

You know their dads

Capt. Chiang Wei-kuo, son of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, and Lt. Col. Joseph Stilwell, Jr., son of Lt. Gen. Stilwell, U. S. Commander of the China-Burma-India theater, were photographed together in Chungking July 8 after young Stilwell's father had given young Chiang's father the Legion of Merit medal. The occasion was the sixth anniversary of Japan's invasion of China. Capt. Chiang got his training in Berlin, is an artillery officer stationed at the front. Stilwell is a West Pointer, attached to his father's staff.

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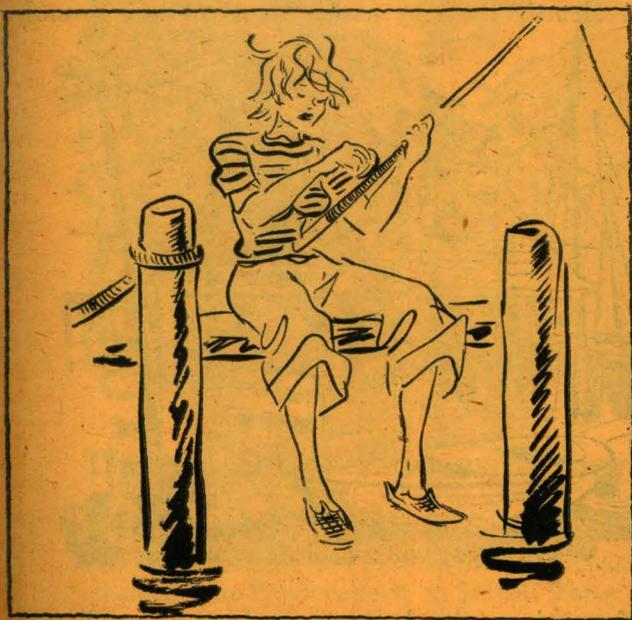
BEFORE TWILIGHT SETS IN, a member of the Provincetown art colony hurries to get a blush-red sunset down on canvas. A couple of Coast Guard youngsters are impressed. "Gee whiz," says one, "that old sailboat—it's a wow!" At left, two buddies direct their efforts toward something less intellectual. The

charming house at right, overgrown with wild roses, is one of the oldest in the town. Owned by artist Coulton Waugh, it's rented by artist John Whorf, who lives here all year around. He is a founder of the Beachcomber Club of artists and writers who assemble once a week for sea food, tall tales, drinks.

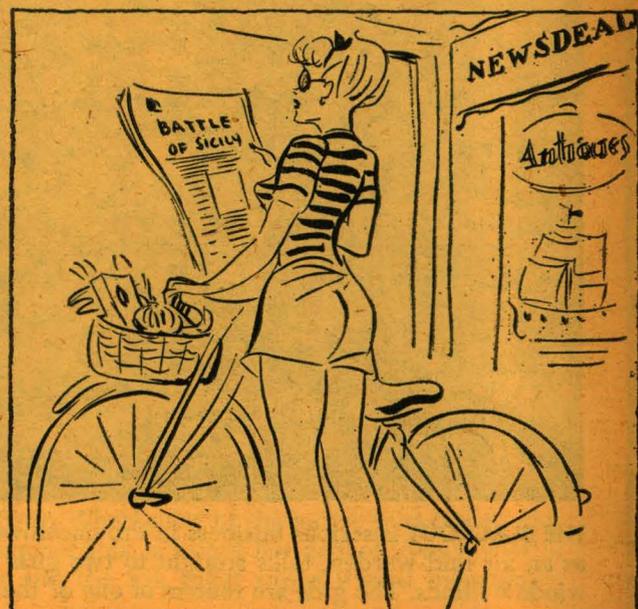
PROVINCETOWN THIS YEAR

By **ERIC GODAL**

MANY readers won't need any introduction to these sketches brought back from a recent vacation by a PM staff artist, Eric Godal. They were made in Provincetown, the picturesque jumble of 18th century houses, 20th century juke joints, busy fish piers and Bohemian rooming houses that extends four miles along the inner shore of the sandy tip of Cape Cod. For years the place has attracted New York artists, writers and just plain people. Provincetown, whose normal population of 4000—three-quarters Portuguese stock, one-quarter old Yankee—used to triple in Summer, is more like her old self this year after a lean 1942 season (when U-boat sinkings close to shore kept the SS *Steel Pier*, which makes the daily three-hour run from Boston, tied up. Last month the *Steel Pier* put to sea again—proof that the sub menace has been licked in coastal waters. Fish houses are busy once more, artists' easels block the narrow streets and ladies in slacks fish off Town Wharf.



Almost anyone can catch a fish from Town Wharf.



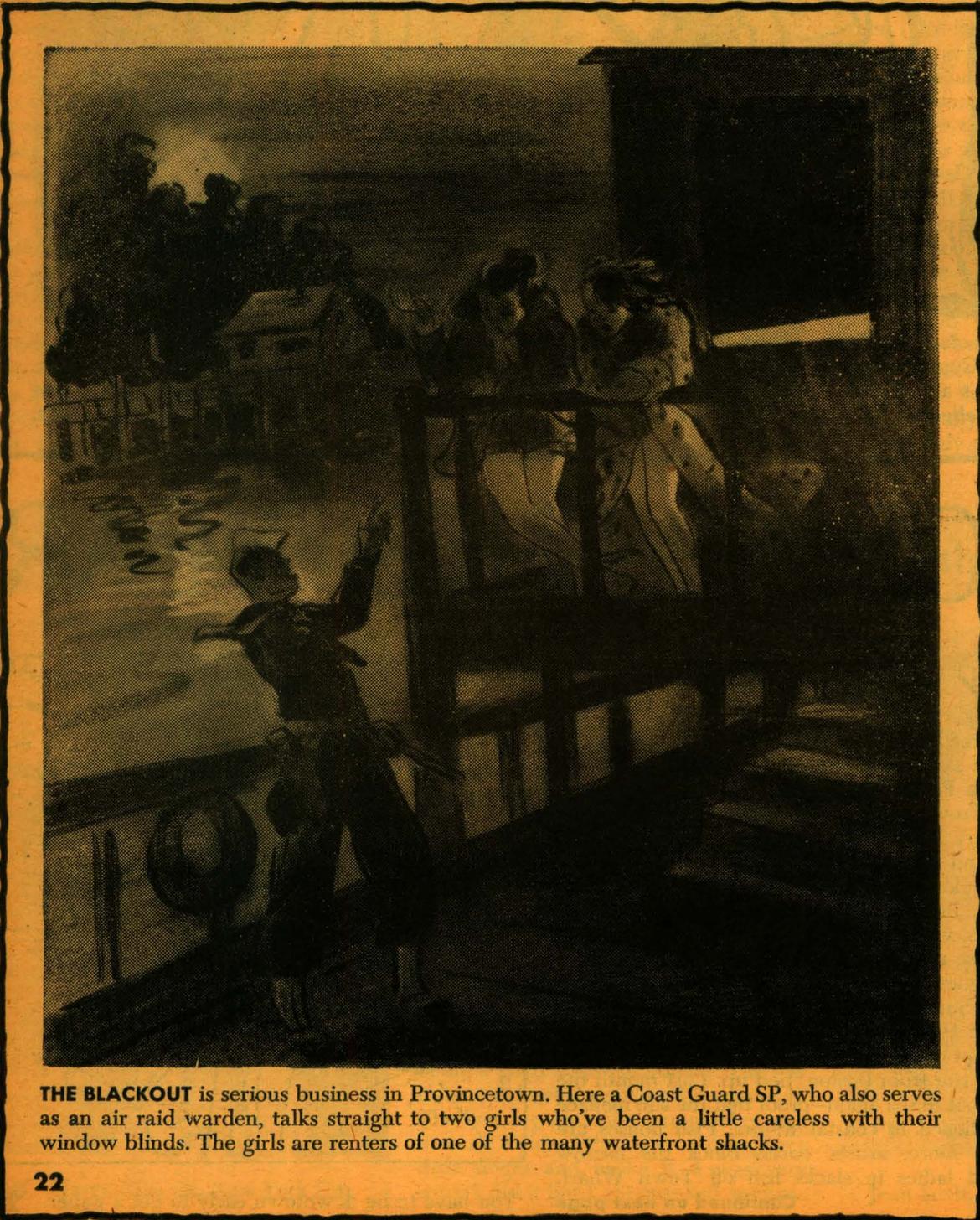
You have to be downtown early to get a paper. **21**

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← Provincetown's fishermen sail back with 192,000 pounds of whittlings and haddock

As the fishing fleet comes into port, the sky is gray with screaming seagulls. The birds wheel and dive for the refuse being thrown overboard by the fishermen, who are cleaning the day's catch. The fleet goes out before dawn one day, returns in mid-afternoon of the following, with crews standing waist deep in glistening, slithering fish. Provincetown's main industry, outside the tourist trade, is fishing, and with wartime food shortages this has become big business. Each boat's profits are divided between crew members and the captain-owner—one share to a member, two to the boss. In peacetime the men did well to average \$30 a week. Now, the town clerk told the artist, they take in 10 times that figure, and the old families of the town complain that nouveaux-riche Portuguese fishermen are buying up the pretty colonial mansions. The day Godal made this sketch, the fleet brought back a 192,000-lb. catch, mostly whittlings and haddock. Earlier in the season the boats hunt the shoals of 30-foot black whales that run in the shallow waters of the bay.



THE BLACKOUT is serious business in Provincetown. Here a Coast Guard SP, who also serves as an air raid warden, talks straight to two girls who've been a little careless with their window blinds. The girls are renters of one of the many waterfront shacks.



AT LOAFERS' CORNER the old salts sit by the waterfront and spin their fish tales all day and half the night. Their clothes and boots identify them as natives—tourists dress scantily.



THE SIGNS on this weather-beaten, waterfront house attracted Godal, who still wonders what happened to the person who put up the top one. The fisherman couldn't tell him.



The SS Steel Pier ends her first trip from Boston to Provincetown since the war began

ON HER FIRST TRIP out of Boston since the U. S. A. entered the war, the SS Steel Pier, bearing 300 excursionists and chaperoned by a U. S. destroyer, steamed into Provincetown on July 1. Three Navy pursuit planes droned

and circled overhead. On Town Wharf most of the native population, plus early comers among the Summer folk, awaited her arrival. Every boat in the bay tooted a welcome and the fish plant sirens wailed mournfully.