

Provincetown^{9th} and the Cape

Book Three.

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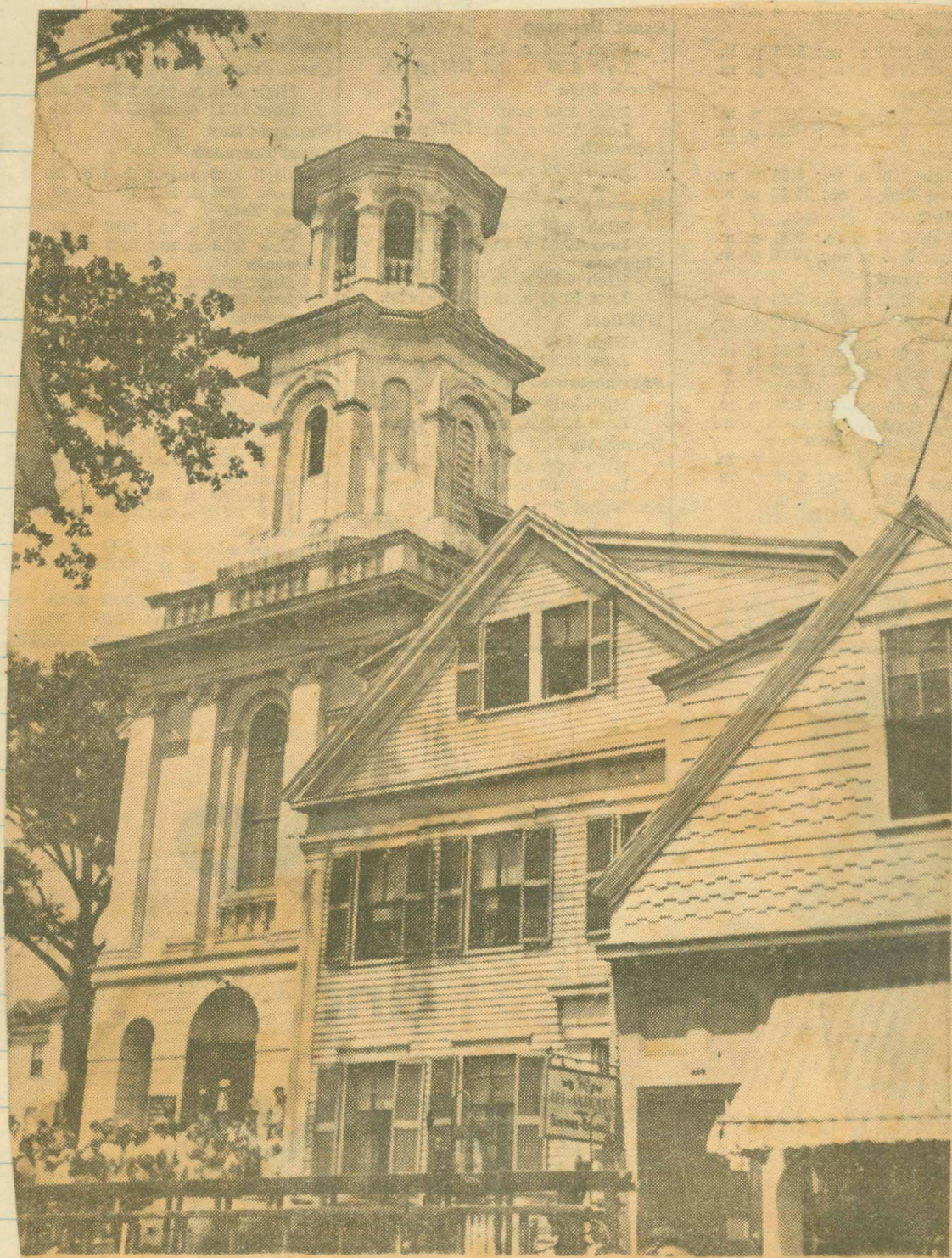
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Courtesy of Gerrit A. Benker

A TYPICAL CAPE COD COTTAGE CHARACTERISTICALLY TURNED AWAY FROM
THE SEA AND SHELTERED BY WIND-SWEPT POPLARS



THIS IS PROBABLY the most placid action picture of a fire ever recorded for posterity. It shows Summer visitors, barely visible over the ladders of an ancient piece of fire apparatus, watching a fire in a building adjacent to the First Methodist Church in Provincetown.

OLD CAPE COD
HOUSE

Town Historian Tells Of Days Of Long Ago



Mrs. Gertrude DeWager, authority on early lore of Provincetown is shown here in the early Colonial Kitchen reconstructed in the Provincetown Museum, maintained by the Research Club of which she is past president and for many years an active member. With her is Miss Elsie Long, curator of the Museum.

Interesting Early History Is Recalled In Paper Written By Gertrude DeWager

Many Little Known Facts Are Brought To Light—Gosnold Street Once A Muddy Creek—Town Had 75 Salt Mills

Part I

Early days of this sandy end of Cape Cod, dating back to the coming of the Pilgrims, and even before, and recalling scenes almost forgotten by any alive today, are described in a fascinating paper which Mrs. Gertrude S. DeWager, past president of the Research Club and student of early Provincetown history, read at a late meeting of the club and which she is preparing to publish in booklet form.

Did you know that what is now Gosnold Street was once a stream of muddy water deep enough for row-boats? Did you ever hear of "John Roll Down" and do you know how he got the name? Did you know that Provincetown once boasted 75 prosperous salt mills? Did you know that we might have had a Commercial street just twice as wide as it is now if one suggestion had been followed?

Provincetown owes its very existence to the winds and waves which continue to beat and surge around its coast. Through ages these waves gathered, tossed, and heaped up sand until they had built, sixty miles out to sea, an arc of land embracing a wide, deep and beautiful harbor. The same active elements which heaped up this alluvion deposit, extending from Pilgrim Heights to the end of Long Point, were responsible for the sea-borne seeds which when tossed upon the sand, sprouted and developed into weeds, shrubs, and even tall trees. These, with their roots planted deep into the sand played a most necessary part as sandbinders, and helped form, at the tip end of Cape Cod, a land without rock foundation, a land without springs of fresh water, territory which developed into a town

where for more than two centuries the only available fresh drinking water was surface water filtered through clean white sand and made more wholesome by the action of tree roots which served as underground scavengers.

Wooded Shore

In 1620, when our forefathers sighted this point of land which was to be their first landing place, they noticed, wrote Gov. Bradford, "the long sandy outer shore with its sand dunes," mounds under which a forest lay buried. Later, as the Mayflower rounded Long Point, trees growing close to the water's edge were seen. These extended along the coast to that point of land now known as Wood End. Not many years ago stumps of red wood trees were excavated in this locality, and here it is that Wood End Light now flashes its signal to the sea, a useful memorial to the terminal of a forest primeval.

Upon the Pilgrim's first landing they discovered a long narrow body of water. It extended from the point of land now known as Lancy's Corner to another familiar section called Railroad Square. This body

of water had outlets to the sea. One of these flowed along Gosnold Street, a street known not so long ago as Mud Alley. This suggestive name was derived from its muddy surface which sometimes even on bright sunny days failed to become altogether dry. We recall elderly people saying "in their youth boats were rowed along this same lane, while snuggled close to Monument Hill were flourishing swamp gardens." The largest of these belonged to Waterman Crocker. He was a gentleman of considerable wealth for those days, and owned the land over which the railroad was later built. In fact, it was right through his garden the railroad tracks were laid.

Salt Works Started

As homes were built and industries established here, the introduction of the Salt Works had much to do with the disappearance of the central body of fresh water with its swampy banks and outlets to the sea. Our early fishermen looked upon salt as the prime necessity for preserving their great catches of fish until they could be placed upon the market. Salt was expensive because of its importation plus duty or tax. The early Cape Mariners reasoned, that with such a vast amount of salt water at their front door, salt could be gathered from it. They would go still farther in this new scheme and put old Sol to work on the job. In the earliest days of this experiment, salt water was brought up from the shore in buckets and poured into shallow wooden vats. This was a tedious and laborious task. Four hundred gallons of salt water produced but a scant bushel of salt. At the suggestion of a sea-captain, wooden hand pumps were introduced into the works, and then, at the suggestion of other fellow captains these pumps were contrived to be worked by Dutch windmills.

In 1800, manufacturing of salt became a thriving business. The windmills pumped the salt water through hollow logs into the water-rooms. These water-rooms, which really were long narrow vats, were built on piles about four feet from the ground. The soil under the vats was of a dry nature, as damp ground would retard the development of salt and, too, it would be injurious to the structures. After a few pleasant days the salt water was led to other vats called pickle rooms where minute crystals would form on the surface of the water. The liquid was then led into salt rooms where larger cubes would form from the massing of the tiny salt crystals. When the cubes sank to the bottom of the vat the salt was ready for use and was placed in dry houses until needed. Medicinal salts were also obtained in this way, and were recommended by doctors until the price became so low they were not profitable, and then patients were told, "The salts

Hailing GOP Victory

Nov. 4, 1952



(Cape Cod Standard-Times Photo)
Miss Abbie Putnam, 83-year-old Provincetown Republican who had waited 20 years to see the GOP returned to office plays "The Star-Spangled Banner" on her trumpet, which she promised to do if the party returned to office. The elderly retired librarian lives at 476A Commercial Street.

Electing: -

Dwight G Eisenhower Presd.
V. "

of U.S.A.

2/2

Louise "Mid" Paine Passes From Provincetown Scene



This is probably the last picture taken of Miss Louise C. Paine who died Saturday in her home opposite Town Hall, where she was born and lived out her full life of 90 years. Leaning against Miss Paine's chair is the Boston Post Oldest Citizen cane and on the wall above hangs a portrait of her mother, Phoebe Ann Cook Paine, painted by one of "Mids" close friends, Alice Bevin.

Louise Paine Dies Here At 90 Years

Funeral services were held yesterday afternoon from Fisk Funeral Home for Miss Louise Cook Paine, 90, holder of the Boston Post cane as one of the oldest residents of the town, who died late Saturday at her home at 275 Commercial street after an illness of several months. The Rev. Albert S. Ziegler, of Everett, Summer pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, Universalist, of which Miss Paine was a parish member, officiated and interment was in Hamilton Cemetery here.

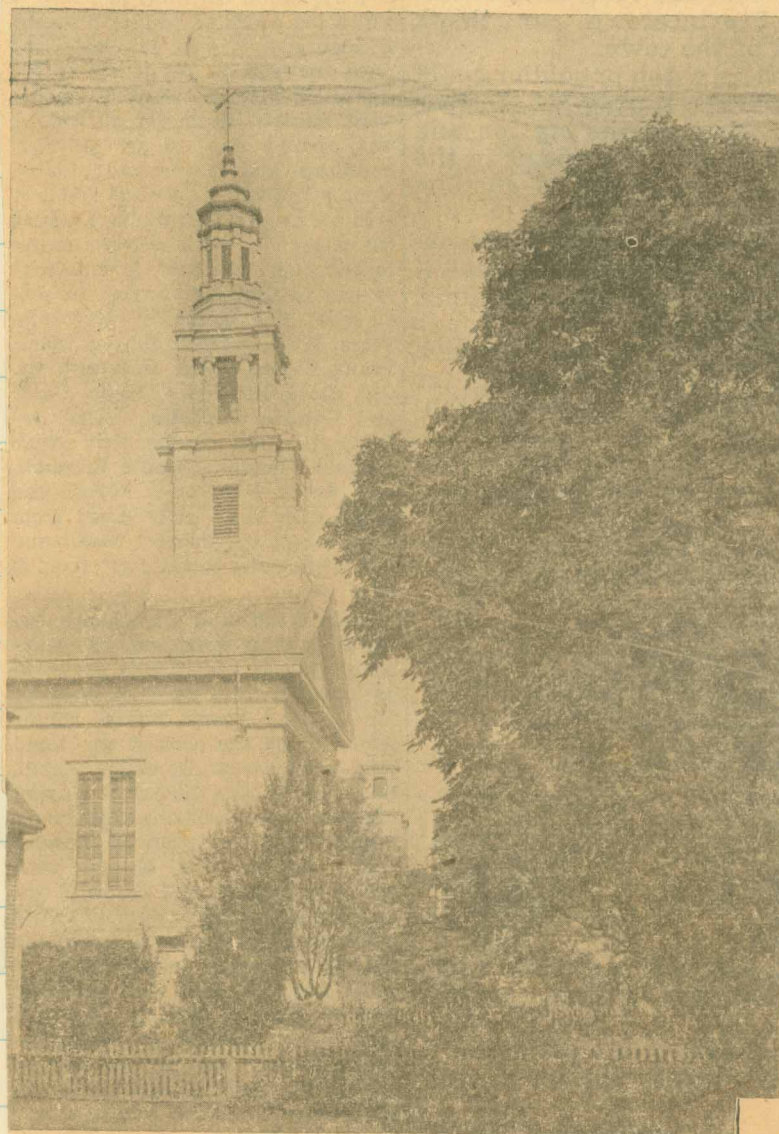
Miss Paine was born and lived all of her long life in the house in which she died. She was the daughter of the late James C. N. Paine and Phoebe Cook Paine and was well known to many townspeople and annual visitors over a period of years. For a long time she was a piano teacher and also a milliner.

Miss Paine was also a charter member of the Nautilus Club, and a member of the Research Club. She is survived by several cousins.

Through the years the Paine home opposite Town Hall was the meeting place of many noted people who came to Provincetown for long or short stays. Freddie McKay spent his summers here for many years and it was here he brought his wife, Eileen Van Biene, and also Blanche Ring to whom he was also married for a time. Colin Campbell Clements, of early movie fame, also stayed here and for years Alice Bevin has looked upon it as her Summer home and its owner as almost a part of her family. Peter Hunt recalls that Pa and Ma Hunt brought him to the Paine home in the early seasons of their Provincetown visits, and remembers the famous hollyhock lane which edged the house down to the rose arbors near the shore.

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Stately Spire Of Universalist Church Attracts Eyes And Admiration Of Many



Church of The Redeemer Is One Of Most Photographed Subject
On Cape Cod

ns,
low

Universalist Church Notes Rev. James F. Albion, D.D., Pastor Residence 12 Carver Street

The average man, not the one with unusual endowment, not the one with the least equipment, but the average every-day fellow was the subject of Rev. Mr. Rose's discourse, last Sunday. Such men and women are the bulwark of society and the assurance of progress.

The average man must guard against the danger of being dazzled by the achievements of the few really great men; he must be alert against self-depreciation and discouragement; he must learn the true measure of life, and that measure is GROWTH. An inspiring sermon for every-day folks.

tiful Church of The Redeemer which rears its stately steeple high above the house-tops.

In five years the church will be one hundred years old because it was in 1847 that the edifice was erected.

The church is open daily to visitors who marvel at the unusual mural decorations and the lovely simplicity of the interior. Photographs of the tower, done after the style of Sir Christopher Wrenn can be found in every part of the United States because the church is one of the most popular subjects for the amateur photographer.

Here is something of the history of the church itself in Provincetown:—

The Universalist Church began in 1820 when two young girls, Sylvia and Elizabeth Freeman, were one day playing on the shore on Long Point. They found there a water-soaked book, "The Life of John Murray." The girls and their parents and soon the whole company of Pointers read the book and as a result "The Christian Union Society" was organized in 1829 in Enos Nickerson's schoolhouse. On the original membership list are the names of forty-five men and one woman.

The term "Universalist" is first used in the records in 1838.

In 1830 the Society built a church at the corner of Central and Commercial Streets and worshiped there for sixteen years, finally selling their "meetinghouse" to the Methodists.

In 1847 the present structure was built. At that time the congregation said that they intended to build "the finest church building south of Boston" and there are many who think they did.

John Gorham, of Barnstable, was the builder and he produced this fine colonial structure, with perfect acoustic properties, crowned with a beautiful spire after the style of Sir Christopher Wren.

The interior decoration of the auditorium, which is admired by hundreds of summer visitors, was done by Carl Wendte who had come to this country from Europe a number of years before, having studied frescoing in Italy. His work remains untouched and unfaded to this day. It is Grecian in conception and so perfect in accomplishment that it is still a joy to behold. The building itself was completed in nine months. The bell was installed from the first in the church and for many years was rented to the town, to be rung on occasions of fire in the community.

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In 1848 a "pew-sale" resulted in the selling of all the pews in the auditorium except seven (ninety-five sold). Some of the worshippers carpeted their own pew floors with the Joseph's coat result that interests people today.

The organ, costing a thousand dollars, was put in early in 1850. It has played constantly nearly a hundred years. The "Sabbath School Library" was started in 1848 and its books are still on the shelves. When the church was first built children unattended were obliged to enter by the side door. The church was lighted by sperm oil lamps and the oil bills indicate that the church was much used in the evenings. One dollar and twenty-five cents a gallon was the customary price for oil.

The church was finished in white, with bright red cushions on the pew seats. It must have been very striking and beautiful—as it is today with its added mellowness of the years.

In 1879 in a desire to "modernize", the original pulpit was taken down and a platform with "modern" furniture used. Fortunately the damage could be repaired and the old church today has been restored to the grandeur and impressiveness of its first builders.

Robert H. Schauffler, in "Romantic America", says, "This is easily the finest colonial church on the Cape, if not in New England. It is hard to understand why the building is so little known."

With a changing town and changing population the old church has carried on to the best of its ability and with courage, if not with the filled pews of its early years. Professor Simeon C. Smith says, in his "Leaves from an Old Church Record Book":

"The old sea captains went to the cemetery and of course they could not come back, their sons went to the city and they did not come back, and our friends of the Latin race came to our town, which they made their permanent home. After forty or fifty years we have the condition that now confronts us, a different town and a much depleted church. To us, the few that remain, what endearing memories will always cluster around this building, left us as a precious legacy by our fathers The words of Grandfather Conant revert to mind and become a tune to which my steps keep time: 'What was, was well; what is, is well; be of good courage, for the future shall also be well.'"

216 Story Recalls Old Days Here

Mrs. Mattie A. Lewis Tells Of Quaint Customs At Get-Together Club

Mrs. Mattie A. Lewis, in her paper "The Provincetown of Our Youth," read at the season's first meeting of the Get-Together Club at the Church of The Redeemer last week, recalls vividly the old-time Provincetown, its early industries, whaling, the four plank sidewalks, the first fire engine and the quaint customs of the people of the town in those early days.

During the past summer, townspeople and visitors alike have exclaimed up-and-down-along Commercial Street, "This is almost like Provincetown in the old days."

Here is Mrs. Lewis' story of old Provincetown:

I am fully aware of the fact that there is much of interest in this quaint old town but shall try only to enumerate a few of the things which we will all readily recall.

First, I bring to mind our four-plank sidewalk, which was laid the entire stretch through the town, narrowing to two planks as it neared either end of the road. I never could understand why strangers found so much to ridicule about our walks where, even today, up the Cape as far as I can see there are no walks at all. I think we have been pretty fortunate to have nice walks. The sidewalks were first laid in 1838.

The first movement toward a fire department was made March 7, 1836, when at a Town Meeting it was voted to buy an engine. Joseph P. Johnson was appointed to make the purchase and the Old Washington was built at the Hunneman Works in Boston expressly for this place. On November 14, the same year, the town voted to buy 30 second-hand leather buckets, 100 feet of hose and other fixtures. In 1850 another engine was bought and called the Franklin.

Steamer Voted Down

The first attempt to get a steam fire engine was made at the annual Town Meeting in 1867, when \$11,000 was voted to buy one and its appurtenances. The vote was rescinded at a special meeting and nothing further done until the Town Meeting in 1889, when it was voted almost unanimously to buy a steamer and chemical. A steamer was purchased named for John D. Hillard, Chief of the Fire Department at that time.

During a debate on the question of steam fire engines in 1869 one strong-headed old fellow who was opposed to the purchase clinched his argument with the remark that he believed that cold water could

put out a fire as well as 'biling' water and there would be no danger of scalding the people around the fire.

Wharves and Fishing

One thing very much changed to-day and which we were accustomed to seeing in our youth was the wharves dotting the shore from east to west. The first wharf or pier of any kind was built about 1835. We could enumerate 29 and I presume there were many more.

Our first summer cottage, built at the east end of the town, was Fellows Cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Fellows came from Natick. The cottage was built on the site where the Florence Waterbury cottage now stands, the old Fellows cottage then being moved opposite the Atkins house in the east end. From a small beginning, behold the long line of cottages stretching down along the beach—a little town in itself.

Our water works were put in in 1893. The town was lighted with street lights April 12, 1884.

One of the most important industries of the place was cod fishing. Probably no branch of fishing has gone through so many changes as this. After the vessels returned home the fish were brought ashore in boats and thrown into the water, where they were washed and then spread on flakes to dry. It was a very common thing to see the flakes spread with fish both in yards and on wharves.

Provincetown in 1872 was very different from the Provincetown of today. Then it was a thriving port out of which sailed 156 Grand Bankers. Their successful trips to the fishing grounds made Provincetown the richest per capita town in the state and business was prosperous. Provincetown then was at its height, a height from which it has since fallen.

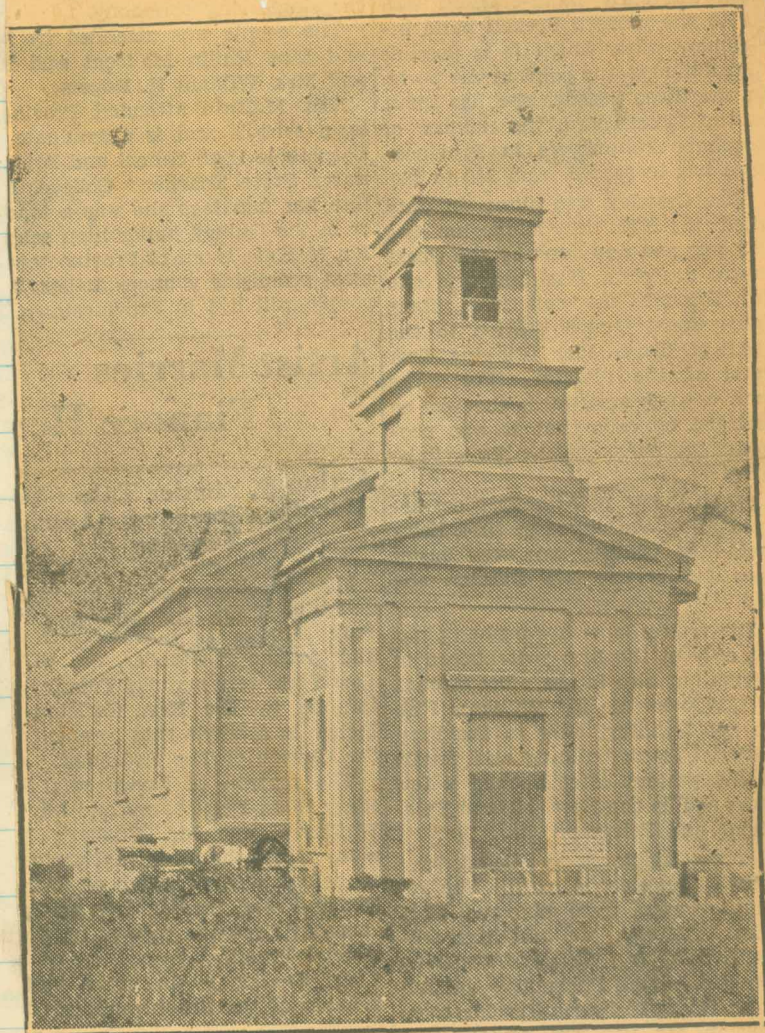
Whaling Important

Whaling also was one of the principal industries. At one time Provincetown had 56 barks, brigs and schooners in this business. The captains and most of the officers were from Provincetown while the crews were mostly natives of the West Indies or Cape Verde Islands.

I recall vividly that when news would come that the William Grozier was coming around the Point with my aunt and uncle aboard, Capt. Roberts in command, I would run the length of Pearl Street (where I then lived) putting on my hat and coat as I went, so eager to reach the dock to greet them, so anxious to see the present I knew I would have and so glad to listen to the thrilling tales they would relate.

July 27 - 1939

Famous Landmark Open Saturdays



South Truro Meeting House

The famous old South Truro Meeting House situated high on the Truro shore side of the Cape end may be had from the church with Provincetown lying along the beautiful crescent of the harbor. The church was situated on the bluff so that a look-out might be kept there for ships coming home after months and years at sea.

A magnificent view of the bay looking the bay, where for many miles, will be every Saturday from 2 to 6 o'clock summer until Labor Day.

neighborhood Association undertaking the work of this fine old Cape Cod church in 1851, and of a memorial to the people traditions and as lasting mementoes of will have one of its every Saturday afternoon visitors about the plain the plans for

But, as recently told in The Advocate, once in the days when there was deadly rivalry between Truro and Provincetown fisher-folk, the minister in the midst of his sermon, from the vantage point of his lofty pulpit saw a school of blackfish coming aground. He slammed his Bible, ran down the aisle, shouting "Blackfish ashore and not a damned Provincetowner in sight."

Where there were so many vessels there had to be sail lofts, and what a treat we girls used to think it was to be allowed to try our roller skates in them sometimes after school.

Our present Town Hall was begun September 10, 1885, and was dedicated August 25, 1886. The late Rev. William Henry Ryder, a former citizen of Provincetown, generously gave the homestead place for the site and town officers, not deeming it large enough, took the two adjoining estates, Dr. Ryder paying for all the land taken. Cost of the building was \$50,000 and how proud we all were of the hall.

School Days Recalled

I remember in my school days how I used to attend the evening church services with half a dozen other girls and we would wait until nearly time for the last bell to ring so we could sit in the chairs which were placed up and down the aisles to accommodate those who came after the seats were filled.

Another thing I recall are the old wells. At the head of several of the wharves were the old pumps where water was put aboard outbound vessels. In these wells were the big wooden pumps and when they were filling the vessels two or three men would pump together. The old family wells had the famous old oaken bucket. On a hot day to see the bucket drawn to the top running over with sparkling water, how much better it tasted than now, where just with a turn of the faucet we quench our thirst.

We had numerous Town Criers who, bell in hand, would walk up and down the street crying the news and announcing Church suppers, dances, lodge meetings, etc.

Many are the things that could be spoken of—many are the friends we could recall.

Now here's the old South Truro Cemetery. . . renamed in later years the Pine Grove burying ground. The monuments bear the grand old names of the early settlers. . . Riches by the dozen, and Paines, and Elliotts, and Mayos, and Cobbs, and, of course, Lombards. Seafaring men all, and many a marker stands over soil containing not a body, but the memory, only, of a mariner lost at sea. You'll note that the stones over in the northeast corner, which is the oldest section, are slate—they're neatly lettered, and some of them have gruesome skulls carved in the black and red stones, grim reminders of the fate of man. Midway of the cemetery the monuments are marble, lichen-covered, weathered smooth. This would be the era of flowery epitaphs—"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die. . ." and here, in the new section, the style in tombstones changes to granite. We believe, as do most Truroites, that a cemetery should have a good view, and the vista of that a cels and the placid bay and the spear of the Cape's rolling hill the harbor certainly qualify the Pine Grove location.

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Schools also Book 1- n 37

Fate of Truro Church Has Flowed And Ebbbed Through Many Long Years

Reception in Honor of Phebe Freeman

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

Mrs. Anna Y. Cook, a P. H. S. graduate of 1873 who received her diploma in "the first public graduation ceremonies in Provincetown," was present, with her daughter who graduated in 1901, and granddaughter, an alumna.

The first item taken up was the maintenance of schools which caused a great deal of discussion. The School Committee had asked \$55,000 and the Finance Committee had recommended that the appropriation be cut to \$51,000. Dr. Frank O. Cass moved that the appropriation be \$55,000. Sivert Benson, chairman of the Finance Committee, then explained the Committee's recommendation, pointing out various places in which it was felt savings and reductions could be made. It was also stated that the Superintendent's salary for 1934 would be \$2380 compared with \$2730 in 1933. A nurse's salary would be \$1200 instead of \$1300. The committee also recommended that the instrumental music be cut down to once in two weeks rather than every week, and this was discussed. Finally Dr. Cass' motion of the \$55,000 was voted on and

A story of Truro's churches is the story of Truro. The town's prosperity and population have ebbed and filled like the tides which wash its shores. The first established church was the Congregational, incorporated in 1709, a direct outgrowth of the religion which the Pilgrims had brought to the new world in 1620.

More than two centuries ago, the original church had constantly to enlarge its building, adding more pews, more galleries, to accommodate its swelling membership. A second, larger church was built in 1720, and in 1827, at the flood-tide of Truro's fortunes, a third, the present Congregational Bell Meeting House, was completed.

Paul Revere Bell

The old records report that this dignified building cost \$2673.64. Its bell, which is engraved with the name of its maker, one Paul Revere, cost \$320. The stove and pipes totalled \$123, and since the pews were sold to members for \$900, the total expenditure for the Meeting House was \$2216.64—a sum which would add a fair-sized room to a house, today.

For about two decades, the town and the church prospered. The early 19th century was the period when Truro's harbor was filled with ships, lined with fish-packeries, salt-works, boat-yards and wharves. The church records of that period show how close was the bond between spiritual and temporal affairs.

In the first settlement at Plymouth, one had to be a church-member to be a voter, and the tie was still strong, two hundred years later. The calfskin-bound volume which is still used as a record in the Bell Meeting House today is filled with instances of the unity of civilian and religious affairs.

"Church Privileges"

In 1868, two Truro brothers were excommunicated, because of "an unchristian quarrel" between them, and because they would neither reconcile, nor show penance. At another date, the Standing Committee judged whether a certain man had stolen another man's mackerel. It was finally decided that he had both stolen and lied, and he was "suspended for a season from church privileges".

"Church privileges" meant something to Truro people, a century ago. An indication of their importance is the Record's report

in Truro land even before Truro was named, arrived. A Dr. William Dyer, from Barnstable, born in 1653, settled near East Harbor before there was a town. He is buried in the Old North Cemetery, on the Hill of Storms, in North Truro.

The first notation in the Church Record of 1832 begins: "At a regular chh. meeting holden . . ." Naphtali Dyer was voted one of a regular committee to examine "Articles of Faith". In March of 1884, John Dyer, father of the present Clerk and Treasurer, John R. Dyer, was elected and ordained a Deacon—to fill the vacancy made by the death of Nathaniel Dyer. Dr. Noble, beloved pastor from 1849 until 1883, married a daughter of Captain Benjamin Dyer. Today, it is young John Dyer who climbs the hill on Sunday mornings and rings the Paul Revere bell to summon the congregation to services.

Tide Coming In

In this Summer of the year of Our Lord 1955, the church's tide is again coming in. A committee formed by Mrs. Howard Huston of Truro and John R. Dyer, is raising money to repair and preserve the old Bell Meeting House. The congregation has more than doubled—fifteen members, now—but others than members are helping. The church is a landmark, a thing of beauty and dignity, and people of other denominations, Protestants, Catholics, Jews, non-churchgoers, are working together to maintain it.

The outside has had a coat of paint. Cushions have been provided for the pews. Money has been raised to install electricity and water. In time, there may even be heat in the building; the stove bought in 1827 is there no longer. Perhaps, if there are funds to spare, the belfried church high on the hill may one day be flood-lighted at night, hung high in the sky to delight motorists driving toward Provincetown, as well as Truro's own residents.

Will Shakespeare's Brutus said: "There comes a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." The church and the town are again pulling together, this time, with different faiths and creeds joined in preserving a symbol beloved by all. It is Truro's hope that the waters will not recede until the work is done.



Quinn Studio Photo, Courtesy Cape Codder

of a Week of Prayer, held in 1876 in union with the Methodist Church, and, "as the spirit was being poured out", the period was extended to continue for five to six evenings every week during the entire winter. There were no movies or television, then.

The Bell Meeting House was 28 years old when Truro's light was extinguished. The Pamet lighthouse, which stood at what was then the entrance to Truro Harbor, was discontinued. The previous year, an attempt to dredge out the sand which was filling its waters had proved unsuccessful. The ships sailed away, the packeries and wharves, even the saltworks, were abandoned. By 1890, the thriving town which each Sunday had filled the four huge Protestant churches to capacity, was well below a thousand people. The 20th century found a population which could easily have gathered beneath the roof of any one

of them. The people and the prosperity seemed gone, but like the shifting tides, they were not gone forever.

A Universalist Church, erected on the same ridged hill—Shebna Rich calls it "the crowned hilltop at the center of the town", in his History of Truro—had been blown down in a gale in 1846, and never rebuilt. In 1925, the Methodist Chapel on the Hill of Churches was purchased by Arnold Slade and carried to the north side of the Pamet River, remodelled into a studio. In 1939, lightning struck the South Truro Methodist Church, and people watched helplessly while it burned to the ground. In 1952, the Bell Meeting House, too, was struck. Luckily, the bolt came in the day time, and the fire was put out.

Low Ebb

Last Spring, Truro's Congregational Church had a total membership of six people. If four of them had not been Dyers, it is doubtful whether the church doors would have opened at all.

The relationship of the Dyer family to this church has its beginning before the Pamet Proprietors, the first realtors who dealt

1931

Miss Phillis Duganne and her daughter, Jane Parker, are visiting Mrs. Duganne.

1931

Princess Paul Chavchavadse, the daughter of the Grand Duke George of Russia and of Princess Marie of Greece has taken the Fish House Cottage at Corn Hill for the season. She and her party are arriving this week.

1931

Miss Mary Ellen Vorse, daughter of Mary Heaton Vorse, and John W. Beauchamp were married recently in Greenwich, Conn. Mr. Beauchamp is an artist and a native of Montana. The former Miss Vorse, was formerly an actress appearing in New York and Provincetown productions.

See p 240

Also Mary Heaton Vorse
p -

Spent one summer
at 519 Corn. St.
Governess and son(8)
of Princess.
She had charge of
dispensing Relief
to White Russians
escaped to N.Y.
following Revolution

A Distinguished Visitor

"Lobo II", wonder dog of stage and screen, is visiting "Scottie" McQuillin of the Priscilla cottage for a week before returning to New York where he will start his fourth tour of the country. Before coming to Provincetown Lobo had just finished a four week's return engagement with Horace Heidt and his Californians at the Metropolitan Theatre, Boston.

Besides being a stage dog, Lobo is thoroughly police trained having formerly served with the Berlin Police Department in Berlin, Germany. He is three and one-half years old and has been trained for stage work by his present owner, Clarence Moore.

Lobo says he is enjoying his vacation immensely and hopes to visit Provincetown again very soon.

1931

Dr. Frederick S. Hammett, who is chief of the cancer experimental station at Truro, is staying with Mrs. Hammett at the Bryant House.

1931

Morgan Dennis, noted etcher, left on Wednesday for New York City where he expects to spend the winter.

Morgan Dennis has returned to New York, where he plans to appear on Broadway in the skit which he put on at the Wharf Theatre a few weeks ago.

Here in 1949-

Now has several
attractive books
of dog(etchings
but "Scotties"
made him famous.

Marco Polo's House

Baron Nicholas Cherkasoff and his wife, formerly Miss Mabelle Charlton Phillips, of Plainfield, New Jersey, have taken Mr. John Bissell's house at 621 Commercial Street until October.

Baroness Cherkasoff has recently returned from more than ten years residence in Turkey, Russia and Greece and extensive travel around the world. During her residence abroad she was engaged in medical reconstruction work for the refugees and war sufferers including the famine victims of Russia. Incidentally she became interested in the hand craft of these people especially the refugees from Asia Minor to Greece and for their benefit she established in Athens in 1925 the famous Skyros Shop where the work of the refugees has been seen and purchased by many tourists from this country visiting Greece. It was Baron Cherkasoff who converted an empty loft in the centre of Athens into the exact facsimile of a peasant home on the island of Skyros and thus made the Skyros Shop a place interesting in itself.

1931

On the back street there a thousand tiny toads cluttering the roadside as thick as flies. Let's hope the fog will leave so that these numerous visitors won't feel quite so much at home.

Mrs Eddie Doyle took broom, brush-
ing out basement
dining-sitting Room
door.

221

YACHT "ISTAR"
Charter for trips to Bahamas, The
Keys or West Coast of Florida, or day
sail.

CAPT. CHARLES MAYO
and College Mate Ruel Denny
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA

many trips
to Fla. with family.

Charles Mayo, Jr., on his trip to
Northeast Harbor, Maine, two weeks
ago, bought a 41 foot boat fully equip-
ped for cruising. This boat is named
the "Istar" and will remain in Maine
until Mr. Mayo's graduation at Dart-
mouth next June.

Married a dancer from S. Jersey -
Lived in Mrs Kerr's cottage 519 A
one of first tenants there. Gave a b.

party for her 6 mo. Boston terrier - 1/2 candle
on b. cake, looked like fruit cake - heavy
cont. Dog biscuit, meat etc. About 6 grown
children and their Boston terriers attended.
No feuds - as only alien "Collie" observer
from couch.

1931

Baroness Cherkasoff, who has recent-
ly returned from Russia, Persia, and
Greece, has an interesting exhibition of
handwork at her place on Commercial
Street. The designs are among the

most ancient in the world of art and
are reproduced in beautiful colors and
lasting hand-made materials in silk,
cotton, and linen. She also has a col-
lection of Persian Hand Block Prints,
modern and antique, and several Rus-
sian costumes and dolls on display.

After her return to live in America
in 1929 Baroness Cherkasoff retained
her interest in the refugees abroad and
has placed their work in many exclu-
sive shops from Tuscon, Arizona to
Miami. The Thrift Shop at Wellesley,
which helps support needy students at
Wellesley College of which institution
Baroness Cherkasoff is an alumna sells
a large amount of Marco Polo things
every month. Students of art and
archaeology especially are interested in
these beautiful things woven and em-
broidered in storied places like Isfahan
and Athens, the Caucasus and Crete.
Among the latter weavings are designs
taken from the palace of King Minos
at Knossos in 1500 P. C.

Choice teas from the hills tying unde
Mt. Everest, from the island of Formo-
sa, the Manchurian plains and China
are among the things at Marco Polo's
house and tea may be had there served
in Russian or Chinese fashion every
afternoon from three to six.

Miss Antoinette Scudder will read
one of her plays at the Sail Loft Club
on Friday night, and will be assisted in
her reading by members of the club.

1931

Miss Antoinette Scudder, of Newark,
New Jersey, arrived Tuesday for the
summer months. Miss Scudder has
taken Comm. D. B. MacMillan's place
for the season.

Keeper Douglas Shepherd, of Wood
End Light, and Mrs. Shepherd are en-
joying a two week's vacation.

Captain Douglas Shepherd, keeper of
Wood End Light, delighted his many
friends over the air by his annual talk
at Station WEEI. Many interesting
stories he gave out about the duties
and amusements that occur in his
vicinity—the lighthouse, the Coast
Guard Station, and general Province-
town life.

Long Pt. at time of
Hurricane

1931

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Scudder, of
Newark, N. J., were the over-night
guests of Miss Antoinette Scudder at
Commander Donald B. MacMillan's
house Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Scudder
motored down from Nantucket to visit
Miss Scudder and started on their re-
turn trip to Newark, Tuesday.

Has since built and owned
Paper Mill Playhouse, Spring
Milburn N.J. Father was owner
of Newark Eve. News.

New Magazine For Provincetown

Paul Smith has announced the forthcoming publication of a magazine to be published locally, and to be known as "Provincetown." In addition to Mr. Smith, the editorial board will include H. Lloyd, H. Frankenberg, Erik Hunker, Bernard Schoenfeld and Saul Yalkert. It is understood that the publication will be a monthly, literary in intent, and that the first issue will be on the stands here and in New York on March 15th.

As the magazine will feature the work of the younger Cape writers, contributions are solicited from all those having literary ambitions, and will be received by any member of the staff of the Provincetown Bookshop.

May have been
worthwhile.

Personally
never saw it
in Provincetown

Wednesday, June 10 in Provincetown

Dear Friends:

June 11/59 SUMMER REALLY ARRIVED in force today, with the thermometer at the Seamen's Savings Bank registering exactly one hundred (in the sun, of course) at one o'clock. The past few days have been sunny and balmy, wonderful for gardens where seedlings, planted only a little while ago, are springing up as if by magic. There are many visitors in town. Crazy hats are to be seen in abundance. The Boston Belle starts running next Sunday and on the same day Art Snader will take up his duties as Town Crier. So we're really on our way into another hectic season.

INEZ HOGAN gets a bouquet in a recent column by Frank Crotty in the Worcester Telegram. Says Frank: "Ran into Inez Hogan, the author of children's books, the other day in Provincetown and we had quite a chat. I hadn't seen her since last summer and I thought she looked quite well. She spends five months of the year in the Cape-End village and the other seven in New York. Nez, as we call her, has been writing and illustrating stories for the 3-to-10 year-old set since the early Twenties. The E. P. Dutton Co. has published 47 of her books and has sold more than a million. Other publishers have handled another 15 or 20. A prolific scrivener, she! Her current effort, now in the bookstalls, is "The Littlest Bear." Coming out in the Fall will be "Twin Puppies." Nez associates mostly with little children. "From them I get my ideas," she says. She never uses a typewriter . . . does all her writing with a pencil. "I just hate all mechanical gadgets," she avers. "I sit cross-legged like an Indian on the bed to do all my writing and drawing." Two years ago this month, Nez and I and about 38 other persons nearly perished together in a small tornado out on Long Point, off Provincetown. We had gone out in Manny Zora's boat to witness the blessing of the fleet when the sky went black and this wild storm brewed. The boat went aground but we were able to make the point in dinghies. I had my son with me and Nez had four small children with her. It was touch-and-go for a while but we finally escaped unscathed. That was the first time I met Nez . . . and I was impressed by the way she put her arms around the little children, trying to protect them from the fierce gale. She was rather like a grand gal.



PROVINCETOWN LOG

VOL. VIII No. 1

Lived only ^{5¢} thru

July 31, 1942

LOGGINGS

Johnny Francis and Bud Stokes are down in Virginia, Bud's in the medical corps.

Oliver Austin is closing his shop in town for the duration. He's going into the Navy.

Ruth Stokes has been in town for the past two weeks but no one saw much of her as she stayed out in her shack on the dunes

John Park Atkin of New York's Best & Co. and Bests best man on the art side has designed us a new banner to celebrate our new volumn. He is also responsible for the spots illustrating our sailing activities on Dave Ericson's boat. Those who save their Logs will be able to reflect that this is just one more handsome contribution this paper has made to the art world and they can see that the young Atkin has at last taken his place along with McKain, Darby, Bicknell Withenstein, Wheeler, Joe Miron, Spencer, (Jake not Niles,) and Wetherbee.

Near the top of page two is Dave rowing Daphne aboard in his very small pungo. Further down on the page is the general excitement and consternation caused by Daphne losing her hat overboard and on the last page is a view of everybody ducking as the boom swings amidships as the boat comes about.

This number of the Log marks the start of Volume VIII. This new Volumn proves a few things. That the Log can take it bad season or not, that Log circulation goes steadily up, war or no war. That many of you who have not paid up owe us a buck and that we are that much

Last Page

Indeed!
Nothing else

The story of the week seems to concern EARNEST LUX and his hiding 125 gallons of gas around his home in Truro.....He was caught by the Truro Fire Department who reported him to the proper authorities.....Citizens of Provincetown, and Truro are hoping that HORACE SNOW, (TRURO TELLS of the ADVOCATE,) is not completely involved in the mess.....Although it is feared that most of LUX'S illegitimate gas was sold him by HORACE....There still may be some explanation.....The following comments are not based on fact but what the LOG believes to be the true reason why LUX hid the gas...First LUX is a liquor salesman.....His home office is Baltimore...His territory has been for years and still is New England...Since his firm is a small one and has very few men on the road LUX has also been allowed to cover a few large wholesale accounts in New York...These New York accounts were personal friends of his.....From this it can be seen that LUX'S life was formed on an Eastern Seaboard Route No. 1 pattern...Baltimore, New York, Boston, ending with Truro for the week end....LUX is not an imaginative person...LUX is, and this is probably the understatement of the season a creature of habit.....LUX is also a demon driver....His whole life is built around his automobile.....His entire object is covering his accounts swiftly and getting back to Truro as soon as possible.....And this has been going on for years.....Now he has been caught hoarding gas....We believe he hoarded the gas so that he would not have to interrupt this pattern of life...In other words, LUX did not adjust to war time cooperation.....It would have been very easy for LUX to have covered his accounts by living in the heart of his territory.....But LUX likes the long, lazy Truro weekends better than he likes the edicts made necessary by the war effort.....And, apparantly, he is willing to jeopardize his freedom, the security of his family and the security and freedom of filling station operators for those Truro weekends...We do not believe for a minute that LUX was planning to supply gas to enemy submarines or was in any way giving active aide to the enemy though there have been several rumors of this order floating around.....But we do believe his type of personal selfishness may be more instrumental in losing our war for us than ten operating fifth columnists...It is said that since it is the first case of its kind the Federal Authorities intend to make an example of it...Let's

hope they do.....

2. People take notice....When GENE SCAFARD threatens to tell DAPHNE what dirt he has on you pay no attention to him.... We have long considered him one of the greatest fountains of misinformation in Provincetown.....SYLVIA MUSANTE has been in town for a few days and reports that RUSS WEST and TEDDY COCHRAN are getting a long fine in New London...COUNCELLOR HUMISTON and CHUCK WHEELER have been made members of the BEACHCOMBERS.... This should contribute noticeably to that worthy organization...The story was told me

by some Washington friends how one MANNY-KATZ who was admitted to the BEACHCOMBERS last season felt that he had been accorded so great an honor that at a certain diplomatic cocktail party last winter you could have knocked the little fellow over with a feather when he found that SENATOR WHEELER knew nothing of our exclusive mens club on the Cape Tip....Why does FREDDIE MCKAY hang around the BLUE DOG.....BEN WOLF now in the Coast Guard has left for parts unknown..... DUCH, rarely known as ROBERTA PECKHAM, at the FLAGSHIP is making herself a central

Page 4.



PROVINCETOWN THEATER
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, July 31, Aug. 1st

Irene Dunne
LADY IN A JAM
SUNDAY, Aug. 2nd.
MEN OF TEXAS

Robert Stack and Jackie Cooper
MONDAY and TUESDAY, Aug. 3rd and 4th
John Payne, Betty Grable and Victor Mature
FOOTLIGHT SERENADE
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, Aug. 5th and 6th
Dorothy Lamour and Richard Denning
BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON

THE 2 B'S

435 Commercial Street
At Lovett's Court.

Breakfast Dinner
8 to 12 6 to 8
Pies, Bread, Cakes, Candy
~~MEET TREAT AND TRADE~~
at

BROWNELL'S PHARMACY

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ADAM'S PHARMACY

DRUG STORE
FOR
FIFTY YEARS
Phone 69

254 Commercial Street

THE CUTLER PHARMACY

Phone



325

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Canned Goods
Open to 9 P.M. and
All Day Sunday

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Jewelry
St.

59 10 8.91.00

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Parlor and even for your
Garden

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Charcoal Broiled
Steaks, Chops and
Lobsters
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Wines and Liquors
Cocktails

Notice to Members

SEA
DRAGON
CLUB

Come in for Fun
Favas 5¢ Hard Crabs 5¢
Steamed Clams 10¢
Harvey Fuller's Orchestra
Plays Nightly

BOOKS

To Rent - To Sell
Browsers Welcome!
PROVINCETOWN BOOKSHOP
246 Commercial Street

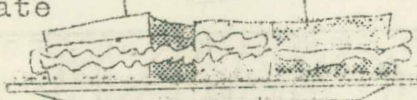
See all your friends
At The
PILGRIM BAR INC.



Draught Beer and Ale 10¢
Bar Rye Highball 20¢
Portuguese Snacks
Favas 5¢ Hard Crabs 5¢
Steamed Clams 10¢
Stuffed Clams 10¢

THE MOORS

On New Beach
Road
Open Late



Sandwiches and
Snacks
The Road is Open
Day and Night
The Bus Passes by the Door



Stands for
VICTORY
Bowling
Stands for
Good Health!

Bowl at

THE BOWLAWAY
In the Center of Town

NEPTUNE LUNCH

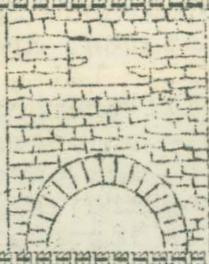


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Hamburgers
Frankforts

Open all night

BURCHES BAKERY OLD DUTCH OVEN

Fresh
Home Made
Bread Pies
Cakes Rolls
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JOHNNY'S BARBER SHOP NO WAITING

JOE BORGES
Formerly of the
Boston City Club

Center of Town.

THE party at the Art Association last Saturday was a lot of something. Quite a large group of people seemed to be having a swell time. Closer investigation proved that most of these people who were having fun came from Wellfleet and Truro. And it struck me as a casual observer that much of the doings at the Provincetown Art Association were not too far out of the hands of the denizens of our neighboring metropolises. All of which is all right as far as I'm concerned. When Prince Paul starts howling to the strains of his guitar, a process that seems to enthrall the Pamet red-skins, I just go away from there. But there are those of Provincetown who complain bitterly that the Truro influence does not stop at Georgian folk music and that the Constitution of the Provincetown Art Association could stand some reading.

???

A good time for this reading of the Art Association Constitution might be at their Annual meeting next Thursday afternoon. And, by the way, the new show has been delayed for a week, and of course, the present show will play a week longer. Bruce McKain tells me that the new show will be even better than the one now in the Gallery. In that case it should be a real honey. The last one is no pike for one thing, and Bruce is not given to over-optimism for another.

???

Had a swell laugh on Daphne the other afternoon. Dave Ericson took us out sailing. We went clear around to Wood End. On the way back we were almost but not quite becalmed. We drifted along close to shore watching the bottom pass along a dozen feet below us. Suddenly a huge lobster came into view. Daphne rushed to the side of the boat and was poised like a couple of diving venuses. She was going to plunge right in after that lobster. But somehow Daphne as a naiad returning from the depths, her face and hair wreathed in sea-weed and holding aloft a snapping lobster was a scene we could all do without. We didn't let her dive though she still complains that we brutally deprived her of a lobster dinner.

???

Who stole George Snow's punga and took it over the breakwater. And then, instead of returning it, just pulled the little boat up across the road near the Inn. The police ought to give this matter a spot of investigation Good Sailing.



ROOMS
AND BATH

SEASCAPE HOUSE

Provincetown's Inn of
Distinction

Private Beach



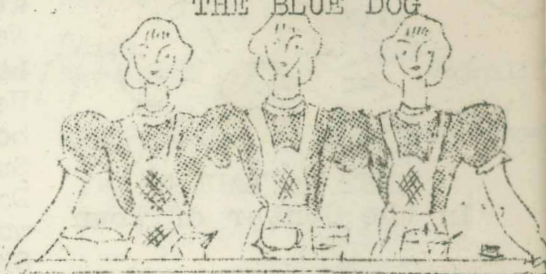
CAPE CAPERS

Post Office or what not where BEN'S friends can drop a line.....DUCH says nobody has to write much but if everybody writes a little she'll have a big collection...A very round robin in fact....IRVING ROGERS has been doing Round Robin letters for the town boys who are in the service for weeks now.....He acts as a central clearing station.....Bill out in the Pacific wants to know where Al who is stationed in the Atlantic happens to be and how's his health and vica versa.....IRV says if the traffic gets much thicker he's going to have some means of duplication.....We have plenty of spare stencils, feller.....MARION WELLS at the SEASCAPE has had an unusually interesting bunch of guests this season.....She has done right well in business....MARY SEARS had a birthday party this week.....JOE BORGES came through with some handsome presents...There seems to be no reason in the world why one night club owner should attempt to pep up his Sunday business by trying to get music and entertainment from other clubs without consultation the employers of the other musicians....Sharp practice, we call it....MR BURCH the baker put a sign in his window, "Home made chocolate cake"...A lady came in and bought one....Then she inquired who had made it..."I did," replied MR. BURCH...This must have satisfied the lady for MR. BURCH certainly looks like a home body....DOROTHY KELLY, BARRY BURTON'S attractive protego, is now at the SEA DRAGON along with the new decorations there and BLANEY, Provincetowns own GROVER WHELAN....Goodbye till next week

TOWNE HOUSE

PROVINCETOWN'S BEST HOTEL
COCKTAIL LOUNGE
Fun, Dancing Music
Entertainment
Harlan Nelson's Orchestra
Owner Manager-John Cashman

THE BLUE DOG



RUTH ELEANOR MARY
O'CONNER NADEAU CUNIFF
Would like to serve you
Breakfast, Lunch & Dinner
At Reasonable Prices
Center of town

Even though the Personal Appearance Shop sometimes features dresses, beach ware, hats, etc. it is still primarily a cosmetic and accessory shop. For instance this week they are showing exquisite imported paste Rhine stone jewelry, delicately tinted shell necklaces and bracelots to match. The latest and smartest bags, chinese hand embroidered silk underwear and, of course, Personal Appearance's own cologne BAYBERRY MIST

THE PROVINCETOWN LOG

Published by
Heaton and
Daphne Vorse
Provincetown Mass

Subscription
per season

\$1.00

LOGGINGS

nearer Volumn IX,
which we hope will
mark the beginning of
a really great, yes,
we said great, Cape
Cod weekly.
Mary Vorse is due
back after having
broadcast over national hookups in N.Y.

HOTEL CHEQUESSET

WELLFLEET, MASS. *on Cape Cod*

DONALD A. RAND
MANAGING DIRECTOR

223

Regular Dinners	\$1.50
A LA CARTE	
Shore Dinner	3.00
Lobster Dinner	2.50
Steak or Chicken Dinner	2.00
Broiled Lobster - Fr. Fr. Potatoes - Coffee	2.00
Lobster Salad - Rolls	1.50
Toasted Lobster Salad Sandwich	1.25
Chicken Salad - Rolls	1.25
Toasted Sliced Chicken Sandwich	1.00
Toasted Chicken Salad Sandwich	.75
Desserts	.25
Fruits in Season	.25

BEVERAGES

Pot of Tea or Coffee	.15
Iced Tea or Coffee	.20
Canada Dry Ginger Ale	.35
White Rock Water	.35

224

TO A ROW OF HOLLYHOCKS

HARK the sound of marching down my garden wide,
It's the hollyhock brigade stepping in its pride,
Flashing by in beauty—shoulder arms—parade—
Out to guard my garden, hollyhock brigade.

Pink to wed the sunset, white to woo the rain,
Gold that marched on Midas and then marched back again
Captain Scarlet in command, he's the bravest one,
Lifts his claret cups aloft drinking to the sun.

Blazing glory nine feet tall o'er the hedges line,
On he leads his gallant band, gives the countersign;
All the lady flowers sigh, casting up their eyes,
Well he knows, does Captain Red, whom they idolize.

Lily Day springs to her feet holding high her lute,
Calls the garden border out to a quick salute;
Velvet clad petunias doff their purple caps,
Ragged sailors tumble out with the dragonsnaps.

Boom the bees and beetles, shrill the peepers high,
Hollyhocks are on parade, counter-marching by;
Hark! the call for colors! Blue delphinium,
Snowy phlox, and hurrying, red geranium.

Red and white and blue unfurled o'er the garden land,
Hollyhocks, attention! Arms! Scarlet in command;
Out to guard my garden—hollyhock brigade—
When I blow my candle out, I am not afraid.

Jean Wilde Wadley

Hollyhock Cottage



518 Commercial St
1923-

Horace F. Hallett Dies At Home Here Headed First National Bank 23 Years

Private funeral services were held yesterday afternoon at his home at 81 Bradford Street, for Horace F. Hallett, 66, president of the First National Bank of Provincetown, who died at home early Monday morning after suffering a heart attack on Sunday. The Rev. Carl F. Schultz, pastor of the Federated Church of Hyannis, officiated.

Mr. Hallett was born in New Haven, Connecticut, a son of the late Horace and Julia Hinckley Hallett. He was the husband of Mrs. Mary J. Crosby Hallett who survives. He was a graduate of



tt Institute, New York, and a member of the Pratt Architectural of New York. He came to Provincetown in 1918 and served as a director of the First National Bank from 1918 to when he became president, following the late John A. Mathewson. During the past ten years, in Mr. Hallett's direction, the bank has built a new headquarters in Provincetown, and established two branches, one in Wellfleet and another in Orleans.

Hallett also operated the F. Hallett Insurance Agency

ency in Provincetown. He was president of the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association which operates the Pilgrim Monument. During his regime, the Association took over the Historical Museum in Provincetown from the Research Club, and many improvements have been made in the building. Two years ago, Mr. Hallett was chairman of the Mayflower II reception committee, and was largely responsible for the ship coming to Provincetown. For several years, he served as Civil Defense Director for Provincetown. He was also chairman of the Cape Cod Chapter of the American Red Cross during World War II, and was chairman of the finance committee of the chapter, at the time of his death. He was a member of the building fund committee of the Red Cross, a member of the executive committee, and for about 20 years was on the Board of Directors. He also served as adviser for the Provincetown Canteen. Previously, he was a member of the personnel committee of the chapter, and disaster representative of District 1, which includes Provincetown, Truro and Wellfleet.

Mr. Hallett was a member of the Fraternal Lodge A.F. and A.M. of Hyannis, a life member of the Orient Royal Arch Chapter, and a member of the Anchor and Ark Club of Provincetown.

Besides his widow, survivors include a daughter, Mrs. Albert Weissberg of Provincetown; a grandson, Caleb Weissberg of Provincetown, and three cousins, Miss Eloise Crocker of Hyannis, Fred L. Hinckley of New York and Mrs. Andrew Bishop, of Surrey, England.

Mr. Hallett's body was cremated and the ashes will be scattered in the family lot in Oak Park Cemetery, Hyannis.

Author Enjoys Tots At Concert

By Inez Hogan, well-known author of childrens books.

On Saturday morning in Town Hall, row after row of sun-tanned legs, too short to reach the floor, swung over the edges of the seats.

The Provincetown Symphony Orchestra was playing for the children of Provincetown.

Every year this Youth Concert has been held in our town. Joseph Hawthorne, whose legs once swung over the edges of these same seats, has made this possible.

John Coe, narrator, had the children on the edge of their chairs in anticipation as he told them about what they were going to hear.

They sat rather still, legs swinging to the music, during the overture and the symphony.

Then John Coe brought the woodwind players front and center and introduced them to the children as the Wood Wind Family—all brothers—some big, some small, with high voices and low voices.

When the Flute, Oboe, Clarinet and Bassoon spoke to the children, hands were clapping as well as legs swinging to the familiar themes of Peter and the Wolf and

Grandpa.
But when John Carbone, choreographer, danced out in front of the orchestra pulling Suzanne Sinaiko from one wing and Lloyd Ely from the other, the children's legs stopped swinging. They were standing on them.
The dancers winked at the children and danced a story with their faces and bodies. They ended with each dancer trying to push the other off stage to get all the applause for himself.
I thought the loud and enthusiastic applause of the children enough for all to share.
It was great! And so was Sheldon Soffer who conducted the whole beautiful show.
I watched the children follow his movements as he lead with his fingers, arms, shoulders, his whole body.
I walked out alone and I remembered the first Youth Concert four years ago when Joe Hawthorne conducted. Then I had Kathy (aged five) by the hand and she said, "Why did he wave his arms? Does the music come out of his fingers?"

Why Hide Them?

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Provincetown might do well to rediscover and reassess forgotten and neglected relics of its picturesque past. By doing so it could add interesting items to tourist attractions without an outlay of great amounts of cash or effort.

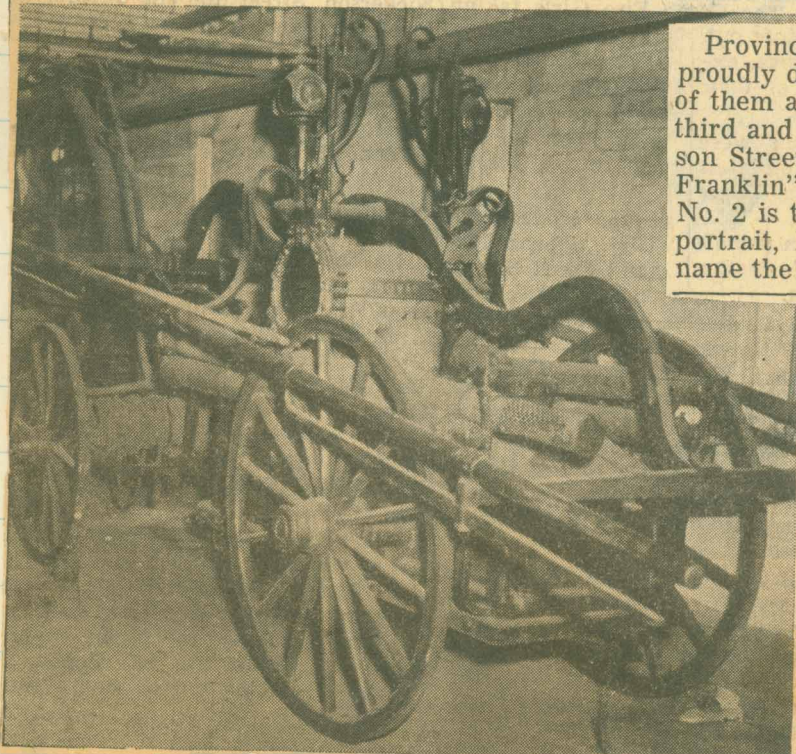
Pictured on page one of this issue of The Advocate is one of three almost ancient pumpers, now owned by the Town of Provincetown. Two of them, the "U. S. Grant" and the "Benjamin Franklin" are moldering away in the dark recesses of the basement of Town Hall and the third, the oldest, the "George Washington," with wide banded wheels for traversing Cape End sand, is hidden away in the No. 2 Fire House on Johnson Street.

Not only are these intensely interesting pieces of early fire-fighting equipment but they are fine examples of hand-wrought iron work, revealing all the grace and beauty that our early artisans seemed, somehow, able to put into their products intended for ordinary use, whether a clipper ship or a kitchen chair. On the sides of our early fire pumpers are the portraits, done in oil, of the celebrities after whom they are named. Intact are the grab irons used in hauling the pumps to fires, and the long lengths of rope for those who assisted. Intact, too, are the hand-wrought brass fixtures and the lamps which are similar to those used on horse-drawn carriages of many years ago.

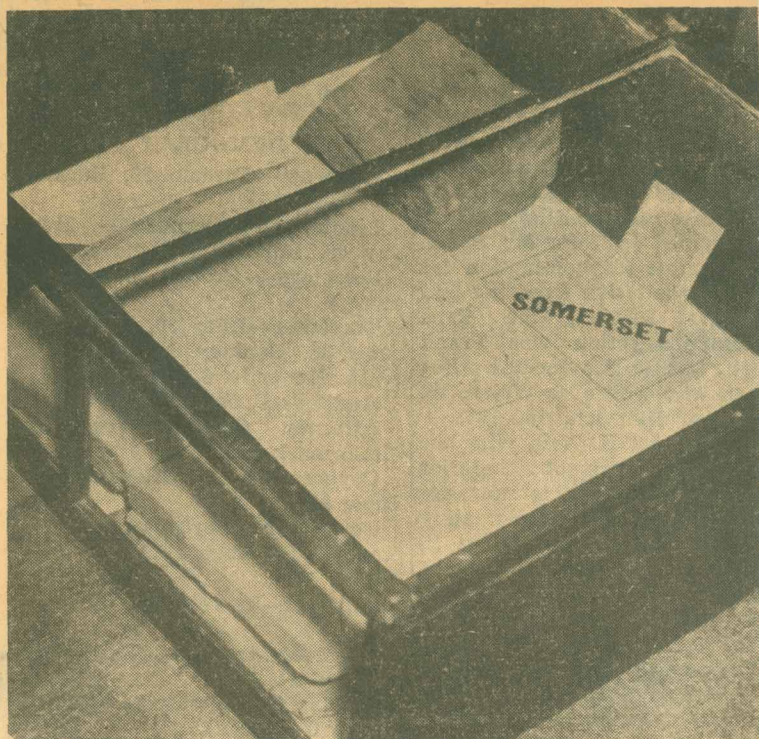
There is hardly a museum of antiquities in the country that would not consider these fine old pumps priceless acquisitions. They would show them proudly and prominently, restored and polished, as they once were when they were important items of the community's equipment.

Now that the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association, which has charge of our Pilgrim Monument, has broadened its scope to include the operation and supervision of the Historical Museum, it is hoped that this organization will find a suitable and easily accessible place for these priceless old fire pumpers where they may be seen and appreciated by visitors as well as by townspeople, the majority of whom have probably never seen them. We should put to good use every asset we have.

Museum Pieces In Town Hall Basement



Provincetown has three ancient fire pumpers that would be proudly displayed in any museum of antiquities but here two of them are collecting dust in Town Hall basement while the third and oldest is hidden away in No. 2 Fire House on Johnson Street. Shown above is the rear view of the "Benjamin Franklin" and behind it is the "U. S. Grant" and the one at No. 2 is the "George Washington". On the side of each is a portrait, hand-painted in full color, of the celebrity whose name the pumper bears.



Among the priceless relics at the Provincetown Historical Museum is this Bible from the British man o' war, Somerset which harried New England during the Revolution, took part in the blockade of Boston, was mentioned in Longfellow's "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere," and which was finally wrecked off Peaked Hill and its officers and crew taken prisoners and marched to Boston. Until a few years ago the bones of the stout vessel, wrought of sound English oak could be seen on the Back Shore. A piece of this oak is in the Museum case protecting the Bible.

"Part Of A Long Story" Recalls Cape End O'Neill

Helen Bishop has enriched her review of Agnes Boulton and her life with Eugene O'Neill with a number of anecdotes culled from her own recollections and from those of Mary Heaton Vorse, Harry Kemp and others who played prominent roles in O'Neill's early days, which are recalled in the current book. These, we feel, add a most intimate touch to the story of Eugene O'Neill. —Ed.

By Helen Bishop

"Part of a Long Story," by Agnes Boulton, just published by Doubleday & Company, has created a great stir in Provincetown. Everywhere people are reading and talking about it, and no wonder. For the book captures the living, breathing atmosphere of the "old days" here, when the genius of the Provincetown Playhouse first burst upon the world, and revolutionized the American theatre. The great and the near-great are alive in these pages, and most of all, of course, Eugene O'Neill, to whom Miss Boulton was married.

The book begins with Miss Boulton's meeting O'Neill in Greenwich Village. A writer herself, she became one of the group which centered about O'Neill, fell in love with him, and came to Provincetown with him several months later, where they were married. The book is described in the sub-title as "Eugene O'Neill as a young man in love," but it is much more the story of a young woman in love. Agnes Boulton's love for her husband shines from the pages, but the reader wonders if it were possible for O'Neill to have really loved any one. Certainly, it appears that he loved her as much as he was capable of loving, but the strange, tortured genius, of whom she has painted an extraordinary word portrait, was a "taker" and not a "giver".

Life among the writers and artists of the time in Greenwich Village; life in Provincetown, where the same group came to spend

Summers, and frequently Winters, is in the book. And in all the comedies and tragedies, O'Neill is the star, against the background of the beginning of his writing which was to lead him to his place as America's foremost dramatist. We see him when he first has the idea and begins work on "Anna Christie"; we hear Agnes Boulton's cry of delight when she finishes reading the script of "The Moon of the Caribbees"; and we hear O'Neill's jubilant announcement, "I've just written 'The curtain falls' as he finishes 'The Straw'". Some of the pages of "Part of a Long Story" reflect the happiness of the days when the O'Neills lived in the John Francis building at the East End, and at Peaked Hill, in the old life saving station which Mabel Dodge had previously owned and turned into a jewel of a house.

The Bad Days

Some of the pages, too, reflect the bad days when O'Neill was on one of his drinking bouts; and Miss Boulton is to be admired for the honesty and compassion with which she speaks of them. What compelled him to these bouts—what compels any one? No one yet has found the answer. Some one once said, "The thing that makes the writer is the thing that makes the alcoholic." The writer's life is a lonely one, shut up in a room with only his ideas and a pen or a typewriter. Certainly O'Neill was always a lonely man, by nature and by choice; and Miss Boulton, although obviously

she had a hard time of it while they were swimming, and Mabel, distracted, rushed down to the beach in the flowing garments she always wore. The Coast Guardsmen went to the rescue, and among them was one man, who had been sleeping, who rushed out in his long underwear. When he saw Mabel, he turned around and ran back into the station. "Damn-ed if I'm going to let a female see me in my underwear," he said."

Mabel Consolated

"Mabel Dodge had had a flaming love affair with Jack Reed, before he married Louise Bryant" Mrs. Vorse remembers. "Jack went off to Paris and fell in love with a beautiful American girl, named Bobby. Jack cabled Hutch Hapgood: 'Bobby and I in love. Console Mabel.' Hutch cabled back: 'Mabel consoled. Enjoy yourself.'" Later, Neith Boyce Hapgood wrote an amusing play

the story, never complains. She emerges from this book as a remarkable woman, perceptive, generous minded, incapable of bitterness.

She writes beautifully, too—her descriptions of Provincetown—the harbor, the fog, the old elm trees sighing in the wind, radiant mornings at Peaked Hill—are very fine. And her vignettes of some of the people who were in their group—Mabel Dodge, Terry Carlin, Harry Kemp, Mary Heaton Vorse, Susan Glaspell and Jig Cook and many others—are delightful. The book ends with the birth of the O'Neill's son, Shane, and his parents' delight in him. Here, again is a telling word picture of Dr. Daniel H. Hiebert, who brought the baby into the world; "the calm, smiling face of young Dr. Daniel Hiebert, looking serene, as he moved about gently". And at the very end, here is Gene, himself. "He had pulled a chair beside the bed, and sitting there, held my hand tightly in his, his face soft and tender, his eyes on the fuzzy black head of the baby beside me. 'It'll be us still, from now on' he said. 'Us—alone—but the three of us—' and he laughed, as a thought came to him. 'A sort of Holy Trinity, eh, Shane?'" he said; and when he bent over to kiss me good night, he kissed the little black head, too, and I saw a

friends of the O'Neills. Mary Heaton Vorse had this revealing comment on O'Neill's drinking and that some others at the time. "Almost everybody drank too much during Prohibition," she said, "but there was another side to it, so far as the old crowd is concerned. Everybody worked hard—even the drinkers were dedicated workers."

based on the episode, 'Constancy'".

Mabel Dodge is now married to Tony Luhan, a full blooded Indian, and lives in New Mexico. The last time we saw them was on St. Patrick's Day, a few years ago, at a party at the home of Harrison Smith, publisher of the Saturday Review. Tony Luhan, resplendent in evening clothes, wore his hair, as usual, in two braids, in which he had strung brilliant green ribbons in honor of the occasion.

Jack Reed and Louise Bryant spent much time in Provincetown in those days. Jack Reed was the brilliant young war correspondent who went to report the Russian Revolution of 1917, and wrote "Ten Days That Shook The World." He died of typhoid, and was buried in the Kremlin, the only foreigner so honored. It was

O'Neill Review

(Continued from Page 4)

Mabel Dodge, who first bought the Peaked Hill station, came from a wealthy Buffalo family. She was a writer, and married the late Maurice Sterne, the famous painter, some of whose work is now being exhibited at the Art Association and at the Shore Galleries. Mrs. Vorse tells a delightful story about them when they lived at Peaked Hill. "One day, Maurice and Mabel's son, John Evans, were caught in the undertow while they

Eugene O'Neil.

EUGENE O'NEIL'S SHACK BURNED

The last of a group of buildings formerly owned by the dramatist, Eugene O'Neil, and abandoned by him some years ago, was destroyed by fire of a mysterious origin last Saturday afternoon.

Only a shack remained when the main cottage at Peaked Hill Bars was washed into Davy Jones locker by high seas last winter. Boatswain's Mate Frank Mayo, of the Peaker Hill Bar crew saw smoke rising from the hollow in which the shack is located. He rushed to the scene with a shovel, thinking the grass was on fire.

As he approached, he claims, he saw a dinghy with an outboard motor set out from shore and speed away to a cabin cruiser about a mile off shore. The boat, it is reported, contained six persons, some of them women passengers.

When Boatswain Mayo arrived at the shack it was a mass of flames. He confined his efforts to preventing the flames from spreading to the underbrush nearby. The shack was totally destroyed.

O'Neill At Work Again.

Eugene O'Neill, one of the country's leading playwrights, and who began his climb to fame in Provincetown where his first plays were produced by the Provincetown Players, is now reported to be sufficiently recovered from a serious ailment which has incapacitated him for the past five years, to begin working on a new play again at his Marblehead home. Mr. O'Neill who is now 60 visited the Cape in 1947 and it was rumored that he might spend the summer in Provincetown last year. He took a place in Marblehead, instead, where he is now living with his wife, the former Carlotta Monterey.

could be a brilliant conversationalist. But like the Indians, who never open up to a white man, he would only open up with his intimates. With others he froze, ran away or hid in closets, as Agnes describes him. Agnes didn't want him to drink, and later, when he began to be famous, she tried to guard him from people who would waste his time. She was a good woman, and a beautiful one. She was thin, but with a voluptuous bosom, and great dark eyes."

Harry remembers the time when at Peaked Hill, "Gene and I started boxing. He said he was going to show me how Dempsey knocked out Firpo. Of course, he was Dempsey and I was supposed to be Firpo! When it began to look serious, Mary Pyne and Agnes rushed in, she tried to hold Gene's arms, and Mary, mine. When Agnes had to let go, I, of course, became a punching bag for Gene, and vice versa when Mary let go. The girls couldn't believe it was all in fun."

Another time, when O'Neill and Terry Carlin were living together, Harry and Mary Pyne, from their nearby cottage, heard a terrific banging and scuffling at O'Neill's. They went over to investigate. "Gene was laying about with a broom, 'I'm trying to get rid of that green mouse which is running around. Here, see if you can get him.'"

Harry also remembers seeing O'Neill start out for Peaked Hill, with a cart loaded with books. They were Strindberg's plays, and O'Neill called out, "You wait and see. Some day I'm going to win the Nobel prize." "He was a terrific worker," Harry recalls, "and he never drank while he was working."

Of John Francis, the present Johnny Francis' father, Harry said: "He was the kindest of men, and befriended many artists and writers. Johnny takes after him. But especially, I think, John loved Gene. John was a mild man. If there had been an uproar in the O'Neill apartment, John would come around the next day and say 'Hear you had a small ruckus here last night.' I'm glad Agnes pays John tribute in her book."

O'Neill. It is a tragedy that, after a brilliant life, Louise Bryant took to drink, and as Agnes Boulton says, "died lost, alone and penniless in a sordid Paris room."

Poet Remembers

Harry Kemp has his own memories. The beautiful red-headed Mary Pyne, often mentioned in Agnes Boulton's book was Harry's first wife, whom he adored.

She later died of tuberculosis. Harry remembers Agnes Boulton "with an all gone look of love in her eyes," giving O'Neill little affectionate pinches on the arm. Of O'Neill. Harry says. "He

beautiful that summer, tall and brown and tender and smiling." Mary Vorse and Harry Kemp thought him "beautiful, in a completely masculine way."

We, who saw something of him and Agnes in our first summer here with Morgan Dennis, thought so too. There is a memory, like a snapshot, of a Summer day when we walked down Pearl Street. There at the corner of Commercial Street, stood Gene, Harry Kemp, Bill Gaston and Morgan Dennis. They all wore the white trousers and dark blue pullovers which were the Summer uniform of those days. They were talking earnestly, when suddenly, they all threw back their heads and roared with laughter. Gene and Morgan were very dark, Harry and Bill very blonde. We remember thinking, "Where but in Provincetown would you find four such handsome and brilliant men."

We hadn't thought of it for years, until we read "Part of a Long Story." So we set it down here, another "remembrance of things past," before the bright image fades.

As to the places in Provincetown mentioned in the book, it was on the second floor of the John Francis apartments in the East End where the O'Neills lived. Today there is a plaque near the front door commemorating O'Neill. "Happy Home," where Shane was born, is a cottage in back of the John Francis house on Commercial Street, and according to Bill Mayo, "Sea Captain," the cottage across the street where the O'Neills also stayed, was one of three cottages. They were later combined as the start of the house where Edith and Frank Shay and later Beulah and Philip Conrad lived. The house, is owned today by the A. L. Rubinstein's. The old life saving station at Peaked Hill, where the O'Neills lived for many years, toppled into the sea during a violent storm in the early '30's, long after the O'Neills had left it.

The Sea And O'Neill

The Susan Glaspell and "Jig" Cook house is at 564 Commercial Street, near the Francis apartments. It was in the kitchen of the house that O'Neill sat, while in the living room, other members of the group read the script of "Bound East for Cardiff," considering it for production. They were wildly enthusiastic about it, and the play opened in the building at the end of the old wharf, then owned by Mary Heaton Vorse, which ran out into the harbor behind the house now owned by Benjamin Sonnenberg. Only part of the wharf pilings now remain. Susan Glaspell, in "The Road to the Temple," dramati-

he, who on looking out his window on Washington Square, and seeing the lines of tenement washing behind the Square, wrote: "The short and simple flannels of the poor."

Louise Bryant was also a newspaper writer, beautiful and talented. She later married the United States ambassador to Russia, William Bullitt, by whom she had a daughter. Some years after, they separated. She and O'Neill had been in love, before he met Agnes Boulton, and Louise, apparently, was a thorn in Agnes' flesh, when she tried to recapture

One of the most touching passages in the book describes O'Neill at Peaked Hill. "Gene was

ly describes the opening night of "Cardiff"; "The sea has been good to Eugene O'Neill. It was there for his opening. There was a fog, just as the script demanded, fog bell in the harbor. The tide was in, and it washed under us and around, spraying through the holes in the floor, giving us the rhythm and the flavor of the sea, while the big dying sailor talked to his friend, Dris, of the life he had always wanted deep in the land, where you'd never see a ship or smell the sea."

Harry Kemp and Frank Hen-

derson, now a member of the Board of Selectmen, played in "Cardiff".

We lived in the Glaspell-Cook house for five happy years, after Susan's death in 1948, and on the inside of the pantry door were outlines, drawn by Jig, of the cooking spoons, forks, spatulas, etc., which once hung there. The elevator, which he built for Susan, who was never strong, which she used to go up and down from first floor to second, was still in the attic. Her letters, some manuscripts, and other papers were still in her desk and chest, and we were assigned the enjoyable task of arranging them.

Mary Heaton Vorse's lovely old house, in which she has lived for fifty years, is the former Kibbe Cook house, near the Art Association. It has been "home" to so many of us, over the years, for the latchstring is always out to family and friends. The Hutchins Hapgoods in the early days lived in the East End in the house now owned by the Hawthorne Bissells. Later the Hapgoods bought the house now owned by Edith and Herschel Alt in the East End.

Agnes Boulton is now Mrs. Max

Kaufman and lives on the New Jersey shore. Her publishers say she is at work on part two of a "Long Story," which will cover the days when O'Neill became really famous and prosperous; when they had a big house in Bermuda, and lived luxuriously. When the O'Neills separated in 1927, O'Neill had finished "Strange Interlude" and was working on "Mourning Becomes Electra". They were divorced in 1929.

Shane O'Neill lives in Greenwich Village, and is said to be working on a biography of his father. Oona, the O'Neill's daughter, as nearly everyone knows, is the wife of Charles Chaplin, and the mother of six children. They have lived in Switzerland for many years.

"Portrait Of Barbara"

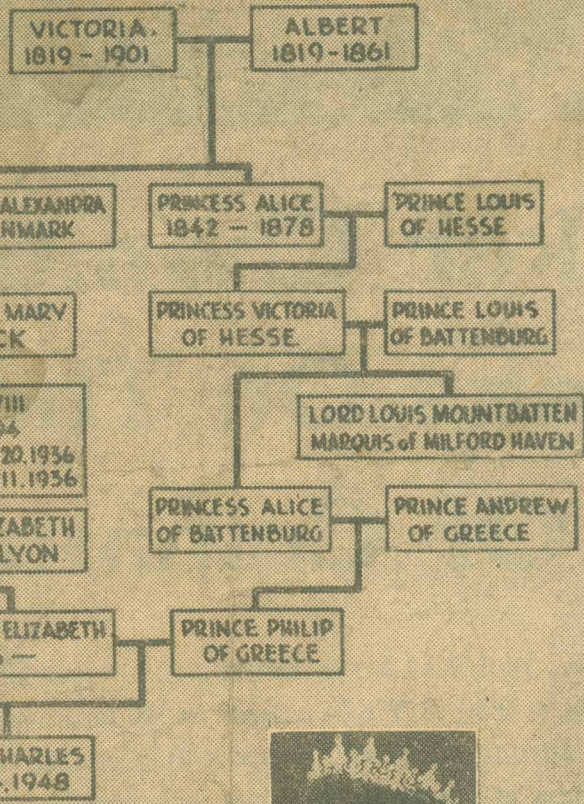


This recently completed portrait by S. Edmund Oppenheim of Mrs. Albert J. Avellar, Jr., wife of Captain "Al" Avellar. She is the former Miss Barbara Bishop Dennis, daughter of Helen Bishop and Morgan Dennis, well known writer and artist, long connected with the Provincetown art colony.

Morgan Dennis noted for
Creations of Black & white
Scotties. finishing work
in bar & Cocktail Lounge in
Sheraton Russel Hotel
Pk. Ave and 87 St. N.Y.C.
Dubbed "Dog House."

In
The
Beginning.

QUEEN VICTORIA 1837 - 1901



QUEEN ELIZABETH 1952 -



Herald Tribune—United Press

VICTORIA TO ELIZABETH—This chart shows the line of descent from Britain's last reigning queen to her latest. It shows also how Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, husband of the Queen, is joined to the royal family

Author, Playwright



Photo by John Gregory

Susan Glaspell, whose play, "Alison's House" will be presented by the Playhouse Players next week. A review of her latest book, "Judd Rankin's Daughter" will be found elsewhere in this issue.

Cape End To See "Alison's House"

**Susan Glaspell's Play
Follows "Shadow And
Substance" At Provincetown
Playhouse**

Provincetown Playhouse has another important opening on its list. Susan Glaspell's "Alison's House" like O'Neill's "Anna Christie" brings with it memories of the company of artists and writers who have lived and created here and whose names have gone far, always associated with Provincetown. Miss Glaspell's early plays like O'Neill's were written and acted here by that famous company of playwrights and poets. "Alison's House," however, will be seen for the first time in this town on Monday at the Provincetown Playhouse on the wharf. It is the second of her plays which this company has performed for her "Inheritors" was produced by them in Boston.

In playing "Alison's House" here the company has had the stimulus of the author's presence and the benefit of her advice and criticism. When Miss Glaspell's plays were seen here she herself often acted and the company then included names that have meant much in the theatre. Besides O'Neill there were Robert Edmond Jones, George Cram Cook, Harry Kemp and such writers as Jack Reed and Mary Teaton Vorse.

mer Greensfelder. Named the Susan Glaspell Memorial Contest in



The late Susan Glaspell

honor of the late Provincetown author and playwright, the contest is expected to stimulate an improved attitude toward animals on the part of the children.

Susan Glaspell, whose achievements in the field of American literature and drama rank high, was a member of the Nautilus Club, and prevention of cruelty to animals and encouraging a kindly interest in them was a favorite interest of hers.

The contest will be supervised by the president of the Nautilus Club,

Author Is Speaker At Nautilus Club

In a program arranged by the Literature committee, members and guests of the Nautilus Club thoroughly enjoyed the meeting last Monday afternoon, when Mrs. Inez Hayes Irwin, noted author, world traveler and correspondent, spoke on "The Great Galaxy." Her subject "The Home of the Barretts," originally planned for the meeting, was discarded in favor of a fascinating talk about many of the famous people Mrs. Irwin and her late husband, Will Irwin, famous author and war correspondent, had known intimately.

Among the "Great Galaxy" the speaker told of the fragile but commanding beauty of the poet, Edna Vincent Millay, who she said "Looked like something out of the sea," of the dominating dramatic quality of the great actress, Minnie Maddern Fiske, regardless of who was on the stage with her, and how even when she said nothing, her very silence was eloquent. Mrs. Irwin also spoke of the handsome and courtly F. Scott Fitzgerald, who was "the heartbreak of the literary world."

The speaker told of her efforts with a small group of women in Washington to get suffrage for women, and of Alice Paul, who came to Washington with only thirty-five cents, and who later formed the National Women's party, of which Mrs. Irwin was an honored member.

Included in her "galaxy" were John Galsworthy, world renowned for his "Forsythe Saga", whose great sympathy for people, animals, even trees and flowers, so impressed Mrs. Irwin, Gertrude Stein before she became famous, Matisse, Picasso, H. G. Wells, Rebecca West, Herbert Hoover, all were mentioned and graphically described by the speaker.

An Author And Her Public 1947.



Inez Hogan, author of scores of children's books, creator of "Nicodemus", "Nappy" and the "Twin" series, now at work on her latest, "Peter Platypus" is shown here with a few of her collaborators who tell her just what is wrong with a story in the making, and what pictures they like—and don't. Left to right, Toni Williams, Nez, herself, reading from one of her books, Judy Rand, and Charles Mavrogeorge.

Author's picture

Returns To Concert Stage



THELMA GIVEN, violinist, whose family has been well-known on the Cape for years, gives a concert at Carnegie Hall, New York, on January 3, marking her return to the professional music world. Miss Given, now the wife of Min-turn de S. Verdi, well-known attorney, has concertized all over the world and has been guest artist with internationally famous conductors. Her return to the concert world will be an outstanding musical event. Thelma Given is the sister of Eben Given, well-known portrait painter, who makes his home on the Cape.

Brother Eben Given married
Phyllis Duganne. They live on
hill back of Truro Library.

Dr. Frederick S. Hammett Dies A Victim Of Disease He Worked Years To Combat

After years of suffering from the ravages of cancer, the disease to which he had devoted a brilliant career dedicated to finding the causes and thus a cure, Dr. Frederick S. Hammett died shortly after midnight Tuesday morning at his home at 493 Commercial Street at the age of 67.

Funeral services were held with Requiem Mass at the Church of St. Mary of the Harbor this morning with the Rev. Harold M. Nicholas, rector of the church, officiating. The remains were taken to the Forest Hills Crematory for cremation and the ashes will be interred in the Snow Cemetery in Truro.

Dr. Hammett was born in Chelsea, a son of the late Charles F. and Nellie Hunt Hammett. He was graduated from Tufts in 1908 and continued his education at the Rhode Island State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts from which he received his M. S. degree in 1911. Three years later Harvard conferred an M. A. degree on him and in the following year the Doctor of Philosophy degree. While he pursued his studies at Harvard he also taught as a fellow in chemistry at Harvard Medical School. He also taught as assistant in chemistry at the Rhode Island State College from 1909 to 1912. He was professor of bio-chemistry and physiology at the University of Southern California for two years but later returned to Harvard Medical School as instructor in histology.

Rehearsal Director

Dr. Hammett taught at Wistar Institute of Anatomy in Philadelphia as fellow in bio-chemistry from 1919 to 1922 and in 1927 he was appointed director of the Research Institute of Lankenau Hospital of Philadelphia. He established the Marine Experimental Station at North Truro and here, for 16 years, he directed the study of growth and life cycle of marine organisms. In 1937 he spearheaded the founding of the magazine, Growth, and was its editor-in-chief for several years during which it was produced in Provincetown. It is the official organ of the Society for the Study of Development and Growth.

Dr. Hammett had suffered from serious ill health for a number of years and in 1932 he was given but a year to live because of tuberculosis. At that time he said he hadn't time to die and continued a strenuous program with one lung collapsed.

Choosing growth as a highly specialized aspect of the study of cancer, its possible causes and prevention, Dr. Hammett became an international authority in that field. Practically every Summer leading scientists in the field of bio-chemistry would assemble for a symposium at the little experimental station in North Truro, which built and equipped at a cost of only \$2,000 was classed by the New York Times as ranking in importance with laboratories costing millions, as far as results were concerned.

Highly Honored

Experiments at the station centered chiefly on a marine hydroid known to zoology as Obelia geniculata. These he found in abundance in the clear waters off the Truro shore. They lent themselves admirably to the study of cell formation, division and differentiation. As a result of his work at the North Truro station his monographs now in the Lankenau Institute are regarded as the best works in the field of bio-chemistry and honors came to him from all parts of the world.

Dr. Hammett's greatest enjoyment and relaxation in Provincetown was with the Beachcombers and he was one of the most vocal as well as argumentative of the members. He never missed a meeting when his health permitted nor did he fail to turn up at the annual costume balls in outfits which only he could devise. For a time he was president of the Provincetown Art Association.

Survivors include his widow, Mrs. Dorothy Wall Smith Hammett of Provincetown; two sons, Frederick S. Hammett Jr. of Provincetown and Richard L. Hammett of California; an uncle, John L. Hammett of Cedar Rapids, Iowa; and four grandsons.

Apr. 14, 1953.

To Leave For Japan
Early Next Month

Feb
'54

Dr. and Mrs. Carl Murchison are leaving March 3 for New York from where they plan to fly on March 5 directly to Japan. They will visit Formosa, the Phillipines, Hong Kong, Saigon, Bangkok, Singapore, Sumatra, Borneo, Java, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, the Fiji Islands, Tahiti and the Hawaiian Islands which will be their last stopping place before returning home.

The trip will take about three months and is part of Dr. Murchison's study of the migration route of the human race from the Tigris-Euphrates valley eastward through Asia, into the North American continent, through Alaska and down to South America.

Each winter
a similar but
very different
trip taken!

240 Mary Heaton Vorse + her Book

241



From the Jacket Design by Norman Reeves for "Time and the Town."

The Place and the People That Are Provincetown
Were

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

WHEN 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 Provincetown painters, though 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 always 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 is 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 these hard-nurtured citizens 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 Glasspell and Wilbur Daniel Steele make their still unforgotten contributions to its first program. Jack Reed is there by the wharves. Young "Red" Lewis—burned 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 "Province-

Tales of Provincetown

(Continued from Page 5)

"town 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 change and companionship. But it is the chronicle of Provincetown that is important. With something of the quality preeminently shown in "Cross Creek," the place itself, in its living wholeness, has been made the hero of a full-charged and beautiful book.

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had to do with

the difficult and dangerous manner in which its living has always been earned. Provincetown lives by skill and daring, by luck and chance, for fishing is an immense gamble—riches on one hand and death on the other. So tragedy, the imminence of death, and adventure prevent that stagnation which is the usual fate of small towns."

Finally, of "Time and the Town" one may easily paraphrase Whitman: "This is no book. Who touches this, touches a town."

"MARY'S BOOK"

TIME AND THE TOWN: A Provincetown Chronicle. By Mary Heaton Vorse. With end paper map by Coulton Waugh. 372 pp. New York: The Dial Press. \$3.50.

By Frank Shay

The usual review is merely a form of introduction, that of a potential reader to the book in hand and is more or less impersonal: in this case it is the reviewer's task to introduce people to their old friends, in some cases to their relatives and in many to themselves, to guide them to the houses they live in, along the streets they know and the shops in which they trade. They're all here, the people you meet in Patricks waiting for their newspapers, or drinking cokes in Priscilla Cutler's or with their noses buried in frosted chocolates in Adams's or Brownell's. They're all here with their laughter and tears, their hatreds and infatuations, fishermen and artists, Yankees, Portuguese and Summer people, and possibly you too, reader of this issue of The Provincetown Advocate.

There is the cozy atmosphere about this book that one finds so fascinating in the town. Mrs. Vorse's introduction was no different than that of so many others, a first glimpse from the deck of the Boston steamship, of the town rising as though from the waters of the harbor. "I am not the only person who came here to spend two weeks and remained a lifetime; I am not the only one who if exiled would feel as though my taproot were cut." Earlier the author had written: "The knowledge that this was

session of old acquaintances, we revive and revive old associations and events, we have very simply, "a Provincetown chronicle."

Here comes old Capt. Kendrick who drove the horse-drawn accommodation and who had so many reasons for not asking his passengers for their fares; here is Capt. Ambrose Cook, of Peaked Hill Station, who "thuddy years cap'n of a station and I can't yet step on a drowned man in the dark without getting a shiver;" here is that great soul, John Francis, whose general store had a sign politely asking one to loaf in the back room. And no end of captains: Manuel Perry, who got so mad he won the Lipton Cup with the Rose Dorothea; Antoine Joaquin Sousa, of the Jessie Costa, known far and wide as Joe King; Manuel Enos and many others. Here comes Capt. Stull, the ambergris king, stamping along Commercial Street. And once again we hear Manny Zora's tremendous curse and Picana's prayerful disclaimer of any participation in the oath. What a procession!

We visit again Sy Swift's ship chandlery and Duncan Matherson's store; we greet again the Dorothy Bradford as she enters the harbor, and we hear again the saga of Capt. John Cook and his wife Viola. Once more we hear a Town Crier of old crying: "No - tice! Manuel Costa wants it known that he is as good an American citizen as anybody, having had his citizenship papers thirty years, and three boys at the front. But he will fly the Portuguese flag or any other flag at half-mast when he wants bait, bait having nothing to do with patriotism."

Cape Enders Show At Miami Exhibit

Feb. 14 '62

One hundred and twenty-one Massachusetts artists are competing for the record list of \$18,000 in cash prizes to be awarded in the Terry National Art exhibit, which opens in Miami's mammoth Dinner Key Auditorium for eight days, commencing Sunday, February 24.

Paintings have been received by Terry Art Institute, sponsors of the show, from Mary Cecil Allen, Wallace Bassford, William Boogar, Jr., Dorothy L. Gregory, Charles Heinz, Blanche Lazzell, Philip C. Malicoat, Bruce McKain, Ross Moffett, Faith Pfeiffer and Hope Pfeiffer, of Provincetown.

The jury of award to select the 274 cash prize winners met in Miami this week to review the thousands of entries. It is composed of seven of the nation's leading art editors.

Artists in every state except South Dakota have offered paintings in the completion. Several foreign countries also are represented.

ISAAC MORTON SMALL

Isaac Morton Small died at his home at Cliff House, North Truro on Feb. 5, after a brief illness. Mr. Small would have been 89 years old in a few weeks. He was marine observer at Highland Light for over 70 years. He had also been a State Legislator, and a town official of Truro for three decades.

Had an interesting collection of all pertaining to sea, in his home, there.

Great lack of interest at Highland when he went, except for Light itself and Radar Sta. later.

**ISAAC MORTON SMALL**

Now we sit awhile (at ing) with the friendly, soned object of this sketch. Much patience with the scribe. Himself a writer. "About year they come and take my picture and sketch me up."

It shall be done again. And be done many years yet. For would Highland Light be, and would the Cape be, without the Ship's Sage, the Marine Nestor, upon whose slight but rock-built shoulders the tides and retreating waves of times beat so imotently.

To know Isaac Morton Small, is to know not merely one whose "Business Title" is "Marine Reporter" and whose "Government Title" is "Weather Observer," but to be the happy acquaintance of a Cape-born patriarch, whose right to be the father of that Israel who in attachment to the Cape are as the sands of the sea for multitude,—is futilely to be disputed.

His observation station—the Highland Light Marine Reporting Station—is a few hundred feet along "The Only Pathway to the Beach," by the towering white Lighthouse which has done duty since 1797 in warning the "men who go down

the sea in ships" of the dangers that lurk by the foot of the Clay Pounds. (At least, this Lighthouse or its predecessors has been here).

On Original Site

"The present tower stands upon the exact spot where the original tower stood, it has never been moved or the location changed."

"The light from the lamps of the permanent beacon first flashed their broad and welcome rays over the wide and shimmering surface of the ever restless Atlantic on the night of June 12th., 1797, and from that day to this, through summer's heat and winter's cold, over calm and moonlit sea, or wild and storm swept ocean it has shed its warning light to guide the mariner on his incoming ship to a haven of safety or the port of his destination. To the sailor going out over the great sea to some distant country it has been the last lingering tie which bound him to home and its pleasures."

Began Duties in 1861

This from his own words.

Of himself, something may be gleaned from his statement. "When the boys in blue were marching away to southern battlefields at the beginning of the Civil War, in 1861, I began the work of 'Marine Reporting Agent,' and now on the threshold of 1928, I am still watching the ships." A revision of this, up to date, we shall have.

A little more personal is this:

"Turning back to the flight of time, the writer (Mr. Small) of this book (on Highland Light) recalls that as a small boy my mother, who cared for the lamps in the lighthouse tower, while my father attended to his nearby farm, used to carry me in her arms up the winding stair and lay me on the iron deck while she trimmed the lamps. Perhaps this has something to do with a constitution that has carried me through some 82 years." (Again a revision must be made to his credit young-old-ward of 4 years). "About this time I recall that Henry D. Thoreau in his journey down the Cape, stopped with us at the lighthouse, and I further recall that he was a man who wanted to live close to nature, never spending more than six hours in bed on any night."

Day's Routine

It cannot be



Peter Hunt,
Famous Provincetown Artist,
Believes Almost Any Old Furniture, Any Old
Room, Can Be Made New With a Little Carpentry and a Lot of
Imagination. He Built This Colorful Kitchen From Two Small
Dark Rooms. Paint for Ceiling, Walls, Floor, Cabinet, Shelves and
The Chairs Cost About \$12.

He has written a book "How his work is done".
His Peasant Village in Provincetown and Christmas
shop are widely known.
1951 Has shops in Orleans & Hyannis
Very beautiful & Modern.



The Old Desk,
Below, Was
Enameled in
Two Colors: The
Cabinet Above
The Desk Was a
Picture Frame;
Shelves, Paint
and Lumber
Cost About \$3.

NEW LIFE
for OLD ROOM



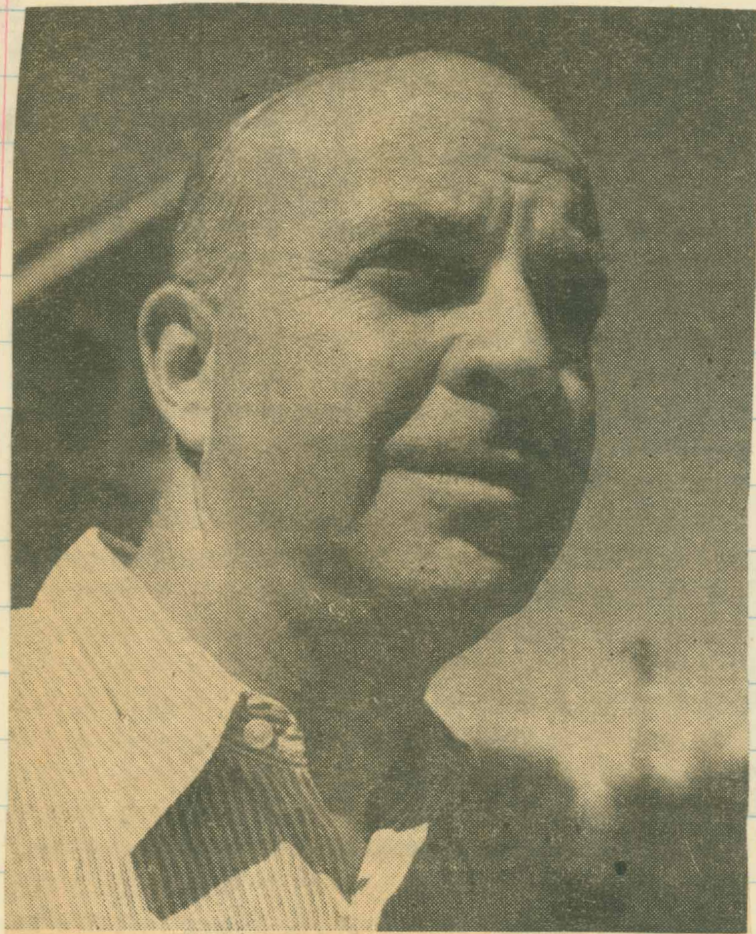
"Anybody Can Paint," Says the Artist Who Made the Beautiful and Useful Furniture on This Page. "Turn Ugly Old Pieces Into Bright New Ones." Here's Proof It Can Be Done.

From the Out-of-Date Commode, Above, He Made This Handsome Welsh Cupboard. Shelves Were Added, Wooden Knobs Substituted for the Metal Drawer Pulls, White and Green Enamel Used. Total Cost About \$5.

Old Tree Goes

The ancient old willow in front of Peter Hunt's Peasant Village, long a landmark in the East End is no more. Weakened by the long period of rain recently it dropped one of its massive limbs a few days ago and almost hit a car and two pedestrians. So it was decided to remove the tree entirely. Only a shell of what was once a huge trunk remained. This tree is thought to be one brought here as a sapling from St. Helena where Napoleon died.

July 28 - 1938



John Dos Passos

John Mills Jr.—Pix

Since his wife
died in auto
crash (down
Cape) enroute
to Va. Dos Passos
has not lived
in Provincetown

Both of his
houses sold.
Philip Conrad
bought one
1950.

Dos Passos Completes His Modern Trilogy

Eloquent and Incisive Satire Displayed in Scenario Style

THE BIG MONEY.

By John Dos Passos . . . 561 pp. . . . New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company . . . \$2.50.

Reviewed by
HORACE GREGORY
Member of English Faculty at Sara
Lawrence College

IT WAS perhaps inevitable that the Dos Passos trilogy, the work of some half dozen years, should at last betray concern for the problem of truth. I quote the forty-ninth installment of "The Camera Eye" which appears in "The Big Money":

pencil scrawls in my notebook the scraps of recollection the broken half-phrases the effort to intersect word with word to dovetail clause with clause to rebuild out of mangled memories unshakably (Oh Pontius Pilate) the truth

I suspect that the truth toward which Mr. Dos Passos reaches is of protean structure and not the least considerable of its influences has been the wise and saturnine instruction of Thorstein Veblen's "Theory of the Leisure Class." Meanwhile we have the cumulative force of three novels, each complete in itself which in time read as one entire work.

It has been characteristic of Mr. Dos Passos never to stand still, never to take for granted those truths and realities accepted by other novelists. That is why "The Big Money," with its rapidly moving scenes of action in New York, Washington, Detroit, Hollywood and Miami seems to reflect an energy which has its source in a fresh point of view. He has chosen the places where big money seems to pour in an unending stream, among politicians, movie magnates, the automotive industries, and real estate speculators. The people in "The Big Money" are ex-war aces, movie stars, promoters from Wall Street, social workers, reformers, Communist leaders, and United States Senators—and all are influenced by the kind of living that demands the quick reward, the millions that are made today and lost tomorrow. "The Big Money" proves again that the popularity of Mr. Dos Passos's novels in Europe is well deserved, for here, as in his earlier work, he has caught the reckless speed at which the big money is made, lost, wasted in America; he, more than any other living American writer, has exposed to public satire those peculiar contradictions of our poverty in the midst of plenty. And in each of the narratives which carry the theme of this novel to its conclusion the reader shares the sensations of speed and concentrated action. Only the most unresponsive reader would fail to appreciate the humor which is the force behind the keen stroke of Mr. Dos Passos's irony.

To those who have read "The 42d Parallel" and "1919" Mr. Dos Passos's devices of "the camera eye" and "newsreel" are familiar properties of a technic which has been skillfully borrowed from the motion picture. "The camera eye" as he employs it is usually a subjective, soft-focus close-up and the "newsreel" time sequence throughout the progress of thirty-five years, from 1900 to

1935, and contained within these thousand four hundred odd pages. But what was not clear in the earlier sections of the trilogy and which now emerges in "The Big Money" is the fact that the entire work may be described as an experiment in montage as applied to modern prose. We may assume that the work is a scenario of contemporary American life, and to appreciate its eloquence the trilogy should be read in three successive sittings quite as one might witness three successive per-

the life history of more than a dozen characters of which the most important are Mac, J. Ward Morehouse, Richard Ellsworth Savage, Anne Elizabeth ("Daughter") Eveline Hutchins, Joe Williams, Ben Compton, Mary French, Margo Dowling and Charley Anderson.

We are introduced to Morehouse in "The 42d Parallel"; the shadow of his success story lengthens in "1919" (ex-advertising man, public relations counsel, dollar-a-

brawl. Anderson, garage mechanic, enlists for war service, emerges from it an aviator, drifts home to the Middle West, drifts back to New York and enters airplane manufacturing. He then plays for larger stakes, dabbles in Wall Street speculation (the slow corruption of his character is vividly revealed in the succeeding episodes); he betrays his friends and climbs high into the infinities of paper profits; like Williams he is destined to complete his career in violent death, and it is important to remember that Anderson, like Williams, dies without a cent left to his name. Neither Williams nor Anderson escapes the threat of danger always near: from the very start their lives were insecure, and when at last they realize (however dimly, however subconsciously), that danger which surrounds them, they step forward to meet it, fulfilling their social destiny. Like the heroes in Stephen Crane's "War Is Kind," "These men were born to drill and die"; and it is one of Mr. Dos Passos's great merits that there are no tears wasted over their remains and we soon learn from him that such violence which seems so casual, so accidental, is actually a form of half-willed suicide.

I find Mr. Dos Passos's women less clearly defined than his men; they seem to follow the course of sex adventure with too much repetition, and in that sense they all seem too much alike. I would say that his detailed study of Eveline Hutchins ("1919," "The Big Money") is a shade too logical. We recognize her as the archetype of war heroine who wears short skirts, who possesses the restlessness as well as the kind of half-ironic despair which made her choose colorless,

weak Paul Johnson as a father for a baby; but her disintegration throughout the narrative of "The Big Money" is all too obvious. Anne Elizabeth ("1919") with her embarrassing aggressiveness, her helplessness and her death in dramatic suicide, is far more interesting; I suspect that she is an ironic portrait of the "new woman," one of those millions sacrificed to the "new freedom" who were the girls who talked too loud, who believed too literally in the hope of a single standard and lost; it is her honesty which gives her a touch of awkward dignity. In "The Big Money" it is Margo Dowling who is most interesting as a typical American phenomenon; she is the shrewd little chorus-girl-dress-model who rises to the rewards of our bi-annual American sweethearts in Hollywood; she is the face behind that smooth close-up reflected from a million silver screens. Mr. Dos Passos's subtlety in recording her conversation saves him from the mere repetition of Anita Loos's earlier success in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." It is Mr. Dos Passos's refusal to caricature Hollywood that makes his portrait of Margo and her associates convincing; they are both comic and terrifying and they are given the semblance of reality through understatement.

Granting that the origins of Mr. Dos Passos's technic may be found in the art of the motion picture, it is not surprising

Continued on page two
Under



John Dos Passos

formances of a single motion picture. I would almost insist that the three novels be read as fast as one can see, for here we are to be concerned with the stream of action in social history; no single character dominates the picture, no single force drives toward a conclusion; it is rather the cumulative forces, characters, episodes that are gathered together under the shifting lens of the camera; images of action are superimposed and from the long rolls of film Mr. Dos Passos (to complete the analogy) like another Griffith, Pabst or Eisenstein, has made a selection of cell units in news, subjective observation, biography and fictional narrative.

It is significant, I believe, that the trilogy opens on board a train going west to Chicago and closes in "The Big Money" with a flash of a large passenger plane in transcontinental flight far overhead speeding westward from the Atlantic seaboard to the Golden Gate. The first observation is made from the point of view of a small boy who was to share the poverty of his family in a Chicago slum; the last is seen through the eyes of a young man, jobless distinctly one of the unemployed, hitchhiking his way to anywhere, still following the forty-second parallel cross country to the Pacific Coast. Between the two we have news of events at home and abroad, short biographies of American heroes, and

year man, adviser to Woodrow Wilson at the Peace Conference in Paris) and the figure dwindles to a neurotic tangle of nerves and dyspepsia, half-dead from overwork in "The Big Money." The blue-eyed charm is gone; the rosy platitudes now roll into heavy, sententious, oily phrases; his assistant, Richard Ellsworth Savage, now does most of his work, high pressure work, with periodic release in violent drinking.

Savage (we remember), once the handsome Harvard poet of "1919," was an ambulance driver during the war (he resented the war, but at its close was made secure by appointment under Morehouse). We are led to assume that he will inherit the Morehouse rewards, the well oiled platitudes, the loss of energy.

Morehouse and Savage are good type specimens of the American success story on the upper middle class level, but I believe the careers of Joe Williams ("1919") and Charley Anderson ("The 42d Parallel" and "The Big Money") are equally if not more significant. In these two lives we have the ironic recital of a fable in contemporary American ethics: both boys start at the bottom of the social scale. Joe is a sailor, rises to second mate rating, then slips back to able seaman, and never dares to play for large stakes—perhaps his greatest crime is stealing a pair of women's silk stockings—and he is killed in a drunken

JOHN DOS PASSOS, famous writer, who lived for many years in Provincetown, and now lives in Westmoreland, Virginia, has displayed a new talent. He is co-inventor of a pistol that blows soap bubbles, and a patent was issued last week to him and three friends. The idea was dreamed up about two years ago when Gene Towne, Hollywood screen writer, and Nicholas C. Spanos, New York lawyer, were conferring with Dos about turning one of his novels "U.S.A." into a movie. They decided that Dos's daughter, Lucy, aged 6 at that time, should have improved facilities for blowing bubbles, and they made experiments in the kitchen. Before the patent application was filed, Alexander G. Jianas, a Kansas City, Mo. manufacturer, joined the project. Using a working model, Lucy, now 8, has been able to shoot six bubbles with a single pull on the trigger. The bubble gun has a hollow rubber handle, a barrel and blunderbuss muzzle ending in a ring. When the ring is dipped into soapy water, a film forms across it. A squeeze on the handle and its simulated trigger sends a blast of air against the film, discharging a flight of bubbles like a stream of bullets. Dos is inclined to give most of the credit for the invention to his associates, but in any event, it looks as if blowing soap bubbles is in for a revolutionary era.

HERSCHEL AND EDITH ALT, long time Summer residents in the East End, are the authors of a book "Russia's Children," a first report on child welfare in the Soviet Union, about to be published by Bookman Associates, New York. This is the first comprehensive report on the state and the child in the Soviet Union that has thus far been made available to American readers. It is based upon on-the-spot observations and study by the authors, two distinguished American authorities on child and family welfare. To make this report, the Alts visited hospitals, psychiatric clinics, educational centers, camps, kindergartens and nurseries behind the Iron Curtain. They interviewed many Russian professional workers, from ministers of Cabinet rank to nurses, teachers and policemen. They also talked unofficially to students, young professional workers, members of minority and nationality groups. They observed adults and children on the streets, in subways, buses, theaters, stadia, parks, airplanes, and at home. The result is the most illuminating book thus far written on what Russian wants for its children and how it is going about to implement its purposes. To understand the Soviet goals for the child and his place as a future citizen, the Alts studied Russian educational theory and practice. The broader aim of the Soviet educational system, they show, is to create the new Soviet man. The influence of Pavlov and Makarenko is accounted for, and the stress on conformity and implementation is explained.

THE ASHLEY SHOP on Commercial Street will re-open tomorrow. Mr. and Mrs. Irving Sametz have enlarged the shop to twice its original size, and there will be twice as many unusual and charming items, for which the shop is justly famous.

(Continued on Page 2)

65-08 mho

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Feb. 21-52

Maida and Joe Lazarovici who operated the Lobster House here at the shore end of Pearl street and the Beach Terrace in the East End seem to be doing all right by themselves with their Trade Winds Patio Restaurant at Key West, making it a meeting place of gourmets. Of course, this season they are being vociferously aided by Mayme Claxton. In addition to their restaurant Joe and Maida are giving much of their time and talents to the Key West Players who have just put on "Born Yesterday" under Maida's supervision. Joe seems to have as many jobs with the Players as he probably has in his kitchen. He is on the construction crew, is technical director, does his bit in the lighting department and is in charge of advertising. Maida helps design the sets and tosses around publicity. But in this she has Mayme as her assistant. But she has also staged ten of the plays put on by the group and has acted in a number of parts.

34 Feb 21

The Pablo Fords who conduct an increasingly popular summer restaurant here figured in a Key West hold-up Saturday when a couple of burglars commandeered their car to make a get-away after robbing a restaurant—not theirs—of a reported \$1600. The thugs were caught in fourteen minutes but only \$368 was found on them! In these days of increasing income taxes an honest burglar takes it on the chin.

THE FORMER Burt Paige property on the waterfront in the East End has been sold by Ethel Archer Ball to Abe Burrows, famous Broadway producer and wit. His current hit, Say Darling, is but one of his many successes. The sale became possible when Rudolph Justice Watson, the owner, decided to move to Hollywood where most of his work on the stage will be in the future. Among Mr. Burrows' hits are Call Me Madam, Guys and Dolls, Silk Stockings, and Can-Can. It is said in a recent magazine article called "Laugh, I thought I'd die," by Leonard Lyons that he established what may have been a Broadway-Hollywood record for the commercial value of wit. Can-Can went for \$750,000 and Guys and Dolls for \$1 million. In earlier years he wrote the radio series for Ed Gardner's Duffy's Tavern. One of his witticisms was at a certain dinner where there was a bust of Burrows made of halvah. Margaret Truman suggested that such unique sculpture might be introduced at the White House. Said Burrows promptly, "I think your father would prefer a bust of Drew Pearson, made of Drew Pearson." When another guest boasted that his country house was only a half-hour's drive from 42nd Street, Abe countered, "In New York traffic, the only place that's a half hour's drive from 42nd Street is 43rd Street."

Formerly the
home of
Alice Howells
artist 1930's

She was a
native of N.J.
Family asso.

with Miss
Scudder's father
Newark Eye News
Miss Scudder

originated

*Paper Mill Play
House, Millburn
N.J. (from old Mill)
with this money.

It is one of most
unique, artistic, but luxurious
theaters.

1957
ACCORDING TO WORD from Newark, New Jersey, Miss Antoinette Q. Scudder died in her sleep at her home there on Tuesday. She was 72 years old. Miss Scudder, who founded the Paper Mill Playhouse at Millburn, New Jersey, spent several years here in Provincetown in the late 20's and early 30's when she was doing oil paintings, small paintings or ivory, pen and ink sketches and pastels. She also wrote poetry. She had a studio for some years in the then new Days Studios on Brewster Street and was a great friend of the Austin Dunhams, who lived in the house now owned by Mrs. Laura Stegner in the East End.

Alice Howell's nephew-in-law =
Arthur Schwarz = successful
mgr*

Two old and trusted
friends
died 8 mos. apart

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Nov. 1953.

Provincetown Resident Dies

PROVINCETOWN. March 11—Mrs. Mary Louise Buckley, 76, who for many years conducted the Treasure Shop, a gift shop, at 269 Commercial Street, until she leased it in 1949, died today at her home on Commercial Street, East End, after a lengthy illness.

Mrs. Buckley, the widow of Robert A. Buckley who died in 1945, had been in ill health for some time but attended guest night activities last night of the Nautilus Club. She had a slight attack before she left her home for the hall and was taken suddenly ill after she returned to her apartment.

She was born in Fairhaven, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Swazey. She lived in Providence when her husband, a dye maker, was employed in Attleboro. They had been coming to Provincetown Summers and in 1934 established the gift shop which she and her husband operated together until his death. She carried on the business alone until 1949 when the store was leased to J. M. Newkirk of South Yarmouth. The property was sold last year.

Mrs. Buckley was a member of the local chapter, OES, Nautilus Club, and attended the Church of St. Mary of the Harbor.

Survivors include a sister, Mrs. Nellie Crossley, 20 Middle Street, Fairhaven; two grandsons, William Bennett, Provincetown, a pilot for Northeast Airlines; and Whitman Bennett, a student at Bentley School of Accounting and Finance, Boston; and nieces, nephews and cousins.

Funeral will be held from the Remington Home, 1604 Broad Street, Providence, Friday, followed by interment in Elm Grove Cemetery, Allenton, R. I.

Funeral Sunday



Funeral services were held at 3:30 Sunday afternoon from the Nickerson Funeral Home for Mrs. Jennie C. Healey, 82, who died last Wednesday night at her home at 194 Commercial Street. The Rev. Albert F. Ziegler of Providence, summer pastor of the Universalist Church here, conducted the services.

Born in Provincetown, the daughter of Edward A. and Sophia Young Dyer, Mrs. Healey attended schools here and was graduated from Provincetown High School. She was the widow of the late William H. Healey, a former postal clerk, who died ten years ago.

She was a member of the Universalist Church and a member of the Get-Together Club of that church, a charter and life member and also a Pioneer Woman and past president of the Nautilus Club, a charter and honorary member of the First District President's Club, a charter member and vice-president of the Research Club, a charter member of the Women's Republican Club of the Lower Cape, and a charter member of Chequocket Chapter No. 200, Order of Eastern Star.

Surviving are a sister, Mrs. Annie A. Wippich and a brother, James L. Dyer, both of Provincetown, and a step-daughter, Mrs. Gladys Mears of White Plains, New York.

Interment was in the Gifford Cemetery.

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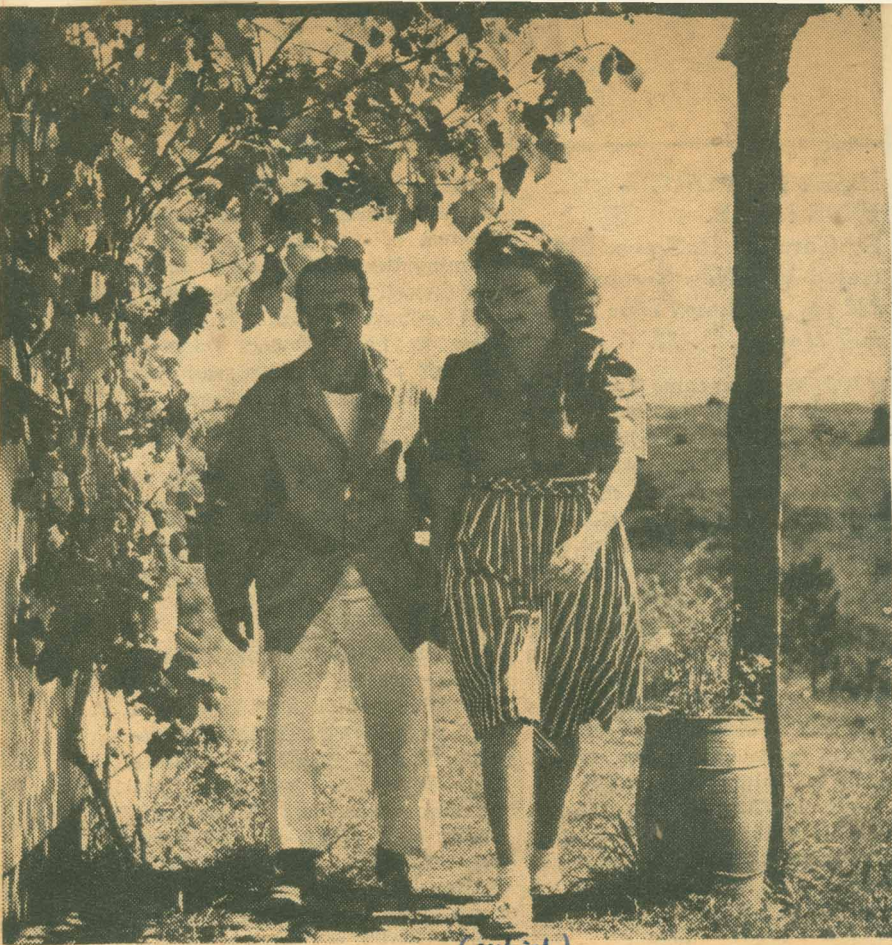
ROBERT NATHAN

Mar.
1943

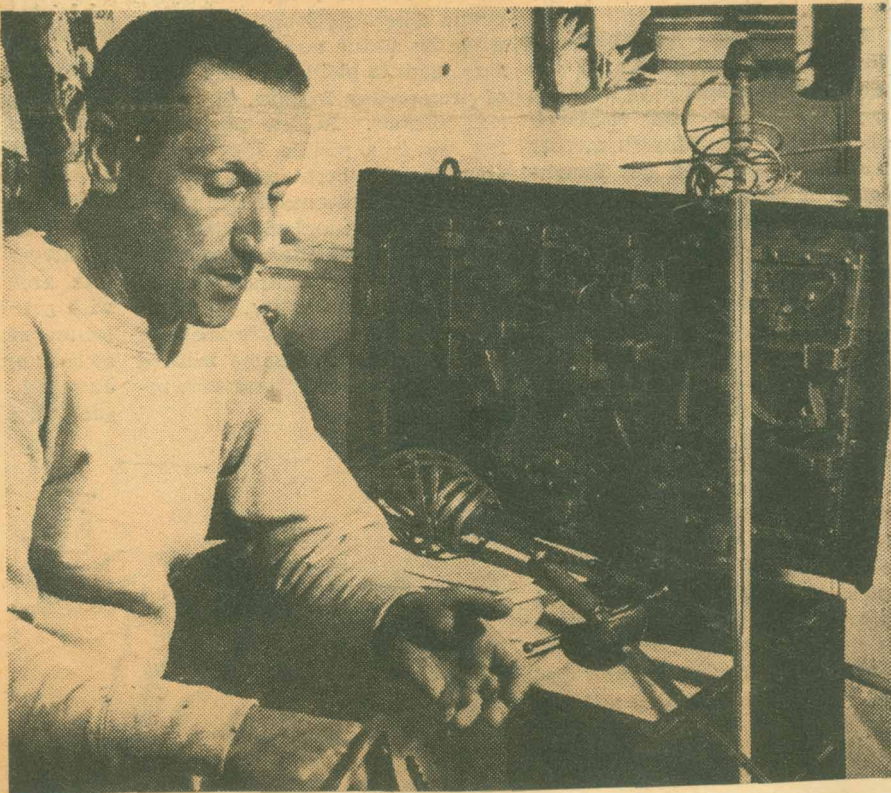


• Gardening, canning, plane spotting, clamming and swimming are the principal summer activities. Besides work, of course.

• Nine-year-old Frances is Mrs. Nathan's daughter. Mr. Nathan says of her, "Like most little girls, she is innocent, provocative, sensitive and unreasonable, all at once."



• Robert Nathan and his wife, Janet, spend their summers at Truro, on Cape Cod. Their house was formerly the old parsonage. "Journal for Josephine," Mr. Nathan's recent book, is a daily record of events in the Nathan household during the past summer and a tribute to his wife, the Josephine of the book: "God bless all capable women who can do a woman's job and leave the slow hours of dreaming to the men."



• A number of swords of 16th and 17th century French and Spanish workmanship adorn the study. Mr. Nathan was once an active member of the Fencers Club of New York and studied foil and sabre in Florence. The 16th-century iron chest has been a family possession for a long time. The original complicated lock is still in workable condition.



• Crossing the moors to the ocean or the bay for a swim or a picnic lunch is part of the day's fun on the Cape.

Winter 1957

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MEMBERS OF NAUTILUS CLUB "FLAPPER GIRL" COMEDY



Cast of the one-act comedy "Flapper Girl" which was put on by members of the Nautilus Club at the 51st annual birthday dinner. Palmyra Irmer, who was assistant director and prompter; Inez Macara, the richest girl in town; seated, Ida Seldov, the aunt who always had the last word; standing behind Miss Seldov, Bertha Glasgow, a typical young flapper; Agnes McKellar, a shrewd and ingenious daughter; Hope Tinkham, a charming wife and mother; Helen T. Macara, a pretty and attractive daughter; Juanita Macara, the maid; and Ann Cote who took the part of the president of the Flapper Girls Society. Mrs. Cote also directed the play.

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1954

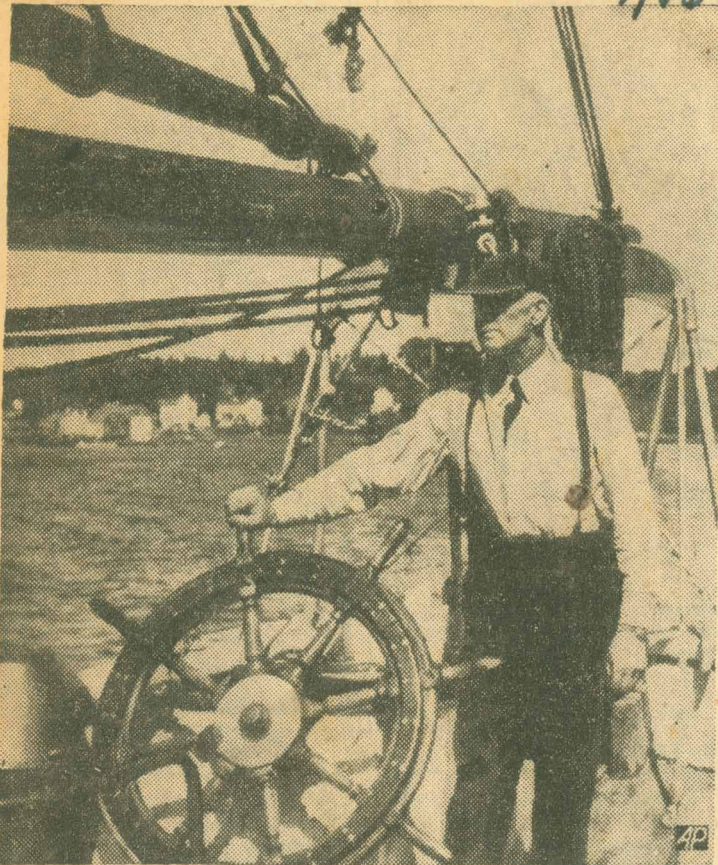


ELDER STATESMAN Vannevar Bush, head of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, said that poor security practices often hurt scientific progress by rejecting men for "youthful indiscretions."

Connected with
first atomic bomb!

Family have house in
Provincetown also
down Cape.

Heads for Arctic Again ^{June 26} 1946



Donald B. MacMillan, 71, a member of the Peary expedition which discovered the North Pole, stands at the wheel of his schooner Bowdoin, at Boothbay Harbor, Me., as he makes final preparations for his twenty-fifth voyage into the far north. (Associated Press Wirephoto.)

COMMANDER MacMILLAN FLIES TO TOWN

Commander Donald B. MacMillan arrived in town Wednesday, for his last visit before his expedition North, in the Monoplane to be used in mapping the Coast of Labrador this summer. The Commander picked up several of his personal belongings here before returning to Boston. He is scheduled to hop off for Rockland, Maine, for Nain, Labrador, on Friday and expects to traverse the 1,200 miles there in one day.

Commander Donald B. MacMillan has consented to lecture on his experiences in Labrador at the Center Methodist Church on Sunday September 26th.

MacMILLAN FLIES TO MAINE

Commander Donald B. MacMillan left for Maine in his plane, the Viking, on Saturday on a thick, cloudy morning. The Commander let no time waste when he left; as he wanted to be sure that no easterly storm would intercept him. After taking two friends for a promised trip over the town, MacMillan quickly hopped off for Boston and Maine at 9:30, accompanied by his pilot.

Charles Rockville, who is the Commander's trustworthy pilot, is one of the finest aviators in the navy. Holding the highest degree possible, he is entitled to manipulate any type of airplane. On this latest trip to Labrador, Mr. Rockville traveled with MacMillan, piloting the Viking.

Donald B. MacMillan flew to Boston and from there he went to Rockland, Maine, to welcome back the Bowdoin when she arrived on Monday, and to prepare her for her winter quarters at Wiscasset, Maine. Sometime during the latter part of this week he will return to Provincetown where he will stay two weeks and will probably lecture at one of the churches in town.

Then the explorer plans to fly to Los Angeles, returning to Provincetown some time during November.

Donald MacMillan returned Tuesday night from Labrador where he has been for the greater part of the summer and where he brought materials and supplies to the dental clinics which he has established there for the Eskimo population.

Also winter of 1950
Summer " 1951

Congress To Honor Comm. MacMillan On 35th Polar Discovery Anniversary

Special Medal Will Be Presented In Recognition Of Great Scientific Contributions—Navy Journal Pays Tribute



Commander Donald B. MacMillan

Provincetown's famous native son, and internationally known explorer of the North Polar regions will again be honored by his country next Thursday when he will be awarded a special Congressional Medal on the occasion of the 35th anniversary of the discovery of the North Pole by Admiral Robert Peary who had with him on that famous journey Commander MacMillan as Chief Assistant.

Commander MacMillan is now serving with the United States Navy and at present is stationed in

Heredity seemed to have prepared Commander MacMillan with the ambition for the exploration of this northern land, an ambition that has been, for over thirty-five years, a fruitful life's work. Born on the tip end of Cape Cod within sound of the ocean, the son of a Sea Captain, who sailed away into the Arctic and never returned, he has maintained a constant and ever increasing interest in what has been termed the Great White North.

In spite of the fact that he was carried back from the Polar Sea

the Hydrographic Office in Washington, D. C. A fine sketch of Commander MacMillan's contributions to science is contained in "Salute to Commander MacMillan" published in "The Scuttlebutt," a magazine published by the Hydrographic Office each week for Navy personnel. Here it is:—

On the thirty-fifth anniversary of the discovery of the North Pole, Commander Donald B. MacMillan, U. S. N. R., who acted as Chief Assistant to Admiral Peary on his "Dash To The Pole," has been honored by the Congress of the United States for his participation in this great scientific undertaking. The special Congressional Medal for distinguished services to be awarded to Commander MacMillan rounds out a career of scientific accomplishments in which he has given to the world new knowledge of a land full of adventure and beauty. Admiral Bryan, as well as all the officers, enlisted and civilian personnel of the Hydrographic Office, take pleasure on this occasion to congratulate Commander MacMillan for his many contributions to geography and science in general. The reflected honor which we, his shipmates, share with him today is a source of satisfaction to all of us who have had the pleasure of knowing and working with him during the past two years.

with frozen feet in 1909, he was back again in 1910, living with the Nascopie Indians of Northern Labrador; back again in 1911, cruising the coast above in a sixteen foot canvas canoe; back again in 1912, cruising from Boston to Heleron, North Labrador in a twenty-five foot motor boat!

This was not enough. In 1913 he sailed away under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History in command of the Crocker Land Expedition. He remained in the Far North for four years to return to find the world at war. He enlisted with the rank of Chief Quartermaster. He later became a Lieutenant, and Lieutenant Commander and two years ago a full Commander. On Peary's trip to the Pole, no one could have been more inspired than Commander MacMillan, because he developed even more highly than ever before the longing to find and understand the North.

It has been written that Commander MacMillan did not explore the Arctic to get away from people, and we at the Hydrographic Office can readily understand that, as he is a true friend to all who know him. He was at one time Principal of a Maine High School, became Head of the Classical Department of the Swarthmore Preparatory School, and later was instructor and physical director of the Worcester Acad-

MacMillan And The Far North



In his lecture in the Provincetown Universalist Church on the evening of Wednesday, July 29, Rear Admiral Donald B. MacMillan, the foremost living explorer of America, will tell about the golden age of exploration in the Arctic. Accompanying his talk will be 3,000 feet of brilliant new

color film. Along with his description of high adventure in his 35 visits to the far north, Admiral MacMillan will relate something of the geology, geography, and ethnology of that region.

Rear Admiral MacMillan has received the Special Congressional Medal for Distinguished Services

in Exploration, the Elisha Kent Gold Medal for "daring exploration and scientific research," the National Geographic Society Hubbard Gold Medal for "outstanding Arctic explorations and valuable service to geographic education and sciences," the Chicago Geographic Society Gold Medal, and the Explorers Club Medal.

MacMillan Made Early Radio History With Schooner Bowdoin In Far North

Rear Admiral Donald B. MacMillan's Arctic-exploring schooner Bowdoin, (now permanently enshrined at Mystic Seaport), made spectacular radio history in the 1920's.

In 1923, when MacMillan sailed for North Greenland, he led the first such expedition to be equipped with radio. Donald Mix, selected as radio operator for the expedition by the American Radio Relay League, pounded out his WNP call for 15 months, dur-

ing which his signal from Refuge Harbor, North Greenland, was finally picked up in the State of Washington. This was the first radio contact from the Arctic to the U. S.

The first practical use of short wave by the U. S. Navy, (and the Navies of the world), was during the 1925-26 MacMillan-National Geographic Society Expedition when the Bowdoin was in Etah, North Greenland, within 11 degrees of the North Pole.

The short wave radio, designed and built for this expedition by Zenith Radio Corporation is, through that company's interest, with several other early instruments on exhibit at Mystic Seaport.

First Short Wave

When the Bowdoin sailed in 1925, she had a sister ship, the Peary, skippered by Commander E. F. McDonald, Jr., (then president of the Zenith company). He was second in command of the expedition, and both ships were equipped with new short wave equipment.

On the other side of the continent, on board U. S. S. Seattle, flagship of the U. S. fleet then in the Pacific, was Fred Schnell, a young radio "ham" commissioned for the cruise at the suggestion of McDonald.

As the U. S. fleet steamed west, and the MacMillan expedition north, Schnell kept in constant contact with Bowdoin by short wave.

Eskimos Sang

When Bowdoin reached Etah, Greenland, and the fleet was half way round the world, off the coast of Tasmania, their short wave communications were maintained with all parts of the U. S., for the first time in radio history. One dramatic short wave transmission was when MacMillan put a group of Eskimos in front of the mike at Etah to sing for Admiral Coontz of the Pacific fleet, sending the human voice almost exactly half way around the world, a record that had never been approached in those days when most ship-to-ship communication, and most amateur transmissions of any distance, were tapped in code. Admiral Coontz came back with the comment that they sounded like a college cheering section, which was exactly true.

Other units in the Mystic Seaport exhibit include the world's first portable radio; a short wave receiver used in 1925; a prototype of the first receiver used in 1923-24; an airplane transmitter-receiver used by Naval aircraft, 1925-26; the Super VI Zenith receiver used on the 1925-26 expedition; a high and low frequency transmitter built in 1937, and the first short wave-long wave portable, a type put into Arctic service by Admiral MacMillan in 1940-41, for field testing.

The earliest radio equipment on Bowdoin was designed and built by Zenith, and until her final voyage to Mystic Seaport, company engineers kept her radio room in top condition.

Bowdoin Will Have Berth In History After Brave Adventures In Arctic Seas

When Mac and Miriam MacMillan bring their Arctic schooner Bowdoin into her final berth at Mystic Seaport, Conn., June 27, the doughty little schooner will be sailing into her place of history—as she has long since sailed into the hearts of all who know her, according to Helen Henley in the Christian Science Monitor, who goes on to tell the intimate story of the MacMillans and the Bowdoin.

Through the generosity of her friends, including especially a group of Bowdoin College alumni, the Bowdoin will go as a gift to the Marine Historical Society at Mystic. The ship was named for the college which is Mac's alma mater.

At Mystic Seaport, which has been described as a folk museum of the Age of Sail and an authentic replica of a typical mid-century New England seafaring community, the Bowdoin will join the old whaler Charles W. Morgan, the coastal schooner Australia, and other historical craft. There she will be open to the public.

But where other ships may be termed typical, the Bowdoin is unique. She is, in fact, primarily a projection of the Arctic genius of the man who now is Rear Admiral Donald B. MacMillan (Ret.), his warm personality and his impeccable seamanship. The skipper and his ship cannot be thought of separately, and both have shared, with rare generosity, the peculiar riches that have been theirs to give.

Polar Commuter

Mac has gone to the Arctic so many times that he has been called a polar commuter. He has contributed immeasurably to polar research, to better general understanding of Eskimos, and to the development of American youth.

For many summers, the Bowdoin has taken to Arctic waters a crew of about 13 made up mostly of prep school and college boys keen on scientific research. Each of the several times we have been privileged to join Mac and his wife Miriam aboard the Bowdoin to sail for the brief first lap of their northward course—from Boothbay Harbor, Maine, out to Monhegan Island, or to Christmas Cove, or to Camden—we have marveled at the willingness of

parents to allow their sons to sail off into hazardous adventure in such a tiny ship.

Only 88 feet long and 21 feet wide, the Bowdoin appears as a mere speck in the vastness of the Arctic where icebergs may crunch over many acres, and rise to the towering heights of mountains.

But we soon learned the solid reasons for their confidence. Mac knows the Arctic as probably no other man on earth today knows it. For most of his 84 years, his heart has been given to the frozen white land and the ice-blue waters at the top of the world.

With Peary

Donald MacMillan was a member of Admiral Peary's successful expedition to the North Pole, 1908-09. In some 30 trips north, he has charted unknown waters and prepared a conversational Eskimo dictionary. During World War II, both Mac and the Bowdoin served the United States Navy. In 1949, he received the gold medal of the Chicago Geographical Society for his Arctic work.

And since 1921, when she was launched, through 26 expeditions logging 300,000 miles, the Bowdoin has been the key part of the MacMillan saga.

All that Mac had learned on six important Arctic expeditions in the 12 years previous to the building of the Bowdoin contributed to the perfection of this little two-masted auxiliary schooner. Her builders, Hodgson Bros., East Boothbay, Maine, made her bow spoon-shaped so she can rise up on a pan of ice and crush it under her forefoot, when lesser ships would themselves be caught and crushed.

She is double-planked and double-framed with native white oak from Maine, and sheathed against ice with a five-foot belt 1½ inches thick of Australian "iron" wood or greenheart, toughest wood known. She has a nose-piece of steel plate weighing 1,800 pounds bolted to the bow to aid in splitting icepans. She has bunks for 13. In every single minute detail, she was tailored for her Arctic job.

Some of the 250 or so boys and men who have shipped north with Mac on the Bowdoin have gone more than once. For nine voy-

ages, Miriam has been her husband's righthand man and the darling of the crew, not only taking her trick at the wheel or at KP, but also mothering any boy who needed it.

Letters that have poured in to the MacMillans at their home in Provincetown show that many of these boys and their parents regard their experience on the Bowdoin as much more than a summer's lark.

More Perspective

"Many times I have caught myself reasoning with a more mature perspective than I had been able to muster previously," wrote an objective young crew member. "It was directly due to the trip I can assure you, and so I owe you more than mere thanks for a voyage. I owe gratitude for a new way of life."

Many are rejoicing that the Bowdoin will find her permanent berth at Mystic Seaport, staunchly recording a vanished era. But thousands of miles northward, the Eskimos who always thronged aboard the Bowdoin with welcoming zeal and who felt, no less than their white friends, that the Bowdoin was their own, will sorrow that they will never again see their beloved white "bird".

The MacMillans' decision to part with their ship, although tinged with sadness, is happiness by the knowledge that at Mystic the schooner will go on in the active business of being useful by presenting a living page from history. As Miriam puts it:

"Now so many thousands through the years will go aboard to admire and be inspired by the little ship that sailed so many times to the top of the world before days of planes, icebreakers, and modern-equipped vessels in Arctic regions."

Mac sees the ship's role in similar light. At Mystic, he muses, "visitors may walk her decks, go below and see where and how we lived beneath Arctic snows; visualize us a happy group, although far from home and 'frozen in' once for 11 months. Although extremely cold winds howled above and drifting snows whirled madly by, we were snug and warm below decks."

"Bowdoin remembers it all," Mac says, "and will be glad to entertain and do what she can to make all comfortable aboard. She knows she is not going out of our life. She is still ours in a way, for we may visit her at any time, go below to our quarters, sleep in our bunks, light up the galley stove, put on the coffee pot, plug in on music from home as we did night after night, and imagine that we are again at sea bound north, or returning home following a long trip with Monhegan again in sight and friends who thought enough of us to come out to sea to welcome us back."

And when the Bowdoin sails from Falmouth, Mass., for her new home June 27, says Mac, "Miriam will be beside me at the wheel just as she has been during the last nine trips. She's never failed to take her trick at the wheel even in the toughest weather. Many who have sailed with us will be there that day, too. And we hope you'll put a circle around June 27 and be there, too. You're a real part of Bowdoin, Helen."

I'd rather hear that from Mac than to be knighted by royalty.

Commander MacMillan's Eskimo Friends Will Test Boot



OFF TO ARCTIC—Commander Donald B. MacMillan (center) receives from Earl Reed of Hood Rubber Company a pair of Subzero Pac boots which the veteran polar explorer will have his Eskimo friends test during the long Arctic winter. With Mrs. MacMillan (left) and a crew of 13, the 80-year-old "Cap'n Mac" will sail Saturday from Boothbay Harbor, Me., on his 30th trip to the Far North. During the four-month voyage, he expects to take his ship, the "Bowdoin", farther north than any vessel has ever been.

When Commander Donald B. MacMillan's "Bowdoin" sails from Boothbay Harbor, Me., Saturday on the veteran explorer's 30th trip to the Arctic, the ship's stores will contain a new type of footgear for "Cap'n Mac's" Eskimo friends.

This is the Hood "Subzero Pac", civilian version of the insulated boot developed by B. F. Goodrich Company in conjunction with the Armed Forces to reduce the heavy Korean war casualties caused by severe cold.

While the 80-year-old Commander MacMillan expects to take the Bowdoin farther north than any ship ever has been, temperatures during the four months the expedition will be in the Arctic are not generally below freezing. To provide an effective test under sub-zero conditions, the boots will be given to Eskimos to wear during the long Winter season.

Commander MacMillan, on a recent visit to the B. F. Goodrich footwear division plant in Water-

town, Mass., observed the manufacture of the unique boot, and conferred with its inventor, L. H. L'Hollier who demonstrated how a removable latex sock in the "Subzero Pac" helps keep the feet dry and warm. If snow or water get in over the top of the boot, the wearer simply empties the boot, wrings out the sock and puts sock and boot back on. In a short time, the inside of the boot and the sock are raised to normal body temperature.

Accompanying Commander MacMillan on the voyage will be his wife, Miriam, making her ninth expedition to the Far North, and a crew of 13. The "Bowdoin", a

90-foot two-master with auxiliary diesel power, has steel-reinforced planking 18 inches thick to withstand the crush of polar ice.

The "Bowdoin" carries food supplies to last four months. In the event the expedition ship is trapped in Arctic ice, additional supplies will be flown in, Commander MacMillan said.

Another successful
Voyage and winter of
1954-55

Lecturing thru out
U.S. as of yore.

Lecture for
amateur (jr.) yachting
club.

Fri. Sept. 1, 1955.
Town Hall.



Admiral and Mrs. MacMillan at the wheel of their famous schooner Bowdoin

MacMillans Bring Back Information Of Great Value About Frozen North

Also p 30 8.



After the stormiest Arctic voyage in 40 years of sailing north, Comdr. and Mrs. Donald B. MacMillan of Provincetown eased their schooner Bowdoin into home waters, bringing back hard-won new data about the top of the world, according to Helen Henley in The Monitor.

The ship has logged 6,000 miles since she left June 25 to journey 50 miles beyond the Arctic Circle.

The commander, rounding out his 28th trip to the Arctic, attributes strategic importance to the Bowdoin's soundings and surveys of hitherto unknown fjords along the coasts of Labrador and Baffin Island.

He long has insisted that accurate charts of the Arctic region are indispensable to the continent's defense. As in other years on his voyages northward, he has added new findings to the charts of the United States Hydrographic Office. His latest discoveries include some 25 islands in the coastal waters of Labrador and Baffin Island.

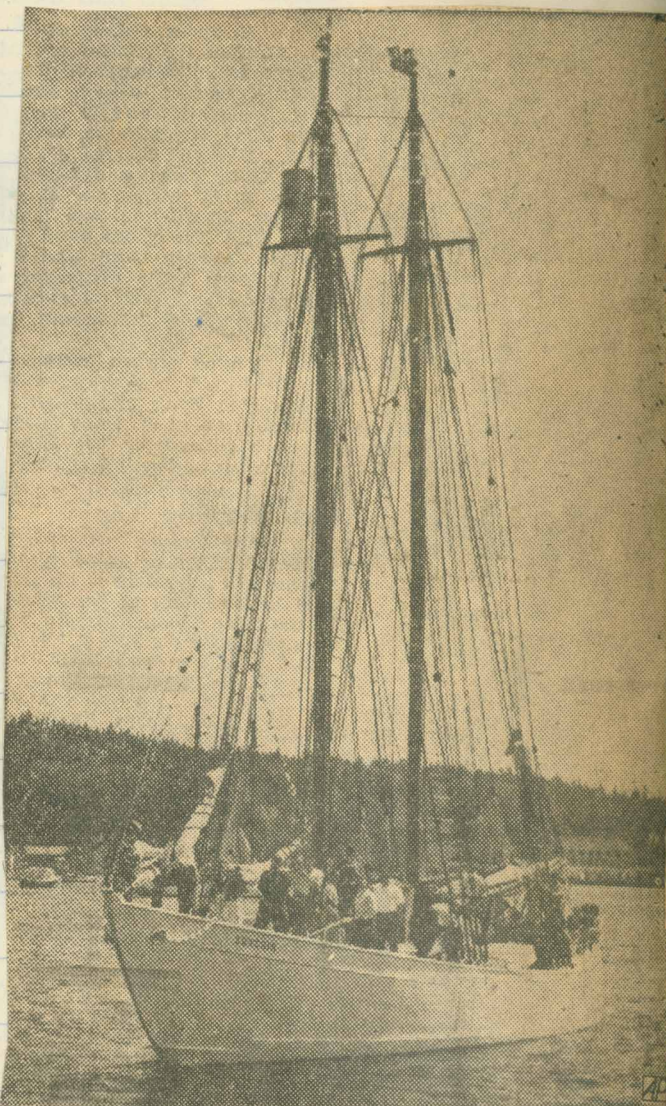
This charting of unknown fjords

along a rocky coast where the bottom of the ship might be ripped out at any moment was one of the most dangerous missions of the Bowdoin's long Arctic career—and she tackled it with the youngest crew she has ever taken north. More than half of the 14-man crew were college and prep school boys eager to delve into the natural science of the far north.

But the skipper's chief assistant—his wife Miriam—was making her seventh Arctic trip as a member of her husband's crew. Five others aboard had sailed previously with the commander.

Their immediate objective this year was to obtain specimens for the Arctic Museum of Bowdoin College, which sponsored their expedition. The college plans to establish the museum to honor two of its most famous sons: Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary, class of 1877 and Commander MacMillan, 1898.

Aboard the Bowdoin as she put in at Boothbay Harbor were enough fine Arctic specimens to set up the museum in business forthwith. +



25TH ARCTIC VOYAGE—With a party of scientists sponsored by the Chicago Geographic Society, the schooner Bowdoin leaves Boothbay Harbor, Me., on Comdr. Donald B. MacMillan's 25th voyage into the Arctic. June 25.

"Jot" Small gave a lecture at the Kiwanis Club meeting in Hyannis, last Wednesday evening. He spoke on his trip to the Arctic with Commander Donald MacMillan.

1931

FOLK NOTES

*Baffin Land Will Not
See Frank Henderson*



ALERT observers of the recent flurry among the exploring gentry of Provincetown — When Captain Wilkins set off across the

Atlantic with the undersea "Nautilus," followed a few days later by the departure of Commander McMillan in his famous schooner, "Bowdoin"—alert observers probably noticed a comely young man with an unusually sober countenance, watching the proceedings.

Truly, about the most sober faced onlooker, when the "Bowdoin" slipped out of Provincetown Harbor, was Frank Henderson, who for the past four years has accompanied its famous master on expeditions to northern Labrador, Greenland, Iceland and Baffin Land. The reason Frank does not occupy the position of first mate on the schooner's present excursion is that a romance which had its beginning when he was in the coast guard service five years ago culminated in his marriage to Miss Helen Bangs at Nashua, New Hampshire, on December 5th last. Helen is a native of Provincetown and the daughter of Captain and Mrs. John Bert Bangs.

Commander McMillan will take no married men on his expeditions. Because of Frank's experience and ability he considered, for a time setting aside this rule. But Frank did not sail.

Fossils Found

The MacMillans brought back also a collection of about 50 varieties of Arctic flowers found in Labrador and Baffin Island, and about 40 different species.

Another prize was the Kumlein gull, a bird so rare that several well known ornithologists have doubted its existence. Several other rare bird specimens are awaiting positive identification.

On a visit to Lower Savage Island, off Baffin Island, the expedition collected some of the oldest known fossils, dating back to the Cambrian Period of the Paleozoic Era. These fossils, which the MacMillans say are in excellent condition, unfold to those versed in such lore a story of marine life of 400,000,000 years ago.

These treasures will, it is expected, be mounted as habitats for display in the new museum.

Always nibbling at new fascinations of the deeply secretive far north, the Bowdoin set her course for the little known Penny Ice Cap on Baffin Island. There several of the crew climbed the face of the ice cap in what the MacMillans believe to be the first attempt to scale it.

It has been photographed from the air, but the youths' cameras recorded what may prove to be the first on the spot shots of its icy beauty.

BEST COOK IN OUR TOWN

Quote-



Mrs. William L. Bailey of Provincetown is famous in that pretty Massachusetts village for her way with food, but above all for her way with Deviled Haddock

Wife of Rector of St Mary of the Harbor.
1948

CHRISTMAS DAY for the family, a buffet supper for friends and neighbors on Christmas Eve is Camilla Bailey's idea of a merry holiday.

Her husband, the Reverend William L. Bailey, is rector of St. Mary of the Harbor, the little Episcopal church of Provincetown, at the tip of Cape Cod, to which so many famous artists have contributed paintings and sculpture. On Christmas Eve, the living room of the rectory is gay and cheerful with green boughs, a twinkling tree, bright stockings at the mantel and happy voice singing Noel! Noel!

The supper table is set in front of the crackling fire and the Baileys and their guests go back and forth to the kitchen, carrying in the good food.

The *pièce de résistance*, Deviled Haddock. After supper, there will be carols in the church garden and at 12 o'clock, midnight mass.

Provincetown, for all you hear about its art world and its gay doings in the summer season, is primarily a fishing village. Any late winter afternoon, after the boats have made port, there'll be a knock on the rectory door and one of the local fishermen will be standing there, a fine haddock or two for the rector and his wife. "Fish never tastes the same as in Provincetown when it's fresh out of the water," says Camilla.

As the busy wife of a busy clergyman, Camilla Bailey has a full life. She and her husband love people, love to entertain. Friends and neighbors are in and out of the rectory at all hours. Sarah Camilla, the charming small daughter, sits in her high chair, being sociable, while her mother

cooks and her father assists. "Bill's job is 'tasting,'" Camilla says. "I can always depend on him to be sure the seasoning is right."

Mrs. Bailey's great hobby is raising sheep dogs. The Baileys have two, Peter Michael, nine years old, and Noel (registered name Sophisticated Lady), seven. They, too, are friends of everyone. With an active baby to take care of, her church work and church clubs, you wonder how she has time for hobbies. But like all well-organized people, the more work she has to do, the more time she seems to find for recreation.

Some of this recreation for the Baileys is rebuilding an old farmhouse in Chester, Vermont. "Bill and I are going to live there when we're old, old people," Camilla says. Seeing the Baileys in their busy useful lives, you don't believe the day will ever come when they'll be old, old people.

By
Quote: Her immediate friends.
Quietly ^{repudiated} ~~resented~~ by a host of
old resident cooks.

Feb. '52

Tomorrow the Rev. DeWolfe Perry, former rector of the Church of St. Mary of the Harbor here, will hold a memorial service in his historic, 200-year-old St. Michael's Episcopal Church in Charleston, S. C. in honor of the late King George VI of England. Mr. Perry has a special reason for this service as he was a chaplain of the Archbishop of York at the coronation of King George almost 15 years ago and is the only American ever to take an active part in an English coronation. The service will coincide as nearly as possible with the actual burial service for the King in St. George's Chapel at Windsor Castle in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hulings of Kenmore, New York, were in a head-on collision while driving in a fog in Westfield, New York. Mr. Hulings was discharged from the Westfield Hospital, where they were taken, in a few days. Mrs. Hulings, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Myrick Young of 548 Commercial Street, was there for two weeks and then transferred to the Buffalo General Hospital where she will be for a week or two longer. While Mrs. Hulings was in the Westfield Hospital one of the "gray ladies" who took care of her was Mrs. William L. Bailey, the wife of the former rector of St. Mary of the Harbor, who is living in Westfield where Rev. Bailey is rector of St. Peter's Church.

27

1957

Chef To Aga Kahn



Photo by John D. Bell

Jack Alec Smith

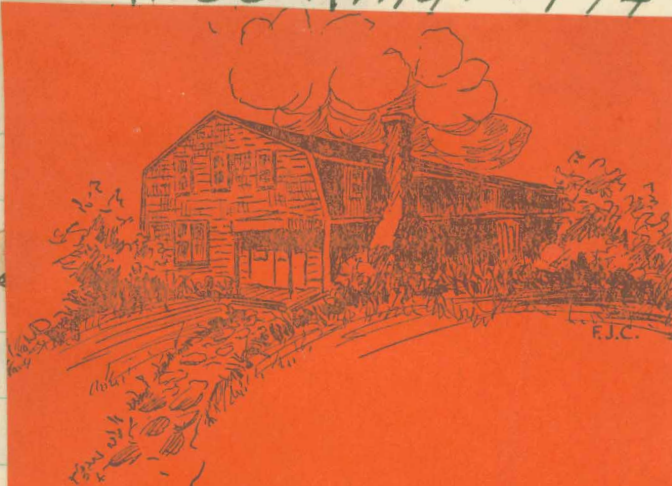
Genial Jack Alec Smith, maitre d'hotel of the dining room at the Governor Prentice Motor Lodge, North Truro, has an international reputation as a chef. At one time he was private chef to the Aga Kahn at Villa Franche on the French Riviera; kitchen manager of the Savoy Hotel, London; chef at the Sea Breeze Hotel, the Alibi Club and the White Hall Hotel, Palm Beach, Florida. Upon recommendation of Queen Elizabeth II, and Prince Philip, and the Dowager Queen Elizabeth, Mr. Smith opened the All Services Club at Portsmouth, England, during World War II. He is a retired (1946) Royal Navy Commander Paymaster, who received the DSO and Bar, the DSC and the British Empire Medal. He survived the sinking of six mine sweepers including the Armed Merchant Cruiser Rawlipindi, and the exacuation of Dunkirk.

Mr. Smith is married to the former Lovey Colliais, who came from Maidenhead, England, Mr. Smith's home town. They have two children. Mrs. Smith, who served with the Admiralty during World War II, helped evacuate wounded from Dunkirk. The Smiths have been in this country eight years, and are now American citizens.



Developed & Named by
Alice King - 1949.

271



WEATHERING HEIGHTS

Provincetown, Mass.

THE HEAVENLY TOWN

By Alma Martin

A heavenly town in Provincetown.
Its streets go winding up and down,
Way-down-along, way-up-along,
With laughter, mirthful jest and song.
Dark Portuguese
From far-off seas
Their ships in bay
Pass time of day
With friends who wander up and down
The pleasant streets of Provincetown.

"Hello!" the friendly children call
To high and low, to great and small.
Bright blossoms gaily nod their heads,
Strong zinnias, yellow, purples, reds,
Gay marigolds and hollyhocks
Whose hues are matched by artists' smocks.
Dark laughing boys,
Dark smiling girls,
With here and there a native son,
With blue eyes full of Yankee fun,
Go up and down the village street;
Gay words for every one they meet,
And fill the summer air with song,
Way-up-along, way-down-along.

The air is crisp with briny smells,
The time is told by chime of bells,
The painters sketch each little nook,
In colors like a children's book.
Yellow shutters, windows pink,
Purple shingles, trees of ink.
Front street, Back street,
Narrow winding lanes,
Many colored fishing boats,
Sails and nets and seines,
East end, West end,
High sandy dunes,
Wonderful by moonlight
Or in shining noons.

Oh, a heavenly town is Provincetown
Whose streets go winding up and down.



1956

This is the story of Chesco, a little man with a great heart, who took pride in his lifelong service to others; his epitaph is one that few men, rich or poor, ever earn.

The Eternal Servant



by WALT ANDERSON

if I was a writer, there is one person in Provincetown I would want to meet even if I didn't meet anyone else. That's Chesco. Fact is, if you wander down Commercial Street and poke your nose into the A. & P. and the paper store, you're bound to find him. He's a little fellow but he always carries two market bags, full up."

I took her advice and found him, and he was worth finding indeed. He carried two bulging bags that threatened to split their seams and shower groceries upon the noisy excursionists who flitted like a horde of locusts over the little fishing town. Soon the Boston boat would start toot-tooting madly and they would scramble back on board, leaving the pier once more to the painters, the fishermen and the great white gulls.

Chesco set his bags down against a salt-stained bulkhead and idly rolled a cigarette. His deep-set eyes stared out over the fishing weirs that rose between the water and the sky, but it was ghosts he actually saw, the shadows of many yester-

days. Suddenly words spilled from him in a staccato pattern, moving and picturesque.

"My name, signor, is Francesco Roaga, but everybody here they call me Chesco. I have almost forgotten my real name. I come from Napoli, Bella Napoli says everyone, but to me it was never bella. A man with an empty belly does not have beauty in his eyes, and you will understand when I tell you I am the youngest of 24 children.

"Twenty-four mouths to feed, that is too much, signor, and Napoli is very poor. So when I have 12 years, they sell me to an Italian prince, of the family name Marchese, who lives in the palazzo and owns much land.

"No, signor, you do not understand. I do not mean I work for pay, like Joe Silva work here for the fisheries. I mean my family they sell me, like you sell a cow. I am a servant, and all I get is my spaghetti. Now I see it is little enough, but when I have 12 years it seems like—how shall I say—like Paradise, to have enough to eat, and every day. But the hunger it is too long, too long, and I swear some day I will have money and a palazzo like the family Marchese.

"What happens to me next is not so clear, for it is long ago and I have 70 years next Tuesday. But suddenly everything changes. The Marchese family they have trouble and they must sell the palazzo. I am not sorry. The Marchese family they live without love in their hearts, they are not good people.

"Then comes an American, very good man of the family Marvin, you have heard of him? He is the half brother of Mary Heaton Vorse, who lives in the big house over there and writes many books.

"Signor Marvin, he buy many old things from the palazzo, and he buy me also. Signor Marvin, always he makes the joke about buying me; but he pays me good money for my work and I am satisfied. He is an artist and he paints many pictures. It is wonderful to make things with the hands, like Signor Marvin's pictures. Me, I have never gone to school, but the signor he teach me to read and write.

"My boss he is a very rich man, and always he travels in the yacht, and everywhere he goes, he takes me with him. It would surprise you, signor, to know the many places I have seen with these very eyes. I am a cook, I can do many things. And Signor Marvin he is like a father to me.

"Always I think that soon no more will I be a servant. I save my money, for I think one day to buy a little house and an automobile and so many things.

"Thirty-seven years ago we come to Provincetown, and Signor Marvin he say it is good, we stay here. I open a little restaurant, Chesco's Restaurant. I am a good cook and everybody comes, so many artists, Signor Hawthorne, Signor Bicknell, Signor Webster and so many others. And in my restaurant they organize the club of the artists. They call it the Beachcombers, you have heard of it?

"Always I want a little house. Now I have one. You would like perhaps to see it? . . . No, signor, I will carry the market bags myself. I do this every day for the neighbors. I live alone, I need nothing . . ."

Down at the East End we rang

bells and delivered groceries to the Enoses, the Silvas, the Fernandeses, and were thanked in harsh Portuguese-English that rang out like a curse and a blessing.

"Fine day. Will you pick up a package at the post office later?"

"Don't give Joey no candy, Chesco. Spoils his appetite."

"Take a look at the roses, Chesco. They just don't seem to grow for anybody but you."

But the last place to which we came was not a little house. It was a very large house, elegant within and without. There was a carefully tended flower garden and above it swollen bunches of grapes weighted down the vine. Chesco fingered the flowers tenderly.

"This is my garden, Signor. I work here every day. Come in the house, please, and look around. I must go feed the chickens."

FOR THE NEXT HALF-HOUR I roamed about. It was a treasure-house of antiques from every quarter of the globe. Labels spoke magic names: Casablanca, Samoa, Fiji. The great glass demijohns comprised the most complete collection I had ever seen. On the tables were scattered drawings, as if the master had just been showing them. More drawings hung on the walls. There were books in fine bindings and collections of prints.

In the room beyond were many closets. An elegant man's wardrobe was laid out, as if the owner had stepped out for a moment and would soon return. But who lived here? There was something about the place that didn't quite add up. Chickens in an elegant modern studio and . . .

A door creaked and I waited expectantly to see who was coming. It was Chesco. I made polite conversation, inquired about the price of chickens. Chesco roared.

"Signor, you do not understand! But it is not your fault, for I did not finish the story. Signor Marvin, he is tired of always to travel. So he built the house and the studio where he paints. Like always I come with him. I am the servant. I live in the little room downstairs and I cook and I make the garden."

"But the good signor he die. Then the lawyer comes and he tells me everything is mine . . . the money, the house, the garden . . . It is funny, is it not, signor? All my life I think, if I am ever rich I will have servants and a car and a boat and a radio and . . . and now I do not even have a watch."

He laughed—and his laugh was rich and hearty.

"You see, signor, nothing has changed. Only one thing. I have four boys and I send them to college. They are not really my sons, you understand, but the boys of fishermen here in Provincetown. The parish priest he say to me: 'These are good boys and very bright. But their families are very poor. Would it not be good if they had the chance to go to college?'"

"I go away and I think about it for a while and then I come back. 'It would be a good thing,' I say to the priest, 'and I will pay for it.' So now I have four sons who go to college in Boston."

"You understand how it is, signor? For me everything is the same like before. I still live in the little room downstairs and I cook and feed the chickens and make the

Ending
under

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*Tell all the world that summer's here again: (
Folk go about so solemnly and slow, (
Walking each one his grooved and ordered way —
I fear that otherwise they will not know!
— Harry Kemp*

1931

Harry Kemp has returned for the summer months and is at his shack in the back shore near Peaked Hill Bars Station. Mr. Kemp spent most of the winter in Patterson, New York. His latest book, "Love Among the Cape Enders" is being published by McCauley and is scheduled to appear September 10th.

1931

Harry Kemp, writer, injured his forehead from a fall Sunday night. Dr. Hiebert took eleven stitches in the wound. The patient is getting along nicely.

Back in Town



Sun Staff Photo.
Harry Kemp.

See P. 311. also P. 310

Failure

I watched a sail upon the restless sea,
It came and went beneath a cloudy sun.
So all through life, like glimpses come to me,
Of things that men have sought and have not won!

But there is happiness in the unfulfilled,
And glory in the imminent might-have-been,
And wonder leads the faltering hand, though skilled,
That takes the splendid chance—and fails to win!

Harry Kemp.

1951

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Still passes⁵¹⁸ daily
Getting "white"
Seemingly childish
in his dwelling on
Pilgrims — reproduc-
ing landing and getting
a ducking — Poem
about reluctant
Spring — Acted out
perkuit of garlanded
& vaguely dressed
young woman (spring)

KEMP DODGING BIDS TO DRINK

Poet Fears to Visit His Old Village Haunts.

Harry Kemp, the poet, who, in the early 1920s was often in the news under such soubriquets as "the King of Greenwich Village," is back in town, but he's living at 238 West Sixty-seventh street. To the obvious question as to why he's not staying in his old haunts he replies quickly: "Too many temptations."

"If I take three drinks," he explained today, "I can't write anything for two days afterward. I don't mean going on a bender, but just having two or three drinks. A zombie—that's it; it makes a zombie out of me."

"Some people I know can drink all night and get up in the morning and wrap a towel around their heads, and type out a day's work. But—let's see. They're all prose writers, come to think of it."

Prose Is Difficult.

"Maybe that's the difference between poets and prose writers. Prose never has come natural to me."

It is prose, however, which has brought him here from Provincetown, Mass., where he has been living for the last fifteen years or so, with only infrequent excursions into such wilds of civilization as the vicinity of Infinity Square, which he once knew well. He has just finished a book and will stay here to see about getting it a publisher.

"It's about the time I stowed away on the Oceanic in 1913 and was put in jail in England for what they called embezzlement of first-class passage," he said. "They heard about it in London, and instead of letting the Government deport me, they had me there, and I had a fine time."

It's 'Poet's Pilgrimage.'

"The title is 'Poet's Pilgrimage.' That's a good title, don't you think? You see, one thing I have always been able to do is to write frankly about the one subject I know—myself. I'd like to leave a complete record of one human being."

The poet's exploits, including an elopement or so and a trip to Paris as self-appointed ambassador of Greenwich Village to Montmartre, were spicy news in the days when the Village was to many a state of mind rather than a pawn of the Regional Plan.

IMPATIENT TIME AND WAR'S CHIEFEST DRAMATIST

Impatient Time, hurrying to be the Past,
So little measure in its motion gives
For happiness for anyone who lives,
That pleasure has too little space to last.
Days hastening as leaves that ride the blast;
Where living has so few prerogatives
Love should be first of the heart's donatives,
Not strife and hate like coins to beggars cast.

But men quarrel out what time should be for peace,
Change quiet hands for turmoils and the sword;
And Honor rides a-breast the Martialist.
Whilst, knowing that battles which will never cease
Bring crowns of glory to the Written Word,—
War finds in Will its chiefest Dramatist.

Harry Kemp

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1957



When Joseph C. Hawthorne lifts his baton for the opening of the program of the Provincetown Symphony Orchestra concert Sunday night in Town Hall, it will mark the third season of these concerts sponsored by the Provincetown Symphony Society, Inc.

1956

AT TIMES, DURING the Summer, representatives of The Advocate have an opportunity to meet the finest people in the world,—subscribers who, for most of the year, are only names on addressograph stencils. Two of these, recently, were Mr. and Mrs. Ian Green of New York City. Mr. Green is better known under the professional name of Gil Evans which he uses in arranging music for records. In a few, too-brief moments of discussion he said there's nothing new about the present "rock and roll" scourge, that Louis Jordan had a "rock and roll" band for years. Mrs. Green, humorous, exuberant, handsome, despite a Cape End sun-mottle, had some refreshing ideas about teen-agers and their "music". It is absolutely impossible, she said, to foretell what turn they will take, what they will like or why. They lack and actually miss the discipline they should get at home. They want to be "hit" and if their parents won't hit them they'll try to get something that will. Their tastes aren't guided, cultivated at home, so they bring upon us this, this . . . well, whatever, it is. Now if our Summer people would only come here in the Winter instead of in the Summer when we're going off the beam, we'd get to know them. The Ian Greens are going to do just that.



Misses Barbara Cohen and Myrna Weiss of Pittsfield, Mass., pose for the WBZ-TV cameraman for the New Beach feature which will be aired on WBZ-TV . . . Channel 4 in Boston, tomorrow on the 6:30 newscast. The film was made under the sponsorship of the Provincetown Chamber of Commerce.

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ATTENDING THE BOY SCOUT Jamboree at Valley Forge this past week were Leonard Pierce, Jr., Luther Crowell, Thomas F. Souza, David Daniels, Vernon S. Costa and Charles R. Lewis of Troop 81, Wellfleet, and David Daisy of Troop 85, Truro. Eagle Scout Lewis Greensfelder, formerly of Provincetown, and who is spending the summer here with his parents, was driven to Philadelphia by his mother and took off with the Scouts from there. At Valley Forge a huge statue of the giant Maushop representing the Cape Cod Council, greeted the Scout visitors from this country and some 500 Scouts and leaders from 16 foreign nations. Maushop it was, who according to Elizabeth Reynaud in her fine book "The Narrow Land," growing tired of a nagging wife, went to live in a cave under the Chatham cliffs. When fog drifted heavy over the Narrow Land, people said "Maushop is smoking his pipe." Maushop it was too, who stretched himself out on the dunes for a nap and upon awakening found his moccasins full of sand. Removing them one by one he hurled the sand out to sea, thus making Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket.

Lewis Greensfelder, an Eagle Scout with 50 merit badges, will be the leader of the special group of Philadelphia scouts attending the National Scout Jamboree at Valley Forge, Pa. His mother Mrs. Elmer Greensfelder, will drive him to Philadelphia.

July 18, 1957.

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New Beach To Be Featured On WBZ-TV

by HELEN BISHOP

Staff members of the "Home" TV show, who are shooting scenes on Cape Cod, were here last Friday to get their Provincetown pictures. They went out at four in the morning, aboard Nobert Macara's fishing boat; and about ten, were ready for a trip to the dunes. The director of the crew picked three of the town's pretty girls, Josephine Marshall, Barbara Avellar and Marie Leonard, to appear in the pictures—this'll show the world the type of feminine beauty Our Town specializes in. After the dune pictures were taken, the group went to the Monument. The show will be seen on Channel 4 at its usual time, 11 in the morning, on August 1st.

"HOME SHOW" TO BE TELEVISED LIVE FROM MONUMENT WHARF '56

Next Wednesday, August 1, will be quite a day here in town, when NBC's "Home Show" will be televised live from Monument Wharf between 11 a. m. and 12 noon. It will be seen on Channels 4 and 10. The show will also include two short sequences on film, one taken on Nobert Macara's fishing boat, the other out on the dunes, in which three local girls will appear, Josephine Marshall, Barbara Avellar and Marie Leonard. They will also be interviewed on the live show.

Hal Anzine of NBC said yesterday that Arlene Francis, Hugh Downs and Nancyann Graham of the show will be here in person; and four cameras will be used, one of which will be placed at the top of the Pilgrim Monument to take various shots of the town. The show will feature different aspects and activities of the life here, interesting people who live in town; and the "fight against commercialism." Mr. Anzine said Rear Admiral Donald B. Mac-

Millan has agreed to appear, and will bring his ship the "Bowdoin" into the harbor for the event. Henry Hensche, and a group of his pupils will be seen, working at easels on the beach; and some of Charles Hawthorne's paintings from the Art Association gallery will be shown. The camera will also pick up scenes near the Portuguese Bakery on Commercial Street, with tourists strolling along.

The "Home Show" will cover activities at Cotuit the following day, and on the third, activities and scenes in and around Falmouth.

Very Successful,
Rep.-of old
standards, old
Settlers and
Leading artists
who first proclaimed
P'town, Hawthorne + Hensche + his pupils
+ follower.

Historian Lists 40 Cape Codders Who Left A Mark On Sands Of Time

By Gustavus Swift Paine
Genealogist and Cape Historian

Here are the forty men and women, either born on the Cape or important in Cape history, who are in the great Dictionary of American Biography.

The Rev. Timothy Alden Jr., of Yarmouth, Congregational minister, writer and educator in Pennsylvania.

Rev. Williams Apes of Mashpee, Indian minister with courage.

Lorenzo Dow Baker of Wellfleet and Jamaica, who promoted the distribution of bananas in the United States, and helped found the United Fruit company.

Spencer F. Baird, distinguished scientist in Washington, D. C., who helped found a great research institution in Woods Hole.

Katharine Lee Bates from Falmouth, writer, poet, professor at Wellesley.

Edward Burgess from Sandwich, entomologist and designer of famous yachts.

Rev. Nathan H. Chamberlain, Episcopalian, born in the Sandwich poor-house where his father was in charge, an interesting writer about Cape Cod, author of a life of Samuel Sewall.

Captain Elijah Cobb of Brewster, illustrious mariner and trader in Europe and Africa.

Edward Knight Collins of Truro and New York, founder of the Collins line of steamships.

Luther Childs Crowell from Dennis, inventor.

George Cram Cook, poet and writer, who helped found the Provincetown players.

Thomas Doane of Orleans, eminent civil engineer, laid out railroads, especially in Iowa and Nebraska.

Rev. James Freeman of a Truro family, noted Unitarian, who wrote about Cape Cod.

Nathaniel Freeman of Sandwich, judge, doctor and Revolutionary general.

Captain Benjamin Godfrey from Chatham, trader in Mexico and New Orleans, great merchant in Alton, Illinois.

Captain Benjamin Hallett of Barnstable, founder of the Seamen's Bethels.

Benjamin Franklin Hallett of Barnstable, his son, lawyer, journalist.

Captain Seth Harding of Eastham, Revolutionary hero.

Charles W. Hawthorne, artist, long important in Provincetown.

Deming Jarves of the Sandwich Glass Co.

Edward Hopkins Jenkins of Falmouth, scientist in Connecticut.

Robert Kemp of Truro, shoemaker who toured the world with Old Folks Concerts.

Captain John Kendrick of Harwich, mariner and trader in British Columbia and China.

Samuel Lewis from Falmouth, promoter of public schools in Ohio.

Captain Winslow Lewis of Wellfleet, builder of lighthouses.

Rev. John Lothrop of Barnstable, early preacher.

James Otis of Barnstable, pre-Revolutionary patriot.

Captain John Percival of Barnstable, naval officer, who captured the surviving Globe mutineers in the South Sea islands.

Rev. Thomas Prince from Barnstable, preacher and writer.

Isaac Rich of Wellfleet, Boston merchant, devout Methodist.

Obadiah Rich from Wellfleet, consul in Spain and London bookseller.

Captain Isaac Sears from Harwich, Revolutionary Son of Liberty, who became ill in Batavia, Java, and died on his way to start trade with China.

Lemuel Shaw of Barnstable, Massachusetts, chief justice.

Gustavus Franklin Swift from Sandwich, Chicago packer.

Captain William Sturgis of Barnstable, trader in California, merchant.

George Thacher from Yarmouth, judge in Maine.

James Thacher from Yarmouth, physician, historian and orchardist.

Mercy Otis Warren from Barnstable, poet, dramatist, historian.

Rev. Samuel West from Sandwich, preacher, writer, Revolutionary patriot.

Sidney Wilmot Winslow of Brewster, founder of United Shoe Machinery company.

To the Editor of the Provincetown Advocate:

Dear Sir,

I am sure that I am expressing the opinion of many Provincetown residents in saying that I am very glad that the controversy concerning "The Ship" is settled and that "The Ship" will continue to be open for the season.

Since the days of "Sixes and Sevens" Provincetown summer residents have always needed a pleasant meeting place. "The Ship" has been a place where the older people could meet their friends and where the young people could go for wholesome amusements, games and dancing. It would be a short-sighted policy to close a place so well conducted and which has given pleasure to so many people.

MARY HEATON VORSE

Mary Heaton Vorse Night at "The Barn"

The performance of "Strike" at the Barn Theatre on Saturday evening will be known as Mary Heaton Vorse Night. Mrs. Vorse, who wrote the novel from which the play was dramatized, will speak to the audience on the background of the play, between the acts. There will be a general forum after the performance and Mrs. Vorse will answer all questions regarding the theme of the play.

A special invitation performance will be given of "Strike" for the members of the Wharf Players at the close of the regular performance on Friday night.

An enthusiastic little theatre group are working day and night on a dramatization of Mary Heaton Vorse's stirring novel of Southern labor conditions, "Strike." The willful group is headed by William Dorsey Blake, director in charge of the entire production. Mr. Blake was formerly connected with the old Provincetown Players in New York City, with the MacDougal Playhouse, and more recently with the Gold Coast Theatre, in Chicago, in the capacity of director.

Mrs. Vorse has been in town conferring with Mr. Blake and has granted him the sole Provincetown rights.

The first reading of Mr. Blake's dramatization was given before a meeting of many interested in the production Wednesday afternoon at the old Barnstormers Theatre, on Bradford Street, West End.

The dramatization will require a great many scenes and about twenty-five characters. There are no leading roles. Actors and actresses will be recruited from Provincetown residents and visitors.

James Guy, of Connecticut, who has been painting in Provincetown these past few weeks is doing the sets for the play, and work is now in progress at the Theatre.

1958

Mrs. Mary Heaton Vorse was visited during the weekend by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. O'Brien, her son and daughter-in-law. Gael and Sally O'Brien, her grand-daughters, will stay on all winter and spring, with Miss Phyllis Jobbins in charge of the household.

Result

p-280

Popular Grandmother now.

Standing Room Only at Opening Night of "Strike"

Over two hundred people who jammed the theatre Friday and Saturday so that only standing room was available, witnessed not merely a play but the fine expression of a group of enthusiastic young people whose concern in the theatre is fresh and unspoiled.

When William Dorsey ("Bill") Blake came into town a few weeks ago determined to produce a thrilling play called "Strike", many who recalled the good old days at the old Barnstormers Theatre, here, eagerly identified themselves with the venture. One by one painters, writers and others joined the group as actors, scenic designers, electricians and advisors until a staff of some forty people had caught the refreshing and stimulating spirit of their leader; and the production of "Strike" was in progress.

It is generally commented that the tradition of the old Barnstormers Theatre was upheld, and that through this endeavor springs new hope for a revival and continuation of that sort of drama in Provincetown.

The play itself deals with people who figured in the Gastonia Strike which occurred in South Carolina two years ago. In a prologue and fourteen scenes it depicts the struggles of these people and the afflictions and injustices rendered them. There are no leading roles. Groups of people struggling for a salvation of real and immediate problems to live, are represented. The cast is amateur in the best sense, acting with sincere feeling and spirit that only amateurs can sometimes attain. The sets are simple and inexpensive. But this combination is perhaps the most adequate to portray the grim realism of Mrs. Vorse's story.

The human elements of the play, the beautiful idealism which prompted the production, and the utter simplicity of its execution are probably most accountable for the whole hearted reception the play received both Friday and Saturday evenings.

Many details that contributed to this successful production might be enumerated—it might be truthfully said that each individual discharged his or her duties splendidly—but in fairness to everyone that would necessitate a list too long to be included here.

Hats off! To everyone and everything connected with "Strike".

The members of the cast and organization follow: Alice Bodwell Burke, Sarah Dahlberg, Mildred Efros, Daniel Eastman, Miki Hammar, Eula Luberoff, Linda Morrison, Virginia Morrison, Ruth Pfeiffer, Viola Ribak, Alice Tiller, Dorothy White, Clarence Andrews, W. D. Blake, George Brodsky, Jim Guy,

Harry Hallahan, Thomas Kilmartin, Joe Lazarovici, William Noble, Arthur Robinson, Ernest Robson, Heator Vorse, and James Young, Jr.

Organizational work was largely due to the efforts of W. D. Blake, Maida Hunecker, Ernest Robson, James Guy and Ida Rau. Others who gave valuable assistance were Golda Ross, Saul Yalkert, Dr. Musgrave and Paul Smith.

Last Week of "Strike"

Dramatization of Mary Heaton Vorse's novel held over this week by popular demand.

This is the final week of the run of the play "Strike" at the Barn Theatre. It has run for three weeks here, said to be one of the longest runs of a single production here in Provincetown.

Arrangements are being made to produce the play on Broadway in New York early this Fall.

Mrs. Mary Heaton Vorse, well-known writer, is now in Kentucky writing up the strikes there for her literary purposes.

* * *

Mary Heaton Vorse sailed from New York Monday night bound for Europe, and intends to write financial articles in England.

Late last Saturday evening, following the closing performance at the Wharf Theatre, there was presented on that stage, before a more than capacity audience, a small piece by Arthur Robinson called "Fish For Friday."

The actual performance was prefaced by a man who walked slowly across the stage pushing his little fish cart—he might have been any of the fishermen who go thus about town—calling "Fish for Friday" and looking a little wistfully for buyers. Then we were shown the deck of a fishing boat—night and a storm rising. Distant thunder and the heaving splashing of the sea are heard. Two or three of the men, one a mere boy, are asleep, apparently lying where they have fallen, worn out. Another cannot sleep and plays his accordion softly and another sings the song absent-mindedly, as he rapidly baits the long line of hooks, coiling the string the easy precision of long practise. An old man smokes his pipe and talks in a rambling fashion chiefly about his own life and the things he has seen—"the terror and mystery of ships, and the magic of the sea"—the magic that will not let him go, when he finds a job ashore where he wishes to stay. But he sickens in the factory, he cannot live out of his own element, and goes back to sea.

There is a girl on board, the beautiful, black-haired bride of one of the young fishermen, and the old man's story adds to her terror of the gathering tempest, into which the men must soon go out in their rowboats. She begs her husband to refuse to go out, but he will not listen to her, and when presently the unseen captain—a hard man, as we have heard,—sings out the order, regardless of the storm which now rages about the little schooner, he gives her one long kiss and goes off with the others. We hear them calling at intervals, from one dory to the next, so as not to get widely separated in the night and the storm—"Hey there!" and more faintly, "Hey there!" until there is utter silence, awesome and ominous.

The storm rages as the young wife gazes out in despair over the sea, and the little tragedy moves on to its inevitable end. A blinding flash of lightning, and the storm passes on and is nearly gone as it begins to grow a little lighter. Men clamber over the side of the ship, carrying the body of one of the young fishermen. The girl-wife looks wildly from face to face—their averted eyes tell the sorrowful tidings. With a great cry she throws herself on the old man's breast—and suddenly it is the same strip of empty stage as at the beginning and the fish peddler is again pushing his cart slowly across, calling "Fish for Friday...fish for Friday...just fish for Friday."

The "play" obviously, is slender, as drama per se—as Mr. Robinson himself hastened to remark—perhaps a dramatic episode, rather. But unquestionably it stirred the minds and imaginations of Mr. E. Stanley Pratt, who directed the performance, and Mr. G. Andrew McFadden, who provided the very effective setting, as well as the actors, to high accomplishment. A gauze curtain, stretched before the scene, added greatly to its pictorial quality. The actors, in their various parts, gave a beautiful and very moving performance. Miss Enid Romany, as Louisa the bride, and Mr. Frank Henderson, as the old man, both of whom have won golden opinions for their summer's work, must be especially mentioned, as must Tom Kilmartin, who was drafted from the "Strike" company at Frank Shay's old Barnstormers' Theatre to play the part of the young husband, and Manuel Zora, a local fisherman sang and hummed Portuguese fishing songs almost continually, to sensational acclaim at the end.

The large audience showed its pleasure as well as its regard for the author and the personnel of the production by prolonged cheering and applause; and hundreds, who were unable to get in and blocked the narrow little "front street", clamored for an extra performance. With Mr. Pratt, however, Mr. Robinson plans to make a full length play in episodic form of the little tragedy and to present it at the Town Hall in Provincetown during the Christmas holidays and then move the cast and production intact to New York.

It would seem that the little piece must have given even the dullest some glimpse of the beauty and terror, the heroism and suffering which are just under the surface of so much of life—even of such simple matters as fish for Friday. And certainly Mr. Robinson's play was keenly and sensitively attuned to the fine tradition of the theatre in Provincetown, where other young people buccaneered bravely and emerged, later, to be known to the world as Susan Glaspell, George Cram Cook, Eugene O'Neill, Wilbur Daniel Steele and Mary Heaton Vorse.

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CHAPMAN LAUDS MISS DAVIDSON

Late Educator's Work Here Gratefully Recalled.

High tribute to the late Miss Isobel Davidson, widely known educator and author, who was supervisor of elementary education in Elizabeth from 1923 to 1931, was paid today by Ira T. Chapman, superintendent of schools here, in a statement. Miss Davidson died Saturday at her home in La Porte, Ind.

Mr. Chapman said:

"The spirit of Miss Isobel Davidson, her fine, professional attitude and courtesy, still permeate the elementary schools of Elizabeth. A visit to one of these schools always recalls some of her splendid work in planning the course of study, or in general school supervision.

"She had an unusual mastery of subject matter and school technique. For eight years the public schools of Elizabeth received to the full the benefits of her culture, refinement, excellent scholarship and professionalism. The city may well honor her memory."

Miss Davidson was the daughter of John W. and Eliza E. Davidson, who went from Ohio to La Porte in 1873, when she was 5 years old.

At that age, learning to read at her mother's knee, she decided to become a teacher, following in the footsteps of her grandfather, her aunts and her cousin. She never swerved from this purpose.

At the age of 16 she became a primary teacher in LaPorte. She left LaPorte at the end of six years for Honolulu, Hawaii. Returning from the islands she continued her work as primary teacher in the schools of Attica, Ind., and Marshalltown, Ia. This ended her career as a classroom teacher. She then equipped herself for supervisory and administrative work.

Her specific work was the improvement of teaching service and her work of exceptional quality. She received high honors at Teachers' College, Columbia University, and in the communities that knew her through her devotion to the needs of children and teachers.

Retiring from this strenuous work at 62, she could point with pride to young women who had caught the inspiration of intelligent service and were holding positions of trust in the various States, both east and west.

Her activities did not cease with supervisory work but, because her work was virile, she was sought by various university centers as an extension lecturer on education. She carried on this work in conjunction with classes at Elizabeth, Perth Amboy, Cranford and places near Philadelphia.

She appeared on public programs of the National Educational Association and State Teachers' associations in Rhode Island, Wisconsin, New Jersey, North Carolina, and Virginia.

While carrying the burden of teacher training in the field, she found time also to write a number of books for teachers and children. For this work and other honors attending faithful service her name was listed in Who's Who in America.

Supt. Chapman
owns house at

Com. St.

Died in Nursing
Wellfleet, July 1957

1955. He still
spends most
of his summer
here!

She had membership in the Pen Women's Club of America, the American University Women, Teachers College Alumni of Maryland and New York, National Education Association and numerous smaller clubs. Her educational work, varied in type, extended throughout many States.

She had traveled extensively in the United States in the interest of education. She was sent to the British Isles in 1907 as a guest educator under the Mosely Commission of London and studied educational practice on the Continent, all of which gave her a broad, sympathetic view of education and life.

In her recent visit to Vienna she studied the methods of applied psychology in solving the problems of children and parents in maladjusted homes.

Her mother and father, a sister, Mrs. Lilla D. Safford, and a brother George K., preceded her in death. A sister, Grace, living at home; a brother, William A., of Union Center, Ind., and a number of nieces and nephews survive.

Paper on walls of
said house in his
wife's family, in
perfect condition
after $\frac{2}{3}$ Century.

Miss Davidson
most capable and
wonderful person
and Supervisor.
A good friend
to

Esther Townley
who taught under
her supervision
in Eliz. N. J.

... mood, why not a few excerpts from the immortal prose of the late I. M. Small, the sage of the North Village. We have some of Mr. Small's yellowed clippings in the vault—join us while we browse into the past . . . Nov. 7, '89 . . . "There seems to be a growing disposition on the part of many people that there is room to doubt the efficiency of the Civil Service in the affairs of a Republican government . . . If we are to adopt and strictly adhere to the principle involved, why should we not extend it to . . . the President of the United States? If Grover Cleveland or Benjamin Harrison faithfully, conscientiously and acceptably perform the duties of Chief Magistrate of the nation, why not retain them in office which their four years experience would seem to have qualified them to fill better than a new and untried man?"

"The question is often asked, 'How old is the old windmill?' (. . . standing near Highland Light.) This mill was built in the Spring of 1790, and next April will be its 100th anniversary. The timbers of which it is constructed are of white oak and were cut in this town. All the timbers are hewn, and though for many years were exposed to the elements, are still sound with the exception of the sills. These mills were formerly prominent and picturesque objects on all parts of the Cape, but their days of usefulness ended long ago. They are among the many illustrations we see every day of the progression of the world. The march is steadily and always forward . . ."

Small on the franchises: "Well, the great Australian ballot system has been tried (1889) and, I was about to say, found wanting. But the results so far have been fairly satisfactory. In our precinct everything worked smoothly and without any apparent loss of time. Now and then a voter seemed to have become rattled, as in the case of the man who marked for three governors, making an X for the first three names on the ticket, and stopping there . . . Perhaps he thought if we had three governors at one time we would not need any other officers . . ."

Small humor . . . "We have often thought it strange that women almost invariably scream and make a break for the nearest chair at the sight of a mouse. It is a mystery no longer . . . It is plainly evident that the female portion of humanity are the natural and selected victims of the mouse family . . . Shortly after midnight recently, Mr. B. was awakened by his wife shouting "I've got a mouse, get a light quick." When the light was produced the lady was discovered grasping the falls of her back hair with both hands, while just below her ear dangled the tail of a more plucky than discreet mouse. His temerity cost him his life, and the lady is considering the advisability of sleeping in a wire mask . . ."

Mr. Small on the new generation: "What is the matter with the rising generation? Where is all that desire for literary entertainment which used to find expression in lyceums, concerts, social clubs, etc. . . Once we used to think our Winter life a blank without two or three lyceums in working order—where are they now? Are the young people who are growing up less intelligent or less ambitious than formerly? We do not believe this to be the cause of the decadence of the lyceum . . . But if we looked behind the scenes we would find one great reason for this change in the gradual narrowing of the social lines. Country towns are imbibing more and more the conditions of the cities. We are becoming communities of individuals rather than communities of societies, and distrust is the corner stone . . ."

Mr. Small on the fishing industry: "Reports from Capt. Chase, now fishing for mackerel at Cape Town, coast of Africa, declare that the fish there are the identical mackerel of our New England waters; that the fish are plentiful and easily taken. It is said one consignment is already on the way home and all those interested are awaiting their arrival with considerable interest. We understand fish barrels are not obtained there and fish are shipped in wine casks. That being the case if a portion of that liquid were . . ."

haps a new and improved quality of fish might be the result by the time of their arrival in this country . . . We do not hear of any alarming exodus of our fishermen towards Africa, but we do wish Capt. Chase an abundant success. He deserves it . . ."

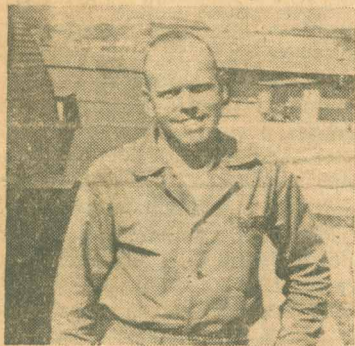
Mr. Small on the balance sheet of the Town of Truro: "The financial standing of our town at the end of the year shows a very favorable condition . . . We submit a financial statement of the town's progression since 1886: Dec. 1886, town debt, \$1,724.74. Tax rate per thousand, \$20.00. Dec. 31, 1887, town debt, 286.05. Tax rate per thousand, \$20.00. Dec. 31, 1888, town debt, NOTHING. Balance in treasury, \$227.87, tax rate, \$16.20 per thousand . . . Dec. 31, 1889, balance in treasury, \$808.06. Tax rate per thousand, \$14.50 . . . We do not need or want a further surplus, we believe it to be better policy to lower the rate of taxation than to trouble ourselves about an insignificant debt . . ."

Marine Captain Thanks Cape Enders For Generosity To Korean Children

My sincere apologies for not writing sooner about the Christmas party at the orphanage. Carol wrote that she had the pictures printed. I found it necessary to send the undeveloped rolls to her for Stateside printing as I don't like the work the Koreans do over here, and they might mess up the film. It was my first try with the camera and flash unit so I don't know what the results were.

In any event, the response from Provincetown seems to be the greatest from any single town or city in the Battalion. True, there were plenty of packages received but **not** as many from one source. I feel that your interest and publicity really put the program over.

The clothes were gratefully received by the mama-san, who is head of this Christian orphanage. The sleeping and living spaces down there are none too warm, and the clothes were certainly a help. The toys, plus those donated by other towns and cities, were plentiful. It's amazing what Korean kids can do with an old wooden top or a bean bag, but give them an American toy or doll and they light up with even more enthusiasm.



We took some spare chow down to them the other day and the Chamber of Commerce will be pleased to hear that the Provincetown T-shirts are still being displayed, outside the kid's winter clothes. I had previously explained to the mama-san just where Provincetown is located and that the clothes and toys probably traveled the longest distance of all those received.

I recall during the little show the kids put on for us when we visited them December 24 that they sang Christmas carols in Korean and then did a rousing "Dixie", also in Korean. It was really something to hear.

I certainly want to apologize for this late letter—we've been pretty busy lately with details of various sorts but I did want to thank you for helping out as you did and though it is not possible right now, I'd like to express thanks from the kids down in the Kupo orphanage to their friends in Provincetown.

Sincerely,

Charles Westcott,
Captain, U. S. Marines

head a T-shirt emblazoned with a fighting sword fish and "Provincetown Cape Cod" across the front. Upper right, Korean boys and girls watch with open mouths while Santa explains the art of blowing up one of the scores of balloons found in one of the Cape End cartons. Lower right, there are five young Provincetown ambassadors, with their gifts and each wearing one of those gay T-shirts.

In the cartons was a quantity of warm and rugged clothing for youngsters of various ages and the items were issued by the supervisors of the school.

Provincetown Gifts Spread Happiness And Warmth In Korean Orphanage



Some weeks before Christmas of last year a request came from Captain Charles T. Westcott of the United States Marines, formerly of Provincetown where he received his early education, husband of the former Carol Whorf, daughter of the noted watercolorist, John Whorf and Mrs. Whorf, for children's clothing, toys and anything else that might bring joy to the scores of Korean orphans at a school near Pusan where Captain Westcott and his outfit of anti-aircraft Marines are stationed.

With a great and generous heart many Provincetown people and shops responded with clothing,

toys of all kinds, games, candy, books and cash for mailing. Into the Advocate office the gifts flooded, there to be securely packed, wrapped and mailed. In his note of appreciation Captain Westcott explained that each man in his battalion had been asked to seek the help of his home paper in soliciting things to help make Christmas real to the youngsters who had been left alone by the slaughter of war. Packages came from many towns back home, but only one place, exceeded Provincetown in generosity and that was the metropolitan city of Birmingham, Alabama.

Captain Westcott sent to The Advocate a large collection of fascinating pictures taken during the exciting period of the arrival of the packages and the distribution of their contents to the children, many of whom appear to be loveable dolls rather than real, lively kids. In the picture in the upper left hand corner Captain Westcott is shown with men of his battalion looking over some of the ten cartons which ~~arrived~~ arrived in good condition. Lower left, Captain Westcott is holding a little Korean girl in his arm just after Santa Claus has given her a picture book and has pulled over her

Cont
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One-Man Jury For Florida Show

Jan. 1956



Bruce McKain, well-known Provincetown artist, is serving as a one-man jury in the selection of work for the annual Sarasota, Florida, Land and Sea show which opens at the Sarasota Art Association Sunday.

Cape Enders Paint "Pink" Elephants For Pachyderm Nursery In Florida

A certain degree of sophistication is almost a vital part of a Cape Enders equipment to insure his survival. He must be ready to swallow any kind of yarn, for instance, without visible perturbation, whether about George Ready's sea serpent or Horace Snow's fog that sningles could be nailed to. And Cape Enders are apt to do things just as fantastic as the stories they tell. All this is by way of warning regarding the creation of attractive nurseries for baby elephants by Jere Snader and Bruce McKain, now working for Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey in Sarasota, Florida. The story is told by Earl Mohn, news staff writer for the Sarasota News.

McKain Selected As One-Man Jury

Bruce McKain, well known artist and for many years a resident of Provincetown where he studied with Charles Hawthorne and Henry Hensche, has been selected as a one-man jury for the Sarasota, Florida, "Land Sea" Show of paintings scheduled to open at the Sarasota Art Association on Sunday and to run through January 27.

Mr. and Mrs. McKain went south for the Winter so that the former might work with Jere Snader of Provincetown who is in charge of creating the annual spectacles for Ringling, Barnum and Bailey circus which has Winter quarters in Sarasota.

A graduate of John Herron Art School in Indianapolis, he also studied with William Forsyth. During his 24 years in Provincetown he has been closely identified with art circles here and has long been an active member of the Beachcombers. For a time he served as director of the Provincetown Art Association and has also been a member of its board of trustees for more than 12 years.

As pointed out in the Sarasota News, Mr. McKain is basically a traditional painter and is considered an exceptional colorist. His work has been shown in many of the major exhibits throughout the country. Last Winter he was awarded three prizes for landscape in the Hoosier Salon exhibition in Indianapolis.

When the big top is folded and put into mothballs, and the big show holes in for the winter on Circus Road, the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey baby elephants are going to be in for a pleasant surprise.

Thanks to the work of Jere Snader and his assistants, there's a bright new look on the old face of the elephant nursery. The junior pachyderms will come home from the summer tour to find their play-pen completely repainted and redecorated. They'll find their names—Suzanne, Henry, Loona, etc. — spelled out big and bold on mam-size building blocks. (Psst! Don't spoil the fun by telling the elephantettes that Snader arranged the blocks so as to hide the steel posts supporting the roof structure.)

New Murals, Too!

Eyes will bulge and egos will be tickled elephant pink when the little peanut-eaters see their own images painted on the walls. Snader, with the help of Bruce McKain, Duncan Tulk and Marjorie Gardephe, has done the nursery

Cape Enders Paint

(Continued from Page 1)

She misses being stared at and seeing all those people."

He pulled up some grass and, reaching as high as he could, said, "Here. You've got to stoop for it, I can't reach that high." Edith slowly bent her famous neck and lowered her head to the level of the food. "See how long it takes her to move? She creaks like a rusty gate, but I love her. Don't I, Edie?"

Fond Of Animals

Snader's love for all the animals was plain to see. He talked about them as one talks about college classmates and all their ingratiating oddities. And because love is the twin of forgiveness, he forgives Chester for getting too chummy with the redecorating crew, and Mickey, the monkey, for spilling the bucket of paint.

"We'd be further along than we are," Snader said, "if we still had our elephants. We used to have some old elephants around here and the men were always putting them to work. But the elephants were sold to some zoo up in Kentucky and now the boys have to do all the muscle work themselves. You know, like moving heavy, bulky things."

Big TV Show

Without the aid of the elephants it might be a tight squeeze to get all this year's prettying-up done by the time the circus returns to its winter stamping grounds on December 4. But Snader is keeping his fingers crossed, in hopes of meeting his deadline. "After the 4th we've got our work cut out for us. We got orders to have no plans for anything from the 4th to the 16th of December but to concentrate on putting on the big TV Christmas show."

With the circus throwing a Christmas party on TV, everyone in America should be happy. Nosey Chester will have plenty of company to rub his big shoulders against and lonely Edith may stick her neck out and get back into the act again.

MacMillan --

The ceremonies at the wharf will open at 11 a.m. with a selection by the Provincetown Band followed by the unveiling of the plaque by Mrs. MacMillan. The plaque has been placed on a granite stone at the shore end of the wharf adjacent to the sidewalk. Governor Furcolo will then cut the ribbon at the wharf as a symbol of the official opening of the pier.

up in gay murals depicting the general idea that kids will be kids even if they're elephants. Elephants are shown flying kites, nolling hoops, playing baseball, marbles and soldier. One lazy lug is shown stretched out on a chaise longue. He's fanning himself and looks as though he might be doing some slow and easy elephant-remembering.

For months Snader and his staff have been at work scraping, cleaning, painting and generally re-doing buildings and grounds. Cages are being masked and given the jungle look. A new pool has been built for the pigmy hippopotamus. By the time the gang gets back

they won't know the old place. There'll be shell walks, new promenades and plantings, and terraces with colorful awnings.

Five-Year Project

"We're only working in one area this year," Snader said. "It's about a five-year project." He swung his hand to indicate the size of the face to be lifted.

What makes the job more difficult than one might imagine, Snader explained, is the business of moving the animals out of their cages. Some animals just plain don't want to budge and some workmen just plain don't want to work in a cage with certain types of live animals. Seems funny, but it's true.

Stubborn Female

Take the old hippo, for instance. A female, name of Chester. Every time they get her out of her cage and into the outdoor pool, she lumbers back and plunks herself down at the feet of the laborers, and it takes a man with pretty big feet to put up with that sort of thing. "She's just too dang'd nosey," Snader said. "Yeah," we said, "just like a woman."

But the fact that Chester is a female isn't the reason for her curiosity. Like all show folks, she likes an audience. She and all her stay-at-home friends, caged up in Winter quarters on Circus Road, suffer from the same disease. They miss those people out front, staring at them.

"That's the trouble with Edie over there," Snader said, as he led us out of the house of the big cats and over to the outdoor home of Edith, the retired giraffe. "Edith there is 28 to 30 years old and she's been in show business all her life, or was, until last year."

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See also
P 264

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1957

Plaque Unveiled At Dedication



THE BRONZE PLAQUE honoring Admiral Donal MacMillan which was unveiled by Mrs. MacMillan at dedication ceremonies at the Town Wharf Saturday attended by Governor Furcolo and other State and local officials.

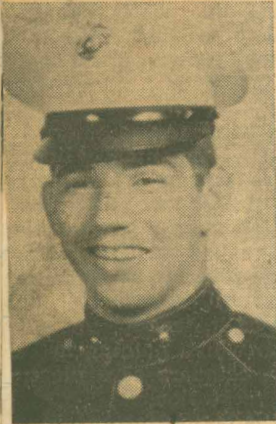
Officials and guests will then parade to the end of the wharf where Irving T. McDonald, radio news analyst, will open the ceremonies. The invocation will be given by the Rev. Gilman L. Lane, pastor of the Provincetown Methodist Church, and Judge Robert A. Welsh will introduce the Governor, who will give an address. Response will be by Joseph Lema, Jr., chairman of the Provincetown Board of Selectmen, Admiral MacMillan, introduced by State Senator Edward C. Stone, will speak briefly. The benediction by the Rev. Leo J. Duarte, pastor of the Church of St. Peter the Apostle, will be followed by the parade back up the wharf.

The luncheon and reception at the Flagship at noon will be highlighted by a speech by Rodolph G. Bessette, director of the Division of Waterways of the State Department of Public Works.

Dec 26 - 1957

A Marine Writes

To His Supreme Commander



Dear God:

You probably wonder why I'm writing You this letter. Well, I figure it this way. Every day millions of people write millions of letters. Every day millions of people receive letters from millions of other people. Yet how many write to You, God? How many letters do You receive from people every day?

I've tried to figure out why people don't write to You but I'm stumped. I can't understand it.

Why do people write to each other? Well, some people write to thank someone for a gift. But don't we have many gifts to thank You for?

People write to each other to ask a favor. Who is in a better position to grant favors, big or small?

Other people write letters because they owe someone a letter. Well, if we don't owe You a letter we certainly owe You a lot more.

Still some people write letters to ask forgiveness for a mistake or a fault. We certainly need forgiveness from You for our many trespasses.

Some people like to tell their troubles and worries in a letter. Who can be more consoling than You?

Many people write business letters. Well, don't they realize we have business with You; that of saving our souls?



The greatest reason of all for letter writing seems to be love. Everyone likes to write love letters. Well, shouldn't we express our love to You, dear God, or have we no love for You?

It seems to me, God, that all these people have just as much reason to write to You as they have to write to one another. I know I have.



I have much to be thankful for: a wonderful Mother and Father, family, home, friends, such a nice, friendly home town. I'm thankful just for being able to live and I owe it to You, Who made out of nothing, a mere entity, me, a living human being.

I have many favors to ask: being able to be home for Christmas as I wasn't for Thanksgiving. I ask just to be able to live another day.

I certainly owe You a letter. I talk with You in the morning and night and on Sundays, but I certainly owe You more than that. I owe You my life, my soul.

I most assuredly have forgiveness to ask of You or my many, many sins, all the times I have offended You, hurt You deeply.

I have many troubles to tell You, dear God. All Marines have. It's not an easy life.

I have much business to do with You, dear God. I have a pretty dirty soul to clean up because it belongs to You.

And I certainly love You, God. My whole life was made to love You.

Yes, I really have many reasons to write to You and I think if more people would pause and consider it, You'd receive many more letters than You do now.

Well, dear God, most people usually say, "That's all I have time for now," but I can't say that. Wouldn't it be terrible if, when we came to be judged, to rest in eternal happiness, You say, "That's all I have time for now?"

Please await my next letter, God. I'll be writing again real soon.



Sincerely,

Chester Cook, 1677010,
Private, United States Marine Corps

New Curate Comes To Pulpit Here

The Rev. James L. Babcock, new curate of the Church of St. Mary of the Harbor, held his first service in the church on Sunday.

Mr. Babcock is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert B. Babcock of Wellesley, and his wife is the former Miss Nancy Petersen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Peter-

sen, also of Wellesley.

After attending schools in Wellesley, Mr. Babcock was graduated in 1955 from Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me., where he was a member of Sigma Nu fraternity, a member of the glee club for four years, and one of its officers for three years.

He was graduated in June from Berkeley Divinity School at New Haven with the degree of B.S.T., and on June 21, was ordained to the Sacred Order of Deacons in St. Paul's Episcopal Cathedral, Boston, by Bishop Frederick C. Lawrence of the Massachusetts Diocese. Ordination to the priesthood will come later this year.

Mr. Babcock was an assistant at Christ Church, West Haven while in seminary. He directed Young People's Fellowship work and prepared a class for confirmation.

He and his wife said they are delighted with the beautiful Church of St. Mary of the Harbor and find Provincetown an extremely pleasant place, with cordial and friendly people.



1956
Jean McKenzie's Cal.
home.

Grew up in Dedham old
family home and
Summers at the Cape
Commercial St.

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MAUDE EMMA DUGANNE is celebrating her 93rd birthday today at the home of her daughter, Phyllis Duganne Given in Truro. And is she resting up for the party this afternoon? As usual she is briskly helping with preparations and delighted at the prospect of seeing all her friends from Provincetown and Truro who will be there to wish her well. And in her spare minutes, even today, she has done some work on the three patchwork quilts she is making, not one at a time, but working on all three for a time each day so they won't get ahead of her. May we add our sincere wishes for a very happy birthday.

Mother of Phyllis Duganne, wife of
of Truro - artist. Who is a
writer of intriguing short love stories
"Maudie" as she is lovingly called, is a
wonderful person - an individuality.
She is much missed when not
spending winters in West End.
Has two interesting younger sisters -
One wife or widow of
of 1890's - Will

John B. Dyer Left Proud Truro Record Of Life And Activities In His Town

By Grace DesChamps

It's too bad John B. Dyer, 40 years Town Clerk of Truro, could not be around for the 250th anniversary of Truro. You'd like to hear what he'd have to say about the revolution which has overtaken the town—to make it the high spot of a controversy which has lawyers, legislators and excited Americans battling over its future.

You'd like to read what he wrote about it afterwards—his comments on the clothes he saw, the food he ate, and his dictum on the proposed Cape Cod National Seashore which, under present recommended boundaries, would include nearly three-quarters of Truro and his ancestral home on the North Pamet Road.

A condensation of the address given by the one-time town clerk at the 200th anniversary of Truro, in 1909, will be read August 15. But it can give only the barest clue to the personality who helped to administer town affairs for nearly half a century—or to the

disparaging remarks about the Democrats of the town—there were 17 of them 75 years ago—but urged "one and all" to vote as principle dictated and not "to be told by someone who doesn't know any more about the matter than you do." His only comment on Democrats, in general, occurred when a Democratic administration removed from office his lifelong friend, the Republican postmaster. "For no other reason," he concluded bitterly, "than the simple fact that he was a Republican!"

(Continued on Page 2)

town whose events he chronicled so faithfully for most of that time.

Advocate Correspondence

During his 40 years as Town Clerk and Treasurer, Mr. Dyer practised another profession, for which his pay was probably less but to which he gave himself with no less zeal. He was the correspondent for "Truro Village" of the venerable Provincetown Advocate, an assignment he undertook with professional-like relish and executed with unquestioned satisfaction.

Unhappily, obviously, by the

Unhappily, obviously, by the fear of losing votes or worry over technicalities of the libel law, Mr. Dyer wrote what he observed—and frequently his personal opinions about it. When he chronicled, in 1880, a fire of suspicious origin on the Castle Road, he added frankly: "It was probably set on fire intentionally." He named names when he was exasperated—and let him sue who would!—with the same earnestness he praised and encouraged his fellow townsmen.

He offered \$10 for the name of the thief who stole his apples—and later intimated he knew who did it. He wrote about animals with sympathy but noted with satisfaction the "untimely end" of a vicious dog which had harried the neighborhood.

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He observed that a physician presently practising in the village, had bought a harness. "All he needs now," commented the Truro journalist, "is a horse." Then, as now, country physicians were hard to come by, and the Town Clerk was constantly reminding Truroites of the practitioner's need of support.

Main Concern

Public affairs—the affairs of Truro, specifically—were above all else, an overwhelming concern of the late town clerk. For weeks beforehand, he cajoled his fellow townsmen into attending Town Meeting and into voting. Regretfully he reported their sometimes failure to do so.

A stout Republican, he made no

good.

What really gladdened the Town Father's heart were the debates, the sermons, the lectures, the lyceum meetings—the "times"—that drew Truro folk from their firesides on a Wintry night. When he could count four or five hundred persons at a turn-out, he knew Truro still had a healthy pulse-rate.

He recorded these events with warm satisfaction. A wedding or an anniversary brought his journalistic talents to full flower—food, clothes and miscellany: all were faithfully chronicled, down to the last itemized gift.

At the 50th wedding anniversary of the Isaiah Snows, the Truro reporter observed the spic-and-span appearance of the Snow clan with outright enthusiasm. "All the Snow family," he declared, "looked as though they were washed and ironed out for the occasion!"

been sold.

"The Old Colony," he concluded, with satisfaction, "was not much troubled with Truro people or their money."

There were Truroites 79 years ago who "criticized" the town, the Town Clerk, observed, but did nothing to "improve" it. These were the people who were vocal in grocery stores but were silent at Town Meetings and who failed to show up when town issues were

John B. Dyer—

(Continued From Page 1)

For political dissenters who held forth "in the idle departments of grocery stores" but were "silent at Town Meeting, he had little sympathy.

"Town Meeting," he said, "is the place to ventilate the interests of the Town—and not the grocery store."

The Town Meeting he recorded, 75 and 80 years ago, were no mean affairs. With only six or seven articles in the warrant, they often stretched to two-day sessions. But they were good for the town, he decided philosophically—a vent for feelings—"and probably some good done, too."

After what appears to have been a particularly lively session in 1881, he reported cryptically:

"Some articles brought out much discussion. Some things were said wise—and some otherwise. On the whole, though, no harm resulted. Many unloaded their stomachs and all went home wiser if not happier."

A Record Of Truro

His newspaper column bulged with factual news of crops and fish hauls.

The price of eggs (they were 16 cents a dozen 74 years ago), the cranberry crop (the agricultural fellow didn't get his figures straight!), the "good beachplum year" which saw the purple plums dropping from heavily-laden bushes, the haul of fish, the number of lobsters taken from the Back Shore, the yield of cows, (nearly every family had at least one), the crops of hay, fruit and vegetables—all were reported with patent pride. The Town Clerk lamented with the fishermen when their haul was short and rejoiced with them when it was

and included his middle initial.

The journalist's free-handed newspapering appears to have involved him in no legal difficulties and rarely did anyone answer him back.

The Town Clerk was thrifty-minded and conditioned to look askance at "estimates" for civic projects. When lightning, in 1880, struck the Methodist Meeting House in South Truro—a frequent target for lightning and finally destroyed by it. The thrifty Town Clerk could not forbear comment on the estimate of \$500 to repair it.

"Probably an overrated estimate," he noted. "A hundred dollars or two, could likely put the church in as good shape as before." But he gave support and publicity to the efforts of public-spirited citizens who collected funds for its successful restoration.

Dyer Vs. Old Colony

If John B. Dyer—his middle initial was a permanent part of his name—took his fellow townsmen to task on occasion, he was no less severe with anyone or anything which threatened their well-being. The Old Colony Railroad came in for sharp comment when it raised the fares to the annual "Yarmouth picnic" and camp meeting.

"The picnic on Friday at Yarmouth," he wrote, "was not much patronized by our people. The price for two years past was 60 cents, round trip. This year the Old Colony put it up to \$1.45. About half-a-dozen tickets were sold at this depot. At the old price, 75 or more would have

Today are not all bright."

In 1884 John B. Dyer had the following brief note in his column: "A kerosene stove at C. W. Snow's got out of tune one night recently, filled the chimney with smoke and nearly suffocated little Horace."

"Little Horace," the infant threatened by smoke, will be at the Town's 250th anniversary. He is Horace H. Snow, Sr., chairman of the Town Finance Committee and himself an important figure in Town affairs for many years.

The Town Clerk's friendship with many old sailing captains gave him vivid bits of local history for his newspaper column. His unflagging interest in all that went on about him, added to his pride in the town and his unfailing concern for it, produced a unique local chronicle which John B. Dyer, himself, took the trouble to preserve. Neatly and in chronological order, he pasted up his newspaper clippings in paper-back volumes, now the property of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Ruth L. Dyer, mother of Selectman John R. Dyer, Jr.

Into the yellowed clippings went much of a stout Cape Codder, a forgotten chapter of Truro—and something of America that may return.

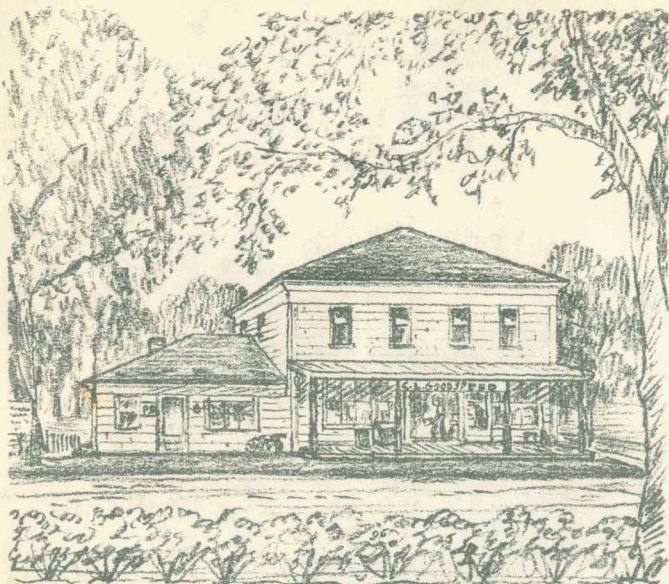
294

Brook Store.

Feb.
1954.Friends
Goodspeed
from
Dennis
met

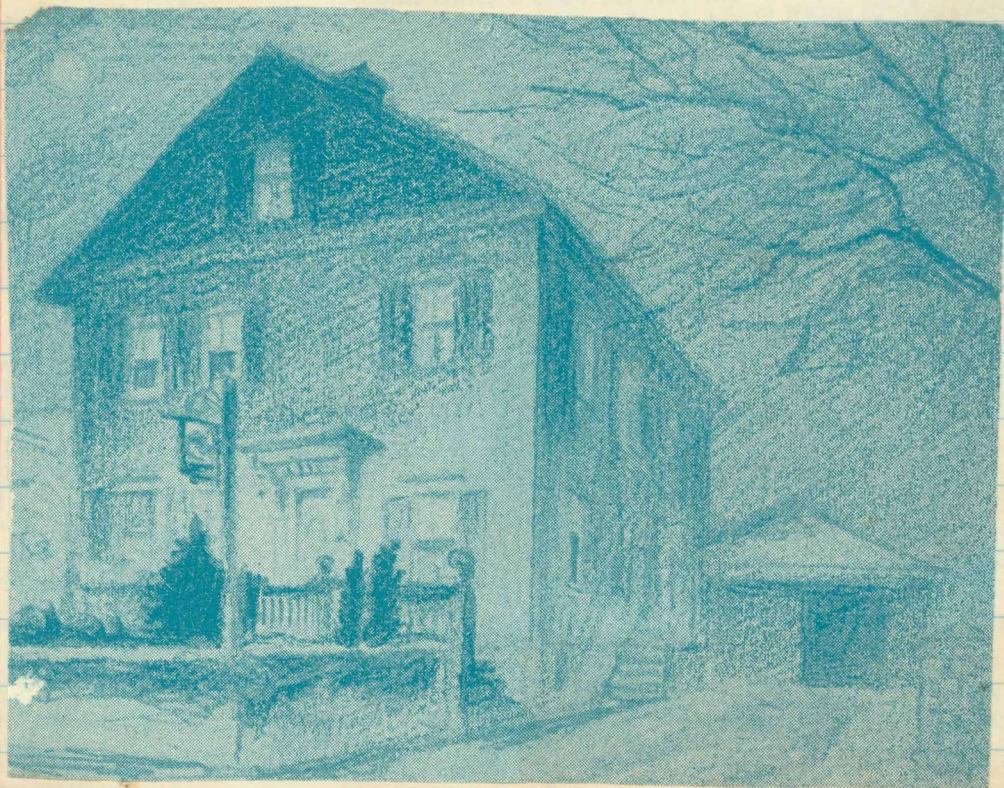
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Lakeland, Fla.



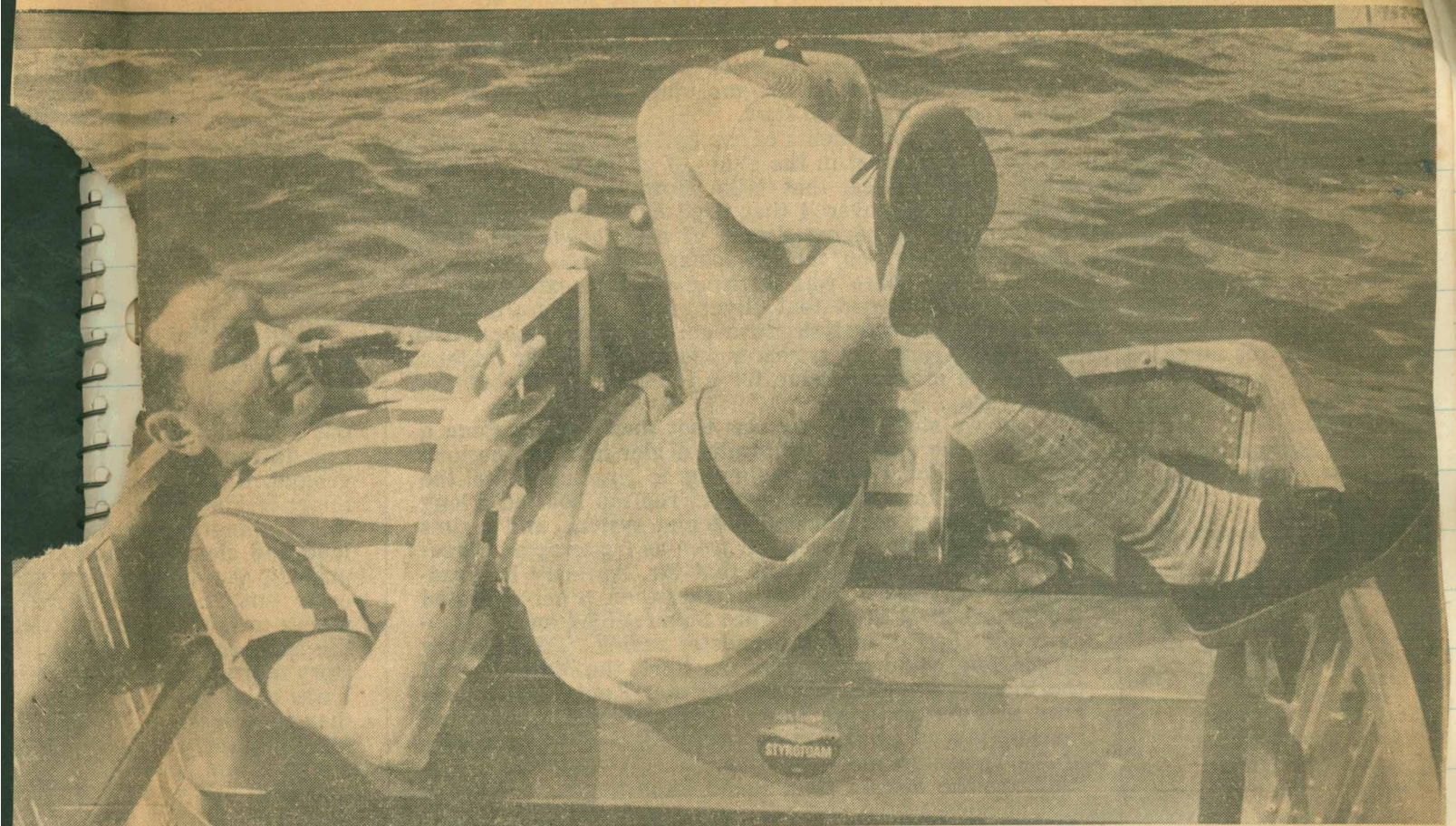
Post Office and Goodspeed's General Store, Dennis, Mass.

HENRY MORGAN, TV star, returned to his old haunts this week, and spent Tuesday night as guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. Osborn Ball, taking them to the Flagship for dinner. Mrs. Ball drove Mr. Morgan to the airport yesterday morning and saw him off for New York. While here, Mr. Morgan rented the Richard Kraft house at Ballston Beach for the month of August. He has been coming here for part of the Summers for the past ten years.



322 Corn. St. The Wiebert's

Provincetown Gives Television's Henry Morgan Complete Relaxation



Away from the hectic television scene on a month's holiday, droll Henry Morgan, popular television personality, seen Wednesday nights as panelist on Garry Moore's "I've Got A Secret" is the perfect picture of relaxation. Henry has been coming to Truro for several Summers and is among the stars of TV, stage and screen who find their way to Cape Cod for a vacation. During the Summer months, "I've Got A Secret" was taped in advance, allowing Henry to be in two places at one time—on your home screen and in the sun in Provincetown.

IT HAPPENED IN THE EAST END on Commercial Street. A summer resident, Nancy Sneider of Boston was talking to Town Crier Art Snader, an old friend. Nancy thought it would be a good idea to have a picture taken of herself with Art. She went into the Lucille & Vivian's Shop, where she worked, picked up her camera, and called to a nonchalant stroller. He agreed to take the photo of Nancy with the Town Crier. After a couple of "shots" he returned the camera to Nancy, said he was glad to be of help, and went on his merry way. Art did a double-take as the gentleman took off. "Did you know who that was?" he inquired of Nancy. "Well, we've just had our picture taken by TV's Henry Morgan, the droll one."

he Cape".

SEEN COCKTAILING and dining at the S. Osborn Balls at Millston Beach on Sunday was Henry Morgan and party. Ob-
gingly, Henry put on one of his impromptu discourses
hich made him a name in show business. Interrupting an-
her speaker he said, "Lady, this will take no time at all—
will be through in an hour. I'm leaving in a minute so
n't forget what you had planned to say."

appeared



A DRAMATIC MOMENT IN THE HISTORY OF
PROVINCETOWN: THE WHARF PLAYERS,
Under the Direction of Henry Hull and Boris Glagolin,
Rehearsing Outside the Wharf Theatre.
(© Alton Hall Blackington.)

GLAGOLIN PRODUCTION

A production of "A Russian in America" is soon forthcoming at the Wharf Players Theatre. The play has twenty five scenes and is being rehearsed under the personal direction of Boris Glagolin, who has done the same play in Russia. The cast has been recruited from students at the Wharf Players School of Drama, and the entire production is being undertaken as a part of the School work.

A tentative date for the performance has been set for Saturday, July 18th. The entire proceeds are to be given to Mr. Glagolin.

GLAGOLIN'S PRODUCTION

When the students of the Wharf Theatre School presented "A Seeker After Truth", a play translated from the Russian of Boris Glagolin and directed by the author, Provincetown was given still another opportunity of witnessing the imaginative work of this great artist from Russia.

The success of the play was greatly due to its adaptability to juvenile players. Glagolin has achieved renown in Russia for his childrens' productions. His reputation as a director who thoroughly understands child psychology, was sustained Saturday afternoon by the excellent performance of Miss Phyllis Cornell in the leading role of "Alyosha".

The play depicts the trials and disappointments of a Russian boy in America. Before the play started, Miss Marie Thiennes in the role of director stepped before the audience to explain that owing to the greater sensitiveness of the Russian youth, the audience must be prepared to see a feminine quality in Alyosha that is taken as a matter of course in Russia but is not found in the American youth of the same age.

Personally I think this foreword was delivered for the express purpose of preparing the audience for the shock of seeing a girl in the role of the leading male character.

Glagolin's Production Saturday

Mr. Boris S. Glagolin's first production this season, "A Seeker of the Truth", will be presented at the Wharf Theatre in a Saturday matinee this week at 2:30 p. m., July 18th. The play depicts in episodic form the adventures of a Russian boy in America.

Glagolin has achieved renown in Russia for his children's productions as well as for the extremely adult offerings of The Second Theatre of the Revolution. Of his adaptation of "Tom Sawyer", Maxim Gorky has written "I have produced this play twice—each time with great success. It pleased the child-actors and the child-audiences, and it pleased the adults, including myself."

The forthcoming production is a blend of the two styles, suitable for children of eight or eighty.

It was not necessary however, because five minutes after the play had opened the audience was completely convinced by the masculine illusion that Miss Cornell's playing created.

The modernistic settings of Mr. G. Andrew MacFadden added greatly to the visual success of the play. The minimum of detail existed. And yet the suggestion of a railway, a bar, a veranda, an office, etc., were all clearly depicted by the swiftly changing designs of Mr. MacFadden.

It is seldom that director and designer are seen in such happy harmony.

The cast supporting Miss Cornell included, Director, Marie Thienes; Bob, a young hobo, Helen, Younge; Brake-man, Lawrence Mills; Charley, a young tough, Eric Walz; Flit, a waitress, Golda Ross; King, a Negro valet, Mar-jorie Pegnim; Policeman, Lawrence Mills; Professor Stuart, Hagop Boya-jian; Jane, Helen Kaiser; Her mother, Dorothy Gilds; Mary, Dorothy Braun; Gard, Lawrence Mills; Archie Trunk Roy Winsauer; Flower Woman, Gretchen Davidson; Newsboy, Hope Norman; Ethel, Harriet Davidson; Pastor Butch, J. Loring Banfield.

All in all it was a performance remarkable for its sincerity. This alone is enough to make a play worth seeing. It is to Mr. Glagolin however, that the laurels must go because throughout the performance one was always aware of this expert guidance of the players.

1956

LET IT BE known that Elmer Greensfelder is more than the husband of Mildred, the Cape End Angel of Playgrounds, and father of Lewis, with his 47 Scout badges and soon to be Eagle Scout. He is also a successful inventor, with eight patents to his credit and a number of copyrights. Out of Mrs. Greensfelder's long and staunch interest in the playgrounds came the inspiration for a game of playground things for home enjoyment which retails for a dollar and is having national distribution at present. He has also been granted a patent for a toy which produces a variety of silhouettes in profile by a simple shaking action. The toy is so contrived that an infinite number of profiles may be obtained by merely shaking the container.

1931

GYPSIES DEPORTED

Lourraina Higgins Birthday Party

Lourraina Higgins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Merle Higgins, celebrated her fifth birthday with a party at the Blue Dog Restaurant Saturday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Higgins and several of Lourraina's little friends attended.

In honor of the little guest, Mrs. Simonds, proprietor of the Blue Dog Restaurant, prepared a birthday cake with five candles. Chicken salad, hot rolls, and cup cakes, nut sandwiches, and ice cream and baskets of candies were served, and a very delightful party was enjoyed by all.

Color
on Cape

1951 Better be
Communists,
Leftists and
Pretty boys. Instead.

298

Costume Ball 29 Brilliant Affair

Music and laughing voices a gorgeous Spanish lady in ivory lace, little Daisy down from the farm for the night, a sinister Egyptian king in shimmering gold and massive jewels. The Provincetown Advocate itself decked out in numberless headlines, a billowy Aunt Jemima! Yet it was not fairyland. Only the seventeenth Costume ball staged by the Provincetown Art Association, certainly the only occasion that could bring together such startling variety of types and colours. The dance floor was packed to capacity, and the walls and gallery were lined with animated spectators. The supreme moment of the evening was the glamorous Grand March, writhing through a tangle of intricate and snake-like formations. On the platform, Mr. Richard Miller, N. A., Mr. Coulton Waugh, Dr. P. J. Eaton, and Mr. Campbell, who acted as judges, frantically tried to make a selection. This they managed to accomplish most effectively. Probably the most authentic costume to win a prize was that worn by Mrs. Morrow of Way Up Along, in the character of a Chinese coolie. She wore a typical black suit brightened with richly shaded embroidery, a huge coolie hat, and carried two baskets of gaudy bundles, borne at either end of a pole across her shoulders. Striking contrast was afforded by a group of the earliest Americans, composed of demure Puritan Dames with their cavaliers, and some particularly ferocious Indians who chilled the blood of all beholders. Wilbur Thomas as a wildly fantastic modern portrait, carried off the grotesque, although a Rembrandt portrait of a lady, complete with a frame, and escorted by the "Rembrandt Himself" as the placard on his back announced, was a serious rival. Miss Elsa Hartmann, one of the town's most outstanding painters, was greatly admired in a gorgeous Chinese suit of a dazzling green, with a fan which she used in most coquettish fashion.

The orchestra was under the direction of Dok Elsenberg, while the Grand March was led by G. A. Beneker. The prize for the most artistic costume went to Mrs. John Dos Passos in a crisp white organdie Brittany costume of a generation ago. The second prize went to Mrs. Frank G. Morrow, of Peoria, Ill., as a Chinese coolie. The award for the most original went to Wilbur Thomas who was a portrait suggestively signed "M. O. Dern." Second honors went to the Statue of Liberty, represented by Miss Eleanor Longnecker, of Pittsburgh. The group of five early Americans who took honours in the grotesque class included Geo. Hamblin, Esther Sheridan, Mary Pfeiffer, Wm. Mock and Albert Mangs. Second prize was taken by Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Giduz as Rembrandt with one of his masterpieces.

The dance concluded to the sorrow of the revellers at one o'clock. Another of Provincetown's unique annual celebrations had made itself a shining place in town history.

1958

Songs to sing while driving home this weekend
 At 45 mph sing: "Highways are Happy Ways"
 At 55 mph sing: "I'm but a Stranger, Heaven is my Home"
 At 65 mph sing: "Nearer my God to thee"
 At 75 mph sing: "When the Roll is Called up yonder, I'll be there"
 At 85 mph sing: "Lord, I'm coming home"

Faithfully yours in Christ,

James Z. Babcock

Traffic is not what
 it used to be!!!

in

Provincetown - either

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1946

On Their Way To The Beachcombers' Costume Ball



Photograph by Robert Gardner

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Gardner practice a jaunt for their trip to the Beachcombers' Costume Ball on August 16 at Provincetown Town Hall. Frank is a former Navy Pharmacist's Mate. He served at Tarawa, Guam and Samoa being detached from Navy to serve with the Marines. Mrs. Gardner is the former Eloise Woodward, daughter of Cleveland Woodward, North Truro artist who lives on Depot Road. Frank is a member of the Veteran Motor Car Club of America and is filling in a little time with his hobby of collecting old cars and reconditioning them. This club, which was written up in a recent Saturday Evening Post article, specializes in reviving the nostalgic pleasures in the veteran car field. The cars are the veterans, not necessarily the owners. Frank owns, in all, seven out-dated cars, the Model T Ford touring auto shown above, a 1910 Franklin, a 1910 Knox, a 1912 Stanley Steamer and four others not yet restored to their pristine elegance. While Frank putters and mends, Mrs. Gardner does the same with suitable costumes of the period. In all, she has got together some six complete outfits for men and women of the 1910 to 1916 period.

They were married at St Mary of the Harbor.
 She was daughter of Cleveland Woodward.
 As it was just at conclusion of 2^d World War groom
 had no civilian clothes that fitted him. — So

he wore his Grandfather's "tails".
 She to "keep face" wore her Grandmother's
 wedding dress. A very quaint effect
 the setting of "garden flowers" helped.

PROVINCETOWN, MASS. THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1949

Beachcombers Plan 33rd Costume Ball



Plans for the annual Beachcombers Ball to be held in Town Hall on July 29 are rapidly being completed. This year the pre-ball parade will be revived and will be held on Saturday afternoon, July 23, with Bruce McKain as parade chairman.

Beachcombers shown above include: Front row, l to r—Nicholi Afontchikoff, G. Grisha, William L. Bailey, LaForce Bailey, Robert Stephens. Second row, Wallace Bassford, Edgar Corbridge, Vollian Burr Rann, Charles Heinz, William Boogar, Jr., Dr. Frederick S. Hammett, Frank Carroll. Third row, Bruce McKain, Philip Malicoat, John Whorf, Harry Kemp, Salvator Del Deo, Perry Strassburger, Reeves Euler, Howard Foster, Ivan F. Skinner, Jr. Fourth row in doorway, V. Bobri, Courtney Hunt, Jack Coldwell.

LIFE AT ALASKA POST IS EXCITING

Miss Lois Plumb, Red Cross Recreational Worker at Service Club in Kodiak, Tells Thrills.

Like a Swiss chalet, with an outlook on bright fields of flowers against distant towering mountains, such as "one often sees in the movies but never really expects to see for oneself," is the new Red Cross service club, recently completed in the mountains above Kodiak, Alaska.

So writes Miss Lois Plumb, daughter of Lucius H. Plumb, Stiles street, who went to Kodiak, November, 1942, as a Red Cross representative in charge of the recreation program at the service club in Kodiak.

Before enlisting for overseas service, Miss Plumb was an active member of the motor corps of Elizabethtown Chapter of the American Red Cross, and for three years she was employed by the Plainfield Y. W. C. A. as a recreational specialist in charge of the health education department.

Miss Plumb left for Alaska in company with five other trained recreational workers, in addition to a social worker and a stenographer. The young women were to be in charge of "Off-Post" clubs in the Arctic region, where enlisted men on leave might obtain sleeping accommodations, restaurant conveniences, and wholesome entertainment.

Miss Plumb is particularly happy about the organization of the new clubhouse, sixteen miles above Kodiak, where she was originally assigned to work. She now divides her time between the smoothly running establishment in Kodiak, "a used-to-be Russian town," and the mountain "chalet," a former ski lodge, which has been remodeled as a service club. A letter to her family here, dated "Over a period of several months—spring and summer 1943," gives vivid details of Miss Plumb's Alaskan activities:

Too Much Daylight to Use.

"My dear family:
"It has been a long time since I last wrote you, but this is a busy place, and our staff is an increasingly busy one.

"The club is again open, after two weeks' closing which gave a chance for spring house-cleaning and inventory and a heap of other jobs which do not get done while we operate. Because of change in military regulations, we now close the club at 8.30 P. M., so we have more time to ourselves. Several hundred men mill in and out of our club between 8.30 A. M. and 8.30 P. M., by which time Edith and I are ready for the great open spaces. Scrubbing floors and daily house-cleaning gives us plenty of bending, but my exercise isn't what it used to be by a long shot, and a walk in the evening helps.

"We have so much daylight now that we can't use it all. It still surprises me to see a streak of light in

year. The radishes have sprouted in spite of the fact that the neighborhood kids think the garden as a sand box. The dogs and cats use it for a playground and one night the local cow walked through. I am watching daily for a sign of green from the flower seeds.

"Edith Stevens has been called to the States because her husband has been injured. We do miss her—she is one of the grandest girls I ever knew. Since she left my work has been exactly doubled. The three men have been simply tops about helping and I'll never forget how easy they are trying to make things for me. We have a perfect working schedule.

Schedule Round the Clock.

"Right here, since you keep asking me about our days in this old 'used-to-be' Russian town, into which we came as seemingly pioneer builders, I'll give you the usual routine. In the morning, I'm doing my naval welfare service, while washing dishes, cleaning and getting dinner for from four to eight persons. In the afternoon, I'm a lady and a club worker, and in the evening I do the recreation act and try to entertain.

"The boys finish cleaning the snack-bar and eating place about 9.30 P. M., and then we have our light supper. When the dishes are done, if I'm not too tired to do them, we play pool, listen to the radio, write, do our laundry work, put the library and lounge in order. By the way, the other day we received a shipment of 2,000 greatly appreciated books for use in the club. As there is still a lot of daylight left in this nice weather, I manage to get out in our little side yard in the evenings to work in the baby garden (and we finally did have rhubarb, so today I made four rhubarb pies), or just enjoy the sunshine while chatting with the men.

"We have quite a garden of wild flowers, and when we go into the hills we bring back specimens in paper bags. Some are so very beautiful and most of them are strange to us in the States. Always we keep buttercups, salmon berries and pussy willows in the club—a note of cheer.

"Our truck, about which I wrote you, has been glorified. For the past three afternoons I've been tearing around the base having seats put in—three beautiful benches welded into the side and supported by chairs and legs. The benches fold, so we can stack the car full when necessary (we carry from two to twelve men at a time, picking them up as we go along). Now I'm happy because I don't have to see the nice clean blues and browns all mused up, as was the case when the men had to sit on the floor.

FINDS ALASKA AMAZING.



MISS LOIS PLUMB.

Elizabeth Red Cross worker who, after nearly a year in Kodiak, is sure "no State has anything to compare with Alaska."

to forget bedtime. However, sleep is one item I've learned to value, so no more now, except one final story.

"After all these months, my radio and the last of the Christmas boxes have arrived. I believe you sent the radio from Elizabeth last September and the box in October. Oh, well, I always felt sure that Uncle Sam, the Red Cross and the Railway Express would finally deliver."

X
the sky regardless of the hour when I go to bed—but many things here are surprising! This is such an amazing time of year; we can leave the club in glorious sunshine and the air may be warm and spring-like before we reach the post, or we may be driving in a snowstorm and need both the heater and windshield wiper. We live in a constantly exciting climate.

"We get out to the post more often now because we have a panel truck. The army calls it a station wagon, but it's really a delivery truck with one seat. A hassock and a wooden bench furnish seats for extras and are we delighted to have it!

"I have started a tiny garden, two by four. The only available vegetable seeds are radishes. I had hoped to have rhubarb; well, maybe next

Anticipating New Club.

"Now comes the really thrilling news. We are to set up a new club away up in the mountains about a dozen miles from here. It will be a tremendous institution as compared to this club. Naturally we shall have additional staff members as it will all take time, but meanwhile Art and I are putting the plans on paper, and are we happy about the whole project! There is a definite need for something of the sort for the naval reservation for the enlisted men and we are positive that a good job can be done.

"Now that things are running smoothly here, I'll be glad to have the part time change. To work on the new job will probably be a bit more up my alley, but I will be sometime before we begin actual operation. And here is more news. Did you read about the 'mechanical cows' in the 'Saturday Evening Post'?"

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for April 24? Well, we did and wired Washington, asking Uncle Sam to investigate. Today we received a wire which we interpret to mean that we may have such a cow. It will certainly be used to capacity because the service men crave milk and the townspeople need it desperately. The T. B. rate is terrifically high here—if only the cow will come soon!

"This letter has gone on from day to day. Everything has been very upset here lately and no one knows what will happen next. The new club, which was a ski lodge, is now operating at full tilt. Two new girls have joined us, both grand and very talented, and a fine new man is taking the place of an old friend who was honorably relieved of duty. The colonel officially opened the lodge. Fortunately and amazingly, our new staff and furniture arrived just on time. My time is now divided between the Kodiak Club and this chalet where I am right now spending a day or two.

"This is August 15, a beautiful autumn day. Down in town, I sleep under three blankets every night, but here at the chalet, I use a huge army quilt (and they are wonderfully warm) plus the three blankets and am just comfortable. You may be interested to read that last night was the first time since February that I've slept in a bed with springs. I believe you know that our beds in Kodiak have only planks. I am not one of those persons who cannot rest well in a comfortable bed, after spending every night for months in a hard one. I slept like a top.

Beautiful Panorama.

"This entire past week has been beautiful. Sun never too hot, a snap in the air and on the not so clear days it is fun to watch the fog as it rolls in, hiding the mountains, the foot-hills, and then the town. Someday about this time of year, you must all come up into this land and see for yourselves.

"Right now I am sitting at a desk in front of a huge window. The sun is bright and I can see fields of purple and red fire-wood stretching on up into the hills. Beyond the foreground of fire-wood is the kind of scene one often sees in the movies or in the 'National geographies' but never really expects to see for oneself—water and green hills and blue skies—and away in the distance towering darker green mountains.

"Here and there a speck of snow glistens in the sun but mostly just dozens of shades of green. Nearly every State in the Union is represented in this country, but I'll bet that no State has anything to compare with Alaska. It's magnificent! I wish you could see the gorgeous flowers—blue lupin and delphinium, yellow pond-lilies like I've never before seen, forget-me-nots, wild orchids—and all in such profusion. What a place and what a country!

"One is never willing to go to bed, and having no night (as we know it) so much of the year makes it easy

3,000 Paper Mill Performances Set Unique Theater Record

Unique among theaters of the nation, the Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, which set a new record with its 3,000th performance last month, expects, at its current rate of production, to ring up the curtain for the 4,000th time in 1954. Frank Carrington, director of the music and drama center since it opened its doors in 1938, said he is confident this goal will be achieved.

The Paper Mill gave its 3,000th performance July 16, the first time a stock company had hit that mark since the turn of the century, and the first time any musical company had accomplished it on record, Mr. Carrington asserted.

However, a new form of entertainment, the musical stock company, developed in the last quarter of a century. In the midst of this change the Paper Mill, only twenty miles from New York, has become a leader in the field.

Community Theater.

Once a summer theater with a twelve-week season, the Paper Mill is now what it set out to be—a community theater for all of the Northern counties of New Jersey.

Since August, 1944, no production therein has played less than four weeks, or thirty-two performances. Most have played five, many six, and the record of seven is held by "The Student Prince."

To date the Paper Mill has staged ninety-seven productions of forty-five different operettas, the work of twenty-one composers. The schedule for the current season contains three new works and at least two additional composers.

The Paper Mill Playhouse traces its beginnings to the Newark Art Theater founded in 1928 by Antoinette Scudder, a writer and painter, and Mr. Carrington, who had experience in acting and directing. The group staged its first productions in schools of Newark and Montclair. Ottillia Staehle, of Irvington, early stage aspirant, has remained with the organization, and is comptroller of the theater and of the producing organization.

The need for a permanent build-

ing resulted in the purchase of the Millburn tract. The old buildings comprising the mill were demolished and the present theater became an entirely new structure. The only memento remaining was the mill wheel, now the trademark of the playhouse.

The theater built along fine and simple colonial lines, now seats nearly 1,000 people.

From a theatrical standpoint the organization of the Paper Mill is formidable. Its weekly payroll lists more than 100. All scenery is built at Millburn and all music is specially edited and arranged by the theater staff.

The roll of Paper Mill alumni is imposing. Such opera favorites as Dorothy Kirsten, Walter Cassell and Marguerite Piazza sang there before acquiring their present fame. Irene Jordan and Margaret Roggero went direct from the Paper Mill to leading roles at the Met. Celeste Holm, Jack Carter, Wilbur Evans, Anne Revere, Billie Worth, Rosemarie Brancato and many others now prominent in the theater were seen at the Paper Mill in earlier days. Clarence Nordstrom, who has played in 2,000 of the theater's 3,000 shows, is the leading member of the "1,000 Club," which has a roster of ten others, including Donald Gage.

Miss Scudder came to P. for many years. Stayed at house now

Father joint owner of Newark Eve News, (a gold mine) with Mrs. Carrington (mother of r) Miss Auntie and Miss Alice Howells father. Alice Howard.

opp. Wm H. Young's Residence. Part over water had to be razed. Mr Scudder realized the wealth of newsheet but

Mr Howells not. Alice Howell spent many summers here. Died and property passed. Scudder wealth built and conceived Paper Mills Play house. Mr Carrington thru Miss Scudder took over and has built and continued its high standard and reputation.

Cousin of Margaret Plumb, 524 Com St. Librarian Hunter College N.Y.

Frank Shay Dies In Wellfleet

Jan. 14,
1954

Frank Shay, 65, noted author, producer, critic, connoisseur of books, died suddenly this morning at his home in Wellfleet to which he had moved from Provincetown and where he had lived for a number of years.

For years Mr. Shay was one of the country's outstanding figures in the book world and started the famous Frank Shay's Bookshops in the Washington Square section of New York City. To his bookstalls came the literary great of the century and all became his friends. He was also the originator of Frank Shay's Traveling Bookshop which, during the Summer seasons would make its rounds of the Cape. He was also the originator of the Caravan Theatre and in Provincetown he was one of the main spokes in the Little Theatre movement.

Mr. Shay was a fine example of the day when men of letters led robust lives. His years at sea gave him a master mariner's insight and knowledge of things nautical and at one time he was a powerful lumberjack. In World War I he served as a sergeant in the Headquarters Co. 312th Infantry, U. S. A. and participated in the battles at St. Mihiel, Limy Sector and Argonne Forest.

A gourmet and chef of rare skill



Mr. Shay was also a scholar of great erudition so that he was able to write about and become one of the world's foremost authorities on the life of Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru on the one hand, and concoct the fascinating cook book with the title of 'The Best Men Are Cooks.' His talent for quickly

discerning the good in authors work enabled him to discover unknown authors and to help them up the ladder to fame. He was the first to publish the poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay and was largely responsible for her success.

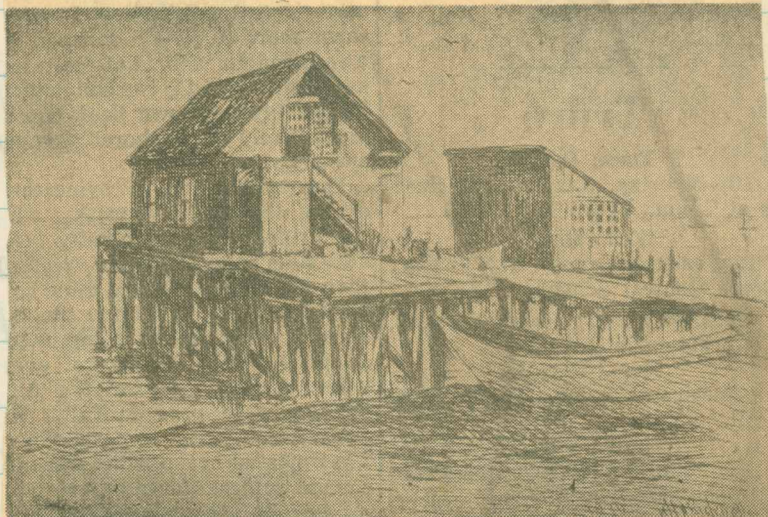
Mr. Shay's name appears as author or editor on a long list of books, many of them about plays and the theatre, others using the vast store of his nautical knowledge. The last to bear his name also bears that of his wife, Edith Foley Shay, as co-author, also an able and talented writer. It is titled "Sand in Their Shoes" and is a collection of a variety of writings pertaining to their beloved Cape. Other recent books are a "Sailor's Treasury" and "American Sea Songs and Chanteys", both of which were illustrated by Edward A. Wilson of Truro.

Mr. Shay is survived by his wife and a daughter, Mrs. John Hall, both of Wellfleet, also two sisters, Mrs. E. J. Hogarty of Westboro, Mass., and Mrs. Robert Smith of Seaford, Long Island, N. Y.

Funeral services will be held Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Nickerson Funeral Home in Wellfleet. The Rev. Harold M. M. Nicholas, rector of the Church of St. Mary of the Harbor, Provincetown, will officiate and interment will be in the Snow Cemetery in Truro.

Y, DECEMBER 3, 1953

Theatre Birthplace Of O'Neill Fame



Mary Heaton Vorse owned this old fish shed, standing high on stilts in the East End and she offered it for use as a theatre. It was here that the late Eugene O'Neill's first play, "Bound East For Cardiff" had its initial tryout and launched him on the road to fame. Fog and its distant bell, sea winds and surf sounds freely mingled with the lines of the actors as those early O'Neill plays were given here.

Many Cape Enders Recall Early Days Of Great Playwright Who Died Friday

Many in Provincetown today are recalling memories of a quiet, almost taciturn young man who came here back in 1916, alien to even those with whom he sought to associate; whose early plays were produced in an old fish shed along the shore, thereby winning a fame that took him to the top of the drama world, leaving an afterglow which continues to stimulate thousands of visitors even yet.

Such was Eugene Gladstone O'Neill, whose talents won him three Pulitzer Prizes and the Nobel Prize for Literature, the second American to receive that honor, who died at 65, in Boston on Friday of bronchial pneumonia, after a long and racking seige of Parkinson's disease, a form of palsy which made writing impossible and talking almost so. At his bedside was his third wife, Carlotta Monterey. His daughter, Oona, lives in Lucerne, Switzerland, and London, with her husband, famed actor Charles Chaplin.

Father Actor

Mr. O'Neill was born on October 16, 1888 in a family hotel called the Barrett House which stood at 43rd Street and Broadway in New York City, a son of James O'Neill, an actor and for many years the star in "The Count of Monte Cristo," and Ellen Quinlan, born in New Haven and reared in the Middle West. Eugene's first seven years were spent trouping around the country as his father played various cities. Later he was entered in a Roman Catholic boarding school on the Hudson. At 13 he was entered in the Betts Academy in Stamford, Conn., considered the best boys' school in the country. On graduation in 1906 he entered Princetown but he terminated his studies there after ten months by heaving a brick through a window of the stationmaster's house.

Then began a long period of wandering, mostly by sea to far places. He went exploring in Honduras through the endless jungles and contracted a fever. He shipped as an ordinary seaman on a Norwegian freighter to Buenos Aires, then to Portuguese East Africa. Back in New York he lived at a waterfront dive known as "Jimmy the Priest's" and became an intimate with all kinds of fringe characters. For a time he tried newspaper work on the New London (Conn.) Telegraph but in 1912 he developed a mild form of tuberculosis which sent him to a sanitarium. It was there he began the study of Strindberg and his inter-

George Cram Cook, and Harry Kemp, then winning fame, and a little later Frank Shay who knew Eugene in New York in earlier days. Frequently Edna St. Vincent Millay, living in Truro would join with the group.

History Was Made

Harry Kemp remembers well the first reading of "Bound East For Cardiff"; how silence fell and remained on the small audience during which Eugene writhed in the torment of what he felt must be another abysmal failure. Then George Cram Cook, sensing the history-making greatness of the play, made a stirring speech paying the first tribute to the young author, telling him that their theatre was to be his theatre.

Such was the start of O'Neill's fame. Soon his "Long Voyage Home," "Ile", and "The Moon of the Carribees" were published. "Beyond the Horizon" won the first Pulitzer Prize and put him on Broadway. Others winning the award were "Anna Christie" and "Strange Interlude". In all he wrote 38 plays, most of them stark dramas dealing in murder, disease, suicide and insanity. His "All God's Chillun Got Wings" was barred from the stage in New York City, was allowed to go on in Los Angeles but after a few performances the police arrested everyone in the cast.

The dramatist married the former Kathleen Jenkins in 1909, who bore him a son, Eugene O'Neill Jr. The son, who became a noted Greek scholar, committed suicide at Woodstock, N. Y., on Sept. 25, 1950. The first marriage ended in divorce in 1912, and six years later, Mr. O'Neill married the former Agnes Boulton. They were divorced in 1929. A son Shane, and Oona were born to this marriage. Mr. O'Neill married Miss Monterey on July 22, 1929.

est in playwriting had its start. After his discharge he spent fifteen months in New London writing steadily. He wrote eleven one-act and two long plays. All of these he destroyed except six of the one-acts. His father paid for putting these in book form under the title of "Thirst". He also paid for a course under Harvard's famous George Baker who taught playwriting.

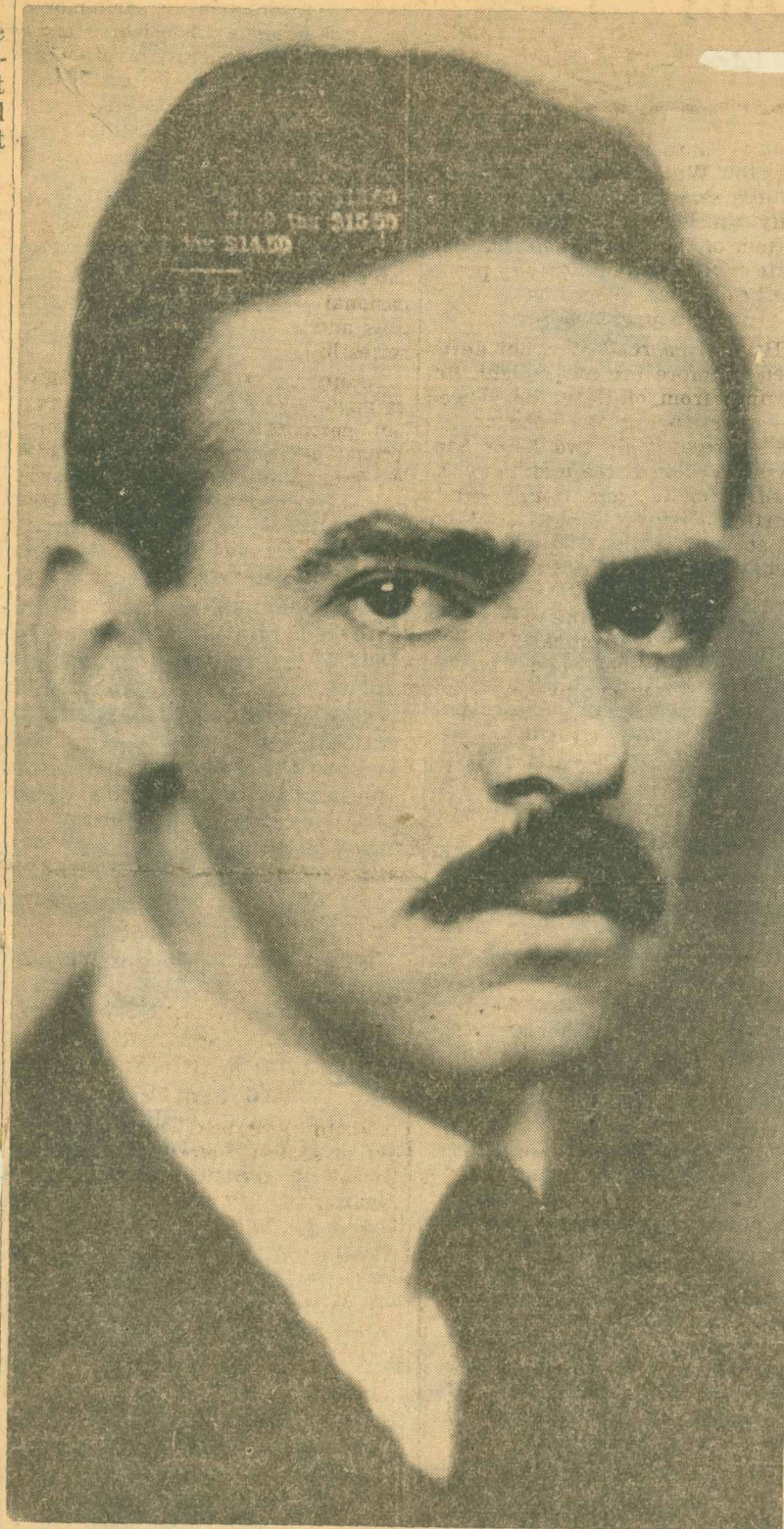
Comes To Cape End

In 1916 Mr. O'Neill moved from the Village in New York to Provincetown. Dune Poet Harry Kemp remembers him well, knew him somewhat before he arrived here. He lived with his huge Irish companion, Terry, a man considerably older and Eugene, for a time in the John Francis apartments and for a more significant period in a house out near the Peaked Hill Station, later completely washed out by the sea. It was here that he did much of his most important early work. It was in Provincetown, too, that he became one of a brilliant and talented group of about his own age; Mary Heaton Vorse then Mrs. Joe O'Brien, Hutchins and Neith Hapgood, Ida Rau, Jack Reid, Susan Glaspell and

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Next P.

O'Neill As Cape Enders Recall Him



This photograph, loaned to The Advocate by Frank Shay, shows the playwright as a young man, about the time "Bound East For Cardiff" was written. He went down to New York to have it taken to give to publications which were beginning to take notice of the rising star in the drama world.

FRANK SHAY, 69, author and authority on sea charters and pro-

Cape End Bred Summer Theatre

In an article on "Summer Show Biz" by Eliot Norton in the July issue of "New Englander," drama critic of the Boston Daily Record and Sunday Advertiser, called attention to the fact that it was a group of "rebellious writers and artists, meeting in Provincetown, in 1914, who helped discover the famous playwright, the late Eugene O'Neill." The group puzzled over the problem of the American drama, Mr. Norton writes, which was then nationally prosperous, but of dubious artistic merit.

"Two Summers later," he continues, "when they were still muddling along, they discovered Eugene O'Neill and staged, in a makeshift playhouse in the East End, his one-act play 'Bound East for Cardiff'. When they went back to New York that fall, the rebels of Provincetown took O'Neill along with them. In Greenwich Village they converted a stable into a tiny theatre which is still called the Provincetown Playhouse, and there nurtured the talent of O'Neill until he was ready to move to Broadway with 'Beyond the Horizon' to win the Pulitzer Prize and an international reputation.

"That Eugene O'Neill is the greatest dramatist ever produced in America has long since been universally accepted," Mr. Norton writes. "What he was dis-

1957

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FAR MORE INTEREST in the work of Eugene O'Neill is evinced today in Sweden than in any part of the native land of the playwright who began his ascent to fame among the Cape End dunes. A manuscript in four acts, never published and believed to have been destroyed by the author has been acquired for possible production by the Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm, Sweden. Entitled "More Stately Mansions," the drama is the fourth in a monumental cycle of nine plays to which O'Neill devoted many of the last years of his life. Because they needed revision and cutting, six of the plays were destroyed by the ailing playwright and his wife in a Boston hotel where they were living before his death in 1953. Dr. Karl Ragnar Gierow, director of the Royal Dramatic Theatre learned recently that the script of "More Stately Mansions" had not been destroyed and, flying to New York a few weeks ago located the script with the assistance of Mrs. O'Neill. The manuscript, dated 1938, would take ten hours to perform in its current version. However, Dr. Gierow made a trip to Yale University and in searching through the O'Neill collection there, he came across some notes by the author on how the play could be cut. Dr. Gierow would like to put it on in Stockholm next year. In discussing the cycle Mr. O'Neill once said that each play was an individual drama, but was related to the others as an essential link in a chain. Concerning the family's creation, Mr. O'Neill once described it as "far from the ideal American family."

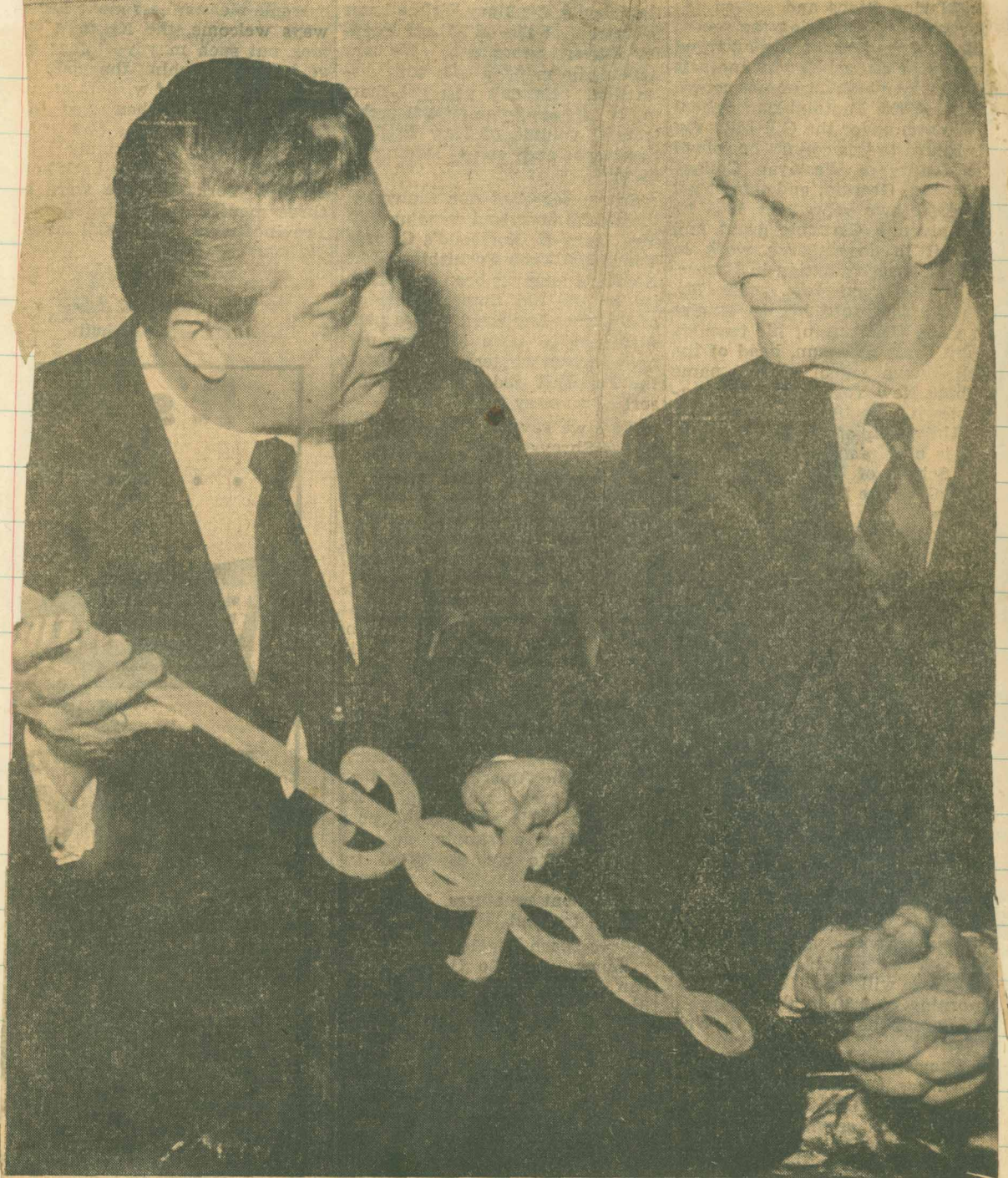


Photo by Hollander

JUST BACK FROM a trip to the Arctic to observe the Military Sea Transportation Service 1957 Arctic Operation and to plant the huge sword of hope, symbol of the American Cancer Society, at the North Pole, Steve Barrie, Advocate correspondent, visits with Rear Admiral Donald B. MacMillan, who left last Saturday from New York with Lowell Thomas, radio news commentator, for the Far North on the project "High Adventure in the Far North With Lowell Thomas." Steve presented Admiral MacMillan with a Sword of Hope which will be planted in the Eskimo village that is part of the Admiral's "family" in the Arctic.

By STEVE BARRIE

ABOARD THE USNS LINDENWALD, FROBISHER BAY, BAFFIN ISLAND, NORTHWEST TERRITORY, AUGUST 21:

"If the job has to be done — it will be done, ice conditions notwithstanding," said Vice Admiral John M. Will, USN, Commander of the Navy's Military Sea Transportation Service, who admits the ice situation in the polar regions this year has been the worst we've had in the past 50 years, so the report tells us.

The Admiral, who had just made an inspection tour of the Eastern DEWline Radar sites with members of the Royal Canadian Navy made a stop-over today at Argentina, Newfoundland where the United States most northern Naval Air Station is established, to greet a contingent of newsmen on an observation tour of the 1957 MSTs gigantic Arctic Operation.

The operation, that includes 103 ships, started north in June and will have delivered about 100,000 tons of cargo and over a million barrels of fuel and petroleum to our most northern military installations, including the DEWline installations, before the end of September when the ice packs close in and freeze the water ways for the next eight months.

"Frobisher Bay and the Koojesse Inlet in which we are now anchored were frozen solid until August 7," informed Captain Albert Wilson, merchant skipper of the USNS Lindenwald, a Landing Ship Dock that is the flagship of the MSTs ships in the Arctic and sub-Arctic areas.

The press group, invited by the Navy's MSTs to see for themselves the herculean joint effort and the extraordinary co-ordination and cooperation that the Navy, Army and Air Force extends to make the Arctic Operation a successful one.

This operation began in 1955. Since the group left the Naval Air Station at Floyd Bennett Field in Brooklyn, N.Y. two days ago has flown 2100 miles.

Upon arriving at Frobisher Bay this afternoon, we were shuttled by helicopter to the USNS Lindenwald.

Baffin Island is due west of Greenland.

It is 1,000 miles South of the Magnetic Pole, in the periphery of the Arctic Circle.

The U.S. Navy plane over the Foxe Basin, Northwest Territory,

August 23.

The fierce and unpredictable weather and ice conditions in the Northwest Territory make the huge task of the 1957 MSTs Arctic Operation a gruelling and hazardous one.

But the challenge is being met with the knowledge and the tenacity that is typical of the men who are responsible to re-Supply the Baffin Island Area sites.

The operation that is now in progress has met more than its share of obstacles because of the heavy concentration of ice, the worst on record in the past 50 years, putting the re-supply activities behind schedule.

The lead icebreaker USS Edisto, whose skipper is Commander J.E. Plummer, USN, and the USCGC Westwind skippered by Capt. F.L. Smeton, spearheading the task group 6.3 ships that the bringing supplies to the Foxe Basin radar sites, were both damaged.

The blades of both of the icebreakers were bent as they pushed their way through the eight foot thick ice opening the water ways for the ships carrying the sorely needed supplies.

In 24 hours the Task Force 6.3 ships that are carrying food and supplies, electronic equipment for radar sites, construction and maintenance equipment made only 10 miles, due to the intense fog and the battle of breaking through the ice.

The group have 225 miles further to go before they reach Foxe Basin to complete the mission.

Captain Robert "George" Sampson, USN, Commander of the Task Group 6.3 is aboard the Edisto directing the operation.

The pack ice in the Foxe Basin area runs solid from 75 to 100 miles into the beach.

The brash ice formations here are from ice cube size to slabs six feet across.

Chunks of ice from six to 30 feet across as well as small floes, a wide circle around 30 feet to 600 feet long were seen from the plane as we headed toward the Basin.

The Task Group 6.3 left Coral Harbor in the Hudson Bay area, Monday, August 19. The operation under normal conditions would have taken a day and a half.

Under present conditions it will take three or four more days before the sealift will be accomplished.

And it must be done before the end of the month when the winter

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rie, who recently returned from a trip to the on a flight with the Military Sea Transportation Operation during which the American Cancer Medal, the Sword of Hope, was dropped over the tells the story of the second leg of his trip. The "Sword of Hope", which was to have been planted at the "Top of the World" during the last week is still at Goose Bay, due to the worst ice conditions in the Arctic for the year, but the ceremony will take place as soon as conditions permit.

Steve Barrie

U.S. NAVY PLANE

AT THE MAGNETIC POLE,

AUG. 24: At 7 a.m.

clear cold morning

Robert E. Hart,

newspaperman he is

the Navy's Military

Transportation Service 1957

press flight at the

Foxe Basin radar site,

off for the last leg

It was 450 miles north

when Major Burks A.

plane commander of

hip that was assigned

ers on the 7,000 mile

Arctic area and back,

Canadian icebreaker

ador at the eastern

Beloit Strait which

northern tip of the

island, the most north-

land in the North

continent. Fifty min-

Major Via tipped a

te to the Canadian

was chopping through

the Strait, the key link

the Northwest Pas-

ne was over the North

Pole.

Via dropped from an

39-inch red Sword of

Hope of the American

at exactly 10:15

Monday, August 19. The operation

a message of hope to

where, as correspond-

have taken a day and a half.

ew, who had inscribed

Under present conditions it will

take three or four more days be-

fore the sealift will be accom-

plished.

he Ridgized Metals

of Buffalo, under the

mander of the Navy's Military Sea Transportation Service. "It's too bad the weather and the ice conditions stalled the proceedings. MSTs Commander Webb out of Frobisher Bay will follow through on the ceremony for us."

Upon leaving the North Pole Commander Hart informed the group that a search would be made for the Task Group 6.3, consisting of two icebreakers, two tankers, LSD's and two cargo ships, which were on their way with supplies for our northern military installations, and who were being slowed down because of the heaviest ice concentration the Arctic has known in the past fifty years.

We were 465 miles south of the Pole when Task Group 6.3 was sighted in the Foxe Basin area, with the ice cutter USS Edisto trailing the other ships guiding the USS San Marcos LSD-14. Contact was made from plane to ship via radio. George Horne of the New York Times spoke as representative of the press contingent to Capt. Robert R. (George) Sampson USN, Commander of the Task Group 6.3, who was aboard the Edisto, the cutter that only yesterday had damaged its propeller blades against the eight-foot thick ice it was ploughing through. "We are at the present time taking the San Marcos out of some heavy ice," informed Capt. Sampson over the radiophone. "She was trapped for a while, and the rest of the group has gone ahead, some five or six miles. We made fair progress today. The ice has been fairly thick and there has been a storm over the past 24 hours. It scattered us and we made only six miles today. Just ahead of us we have some fairly open water. We have already had to lay to for a day and a half and we have more thick ice ahead of us. As we get out of this open area and into this ice we will have to stop and wait for the ice to spread out before we go through. It will be at least three days before we get to our radar site destination."

Provincetown, Massachusetts

1955

BOARD-WALKS

When the first lengths of board-walk were
laid down

What was almost a riot shook the Town;
Rather than walk where the new sidewalks
showed,

Some people took the middle of the road;
They swore the unsafe boards would warp
with heat;

They missed the easy sand beneath their
feet

Where sand-used steps had found a grace-
ful going . . .

There was one tough Old-Timer who took
to rowing

His row-boat down the tide when bent for
Town,—

This won him the fond nickname of Row-
Down:

"Me take to treadin' pushed-together
planks?

"And maybe break an ankle-like? — no,
thanks!" . . .

We should have those Old-Timers with us
still;

Their quaint behaviours served a stalwart
will;

They were not merely Clingers to the Past;

They had a spirit that should always last;

Their sound core of pugnacious hardihood

Taught them to know that not all change
is good!

Harry Kemp

Courtesy of
Provincetown Advocate

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1954

Ceremonies Mark First Landing

Photo by John D. Bell

Dune Poet Harry Kemp relates story of Pilgrims' stay at Cape End. At the rear of the First Landing Plaza are Jeanne Bissell, Lewis Greensfelder and Hawthorne Bissell.

* Came to Provincetown
only over night
Thence to Plymouth
Proceeded to N.Y.
* Sight seeing Stunk
all summer
Fall-1957 Back to Plymouth

next p.

Dune Poet Harry Kemp Alive, Alert, Aglow At 70



HARRY KEMP, in a ritual on the steps of Town Hall last week, paid homage to the famed Portuguese poet Camoens. Harry was dressed in a flowing robe as Camoens, and Josephine Del Deo was regal in her costume of the court duchess. Imposing was George "Mosey" Van Derek as the palace guard. Peter Rocheteau as the slave who refused freedom when granted it by the poet—well, Pete looked just like himself.

See
Next
page!

Photo by Arthur C. Patrick, Jr.

At the left Harry is shown emerging from the water after an invigorating dip on Tuesday to celebrate his 70th birthday. "Yes, the water was fine," Harry said. "Its temperature depends pretty much on your state of mind." At right Harry holds a small model of a statue of a Mayflower Pilgrim woman doing her first wash in the New World, one of her first acts after coming ashore near the site of the Provincetown Inn. Harry hopes to have a large statue here to mark the event which established Monday as national washday and to give more prestige to the First Landing Place of the Pilgrims.

Each year in summer he tries a swim
toward? Plymouth.

* Has not made it yet. 1954
Finally Replaced Mayflower arrives 1957

In Our Mail

Editor, The Advocate:

The best of all the editorial that I have read about the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, was the Provincetown Advocate's own dated June 4th, "A Refreshing Interval". The writer of that editorial surely dwelt for a while amid the wonders and mysteries of the great event which he so delightfully pictured.

There was among the many features of the Coronation a feature which itself was not so much a mystery, as it was a puzzle. The Queen vowed to maintain "the Protestant Reformed Religion," in her realms. Yet she is a member of the Church of England, and the official state religion in Scotland is Presbyterian. Is the Queen then capable of believing in the faith of the English Church when in England, and also of believing the Presbyterian faith when she is in Scotland? No, nor is she required to believe so. The essence of the vow is that no spiritual authorities of any foreign land shall be allowed to "take over" in her realms. "Protestant" in the oath means not "anti-Catholic", but anti-intrusion. This can be understood when one realizes that the Church of England, whose chief bishop administered this oath to the young sovereign, claims to hold the reformed Catholic faith. It becomes more evident when we recall that the same bishop, later in the ceremonies, placed on the Queen's finger a great ring symbolizing her "defense of the Catholic faith."

H. J. Mainwaring
(Layreader, Diocese of Massachusetts)

54 Weston Avenue
Wollaston, Mass.
June 6, 1953

Provincetown Cables Mayflower II Its Blessing At Launching Saturday

"May God bless Mayflower II and may it be as potent in bringing together our peoples as the first Mayflower."

This was the message cabled to Warwick Charlton in London, England, originator of the project to build an exact replica of the first Mayflower and to sail her to the New World, by Nathan Malchman, vice president of the Provincetown Chamber of Commerce, acting for the president, John C. Snow, who was out of town. It was sent Friday night to arrive for the launching of Mayflower II at Brixham, England, the following day and carried the signature of "Town of Provincetown".

This Summer Mr. Charlton visited Provincetown, was the guest of the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association at the annual luncheon of that organization, and visited a number of historic spots of the town. He gave assurances that Mayflower II would follow the route of her predecessor and visit Provincetown.

Is Honored

To a former American GI fell the honor of christening the vessel. Reis Leming of Toppenish, Washington, serving in England with the air force, who won Britain's George Medal for saving 22 English people in the flood of 1953, drank a cup of wine and said, "I christen thee Mayflower II".

Lightning flashed across the sky, thunder boomed overhead and rain poured in sheets. Raising his voice to a shout, Mr. Leming, who had been flown from the United States, said, "This is one of the greatest things that's ever happened to me."

Then, following ancient tradition, he pitched the wine goblet overboard. Ignoring the elements, Beric Watson, 22, who is to be a member of the Mayflower's crew, plunged into the water. In a few minutes he recovered the goblet and gave it to Mr. Leming, who stood by his wife smiling broadly.

Among the other messages of goodwill sent to Brixham where the Mayflower is being built, was one from Governor Herter of Massachusetts—the first new home of the Pilgrims.

"I salute your magnificent effort to recreate a moment in history in which your nation and mine share special pride," said Herter. "In bringing back the Mayflower as it was in 1620, you are reliving an immortal story of heroism in the face of adversity that cannot but help make its imprint on the world."

William Brewster, of Plymouth, Mass., a direct descendent through 10 generations of William Brewster, first ruling elder of the Plymouth Colony, represented Plymouth Plantation, where the Mayflower will finally rest.

Writing in The Christian Science Monitor, English staff correspondent, John Allan May tells of the launching and gives a description of the sturdy craft. He writes:—

Brixham, England

Mayflower II was launched at eight o'clock this morning in the Devon fishing port of Brixham.

The ship, replica of the Mayflower that carried the Pilgrims to America 336 years ago, was launched by Reis L. Leming, former American airman awarded one of Britain's decorations for acts of gallantry, the George Medal, for saving 22 persons in the Norfolk floods of 1953.

The Mayflower, a gift from the people of Britain to the people of the United States, is not a model, not an approximation, not a sham but the real thing.

She has been built like the original, of similar great oaks, to a similar design, with similar tools and similar skill. Even the ropes are of soft 17th century cordage.

Radio Sole Modern Gear

She is to be sailed by Britons to the United States next Spring with no modern gear except the now compulsory radio — an adventure with only one exact parallel—a dramatic symbol of common heritage and an undefeated friendship.

The Mayflower probably will arrive at Plymouth, Mass., on May 30 next year after a voyage lasting two months. Then, having "shown the flag" in various northern American ports, including New York, the Mayflower is to be formally handed over to Plimoth Plantation, Inc., in November and thereafter is to lie at Plymouth for all time.

Captain on the voyage is to be Alan Villiers, Australian mariner who has devoted his career to sail. Captain Villiers sees this Mayflower command as the greatest achievement of his career.

He says, happily, that the actual voyage is likely to be "grim". He is a former Cape Horn sailor, and he is the only person aboard who has any actual idea of how the ship will sail. For nobody else in the world has sailed such Elizabethan galleons. The West

1958 Still goes to town
daily - the steps
slow & uncertain.
Wrapped up
more in Sept
than used to be
in winter.

Sept 29-56

said good-by to them 300 years ago.

Captain Villiers, however, has recently made a special voyage to the Maldiv Islands southwest of Ceylon to sail in the great Maldiv galleons. These still maintain the lines and ways of Elizabethan time. He says that at sea they are "grim".

From the point of view of safety and even of comfort, however, this trip in 1957 will be an improvement on that of 1620. This Mayflower is a sound, new vessel. The first Mayflower probably had been around for 60 years before she was chartered by the Pilgrims, and she was broken up four years later. This Mayflower's crew will have the advantage of a knowledge of Atlantic winds and currents that the first could not have. This Mayflower will carry probably but 40 people. The first carried some 102 Pilgrims.

Friendship
This time he's been to Plymouth to see the Mayflower II. Frank tells it this way: "On a recent weekend I boarded my flying saucer and zoomed down to Plymouth to see the Mayflower II. I found it moored to a pier only a clamshell throw from Plymouth Rock. *Sept 1958*

"It's open to the public every day, Sundays included, from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. and the admission charge is 90 cents for adults and 50 cents for children. Come Thanksgiving it'll haul up anchor and move into dry dock for the winter. It'll be back at the old stand the middle of April.

"After I'd paid my 90 cents and got aboard, I found there were not many places I could get into. I wasn't allowed in the captain's quarters, nor the galley, nor the crews's quarters, nor the fo'c'sle, nor the poop deck, nor the hold, nor the shallop. However, I was allowed on the main deck and 'tween decks . . . and I thought that was very nice of them.

"I asked an attendant what the average daily attendance was and he said that was classified information.

"This replica of the 1620 vessel, you'll remember, carried 33 men, including Capt. Alan Villiers, from England to this country last year. It took 53 days in the crossing and anchored at Provincetown June 13. The following day it arrived at Plymouth. It spent the summer of 1957 making money in New York and last winter in Miami. It was tied up at the pier in Plymouth last June 28.

who already was planning a reconstruction for them.

Having obtained a designer, Mr. Charlton was told he never would get a builder. It was said that no one in this country (or indeed in any other) knew how to build an authentic Elizabethan galleon. When Mrs. Stuart Upham, wife of a Brixham ship-builder saw this statement in print in a magazine, she showed it to her husband and retired to wait for the explosion.

*"Business Note:
Julie's Chowder Bowl"*

*Drifting Thoughts from
Julie*

Mr. Upham
effect. "And
e sent a
ton saying
its certain-
vessel.

axes with
ne most of
mbers. The
when fell-
et. When
cubic feet
ie the keel
ne firm of

ome from
all timbers
tain. The
Scotland.
dustry has
ordage as
struments
n supplied
Ltd., one
ine instru-
d.

A PROMOTION DIRECTOR for the Mayflower II was waylaid by a gunman in New York City last Sunday night, who escaped with \$5,800 in weekend exhibition receipts. Thomas Apostle told New York police that he collected the cash and checks at the pier where the Moyflower II is being shown to the public and then started by car for his home in the city. Three blocks from the pier he stopped for a red light and a gunman hopped into the car beside him. After taking the receipts the thief forced him to drive through Central Park to a Fifth Avenue Street corner where an accomplice was waiting in a getaway car. Police said they believed the holdup was planned by someone who had watched the routine at the Mayflower exhibit box office closely. Most people have felt that the Mayflower II should have stayed where she belonged right here in New England and not gone gallivanting off to the big city for the summer. However, with our own little rash of robberies during the latter part of the summer, she might not have been any safer here.