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Cape Cod

WHERE SEA HOLDS SWAY OVER MAN AND LAND

By NATHANIEL T. KENNEY

National Geographic Senior Staff

Illustrations by National Geographic photographer DEAN CONGER

WHALES CRUISED past the Great Beach near Nauset Harbor that first day of our first trip to Cape Cod. They were hard by, so that children were encouraged to throw stones their way; they were in a guzzle, which is what Cape people call the little channels between the sand bars off their gleaming beaches.

Above the whales, shrieking terns rode the wind of the sea, and sand launces, the tiny silvery fishes slim as eels, frizzled the green water in frantic flight from the terrors aloft and aloft. There were three of the whales, moving calmly despite the running children, and making many spouts, which are explosive exhalations of breath.

Whales Spout a Fireboat Welcome

"They are welcoming us to Cape Cod," said my daughter Janice, who was eight years old then, "like the fireboats that squirt welcome to the big boats in New York."

"Heavens!" said Fran, my wife. "Is that where we swim?"

"Happens they're humpbacks, which don't bite people," said Charlie Rollins, owner of the cottage we had taken for the summer atop the Nauset bluffs in East Orleans.

"They are kings of the ocean," I said.

"Aye-uh," said Charlie, "and that makes them lords of Cape Cod, for you will find that the Cape is only an accident of land in the domain of the sea, and everything here lives or does not live at the whim of the sea."

Charlie must get on with the sea; he was 97 last August 2.

Cape Cod, then, is a part of Massachusetts that trespasses eastward into the oceandom of the North Atlantic for 35 miles from the Cape Cod Canal to Chatham. There it curves north and west another 35 miles to Provincetown, first landing place of the Pilgrims in the New World, these days a brash and friendly town of artists and actors, fishermen and tourists (next page and map, page 158).

In the whole 70 miles of the Cape you can never get more than six miles from salt water. Even when a low hill hides the sea, you always feel its nearness—in the cool, briny moistness of the summer breeze, by the mewling of gulls above the inland lakes, in the smell of marsh and kelp and clam flats at low tide, in the sheen of tough meadow grass that must drink salt mist.

As it does the land, the sea marks the people of Cape Cod, those who live there all the year and those whom the old-time Capers call "summer boarders."



Sun-dappled dunes and broad beaches bait New England's fishhook in the Atlantic—Cape Cod. Wind and wave constantly reshape Great Beach, the bold and lonely ocean side of the Massachusetts peninsula. Here the end of the Cape crooks a protective arm around Provincetown (center). Ships seeking sassafras, a folk medicine, visited these shores soon after 1600.



KODACHROME BY LUIS MARDEN

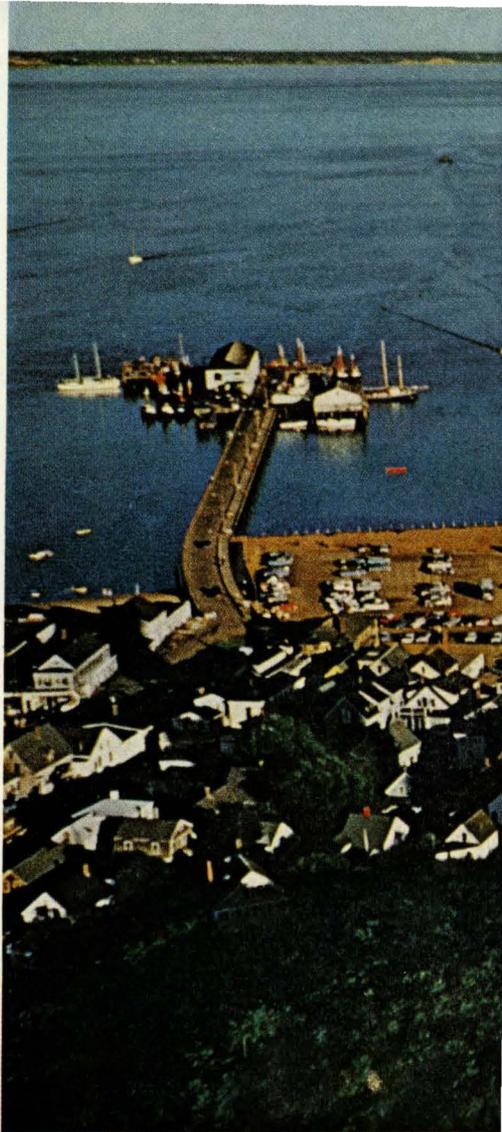
*MAYFLOWER II, a copy of the Pilgrim ship,
arrives off Provincetown on June 12, 1957.*

"Bear to starboard at the next crossroad." The village constable, whose father traded to China in the days of sail, unconsciously speaks the language of the sea.

There is sand in the sun-bleached hair of the summer children, even after their baths; and sand dollars, which are a kind of sea urchin and the treasure trove of the beaches, in their pockets.

For the parents of the summer children there is nostalgia; the sea, even in gayest mood, is the mother of sadness. You took your children to Cape Cod when they were little, for summer happiness, and there they left their littleness forever, in the wind that drove the catboat you taught them to sail and in the bone-chilling water where they learned to swim.

Now the children have grown up, and every year Cape Cod changes. One of the children, by the way, is now the President of the United States; his daddy summured Mr. Kennedy at Hyannis Port, and he has taken his own family there (pages 184-7).



Pilgrim Monument in Provincetown commemorates the arrival of the *Mayflower* on November 11, 1620, a month before it reached Plymouth. The 255-foot granite shaft copies the Torre del Mangia in Siena, Italy.

Whaling, once the town's bread-and-butter industry, has vanished. Art colony, summer theater, and symphony orchestra flourish in its stead.

Where 75 wharves bristled along the waterfront in early days, only a few remain. Here commercial fishermen unload their hauls, and rod-and-reel sportsmen weigh in horse mackerel, or tuna, that sometimes top 700 pounds.

In Pilgrim dress, Provincetown's leather-lunged town crier broadcasts the news—"Hear ye! Hear ye!"—as he makes his rounds. Ever obliging, he poses for photographers as many as 35,000 times each summer.



KODACHROMES BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER DEAN CONGER © N.G.S.

But no matter what the passing years bring, Cape Cod is still the place of the children's golden days, and it will always be somehow sacred to their parents.

Tide's Out and the Beach Is Right!

Janice says the beach days were the best of the golden days. And the best of the beach days started, say, early one sunny morning, when the quail were whistling in the fields and John Anthony, retired postmaster of Orleans, blew his beach-buggy horn outside our cottage.

"Tide's out and the beach is right!" he shouted. "Let's go!"

And out we piled, Janice and small Barbara Hamer, her house guest, and Pete, the tiny poodle, leaving Mom a rare morning of peace and quiet and an opportunity to find what had died in the children's room. It turned

out to be periwinkles and starfish in a forgotten beach bucket.

John took the track lined with beach plum and thorn apple that led to the dunes below the bluff, and when we hit the soft sand, he put the beach buggy into four-wheel drive. Barbara and Pete fell off the tail gate when the soft, fat tires bit in. We retrieved them. We came to the hard, wet sand the tide had abandoned, and we moved beside the surf through the world of the Great Beach.

Besides the sand and sea and salt and shells and fishes and special creatures that all ocean beaches have, the Great Beach of Cape Cod has a geographical quirk. Henry David Thoreau noted it long ago; it is a gentle curve always landward, so that you cannot see as far up and down the sands as you can on most beaches. To me this imparts a strong sense of isolation, even though I know a thousand



people are bathing at a public beach a mile or two away.

John Anthony's beach buggy, following the rim of the crescent, moved carefully past picnics, lest we sand the hot dogs. We came upon a veritable encampment of beach buggies, some of them large vans with kitchens and bedrooms and side awnings. They belonged to a Massachusetts beach-buggy club.

"I'm Lou Schadwald of Rockland," said the only man with the crowd of women and children. "We spend weekends camping out on good beaches. We like this one best.

"No men are around because they're all off fishing in the surf. It's my turn to be the fishing-bus driver. I dropped the others off along the beach at sunup and will pick them up again at suppertime."

Dean Conger, my NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC photographer colleague, spent an evening with the club later. He ate with them and said it was as much fun as nights in the range country of his native Wyoming.

The beach buggy left the encampment behind, and soon we found a solitary fisherman casting from a tide-bared sand island in the ocean beyond a guzzle. Janice and Barbara and Pete sloshed out to see how he was faring.

They came back soaked, but poodle fur and T-shirts labeled "Cape Cod, Mass." dry quickly.

"He's caught three skates and a little sand shark," the girls reported. "Pete bit the shark and ran away. The fisherman is in a bad mood. He says he never catches anything but sharks and skates."

Like me. I see huge striped bass—30, 40 pounds apiece—weighed in at the Goose Hummock tackle shop in Orleans, and, with my Boston friend Willis Pattison, set out immediately for the surf in Willis's beach buggy. We never catch a striper but wind up fishing for fluke in Chatham Harbor.

Shoals Detoured Pilgrims to Plymouth

The Pilgrim Fathers stood on the brink of disaster hereabouts, and so did I. They got mixed up in the sand shoals of Pollock Rip off Monomoy Point and almost didn't get the *Mayflower* out again. That is why they turned north and settled at Plymouth instead of coasting on south to the Hudson River, where they were headed.*

*Resailing the Pilgrims' voyage in 1957, Capt. Alan Villiers recounted the adventure in NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC: "We're Coming Over on the *Mayflower*," May, 1957, and "How We Sailed the New *Mayflower* to America," November, 1957.

Not radio antennas but casting rods whistle in the breeze as a beach buggy carries fishermen to try for striped bass off Nauset Beach. Oversize, low-pressure tires give the 30-year-old Model-A Ford traction on soft sand. Cape Cod attracts buggy owners by the hundreds. They drive with care and courtesy under a self-imposed code.

Fresh-water pump, pounded deep into shore sands, supplies a beach camp on Nauset. Here the author met members of the Traveling Twenty Club, some of whom slept in their beach buggies.







Me, I lost the innards of Willis's favorite fishing reel in the sand. I bought him a new one and put the initialed handle of the old one on it.

"I cleaned your reel up a little," I said, handing it to him.

"Glory be," he said. "The best tackle shops in Boston and New York could never make that thing work right. How about taking a look at my power mower and well pump and the beach-buggy clutch?"

Storm and Shoal Waters Doom a Schooner

Rambling along beside the jolly surf, the Anthony beach buggy pulled up by the gaunt timbers of a sailing vessel sticking out of the sand (left). College youngsters, working for the summer as waitresses and camp counselors, sat in the lee of the stark bones, singing and romancing.

Life and death walk hand in hand where sea meets land. I knew of this ship, only one of thousands that have died in the breakers off Cape Cod, carrying many a crew to eternity. She was, I think, the last windjammer to founder here, and I have her story from eyewitnesses.

A northeaster was scouring the North Atlantic at dawn

Crumbling skeleton of the schooner *Montclair*, driven aground in 1927 with the loss of six lives, saddles a barrier dune on Nauset Beach. Nearly 4,000 ships have perished in shallows, tides, fogs, and gales off the Cape.

Combers pound the *Margaret Rose*, a 70-foot dragger beached last winter near Wood End Light. Coast Guard men sped to the wreck in the amphibious DUKW at right and rescued seven crewmen by lifeline and breeches buoy.



on March 4, 1927. The three-masted schooner *Montclair* out of Parrsboro, Nova Scotia, scudded for Pollock Rip Lightship with sails close reefed, but shoals were in her way, and she fetched up off Nauset Beach. Six men died, one survived.

John Anthony drove a little farther along Nauset Beach and introduced me to one of the town park commissioners, Alvin H. Wright.

"The year of the wreck I was bosun's mate in charge of the Old Harbor Coast Guard Station, now closed," Mr. Wright told me. "After our tower lookout spotted the schooner in trouble, we started up the beach.

"I tell you it was a terrible sight. She lay on a bar just offshore, but there was a deep guzzle between her and the beach, and the crew could only huddle on deck with the seas breaking over them. They washed off one by one. We finally got a line to them and brought the last two in, but one died later."

Wrecks Provide Beachcombers' Bounty

Albert E. Snow of Weeset went down to the wreck the same morning. His forebears settled Eastham in 1644. He handles a key at the marine wireless station at Chatham, and he writes Cape Cod lore for Malcolm Hobbs's delightful weekly newspaper, the *Cape Codder* of Orleans.

"I was wrecking, along with most of my neighbors," said Al. "Maybe I shouldn't say so, but your real Cape Codder is a born wrecker—he's such a thrifty Yankee he can't stand to see good stuff lying on the beach going to pot. Anyway, there's one of *Montclair's* quarter boards above my garage door now; there are quarter boards from wrecks nailed on barns all over the Cape.

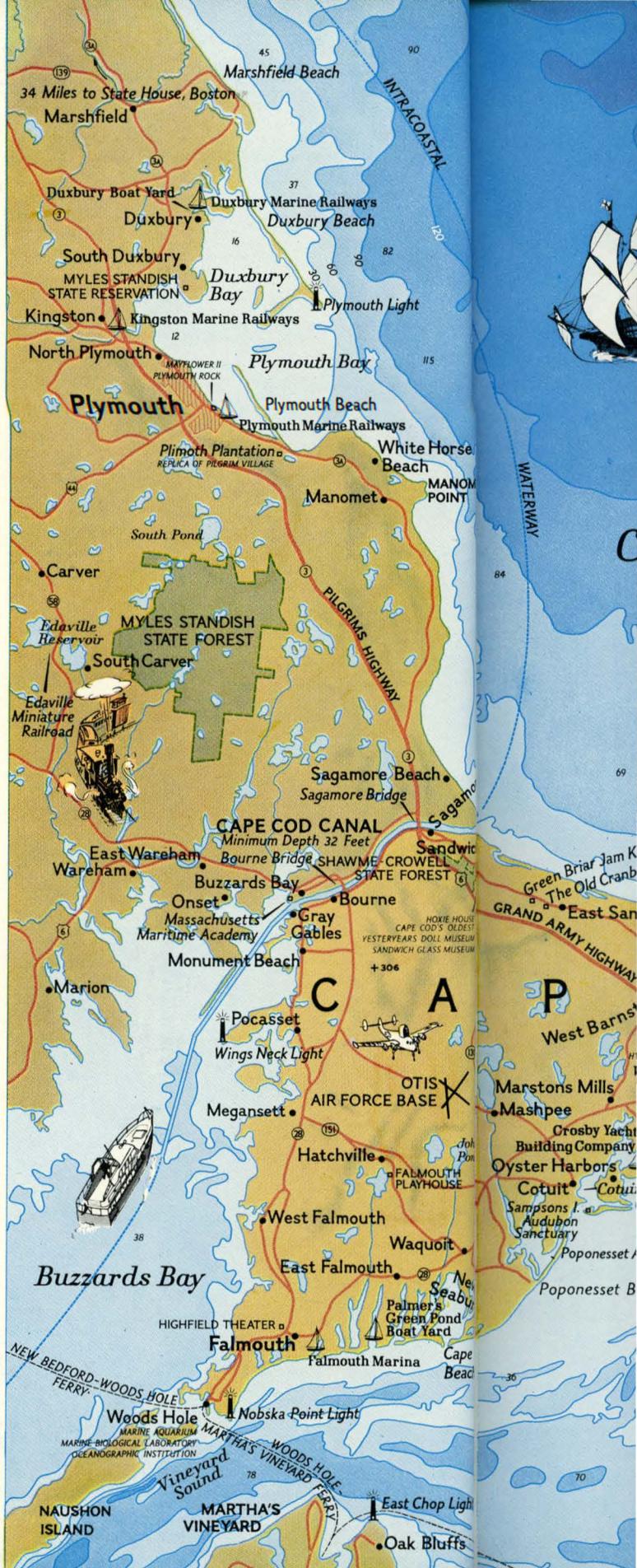
"Along toward evening a couple of us brought the end of a good piece of line ashore and started faking it down. We worked an hour, and the coil wasn't getting any bigger. We watched. By cracky, it was crawling back through the dune grass like a snake.

Cape Cod's Elbow Appears to Rest on Monomoy Island, a Wildlife Refuge

From Chatham to Provincetown, new national parklands preserve almost 27,000 acres of moor and marsh, cliff and dune.

Cape Cod Canal severs the peninsula from the Massachusetts mainland and spars shipping 70 hazardous miles of open sea.

In summer the Cape's population soars to a quarter of a million, almost four times the number of year-round residents.



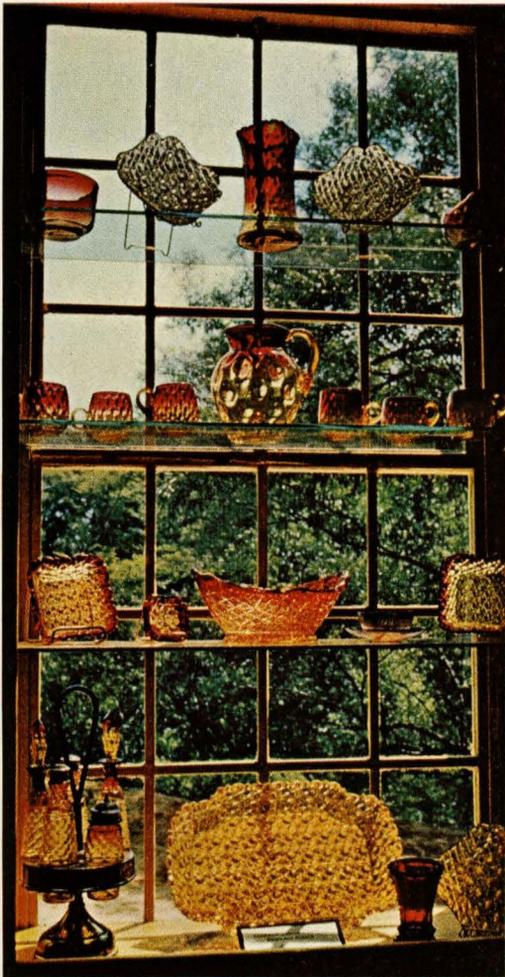
THE OLD CRANBERRY BARN



"Feller'd snuck out in the dark and got the bitter end and was loading it into his wagon, fast as we could haul it ashore. We let him keep it—he was a preacher."

I like the Great Beach at night. It is rarely twice the same. Sometimes the fog rolls in from the east, clammy as the breath of an iceberg, redolent of distant barnacled rocks at low tide. Sometimes the northeaster spits sand and scud and rain; sometimes the land breeze brings the perfume of bayberry and hayfield.

When half a moon lights the Great Beach,



KODACHROMES © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Sparkling glassware, made a century ago, brought renown to Sandwich. Sunshine fires rare amber and cranberry pieces in the Sandwich Glass Museum. True Sandwich glass has no identifying marks, inviting imitations.

Old Cranberry Barn, in East Sandwich, exercises a magnetic attraction. Visitors cull antiques and oddities. Plaster mannequin in a poke bonnet appears to consider a purchase.

small night creatures think they cannot be seen and move out of their hiding places.

"Let this gentleman by," I tell Fran, assisting her out of the path. The skunk passes in serenity. Lucky for all that Pete the poodle rests beside the cottage fireplace, tired from a day's digging for fiddler crabs.

A yellowlegs whistles high in the sky. He wants company. I whistle back. He dives and circles our heads, a darting blur in the moonlight. I have done him a favor: a new whistle pipes from the salt marsh nearby, and the yellowlegs flies to his kind.

I walked the Great Beach alone one night in a belated snowstorm of spring, and thought of Henry Beston spending the winter here. In *Outermost House*, one of the best of the Cape Cod books, Beston writes of the Coast Guard night patrols stopping at his little frame cottage for coffee and telling yarns of the beach, while the glowing stove melted the snow from their woolen watch caps.

Outermost House Still Stands Alone

When daylight came next morning, I made a cold pilgrimage to Outermost House, where it huddles in the dunes north of Nauset Harbor's shifting mouth. Someone had dragged it back out of reach of an ever-encroaching sea, but there compassion had ceased; it was empty and forlorn, and drifting sand leaned against its sides. Since then, however, the Massachusetts Audubon Society has taken over care of Outermost House, and naturalists summer there.

A happier literary pilgrimage was one Janice and I made in high summer to the House of the Wellfleet Oysterman in the woody hinterland back of the Great Beach.

If you have read *Cape Cod* by Thoreau, you will recall that in 1849 the naturalist of Walden Pond and a poet companion walked the beach all the way from Nauset Beach Lights—there were three then instead of today's one—to Provincetown. Just past the boundary stone between Wellfleet and Truro, the pair turned inland. Across rolling, barren country, they came upon the Oysterman's House and spent the night.

Pitch pines have come in thickly since 1849. When I tried the same walk in from the beach, it was so difficult I gave it up and left the woods to the numerous deer that kept crashing away at my approach.

Janice and I went in by car. We recognized the old house immediately from Thoreau's description of it and other Cape houses: "The ends of the houses had thus as many muzzles as a revolver, and, if the inhabitants have



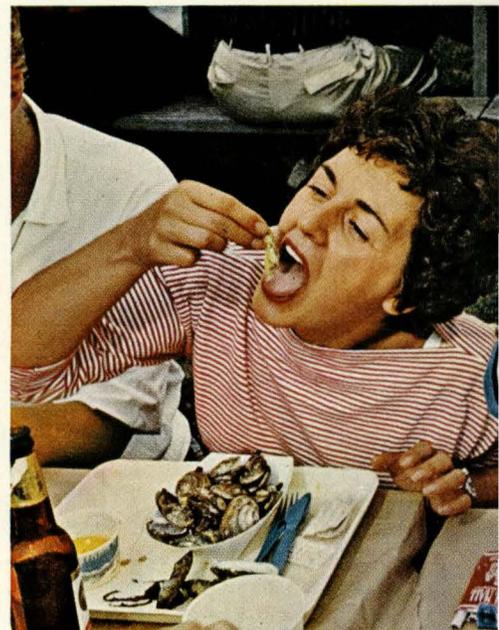


Savory Clouds of Steam Whet Appetites at a Cape Clambake

Caterers at the Bass River Rod & Gun Club uncover the bake pits and reveal the tempting first course, succulent long-neck clams still in their shells. Removal of the clams will expose flaming-red lobsters, golden ears of corn, and plump potatoes simmering over hot rocks in nests of well-washed seaweed. Diners dip them all in melted butter.

The feast concludes, for those who can crowd in anything else, with a wedge of ice-cold watermelon.

No cutlery needed. A guest pops a tender clam into her mouth. Even as an appetizer, individual portions may vary from a pint to a peck; true Cape Codders scorn small servings.





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the same habit of staring out the windows that some of our neighbors have, a traveler must stand a small chance with them."

Children looked out of most of the random-size windows as we drove up. Paolo Contini, an attorney with the United Nations, had the place for the summer, and these were the Contini children and their house guests.

They took Janice off to see their white riding horse. Mr. Contini showed me around. Thoreau would remember the great fireplace. The wide-boarded floor he had walked was still in place, although softly polished now, and there were gay curtains and hundreds of books and Beethoven on the hi-fi.

I remember a passage from Thoreau in which the fireplace figured. While his old wife cooked breakfast on the hearth, the Wellfleet Oysterman laid a steady barrage of tobacco juice upon the flames.

"I ate of the apple-sauce and the doughnuts, which I thought had sustained the least detriment from the old man's shots," wrote Thoreau, "but my companion refused the apple-sauce, and ate of the hot cake and green beans, which had appeared to him to occupy the safest part of the hearth."

"Stay for snacks," Mrs. Contini invited. "None of us chews tobacco." We stayed and had a wonderful time.

Were he around today, Thoreau, the lover of nature, would approve the newly authorized Cape Cod National Seashore, of which the Great Beach is an important part. The National Park Service says that this is the only extensive area on the Atlantic seaboard (excepting the Cape Hatteras National Seashore Recreational Area, North Carolina) which is not already so built up that its pristine values have been submerged.*

Many Cape Codders opposed the national seashore—whose enabling legislation was signed into law by President Kennedy on August 7, 1961—for the usual reasons: they would lose properties, or their business would be harmed. I have friends among them, and I sympathize with them.

On the other hand, I remember the day Dean Conger and I visited Corn Hill, where the Pilgrims "borrowed" their first winter's supply of the strange new grain, and First Encounter Beach, where Myles Standish

*See "October Holiday on the Outer Banks," by Nike Anderson, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, October, 1955.

Boys paint saucer-size clamshells and smaller scallop shells to sell as ashtrays at a roadside stand in Wellfleet.

Swiss-born Arnold Geissbuhler shapes plaster into sculpture in his studio on Scargo Lake in Dennis. Bird life and landscapes just outside the window inspire many of his creations. Although he and his wife Elisabeth often work and study abroad, their Cape Cod home keeps calling them back.

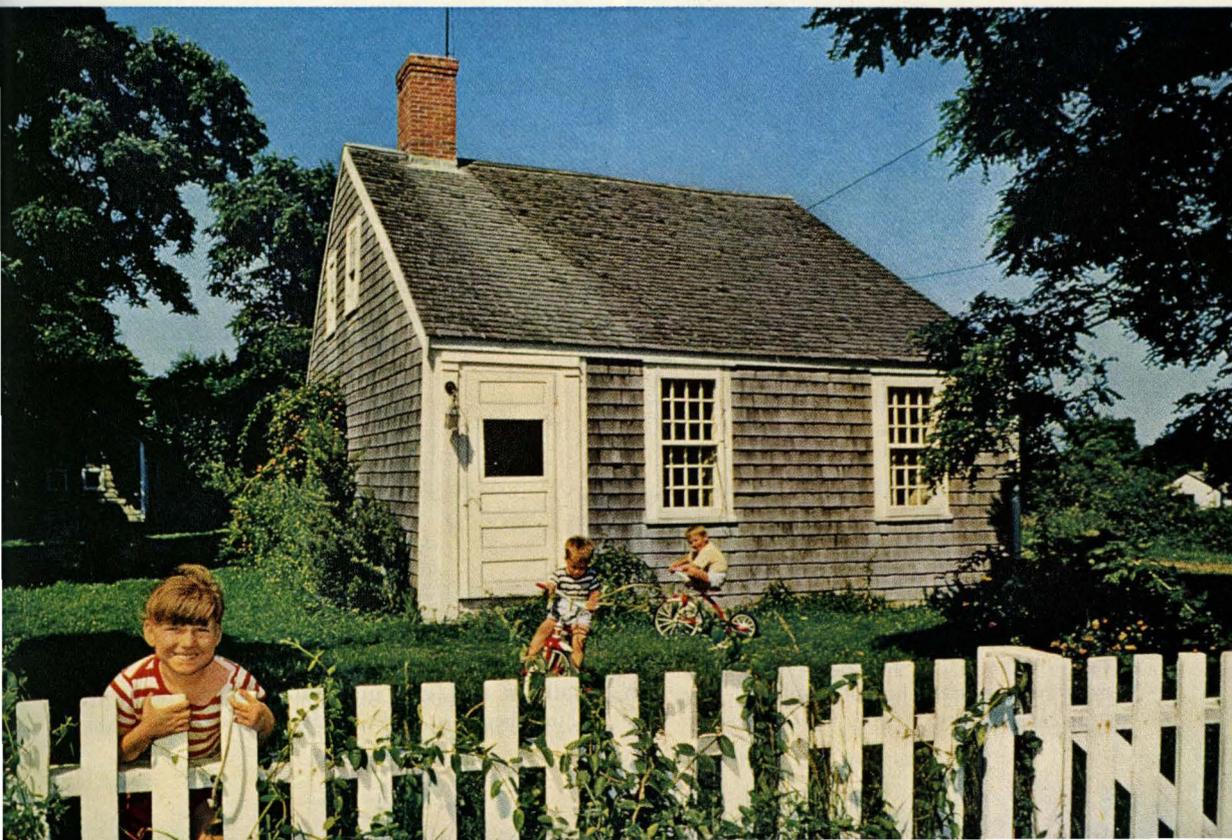
The Cape lures artists and men of letters. Poet Conrad Aiken lives in Brewster, Cape Cod historian Henry C. Kittredge in Barnstable. John Dos Passos, among many other writers, has summered here, as did playwright Eugene O'Neill. His works were first staged by the young Provincetown Players.

Salt Air Silvers a Cape Cod Cottage in Sagamore

Early Cape couples often began married life in a modest half-house. As the family increased, they added a balancing section and perhaps an ell. Such expanding houses gained renown as Cape Cod cottages, and the design spread across the United States.

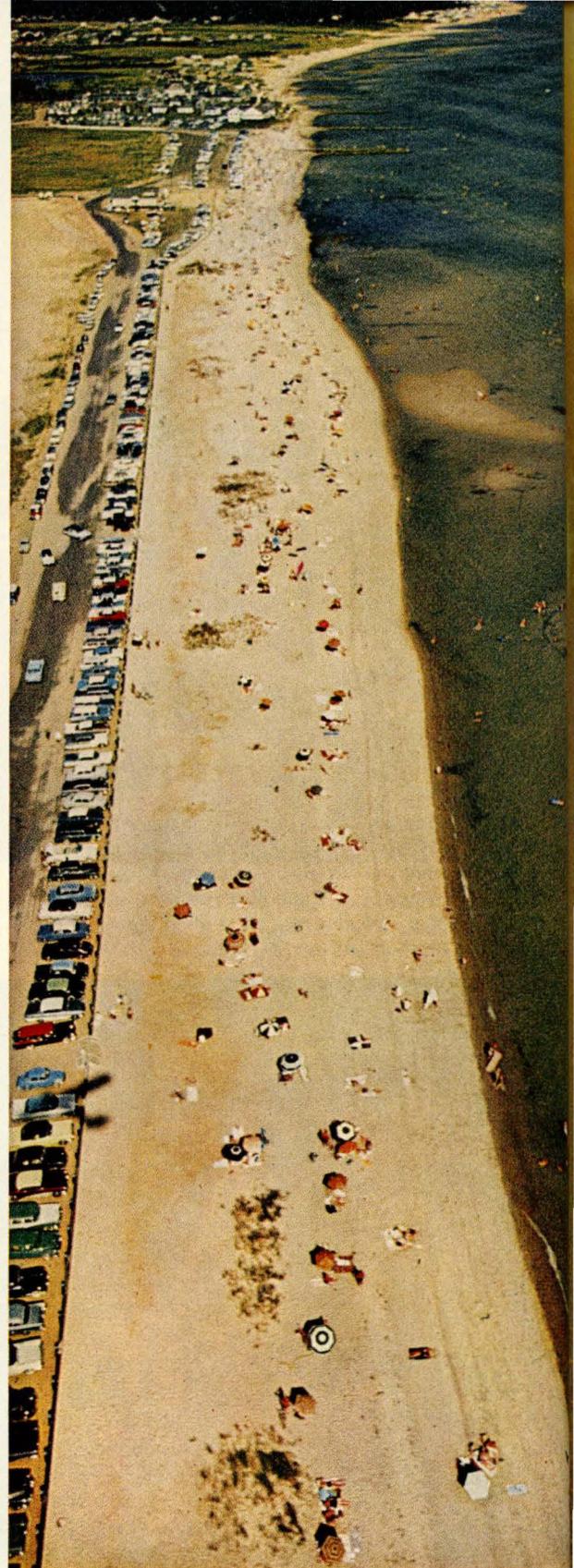


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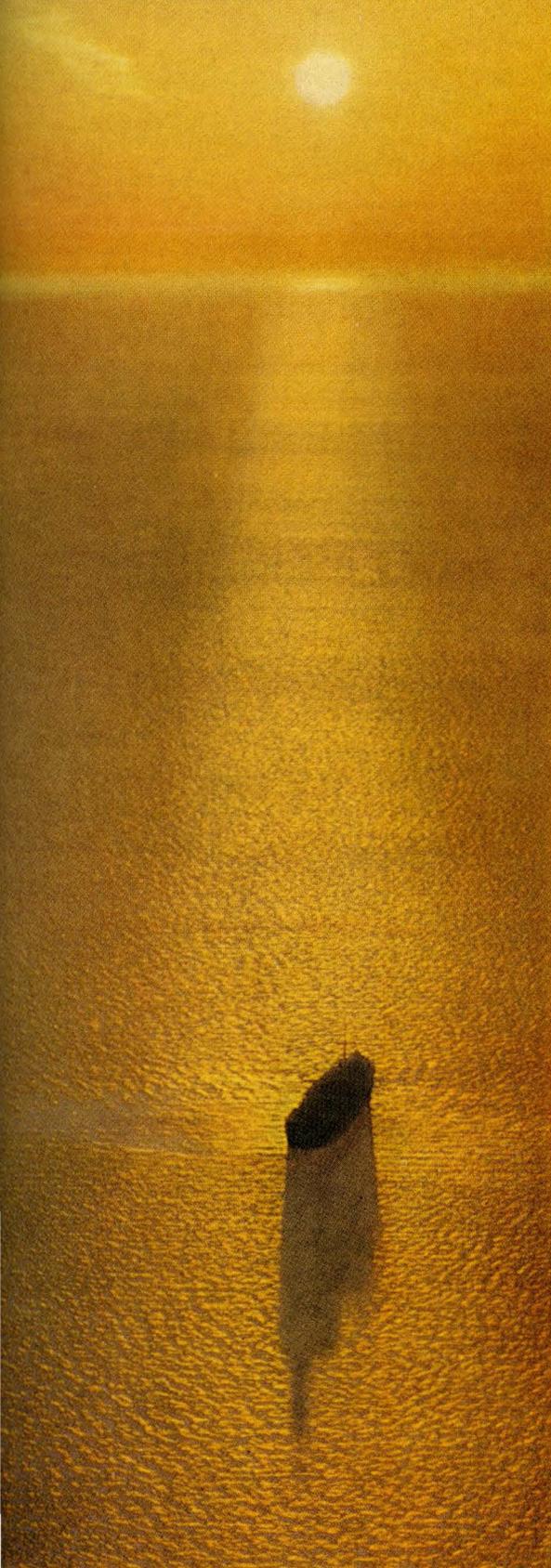




Yeasty surf tugs the line of a solitary fisherman casting into the ocean from Nauset Beach.



Bathers and gay umbrellas dot a Nantucket Sound beach at West Dennis in midafternoon.



KODACHROMES © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Sunset's gold envelops the military target ship *James Longstreet*, purposely grounded off Orleans.

and his men returned musket fire against Indian arrows.

To read the inscription on the modest Corn Hill marker, I had to dig away drifted sand. No trouble finding a digging tool: there were plenty of paper picnic plates around.

Not far off stood gaudy summer cottages and rows of clotheslines gay with summer beach togs. As for First Encounter Beach, it had fewer close-by summer cottages but more picnic plates.

Cape Cod National Seashore will go into operation, the National Park Service says, when enough land has been acquired "to permit establishment of an efficiently administrable unit." Land acquisition has begun.

The seashore will run some 42 miles from Long Point Light, the entrance to Provincetown Harbor, to the southernmost tip of Nauset Beach. It includes all of the Great Beach. It will also cross the Cape in Truro and Wellfleet Townships and pick up ten miles of beach on Cape Cod Bay, favored by many for bathing because it is warmer and calmer than the Atlantic side.

All told, it will add almost 27,000 acres to the country's recreational domain—9 or so percent of the total area of Cape Cod. It will not include Monomoy Island, a wild sand spit jutting south from the elbow of Cape Cod. The United States Fish and Wildlife Service now guards Monomoy as a refuge for thousands of geese, ducks, and shore birds, and a thriving herd of deer.

Cape Hatteras is the country's first national seashore; Cape Cod will be the second.

Summer Traffic Crawls Through Hyannis

You could hardly make a national park on the Cape between the canal and the elbow at Chatham, however, so heavily is the land developed. Hyannis, inland from Hyannis Port and President John F. Kennedy's summer home, gets so much traffic that the main street has been made one way. Nonetheless, cars move through at a crawl.

Motels, filling stations, and shopping centers line the highway on the Nantucket Sound side from Hyannis to Chatham. There is an edifice along this highway called the Leaning Tower of Pizza. It is not a very good copy of the original in Italy, but the pizza served beneath it is not bad.

Chatham has a well-groomed look and so does Falmouth. Bourne, beside the canal, is urban and modern. Oyster Harbors, Wianno, and Osterville are exclusive, with big summer homes and formal gardens.





For the quaint, old-fashioned New England atmosphere, I will take Route 6A, which runs along the Cape Cod Bay side of the peninsula, through Sandwich, where the glass factory once stood, and Dennis with its shade elms, and staid Brewster, in which the sea captains built their big, foursquare houses.

If you have a wife and girl children, this can be a costly road. Along its southern reaches live people who make fascinating things in the old way, with their hands and simple tools. My womenfolk buy these things with budget-breaking fervor.

Elegance From Simple Things

Nina Sutton, for example, makes jewelry of Sandwich glass. She has been responsible more than once for frankfurters instead of steak in my house. Nina prowls the site of the old factory with a shovel and collects broken bits of colored glass which she cuts, polishes, and sells to my wife.

Her things are so good that the Sandwich Glass Museum exhibits them along with its priceless collection of bottles, glasses, and bowls made here in the long ago. Most Sandwich glass sold cheaply and was for everyday use. Today collectors pay high prices for even the lowliest items (page 161).

One of my favorite Route 6A craftsmen is Peter Peltz, of East Sandwich. He carves birds and mounts them on driftwood. For models he has only to look out the windows of his small gray-shingled shop. Hawks, gulls, and red-winged blackbirds haunt the marsh on one side of the road, birds of the pines and scrub oaks, the other.

Harry Holl of Scargo Lake makes beautiful pottery. In a nearby studio, sculptor Arnold Geissbuhler works to the music of the summer breeze in the

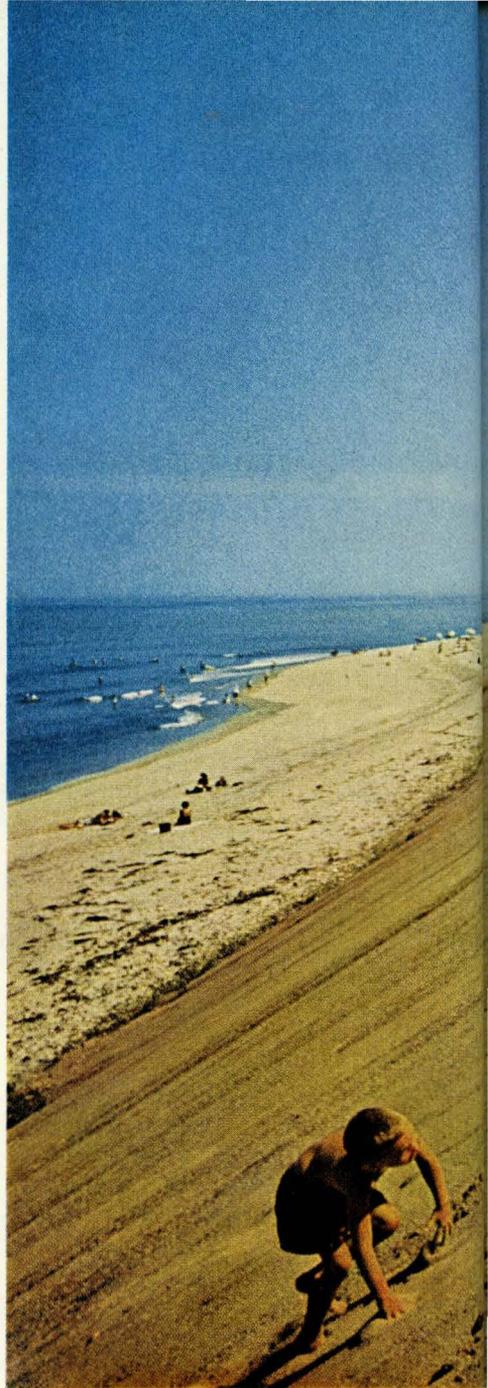
Low Tide Exposes Almost a Mile of the Floor of Cape Cod Bay

Here, on the Orleans flats, an occasional tiny geyser erupting in the mud betrays a clam or quahog. Diggers, booted or barefoot, stalk them far from the water line. In this view from a blimp, tracks of a beach buggy scar the foreground and fish weirs stand like fences in the distance.



Heeling to a spanking breeze, a Sailfish out of Hyannis skims waves like the surfboard it resembles. Cape Cod youngsters, surrounded by sunny seas and more than 300 ponds, often sail before they learn to cycle.

Carefree children slide down a steep sand slope at Longnook Beach in Truro Township. Here, where the lower Cape bends its wrist westward, bluffs tower 150 feet above the Atlantic. Each year restless winds and water nibble away at this tilted terrain.



piny woods. Two decades of Wellesley College students remember his classes in sculpture. The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York and the Salon des Tuileries in Paris have exhibited his works (page 164).

At the Green Briar Jam Kitchen, a score of talented ladies cook jams and jellies, including one made from the wild beach plums of Cape Cod. Marise Fawsett and Yvonne Rousseau have a tiny roadside shop specializing in Christmas cards.

Myself, I can resist wrought-iron weather

vanes and hooked rugs. But Louise Black found a chink in my armor one day. The Black family weaves soft woolen cloth on hand looms. Louise made me a necktie while I talked to her dad. I still wear it.

The Place Where Up Is Down

Follow 6A seaward and you come eventually to Provincetown. One travels "down-Cape" to "P'town," though the way is north. Head south, and you are going "up-Cape."

Dean Conger and I drove down-Cape of a



KODACHROMES © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Saturday afternoon, following 6A until it merged with the central expressway, the Grand Army Highway, for the last twenty-odd miles to Provincetown. In bumper-to-bumper traffic we rolled into town.

Thoreau knew it as a simple village of people who fished for cod and sun-dried them on racks in fenced squares of sand that passed for front yards. We found it jam-packed with vacationists. Many were weekenders come by excursion boat.

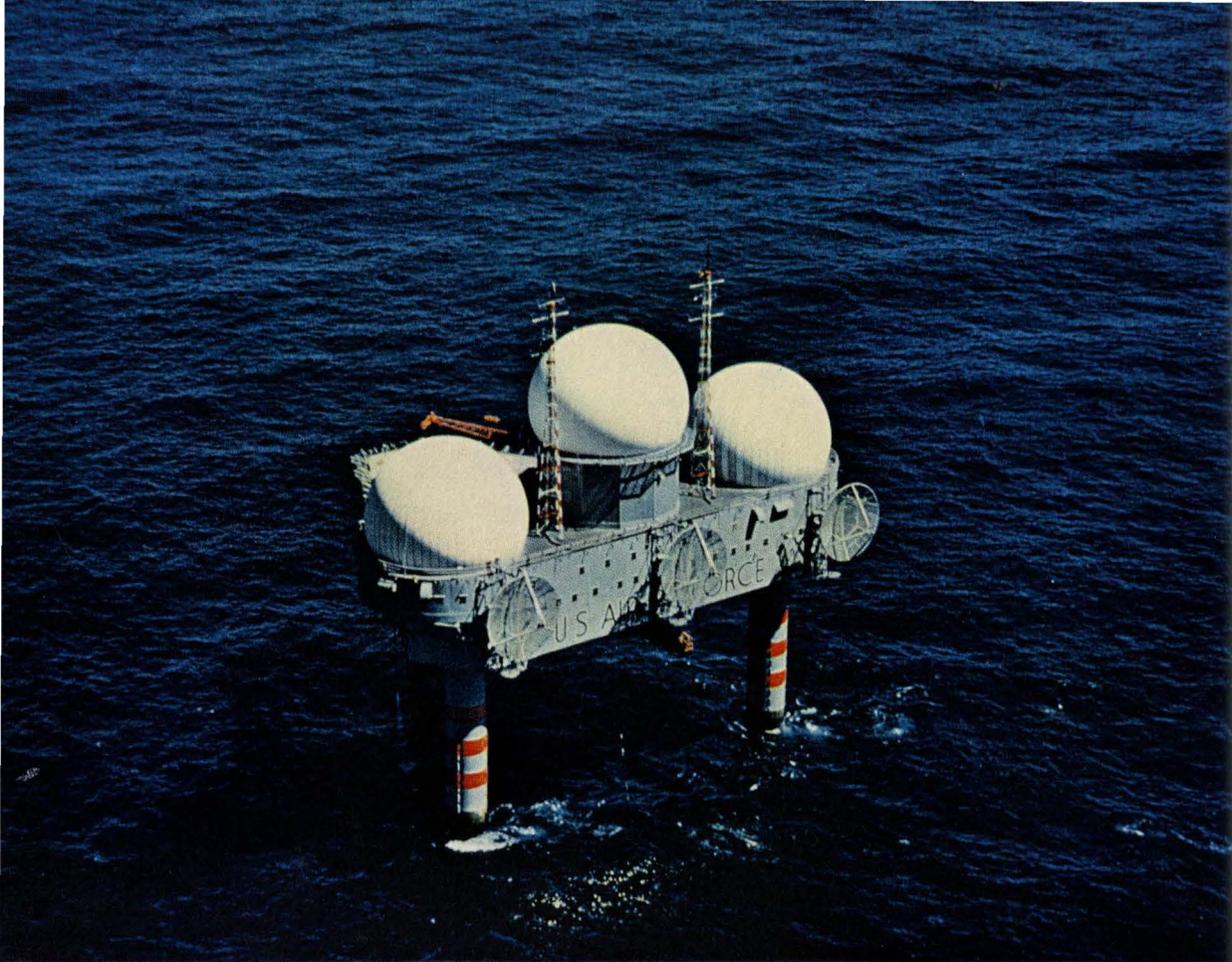
We crammed the car into a parking lot and

went on afoot, following the sound of a bell. Near the waterfront we encountered the bell ringer, a man in Pilgrim costume (page 152).

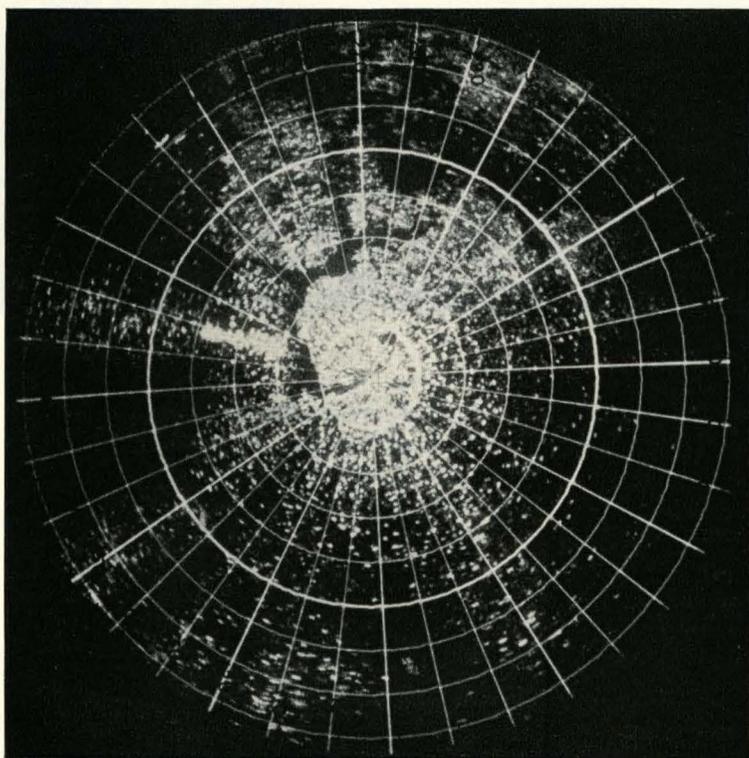
"He's Arthur Snader, the town crier," a traffic policeman told me. "He has a voice like a foghorn. Best crier we've had in years."

A man dressed like Popeye the Sailor hove into view. The town crier indignantly ordered him away.

"This is my territory," said the crier. "Besides, he only looks like Popeye when he takes out his false teeth."



KODACHROME © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY



Texas Tower in the Atlantic Tracks Planes and Birds

Standing on 178-foot steel stilts above Georges Bank, 115 miles east of Chatham, Tower No. 2 scans the skies for signs of an enemy. A similar tower off New Jersey toppled in a wild storm in January, 1961.

United States airmen, who operate the radar screens, see great flocks of migrant birds crossing the Cape after dark. As the flocks pass in the night, a camera automatically records their images on the scopes. Films go ashore for study by Massachusetts Audubon Society men.

Billiard-ball plastic domes house the radar antennas.

Common terns clutter a radar screen. On some nights the tower's electronic eye sights as many as six million migrants.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE, MITRE CORP.

But no one could say that the strains of a Mozart symphony coming from the white-frame, green-spired town hall were anything but real. The musicians were playing uncommonly well. I slipped inside through an open side door.

This was the Provincetown Symphony, composed of musicians who play in the best-known orchestras of the East in winter months. The conductor spotted me.

"No rehearsal kibitzers," he said firmly. "Buy a ticket for tonight's concert."

"Well, now," I said, "I think I will tell your orchestra that you played glockenspiel in the Princeton band. How've you been since June, 1930, Jo?"

So I stayed through rehearsal with my college classmate Joseph Hawthorne, summertime conductor of the Provincetown Symphony, regular conductor of the Toledo Orchestra in winter, and never a glockenspiel player in the Princeton band.

Jo's father, Charles W. Hawthorne, a noted figure painter, helped found the Provincetown art colony. These days most of the artists paint abstracts. Hans Hofmann is considered dean of the colony.

Seong Moy, who has an art school, often takes his classes into the huge sand dunes near Race Point for inspiration. Australian-born Mary Cecil Allen, who died last spring, chose to paint streets and wharves and boats. She had told me that not only are these things exceptionally gay and lovely, but the light around Provincetown has a peculiarly inspiring quality.

P'town's Portuguese Know the Sea

Provincetown's real heart is the waterfront. Here the yachts tie up, and the fishing boats—the draggers, the scallopers, the trawlers, the party boats that take sport fishermen out at so much a head—come in to MacMillan Wharf, named for Provincetown's famed Arctic explorer, Donald B. MacMillan.

The Portuguese-descended fishermen mend their nets on the piers and patiently answer the questions of the milling tourists. Their sun-browned sons dive for coins in the clear water and, in the evening, fish for squid from the wharf stringers. They live in a quiet quarter of town that could be a bit of Portugal. They go to mass before morning light, before they leave for the fishing, and on feast days their religious processions wind colorfully to church.

They have lovely names—Codinha, Costa, Rodrigues. I know many of them. Elmer Costa is one. His dad went off to the Grand Banks in a schooner, but young Costa has a modern cabin cruiser in which he takes fishermen out for the huge tuna that migrate past Cape Cod.

Two things tell me that Elmer is the sort of born seafaring man who will come back from the sea in the evenings, if anyone does: There is never a bit of loose gear in *Columbia*, his boat, and beside his powerful radiotelephone is framed the old prayer of the sailorman, the one that says, "Oh God, Thy sea is so great and my boat is so small. . . ."



Bird in hand, Wallace Bailey of the Massachusetts Audubon Society bands an arctic tern, one of about 100 that nest on Tern Island off Chatham. A champion traveler, the species winters as far south as the Antarctic and usually summers north of Nova Scotia. The author's daughter Janice holds shells of channeled whelks, which feed on clams and oysters.





The fishermen of Cape Cod have not always come back. A stone monument stands in an old burial ground at Truro, bearing the weathered inscription:

SACRED
to the memory of
57 citizens of Truro,
who were lost in seven
vessels, which
foundered at sea in
the memorable gale
of Oct. 3, 1841.

*"Then shall the dust
return to the earth as
it was; and the spirit
shall return unto God
who gave it."*

I read the names. Many were related; eight were Snows. Al Snow of Weeset, who had the *Montclair's* quarter board, later told me the story.

The Truro vessels lay to their anchors on Georges Bank, 115 miles east of the Cape, the night the gale struck, unwilling to go home while the schooners of Boston and Gloucester and other ports still filled their holds with fat cod. Soon it was too late to go. Schooners to windward dragged anchor and staggered through the helpless fleet, carrying all in their paths to the depths.

The able men of Truro chopped their anchor lines and clawed off, somehow making sail. Two Truro crews came home. Capt. Matthias Rich drove *Water Witch* to safety behind Race Point. *Garnet* was knocked down and dismasted, but Capt. Joshua Knowles, in an epic feat of seamanship, set her back on her feet and kept her afloat until a Liverpool packet picked up the crew.

You might say that a third ship came home, too. After the storm, *Pomona* came in on a chance tide to Nauset, her keel in the air and three drowned boys in her cabin.

But seven schooners of Truro, standing for home in the smother, could not weather the sands of Nantucket Shoals and perished there in the breakers.

I went out to the shoals where they struck, riding in a helicopter from Otis Air Force Base, a major link in the chain of military installations guarding the Atlantic coast. The chopper took us to the so-called Texas Tower No. 3, standing on spidery steel legs planted in sea bottom far from shore.

I landed on the radar-domed tower on Nantucket Shoals, and from its windy deck saw their fangs of sand beneath the shallow water. I remember I had a good din-

Keyhole of the Cape, Wychmere Harbor Safeguards Boats From the Swells of Nantucket Sound

When the anchorage was still a fresh-water pond, captains of schooners enclosed it with a track on which they raced fillies brought home from abroad. Lobstermen who moor here set their traps as far as 15 miles at sea. Pleasure craft share the cove.



KODACHROMES BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER DEAN CONGER © N.G.S.

Woods Hole Scientists Unlock Secrets of the Sea

Specialists from research centers at Woods Hole explore many aspects of a little-known frontier that covers nearly three-quarters of the globe and may produce food and fuel for millions yet unborn. Here an aide at the Oceanographic Institution examines marine plankton and records her findings. Her laboratory window offers a view of the research vessel *Crawford* and distant Martha's Vineyard.

Class on a cruise. Students of the Children's School of Science watch Jan Hahn, editor of *Oceanus* magazine, explain the working of a deep-sea thermometer. They attend a summer course offered to Woods Hole youngsters.



ner, in a comfortable dining room, with ice cream for dessert, and could have seen a movie had I wished.

I talked with the young airmen on the tower and told them about the Truro schooners, and they said it was a shame, of course, but these days people had tamed the Atlantic with things like this Texas Tower, which could withstand any gale.

A year later, I think it was, Texas Tower No. 4, 76 miles off the coast of New Jersey, crumpled and sank before the fury of gale winds and buffeting seas, and all 28 men in it were lost. Man may tame the ocean one day, but the day is not yet.

Radar Tracks Bird Migrants

With me in the helicopter rode Wallace Bailey of the Massachusetts Audubon Society. Wally runs the Wellfleet Bay Wildlife Sanctuary, and he was going out to the tower on business, to change the film in cameras that watch birds by radar (page 172). Wally told me the fascinating story as we winged out to sea.

"Otis airbase phoned me one fall day," he said. "Seems the radars were picking up unusual low-flying clouds on good nights, and the only clue was a few dead or dazed birds on the decks next morning. We went out and took a look, and ob-

viously the clouds were migrating birds.

"The Air Force lent us cameras and set them up in front of the radar screens. On spring and fall nights they trigger them to run automatically. I'm going out now to pick up some film.

"We worked out methods to count the birds in the flocks, and we find out pretty well what kinds they are by identifying the ones that show up on the refuge in daylight in the same period.

"Let's say we develop some film that shows loose-knit flocks of birds, and next day the refuge fields are covered with robins. Or we get some pictures of birds flying regular straight formations, and next day we have geese in our ponds. This is fairly simple.

"But we couldn't believe our eyes when we started counting. On some fine nights, six million birds will come by the Cape. Obviously, we're on a major migration flyway here, and the birds must be well protected in our territory lest the bird life of the entire east coast be affected."

The Audubon Society's reputation as the organization to solve bird problems spread fast. Starlings on a Boston airfield caused a bad crash one day by clogging jet engine intakes. Audubon researchers were sent for to see if they could keep the starlings off the field.

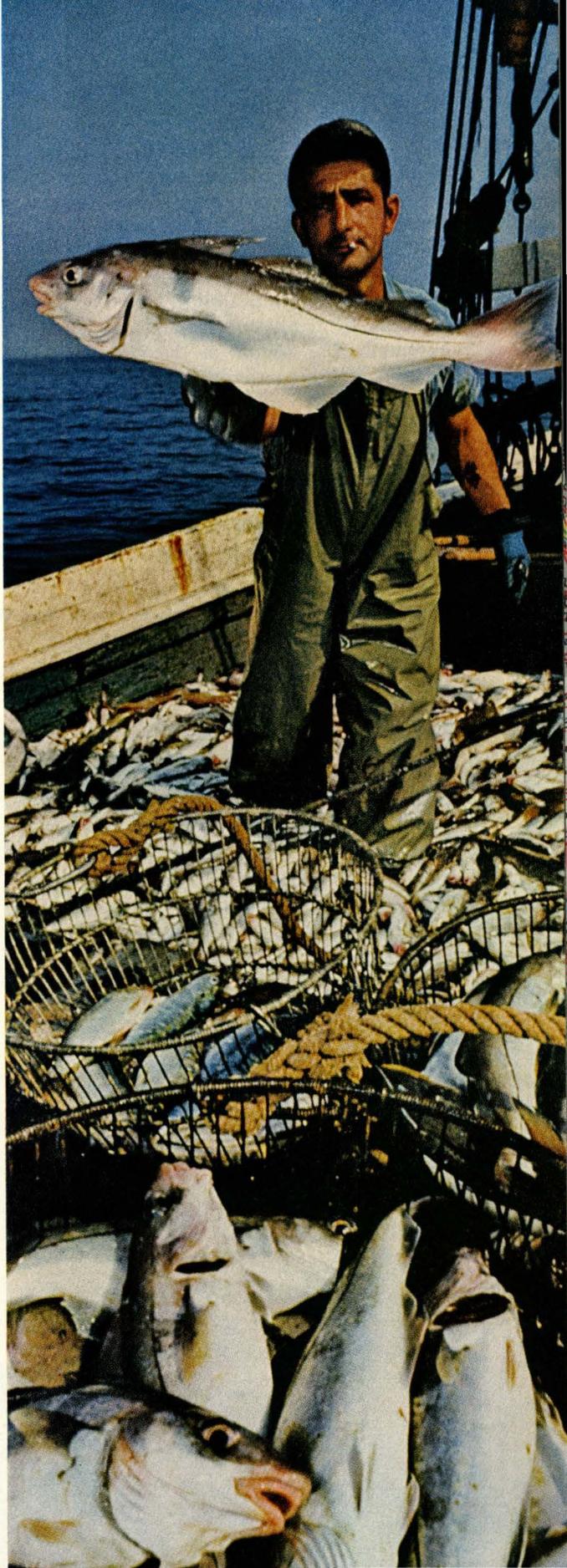
"Nothing to it," Wally told me. "The starlings liked some reedy marsh grass that grew by the airport. We suggested

Fish Fly as a Sun-bronzed Cape-ender Culls His Catch

Wading in small fry that canners buy for cat food, Provincetown fisherman Antone Costa shoots for a basket with a two-foot haddock.

Like many others who harvest these waters, the boatman's seafaring ancestors migrated from the Azores more than a century ago to man New England ships. Late each June he participates in a colorful religious rite, the Blessing of the Fleet, which signals the start of another season at sea.

Fishing, which produced the peninsula's early prosperity, remains a major industry. Offshore waters abound in tuna, pollock, herring, mackerel, and the cod for which Capt. Bartholomew Gosnold named the Cape in 1602.



removing it. The starlings left. The same thing can be done for island airports where sea birds are a problem—change sand dunes around or remove them entirely, for example, to alter air currents.”

Wally has identified many Cape Cod “firsts”—usually some European bird blown across the ocean by freak storms—and has taken any number of people in the sanctuary’s beach buggy to see tern rookeries and the fascinating feathered inhabitants of the Cape’s salt marshes and outer beaches (page 173).

Janice and I have been on many of these trips with Wally, but I suspect he is quite happy when we stay behind at the refuge so that Janice can ride his saddle horse. Truth is that, although Janice and I like birds very

much, we annoy the serious ornithologists who ride the buggy. A red fox or a colony of fiddler crabs can distract us and hold up the whole party, and we do not care whether a bird is a piping plover or a willet so long as it is beautiful and graceful and runs on tiny, pattering feet along the line of foam the waves leave on the beach.

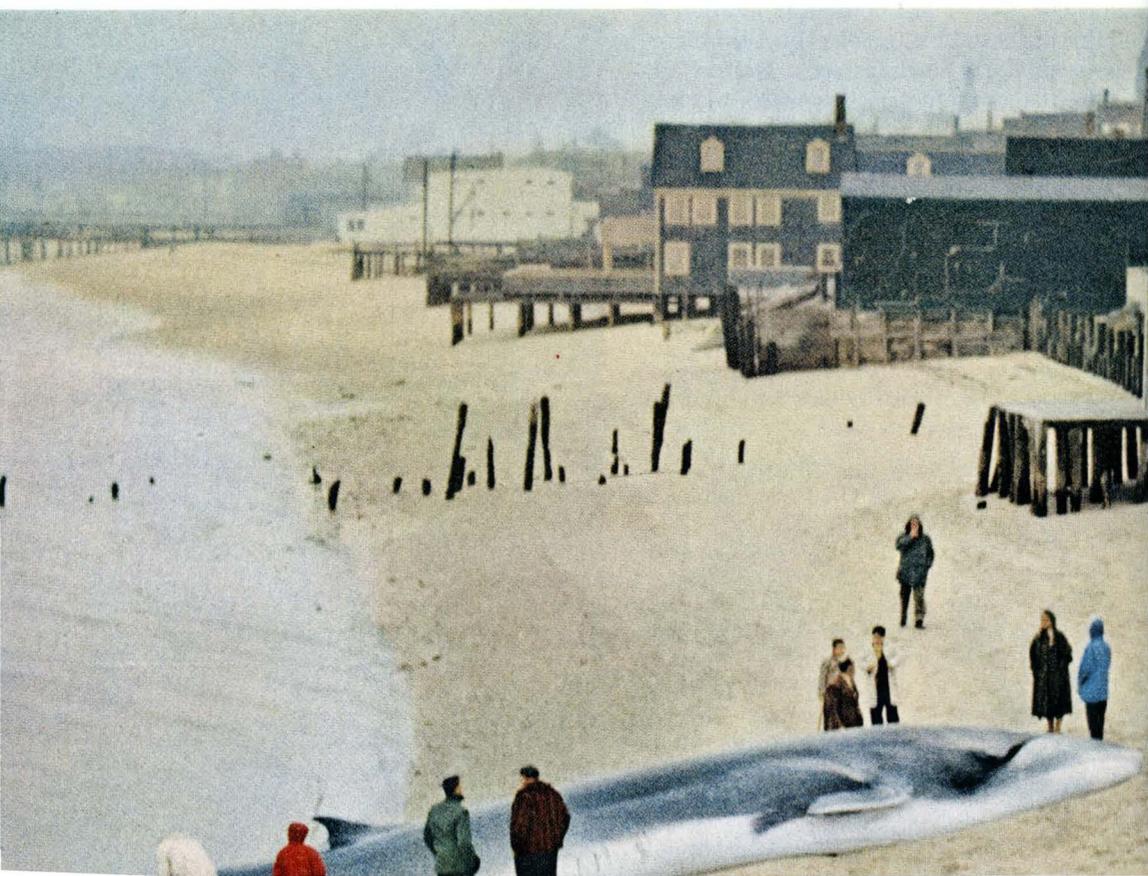
Wally’s worst day was the one on which he gave Janice some tern eggs his practiced eye told him would never amount to terns. Janice sat squarely on them in the buggy.

Oceanography Flourishes in Woods Hole

If you think of Cape Cod only as a place of summer fun, you have not been to Woods Hole. For all its quaintness, this tiny port is

Dying whale on a Provincetown beach yields long-sought data for science. Stranded in December, 1959, the 40-ton male finback resisted five attempts to tow him back to sea. Researchers from

Woods Hole then successfully recorded his heart-beat at 25 per minute (humans average 72), from a heart estimated at 500 pounds versus man’s at some 9 ounces. The whale’s body temperature



home to three important scientific establishments that try in many ways to learn more about the ocean.

The Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution is best known of the three. Its research vessels prowl the oceans, charting depths, testing salinity and temperature, measuring currents. The summer visitors see the scientists coming ashore from cruises, sunburned and bearded and carrying faded sea bags laden with exotic souvenirs.

From oceanography, a science now undergoing tremendous expansion, can come new knowledge vital to the very existence of mankind. What will we all eat, for example, in the 21st century, when there will be six billion of us?

Will the sea someday be farmed as efficiently as the land?

"This is doubtful," said Jan Hahn, editor of the institution's magazine, *Oceanus*, as he showed me through the labs, "although there is no question that we can increase the ocean harvest by more efficient methods."

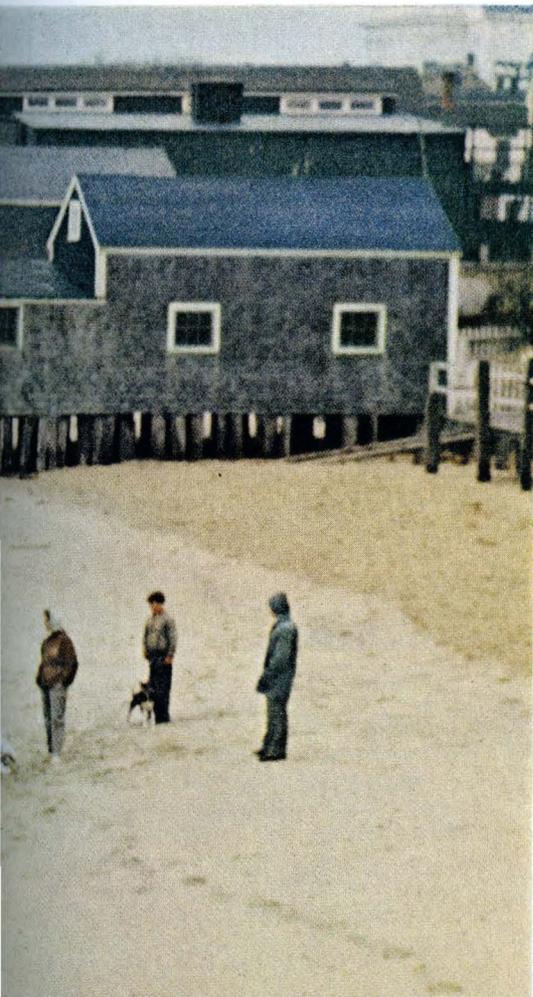
Scientists Explore Sea Movements

How much long-lived radioactive waste could safely be dumped into deep parts of the oceans? Institution experts have been studying this problem for several years.

From deepest sea bottom to surface there is intercommunication of creatures and currents. One example is the nightly migration of fish and plankton from deep water upward

was 92° F., its fins and tail 50°. In 1956 and 1957, in a Baja California lagoon, Dr. Paul Dudley White with National Geographic Society aid tried to record the heart of a free-swimming large gray whale.

EKTACHROME BY DAN BERNSTEIN © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY



KODACHROME BY DEAN CONGER

Spinning a tale of sailing ships, Bertha Boyce of West Falmouth tells of 90 years ago when, as a five-year-old girl, she accompanied her captain-father to whaling waters halfway around the world. She holds a piece of old scrimshaw, an engraved whale's tooth.

—and if this plankton should ever become radioactive, it might poison the fish that eat it, and the fish might then poison man.

Work done at Woods Hole helps other scientists decide where to drill through the sea floor to reach earth's inner crust; this is the Mohole project so frequently in the news.*

Oceans Send Up Triggers for Rain

"What makes some clouds rain and others not?" ask Woods Hole scientists, as they look into the relationships between the oceans and the atmosphere.

They have found that breaking seas toss tiny droplets into the air. Minute specks of salt somehow rise into the clouds, where they become nuclei for drops of water that come back to earth as rain.

"This is only one of many important basic

*See "Scientists Drill at Sea to Pierce Earth's Crust," by Samuel W. Matthews, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, November, 1961.

phenomena under study here," said Jan, "and since we keep on patiently inquiring, one day we may discover much that will be of enormous benefit to man."

The institution does considerable work for the Navy, some of it secret. It has furnished last-minute information on the meandering Gulf Stream for yachtsmen racing to Bermuda. Staff members help make oceanography fascinating to children on small-scale expeditions around the harbor (page 176).

Not long back the institution rediscovered the right whale in New England waters. Prime target of the old-time whale fishery, this beast had disappeared from the North Atlantic coast. Then, about six years ago, Woods Hole people spotted right whales playing in Vineyard Sound and Cape Cod Bay.

There is a Woods Hole scientist who keeps a tankful of scallops in his lab. I peered over into the tank, he tapped the glass sides, and the jet-propelled mollusks sprayed me as they took off in fright.

"What do you do with these impolite things?" I asked the scientist.

"Just sic 'em on visitors," he said.

Across the street from the institution, the Marine Biological Laboratory has been attracting scientists and advanced students in biology and medicine to its research facilities since 1888.

The laboratory came to Woods Hole because two Atlantic currents meet off Cape Cod, one the cold Labrador Current, the other the warm Gulf Stream. Thus this sea holds a greater variety of creatures than an ordinary sea, and creatures of the sea are vital re-



Heaping baskets of home-grown raspberries await the kettle at the Green Briar Jam Kitchen in East Sandwich. The Cape's mild climate, tempered by the Gulf Stream, produces abundant crops of blueberries, strawberries, cranberries, and beach plums.

Curving Cape Cod Canal links Buzzards Bay in foreground with distant Cape Cod Bay. Variations in tide times and levels between the bays cause a swift current to sluice back and forth in the eight-mile trough.

Humpbacked Bourne Bridge and the elevated railroad span serve as gateways to the Cape. *Bay State*, training ship of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy, moors beside the school's athletic field.





Warm, gentle waters at Craigville Beach lure holidayers on the Fourth of July. Shallows and surf to suit every swimmer's taste fringe the Cape's 300-mile shore.

Harmony and hot dogs. Students at Sandy Neck Beach relax from their summer jobs.

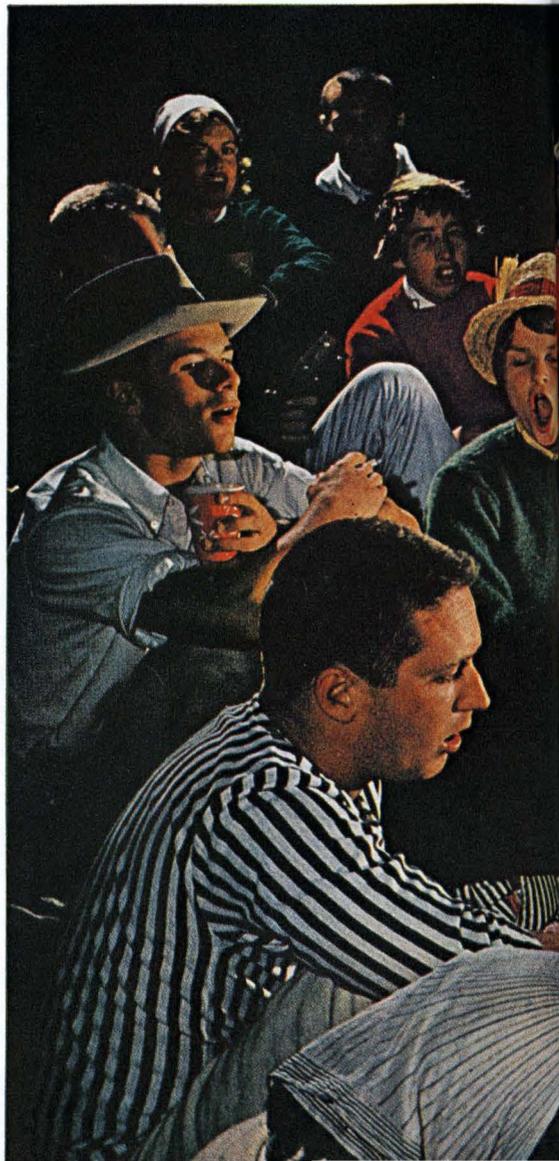
search material for investigators of the life sciences.

The nerve fibers of a squid, for example, are like those of a human, and the squid's nerve fibers are so large that they are fairly easy to study. Again, from experiments with sea urchin eggs might come aid toward the long-sought victory over human cancer; chemicals that inhibit the growth of sea urchin eggs might have use in the treatment of cancer, which is generally regarded as an uncontrolled multiplication of tissue cells.

The researchers at the lab come from a hundred institutions all over the world. For them the lab's collecting boats gather squids and sea urchins and the like, and upon special request, a young whale or a manta ray. It is not unusual to find several Nobel Prize winners in summer residence.

They work in freedom at the lab. Researchers mostly engage in basic research, meaning that a project need not have any specific application so long as it adds to the fund of human knowledge.

The third Woods Hole scientific establishment, a biological laboratory run by the United States Fish and Wildlife Service, applies its research to the improvement of the North Atlantic's commercial fisheries.



It studies the cod and haddock of Georges Bank and recommends regulations to preserve their numbers. It devises rafts for suspending oysters out of reach of bottom-dwelling enemies. It tags all sorts of food fishes to learn their travel habits.

To find out what fishes do when a trawler drags his net through them, Fish and Wildlife scientists lower a television camera into the depths. Cod and haddock, they can now report, generally must be overhauled from behind. Silver hake, on the other hand, dive headlong into the trap.

Obviously, this sort of thing helps a fisherman design a better net and tells him how fast to drag it through the sea.

The laboratory has a new aquarium, re-

placing one wrecked in a hurricane some years ago. Like its predecessor, this place is popular with tourists.

"It's a funny thing," said Herbert W. Graham, the lab director, "how few people, even New Englanders, have ever seen a live cod or redfish. They've seen sharks and porpoises and barracuda and other strange creatures in the big exhibition aquariums, but never the fish they eat each week."

On Cape Cod, You Never Look Back

Now the west wind blows more often. In fireplaces the green-tinged fires of driftwood crackle in the lengthening evenings. There are crickets in the house at Nauset for Pete to hunt. The golden days grow shorter.

KODACHROMES BY NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER DEAN CONGER © N.G.S.



"School!" groans Janice.

Before we start for Maryland, we make a little trip to West Falmouth to say goodbye to Bertha Boyce, who has seen 95 years of golden days and who has made more days golden for others than almost anyone I know (page 179).

Bertha's father was John C. Hamblin, a whaling captain. His wife went to sea with him. In 1871, when Bertha was about five years old, she went along too, out across the Atlantic Ocean, through the Mozambique Channel, deep into the Indian Ocean. She remembers some of the voyage.

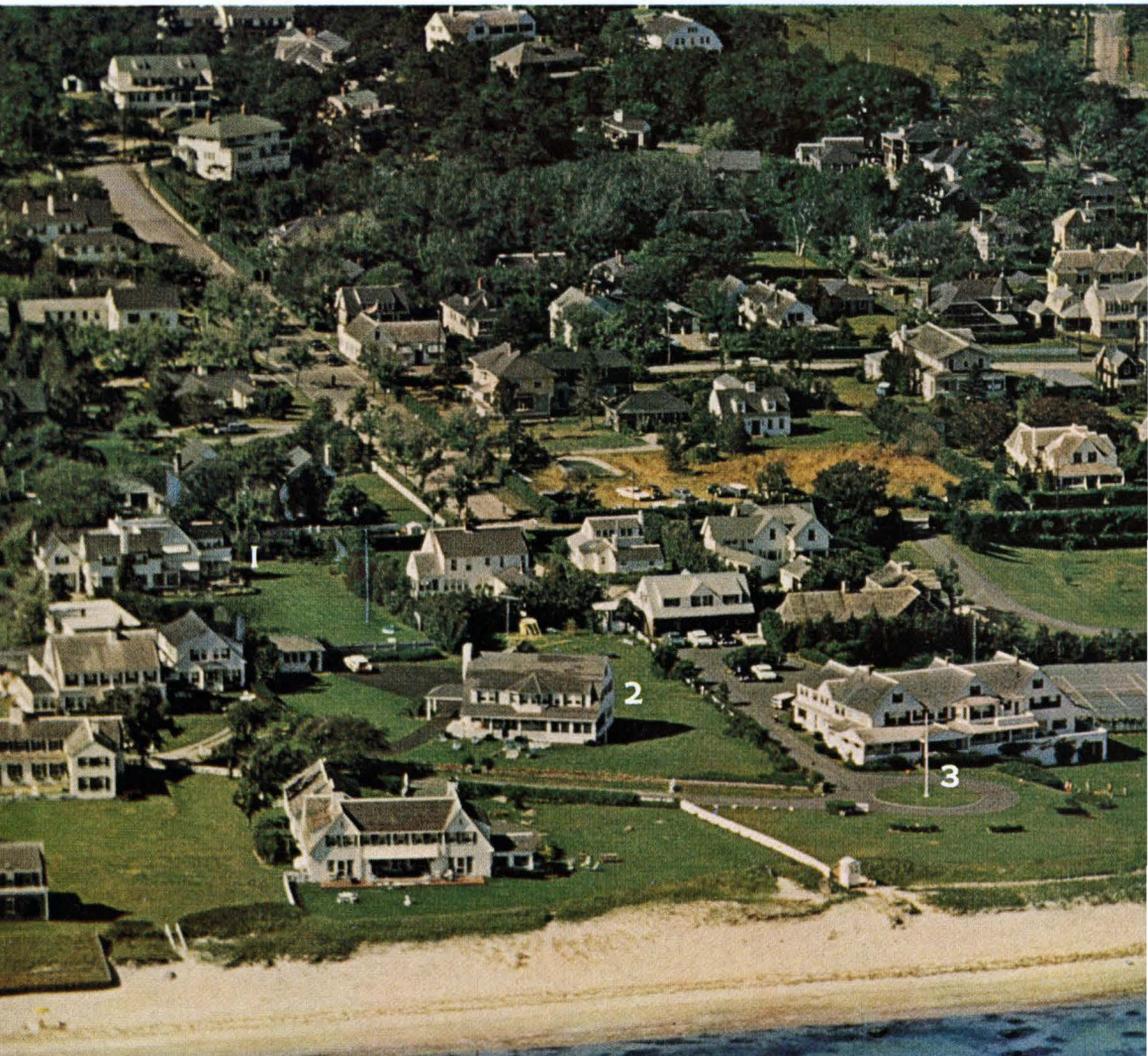
"The strong things," she told me, "like the

terrifying shadows the men made on the sails when the try-pots were flaming on the decks at night, and the thumping of the dead whales against the *Islander's* hull when the wind was still.

"I remember, too, the wives of the sultan on Johanna Island. They had the reddest mouths I ever saw, and I've always wondered why that was. You travel a lot—maybe some day you can find out and quieten a body's curiosity."

Well, I found out, and I have told Bertha. Six months later, you see, I was in Dar es Salaam on the east coast of Africa, and I met a man who had just come in from Anjouan,

Summer homes of the Kennedy family stand near the beach at Hyannis Port. The house of President John F. Kennedy (1) adjoins a property (2) belonging to his brother Robert. Tennis court and romping children mark the seaside estate (3) of the President's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy. Brother Edward vacations a mile away on a causeway-connected island. Grover Cleveland, another Chief Executive and part-time Cape Codder, owned Gray Gables, now an inn, near Bourne.





Victory smiles proclaim a new President as the Kennedys and their relatives by marriage gather at Hyannis Port, November 9, 1960, to share a family triumph. From left (standing): Mrs. Robert F. Kennedy, Stephen E. Smith and his wife Jean, the President, Robert F. Kennedy, Mrs. Peter Lawford, R. Sargent Shriver, Mrs. Edward Kennedy, and Peter Lawford. Seated: Mrs. Sargent Shriver, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy, Mrs. John F. Kennedy, and Edward Kennedy.

KODACHROME BY DEAN CONGER (BELOW) AND EKTACHROME BY JACQUES LOWE © N.G.S.





which is the right name for the place the Yankee whalers called Johanna. I asked why the women of Anjouan had such red mouths.

"They chew betel nut," he said.

Bertha "swallowed the anchor," as she put it, and married a landsman and stayed quietly on the Cape. She lives alone now in her rambling old frame house under big, friendly trees. In the parlor's cool corners, in glass-doored cabinets of another era, rest her treasures from far places.

Fragile flowers of feathers speak of women's patient hands, women of the Cape Verde Islands, where Yankee whalers, outward bound, called for crews. There is marvelous scrimshaw—her mother's sewing box of rosewood and ivory, a beautiful swift for the winding of yarn, jaggng wheels for crimping pies—made by the whalers during long passages down the hurrying trade winds.

Bertha had a bad spell in a hospital bed last winter, but when spring rolled around, she told the doctors she was going home to take care of her house—and she did.

The children of West Falmouth come to hear Bertha's stories of distant oceans and to eat the cookies she makes by the dozens. Watching them through the parlor window, playing on the lawn, I spoke to her of nostalgia and the golden days of childhood.

"Pshaw," she said, "you don't live on Cape Cod, so you're getting old the wrong way. Life is so good here you never look astern, you're that busy waiting for tomorrow." THE END

Skilled hand at the helm: Skipper John F. Kennedy tends the tiller as his 25-foot knockabout *Victura* cleaves the chop off Hyannis Port. The President's wife Jacqueline, his brother Edward, and assorted small fry make up the crew. The Wianno Senior class boat, designed by the century-old Crosby firm of Osterville, meets special sailing conditions of Nantucket Sound.

First Family frolics on the Kennedy beach at Hyannis Port. The President swings Caroline aloft as Mrs. Kennedy basks in the sun.



MARK SHAW