrick, off Truro nine years ago in their sloop Golden Eagle, a spark from the engine caught fire to fishing nets. Mr. Miller burned his hand severely in attempting to extinguish the fire but it spread rapidly and he and his partner were forced to abandon the vessel. They rowed their dory from 5 p. m. to 1 a. m. in a heavy sea and finally landed at Long Point, where they were received by the coast guard crew.

Mr. Miller was born in Germany, but came to Provincetown from Gloucester 40 years ago when fishing industry was at its height here. Before taking over the sloop Golden Eagle he was a purser, figuring fish sales, on the famous Provincetown schooner William A. Morse.

He is survived by his wife, Theresa Youngworth Miller, and two half brothers living in Germany.

Typical Scallop Crew With Its Dredges 1931



The Friendship crew of Friendship, Me., forget their arduous tasks for a while to pose for The Times photographer. Captain Cleveland G. Burns, who had no real vacation in 26 years, is quite proud of the performance of his boat, his crew and his dredges. The crew is made up of Joseph Dugas, New Bedford; Charles Dyer and Carl Lammi, Rockland, Me.; Edward Cornell, chef, Cuttyhunk; Felix Rioux, engineer, Neil Lemire and Howard Lewis, all of New Bedford. The Friendship is a frequent visitor in this port.

LIEUT. PAUL E. PURDY 1931

WOODS HOLE, July 3, (Special)—Word was received here last night of the death at Marine Hospital, Staten Island, N. Y., last Tuesday of Lieutenant Paul E. Purdy, formerly executive officer at Base 18, Coast Guard, here. He was 30. Death followed an appendicitis op-

eration, acute peritonitis developing. Lieutenant Purdy was on the destroyer Hunt, convoy for the submarine Nautilus, when it came into this port June 3 en route to the North Pole under Sir Hubert Wilkins.

He was born in Everett, April 13, 1901, and after being graduated from the Massachusetts Training Ship Nantucket, served several years in the Merchant Marine. In 1925 he joined the Coast Guard and became junior lieutenant. From 1926 until 1929 he was at Woods Hole, later served at division headquarters at Norfolk, a., and before becoming ill was an officer of the destroyer Hunt, with headquarters at Staten Island. He is survived by his wife, who lives at Port Richmond, S. I., and his parents, who live in Everett.

**DOGFISH TROUBLE
MACKEREL FLEET**

PROVINCETOWN, July 2 (Special).—Schools of dogfish are creating havoc among the vessels of the mackerel fleet off Chatham, it is reported by fishermen working in that vicinity. Taking the mackerel bait they make off with, or sever, the lines. One large boat, the Isabelle Parker, reporting the ravages of the fish, asserts that in one month, five trips, it lost 60 tubs of trawl at \$16 a tub, while the Mary P. Goulart reports losing 30 tubs in one trip.

Joseph Silva came into port today with 2575 pounds of mackerel, which sold at 2½ cents a pound. Yesterday, he disposed of 2565, medium and large fish. Smaller catches were brought in by other fishermen.

**CAPE ARTIST
LEAVES \$50,000**

Late Charles W. Hawthorne Names Wife as Sole Beneficiary

BARNSTABLE, Jan. 7 (Special)—The late Charles W. Hawthorne of New York and Provincetown, one of America's best known artists, left an estate of \$55,000 according to a will which was filed in Probate court here yesterday. Of this, \$50,000 is personal and the remainder real estate. All is left to Mr. Hawthorne's widow, Mrs. Marion Campbell Hawthorne, who is appointed executrix. Although a son, Jo C. Hawthorne, is left no part of the estate, he is mentioned affectionately. Mr. Hawthorne died in New York, November 29, last, and was buried in Provincetown which he had, of late years, regarded as his home.

RMPM00671-29

"Elmer S."



Diver to Repair Hole in Schooner

WOODS HOLE, Dec. 2 (Special)

—Weather and tidal conditions were favorable this morning for the Elmer S., 52 foot fishing sloop of Provincetown, still fast on a sandbar off Nobska light since yesterday morning. Coast guard officials said this morning that a diver was to go down this forenoon to repair a three foot hole in the lower hull.

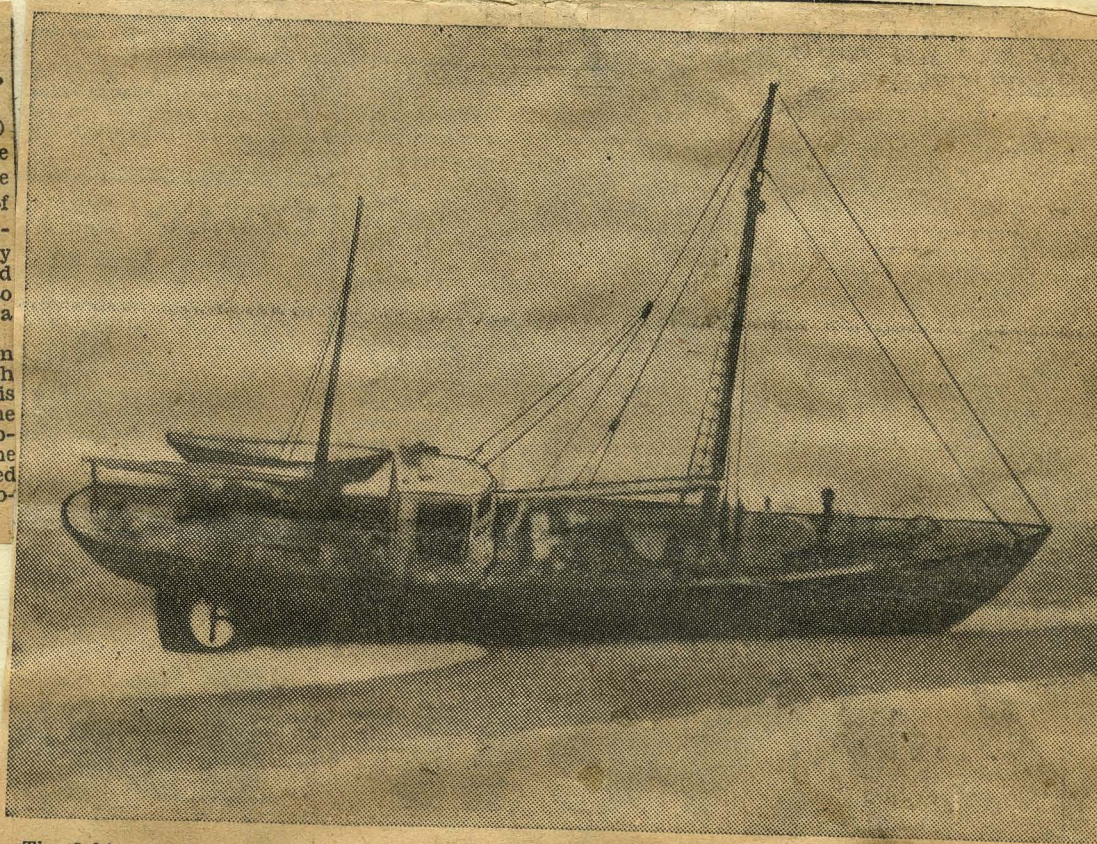
The skipper and crew were taken off by the coast guard, Capt. Joseph Captiva, of Provincetown, and his sons, Francis and John V. were rescued. The Elmer S. struck a submerged rock a mile offshore as she was headed between the two red spar buoys through the channel toward the Cape Cod canal.

Q. Ho wiaat is the population of the world increasing? J. F.

A. It is estimated that 150,000 persons are born every day and 100,000 die. The population of the world, therefore, is increasing by about 50,000 daily.

Leaning Tower

Puzzled, Boston—A leaning structure whose parts are firmly bound together will not fall so long as its center of gravity passes through the base of the structure. A commission appointed by the Italian Government found that the center of the Leaning Tower of Pisa was about 16 feet and that the inclination of the wall was increasing about one-third of an inch in 10 years. At that rate it will take about 300 years for the inclination of the tower to increase to the extent that the line of gravity will come outside the base and the tower fall.

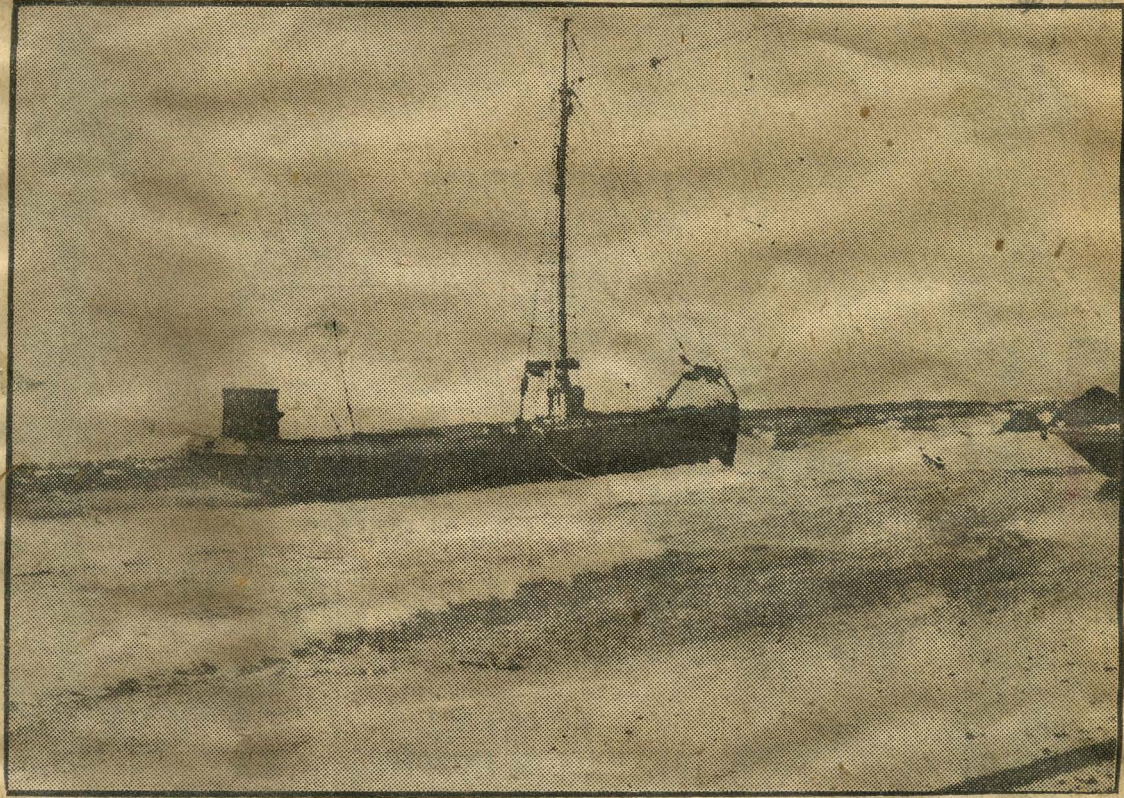


The fishing dragger, Francis J. Manta of Boston, is pictured here hard aground on the beach off Provincetown. Coast Guardsmen and her crew believe it will not be possible to float her. The vessel is valued at \$20,000. She grounded in a blinding snowstorm Wednesday night and her crew of six was rescued by the Coast Guard.

FPM00671-30

EIGHTEEN PAGES.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., T

Dec. 2, 1931
At the Mercy of a Pounding Sea *Dec 3 1931*

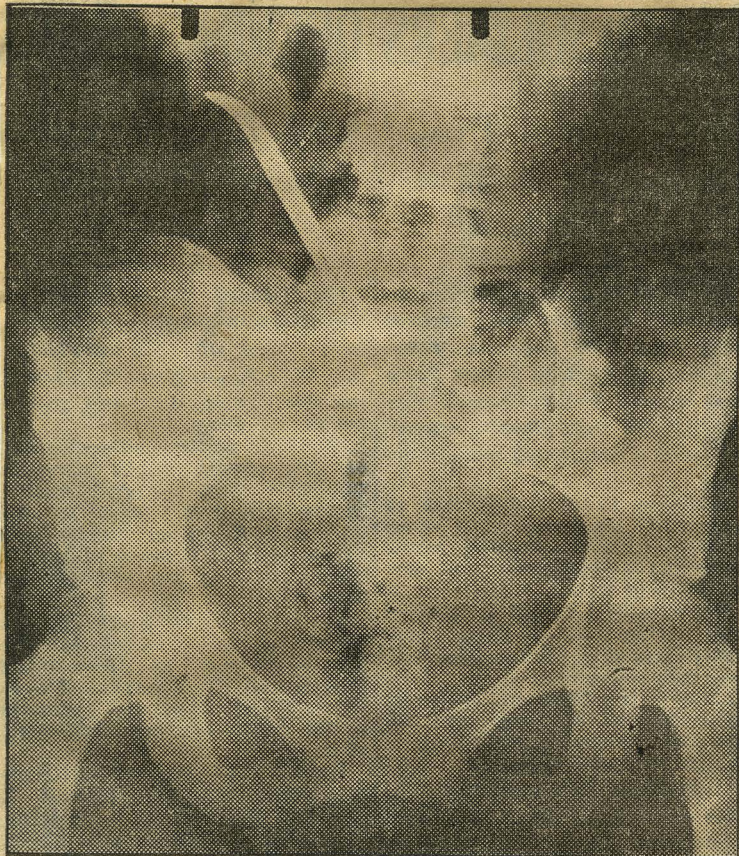
The 52 foot Provincetown fishing sloop Elmer S. is pictured fast on a sandbar off Nobska light, where she grounded after a submerged rock had ripped a gash in her hull Monday. The damage was patched by Sam Girard, diver, working on the inside of the vessel yesterday, and arrangements were made today with the Falmouth Marine Railway company to tow the craft to Falmouth harbor for overhauling if efforts to float her are successful. It was expected the Coast Guard would aid in pulling her off.

PMPM00671-31

June 14, 1938

STANDARD

'Inside Job' of Surgeon



Mrs. Esther Cornett "felt queer" after an operation three years ago and this X-ray picture revealed

the presence of these forceps in her abdominal cavity. They were removed in an operation at Kansas City, Mo., yesterday.

—Associated Press Wirephoto

SAY SMOKING HASTENS HARDENING OF THE ARTERIES

MOSCOW (AP)—Two Soviet doctors, Professors Anichkoff and Lang, announced at a scientific conference here that arterio-sclerosis (hardening of the arteries) starts in youth and is hastened by smoking.

They said they had established that the acute form attacks smokers more frequently than non-smokers—in the ratio of four to one.

This Is Power

You are an American citizen. So long as the Constitution of the United States prevails you may worship in any church you choose; you may go any place you like; you may speak our mind upon any subject. Yours is your own life to live so long as you do not interfere with the rights of others.

But you cannot choose the factory in which you want to work, no matter if you can earn more wages there than elsewhere. No matter, even, if you have already worked there for 20 years before.

Who says so? Not the President of the United States. He has no such authority. Not the Congress, nor the Supreme Court. But the Committee for Industrial Organization—the C. I. O.—says so.

Mass pickets are being thrown around the gates of factories in the automobile and other industries. When workers arrive they are not allowed to earn their daily bread unless they can show a paid up union card. If they have chosen not to join the union, then the pickets do not permit them to go to work.

And so the unions are exercising a power over and beyond that of any elected official of the United States.—Southwest Virginia Enterprise.

*North Ledger-Dispatch
May 19, 1938*

Provincetown 1938 Landmark Goes

PROVINCETOWN, June 2 —Another old Provincetown landmark, the Bradford Inn at the intersection of Gosnold and Bradford Streets, is being demolished. The building is owned by Mrs. Mabel E. Day, who purchased the property from Manuel F. Patrick a year ago.

The inn was built as a private residence about 75 years ago by Eben Smith, who sold it to Captain Newton P. West. At one time General Ulysses S. Grant was entertained there. It was converted into an inn about 15 year ago.

PMPM00671-32

Provincetown Writer Sees Serious Menace to U. S. from Submarines

Standard-Times Cape Cod Bureau

PROVINCETOWN, Sept. 28—Little is said about it, but one of the most serious hazards of a possible attack on the United States by Hitler's Nazis lies in the use of submarines equipped with destructive deck guns, ship-destroying mines and tanks of poison gas, according to Henry J. James, Provincetown fisherman's son and author of the exciting new book, "German Subs in Yankee Waters."

For the United States, Mr. James said in an interview, is no better prepared against a blitzkrieg of this sort than it was in 1918, when six of the Kaiser's U-boats operating in American waters sank 91 ships and took a toll of 368 lives within a brief six months.

"Only those in the immediate zone of U-boat activities sensed the real danger to our seacoast in the last war, and not so much from destruction by gunfire, but from poison gas," Mr. James said.

"Rumors of gas attacks had spread along the coast, rumors that had their origin off the Carolina coast. These rumors were supplemented by statements from survivors who had been advised by the U-boat officers that a return trip would result in the general gassing of Atlantic coast cities. The signing of the Armistice prevented any execution of this threat, and well for us it did, for the records of U-boat cruises reveal the comparative ease with which they were able to approach the very entrances to our major seaports with impunity."

Interviewed at the family home in the East End, where he returns at frequent intervals because of the serious illness of his father, veteran owner and skipper of Grand Banks and Georges Banks fishing schooners, Mr. James revealed a deep interest in national defense. It was this, rather than literary ambition, his interviewer gathered, that prompted him to do his richly documented book dealing with German submarine activities off the American shores.

Did Much Research

He spent almost a quarter of a century gathering material and writing "German Subs in Yankee Waters."

Not many miles from his native Provincetown, the German submarine U-156 bobbed up from the sea, a few hundred yards off the Orleans shore, on a sunny Sunday morning in 1918. The U-boat, taking her time and completely unmolested, proceeded to shell a string of barges and a tug. Also, she loosed a few shots onto the shore—the one and only time when our soil was fired upon by the Germans. It was just one of 30-odd shelling jobs the U-156 had accomplished in American waters!

1940

And the woeful lack of defense of the United States in that episode so affected Henry James that he immediately began his one-man preparedness crusade.

"The book was completed two years ago," he told a Standard-Times interviewer. "But, everyone was pacifist then. I made talks around Connecticut (the author is superintendent of Simsbury, Conn., schools) in which I emphasized the urgent need for better coastal defense. People weren't much interested; the book gathered dust in New York a year before it was accepted for publication. I signed the publishers' contract the day war was declared."

Says Subs Overlooked

Hitler has gripped the attention of the world with the horror and chaos of his aerial bombing. Meanwhile, scant publicity has been given his and Mussolini's large fleet of undersea boats, or their submarine-building programs and stores of mines. The mere six raiders that operated here in the last war came 3,400 miles from their base at Kiel. All got away safely after their highly destructive work. Only one failed to return to Kiel—the U-156 that waged the Orleans attack struck a mine and went to the bottom in the North Sea, not very far from her home base.

If only six submarines could do such damage in the Kaiser's old-fashioned war, Americans might well consider what could happen should Hitler let loose a real offensive on our comparatively wide-open coast.

Says Author James: "The situation is the same today as it was when the armored cruiser U. S. S. San Diego, of 13,680 tons, was sunk by a submarine-laid mine off Fire Island in New York's outer harbor, and when a submarine sowed mines in Delaware Bay and cut cables in New York Harbor within sight of the lights of Broadway."

"Four years ago I talked with a former naval officer of Germany. He was discussing the new war Germany would wage—the war of today. He told me that eventually America could look for concentrated activity all along the New England coast. The Nazis would

supply the action when they got around to it.

New England First

"They reasoned, said my informant, that if they could take New York and New England they would have the industrial heart of the nation; they would not be concerned about the rest of the country. In fact, this was the plan of the last war. The Germans figured that after they had taken New York they would cut through the Hudson Valley and thence to the St. Lawrence River."

What should be done to better prepare us against a blitzkrieg staged by a major-sized fleet of submarines operating with mines, guns and gas shells? Mr. James believes that a large auxiliary fleet of yachts, fishing boats and other small craft in New England waters would serve a valuable purpose in such an emergency, but he also proposes the addition to our Navy of a great fleet of mosquito boats of the high-speed type Britain is now using and which first was developed by Italy. He recommends a 110-foot boat, equipped with torpedo tubes and machine guns and Y-guns for throwing off "ashcan" depth bombs. This type of craft, he argues, would stand up better in a gale of wind. It should have a speed of at least 35 knots.

"My plan is to have these mosquito boats strung out for scouting work, from Halifax to the Panama Canal. It would be difficult now for us to keep any major harbor free of mines. That's where the converted fishing trawlers would come in handy. They would serve mainly as mine-sweepers.

"At no time in the last war did more than two German submarines operate at one time on this side, yet they worked very effectively. After the war 60 mines were swept up off the north Atlantic coast. Twenty-nine others were reported drifting between Hatteras and Nantucket Lightship. The largest American ships claimed by the enemy were sunk by mines.

Fishing Fleet Important

"We mustn't forget our fishing fleet. German subs paid particular attention to the Grand Banks fleet in the last war. Her purpose in doing that was to cut down the Allies' food supply. If Hitler's and Mussolini's submarines should come over here they'd probably repeat that line of attack. In the last war German subs sank 30 fishing vessels, including three big beam trawlers. These raids were systematically carried out with a view to wiping out one of our major food products."



HENRY JAMES

Many of the officers on U-boats operating over here had served on American merchantmen and were thoroughly acquainted with American waters. One German sub officer even disclosed he had served four years as an officer in the United States Navy! Fishermen on the Grand Banks recognized an officer of a raider there as a former U. S. Bureau of Fisheries employe before the war. Another German submarine officer disclosed he had a Summer home in Maine.

And, in gathering material for his book, Henry James uncovered much evidence to convince him that the Fifth Column idea is not new in this country. A German underground system has been es-

tablished in this country for many years. Fifth Column is merely a new term so far as we are concerned, for Germans plotting against the United States has been going on since the Kaiser's reign and perhaps even earlier, asserts the Provincetown writer.

Well Informed

Henry James is probably as well posted on his subject as any writer in America today. Born and reared in Provincetown, he has had close contact with the sea from earliest boyhood. He remembers how he fell overboard from his father's fishing vessel. His father saved him, but both escaped drowning when their oilskins ballooned with air and kept them afloat. After his schooling in Provincetown he attended East Greenwich Academy and then Wesleyan University, where he graduated in 1924. He began a teaching career Wesleyan. Much of his time has been devoted to training Sea Scouts for service in the U. S. Navy and the American merchant marine.

He recently completed another book, "Raiders of The Seven Seas." It is the only complete history of all German surface raiders, including the Emden, Karlsruhe, Wolf, Moewe and Seeadler. This, also, is in line with his purpose to keep the American public expertly posted on the Germans' sea power and the effect it might have upon our interests. It is his way of serving his country.

PMPM00671-33

BABE KILLED BY CAR AS BANKER HAD DREAMED

North Truro, July 17—"A bad dream come true" was how Will H. Young, banker, described the death of his 14-months-old granddaughter, Anna N. McKenna, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Ernest McKenna, of Newton Center, who was killed by an auto here today.

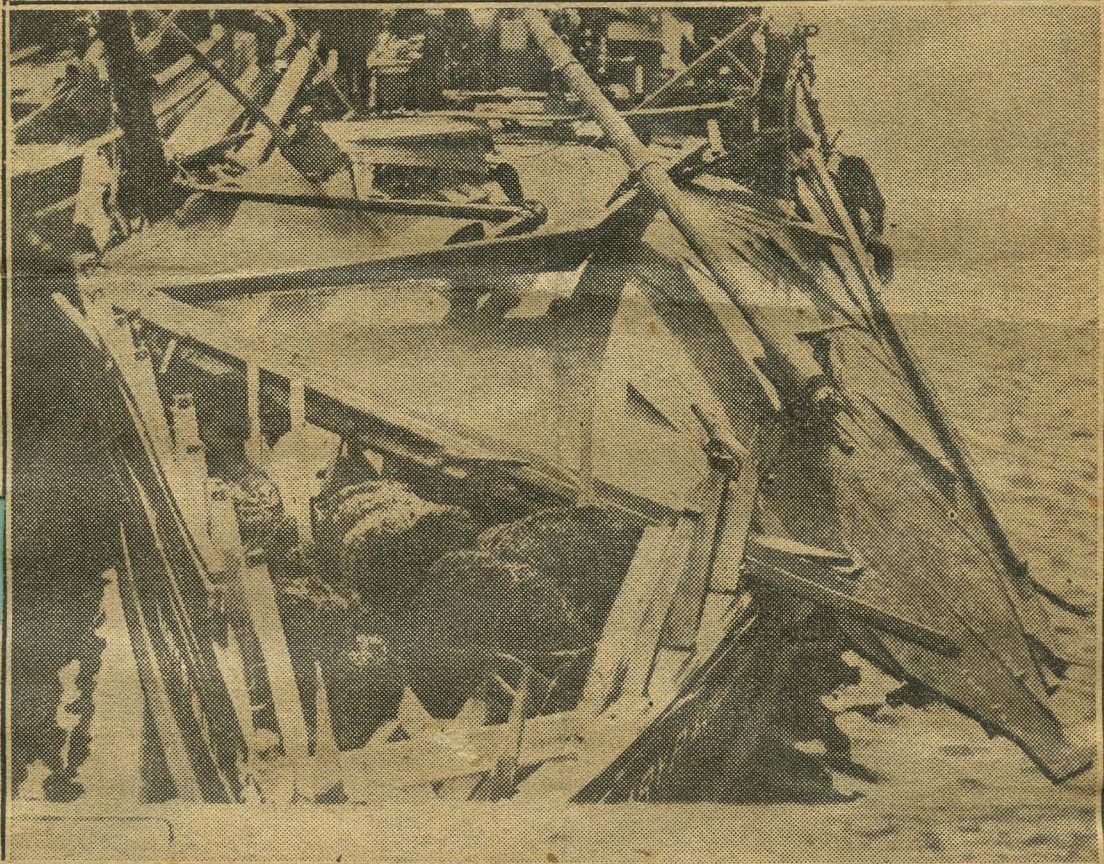
At a family party Tuesday night Mr. Young told of a dream in which he saw his little granddaughter fatally hurt by an auto.

Today, an auto driven by Mrs. Mollie Jaffe, 30, of New Haven, Ct., sped down the North Truro-Provincetown road hill out of control, smashed into the baby carriage in which Anna slept, killing her instantly.

Bedford Times

NEW BEDFORD TIMES, FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1931

Fishing Schooner's Bow Smashed by 'Ghost Ship'



The bow view of the fishing schooner Mary R. Mullins owned by Captain Dan Mullins of this city, after it was struck by a three-masted hit-and-run ship off Highland light, Cape Cod, Wednesday midnight. Although three of the crew were trapped in the forecabin for some time, none was injured. The ghost ship, which carried no lights, is believed to be a rum runner.

in recent years served as first mate of the steamer Dorothy Bradford, Boston to Provincetown line. His fame for "fish" stories won him a chance to broadcast Cape Cod tales over the radio. He was popular with audiences throughout the country.

Mr. Crawford was a member of the I. O. O. F., Masonic lodge, Anchor and Art club and Alanta lodge of Boston. He is survived by the widow, Mrs. Sadie Crawford, and several brothers. Services will be held at the home Sunday with Rev. Benjamin DuVal of Center church officiating.

One spot in the Pacific, forty miles east of the Philippine Islands, is the deepest part of the sea yet sounded. The depth recorded there was about 5900 fathoms, or seven miles. The deepest spot in the Atlantic is off Porto Rico, where 55228 fathoms were registered.

1931

HARRY B. CRAWFORD

PROVINCETOWN, March 13.

— Confined with chronic illness for the past two years, Harry B. Crawford, 58, one of the Cape's prominent fishermen and mariners, died at his home on Commercial street yesterday. Born in Ireland, Mr. Crawford spent his early years in this country as a Cape Cod fisherman.

A licensed mariner, Mr. Crawford

PMPM00671-34

'Jimmie Eddie' Is Dead



James Edward Atkins, known as "Jimmie Eddie" to his many Provincetown friends, died last night at his Provincetown home at the age of 82. He is shown above.

Oldest Active Businessman In Provincetown Dies at 82

**James E. Atkins Worked as Employee
And Proprietor at Same Site 67 Years**

PROVINCETOWN, April 22—James E. Atkins, 82, Provincetown's oldest active businessman, died suddenly last night at his home, 15 Center Street, following a shock.

Mr. Atkins had worked as an employe and proprietor for 67 years at the same site in Commercial Street. He started as clerk in the furniture and hardware store of his uncle, the late Joseph A. West, and 42 years ago became proprietor of the business, now the James E. Atkins Store.

Rarely Missed Day

Mr. Atkins rarely missed a day at the store and his trips to work and back home were so regular that Provincetown residents could set their clocks by him. He was always hailed as "Jimmie Eddie" by his host of friends.

Mr. Atkins was born in Provincetown, a son of the late James S. and Mary J. West Atkins. He married the late Francenia R. Engles, who died 17 years ago.

Mr. Atkins was a charter member of the Provincetown Board of Trade, a corporator of the Seaman's Savings Bank, member of Marine Lodge of Odd Fellows, and he had served on the parish committee and board of trustees of the Center Methodist Church.

Funeral Wednesday

He is survived by a brother, Robert S. Atkins of Provincetown; five cousins, Hersey D. Taylor, William W. Taylor and Miss Josephine West, all of Provincetown, Mrs. Elizabeth West Pigeon of Boston, and Mrs. Jane West Fairbanks of Akron, Ohio; and two nieces, Mrs. Caroline Engles Rodda of Provincetown and Miss Ruth Engles of Wellesley.

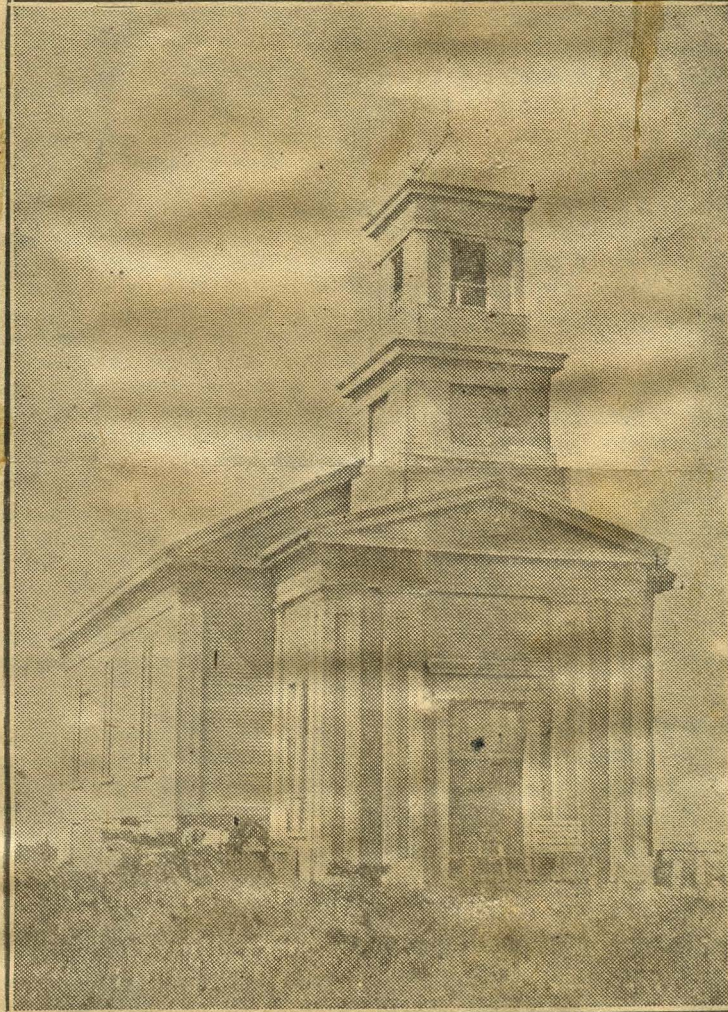
Funeral services will be held at 2 p.m. Wednesday from the home with the Rev. Roy Q. Whiting of the Center Methodist Church officiating. Burial will be in the family lot in the Provincetown Cemetery.

1940

PMPM00671-35

MARCH 21, 1940

Entirely Destroyed By Fire



The Old South Truro Meeting House, being restored by the Truro Neighborhood Association, struck by lightning early this morning.

PMPM00671-36

LIGHTNING HITS TRURO CHURCH, ENTIRELY DESTROYED BY FLAMES

Fire Early This Morning Completely Consumes Edifice
Being Restored By Truro Neighborhood Association—
Building Was Famous Landmark On Cape

Lightning struck the 90 year-old South Truro Meeting House shortly after midnight this morning starting a fire that completely destroyed. down to the last sliver, a landmark famous throughout the Cape. known throughout the country, pictured by painters on hundreds of canvasses, some of them in museums, and the cherished possession of the Truro Neighborhood Association whose members with their president, Dr. Frederic Washburn have worked long, hard and with a high degree of success to restore it, within and without, to be a permanent memorial and center for things of interest to Truro and visitors on the Cape.

Today nothing is left save an oblong area of embers surrounded by the high brick walls that served as a foundation and the basement walls of the church. Within lies the twisted furnace, lengths of stove pipe, and the broken rocker arm of the priceless bell which hung in the belfry—the belfry that could be picked out many miles away, whether by land or sea.

Danger Foreseen

“—the greatest danger to the old structure was from fire, a stroke of lightning—” wrote Phyllis Duganne in her little history of the church, and prophetically, it happened last night in one of the freakiest storms to hit the Cape in years. A light rain came in the early evening and then the bright moon rode high sending the wisps of clouds scudding away. But shortly after eleven the heavens sent thunder echoing over the sea and the countryside flashed white with blinding lightning.

There was a crash and the Truro fire siren blew. That was 11:15 and the firemen hurried to the station. The recorder had turned up only one number when three should have tallied. The lightning had struck the alarm system putting it out of service and it was not working late this afternoon.

It was somewhere around 12:30 this morning that Surfman John Costa, on duty in the tower at Highland Coast Guard Station saw the sky illumined by red flames over in the direction of the South Truro Meeting House, ten miles away. Lightning had already rendered the telephone system to the station useless so he called Olive Williams of the Marine Signal Station at Highland Light on the Coast Guard line.

She relayed the message at once to Edgar Francis and George Williams and both went for the apparatus at North Truro. They could sound no general alarm so they blew the siren on their truck to call out the firemen.

Already Doomed

However, when they and the two other trucks of Truro's department reached the church it was already doomed. Walls had begun to fall in

and flame seemed to shoot a hundred feet into the air. They could be seen in Hyannis, it was reported and in Plymouth as well. There was nothing that could be done then. The grass and brush nearby had been so soaked with rain, and with snow still piled in spots there was hardly any danger of the flames spreading. A brisk southwest wind whipped the fire and sent embers flying hundreds of yards away but those sizzled out without trouble.

It was amazing how many people in Truro slept through the whole tragedy and only discovered this morning that the one monument that marked their town as nothing else could, that epitomized the nature, the austerity and the godliness of its people for generations was gone. Only about a hundred gathered to watch the end of an edifice which, in the prosperous days of Truro, seated five hundred worshippers and then was often crowded

The church, due to the efforts of the Truro Neighborhood Association had been completely redecorated inside. The old plaster had been entirely torn out, the auditorium and vestry below had been wired for electricity, the walls had been covered with sheet rock and painted, so that those who had worked hard might see this summer the fruit of their labors.

According to some the bell, the “very sweet-toned Bell hung in the belfry” was from Paul Revere's foundry and, according to one story, the sum of eight thousand dollars offered for it by an antiquarian had been refused. Little was left of it this morning, just hunks of bubbled twisted metal, and these were soon taken away as mementos.

MARCH 21, 1940

On A Bluff

The South Truro Meeting House was on a high bluff overlooking the harbor for many miles,—“set high on a hill to be nearer God and a landmark for the fishermen.” Erected in 1851 it was built, toward the close of the brief period of Truro's commercial prosperity. Though it was always crowded on Sundays and on many weekday nights during its early years, it had a membership of only 41 in 1891, forty years after its building. It is thought that some of the timbers from Cape Cod's first Methodist meeting house went into the construction, after the custom of thrifty Cape Codders.

The building of the church was financed by auctioning the unbuild pews for a hundred dollars, ninety-nine, seventy-five, according to their position. In the vestry in the basement was the center of practically all the social life known by the people of those early days. Here were held the cake sale, the suppers, the necktie parties and singing services. Here many a “date” was made that eventually perpetuated present Truro families, and

Speaking about maple sugar: In the boiling down process the maple sugar-makers have learned that a barrel of sap (31 gallons) yields on the average one gallon of syrup and that this can be transformed into eight pounds of sugar.

Cakes of maple sugar are still bartered in country stores.

RMPM00671-3

"Happy" Viera Confesses Five Fires, Bound Over To Grand Jury Today

"Fire Bug" Caught Almost In Act Of Setting Fire In Two Houses Yesterday—Culprit Will Be Examined By Psychiatrists—Under \$6,000 Bail

John "Happy" Viera, 40, 14 Miller Hill Road, arrested yesterday by Chief of Police Anthony P. Tarvers, charged with setting fire to several summer homes in Provincetown and who later confessed to having started the fires in the Motte house, the Nancy Ferguson and Webster houses as well as in two houses almost simultaneously early yesterday afternoon was this morning bound over to the April sitting of the Grand Jury by Judge Robert A. Welsh sitting in the Second District here.

Viera was caught yesterday almost in the act of setting fires in the Frederick H. Marvin house at 208 Bradford Street and in the cottage owned by Mrs. Mabel Bergolio, 224B Bradford Street. In both places mattresses were found smoldering but they were removed from the buildings before any real damage was done.

John Shaw, son of Mr. and Mrs. John I. Shaw who are owners of the Frank Rowe house on Howland St., was having his lunch when he happened to look out of the window toward the Marvin house nearby. He saw Viera coming out and circle around the rear of the Shaw home. Suspecting that something might be amiss he told his father who was at home at the time and when they found that the Marvin house had been entered they notified Chief Tarvers who arrived immediately.

Chief Tarvers, accompanied by young Shaw, started in pursuit along Howland Street leading to the railroad tracks while Mr. Shaw went over toward the Bergolio house. There he saw Viera on the porch about to leave the place and finally prevailed on him, against his protestations, to go back to Howland Street where Chief Tarvers was waiting for him. He was then taken to the police station where he confessed to the fires which have been mysteriously set in the section during the past few months.

In each of these cases the fire has been started in mattresses and yesterday smoldering mattresses were removed from the Marvin and Bergolio houses. The prompt work of Mr. Shaw and his son, however, both in finding the culprit and in investigating the houses prevented any further damage.

That he set fires was east point of my outdoor in back

In court this morning Viera was specifically charged with setting the fires in the houses of Nancy Ferguson, Mabel Bergolio and Frederick Marvin. Pleading guilty, he was held on \$5,000 bail on the first charge and \$500 on each of the other two.

Last night Fire Marshall John E. Sullivan arrived here to question Viera and this morning produced in court his opinion which, he told the Court, was not suitable for an open hearing. It is believed that Viera will be examined by psychiatrists before he faces the Grand Jury in April.

The police are certain that with the apprehension of Viera they have eliminated the causes of the fires that have kept the residents of a large part of Bradford Street uneasy for several months. There is no indication, they said, of any accomplice at any time.

Viera is unmarried and when he has been employed he has worked at the Days sand pit. He was taken to Barnstable at noon today.

I think the last two houses

JAN 31, 1940

(SEE TOWN REPORTS
1940, FIRE ENGINEERS
REPORT)

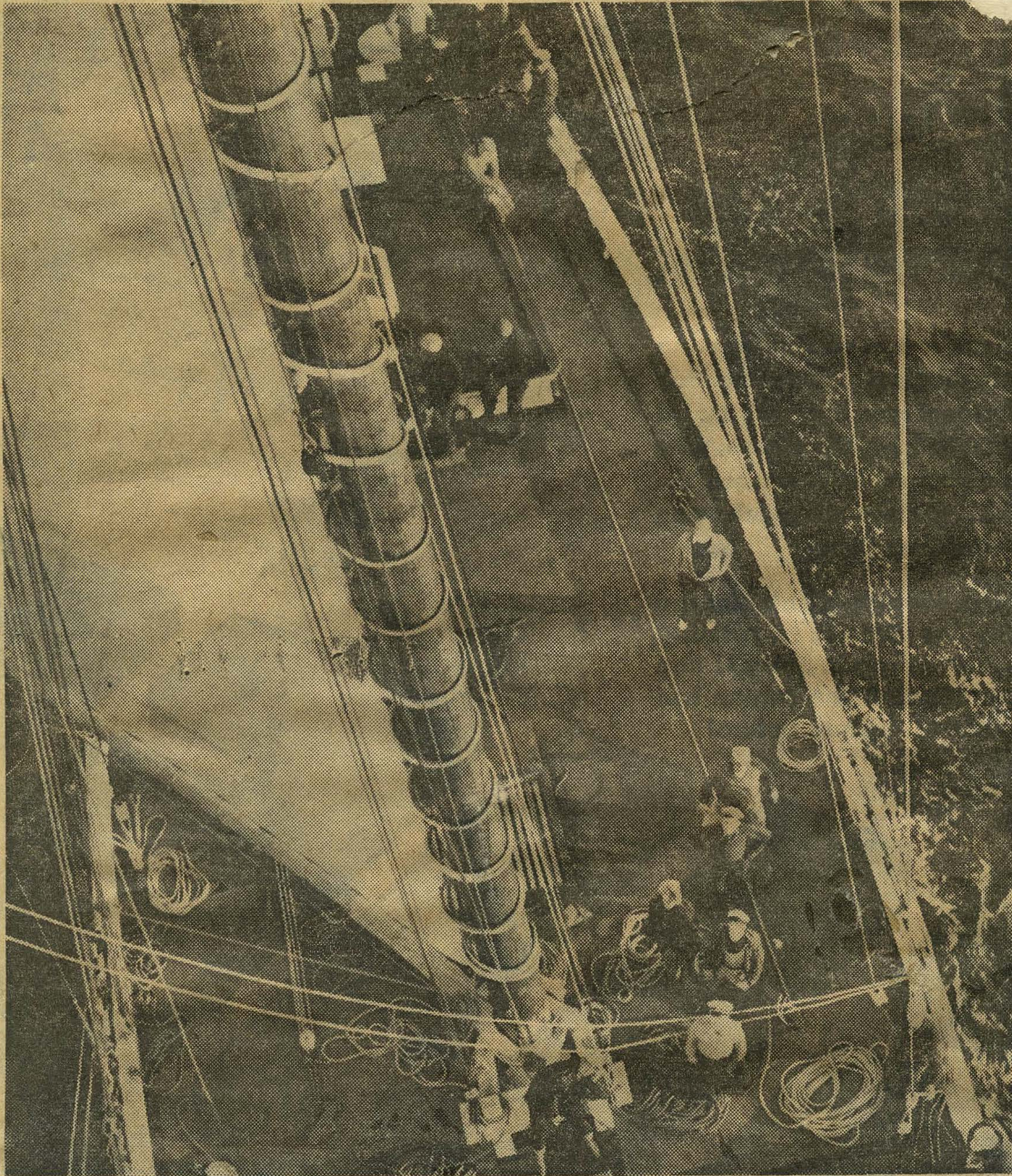
PMPM00671-38

SPORTS

Oct 14, 1938

THE NEW YORK TIMES,

Takes Second Race to Even



Times Wide World

A DECK VIEW OF THE SCHOONER BLUENOSE FROM ALOFT

1938 Capt. McManus Dead, Noted Schooner Designer

MILTON, Nov. 14—Capt. Thomas F. McManus, the designer who revolutionized the Gloucester fishing schooner and made it the fastest vessel of its type in the world, died early today at his home, 61 Mungo st., at the age of 82.

He was the father of the fishermen's races, developing the idea in 1886 and adding to the zest of the



CAPT. THOMAS F. McMANUS

competition by increasingly improving the lines of vessels sailing to the fishing banks from Gloucester and Boston.

Fully 500 fishing schooners came to life from his drawing board—a list of the finest schooners that ever tossed white water past the stem. Two of his models, the James S. Steele and the Helen B. Thomas, have been immortalized as exhibitions at the Smithsonian Institute.

Among the better known of the McManus-designed boats are the Emperor, the Rose Dorothea, which won the Lipton Cup in 1907; the Henry Ford, winner of the Lipton Cup at Gloucester in 1924; the Esperanto, winner of the Halifax Herald Cup; the Oriole, considered the best boat ever sailed out of Gloucester; the Regina, famed for her speed; the Elizabeth Howard, called the White Ghost, and Little Dan, celebrated halibut fisherman.

Capt. McManus early shortened the bowsprit and increased the stern overhang to give speed to his vessels. Practically every fishing schooner today directly carries the McManus lines.

Capt. McManus was married at the age of 21 to Miss Catherine Agnes Cokeley of Charlestown, who died two years ago. They had 12 children, of whom six daughters and four sons are living.

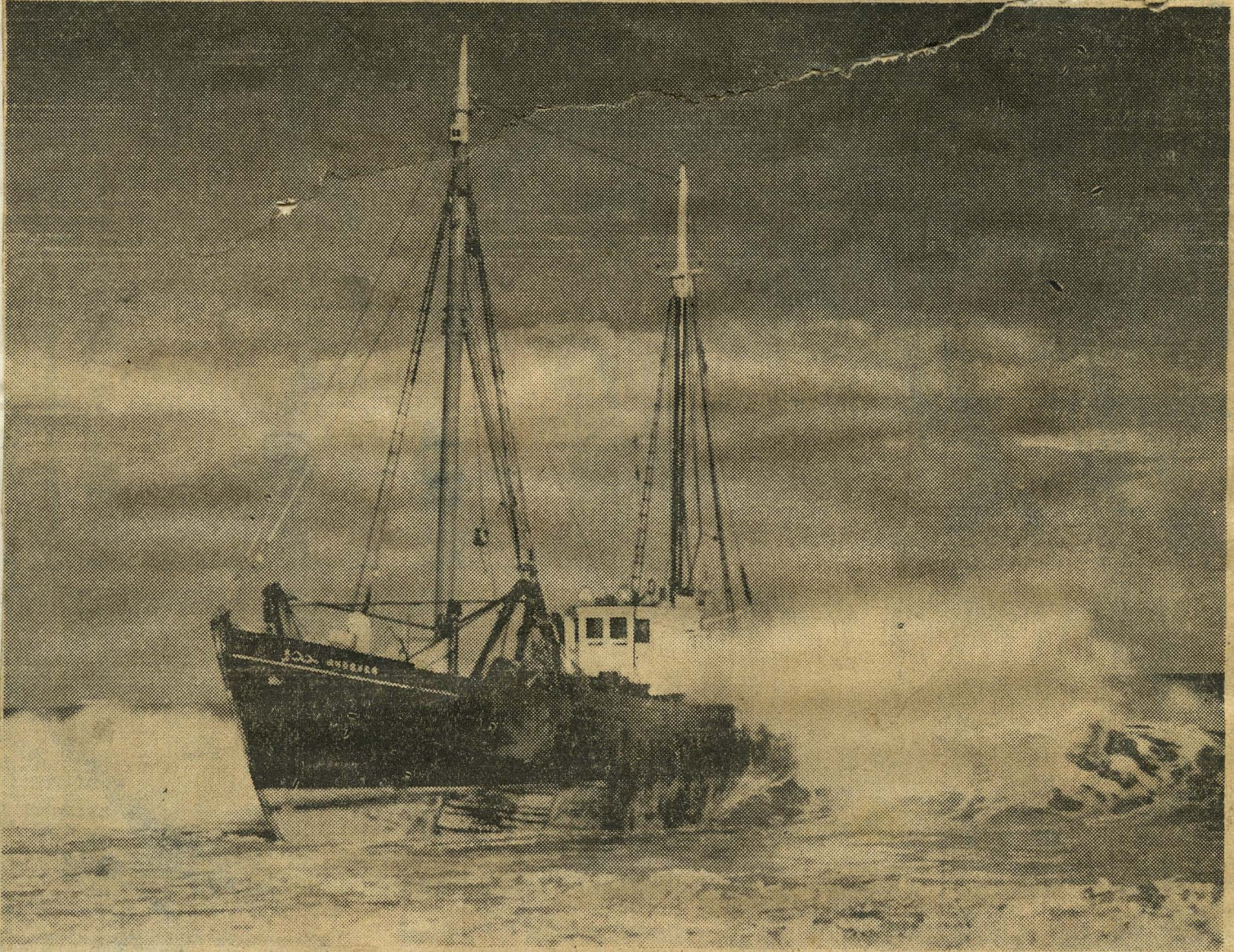
He was honored on two continents for his skill as a naval architect and was the constant recipient of recognition in this country.

A funeral mass will be celebrated Wednesday at St. Mary's of the Hills Church, Milton, at 10 a. m.

PMPM00671-39

December 11, 1938

HEAVY SEAS BREAK OVER TRAWLER ON BEACH AT ORLEANS



(Photo by Boston Herald-Wide World)

Seven fishermen were saved by the coast guard when the trawler Andover ran ashore on Cape Cod in a high sea and dense fog. The ship probably will be a total loss.

PMPM00671-40

Dragger Crashes as Storm Lashes Provincetown



A 60-mile-an-hour gale which swept Provincetown Harbor last night caused the dragger Winnifred S. to crash against another craft, stoving a hole in the stern. Members of the crew manned the pumps throughout the night to keep the dragger afloat. A member of the crew is shown as he fended off a nearby dragger at Town Pier.

PROVINCETOWN, Jan. 31—Two Provincetown draggers moored to Town Pier, needed assistance during the night as a 60-mile-an-hour gale swept Provincetown Harbor.

Early last night, Captain Edmund Hill's 39-foot dragger, Winnifred S., was tossed against another craft, smashing a hole in the stern. Members of the crew and Coast Guards from the workboat A.B. 9 manned pumps all through the night to prevent the craft from sinking.

Today the Winnifred S., was towed to Higgins Wharf by the motor lifeboat from the Wood End Station. The damage has not been estimated.

At 4 a. m. today, Coast Guards at the Race Point Station were called to assist the dragger Mermaid, captained by Ernest Tarvers, which was in danger at the pier. A pile of which lines were secured was pulled over releasing all but one small rope. Boatswain's Mate Maurice L. Worth and Surfmen John

Ferreira, Frank Souza and Phillip Packet successfully secured new lines to the craft and it rode out the remainder of the gale without more trouble.

An oil tanker, a Coast Guard patrol boat and a number of Boston and Gloucester fishing vessels, in addition to the entire Provincetown fleet were among the craft that rode out the northeast gale in the shelter of Provincetown Harbor.

Yesterday, it alternately rained, snowed and hailed on the lower Cape. Moderate temperatures prevented any appreciable accumulation of snow.

The mercury dropped to 28 degrees early today, and roads and sidewalks were covered with about an inch of ice and snow.

Cape-tip Draggers Endangered By 60-mile-an-hour Gale

1939
1939

Crew of Winnifred S. and Coast Guards
Man Pumps to Save Craft From Sinking

Winnifred S was built for Wm B Lewis & years later sold her. R. W Lewis went fishing with his father in this boat.

PMPM00671-41