

A TOTAL OF 39,387 people climbed the Pilgrim Monument during the season which ended Sunday according to Myrick C. Young, treasurer of the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association. This figure breaks all records so far, Mr. Young said, and is 6,300 over last year and 13,000 over 1955. It was the biggest year for the Monument that he can remember, and he thinks the record breaking attendance is probably due to the arrival of the Mayflower II and the attendant publicity, two good holiday weekends to start the summer out, unusually fine weather throughout the season, better roads and many more people traveling them. No figures are available as yet on visitors to the Historical Museum which also closed on Sunday, but they are bound to be well above last year, Mr. Young said.

October 1959

When the Pilgrim Monument closed its season this year, 37,813 modern pilgrims had made the ascent to the top of the tower. This drop of 672 less than last year's total, the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association believes was caused by the poor weather early in the summer.

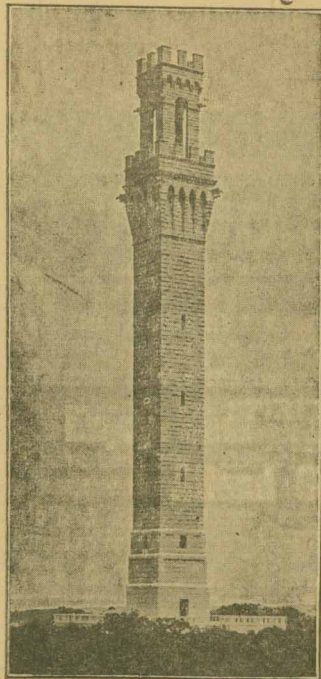
Sand F/ Entrance in a few yrs

The Day The Pilgrim Monument Was Dedicated

From a contemporary account of the event

On the morning of August 5, 1910, all Provincetown awoke with the sun. Shining beneath a cloudless, deep blue sky, the town, fresh from a drenching the night before, was cleaner than the proverbial whistle.

As soon as breakfast could be put out of the way, every Provincetowner and visitor, dressed in their Sunday best, took to Commercial Street, all of them trying to crowd into the few blocks between the wharf and the Central House (now the Sea Horse Inn).



It was a happy crowd, all talking and given to much good natured laughter whenever an automobile came snorting along.

Around 8 o'clock the bells began to ring and they clanged and pealed away at a great rate. The excitement in the crowd increased when those who could see the harbor announced that every ship and yacht and schooner had broken out its flags.

What a sight the harbor was! Within the sheltering tip of Long Point lay eight huge battleships, while all around them dipped and curtsied the fleet of immaculate yachts. A few moments later, the word was passed around that

President Taft's yacht, bearing the historic and fitting name of "Mayflower," was steaming across the bay and would shortly arrive in the harbor.

Very soon after this, from the battleships, launches and tenders loaded with blue serge-clad sailors started spluttering towards shore. Trip followed trip until 2,000 blue jackets and marines were landed at the pier, tramping away into town to the rattle of the snare drum. In front of the Town Hall the band was waiting and as the first company came into sight the band began to bang and boom until every backbone thrilled and shivered.

Scarcely had the last boat load mounted the dock when the bowsprit of the Mayflower poked itself around the white lighthouse at the end of Long Point. Immediately a solid bank of white appeared around the deck of every ship—the jackies manning the rail. Promptly at 9:17 the yacht dropped anchor, and even as she did a cloud of smoke spurted from a gun on the shore side of the Connecticut, the flagship of the battle fleet. Spurt followed spurt until 21 had satisfied the requirements of the national salute. As the Connecticut finished each ship took up the burden in turn until 168 white smoke clouds had blended into one blue-grey, which drifted away toward the Truro shore. Then a figure glittering in gold lace descended the companionway of each ship and set off for the Mayflower. The fleet was paying its respects to President Taft.

Next it was the President's turn to call upon Rear Admiral Schroeder, so a launch put off from the Mayflower with the President in it. That was the signal for more banging of cannon before all the niceties of naval etiquette had been observed.

The President's launch coming towards the pier was announced by the volley of cheers which floated from the decks of the fleet of fishing schooners gathered in their home waters for the biggest day.

What with the gold braid and chap-eaux of the naval officers who accompanied the President, the civil garb of the President, Mrs. Taft and the others in the party, appeared almost puritanical in its simplicity.

After a bugle salute and the Star Spangled Banner the presidential group got into their carriages and started off up the pier. The passage-way through the thronged streets with their solid walls of marines and jack-

ies was a continual ovation. The President's smile was a particularly happy one as the cries of welcome rang around the bends and curves of Commercial Street and his eyes beamed with enjoyment.

Before the platform at the base of the monument the big three-sided grandstand outlined against the sky was already filled with waiting thousands. In the grandstand were notables and dignitaries from far and near and wherever the eye wandered it encountered Mayflower descendants of all ages. As the guests of honor stepped upon the platform there was a burst of applause. The President received the most marked ovation, but the Governor was a close second, while the immaculately uniformed fleet officers were the objects of many an admiring eye. Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston, clad in a suit of lily whiteness, arrived late upon the scene, and attracted such a great deal of favorable comment that he flushed distinctly beneath his tan.

The five special trains which were run into Provincetown arrived just as the parade was starting up the hill and full 5,000 persons came dashing, helter-skelter into the town. By the time they had settled themselves, the speaking was ready to begin. Newspapers of the day later repeated word for word what every one had to say. We shall note only that, without interruption the speeches lasted for some three hours, coming to a stirring climax with an address by President Taft.

Following the President's speech, little Barbara Hoyt, 10th in descent from Elder Brewster was introduced, and she stepped to the center of the platform and gazed out timidly at the sea of smiling faces before her. The breeze whipped her little blue muslin dress around her slender figure and a forlorn look came into her eyes. Then President Taft smiled down upon her and patted her on the shoulder and placed the unveiling cords in her hand. She turned, braced her feet and tugged away at the cords. At first they stuck, but another tug released them and the flag fell away from the beautiful bronze memorial tablet at the base of the monument.

Amidst the resulting cheers of the throng, the guests of honor then entered their carriages to drive to the Town Hall, where a sumptuous banquet was served to 450 people. At the conclusion of the meal, the President gave another speech, and then left on

his yacht.

Not having had enough of festivities for one day, a ball was held that night. It is reported as being very well attended and a program which survives in the collection of the Historical Museum shows that those attending might have taken their turns around the floor to music provided by the Salem Cadet Band Orchestra, who played for dancing the waltz, the two-step, the Duchess, the Schottische and the Portland Fancy.