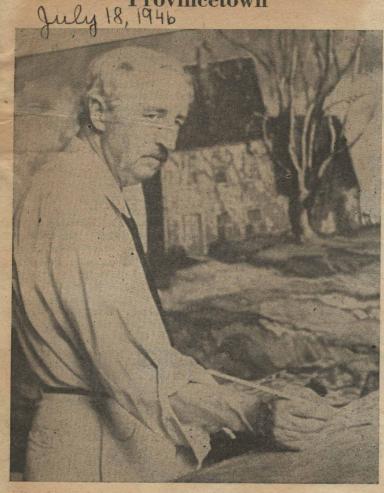


Another Fine Artist Leaves His
Provincetown



The late George Elmer Browne at his casel

Another and the last of that notable group of fine painters and teachers who brought great fame and many talented students to Provincetown was removed Friday night in the death of George Elmer Browne, 75, just at the opening of his summer classes here. Mr. Browne who had been suffering for a long time of an heart ailment. succumbed suddenly on his return from dinner. Funeral services were held Monday afternoon from his late home at 162 Commercial Street, the Rev. William L. Bailey of the Church of St. Mary of the Harbor officiating.

Interment Tuesday afternoon was in the Greenlawn Cemetery in Salem where Harold Browne, son of the late artist, is buried.

The pall bearers were Ross Moffett, Jerry Farnsworth, Charles Heinz, John Whorf, Donald F. Witherstine, and Charles Rohmans.

Mr. Browne, considered one of the foremost artists of the naturalistic school in America, and one of the first to create an art school in Provincetown was born in Gloucester, the son of Joshua Hill Browne and Katherine (Kowan) Browne. He studied art at the School of Drawing and Painting at the Museum of Fine Arts and Cowles Art School in Boston, and at Julian Academy in Paris under Jules Lefebvre and

Tony Robert Fleury. He married Lillian B. Putnam of Danvers on Nov. 2, 1893. They had one son, Harold, who died several years ago.

Mr. Browne was a regular contributor at the Paris Salon, and also in Munich, Berlin, Rome, London and leading cities of the United States. He was represented at the National Art Gallery in Washington, D. C., at Montclair, N. J., Museum; Erie, Pa., Art Club; Omaha, Neb., Public Library; Art Institute of Chicago; Milwaukee, Wis., Art Institute; Toledo, Ohio, Museum: Union League Club, Chicago; University Club of Milwaukee; Salmigundi Club of New York; Art Collection of Kansas University; Luxembourg Gallery in Paris and Harrison Collection in Los Angeles Mu-

The painting, "Bait Sellers of Cape Cod," was purchased by the French Government from the Paris Salon. Other paintings were purchased by Art Museum of Atlanta, Ga., the Ranger Fund of the National Academy of Design and the Birmingham, Ala., Public Library.

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He was a member of the National Committee of Advance American Art, Artists Professional League of America, the American Fine Arts Foundation, the Connecticut Academy of Fine Arts, the Grand Central Art Gallery of New York, the Architectural League of New York, the Painters and Engravers Group, the Group of American Artists, the American Watercolor Society, the American Watercolor Society, the Allied Artists Association of New York City, the Provincetown Art Association and the American Art Association in Paris.

Mr. Browne was director and instructor of the Browne Art Class in Provincetown, instructor of the Grand Central School of Art in New York and the Metropolitan Art School of New York. He conducted classes abroad in 1922, 1925, 1927, and 1929.

Passing Of George E. Browne Recalls Start Of Cape End's Fame As Art Center

Noted Painter Persuaded Young Artist Friends To Come To Provincetown-First School Started-Many Pupils Have Won Lasting Renown

By Doubld F. Witherstine Director, Provincetown Art Association

Browne an era closes—a rich color- purchased a piece of land (now Millful period-in the development of American art. Probably no other studio with the help of several artart colony in America can claim ists, Mr. Browne being one of those the presence of so many famous artists in the history of its existence as can Provincetown. Through the founding of this art colony some thirty years ago, the beauty of the landscape and the life of the people in this simple village were spread through this country and

leaders in the colony's development and the picturesque houses which gradually bought homes and studios existed at the time. His parents, here. recognized his talents and sent him to Boston where he received a sound academic training at the school of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. After completing his training he left for Paris where he studied at the Julien Academy. While there he met other artists, among them Max ful old Cape Cod residence at the Bohm, Richard Miller, Charles Hawthorne and John Noble, who later were to become associated with the colony here.

Men Of Ability

abroad these students drifted toward Brittany and Normandy-with its stretches of dunes, numerous fishing villages which resemble the country side of Cape Cod. Now, having obtained sound artistic training and demonstrating in a nummer of instances their exceptional house converted to a theatre. ability by having canvasses hung at the Paris Salon, these men gradually returned to America.

were to make him famous. Through called the "Sail Loft Club". his enthusiasm for Provincetown and the similarity of the landscapes bile Provincetown's fame spread students he had met in Paris were dents and lovers of the arts. attracted here to paint, with the reschool was conceived. The first

artists to combine, but as the town was so isolated, travel difficult and accommodations uncertain, this was abandoned. However, Charles W. With the passing of George Elmer Hawthorne saw the possibilities and er Hill) on which he built a large to help build and shingle the place.

Shortly after, George Browne purchased a large dune at the west end of town, and converted the farmhouse into a studio. And this was the beginning of a great art center. Soon the students came. Their friends and relatives showing the work of the students after the George Elmer Browne, one of the summer season, created increased interest, and so the classes grew whose parents were born here and steadily. The fame of the beauties whose ancestors took an active part of Provincetown spread, and each in the life of the village, as a boy season more and more important sketched the fisherfolk, the wharves artists came to visit these men and

First Exhibition

In 1913 the first exhibition of paintings was held in Town Hall, and several works from the show are now hanging there. through the enthusiasm and farsightedness of this group a beautieast end was purchased, remodeled, and became what is today the Provinctown Art Association. Thirty-two years ago the first exhibition opened in the new building with can-During their summer vacations vases by many now famous artists.

Quite naturally kindred arts gravitated towards Provincetown, such as writing, playwriting, etc., which resulted in the establishment of the Provincetown Players. Outstanding was Eugene O'Neill, whose early plays were tried out in a little fish-

As a meeting place for these men of the arts the Beachcambers' Club was formed. Their roster contains Quite naturally George Elmer the names of many of America's Browne returned to his boyhood authors, artists, and playwrights. A haunts and now being able to por- purely social club it has functioned tray and express the life of his for over thirty years, its members community more maturely, began to meeting every Saturday night. The paint the street scenes, fishing women painters, not to be outdone, boats and portrait sketches that formed a similar organization

With the coming of the automowith those of France, some of the more rapidly, attracting many stuthough the tendency in the developsult that the idea of starting an art ment of American art today leans more towards the modern school we thought was for two or three of the cannot escape the fact that the emotional qualities and the ability of these early painters to so portray and interpret life in this community will leave an indelible mark in the annals of American art.

Artist George Elmer Browne, 75, Dies at Home in Provincetown

PROVINCETOWN, July 13—George Elmer Browne, 75, died suddenly of a heart attack at his home, 162 Commercial Street, last night. Mr. Browne was considered one of the foremost painters of the naturalistic school in America today and was one of the first to found an art class in Provincetown.

of Joshua Hill Browne and Katherine (Kowan) Browne. He studied art at the School of Drawing and Painting at the Museum of Fine Arts and Cowles Art School in Boston, and at Julian Academy in Paris under Jules Lefebvre and Tony Robert Fleury. He married Lillian B. Putnam of Danvers on Nov. 2, 1893. They had one son, Harold, who died several years ago.

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Receives Decoration

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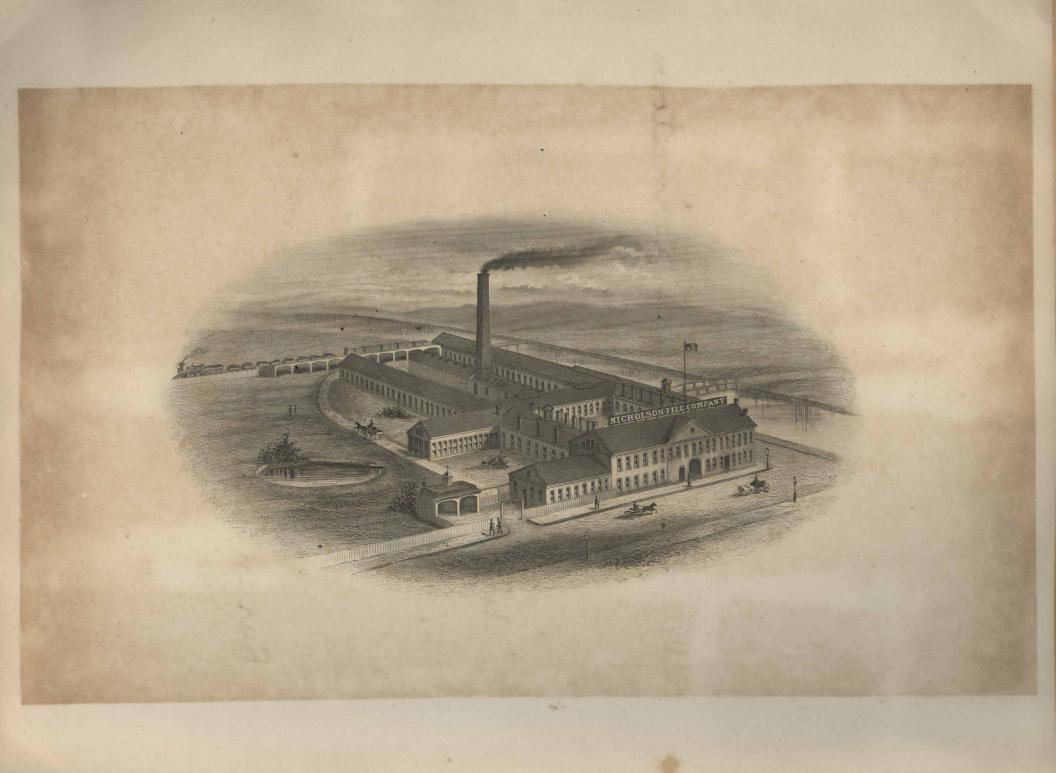
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Well known people of Provincetown

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Begun Mar, 1921



SKIPPER HAWTHORNE OF BEACH COMBERS BASHFUL

Wizard of the Brush, However, Pays Gallant Tribute to Womankind—Hates Reporters and Can't Bear Sob Stuff



BY HERBERT L. BALDWIN

PROVINCETOWN, Aug. 19.-The skipper of Provincetown's beach combers is a bashful man. Bashful, yet more than ordinary gallant, for he averred, while he sucked a pipe and swiped green paint all over a canvas that women too often sacrifice themselves for men.

Charles W. Hawthorne, he signs his pictures and art lovers don't need a Who's Who to know who he is. His pictures are scattered all over the world and every once in so often some other museum or art gallery or something insists on hanging another medal on his works, even if he has a whole flock of them already.

SHY ON SOB STUFF

He just hates interviews and reporters. But if a scribe waits long enough, as did the Post men here today, he sort of warms up to the subject and talks freely like. Except that every few minutes he gets pencil shy again, stops talking abruptly and almost begs, "Now don't write any sob stuff, will you."

Charles W. Hawthorne is a real down-easter. Born right on the old Kennebec, down in Richmond, Me., he admitted. First pictures he ever painted were circus flip-floppers and his models were posters on billboards somewhere in the Pine Tree State. Isn't going to let his son be an artist of the brush. He has the boy—he's ll—studying a violin and they say in Provincetown that already the youngster plays almost as well as his father paints. Which is saying quite a bit.

Paints in Rubber Boots

The skipper's hair is getting thin on top. And this morning he was painting in his stocking feet, for which he duly apologized and explained that he wore rubber boots down from his big house on the hill and didn't bring any shoes along. The lack of shoes and Norman's pencil seemed to worry him, and in the midst of the interview he insisted in the midst of the interview he insisted on putting on his rubber boots and when last seen he was still wearing

them.

"Charlie" Hawthorne is one of the most popular men among all the hundreds that each summer come here to paint and to teach. With Mrs, Hawthorne and their son he lives in a big old house on a hill-top overlooking the bay. To reach the front door visitors have to wend their way through a long myriad of flowers, a very riot of flowers of all kinds and descriptions. The gar-

dens are one of the show places of the town, starting at the fence of the street at the foot of the hill and grow-ing in a series of terraces as one climbs the brick path to the house.

In an Old Tumble Down

In an Old Tumble Down

His studio is down town, in a ramshackle old building hidden in somebody's lumber yard and visitors have to play hide-and-seek with various piles of boards and planks to find the stairway. The place looks less like the work-room of a successful artist than most anything else in the town.

"Why pick on me?" he asked when the Post men had knocked and he opened the door a crack. "There's lots of real artists in town, but come in and sit down if you must. What can It talk to you about? My students?

"Yes, I've got about 100 of them up there in the students' studio on the hill. About one-quarter men and the rest women. Young women? Well, I suppose to be a perfect gentleman I ought to say 'yes' but a majority of them are around 30, some older than that. You know a lot of school teachers are attracted to art by their natural love of the beautiful. I can't say what percentage of the ordinary run of art students make a success. But if you consider 'success' a name, the percentage is very low."

Women Better Students

"Which are the better students, women or men?" asked the reporter.
"Women," said Hawthorne, without a minutes' hesitation. "Women are the better students, but they do not, as a rule, make so great a success. Why? "Purely physical reasons. That is, I mean, a woman works hard at art for a few years and then marries, usually some art student. Then she takes the man over and works the rest of her life to make him a success. Despite all the 'new woman' ideas, human nature, seems to remain the same and it seems to be one of the fundamental ideas of human existence that the female likes something to look up to male likes something to look up to and if she hasn't got it, she makes it.

Sacrifice Career for Husband

"Many a woman who would have been a success in the world of art has sacrificed her own career to further that of the man she marries. And, I believe, that it is the same in other! lines of work, as well as in the world of art. Women sacrifice themselves for men, accept the comparative oblivion of men, accept the comparative oblivion of marriage when they sacrifice careers that their man may be a success and make a name for himself." And then, just as suddenly as he began, Hawthorne stopped talking and protested that he is not a philosopher.

After he had told of being born in Richmond, Me., and the reporter had asked how first he began to paint, Haw-

thorne blushed like a schoolgirl and protested 'Now comes the sob stuff." And it was only after persistent questioning that he consented to tell.

Enjoyed Flip-Floppers

"As a boy I always liked to draw," he said. "I guess the first thing that I drew was the old 'Star of the East,' that ran up and down the Kennebec. that ran up and down the Kennebec. Then I began drawing the circus performers off the billboards. You know what I mean—the flip-floppers," and Hawthorne proceeded to filustrate with a sweep of his brush on the canvas that he was working on. "They were my first models and I drew them until I was tired. They were great practice and I enjoyed them, too."

Hawthorne's summers are not a round Hawthorne's summers are not a round of pleasure. Not with all his students to care for. Today is his day for giving a lesson to his class. On Friday he paints out of doors for them and on Saturday comes the day of criticism.

She Painted the Legs

"Art students of today are ofttimes most original," he told us, "and with their originality to criticise I am oftentimes an unconscious humorist. I nearly lost my self-possession at last week's criticism. I sent the class out to paint something 'different.' One of them brought back a sketch, a fine painting it was, of just what he had seen. This particular girl student had been sitting on a dock where her view was obting on a dock where her view was obstructed by a man student who stood painting beyond her. She painted just

painting beyond her. She painted just what she saw.

"The result was a really entrancing view of the landscape through the legs of this fellow student. She painted his legs in the foreground just as she saw them. And it was most original. When I came to criticise the work, however, the legs were startling, to say the least. And not thinking, I remarked that I thought the legs might have been made more beautiful. It was some minutes before I could restore been made more beautiful. It was some minutes before I could restore order for everyone in the class knew whose legs were portrayed in the pic-

Partial to Two Paintings

The reporter tried to get Artist Hawthorne to talk of his best success, but he declined the issue. He did admit that he was partial to his painting in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, "The Young Mother," and his picture of "The Trousseau" in the Metropolitan Fine Arts Museum in New York. Neither does he speak of himself. But he'll talk about his son. "No, I'm not going to make him an artist to inflict abortions on the future generation," he

abortions on the future generation," he said. "He shows no inclination for any but he is studying the violin and

thinks he wants to be a musician. And

thinks he wants to be a musician. And I'm going to let him."
And then, like a boy that had been caught stealing apples, Charles W. Hawthorne suddenly blushed and stopped talking. "I've talked too much already," he protested, "and I really shouldn't have at all."

Even when the Post men were walking down street towards the railroad station Hawthorne leaned out the window to shout:

"Be sure, now—no sob stuff, boys!"

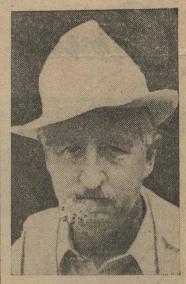
CAPE ARTIST NAMED TO LEGION OF HONOR

French President Knights George E. Browne

PROVINCETOWN, Aug 4 -George Elmer Browne, NA, internationally noted artist and a pioneer instructor in the Summer art colony here, has just been advised the president of France has conferred upon him the rank of Knight of the Legion of Honor.

This is the second high honor be-stowed upon the Provincetown artist by the French Government, for in 1925 he was made officier de l'instruction Publique et des Beaux

Arts,
The Knighting of the artist is in recognition of his accomplishments in France, where he is represented in collections of the Government at the Lawrence Callery and the the Luxembourg Gallery and the



GEORGE E. BROWNE

Montpelier Museum. His paintings are hung in many of the world's great galleries, and the artist has received numerous medals and other

received numerous metals and other prizes for his work.

His greatest masterpiece, according to many of his admirers, is a large canvas titled, "Abandoned." This depicts an old dory washed up by the sea beneath tall and forbidding cliffs the only semblance of life. ding cliffs, the only semblance of life being represented by a flock of swooping seagulls. It was pur-chased recently by the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

WHILE-YOU-WAIT ARTIST SOME MARVEL FOR SPEED

Diehl Chatters and Does Tricks While Painting Complete Pictures in 13 Minutes and While Customer Looks On



BY HERBERT L. BALDWIN

PROVINCETOWN, Aug. 22.—This town has an artist who paints 4000 or more pictures every year. Not daubs, but pictures-real oil paintings that hang in some of the best homes all over the country.

They call him "that man Diehl." He admits he's the champion speedy artist of the world, to say nothing of being a poet, lecturer, humorist, slight-ofhand man and cook.

Arthur Vahl Diehl he paints his signature on his pictures except when his record of a masterpiece every 131-2 minutes is in danger and then he lets the middle of the signature go with a plain "V."

DOING THREE AT ONE TIME

He's the paint-'em-while-you-wait artist; a gem-for-your-salon-in-half-an-hour man; and there's a yard or two of monologue, and perhaps a sleight of hand trick or two and a philosophy demonstration thrown in to boot. All at one price, whatever you pay. The lights in his studio burn longer, most othe time, than those in a Chinese laundry, and there's a gallery of buyers and admirers early and late. Painting in public is art as art should be, he asserts.

public is art as art should be, he asserts.

"You see, ladies, I move my brush this way, and there is a cloud, and I move it back, so, and there is a path for the beachman's boat and—Ah, come in, gentlemen, and be seated," he finished as the Post men entered. Diehl paused not a moment hardly in the greeting, and immediately was back explaining to his gaping feminine gallery the whys and wherefores and the whiches and whats of three pictures that he was painting all at the same time for the trio of women visitors. en visitors.

Three Done in 15 Minutes

Diehl and his studio look like a scene from a movie. Diehl himself has a mane of hair that crinkles and curls every which way. A moustache and a bit of a goatee that accentuates his conversation. White rubber-soled shoes, white trousers and shirt and a straggly sort of a tie. In action he's a movie in himself. He's been one too, in his light-

himself. He's been one, too, in his lightning masterpiece stunt.

It wasn't 15 minutes after we had entered the place before the three feminine
visitors had seen their three landscapes painted, signed and delivered,
and Diehl had stuffed the payments
away in his trousers. In the meantime
the gallery had increased.

"Ah!" said Diehl, as he lighted another Mecca, "you want to know how
I do it. I think an ocular demonstration is the best. Have you the time?
Ah! Ladies, sit down or look about at
your pleasure.

your pleasure.

Painting a Vision

"You see we take this canvas. What shall we paint, a sand dune. Perhaps that will be best. Here we have a board," as he took a large canvas from beside the easel, where a pile of them rested. "And here is the paint—so. Now we have the time recorded, have we. Yes, you see it is not a question of time to paint a good picture, and this is destined to be one of those. "Now you see with one stroke of the

this is destined to be one of those.

"Now you see with one stroke of the brush we get so much," the while sweeping a heliotrope line aeross the canvas. "That is the outline. And with this same brush and a bit of pressure you see we get another color. This picture when it is done will not be like any other one in the studio. You see this brush is simply doing what is in my mind. It is really paintaged.

ing a vision that I have seen. nig a vision that I have seen. And in painting, as in everything else, you can save time by elimination. Elimination, I mean, of unnecessary flourishes and deception.

Does Matchbox Trick

"And speaking of deception—it is easy," he chattered on as he laid down his brush. "You see I take this box of matches and you see a donkey on this side and a donkey on this side, when as a matter of fact there is 'U. S. A.' on the other side." It was the old trick of a match-box twist but it brought wondering stares from the gallery present.

"I resume painting," he said, "and now you see how we get three different colors with the same paint, the same brush and the same dip into the paint. It is by pressure here and pressure there and a bit lighter pressure so. All artists should forget their tools when they are painting and use their brains on the canvas. You see by pressing hard on this brush that is now painting this blue sky, I get purple for the shadow of the horizon." The picture had begun to assume proportions and the watch recorded only eight minutes, with no time out for the sleight-of-hand trick. The gallery was edging closer and almost crowding the Post men atop Dieh.

Vivian His Only Pupil

Vivian His Only Pupil

Vivian His Only Pupil

"I don't believe in artists having classes," said Diehl, as he answered a question from the reporter, the while keeping on with his work. "No artist should take more than one pupil at once. This having a large class and inspection and criticism once a week, it is fike taking candy away from babies. Money from infants, I call it, and I have only one student—Vivian, come and show the ladies and these men some of our work." Miss Vivian Kennedy of Long Island, New York, came out and Diehl stopped painting another two or three minutes while he showed her work.
"No, no," he protested, when someone suggested the gallery and the Post men were bothering his painting. "No breal artist needs privacy to work, no more than an actor, unless they are self-conscious," he asserted, while he dabbed into another tube of oil and squirted a bit of red onto his palette.

Secluded Ones Bluffing

"Those artists who have to get away "Those artists who have to get away in quiet seclusion in their studios to paint their pictures are bluffing, ladies and gentlemen, bluffing. They are afraid of giving away their secrets, and if you could see how fast it is done it would hurt the price. If I went behind a screen and painted these pictures I could get 20 times what they sell for now, because the public wouldn't know just how fast pictures can be painted." All the time his high-pitched, sing-songy Just how fast pictures can be painted." All the time his high-pitched, sing-songy voice was chanting along his brush was moving equally as fast and when the "timekeeper's" watch recorded 151-2 minutes the sand dunes were recognizable and Diehl was putting a finishing touch here and there.

touch here and there.

"That picture, madam? I think the price is marked on it, but if it is too high—ah! then, what shall be the price. You know, ladles and gentlemen, I don't believe in money enough to deteriorate for it. What is money in life so long as one has enough to live and get along comfortably on. I could make hundreds more each week by secrecy and privacy, but can't we all enjoy the pictures and paintings the more if we see them done. And now you see we are all done. There is the picture and—what is the time? Almost 20 minutes—well, we do not have to hurry, but it might have been done sooner. might have been done sooner.

somewhere on the Cape. I ride around a day here.

and get mental models and it is easy to paint from them. You see it is not like any other of the sand dune pictures that you see here on the walls. I could ride past a house or a scene and get a-mental picture in my mind and come here and put it on a canvas for you, and you would know it was the scene. It is not marvelous, ladies, no, simply practice."

Diehl bobbed out of his chair a mom-ent to show to better advantage to a prospective purchaser a farm scene that hung in the studio. "You like that, hung in the studio. "You like that, Mrs. -? Ah! I know that you have

too high? Ah! we shall not naggie over the price. For art is not for price; it is for beauty, and price is nothing." The gallery departed, most of them with purchases, and Diehl turned to the Post men for a minute or two. "How did I become a speed artist?" he parried, he lighted another cigarette. tell you.

Did 3500 in a Year

Did 3500 in a Year

"I was broke in New York. I was then painting good pictures and selling them for good pictures. But I needed some money, and needed it quickly One of the men who was handling my canvases told me that a big house which handled some of his wares was complaining because no one varied the 'school.' That was on Friday. I told him that I would paint 12 different canvases if he would buy them all, and he 'said: 'Oh, but it will take too long.' I brought them to him on a Tuesday, but he was a doubting Thomas and didn't believe that I had not had them in stock. So, right before his eyes, I painted another one—a good one, too, and he took me to a big house that handled thousands of pictures.

"I took a contract to work at top speed, and the first year I was employed by them I turned out 2000 pictures. The second year it was near 2000, and the third year after it was 3500. Then for the next 14 years I turned out an average of about 10 pictures every day. It is not necessary to take time to paint a good oil picture; it is only practice.

"Can Concentrate Act

Can Concentrate Act

"Art can be concentrated like Camp-

"Art can be concentrated like Campbell's soup, and some people know it; but they won't admit it," he said.

The reporter inquired where Diehl made his home. "I guess I'm a nomad," he laughed; "but my headquarters are at Bourne, right here on the Cape. I don't look like an Englishman, you don't think? Well, many pears look, like apples, you know.

"But, seriously, I mean just what I say. There is no need for secrecy in art. I believe in letting the public see what you are doing and what they are paying for. Of course, some pictures

what you are doing and what they are paying for. Of course, some pictures take longer than others, but a great many pictures that sell for fabulous sums today are painted in so short a time that if the public knew the rate they were paying by the hour, say, they wouldn't get over gasping when there it is a sell to the sell of th they died.

Cooks Stews Mostly

"I believe that the public is interest-"I believe that the public is interested in seeing art put onto canvas, and the number of times that I have to sweep this carpet each day would seem to prove my contention that they like it. Yes, I do my own cooking here—mostly stews; casier to cook, you know. It isn't any harder to paint three pictures at once and paint them in a half or three-quarters of an hour than it is to these over a canvas for a month; and

any different from any other artist. From Mental Models

"A model—you mean the model for this picture. It is something that I saw an early the Care I be around an average, he said, he sells 10 pictures around the care I be a care I be

Starts Another Picture

He turned quickly as some more tour-He turned quickly as some more tourists came in, men and women whose automobile bore a California number plate. "Ah! ladies and gentlemen," he began, "Shall I paint something for you? You see, we take this bit of canvas—" and as the Post men walked down the street the sing-song of Dieh!'s monologue floated after them.

The other artists in Provincetown do not "recognize" Diehl. Almost without exception they assert that he "prostitutes his art." He is not a member, nor has he been invited to become a mem-

s he doesn't care. "T'm by painting and with my ds among the public," he t the other fellows worry;

WOMAN ON PAR WITH MAN IN WORLD OF ART

Feminine Success in Calling Now Certain, States Mrs.

Henry Mottet, Assured Authority—Offers

Wonderful Field for American Girl



BY HERBERT L. BALDWIN

PROVINCETOWN, Aug. 24.--Women artists have come into their own and are now ready and able to take their place equally with men on the pedestals of fame in art, Mrs. Henry Mottet asserted today, when she talked at length at her summer home and studio here regarding the part femininity is taking and is to take in the world of painting, etching and

CAN SUCCEED IN TALENTED

President of the National Association f Women Painters and Sculptors and ne of the more prominent of the one of the more prominent of the women artists in the big colony here, Mrs. Mottet promptly took issue with the reporter when he asked her opinion as to why men were generally more successful artists than women. "I don't believe that I will accept that

"I don't believe that I will accept that—that men are more successful than women," she declared, quietly yet firmly. "In the organization of which I am president, there are 300 women exhibiting members—all women who have 'arrived' and whose paintings and works of sculpture are recignized as among the best that the world affords. Women did not begin to commence to come into prominence in life until 1870, and I believe it is yet far too soon to even infer that women, given and taking advantages of opportunities, will ing advantages of opportunities, will not be just as successful and noted as

men. They are becoming more so every

Mrs. Mottet was firm in her declara-tion that no girl is too poor to "afford" an education as an artist if she has the talent and inclination. The reporter talent and inclination. The reporter asked if she believed a girl could study and practise her art and at the same support and clothe herself without

untside aid or assistance.

"Most assuredly," said Mrs. Mottet.

"Most girls until they become self-supporting or are married are supported by their families. But a girl whose family cannot afford to support her while she is furthering her art can easily support herself. No girl can paint all day. For support she can knit sweaters, she can do designing in private dressmaking establishments, as many girl student artists are now doing; she can go into some shop in the evening. There are hundreds of ways in which she can support herself if she has the will

American Artists Lead World

"No girl is 'too poor' to become an artist. Of course, it is a long, long road to success or to 'arrive,' as they call it. Most women, and men, too, do not 'arrive' in the world of art until they are 40 or 45 years old, but there are, of course, exceptions to all rules.

"Another thing that will help the girl

art student of the future is that we are now right on the threshold of not need-ing Europe for an education in art. The foundations of American art are unde-stroyably laid and the men and the women are here in America to teach all forms of art. We are not going to need Europe for our training in the world of

art in the future except to get 'atmosphere,' and even that is not necessarily needed in American art today.

needed in American art today.

"We have also another task right here at home. We have got to educate the American people up to buying paintings and to teach them that they should patronize American art. Because American artists are not only Americans, but today—both women and men—they are painting the best pictures of any artists anywhere in the world. And why should Americans purchase pictures no better than their own women and men are painting just because they have a foreign name attached to them? Americans are slavish imitators and we have got to eign name attached to them? Americans are slavish imitators and we have got to educate them into buying American paintings and it is already being done. The day of the American artist is here."

Mrs. Mottet carries out the general

d of the members, both women and

appearing less like an artist, as artists generally supposed to dress, than a codfish looks like a beaver. As she sat

codfish looks like a beaver. As she sat in one of the rooms of her pretty summer bungalow this evening she appeared more like a society matron than a woman whose life is bound up in paintings and sculpture.

Marriage, she said, should not interfere with any woman's success. "Why should it?" she parried in reply to a question. "Does a woman have to lose her personality just because she marries? No! I know many women artists who have gone right on with their success even when they married. Take Mr. and Mrs. Albert Herter, for instance. Mrs. Herter is just as successful in her and Mrs. Albert Herter, for instance.
Mrs. Herter is just as successful in her
painting now as she was before she was married. No woman need to bury her-

self as soon as she accepts matrimony. It is not right, nor is it needed nor called for. Any woman can retain her personality just as well when she is married as when she is single.

"And speaking of the 'poor' girl in

And speaking of the 'poor' girl in the world of art, as you suggest, no girl, nor no man either, should go into the start of a hoped-for career in the world of art with the idea of 'how much can I get out of it?' It is not what the world of art can give to a girl, it is what she can give to a girl, it is what she can give to the world. You cannot be mercenary and be a successful artist. It is not done-never can

be.
"Another thing it is wrong for a parent to go to a teacher and say, 'Do you really think it is worth while for my daughter to become an artist?' No teacher, no matter how good she or he may be, can tell. A girl may have ordinary talent and develop into the greatdinary talent and develop into the greatest feminine artist of her age. Again she may have all possible talent and never be any more than a medicore painter. Of course I am not referring to the perpetually bad students, but the ordinary student should be left to go along and see what she develops. the may 'arrive' any time, but it is usually only after, as I said before, she gets near 40 years old. No, I don't mean that all women artists are over 40, of course all women artists are over 40, of course

"But I do say again that art offers a girl or young girl as good a chance to succeed in life as any other profession of business, and to American girls and American women the world is now and is going to evermore offer great oppor-tunities for success and a 'name.'"

CAN CLAIM LINCOLN AS ANCESTOR

Great Granddaughter of Emancipator Is Studying Art

PROVINCETOWN, Aug. 4 .- The art colony here has opened its arms wide to receive into its midst "Peggy" Beckwith, great-granddaughter of Abraham Lincoln. And the greatgranddaughter of "Honest Abe" is right at home among the bobbedhaired, smock-wearing tribe who carry their easels daily to the

NOT VAIN OF ANCESTRY

Sitting this evening in the cosy living room of the family cottage on Bradford street, she told a Post reporter that she thought "A. L."—that is the family way of referring to Abraham Lincoln—"would be a good sport and not disapprove of young people today."

"This is my first visit to the Cape, although some of my ancestors originally came from Hingham," she said in one of her first interviews. "No, I have not bothered to visit Hingham.

in one of her first interviews. "No, I have not bothered to visit Hingham. I don't care much about ancestors. It always provokes me when people stare always provokes me when people stare at me and say 'there is Lincoln's great-granddaughter.' It was just my luck that 'A. L.' is related to me," and with that, Miss Beckwith dismissed the sub-ject of her relationship to America's greatest hero to discuss art, radio, farming and dogs.

Doesn't Vote on Party Lines

Medium height, large of build, with red-gold hair and a clear, fine skin, Miss Beckwith is the antithesis of her distinguished

Miss Beckwith is the antithesis of her distinguished ancestor. Art, according to her, is to be her life work.

"I have always wanted to study art, but I have had to work on our farm at Harmony Village, Virginia. Yes, I can plant and plow," she said in answer to a question. And Miss Beckwith is the picture of health. "Mother, my younger brother Bob, and I, do all the work on the farm.

my younger brother Bob, and I, do all the work on the farm.
"But now I am really doing what I want to. Last winter I started my art studies in Washington, and now I am in one of George Elmer Brown's classes here. Amd you know that is one point on which I and my friends disagree—the subject of art. I believe painting should be more than a mere daubing of colors. It should express something. But then, I guess I am not sufficiently along in my studies to appreciate this new art." she said with a laugh.

with it comes to politics, Miss Beckwith is rather diffident. She declared that the last time she voted, which was in Vermont, still considered her legal residence on account of her spending much time with her grandfather, the 80-year-old Robert Lincoln, president of the Manchester Golf Club, she voted 80-year-old Robert Lincoln, president of the Manchester Golf Club, she voted the Republican ticket. "But I am not strictly a Republican In fact, I don't believe in parties," declared this de-scendant of a long line of dyed-in-the-wool Republicans. "I vote for the-man."

In Favor of Enforcing Dry Law

I guess 'A. L.' would have been a pretty good sport these days. I don't think he would have disapproved of think he would have disapproved of me and my generation. Of course, there is one thing I will say against young people and that is since prohibition has been in effect, they think it smart to drink. Now, although personally, I believe wines at meals are good, a law is a law and should be enforced. Then, too, some of the stuff the people drink hinders them in doing their work. An artist cannot drink and paint at the same time."

Miss Beckwith is working regular hours, 9 until 5 on her studies. After that, she spends most of her time with her radio set—and when the reporter

that, she spends most of her time with her radio set—and when the reporter found her she was setting up a new set, for making sets is her hobby. Raising dogs is another hobby of the great American's great-granddaughter. In fact, Miss Beckwith, although 25 years old, has not outgrown her tomboy days. And the companionship of her 19-year-old brother Bob, who the Beckwith family hopes will develop into a great lawyer, keeps her so.

ART OF OLD SCHOOL MUCH TOO SOMBRE SAYS 'MODERN' ARTIST

 E. Ambrose Webster Explains Use of Brilliant Colors
 —Public Wants Brilliancy Declares Provincetown Art Ass'n Vice-President



BY HERBERT L. BALDWIN

PROVINCETOWN, Aug. 17.-E. Ambrose Webster doesn't look at all startling. And, he isn't. He's a modest, soft-spoken, little man-not so short and not so tall. And he doesn't talk much until you speak of art and [then-well, harken!

In the presence of his pictures he doesn't need to talk at all. The pictures almost talk for themselves. If color were noise a steam calliope couldn't compete with art as exemplified by Webster's school of the "modern."

Trees are purple, some of them, others a riot of green and shade. A woman with a lavendar gown, perchance, may be the central figure of his painting and then again a flaming red bridge may amble all over the foreground.

PICTURES NOT DAUBS

Not that his paintings are daubs. Far from it! E. Ambrose Webster is vice-president of the Provincetown Art As-sociation and ranks with the best of them. His pictures adorn galleries all

sociation and ranks with the best of them. His pictures adorn galleries all over the country.

But color—scintillating, brilliant, smashing gobs of it—is his forte, and to say the least his works are startling. And today he toid a Post man why. He bared all the secrets of the "modern" school of art and found time, meanwhile, to say a word or two about the old-time "academic" school and what he thinks of it. E. Ambrose Webster admits he may be wrong, but he argued well as to why he isn't. "The public has had their full of sombre 'stuff," he began, and he pointed to women's costumes of the day to prove his contention. "There is nothing in the old school of art to give any more thrills. 'Modern' art is a treatment of form, but modern art is coming. The public do like the brilliancy of colors, but the trouble is that they have been trained not to like it.

Modern Costumes Very Brilliant

Modern Costumes Very Brilliant

"Did you ever see or hear of anyone who didn't like a brilliant sunset or the

brilliancy of flowers? Look at the cos-

brilliancy of flowers? Look at the costumes of the women of today. Brilliancy of colors stands out all over them. You can't start anything in the world of art that isn't reflected in the commercial world, and 'modern' art is one of these things.

"They (meaning the majority of painters) call me a post-impressionist. It is a more or less indefinite term. They' say the futurists are crazy. I think so, too. Me they call 'mildly insane.' Perhaps I am, but I paint color as I see it. I arrive at something that you wouldn't until you understood and had been educated to see things. I might take advantage of colors to show them at their greatest advantage, but I do not exaggerate as colors are in the sunlight. Colors to help colors in a harmony of color and contrast is the basis of the 'modern' art. It has come to stay, and the public will soon demand it entirely. Already it is known and understood by thousands."

Webster Is Not an Idealist

E. Ambrose Webster is not an idealist. Nor is he, as you might possibly conjure in examining his pictures, an eccentric in any sense of the word, unless you don't agree with his modern theories. And as he sat in his hilltop home he talked quietly, convincingly and in a manner entirely matter-of-fact. At no time did he condemn the paintings of the "academic" school—the paintings everyone sees in museums, art clubs, in homes and in public buildings—except to say that he believes they have had their day. And when cane of the Post men inquired why he told us his beliefs.

"The old school knew nothing of color," he said. "But even in art clubs we have got to hunt up a new interest and the modern style of painting with its brilliancy of colors is going to supply this. And again I say of the way.

"Of course in the art clubs we have had our liquors and things, but now that they are banned, there will come an added interest in the plotures, in the paintings and in the styles of paintings. And, even as in literature, there must be more 'punch' in art, and the modern E. Ambrose Webster is not an ideal-

sunlight—in landscape painting—paintings will follow along the lines of a few 'modern' painters. The 'modern' school is increasing, and it will continue to increase. If we are going to represent the sunlight and the joy of the out-of-doors we have got to have brilliancy of colors. It is not easy to carry on the work of the old school, as we are doing, and at the same time carry on the brilliancy of colors. It is like a juggler juggling another ball. False education has limited art to sombre colors. colors.

Futurists Are Skyrockets

"We have got to hunt up a new inter-"We have got to hunt up a new interest for art. I don't see how anyone could have possibly painted it any other way. We are not 'futurists.' 'Futurists' are skyrockets and they will soon explode and fall to earth. Thanks to the futurists, we of the modern school are no longer the 'goats,' only still somewhat the 'goat' for the old-school advocates.

cates.
"We of the modern school are simply than before. I "We of the modern school are simply painting more truths than before. I paint color as I see it. I might take advantage of colors to show them at their greatest advantage, but in painting by the modern school way it is simply showing things at their best advantage. It is placing the emphasis on things differently, and no matter what they say of it it is going to last. And what changes the introduction of brilliancy of color may make in a picture are only for harmony."

E. Ambrose Webster was born in Chelsea. This summer he has a class of fitty-odd girls and women, young men and old, all studying the modern form of

and old, all studying the modern form of art and painting their impressions in great sweeps of colors that stand out in a sort of "hit-you-between-the-eyes" sort of way. Painting is an invaluable aid for women, he said.

Women Make Successful Artists

"It is an invaluable aid for tired school teachers—a new life for them," said Mr. Webster. And then there is the class of women who paint to do something. Painting, like music, is absorbing, and there is nothing that will divert a woman's mind from the other things of life as will painting, and especially the modern style of painting. And a great many women have made a success at painting. Of course, there

are the hundreds of women who have expected to 'arrive,' but never have in the art world.

the art world.

"All my students are painting the 'modern' way—painting things as they see them—as they are in the sunlight—see them—as they are in the sunlight. the harmony of one color running through the picture."
"In other words," queried the Postman, "isn't it putting more 'pep' into painting?"

"Exactly," said E. Ambrose Webster,
"When an artist is painting a picture
he should not conform to any one
set of rules. Even now few artists
understand 'modern' painting. Young
students understand far more readily
than those who have been trained to
the old school. They, the young students I am speaking of now, understand that they should paint things
with the brilliancy of colors as they
see them and not according to the
pictures they have seen."

Art Club Can Weather Prohibition

The art club is the only club that has a remedy at hand to combat the coming of prohibition, Artist Webster coming of prohibition, Artist Webster said he believes. "An art club with its pictures to interest its members has a better chance to weather it through than the other clubs that have nothing else, practically, than their liquors," he said. "But even in art clubs we have got to hunt up a new interest and the modern style of painting with its brilliancy of colors is going to supply this. And again I say I don't see how they could paint it any other way.

that problem, and it is going to be the art of the coming generation. I know, art of the coming generation. I know, for I have studied it."

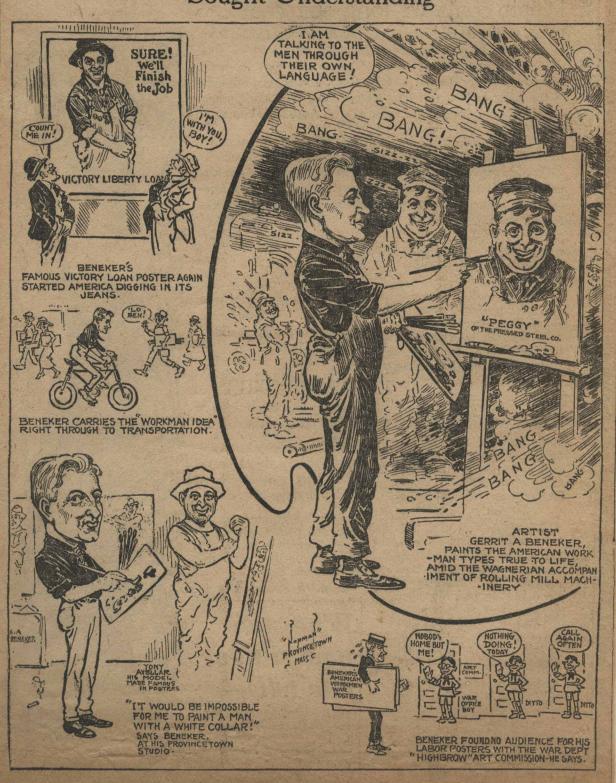
Artist Likes Friendly Criticism

In his kome, E. Ambrose Webster has many startling products of his brushes. He doesn't mind a bit when a visitor doesn't agree with his color schemes and his views. He smiled when one of the Post men inquired why "the embankment is purple." "That isn't an embankment," he said, "that is the shadow on a wall. And as I saw it when I painted it, the shadow was purple, and that tree that you speak of was a series of greens and whites, and that is why I painted it as I saw it. Painting should be as one sees it, with the colors shown in all their brilliancy, and you just watch and note if in the time to come colors aren't painted that way, and the public will soon come to know them, as hundreds and thousands already have.

"We, of the modern school know that the public is tired of the old art—the sombreness of color that has always dominated paintings of all the famous artists, and I tell you, and truthfully, I believe, too, that modern art has come to stay." his views. He smiled when one of the

BENEKER SAYS ART WILL UNITE LABOR AND CAPITAL

Painter of "Sure, We'll Finish the Job," Believes
Pictures Will Bring About Long
Sought Understanding



BY HERBERT L. BALDWIN

PROVINCETOWN, Aug. 20.-Art for humanity's sake is now the aim of Gerrit Albertus Beneker, the artist who brought both himself and a Cape Cod fisherman into nation-wide fame when he painted the Victory Loan poster, "Sure, We'll Finish the Job."

Today, at his summer home here where with Mrs. Beneker and their children, Beneker is vacationing, he told a Post reporter why and how he believes art and artists are to play an all-important part in the industrial future of America. Much industrial unrest can be quieted and to a great extent entirely eliminated by the brush of the artists, he averred.

PAINTED IN FOUNDRY

And to prove, he said, that his idea is no idle dream, he outlined the success of his first venture in testing out his beliefs—painting pictures, portraits and scenes—with his canvas set up amid the fiery heat and deafening work-day din of the great foundries of the Hydraulic Pressed Steel Company in Cleveland.

Beneker asserted that he believes the root of the whole trouble between labor and capital today is lack of understanding. "If you talk to men in a language that they understand, they will listen," he said. "With one painting you can tell more than any speaker could say in an hour. A picture—and a bit of reading matter with it."

Laboring Men His Idols

Gerrit A. Beneker on vacation looks Gerrit A. Beneker on vacation looks more like a laboring man than he does an artist. The Post man first saw him today, clad in an old blue flannel shirt, open at the throat, the shirt tucked into a pair of nondescript gray trousers, pedaling a bicycle down Provincetown's main street, as he did the family errands. This afternoon when he opened the door of his home to admit us, he wore the same costume, and a pretty youngster tugged at his trousers legs.

legs.

Beneker is a tall, well-set up chap, Beneker is a tall, well-set up chap, with \$ face almost boyish that belies the matured look of his grayed dark hair. He talks quietly, never once during the interview raising his voice, and he makes no secret of the fact that labor and laboring men have always been his idols and a betterment of the conditions of all working men his hobby. Not exploitation of labor, as he bestened to say, but something, as he hastened to say, but something, as he put it himself, "to get labor thinking about its own constructive self."

Workers His Subjects

Beneker has not always painted the workingman—"the man who builds, who constructs, who produces, who is on the square," he calls them. Many of his landscapes of Cape Cod have found their way through their merit into galleries and homes long before he made himself intimately known all over the country with "Sure, We'll Finish the

Job." But since the almost wildfire Job." But since the almost wildre spread of his popularity through the painting of the big, brawny fisherman digging for the loan, Beneker has confined himself almost exclusively to art paintings of workingmen at their work. "The reason that art has never been the little popular with the ordinary with the ordinary with the ordinary." generally popular with the ordinary

workingman," he said, while he puffed nervously at a cigarette, "is that artists have confined themselves to four walls for their studio, and when they wanted to paint a workingman they put some overalls on a model and thought they had it. Not so! Nowhere will anyone find the true type of the workingman

except at his bench. And that is why I am now painting right in the foundries, right in front of the blast furnaces or in the shops where the machinery is whirring. That kind of art is going to talk to the workingman and he is going to understand.

Picture With a Message

"How is that going to affect labor? Through the picture talking to him. Here's an illustration of what I mean." He displayed a reproduction in a magazine of one of his latest paintings, "Welding." It shows a workingman welding the rim of an automobile wheel. welding the rim of an automobile wheel, with sparks flying in every direction and the glow of the white heat reflecting on the man's sturdy bareness. It is a picture that commands more than a passing look.

Inside the cover-written by Beneter himself, for he writes a bit as well as paints-the picture is explained in part as follows:

Useless Unless Welded

"Fellows! Did you ever stop to think how useless that straight bar of steel was before it was formed and welded into a hoop? Did you ever realize that one end of that eight-foot bar of steel represents labor and the other end represents capital? And how useless both ends are in that straight, hard condition with all that space between them?

"All the dollars in the world are useless in themselves, and all the brawn and brain in men are useless in them

and brain in men are useless in them-selves. But, oh, boy! how the sparks do fly when labor and capital are solidwelded together in the production of

articles useful to mankind.

Educate Through the Eye

It is such sentiments as this that each month Beneker writes to go with his paintings of labor. "Seventy per cent of our education is through the eye," he said, "and a picture will attract attention quicker than anything else. With the picture a bit of reading matter of the right sort, and with such posters you can get at the thoughts of the working. can get at the thoughts of the working-man. The thing today is to give the workingman something to think about.

workingman something to think about. "The writers of today are not doing this. We ought to get away from this he-she sort of story, where there is a girl in her nightie or a kimona wandering around in each chapter. If writers would get away from this business of having a female in bed or stuck out in a one-piece bathing suit all the time we would have more things for the workingman to think about—something constructive. And with art we can do this structive. And with art we can do this also. We should get away from the picture that gives nothing constructive to think about and get down to solids.

Will Learn Each Other

"Artists should get into the game of portraying the workman—the laboring classes—the majority class, as they are.

classes—the majority class, as they are. And as soon as we do this, just so soon will art become more widely studied and understood by all classes of peoples. "In the old days every employer knew personally every man in his employ. But today he knows perhaps a workman or two, but only as he happens to see them about as he walks around to talk with his foremen or managers. With art, painted in the shops and factories, real portraying of the men right tories, real portraying of the men right on the job, not only will the working-man become interested in all forms of man become interested in all forms of art, but the employer will know just what his men look like, the types that are in his employ—the great big brawny men who produce with his capital. "But it never can be done by artists in their studios. To get the things artists must go right into the factories and take the men right on their tobs.

artists must go right into the factories and take the men right on their jobs. And if they do this, as I have done and shall continue to do, they will find that not only will the workingman begin to study art, but will appreciate it. If a man sees a picture that interests him he will stop to read what is written under it and about it."

Board Preferred Girls

The reporter asked why Mr. Beneker believes his "Sure, We'll Finish the Joh" was so universally liked. "Because it was a man of the masses—a man that the people knew and understood." Beneker disclosed that his efforts to get his workingmen posters before the wartime art poster commission at Washington had not always been crowned with success. Many times he

ent to Washington with his industrial went to Washington with his industrial pictures, seeking to have them used it part instead of the pictures of women and girls with their sex appeal for the loans and drives, only to be referred to this man and that until he became discouraged. Magazines took them up, and then came the success of "Sure, We'll Finish the Joh."

Beneker said that he believes that are

Beneker said that he believes that ars can do more than anything else to fur-ther the cause of labor as well as to make labor understand capital better, and, in short, be the ideal form to weld both capital and labor solidly together and behind each other.



Tony Avalar of Provincetown "the lad with the \$6,000,000,000 smile," who was the model for the fifth Liberty Loan poster. (Painted by Gerrit A. Beneker.)

THE "SURE!-WE'LL-

NISH-THE-JOB" N

BY JOHN G. PETERSEN

"Sure, we'll finish the job."

Tony Avellar, who posed for the famous Victory Loan poster, is in Boston.

He was brought here at the suggestion of the Sunday Post.

When Tony hangs his hat on a peg in Provincetown he call it home. There Gerrit Beneker, a well-known artist, found him.

For Tony it was clearly a case of becoming famous overnight. Three million posters bearing his smiling face are plastered on windows and billboards throughout the length and breadth of the land. His good-natured, generous coun-tenance is one of the best know and liked of all the faces to appear before the public in years.

"Why not bring Tony to Boston?" the Sunday Post asked the Victory Loan committee in charge of the daily programmes on Boston Common. With characteristic energy

and enthusiasm the loan workers got busy.

Did Tony come? Did he? "Sure, we'll finish the job,"

he told them.

poster, which typifies the substantial, true American who makes our country what it is-the hard-working, salt-ofthe-earth family man whose generous spirit reaches outside his family circle to help the nation which protects him and his family.

Tony is 33 years old and married Louise Strube, fresh from Alsace-Lorraine, eight years ago. They have been blessed with four children, whose ages are about two years apart-four little girls, all of whom except the youngest recognize their daddy in the poster.

FISHING LORE IN HIS VEINS

Tony was born in Provincetown and has spent all his life there, with the exception of a few months when he was learning his trade as a machinist at the Atlantic Works in East Boston He comes from a famil yof fisher-folk, going back to his great, great-grandfather, who caught mackerel and cod off the Isle of Floris, a Portuguese possession. Joseph M. Avellar, Tony's father, came to the Cape Cod region when a boy and has made many fishing trips out of Provincetown, taking Tony with him, and although both have businesses in Provincetown which do not require them to go on the trail of mackerel, yet the trade of the fisherman still calls them and they go out on a fishing excursion on every occa-

sion when opportunity offers.

Mrs. Avellar, Tony's mother, often goes with them on these trips, although she is of an age where most mothers would be content to stay at home, especially mothers who have brought 13 children into the world. She is a remarkably vigorous woman, with scarcely a gray hair, and she was delighted to accompany Tony on his trip to

Best of all, Tony lives up to his Boston to aid in the Victory Loan campaign

America and their Cape Cod home, the fact that the Avellars have two the fact that the Avellars have two made the poster what it is. sons in the service makes them particularly anxious to do all they can

to aid in the Victory Loan drive. Gerald Avellar is in the navy and is at the present time stationed at Brest, France, while Arthur Avellar

MOTTO TONY'S VERY OWN

"Sure, we'll finish the job," expresses the sentiment of the whole family, and they have all bought bonds to the limit of their pocketbooks during each one of the "drives."

The family is as interesting an American family as one would care to meet, even though the date of its arrival here from Portugal goes back only a few years. Although the speech of the parents carries a foreign accent. Tony speaks without a trace, and from his accent no one could guess that his

mother tongue was Portuguese.

It was due to Tony's acquaintance with the artists' colony at Provinceown that he was selected by Gerrit Beneker as the model for his famous poster. He has taken many writers and artists upon fishing excursions aboard his tank boat, a 40-footer which he uses for business as well as for social reasons. He has named his boat "Angeline and Louisa," in honor of

his mother and wife.

Mary Heaton Vorse, the writer, chartered this boat, with Tony as the skipper, when she took the trip along the coast to gather material for her book, "Other Folks' Harbor," and it was due to her that Tony met his wife Louisa. Mrs. Vorse discovered Louisa when she was travelling through Al-

one of her many novels. She liked Louisa very much and persuaded her to come to America with her and be-come governess of her children. It was while she was governess that Tony met her, and they both say it was love at first sight.

Tony was in the midst of a problem of gasolene engine repairing in his

gasolene engine repair shop at Provincetown when the artist Beneker paid him a visit. Tony, with his sleeves rolled up, his red undershirt showing, a battered hat joining a splotch of black grease that covered the side of his face, stood up and smiled upon his friend. Realizing that the call was in

the nature of a visit, he began reaching into the recesses of his overalls for the makings of a cigarette, smiling a generous welcoming smile.

And it was in this action, together with the smile and the genuineness of the spontaneous pose in Tony's hospitable reception of him, that Beneker received an inspiration which resulted

in the most famous of all the posters of the Victory Loan.

"Sure, we'll finish the job," said

Tony.

And it is this spirit of willingness to assist in any worthy cause in addition to the wholesouled countenance

"I couldn't refuse Beneker," Tony explained.

"We had no idea at the time that the poster would be as successful as it turned out to be."

Since the fame of Tony has gone is in the army aviation corps at Carl-out as having been the model of the strom Field, Florida. poster he has received telegrams poster he has received telegrams galore from all the principal towns of New England to visit them and aid in the Victory Loan drives that are being carried on. Although he distinct the public her and the public her the public her and the public her and the public her and the public her are the public her and the pub likes to appear before the public, he did consent to appear in Boston, and has every day the past week posed before the crowds assembling before the Victory Loan cottage on the Common, as well as before the audiences at Keith's Theatre.

ADMITS HE'S NOT MUCH AS TALKER

"I want to do all I can," he told the Victory Loan committee, "but I'm afraid you'll have to pass me up when it comes to making a speech. I can catch a fish, row a hoat, sail a boat. repair an engine, or be a model, but as a speaker I am deaf and dumb.

When Tony appeared before the Victory Loan committee he was accompanied by his wife, his mother and his father. They kept their eyes and his father. They kept their eyes on him all the time, and were pleased to see the favorable impression he made on these big city folk. But despite the urging of the committee he refused to take the rostrum as a speaker. The best they have been able to get out of him up to date is: "Sure, we'll finish the job."

Besides his new experiences under

Besides his new experiences under

the auspices of the Victory Loan committee, Tony made his first theatrical debut following his introduction to the committee. It was at mid-day last Monday, when he went over to Keith's to receive for the first time the full glare of the limelight, theatrical limelight, now known as the "spot."

"spot."
In the fact that Tony was to appear at the matinee, the committee thought it would be a wise move to accustom Tony's eyes to the strong ray of the "spot." This strange rehearsal before empty seats was not only a new experience to him, but a novel experience to his father, mother and wife, whom Tony insisted should accompany him throught all the ordeal of becoming a public man

of becoming a public man.

The boys of the theatre, to make him feel at home on the stage, lowered the big drop which had adhered to it the big drop which had adhered to it the big 24-sheet poster which was the prime cause of his being there. This was the largest poster Tony had even seen of himself, and he exclaimed: "Why, the nose of the man in the poster is almost as big as I am!"

HAD OTHER HEROIC MOMENTS

The rest of the family also gazed appreciatively at the poster, which resulted in making everyone feel at home, even though it was Tony's first time to "trod the boards."

Tony stood his first rehearsal in first class shape, and the glare of the spotlight bothered him not at all. He showed them he could stand the

"gaff" whether on the rostrum or on the stage, and so far as the Victory Loan drive is concerned he has made good in every detail, even though it was his first time to receive the ap-plause of the multitude.

No, there was one other time. Later, at the Bellevue Hotel, where the committee arranged for their star performer's stay in the city, I pinned Tony down on that point. He admitted he had received the plaudits of a crowd on a couple of previous occa-

"Well, to be absolutely truthful, I was the 'hero-of-the-minute' once before," he cautiously admitted. "This was during the New York to Marblehead motor boat races six years ago. There were 16 boats in the race and the boat I was engineer of came out third. It took a long time before I heard the last of that, because my friends insisted that the boat was a

Another time was when he rescued two girls from drowning. This was off the beach at Provincetown. One of the girls had swum out too far and was taken with cramps. The other girl, her friend, seeing her plight, swam out to rescue her, but was so clutched by the drowning girls that she also

became helpless.

"I was walking along the shore when I heard their cries," Tony admitted quietly. "There didn't seem to be anyone else around to save them, so what else could I do but make an attempt at least? It was more an act of providence than my own that I was able to effect their rescue. Anyway, they were rescued. One of the girl's name was Miss Hancock and the other I believe was named Miss Swords.

FOLLOWS WIFE'S ADVICE

Besides his prowess as a swimmer, Tony has won laurels in other athletic fields. He has played baseball, football and basket ball. It was in the latter game that he won some prominence in the days of his earlier youth. He played guard on the team of the Chi-

from Brown University, Bridgewater Normal and Fairhaven High.

"Tony is a good sport in everything but fishing," his wife interrupted as he for him yet. At least, I hope so." quoket Chib when it wrested victory

was telling me of these athletic days

while he wants to make a trade out of fishing and go out in his boat and make a fortune. I tell him to go back to his machine shop and stick to his real trade. I don't want him to leave me, and these fishing trips mean that

me, and these fishing trips mean that he will probably be gone for a long time. He is such a good man, and he is always the same all the time."

"Why shouldn't I like fishing?" replied Tony, "All my people were fishermen and, anyway, didn't I see two fellows who don't know half as much about fishing as I do make \$15,000 about fishing as I do make \$15,000 clear money in one season?

"Provincetown is the greatest port in the world for inshore fish. In going around to the traps with my father I have seen tuna fish weighing from 500

to 800 pounds apiece, 12 and 13 to a trap. I have seen 500 mackerel in one trap—mackerel so thick you could almost walk on them. Why, Province town supplies Boston with almost aller inspare fiel. Why shouldn't I like her inshore fish. Why shouldn't I like fishing?"

"But listen, Tony," said his wife, "you stick to your trade. I want you home every night, and so do the children."

HATED TO LEAVE THE "KIDS"

"How do you like being away from Provincetown?" I asked.
"I don't like being away from home,"
"Tony replied. "I miss the kids. Anylw, y, I like Provincetown better than Boston. It is my home, and there is no place like home to me. You might not like the town. It is a quaint, small old fishing town which hasn't seen a change in the last 50 years.

"It is because it is so quaint that the artists and writers have a colony there. Wilbur Steele wrote his book called 'Storms' while living here. Hall painted a picture of the sea which took him three years to create while living here. It is now hanging in the Senate Chamber at Washington. Webster and Hawthorne have also lived here for the

ideas it gave them for paintings.

"Many actresses and actors also come here in the summer time. Last summer I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Helen Ware, and I took her out in an excursion in my boat. Provincetown is a real homey place for anyone who likes the sea, and I can't get back there too quick to suit me"

to suit me.'

Another point in proving the heroic, home-loving race which Tony came from was related by Mrs. Tony. His grandfather was drowned a few months ago in attempting to rescue a drowning man whose boat was swamped in a surf which was rolling up the coast of the Isle of Floris.

"The Avellars are all brave," she said, "and they are all good men. Once they settle down in a place they better.

they settle down in a place they hate to leave. Now you take it in the case of Tony's father. He didn't want to come to Boston. His wife made him, and every day he says he wants to go back, while she, in spite of her years, is having the time of her life, taking in the moving picture shows and watching the crowds gather around while Tony makes his appearance."
"What above all else does Tony want in life?" I asked.
"Well, to tell the truth," she replied

of his youth. "He doesn't seem to have what you call 'fisherman's luck.' Every once in a STORY OF HOW TONY POSED

The Man Who Works With Hands, Heart and Soul Is My Hero, He Says

Tony has told his story. Here is Artist Beneker's own side of the matter.

He tells exclusively in today's Sunday Post how he came to paint this most popular of all loan posters and why he selected the Provincetown man for his "type":

BY GERRIT A. BENEKER

(Written especially for the Boston Sunday Post.)

The man who works with his hands, his heart and his soul, has always been my hero. I've studied him on the skyscrapers and bridges of New York, it excavation, tunnels, steel mills, foundries and all kinds of industries.

For the past six years I have been living summers and winters at Provliving summers and winters at Provincetown, quietly learning more about my trade. While my subject matter has been the sand dunes, the wharves, the sparkling blue water, the dancing hoats and the fishermen of Cape Cod, my interest in the working man has never grown less.

When we went into this war I knew I could help in my, small way by appealing to laborers—through pictures of

ing to laborers—through pictures whemselves working—to back the fighting man, so I went to Washington as an expert aid in the Navy Department. Through the work I did there came a request for a Liberty Loan poster for this Fifth Victory Loan. I was working in my Provincetown studio when the request came—the war having ended. I dropped my brushes from the marine I was painting, stretched a new canvas and looked at it. I knew from my experience with men that laboring men do buy Liberty bonds—that some of them will even mortgage their homes to buy bonds and hang onto them. will even mortgage their homes to buy bonds and hang onto them, for never was there a safer investment, nor a more patriotic one. The man who buys a bond of his government automatically becomes a part of his government, and therefore takes more interest in it. He not only lands his money, but he gives therefore takes more interest in it. He not only lends his money, but he gives of himself, of his ability, and by so doing he will in due season reap the harvest of that which he has sown.

Tony kept his automobile in a garage on the back end of our lot. I saw him frequently. His honest straightforward smile had more confidence and assurance in it than that of any other local man I could think

of any other local man I could think of for the moment.

of for the morient.

Then, too, I liked the way he wore his clothes. So I went after Tony—a busy man was he—but I hauled him off his oil boat and out of his machine slop for an hour or so at a time. Into my studio he came—get the model platform and put

Tony Avellar and His \$6,000,000,000 Smile Come to Boston



Tony in an off moment (left) while posing for Beneker's famous poster, which has been adopted for the Victory Liberty Load, campaign, Centre —Mrs. Tony Avellar, Tony and his father

his hand in his pocket as you see him in the poster

him in the poster.

The smile on his face is his natural expression—it reflects what is inside of the man. He is not sour, he does not doubt—he goes along fearlessly, joyfully, confidently doing his work with all his heart and soul.

And how significant it is that this poster should have been painted, and that Tony himself should have come from Provincetown, the birthplace of American liberty—those shores to which our forefathers came in 1620, that they might start life over again, away from the oppression of Europe to the freedom and glory which is ours today. ours today.

Note—Incidentally, Mr. Beneker himself has invested the total proceeds from his poster in Victory bonds. He is now in one of the large industrial plants of Cleveland, Ohio, painting portraits of workingmen and processes in the steel industry.

thousands of boys of his native town have before him.

have before him.

After graduating from the schools of Provincetown he "went fishing." There is nothing out of the ordinary in this, but after three years he decided that the sea was calling for something besides fishermen. The power dories were coming in and he was quick to see that gasolene engines needed mechanics to repair them.

He came to Boston and put in three fruitful years at the Atlantic Works, where he finished his apprenticeship, and came out a full-fledged marine engine machinist.

Back to Provincetown he went and started a little shop on a wharf off Commercial street, where he repaired engines and rebuilt them as well. His business grew and he branched out into the gasolene supply business, and the thought came to him that, instead of motorboat owners coming to him for their supply, he would go to them, no

CAPE COD MAN HAS \$6,000,000,000 SMILE

Tony Avalar's Laughing Eyes In J Beneker's Poster for the New Loan

From now on it's Tony Avalar, "the lad with the six-billion-dollar smile."

For Uncle Sam, no less, has put his stamp of approval on Tony's smile, and one end of the United States to the other will soon beam with his countenance on striking posters that will advertise the Fifth Liberty Loan.

Thus, Anna Held, with her milliondollar eyes, and Mary Pickford, who may boast of a countenance that earned even beyond Anna Held's figures, have been outdistanced by a Provincetown fisherman.

Artists from all over the country have submitted paintings and drawings, depicting girls, events and characters that would stir red-blooded Americans into investing in United States bonds, but the jury of 12 Federal Reserve Bank heads, who met recently in Atlantic City, brought in the verdict that Gerrit A. Beneker, the eminent Provincetown and Boston artist, who "caught" Tony's smile had the poster with the greatest anneal.

Thereby Tony Avalar, model for Beneker's successful effort, is going to beat a block the famous breakfast food

Has Always Followed the Sea

And for many reasons, they point out down in the little town on the tip end of Cape Cod, no better man could be found than Tony to put pep into one

found than Tony to put pep into one of Uncle Sam's big posters.

"Isn't he a native of the land of the Pilgrims, the first people that ever put over anything worth while for this country?" "Doesn't he come of stock that follow the sea for their living and hence typify the dauntless and daring Yankee spirit?" And furthermore "he is a product of the great American melting pot," for though his name tells of his Portuguese forebears he "comes of the little red schoolhouse army that always did the big things in Yankeeland," they say.

Tony Avalar is a strapping, bronzed young man of about 26 years, who has

matter how far out of the harbor they

He built a motorboat "tanker" and

He built a motorboat "tanker" and puts out among the craft that come near Provincetown and fills their tanks while they "lay to."

He has lived the life of the average citizen of Provincetown up to the time that he has come into national prominance and here had nothing that here. that he has come into national prominence, and has had nothing that here; tofore was a big event to him until Beneker discovered him. Unlike many of the fishermen, he has never even been shipwrecked. He has only one calamity at sea to his credit. He went out fishing with a ship's crew one time, "and the boat came back into port without a fish." To the Provincetown fisherman this procedure borders almost

on crime. Tony shortly afterward went to East Boston to learn to be a ma-

Has Four Smiling Children

He is a philosopher and firmly be-lieves that some men are born great and others have greatness thrust upon them. He says that he belongs to the latter class, although his smile that caught the great artist Beneker's eye has always been with him.

has always been with him.

Notwithstanding his smile is counting so much for Uncle Sam, it is bound to be perpetuated, for he has a smiling wife and four as buxom, smiling "kiddies" as can be found on Cape Cod.

They say that dad's smile will sure not come off now that he has gone to work for Uncle Sam.





Tony Avellar, Provincetown fisherman, the man with the \$6,000,000,000 smile.

Permanent Memorial for Provincetown Planned by Artists of the Summer Colony



CHARCOAL SKETCH OUTLINING PLAN FOR PERMANENT MEM ORIAL COMMEMORATING THE LANDING OF THE

PILGRIMS AT

PROVINCETOWN.

PROVINCETOWN, Oct. 11.—At the invitation of the local committee in charge of the Pilgrim celebration, George Elmer Browne of New York, a distinguished artist, who makes his home here during the summer, has just submitted a plan for a permanent memorial commemorating the landing of the Pilgrims at Provincetown.

IDEALS IN SKETCH

Mr. Browne, who is the "skipper" of Beachcombers, the celebrated artists' club here, has embodied in a rough charcoal sketch the wishes of the people of Provincetown for a dignified and fitting approach t

people of Provincetown for a more dignified and fitting approach to the great Pilgrim monument on Town Hill.

Provincetown is essentially a seaport town, and the most important act in its whole history was the signing of the celebrated compact in the cabin of the Mayflower in Provincetown harbor, the mayflower to the United the Mayflower in Provincetown harbor, the compact that gave to the United States its first model for democratue government. The plan outlined by Mr. Browne connects the Pilgrim monument with the harbor in artistic fashion and at the same time provides for a public landing for small boats in connection with a pier extending out into the bay. Provincetown, like most American cities, has allowed its waterfront to pass into private control, so that there is no public landing. The need of such a convenience increases with the growth of the town, and is

especially felt when the battleships of

especially felt when the battleships of the United States navy put in here. This public necessity is fully met in the plan outlined by Mr. Browne. In discussing the plan, Mr. Browne said: "The people of Provincetown propose to carry out as nearly as possible the essential details for a permanent memorial to the Pilgrims as shown in this preliminary drawing. I have merely endeavored to show the general plan of what is desired. Any suggestions that will improve or add to the artistic beauty of the scheme will the artistic beauty of the scheme will be welcomed by the committee.

Plot on Waterfront

"It is proposed to secure a small but adequate plot of land on the waterfront adequate plot of land on the waterfront directly in line with Town Hill, upon the summit of which stands the great Pilgrim monument, and to turn this plot of land into a dignified park with a pier extending out into the harbor. Attached to the pier will be a public landing, which is a necessity for shipping. The park will afford an unobstructed view of the monument from the harbor. ument from the harbor.

"There is a street already leading from the place where it is proposed to locate the park, that gives ready access to the foot of Town Hill.
"At the head of this street and at the

foot of the hill it is proposed to erect a bronze statue representing a Pilgrim mother, to commemorate the courageous and loyal character of the women of that little band of Pilgrims who first touched the soil of the new world at Provincetown. Much has been said about the Pilgrim fathers, who through their heroism and lofty ideals of democratic government laid the foundations for our great republic. But history has been sadly silent about our great Pilgrim mothers. Here at Provincetown wash day, that homely but necessary and sanitary institution, was first established, when the Pilgrim mothers went mother, to commemorate the courageous lished, when the Pilgrim mothers went ashore to wash the soiled lines that had accumulated during the two months at

First Child Born There

"It was at Provincetown that the first white child was born, Peregrine White, and it was here that the first death among the Pilgrims occurred when Dorothy Bradford fell overboard and was drowned in Provincetown harbor. These events are a sufficient cause for erecting a fitting memorial here to the brave women who came and helped as dutiful wives to lay the foundation of a strong and popular government.

proposed to erect a broad flight of stone steps leading up to the base of the great monument on top of Town Hill. This broad stairway will be broken at intervals with resting stages where one may stop and enjoy the splendid view of the town and harbor, making the ascent easy and delight-

"At present this hill is a wild looking place. No attempt has ever been made to beautify it and make it serve as a noble base for the towering monument that rises above it. For the honor of the Pilgrims alone, something ought to be done to make the hill presentable at least from the sea. The

monument is to all intents and purposes a sea beacon and it is only carrying out the original purpose of the government in giving it a proper approach from the sea."

Memorial Building Later

As to the building on the hill at the right Mr. Browne claims this as wholly his own suggestion, and not really contemplated at present in the plans for the permanent memorial. He feels, and so does the committee, that eventually a memorial building will be erected there and he put it in the sketch so that it might be considered in connection with the proposed plan to beautify the monument.

Browne feels that this building would be not only a graceful monument architecturally, but if embraced in the scheme it would support in line and effect the great tower now on the hill. There is already the nucleus of a Pil-grim collection in Provincetown and this, with additions received from time to time, could be housed in the building

under proper care.

The plan for the building provides a convention hall and a gallery for art exhibitions. Provincetown has the largest artist summer colony in America. Each year the art association holds an exhibition of paintings during the summer season that attracts visitors from all sections of the country. In the pro-posed gallery this annual exhibition would have a dignified setting.

PROVINCETOWN HAS FILM STAR

Miss Vivian Rich in Fox Production



MISS VIVIAN RICH, Young Provincetown actress, who has won her way to a prominent place on the moving picture screen

PROVINCETOWN, March 6,-Vivian Rich, daughter of the late Captain Nathan Kenny Rich and Nellie F, Rich of this town, has been chosen to be one of the stars in the William Fox film production.

of the stars in the William Fox film productions. Her first appearance will be in the picture, "Would You Forgive?"

The new star is now living in Hollywood, Cal. The admission of the local actress to the Fox studios was hailed with delight by the people of this community, to whom she and her parents have been well known for years.

Miss Rich was born on shipboard while her parents were en route from Cuba to New York. Her father was a sea captain and was born in Provincetown of old colonial stock, on the tip of the Cape. It was on his ship that she spent most of her early childhood. Her mother was Miss Nellie F. Whorf, who also was born in Provincetown and who was descended from old Castillan stock.

With her father Miss Rich travelled

With her father Miss Rich travelled over the world, visiting al? the leading seaport cities and towns. She had lived at Buenos Ayres and on Trinidad Island and in her early youth visited Africa. Her ambition has always been to be an actress. After her graduation from the local high school she went to live with her sister in New York. Her first engagement was in a revival of "The Country Girl" at the Herald Square Theatre. Later she was chosen by Gus Edwards to play the ingenue part in his vaudeville act, "School Days."

Soon a motion picture director got a

Soon a motion picture director got Soon a motion picture director got a gimpse of the trim little miss, with her curls down her back and the big black bow of ribbon in her hair. A film engagement soon followed. This led to other engagements, and each one brought her a little farther up the ladder of fame.

der of fame.

Among her appearances was one with Wallace Reid and Jack Kerrigan. Then she wrote "Nieda," in which Margarita Fisher starred. Later she played the lead with William Farnum in "The Price of Silénce."

When Miss Rich received the offer from William Fox she was discussing an engagement with another producer. The telephone message came from the Fox office. Miss Rich accepted the offer and soon after hurried to Hollywood, Cal.

In the movie picture home she is living in a picturesque bungalow. With all her love of the open, Miss Rich likes her love of the open. Miss Rich likes housekeeping and prides herself on hor ability as a cook. She is an athleterides, rows, swims and plays outdoor games. Aviation is a hobby with her. She has often taken the air at a great altitude. Her first flight was with the late Lincoln Beachy.

PROVINCETOWN, July 17.—Unusual and highly interesting is the third exhibition of the art of block printing by some 15 such artists assembled here in New England's distinctive summer colony. This group spells progress in artistic expression and includes several names that are known internationally:

artistic expression and includes several names that are known internationally. In fact block printing has interest even for the artists who follow other schools and standards. The appearance of simplicity of the work changes or dinary comment to praise, upon closer examination. "Tulips" has great luminosity, while "Cape Cod in Autumn," by Blanch Lazzell, is a riot of gorgeous color and interesting forms. The spirit of the subject is conveyed through design and color, realistic objects and abstract forms juxtaposed into pattern, for this is the side of art which considers neither appearances of things nor imitation, it is the side which constitutes art in its most modern form. Among the exhibitors are Harriet McInnis, Edith Wilkinson, Gerrit Sinclair, Karl Knaths, Ethel Mars, Paul Rohland and others of note.



A CAPE COD GIRL STARS IN FILMLAND

Meet Miss Vivian Rich (centre), who is shown with her mother (right) entertaining a friend in her garden in California, Vivian was born on shipboard while her parents were coming home to Cape Cod from Cuba. Her dad, Captain Nathan K. Rich, was a Provincetown sea captain and her mother was Nellie F. Whorf, also a daughter of Cape Cod. As a child she sailed all over the world with her father, but later she left the sea for the stage, where movie scouts discovered her and signed her up for the silent drama.



George Elmer Brown, the Provincetown artist, could never get a better character subject than George Washington Ready, the town crier. Old George is now 90, but he rings his bell at 12 noon each day to tell the town the news. George, the crier, looks a bit old at that George, the artist, is one of the leaders in the colony.

svincetown Art Association Holds Fifth Annual Exhibition



"COOK STREET, PROVINCETOWN."

A painting by Elizabeth Howland of the modern school of painters at Provincetown, exhibited at the annual show of the Art Association.

PROVINCETOWN, July 11.-Art is on her pedestal again in this famous seaport after a brief edlipse caused by the war. The fifth annual exhibition of the war. The fifth annual exhibition of the Frovincetown Art Association, which opened in the gallery at the Town Hall recently, has re-established the artist, male and female, in first favor, and routed the sailor who was king last summer. And the artists, as if to do themselves credit and make the town proud, have provided what is, by far the best exhibition in the history of the association.

The gallery is divided. On one wall hant the works of the "moderns," Op-

posite are the productions of more conservative minds and brushes, some every

servative minds and brushes, some every bit as modern.

Most striking of all perhaps, are two pictures by E. A. Webster, a vice-president of the association and director, whose hard work and enthusiasm are partially responsible for the success of this fifth and best exhibition. One is a landscape, strong in purple shadows, and sunlighted pink, and fine in composition and balance of color, while "The Flags," a moving scene, is marked for its interest and color.

Also among the moderns but not so centrally hung is a striking picture by Mrs. E. S. Taylor. It is one of the gems of the exhibition, a picture of the hill-

side under the monument in the cld town, an original thing, whose tones are gray and green. O. N. Chaffee, another grouped with the "moderns" has three canvases of which "The Village Street" and "The Pine Tree" are full of color and strong in form and decorative quality.

and strong in form and decorative quality.

Miss Marjorie Conant's "Duxbury Neighbors" is hung on this wall and close by are two pictures by Theodore Coe, both perpetuating spring on the Cape. "A Flower Study," by Miss Elizabeth H. Howland, a member of the summer artist colony from Chicago, is well worthy of mention in this group. Among the conservatives on the opposite wall is a very modern painting by

is coming along. "The Back Street" is the title. Maybe it is in Provincetown. Anyway, it is full of interest and feeling and painted in beautiful grays. Charles W. Hawthorne has a portrait. It is of Nellie Barnes, famed among the artists and to everyone in the town for her good cooking.

William L'Engle's portrait of "Old Ben" is a very able one. "Old Ben" is Ben Atkins, much in demand among the artists as a model for his nathos and character. "The Dunes," by Tod Lindenmuth, is characteristic of the Cape with its hills of sand and cranberry bogs. A black and white by him is also very good. Charles Pepper's painting, "The Red Hill," is fine in design and its balance of color with the blue of the woman's bodice showing against the red hill. Flora G. Schonfeld's "Road to the Sea," is impressionistic of Provincetown, and two paintings of early spring in the town by F. Gerry hardt Schwarz show that this young

hardt Schwarz show that this young painter has made great strides. The exhibition includes two good plctures by George Elmer Brown, One is an oil and the other a water color, the latter in Normandy. The portrait of Ivan Morawski by Lytton Briggs Buehler is a remarkably good likeness, and two heads by Charles A. Aiken are very original in conception and nice in sentiment.

Mrs. Elizabeth Paxton exhibits a well-

in sentiment.

Mrs. Elizabeth Paxton exhibits a well-known painting, "The Breakfast Tray."

There are several etchings in the exhibition. Oscar Gieberich has a group of six and a small canvas, while the best of W. H. W. Bicknell's three etchings is "The Circus."

The block prints are very interesting. Probably the group of workers in this old town go far ahead of any other in the country in what they produce. Among those exhibiting are Miss Ada Gilmore, Miss Mildred McMillen, Miss Blanche Lazzell, Miss Maud Squire and Miss Agnes Weinrich.

The exhibition will continue through this month and August.

PROVINCETOWN, Aug. 23 .- The summer folk and members of the artists' | colony are still discussing the Art Association ball held last Thursday night, and which was one of the most successful of vacation-time events ever held in this section of the Cape. The costumes appeared to have been gathered from all parts of the world and some of them were so good that the wearers have been asked to appear in them again.

One of the costumes that made a hit was that of Lawrence W. Grant and represented a portrait of the modern school. Mr. Grant is in Provincetown for the summer at his colonial cottage. Mr. Grant's home is in Bronxville, N. Y. He was for 14 months on the war front in France as the master camouflage artist and disguised the trenches with his paintings.

Another costume to win much comment was that of a Japanese woman, worn by Mrs. Julia Marlow of Erie, Penn. Mrs. Marlow is a talented young woman and besides being an artist of mote is an accomplished reader and a familiar figure at many of the social gatherings at Provincetown.

* See Hopped.



MR. AND MRS. M. F. MARLOW AS "JAPS."

Among the summer colonists who took part in the Art Association's costume ball at Provincetown. Their striking costumes created much favorable comment.



MR. AND MRS. LAWRENCE GRANT IN A MODERN ART PORTRAIT. Mr. and Mrs. Grant are among the scores of summer colonists who participated in the Art Association's costume ball Th

Playwright Finds His Inspiration on Lonely Sand Dunes by the Sea

Olin Downes Discovers Eugene O'Neill, Proclaimed as America's New Dramatist, in Obscure Cottage on Cape Cod---Tells Story of His Adventurous Life



Eugene O'Neill, the young American playwright, who has sprung into fame as one of the foremost dramatic talents in America, with Mrs. O'Neill and their year-old son, outside their retreat on the Cape. You would have a hard time and a long walk to find them, even if you started from so near a point as Provincetown. They are "wary of the crowd" and "kin of the sea."

New York's playwright find of the year lives obscurely in a clean little cottage, miles from nowhere on Cape Cod.

He doesn't care for money.

He laughs at fame.

The story of Eugene O'Neill, son of James O'Neill, the veteran actor, who died only the other day, is a tale such as Jack London might have written.

O'Neill virtually ran away from college. He has been an ordinary seaman, a prospector for gold, a newspaper man

and an actor.

Olin Downes discovered him on the sand dunes the past week, visited his home and learned many things of the man whom critics proclaim a rising genius. By Olin Downes

Two of us, tramping about Cape Cod the other day, came on a life-saving station. The man up in the tower, poering through the fog, said that in a storm you could see nothing for the whirling sand, that the captain of a wrecked barge, a strong swimmer, had nearly made land on a winter night, when a comber, fathoms high, broke over him, and snapped his neck like a

This man, showing us his lights and gears, was humbly grateful even for a few minutes' conversa-

made him famous. He lives about a quarter of a mile from the watchtower, in a place which only those kin of the sea, and wary of the crowd, would inhabit.

He is there, in a house held together not only by bolts and bars, but by cables to keep the wind from tearing it apart, with his wife, formerly Agnes Bolton, also a writer, and his year-old son, who has the beautiful name-perhaps there is a queer Celtic spelling of it -which sounds like "Shane."

Eugene O'Neill reminded me in some ways of another Eugene: Eugene Marchbanks, and if you don't see what I mean, refresh your memory with "Candida." Marchbanks, though, was almost feminine in his sensibilities and his physical tremors and fears. This O'Neill is fully a man's man, an adventurer born, reasonably close-cropped spare, fit-looking and very brown, loathing boiled shirts, and regretting the passage of the 18th amendment.

"Any wrecks hereabouts?" I called as we bore down on him in the fog.

"Not lately," he said, "or I might have bottle with a label on it to offer you."

"We are newspaper men. Will you talk?" as two ships would hall each other, passing in the west.

"I'll try anything one," he shouted.

"Come on in and sit down."

We went into a rather Washington-

"Come on in and sit down."
We went into a rather WashingtonSquare-like study, with an open fireplace and practicable fire in it. We sat
around while friend wife brewed tea.
The wind hummed in the timbers, and I
should not have been the least surprised if I had seen, sailing through
the foggy sky, the body and the spars
of the bark of the Flying Dutchman.

A Story With a Twist

He told me about his beginnings as dramatist, and the story had an odd twist to it. He went to school, and went to college—"tried to get as much fun and as little work out of it as possible," he remarked. But that wasn't the beginning. No! The real beginning was when Eugene O'Neil, his head ringing with Jack London and Josef

onrad, shipped, at Mystic wharf, Boston, as ordinary seaman before the mast, on a Norwegian brigantine, bound out for Buenos Ayres, 69 days in the going, out of sight of land, sailing the incomparable sea.

"You're musical," he said. "Well, let me ask you: did you ever hear chanties sung on the sea? You never did? It's not surprising. There are even fewer sailing vessels now than there were 10 short years ago when I pulled out for the open. They don't have to sing as they haul the ropes. They don't humor a privileged devil who has a fine voice and h—li inside of him, as he chants that wonderful stuff and they pull to the rhythm of the song and the waves. Ah, but I wish you might hear that. Ah, but I wish you might hear that, and feel the roll of the ship, and I wish you might listen to an accordion going in the forecastle, through the soughing of winds and the wash of the sea."

He broke off for a moment and his eyes were "fey." And I felt homesick, not for the house and lot, but for the fuss and singing of shadowy waters.

Shipped Out of Boston

"It happened quite naturally," he said oyage-as a consequence of

what was really inside of me—what I really wanted, I suppose. I struck up one flay by the wharf in Boston with a bunch of sailors, mostly Norweglaus and Swedes. I wanted to ship with some-body and they took me that afternoon to the captain. Signed up, and the next thing we were off. They were fine fellows. I've never forgotten them, nor. I hope, they me. Indeed, I look on a sailor man as my particular brother, and next to the passing of the 18th amendment, perhaps, you can put down may regret that the 'hang-out' of many of my old pals, 'Jimmie the Priest's. down by Fulton street, in New York has gone the way of many good things, nevermore to be seen.

What was really inside of me—what I really wanted up of me—what I really wanted, I suppose. I struck up or garden variety on the New London Telegraph, and also contributor to a bunch of sailors, mostly Norweglaus and Swedes. I wanted to ship with some-body and they took me that afternoon to the captain. Signed up, and the next thing we were off. They were fine fellows. I've never forgotten them, nor. I hope, they me. Indeed, I look on a sailor man as my particular brother, and next to the passing of the 18th amendment, perhaps, you can put down my regret that the 'hang-out' of many of my old pals, 'Jimmie the Priest's. down by Fulton street, in New York has gone the way of many good things, nevermore to be seen.

Prespecting for Gold

Prospecting for Gold

He fell in later with a man who wanted him to go prospecting for gold in the Spanish Honduras. "Of course I went along." he said. "My friend had acquired more or less tangible prospects of gold along the course of a 21 mile river, which he bought from the government. A lot of land, you say? Oh, they give land away for nothing down there if you'll only agree to pay the taxes. Why not? With thousands of miles of it still unknown, marked on the man, "inexplorada."

"It's a fine country, and the people, like most of the people in the southern part of South America, a fine lot, whom I got along with first rate. True, there are insects. I never knew there could be such a variety of creeping, crawling, flying, stinging things—some of them rank poison—in the world. (Although I'll tell you, that contrary to what some people write, very few die of tarantula bite). "Great hunting and fishing, and now and then a jaguar up on the hill-side yowling you to sleep."

"Gold? Oh, yes, we got a little. But what I got principally was the He fell in later with a man who

"Gold? Oh, yes, we got a little. But what I got principally was the favorite fever of the locality. Laid me up for eight months. Wherefore I quit the job. The other fellow was getting along fairly well, I heard, when his dam broke on him.

when his dam broke on him.

"Where he finished up I don't know. But I quit that job, right there. Had to. Up in Buenos Ayres again, I worked in several extremely inferior positions for the Singer Sewing Machine, the Swift packing people, and as draftsman for the Westinghouse Electric Company. That job was probably my most dignified and best. And then I hadn't any job at all, and was down on the beachdown', if not precisely 'out'.

On a Tramp Steamer

"I sailed on a big tramp to South Africa, but just touched there, and we came back. My last sea trip was as able seaman—that means you can box the compass and do several other things which the ordinary seaman cannot, on a line which ran from

South America to Cherburg. An ugly, South America to Cherburg. An ugly, tedious job, and no place for a man who wanted to call his soul his own. I did not love it. This was a steamer, you know, and what we did mainly was to swab decks and shift baggage and mail. Those South American Germans—they used to send the folks home souvenirs and Christmas presents which included stuffed beasts, ore, anything in the world, provided, as it seemed to me, that it would break your back for you."

His Debut as an Actor

His Debut as an Actor

"At last I was back in the States. My father got me a job as an actor in his 'Monte Cristo' troupe that was going along the Orpheum circuit in the West. In four days, on the train from New Crisus to a place in Utah. I memorized the part of Albert, son of Mercedes. I was scared stiff on the stage, and was a very poor actor. I'd never been able to keep the job as long as I did if it had hot been for my father. The audiences were great fun, though, and I suppose 'Monte Cristo' troupe that was going along the Orpheum circuit in the West. In four days, on the train from New Crisans to a place in Urah, I memorized the part of Albert, son of Mercedes. I was scared stiff on the stage, and was a very poor actor. I'd never been able to keep the job as long as I did if it had not been for my father. The audiences were great fun, though, and I suppose the experience of the stage was some help to me later on."

"I don't think any real dramatic stuff is created," he went on, "to use an excellent expression of Professor Baker, 'out of the top of your head.' That is, the roots of a drama have to be in life, however fine and delicate or symbolic or fanciful the development. I am perhaps excusing myself for the way I loafed and fooled and got as much fun and as little excusing myself for the way I loafed and fooled and got as much fun and as little work as I could out of my one year at Princeton, but I think that I felt there, instinctively, that we were not in touch with life or on the trail of thereal things, and that was one consideration that drove me out. Or perhaps I was merely lazy. Who knows just what is going on inside of him? Anyhow, my real start as a dramatist was when I got out of an academy and among men, on the sea."

on the sea."

"Has reading affected your work very much?"

much?"

"Oh yes, very much indeed, from the beginning. And with reading, as with my college studies, it was not until I had to shift, mentally as well as physically, for myself, that my awakeniugs came. Thus, in college, a work which made an indellible impression on me was Wilde's 'Dorian Grey.' Meanwhile I was studying Shakespere in classes, and this study made me afraid of him. I've only recently explored Shakespere with profit and pleasure untold. In college Wilde's London, Conrad, were much nearer me than him. And so, later was Ibsen."

"Ibsen, hey?"

"Are you surprised?"

"The populace think of Ibsen as very dreadful and deep. He's deep, all right, and sometimes dreadful, like life itself, but he's also intensely human and understandable. I needed no professor to tell me that Ibsen as dramatist knew whereof he spoke. I found him for myself outside college grounds and hours. If I had met him inside I might still be a stranger to Ibsen. . . ."

("Why can't our education." he suddenly asked, "respond logically to our needs? If it did we'd grab for these things and hold on to them at the right time, viz., when we've grown to them and know we need them.")

"Then there were the Russians. Cer-

"Then there were the Russians. Certain novels of Dostoievsky and Tolstoi's 'War and Peace' have become parts of my life."

How He Got His Hearing

How He Got His Hearing

For O'Neill, Provincetown is very, much of home. The talk turned on the production of his plays. It was the Provincetown Players, one of those minor, uncommercial, sincere and artistic dramatic efforts which are popping up today in different places in America, and which are doing what none of the big theatres or theatrical concerns are doing for the development of a real American dramatic art, who gave the first production of his "Thirst" soon after they had been established at Provincetown. The same players, succeeding beyond their own expectations, produced "Bound East for Cardiff" as their opening performance in New York in the fall of 1916. The Washington

Beyond the Horizon

Beyond the Horizon help to me later on."

Then terror stalked him. He spent six months in a sanitarium as a "lunger." only yes, all these things go into the making of art and artists.

"But caught it in time and headed it off" he said. "Then the same headed it off" he said." "Then the same headed it off "he said." "Then the same headed it off "the said." "Then the same headed it off the said." Then the same headed it off the said.

differently from what you expect. For example, I intended, at first, in 'Beyond the Horizon,' to portray, in a series of disconnected scenes, the life of a dreamer who pursues his vision over the world, apparently without success, or a completed deed in his life. At the same time, it was my intention to show at last a real accretion from his wandering and dreaming, a thing intangible but real and precious beyond compare, which he had successfully made his own. But the technical difficulty of the task proved enormous, and I was led to a grimmer thing: the tragedy of the man who looks over the horizon, who longs with his whole soul to depart on the quest, but whom destiny confines to a place and a task that are not his."

I've read "Beyond the Horizon." It is intensely and pitiably human, harsh, bleak in its realism, spiritual and infernal in the merciless logic of the final scene. It won, last year, the Pulitzer prize, offered for the best American drama. One is naturally suspicious of differently from what you expect. For

drama. One is naturally suspicious of prize dramas but this one won its spurs at the hand of the merciless press of New York pity, which welcomed a great, young talent into its own.

I think that Eugene O'Neili might have been the hero of that drama if the had stayed on in fatness and com-

he had stayed on in fatness and com-monplace security; if he had not a kindred spirit in his wife; if they had not, even now the project of travel-ling up the Aniazon next year, provid-ing mother could be induced to take care of the baby!

The Man I Discovered

I never saw a man whose life, personality and work seemed more of a piece. I suppose I may see him some night, all dolled up, in a theatre, bowing to applause, but I shall always remember him in his old duds, in the fog Why is it; any ow, that we read Irish plays of Yeats or Singe, marvelling at their sea-scapes, and the sense of nature, brooding and strange and wild. which permeates every line of the stuff, and then leave t to a wandering poet to discover the same wonderful thing—"inexplorada"—n odd corners of places lying ready to hand, such—as, for instance, Cape Cd?

stance, Cape Cd?

There are mn, you know—witness O'Neill—whose ome is as regards the particular nowlere. For them, home is where it is 10st free. His adventures will never come to an end, not while he lives, no, if he has his way, after he dies. O him is the stamp—the curse, if you lke—of "the beauty of the far off and unknown . . . the secret which is hiden just over there, beyond the horizor—and now I'm quoting from his play.

ing from his play.

O'NEILL IS **BUSY WITH NEW DRAMA**

Playwright Secluding Himself at Peaked Hill Bars

PROVINCETOWN, Aug. 7 .-Married love in one act is the subject that is keeping Eugene O'Neill busy at Peaked Hill Bars, his summer home two miles from here. And it is these two miles of sand dumes which give the now famous playwright the seclusion in which he desires to work. Few summer folks care to walk through soft sand to make the acquaintance of the writer and motorists are swamped at the very start.

VISITORS NOT DESIRED

Eugene O'Neill has suddenly developed an overpowering modesty and refuses to talk about himself to anyone, not even to a Post reporter who drove under the blazing sun across what is a small imitation of the Great Desert. He doesn't want visitors and he is quite frank about it. And there is much work for him to do, for the 38-year-old Irish dramatist does not appear in the least willing to let matters rest on his former laurels.

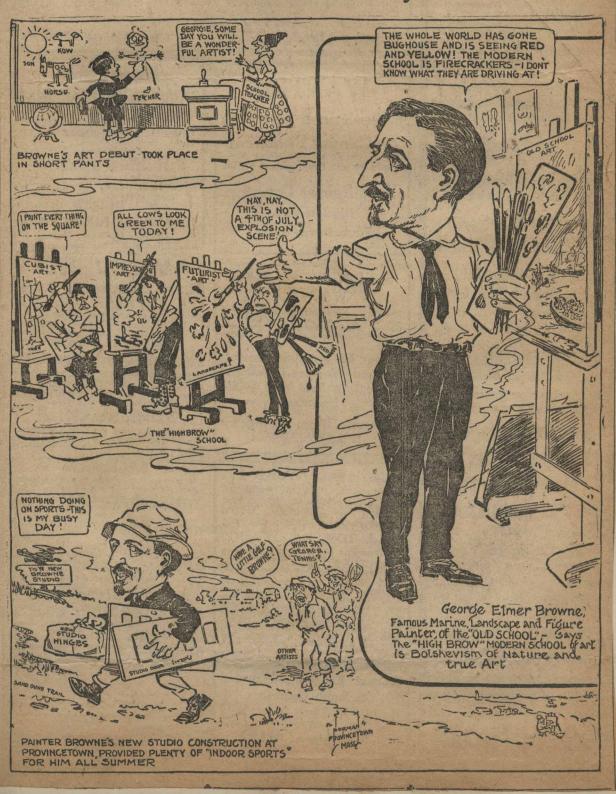
"Welded" is the subject of the play he is working on at present, and he told the reporter that it was something entirely different from what he had ever tackled before. To begin with, he explained, he has confined the action to one night, unlike his other works. While O'Neill is devoting every morning to finishing up this play in order that he may sail in September for Europe, where he is to superintend the performance of many of his American successes, Mrs. O'Neill is writing a novel. Together the two of them are working, with no company but each other. fuses to talk about himself to anyone,

"FREAK" ART AND "FREAK" ARTIST OUT OF DATE NOW

So Sayeth George Elmer Browne, Famous Painter

—Art Is a Business and American Art

Has Come to Stay



BY HERBERT L. BALDWIN

PROVINCETOWN, Aug. 15.-George Elmer Browne is "dense." So much so, in fact, he admitted this morning while he walked down the main street of this foggy old town that he hasn't yet been able to fathom why green trees should be purple nor buff-colored cows green. Furthermore, George averred, while his bit of a goatee moved vigorously, real artists don't wear ties that flow like a Grecian drapery and they also have their hair cut.

PAINTED GREAT "MARINE"

George Elmer Brown is none other George Ellner Brown is none other than the famous artist who immortalized the cowardly attack on the fishermen off the cape by a U-boat last summer in his big marine masterpiece that went all over the country as a Liberty Loan booster and is now hanging in the National Gallery at Washington ington.

This summer he isn't doing anything except banging a hammer against some nails, tacking shingles on a new studio that is going to be par excellence, as compared with anything else in town; teaching a class of about 40 hopefuls that aspire to amaze the world with the sid of some captures. Some paint and that aspire to amaze the world with the aid of some canvas, some paint and a brush or two; painting a few pic-tures in odd moments himself and doing a song and dance at the rehear-sals of the Beach Combers' theatrical skit, which is going to captivate Prov-incetown Aug. 19. George Elmer Browne doesn't look like an artist. He doesn't look a bit-like a man whose pictures rank with the best in galleries and homes all over

the best in galleries and homes all over the world. Fact is he appears more like a business man wearing out some old duds and enjoying himself for a while. A quiet sort of fellow he is, that admits he would rather paint than eat. When the Post men hailed him this morning he was following a shaggy-haired shepherd dog, that limped on

gy-haired shepherd dog, that limped on three legs, down Provincetown's streets and alternately bowing right and left to townspeople and summer visitors. For everyone, it seemed, knows and likes George Elmer Browne.

He wears a closely cropped mustache and a bit of a goatee, his hair is cirtilike any other human being, a white duck hat that needed a bath was hung carelessly over it, and a blue seaman's shirt, open at the throat, with a pair of gray trousers, completes the description.

Off the Weird Makeup

He doesn't believe in eccentricities such as most people imagine of successful artists—flowing beards, unkempt hair, funny-looking neckties and things—nor does he believe, he said, that the "modern" school of art is anything but fire-crackers—something soon exploded and passed into oblivion.

and passed into oblivion.

"The day of the so-called 'type' in the world of art is gone," said Browne, as he seated himself in his studio and lighted a cigarette. "All the long-haired guys have got their hair cut and they shave. Once in a while, at least," he amended as he rubbed his hand over his face and smiled. "And the old idea that an artist must have short stubby fingers in order to be a success is a myth. The 'Latin Quarter,' with its queer-looking people, is gone for good. Art is a business, and American art has come to stay. come to stay.

"Before the war we thought that there was nothing in the world like German art or foreign things. But that was propaganda. Art is just like anything else. Take, for instance, right here on the main street of this very town there's a sign advertising 'Venetian Ice Creamy' There 'ain't no such

ablecloth and she'll give you all the

seen and blows away into the forgotten. It will never last. The futurists are just crazy, that's all.

"The modernists? If you talk to them you're lost. You're too dense for them and I admit I am. The cubists try to high-brow you and tell you that you don't understand and my mentality is so low that for the life of me I can't see why a green tree should be purple—I've never been able to arrive at that high, state of mentality where I could see it that way. Why only last week I was on the beach and one of the 'modern' school came along. A little girl was sitting on the beach in a bright blue dress. Isn't that girl's dress striking against the colors of the water—the girl with the blue dress?" I inquired. And my 'modernist' friend asked, 'Where? Why, that dress isn't blue as I see it. The shadow is blue, I'll admit, but the dress itself is not blue—you are color blind.' And there wasn't any argument—you can't argue with them wasn't any argument-you can't argue with them.

Exact Realism Not High Art

"Nothing will ever supplant painting things as things are. This modern school, where they slash great amounts of colors on things just to make them. of colors on things just to make them harmonize with something else in the picture, will never last. Neither will the story-telling picture ever live. I don't mean that you've got to paint trees purple and cows yellow, and a girl's blue dress red, just because it wouldn't harmonize with other colors in the picture, but I mean that the picture that doesn't leave something to the imagination is soon forgotten. Exact realism is not a very high form of art. But if you paint the impressions, that's another breed of cats.

"But the successful picture must leave something to the imagination—something

something to the imagination—something that leaves something to be studied. If you paint a matter-of-fact picture, it is like a photograph—you look at it once and forget it. There is nothing to be studied about it. But, and make this clear, it doesn't mean that you've got to exaggerate and paint things as they

The Post man asked why Browne became a painter, and the artist laughed.
"My first success," he said, "was in decorating the blackboards of my old decorating the blackboards of my old grammar school in Salem. No, 1 wasn't born there—Gloucester has to suffer for the trouble of having brought me into the world. But they built a new grammar school in Salem and I drew some scenes on the blackboard, and to my surprise they put frames around them, and some of them may be there yet, for all I know.

All Artists Temperamental

"No, I don't believe that you can make an artist. They have to be born. Of course you can develop them and

teach them the fundamentals, but you can't make them unless they have the talent, and a successful artist must have some business ability along with his ability to use a brush, or he'll just nat-

here on the main street of this very town there's a sign advertising 'Venetian Ice Creamor There 'ain't no such animal!' American women think that nothing in fashions is good unless it is French. The French women think that the American women are the best dressed in the world. Give an American housewife a linen tablecloth and she raves. Give a French woman a cotton

tablecloth and she'll give you all the linen in the house. And, as I said, art is like everything else. It's come to the fore, American art, I mean, and American people know now that their artists are second to none in the world."

"World Gone Bughouse"

The reporter remembered a short time before he met Browne that at the fine exhibition of paintings and etchings in you can do; but with that same safis.

before he met Browne that at the fine exhibition of paintings and etchings in Provincetown's Town Hall there was a liberal display of vividly colored paintings—the so-called "modern" school. Furple trees and such things. He inquired if George Elmer Browne believed they were to supplant the style of what's what in the art world today.

"Oh, Lord, no! Never!" said Browne, in a tone almost horrified. "The whole world has gone bughouse and is seeing what you can do; but with that same satisfaction there has got to be the ability to know what to do with the results."

There is more fun in the world of art than in anything else in real life, Mr. Browne asserted. "Why, I'd rather paint than eat, and I've been so busy this summer that I haven't had time to do anything but work and help out a bit up at my new studio. Yes, I've banged a few nails up there, tacked on a shingle or something, and the rest of the bunch have had to do my golfing and tennis for me.

It will never last. The futurists are just crazy, that's all.

"Why, certainly, I think that art is a fine business for anybody with any talent to get into. My own boy is going to be an artist. He's been abroad with the intelligence department of the army. No, not an officer, just plain Sergeant Harold Putnam Browne. He paints well, too, I think, at least other people say he does, and even if I am his father his work has pleased me and pleasing an artist-father with paintings is worse than pleasing any teacher, you see."

The reporter sought the secret of

The reporter sought the secret of "masterpieces" and again Browne laughed aloud. "Masterpieces in art aren't any secret," he said. "They just come along."

"But, how did you happen to paint that pleture of the sinking of the fish-ermen by the U-boat. Where'd you get your models?" persisted the Post

get your models?" persisted the Post man.

"Never had any models. Read in the paper how they attacked the defenceless boats," said Browne, "and that very morning I got a letter asking me to paint something or other for the Liberty Loan. So I came down here and set up a canvas and wondered what I'd paint. The headline of the paper caught my eye and I began. I had seen submarines out here in the harbor and I just imagined the rest. It isn't necessary to have models for everything. Unless," and again he laughed, "you are like one of the 'new' school, such as a painter I met in Paris. He was—well never mind his name— He was—well never mind his name—but he believed we old fogies, and the old masters are things of the past.

old masters are things of the past.

"He brought in a picture to show me, and it was the face of a woman. There was no nose on the painted face, just the outline, a perfect pair of eyes and a delectable mouth.

"Where's the nose?" I inquired, and the 'clever' young man said, 'Ah! that is where my new form of art will win over the academic. The subject of that picture had a beautiful face, but her

over the academic. The subject of that picture had a beautiful face, but her nose was homely, so I just left it out. Wonderful, isn't it? Now what can you do with a man like that? Why argue with him? "And that is just why I tell you that the 'modern' school, with its blazing exaggerations of colors—pictures painted as the 'modern' artists 'see' them will never last. Of course I'm 'dense' and I fall to 'see' the modern form, but you wait and see if I am not right."

A glance over Provincetown's big colony of artists and their students, flocks of them on the beaches, on the streets, in the fields, spread all over the sand dunes—everywhere, seemed to bear out George Elmer Browne's contentions. For there's an utter lack or the long-haired freaks that paint in garret studios in the movies. There are the long-haired boys that are beating the 40-cent hair cuts, but they are in the minority.

Normal Beings

For the most part, this summer, the young men in the student colony appear like summer vacationists and if they wern't toting around a box of paints, a campstool and had various colors spattered all over their clothes, you couldn't pick them out from the throns. And the young women, except for their list daubad freeks, might well be

YOUTH STARVING IN GARRET WINS

GREAT ART PRIZE "Prix de Rome" Awarded

Young Man Evicted From Lodging --- Reunited With Father



After entering the field of art against the wishes of his father, Frank Schwartz did hack work for seven years—except for the time he spent fighting for his country—before he began the painting of the picture that was to spread his fame all over the country—"Heroism." The Prix de Rome will provide him with three years of comfortable study in Italy, and will establish him as one of America's best artists. (U. & U.)

For years he struggled with poverty and hunger.

Art was his love and he eked out his existence from the scanty dollars that Greenwich Village tourists gave him for his sketches.

His father, a waiter, ordered him to "do something useful."

He laughed, and slaved for his ambition.

The other day his landlord told him he must leave his twelve-dollar garret unless he paid his over-due rent.

Then Frank Schwartz won the Prix de Rome!

A day or two ago young Schwartz came home to his little room on the third floor of an East 19th street tenement, and found a note from his land-

ment, and found a note from his landlord awaiting him.

"I'm sorry, Schwartz, but if you
can't pay, you'll have to leave."

That was the way the owner felt
about it. Schwartz wasn't the least
bit angry—his landlord had really
been a decent and patient sort.
Schwartz shoved his hands in his
pockets—dug right in till he could
feel the thread in the seams.

"Broke. Absolutely broke."

Well, he'd have to go. That was
all there was to it. Where? Schwartz
hadn't the faintest idea. Perhaps he
could find some friend who'd stake
him to a few dollars until he could
"do something useful," as his father
had scornfully told him, when he'd
first started painting in earnest.

Then he had a bright thought.
There were a few things he could
sell.

Out on the Street

"Pick up a bit of change, anyway,"
he said to himself.

So he scraped all his possessions tolord of awaiting the the next couple of days.

There had been the painting, too. But
nothing he cared for. Folks'd drop in,
giving the village the once over, and
he'd register 'em on canvas for the
price of the oils, plus. Still, tough tife
as it had been, he'd never been tempted
to take his father's advice and do
something useful!

Besides, wasn't art useful? Not in
the way that bread and beef and salesmen, and waiters were useful of course,
but art was useful to civilization! What
would the world do without art? It'd be
a pretty drab place—all buying and selling—no beauty—no aspiration to high
thenext couple of days.

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to take his father's advic

"Pick up a bit of change, anyway," right to claim art as his love.

he said to himself.

So he scraped all his possessions together, and hauled them down to a second-hand store. They brought just two dollars. With nothing but a shabby suit of clothes on his back, and two lone bills in his pocket, Frank Schwartz was ready to start life anew.

The provided have a start life anew. Schwartz was ready to start life anew! Four

On the street, he hesitated.

"Ought to go back and see Mrs.
Brown," he said to himself. "She's been good to me, and"

Mrs. Brown was the janitress. Mrs. Brown was the janitress. He'd go back and tell her that some time, sooner or later, he'd send along the \$12 for his rent. Eviction didn't mean that he'd squared accounts with the landlord. Not to Schwartz's mind. He owed \$12. He'd pay it.

Up the stairs he went, and, by force of habit, perhaps, he opened the door of his room, and entered.

He can there weaks thoughtful A Letter Changed All

He sat there, moody, thoughtful, and mused over the days of struggle—the days in which he'd left the world entirely—to paint his "Heroism."

After graduating from the Chicago Art Institute he had tried his hand at commercial art, and had been offered an instructorship in an art school when the war came and he enlisted in the camouflage section. He served through the war, emerged with broken health, and went to Provincetown, Mass., where he worked as a laborer, at the same time keeping on with his painting. Then—to New York and the "Village."

The village had been pretty good to him, on the whole. He'd had to do all sorts of hack work, but it had kept him

sorts of hack work, but it had kept him from starving.

He'd gotten to be a sort of landmark in the cafes and tea rooms and studios. Careless days, those were. He'd had no regular work, but every day slummers and inquisitive visitors dropped into the village, looking for the naughty life and the delightfully queer creatures who made it their home. Then Schwartz, after feeling in his pocket, and finding that he needed money bad, would ask one of them if he didn't want to be sketched. sketched.

A dollar was usually the reward he got.

Sometimes, if the man wasn't a born nickel nurser, he'd slip him \$5 and that would fix things pretty well for

street.

'Four long months he had stayed there—painting, painting. Hard? Yes, it had been hard. He'd had to economize pretty sharply. But it had been joyous, too, for at last he was doing the work he loved, brushing his genius upon a canvas that day by day entraced his ever

abso-

There was a knock at the door. . . . "Come in," said Frank Schwartz

The postman handed him a letter.

A Letter Changed All

Mechanically Schwartz tore the flap I told him. The letter scarcely interested him; yee, he wondered. Surely nobody'd be foolish enough to write to him for money ish enough to write to him for money—
to him, who hadn't a cent to his name!
And it couldn't be a bill, for, broke as
he was, he'd never had the audacity
to buy things on credit.
Then his eyes bulged.
The Prix de Rome, the letter said.
He'd won the Prix de Rome! The
Prix de Rome!
Things happened fast then. His
dazed mind hadn't immediately grasped

dazed mind hadn't immediately grasped the meaning of it all; but when he'd understood! Schwartz jumped to understood! . . Schwartz jumped to his feet, kicked over a chair, just so's to bark his shin and make sure he was really awake, and then darted from the room as if all the furies were at his "Mrs. Brown!" he yelled.

The old janitress toddled into view, her face white and scared. What on earth had happened? What on

"What's the matter, Mr. Schartz". What's the matter?" she gasped.

He rushed to her and hugged her, and right there in the hall they did a dance step that a man does only once in his life—the dance he does when the big

od. I've got the Prix de Rome, Mrs.

"Own. The Prix de Rome!"

How her face beamed.

"Oh, I knew you'd get it all the time," she told him lifting her apron to her eyes. "Nobody else had a chance."

A moment later he was out on the street hurrying to Greenwich Village to a carret on Perry street to spread the

a garret on Perry street to spread the good news. There he found two of the best friends he had in the world—Bob

hest friends he had in the world—Bob Hazzard, taxi chauffeur, and his wife. Grace. He was bursting with enthusiasm when he arrived, and the explosion took place then and there.

Grace Hazzard it was who had first recognized Schwartz's genius when he was doing dollar daubs in the village. She had encouraged him. In his downand-out days—and there had been many of them—she and her husband had given of them-she and her husband had given him shelter.

"Just like a dream, isn't it?" Schwartz cried. "Yesterday I was broke. I'm broke now for that matter. But tomorrow

Mrs. Hazzard interrupted.

Found-Home and Father

"Tou're not broke, Frank. You're the richest artist in America. You've succeeded."
"And," she concluded, as had Mr. Brown, just a few minutes before, "I knew you would, anyway."

Meanwhile, back on East 19th street, a little perspiring man was running up to the tenement house that had till that day been Frank Schwartz's home.

"Where's my boy?" he asked

Mrs. Brown. "Your boy?" Mrs. Brown was puzzled.

"Yes. Frank Schwartz." And from his pocket he produced a newspaper clipping telling of Frank Schwartz's having won the Prix de Rome and not only the Prix de Rome, but a summer course at the Tiffany Foundation for Artists at Oyster

Good fortune comes in bunches! "Frank," he said, "left me seven" years ago, when his mother died and we broke up housekeeping. I havet we broke up housekeeping. I have tried to find him all these years. I have tried to send him money. Always the letters came back. The postoffice could not find him. The police could 1

could not find him. The police could not find him.

"Then I read in the paper this morning that my boy was a great artist. From the time he was five years old he did nothing but make) pictures. He went to public school, but he would not go to high school, "Father,' he said to me, 'I am to be a great artist.'

"He was a student then at the Chicago Art Institute. I tried to make

cago Art Institute. I tried to make him leave art. Was I wrong? "'You have not enough education,' I told him. "The great artist must

have a great education. You cannot do it. You will work too hard, and come to nothing.'

"And see what he has done now!"

Of course, as soon as Frank Schwartz found out where his father was living, he went to see him, and there was a glad reunion. The man who wanted his son to "do something useful" is tremendously proud that his son has done something far greater would be. than any useful thing

Frank Schwartz is not a bachelor, strictly speaking. Nor is he a mar-ried man. Just before he joined the

army during the World war, he mar-ried a fellow student, Miss Gertrude Strunk.

"She got a Reno divorce," he said But he wants to forget about that So after seven years of struggle Frank Schwartz has proven his Frank Schwartz has proven his genius to even the most sceptic. His has taken the world's hardest wallops, and "Heroism" has been the result. On to Rome! He doesn't want to exult too much—but he finds it hand to he salm after achiever the hard to be calm, after achieving the



"Heroism," the painting which won down-and-out Frank Schwartz the coveted Prix de Rome. Evicted from his lodgings in New York, penniless, the young artist has won an honor which will give him three years of study in Rome. It took him four months to complete his winning picture, and they were months of hard-ship and near starvation. But he persevered. And on the day things looked darkest, the news came that he had won the great Roman prize. (Wide World.)

And he'll pay the \$12 he owes fold his room—if he hasn't done so all ready!

What Is the Famous Prix de Rome? By Reginald Bolles

Prominent Boston Artist

The Prix de Rome—strictly a New York hohor, by the way—is one of the most coveted prizes an artist can win. It compares with the travelling scholarship granted by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, which has been won by such Boston artists as Carl Nordel, Howard F. Smith and Ernest L. Major. In winning the Prix de Rome, Mr. Schwartz has securely established himself in the world of artists.

He will go to Rome. He will study there for three years, sending to America, from time to time, paintings which will keep the New York committee informed as to the

progress he is making.

I say he is established. By that I mean that the Prix de Rome is much like a membership in an exclusive club. It will give Mr. Schwartz, on his return to America, and during his course in Italy, entree to the best circles. His ability has been recognized by men capable of judging an artist. He can no longer be ignored.

When he returns to America, he will be a Prix de Rome man. He will be sought after for portraits. In exhibitions, his works will have prominent place. And perhaps the highest and most satisfactory reward of all, he will be accepted by the greatest and most successful artists in America as one of them.



PRIZE WINNER AT PROVINCETOWN BEACHCOMEBRS' BALL. She is Miss Elma Lippincott, who appeared as the Crinoline girl of 1840. The dress is of light green silk, caught up with pink silk roses. She received first prize for being the most artistic.



Provincetown Enthusiastic Over Success of Great Costume Ball



OUCH-KILLING THE BULL, BUT IT DIDN'T HURT HIM, BEING A DUMMY.

Winner of the "most original prize" at the annual ball of the Provincetown Art Association. William Zorach, the New York artist, was responsible for the scene from a Spanish bullfight, aided and abetted by some of his friends who furnished the legs and locomotion for the animal.

PROVINCETOWN, Aug. 6.—This little town awoke late today, a little languid after the strenuous work accompanying its sixth annual costume ball, but very enthusiastic over its success.

Greater than any of the six which the artist colony has to its credit is the all round verdict of the Cape Codders and those who are just playing or painting along this lovely shore for the summer saason.

Codders and those who are just playing or painting along this lovely shore for the summer season.

After the "bull fight," which was staged by Mr. and Mrs. William Zorach of New York, and artistically and even realistically carried out with the assistance of Fred Read, Miss Jessie Morse and E. Ambrose Webster, the artist, the great interest centres in the awards made the wearers of the fancy costumes.

the awards made the wearers of the fancy costumes.

Not until another summer rolls round, and the Provincetown Art Association and the Beach Combers get together again for the same purpose will artist and townsfolk alike get over talking about the brilliant spectacle the hundreds of unique and original costumes made.

Of course there are some differences

Of course there are some differences of opinion as to who deserved the prizes which were awarded for beauty originality and grotesqueness, but a whole Provincetown is pretty well agreed as to the deserts of the various prize winners and wholly in accora with the statement that Friday's costume ball was the best ever, and one that any other artist colony located anywhere along the coast will have to "go some" to beat.



FOUR COSTUMES AT PROVINCETOWN ARTISTS' BALL.

Their unique costumes made a hit at the annual ball of the Provincetown Art Association. They are, left to right: Miss Leo Angley, as an Egyptian mummy; Miss Theodora Alcott, as a Bohemian girl; Bruce Evans, as the terror of California, most grotesque costume, and Miss Jessie Burch, as the ragbag.

Interesting Paintings Exhibited at Provincetown Art Museum



AN UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE GALLERY OF THE PROVINCETOWN ART ASS'N. At the small balcony at the end of the hall are grouped the small water colors and block prints. This photograph taken on the opening day before the crowd arrived shows the director, Mr. Noble, explaining the paintings to the Post Att Reviewer.

BY SIDNEY WOODWARD

For the eighth consecutive year the

Provincetown Art Association has opened its summer art exhibition and during the next two months this popular and growing art center of the Cape will be the mecca for tourists from all parts of the country. John Noble, the director, with the aid of the committee of selection, has placed on the walls of the museum for the summer, an interesting and worthwhile exhibition. It is one that is typical of the art of Provincetown. Radical and conservative have been given equal opportunity to show their pictures.

An old historic mansion situated in the center of the main street of the town and which, last year was built into the present museum is now entirely finished within and without and for the first time the paintings, etchings and sculpture show off under the

and sculpture proper setting.

The main exhibition gallery with its gray tinted walls is approached through two small print rooms on the state of the main entrance. An either side of the main entrance. An innovation is a small mezzanine balcony on one end of the gallery reached by ladder-like steps and here are hung the small water color pictures and wood block prints. It is all very picturesque and seems surrounded by an atmosphere that one has come to associate with this little town of big

Although four of the celebrated painters, Max Bohm, Richard Miller, George Elmer Brown and William Paxton have not arrived as yet, the tone of

the show is not lowered thereby, since several of these men are represented

reckoning there are probably between 400 and 500 students who make Provincetown their summer painting quarters and many of the more advanced of these have their work hung.

Charles W. Hawthorne, teaching the largest class in town, is the author of the exhibition's outstanding painting. It is his favorite subject, mother and child, and which he calls "American Motherhood." The mother, clothed in a beautiful salmon red gown, is in a beautiful salmon red gown, is seated out of doors; beside her holding her hand stands a little flaxen haired boy. The background is an imaginary setting with deep greens and blues predominating, but it is in the features of the mother that the full art of Hawthorne is disclosed. The head reveals that noble quality of womanhood that is above and beyond any outward comblete of physical heavily. semblance of physical beauty. Mr. Hawthorne is a big painter because he is sincere, has something personal to say and knows mighty well how to

John Noble's vigorous prismatic-like paints of a wreck in Provincetown and paints of a wreck in Provincetown and the harbor of New York show up well. W. Mr. Noble, who has seen since the early days of impressionism in Paris where he painted for 30 years many different painting vogues come and go, has felt the influence of them all. From them he has developed a method distinctly individual and which in the painting of the province of the painting the painting that the tinctly individual and which in a word

tinctly individual and which in a word spell strength.

Ross E. Moffett is a much younger painter than Noble, but with similar tastes and outlook. His painting "The Wreck of the Thistlemore" is the same in subject as Mr. Noble's but in its imagination reveals the artist as having a romantic and poetic turn of mind. It is a sombre and not altogether

pleasant picture that he gives us in this bleak view of the coast with the dis-tant boat piled high upon the rocks.

bleak view of the coast with the distant boat piled high upon the rocks.

Other paintings that struck the reviewers' attention were a salon picture by Davit Erikson executed in what is called the pontillonist manner; an admirable portrait sketch done in soft mellow tones by Max Bohm; Lytton Briggs Buehler's heavily painted portrait of the playwright Eugene O'Neil and his wife; a group of modernistic paintings, the best of which are contributed by Mr. and Mrs. Zorach, Agnes Weinrich, and Lucy L'Engle; a freshly colored nude study by I. H. Caliga and along side a characteristic canvas by the illustrator, Frank H. Desch; a "Cape Cod Doorway" by Elizabeth Paxton; a view of Provincetown wharf in broad sunlight by Julia Mathilda Morrow and one of E. Ambrose Webster's sunlight studies painted in Bermuda, a rather disquieting painting to look at unless one has become used to this artist's style, become used to this artist's style,

DEDICATE NEW ART MUSEUM

To Hold Exercises at Provincetown Today



JOHN NOBLE, nd director of the town Art Museum. Artist and of the Province-

PROVINCETOWN, July 30.—In the presence of a distinguished gathering of men and women, many of them members of the summer art colony, and summer visitors, the Province-town Art Museum will be dedicated this afternoon under auspices of the Provincetown Art Association. The the dedication ceremony will take place at 4 o'clock, while the building will be open to the public at 2:30.

AT CALL OF BUGLE

The dedicatory ceremonies will begin by the sounding of a bugle from the gallers, and the Rev. De Herry Mortet, of the Church of Holy Communion, New York, will give the invocation. John Noble, director of the museum, and who was one of the leading lights in making the museum a realty, will present the key to the tuilding to William H. Young, president of the Art Association. Letters were received from President Harding and Governor Cox regretting their inability to attend Cox regretting their inability to attend

the dedication.

The museum will exhibit to the public and art lovers paintings by some of the world's most famous artists. In addition there will be exhibited from time to time, additions by the art students of some of the picturesque bits for which the Cape Cod town is famous. One of the most conspicuous oil paintings in the museum is "The Norseman," by Max Bohm.

Mr. Bohm's painting recalls the visit of the Norsemen to Provincetown and the attempt to establish a colony hor.

Mr. Bohm's painting recalls the visit of the Norsemen to Provincetown and the attempt to establish a colony here. Leif the Lucky, as the hardy Viking was called, sent his brother Thorwald to explore Cape Cod. In rounding the Cape his vessel stranded at Provincetown. He was obliged to haul the craft ashore and replace the keef. He named the place "Kilar Ness," or "Kael Cana." After completing the repairs the Norseman and his crew sailed across the bay. In an encounter with the Indians Thorwald was fatally wounded by an arrow.

oeeling that he had received his th wound, the Norseman charged followers to carry him to the place are they repaired their ship and the high of the carry him to the place and high I thought would be such a dly place to dwell in." His instruction was were carried out, and Thorwald buried on the shores of Province-

and foot of the grave. They gave the place the name of "Kross-a-Ness," or "Cape of the Crosses."

Excavations made on Chip Hill, in the western part of the town, in 1865 revealed masonry that has since been identified as the work of Norsemen, and possibly that of Thorwald's men. So Provincetown lays claim not only to being the first landing place of the Pilgrims, but one of the first places in the New World visited by Europeans.

Dedication of the Provincetown Art Association Museum and the Seventh Annual Exhibition

The Museum of the Provincetown Art Association was opened Sunday, July 31st, 1921, and its friends came in hundreds to do it homage. At four o'clock the President, Mr. William H. Young, in an appropriate address spoke of the work as the unfolding of the Pilgrim spirit and an honor to the town. Mr. John Noble, Director, on behalf of the Building Committee, then presented the key of the Museum to the President, thanking the citizens and the builders for their co-operation. The ceremonies were closed by the Dedication address given by Rev. Dr. Henry Mottet of New York. His theme was that Art whether creative or appreciative was the outcome of the spiritual in every individual and that as the Pilgrims. in their immortal Compact invoked the blessing of God, so the new Art Musueum should be dedicated "In the name of God, Amen." Mr. Young then closed the ceremony with a financial statement which showed how splendidly every one had helped to make the plans successful. He read the letters of regret from President Harding and Governor Cox.

The present Exhibition is of great interest and never before have so many of the best known American artists been represented in Provincetown. The excellent Catalogue has for its cover a wood cut by Mrs. Ross Moffett, the Signing of the Compact—a fine souvenir of our history.

There is within the walls of the Museum a feeling of restfulness, a lingering of the past which permeates its stately gallery. It is not too much to say the old house in its mystic way wishes us well, the old trees greet us in their pattern of leaves on the curtains and gratefully will the artists respond with the best that they have of the spirit of art.

RARE CREATIONS AT ARTISTS' BALL

Provincetown Beachcombers' Annual Event Riot of Color and Beauty --- Prizes for Best Costumes



MRS. AILEEN VAN BIENE MACKAY

Depicting the famous Red Cross war poster as "The Greatest Mother in the World," at the Provincetown Beachcombers' costume ball last night.

20 PROVINCETOWN, Aug. 23 .-Cape Cod fishermen, Senegambians from darkest Africa, flappers from Pittsfield, snake charmers from India, bathing girls from Boston and dignified mandarins from China, together with fully 1000 other representatives of the earth's population, made the annual Beachcombers' ball held at the Town Hall tonight not only a continuous round of pleasure but a riot of color and surprises in sartorial effects and creations and conceits that this quaint little town will not forget till another season rolls 'round and another Beachcombers' ball is due.

year. Standing room was scarce when the grand march opened at 9:30, led by the doughty skipper of the Beach-combers. Max Bohm, the well-known decorative painter, who, in his makeup as Baron Maunchausen, was very impressive indeed. The grand march served two purposes. It gave the audience of several hundred people an opportunity to see this brilliant assembly of professional folk in something like order, and it also gave opportunity for the judges, Mrs. Melzar Chaffee of New York, Miss Sarah Monroe, Bush Brown, the sculptor, and Mr. and Mrs. John H. Woodruff and Mrs. Lord, all of Washington, a chance to select the prize winners. prize winners.

First prize for the most artistic cos-

tume went to Harry Campbell of Prov-incetown, in the garb of a Crusader, and the second to Mrs. Moneure Robin-son of Washington, as a Chinese man-darin, attended by Tom and Jack Ful-weller. Honorable mention in the ar-GREAT SOCIAL EVENT

Tonignt's ball is the crowning social

Today and to Miss Thelma Given of New York, as an Indian

Most Original Makeup

Most Original Makesp

The most original makesp

The most original makesp

The most original makesp.

The most original makesp.

decided, was the monument group presented by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jennings of Provincetown. Mrs. Jennings was encased in a replica of the Pilgrim Monument, which overshadows the Town Hall, and Mr. Jennings, accompanying her, was garbed as Father Time. Miss Maud Ainsley of Liouisville, Ky., as a realistic snake charmer, captured second award, while Peter Hunt, as the Beardsley vamp, and Frank Carson as Pan received honorable mention. Ellsworth Ford of New York, as the Chauvis-Souris soldier, was awarded first prize in the grotesque group, the second going to Wilbur Steele in the habiliments of a Zulu ehief.

However, the awards give little idea of the variety, beauty and ingenuity of these costumes of these painterplayer-writer folks who made so merry here tonight. Had there been more prizes a dozen more folk might easily have won them. Eben Given of New York was most artistically gotten up as a Peruvian. Eugene O'Neill, the playwright, received great applause on his entry as a Malay pirate.

Variety of Pirates Amazing

Variety of Pirates Amazing

In fact the variety of pirates was amazing. There were enough murderous looking fellows in the Town Hall tonight to clean up the old town and not leave an individual of respectability to tell the tale.

Mrs. O'Neill, as a Spanish lady, had many proto-types. Among the very beautiful ones was Mrs. Theo J. Morgan of Washington, in wonderful Spanish lace, eigarette and all. She was attended by her husband, as a Spanish grandee.

grandee.

grandee.

Félix Mahonéy, the cartoonist, as the daughter of the regiment, with a gallon demi-john for a canteen, was applauded from all points and made the evening merry with his pranks.

A member of the Beachcombers who



MISS CHRISTINE HAMBURGER, Of Brookline, as a gypsy at the Beach-combers' Annual Costume Ball, Provincetown.

attracted considerable attention, was Bruce Eyans, who as Old General Disability or the Remains of the Kaiser, kept dancers and observers in continuous uproars. Mrs. W. H. W. Bickhell, wife of the well-known Boston artist, was a picture as an 18th Century belle.

Boy of Five in Costume

The youngest person in costume was Desmond Watson of New York, son of



maiden; Frances Dickey, Boston bathing girl; Barbara Higgins, bathing girl; Byrd Howland, Indian sunser; Charles Perry, pirate: Bruce Evans, General Disability; Lytton Beuhler, a Perfect Snob; Austin Dunham, Hottentot; Pauline Palmer, Arabian lady; Dr. Hiebert, Uncle Sam; Isabel Call, Gypsy; Fred Burch, the Notorious Mrs. Brown; F. H. Desch, French Morocco Clarenee Curley, Domino; Felix Mahoney, National School Fine Applied Arts, Washington, D. C.; Ebba Nordenstierna, Dorothea McConville, Carcline Banks, Spanish lady; Emma Edgeriy, Egyptian queen; Mrs. E. L. Sand, Polish; Miss Florence Helm, Little Boy Blue lost sheep and horn; Frederic McKay, Monk; Miss Hazel Davey, Ruffles; Sophie Markovitz, Indian princess; Lillian Harmer, Spanish lady; Eugene Woodruff, Greelan dancer; Dorothy Atwood, Spanish dancer; Estelle Atwood, Mama's Darling, Marshe Holze, Greelan goddess; Mrs. Bessie Slade, Turkish lady; Helen Nickerson, French peasant; Marie Lemardo, Spirit of America; Pauline Palmer, Arabian lady; John Henrique, Tom Sawyer; Mr. and Mrs. Burleigh Cooper, Period of 1869; Helen T. Reagan, Gypsy; Eleanor Kotz, low lide; Mary C. Nunes, golden rod; Cecelia Swartz, ear of corn; Ellen Bamos, Chong Chong San; Fforshee Patrick, Greecian girl; Edith Jasen, Halian; Mrs. J. H. P. Hudson, Ouija; Miss Glaedinger, Pierrette; Mabel Hasslings, Rob Roy; Hazel Brown, Pierrette; Mrs. George Dears, Turkish lady; Amie Newceimb, Merry Widow; Mrs. John Binta, Senorita.

MRS. GENEVIEVE HOWARD REPRESENTING "ROSALIND"

Mrs. E. H. Watson. Desmond, a lad of five, was in the togs of a "Beach-comber," accompanied by his mother in the get-up of "A little girl." She looked the part. No spectacular events were staged at tonight's ball, no bull fight or similar thrillers as last year. Dancing was the thing, and refreshments, which were served by the women of the Pilgrim Church next door, under the direction of Miss Jessie Matheson, Mrs. Ina Snow, Mrs. Carrie Brown, Mrs. Harlan Crocker, Mrs. Leona Newcomb, Mrs. Beatrice Souza, Mrs. R. L. Phillips, Mrs. Charles Goodrich, Mrs. Harriet Small, Mrs. W. B. Dunham and Mrs. Katherine Manuel. Late in the evening about 15 10-minute pictures, so-called, were auctioned off by William J. Paxton for the benefit of the Beach-combers' Club. Mrs. E. H. Watson. Desmond, a lad

List of Artists Present

List of Artists Present

Among those present in costume;
Betty Almeida, boy; Philip Welsh,
Spaniard; Colin Campbell, Clements,
smuggler; Fannie Smith, the Advertisers' bathing girl; Arleen E. Hale,
Alpatian peasant; Mrs. Harry L.
French, white sister; Hilda Morris,
Spanish lady; Theodora Brimberg, Chinese moth; Miss M. W. Webster, mandarin; Miss Lulu Merrick, white nuneighth century costume; Mrs. Rebert
Ball, Empress; Leonora Nickerson,
Spanish girl; Mrs. Stahl, Japanese;
Miss Kivlen, scarf; Mrs. Siade, Persian; Judith Tobey, harem beauty; Mrs.
E. L. Moore, Algerian dancer; Miss
Ruth M. Kincaire, Gypsy; Arthur
Chapman, pirate; Edna Murray, Pierrot; Miss E. Ravenscroft, Middle Ages;
Emmeline Nickerson, Russian peasant;
Dorothy Pray, Javanese; Mrs. Frank
Little, 'A lady'; Melzar Chaffee, Servian peasant; Gladys Brock, Gypsy
girk, Christine Brock, Dutch girl; Mrs.

W. H. W. Bicknell, 18th century belle; Mrs. Morgan Dennis, Oriental; Frank Carson, Pan; Mrs. E. C. Foster, Span-ish; George Cashman, convict; Leland Jennings, phases, Jennings ish; George Cashman, convict: Leland Jennings, pirate; Louise Urquhart, Turkish lady; Mrs. C. W. Crocker, moonlight night: Miss Lydia Pagel, Cape Cod fisherman; Mrs. Clara Smith, Puritan mother; Thelma Burns, chorus girl; Mrs. W. S. Hamilton, East Indian princess; Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Morgan, people from Spain; Renee Noble, Gypsy; Howard Sweetser, Sinbad; Bertha S. Blaney, Mexican; Annie E. Snow, poppy; Florence Vanumersen, Gypsy; Barbara Rollins, clown; Mrs. Gerit Beneker, Gypsy; Stanley Howard, Gypsy; Barbara Rollins, clown; Mrs. Gerit Beneker, Gypsy; Stanley Howard, French gentleman; Florence Heath, sallor boy; Isabel Burch, Night; Isaiah Small, Topsy; William Zorach and Mrs. William Zorach, Russian peasants; Mrs. Frank R. White, Charlie Chaplin; Frank Flores, pirate; Charles Holway, Huckleberry Finn; Myron Viera, cowboy sheriff; Harry Campbell, the Crusader; Miss Barbara Ballard, Spanish lady; V. B. Rann, military burlesque French; H. H. Kenyon, a flapper; Margaret A. Townley, riding costume; Willard Edwards, 'Jimmy Valentine"; Serena Kerr, Little Eva; Eleanor Paine,

Puritan tian lady. tie Morse. Puritan maid; Bettie Crawford, Egyp-

tian lady.

Jessie Morse, French doll; Reta Donaldson, Kisses; M. A. Claus, Knight; L. A. Williams, Gypsy boy; May Archer, Gypsy girl; Miss Verna McCully, bareback rider; Mrs. K. La Green, Chinese woman; Mrs. Julie Morrow, Egyptian; Dorothy Dean, Western girl; Mrs. Nellie Malchman, French maid; Mrs. Alice R. Shinn, Corean; Ida Edgar, Columbine; Elliem Aldrich, Hungarian boy; Mrs. Bertha Davis, the Pink Lady; Miss Susame Haymaker, medieval maid; John Agna, sailor, boy. May.

BEACHCOMBERS' BALL IS RICH IN GAYETY AND COLOR

Annual Event at Provincetown Scene of Oriental Splendor With Wealth of Original Costumes---Society and Art Strongly Represented

PROVINCETOWN, Aug. -Here in the moonlight on austere Cape Cod, land of the Pilgrims, the sand dunes, and the simple cottages of the fisher folk, the pomp and panoply of the whole Arabian Nights is parading itself tonight in celebration of the season's most colorful fete day. The costume ball of Provincetown Beach Combers.

GAY, COLORFUL SCENE

The artists, authors, geniuses and near geniuses of the summertime, surf-side Bohemia are the hosts of the evening and the pass card of admittance to the festivities is a turban, a fez or dashingly, dangling pair of extra orien-

Provincetown's ancient and honorable

Provincetown's ancient and honorable town hall is blazoned forth in all the rainbow hues of a far east glare, and the Palace visitors are as enthusiastically decorative as the gay tinted draperies which deck the dance floor. Provincetown's townspeople line the sidewalks on the way to the party place, and the artists and their company are furnishing the watchers the thrills they are waiting for. The masquerading mummery includes the fairy folk of fiction from Sinbad the Sailor to the Genii of the Lamp.

The startled waves of the wise At-

The startled waves of the wise At-

lantic wash their loud applause of the lantic wash their loud applause of the gayety that rivals their rumpus, and the lights of the U. S. Navy craft on the harborside wink shorewards their friendly approval to the ball-going blue-jackets who are frolloking with the fundameters. This is one of those nights that the Provincetown poet platoon pronounce a "noble occasion." This is the one anniversary which calls out the celeone anniversary which calls out the celebrated characters of Cape Cod's celebrity colony and convenes their companions with them. The paint-slingers and the rhyme-makers, the playwrights and the novelists, the batik birds and the tea room runners are all on hand and they are organized for a bully big time. This is officially the night.

Among the couples leading the Grand March were M. Bergen, U. S. Minister to Holland, and his wife, who was one of the prize winning masqueraders of the evening. one anniversary which calls out the cele-

the evening.

Leads Grand March All Alone

Harry Campbell, master of ceremonies for the Provincetown Art Association since that organization had its beginning years ago, has quit his time-honored Minute Man costume tonight for a pair of shelk bloomers and an honest-to-goodness shelk turban. In addition to this startling metamorphosis the event of the night is the new regime of meonlight dances.

of moonlight dances.

The grand narch was led by Harry Campbell of Provincetown. He was

Prize winners of the evening were as follows: For most artistic costume, follows: For most artistic costume, first, Miss Caroline Campbell of Prov-

of Providence; third, Austin Burnham of Provincetown.

Most grotesque, Misses Rachel and Rosamond Cox, as two Gold Dust twins; second, Eunice Standish of Short Hills, N. J., as the blue devil; third, Miss Virginia Newhall as the dressing

List of Guests in Costume

Most original—first, Mrs. Monoure Robinson of Bar Harbor, Me, and Miss Mona Robinson, Shakspere and Bacon; second, John Crooker as Mohammed Ben All.

The judges were Charles Hawthorne, New York City and Provincetown; Miss Munro, Frank Desch and Lady Armstrong, wife of the English consulgeneral to the United States. The guests in costume were as follows:

Armstrong, wife of the English consulgeneral to the United States. The guests in costume were as follows:

R. Whorf of Boston, Sinbad; L. Potter of Elizabeth, N. J. Indian chief; Myron Viera, King Hittemup; George J. Yuhas Arabian Jew; Jack Kenney, Arabian Count a la Moko; Kendall B. Northrop. Somerville, Mass., Persian shah; Austin Higgins, pirate; David Kingman, Arab; Reginald Dennis, one of the Latin quarter; John Kingman, Hindu; Isaiah Small, Jr., Abou Hassan; Allen Henderson, Cosmetic urge; A. L. Grant, minstrel man; Mr. Mc-Leod, monk; Mr. Beneker, Arab; Lawrence Grant, Sheherezade; P. J. Eaton, When Knighthood Was in Flour; Mr. Lane, Australian hunter; Frank Henderson, Freak Sheik Araby; Miss Steele, Arab camel driver; Mr. Zorach, Tartar; Mrs. Elleen Van Biene McKay, Chanticleer; Randolph Coats and Theodore Kosloff, Russians; Violet Van Biene, peasant girl; Mrs. Bertha Davis, lady from India; Virginia Delory, Russian carnival; Barbara H. Brown, Chinese.

sian carnival; Barbara H. Brown, Chinese.
Eleanor Lust, South Sea islander; Ida F. Edgar and Marea Kerns, spirits of the lamp; Mrs. P. A. Swords, queen of the harem; Carol Campbell, blue Sultana; Emmeline Nickerson, adolescence; Margaret B. Wilson, crystal gazer; Dorothy Wingate, dancer of the Nile; Mrs. W. Byrd, Scheherezade; Inca M. Brooks, Queen Tut; May K. Connell, Spanish lady; Ellen Ravenscroft, Oriental lady; Mrs. G. A. Beneker, Scheherezada; Mrs. MacLeod, Sunlight; Margaret Connley, Chinese girl; Karen DeLichtenberg, Ming Toy; Lona Smed, Katinka; Mrs. L. Grant, Sahara lady; Lydia C. Pagel, pirate; Mrs. W. S. Potter, clown; Mrs. H. H. Kenyon, Turkish; Paul Mahoney, Abdel Kader; Mrs. Joseph A. Mahoney, wife of Abdel Kader; Gertrude Gillette, Dutch boy; Doris Vail, sunset; Josephine Dowling, gypsy; Virginia Newhall, dressing table; Miss Esther Townley, Shaker lady; Miss Oliver Whiteman, gyspy; Miss Edith D, Nettleton, Dutch girl; Norman C. Lynch, Arabian nomad; Mrs. Moncure Robinson and Miss Lydia S. M. Robinson, Shakspere-Bacon controversy.

Mrs. Bertha Davis, Lady from India; freta Allen, Pocahontas; Beatrice frown, Bluebeard; Blanche Stillson, ratima; William G. Hazeltine, Vernon L. Hall and Gordon C. Douglas, sea

py Jennings, Mexican; Howard Sweetser, pirate; A. R. Cheney, pirate; Robert Ball, Chinese; Bruce Evans, Arabian bootlegger; Austin Dunham, Bluebeard; Tunis G. Bergen, ambassador to Holland; Harriet McInnis, Panjola; Jack Pyne, Pasha Kasha; George Ault, Chinese mandarin; Beatrice Ault, Turkish maiden; Kathryn Potter, gypsy; Virginia Cox, lady's mald; Muriel Varick, her twin; Martha Hoke, Persian vamp; Mrs. John Foster, Sengarda; Louise Watson, Raggedy Ann; Louis Baumgartner, Spanish lady; Mrs. R. Ball, Filipino; Mrs. McArthur, lady of Okad; Mrs. Hamilton, lady of the seventh age; Mrs. Mabel D. Aydelette, Turkish lady; Betty Jana Adelotte, artist; Edna D. Murray, maid; Marion B. Dearborn, Enyad; Mary Ellen Vorse, gypsy; Beatrice Ault, Oriental.

len Vorse, gypsy; Beatrice Ault, Oriental.

Christel Coleridge, Geraldine Coleridge, Isabella Evans, Royame Morgan and Isadora Foster, Arabian wonem; Frank Carson, Aladdin; Manuel Fereira, hobo; Mrs. Frederick P. Perkins, molasses kiss; F. P. Perkins, third of the Third Zouaves; Allen Henderson, Rudolph; Mary Meredith, Priscilla Alden; Catherine Ladd, Dorothy Bradford; J. Murray Wickard, the Caliph of Bagdad; V. B. Rann, one Arabian night; Mrs. W. Jones, Italian; N. Val Peavey, Mexican; Theo J. Morgan, Hodj the beggar; Robert Harcourt, prince; Mrs. Mary Heaton Vorse, mid-Victorian mother; Eunice Standish, blue senii; Josephine MacKenna, Spanish lady; Miss E. J. Giffin of Washington, Peirrotte; Mary L. Brewer, Cheko-Slovaç; Melzar Chaffee, Slamese; Dr. Hiebert, Turkestan; Irving Beebe, rajah; Harry I. Mabbett, the bishop; Peter Hunt, Gunga Din; Alexander Grant, minstrel; Pauline J. Palmer, University of Cordova; Frank H. Smith, Shylock; Wm. Silva, Provincetown advocate; Mary Besa, gypsy; Dorothy White, autumn leaves.

Miss Frances Hyde, Oriental; Mrs. Frances Park, the best that could be

Besa, gypsy; Dorothy White, autumn leaves.

Miss Frances Hyde, Oriental; Mrs. Frances Park, the best that could be done at the last minute; Morgan Danis, Japanese schoolboy; Miss Agnes Irmin, Spanish; Pearl Snow, Gretchen; Neille Snow, high school tom boy; Pearl Sawyer, Lady Rosemary; Ednah Frost, Dutchy; Ellen Malston, Spanish lady; Miss Dobson, Spanish lady; Mrs. Bruce, Russian; Mrs. Burton, Fatima; Mrs. Meeds and Miss Stadelman, Arabian women; Miss Helen Nickerson, Russian peasant; Miss Lenora Nickerson, Grecian maiden; Eleanor Lust, Hawalian; Sadie A. MacFarland, Arabian; Mrs. Flanders, evening star; Miss Olive Soule, Chinese lady; Marshall Samson, Sally of our alley; Dorothy Lewis, Cupid; Lucille Balley, Margaret; Esther Bohm, Eastern dancing girl; Ruth Hengerer, Spanish dancer. Ruth Whitaker, Persian; Mrs. Fraser, Pierrot lady; Miss Elizabeth Bohm, Eastern girl; Miriam Hallfinger, Oriental girl; Julie Morrow, Gainsborough girl; Miss Jameson, Cinderella; Miss Bessie Slade, Persian lady; Jeanette Larabee, Indian chief; Mrs. C. W. Crooker, Blue Sultana; G. C. Backbinder, Italian peasant; Katherine Campbell, Gypsy; Grace Marshall, moon



MRS. AILEEN VAN BRENE MACKAY

As a "Modern 1840," in which costume she appeared at the Beachcombers' Annual Ball, held last night in Provincetown.

WHARF PLAYERS IN DEBUT

Provincetown Sees New Stage Art Group in Unique Plays

BY THEODORE HEDLUND

PROVINCETOWN, Aug. 30 .-The Wharf Players of Provincetown a group of artists, playwrights and budding stage folk from scattered sections of the country-made their debut here tonight with a number of one-act experimental plays produced for the first time.

HOUSE SOLD OUT

It was revival of the Old Provincein establishing the first little experimental theatre in America where cresand dunes at the tip of Cape Cod their

The old organization produced several notable drama lists and plays and finally attracted the attention of Broadway. This is the hope the new organization which became permanently published tonight as the Wharf Players of Prayingetown Provincetown.

of Provincetown.

Every seat in Pilgrim Theatre was taken. The house is "sold out" for tomorrow night when the players repeat their programme. If this response on the part of summer folk visiting here is any indication of the future, the success of the Wharf Players is definitely assured. itely assured.

Theatrical Notables Attend

In the audience tonight were prominent theatrical men from New York, Boston and points west and south. They were seeking new material both in ideas and players.

The latter had but 10 days in which to rehearse for their parts. In fact, their organization did not come into existence until two weeks ago. Some of the scenic effects and sets painted by noted artists were not begun until

the past week.

In all, four one-act plays were presented. The first, "Don Juan in a Garden," was written by Harry Kemp, tramp poet and known near and far as the Don Juan of the radical world. Kemp starred his three months bride-Frances McClernan Kemp—in the play he presented tonight. And for the first time, the role of "Don Juan," as writ-te by the versatile Kemp, was a re-pentant one.

Contrite, Repentent Don Juan

Kemp has never Heretofore, Kemp has never portrayed a contrite, repentant Don Juan. He has written at least 10 plays with that title. Always the character was ruthless as well as romantic.

At any rate, Mrs. Kemp proved a charming roman representation of the con-

vent, and Bruce Evans, who took the part of "Don Juan," ably played his role of a conscience-stricken lover. The stage had a futurist conception of a moonlit garden, the work of William Zorach, who is one of the best-known artists of the modern school.

S. Chatwood Burton, professor of studio art at the University of Minnesota, directed the play, assisted by Harry Kemp, the author.

'Mignonette," an adaptation of a short story by Ferdinand Reyher, was the next offering. Here, the two former Washington Square players—Frances Paine Park and Frances Hyde,—took leading roles. Fern Forrester Shay, noted fashion artist of New York, was starred with Kennard McClees of Pittsburg. Pittsburg.

Notable Array of Sponsors

Mr. Reyher directed the play, which was produced for the first time. He is a Harvard man and has been abroad for several years as a newspaper and mgazine correspondent.

The next play presented was

comedy by Maude Humphrey. "Why Girls Stay Home" was the title of the one-act affair directed by Frederic Burt. The latter, with Helen Ware, had assisted in coaching the Wharf Players in all of their efforts tonighht. Another comedy, "The Trysting Place," by Booth Tarkington topped off the programme of one-act plays.

Love foolishness of three ages as ably depicted here by Mrs. Granville Burton of Louisville, Raymond W. Moore of the Mission Players of California, Mrs. Frank Little of Orange, N. J., Alfred Poor of Newport, W. H. Bicknell of Boston, Violet Vanbiene and John Taylor.

Following the last curtain, players and producers adjourned to the Provincetown Art Association where a re-ception was held. Officers of the New Wharf Players Association were an-

President, Mary Bicknell; vice president, Frederic Burt; treasurer, Beatrie Brown; secretary, Ellen Ravens-

sand dunes at the tip of Cape Cod their summer playground could have an outlet.

The old organization produced several notable drama lists and plays and finally attracted the attraction.

Among the sponsors for the new projects of the wharf players are:

Dr. G. Stanley Hall, former president of Clark University; Mrs. Moncure Robinson, formerly Miss Biddle of Philadelphia, Lady Armstrons, wife of Philadelphia; Lady Armstrong, wife of the British Consul General in New York; Mr. and Mrs. Tunis Bergen, formerly Ambassador to Holland; Mr. and

Mrs. Gerrit Beneker, chief of the art industry movement; Mr. and Mrs. George Elmer Browne; Kenneth Brown, writer and his wife, Demetra Vaka; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin A. Grozier: Pro-fessor and Mrs. Colin Scott, of Mt. Holyoke College; Mr. and Mrs. Stowe Phelps, of New York and many others.

Provincetown Taking Warmly to "Ted Robinson's Book Shop"



"TED" ROBINSON'S BOOK SHOP IN PROVINCETOWN

This little shop in the heart of the famous Cape Cod town is not an ordinary one. It is made out of an old fish shed, and if not careful you will step out of its front door right into the bay. When Mrs. Robinson is not procuring books for her customers, she is serving them tea.

In a little weather silvered shanty at content unless it were reading "what the artists read." Provincetown where doubtless at one time the neighborhood pussies used to sit and contemplate racks of fish dry-ing just out of reach, there is a "Ted Robinson's Book Shop." For it occurred to Ted Robinson that Provincetown, with its summer artist colony, which included writers and poets as well as brush-and-paint artists, had no bookshop. That is, none worth mentioning. Of course there were the meagre supplies of fiction antiquities somewhat wistfully offered for sale at the village news stand. But Greenwich Village vacationing-or its hundred counterparts throughout the country, does not hanker unduly to read "Grau-Work" would not for a minute be ored chair to sit in.

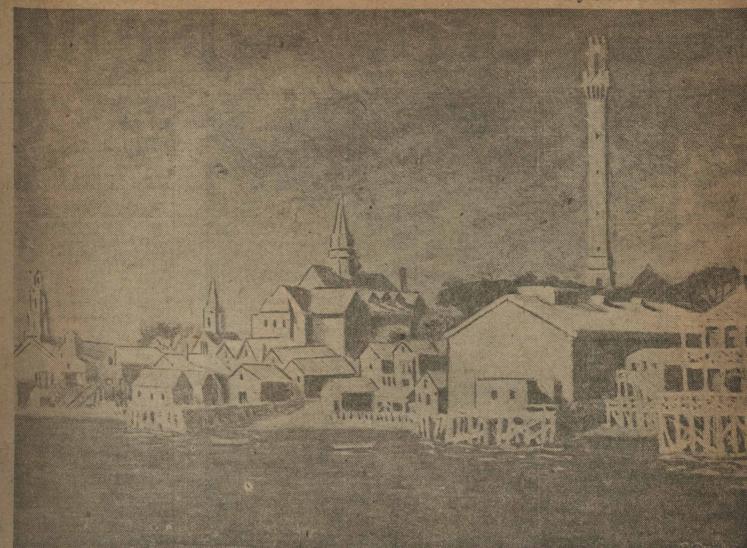
So Ted Robinson, having noted sagely to himself that Provincetown had no tookshop worth mentioning, decided that Provincetown ought to have one. Thereupon he moved his family and himself thither from Cleveland together with large cases of books.

It is a nice bookshop, which might as well have only two walls, for the third and fourth sprawl wide open, one to let in customers and the sea admit the sapphire gleam of the sea and its many colored perfume. The absorbed person who takes a book off one of the shelves and wanders out to the little platform over the sea which serves as a porch is apt to step off into stark" and the other part of summer the sea without thinking, because it ping in one day a week to say "what Provincetown which comes to inspect isn't a very big porch and is innocent that prodigiously exciting thing "Art at of railings. Or there is a canary col-

There are prints on the walls, and bits of rollicking verse written to Ted Robinson by F. P. A. and Christopher Morley and others who sent their good wishes for the success of the new shop There are old editions, one or two which Ted Robinson does not try with any vigor to sell, for he says, "If they stay unsold at the end of the season my conscience will be clear and I can keep 'em." And there are delicious books for children and poems for very adult persons all swinging in none too secure white pine racks six feet from the floor.

Frank Shay has a book caravan and the contest for trade between them is not so bitter that it prevents his stopping in one day a week to say "what ho!" to Robinson. So between them

in the matter of books.



Painting by the well-known New York artist, made at his summer home in Provincetown, showing the wharves and the monument to the Pilgrims towering in the distance.

Frederick K. Detwiller, the New York artist, exhibited in the Ainslie galleries a painting which he calls "Moonlit Towers." Although many who viewed it thought it must be a European setting, the truth is that our own New England Provincetown furnished the inspiration. It is a

Detwiller says himself: "The inspiration of the painting was a moonlit night over the waterfront at Provincetown. The Pilgrim monument in the background adds

The New York artist has made New England the setting of many of his finest canvases. James Brit-

other painter we have or have had. I doubt if he will ever be classified. He will stand apart. The personal quality in his work is particularly in his color. It is unlike any color ever painted by anyone. Of course, he finds the spring for it in nature. Centainly an artist is distinguished who discovers in nature a kind of beauty that no one else has found. The many are giving us the same old sensations, trying to beguilbe us with smart swirls of the brush, or odd confusions of tinted devices of geometry. We have too much stark handicraft in painting. Handicraft. Sound intellect alone will lift handicraft to the dignity of fine art. Detwiller is an artist."

The titles of the paintings in the exhibit are as follows: "Ledges of Lantem Hill," "Palisades." "The Swingley."

beauty to the composition."

The New York artist has made New England the setting of many of his finest canvases. James Britton, the critic, calls him "a rare man in American art."

"He is a painter who thinks," says Mr. Britton. "Most of our painters simply paint. He is an artist who realizes that the fine art of painting is an intellectual process, not merely an operation involving skill of hand, Detwiller has had a wide training. Profound studies in architecture and the law have contributed to the comprehensiveness of his understanding. But the artist in him rises above all scholasticisms, sends him to nature with simple faith.

"Detwiller is an outstanding man in American landscape, You cannot connect, his expression with that of any

ART SHOW AT **PROVINCETOWN**

Museum Opened for Four Weeks' Season

PROVINCETOWN, July 11-The Provincetown Art Museuc held a gay opening this afternoon, when the exhibits of the Provincetown Art Association were shown. More than 300 summer residents, including many artists and the state of the sta fists, students, literary personalities and art patrons, thronged the galleries. The exhibit as a whole was interesting, but with few high spots and much mediocre work.

Easily the outstanding canvas was

Easily the outstanding canvas was Gerritt Beneker's portrait of Donald B. MacMillan, Arctic explorer.

"Silver Candelabra," by Elizabeth Paxton, is a beautiful picture, refined in technique and striking in color. Another of Beneker's pieces, "Laura," is charming, while the study of a French peasant by Ilgaliga is truly remarkable. able.

able.

J. E. Stacey has a vivid study, "Sanchen." Mary Stafford's "Old Peasant of Finestre" is graphically painted. Other high lights in the exhibit are "The Amber Beads," a delightful study by Frank H. Desch, and a South American landscape, vivid in color and very atmospheric, by Harold Putman Brown.

Putman Brown.

The museum will be open to the public until the middle of August.

The Association Holds Its Tenth
Annual Exhibition of Paintings
and Gives Prize
Awards

By Harley Perkins

HE regular course of art has undergone certain unexpected changes in that isolated citadel, Provincetown, situated far out in the Atlantic, and whose monument rises as though to mark the termination of the perfect Greek spiral described by Cape Cod's eccentric outline. It would seem that nature foreordained for detachment and glory the landing place of the Pilgrim fathers, a fact appreciated by those early settlers who literally floated their houses across the waters and moored them to the edges of the dunes where in shifting sands the protracted path of the town's one main street was traced.

It was likewise predestined that in later days an artist should rediscover the peculiar charm of the port which, like Rome, had suffered a decline in commercial importance. Nancy W. Paine Smith relating in her recent "Provincetown Book" that Marcus Waterman was in the vanguard of the army of artists which has come to encamp during the summer months within the usurped domain, says that Mr. Waterman came primarily to obtain appropriate settings for a painting of the desert. "We could supply the sand, but the lions of Sahara's wastes he found elsewhere." It scarcely need be added that this latter deficiency has since been amply rectified However, too great stress need not be laid upon that point nor on the prominence of certain of the painters, craftsmen, writers, musicians and workers in the allied arts who annually seek out the historic Cape town

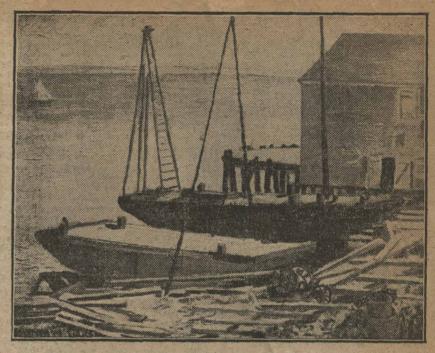
Provincetown's breadth of view has come to be proverblal. The chronicler but reflected the general sentiment in stating that: "The conservative, the ultra modern, the abstractionist, every school is welcome." In fact the breadth of the exhibitions annually held by the local art association has been of such scope as to add to the bewilderment of the chance layman tourist who was hard enough put to find, in this variously envolved region, even the points of the physical compass.

The display of paintings, water colors and etchings which is now in force and will be on view through Aug. 11 at the "Art Museum," as the headquarters of the Provincetown Art Association is now sometimes designated, is the tenth event of the kind. The exhibits would naturally be expected, as in the past, to be representative of the sort of work being produced in local studios. It would appear, nevertheless, as a survey of the gallery is made, that a change of tactics had, for some unknown reason, taken place. Neither the "welcome" canvasses of ultra modern is nor abstractionists are conspicuously in evidence. Especial cordiality is extended to works which might be termed "conservative," but which are unfortunately all too often but mild expressions of a most conventional nature. True, there is some recognition of the fact that no exhibition wholly made up of works of similar style can be very exciting or really representative of such a large group of painters as congregate hereabouts.

Confession of Faith

To speak plainly, the exhibition is, with its slower pace, not so exhibition as last year. This is quite surprising, for there have been repeated reports and ambitious projects engrossing the attention of local circles as the construction of attractive golf links and the acquisition of an entire pier for the purposes of the Wharf Players. All of which goes to show that vitality is not lacking. The present exhibition, how-

Painted Ships



"The Mud Scows"
By Mary Locke Brewer

ever, varying only in importance from the average general show elsewhere, is not especially distinctive in tone.

This year for the first time in the Association's history prizes have been awarded and the seal of approval placed upon certain works. Thereby a public confession of faith is made. Those who feared that the Provincetown camp was becoming too radical may cease to be alarmed. The two prize-winning paintings would stay most unobtrusively and modestly in line upon any academy wall. A landscape, most amiable in color and style, has received first honor of \$100, while another which might be described in like general nature was selected by the jury for the second and only remaining tribute which lay in its power to bestow.

Randolph LeSalle Coats's "Wee Mite Moggish" presents in the most lyrical of moods vistas of cottage rooftops edging the sea, their regularity broken by a veiling of

cottonwood trees. Positive statement of the clearly defined differences in value of roofs and walls at various angles do not disturb the quality of "charm" which has been stressed in this painting. Not a little truth has been sacrificed to obtain substitutes which are manifestly ingratiating, and in this instance have proved to be plaudit-winning. Mr. Coats, as well as Robert E. Ball, who won second honor and \$50, has become identified comparatively recently with Provincetown, the former halling originally from Indiana, while the latter is a Missouri man and a former pupil of Richard Miller. Mr. Ball's prize picture of "Pout Neuf" savors strongly of French impressionism and more particularly of Monet. Despite the building up with paint of high lights along the bridge structure until veritable shadows are cast, drawing has by no means been neglected and there remains a suggestion of ruled lines at variance with the softly subdued tonal effect.

In Central Positions

On looking for those who previously have given the public strong medicine in the Association's shows the Zorachs are conspicuous by their absence, and those whom we have come to associate with them are not at once to be found. Charles Hawthorne again holds the end wall, this time with a characteristic work which shows a fisherman in yellow oilstins, grasping the

rudder of his boat, his catch of fish lying at his feet. Here are the depth and richness of semi-transparent surfaces which are Mr. Hawthorne's undisputed forte, both in the rendering of the costume of the seafarer and the deep blues of ocean and sky behind him. There are certain disturbing details such as the size of the head and the drawing of the hands, yet this "portrait." as one must call it—as there is no attempt to convey the fleeting action of a moment—is certainly a striking performance, though not exceeding the Hawthorne standard.

thorne standard.

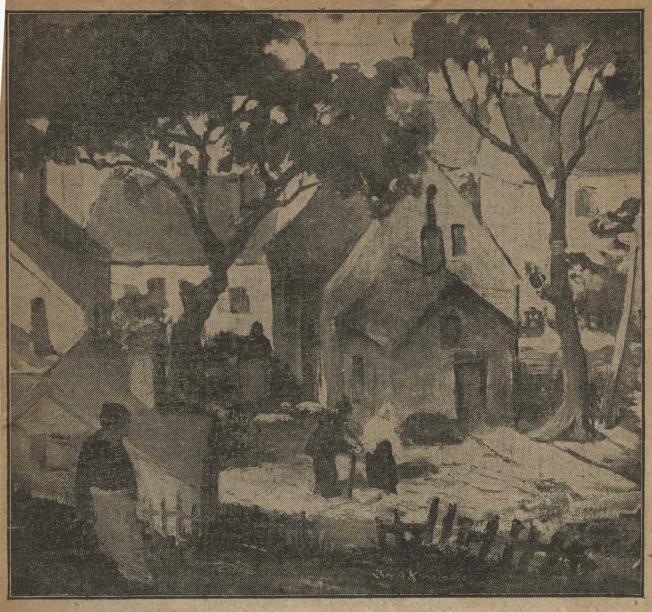
James R. Hopkins likewise holds another central position with a quite monumental painting—"Father and Daughter." Types from the soil are ably presented and with dramatic effectiveness, yet one cannot feel that the painting is wholly consistent throughout, nor closely related in color harmony. Gerrit Beneker's less imaginative presentation of a workman leaning on a staff, face uplifted as though in contemplation, the Truro hills in the distance, essentially literal to the point of dryness, displays an appropriate coherence.

E. Ambrose Webster's right of tenure among the gallery gods is disputed by the opposing nature of the neighboring exhibits. Mr. Webster as usual goes directly after an approximation of sunlight in a Moroccan street scene, keying his canvas as high as possible and finding brilliant passages of color in the rendering of shadows. His attitude of clear and radiant realism is in contrast to canvases on either side which celebrate the lure of Old World romanticism.

"Ancient Cahors" is the subject of George Elmer Browne's contribution which seems to have received its tone directly from legendary glories. Donald Witherstein has also received inspiration for a trio of exhibits—"Devant le Mosque, "Street Scene in Brittany" and "Chateau

in Moonlight"—from overseas. There has, in exhibitions seen this season, been almost a dearth of paintings typical of the artists' native surroundings, and often an abatement of tendencies that might truly be called American. Possibly a reaction will take place and a just popularity attend our own superb scenes. After all, the travelling artist can only skim the surface of unfamiliar ground, obtaining pleasant effects of architectural detail while the underlying significance usually escapes him.

The Atmosphere of Provincetown



Charles Kasselau's "Street Scene in Provincetown"

Form Versus Sunlight

An exception takes place in one instance. Lucy L'Engle builds arbitrarily her "View of Canges," plotting her color and apparof Canges, plotting her color and appartione with low reds, blies and greens, ently choosing forms and contours which Charles Kaeselau, president of the association, the picture area will possess a spetion, shows the little Catholic church with cal relation. Her work displays a distinction which some purely realistic works the tinning of adjacent cottages in a composition which some purely realistic works then that might be simplified. Ellen Ralack. Sunlight, such as glitters across vensoroft's painting of barges is a picture Massachusetts Bay, sparkles on the wet not to be overlooked, nor is Frederick garments of the bathers, and gets into the way like sharp splinters has come lately ways the relative to the property of the sharp splinters has come lately and the property of the sharp splinters has come lately and the property of the sharp splinters has come lately and the property of the sharp splinters has come lately and the property of the sharp splinters has come lately and the property of the sharp splinters are splinters. to be regarded with skepticism by the painters of more advanced tendencies.

"Form, sequence, rhythm" is the slogan with skepticism by the light are: Miss Mary Locke Brewer, whose prosaic "Mud Scows" provide radiant vehicle for handsome expression; Harriet F. Karl Knaths simply calls his effort, excellent in color, a barn-yard scene, "Painting." Agnes Weinrich, like Wilde, chooses the sunflower, taking leaf and petal, and com-

sunflower, taking leaf and petal, and composing interesting arrangements, varying them with lyrical passages or more sober abstract shapes. The result displays a deliberation which wins respect, if not at once, full commendation.

Ross Moffett, for his paintings tinged with moroseness, chooses the gray day rather than the sunlit one, more from affinity with the mood. His painting of philosophical chimney builders partakes somewhat of illustration, but his solitary Fisherman in a boat plowing through a Fisherman in a boat plowing through a rough sea is like an epic, bleak and stark as anything Rockwell Kent has conceived of Alaskan ice-bound regions. It is a

with subtle grays, in his arrangement with two figures, but varies them with purplish blacks polished like a bottle, while Lytton Buehler gets an interesting resonance of tone with low reds, blues and greens.

hicle for handsome expression; Harriet F. Bain, who contributes a jolly "Low Tide"; Susan Haymaker, who depicts "Main Street," and Heyward Taylor, who has a tropical scene: four paintings well above the average. Frank Carson likewise rejoices in a flood of light, painting the Truro shore line. Pauline Palmer and Frank Desch have portraits and figure studies which follow conventional lines, Martha E. Crocker shows her portrait of Mrs. J. J. Enneking, and Laurence Grant has a group of decorative panels.

The exhbitors include Tod Lindenmuth Richard Miller, Alice Worthington Ball, Stella Johnson, Edwin Dickinson, William L'Engle, Sidney M. Chase, Ora Coltman, Morgan Dennis, Ella M. DuPuy, Henry Eddy, Bruce Evans, Nancy Ferguson, Clara Greenwood, Marion Hawthorne, Henry Hensche, Martha Hoke, Lillian Link,

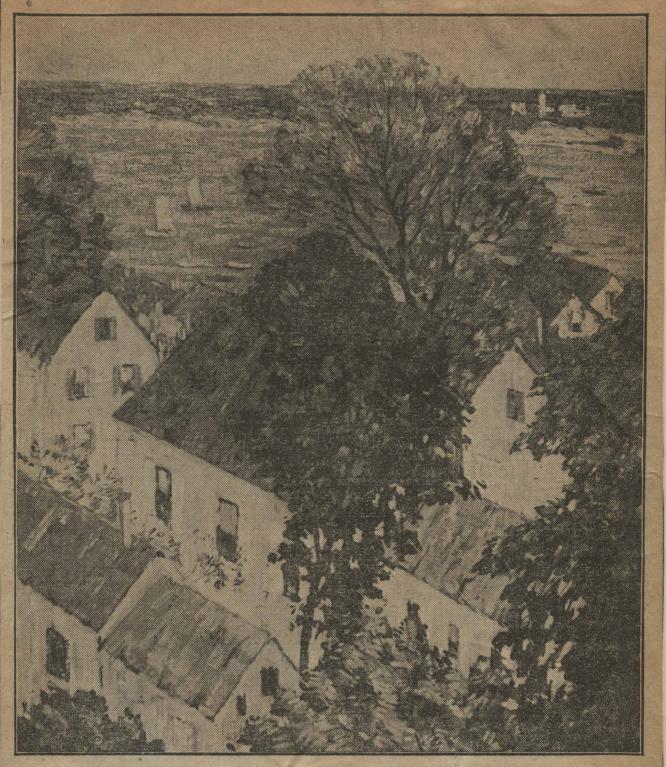
Wells Munger, Sarah Munroe, Harry Pfeiffer, Carl Ringius, C. Arnold Slade, Elizabeth Warren and Katherine Liddell. Among the sheaf of water colors the work of Howard M. Gibbs, Floyd Clymer, Carson, Lucy L'Engle, Frazer and Evelin Bodfish Bourne, comes in for special attention. Drawings of children by Margery Ryerson, etchings by W. H. W. Bicknell and William Auerbach Levy are also shown. are also shown.

Print Makers and Students

The Provincetown Association has during the season lost two of its faithful members, Max Bohm and Miss E. H. Thomas, and memorial works by the two artists are shown. The fine still-life painting by Miss Thomas has been acquired as the nucleus of a future collection of a future collection, while by gift from her the society has received numerous art books, and there are plans to have a fairly complete reference library.

One of the features of past exhibitions at Provincetown was the group of vivid block Provincetown was the group of vivid block prints which displayed quite as much individuality as the paintings. This attraction is now lacking. The ranks of the block printers have been so lessened for various reasons, and those remaining have lacked the courage to demand, as in the past, equal representation with the painters. The association hopes, however, to eventually be able to provide a separate gallery adequate for print displaying.

Among those whose notable work in this mong those whose notable work in this



Randolph La Salle Coats's Pleasing Painting Which Received the First Prize in the Provincetown Exhibition

field is remembered, are Ethel Mars, Flora Schoenfeldt, Mrs. Nichols and Maud Schoenfeldt, Mrs. Nichols and Maud Squires, who are abroad; also Blanche Lazelle, who is just returning. The Zorachs, together with Gaston Lachaise, have bought an island in Maine, and Mary Tannehill has likewise sought northern painting

Prints may be seen in various exhibitions at some of the many art shops. Tod Lindenmuth is showing at Peter Hunt's, at the Provincetown Art Shop, Prints by Miss Lazell and others form a special dis-play. The Sail Loft Club has new quar-

ters in the Banbury Cross studios and plans exhibitions, among them a group of prints by Miss Taylor. A print room is one of the attractions of the Snug Harbor

and producing new and excellent blocks and monotypes.

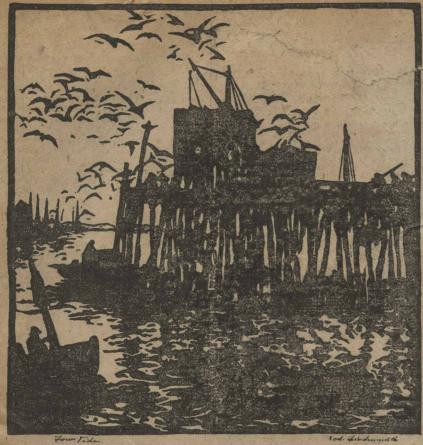
and monotypes.

Students busily at work painting along the wharves and entrenched in some of the town's picturesque angles are as much in evidence as ever. Hawthorne's class, working from two models, may be seen along the beach, so numerous that those on the outskirts make the best of their distant position by making flank attacks, with sketches, of the army of workers before them. There are opportunities enough for young artists to obtain whatever method of instruction meets their need or fore them. There are opportunities enough family what-not. for young artists to obtain whatever method of instruction meets their need or the army, can be said "to move on its fancy. James Hopkins, with R. L. Coates stomach." One of Provincetown's former than a summer class in picture drawbacks as a painting place was the

Lindenmuth and Moffet, also etchings by making; Ross Moffett and Harry Pfeiffer Margery Ryerson, may be seen. Miss collaborate in teaching portraiture and Weinrich, Blanche Stillson and Karl Knaths are among those who are living up to the attention of local print makers his summer school, and George Elmer stablished reputation of local print makers his summer school, and George Elmer Browne conducts in the West End another school of art. Private instruction can be had of others. Students' work will be shown in a later exhibition at the Associa-

As though the wharves, dunes and old town itself could not supply plenty of atmosphere, innumerable little shops have sprung up displaying the usual assortment of curio, antiques, gifts, which would put friendship to the test, treasures for the

Spectres on the Sea



"Low Tide" By Tod Lindenmuth

dearth of good eating places. This year there are no less than thirty places supplying meals, while there are some ninety which with painted furniture, batiks and so on, cater to the famished artistic senses as well as supplying something in the way of food.

So Provincetown thrives on art and vic-

FISH PIER THEATRICAL WAR LOOMS

Provincetown Likely to Support Two or Three Companies

PROWNCETOWN, Aug. 19-A waterfront theatrical war is looming up here, and this little Cape town, made famous as the birthplace of the little theatre movement, is facing the prospect of supporting two and

CHIEF TOPIC OF TALK

This, as a Post reporter learned, is the chief topic of conversation among the artists, actors, writers and vacationists who gather from all parts of the country in the summer colony

A few weeks ago, two young men came into town, scattering large placards announcing that the Winston-Moore Players would present a season of stock. No one paid much attention of stock. No one paid much attention to the posters that literally plastered the reach of Commercial street, much less the Wharf Players, safely ensconced in their own theatre, supported by subscriptions, and with a reputation that has made them known to all patrons of the Little Theatre movement from Maine to California.

Perform Six Nights a Week

That was six weeks ago. It is an entirely different kettle of fish now, as the reporter was told. The Winston-Moore Players perform six nights a week to crowded houses. Without any subscription list, without a board of directors or a single patron, the "upstart" players have achieved greater success in their rented theatre than they dared to hope for, so they say.

In fact, so successful have they been that Ray Moore, one of the "orphans" who has put the new company across, told the reporter that he and Mr. Winson planned to build a new theatre this fall, a theatre which will be typical of the spirit of Provincetown. That was six weeks ago. It is an en-

Seek Building on Fish Pier

The Wharf Players have their theatre on a fish pier. The Winston-Moore Players, according to its two young managers, will be housed next season on a building located on some fish pier. This plan made public for

the first time to the Post reporter, will mean that two rival companies will be doing business on the waterfront next year. Added to that, the Barnstormers' Theatre, in which the Winston-Moore Players are holding forth, at present, will be vacant—ready for any adventuring third commany to take for its bend. ing third company to take for its head-

quarters.

"We want to build a theatre on one of the fish piers," the very slender Ray. Moore informed the interviewer. "We may take over some old warehouse and renovate it—provided we are able to remove some of the fish smell. But whether we build or renovate, we want our new headquarters to be typical of Cape Cod and of Provincetown."

The plans that the young men are fondly contemplating at present are

fairly clear to them, including such "atmospheric" things as "waters swishing beneath the pier." ship's lanterns for lights and fish nets strung

anterns for lights and fish nets strung around for decorations.

Other rivals of the Wharf Players there have been in the past. Last year is was Frank Snay's Barnstormers, who appeared to have done a fairly good bit of work—both artistically and financially. But the Barnstormers did not organize again this year, and Shay rented his theatre, with its surrounding living quarters, to Ray Moore and Harold Winston.

All Sorts of Rumors Afloat

All Sorts of Rumors Afloat

Of course, there was more or less rivalry in the past, but never since the Wharf Players were organized have there been such persistent rumors that "the town is not large enough for two stock companies," that one must go—and the one most mentioned as a fixed permanent organization is the Winston-Moore group. But there are all sorts of rumors afloat—rumors which both Winston and Moore seem scarcely to have heard, so wrapped up are they in their work.

"We want to build up a company made up of professional actors and actresses with guest stars during the season," Winston explained as he balanced himself on the back of one of the benches in the dimly lighted theatre.

"We aim to produce new plays and outstanding Broadway successes. This past week has been repertory week, in which we repeated three of the plays we had given earlier in the season. You see, right now, the town has many transient tourists who are staying here for a couple of days or just a week and

this gives them a chance to see more

this gives them a chance to see more than one play."

The two young men announced that they intended to stay here throughout the winter, writing and working to carry out their plans for the new theatre. Winston, who is the director, is a capable actor and has had to fill in a few times this summer. Moore form. a capable actor and has had to fill in a few times this summer. Moore, formerly with the Steward-Walker Repertory of Cincinnati and a director, is the business manager. Such well-known stage folks as Morgan Farley, Zita Johann, Mara Moreland, Jane Burby and Jane Barry have played with the new stock company.

"We want to make our new theatre cater not only to the summer colony but also the townsfolk," declared Winston. "Too often we outsiders are apt to forget all about the people who live here the year round."

Summer Art School Conducted in Unique Studio on Top of Big Sand Dune Overlooks Quaint Town of Provincetown



CLASS OF ART STUDENTS IN THE PICTURESQUE STUDIO OF GEORGE ELMER BROWNE AT PROVINCETOWN

Notable Exhibition by Provincetown Art Ass'n



"HOLLYHOCKS," BY RANDOLPH LASALLE COATES The picture is being exhibited at the Provincetown Art Association.

At the spacious gallery of the Provincetown Art Association, a distinguished group of paintings are being shown. "Hollyhocks," by Randolph LaSalle Coates, is a decidedly pleasing and colorful canvas. The artist has caught the vividness and delicacy of color only found in these stately flowers Another of Mr. Coates' paintings was awarded the first prize in the show.

was awarded the lifst prize in the show.

"Pont Neuf," by Robert E. Ball, the second award winner, is distinctly different. His treatment is of the impressionistic type while his color is harmonious and delicate.

Golden curis, rose petal skin and a wistful expression make "The White Girl," by Pauline Palmer, a most delightful canvas. John R. Hopkin's study called "Father and Daughter," is a dramatic production; a character study of rare merit.

"A Gown of Long Ago," from the brush of Frank H. Desch, is rarely attractive. The soft yellow dress of taffeta, touched here and there with a bit of lace, serves to set off the model's lovely skin and gleaming chestnut hair.

nut hair.
Gerrit A. Beneker has achieved something very distinguished in his character study of "A Man of the Hills."
The face is treated with an understanding of his type that is rare.
Soft delicate, yet at the same time fresh, color is one of the chief charms of the canvas by Herbert Ross, which he has called "Spring Sewing."
The Hfe-like expression of the

1,000 Use Provincetown Library Each Year

More than 850 borrowers use

More than 850 borrowers use the Provincetown library today, or about one-fifth of the town's population. Summer visitors swell the total to 1,000. Last year, they borrowed 20,914 books. Most popular books were "Gone With The Wind," "North to The Orient," "Green Laurels" and numbers of all-fiction titles, Writers and artists make good use of the library, says Gilbert C. Rich, librarian completing his first year at the desk. A Phillips Andover and Brown graduate, Mr. Rich has done much to spread the use of his books to many more readers this year. year

year.

Provincetown has had seven librarians since the library was founded in 1874. Miss Salome A. Gifford was the first, serving until 1884. Mrs. William R. Mitchell followed, from '81 to '88, Mrs. Mattie Bangs to 1891, Mrs. Harriet M. Dyer to 1901, Mrs. Abbic C. Putnam served the longest, from 1901 to 1934. Mrs. G. H. Crocker served from 1935 to 1936.

FISH HOUSE IS TO BE THEATRE

Wharf Players, Inc., Start Big Project

PROVINCETOWN, July 29.—An ambitious plan to make Provincetown the summer dramatic centre of the United States was inaugurated today, when the Wharf Players, Incorporated, as they have now become, took title to an extensive property on the waterfront on which there is already a large disused fish house on a long wharf. Details for its reconstruction into a theatre with a modern stage, equipped with every possible device for effective lighting, are already under consideration and will be completed within a short time and work started this winter so that the theatre may be in readiness for use at the beginning of the next summer season.

The property taken is at \$1 Commercial street and belonged to the late John O'Neil, one of the pioneers in the fish industry in Provincetown. Located on the main street, at the west end of the town, it is easily accessible. The details of the transaction were arranged by William A. Gaston, Jr., attorney for Wharf Players, Incorporated, and John Francis, real estate agent for the property owners.

The plan has been under discussion

Trancis, real estate agent for the property owners.

The plan has been under discussion among the leaders of the Wharf Players movement since the close of last season, one of the most enthusiastic of its proponents being Mrs. Mary Bicknell.

GOOD BYE, OLD HOUSE.-MILLIE C. POMEROY.

Good bye, old house! the hurry and the bustle Smothered till now all thought of leaving you; But the last load has gone, and I've a moment, All by myself, to say a last adieu.

Good bye, old house! I shall not soon forget you, The witness of so much eventful time-And walls have ears they say, I beg you cherish Each secret that you may have heard of mine.

Strange faces will come in and gaze upon you, Irreverent and careless of each spot

That held in sacred keeping household treasures, Ah, well, you need not mind,-it matters not,

They'll wonder why that nail was driven yonder In reach of Freddy's hand, at Christmas time, That he might hang, himself, his little stocking. That notch marked Willie's height when he was nin

These marks that I have not the heart to trouble, Johnny put there before he went away,

Wishing, meanwhile, that he might make them double; They meant the days he had at home to stay.

Dear child! it was that corner held his coffin When trouble, toil and pain for him were done; And in that corner, too, I have knelt daily, Striving to find the way-that he has won.

Twas in that corner Margaret was married, And that white spot upon the smoky wall Is where her picture hung,—those three nails yonder Were driven to hold her sack, and scarf, and shawl.

And so, old house, you have for every blemish A strange, peculiar story of your own; As our poor bodies do when we have left them, And powerless alike to make it known.

Good bye, good bye, old house! the night is falling, They'll think I've wandered from the path, I gness. One more walk through the rooms, ah! how they echo How strange and lonely is their emptiness!

est the old house!

Lovable "Tramp Poet" and Wife



Harry Kemp, the lovable "Tramp Poet," and his wife posed for this picture at Provincetown, where they are among the popular members of the artists' colony that assembles every summer at quaint old Provincetown

SUSAN B. GLASPELL NOT **EXCITED OVER WINNING**

Writer of Most Notable Play During Past Year Ready to Go Back to Provincetown to Work

By ROGER BATCHELDER

NEW YORK, May 4-In an easy chair, which looked out upon Gramercy Park, Susan B. Glaspell of Iowa, Provincetown, Mass, and New York. expressed her delight at the announcement that she had won the Pulitzer prize for having written a play that was considered by the judges to be the most notable of the past year.

most notable of the past year.

She was not obviously excited, because she confessed she had thought for some time that she would be the winner. But she was most pleased because she believed that the colony of dramatic students, that was inspired by her first husband, George Cram Cook, at the end of Cape Cod, in 1906, and from which Eugene O'Neill graduated to fame, had again proved, by the successful effort of hers, that one need not be entirely of the great city to become a successful

"Alison's House" is the name of the play. It was produced last Fall by the Civic Repertory Company, under the supervision of Eva Le Gallienne. She wrote it in Provincetown, and the critics, pronouncing it a work of art, decided that she had drawn her stage study from the life of Emily Dickinson, the recluse poet of Amherst, Mass. "But that is not true," she insisted this morning. "Possibly, something may have been drawn into my work from my deep feeling for her poetry and the inspiration may have come from her, though not from her life history." "Alison's House" is the name of the

Susan Glaspell became pensive. She smoked her cigarette, sitting there in the red suit that she had worn on a shopping tour along nearby 5th av. She is rather tall, light of complexion and hair, and her voice is soft and pleasing.

ing.
"It is what I wanted," she said, quietly.

Had Been Reporter

Davenport, Ia, where she was born in 1882. She attended Drake University, where she earned the degree of bachelor of philosophy, and took a post-graduate course at the University of Chicago. In 1913, she married Mr Cook, a sponsor of the Little Theatra movement, who died when they wers traveling in Greece 10 years later. Her adeptness at interviewing and being interviewed must have resulted from her work as Legislative reporter for newspapers at Des Moines.

Through the Provincetown Players she early became identified with the career of her husband, but it was not until after their marriage that she attempted dramatic effort.

Her novels were known long before her stage works. "The Glory of the Conquered" came out in 1909 and was followed by "The Visioning." "Lifted Masks," "Fidelity" and "Trifies," the last named having been written in collaboration with her husband.

In 1921 her first dramatic work appeared in print, and numerous other plays were followed in 1927 by "The Comic Artist," which she wrote with her present husband, Norman Matson, who was also of the Provincetown cuit. "Brook Fyans," another novel, was dramatized for the films.

She spoke about the problems that

She spoke about the problems that

confront young people throughout the country who do not have the advantages of metropolitan study, and dis-

confront young people throughout the country who do not have the advantages of metropolitan study, and discounted them.

"Formerly," she said, "it was considered essential that every young man or woman go to the great city, not only for experience of life, but also for an analysis of the technical problems of the theatre.

Little Theatre Helps

"To some extent today, the latter might be of aid, but the Little Theatre movement, which has extended to smaller towns and cities everywhere in the United States, has been of great help to us all.

"The matter of worthwhile local productions has somewhat been solved by the 'talkles,' which are now everywhere available. With them as a background, hundreds of young people have perfected their work by planning small-town plays, making their own scenery and costumes, setting the scenery themselves and then carefully working out their productions.

"On that account I can't see any reason why the true student of the stage cannot fit himself or herself as well in Provincetown or Des Moines as in New York.

"Personally I delight in Provincetown, In Winter, when the Summer cottagers are not around, we live in a large home, and when Summer comes we have an isolated farm, about 10 miles away, where no one can find us.

Something Dominant in Her Life

Something Dominant in Her Life

"Writing plays is not easy, unless one feels the impulse of self-assertion and the conviction of purpose. Most creative work is due to imagination, but though I have never written of my own life there must be something dominant that causes the creative influence. Everything in my life goes into what I do. H fluence.

dominant that causes the creative influence. Everything in my life goes into what I do.

"If I were to give advice to the novice I should urge that he or she determine first whether a sense of the theatre is present. If it is there are countless ways of going forward."

Susan Glaspell returned from a vacation trip in rural Mexico to find that her play had won the laurels of the year. At the same time, her publishers were putting out a new novel, "Ambrose Holt and Family." Eva Le Gallenne has two more or her plays ready for production.

"And so," the lady said with a smile, "I can now go back to my cottage by the sea to work and, I am sure, to further happiness."

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ARTISTS PREFER 'EM PLUMP NOW

Dieting Likely to Go Out of Fashion As "Curves" Again Become Fashionable

PROVINCETOWN, Aug. 16-Artists prefer "plumps"-be

they blondes or brunettes.

This advance word from the front that makes dieting as old-fashioned as a petticoat comes from Paris by the way of E. Ambrose Webster, noted artist, whose summer school has attracted hundreds of students to the quaint town in the past 20

years or so.

Straight, shapeless slimness is going out of fashion when it comes to feminine form. Artists won't paint thin girls. A bunch of students over in gay Paree went on a strike last winter, and the reason, according to Mr. Webster, was that the model boasted of a boyish form. Yes, sir, the art students demanded that a plump maiden with pleasing curves be offered up on the altar of

PREFER TO PAINT "PLUMPS"

"Gentlemen may prefer blondes, but the artists want to paint plumps," Mr. Webster told a Post reporter who interviewed him in his cottage up on the hill, overlooking the harbor. And the pictures in the living room in which the interview took place, all done by the artist-teacher, illustrated this startling fact—the women in the paintings were all large and well built.

Now, of course, all plump women can't become artists' models, but Mr. Webster disclosed further god news that will send the startling of the startling and as a space are a paper one in a startling and as a space are a paper one in a startling and as a space are a paper one in a startling and as a space are a paper one in a startling and as a space are a paper one in a startling and as a space are a paper one in a startling and as a space are a paper one in a startling and as a space are a paper one in a startling and as a space are a paper one in a startling and a

calorific dieting up like a kite-and as useless as a paper one in a

thunderstorm.

"CURVES" NOW POPULAR

"And when artists agree on a certain type, that type usually becomes the popular one," Mr. Webster announced. "Paris has grown tired of the slim Egyptian type of beauty, the lineless, shapeless form. They have decided they want to paint curves, to see curves; a feminine, womanly figure—not a replica of a young

boy.

"Picasso, the leading artist in Paris, came out last winter for the model with a rounded figure. And that means a lot, for Picasso is a leader there," the artist explained.

the model with a rounded figure. And that means a lot, for Picasso is a leader there," the artist explained.

"The new feminine type must have solidity, bulkiness. We are interested in painting the third dimension," Mr. Webster declared, leaving the interviewer to fathom out the third dimension, whatever that may be. "Blondes are apt to be preferred by artists, too, but not because they are blondes. Their coloring doesn't really count, but we have discovered that the blonde is more apt to be bulky." to be bulky.

TOO MUCH DIETING, HE SAYS

American women have dieted altogether too much in the last few years, according to Mr. Webster. And the painter is an authority on the feminine pulchritude on both sides of the ocean, for he summers here and winters at Nice, where he has a study. Mr. Webster is very well known in Boston, having had many exhibits at the Boston Art Club.

"Americans, that is, the average American man one meets on the streets today, has little appreciation of art," declared the painter. "His eye can appreciate only the dollar sign engraved on a greenback. But this country has evolved a new type of architecture that is truly beautiful—that is, the New York sky-

scrapers

Provincetown Art Association Exhibit



PORTRAIT OF DONALD MacMILLAN, BY GERRIT BENEKER This painting of the explorer is being exhibited at the Provincetown Art Museum. It shows MacMillan in Arctic costume and his schooner Bowdoin locked in the ice.

The 12th annual exhibition of the Provincetown Art Association, is perhaps one of the most interesting that has been held in many years in this quaint art colony with several very fine canvases and a few that are mediocre. Some of the "futuristic" painting show evidences of skill, misdirected, however, while some others have little to recommend them.

Gerrit Beneker's portrait of Donald B. MacMillan is one of the best of

the paintings. It is executed in Mr. Beneker's well known manner. It shows the explorer dressed in his fur "togs." By his side is one of his handsome huskies. The ship Bowdoin lies

some nuskies. The ship Bowdoln lies beyond, surrounded by ice.

Mary Stafford's painting of an "Old Peasant of Finistere" is another striking character study. The lined, withered, wrinkled face, with its faded blue cyes, and its crown of thin white hair, is evidence of the hardships endured by a woman of the peasantry.

Congress Honors MacMillan 35 Years After Finding Pole

By MARTIN SHERIDAN

SUITLAND, Md., April 6-After 22 trips to the Arctic, Com Donald B. MacMillan, USNR, of Provincetown, Mass., has been honored by the United States Government with a special silver Congressional Medal for his participation in Adm Robert E. Peary's discovery of the North

Pole—35 years ago today.

Two years ago Congress passed a bill providing \$750 for medals for certain members of the Peary Polar Expedition of 1908-09. The docu-

ment was lost for months, finally was approved by Congress Jan. 28, 1944, and signed by the President. Presentation was scheduled for today, but the Mint has been unable

to complete the medals in time.
Others to receive awards include
Capt Robert A. "Bob" Bartlett of
New York, skipper of the Roosevelt on the expedition; Matthew A.
Henson of New York city, who held
the American flag at the Pole and
was a veteran of 19 years' service
with Peary, and Dr. John W. Goodsell of Sandy Lake, Penn., expedition surgeon. Posthumous awards
will be made to the families of Ross
G. Marvin, who was drowned in the G. Marvin, who was drowned in the Polar Sea on the return trip, and George Borup, who was drowned in Long Island Sound in 1912 as he and MacMillan were getting ready to leave for the Arctic.

Called Into Navy at 69

At the Navy's hydrographic office here, MacMillan has general super-



COM DONALD MacMILLAN vision of all Northern charts. When he landed at Sydney, N. S., Sept. 3,

1939, after a Summer in Greenland, he found the world on the threshold

he found the world on the threshold of a new war, just as he did in 1917 after returning from a four-year expedition to the Arctic.

"The War Department wanted me as an adviser on Northern geography," MacMillan disclosed, "but the Navy called me to active duty, although I had been retired from the Reserve after 23 years. I shall be 70 next November."

The Navy purchased his 88-foot schooner, Bowdoin, and ordered her fitted for patrol work. MacMillan took her far above the Arctic Circle for several months. He has been drawing charts of Greenland, Labrador and Baffin Land since February, 1942, although he spent one Summer at M. I. T. and flew twice to Greenland to pick sites for radio to Greenland to pick sites for radio stations.

stations.

Today the short, bald Arctic explorer is in the midst of a tremendous task—compiling a bibliography on Arctic subjects. He has listed more than 12,000 titles and the end is not in sight. In addition, he has published a list of Eskimo place names and their translation; also a pamphlet on conversational Eskimo. The never-tiring MacMillan also is preparing an English-Eskimo dictionary—the first ever attempted. To date he has compiled 33,000 words.

Hopes to Get Ship Back

Concerning the importance of Greenland during this war, Mac-Millan pointed out that Adm Peary urged Congress in 1917 to take over the island for strategic reasons. The legislators laughed at him.

During his 1913-1917 expedition to North Greenland, MacMillan flew the United States flag over the territory, but we relinquished all rights to the area in 1917 when we purchased the Virgin Islands from Denmark.

Because of his efforts to improve conditions for Eskimos in the Arctic, conditions for Eskimos in the Arctic, MacMillan is beloved by thousands. He has done more to better relations with the Danes in Greenland than perhaps anyone else. Here is a typical example. When Denmark was invaded by the Nazis, Miss Helga Knudsen, daughter of a Greenland district administrator, was trapped in Copenhagen. MacMillan's efforts to get her to this country were successful. Today, the girl is a sophomore at Oberlin College.

lege.
The 23-year-old schooner Bowdoin recently returned to Boston from a 19-month trip to Greenland.
There was a nostalgic look is Mac-Millan's eyes when he mentioned the schooner and a slight break in his voice when he expressed the hope of getting her back from the Navy after the war.

FAMILY LEADS IN ART AND SCIENCE

Artist Father and Lecturer Mother Have Actor, Artist and Chemical Engineer Sons



WHORF FAMILY MAKES ITSELF KNOWN

Harry C. Whorf and family, of Winthrop, whose members are well known in art and scientific circles. Upper left, Mr. Whorf, commercial artist; upper right, Mrs. Whorf, well known lecturer; lower left, Ben L. Whorf, Tech '18, chemical engineer; lower right, John, noted watercolorist. A third son, Richard, 20, is with the Copley Players.

fields, their work has attracted wide gineer. attention, and their collective laurels tistic temperament is hereditary and are rarely found in one family group, says that each of her sons was en-

RECORD UNUSUAL

turer; one of his sons, Riehard, at the For achievement in the arts and age of 20, is a member of the Copley Players, a finished actor of juvenile parts and a scene designer; John the accomplishments of Harry C. Whorf, who is 23 years old, is one of the noted artists in this section, and the eldest son, Benjamin, is a gradutheir three sons. Each in different ate of Technology and a chemical engineer.

couraged to follow the work which appealed to him most. At their home at 91 Somerset avenue. Winthrop, warm

some of the questions involving the fine

some of the questions involving the fine arts, and when the boys were growing up she said that it was a commonplace occurrence to see an easel stuck up in any part of the house and one of her sons at work upon an idea. The mother says that she is proud of the fact that her boys place their work before money, and artistic achievement before commercial success. "Money, of course, they must have, but, outside of buying for them the ordinary necessities of life, I'm sure they have no great interest in acculring it," says Mrs. Whorf.

Preferred Chemistry

Preferred Chemistry

Fully as capable as his two brothers, whose work has attracted more attention, is her son Benjamin, the mother stated. While they studied painting and art, he developed a taste for textbooks and took his degree as a chemical engineer. He is now mar-

ried and living in Hartford, where he is attached to the special risk de-partment of a large fire insurance company.

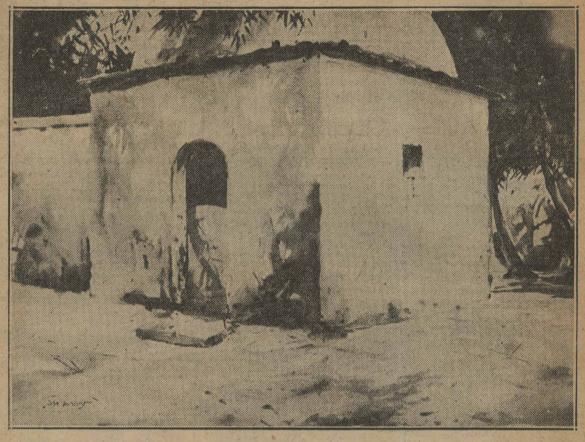
pany.

The fame of John Whorf, the artist, is widespread. For so young an artist his work has attracted marked attention and he has been invited to hold an exhibition in Chicago during the coming season. Here in Boston few young actors have scored such success as his brother, Richard Whorf, both on the stage and in scene design. both on the stage and in scene design-

both on the season ing.

Mrs. Whorf herself is called upon to lecture several times a week before women's clubs. She deals with color, the name of her talk being "The Land of Color." Her husband has been an artist all his life and his work in the commercial field is original containative.

Great Interest Being Shown in Paintings by Young Hub Artist



"THE GREEN DOOR" BY JOHN WHORF

Striking water color by the young Boston artist, whose clever work is attracting considerable attention in art

Because of the amazing interest being shown in the collection of paintings by John Whorf, prominent young Boston painter, the exhibition will be extended another week at the Grace Horne Gallery in Stuart street. That Mr. Whorf's work is popular as well as clever is proven by the fact that he has already sold all but six of 120 of his distinctive watercolors. Three of his finest, "A Square in Venice," "In Granada" and "The Alps," have been purchased by the Museum of Fine Arts, while two effective "Quarry Scenes" are to go to the Institute of Technology. Many of Boston's most discriminating art patrons are proud possessors of watercolors by this young artist. Because of the amazing interest be-

possessors of watercolors by this young artist.

Mr. Whorf paints in a free, dashing manner, with a surety of stroke that proclaims the true artist. His color is vivid, brilliant, vibrating with light and again subtle, rich and somber. There is a wide diversity of subjects, and Mr. Whorf paints with equal skill and charm boats tied at dock or beached on a dreary shore, street scenes of ancient, picturesque cities, cathedrals, gardens or moonlight landscapes. There is rare beauty in the watercolor of gardens or moonlight landscapes. There is rare beauty in the watercolor of "The Green Door" . . . the brilliant door, vibrating with light where the sun's rays strike across it, stands out in sharp contrast with the gleaming white sides of the huge tomb. "The Court Capri" is similar and very striking in color. A glimpse of "The Mediterranean" through green boughs is very beautiful. The violet shadows cast by the trees are extraordinarily vivid.

vivid.

A very strlking moonlight is called "The Palli of the Moon." A small sall boat with huge towering sails, rides listlessly at anchor on a deep, fathomless sea, while from overhead a brilliant moon casts its rays. His "Moonlight" is beautifully mellow and deligate in tone and prosesses that indees cate in tone and possesses that indes-cribable atmosphere of enchantment that is so difficult to depict on canvas.

that is so difficult to depict on canvas. Distinctly different from most of Mr. Whorf's watercolors is his "Gypsy Wagon"... The rickety old wagons, the women in their picturesque, yet untidy clothes, the colorful laundry flying in the breeze are all there... executed in a distinguished manner by a clever painter. Other fine watercolors by Mr. Whorf are "Full Sail," "Provincetown Harbor," "Snowball," and "San Marco."

Mr. Whorf will teach an art class in watercolor paints at the School for Fine Arts and Crafts, Newbury street. Saturday mornings beginning Dec. 11.

Saturday mornings beginning Dec. 11. It is for members of the upper class and a limited number of outsiders,

John Whorf, brilliant young Boston artist who jumped suddenly into the limelight about two years ago, has created another sensation in art circles, not only in Boston but in other parts of the country. Mr. Whorf's watercolors of past exhibitions have held rare promise and this present exhibition, which is Stuart street, is the fulfillment of that promise. His paintings are brilliant, clever and distinctive.

Clever and distinctive.

Within an hour of the opening of the exhibition Mr. Whorf had done an extraordinary thing...he had sold three watercolors to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, had been invited to hold a one-man exhibition at the Chicago Art Institute and had sold three quarry themes to Professor Emerson, who will place them in the Institute of Technology, as well as having been rushed with private sales.

Whorf Creates Sensation With New Exhibition of Watercolors



"HAULING NETS," BY JOHN WHORF

Watercolor by popular young Boston artist, whose work is attracting considerable attention.

PLANS STUDY OF ICE CAP AND BAFFIN LAND'S LAKES

Commander MacMillan Tells of His Exploration Program For This Summer—To Use Airplane For Mapping on Following Trip

Special Dispatch to the Globe

PROVINCETOWN, May 9-Within the next 10 days Donald B. MacMillan will sail his schooner Bowdoin into Provincetown Harbor and bid a farewell to his native town before setting forth on his 12th scientific expedition into the North.

He is now busy making ship-shape his newly purchased house—an ample, old Cape Cod dwelling on the harbor shore at the East End—and greeting old friends. A well set up figure, hardened and still bronzed by rigors of the northland, with the stamp of Arctic gales shown in the squinting expression about his sparkling eyes, New England's famous explorer, who served an apprenticeship under Peary, apparently is in the prime of life.

The fact he has established a home The fact he has established a home in his native town cannot be regarded as a step toward retirement from adventures. Indeed, just now his mind is crowded with plans for starting next year a mapping expedition by airplane over the vast unexplored in-



DONALD B. MacMILLAN

To Study Ice Cap

The MacMillan party will be gone only three months this year, but he purposes to carry on important scientific work. The Bowdoin will put out June 22 and return home about Sept 15 or 20. The trip will extend along the east coast of Baffin's Land and include a visit to an unexplored ice cap of huge dimensions.

"The study of this ice cap holds the most interest of our trip this year," says Commander MacMillan. "It may be the last strip of the great American ice sheet, existing in the time of the last glacial period.

"It will be of interest to know whether this cap is increasing or decreasing and at what rate. It's a brand new field of exploration, for no scientist ever has touched foot upon it.

"We also expect to visit for the first time the lakes back in Baffin's Land, notably the huge Amadjuak and Nettiling Lakes. These lakes are wrapped in complete mystery. We have only the scant words of the Eskimos as to their nature and what they contain in the way of fish. We will take out many specimens. I hope to have this work directed by one of the most noted marine scientists in the world. I can't say who he is, as I am still negotiating to get him.

"On our expedition into the lake country we will have to be gwilded."

he is, as I am still negotiating to get him.

"On our expedition into the lake country we will have to be guided solely by maps made by the Eskimos. Both the Amadjuak and Nettiling Lakes are very large. Not more than three Americans have looked upon them—one of the men was Ralph Robinson, my first mate, who went in by dog team last year."

Sees It as Goal for Yachts

Commander MacMillan is a zealous advocate of an accurate mapping of the great north spaces. Thousands of miles in Labrador and along the coastline are uncharted.

"In a few years all of this will have

I hat's the only way to do

it—by air.

"On our trip after this one we will take aboard a plane and commence mapping by air." Mapping by air."

Labrador, when properly mapped and charted, will be the goal of many American yachts, declared the commander. Even though the northern coast has never been charted American yachts are venturing in increasing numbers along the rocky, perilous coast.

Many more yachtsmen Many more yachtsmen would go there and take advantage of the beau-

tiful salmon and trout fishing if the hazards were less, he believes.

Making Up Party

At this time the veteran Arctic skipper is under the pressure of completing his party, winding up his lecture tour and making his last radio talks. He doesn't mind lecturing, he says, but the entertainment that sometimes goes with the lecture engagement is wearing on the nerves. The commander has received 100 let.

gagement is wearing on the nerves.

The commander has received 100 letters from men in all walks of life who plead for the chance to go exploring with him. He is paying no attention to them until he learns whether certain men he has picked can go.

Thus far four men have been selected to go on the Bowdoin. Six others are still to be signed up. The four are First Mate Ralph Robinson, Merrimac; Engineer John Jaynes, Somerville; Wireless Operator Ralph Brooks, Calumet City, Ill, and Frank Henderson, Provincetown, second mate and assistant wireless operator.

and assistant wireless operator.

Ralph Brooks—'baby' member of the party—is a mere stripling of 20 years, but a whiz in the art of wire-lessing. lessing.

years, but a whiz in the art of wire-lessing.

Mac got acquainted with him "through the air," for young Brooks was one of the most active amateur wireless fans in the country while the Bowdoin was flashing her call to the civilized world from Anetalak Bay, Northern Labrador. Oftentimes it was difficult to make contact with the States. But, with Brooks at his instrument out at Calumet City, Ill, it was different. "Whenever we wanted to get a message into the States we'd call for Ralph Brooks," declared the commander. "We could depend upon him to pick us up."

Commander MacMillan did not meet. Brooks until he went to Chicago to deliver a lecture. Brooks was there with his mother and he introduced himself to the explorer. And after exchange of a few words—in typical wireless fashion—he was enlisted as the Bowdoin's wireless man.

the Bowdoin's wireless man.

the Bowdoin's wireless man.

Frank Henderson, a popular Provincetown boy who won his spurs on the trip last year and ranked as "Mac's right arm," this year will take up wireless and act as Brooks' assistant.

Frank is 28,

Two other older men, Robinson and Jaynes, are seasoned shipmates of Mac. Milton Robinson has been Commander MacMillan's first mate since

Mac. Milton Robinson has been Commander MacMillan's first mate since the commander started on his own as an explorer. Jaynes was a Somerville schoolteacher for 22 years before he took up the business of seeking out hidden places.

MacMillan is bringing the Bowdoin here on a short trip to stretch out her sails.

The Once Over

By H. L. PHILLIPS ===

Eugene O'Neil's Wedding

WOTS THIS "STRANGE INTERLUDE"





THAT'S WHAT COMES BETWEEN MATRIMONY ALIMONY! AY

(In the "Strange Interlude" Manner)

R O'NEIL (on the way to the ceremony): You look very beautiful, dear. (Aside) One always has to say that to a bride. As a matter of fact, I've seen her look lots better. It must be her hair.

Miss Monterey: You flatterer! (Aside) He wouldn't know whether I looked good or not. He's always preoccupied. I'll bet he is thinking up a plot for another play right now.

Mr O'Neil: Are you very happy, darling? (Aside) That's an asinine question. Suppose she should say no?

Miss Monterey: Awfully, Gene. Are you? (Aside) He's never happy; I can tell by his face. My, but he's getting deep lines!

Mr O'Neil: I'm the happiest man in the world, Carlotta. (Aside) And even if I'm not, you can't disprove it. One has to go to extremes in a case like this. You'd be sore if I said I was the second happiest man in the world-

Miss Monterey: And I'm the happiest woman, Gene. (Aside) I have my misgivings about this fellow at times. He won't be any too easy to live with, I suppose. I'll have to be patient.

(They arrive at the church.)

Miss Monterey (in an aside): I hope I'm not making a big mistake. He's probably more in love with his work than with me. I suppose I'll have to go around the house on tiptoe so as not to disturb him. It'll be pretty awful at times. Maybe I should take a firm step at the outset and refuse to coddle him. The first Mrs O'Neil humored him too much.

Minister: How do you do? (Aside) So he's O'Neil, the great playwright! He doesn't look like what I expected. I saw two of his plays. . . . The Hairy Dynamo, or something, and The Old Soak, I think it was. Very pretty! On the road to Monterey, where the flying fishes . . . no, that's Mandalay.

Mr O'Neil (aside): Why doesn't the old geezer begin? Does he think it's a 9 o'clock curtain?

Minister: Do you, Carlotta, take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband, to love, honor and obey, to cherish in sickness and in health? (Aside) I've been at this business for years and never had a customer say no.

Miss Monterey: I do. (Aside) I didn't even hear what he said, but I know I'm supposed to say "I do."

Minister: And do you, Eugene, take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife, to . . . (Aside) He's not paying any attention to me. Look at that faraway look in his glimmers! I'd like to rap him on the knuckles and make him pay attention. Just because he wrote Bound East for Strange Interlude, Rain Under the Elms and Parsifal, he needn't think he can ignore me.

Mr O'Neil: I do. (Aside) Do what? Huh? What do

I do? To what did I say I do, to what? Minister: I pronounce you man and wife. (Aside) I've a mind to ask him for a couple of passes to that new show of his. What's the name of it? O, yes, I remember now,

(Copyright, 1929)

. . Journey's End.



Boston's Literary Paul Revere

("Strange Interlude" barred by Boston Mayor.-News item.)

ISTEN, my children, and you shall hear Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere-Of a modern Revere who was ultra pure (And so was his excellent horse, I'm sure). He said to his friend, "If Eugene O'Neil By land or sea should arrive tonight Have a lantern aloft, for I seem to feel That to let him enter would not be right-One, if a book, and two, if a play, And I on the opposite shore will stay Ready to ride and spread the alarm To every Middlesex village and farm To see that the public is kept from harm." Then he said "Good night, and watch out too, For Carl van Vetchten and all that crew."

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street, Wanders and watches, all eyes and ears, Till in the silence around he hears The Theatre Guild's at the city door, The bang of trunks and the tramp of feet And the news confirming his gravest fear-"Strange Interlude coming . . . and maybe more!"

* *

Then he climbed to the tower of the Old North Church By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread, To the belfry chamber overhead And felt, of a sudden, the belfry lurch For 'twas all jammed up with censors who Were all determined to signal, too. * *

Meanwhile a-reading "Red Riding Hood" Aloud to his horse, which was sweet and good, On the opposite shore stood Paul Revere. Now he patted his horse's side Now gazed at the landscape far and near; Then addressing his mount he said "Old Bean, You've your faults, I know, but your mind is clean"; But mostly he watched with eager search The belfry tower of Old North Church, And lo! as he looks at the belfry's heights His startled eyes see a flock of lights! * *

It was twelve by the village clock When he crossed the bridge into Medford town; He gave the villagers a shock And brought them bounding out with zeal By crying: "Arise! Eugene O'Neil Is coming! Get your rifles down!"

* * It was one by the village clock When he galloped into Lexington, "Get up!" he cried with accent rude, "Or you'll all get 'Strange Interlude.' "

* It was two by the village clock When he came to the bridge down Concord way; "Get up!" he yelled, "or by Plymouth Rock You'll be getting a book by Hemingway!" You know the rest. Through the press you've heard Of the battle for censorship absurd; How the censors barred each book, each show white as the driven snow

DALE CARNE

POVERTY-STRICKEN LAD MADE FORTUNE

This is the story of a poverty-stricken, sick lad, who made a fortune and also made himself one of the most famous writers in the world. The story goes like this:

A gaunt, unshaven, tubercular-appearing young man sat at a table in Jimmy, the Priest's, dive on the New York waterfront and watched with sad but keen eyes the wretched habitues lining up at the sloppy bar. Occasionally he jotted a few words in a memorandum book.

"Blast my blinkers," said a dirty, ragged individual as he staggered

over to the young man's table. "If it ain't my old shipmate, Gene! Say, Matie, you remember me. Tom O'Leary, don'tcha?" Eugene O'Neill smiled thinly, but kindly, as he pushed his untasted glass of beer toward the unsteady

bum.

"Have a drink, Tommy," he invited. "If you need another, Jimmy will charge it on a cake of ice with the rest of my bill."

The tramp gulped down the contents of the glass.

"Thanks, Gene," he acknowledged.
"Whatcha doin' writin' in that book, a letter to your gal in Cardiff?"

"Making notes for a play I'm going to write some day."

The man stared bleerily and burst

going to write some day."

The man stared bleerily and burst into a hoarse chuckle. "You," he said, "you write a play! You'll never live so long. The bugs have gotcha now."

"Maybe you're right, O'Leary," admitted the gaunt young man, smothering a cough with his hand, "but I'm going to try to beat the bugs long enough to finish my play and get it produced."

"O, yeah!" scoffed the tramp.

"Well, if the bugs don't getcha the old devil sea sure will. Somethin' gets all o' us in time."

gets all o' us in time."

And this, mind you, was the local color for Eugene O'Neill's Anna Christie. This masterpiece was written and carried through to completion by this lad so wretched in health that as he worked he wiped flacks of blood from his lips. There was a time when Eugene O'Neill in his discouragement over his physical condition drank too freely. Through sheer will power and a little comcondition drank too freely. Through sheer will power, and a little com-monsense, he licked this weakness. Today Eugene is on the crest of the

He is probably the most famous playwright America ever produced. He has written one masterpiece after another, including "Emperor Jones," "Desire Under the Elms" and "Strange Interlude."

You who are handicapped, are you struggling against any greater odds than did Eugene O'Neill at a time when his whole career was yet to be carved?

to be carved?

Provincetown's Own Cy and Mrs. Young Complete 30 Years in Antique Business

Many Famous Men Have Been Entertained in Picturesque Store-No Visit to Cape Tip Complete Without a Stop-Over There

By J. C. JOHNSON

PROVINCETOWN, March 11 .-In the 30 years she has been in the antique business in Provincetown Mrs. "Cy" Young has met a lot of interesting people and learned a lot about human nature. Many distinguished and very wealthy folk have crossed the threshold of her little Commercial street shop, but Mrs. Cy looks to the heart rather than one's worldly status and she greets the larger number of "just ordinary" folk who drop in to look around with her can be a status and she greets the larger number of "just ordinary" folk who drop in to look around with the large and the status of th

with no less genuineness than she does the select trade.

Mrs. Young opened the first antique shop in Provincetown 30 years ago. Her first stock came from the attic of the Kibbe Cook home. now the property of Mary Heaton Vorse, the widely known novelist. From the start she succeeded in the venture. Now she looks back to the day when 12 or 15 expensive automobiles would be lined up in front that was some time before the antique trade because at the roughly. trade became a thoroughly commercialized business on the Cape. Her first place of business was at the foot of Pearl street in the store now occupied by a grocery.

Active and Modern Anyone here will agree that a visit to Provincetown is not completeunless the visitor has chatted with the Cy Youngs—that is if the visitor s bent upon capturing the real spirit of this historic sea town and its colorful background. Cy and Young are a pair of rare old folks representative of a steadily vanishing older generation. But both very active and in key with modern

Everybody knows Cy and Mrs. Young He can be seen every day driving an easy-going Dobbin hitch-ed to an underslung wagon, an an-tique itself, whose bed is a few inch-es above ground. Usually there's a group of boys riding with him, eitheroup of boys riding with him, either helpers or just going for the ride.

Cy has a big bump of humor, he's a very interesting story-teller and when pressed for a comment on some local matter there's a bit of wisdom conveyed in his words that his rear in one's mind. Province town isoom conveyed in his words that neets in one's mind. Provincetown neem't call for the high-speed devery demanded in cities, so Cy is apt busy with his slow, but sure grivice—moving a fishing dory, a lano, a trunk, nets or a box of groties. It's doubtful if anyone will not be the best size anyone. ny he's the best piano-mover in

Shipshape Style Likewise Mrs. Cy handles her own isiness in shipshape style Just ow her interest is centered on colcum old jewelry. Not long ago she coursed a large and beautiful col-ection of gems that were in fashion in great-granddad's time. They are lighly valued today by lovers of old

sings, regarded with the same es-cem as old pieces of furniture, or lore so. In this collection handed

tion of an old-line family on the lower Cape are skillfully done mo-saics on black onyx, a white onyx breast pin, a fascinating necklace of garnets, countless cameos, some of imposing size and others in min-

inture exquisitely wrought.

Mrs. Young plans to enlarge her treasure chest and she 'may well look forward to the delight she will give her callers next summer and succeeding summers, when the an-

succeeding summers, when the antique business is most brisk.

One of her best friends is Joseph C. Lincoln, Cape Cod's famous story-writer, who has made several purchases at her shop and who hardly lets a summer pass without risiting the Cv. Vounge. nardy lets a summer pass without visiting the Cy Youngs. One of Mr. Lincoln's prized possessions bought from Mrs. Young is a large silhouette of George Washington and his family, a historic bit of art work. A good portion of her customers return in the transfer of the control turn in quest of more relics, for Mrs. Young's faculty for rummaging up old New England pieces seems to be exactly to their fancy. And so there are old, old things acquired in Mrs. Young's shop that are now scattered from Maine to California in attrac-

Always on the Alert

There aren't a great many antiques lying around in lower Cape homes that might be purchased, she says. However, she is on the alert and the relics that will be available for purchase some time she has "spoken for."

Not long ago Mrs. Young bought an old safe and inside was a skill-

fully done little wooden box with a panel top. Bits of straw are imbedded in attractive patterns on the sides of the box. A slip of paper

found inside reads:

"During 'the war of 1812', so-called, many of our seamen were 'impressed' and placed on board of the English men-of-war ships, but on refusing to take up arms against the light of the company of the seamen were the seamen were the seamen which is the seamen which i United States were incarcerated in Dartmoor prison, England.

"This box was made by a young man while an inmate of that pris-on. The white diamond shape center is from a beef bone in his soup. The straw from his bed-sack."

Particularly treasured by Young is an autograph of Rebecca Bates, who played a heroic part in the war of 1812 When she shows this signature to visitors Mrs. Young tells the following story:

"Rebecca Bates was really 'one of an American army of two' in the war of 1812. Her father kept a big lighthouse in Scituate harbor. One day the men and boys left the lighthouse to get provisions, and Rebecca and Abigail, her sister, remained
alone at the lighthouse. While they
were still away Rebecca and Abigail saw a British ship coming into
the harbor to take the town.
"Rebecca said to Abigail, 'I can
play the fife and you play the drum
—we'll get rid of them.' The sailors landed and the two girls who
had gone behind the sand dunes began playing Yankee-Doodle as loud day the men and boys left the light-

story. She was a cousin of my mother. The story used to be in the old, old school books. I don't know whether its in the history books to-

Knew How and What

During this interview Cy Young observed: "The only trick in making a success of the antique business is to know how to buy and what to buy." One season the demand will be all for old chairs; another year there'll be a wholesale call for old beds, or secretary, or swell front bureaus. Antique fanciers, it seems, are consistent followers of fashion. The early birds get the best an-

tiques. That's why fanciers come to such antique centers as Province-town early in Spring to get the first, pick of old things that have been acquired by the shops during the winter. Many of the antiques have been purchased from the heirs of old inhabitants of the town who were taken by death during the winter. And the occasional big, profitab le sales happen when you least expect them, says Mrs. Young. She can recall when she sold a total of \$1'995 worth of antiques in one day. And Cy particularly remembers that day, because only a few days previous the head numbers of an automorphism. ous he had purchased an automobile and handed over a check as down payment which was exactly the same amount.

In summertime there's a rough old bench in front of Mrs. Young's shop where she and Cy sit and chat with friends. The couple are known by hundreds of summerers, and they have countless friends among the artists and art students who spend their summers here.

ur Gracious Ladies

By NATALIE GORDON

As native to Cape Cod as quahaugs or a Joseph Lincoln novel, Mrs. Albert H. Lythgoe (the former Dorothea Cook has lived in Brookline for several years, but the lure of the Cape is strong and she returns every summer to her old home in Provincetown, where she was born... Passionately fond of the sea, she sails, swims, climbs the dunes and practically lives in or on the water. . . Enormously interested in people and their problems, she gravitated toward psychiatry and was for some time director of the Occupational Therapy Department at Worcester State Hospital, and is now assist-ant director of the Boston School of Occupational Therapy Her interest still centers on the work accomplished in the field of psychiatry, where patients in hospitals for the mentally ill are relearning to live through the use of gardening, creative and domestic "Rebecca said to Abigail, 'I can play the fife and you play the drum —we'll get rid of them.' The sailors landed and the two girls who had gone behind the sand dunes began playing Yankee-Doodle as loud as they could The sailors scampered back into their boats and put out for the ship. They hoisted anchor, sailed out of the harbor—and the girls saved the town.

"I heard an old lady tell that arts, photography, music, dancing, games and parties as normalizing activities. . .Her Brookline home, with fireplaces and big rambling rooms, is her hobby, and she is happiest when "interior-decorating" with antiques and bright chinzes. . .Also loves gardening, cooking, and the making of many of her own clothes. . .Her favorite reading is biographies, and Lincoln her hero. . .Loves music, particularly symphony and Wagarts, photography, music, dancing,



MRS. ALBERT H. LYTHGOE

nerian operas. . . .Jolly, genuine and sympathetic, her interest in the afflicted has given her unusual tolerance and understanding.

LAST TOWN CRIER IN NATION DEAD

Walter Smith of Provincetown Gave Folk News and Time: Favorite of Thousands



WALTER SMITH

Special Dispatch to the Globe

PROVINCETOWN, Dec 4-Walter Smith, 83, the last town crier in the United States, died today of pneumonia at the town infirmary. It is five years since Smith, ringing three-pound silver bell, last walked the streets of Provincetown, crying his announcements of social meetings, auctions and town happenings, but even in retirement, he had remained a familiar and picturesque figure to the Summer visitors and residents of this Cape Cod community.

Smith was born here and succeeded the late George Washington Reedy as town crier many years ago. With advancing years he became rather infirm and was obliged to use a cane making his rounds. Eventually he abandoned the heavy bell and substituted a small whistle as a means of attracting the attention of

cluded among the relics in the historical museum here.

Favorite of Visitors
Smith never married and leaves no near relatives. His friends, however,

were numerous enough to fill a city directory. All of the Summer residents in the art colony knew and liked the old man and the visitors, coming down on the Dorothy Bradford from Boston, always looked for his familiar figure hobbling along Commercial, st with the notes of his big bell sounding a welcome.

Before he became town crier in his own right Smith served for some time as assistant to George Washington Reedy, who is well remembered by some of the older inhabitants of the

town.

Before Reedy there were, in the long list of town criers, Frankie Atwood, Barney Briggs, Ambrose Hill, Billy Clark, Frank Howard, Archie McCurdy, Barry Turner and a host of others, "all good Yankees, and how they could ring the bell!"

Scoffed at Competitor

Near the end of his career, Smith frequently commented on the fact that the art of bell-ringing, of town crying, was as dead as the whaling industry. There was a young fellow who came to Provincetown one Summer and attempted to compete with Smith, but, according to the latter, "you couldn't make out a word he said, and besides he carried a mean little dinner bell."

Smith said that when he became town crier and made his first trip

ititle dinner bell."
Smith said that when he became town crier and made his first trip down the old boardwalk on Commercial st, crying the news between strokes of his bell, he realized an ambition he had entertained since boyhood. As a youngster he used to follow Ambrose Hill on his rounds, and the notes of the silver bell always cast a kind of spell over him.

At the end of the Summer season, Smith always made a trip to Boston, even though the sail invariably made him seasick. He liked Boston a lot. but Provincetown was his pride and joy.

How a Giggle Made an Artist

Random Chapters of Boston Latin School History-I

By Robert F. Denvir

I T is a sleepy Spring afternoon in the old Latin School on Warren av, in 1903. Thirty-four boys are studying various tasks in preparation for the recitation of the next day. The 35th boy is not studying. He is wasting his time and to do him justice is managing to keep very busy doing it.

Curiously enough though, he doesn't believe he is wasting his time because he is drawing a cartoon of the teacher, Mr Selah Howell, who sits at the desk at the front of the room.

The Spring air proves too much for one of the busy boys and relinquishing for the moment his interest in the deeds of Xenephon and his soldiers on the way to the sea, he glances over at the cartoonist's work.

The work of the young cartoonist must be good, for the wayward student giggles, and giggles are very annoying to Mr Howell, the master, who looks up to see what has rippled the academic calm of the room.

He is too late; calm has once more settled down over the room. However, a tour of inspection might not be a bad idea, he



thinks; and rising quietly in his place he ambles down the aisle. Absorbed in he self-appointed task, the young artist does not see the master until he is standing by the desk and then it is too late to slide the work of art under the desk cover.

"I suppose," Mr Howell observes, "that this is supposed to be a likeness of me. Is it, Smith?"

The young artist startled but not dismayed looks up and replies, "Yes, sir, it is."

Mr Howell picks the drawing up and starts back to the desk, saying over his shoulder, "Stay after school tonight. I want to talk to you."

At the close of the exercises for the day Smith reports to Mr Howell, who greets him briefly. "Sit down and draw a likeness of me, and make it good."

Surprised at this strange order, the young artist seated himself and went to work. At the conclusion of the drawing Mr Howell said: "You ought to devote your time to art. Why don't you go to art school?"

Smith explained that his father didn't think much of artists. The outcome of the interview was that Howell visited Smith's father and persuaded him to let the boy study art.

That boy was Howard E. Smith, well-known Boston artist who maintains a studio at Rockport where he does marines as well as portraits. Now comes the amusing part of the story. When in accordance with Latin School tradition it became time for the portrait of Headmaster Patrick T. Campbell, now superintendent of schools, to be painted, Howard E. Smith of the class of 1904 was selected by the committee as the artist who would best reproduce the beloved feature of Pat Campbell, under whom he had studied at the Latin School.

The commission was made; Mr Campbell grumblingly, for he hates to sit quietly for pictures, consented to pose, and now the portrait hangs with other famous headmasters of the school in the hall of the school on Avenue Louis Pasteur in the Fenway. And it all happened that way because Selah Howell caught little Howard Smith drawing his picture more than 30 years ago and kept him after school. That one little giggle from a now unknown Latin School boy made an artist out of Howard Smith.

How Mr Howell would smile if he could go to the school today and see the picture that his pupil had painted.

.

The old English maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the boy," played a very important part in the early days of the Public Latin School; indeed it was believed in within the memory of living man, but it remained for one Sawney (William Bigelow), master of the school during the early 1800s, to garnish his floggings with bits of his own frolicsome verse that his

pupils might better remember their tasks.

In a word Sawney, who taught Ralph Waldo Emerson his Latin, was a character! Vain of his versifying powers Sawney drove home the lessons of the classics with rhymes and rattans; the former to tingle the ears, the latter to color a purplish blue the shoulders and nether parts of the trembling wretches who sat before him in the old school on School at

"I'll tell you what it is, my fine fellows." he would roar at the students:

"If you'll be good, I'll thank you.

If not, I'll spank you."

This threat though seriously meant was delivered in a manner certain to arouse laughter which could be subdued only with canings from front to back of the schoolroom, leaving both boys and master exhausted.

Imagine a grammar lesson being conducted like this today! "Bangs, what is an active

The unfortunate Master Bangs leaps to his feet with blanched face and stammers: "An active verb expresses..."

"Well!" cries Sawney flourishing his poetical cane, "what does an active verb express? No, no," with a swish of the cane, "I'll tell you what it expresses." The cane descends with a terrific whack on the boy's haunches. "It expresses an action and necessarily supposes an object." Whack, whack, goes the cane again. "And an agent!"

Now comes his naive explanation. "I chastise you; do you understand, Bangs?"

"Yes, sir," replies Bangs retreating with upraised elbow before a flurry of blows. But Sawney is not yet finished. He believes in driving the lesson home further.

"Now tell me," he goes on relentlessly bearing down on the unfortunate Bangs, "when an active verb is called transitive."

"I don't know, sir," stutters the frightened boy.

"Don't you," retorts Sawney brandishing the cane. "An active verb is called transitive when the action passeth over (whack, whack!) to the object. You (whack!) are the object. I am (whack!) the agent. Now take care you don't go home (whack, whack!) and say that I never teach you anything. (Whack) Do you hear?" (whack!)

The cane is laid down at this point while a younger boy is given whispered directions and leaves the room to return within a few moments with a mug of cider and pearl ash. Fresh from the inspiring nectar, Sawney, a kindly soul at heart, discovers that some of the classical students are engaged in trapping flies. He snatches up his cane and bears down on them with this poetic gem:

"I'll tell you what it is," he

"If I see any boy catching flies.

I'll whip him till he cries.
And make the tears run out his eyes."

Apropos of Mr Bigelow, R. W. Emerson declared in public that he learned more from the books under his desk at the Latin School than he did from those

Miss Blanche Holmes



Miss Blanch Holmes Retires After Many Years Of Teaching

Thinks Modern Children Have Difficulties

Looking back over her 42 years of schoolteaching, Miss Blanche A. Holmes of Provincetown re-marked today that the routine of the modern schoolchild is increasingly difficult because of present-day distractions.

She said a final goodbye to her pupils at Center School, Provincetown, Friday, ending a long career in schools of that town and in North Truro, Dartmouth, Milford, N. H., Greene, R. I., Warren, R. I., and Providence. Almost continuously from 1891 Miss Holmes has taught school.

Children Stand Lot

"It seems to me", she said today in an interview with a Colonial reporter, "that children have to stand for an awful lot today. Our mordern conveniences and luxuries such as the radio, the movies and the automobile, make it difficult for pupils to keep their minds on school.

"To illustrate my point, I was in a home recently when a ra-dio was blaring at a fairly late hour, and directly below the instrument a small boy was on a cot' trying to get his nights rest. Parents should stop and consider how their children are put under a handicap in the modern scheme of things". insert italic

Remembers Slate

Miss Holmes chuckled at the recollection of the slates that were in vouge when she started teaching school; the water bucket and dipper, and double

She does not advocate a return to the old ways, but she is a firm believer in the simple forms.

"Even at the risk of being called old-fashioned, I am opposed to constant changes in school methods. The child is not given sufficienct opportunity to adjust himself. The teaching of the A-B-C-'s is out of fashion, now that the language is taught by sounds, but I really believe that many children do not learn the alphabet."

Happy Memories

Miss Holmes has only the happiest recollections of her long career in the schoolroom. "I like children, and I have found the children of Provincetown only too willing to help once I made myself understood", she says.

She has served under sixteen school superintendents. In Provincetown she has conducted classes from the first to fifth grade, and at different intervals has been on duty at Conant, Western, Eastern and Center schools in Provincetown. She began at the Conant school in 1891. Many of the town's leading citizens of to day were her pupils, notably Selectman Jesse D. Rogers.

Mayflower Descendent
Miss Holmes traces her ancestry to Governor Bradford of the Mayfle-er; on her father's side she is "ninth in descent" in his line, and on her mother's side she traces her line back to Stephen Hopkins, also a passenger on the famous craft that dropped anchor in Provincetown Harbor in 1620, O.S. Her grandfather was a noted whaling captain, and her father, the late George H. Holmes, was chief of Provincetown's fire department and a ship's chandler in the boom fishing days of the Cape tip town.

1948 Deaths and

Susan B. Glaspell

Noted Author, Dramatist, Discovered Eugene O'Neill

PROVINCETOWN, July 27 — Services for Susan B. Glaspell, 66, Pulitzer prize-winning author and discoverer of Eugene O'Neill, who died at her waterfront home here yesterday, will be held at her home Thursday at 1 p. m., followed by cremation at Forest Hills Cemetery, Roston

Boston.

Miss Glaspell was the author of novels. Some



(AP Photo)

SUSAN B. GLASPELL

of her plays were written in collaboration with her first husband, George Cram Cook, with whom she founded the Provincetown Players in 1915. It was this theater group which provided the springboard which launched O'Neill, then an unknown, into world prominence by producing his first play, "Bound East for Cardiff," in an old fishhouse converted into a theater.

Born in Davenport, Ia., and graduated from Drake University, later attending the University of Chicago, Miss Glaspell became known for her novels long before her stage work.
"The Glory of the Conquered" came "The Glory of the Conquered" came out in 1909 and was followed by "The Visioning," "Lifted Masks," "Fidelity" and Trifles," the last written in collaboration with her husband, George Cram Cook, as was the later play, "Suppressed Desires." Mr. Cook died in 1923.

In 1921 her first dramatic work appeared in print and numerous other plays were followed in 1927 by "The Comic Artist," which she wrote with her second husband, Norman Mattson, also of the Provincetown grup. "Brook Evans."

incetown group. "Brook Evans," another novel, was dramatized for the films. One of her best-known plays was "The Inheritors."

Her play "Alison's House" in 1930

won the Pulitzer Prize.

Susan Glaspell

PROVINCETON, July 29—Rev. Richard Kimball of Orleans officiated at services today for Susan Glaspell, author and theatre personality who was credited with helping Eugene O'Neill to his first success. Scores of townspeople, writers and artists attended.

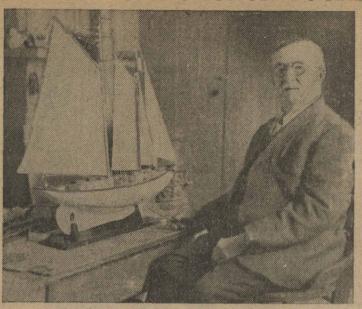
A Pulitzer Prize winner, Miss laspell and her late husband, A Pulitzer Prize winner, Miss Glaspell and her late husband, George Cram Cook, founded the original Provincetown Playhouse, first to produce O'Neill's works. She died Tuesday.

Among those attending the services at her home were writers John Dos Passos, Waldo Frank and Dos Passos, Waldo Frank and Dos Passos, Waldo Frank and Phyllic Duranne and artists Margan

Phyllis Duganne and artists Morgan Dennis, Maurice Stern and Edwin Dickinson

Cremation will be held in Boston tomorrow. According to friends Miss Glaspell's ashes will be in-terred at the home in Truro where she did some of her early writing.

PROVINCETOWN QUAINTNESS TO FEATURE CHURCH TOURS



John Weeks, veteran ship model builder, shown with miniature of Commander MacMillan's Arctic schooner Bowdoin.

PROVINCETOWN, July 19—Summer visitors will have an opportunity to enjoy closeup glimpses of Provincetown when the Episcopal Church of St Mary of the Harbor, next Friday and Saturday, July 24 and 25, will conduct the second annual "Open-House Tours" which will include visits to rare old houses built by Yankee whaling skippers and numerous picturesque studios of internationally noted artists.

"The splendid response last season has convinced the parishioners," bureau.

harbor has made it a beautiful amethyst. Nearby is the dramatic "marine studio" of Mr Waugh, the painter of virile sea pictures; a great room timbered with huge ship's timbers, adorned with great blocks and tackles, historic lanterns used on clipper ships of old, and numerous other authentic touches.

A single ticket admits the visitor to all the places on the tours. At each visiting place there will be an identifying flag at the doorway. Strangers will be given direction as to how to get to the various places at the Board of Trade information bureau.

son has convinced the parishioners," said Mrs Warren Akers of Washington, D C, and Provincetown, "there should be an open-house program every Summer."

working in cooperation with her are Rev Robert Wood Nicholson, pastor of St Mary's; Mrs Frederick J. Waugh, wife of the famous marine painter; Dr Percival J. Eaton, retired Boston surgeon, and numerous others of prominence.

A carefully selected list of places has been arranged for the tour through the East End on Friday, and the West End, Saturday. Among them are a number of artists' studios that are filled with collections of interesting art phiects from the Old interesting art objects from the Old World.

An impressive point of interest is the Episcopal Church, beautifully decorated in the Provincetown vein by numerous Provincetown artists

and craftsmen, notably Frederick Waugh, Richard Miller and Arnold

Waugh, Richard Mills Geissbuhler.

John Weeks, an interesting oldtimer, steeped in knowledge of seafaring ways and many colorful memories of Provincetown, and his
wife, Mrs Carrie Weeks, will receive the visitors at their little home.
John is the town's preeminent John is the town's preeminent builder of ship models; his minia-ture copy of the famous clipper Rainbow is in President Roosevelt's ship model collection in the White House.

At the Summer place of Miss Madeline Peeke, 68 Commercial st, the inland sightseers will witness the "amethyst doorknob." This is one This is one local oddities attributed a. The doornob origina the sea. The doornob originally was silver-coated, but the action of salt breezes coming in from the

bureau.

"BACK TO THE NATIVES"

Provincetown, which, in summer or winter, is not disposed to do things by halves, is merely celebrating an annual New England mood when it announces plans for a "Give The Town Back to the Natives" party for Sept. 8. The "natives" of Cape Cod, New Hampshire or Maine will fell you that by far the best part of the year is late Septem-ber and October, when the summer visitors have departed, the traffic about the postoffice has quieted down, and there are still long, warm days for resting, visiting and talking things over.

Then the people who really count—who do the work, run the town and see to it generally that the city folks do not die of starvation while on vacation—have time to take a holiday themselves. There are always repairs to be made and other odd jobs to be done, but they can wait until spring. So it's time to sit back and enjoy the fruits of the harvest—both agricultural and com-mercial—to hold a post mortem on the more astounding events of the season, and to make plans for the annual exodus to Florida when the snow begins to fly.

A few of the more established "summer people," who have demonstrated through several years of rational behavior that they are worthy of intimacy, may be permitted to share in this pleasant period of relaxation. The only feeling similar to it is that enjoyed by a college town when, much to the community's relief, the boys depart in June on their long vacation.

Ancient Indian Camp Site Discovered Near Spot Where Pilgrims Found Corn



HUNTING FOR INDIAN RELICS ON ROSE FARM AT TRURO

Special Dispatch to the Globe

TRURO, Oct 8—Near Corn Hill, where Capt Myles Standish and his Mayflower band found cached Indian corn the second day after the Pilgrims first set foot in America, a Truro farmer has just found the remains of an Indian camp on his land.

The Truro man, Gilbert Rose, was digging post holes recently when, after unearthing a thick formation of clam and oyster shells, he came on various relics that show his farm was the site of an Indian camp ground. "I believe it an important site, and possibly near a burial ground, which I believe once existed near here," says Mr Rose.

History records that Capt Standish and 16 heavily armed men set off on an expedition to explore the country when the Pilgrim band set foot in Provincetown Nov 21, 1620. On the second day they found a cache of corn buried in the ground on the Cape Cod bay shore and appropriated it, using some of this same corn next Spring to plant and raise their first crop at Plymouth.

A bronze tablet, not far from the place of Mr Rose, marks Corn Hill.
Scholars in Indian lore have often explored the old farm but to date the results have been small. The new find of Mr Rose, however, clearly shows the area to be an Indian site of importance. He has already unearthed 25 fine arrowheads, three

History records that Capt Standish to five at a time; a stone hammer,

One piece of special interest, a stone five inches long, indented with odd, graceful, twirled grooves, might be an amulet or Indian medicine stone, used in religious worship, Mr

Rose believes.

Whether the Rose farm will be thoroughly explored for archeological material to piece out the story of the original inhabitants, the Indians whose corn fed the Pilgrims, is a matter on which Mr Rose hasn't made up his mind. It would mean an extensive upheaval of his rich acres. The camp site, he calculates, covers an area of about two acres. Joseph Peters, Truro school teacher and a student of Indian lore, is collaborating with Mr Rose in study-

Lower Cape's First Train, 1873



The first train to run to the lower Cape is shown at the Provincetown depot in a picture taken in 1873. The horse and buggy taxicab was operated by Deacon Hiram Snow.

'Iron Horse' Of 1873 Hailed With Fanfare

Cape Communities **Excited On Day** Of Trip

PROVINCETOWN, March 14-A Provincetown delegation today was in Boston to fight for the maintainance of railroad service to the lower-Cape. Some of these delegates are fighting for a service that they believe the Cape is justly entitled to while others are exter nally indignant at the proposed abandoning of the line but in-wardly ask themselves, "After all, is it fair to expect any business to operate at a loss?"

The development that has inc-vitably brought about the present situation is obvious, but to old timers who recall the first glory of the railroad here it is a bitter

pill to swallow

Quite possibly the three important events in Province-town's history are the landing of the Pilgrims, the building of the Pilgrim Monument and the open-ing of the railroad. President Theodore Roosevelt was present in person at the dedication of the Monument and President U. S. Grant sent an official delegate to the railroad opening.

Several Days' Journey

Before the railroad was completed a trip to Boston meant a tiresome several days' journey in a stage coach or a sea voyage in a sailing packet. The railroad was hailed as the "Band that unites the Cape to other communities in the State," or, "The long looked for hardinger of communities." for harbinger of commercial revProvincetown mortgaged

future by subscribing for \$93,800 in stock in the enterprise and other communities contributed their share. The shifting sands of the lower Cape constituted a problem that nearly forced engineers to abandor the attempt to build a road bed but finally a suitable route was agreed upon and the work completed. July 22, 1873, was chosen as the day for the opening ceremonies.

At 6:25 a.m. on the morning of that day a special four-car excursion train left Boston bearing the official party and invited official party and invited guests. Railroad officials grossly underestimated the mand for seats on the train and by the time the entourage reached Harwich nine extra cars had been added. At Orleans, Eastham, Well-fleet and Truro huge crowds that stopped the train at the depot and begged to be taken aboard could not be accomodated.

Welcoming Committee

A committee of prominent citizens had been appointed by the town to prepare a royal welcome 1 at Provincetown. Vessels in the

harbor, public buildings and homes were decked with bunting. A tent capable of accomodating more than 1,000 persons had been set up on High Pole Hill, present site of the Pilgrim Monument. A general holiday had been declared and school children were parading the streets enthusiastically waving

The crowd at the depot was so anxious to get the first glimpse at the "iron horse" that special police had to battle to open a lane for the train. Some semblance of order was finally restored and the

parade through the street and to

the tent on High Pole Hill.

There a banquet was served and orators vied with one another in praising the railroad and prophesying a golden future for the Cape. ing a golden future for the Cape. Among those called were the Governor, Lieutenant - Governor, Secretary of State, United States Senator and Representative, the president of the Old Colony Railroad, and Governor from New Hampshire.

Festivities were climaxed with a Grand Ball, here, and, it was whispered, some couples danced so long that they were forced to run for the train that took the party back to Boston at 5 o'clock the next

morning.

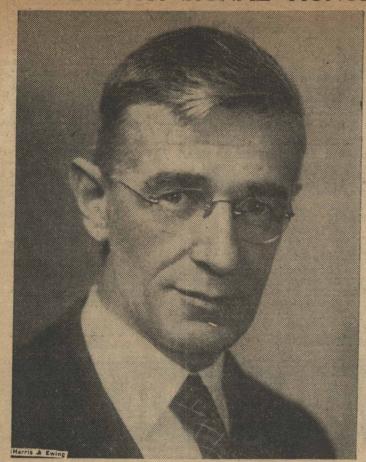
Stage Coach Doomed

The clarion call of the day was, "The institution of the coach with its tedious, toilsome, dusty ride is a thing of the past; in its place we have the easy, delightful and rapid journey behind the locomative." Strange but true, today one of the most often heard criticisms of the railroad is "It takes so long to get to Boston and a person is so hot and dusty when he arrives that he needs a shower bath."

Some of the events of the first eek following the opening of week the line seem strange in retrospect. Every incoming train was greeted by such a crowd that the local paper printed an appeal for sanity. A man took several ladies for a ride on a hand car. The man who operated the stage coach between Provincetown and Wellfleet retired gracefully into the livery

Time has dimmed the memory of the former glamour of the railroad but, like any old friend, it will be sorely missed if it is abandoned.

CHOSEN FOR SIGNAL HONOR



DR. VANNEVAR BUSH Tech dean who is to become head of Carnegie Institution.

TECH'S DR. BUSH **HEADS CARNEGIE**

Dean of Engineering Is Appointed President

Moreland Chosen to Succeed 'Thinking Machine' Inventor

Dr. Vannevar Bush of Belmont, vice president and Dean Engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology since 1932, inventor of the differential analyzer or so-called "Thinking Machine," has been elected president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, it was announced by the board of trustees last night in New York and made public here by Pres. Karl T. Compton of Tech.

The position is the highest administrative post in one of the world's largest foundations de-voted to the advancement of knowledge for the benefit of the

particularly in the field of electrical engineering, has ranked him with the most renowned scientists of modern times, will continue at M. I. T. until next January, and then will take office as head of the great research organization founded by Andrew Carnegie in 1902. Dr. Compton, in making the announcement, also revealed that Prof. Edward L. Moreland, head of the department of electrical engineering since 1935, has been chosen dean of engineering, succeeding to the position which Dr. Bush has occupied since his election as vice president.

Compton Voices Tribute

Commenting upon the appointment of Dr. Bush, Dr. Compton said: "Dean Bush is so eminently quali-

"Dean Bush is so eminently quan-fied for his new position, and the post is of such great influence and opportunity in the field of science and human welfare, that his col-leagues at Technology are unan-imous in their approval of his se-lection. As they feel pride in his recognition and satisfaction in his enlarged new opportunities, they

recognition and satisfaction in his enlarged new opportunities, they nevertheless will sadly miss his keen and ever constructive counsel and direction.

"To me, personally, Dean Bush has been so loyal as a friend and has shown such good judgment and analytical power in his administrative work as vice president of the institute that it is only the magnitude of his opportunity that enables me to say that I am sincerely glad in the new situation both for him and for the Carnegie Institution. His rare capacity for making an original constructive contribution to the solution of every tribution to the solution of every

flung affairs of the Carnegie Institution."

To Maintain Tech Contacts

The Carnegie Institution has vast resources for the advancement of science—resources which include research stations in far-flung corners of the globe. The range of scientific work extends from marine higher the probability

biology to archeology.

Mount Wilson Observatory in California, which has the most com-California, which has the most complete astronomical equipment in the world, is Carnegie Institution's most famous scientific station. In Mexico and Central America the institution has made extensive archeological studies of the great Mayan ruins. Still another station is maintained on one of the Dry Tortugas Islands in the Gulf of Mexico.

The institution has long been distinguished for its investigations of terrestrial magnetism. It maintains a large geophysical laboratory as well as a research department on nutrition, an embryology laboratory, a eugenics record office, a division

nutrition, an embryology laboratory, a eugenics record office, a division for historical studies, and a botanical research division, including a laboratory in Monterey, Calif. The institution's magnificent laboratories and administrative buildings in Washington are headquarters for its extensive research programs.

Dr. Bush will, however, carry on many of the close contacts at M. I. T., and with the important scientific and engineering developments now

many of the close contacts at M. I. T., and with the important scientific and engineering developments now underway there. This was announced by Dr. Compton, who said that this contact would enable the continuance of work on mechanical "robots" and eletrical machines for solving difficult mathematical equations of importance in science and engineering, and methods of power development.

A Native of Everett

Dr. Compton added: "Fortunately, also, we have strong men on the staff to carry on the administrative work, Prof. Moreland, head of the department of electrical engineering and nationally known as a member of the Boston firm of Jackson ber of the Boston firm of Jackson & Moreland, consulting engineers, will assume his duties as dean of engineering at M. I. T. on July Dr. Bush will serve as vice president of the institute probably until next January. Several other assignments or portions of Dr. Bush's pres nt duties will be announced later."

Dr. Bush is a native of Everett, son of the late Rev. R. Perry Bush, for 50 years a clergyman in the vicinity of Boston.

He was graduated from Tufts College in 1913 and in 1916 was awarded the degree of doctor of engineering from Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In 1932 he received the

Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In 1932 he received the honorary degree of doctor of science from Tufts College, of which he is a trustee.

Dr. Bush has been particularly interested in the design of advanced mathematical analyzing instruments. In recognition of the vanced mathematical analyzing in-struments. In recognition of the development of the product inte-graph he was awarded the Levy Medal of the Franklin Institute in 1928. Wide recognition was also given to the design of an intricate analyzing machine called the differ-ntial analyzer an advanced medal analyzing machine called the differential analyzer, an advanced model of which is now under construction. This machine greatly increased the speed of scientific and engineering calculations. Another instrument in this group is the cinema integraph, which is just going integraph.

Awarded Lamme Medal

For his achievements in the development of methods and devices

public. It has an endowment of

Gift For Brewster Park

The old Brewster grist mill and the herring run alongside, that is rated the second largest in Massachusetts, are the main features of a charming natural park that is being developed with funds of the town and gifts of money and real estate by townspeople. The colorful story of the historic stream is traced back to Indian days and ultimately the grist mill, now town-owned, will be turned into a museum, containing Indian relics and everything pertaining to Indian lore in this section, besides serving as a sales place for the works of Brewster craftsmen.

To Restore Waterpower

By unanimous vote, the citizens Town meeting appropriated \$1,000 for purchase of the mill and by private subscription \$1200 was raised to repair the mill and restore its waterpower. Previously, Percy and Valentine Newcomb, the owners of the venerable structure, had refused an offer of \$5,000 for the property. They have always been anxious to have the property preserved as a public institution. The old stones used in the grinding of corn many, many years ago are to be resurrected and put to use again, and corn meal will be sold to visitors to help pay for the upkeep of

To encourage the preservation of this famous scene, Arthur Hart has given to the town a large tract of land for the establishment of the park.

This is not the first mill at this scene, even though it was erected in 1860. The original mill was built on the same site in 1630. Its owner was Nathaniel Winslow, an ancestor of Mrs. F. T. Cleverley, a leading spirit of the park project, who lives in the old Winslow home. Kenelm Winslow was the original Winslow who settled in Brewster and he was a brother of Edward Winslow, the Governor of Plymouth

Colony.

The Satucket Indian tribe made their home at the site of the Brewster mill. They settled there, it is said, because of the bounty of herring in the stream and a bubbling spring of fresh water. Squanto, the chief, taught his comrades how to fertilize the corn fields with herring. In each hill of corn a herring was put under the seed, the head pointed to the north. The terraces where the Indians grew this corn can still be seen along the hills of Brewster.

Across from the grist mill, in the olden days, there was a fulling mill, built and owned by Abraham Winslow, a brother of Nathaniel. This is where the early natives brought their hand-loomed wool cloth and also the lindsey-woolsey to be shaped into garments. "Flax Pond" in Brewster of today is reminiscent of the long ago period when large quantities of flax was grown. The flax plants were shredded in long strips, soaked in the running stream and put out in the fields to dry. The long fibers were then divided and woven into linen.

Genius In Wilds

In those times people had to walk. They trudged long distances to the Brewster mill and they wore out their shoes. Abraham Winslow, jack of all trades, did the cobbler work, and he had a son, Sidney, who was his assistant. Sidney was a remarkably ingenious lad and amazed the natives with his many tool inventions, conceived to lessen the hard labor of the hands. Sidney and his inventive genius were responsible for founding the now famous United Shoe Machinery Company.

Abraham's house on a rising above the fulling mill was taken

(Continued on Page 2)

Art Center of America

Provincetown's Sand Dunes First Drew the Notice of Artists in Search of Light and Color



ARTISTS AT WORK AT PROVINCETOWN

By A. J. PHILPOTT

As far as art is concerned, Provincetown, down near the tip end of Cape Cod, was discovered about 60 years ago by Marcus Waterman, one of the great, but forgotten, painters of this country. He was a graduate of Brown University. He studied art in Paris and later went to Spain and Algiers, where he painted for a number of years.

He was one of the first Americans to paint light in its relation to color, and like Delacroix he found the effects he desired in North Africa and in Spain—but especially in North Africa. He loved to paint the Arabs on the edge of the desert. He was fascinated by the desert luminosity.

When he got back to America he found that same quality of luminosity and color in the mountainous sand dunes around Provincetown. He found an even more intense luminosity owing to the proximity of the sea. And he called the attention of other artists to Provincetown and the dunes.

But the old fishing town had other picturesque attractions in its own quaint, individualistic character—it long wharves, fish houses, its distinctive little houses and gardens, its winding streets, and its fishing life—all snuggled away on a narrow strip with the sheltered harbor on one side and the desert-like sand dunes piled high like huge ocean waves—a protection from the southeasters.

It was the America of the Pilgrims, who first landed there, and much of the old character of the fishermen and the whalers had been preserved in the place.

So it was not long before the artists began to set up their easels on the wharves, in the quaint streets and in the dunes. And in a little while Summer schools of art began to flourish, and an art association was formed and an artist-bohemian club known as the Beachcombers. And the modernists came there and clashed a little with the old-timers.

And also came literary people and dramatists like Eugene O'Neill, and there was started the first of those wharf theatres, barn theatres and "little" theatres which attracted students and actors—and would-be actors—from all over the country. This movement has spread throughout the land.

So Provincetown—far removed from the beaten track of society—became a sort of Mecca for artists, writers, dramatists

ODD ITEMS from EVERYWHERE

In Goddard Park, Providence, R. I., alone, 25,000 trees were leveled last week, and whole hillsides of standing timber were cut off as by a giant ax.

When the high wind lifted the roof off the garage belonging to Fred Fisher of Concord, N. H., it utterly demolished the whole building, but left the Fisher car without a scratch.

Miss Sylvia W. Seagrave, Fall River High School teacher, whose trailer was picked up by a giant wave on East Beach, Horseneck, and carried to high ground, sustained no property loss, even the dishes being unbroken.

The Webster Elm on the grounds of the State House at Concord, N. H., fell during the storm, crashing on the top of the statue of Webster, but the falling limbs instead of harming the statue really protected it from the raging winds.

As often happens after a severe storm, a strange sea bird was blown inland last week and found huddled behind a fence post on the farm of Karl F. Rand of Epsom, N. H. The bird, which seemed to be a young one, could flap its wings but not fly and absolutely refused to eat. The general description is that of the pomarine jaeger, an Arctic breedling bird of prey.

When the wind struck Amherst, only one-half of the 2,000,000-bushel apple crop had been picked, and although half of the unpicked apples which were blown to the ground may be salvaged, the total apple loss there will reach approximately \$800,000. Another sad story is that 75 carloads of onions, valued at \$75,000, were a total loss.

Hadley is probably the hardest hit town in the state, its losses amounting to \$1,500,000, mostly by flood. The 1927 flood came after the harvest had been shipped away and the 1936 flood before the crops had been planted, but this year the town is left with the \$1,000,000 tobacco crop completely buried and foodstuffs condemned because of danger of contamination.

Just as the storm broke, Harry Seaberg of Holbrook heard angry squawking and looked out to see a flurry of feathers as most of his hens deserted their 80-foot henhouse. In the midst of the terrific gale, Seaberg gathered together as many of the brood as he could, fastened them in a small coop and started out to search for those missing. Perched on the woods which border the Seaberg place most of the scared biddies were found, safe and sound and anxious to get back home.

CAT LIFTED INTO AIR BY WIND IN NATICK

NATICK, Sept. 21—A cat, running across an East Natick field, was lifted by the wind, tossed about in the air and flung back to the ground, it was reported here.

Storm Loss Climbs to 50

llions; Deaths Mount

15 KNOWN DEAD IN CAPE STORM

THE WHO PERCHANICAL

12-Foot Tidal Wave one Saved, One Lost **Demolishes Homes**

By DOROTHY G. WAYMAN

Cape Cod, isolated by a tidal wave that cut the railroad tracks just above Bourne and hurricane winds that laid low all telephone and telegraph communications. has 15 known dead in Bourne and Falmouth, scores homeless and property damage incalculable.

The 12-foot tidal wave, pushed up Buzzards Bay by an 80-mile wind, made three breaches across the land. The first was at "the Narrows" just above the Buzzards Bay railroad station and bridge over the railroad on the road to the State Pier, where two women was recovered.

were drowned. The second was just below the Chappaquoit road on Route 28 in West Falmouth. At the entrance to Penzance, excluwoods Hole, the sea broached clear across Bar Neck, killing four men and ruining half a dozen houses.

Milton Neal, caretaker for Hector J. Hughes, Clement circle,

Cambridge, was barely saved while his father, Albert W. Neal, was drowned as they sought to save effects at the Hughes home on Penzance road, inundated by the tidal wave. Neal clung for nearly four hours to a telephone pole, lashing himself with the wires, after his father was swept out to sea.

Farther out on Penzance Point Dr. Oliver Strong of New York and Edward Briggs were powerless to save young Briggs' father, William Briggs, caretaker of the Strong estate, when raging waves swept him off as he worked with them to save the Briggs cottage.

Grey Gables Tragedy

The most crushing single tragedy occurred at Grey Gables in Buzzards Bay when Hayward Wilson went to warn the household of Mrs. John Lane of New York that rising waters menaced them. After reach-

waters menaced them. After reaching the cottage on the shore Wilson telephoned his wife, "I'm going to wait here until the water goes down; impossible to get back."

Five minutes later the Lane house was torn from its foundation and tossed on mountainous waves for two miles until the regime current. two miles until the racing current sucked it into the Cape Cod Canal, where at 11 p m it was sighted by Katherine Keene, Buzzards Bay telephone operator, as it lay grounded against the abutment of the Bourne Bridge. Police and naval reserves from Chatham under Chief William R. Crump toiled for hours, at risk of their lives, to get to the house and chop a hole in the roof to reach the occupants. They found five dead bodies inside, three women, a little boy and Wilson. Wilson was found in the upper story. women, a little boy and Wilson. Wilson was found in the upper story just beneath the roof, where he had evidently been drowned as he made a last desperate effort to break through the roof to get the women and little, boy out to air and safety on their terrible voyage in the darkness. Mrs. Edward Rodgers of Mt. Vernon, N. Y, a relative, was sent for to identify the two women



A lone survivor that now stands near the beach at Swifts Beach, Wareham, Mass.

wood and laid in windrows of driftwood along the waterfront. Chief
Harold S. Baker stationed guards to
prevent looting of a score of other
less seriously damaged houses while
50 C. C. C. men from the veterans
camp at Brewster, under Supt. Samuel W. Wells, Eugene A. O'Donnell
and Joseph Preston searched the
wreckage and shores for the body
of Mrs. Jack Jones of Brockton
drowned with her husband when
their house was destroyed. The
body of Jones was found 100 yards
inland among uprooted trees and
debris. Carl Merrill, believed missing, was located later, having escaped just before the house was
wrecked. wrecked.

The appalling swiftness with which death struck was revealed in the death of Mrs. Henry W. Maurer of the Fells, Falmouth, who, with her nephew, started to drive the mile please the with her nephew, started to drive the mile along the shore road to Falmouth when the storm first looked ominous. The car stalled in the water, already washing hubdeep over the road, and the young man set out on foot to seek a towrope at a house half a mile away. He returned in less than half an hour to find the car tossed by the wind 30 feet off the road into Salt Pond, and Mrs. Maurer missing. Falmouth police dragged the pond all day without recovering the body which was believed to have been carried out into Vineyard Sound.

Three Coast Guards Lost

One of the most harrowing trage-One of the most narrowing tragedies of the hurricane was the loss of three Coast Guardsmen from the patrolboat Gen. Greene who responded to a call for help from Mrs. Anderson, caretaker at the home of D. J. Frost, Washington, D. C., on D. J. Prost, Washington, Penzance Point, and her son Dennis, 8, after the sea started to cut through

the neck of land.

Capt. Knowland of the Gen.

Greene and Fireman first class Al

Kodic were the only survivors of a

party of five volunteers who went

to their rescue. Machinist John

Stedman, who only arrived at Woods

Fale three weeks ago with his wife Hole three weeks ago with his wife and family, was first to reach Mrs. Anderson and took the child in his arms, wading shoulder deep through

the raging flume the sea had opened, the raging nume the sea had opened, to place him in safety. As he returned to aid his companions, he was swept away.

Heyward Webster and John Lilja of the Gen. Greene's crew were also swept away. Capt. Knowland and

Kodic managed to assist Mrs. Ander-

Kodic managed to assist Mrs. Anderson to join the child and broke into the W. Murray Crane house, reaching safety on the second floor until the sea went down.

Albert W. Neal who drowned nearby leaves a wife, five sons, Milton, Robert, Ernest, Albert Jr. and Harold and a daughter, Mrs. Carrie Kieffer. William Briggs, drowned farther out at the Strong estate on Penzance leaves a wife and sons Abner and Eddie. Abner and Eddie.

Cling to Tree Three Hours

A harrowing experience was that of Mrs. Wiley S. Wakeham, wife of the general manager of the Bethlehem plants at Fore River and Bath, Me. When the Wakeman cottage

at Kittanset Club, Marion was devastated, Mrs. Wakeman and her sons, Richard and Sam, managed to reach a tree to which they clung for three hours before being rescued. Meanwhile the 70-foot yawl owned by Mr. Wakeman, torn from its moorings, voyaged unmanned across the harbor negotiated a 50-foot channel and came to rest in a

across the harbor negotiated a 50-foot channel and came to rest in a marsh virtually undamaged.

Almost every yacht and boat along the shores was damaged. The shipyards of H. S. Parkhurst, Onset; Bigelow's at Monument Beach; Steve Watts' at Marion, all filled with craft being prepared for Winter storage, were virtually destroyed, the big sheds collapsing under tons of water.

Steve Watts and his helper, John Steve Watts and his helper, John Winters, were missing for hours. Watts went out in his powerboat Eunice, to try to secure some boats early in the blow. The propeller was fouled by wreckage and they were carried across the harbor, over a marsh and finally grounded on a road inland.

The 45-foot yacht Pandora, owned by Hamilton Garland, Buzzards Bay, was torn adrift off Onset and carried up onto the Point Indepen-

dence Bridge.

Wave Takes Two Maids

At Buzzards Bay destruction leapt like a tiger also, overwhelming homes with 12 feet of water in less

Moored in Dry Dock at Onset



This aerial view shows two schooners tossed by the tidal wave on the roadway at Onset, Mass., narrowly missing a home.

W. O. Taylor on Taylor's Point near the State Pier, noticed that an un-usually high tide was begining to lap over the seawall, Mr. Taylor, experienced in weather conditions, suggested they consider moving to the garage on a slight elevation 1000 yards from the house. The house-hold, including several small grand-children was quickly collected and. children, was quickly collected and, finding the water already ankle deep, sent the chilrden in cars standing by the house toward the garage. In less time than it takes to write the words, the water was shoulder deep, coming like a solid wall at express speed and two maids, Rose Collins and Margaret May, who were walking toward the garage, were whirled past the horrified eyes of the belief of the second of the seco whirled past the horrined eyes of beholders, disappearing in the mud-dy, debris littered torrent. Their bodies were found later. That of Mrs. May had been carried nearly a mile to the main street of Buz-zards Bay across the railroad tracks.

Some idea of the force of the tidal wave may be gained by the spectacle of the 250-foot bathhouse at the Woods Hole beach on Buzzards Bay which was carried bodily the length of a city block inland and lodged in the front yard of a cottage. At New Silver Beach 30-foot and At New Silver Beach 30-100t and 40-foot yachts, torn from their moorings, were deposited half a mile inland in tree tops, apparently undamaged. At Old Silver Beach the \$25,000 town bathing pavilion was reduced to splinters. The home of

Fulton Oursler, editor and author, on Falmouth Cliffs escaped serious damage although isolated by failure of lights and telephone wires.

38 Persons Rescued

Every clock on Cape Cod was stopped at 3:45 p. m. Wednesday afternoon when the height of the hurricane and tidal wave struck. From that moment all civilization ceased and for hours the population was at the mercy of the elements, with no lights, no telephone service, no transportation except for short distances. Each household lived through an agony of terror in isolation.

In Falmouth, Fire Chief Ray D. Wells and his men with Chief Ernest Baker, police, Coastguardsmen and volunteers rescued 38 persons at various points along the shore, some in dories, some by human chains with respect with ropes.

At Bourne, Chief Crump and Fire Chief Thomas Wallace were performing heroic tasks, aided by 50 Naval Reserve men from Chatham under Ensign Samuel Freedman. More than a score of persons rescued from inundated homes in the Wing's Neck section were housed in the Town Hall auditorium, sleeping on matthresses procuved from the ing on mattresses procured from the

NONQUITT POSTMASTER CARRIES ON AFTER THE OFFICE BLOWS AWAY

"Nonquitt" means just that to Amie C. Austin, postmaster of the little town on the Cape by that name.

When her office was swept away by a tidal wave in the wake of the hurricane, Amie immediately drove her automobile to the site of the destroyed postoffice, erected a makeshift roof over the vehicle and was ready to carry on business as usual. on business as usual.

National Guard camp. Among them were Mrs. James E. Crabe, Nellie, 12, Edward J., 8, and Mary Crabe of Buzzards Bay; Alice and Gertrude Hormley of Rochester, N. Y.; and Robert Brown of Pocasset.

Live wires, gas escaping from broken mains and falling trees add-

broken mains and falling trees added to the hazard everywhere from Wareham to Woods Hole. All night, in Woods Hole, West Falmouth, New Silver Beach, Onset, Wareham and Marion, people huddled in darkness on the upper floors of homes where water reached to the ceiling of first floor rooms. In the morning every lawn was covered with household effects drying in the sun.

What Is a Tidal Wave?

No Such Thing—Last Week's Event
Was a "Storm Wave"



SWIFT BEACH, WAREHAM

Call it what you will, a wave of some kind did this.

HE term "tidal wave," as it is being freely used to describe the wall of water which smashed so destructively against the southern New England shore during last week's hurricane, is another popular fallacy. There is no such thing as a "tidal wave," either legally, according to law library references, or scientifically, according to the Boston office of the United States Weather Bureau.

However, the term "tidal wave" is popularly used to describe two definite conditions.

An Earthquake Wave

One of these conditions is the wave of water which rushes ashore just after an earthquake. Properly, this wave is an "earthquake wave," since it has absolutely nothing to do with tides in any way, being simply a transference of the wave of motion from the earthquake in the solid substance of the earth into the water.

Water, being fluid, magnifies the wave which, as it rushes ashore, becomes taller and taller as it enters shallow water and thus reaches terrific importance.

Or a Storm Wave

The other condition to which popular usage gives the term "tidal wave" is precisely what existed here last week, and what has happened at other places—as at Galveston, when that city was devastated. It is the addition of a storm wave to a tide wave.

Tide waves sweep around the earth twice a day; causing our alternation of high and low water. They can be called either tide waves or tidal waves. That is a matter of English—but no one thinks of calling an incoming tide a tidal wave, although that is precisely what it is.

The storm wave is simply a mass of water moving with the wind and driven by it. Ordinary storms out of the east commonly drive a wave a foot or two high ahead of them, although of course it is not a wave like the surges which come racing in, whitemaned, several times a minute. This storm wave is like a tide wave; indeed, it is, in effect, an elevation of the surface of the ocean along shore.

When these two waves, tide and storm wave, happen to coincide, then a much greater wave than normal comes into being and it is this dual wave which is now being called a "tidal wave."

How much a matter of chance the effects of this "tidal wave" were is shown by two factors first the time that it came ashore; second, the particular places it hit

Came at High Tide Period

As for the time, its arrival happened to coincide precisely at the day when the tides are at their highest for the season and at the hour when the tide was at flood. At Newport high water was 6:32 E. S. T., when the hurricane was fiercest, and the tide was within

0.2 of an inch of its greatest annual height. Thus time reinforced the tide and storm wave as together they rushed ashore.

For another example, Boston was lucky. Our tide that night, some two feet higher than the mean, was at flood at 9 E. S. T. Since the storm struck a little after 5 E. S. T., it meant that we had but five feet of water in our tide stage, instead of 11, and thus the "tidal wave" was robbed of six feet of effective height—which made a great deal of difference in the damage the wave caused.

Why South Shore Was Hurt Worst

As for the second factor, the places where the tide plus storm wave hit, it happened that the direction of the wave was exactly into the several bays and inlets along the southern New England coast. This meant that this double surge of water poured into these inlets like so many funnels and that the narrower the waterways became the higher the wave was forced to rise. Every yard of constriction compelled the water to rise that much higher, so multiplying its destructive force.

as the Bay of Fundy to reach record heights of 44 feet, as in the Minas Basin of Nova Scotia. But in such places residents are prepared and no damage is caused.

Down along the shores of Narragansett and Buzzards Bay, as well as in Long Island Sound, citizens are not prepared for such things as tidal bores. For down there the tide, instead of running nine feet on the average, as at Boston, or some 20 feet as at Eastport, runs a mere 3.5 feet on the average, as at Newport. So, a "tidal wave" of 16 feet, as it is reported, naturally assumed all the destructive abilities of the traditional "tidal wave" of popular usage of the term.

Webster's Dictionary has two definitions:

- (a) tidal wave—the great sea wave that sometimes follows an earthquake.
- (b) tidal wave—the great rise of water along the shore, due to exceptionally strong winds.

WAREHAM

With eight dead at Swift's Beach and 500 cottages and homes demolished or damaged, the most serious situation tonight was the looting which caused Selectmen to invoke the aid of the National Guard The second platoon of Co. C, 101st Engineers of Cambridge, under Lieut. Eugene Rimmer and Capt. Oliver P. Brown are patrolling the town.

Tormeset Point was wiped out by the tidal wave and every house at Briarwood fooded or swent away.

Tormeset Point was wiped out by the tidal wave and every house at Briarwood flooded or swept away. The feet four rows of cottages at Swift's Beach were demolished. Mrs. Ambrose Jones and Mrs. Clara Jefferson escaped death by tieing them-

THROWN BACK ON THE FRONTIER

As millions of New Englanders rose yesterday to study the havoc made by the warring gods of wind and water in their communities and to gather such tidings of friends and loved ones elsewhere as the sleepless staffs of the newspapers managed to assemble the first emotions of most were of dismay and sadness.

Dismay-as the ruination of the landscape greeted their eyes and as the tale of property destruction swelled steadily in volume. Sadness—as the death toll crept higher and higher and as realization grew that even the ensuing twenty-four hours would prove too brief a period within which to complete the roster of the missing.

Nevertheless, there was born in most minds gradually, as the day wore on and recollection of the frightful experience reviewed its incidents, another emotion. was an emotion of inspiriting pride, of rejoicing at the revelation which this epochal disaster has given of the fortitude, strength and resiliency of the human character in facing a struggle against insuperable odds,

The hurricane lifted roofs from men's dwellings. It also lifted the roof from men's characters. A few, here and there, perhaps, seemed to be wanting. But the overwhelming majority revealed themselves as of entirely different metal. In countless villages throughout the length and breadth of the New England countryside, in innumerable cities and towns, they had no sooner identified the danger and appraised the dimensions of the combat than they went forth to face the one and shoulder the responsibilities of the other.

Their first thought was not of themselves but of the safety of others. Thrown back by the bludgeoning of nature to the conditions of the frontier once familiar to their ancestors, they resumed the tradition with faultless courage and energetic action. Men and women alike.

The whole story is epitomized in one little incident which occurred in a village not twenty miles distant from Boston, where, in the height of the hurricane, all alone and grimly determined, an elderly, white-haired woman was found in the road below her home, wrestling to clear away the branches of a tree that had fallen athwart the highway. That tree signalized no danger to herself or to her home. Her strength was not sufficient to accomplish more than the removal of a few of the smaller branches. Yet those opened the highway and enhanced the passage and safety of storm-belated travelers.

Spontaneously from thousands of homes

this army of volunteers in the public interest poured out to their tasks. Long before local authorities, hampered by the crippling of communications, had managed to throw together skeletal organizations to deal with difficulties, armies, sprung spontaneously from everywhere and nowhere, were at work. They cut up trees, removed litter, posted safety guards, warned away traffic from dangers invisible to car drivers, cleared away wires, stood guard at the edge of treacherous pits scooped out by overturned tree roots, patrolled danger zones and lent a hand, one to another, to aid neighbors imperiled by the debacle of frees and buildings. Through darkened stormpounded streets many sped all night long as messengers, as rescuers, as helpers.

Meantime the communities adapted organization with almost incredible speed, conditions considered. By dawn the hosts of the volunteer army had merged with the officially assembled forces of community and state and the gargantuan task of clearance was under way. Before Thursday morning was midway past New England had provided such an exhibition of spontaneous cooperation and official speed as few in this generation have known.

This is something about which pride is indeed legitimate. It is a rediscovery of the basic fineness of human character. It discloses that anonymous man, alone, in his community and as a citizen within his nation knows his responsibilities as an individual toward the whole and does not hesitate to accept them. What a fortunate thing it would be if Governments in the larger circle of world relationship knew as much and acted on that knowledge!

UNCLE DUDLEY.

TO DRACUT



ntirely "old" one by shapes, ty and

scale lesired ubject,

The Rev. George Hibbert Driver, pastor of First (Highland) Congrega-ional Church of Dracut, who assumes his duties there on July 1.

Their Golden Wedding Day



Mr. and Mrs. Aaron B. Palmer, Beverly couple, who were hosts at their 50th wedding anniversary at their Summer home in Wakefield, N. H.

Beverly Couple

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Hosts at N. H. Summer Home

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Lyons and dren. Alice. Charles, Donald and dren. Alice. Charles,

Special Dispatch to the Globe

WAKEFIELD, N. H., July 2-Mr. and Mrs. Aaron B. Palmer, longtime residents of Beverly, Mass., observed their 50th wedding anniversary at their Summer home here today with 40 relatives and neighbors, some of them schoolmates of Mr. Palmer's here more than 60 years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer were students together at Bridgewater Normal School from 1884 to 1888 and were married the next year at the home of Mrs. Palmer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Conwell, at Province-

town.

Mr. Palmer was for 26 years a high school principal in Massachut setts, presiding over the schools in West Barnstable, Orleans, Manchester, Revere, Lynn, Somerville and Arlington. In 1914 he became a State visitor for the Public Welfare Department, a position he held for 23 years until his retirement at 70 in 1937. He was born in Stoneham, son of Isaiah and Mary Palmer. The family moved to Brookfield, N. H., where he attended district school and the Wakefield Academy. Academy.
Two of Mr. Palmer's brothers, Ed-

gar T. Palmer, a retired police offi-cer of Everett, Mass., and Jasper T. Palmer, retired High School principal of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and Mrs. Palmer's brother, Dr. Walter L. Conwell of Brewster, Mass., attended their anniversary.

The Palmers have two children,

Harold Palmer of Clearwater, Fla., and Mrs. Henry E. Lyons of Floral Park, N. Y., and eight grandchildren. Two other children, Maj. David Austin Palmer of the United States Army and Rev. Walter

In the party today were four generations of Langs, old friends and neighbors of the Palmers: John Wed 50 Years grandson, of Abington, Mass., and great-grandson Gordon. The guests included:

daughter Mabel of Everett and son Albert of New York; John E. Lang, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Lang of Wakefield, N. H.; daughter Barbara of Dover, N. H., and son Forest of Sanbornville, N. H.; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lang and son of Abington, Mass.; Russell Hodgkins of Beverly, Mass.; Mr. Stemsky and Miss Mackinson of Beachmont, Mass.; David and Elizabeth Palmer, Dedham, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Jasper T. Palmer of Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Palmer, Wakefield, N. H., and daughter, Peggy, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace F. Lang, Brookfield, N. H.; Miss Elsie Blake, Jesse and Bert Blake of Wakefield, N. H.; Mrs. Nettle Haskell, Wellesley, Mass.; Jesse and John Cotton, Wolfeboro, N. H.; Dr. Mary Emery, Medford, Mass.; Raymond Robinson, Wells, Me.; Dr. Walter Conwell, Brewster, Mass. John Consultation of the Convention of the Conve

Coast Guardsmen Win Citations for Heroism

For acting without orders to save a group of ships from fire at the risk of his life, Coast Guard Boatswains Mate, first class, Warren A. Avellar, 21, of 5 Johnson st., Provincetown, has been cited for outstanding performance aboard the U.S.S. Alcheba, the Navy announced here

Avelar's citation, as of March 31, reads: "Commended at Captain's Mast this date for outstanding performance of duty, in that Avellar without regard to his own welfare and personal safety did without orders render very valuable service in extinguishing a sizeable fire on the forecastle of the U. S. S. Alchebe, which endangered all the ships in the nest. This initiative, efficiency, and attention to duty is in accordance with the best navall traditions." traditions.

Mrs. Ora A. Hinckley

The passing of Mrs. Ora A. Hinckley takes from Hyannis one of the village's most beloved residents, one who saw the Cape change over a period of 61 years and who yet kept a mental alertness and open-minded approach that would shame a younger person.

Mrs. Hinckley was identified with the Hyannis Public Library as librarian for more than 30 years, and it was in this position that most people knew her. She greeted library visitors in a way that caused them to feel at home instantly, and she performed many small favors for patrons cheerfully and eagerly.

Besides her library duties, Mrs. Hinckley was active in club and social affairs of the village and the town and she took a keen interest in whatever happened on the Cape. She was one of the eager readers of this newspaper, and she often said she didn't want to miss an issue because something might have happened which she would not otherwise learn

If ever a person kept youth in its essential qualities of mind and spirit, that person was Mrs. Hinckley. Her place at the library can be filled by a librarian capable of performing the duties, but no one could fill the particular niche she occupied in the community. Although 85 years old, she seemed years younger and her death shocked many who came to look upon her as a part of the Hyannis scene that would go on forever.

1945 Provincetown Captain Awarded Signal Honor

SAN DIEGO, Calif., Dec. 6-A few minutes after his arrival today from Japan, as commander of a sixship destroyer division, Capt Clarence Bowley of 12 Center st., Provincetown, Mass., was awarded the Navy Cross, the nation's second highest naval decoration, in a unique ceremony.

The medal presentation was made

on the forecastle of the destroyer Von Valkenburgh, before the entire ship's company, by Capt E. W. Young, commander of Destroyer Squadron 24.

Bowley was commander of a division in the squadron which de-stroyed 75 Japanese suicide planes and helped shoot down 200 more Kamikazes.

His citation, signed by Rear Adm F. S. Low, commander of Pacific Fleet destroyers, told of his "extraordinary courage aboard the destroyer Pritchard on the radar picket line at Okinawa, where his ship felled three Jap planes in three hours, and though damaged, fought until relieved of its duties."

Bowley's division, just back from occupational duty at Sasebo, Japan, will leave here in time to arrive at Charleston, S. C., on Christmas Eve.

The Sea Battle of the Monkey Wrench

Provincetown Boy Aroused by It to Study Our Defenses Against Subs



ONCE A VISITOR TO THE UNITED STATES The Deutschland is typical of subs that mined American shores, attacked at Orleans.

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

SIMSBURY, Conn., June 4-It landed on American shores since and four barges.

on, or rather at, the attacking sub- have been wasting a lot of time, h, any change in the marine chasers at the naval base took an hour to get into proper crescent formation, but could do nothing because they had only one-pounders and the sub had sixinch guns. Four planes flew over the sub and dropped bombs. All failed to explode. Hence the monkey wrench.

Henry James, a 15-year old Provincetown boy was in the crowd moving "up along and down along," as they do in Provincetown. From a returning aviator, he heard the story of the sea battle of the monkey wrench. As to money for defense, we long since had started to roll out the barrel.

To the James boy, descendant of sea captains and fishing fleet owners, it seemed that our country was not altogether shipshape. He began studying German submarinc operations on our shores, and our defenses, or lack of them, carried on these researches through high school and Connecticut Wesleyan College and during his years as superintendent of schools of Simsbury, where I found him.

His fat book, "German Submarines in Yankee Waters," to be published June 24, is an exhaustive study of our degree of vulnerability to this attack, a startling revelation of the World War effort and an appraisal of the technical advance of the under-sea killer in the

Mr. James is a spare, precise New was 10 o'clock on a bright Sun- Englander who documents his story day morning, July 19, 1918, when carefully and lets you know when the only enemy shells which had instance, he qualifies the story that plane crews were out playing basethe War of 1812 fell at Orleans, ball when the sub started shelling Mass., after the sinking of a tug the Cape Cod coast. He could never get that quite straight. However, We dropped a monkey wrench he thinks they were. He thinks we

marine and missed. Fifty sub- and is inclined to be pessimistic about any hurry-up defense.

> a mine the day before, which sank the U. S. S. San Diego, off Fire Island," he said. "Then it moved up as the figure shows; for its shelling operations to a spot midway between the Provincetown thout any change in naval base and the Chatham air I whose cutting face base. The bombardment I saw lasted one and a half hours and 487 lows, that any intershells were fired. The sub didn't bother to submerge with the ap-btained, by a simple proach of our ships and planes and Similar results may moved away on the surface.

> and the U-53, there were seven submarines, making repeated trips and laying mines along our coast from Cape Hatteras to the Newfoundland ngles of the faces of banks. They mined Chesapeake
> Bay, Fenwick Shoal, the entrance to movement given to Delaware Bay, Barnegat inlet and a stretch from Fire Island to Nantucket Shoals. They did a leisurely is claimed by many and workmanlike job, being care-ful to lay the mines directly across ts of natural laws, "These submarines were about 300 by hand labor. coast-bound or sea-going lanes.

feet long and could carry enough fuel and provisions to allow them to operate for about two months on our shore and get back home.

"Those, of course were primitive and experimental submarines, com-pared to what they have now. My researches have convinced me that they are now ready to use a large number of submarines for trans-atlantic troop transport, if we enter

the war against them. I know, furthermore, that they have considered a plan, possibly fantastic, for a dive into the Hudson River, through New York harbor, with a gigantic submarine fleet carrying troops and munitions to seize the great industrial area of New York, Connecticut and northern New Jersey With control of this great inagainst sey. With control of this great in-dustrial ganglion, they would hope

"Given two years, I think we might set up adequate defense. Short of that, I am not hopeful."

Before becoming superintendent

Before becoming superintendent of schools at Simsbury, Mr. James taught English in the high school. He has published several anthologies of poetry and critical writings. He cruises a lot and is widely known down the Cape as "the skipper." He is a member of a number of civic and fraternal organizations. He is married and has an 11-year-He is married and has an 11-year-old daughter. Fittingly, it would seem, he is chairman of the State Highway Safety Commission.

in the angles of its "This submarine U-156 had laid e of the tooth; for "In addition to the Deutschland nich the edge of the

Provincetown Art Exhibition Alive With Humor

Serious Phases Also Shown in Composite From All the Nation

By A. J. PHILPOTT

PROVINCETOWN, Aug. 8 - The second exhibition of the Provincetown Art Association which was opened this week and will continue to Aug. 24, is a composite of the various art cults that rendezvous here in the Summer season. And they come from all parts of the country, for their is nothing provincial about Provincetown. It is tolerant and wide open to all com-ers regardless of color, race or

ers regardless of color, race or previos condition.
The spirit of this freedom is reflected in the exhibition. And at that it is a jury exhibition. In fact it is a two-jury exhibition—one for radicals; one for conservatives. So when an artist sends a picture to the exhibition, he—or she—specifies the jury to which the picture is to the jury to which the picture is to be exhibitted. The third exhibition is "no jury"—a sort of free-for-all, which usually brings out the ex-

which usually brings out the extremists.

There is nothing very radical or sensational in this present exhibition. Most of the pictures show that kind of sketchy freedom which artists like to indulge in during their "hours of ease" when on a vacation; when they relax and the spirit of fun is in the air. Then they are apt to get playful with nature—with the dunes, the old wharves, the fishermen and the characters one finds in these coastal characters one finds in these coastal towns.

Some of them have fun with the clouds, the trees, the waves of the sea, the flowers, the quaint streets and the life therein. Daudet said and the life therein. Daudet said that the illusions and eccentricities of his famous literary character, Tartarin, were due wholly to the sunshine of Tarascon. This goes for Provincetown also—Provincetown of the soft sunshine and the brilliant colors. The Summer visibrilliant colors. The Summer Visitors—and there are crowds of them
this year from every state in the
Union—also catch this spirit of
humor and seem to be thororughly
changed in the course of a few
hours. And it should be said that
nearly every one of these visitors carries a little camera. So Province-town ought to be pretty well ad-vertised all over the country.

Many Fine Pictures

One of the artists has a sign over his studio which reads: "Have your portrait-caricature murdered in pastels," and, judging from some of the

samples underneath the sign he lives up to his promises.

Just the same, there are some mighty good pictures in this exhibition—portraits as well as landscapes, seascapes, wharfscapes, and some that escape definition. Just to show they have no hard feelings about the academicians who believe in technical perfection, they have hung prominently in the large gallery a portrait by George Elmer Browne, who has been a president of the prominently in the large gattery a portrait by George Elmer Browne, who has been a president of the National Academy, and one by William M. Paxton, who is one of the best technicians in the country.

The portrait by Browne is enPortrait at Provincetown Show



PAINTING, "MRS. CAROLINE FISHER OF TRURO," BY LYDIA GIBSON

titled "My Wife," and it is a stunning bit of portrait painting—life size. The portrait by Paxton is of

size. The portrait by Paxton is of a young woman, painted with all the finesse of a Vermeer.

Another portrait which challenges attention—because it is so different—is by Coulton Waugh, and is entitled "Subway Girl." Her face is as white as white paint can make it. Her lips are scarlet, her fingernails rouged and polished, and her whole expression—as well as pose—is one of self-satisfaction.

her whole expression—as well as pose—is one of self-satisfaction.

There is a good "Portrait Study" of a boy by Henry Hensche—a virile bit of painting. There is character in the portrait of "Mrs. Caroline Fisher of Truro" by Lydia Gibson. The portrait of "Anni" by Barbara Comfort also challenges attention—especially the red coat.

"The Ancient Harpooner" by Lucy L'Engle—well, she has a sense of humor, and the same may be said of Jerry Farnsworth's "Spring Hat."

There are a few "abstractions" here that furnish food for reflection

here that furnish food for reflection, if nothing more. One is by Blanche Lazzell and the other by William L'Engle. The latter is entitled "Abstraction and Distraction." Another in the same class is "Mathematics" by Fritz Fuglister. Still another is "Gee See Dee Dix" by Fritz Pfieffer. All probably due to that Provincetown sunshine.

Tragedy of the Fishermen

But life is not all sunshine and fun for the fishermen and others who go out in all kinds of weather to the Georges Bank, 90 miles off the coast. And there is a group of artists who realize that fact. They live here all the year around. Such men as Ross Moffett, Frederick Waugh, John Whorf, Ted Lindenmuth and the late Charles Haw-

thorne—the man who really put Provincetown on the art map.

Provincetown on the art map.

These men paint—or have painted—the serious side of life here in Winter and Summer; in storm and sunshine. Ross Moffett has always sensed the tragedy of the fishermen—their calm doggedness and their "way of life." And Moffett is a fine painter. There is always a color harmony in his designs. Although not much more than a sketch, his "Spring on Harken's Run" is one of the gems of this exhibition. There is virility and character in Tod Lindenmuth's "In From the Sea."

Yes, there are a lot of good things in their exhibition. Here are a few

Yes, there are a lot of good things in their exhibition. Here are a few more: "Red Barns" by Yvonne Twining; "Female Torso" by Edwin Dickinson; "Overlooking Carver Street," by Vollian B. Rann; "Sea View" by Philip C. Malicoat; "Sand Dunes and Marshes" by Nina W. Skull; "Primroses and Freesias" by Marion Hawthorne; "Bailey's Bar" by William Franklin Draper; "Fall Flowers" by Ruth Patton Cooley.

And there are some splendid etchings and prints of various kinds in

ings and prints of various kinds in this exhibition.

ape will otherwise

By Jack FROST

Oldest Windmill on the Cape



From "A Cape Cod Sketch Book," by Jack Frost, Coward-McCann, Inc.

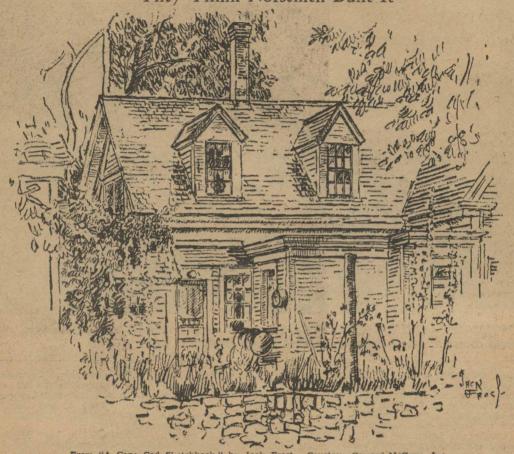
oset Road which states that it is the it was originally taken from Plym- Eastham in the early 1680's. oldest on the Cape, and since other outh across the bay to Province- When the wind is right the spinmerely indicated the date when it would bring it within the reign of the simple machinery.

There is a prominent sign in front was brought from Provincetown the famous millwright Tom Paine, of the Eastham windmill near Samover the road. The miller says that who built two similar machines in

towns which have windmills have town, where it remained from 1710 dle from the fan-shaft whirls at a let the marker stand for all visitors to 1715, in the region which is now great rate, turning the huge 3000to see, it is probably true. There called Truro. Thus the old mill may be used to be a sign "1793," but that have been built before 1700, which are 64 wooden and 16 iron cogs in

New England Sketchbook

They Think Norsemen Built It



From "A Cape Cod Sketchbook," by Jack Frost. Courtesy Coward-McCann, Inc.

dians in Bass Hole, Yarmouth, and the way back. buried on Hockanom Hill, Provinceval the wall which is thought to be shown in the above sketch. of Norse origin was built.

Historians say that in 1003 Leif, built is strange to the Cape. It is for Mr. Francis A. Paine. At the the son of Eric the Red, came to possible that it did come from Thor-depth of a few feet a wall of ma-Cape Cod from Labrador and Nova wald's land, probably serving as bal-sonry about three feet high and two Scotia. His brother Thorwald ar-last on the trip over. Because sand feet at the base came to view. Laid rived a few years later, and is sup- is easier to handle, sand was pos- in shell-lime mortar, and on a hard, posed to have been killed by In-sibly used instead of the stone on earthen floor of peat, clay and fine

towners seem to think that Thor- is in the town's museum, was found used in the famous but mysterious wald brought his boat ashore to beneath Mrs. A. W. McKennon's stone tower in Newport, R. I. Some mend it, and that during that inter- house, 7 Cottage st., Provincetown, day the wall will probably be a

The stone of which this wall is when the house was being erected tion.

white sand pounded together, these This historic wall, part of which stones are said to be like those monument; certainly it is a most fas-The relic was discovered in 1853 cinating bit that stirs the imagina-

Provincetown Is Famous For Art, Fishing, Sand Dunes

Hasty Visitors Find Only Carnival, Those Who Linger, Town of Charm

By LAWRENCE DAME (Herald Staff Reporter)

PROVINCETOWN, Aug. 10—For more than 300 years, this salty town of sea and dunes, art and fishing has tried to prove that the nich. There was the incident of Pilgrims made a great mistake. Because their tip-end of Cape Wagner's funeral in 1883. The art-Cod is crowded now with folk of all types seeking summertime ist was one of 10 torchbearers aspleasure natives infer that the point has been proved, that colonial forebears should have stayed when they landed Nov. 11, to Bayreuth. Frau Wagner had to be a proved of leaving for other parts. 1620, instead of leaving for other parts.

At any rate, Provincetown certainly offers immense variety possible, but Siegfried's Funeral It can be as exciting as a Coney Island midway, as Bohemian as March did sound as the train pulled Greenwich Village and Mantagement in a Bohemian as March did sound as the train pulled It can be as exciting as a Coney Island Midway, as Bolleman as a out.

Greenwich Village and Montparnasse in one, and as restful as a out.

"I can see it now," said the old man under the grape vines. "The

Harbor Shelters Fleet; Town, Variety of Arts

whaling days are over, still has importance. The harbor, formed with a flick-'o-the-tail by Father Neptune's mermaids, which gives it that perpetual curve, offers a safe haven for yachts and sailing craft. In the town are clustered authentic old Yankee homes, with flowered front yards on the sea, and the life along the narrow streets is a happy blend Yankee and Portuguese heritage. Here painting, sculpture and crafts-manship, nourished by the most in-tellectual of studio talk, thrive in an atmosphere of constant inspira-

an atmosphere of constant inspiration.

And every day in summer the trippers and the tourists come, only temporarily transforming the canny old settlement, where every one is permitted to live as he likes for an hour or two or for a lifetime.

When the daily steamer arrives from Boston to disgorge 1000 passengers for two hours of high-pressure sightseeing, Provincetown seems to have turned into a barker for a carnival, shouting out its mundane attractions and pirouetting madly for all comers. Buses and tourist cars roar round the Pilgrim monument, modelled after those grim stone towers of Siena and Florance, bounding from one point of interest to another. The souvenir shops fill to bursting and the hiss of frying fish and hot-dogs is drowned out only by the clinking of tash registers. For two hours, a down-east "Vie de Boheme" seems to have gone commercial. to have gone commercial.

This is the impression which some

ty visitors carry away. They never learn that Provincetown doffs the mummer's antics as soon as they leave and resumes again her true role, that of a wise, merry and tolerant old New England lady who knows that she has charm and wants to share it with appreciative souls. It is for this that artists, writers and other creative persons tome for a week and stay a year

Fishing, even though the old | ple stood round, wondering what the

nusic might be.

"Verlassen, verlassen, verlassen bin Ich," came the voice of a darksh man who strolled in the door. It was the song of the music box.

"Wie der Stoan auf der strassen bin Ich verlassen, verlassen bin ch," continued the visitor, likening h German dialect words the state

of his neglect to that of the stones in the street. The impromptu min- (while the winter skipper is a bearded strel, who made a strange hush fall upon the company, was Victor Sordan, refugee from Vienna, just come to town. Not a soul in the place! had ever seen him before.

Things like this roll.

on the rocks and the singing of the wind in the port. They are much more important than the highly imaginative popular idea of what goes on in the studios, places of hard work as well as of occasional, Joe Nunes is one of the Provi

Joe Nunes is one of the Province-town undertakers. But it is hard to die in the perfumed air of summer to die in the perfumed air of summer and the crispness of the winter nights. Joe, three years ago, invented a way of riding over the sand dunes, which have been pinned into place, so the wind won't blow them away, by specially planted grasses. The undertaker put huge balloon tires on his sightseeing cars and today trippers find new thrills coursing all over this Yankee desert land. Ingenuity is not dead down on the end of the Cape.

land. Ingenuity is not dead down on the end of the Cape.
And if you want to know what Provincetown was like more than 50 years ago, hunt up the grand old man of the art colony, I. H. "Pop" Coliga, probably to be found sitting under his wine grape vines in the yard of a house built with his own lands.

"I came here about 1885 the first time," said Mr. Caliga, who is a bit stooped in body but blithe of spirit. stooped in body but blithe of spirit. "Marcus Waterman was a leading member of my club, the Paint and Clay of Boston, and he kept saying to us, 'Come on down on the end of the Cape, see one of the most remarkable places in the country. Finally, we all took a trip down in imaginary land which the noted fecorator has dubbed "Ovence," a Provincetown-made music box on wheels, which looked as though it tame from the Midi or gavest Vianna, was tinkling out a tune. Peo-

magnificent, blinding white, without the grass there is now. The sand was always shifting. Marcus said it was like Algeria—he had just come from there—and he painted Sahara scenes here, with his pretty Italian model in desert costumes."

"Pop" Caliga's most vivid memories include art student days in Mu-

train made a lot of steam, and as the funeral march was played and the train moved away, steam formed wreaths all around the death car. One does not forget."

Oldest member of the Beachcombers' Club, Mr. Caliga still goes to the lively meetings of this mystic and convivial organization in its fish-house rooms attached to a public house known as the Flagship. "Skip-ort" of this extists." per" of this artists' and writers' group for this summer is Ted Robinson, Cleveland newspaper columnist and talented year-round resident, Philip Malicoat, the painter. Richard Miller, dean of the art association, is

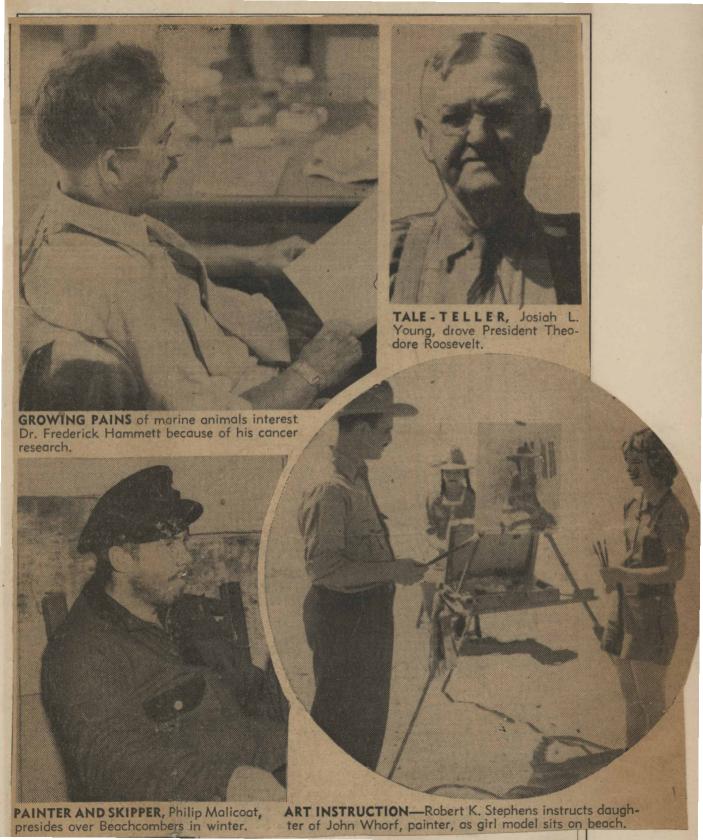
It was Mane Katz, refugee French painter, about to be initiated as a Beachcomber. They made him sing, and tell a hilarious tale of experiences with a fat lady on the boulevards and answer a barrage of questions which would have made Rabelais tongue-tied. But "Manny" survived, and became a beachcomber to the clinking of glasses. The club's ball will be Aug. 22.

The Flagship itself has two skippers. One is Manuel Patrick, who presides over this public hostelry. The other is Hilda Winslow Patrick, a graduate of Boston University who did graduate work at M. I. T., taught school in New Jersey while at Columbia and is an expert in public health work.

Mrs. Patrick, one of the town's leading young women (she is one of the world's few who offers to tell her own age and then sets the figure higher than she looks) is president of the Nautilus Club, which is the

higher than she looks) is president of the Nautilus Club, which is the principal woman's club here, whose 65 members keep busy in community

In addition, Mrs. Patrick is on the board of directors of the well-equipped Community Center and is representative for Provincetown of representative for Provincetown of the Barnstable county chapter of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. She is now studying Spanish in her brief spare time so as to take part in Ameri-canization work.



"There is no limit to her energy," says her husband. With their son, Robert, 13, the Patricks combed the beaches for material from shipwrecks to construct their night club and restaurant. The bars are made

and restaurant. The bars are made of dory sides.

People who want to see what an old-time Yankee shop looked like will not be content with gazing through the small-paned casement windows of Hilliard's ship-outfitting shop. Founded in 1838 as a ship chandlery to outfit whalers and Grand Bankers, Hilliard's now is managed by a dignified gentleman named Louis A. Law, town clerk and treasurer for a 10-year period some time ago. Lamp chinneys are only slightly more important than brimstone (for chasing rodents out of ships) on the old-fashioned shelves. Nearby on Hilliard's wharf is J. A. McGuire's colorful sail loft.

And just a bit down the street sits Josiah L. Young, with a bunch of cronies, when he is not in his shop selling antiques.

"I was the town cabby for years," recites. Mr. Young, who loves a

shop selling antiques.
"I was the town cabby for years," recites Mr. Young, who loves a whimsical joks. I retired seven years ago—of course I was tired all my life before then. I was the old original accommodation driver and they remember me from the wilds of Rooshia to Nantucket.
"Worst day's work I ever had was

"Worst day's work I ever had was driving Teddy Roosevelt on Aug. 20, 1907, when he came here to lay the cornerstone of the Pilgrim monument. What a responsibility!"

Mr. Young will show a faded old photograph of himself on the box, with the President in the seat behind. Both wore toppers and it is hard to say which looks the more distinguished.

distinguished.

The town crier of Provincetown this year, more for putting the town in the world's eye than for shouting town business, is Charles Walton, once a New York play producer and movie director. New at the task, he likes it, is affable, gets acquainted with all, and easily makes friends of mocking children who yell, of mocking children who yell, "Heigh ho, Silver," when they spy him in Pilgrim costume.

station and their job is to watch over planes as well as ships. A land plane was fished out of the sea July 29. Susan Glaspell and Mary Heaton Vorse are among the novelists who have chosen homes in Provincetown. John Dos Passos is another carry-ing on where his friends Eugene O'Neill and Sinclair Lewis used to

Just now, Mrs. Vorse locks her-self in the attic of her public lodging house when she wants to write. She is working on a history of these times, from 35 years back, as symbolized by the changes in life in Provincetown.

Art on the Beach

work.

"Everything that has happened in the outside world has happened here," says Mrs. Vorse. "I am trying to show that town life is a mirror in reverse of world conditions. When I first came here, 35 or so years ago, the town was sort of down-atheels and fishing was more important than tourists.

"I can recall the great fishing boats going out, 125 feet long, spick and span as yachts, with crews of 25 men aboard."

center of the town. Charles Haw-thorne, the late great teacher, in-augurated this method of study. And augurated this method of study. And why? Tourists often ask. Actually, the purpose is not to catch likenesses of models, but to study the combination of light and form. It is an art problem, essential to progress. If the children of the town grow up into extraordinarily placid adults, it is because they sit for hours, silent and staring, as artists' models, Experimental pictures painted by students on the beach are hardly saleable and are known locally as "mudheads."

Delvers into history will be pleased to look into the local museum. Miss, Elsie Long is curator. One of the proudest exhibits is a white wolf, captured by a son of Provincetown, Donald B. MacMillan.

Poet of the dunes is Harry Kemp,

whose voice may be heard but who is rarely seen outside his retreat the South Side. Cap'n Ed Walter Smith, though blind, is as keen as a harpoon blade and can tell many a tale of olden times. In British war a take of older times. It is a relief work is Mrs. Darrow Adams. For years, Mrs. Julia Hopkins, a real Cape Codder, ran the Advocate, a weekly newspaper now edited by Pail George Lambert. Heaton and Daphne Vorse, the former a son of the novelist, get out a polite gossip sheet called "The Log." Dr. Carl Murcescn, formerly of Worcester, finds the town so soothing that he dits five psychological magazines. inds the town so soothing that he edits five psychological magazines from his home. Over near the dunes, Maline Costa, with puckish Ned Poynter as his barkeep, runs an establishment more like a museum, with implements of whaling days, than like a pub.

"We can use 2000 volunteers"

"We can use 2000 volunteers." The speaker is not an army recruiting sergeant, but a soft-spoken retired naval commander, A. D. Turn-bull, in charge of civilian defense activities which, in view of its ex-posed position, the town is taking

with growing seriousness

It is not strange that Commander Turnbull is in charge of defense, unhim in Pilgrim costume.

Nearly every one goes to the Race der the state set-up. For years, he Point Coast Guard station at one time or another. Some come as about preparedness, and writing wrecks from the sea, for this is a about it, too. In the World War, bedangerous surf boat station, and others as wrecks from the land. Manuel Enrique, officer in charge, has been in service 22 years, and so has his trusty look-out, Bos'ns. Mate, First Class, Daniel C. McInnis. There are 10 men at the station and their job is to watch over titled to wear the Distinguished Service Cross, the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor and the order of the Belgian Crown. He is the sort of man who gets things under way.

Four hundred are now registered in the defense effort here and there is plenty of room for more. Clinton Owen, manager of a lumber company, is chief air raid warden; Dr. Thomas Perry has first aid work; the town is divided into five fire zones and every house which could zones and every house which could serve as a dressing station is being listed. Artists are giving posters as an impetus to recruiting. Not only has a motor corps been organized for evacuation, but the Province-town fleet has been marshalled un-der Capt. Manuel Gracie, former Coast Guard skipper for refreet by Coast Guard skipper, for retreat by

Sixty women are enrolled in home nursing and nutrition courses. Mrs. Norman Cook is active in canteen work. Sixty additional firemen will be ready to join Chief Julian Lewis'

force in an emergency. The same goes for police.

Alton Ramey, superintendent of schools, is field head of the emergency ambulance service; Dr. Frank O. Cass is chairman of medical details, Mrs. Harland Crooker put over tails, Mrs. Harland Crooker put over the aluminum drive, and Mrs. John Connell is chairman of the women's Connell is chairman of the women's grand-g

daugnter of Julia Ward Howe, MIS.
Julia Ward Howe Stickley, wife of Julia Ward Howe Stickley, whe of a naval commander, is secretary to Commander Turnbull, Head of the protection division is William Gil-man of the power company, and Frank Days, a builder, is in charge of service and supplies. Horace Halof service and supplies. Horace Hallett, president of the First National Bank, is treasurer of defense. Paul Smith, the bookshop man, publicizes all this, and Ralph Carpenter, real estate, has charge of planning.

Although the famous Wharf Theater of O'Neill days is no more, its

tradition is being carried on in a theater owned by Heinrich Pfeiffer, the artists' colorman, by the New England Repertory Company, which has its showhouse in the Barn in Boston winters. Edwin Burr Pettet is director and Catharine Hunting-ton of Pinckney street, Boston, is

This writer went to Provincetown This writer went to Provincetown this summer to interview an unusual artist, John "Kitty" Enos. But Mr. Enos died on the day of arrival. You will see crossed palm leaves, the traditional artists' tribute to the fallen, above his unusual paintings in the gallery of the Provincetown Art Association.

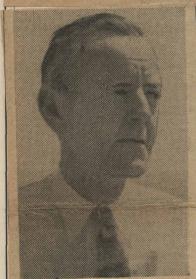
Three years ago, "Kitty" was a little old fisherman. But he fell off his roof while shingling and decided to go in for painting clam shells. "If he'd fallen off on the other side, he'd have been a writer," said Mrs. Enos, with Cape humor. Anyhow, artists saw Kitty standing on the steamer wharf before a long line of painted shells. They thought he did them rather well. Peter Hunt and others encouraged the man and he blossomed into a painter of canvasses in the primitive manner. Julian Levy gave him a show in New York last year—and that means something in American art circles. You may see the painted shells at Peter Hunt's, and the paintings there and at the gallery. Kitty took fame as gracefully as he accepted death. his roof while shingling and decided

Standards Higher

Painters and sculptors of the art association have higher standards this year than for a long time. It is impossible to mention more than a few, typical of the whole in spirit, at least. John Whorf turns out water colors in and about "the oldest house in town," once Hawthorne's domicile. Bruce McKain, director of the association, and Thomas Blakeman of Truro, president, think they have a grand show in the gallery. Charles Derby's rakish and woe-begone "Hangover" is a masterpiece of genre. Harold Keppel offers a fantastic marine. John and Dorothy Gregory and Tod Lindenmuth are as popular as ever. Charles Heinz, once a farmer, cannot be ignored. Nor can the etcher, W. H. W. Bicknell, nor John Davenport, a versatile sculptor, and V. B. Rann, bright in color. John Frazier is famous, like Vernon Smith, and Langston Moffett worked with the writer as a newspaperman in Paris, and a good one, though whimsical, long before he dreamed of painting, Nicholas Afon is a newcomer, a Russian, with a distinguished war career and narrow escapes from have a grand show in the gallery. career and narrow escapes from Reds. Van Derek is a craftsman noted for jewelry and Boggar, Jr., works in bronze, particularly sun dials. Hjalmar Amundsen, nephew of the explorer, does seascapes. There are many other who find their

are not fishermen. Out of their work may come knowledge of cancer and its mysteries. For across the bay in Truro is a marine experimental bureau headed by Dr. Stanley P. Reimann of Philadelphia, with Dr. Frederick Hammett, a native of Chelsea, as medical scientist, here 22 years. Dr. Hammet long had his laboratory over his garage in Provincetown. The waters round here, which recede rapidly, leave sea creatures gasping on the beach, and scientists are studying their growth so that they can learn how cancer grows. It is a matter of getting back to elemental things and working up.

And all these help make up the variety of Provincetown, a place of serious things as well as gay.



DEFENSE CHIEF, Cmdr. A. D. Turnbull, U. S. N., retired.



HILDA WINSLOW PAT- RICK, prominent in town and club affairs.



COAST GUARDSMEN Manuel Enrique and Dan McInnis, right, enjoy sunny day at Race Point.



GRAND OLD MAN, I. H. Caliga, 84, painted in Provincetown in 1885.



From the Jacket Design by Norman Reeves for "Time and the Town."

The Place and the People That

In "Time and the Town" Mary

Are Provincetown

Heaton Vorse Writes a Chronicle of Varied Interest

TIME AND THE TOWN: A Provincetown Chronicle. By Mary Heaton Vorse. With decorative map by Coulton Waugh. 372 pp. New York: The Dial Press. \$3.

By KATHERINE WOODS

HEN Mary Heaton Vorse had lived for thirty-five years in Provincetown a village neighbor said, "We've gotten to think of you as one of us." And she could appreciate the compliment of that acceptance, after long novitiate. Yet Provincetown, historically clothed in self-sufficiency, is nevertheless a conscious participant in far-flung affairs. It is proud to believe that from its harbor steamed the patrol for the historic meeting of the Atlantic Charter. When the submarine S-4 was sunk in near-by waters fifteen years ago, people were crying in every house-and cursing, too-and every year taps are sounded in St. Mary of the Harbor for those unforgotten dead. Over Mrs. Vorse's own house hover living memories of the whalers who built it, and of elegancies brought to Provincetown from half a world away. Every now and then the shifting sand uncovers the skeleton of the British man-of-war wrecked here in the eighteenth century. And although Provincetown is nothing if not individual, it is yet in a sense almost a microcosm, an expression of both stability and change. To Mary Heaton Vorse it was home from the moment she saw it. So, lovingly, she has written this book.

It is not a book about the Provincetown Players, or the S though Provincetown painters, these have their part in it. Certainly it is not a book about those "Summer people" and their pastimes that have given the place the reputation of a migratory station for strange birds. "Time and the Town" is just what its name suggests: a book. through the years into today, of the place and people that are Provincetown. To both place and people Mrs. Vorse gives a mellow and sensitive responsiveness, lusty or delicate as the need may be. The genius loci, in every sense, has companioned her years in Provincetown. And an all-embracing sense of life fills a very

fine book.

Condescending ignorance may call the place "quaint"; but it is not quaint, says Mrs. Vorse in her first chapter. "It is a serious town. Provincetown lives by skill and daring, by luck and chance, for fishing is an immense gamble -riches on the one hand and death on the other. People here have been nourished by beauty and change and danger." Its annals are of the mortal sport of the sea, and of great sea captains, and of beautiful, strong boats, and of storms. The ways of the sea have entered into the town's idiom, as where a cemetery sign forbids "cruising" over the graves, and children playing soldiers obey their captain's command to "back water." Eugene O'Neill based a tragic drama on the story of one captain's wife, but there were women a-plenty

whose seafaring carried adjustment along with valor—like Mrs. Lavender, who navigated her husband's packet across the ocean to Havre when he fell ill.

Captain Kendrick, who drove the stage which was descriptively called the "accommodation," used to say that he hadn't followed the sea any to speak of ("never did go fishin' more 'n a matter o' eighteen year"), but he was full of salty tales as of kindnesses. "Fish are queer people. Don't let any one tell you different," he'd say. And then he'd help a lame woman aboard the bus ("Can't take money off her. She's crippled"), and explain a little later why he let a whole seat be filled by children regularly riding up and down the town, free: | "Couldn't take their money. Lost their pa last year. Drowned. They got to get an outin' sometime."

There has been plenty of generosity here, and plenty of toughness; curious reversions, too. During that strange interlude of prohibition, the cry of "Likker ashore!" from a wrecked rumboat would set respectable citizens to greedy thieving, and turn boys into hijackers. But even during those tumultuous years of dizziness and aberration-which Mrs. Vorse describes with haunting clarity-Provincetowners kept a ballast of hard common sense, as her shrewd and humorous stories show. And the town has also

had a bountiful share of natural gusto in living, swiftness in laughter and song and festival. For these, as for some of the

Cape's odd and charming legends, the Portuguese may be largely thanked—those lively, vigorous folk who were brought as boat hands from the Azores and settled down beside the Provincetown Yankees in mutual esteem and amity. There was a sad time, in the tragic sweep of intolerance after the last war, when these families of foreign descent and un-Yankee faith were made to feel an ugly discrimination to which they naturally responded; but Mrs. Vorse thinks those wounds are healed now. Along with cohesion in internal contrast, however, an outstanding feature of Provincetown change.

The land itself is continually changing, as the dunes push back the forests and the coast is shifted by the sea. Mrs. Vorse has a century-old map which "shows that clams are now dug where there were once planted fields and that vessels now sail over old pastures." And the town has changed and changed again, as the old salt industry prospered and perished, as the great days of whaling came and went, as fresh fish transportation put the salt fisheries to flight, and then as fishing itself became mechanized to a point not far from suicide. In recent years Provincetown has been a resort for motor-borne tourists. But now-for that magnificent yet vulnerable harbor, for hard-nurtured what will be war's avatar?

All this and much more Mary Heaton Vorse has pictured in a

multitude of clear strokes, to make her large panorama. In that panorama the Provincetown Players, of course, have a conspicuous position, in a report which is comprehensive though brief. Eugene O'Neill moves in and out of the picture. The theatre springs into being ("one of those explosions of talent which from time to time transform art and science"), and Susan Glaspell and Wilbur Daniel Steele make their still unforgotten contributions to its first program. Jack Reed is there by the wharves. Young "Red" Lewisburned plum-color and never still is picked out by an elderly soldier of fortune as "the fellow who'd have staying power in desert warfare." Of the Provincetown painters Mrs. Vorse writes also with appreciation and clarity: Charles Hawthorne and Frederick Waugh, long loved by the townspeople; the younger men; the extreme moderns; the opposing schools of painting, in short, so vigorously represented on the wharves and beaches and streets and dunes. They weren't set apart, these hard workers. But the tourists' most frequent question has been, "Where is the art colony?" And just recently a firm-looking old lady stepped up to Mrs. Vorse on her own beach and demanded—as with accusation of something withheld-"Where will I find the celebrities?"

Many notes in this "Provincetown chronicle" reflect currents running through the nation as a whole, and one never forgets that Mary Heaton Vorse combines clear thought with burning social consciousness, down to her keen strong protests against recent isolationist blindness and complacency. But if Provincetown is shown as an arc in the nation's circle, its unique quality is seen no less. It is unique in the austere beauty of its wild wind-patterned dunes, in the healing closeness of its back-country (riot of color, shy little earth creatures, secret ponds and migratory birds pausing above a land that seems always remote).

The story of "Time and the Town" becomes in some measure the story of its author: of her personal relations with her ancient house, of her response to all the strong beauty of land and sea and to the fine tales of courage and humor and pungent individuality with which her book is studded, of joy and sorrow and it is the chronicle of Provincetown that is important. With something of the quality pre-V eminently shown in "Cross Creek," the place itself, in its living wholeness, has been made the

to Rockport Howl Shack 'Lifted' Over Book Cover

Colony's Motif No. 1 Comes Off: North Shore Artist to Do Provincetown Scene

ROCKPORT, July 20-The artists' colony, in a positive dither since the appearance of Rockport's nationallyknown "Motif No. 1" on the cover of a book portraying Provincetown, was mollified today when one of their number was selected to "do" a new cover, depicting a Provincetown scene.

Publishers of the new volume, Mary Heaton Vorse's "Time and the Town," were deluged with telegrams and temperamental notes since Rockport's treasured motif known to all artists — a weather-beaten shack owned by artist John M. Buckley-was used as the jacket

decorative piece.
Rockport article tonight when w Rockport artists were delighted tonight when word came that the publishers, Dial Press, had commissioned artist Buckley to select and depict a typical Provincetown vista, for substitution in all later printings for the Rockport cover now enveloping the Provincetown

Buckley plans to move into Provincetown tomorrow—"That's if find anything in that village can find anything in that village equalling our Rockport motif," he said. Accompanying him will be a small group of Rockport artists to assist in selection of material.

Titillating the Rockport geniuses tonight was the report that Province town had some artist residents.

incetown had some artist residents, and the Rockporters expressed the hope of meeting and studying these individuals during the sojourn on

PROVINCETOWN ENDS A LITTLE SQUABBLE

Discounts Rockport Gloatings Over a Book-Cover Picture

PROVINCETOWN, Mass., July 18 (A)-This Summer colony of fishermen and artists dismissed as "a little squabble" today the gloatchange and companionship. But ting of its rival art village, Rockport, that one of its scenes was pictured on the jacket of a new rs" are of a much book about Provincetown.

A telegram from Aldo Hibbard, president of the Rockport Art Association, to the Provincetown Board of Trade concerning the hero of a full-charged and beaubook by Mary Heaton Vorse said duced" for a book cover.

But N. Edwin Lewis, chairman of the Provincetown Board of Selectmen, had only the following to

say:
"We have a lot of serious problems as the result of the war and we don't want to get into these lit-tle squabbles."

Publishers Yield Rockport Fish

Selectmen Protest To Book Publishers

[Special Dispatch to The Herald] ROCKPORT, July 16-The seething and moaning that visitors heard here today didn't come from the sea beating against the shore, it was the indignation of the people of the town, particularly the artists, writers and business men.

In short, it is because the jacket of Mary Heaton Vorse's book, "Time and the Town: A Provincetown Chronicle," bears a reproduction of a Rockport fishing shack, long known to artists as "Motif One," which has probably been painted by more artists than any other subject in America, at least so the natives

The book, dealing of course with Provincetown, is a volume of 372 pages, and it was reviewed day beyesterday by Alice Dixon Bond in The Herald.

During American national convention parade in Chicago in 1932 the Rockport Legionnaires took first prize with their float which depicted the local fishing shack—the same shack that now adornes the book written about Provincetown.

The shack is now a studio owned by John M. Buckley, a well-known artist. Today Buckley sent a gram of protest to the publishers, the Dial Press. Lewis Whitney, the Dial Press. Lewis Whitney, acting president of the Rockport board of trade, sent a protest to the Provincetown board of selectmen, referring to their "weak struggle to keep Provincetown on the artistic map," and Aldro T. Hibbard, president of the Rockland Art Associates. sent a protest to the author of the

They said that this was only the beginning.

mploy competent its manufacture:

nber of imperfect if the files had when the causes exist, it is evident

Hurricane Flays Town Fish Traps In Ruins Boats Lost-Damaged

Sept 21, 1944

Provincetown Shows Amazing Recovery As It Digs Itself Out Of Maze Of Huge

Fitablished Light And Fallen Trees And Debris-Outside Communications Established-Light And Power Come On-First Estimate Of Damage Puts Figure at \$500,000-Army, Coast Guard, Navy, State Guard And All Other Agencies Do Invaluable Work

Prelude To Disaster

Afternoon, September 14 . . . This morning the sun its awful power beyond need of furcame out finally, but a heavy atmosphere of deadly quiether proof and was moving on ness permeated everything. Throughout the morning there was scarcely any movement in the air at all. The harbor was quiet. The shores of Truro clear. About midmorning two square red flags moved up to the top of the staff on Monument Hill. They have square black centers, and they mean HURRICANE.

The Coast Guard has called all of its men back from leaves and liberty to their stations—to Wood End, to Race gone in Burch's Bakery. Town Hall Point, to Highland, and to the other stations along the Cape. Fishing boats have tied up to their moorings and those who haven't any are using government moorings. gone in the Mind-way Grill and two

All Navy craft left this morning for the shelter of the Canal and those whose pleasure sailboats are in the water have put down double sea anchors.

So we wait in absolute quietness for the night and what it may bring . . . lower caper in last Thursday's issue.

feebly candle-lighted room of an old By eleven it was 55, with gusts to building that had been tortured 65, from the southeast and the sea, through three endless hours of hur- with a tide just ebbing, was sluicing

By that time the wind had slowed hurricane was starting. down to a 60-mile drive. The rain had stopped. A State Guard near the Post Office said, "No smoking" and then added that Leno Dutra's ashore in back of the building. Pushblasts of wind brought the odor of other, and the beach several miles all of I long! It sounded like the overture cut off. to tradegy and disaster. Postmaster Bill Cabral was standing by his post cane seemed to strike, as the M. I. T. office in the shelter of the portico. measurements at the Race Point ex-For a minute we watched the old perimental station later proved it horse chestnut tree in Mattie Atkins' front yard fighting the gale to stand and live, and then went up to see Lieut. H. J. Larrabee, assistant Captain of the port, sitting near the phone in the light of a smokey lantern. It was too soon for any news.

At that time no one knew what had really happened, but there was the smell of doom in the awful darkness that had diminished its screaming and crashing to a dull roaring. All of it seemed so unreal, so impossible-the radio warnings, the

It was about 2:30 the next—Friday cautions. Even the hurricane had morning when it seemed imposinished itself gradually with a sible to stay inside any longer, in a fresh 40-mile breeze at ten o'clock. and smashing along the shore. The

Lights Go Out

By this time, in many places in town, electric wires had rubbed off their insulation against poles, tree gas boat, the Elsie Howard, was limbs, houses and against each other, sending out white flashes. Then at 11.11 it was impossible to hold the fresh gasoline. "Any others?" "Yes switches at the Provincetown Light the Dorothy is right along side." and Power plant against the auto-Two within a few yards of each matic throw-outs and the current to other, and the beach several miles all of Provincetown and Truro was

> And right then is when the hurrimeasurements at the Race Point exdid. Savage 80-mile gusts cut and wrenched. Minute by minute the power of the wind increased until midnight had come and passed with the height of the hurricane at 93 miles an hour and gusts up to 100. For an interminable hour the end of the Cape was blasted by an 87mile wind. Through its howling could be heard the crashing of glass, the thud of falling bricks and the tearing of branches.

It was shortly after two in the morning when the hurricane began

been driving like bullets had subsided. The wind had demonstrated

Scenes along Commercial street were sickening. The Atlantic House sign swung crazily and it had broken one of the big windows in Matta's store. The street was strewn with branches and tangled wire. One of the Yarmouth Florist windows was bellied in and a couple of panes were was surrounded with fallen branches and twisted trees. A window was gone in the Mid-Way Grill and two

Canned fruit and vegetables spilled into the street when the front window of the First National Store crashed. The huge elm that was the glory of middle Commercial street in Joe Sylvia's yard was uprooted and lay against the roof of his house. A tree in front of the library had been knocked down and the chimney had gone through the roof.

Big Trees Down

The big tree in front of the Pilgrim House was flat and the Captain Alec Kemp and Katherine McLeod houses near the corner of Center street were damaged and obscured by the great elms which had fallen on them. A huge tree completely blocked Center street. Further along could be seen more of Provincetown's finest trees tilted at rakish angles or lying over houses.

It was the same to the west'ard. Big trees had fallen on each side of Filmore Miller's house, one of them blocking Court street and another crashing through the peak of the roof of the house formerly owned by Angie Fuller. The tree in front of the Centenary Church was down and Winthrop street was blocked. Charles Rogers' front doorway appeared to be barricaded and it developed that the roof of Phebe Freeman's porch in the rear had blown off, sheared neatly the Rogers' chimney and had landed smack against his front door. When he looked out he thought sure it was a dory standing upright on his porch.

George Allen's front windows were gone and Bill Hannum's big elm lay against his roof and his chimney on pleas by the governor, the pre- dying down. The rain which had the ground. One of the tall elms in

front of Josette's was held up only by the electric light cable and wires. Further along, around Kelly's Corner several of the largest trees were leaning against houses. The open Town parking space at the West End let the full force of the huricane hit the big trees along the street and one lies over on Josephine Blanchard's house. John Whorf will have to have one of his trees cut down. Ursula Maine's house was damaged slightly by falling trees.

The scene in those dark hours of early morning was too disheartening to be real, but shortly after dawn all Provincetown was out to take stock of the damage done by the worst blow in all its history-a blow that made the huricane of 1938 seem like a pleasant zephyr.

Streets Blocked

The great elm between the two gas pumps of Mac's filling station on Bradford street was lying across the highway and the pumps had been uprooted. Early in the morning a crew of Navy men from the barracks across the street tackled the job with axe and saw and soon the street was

Only two large windows, already mentioned, were broken in the business section and comparatively few smaller windows, but innumerable panes were smashed in private homes by flying debris. In one of Dr. Daniel H. Hiebert's cottages in the East End more than 30 panes were broken much broken glass. The grand big tree in front of Marjorie and Joe Oliver's Colonial Inn went down.

The enormous but partially dead tree on the east side of the Waugh house went down, blocked Nickerson street and ripped out a few palings of Filmore Miller's fence, and another tree fell against the house of Chauncey Hackett on Nickerson street. The old willows in the rear of the Oldest House in the West End, now owned by John Gregory went down spoiling for years to come the vistas they made on Soper street and the lane to the west, and blocking both.

A huge elm in Masonic Place toppled over and its roots upearthed an old-time marble property marker. The roof of the house of Grace Hall on Bradford street hill was badly punctured by the wind and many roofs in town were partially denuded of their shingles which littered streets and yards. A couple of trees fell in Leah Donnelly's yard but did practically no damage to the house. Part of Clarence Curley's chimney toppled to the ground and the rest went through his roof. Francis Carreiro's roof at the corner of Franklin and Tremont was badly damaged when a heavy branch, fallen from the tree across the street, was removed.

Digging Out

As Provincetown digs itself out of the debris of the worst blow in its history, aided materially by Navy men and equipment under Lieut. Gage Whittier, and a crew of huz ky young fellows under Highway Superintendent Leo Silva, and re-

ports come in from othe the Cape and from the Islands of damage done there, Cape Enders are once again congratulating themselves on their comparatively small Insses

Perhaps the greatest single loss of the total, now estimated at about \$500,000, was sustained by the fish trap industry, with the Atlantic Coast Fisheries, the Provincetown Cold Storage and the Pond Village Freezer of North Truro, the biggest losers. Of the 32 traps that were fishing, only two, those of Captain Simmons, are still operating. The rest are wrecks. Only five or six out of 65 to 70 of the expensive 60 and 70-foot poles remain in some, practically all of the nets are gone, and very little can be salvaged. The loss to the traps, apart from the substantial revenue that will be cut off for the remainder of the season is estimated at \$120,000. This loss may have a serious effect on fish handling and freezer employment.

The damage to the fishing fleet was serious as many boats badly damaged and a few are listed as a complete loss. Captain Bill Cabral's Rosamond which went ashore near the Grozier park is a total loss. Captain Louis Cordeirro sold the remains of his Bocage for a few dollars. The Theresa R., Captain Frank Flores, is a wreck and it tore out a stretch of spilings from the Cape Cod Cold Storage and the Collins Guest House suffered catwalk when it came ashore. Captain Frank Raymond's Dorothy lies high on the beach in back of the Paige Garage, with two holes stove in it, and it is a question whether it can be saved.

Valiant Work

Members of the Coast Guard Auxiliary who did valiant work throughout the black hurricane tried to save Albert Avellar's Blue Gull as wave after wave almost landed it on Higgins Wharf, but when a live wire came down the effort had to be abandoned and the boat crashed itself and much of the wharf supporting the Higgins Lumber Company Office, to pieces.

Frank Aresta's gas dory may become the mystery craft of the harbor with bits of it turning up through the years. Only the mast, so far, has been found. The Lillian B., owned by Edward Loring of New Bedford, is badly wrecked and lies against the seawall of Charles Rogers' home. John Parrone's Elizabeth is a total loss, and the wreckage of a number of smaller boats lies strewn along the entire shore.

But other boats sustained damages which will be costly to repair and which will put them out of commission for some time to come. After unsuccessful efforts by heavy Coast Guard converted beam trawlers Sunday noon, Leno Dutra's gas boat, the Elsie Howard was floated the following day, but her rudder is gone and rudder post twisted and examination may reveal further damage. Captain David Souza's Fannie Parnell took a terrific beating, her stern smashed and engine house roof torn off. But several other draggers that came ashore were practically unhurt.

Estimates of hurricane costs at this time are futile. The expense of removing heavy trees will be great, running from \$100 to four and five hundred for each tree. Only careful inspection of boats will reveal the amount of repairs needed. Stretches of sidewalk along Commercial Street, pulled up by the roots of trees must be replaced. The Town building on Railroad Wharf must be re-roofed. The heavy slate roof on Town Hall has been badly damaged and unless costly repairs are soon made the interior may suffer seriously in the next storm. Much damage will not be revealed until the next sou'easter blow.

The Beach Point section, where the greatest amount of damage was expected, emerged practically unscathed. The most serious damage was to one of the Beardsley cottages which had a porch blown and front battered. Miss Leona J. Wagner and Judge Robert A. Welsh lost garages. Shingles and shutters were blown off a number of cottages and minor damagees wrought.

Property along the shorefront also escaped any serious injury. Some porches were blown or washed away, John Craig again lost a part of the roof of his shore house, bulkheads were probably badly strained and the sea washed out a section of the bulkhead along the old Fishermen's Cold Storage site, threatening a trap boat on the cradle. A section of the Provincetown Cold Storage catwalk is down and the building at the end of it gone. Practically all of the roof of the "Loafers' & Lyars' " Club shed opposite the Oldest House is gone, and a big storage shed of Frank A. Days on Court

Street is twisted into a shambles. A large dead tree ploughed through Jim Batt's house between central Commercial and Bradford Streets and two large trees on Louis Law's property did some damage when they they fell. Frank Freeland's beautiful trees which made his Cottage Street home, "Shadow Lawn," one of the beauty spots of the town are a broken, twisted mess.

Recovery Fast

But Provincetown's recovery is

amazing. Yesterday Chairman of the Board of Selectmen Irving S. Rogers, was able to announce that, with the invaluable help of the Navy men, the Navy crane which handled the heavy trees, operators who knew how to use it, and the strong young fellows helping the Street Department, that all streets had been cleared and that the town was fully week ahead of its cleanup schedule. State officials, includ-

ing Public Works Commissioner Herman A. MacDonald, and State Police officials who came to inspect on Tuesday were astonished with the progress already made. The Town Hall plaza has been completely cleared and again looks immacu-

Equally amazing is the restoration of electric light and power by

the Provincetown Light & Power Company. When it was certain lilary were on constant duty. that the hurricane would hit Provincetown with full force, Chief Engineer Ray Ham began preparations. Additional trucks were readied and throughout the worst of the blow eight men stood by in the Light Company office. At 3 Friday morning one gang went to Truro and another went to work in town, starting first to restore the primary lines. By 10 o'clock most of this work had been completed and it was finished by Saturday in both towns, with the men working continuously from 3 Friday morning until midnight, and 18 hours on Saturday. By Sunday at 5 p. m. 80 per cent of the comercial electricity and 70 per cent of domestic were again in operation in Provincetown and 60 per cent in Truro. The longest period the power was off in the cold storage plants was 18 hours, which was well within the safety margin. Last night the street lights were turned on in the East End for the first time since the storm and it is expected that all of them will be in use tonight. A falling limb on a feed line in front of "Biska" Taves' house on Commercial Street again cut off the power Tuesday night in the West End for five hours.

William F. Gilman, general manager of the company, said yesterday that the greatest damage was from falling trees and flying debris but the storm dislocated outside equipment so severely that a year of steady work will be required to put everything back in its original condition.

Praise For Operators

In paying high tribute to the skillful, loyal and dogged work of the company employees, and to the highly intelligent cooperation of the operators at the local telephone exchange, Mr. Gilman said that the second telephone call to reach outside was from the company with an urgent plea for men, materials and additional equipment. Coast Guard and Army officials also helped rig up this urgent call, when all telephone and telegraph communication was out, he said.

The utter dependence upon electric current was demonstrated right after the end of the storm when it was impossible to get gasoline, news by radio, ice cream, toast, coffee and many other things usually taken for granted.

Selectman Rogers today described the preliminary organization for the coming storm and the work done by the various agencies during and afterward. Chief John Rego had his full force of policemen on duty and the prowl car ready. Superintendent Leo Silva of the Highway Department equipped an extra truck with lanterns, ropes, a rescue dory and other aids, and stood by with his full force. Each of the firehouses was manned all night. Captain David J. Murphy called out the full company of the Provincetown State Guard and set up quarters in the Town Hall basement, All

members of the Coast Guard Aux-

Plans Made

During the day Horace F. Hallett, Cape Cod chairman of the Red Cross, had notified Mrs. Louise Baumgartner of the Canteen Committee to stand by with her workers and Mrs. William Mayo, chairman of the Motor Corps, to be ready with her assistants. He alerted Disaster Chairman, Warren Boothby of South Yarmouth, to organize the remainder of the Cape Ried Cross agencies, as well as Rowley Brockway, vice chairman of West Barnstable. Then he contacted Superintendent of Schools, Alton E. Ramey, and Sivert J. Benson, chairman of the School Committee for the use of the Governor Bradford and High School buildings for evacuees. At the warning of the Governor to evacuate shore properties, the police car was sent to Beach Point by Selectman Rogers and all residents were warned to come to the High School in Provincetown. Almost 60 civilians obeyed the summons and the State Guard moved in Red Cross cots and blankets for their use. The Canteen workers provided sandwiches and coffee with fruit juice, oatmeal and coffee for breakfast in the morning. In

addition the Canteen provided food and coffee for highway workers, firemen, police, State Guard members, First Aid, and Navy and Coast Guard personnel-in all about 300. Men from the Navy trailers in the Town parking space near Jolly Jack's were evacuated to the High School as well.

Mr. Hallett paid tribute to work done by Mrs. Norman Cook of the Red Cross Home Service in the storm's aftermath in managing to get information to frantic relatives and friends cut off from Province-

Selectmen Rogers said that it was impossible to single out any one agency among the many who helped so greatly during the storm, because all did everything within their power, and beyond, to assist. He denied that the town had been under martial law at any time and said that the State Guard had been called out for emergency work and this had been invaluable. The bars were closed on Friday and Saturday nights at 6 to simplify the situation and eliminate unnecessary confusion at a time when public agencies and private citizens for a new Wellfleet chapel. had their hands full already.

State Police Help

Appreciation was expressed for the cooperation of the State Police who provided the town with a radio transmitter and operator Saturday morning and a radio phone on Sunday for urgent messages. Public Safety Commissioner John F. Stokes and State Police Lieut. John Dempsey arrived Saturday night to ascertain the needs of the town, and representatives of the State Health Department were here to check on the water and other conditions.

Selectman Rogers said that the

the various agencies and the prevention of overlapping was due in no small measure to the way in which the telephone operators used their heads and their ingenuity, often preventing the concentration of aid in one place and the neglect of others.

Yesterday Roger Gott, district manager for the telephone company at Hyannis, said that Provincetown had suffered far less in its telephone service break than many other places on Cape Cod. By yesterday morning at 10 toll service was again normal with no delays, but Wellfleet, because of two heavy trees across the cable, has about 60 per cent of its service out of order 'at present. 'The exchange here, Mr. Gott said, began to lose power about '10 Thursday night and another battery was rushed here, arriving Fri-'day afternoon. This supplied current until 10:45 Saturday morning when hand generators were used. 'At 10 o'clock Sunday morning a radio telephone service was installed for urgent calls and toll calls on an emergency basis. The first land circuit was restored at 4 Sunday afternoon and two more were put into service Monday morning.

Truro And Wellfleet

Truro suffered more than Provincetown when the electric current failed because its people are dependent for water on their electric pumps. Much damage was also done in the town by falling trees.

The greatest damage, however, was wrought to the traps which were wiped out by the storm and at least one trap boat wrecked.

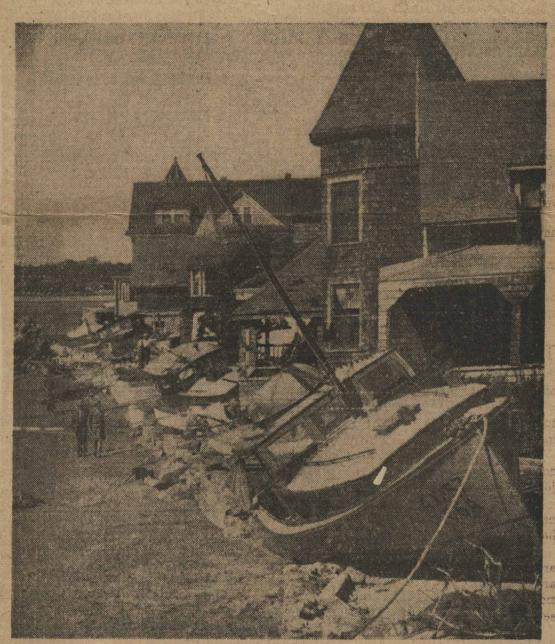
Wellfleet is still in a bad way without telephone service and without electric power. The few hand pumps in town are in constant use as the residents carry water from them to their homes for bare essentials. A huge number of trees were blown down and much damage caused, chief of which being the complete destruction of the Taylor Funeral Chapel when two big trees ploughed through it crushing building and destroying materials in it. However, Henry Carlson said the Taylor Funeral Service will carry on, with services in homes, as was the custom before the use of the chapel, or the Provincetown chapel would be used. Plans are now being made

LONESOME PLACE

The hurricane tore, darkening, up the coast; coast;
The waves leaped giant-high on patient cliffs; cliffs;
No sea sull dared the sea. Great clouds scud by
Then melted into raging gales of rain.
The wind screamed hisher, and the night went roaring mad. There came a mighty crash and my tall, splendid poplar, rich with life, full eighty feet, with all its flare of leaves
Went down! Its roots upheaved against the sky!

Now, there's a lonesome place upon Agnes Choate Wonson.

Typical Examples of What the Hurricane Did to Cape Cod



AT ONSET—Boats of all descriptions were thrown up against summer cottages by the hurricane at Independence Point, Onset.





HUDDLE—Two smaller craft and this larger one, which was only partially demolished, were washed against the State pier at Onset by the high surf. Damaged also by the raging waters was the refreshment stand at left.



HIGH AND DRY and with a hole in her side is this cabin cruiser, tossed up on the sea wall at Point Independence, Onset, by the hurricane.



BOATS WRECK BOAT SHED—The craft riding in the harbor at Point Independence, Onset, were carried by the wind and waves of the hurricane up into this boat shed, shattering its wc

a Week After the Hurricane By DOROTHY G. WAYMAN

Where Storm Cartwheel Ground Hard at Wellfleet



THE TABLE STANDS where the big two-story ell of the Taylor Funeral Chapel was, until a silver oak carried it away. A second oak is shown crashed through the roof of the main house in the center of Wellfleet. Blankets are nailed over the open wall where the ell was carried away.

WELLFLEET, Sept. 24—If you laid a cartwheel on your lawn, where the rim pressed into the sod would be like the track of the circular tropical hurricane on Cape Cod. You come down through the asparagus and turnip fields of the flat Eastham plains, seeing practically no sign of last week's storm.

Then you come to Wellfleet and the "rim" has ground heavily upon the village, so that trees blocked the King's Highway and wires and power cables are a twisted mass on the ground.

And the Taylor funeral home lies crushed beneath the giant silver oaks that were the beauty of Wellfleet for a hundred years. Silver oaks are strange, exotic trees (maybe some sea captain brought a slip home from far lands once.) They have no tap roots and they send out "runners" just beneath the soil that come up next door as suckers in the garden of Mrs. Clarence J. Bell, widow of the old Cape doctor who died last year.

Mrs. Hersey Taylor in Province-town owns the funeral home, but young Henry Carlson and his wife and 7-year-old David live in it. It was lucky the hurricane did not strike while a funeral was in progress. It ruined 15 empty coffins. A big mahogany one was crumpled up like a cardboard shoe box.

The Carlsons and a lot of other Wellfleet flolks we ut at a reception Thursday evening. It was installation night at the Eastern Star, and when they got home, after the thunder storm, it was raining and blowing a bit, but they had a lot to talk about, from the evening, so Mrs. Carlson made coffee and some sandwiches and they were sitting there when with a jar and a thud the pantry door swung open. And it wouldn't shut again.

Down on Cape Cod storms are not unusual. But when the pantry door won't shut, it begins to dawn on you that something is wrong. So Mr. and Mrs. Carlson went upstairs to see if David was all right, and he was sound asleep, but his bed was shaking, as though it was an earthquake.

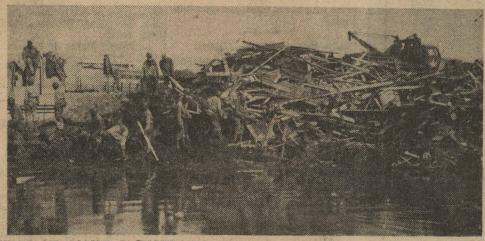
Mr. Carlson picked him up and had just got to the door with him when the second silver oak came down, and the whole back wall of the ell collapsed and the roof under which David had been sleeping settled down on the ground, two floors below.

Hurricanes are unpredictable, There was the Taylor funeral home, all crushed to the ground under a welter of silver oak boughs, and just across the street, 30 feet distant, the white Congregational Church and the Methodist Church came through unscathed.

Down nearer the bay, in the Sea Gull cottage, Dr. Nehemiah Hopkins, the man who spent 58 years in China as a missionary, founding the Hopkins Memorial Hospital at Peking, and survived 14 months as of Japanese occupation and more months in a Japanese prison camp before evacuation, on the Gripsholm, as told exclusively in the Globe last Spring, came through the hurricane without any trouble except being without electric lights.

His daughter, Miss Helen Hopkins was with him. They thought, after the Orient and five years of war, it would be peaceful to settle in his native town of Wellfleet. . . . At that a hurricane means only waiting five days for the lights to come on, instead of five years, like a war.

A TRIP TO THE CAPE a Week After the Hurricane By DOROTHY G. WAYMAN



PLAYING AT GIANT JACKSTRAWS-Troopers of Co. O, 1st Training Regt., from Fort Devens disentangling 32 Yarmouth cottages piled up at Parker's River, more than a mile across the marsh from their shore lots.

Thirty-Two Cottages Land Over Night in Jackstraw Pile

YARMOUTH, Sept. 25-Greatest single example of hurricane damage on the King's highway, below Hyannis, is at the concrete bridge over Parkers River, West Yarmouth, where 32 goodsized cottages were swept a mile across the salt marsh from the Nantucket Sound shore and piled like jackstraws.

Thousands of motorists remember Libby's chowder house, by the bridge. Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Hannings own it and have their own cottage in the pine trees on the river behind it.

At 11:20 p. m. the night of the hurricane they were sitting peacefully in their living room while the rain drummed on the roof. Once they went through a tornado in Elgin, Ill., and they Winter in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., where tropical twisters are not unknown, so this wasn't worrying them any, But at 11:45 p. m. came shouts and hulloos from the darkness outside, and the State Troopers, who came a la Paul Revere to alarm the countryside, carried Mrs. Hannings out piggyback through three feet of water on the ground.

Next morning, when they came back to look at their property, the 32 cottages had arrived to occupy the front yard.

From Fort Devens the United States Army sent down troops to help the hard-pressed undermanned State Highway Department remove the cottages from the highway, bridge and Hannings' premises. A detachment of soldiers under Capt Edward D. Foster, USAR, Co. O., 1st Training Regiment, got some real practice in demolition at West Yarmouth last week, and did a job much appreciated by the State Highway foreman, Norman Snow of Truro.

Truro.

Traffic via route 28 to Chatham and Orleans is still being detoured through Yarmouth, because the Swan River bridge is out and still to be repaired; but major highways were so well cleared, the situation so well in hand, that the State Guard demobilized at midnight Tuesday, only five days after the hurricane struck.

Trees were the major item in Trees were the major item in the 1944 hurricane damage. Great giants, like the pride of Yarmouth's main street, tall elms towering over Cape homesteads, stately pines that hid pleasant dwellings from the highway, fell in this storm. Perhaps, they were weakened by the 1938 hurricane. Everywhere, in all the Cape towns

Everywhere, in all the Cape towns people were saying:
"But that tree stood through the '38, storm. I never thought it would come down this time."
Trees, toppling under the 100-mile gusts, took down the telephone and electric light poles, blocked the highways, smashed roofs. If the Cape had had no trees, its bill of damages would be one-tenth the total it tots up be one-tenth the total it tots up to date.

Down in the Popponessset forest, in Mashpee, where no streets or wires or dwellings interfered with the sweep of the wind, you can chart the path of the hurricane by the swath of pine trees, snapped off at an even 15 to 20 feet above the ground. Not uprooted, mind you. Just snapped short as though a giant had been carelessly breaking matchsticks. The odd thing is you can measure it, on the speedometer of your automobile, two-tenths of a mile

Seeing that swath of destruction in the forest, helps an observer to understand why one house is damaged, another escapes in a hurricane. That destructive rush of 100-mile wind is like the irresistable gush of water from a fire-hose. Invisible, yet limited in direction and force, like the stream from a fire-hose. Unlucky the house or man or ship in its path.

a Week After the Hurricane By DOROTHY G. WAYMAN

Provincetown More Upset by Stories Than by Storm

PROVINCETOWN, Sept. 22—This town is still on the map. The inhabitants will have to spend the whole Winter writing letters and postcards to assure anxious relatives and Summer residents to that effect. But this is official, Chairman Irving Rogers of the Board of Selectmen and Chief of Police John Rego and superintendant of highway Leo Silva all say so.

Nothing happened to Provincetown in the hurricane that won't be all prettied up again by next Spring. They are having a special town meeting next Thursday, at 7:30 p. m. to appropriate \$40,000 loose cash in the town's reserve fund for emergency repairs and Irving Rogers says it won't take \$40,000 to fix up the town's damage from the storm, including a new slate roof for the Town Hall,-if they can ever get a slate-roof contractor to come put it on.

Of the half-million dollars damage done in the town, \$300,000 was incurred by the fishing fleet, seawalls on private property and the extensive fish-traps in the bay. There will be no work for fishermen the rest of this autumn at the traps. The other \$200,000 is mostly in private property, a chimney here a roof there; a seawall yonder.

John Whorf, nationally known Boston artist who lives now at 52 Commercial st., for instance, overlooks the bay with the tide 50 feet from his front door. He sat out the hurricane in his house and suffered no greater loss than the elm tree in the front yard getting a trifle askew so they are chopping it down this week.

Up at the Gifford House, the big hotel on the hill above the Town



JOHN WHORF, Winthrop boy, now nationally known artist, sat out the hurricane in his undamaged little white Provincetown cottage, fronting directly on the bay and the storm's sweep.

Hall, Dan Merrill and his father had a quota of regular guests, took in a lot of Summer cottages from exposed locations; and only lost an awning, a chimney and some limbs off the nearby trees. Their greatest hardship was losing juice for the electric ranges and having to cook breakfast for 40 on a three-burner oil stove. But they did it!

Lt Gage Whittier, USNR, in charge of the Provincetown naval base, actually turned in and slept Thursday night at the barracks on the steamer wharf! He is a former Everett Alderman, and Provincetown folks have a lot of nice things to say about the way the Navy men pitched in and helped clear the streets of debris in neighborly fashion.

Maybe that is why, hen "com-

munications" went out, as wires went down on the Cape, the rest of America couldn't believe that Cape Cod wasn't exterminated root and branch by the hurricane. Up in the cities maybe folks don't understand the way neighbors act in emergencies on the Cape.

It was like that at Eastham. There wasn't so much damage, as a lot of inconvenience when the electric power failed. Ranges and electric pumps and plumbing systems ceased to function. That's awkward, of course. But town clerk Lester Chase happens to be president of the trustees of the Universalist Church, where, 70 or 80 years ago, the forefathers drove a good well and put in a good old-fashioned, elbow-grease handpower pump. So town clerk Chase opened up the church and everyone brought their pails and pitchers to the pump until the power was back on.

Some way at Provincetown. There are a lot of boats piled up on the shore and a pile of trees down all over the streets, but every one's pitching in to clear up the mess. They declared a "state of emergency" 9 p. m. curfew to keep people from breaking their necks on fallen trees until the lights were on; but if you'd like a good poke in the nose, just ask a Provincetown man if it is true they had "martial-law!"

Provincetown is really upset over the stories that went around The State Guard and Coast Guard evacuated about 75 persons from the exposed Beach Point section before the storm hit, and the Red Cross berthed them all down for night at the high school. Next Morning, it turned out not one house had been washed away. Provincetown calls that just taking reasonable precautions, and it hurts feelings to have folks talk about "hundreds homeless."

Wellfleet, Yarmouth and the big beach properties at Hyannis, Craigville, Osterville and Wianno were much harder hit than Provincetown, in terms of damage and reconstruction to be done. Provincetown is doing very nicely, thank you.

a Week After the Hurricane By DOROTHY G. WAYMAN



The Marvel Is the Places That Escaped Any Damage



SPECIAL PREY OF THE HURRICANE were old New England elms and pines. On Marion's Main st. this 150-year-old giant, five feet in diameter, was shored up to make a tunnel for traffic. 1944

MARION, Sept. 27-The path of the hurricane is pressed deep on the beauty of this town, but still the marvel is the places that escaped any damage, The famous Holmes Memorial grove of century-old pines is flat on the ground for instance; but the tall spider web of radio masts half a mile to the northeast stand firm.

Tabor Academy came through unscathed except for a couple of trees on the grounds, and Capt John A. Carlson and his crew rode the hurricane out at moorings in the trim yacht Taborboy in the harbor (with 150 feet of extra cable paid out for but someone's cabin cruiser has made Winter quarters for itself in the driveway of the old Knowlton property

on Front st.
The Congregational Church raises its white spire unharmed, but 500 yards up Main st., Marion's 150-year-old elm is only held off the ground by a clever bit of shoring. Highway Supt. J. W. Richards and Tree Warden Albert' Winters have a Winter's work ahead of them, although many hands made light work to get streets passa-

ble by Friday night,
"A lot of our men are de-fense workers," says L. E. Stowell, Marion assessor with a

twinkle, "and they lent a hand with a will to get themselves chopped through to the main highways again.

Stowell and his fellow assessors, Edward Baylies and George B. Crapo figure that only four small Summer cottages in their town

were totally destroyed, at an assessed value of \$6000. They can't begin to figure the value of trees and beauty destroyed, or damage to wire-communications from fall-

to wire-communications from falling trees.

A typical example is the Francis Countway estate at Kittansett.

Mr. Countway, head of Lever Bros., lives in Brookline and Summers at Marion in a place noted for its beauty of landscaping and exotic tree planting. The house itself had only minor damage, but the lawns and shrubs and trees are a sad sight between wind and are a sad sight, between wind and salt water damage.

salt water damage.

Mattapoisett had the same problem. The L. R. Bolles family lost only a few shingles on their handsome waterfront house where they sat out the storm safely; but the sea wall, boathouse, pier and lawn they had rebuilt entirely since the '38 storm just vanished. Across the street, a huge elm crashed with precision on the gable of Edward Wilbur's old yellow house, sinking through the rafters below.

rafters below.

Assessed property values at Angelica Point, Crescent Beach, Pico Beach in Mattapoisett look to be virtually wiped out. More than 100 attractive Summer cottages at these three resorts were swept from foundations and bobbed

about like apples in a Halloween tub all through the hurricane. To-day they sit crazily askew, across roads, in pools of marsh-water, locked together, collapsed in welters of shingles and furnishings. Virgil C. Brink, 34 Bailey road, Watertown, of the State-st. law firm, Hale & Dorr, found his attractive Pico Point home, overlooking Ned's light and the bay,

moved back 60 feet from its foundations, gutted in the front. His neighbor, Edward T. Caswell of New Bedford, discovered his house swept back to the highland on the other side of the marsh, tangled in the wreckage of half a dozen other cottages.

A tree fell on the Mattapoisett postoffice and most of the Congregational Church's belfry is now "air-conditioned," but L. A. Crampton, chairman of the Board of Selectmen is proud of the job Highway Supt Manuel Nunes and the State Guard and Mattapoisett's eight policemen have done. Residents of the threatened beach properties were all warned and evacuated to safety Thursday afternoon; roads made passable by Saturday. The State Guard, responding to a "precept" from the Selectmen, remained mobilized until Monday poon, to guard property and aid noon, to guard property and aid property-owners coming over the weekend to inspect or salvage

Mattapoisett's major casualty was ironic. Coastguardsman Howard Crowell got leave from distant duty to hasten down Sunday to inspect his house on the Pico Beach road. Of substantial construction, set well back from the

shore, it had escaped damage. He and his family spend the weekend, closing it for the Winter, returned to duty. Tuesday night, some spark or hot ash that had smouldered for hours, burst into

a Week After the Hurricane By DOROTHY G. WAYMAN

Ducks May Drown Where Turkeys Do Not

WEST BARNSTABLE, Sept. 26-If birds could talk, they could tell some tall hurricane yarns. Over on the dunes at Sandy Neck this week, Dr. Frank Travers of Barnstable, who takes his Winter vacations at Bermuda, rubbed his eyes in amazement at seeing more than 100 Bermuda "skimmers," preening themselves in the sun.

Skimmers are a special brand of seagulls, smaller than the Massachusetts herring gulls, whiter, tinged with delicate slate-blue, and equipped with a thick curved beak that lets them "skim" the surface of the water, plowing it with their heads in pursuit of food. These skimmers probably had to keep flying continuously for at least three days and nights after they were caught in the terrific windstream of the hurricane, before they managed to alight. Sandy Neck with its expanse of white dunes is giving them a rest-cure right now.

Turkeys are a lot bigger than seagulls, and once they were native to Cape Cod, in the days of Indians and Pilgrim Fathers; but now they are pedigreed and bred for fancy meat, and notoriously delicate and difficult to rear. Yet G. P. Hadley at Clear Lake Duck Farm, Marstons Mills, lost only seven turkeys of his flock of 2500 in the hurricane; while 50 of his 15,000 ducks drowned in the storm! "Sure a duck can drown," says Mr. Hedley who raises 100,000 of

"Sure a duck can drown," says Mr. Hadley, who raises 100,000 of ducks annually for the market. "Let a duck get panicky, and it will drown as quick as a chicken. The water gets up under their feathers and weights them down. We were lucky on our turkeys. They were all out on their roosts and came through fine. The dead ones were struck and crushed by ones were struck and crushed by feed covers that blew off."

Mr. Hadley was worrying less about the quantities of shingles that have to be replaced on breeding-houses and sheds, than about the telephone wires.
"All the trees went down across

the road and my son took the tractor to clear it, so we could get through, and I'm afraid maybe it damaged the telephone wires," he

damaged the telephone wires," he apologized.

William Wells, cable-splicer from Natick, of the Boston division of the N. E. Tel. & Tel. Co., grinned, as he sorted the paper-wrapped strands of wire fanning out from the broken cable.

"Don't believe you broke it; it was the trees." he said, "Anyway, it's broken in a million places all over the Cape, and one more break makes no matter. We'll have them all fixed up soon."



WILLIAM WELLS, Natick, expert telephone man, shows G. P. Hadley, Marstons Mills, the paper-wrapped telephone wires ordinarily concealed inside a telephone cable.

Wells was working on a small cable, only 51 pairs of paper-wrapped wires inside it to be spliced and tested and restored to service. The big trunk cable at Hyannis has 1200 pairs of wires inside it.

The telephone and electric men brought in trouble-gangs of skilled repairmen with equipment from as far West as the Alleghenies.

They tell about one big truck that had been out on a job near Pittsburgh when it got word to start for the Cape. A lineman, off duty, was curled up asleep in blankets inside. By and by he woke up, yawned, stepped out back of the truck. Then he squinted up his eyes, shook himself and looked again.

"Hey, where's this?" he asked a a passer-by.

"Hyannis."

"Hyannis, Pennsylvania? There ain't any such town. Cape Cod? Hey? How'd I get here?"

* * * One crop that the hurricane didn't affect was cranberries. The turkeys came through, and so did the cranberries to go with them. Carlo Kivi, bog foreman at East ham big independent grower, figures on picking 1800 barrels

"Most of them are prime," he said. "They grow too low for the wind to damage them! Some of the vines at the lower end are salt-water killed though."

The wind coming in from the sea was laden with fine salt spray and particles. All the deciduous trees from Provincetown to Middleboro are dropping crisp brownish or blackened leaves. There'll be no foliage on the Cape this year, but Kivi says the trees will come back next year; the leaf buds for next Spring are safe beneath the bark. neath the bark.

Wood-choppers, to clear the

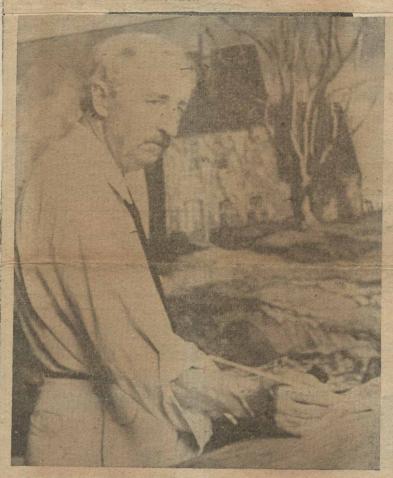
broken boughs and cut the felled trunks into firewood, is what the Cape wants now. With shortage men, the citizens are begging authorities to make some of the German prisoners-of-war availa-ble to help the Cape clean up.

Art Students Live Active Life Apart In Busy Provincetown Summer Season

For Many Who Come From All Corners Of The Country To Study With Painters Here, It Is A Serious "Grind" With Attention Focused Entirely On Work And Little Given To Pleasure

Provincetown has long been widely known for its great painters and for the students attracted by them every summer. Although thousands of visitors come here in the hope of finding the "Artists' Colony" and of seeing the "artists at work," few ever realize that desire because these students come here for serious work.

In order to give an insight into the workings of Provincetown Art Classes, Miss Diana Lowery has visited a few of them and will tell about them in a series of stories of which this-a picture of George Elmer Browne's class-is the first.



George Elmer Browne At His Easel

By Diana Lowry

"George Elmer Browne?" said the deaf old man who was the only cipitous path that seemed to plunge person in sight, "turn left into the woods, then keep on up the hill until you come to the studio." A twisting path bordered by blackberries, and tall bushes festooned with ropes of red rum cherries led upwards, and in a clearing near the beginning I found the studio—a grey barn-like building shaded by

tall trees. Through the open door I saw students painting from some subject that was out of sight, and as I stood there two little girls in costume—the models—popped out of the door for a rest.

A notice on the door said, "Mr.

Browne is in his own studio further up the hill." I scrambled up a prethrough the heart of impenetrable bushes and finally emerged at the top of the hill beside a large, irregularly shaped grey house.

Nobody was about, so I sat down on the step to cool off and admire the view. Around and beneath Provincetown lay like a toy town scattered over the dunes, ringed by the narrow blue circlet of the sea. There was a strong smell of sun-warmed pine. A taffy-colored cat with an intent expression trotted past then reappeared at a gallop, wailing like a banshee.

At that moment a car drove up and George Elmer Browne stepped out of it.

Another World We entered the studio and in a moment seemed in another world. The place was light, and yet seemed dim and quiet and full of brooding shadows. Dun colored walls and wooden beams, the gallery that ran along the entire length of one wall, and the huge brick fireplace under-neath gave it a look of almost Elizabethan antiquity.

Treasures from all over the world were there. A massive wooden wedding chest from Brittany, big enough to hold a bride's trosseau and all her linen too, faded French tapestries, a Louis XVI chest, Spanish desk dating back to the 17th century, austerely beautiful and with many secret drawers; old, worm-eaten wood statuettes from France and Spain that were carved before the French Revolution; antique brass candlesticks from Tangiers; a porcelain model of a gypsy girl from Spain; a 16th century Dutch clock; waist high earthenware jars from Seville, and so many more that it would take a catalogue to list them. Over the fireplace a whaling harpoon and the rusty remains of a rifle picked up by George Elmer Browne at Verdun hang side

Pallettes, a model stand in a windowed alcove and a painting on an

easel revealed the ownership of an artist.

This was a fitting background for George Elmer Browne-one of the foremost painters of the naturalistic school in America today, and the first to found an art class in Provincetown. His art is not that of the "photographic eye" but, in his own words, "of inventiveness but not disctortion-the interpretation of nature." Pictorial art, he says can

never be an exact representation of nature. The true artist is not concerned in depicting literal facts, his aim is to study the elements of color and form and so coordinate these elements, that the result of his labor will be his individual conception of what he sees; he will of necessity interpret nature in a manner that will glorify the scene, and stir the imagination of the observer. Thus the magic of his craftsmanship, combined with talent and knowledge alone, produces a work of art.

A New Englander

Born in Gloucester over 70 years ago, and a native of Salem, George Elmer Browne has been visiting Provincetown since he was a small boy. He studied at the School of Drawing and Painting connected with the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and at the Academy Julian in Paris under Jules LeFebre and Tony Robert Fleury. His works are in the permanent collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; the National Gallery, Washington, D. C.; the Chicago Art Institute. the Luxembourg Galleries, Paris; the Montpellier Museum, France, and many others. The prizes and awards he has won during his distinguished career are too numerous to give in

detail, but include the Altman Prize, the Gold Medal of Honor awarded at the Annual Exhibition of the Allied Artists of America, and over 25 others, including several for water colors and lithographs. His painting "Bait Sellers of Cape Cod" was 1904 by the French Government. President of the Allied Arts of America from 1930 to 1937 he is in addition a member of the National Arts Club, the National Academy of Design, the Lotos Club, Salmagundi Club, the National Commission to their painting. Advance American Art and many

Starting next fall Mr. Browne will take over the art direction at Mary of Virginia, but will continue to hold summer classes in Province- ple it would hum." town. His house on Commercial Street, as well as his studio, is filled with glass, china, silver and furniture that would make any collector's mouth water.

Next day was Saturday, when George Elmer Browne always gives

a general criticism of the work that has been done during the week. A little before 10 a. m. the students' studio was crammed with people. Long benches had been drawn up in rows, and in front, on a large screen, were oil paintings of all sizes, mostly landscapes, but including still life, figure and flower stud-

The studio, lighted by large northeastern windows, was full of cool light. Students' paintings covered the walls, mostly three hour studies from the model, also groups of reproductions - Sergeant, Velasquez, Corot, Whistler, Vermeer, Franz

Hals and Rembrandt-and anatomical studies. A small photograph of George Elmer Browne was pinned on the wall, copies of which, I read, were obtainable. In one corner there was a model stand.

Mastering Technique

"Talent is something quite apart from painting," began Mr. Browne who, armed with a long pointer, had ranged himself alongside the screen of paintings. "And therefore when students ask me-as they often dowhether I consider they have enough talent to continue studying, I tell them this: painting is a process-a technique, it can only be mastered by hard study; but art is inspiration and is born with you. So don't be discouraged if you sometimes feel that you are progressing slowly; if you have the urge to paint, the technique will follow." Then turning to a large, virile looking landscape of the dunes, he said: "Very well handled-you couldn't have done it three weeks ago-good thing you didn't have time to sweeten it up.

size I would do a number of them,"

Taking each painting in turn, tect. George Elmer Browne pointed out) "too cold." "Like a bunch of rivet of 24 he has studied with Harvey ers in a war factory", he remarked

of a study of students painting selfportraits from a mirror. A pleasing seascape by moonlight was dubbed "very ambitious," and led Mr. Browne to urge his students to do more painting at night.

A study of a fishing boat executed purchased for the Paris Salon of in somewhat drab colors Mr. Browne called "artistic and charming," but, he said, "nature is much more colorful than that." Several times he warned students not to cultivate a "photographic eye," but to change details to suit the composition of

Water colors-all of them landscapes—came up for criticism next: "I like the daring way in which this one is done," remarked Mr. Browne Washington College, the University of one, and of another, "If the background were flatter and more sim-

And so on.

Finally, after announcing that the f the points of the subject for next week would be a nude model, the criticism concluded wear, and that to with a round of applause, and the students disbanded.

Able Students

George Elmer Browne before, as for lly considered by instance D. Margareite Hughes of Los Angeles, one of the most dis-hade to avoid its tinguished students, who has been with his classes in France, Spain, North Africa, Italy and Corsica, as well as in the United States. She recently held a one man show at the Montross Galleries in New York, and has exhibited at the National Academy of Design, the Allied Artists and many others.

Tom Clough of Cleveland, Ohio, has been painting in Provincetown for 25 years and has been associated with Mr. Browne for 20 of them. He at one time studied at the Canterbury Art School in England under Sir Sidney Cooper, at that time the oldest living Royal Academician. An old seafaring man, Mr. Clough specializes in seascapes, and has exhibited in Cleveland and in various traveling exhibitions.

Hazel Lowry of New York is a graduate of the Parsons and Traphagan Schools. She has a group of 24 flower paintings ready for a oneman show in the fall.

Charles Romans, for many years a teacher of art in Jersey City, has shows, and others. Of Browne, he says, "He is one of America's fore-

most artists and a fine teacher."

Mattie Leitz, also an art teacher, from near Chicago, is studying with Mr. Browne for the first time. She was so impressed with his work and persontlity at a Chicago art exhibit, and with the progress of a friend who, after attending his classes had her work accepted by the Chicago Art Institute, that she determined to take the first opportunity study with him. Miss Leitz is the If you can afford canvasses that granddaughter of a portrait painter and the daughter of an archi-

"Watch out for me," said John the mistakes and merits of every Crandallo of Long Island. "I shall one. Some "lacked refinement," be a member of the National Acadone. Some "lacked refinement," be a member of the National Acadothers were "too fuzzy" or the color emy by the time I'm 40." At the age

Dunn in New York, and at American School of Design, but has never exhibited "because he has never been satisfied enough with my work."

"I saw Browne's work in the Artists for Victory show," he said, paintings contributed by America's 100 leading artists scheduled to tour England, and I was tremendously impressed by its dramatic quality."

Howard Schwarz is a businessman who paints in his spare time "like Gauguin," and is spending three weeks of his vacation at the summer

Many other students come from all parts of the United States and Canada. All to whom I spoke agreed that their progress under George Elmer Browne has been phenomenal.

requires but the Many of them have studied with be easily seen that

Keeping Light At Race Point Inspires Story By Granddaughter Decades Later

Abbie C. Putnam Reads Tale Of Watching Through Storm And Of Rescue At Research Club Meeting

At a recent meeting of the Research Club Abbie C. Putnam read a story written by her, woven together from the things her grandmother told her about keeping the light at Race Point. Her great grandfather, Elijah Dyer, was keeper of the light for

This time I have decided to stand on my own merits and will tell you an original story which I wrote many years ago when a student at the School of Expression. It was a part of our training to write theme every day so after more or less practice I thought it would be interesting to try a story.

This story is all fiction but was suggested to me from hearing my grandmother tell of her early experiences when a girl. Her parents, Elijah and Rebecca Dyer, whose portraits now hang on the wall here in the museum, kept the Race Point lighthouse for thirty years. Grandmother was born there and lived there for eighteen years.

The light in the tower was a revolving one operated by machinery. Occasionally the machinery gave out and then it was necessary for some one to keep it moving by hand.

In the family were four daughters who between them divided the night watch and so kept the light burning.

I was quite impressed with grandmother's experience so here is my "Tale of the Sea."

A Tale of the Sea

On a bleak and barren stretch of sand stood the lighthouse flashing its warning rays for many miles across the deep. In pleasant weather this secluded spot was a quiet retreat for the keeper and his family but when the stormy winds blew and the waves lashed furiously across the beach their hearts were saddened at the thought of the unfortunate sailors whose ships were in peril upon the merciless sea.

Capt. Joshua Higgins, the keeper of the light, had a faithful wife and four worthy daughters who were closely associated with him in his work. Each member of the family could be trusted to perform her share of the work but when any labor involving great responsibility was required Elizabeth was always preferred.

One winter afternoon Capt. Higgins had occasion to visit the adjoining town on business. Thinking that he might be detained over night he said to his daughter, "Lizzie, if I don't return by sunset can I depend on you to light the lamps and keep them burning all night?"

"Yes, father," said Lizzie, "I'll do

the best I can and you need not worry about it. You know I have often lighted up for you and as for keeping awake all night, well, that is hard but I can do it."

That night the sun sank at an early hour behind a bank of heavy clouds. The wind was increasing and blowing directly from the east which on that coast indicated that a storm was approaching.

Starts Watch

Elizabeth Promptly at sunset mounted the lighthouse stairs to attend to her duties and begin the long night watch. The early evening hours passed pleasantly and quickly away for she was a quiet girl and could always content herself with sewing and reading.

Towards midnight the wind was blowing heavily and now and then an angry drop of sleet against the windows proved that the storm fiend was abroad.

"O!" thought Lizzie, "what a opagated in an aggravated night, I hope no ships are near the coast. Reuben (her lover) was ex- or blunt the sharp edges pecting to arrive this week but I anks, before and after the can only trust that he is safe in port hade, in order to prevent h, and consequent liability some where."

All night long she watched faithfully never thinking of sleeping at hd rod of hardened steel, her post. During the early morning id for sharpening knives. hours the storm had reached its is "Labor in Europe and climax. In that uncertain light m a recent article by Mr. which precedes the dawning day ows Elizabeth thought she discovered es of Thebes may be found the white sail of a ship not far dis-tant. Whether it was that or the ves are painted blue, which white crest of the angry waves it were made of steel, for in was impossible to tell in the dim s III. this color is used to

out on the water? Again it flashes less, by the Red Sea, the in brilliant red. There can be no sands of workmen. mistake now for it is the well known bund the ruins of a temple signal of a ship in distress.

gnal of a ship in distress.

Thoroughly aroused now Lizzie workmen. The works are shees from the lighthouse and stated workmen. The works are 3000 years old." rushes from the lighthouse and seeks the house below to awaken her r Super) Cut.—A term mother and sisters. How can five shire file makers to designed by us Dead Smooth. with the elements in hope of saving te or Planometer.human lives?

Tragedy At Dawn

It is now almost daylight and the r more of its faces made as ship can be plainly seen-nearer and can possibly be done. nearer she approaches the fatal bar. strial plates for testing and Above the raging of the storm is ces. heard a resounding crash and the single and double cut handwatchers on shore know only too y commonly known as taper well what has happened. The dawn has at last arrived and in almost breathless suspense the women see the helpless crew clinging in vain to shattered masts. Swaying, careening and plunging it seems that every moment the wreck must succumb to the furious monster of the deep who reaches up in fiendish glee to grasp his living prey. One by one the men release their feeble hold and the demon of the waves mad with joy closes his cruel jaws

around them.

The hull of the ship is seen no more and now portions of the wreck are seen floating in all directions. What is that dull gray mass slowly but surely approaching the shore? A sail!—can it be? and on it three living human beings! Nearer and nearer it comes and now almost touches the surf along the shore so that the women make an effort to grasp it. A long heavy swell brings it within their reach. O, miraculous escape!

Suddenly Elizabeth screams with horror, "O, it is Reuben's shipthere is Abel Foster, where O, where

In another instant the floating sail is pulled ashore and with a cry of joy Lizzie recognizes another well known face. "Mother, mother Reuben is saved!"

Bending over the exhausted figure, still conscious but weakened, Reuben opens his eyes to gaze in speechless joy upon the face of his dear one and once more in happy embraces the lovers are united.

Abbie C. Putnam.

most consequence, for the

r, diagonal, or longitudinal

what is that bright light seen far an has recently discovered

rained and hard cast iron thened by three principal upon three feet or bearing

ouble cut. See pages 8, illustrating some of the sed

nerally used to define the See Kind, pages 4 and 5.

Shops Of Bygone Days Are Recalled By Writer Who Once Visited Them

Blanche A. Holmes Tells Of Some That Were Of Particular Interest To Children with Pennies To Spend At Them

Old Provincetown shops to which the children of bygone days turned eagerly with pennies clutched tightly in chubby hands, are recalled in a paper written and read by Miss Blanche A. Holmes at a recent meeting of the Research Club. It is entitled, "Some Local Shops of Bygone Days" and gives a glimpse of the era when wants were simple, the pace slower, and peppermints almost a bit of heaven. apr. 6, 1944

Shops of By-Gone Days

Let us live over again our precious childhood days, and visit some of the shops of ur home town in the olden days.

In those days we saved our money to spend on Thanksgiving Day, and that holiday always came on the last Thursday in November. We might have spent a few pennies during the week, but if we earned money doing errands, and in other ways it was deposited in a toy bank until the festival day arrived, and then withdrawn to spend at will.

Winter began in November with snow and ice. W dressed warmly We might say, inin those days. stead of smothered in luxury, we were smothered in warm clothing, such as heavy underwear, woolen dress, high boots, thick black hosiery, rubbers, leggings, heavy coat, hood and mittens. Today, quite differently, most of my sex is freezing in silks and other thin clothing.

The first shop we visited was Miss Mirinda Nickerson's and we were up bright and early to visit this store of great local renown.

Do you recollect her and her gentle sister, Emmie, living where Miss Martha Atkins resides at present, and the famous shop was on the site of where our imposing Post Office is erected. We had to make haste as the crowd had collected in all directions. In a brief while the shop was swamped with boys and

The owner held up a pretty doll and all the girls were eager to take many chances by buying sticks of gum, one cent each. There were other articles in the shop for both boys and girls to invest in. After the boys had spent all of their money she would tell them to go home.

Miss Mirinda was the owner of several cranberry bogs at the East End of our town. She should have been called "The Cranberry Queen." During the Autumn season when the luscious berries were picked "Our Queen" was kept very busy. She hired mostly females to pick over and assort these cranberries in a back room in her shop.

She was indeed a natural born saleswoman and did not need to attend a school of salesmanship for further development. In shrewdness, no market man in Boston, to whom she sold her cranberries, could excell her. They really enjoyed her quaint ways.

With these two maiden ladies

lived a brown and white spaniel dog named "Puppy Spry," to whom they gave their best care and devotion to the very end.

Oldest Shop

Our next stop was at James Holmes' store where The Provincetown Advocate has its office. They those days.

We could not have possibly passed by A. L. Putnam's store without going in to be greeted by this genial gentleman. Located here at present is Brownell's Pharmacy and lunch counter. We did not make any purchases here as this line of goods was for adults to buy.

The clocks with their continuous ticking and the swinging of the shining pendulums made a strong appeal to my childish delight. They recall to my mature mind the following lines:-

"The metal pendulum's swinging, swinging-

On the many clocks, clinging, cling-

Always to one's mind bringing, bringing,

Perfect rythm as in perfect singing."

Mr. Putnam had a partner at one time who afterwards became a wellknown dentist in our town-Dr. Enos Atkins who occupied that little shop west of Charles Burch's Bakery. Let us visualize Dr. Atkins, short, fat and clumsy. As his thumb and finger went into one's mouth to ascertain which tooth or teeth were causing so much trouble and intense pain. We asked with trembling voice if he had gas to give us for the extraction whether one or a dozen were pulled. Often the gas, called "laughing gas," was not fresh and we were conscious of the whole performance. He was consid- found in many homes, adding beauam glad to relate that modern den- pantries. Heinrich Pfeiffer, an artist who car- ing room in the back part of this

ries a line line of artists' supplies Mrs. Crowell seemed to take a great pleasure in the arrangement of this little window. Always the central point of interest was a square pink silk pin cushion, and about the same articles were placed around it each year during the holiday season, paper dolls, handkerchiefs, a vase or two and what-not. If she saw us looking in the window outside, her face lighted with a decidedly happy expression as she exclaimed, "How does it look, girls?" and we were ready to reply, "It looks fine, Mrs. Crowell."

Governor Delighted

To show how eager she was to present a hospitable spirit when the Governor of our State, William E. Russell, arrived on a special train one Sunday evening, several years ago, as he was to speak at a rally rather early Monday morning. On

his way to the Central House, now claim this is the oldest shop in town. called the Towne House, he stopped Here were oranges, white grapes, before Mrs. Crowell's window which candy and cigars. The oranges and was lighted with a kerosene lamp grapes appealed to my fastidious appealed to placed near this lamp was a fine likness of His Excellency with a flag or two over it. and the words, "Welcome to Cape Cod." He removed his hat and in a most respectful manner thanked this kind lady for this attention. He said to the crowd following him, "You know this is the Sabbath Day, and any loud demonstration would not be in keeping with the day, but tomorrow you can make all the noise you want to." Then he crossed over to the hotel. Ex-Governor Russell's untimely death in a summer camp in the Canadian backwoods was a great shock to his large circle of friends, irrespective of political parties. I can not recall a man of finer per-

> We could not have passed Charles Snow's store without going back to do a little window shopping. James Curran and his sister-in-law, Miss Fannie Crocker, live here at present. Mrs. Hannah Curran had a millinery shop for some few years until she passed away. Mr. Snow, a very pleasant man and a good salesman, had a big supply of household furnishings, such as carpets, wall paper, crockery of all kinds, especially china dogs of good size and bright coloring which were interesting to children. Some of these articles you will find in a few of the old homes of Provincetown. Mr. Snow crried a good line of Sandwich glass which was

ered a good dentist at that time. I ty to pantry shelves in large, airy, We did not stop at tistry is a cinch compared to what Charles Cook's store on Thanksgivit was in our girlhood days. A little ing as there was nothing we wanted later, around Christmas time, we to buy. We had been there previous paused before Mrs. Mary Lizzie to that time doing errands for our Crowell's shop window. This small mother ((that is, those who lived in shop was built some time after the that neighborhood) invested in Chapman House was erected, the crackers, eggs, milk, etc., towards latter dating back to Revolutionary our Thanksgiving feast. This shop times and is one of the oldest houses is not standing at the present time. in town. The location of the brick It was on the site of the parking oven in the kitchen shows how old space of the Towne House next door it is, now owned and occupied by to Marcey's office. There was a loaf-

shop where mostly retired sea cappains congregated, sitting on soap boxes, smoking their "TD" pipes contentedly, and swapping yarns of their thrilling adventures on the high seas. At last they had found a Snug Harbor in their home port to remain here until the time came for the final crossing of the bar.

forget Young's How can one Saloon! Don't think for a moment that liquor was sold here. No, indeed! Only root beer and sarsaparilla, nothing stronger. Mr. Young with Mrs. Young, whom we called Mary Ann, conducted this saloon. Dancers wended their way to it at intermission for refreshments such as ice cream in the summer, sometimes tonics included, and oyster stews in the winter.

The supply of candy was not great, yet to my mind those peanut bars and Bunker Hills were a nice treat. The latter were shaped like mounds of chocolate coated cream.

Jimmy Eddie's Place

Walter Stiff owns this building and lives upstairs, and has two shops below, one a gift shop and the other on the east side is to be an eating place. This was formerly James Atkins furniture store managed by him whom we called "Jimmy Eddie." The gift shop on the west side, run by Mr. Stiff, was the Post Office at one time. What a great pleasure it was to have a box at the Post Office and with great pride we unlocked it and took out the mail. How we did congregate here the night be-

fore Christmas and many other eve-

nings, especially in the summer

We had forgotten to stop at J. T. Small's bakery—it was then, now occupied by Mr. Burch. "Tom" Small, as he was called, managed this for many years. The show case of candy was in the window and we looked in it before we entered and found those large white peppermints and pink checkermints. How did we get in the door quick enough to invest in those delicious sweetmeats only the good Lord knows!

We next visited Love's Candy Kitchen in Ryder's Block which stood in the corner of Ryder and Commercial Streets. There were apartments upstairs and two shops on the ground floor ,the one on the west side occupied by Mr. Love, and the other, on the east side by Miss Lucy Paine who carried a full line of millinery. Mostly bonnets were worn at that period by elderly women, and at 45 years of age they were styled "old ladies." To be personal, I liked them especially well on my mother, and I longed for the time when I could be old enough to wear a bonnet. This time never came as this head-gear went out of style when I became middle-aged.

To go back to Love's candy shopwe thought it so remarkable to watch this great feat of Sandow, showing his muscular strength by pulling candy on a large hook near the window in his shop. To be able to invest in the different kinds of candy—the white was vanilla, the the Library until now, as is inti-

pink strawberry, and the brown mated! Is not that going a little chocolate—was indeed a great pleas- far ure to us girls. He made chocolate coated candy, too.

our thoughts were mostly on the aged them then as well as later and turkey dinner which our mothers. I found them just as quick to unserved at the stroke of 12 o'clock. derstand. We might have helped our mothers a little, but we surely did justice to

Editor, The Advocate, Dear Sir:

A recent Advocate contained an item by the Chairman of the Library Trustees in which he wrote of the distressing condition of the Library several years ago and compared it with the improved present condition, giving credit for the change to the present Librarian. Give credit where credit is due and Miss Kern deserves her share, but why at the expense of those who did their best with so little to do with. Give an old wornout stub of a broom to one and to

why was not something done if in such shabby state? Or was the Librarian supposed to attend to that

Yes, there was, it is true, much more coming and going a few years back and certain ones endeavored to make a "hang-out" of the Library, but failed in the attempt when I was there and that only two nights a week, Miss Putnam being without any help whatever the rest of the week. These same ones took advantage of her handicap and it was I, Mr. Chairman, who asked the police to call at the Library on these four nights. I doubt if anyone could have done any better or as well under like circumustances as Miss Putnam. When she left I remained with Mr. Rich for nearly a year at the request of the Trustees and for the first time in the years I was there, was put on full time until an assistant was secured, and, Mr. Chairman, no police were lowing year with two Librarians on S, R. I., U.S. A. full time couldn't possibly need that help, so that statement of "two previous Librarians" (and not the two previous Librarians) was referring to Miss Putnam and to me.

The present incumbent could not possibly know of the difficulties of those years for she took charge just at the time the Community Center llor. came into existence and these same "hangouts" transferred their activ- tal Stock, \$400,000. ities to that place, fortunately for the Librarian.

I do not recall any "book throwing about" (perhaps you have in mind the paper throwing incident later on) nor any "running up and down stairs." That, too, must have come later.

So the children were not bright enough to understand the use of

Believe it or not, Mr. Chairman ,they were just as bright and I do not hesitate to add that I'm as Now we were homeward bound as competent to think so, for I man-

During the last year of Miss Putnam's service there I voluntarily her culinary skill in helping dispose started the "Story Hour" and had of the turkey and other delicious an attendance of thirty to forty things that went with the dinner. schildren ranging in age from five to seventeen years, until due to illness, Credit Where Credit Is Due I was away for a number of weeks, and when I returned to resume the hour, about six children responded. I changed the hour from 2 p. m. to 1:30 p. m. but to no avail. What caused them to discontinue coming?

Why mention the extra hours without pay the present Librarian has worked and not credit Miss Put-

nam with the hours from 9 a. m. to 12 midnight she worked without pay and on such a meagre pay, work that could not be done during Library hours for she had no assistant to help her.

I happen to know that Miss Kern another a new broom, would you ex- has several times used her own pect the same finished result? And money to help "beautify" for which she should be credited, but one could hardly expect Miss Putnam to do likewise on what she received.

I think I am competent to give these facts, but I am sorry it was necessary to give them. I resent the implication that we were unable to manage the children, and I include the older ones as well, else why was I complimented by Trustees for just that! I am sure, Mr. Chairman, if you stop and think this over you must agree with me.

Regretfully Mrs. Harlan Crooker.

SON, Treas.

Called From His Turkeys to Atomic Bomb Research

Dr. Vannevar Bush Still Busy at Washington but Longs to Get Back to Jaffrey Farm-Wife Shares His Belief Energy of Atom Will Work for Good of Humanity

By JACK JOHNSON

SOUTH DENNIS-But for the war, Dr. Vannevar Bush, former M. I. T. vice president who di-



rected the scientific research for the atomic might have been a large-scale turkey raiser by this time. Instead he now is preparing for a busy period of attending Con-Mrs. Vannevar Bush gressional hear-

ings to present his knowledge and counsel for

the peacetime use of atomic power. He is assisting in the preparation of a history of his Office of Scientific Research and Development. This government bureau assembled the knowledge for turning out the atomic bomb, reputedly with the cooperation of some 2000 scientists who received their assignments through Dr.

to do two books.

But the secret yearning of the now world-renowned Massachusetts scientist is to return as soon as possible to Jaffrey, N. H., and resume the turkey-raising he had to call off when he was summoned to Washington to gather data for the war-ending bomb.

Bush. Thus far he has had offers

He had 600 turkeys and a herd of fine cattle on the Jaffrey farm. and he was planning a flock of 2000 birds, when summoned for the war's most secret mission. Then his farm superintendent quit to work in a war plant and the

to work in a war plant and the turkey flock was sold.

Mrs. Bush confided that getting back to the farm was her husband's dream, in her first interview on the atom-splitting and his role in the work. It took place at the Bush Summer home in South Dennis, where Mrs. Bush's Cape Cod ancestors lived. She was then packing to rejoin Dr. Bush in Washington.

His wife shares Dr. Bush's confidence this frightening new power can be made a force for the com-

fidence this frightening new power can be made a force for the common good, rather than evil, in the years to come. She could not say much about the world-shaking invention itself, for the simple reason that Dr. Bush's work as head of the OSRD is as much of a mystery to her as it is to the newspaper reader.

A modest Cape Cod cottage has been the Bush Summer home for



many years. At the height of his world-shaking research work Dr. Bush would come to South Dennis for a weekend. Often he would bring papers dealing with the atomic bomb research. But, invariably he found that he could variably he found that he could not get any work done in his Cape Cod retreat. "Probably," remarked Mrs. Bush, "the climate was too restful." She then remarked that Jaffrey, N. H., was his preference when the time comes for retirement.

"Van expects to be very busy in the coming months, working on the coming months, working on the peacetime program for atomic power," Mrs. Bush said. "He is preparing now for the Congres-sional hearings. I'm going to Washington to join him. We've been here six years, It seems a long time."

Concerning the future use of atomic energy, Mrs. Bush said: "I think Van is confident it will be for the good of humanity. He stated this well in a New York Times article. Personally I believe it was wonderful we were well at the absorbed of the servey and able to be ahead of the enemy and use the bomb first. Mothers who have sons in the Pacific will understand that.

"It seems to me we should be able to make the invention valuable in peace."

Dr. and Mrs. Bush have two sons in the service. Capt Richard D. Bush is attached to the Army Medical Corps at Leyte. Flight Officer John H. Bush is with the

7th Army in Belgium.
"We are New Englanders," said Mrs Bush. "My grandfather, Joseph Rogers, went in the China trade. Van's father had a fleet of whaling vessels that sailed out of

Provincetown. His mother still owns a place in Provincetown, at 96 Commercial st. She's living with Van's older sister, who is dean of women at Jackson College."

Bush laughed heartily when asked about her husband's great penchant for turning out inventions for his personal amuse-

ment.

"O, his head is full of those things. He has a short cut for about everything. He had a mill here with an arrangement for doing all the watering of his flowers underground. But the hurricane wrecked it and he hasn't had time

wrecked it and he hasn't had time to make repairs.

"In Belmont we had a greenhouse where Van had an arrangement based on a pulley system, flower pots and varying temperatures—we could be gone for two weeks and the watering would be taken care of at regular intervals. He invented a new kind of typewriter, too, but I don't know much about that.

"He is a great reader. History is his chief interest. He likes biographies, but isn't so interested in novels. He seldom goes to the movies. In Washington during the war he carried on his interest in

movies. In Washington during the war he carried on his interest in archery. It was a great help because it got him into the open. He was a member of the Potomac Archers and went out frequently until the pressure of his work got too great.

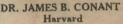
"Yes, he has a fine sense of humor—that's what saved his life!" Twice Dr. Bush had gone to Massachusetts General Hospital for a checkup, but each time he

for a checkup, but each time he was advised he was sound and his trouble confined to mental stress. "Naturally he was under a great emotional strain just before the homb was used," said Mrs. Bush.

"I wonder," she finally remarked, "who will head up the
peacetime program on atomic
power." She did not put it into
words, but her tone indicated she
hoped her husband would be relieved of his Washington work in
due time. She thought it would
be good for him to return to his
turkey raising in New Hampshire.

Dr. Bush Prime Mover in Developing New Bomb







Director, Office of Scientific Research



DR. VANNEVAR BUSH KARL T. COMPTON

Prime mover in the development of the atomic bomb was a former vice president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Dr. Vannevar Bush, now director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development. The project, with British and Denmark scientists working with the United States experts, according to the Associated Press, was transferred to this country late in 1943 and Dr. Bush was in charge.

includes Dr. Bush, Dr. Conant and United States Army on gun tests.

of Scientific Research and Development. The project, with British and Denmark scientists working with the United States experts, according to the Associated Press, was transferred to this country late in 1943 and Dr. Bush was in charge. A general policy group, which included Dr. Bush and Dr. James B. Conant, president of Harvard University, was named. This group recommended a great expansion in the project and at its suggestion supervision of the work was assumed by the War Department. Maj Gen Leslie R. Groves, an Army construction engineer, was placed in complete control.

To handle the problems arising from the control of the weapon and its implications for the peace of the world, Secretary of War Stimson named a policy committee, which includes Dr. Bush, Dr. Conant and

Cape End Plays Its Part In Bomb

Dr. Vannevar Bush Is Son Of Native Woman Of This Town

Provincetown played its part in the production of the atomic bomb which, on last Monday, destroyed the city of Hiroshima, startled the world and revolutionized all concepts of war.

One of the leading figures in the vast work of producing the bomb and in the tremendous research which preceded its making, is Dr. Vannevar Bush, director of the Office of Scientific Research, the son of a native Provincetown woman, Emma Linwood Paine who married the Rev. R. Perry Bush, Universalist minister, who spent his summers here for many years Dr. Bush is the grandson of Lysander and Rebekah Paine. His sister, Miss Edith Bush, dean of Jackson College owns a home at 93 Commercial Street and always spends her free summers

Dr. Bush's father is buried in Provincetown.

Considered one of the electrical engineering wizards of the world, Dr Bush has been one of the key scientists in the work of developing the atomic bomb which, it is now hoped will greatly hasten the end of the war with Japan and will tend to convince humans, once and for all, of the utter insanity armed conflict.

Hollywood Director Returns for Visit to Winthrop Home

boy, took a job at the Copley Theatre more than 25 years ago, they paid him \$5 a week. For that sum he painted scenery as 1 -11 as played

It took nine years to work up to the role of star of the Copley Theatre Players. Then he earned \$175

The last raise received by Whorf, as director of MGM pictures in Hollywood, was \$35,000 a pear. Which shows you how far a Winthrop boy can go.

Whorf arrived in Boston Wednesday and is leaving today to return to his gorgeous estate in Beverly to his gorgeous estate in Beverly Hills, where his wife, "Tinks," and their three children, Peter, 16; David, 12, and Christopher, 6, are waiting for a real New England Christmas with their fathe.

Dick Whorf was the director of the mey-making "Till the Clouds Roll By," which brought in \$141,000 in its first week in New York city. He recently finished, "It Happened in Brooklyn," with Kathryn Gray-

When Dickie Whorf, a Winthrop Durante as the stars. d and Jimmy

Durante as the stars.

The next picture Whorf will direct is an untitled story for Van Johnson and June Allyson. There have been stories that Van wrote the plot. Dickie raised his hands in horror at this idea.

"Why, it would be difficult for Van to do more than sign his name on his salary check," criticized director Whorf.

When Whorf was starring in Com-

rector Whorf.

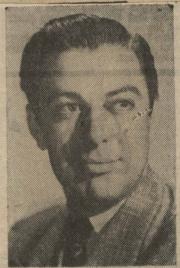
When Whorf was starring in Copley Theatre productions in Boston a quarter of a century ago. Elspeth Dudgeon was a member of the cast. It is exciting to Whorf that she is a member of the cast of "Till the Clouds Roll By."

Dickie has been a guest of his mother at 94 Somerset av., Winthrop. He also has been visiting his mother-in-law in Boston.

mother-in-law in Boston.

It was Alfred Lunt and Lynn

Fontanne who persuaded him to go into the movies. He had been appearing in quantities of plays with the Lunts. Several offers had been made to him to go into pictures. The fact that he had acted, directed, produced and written plays made a great hit in Hollywood. One year Lunt didn't have a new play, and Dickie, consequently, didn't have a job



RICHARD WHORF

That is why he went into movies and played the leading role in "Blues in the Night."

Since then Dick has been doing all right in Hollywood and his progress has been a lot faster than it had been in New England.

He is wearing a tiny mustache these days. He says it's because he has a coldsore and that when he goes back to his beautiful home with swimming pool and all the Hollywood appurtenances he will shave off this appendage.

Dick is sending his oldest son to Lawrenceville next Fall. Whorf may be a Californian by adoption, but he is still a New Englander by birth.

Because of Fred Hammett, a Cancer-Free World Is Many Years Nearer

Courageous Scientist on Cape Cod Hadn't Time to Go to Bed or Die

By GRACE Des CHAMPS PROVINCETOWN, Sept. 30-Fred Hammett is a legend on

If you have spent any time in Provincetown you have prob-

ably heard about him.

You may have even met him sometime on the Truro shore if you were early enough—a pint-sized five-foot-six in sneakers, a dripping basket of some queer kind of sea life on his arm.

His genial "Hi." in answer to your greeting, the faded swimming trunks and the inviting friendliness in the dark, quizzical face might quizzical face might have marked him off as merely an-other of the tourist phenomena that abound on the Cape Cod shores in Summer. Something about the sea and the sun make men childishly happy in their old clothes and full of expansive friendliness.

Fred Hammett—Dr. Frederick
S. Hammett—is a phenomenon, all
right, if a phenomenon means a
very rare occurrence. In London, Moscow, Montreal and wherever quiet men in laboratories
work to save their fellows instead of killing them, biochemists
and research men think of Fred
Hammett as not merely an occurrence but an event.

Because of Hammett the cancerfree world, which science assures
you is some day coming, is many
years nearer.

Because of Hammett, a wealth
of new knowledge floodlights
that whole field of cellular growth
which underlies every approach to
the study of cancer.

For 17 years on the lonely Truro
shores, Hammett pursued the mysterious cell through a jungle of
plant and marine life. Through

terious cell through a jungle of plant and marine life. Through half a million organisms he traced its course, observing it as it be-haved normally and as it misbe-

its course, observing it as it behaved normally and as it misbehaved, running amuck as a cancer cell to destroy the life of the plant or organism it inhabited.

Somewhere in the strange, baffling reason why the cell sustains and multiplies itself lay the solution of chemistry's greatest riddle, the answer to cancer, indeed to life, itself. Bit by bit, from flower, fruit fly and the lowly hydroid that clings to rocks on the shore, Hammett pieced together thrilling chapters in the mystery drama of the cell.

His laboratories were humble, weatherbeaten buildings flanked by bayberry bushes and the sea. But from cities like Tokyo and Buenos Aires came men with strange accents, anxious to work with the research chemist whose name was appearing in medical literature the world over.

To Cape Codders, however, Hammett remained the unpretentious little doctor with the rollicking



FREDERICK S. HAMMETT sitting on laboraory steps.

sense of humor and the incompre-

sense of humor and the incompre-hensible passion for weird obelias and sea anemones.

Actually for Hammett, life was a dogged, two-handed battle—in his laboratories with the wander-ing cell and in his own body with a tubercle bacillus that strove to end his life before his work was

In 1932 physicians at Barnstable In 1932 physicians at Barnstable County Sanatorium estimated Hammett's tenure of life as a probable year, after x-rays revealed a cavity in his chest as large as a good-sized orange. Hammett had collapsed on the sands, a stabbing pain in his lungs, his breath gone from the thickening of his lung walls by an advanced tubercular fibrosis.

They got a bed ready for him

advanced tubercular fibrosis.

They got a bed ready for him in the sanatorium.

"Listen, Fred," said Hammett's friend, Dr. Julius Kelley, superintendent of the sanatorium, "this is the end of the line, if you don't quit. Go on home and get some things. "

Hammet sat at the

things. ."

Hammett sat at the wheel of his car trying to make sense of what had happened. He had given a lifetime of preparation for this research that now showed him thrilling glimpses of that wandering cell whose trail he had pursued with such passion and zeal.

Director now of Lankenau Research Institute of Philadelphia. he had charge of one of the most important research projects in modern medicine.

modern medicine.

And here, on the hilltop of his career, the future beckoning, was

dead end . . . athwart his path a blind, zigzagging tubercle bacillus. Hammett tried to picture himself lying in bed all day or reclining in a desk chair wrapped in blankets. At last he went back into Dr. Kelley's office.

"It's no go on the sanatorium," he said fiatly. "Maybe I'd live a year or so and maybe I wouldn't. No, I'll live or I'll die but no sanatorium. Hell!" he laughed suddenly, "I haven't got time to die!—or to go to bed, either."

And Hammett didn't die. Instead by many and varied strategies he lived, much of the time with one lung collapsed, to make one of the greatest contributions of his generation to biochemistry. His career of active experimentation continued until less than a year ago when the frail body proved no longer equal to the demands Hammett made upon it.

"They've been good years," Hammett will tell you cheerfully from the little bedroom looking out upon Provincetown Harbor where he now spends most of his time, writing by hand the scien-

out upon Provincetown Harbor where he now spends most of his time, writing by hand the scientific monographs that sum up his years of study in cellular growth.

"I've done what I wanted to and I've had a lot of fun doing it. No man could ask for more."

The property of Lankenau Research Institute of Philadelphia, the monographs will take a topranking place in the literature of biochemistry.

It is probable Hammett has had

It is probable Hammett has had as much fun with the Summer visitors as he had with his fruit flies and hydroids. His answers to them during the past 17 years have become an important part of the folklore of the Cape.

The hollow iron suspended from the ceiling of the main laboratory—a float for fish nets, washed up during a storm—was hung there, Hammett assured his, visitors, to keep his roof from blowing off.

Gusts of laughter, like a freshening wind off the harbor, fill the little bedroom as friends and neighbors drop in. And the visitors, succumbing to his mirth, forget it was they who had come to cheer the little doctor.

It is not his scientific achievements or even his heroic temper which have won Hammett his special place in the affections of his fellow townsmen. Rather it has something to do with a warmth of spirit buraing in the little frame like a giant candle.

On a bedside table are three faithful companions, dogeared from daily reading. No more revealing testament of Hammett could be found than in their titles: Montaigne's Essays, Balzac's Droll Stories and a third that shyly he uncovers from the bottom of the pile—the Imitation of Christ.

"It's a great book," he says slowly "I read a little greaty day"

the pile—the Imitation of Christ.
"It's a great book," he says
slowly, "I read a little every day."
It is doubtful if those who know
Hammett for his Balzacian jokes
suspect his intimacy with Thomas
a Kempis. a Kempis. "But, Hell!" Hammett says, "Thomas was no stuffed shirt!"

Index to the Scrapbook of Abbie Book Putnam titled "Well known people of Provincetown – begun Mar. 1921" [Front cover labeled "The West End School of Art, Provincetown, Mass.] [The numbers in the first column do not appear in the book, but were added to show the sequence of articles for the alphabetical sort.]

#	SUBJECT	NOTES
9	Avellar, Tony	2 articles about Provincetown native Tony Avellar (sometimes misspelled "Avalar"), who posed for the Gerrit A. Beneker painting for the World War I Victory Liberty Loan poster titled, "Sure! We'll finish the job." Includes a photo of Tony Avellar standing next to the poster and a description by Gerrit A. Beneker of how and why the painting was done.
65	Avellar, Warren A.	Article about Provincetown native Coast Guard Boatswain's Mate Warren A. Avellar winning a citation for outstanding performance for his actions to extinguish a sizeable fire that threatened a group of ships while aboard the U.S.S. Alchebe.
24	Beachcombers' Ball	Article describing Beach Combers' Ball held August 23, 1922. Grand Marshall was the artist Max Bohm. Article includes a list of all the participating artists and what their costumes were.
25	Beachcombers' Ball	Article describing Beach Combers' Ball held August 23, 1923. Grand Marshall was Harry Campbell, master of ceremonies for the Provincetown Art Association. Article includes a list of all the participating artists and what their costumes were.
6	Beckwith, "Peggy"	Article about "Peggy" Beckwith, a great-granddaughter of Abraham Lincoln, who has joined the art colony in Provincetown. Dated August 4 [no year given].
8	Beneker, Gerrit Albertus	Interview and caricature of artist Gerrit Albertus Beneker, best known for his painting for the World War I Victory Liberty Loan poster titled, "Sure! We'll finish the job." Dated August 20 [no year given].
12	Block Printing	Article about the third exhibition of the art of block printing by 15 artists – including Blanch Lazzell, Harriet McInnis, Edith Wilkinson, Gerrit Sinclair, Karl Knaths, Ethel Mars, and Paul Rohland. Dated July 17 [no year given].
66	Bowley, Clarence	Article about Captain Clarence Bowley, a native of Provincetown, being awarded the Navy Cross – the second highest naval decoration. Bowley was Division Commander in a Squadron which destroyed 75 Japanese suicide planes and shot down 200 more.
59	Brewster Park	An article about the development of Brewster Park – including the purchase of an old grist mill and herring run. The mill was built in 1860 to replace one built in 1630 by Nathaniel Winslow. The article also mentions that Flax Pond in Brewster was so named because flax plants were shredded in long strips, soaked in the running stream and laid out in the field to dry.
3	Browne, George Elmer	Article about the artist George Elmer Browne being knighted by the French Legion of Honor for his work. Dated August 4 [no

#	SUBJECT	NOTES
		year given].
10	Browne, George Elmer	Article and charcoal drawing about concept by the artist George E. Browne to create a memorial commemorating the landing of the Pilgrims at Provincetown, which incorporates steps from Bradford up to the Pilgrim Monument. Dated October 11 [no year given].
13	Browne, George Elmer	Photograph of George Elmer Browne and his subject, George Washington Ready, the Town Crier.
18	Browne, George Elmer	Interview and caricature of the artist George Elmer Browne. The article mentions that his painting of a fishing boat attacked by a U-boat toured the country as a Liberty Loan booster and is now handing in the National Gallery in Washington, D.C. Dated August 15 [no year given].
34	Browne, George Elmer	Article about summer classes offered by the artist George Elmer Browne with a photograph of students in his studio.
1	Browne, George Elmer – death of	3 articles about the death of the artist George Elmer Browne at his home in Provincetown. The first article has the hand-written date July 18, 1946. [This article is pasted into the front of the scrapbook.]
58	Bush, Vannevar	Article about the selection of Dr. Vannevar Bush, Dean of Engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology since 1932, to serve as President of the Carnegie Institution of Washington.
94	Bush, Vannevar	Article about Dr. Vannevar Bush – who directed the scientific research that resulted in the development of the atomic bomb – now being called to advise on the development of the peacetime use of atomic power. The article suggests that he would rather be raising turkeys on his farm in Jaffrey, New Hampshire. He and his wife have a summer home in South Dennis.
95	Bush, Vannevar	Two articles about how Dr. Vannevar Bush – who is primarily responsible for the development of the atomic bomb. His mother was Emma Linwood Paine, a native of Provincetown.
98	Bush, Vannevar	Loose article [not pasted in] about an interview with Dr. Vannevar Bush. Dated September 2, 1945
57	Cape Railway	Article about a Provincetown delegation going to Boston to fight for the maintenance of railroad services to the lower Cape. Article includes a photograph taken in 1873 of the first train to run to the lower Cape, stopped at the Provincetown Depot, near a horse and buggy taxicab run by Deacon Hiram Snow. Dated March 14 [no year given].
28	Detwiller, Frederick K.	Article about the artist Frederick K. Detwiller's paintings being inspired by the town of Provincetown – especially his painting "Moonlit Towers".
4	Diehl, Arthur Vahl	Interview and multi-view caricature of the artist Arthur Vahl Diehl. He is described as being able to complete an oil painting every 13 ½ minutes. Dated August 22 [no year given].
41	Glaspell, Susan	Article about Susan B. Glaspell, summer resident of

#	SUBJECT	NOTES
		Provincetown, winning the Pulitzer Prize for "Alison's House" inspired by the work of the poet Emily Dickinson. The article states that Susan Glaspell first came to Provincetown with her husband George Cram Cook, who founded a "colony of dramatic students" from which Eurgene O'Neill "graduated to fame". It also states that her current husband is Norman Matson. Dated May 4, 1930.
54	Glaspell, Susan	Two short articles about the death of writer Susan Glaspell – July 26, 1948. One article mentions that she and her husband, George Cram Cook, founded the Provincetown Playhouse, which was the first to produce the plays of Eugene O'Neill.
97	Hammett, Frederick S.	Article about Frederick S. "Fred" Hammett, cancer researcher, who studies cell growth in plants and marine animals.
2	Hawthorne, Charles W.	Interview and multi-view caricature about the artist Charles W. Hawthorne dated August 19 [no year given]. In the interview he states that women are better artists than men, but give up their careers to support their husbands. The caricature shows Hawthorne playing golf, among other activities.
67	Hinckley, Ora	Article about the death of Mrs. Ora Hinckley, Librarian of the Hyannis Public Library for more than 30 years.
53	Holmes, Blanche A.	Article about the retirement of Provincetown teacher Blanche A. Holmes after 42 years of teaching. The article mentions that she believes that "the routine of the modern schoolchild is increasingly difficult because of present-day distractions."
61	Hurricane - 1938	Article, dated by hand "Sept. 21, 1938" about a hurricane that killed 85 people. The article describes the "Grey Gables tragedy" in Buzzards Bay, where the home of Mrs. John Lane was torn off its foundation and tossed on waves for two miles until it was sucked into the Cape Cod Canal by the current. Afterward, five people – including a neighbor, Hayward Wilson, who had come to warn the family – were found dead inside. The article includes photographs and a hand-drawn map of the damage.
62	Hurricane - 1938	Article explaining the difference between a tidal wave – caused by an earthquake – and a storm wave – which is water driven forward by the force of a storm.
63	Hurricane - 1938	Opinion article stating that the destruction of the hurricane forced people to live as their ancestors once did "in the conditions of the frontier".
75	Hurricane - 1944	Article about how the town of Provincetown is recovering from the September 15, 1944, hurricane a week later. Photographs of ships ashore at Onset.
76	Hurricane - 1944	Article about the impact of the Hurricane - 1944 on Wellfleet.
77	Hurricane - 1944	Article about the impact of the Hurricane - 1944 on Yarmouth
78	Hurricane - 1944	Article about the impact of the Hurricane - 1944 on Provincetown – more rumor than actual damage
79	Hurricane - 1944	Article about the impact of the Hurricane - 1944 on Marion

#	SUBJECT	NOTES
80	Hurricane - 1944	Article about the impact of the Hurricane - 1944 on West Barnstable
68	James, Henry	Article about Provincetown native Henry James, who at age 15 heard about a German submarine which had shelled Orleans (halfway between the Naval Base in Provincetown and the Chatham Air Base) on July 19, 1918, during World War I. The same sub had previously laid a mine, which sank the U.S.S. San Diego off Fire Island. American subs responded, but had insufficient gun power to stop the German sub. American airplanes flew over and dropped bombs, but missed. The German sub moved away on the surface. As he grew up, Mr. James continued to study German subs and American preparedness and has written a book titled "German Submarines in Yankee Waters". According to the book, nine German submarines made repeated two month trips to lay mines along our coast from Cape Hatteras to the Newfoundland banks. They mined Chesapeake Bay, Fenwick Shoal, the entrance to Delaware Bay, Barnegut Inlet, and from Fire Island to Nantucket Shoals. Dated June 4 [no year given].
40	Kemp, Harry	Photograph of Harry Kemp, "the lovable 'Tramp Poet'", and his wife
50	Lythgoe, Mrs. Albert H.	Article about Mrs. Albert H. Lythgoe (formerly Dorothea Cook), a native of Provincetown, who is now the Assistant Director of the Boston School of Occupational Therapy.
44	MacMillan, Donald B.	Article about Commander Donald B. MacMillan, USNR, receiving a special Congressional Medal for his participation in Admiral Robert E. Peary's discovery of the North Pole "35 years ago today". Dated April 6 [no year given]. The article mentions that other recipients include Captain Robert A. "Bob" Bartlett of New York, Matthew A. Henson of New York City, Dr. John W. Goodman of Sandy Lake, Pennsylvanis, Ross G. Marvin, and George Borup. The article also mentions that MacMillan was called up to service at age 69 during the war [World War II] at the Navy hydrographic office as general supervisor of all Northern charts. Also that he is working on an English-Eskimo dictionary that "to date' contains 33,000 words. The article also mentions that MacMillan claimed Greenland for the United States during his 1913-1917 expedition, but that the United States traded it to Denmark in exchange for the Virgin Islands.
45	MacMillan, Donald B.	Article about Donald B. MacMillan's plans to perform a mapping expedition by airplane over "the vast unexplored interior of Northern Labrador". The article also mentions his newly purchased house in the East End. Dated May 9 [no year given].
5	Mottet, Mrs. Henry	Interview and caricature of Mrs. Henry Mottet, artist and President of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, says women are as successful as men and that her organization has

#	SUBJECT	NOTES
		360 members who are exhibiting artists. Dated August 24 [no year given].
56	Native American site	Article about the remains of an Indian camp being discovered at Rose Farm in Truro, near Corn Hill.
71	Norse wall	Article and drawing by Jack Frost of a wall that appears to be of Norse origin.
16	O'Neill, Eugene	Article about newly famous playwright Eugene O'Neill living with his wife, Agnes Bolton, and year-old son in a cottage in the dunes near Provincetown. The article describes his early life – including shipping out as an ordinary seaman on a Norwegian brigantine bound for Argentina.
17	O'Neill, Eugene	Article about Eugene O'Neill living in seclusion at his home at Peaked Hill Bars near Provincetown while he works on a play, "Welded" about married life. Dated August 7 [no year given].
46	O'Neill, Eugene	Comic article by H. I. Phillips about the recent wedding of Eugene O'Neill and Carlotta Monterey told in the style of "Strange Interlude" – with a lot of asides. "Copyright 1929".
47	O'Neill, Eugene	Parody poem based on "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere" about the banning of Eugene O'Neill's play "Strange Interlude" by Boston Mayor Paul Revere.
48	O'Neill, Eugene	Article by Dale Carnegie on how Eugene O'Neill overcame poverty and doubt to become a successful dramatist.
70	Oldest Windmill on the Cape	Article and drawing by Jack Frost of the oldest windmill on the Cape in Eastham.
64	Palmer, Aaron B., Mr. and Mrs.	Article about the 50 th Wedding Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron B. Palmer of Beverly, Massachusetts. Mr. Palmer was formerly the principal of the high schools at Barnstable and Orleans.
99	Pilgrim Landing Reenactment	Article about a group of Provincetown natives, led by Harry Kemp, who reenacted the landing of the Pilgrims at the West End. Dated November 21, 1948
39	Pomeroy, Millie C.	Poem by Millie C. Pomeroy titled "Good Bye Old House", with a note by Abbie Book Putnam that says "Left the old house Oct. 29, 1929"
72	Provincetown	Article about the town of Provincetown (subtitle: "Hasty Visitors Find Only Carnival, Those Who Linger, Town of Charm"). Includes photographs of Dr. Frederick Hammett, cancer researcher studying marine animals; Josiah L. Young, former driver for President Theodore Roosevelt; Robert K. Stephens, art instructor; and Philip Malicoat, artist and president of Beachcombers. Dated August 10 [no year given].
14	Provincetown Art Association	Article about the Fifth Annual Exhibition of the Provincetown Art Association. Artists mentioned in the article include: Aiken, Charles A. Blacknell, W. H. W. Buehler, Lytton Briggs (portrait of Ivan Morawski),

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		places supplying meals.
36	Provincetown Art Association	Article about an exhibit by the Provincetown Art Association, including works by Randolph LaSalle Coats (a photograph of his painting "Hollyhocks" is included), Robert E. Ball, Pauline Palmer, John R. Hopkins, Frank H. Desch, Gerrit A. Beneker, and Herbert Ross.
21	Provincetown Art Association and Beach Combers's Costume Ball	Article and photographs about Provincetown Art Association and Beach Combers' Costume Ball. Artist William Zorach and friends won "most original prize" for a bullfighter and bull. Dated August 6 [no year given].
15	Provincetown Art Association Costume Ball	Article about Provincetown Art Association Costume ball with two photographs. Dated August 23 [no year given].
22	Provincetown Art Association Exhibition	Article about Provincetown Art Association opening its summer art exhibition for the eighth consecutive year. Artists mentioned include: Bohm, Max Buehler, Lytton Briggs (portrait of Eugene O'Neill and wife), Caliga, I. H. Desch, Frank H. Erikson, Davit Hawthorne, Charles W. ("American Motherhood") L'Engle, Lucy Moffett, Ross E. Morrow, Julia Mathilda Noble, John Paxton, Elizabeth Webster, E. Ambrose Weinrich, Agnes Zorach, Mr and Mrs.
43	Provincetown Art Association Exhibition	Article about the 12 th annual exhibition of the Provincetown Art Association, which includes a portrait of Commander Donald MacMillan in arctic costume and his Schooner Bowdoin locked in the ice.
69	Provincetown Art Association Exhibition	Article about the second exhibition of the Provincetown Art Association. Artists mentioned include: Browne, George Elmer Comfort, Barbara Cooley, Ruth Patton Dickinson, Edwin Draper, William Franklin Farnsworth, Jerry Fuglister, Fritz Gibson, Lydia – portrait of Mrs. Caroline Fisher of Truro (photograph included) Hawthorne, Marion Hensche, Henry

L'Engle, Lucy L'Engle, William Lazzell, Blanche Lindenmuth, Tod Malicoat, Philip C. Moffett, Ross Paxton, William M. Pfieffer, Fritz Rann, Vollian B. Skull, Nina W. Twining, Yvonne Waugh, Coulton Article about the Provincetown Art Museum opening for "four week season". Artists mentioned include Gerrit Beneker (portrait of Donald B. MacMillan), Elizabeth Paxton, Ilgaliga, J. E. Stacey, Mary Stafford, Frank H. Desch, and Harold Putnam Brown. Article about the art students who come to Provincetown for the summer – attention focused on work. Dated August 17, 1944 Article focuses on class taught by George Elmer Browne. Photograph of the winner of the Provincetown Beachcombers' Ball for most artistic – Miss Elma Lippincott, who appeared as the Crinoline girl of 1840. [Penciled date of 1922.] Article about the Provincetown Library – stating that up to 1000 people use the Library in the summer, "Last year they borrowed 20,914 books. Most popular books were 'Gone With the Wind', 'North to the Orient', 'Green Laurels'." The article also lists the librarians: Gilbert C. Rich – in place for one year Mrs. G. H. Crocker 1935-1936 Mrs. Abbie C. Putnam 1901-1934 Mrs. Harriet M. Dyer 1891-1901 Mrs. Mattie Bangs 1889-1891 Mrs. William R. Mitchell 1881-1888	#	SUBJECT	NOTES
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Mrs. G. H. Crocker 1935-1936 Mrs. Abbie C. Putnam 1901-1934 Mrs. Harriet M. Dyer 1891-1901 Mrs. Mattie Bangs 1889-1891	37	Provincetown Library	people use the Library in the summer, "Last year they borrowed 20,914 books. Most popular books were 'Gone With the Wind', 'North to the Orient', 'Green Laurels'." The article also lists the librarians:
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Mrs. Mattie Bangs 1889-1891			
Miss Salome A. Gifford - serving from when the Library was founded in 1874 until 1884			Miss Salome A. Gifford - serving from when the Library was
Provincetown Library Letter to the Editor of the Advocate complaining that it misrepresented how well the author – Mrs. Harlan Crooker – and	93	Provincetown Library	
the previous Librarian – Miss. Abbie Putnam – managed children – and adults – hanging out at the Library.			– and adults – hanging out at the Library.
92 Provincetown Shops Article about former Provincetown shops by Blanche A. Holmes. Dated April 6, 1944.			Dated April 6, 1944.
Article about Open House Tours sponsored by the Episcopal church St. Mary of the Harbor – including the homes of John and Carrie Weeks, Madeline Peeke, and Frederick Waugh. Dated July 19 [no year given].	55	Provincetown Tours	church St. Mary of the Harbor – including the homes of John and Carrie Weeks, Madeline Peeke, and Frederick Waugh. Dated July
91 Putnam, Abbie C. Article written by Abbie C. Putnam about her story about the	91	Putnam, Abbie C.	

#	SUBJECT	NOTES
		family keeping the light at Race Point. Her great grandfather, Elijah Dyer, and his wife Rebecca, kept the light at Race Point for thirty years. Dated April 20, 1944.
11	Rich, Vivian	Article about Provincetown native (born on shipboard) Vivian Rich who has become a film star in Hollywood with the William Fox productions. Her father was Captain Nathan Kenny Rich and her mother was Nellie F. Whorf. Miss Rich also knows how to fly a plane. Dated March 6 [no year given]. Includes a photograph of Vivian Rich with her mother and a family friend.
19	Schwartz, Frank	Article about the artist Frank Schwartz who won the Prix de Rome for his painting "Heroism" at a point when he was broke and was being evicted for not paying his rent. With photographs of the artist and his painting.
52	Smith, Howard E.	Article about artist Howard E. Smith, who was discovered when he drew a cartoon of the teacher during class and was caught at it.
51	Smith, Walter	Article about the death of Walter Smith, "the last town crier in the United States". Dated December 4 [no year given].
27	Ted Robinson's Book Shop	Article about a bookshop started by Ted Robinson formerly of Cleveland. The article mentions that there are verse on the walls of the shop written by F. P. A. and Christopher Morley with their good wishes for the success of the shop.
33	Theatrical War	Article about the fact that there are three companies providing original plays this year [penciled in as 1926] – the Wharf Players, Frank Shay's Barnstormers, and The Winston-Moore Players
35	Thomas, Elizabeth H.	Article about a special exhibit at the Provincetown Art Museum to honor the memory of the artist Elizabeth H. Thomas. The article mentions the gift of her library of art books to the Museum to create a Reference Library of Art.
30	Van Biene, Eileen	Article about Miss Eileen Van Biene, an English actress who has taken up residence year round in Provincetown. Miss Van Biene first came to America to star as Otille in "Maytime".
31	Ver Hyden, Francois Isador	Article about a former Belgian now living in Provincetown who makes paint for artists from a secret formula that originated in his family more than 200 years ago. Dated August 5 [no year given].
73	Vorse, Mary Heaton	Review of the Mary Heaton Vorse book "Time and the Town"
74	Vorse, Mary Heaton	Article about dispute over planned cover of "Time and the Town". The town of Rockport claims the cover is of a Rockport – not Provincetown – building.
60	Waterman, Marcus	Article about the artist Marcus Waterman, one of the first American artists to paint light in its relation to color. He studied in Paris and then painted the light in North Africa and Spain, and then discovered the same light in the sand dunes near Provincetown. He is said to have drawn other artists to the Cape "60 years ago" [no year given], and started the whole art movement on the Cape.
7	Webster, E. Ambrose	Interview and caricature of E. Ambrose Webster, artist and Vice-

#	SUBJECT	NOTES
		President of the Provincetown Art Association, known for the
		intense colors of his paintings. Dated August 17 [no year given].
42	Webster, E. Ambrose	Article about the opinion of E. Ambrose Webster that artists prefer
		women with curves. Dated August 16 [no year given].
26	Wharf Players of	Article about the debut of the Wharf Players of Provincetown with
	Provincetown	a number of one-act experimental plays – "Don Juan in a Garden"
		by Harry Kemp, "Mignonette" by Ferdinand Reyher, "Why Girls
		Stay Home" by Maude Humphrey, and "The Trysting Place" by
		Booth Tarkington. The Wharf Players are a revival of the old
		Provincetown Players. Dated August 30 [no year given].
38	Wharf Players, Incorporated	Article stating that the Wharf Players, now incorporated, have
		acquired the fish house at 81 Commercial Street formerly owned
		by John O'Neil for use as a theater.
96	Whorf, Richard	Article about Richard Whorf, native of Winthrop, who became a
		director of movies for MGM.
49	Young, Cy and Mrs.	Article about an antique store in Provincetown run by Mr. and
		Mrs. Cy Young. Dated March 11 [no year given].

Index to the Scrapbook of Abbie Book Putnam titled "Well known people of Provincetown – begun Mar. 1921" [Front cover labeled "The West End School of Art, Provincetown, Mass.] [The numbers in the first column do not appear in the book, but were added to show the sequence of articles for the alphabetical sort.]

#	SUBJECT	NOTES
1	Browne, George Elmer – death of	3 articles about the death of the artist George Elmer Browne at his home in Provincetown. The first article has the hand-written date July 18, 1946. [This article is pasted into the front of the scrapbook.]
2	Hawthorne, Charles W.	Interview and multi-view caricature about the artist Charles W. Hawthorne dated August 19 [no year given]. In the interview he states that women are better artists than men, but give up their careers to support their husbands. The caricature shows Hawthorne playing golf, among other activities.
3	Browne, George Elmer	Article about the artist George Elmer Browne being knighted by the French Legion of Honor for his work. Dated August 4 [no year given].
4	Diehl, Arthur Vahl	Interview and multi-view caricature of the artist Arthur Vahl Diehl. He is described as being able to complete an oil painting every 13 ½ minutes. Dated August 22 [no year given].
5	Mottet, Mrs. Henry	Interview and caricature of Mrs. Henry Mottet, artist and President of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, says women are as successful as men and that her organization has 360 members who are exhibiting artists. Dated August 24 [no year given].
6	Beckwith, "Peggy"	Article about "Peggy" Beckwith, a great-granddaughter of Abraham Lincoln, who has joined the art colony in Provincetown. Dated August 4 [no year given].
7	Webster, E. Ambrose	Interview and caricature of E. Ambrose Webster, artist and Vice-President of the Provincetown Art Association, known for the intense colors of his paintings. Dated August 17 [no year given].
8	Beneker, Gerrit Albertus	Interview and caricature of artist Gerrit Albertus Beneker, best known for his painting for the World War I Victory Liberty Loan poster titled, "Sure! We'll finish the job." Dated August 20 [no year given].
9	Avellar, Tony	2 articles about Provincetown native Tony Avellar (sometimes misspelled "Avalar"), who posed for the Gerrit A. Beneker painting for the World War I Victory Liberty Loan poster titled, "Sure! We'll finish the job." Includes a photo of Tony Avellar standing next to the poster and a description by Gerrit A. Beneker of how and why the painting was done.
10	Browne, George Elmer	Article and charcoal drawing about concept by the artist George E. Browne to create a memorial commemorating the landing of the Pilgrims at Provincetown, which incorporates steps from Bradford up to the Pilgrim Monument. Dated October 11 [no year given].

#	SUBJECT	NOTES
11	Rich, Vivian	Article about Provincetown native (born on shipboard) Vivian Rich who has become a film star in Hollywood with the William Fox productions. Her father was Captain Nathan Kenny Rich and her mother was Nellie F. Whorf. Miss Rich also knows how to fly a plane. Dated March 6 [no year given]. Includes a photograph of Vivian Rich with her mother and a family friend.
12	Block Printing	Article about the third exhibition of the art of block printing by 15 artists – including Blanch Lazzell, Harriet McInnis, Edith Wilkinson, Gerrit Sinclair, Karl Knaths, Ethel Mars, and Paul Rohland. Dated July 17 [no year given].
13	Browne, George Elmer	Photograph of George Elmer Browne and his subject, George Washington Ready, the Town Crier.
14	Provincetown Art Association	Article about the Fifth Annual Exhibition of the Provincetown Art Association. Artists mentioned in the article include E. A. Webster, Mrs. E. S. Taylor, O. N. Chaffee, Miss Marjorie Conant, Theodore Coe, Miss Elizabeth H. Howland, Ross E. Moffett, Charles W. Hawthorne (portrait of Nellie Barnes), William L'Engle (portrait of Ben Atkins), Tod Lindenmuth, Charles Pepper, Flora G. Schonfeld, F. Gerhardt Schwarz, Lytton Briggs Buehler (portrait of Ivan Morawski), Charles A. Aiken, Mrs. Elizabeth Paxton, Oscar Gieberich, W. H. W. Blacknell, The article also mentions block prints by Miss Ada Gilmore, Miss Mildred McMillan, Miss Blanche Lazell, Miss Maud Squire, and Miss Agnes Weinrich. Dated July 11 [no year given].
15	Art Association Costume Ball	Article about Art Association Costume ball with two photographs. Dated August 23 [no year given].
16	O'Neill, Eugene	Article about newly famous playwright Eugene O'Neill living with his wife, Agnes Bolton, and year-old son in a cottage in the dunes near Provincetown. The article describes his early life – including shipping out as an ordinary seaman on a Norwegian brigantine bound for Argentina.
17	O'Neill, Eugene	Article about Eugene O'Neill living in seclusion at his home at Peaked Hill Bars near Provincetown while he works on a play, "Welded" about married life. Dated August 7 [no year given].
18	Browne, George Elmer	Interview and caricature of the artist George Elmer Browne. The article mentions that his painting of a fishing boat attacked by a U-boat toured the country as a Liberty Loan booster and is now handing in the National Gallery in Washington, D.C. Dated August 15 [no year given].
19	Schwartz, Frank	Article about the artist Frank Schwartz who won the Prix de Rome for his painting "Heroism" at a point when he was broke and was being evicted for not paying his rent. With photographs of the artist and his painting.
20	Provincetown Beachcombers' Ball	Photograph of the winner of the Provincetown Beachcombers' Ball for most artistic – Miss Elma Lippincott, who appeared as the

#	SUBJECT	NOTES
		Crinoline girl of 1840. [Penciled date of 1922.]
21	Provincetown Art Association and Beach Combers's Costume Ball	Article and photographs about Provincetown Art Association and Beach Combers' Costume Ball. Artist William Zorach and friends won "most original prize" for a bullfighter and bull. Dated August 6 [no year given].
22	Provincetown Art Association Exhibition	Article about Provincetown Art Association opening its summer art exhibition for the eighth consecutive year. Artists mentioned include Charles W. Hawthorne ("American Motherhood"), John Noble, Ross E. Moffett, Davit Erikson, Max Bohm, Lytton Briggs Buehler (portrait of Eugene O'Neill and wife), Mr and Mrs. Zorach, Agnes Weinrich, and Lucy L'Engle, I. H. Caliga, Frank H. Desch, Elizabeth Paxton, Julia Mathilda Morrow, E. Ambrose Webster.
23	Provincetown Art Association	Article about the dedication of the Provincetown Art Museum. July 32, 1921.
24	Beachcombers' Ball	Article describing Beach Combers' Ball held August 23, 1922. Grand Marshall was the artist Max Bohm. Article includes a list of all the participating artists and what their costumes were.
25	Beachcombers' Ball	Article describing Beach Combers' Ball held August 23, 1923. Grand Marshall was Harry Campbell, master of ceremonies for the Provincetown Art Association. Article includes a list of all the participating artists and what their costumes were.
26	Wharf Players of Provincetown	Article about the debut of the Wharf Players of Provincetown with a number of one-act experimental plays – "Don Juan in a Garden" by Harry Kemp, "Mignonette" by Ferdinand Reyher, "Why Girls Stay Home" by Maude Humphrey, and "The Trysting Place" by Booth Tarkington. The Wharf Players are a revival of the old Provincetown Players. Dated August 30 [no year given].
27	Ted Robinson's Book Shop	Article about a bookshop started by Ted Robinson formerly of Cleveland. The article mentions that there are verse on the walls of the shop written by F. P. A. and Christopher Morley with their good wishes for the success of the shop.
28	Detwiller, Frederick K.	Article about the artist Frederick K. Detwiller's paintings being inspired by the town of Provincetown – especially his painting "Moonlit Towers".
29	Provincetown Art Museum	Article about the Provincetown Art Museum opening for "four week season". Artists mentioned include Gerrit Beneker (portrait of Donald B. MacMillan), Elizabeth Paxton, Ilgaliga, J. E. Stacey, Mary Stafford, Frank H. Desch, and Harold Putnam Brown.
30	Van Biene, Eileen	Article about Miss Eileen Van Biene, an English actress who has taken up residence year round in Provincetown. Miss Van Biene first came to America to star as Otille in "Maytime".
31	Ver Hyden, Francois Isador	Article about a former Belgian now living in Provincetown who makes paint for artists from a secret formula that originated in his family more than 200 years ago. Dated August 5 [no year given].

#	SUBJECT	NOTES
32	Provincetown Art	Article about the tenth annual exhibition of paintings. Artists
	Association	mentioned include:
		Bain, Harriet F.
		Ball, Alice Worthington
		Beneker, Gerrit
		Bicknell, W. H. W.
		Bohm, Max (memorial works)
		Bourne, Frazer and Evelin Bodfish
		Brewer, Mary Locke (a photograph of her painting "The Mud
		Scows" is included)
		Browne, George Elmer
		Buehler, Lytton
		Carson
		Carson, Frank
		Chase, Sidney M.
		Clymer, Floyd
		Coats, Randolph LaSalle (a photgraph of his painting is included),
		Ball, Robert E.
		Coltman, Ora
		Crocker, Martha E. (portrait of Mrs. J. J. Enneking)
		Dennis, Morgan
		Desch, Frank
		Dickinson, Edwin
		Dickinson, Edwin
		Dupuy, Ella M.
		Eddy, Henry
		Evans, Bruce
		Ferguson, Nancy
		Gibbs, Howard M.
		Grant, Laurence
		Greenwood, Clara
		Hawthorne, Charles
		Hawthorne, Marion
		Haymaker, Susan
		Hensche, Henry
		Hoke, Martha
		Hopkins, James R.
		Johnson, Stella
		Kasselau, Charles (a photograph of his painting "Street Scene in
		Provincetown" is included)
		L'Engle, Lucy
		L'Engle, William
		Levy, William Auerbach
		Liddell, Katherine
17.4		Lindemuth, Tod (a photograph of his painting "Low Tide" is

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		included)
		Link, Lillian
		Miller, Richard
		Modjeska, Marylka
		Moffett, Ross
		Mottet, Jeanie
		Munger, Anne Weils
		Munroe, Sarah
		Palmer, Pauline
		Pfeiffer, Harry
		Ringius, Carl
		Ryerson, Marjorie
		Slade, C. Arnold
		Taylor, Heyward
		Thomas, Miss E. H. (memorial works)
		Warren, Elizabeth
		Webster, E. Ambrose
		Witherstein, Donald
		Witherstein, Donard
		The article also mentions that although there has been a dearth of
		good eating places in the past, this year there are no less than thirty
		places supplying meals.
33	Theatrical War	Article about the fact that there are three companies providing
	11100111001	original plays this year [penciled in as 1926] – the Wharf Players,
		Frank Shay's Barnstormers, and The Winston-Moore Players
34	Browne, George Elmer	Article about summer classes offered by the artist George Elmer
51	Browne, George Emier	Browne with a photograph of students in his studio.
35	Thomas, Elizabeth H.	Article about a special exhibit at the Provincetown Art Museum to
33	Thomas, Enzaoeth II.	honor the memory of the artist Elizabeth H. Thomas. The article
		mentions the gift of her library of art books to the Museum to
		create a Reference Library of Art.
36	Provincetown Art	Article about an exhibit by the Provincetown Art Association,
30	Association	including works by Randolph LaSalle Coats (a photograph of his
	Association	painting "Hollyhocks" is included), Robert E. Ball, Pauline
		Palmer, John R. Hopkins, Frank H. Desch, Gerrit A. Beneker, and
		Herbert Ross.
37	Provincetown Library	Article about the Provincetown Library – stating that up to 1000
31	Provincetown Library	people use the Library in the summer, "Last year they borrowed
		20,914 books. Most popular books were 'Gone With the Wind',
		'North to the Orient', 'Green Laurels'." The article also lists the
		librarians:
		Gilbert C. Rich – in place for one year
		Mrs. G. H. Crocker 1935-1936
		Mrs. Abbie C. Putnam 1901-1934 [the scrapbook creator]
		Mrs. Harriet M. Dyer 1891-1901

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		Mrs. Mattie Bangs 1889-1891 Mrs. William R. Mitchell 1881-1888 Miss Salome A. Gifford - serving from when the Library was founded in 1874 until 1884
38	Wharf Players, Incorporated	Article stating that the Wharf Players, now incorporated, have acquired the fish house at 81 Commercial Street formerly owned by John O'Neil for use as a theater.
39	Pomeroy, Millie C.	Poem by Millie C. Pomeroy titled "Good Bye Old House", with a note by Abbie Book Putnam that says "Left the old house Oct. 29, 1929"
40	Kemp, Harry	Photograph of Harry Kemp, "the lovable 'Tramp Poet'", and his wife
41	Glaspell, Susan B.	Article about Susan B. Glaspell, summer resident of Provincetown, winning the Pulitzer Prize for "Alison's House" based in part on the work of the poet Emily Dickinson. The article states that Susan Glaspell first came to Provincetown with her husband George Cram Cook, who founded a "colony of dramatic students" from which Eurgene O'Neill "graduated to fame". It also states that her current husband is Norman Matson. Dated May 4, 1930.
42	Webster, E. Ambrose	Article about the opinion of E. Ambrose Webster that artists prefer women with curves. Dated August 16 [no year given].
43	Provincetown Art Association Exhibit	Article about the 12 th annual exhibition of the Provincetown Art Association, which includes a portrait of Commander Donald MacMillan in arctic costume and his Schooner Bowdoin locked in the ice.
44	MacMillan, Donald B.	Article about Commander Donald B. MacMillan, USNR, receiving a special Congressional Medal for his participation in Admiral Robert E. Peary's discovery of the North Pole "35 years ago today". Dated April 6 [no year given]. The article mentions that other recipients include Captain Robert A. "Bob" Bartlett of New York, Matthew A. Henson of New York City, Dr. John W. Goodman of Sandy Lake, Pennsylvanis, Ross G. Marvin, and George Borup. The article also mentions that MacMillan was called up to service at age 69 during the war [World War II] at the Navy hydrographic office as general supervisor of all Northern charts. Also that he is working on an English-Eskimo dictionary that "to date' contains 33,000 words. The article also mentions that MacMillan claimed Greenland for the United States during his 1913-1917 expedition, but that the United States traded it to Denmark in exchange for the Virgin Islands.
45	MacMillan, Donald B.	Article about Donald B. MacMillan's plans to perform a mapping expedition by airplane over "the vast unexplored interior of Northern Labrador". The article also mentions his newly purchased house in the East End. Dated May 9 [no year given].

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46	O'Neill, Eugene	Comic article by H. I. Phillips about the recent wedding of Eugene O'Neill and Carlotta Monterey told in the style of "Strange Interlude" – with a lot of asides. "Copyright 1929".
47	O'Neill, Eugene	Parody poem based on "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere" about the banning of Eugene O'Neill's play "Strange Interlude" by Boston Mayor Paul Revere.
48	O'Neill, Eugene	Article by Dale Carnegie on how Eugene O'Neill overcame poverty and doubt to become a successful dramatist.
49	Young, Cy and Mrs.	Article about an antique store in Provincetown run by Mr. and Mrs. Cy Young. [Any relation to the Baseball Award?] Dated March 11 [no year given].
50	Lythgoe, Mrs. Albert H.	Article about Mrs. Albert H. Lythgoe (formerly Dorothea Cook), a native of Provincetown, who is now the Assistant Director of the Boston School of Occupational Therapy.
51	Smith, Walter	Article about the death of Walter Smith, "the last town crier in the United States". Dated December 4 [no year given].
52	Smith, Howard E.	Article about artist Howard E. Smith, who was discovered when he drew a cartoon of the teacher during class and was caught at it.
53	Holmes, Blanche A.	Article about the retirement of Provincetown teacher Blanche A. Holmes after 42 years of teaching. The article mentions that she believes that "the routine of the modern schoolchild is increasingly difficult because of present-day distractions."
54	Glaspell, Susan	Two short articles about the death of writer Susan Glaspell – July 26, 1948. One article mentions that she and her husband, George Cram Cook, founded the Provincetown Playhouse, which was the first to produce the plays of Eugene O'Neill.
55	Provincetown Tours	Article about Open House Tours sponsored by the Episcopal church St. Mary of the Harbor – including the homes of John and Carrie Weeks, Madeline Peeke, and Frederick Waugh. Dated July 19 [no year given].
56	Native American site	Article about the remains of an Indian camp being discovered at Rose Farm in Truro, near Corn Hill.
57	Cape Railway	Article about a Provincetown delegation going to Boston to fight for the maintenance of railroad services to the lower Cape. Article includes a photograph taken in 1873 of the first train to run to the lower Cape, stopped at the Provincetown Depot, near a horse and buggy taxicab run by Deacon Hiram Snow. Dated March 14 [no year given].
58	Bush, Vannevar	Article about the selection of Dr. Vannevar Bush, Dean of Engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology since 1932, to serve as President of the Carnegie Institution of Washington.
59	Brewster Park	An article about the development of Brewster Park – including the purchase of an old grist mill and herring run. The mill was built in 1860 to replace one built in 1630 by Nathaniel Winslow. The

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		article also mentions that Flax Pond in Brewster was so named because flax plants were shredded in long strips, soaked in the running stream and laid out in the field to dry.
60	Waterman, Marcus	Article about the artist Marcus Waterman, one of the first American artists to paint light in its relation to color. He studied in Paris and then painted the light in North Africa and Spain, and then discovered the same light in the sand dunes near Provincetown. He is said to have drawn other artists to the Cape "60 years ago" [no year given], and started the whole art movement on the Cape.
61	1938 Hurricane	Article, dated by hand "Sept. 21, 1938" about a hurricane that killed 85 people. The article describes the "Grey Gables tragedy" in Buzzards Bay, where the home of Mrs. John Lane was torn off its foundation and tossed on waves for two miles until it was sucked into the Cape Cod Canal by the current. Afterward, five people – including a neighbor, Hayward Wilson, who had come to warn the family – were found dead inside. The article includes photographs and a hand-drawn map of the damage.
62	1938 Hurricane	Article explaining the difference between a tidal wave – caused by an earthquake – and a storm wave – which is water driven forward by the force of a storm.
63	1938 Hurricane	Opinion article stating that the destruction of the hurricane forced people to live as their ancestors once did "in the conditions of the frontier".
64	Palmer, Aaron B., Mr. and Mrs.	Article about the 50 th Wedding Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron B. Palmer of Beverly, Massachusetts. Mr. Palmer was formerly the principal of the high schools at Barnstable and Orleans.
65	Avellar, Warren A.	Article about Provincetown native Coast Guard Boatswain's Mate Warren A. Avellar winning a citation for outstanding performance for his actions to extinguish a sizeable fire that threatened a group of ships while aboard the U.S.S. Alchebe.
66	Bowley, Clarence	Article about Captain Clarence Bowley, a native of Provincetown, being awarded the Navy Cross – the second highest naval decoration. Bowley was Division Commander in a Squadron which destroyed 75 Japanese suicide planes and shot down 200 more.
67	Hinckley, Ora	Article about the death of Mrs. Ora Hinckley, Librarian of the Hyannis Public Library for more than 30 years.
68	James, Henry	Article about Provincetown native Henry James, who at age 15 heard about a German submarine which shelled Orleans (halfway between the Naval Base in Provincetown and the Chatham Air Base) on July 19, 1918, during World War I. The same sub had previously laid a mine, which sank the U.S.S. San Diego off Fire Island. American subs responded, but had insufficient gun power

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		to stop the German sub. American airplanes flew over and dropped bombs, but missed. The German sub moved away on the surface. As he grew up, Mr. James continued to study German subs and American preparedness and had written a book titled "German Submarines in Yankee Waters". According to the book, nine German submarines made repeated two month trips to lay mines along our coast from Cape Hatteras to the Newfoundland banks. They mined Chesapeake Bay, Fenwick Shoal, the entrance to Delaware Bay, Barnegut Inlet, and from Fire Island to Nantucket Shoals. Dated June 4 [no year given].
69	Provincetown Art Association Exhibition	Article about the second exhibition of the Provincetown Art Association. Artists mentioned include: Browne, George Elmer Comfort, Barbara Cooley, Ruth Patton Dickinson, Edwin Draper, William Franklin Farnsworth, Jerry Fuglister, Fritz Gibson, Lydia – portrait of Mrs. Caroline Fisher of Truro (photograph included) Hawthorne, Marion Hensche, Henry L'Engle, Lucy L'Engle, William Lazzell, Blanche Lindenmuth, Tod Malicoat, Philip C. Moffett, Ross Paxton, William M. Pfieffer, Fritz Rann, Vollian B.
70	Oldest Windmill on the	Skull, Nina W. Twining, Yvonne Waugh, Coulton Article and drawing by Jack Frost of the oldest windmill on the
71	Cape Norse wall	Cape in Eastham. Article and drawing by Jack Frost of a wall that appears to be of Norse origin.
72	Provincetown	Article about the town of Provincetown (subtitle: "Hasty Visitors Find Only Carnival, Those Who Linger, Town of Charm"). Includes photographs of Dr. Frederick Hammett, cancer researcher studying marine animals, Josiah L. Young, former driver for President Theodore Roosevelt, Robert K. Stephens, art instructor, and Philip Malicoat, artist and president of Beachcombers. Dated

#	SUBJECT	NOTES
		August 10 [no year given].
73	Vorse, Mary Heaton	Review of the Mary Heaton Vorse book "Time and the Town"
74	Vorse, Mary Heaton	Article about dispute over planned cover of "Time and the Town". The town of Rockport claims the cover is of a Rockport – not Provincetown – building.
75	1944 Hurricane	Article about how the town of Provincetown is recovering from the September 15, 1944, hurricane a week later. Photographs of ships ashore at Onset.
76	1944 Hurricane	Article about the impact of the 1944 Hurricane on Wellfleet.
77	1944 Hurricane	Article about the impact of the 1944 Hurricane on Yarmouth
78	1944 Hurricane	Article about the impact of the 1944 Hurricane on Provincetown – more rumor than actual damage
79	1944 Hurricane	Article about the impact of the 1944 Hurricane on Marion
80	1944 Hurricane	Article about the impact of the 1944 Hurricane on West Barnstable
90	Provincetown Art Students	Article about the art students who come to Provincetown for the summer – attention focused on work. Dated August 17, 1944 Article focuses on class taught by George Elmer Browne.
91	Putnam, Abbie C.	Article written by Abbie C. Putnam about her story about keeping the light at Race Point. Her great grandfather, Elijah Dyer, and his wife Rebecca, kept the light at Race Point for thirty years. Dated April 20, 1944.
92	Provincetown Shops	Article about former Provincetown shops by Blanche A. Holmes. Dated April 6, 1944.
93	Provincetown Library	Letter to the Editor of the Advocate complaining that it misrepresented how well the author – Mrs. Harlan Crooker – and the previous Librarian – Miss. Abbie Putnam – managed children – and adults – hanging out at the Library.
94	Bush, Vannevar	Article about Dr. Vannevar Bush – who directed the scientific research that resulted in the development of the atomic bomb – now being called to advise on the development of the peacetime use of atomic power. The article suggests that he would rather be raising turkeys on his farm in Jaffrey, New Hampshire. He and his wife have a summer home in South Dennis.
95	Bush, Vannevar	Two articles about how Dr. Vannevar Bush – who is primarily responsible for the development of the atomic bomb. His mother was Emma Linwood Paine, a native of Provincetown.
96	Whorf, Richard	Article about Richard Whorf, native of Winthrop, who became a director of movies for MGM.
97	Hammett, Frederick S.	Article about Frederick S. "Fred" Hammett, cancer researcher, who studies cell growth in plants and marine animals.
98	Bush, Vannevar	Loose article [not pasted in] about an interview with Dr. Vannevar Bush. Dated September 2, 1945
99	Pilgrim Landing Reenactment	Article about a group of Provincetown natives, led by Harry Kemp, who reenacted the landing of the Pilgrims at the West End. Dated November 21, 1948