

is that so?" In the afternoon of Christmas day a group of Bill's Friends and Neighbors leased the toll line between Provincetown and the Boston Hospital, and some 12 or 14 of us extended Season's Greetings. I talked with Bill a few days later and to use his own words he said, "That was the greatest thrill I ever got—but darn sorry it happened—just at the time I was having a nice little chat with my nurse off duty." . . . Why Bill? However, it is nice to report that he is back home again to be among those present.

Old familiar landmarks get kicked around now and then to serve more efficiently in these modern times. Joseph Macara has taken over the large Hilliard warehouse, coal yard and wharf for complete equipment for our fishing fleet. Maline Costa has charge of the job and has turned the large warehouse around so that it now runs east and west, and moved it back some 40 feet. The job is giving the carpenters and bricklayers plenty to do between storms — of which we had plenty through December.

Familiar sights around town. Jack Rosenthal striding along Commercial Street belching forth blue clouds of smoke from his nine inch pipe. The portly HARRY WEST has a beaten path from his Igloo to the Anchor and Ark Club, where the sportsmen gather when their time permits to find out who's who in that health-giving and invigorating sport of High Low Jack and the Dame. The last I heard was that MYRICK YOUNG and CLARENCE NELSON were the champions, with JOT SMALL serving as referee. It is presumed that if you boys were home, some of you would be among those present in the back room of some store where the boys gather, or around the pot-bellied stove in JOE DEARS' fish shack on the wharf—whittling out the choice pieces of "Skully Joes". And we'll include in this an unfamiliar sight. SCARRY JACK'S fliver "Sally" took sick a few weeks ago and while Doctor Mechanic did everything in mechanical science for her, she passed out in one of her periodical spasms. She had led a very rugged life, as we all do in Provincetown, but her old age and abusive treatment was too much for her delicate in'ards. We mourn her loss together with Scarry Jack whose head is bowed down as he hoofs it here, there and yonder.