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The
**PROVINCETOWN
GUIDE BOOK**

containing

AN AUTHORITATIVE LIST
OF ARTISTS, and ACCURATE
STREET MAPS SHOWING
STUDIO LOCATIONS

together with

ARTICLES BY PROVINCE-
TOWN WRITERS OF NOTE
ON THE HISTORY AND
CHARACTERISTICS OF
THIS FAMOUS TOWN

WOODBLOCK ILLUSTRATIONS
BY LOCAL ARTISTS E

ATHENAEUM

1928

PUBLISHED BY THE ART ASSOCIATION
PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS



THE NEW ENGLAND WHALER
Block Print by Harold Haven Brown

Foreword

THIS small volume has been compiled and published by the Provincetown Art Association in response to a demand often voiced by visitors for a competent guide-book of Provincetown, carrying a map, and for a directory of artists as well.

We have included several articles about interesting aspects of the town. The names signed to them will be familiar: for many writers of international reputation have been captured by the spell of this fishing town on the very tip of the Cape. Thus the association has been able to offer you, not only a guide-book, but a collection of short essays by people whose subject is congenial to them.

The book is also an introduction to Provincetown artists. The Art Association has herein listed certain artists, giving studio addresses and hours during which work may be seen by interested persons. Visitors are cordially invited by Provincetown artists to avail themselves of this opportunity to visit their studios.

The Province Town

BY FRANK SHAY

TWO incidents in the history of our immediate locality stand out with such clarity and decisiveness that one must wonder what life here on Cape Cod, and in fact in all of America, would have been like had men and events taken slightly different courses. We know that in 1007 Thorwald, son of Eric the Red and brother of Leif Erickson, sailing from Norway to Iceland was blown so far off his course as to be in sight of Long Point. In the storm he suffered a broken keel and beached his ship at that point for repairs. One may easily visualize the giant Viking stalking up and down the beach while his men labored at the damaged keel. Unlike other masters under similar circumstances he did not chafe at the delay. Thorwald Erickson had found beauty, a softer and more lovely beauty than his own harsh shores. He said to his men:

"It is a goodly land."

Repairs made, he sailed away to Iceland to see his father. Had he gotten to his destination and eventually returned to his homeland he would have told his people of the goodly land he had found and today we would be a Norseman colony, a race of stalwarts who knew and appreciated the beauty that is ours. Instead Thorwald was mortally wounded by an Indian arrow while near what is now Boston. Knowing death was his share he directed that his body be taken back to Long Point and buried in that goodly land. His grave, now within the town's borders, is known as The Norseman's Fort.

Six hundred years later a band of Puritans sailed into the harbor in the midst of the glorious summer. We who know the Harbor at that season, know its great beauty. That same beauty must have been present in 1620. That sheen at sunrise and sunset is no modern improvement.

But the immediate dictation of the Puritan's stern adventure was a land that gave promise of fertility. They sought permanent homes in a rich land. They left Cape Cod for the mainland. There they landed upon a rock to the everlasting satisfaction of the Plymouth Chamber of Commerce.

But some of them must have remembered the chatoyant beauty of the Cape—the sun rising over the Truro hills, the majesty and solitude of the dunes, for as early as 1627 they had

filtered back and built the first house here. By 1650 it was recognized as a part of Plymouth Plantation. The Governor of the Colony in that year purchased the land from Eastern Harbor to Long Point, now the Eastern and Western boundaries of the township, from Samson, an Indian. It was bought for the said colony's use, and made a part of the constablewick of Eastham.

In 1714 it was made a precinct of Truro. The seat of local government, Truro Center, was too far away to suit the fishermen and the following year they prayed the General Court that "Cape Cod (the province lands) be declared a part of Truro or not a part of Truro that the town may know how to act in regard to some persons." The persons, their virtues or vices and what the town did to them is shrouded in mystery.

In the application for local autonomy the name was Herrington probably suggested by Herring Cove which still exists, but the state ordained it should be Provincetown and it was so written in.

For many years there was but a single street following the uneven short-front for some three and one-half miles. Within the memory of some living inhabitants the back road was widened and paved and named Bradford Street. When Commercial Street was modernized some idealist wanted it to be sixty-four feet wide but in the face of opposition he reduced his demand to half that width. Even that was considered too great and it was made twenty-two, and today it remains the same narrow strip of pock-marked asphalt. The narrow side streets giving to the harbor are old landings and those leading to Bradford Street are old boat ways.

Through the traditional thrift of the New England town government the town has kept quaint. The narrow streets have been preserved solely because the people are unwilling to go to the expense of widening them. The little shingled cottages, seemingly huddled in each other's backyards, defy all rules of orderly alignment. The two main arteries are simply known as the Front Street and the Back Street, a person goes "up-a-long" and "down-a-long". The town is spoken of as being on the "inside" and the ocean and province lands behind the town are the "outside."

Fishing was always the chief industry and it rose to its greatest importance between the years of 1860 and 1900. Whal-

ing had its place until New Bedford and Nantucket, being nearer to the markets, took the industry out of local hands. While ship-building was never a leading industry there was a time when shipyards and ways lined the shore from Provincetown Center to Truro Station. The ships they built were ketches and schooners for the local fisherman. Population rose steadily until it reached almost six thousand in 1875. Since then it has slowly but steadily receded until today we can boast of no more than 3750 souls.

During the late '90s the town was rediscovered by a later Thorwald. He had been commissioned to do some desert pictures and compromised on the dunes. He left Provincetown and told his friends about its natural beauty and "paintable" qualities. Other artists came. Twenty-eight years ago Charles Hawthorne founded the Cape Cod School of Art. The Schools of George Elmer Browne and E. Ambrose Webster are also widely known. All of these have brought students from every state. Many returned after their studies were over to make it their summer home, a few to make it their permanent home. They were followed by writers and dramatists, poets, musicians and singers, in fact, by every type of creative artist. During August Provincetown has the richest population in point of creative effort of any place in the world. Writers who have found inspiration from the harbor and dunes are Eugene O'Neill, Susan Glaspell, Mary Heaton Vorse, Wilbur Daniel Steele, Phyllis Duganne, Sinclair Lewis, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Floyd Dell, and many others whose fame is national.

In 1915 George Cram Cook brought both the artists and writers together in a common effort to found an American theatre. The contribution of the Provincetown Players to our drama is beyond all reckoning. Even today in a little town of less than four thousand there are two theatres devoted to the spoken drama and only one motion picture house.

Today Provincetown is the mecca of all America's creative artists. Here, in hard-tack New England, are to be found those chief necessities of the struggling artist; solitude, a sympathetic environment and the opportunity to live economically and modestly. Provincetown, for some unfathomable reason, refuses to become modern and expensive.

In the words of Thorwald: "It is a goodly land."

The Story of Fishing

BY JOHN C. JOHNSON

THE Pilgrims founded the fishing industry here. They were the first to fish for profit in these waters. They took up fishing as a business in order to offset the hardships resulting from the lean harvests at Plymouth. For years the Pilgrims held first claim on the fishing privileges in waters surrounding Cape Cod. Often they sold to others the privilege of fishing for mackerel, bass or cod or the use of the land here for curing the fish. The Pilgrims, themselves, observed a regular routine of fishing out of Provincetown throughout the summer, curing their fish here and then returning to Plymouth in the Fall. The early prosperity of the business is indicated by the coup of Captain John Smith, who pocketed a profit of \$7500 on a shipment of dried Cape Cod fish to Spain. The shrewd captain, after this piece of good fortune, is credited with remarking that the richest mine in the possession of the King of Spain was not as valuable as the Cape Cod fisheries.

From this era to the present, Provincetown has had an unbroken career as a fishing port, though its progress has been hectic, marked by many changes in fishing methods and varying degrees of prosperity.

The whalers were the most adventurous and dramatic actors in this pageant. The Pilgrims likewise visualized the richness of the whaling business, for, in their records, they mentioned their regret in not having a harpoon with which to attack the whales that disported about the Mayflower when she was anchored in Provincetown Harbor. Before the whaling fleet was organized, the early settlers operated in small boats and harpooned many right whales in the harbor. The nucleus of the fleet was formed in 1820; six whalers cleared from here that year. The peak of the whaling boom found Provincetown with fifty-six vessels—barques, brigs and schooners. The whalers prospered for years. Many New England fortunes were founded by local whalers and many of the finest old homes along Commercial Street were built by whaling captains.

There are a number of survivors of the old whaling fleet still living in Provincetown; Capt. John Matheson, Capt. John Manta, Caleb Frenzen, Manuel Veara, Louis P. Morgan, Ed Wheldon, Captain Ed Walter Smith. J. Emmons Winslow was

born on a whaling voyage. His mother had accompanied her husband on the cruise and the vessel put in at St. Helena where the baby was born. Mrs. Jack Connell is the widow of J. Emmons Dyer and accompanied her husband on five whaling voyages of from twenty-two to twenty-eight months, on his schooner the Ellen A. Swift.

On Provincetown whalers the life boat was lashed to the transom. In whatever seas a Provincetowner was sighted, other whalers knew where she hailed from.

The petroleum development in Pennsylvania hastened the end of the whaling industry. But the whalers fared much better than any of the more prosaic fishermen. Sperm oil sold as high as \$2.50 a gallon during the Civil War, hence a successful whaling voyage yielded immense profits for all. The Nickerson whale and oil works was one of the town's busiest industries, but not a trace of the old plant can be found now. It was established in 1886 at Herring Cove to handle the whales caught in nearby waters. It was rated one of the best equipped plants for its purpose on the Atlantic Coast.

The Hatteras and Charleston grounds, off Cape De Verde Islands, were favored by the Provincetown whalers. Most of the whaling from here was done in Atlantic waters, though a few whalers went around the Horn. They also went whaling off the coast of Central America, or at a spot known as the Western grounds, located just south of the steamer grounds and halfway to Europe.

The last whaling voyage from Provincetown was made in 1917, according to the best available data. The brig Viola, owned by Captain John Atkins Cook, returned from the adventure with 1250 barrels of sperm oil and 121 pounds of ambergris, the total valued at \$75,000.

A faithful chronicling of the exciting and near-fatal experiences of Provincetown whalers in their encounters with the monsters of the deep would make a book. There are several cases of Provincetown whaling vessels being lost, without a clew as to their fate. It was a common occurrence for a whale to flip its tremendously powerful flukes against a small boat, smashing the boat to pieces and sending the crew sprawling into the sea. One of the most weird whaling adventures in all whaling history was that which befell Franklin Adams of Provincetown on a

The present fishing fleet here consists mostly of small boats, though there are four or five two-masted schooners which go seining. The little thirty-foot power dories, equipped with 40 horsepower engine and a canvas hood for buffeting the seas, are a recent innovation in the business. They frequently go 15 to 20 miles off shore. The power dory fishermen use a trawl—a line, with a buoy at either end, which extends for some three miles. Attached to this line at measured intervals are a series of smaller lines with the hooks. The fishermen set their trawl, then wait for an hour on the scene before drawing in the line. They work the year round and fish for cod, haddock, pollock, mackerel and herring. Two men usually go out in the power dory. Each shares from \$1,000 to \$1,500 apiece when the fishing is good in wintertime, or \$1,500 to \$2,000 in an exceptionally good summer.

The trap-boats work at the weirs, which may be seen in the harbor. The traps are put down the last of March for the herring schools. In May they catch whiting and later mackerel and squid. Sometimes the traps are drawn twice a day. The "baby-beam trawlers" go out for flounders and haddock, using a bag-like net which is operated by power. The dragging sometimes is carried on for three hours at a stretch. The trawlers carry three or four men and they usually operate between Wellfleet and Chatham. The seiners, each of which has a lookout who stands aloft on the watch for schools of fish, go out for mackerel and herring in the spring. In the winter they fish for haddock and flounders. When the lookout sights a school he gives the cry and a small boat with seven men aboard sets out with the seine to drag from the sea as much as they can of the school.

Sword fishing is now the nearest approach to the dangers faced by the old Provincetown whalers. Several sword fishermen go out from Provincetown each year, leaving the latter part of June. They usually hunt for the swordfish in waters off No Man's Land and spend one week on a trip. Swordfishing offers one of the richest rewards in the fishing business, though frequently the boats are pierced by the swordfish and sometimes the fishermen are seriously hurt.

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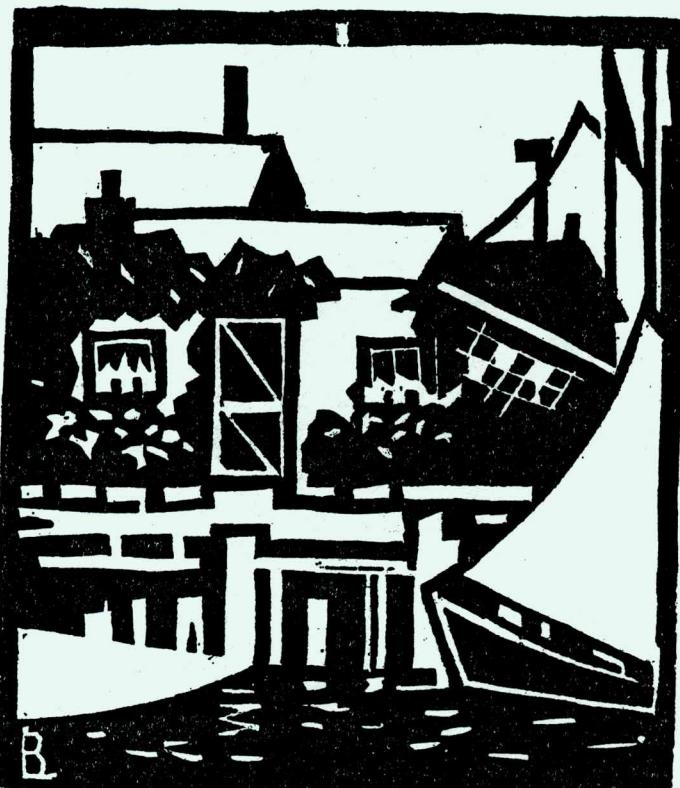


Harold Warren Brown

Dawn—Cape Cod

*From The Sea and the Dunes, by Harry Kemp.
Courtesy of Brentano's, publishers.*

Before the day's creation is begun
I must go forth to meet the unseen sun—
Out to the hushed, expectant dunes I love,
More lone because of the still sky above.
The village houses lie like herds asleep.
The tide, black-burnished, spreads out, flat and deep.
There walks a wind of coming change abroad. . . .
The sun shows like a traveller down a road. . . .
Then—what the dark reserved unseen before—
I see long, dancing, golden slopes of shore . . .
Then, as I walk back, close to left and right,
I find young summer in full tides of green;
Where flickering branches thwart the morning lean
Leaves touch my face, leaves brush against my hand,
And beach plums bloom in little banks of white
Up slopes of infinite, immaculate sand.



A WHARF STUDIO

BY BLANCHE LAZZELL

The Provincetown Players

SUSAN GLASPELL

WALKING along the beach in the East End you may come upon wrecks of piles. These once supported "the old wharf", a busy and happy place in the summer of 1915.

There happened to live here that summer various writers and artists interested in the theatre and dissatisfied with the Broadway of that time. Some of us had written plays, others

wanted to. "Well, why not put them on ourselves?" asked George Cram Cook. "It will be a way of finding out what we can do."

We gave Suppressed Desires, and Constancy, by Neith Boyce, in the Hapgood house. People not asked heard about the plays, wanted to see them, so we repeated them, this time in an abandoned fishing shack on the old wharf.

Wilbur Steele had written a play, and a dark young man named O'Neill arrived and took a shack just beyond the wharf. We learned that he was writing one act plays. He showed us Bound East For Cardiff. When, two weeks later, we gave this at the Wharf Theatre, for we had pulled out nets and oars and put in benches and a stage ten by twelve, Eugene O'Neill was produced for the first time on any stage.

It was that first season Director George Cram Cook wrote: "One man cannot produce drama. True drama is born only of one feeling animating all the members of a clan, a spirit shared by all and expressed by the few for the all. If there is nothing to take the place of the common religious purpose and passion of the primitive group, out of which the Dionysian dance was born, no new vital drama can arise in any people."

We wrote to the people who had seen the plays, asking if they cared to become associate members of The Provincetown Players. The purpose was to give American playwrights of sincere purpose a chance to work out their ideas in freedom, to give all who worked with the plays their opportunity as artists. The people who had seen the plays and the people who gave them were adventurers together.

The following summer, 1916, eleven plays by American authors had their first productions on the old wharf. The most expensive set cost thirteen dollars.

We became so interested in writing and giving plays that we did not want to stop for the winter. We opened in New York, just off Washington Square.

The difficulties were great, but "We knew the joy of the theatre last year in Macdougal street, and that joy, strangely uncommon in our great play-giving, play going world is, like beauty, its own excuse for being. There must be one theatre for American writers to play with, where they can give plays not likely to see production elsewhere. Work done for fun has a freshness not found in the theatre which has become a business.

We are still not afraid to fail in things worth trying. This season too shall be adventure. We will let this theatre die before we let it become another voice of mediocrity."

The Provincetown Players continued for eight seasons, producing ninety-three plays by fifty-seven American playwrights. We began in New York with a capital of \$320. We remained unendowed, preferring the freedom of this, rich in faith in a native drama, facing so-called failure as the inevitable price of many an experiment, but always wanting the experiment to be for something that would make it, even if it failed, a part of ultimate success.

We declared an interim of one year—a curious thing to do, no doubt, but with an instinct for the quickening of faith and freshening of spirit leisure might give. This was in the spring of 1922. George Cram Cook went to Greece, obedient to a dream of many years, and he lies buried beside another theatre, at Delphi. Other groups give plays in the Provincetown Theatre on Macdougal street; there are other theatres in Provincetown. The Provincetown Players ended their story in the spring of 1922.

Why? We did it in the beginning for a very good reason. We wanted to do it. And when we wanted to do it less, we stopped doing it. This was impractical. We had struggled through difficult days. We gave it up with success in our hands. "The most important single creative force in the American theatre," said William Archer of the Provincetown Players. Yet I believe we were right. We did not "cash-in on" an old dream. The dream had its way while desire and faith made purpose, but life is a progress, a continuing belief, an ever new dream that is the miracle of birth.

The tide washes over the wreck of the old wharf. The creator of the Provincetown Players is silent in Greece. But the American theatre of 1928 is not the American theatre of 1915. One cannot estimate how much the Provincetown Players may have had to do with this. And why should one estimate? In the last month of his life George Cram Cook wrote:

I who am audience insofar as the author is one with me,
And author insofar as the audience is one with me,
More than any person's name and fame
I will to hear
The music of the identity of men.



WINTER DAY

BY TOD LINDENMUTH

The Coast Guard

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

THE coastguard are an integral part of Provincetown life; retired captains with white hair and a thousand and one tales, or beardless boys in new uniforms, they exist, living personification of the town's relationship to the sea. Venice they called Bride of the Adriatic, yet her union with the oceans comes no closer than Provincetown's. To the north and to the south, to

the east and to the west, lies water, water that merges endlessly with the world's seven seas. The prim little Cape Cod houses, sitting so serenely behind their picket fences, are houses of the sea; from England and the Azores came as ballast in ships the very earth in which their delphinium and hollyhocks blossom. Their windows have been many times splashed by salt water from the harbor when the winds are to the south; their clapboards flecked with the rich brown of seaweed. From behind them, across the Great Dunes, sounds the roar of the surf, the unbroken Atlantic, raging against the beaches at Peaked Hill and the Race. Many of them, even, have tasted the salt of the sea upon their sills when, a century ago, houses and public buildings of the Old Town, off Long Point, took to the water like so many ducks and paddled across the blue harbor on barrels to their present sites.

The summer sea, the sea in which summer people swim and fish, is one matter, but the real sea, the sea which gives and which takes away, is the sea which the coastguard know, and knowing, love as they fear. The sea that gave the town the Eastern Harbor, only, arbitrarily to heap up a sandbar so that today there stretches a placid freshwater lake in place of that former haven of ocean traffic. The living sea, the moody, unpredictable Atlantic—the Ocean Graveyard, sailors have called that part of her shore which lies to the north of the town.

Provincetown Harbor is sanctuary, but westward, off Wood End, the tides run dangerously swift, on past the Race, tearing fiercely across sunken rips. Paralleling the coast for about six miles, on past Peaked Hill, two sunken bars, wreckers beyond reach of any law, lie hidden, the outer one about 1400 yards off shore, the inner about 600. Constantly shifting, changing, constantly varying the depth of the water above their greedy sands, they are an unending menace to ships. In a storm or a good Cape Cod fog, many a boat crosses the outer bar only to meet destruction upon the inner.

In the days of the famous old wrecks, the Somerset, the Jason, the Widdah, there were no coastguard to give warning or assistance. Only since 1872 has the U. S. Life Saving Service been established, though its present excellent organization grew out of one of the oldest services to sailors in the world, the Massachusetts Humane Society, a volunteer group founded in 1786, before either England or France, in the old world, had

thought of such a thing.

1872 was the year when the Cape stations were built and manned, nine of them, Race Point and Peaked Hill Bars in Provincetown, and, strung like bright beads along that dangerous outer coast, Highland, Pamet, Cahoon's Hollow, Nauset, Orleans, Chatham and Monomoy.

Wood End, Provincetown's third and most outer station, is its youngest, manned in 1897, and, thirty years later, in 1927, came perhaps its most dramatic moments when for three months Captain Gracie and his men gave all their efforts to assisting the Navy in the rescue of the sunken submarine, S-4. From the town it is about three and a half miles across dunes and beach; its surfmen patrol, by night and by stormy day, three and a quarter miles of sand to the north and a mile less to the south. This is the only station on Cape Cod where surfmen from adjacent stations do not meet on the beach to exchange checks; southward lies no more land whence a man may come, and to the north, the inlet of Race Run and a patch of sucking quicksands prevent a meeting with the patrolman from Race Point. These men use time clocks; the keys secured to posts at the end of their beat, and the patrolman must reach the key, wind his clock, and bring it back to the station with the dial properly recorded.

Race Point, where James Morris is captain, four miles above the state highway which winds like a dark streamer across the rising white dunes, sends its men westward to Race Run and eastward to exchange checks, at the halfway house, with the man from Peaked Hill.

High Head station, between Peaked Hill and Highland, has been abandoned, so today, at the halfway house between, where, as at all these little shelters there is telephonic communication with both stations, the patrolmen from Provincetown and Truro meet.

The Peaked Hill Bars station is one of the most modern on the coast. High on the white sands it stands, two and a half miles from the village by Snail Road, which no motor can travel. Walking from the town, one climbs and descends great mountains of sand, the shifting, ever-changing masses that Cape Codders call the Walking Dunes. Through woods and sands, one passes across a swampy lowland where once great cedar forests flourished and where today purple arethusa strangely blossom, to the sea. Frank L. Mayo is captain here.

From all these stations the watch is kept, by day—unless the day be sufficiently stormy and disagreeable to demand a beach patrol—from lookouts on the stations themselves or just outside on the shore, and all the boundless traffic of the seas is recorded and set down in the log.

By night, whether the surf is so high that the patrolman must climb jagged cliffs against which waves are clawing and tearing to make his patrol on the perilous upper edge, men are walking up and down the long miles, battered by stiff winds, barraged by snow or rain or sheets of stinging sand, watching out for the safety of ships and men at sea. Each patrolman carried a red Coston signal which he fires off into the blackness of night or the more ominous white veil of fog or blanketing snow, when he sights a ship in peril. Sometimes the ship sees and veers off in time to be saved; not long ago one lone man from Peaked Hill, ploughing through flurries of snow, saw a passenger liner, headed blindly unaware, for that inner bar. He fired his rocket; the ship answered and turned out—and the man went on. He had exchanged no spoken word, had seen no face, yet he saved dozens of lives and thousands of dollars merely by being there, seeing, and giving warning.

Sometimes ships cannot turn. Then comes the real work; the life boats and breeches-buoy must be hauled to the nearest spot, hauled often through such biting clouds of sand that the horse's head must be covered with a blanket before he will go on. Practise drills with boats and breeches-buoy are carried on so constantly that mock-rescues are often made, from the practise spar, in less than three minutes.

One sees them in the town, young men jogging by in carts on their marketing, or walking past little white houses with their girls. One sees them at the stations, teasing the inevitable cat who came from "off a wreck", playing with the dog, doing their cleaning and cooking as few housewives can do it, going smilingly through the familiar drill and the pretend shipwrecks and rescues. But it is in the winter, walking through the long nights, half frozen, constantly in danger of death from a sea which leaves her proper boundaries to surge forward in perilous cut-throughs where dry sand should be, constantly ready to risk even more closely their lives in that sea itself that one sees them for what they are—guardians of the coast, guardians of every inch of sand that touches the Atlantic.

The Use of Pictures as Decoration

BY RICHARD MILLER

TO THE casual buyer of pictures the proposition that there are several important considerations besides that of the picture's appeal to the purchaser, may be surprising. The subject and its attractiveness seem to be the deciding factor. Consideration of surroundings is often not thought of. Such consideration, however, is of vital importance.

The style of the house, the type of room in which the picture is hung, the color of the walls, these and other factors demand careful consideration in connection with a choice of a painting as a decorative addition to one's living surroundings.

The artist usually paints under a strong north light, or for outdoor subjects, in the full light of the open sky. Indoors almost all pictures are hung in a weaker, poorer light. The quantity, quality, and direction of the lighting in the room, therefore must be thought of, both for day and evening, if one's purchase is to pay dividends in the money invested.

Pictures should be in harmony with their surroundings. This seems so obvious that it apparently needs no mention—yet the principle is repeatedly disregarded, usually through thoughtlessness.

The style of the house, which is supposedly echoed in the interior, must affect one's choice of a painting. An example of lack of harmony would be the placing of a modernistic picture of the extreme type in a room of the Colonial or Georgian period.

Size of pictures must be kept in mind. Scale of surroundings exercises a subtle influence. Large, overgrown paintings, or too heavy frames will dwarf the best surroundings. Even a life size portrait is bad in a small room.

Imagine, on the contrary, a flock of small, insignificant pictures in flimsy frames peppering the heavy walls of some Gothic room in a palatial home.

The artist in painting a picture works hard to select his color scheme—to choose the right oppositions, the right areas, in order to make the picture, including the frame, a harmonious and perfect result. This result if in any way subtle or delicate can be ruined by an improper background, or the juxtaposition of other

highly colored things not in harmony. The frame is extremely important; and usually an artist who has sense enough to make a good color scheme can be trusted to select a proper frame for it.

The famous story of Whistler and the Peacock Room illustrates the importance of proper background. After the artist found his picture "The Princess from the Land of Porcelain" in a room with which it was decidedly out of harmony, he characteristically decided to change the room. He painted peacocks and gold arabesques over a very valuable cover of Spanish leather.

A great deal of mediaeval art consisted of pictures ordered by a patron for a certain place. Almost invariably these pictures when seen in the place for which they were painted, show a remarkable sympathy with their surroundings. Most artists of today would be very glad to accept commissions of this sort.

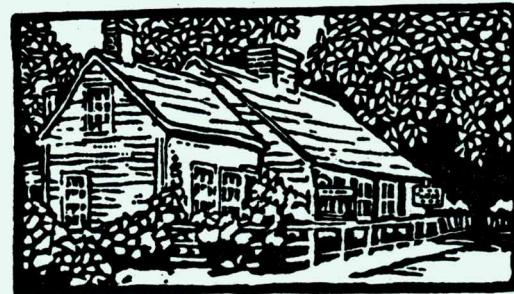
The type of picture intended for its decorative value can often be secured at a very moderate price. The collector is interested largely in names, the rarity of the product. The general public is not in this class and should buy pictures for the personal joy to be derived from them, dependent upon the principles mentioned.

In buying pictures the laymen remembering the above remarks and trusting mostly to his own judgment is not apt to make any more serious blunders than if he should permit some painter to select his picture, or buy through a dealer, in which last case the motives may not be above suspicion.

The Whimsical Ways of Provincetown Houses

By MARY HEATON VORSE

THE first time I saw Provincetown it rose in magic fashion from the sea. We came down by boat from Boston and skirted a remote shore inhabited only by colonies of seagulls. Then, suddenly, we turned a corner and the town was before us. It was a long town with gray wharves jutting out to sea, a town shaded by huge willow trees, and over it a lovely church spire built after the designs of Christopher Wren. In those old days the "standpipe" back on the dunes was our land-



THE OLDEST HOUSE

mark. It stood out as unpretentious as a slate pencil against the skyline for incoming vessels to lay their course by.

Presently I was walking down Provincetown streets, and right there at the first moment I knew that this was my home. Maybe it was because of the low-lying houses spread out three miles along the waterfront. I saw one house after another that beckoned to me as a likely place in which to spend my days. There were houses with beautiful old Colonial doorways, a few stately houses with pillared porticos, all of them rather near together as though crowded on one another, neighborly fashion, in fear of storms. I like the crowded streets and having a bay for a front yard. This was fifteen years ago, and within that time I have seen many other places, and still this town of all others seems to me a place for living.

Let me describe the kind of house I like best to live in. It is a wide, low-lying house, a story and a half high. The pitch of the room is almost a right angle, and unless it has been tampered with, a great square chimney arises from the center. Dormer windows, like as not, give light and air to the upper chambers. The doorway of this house has a half oval above the door. The spaces and adornments about it hark back to the nobler traditions of house building, for all its unpretentiousness. It is a shingled house, and if you look closely you will see that the shingles were riven by hand, that the door shows the mark of gouges, and that the nails are hand wrought.

This house is a deceptive house—seen from the street it looks small; in reality it is ample, it rambles on room after room. Its wide fireplaces can hold big logs. Its best rooms are wainscoted,

and the woodwork, though plain, has been fitted in with the nice workmanship of older days. The proportions of its rooms have a satisfying quality. The rooms have a comfortable dignity for all their low ceilings and their modest size. Plenty of cupboards and closets there are. And most of all, it is a house very comfortable to work in.

It is, of course, a matter of individual taste, but personally I like to live in an old house. I like the careful, leisurely workmanship of a former day. I like the quiet patina which is purchased only with time, the golden dimness that the years lay across a well-constructed dwelling. I do not like a house glittering with highlights, floors and furniture too shiny, and the spaces all too open. For, above all, give me a house with doors, rooms and not enlarged hallways. Give me a house whose work I can do myself if need be—then I am no man's debtor. In a house of a shape and size where I can do my own work I am insured against fate. No home means home to me that is shaped so that it cries for paid service, a house where you must necessarily be overworked and uncomfortable if you cannot find some one to do your work for you.

Now this brings me to why Provincetown seemed like home to me. One of the things that cried out so eloquently on the first day, though at the time I had not analyzed it, was that the houses in Provincetown one and all are built exclusively to live in. They were built for the convenience and comfort of their dwellers. They were built, too, for a generation which knew nothing of paid service. There was no "servant problem" in Provincetown when its comfortable houses were put up.

In the old days the first houses faced the sea. The kitchens looked out upon the encroaching dunes. There was no street at that time. Ox teams dragged low-hung wagons with wide tires through the sand, and they said up the Cape that you could tell a Provincetown girl by the dexterous way in which she could flip the sand from her slipper by a twist of her ankle.

But some adventurous soul wanted to build a road through the town. Town meeting session rang with this heresy. And in spite of the soberer minds who felt that the morals of the village would be undermined by the building of a road and that the ox-carts which were good enough for their fathers were good enough for them, the road went through. A similar convulsion racked the town when the back street was added, for though the

two long streets of the town are named Commercial and Bradford streets, we speak of them as "the back street" and "the front street," for there are no others. Then one day a new heresy showed its "horned head." This was when men, obviously with piety, suggested putting down a boardwalk. The town fathers arose and pointed out that the young people would do nothing but walk up and down the walk if they should have one; but the boardwalk triumphed. And now in my own day I have seen a similar convulsion. It was when the boards were replaced with a concrete pavement. By referring to the minutes of the town meeting the student of morals can learn that virtue was not to survive after the innovation. Yet it survives until this day. Indeed the crime wave has not yet touched us.

In most places when a man builds a house he builds it and there it stands, practically unchanged, almost invariably in the same place. This is not true in Provincetown. Houses there do not remain upon their foundations. Every summer you may see houses of all sizes solemnly waddle down the front street. People do not here regard houses as stationary objects. A man will buy a piece of dune land above the town and a cottage on the front shore, and presently up the hill toils the little house. Or he buys a piece of shore front and a cottage on the back street, and presently the little house is wabbling along to take its place on the water view.

It has always been so since the old days. Provincetown houses got the habit of moving some generations ago when the original colony was built on the outward hook over by Long Point. This is a sickle of sand which encloses one of the finest harbors on the North Atlantic. But so narrow is this sickle that encroaching storms played havoc with it and threatened at one time to sweep the narrow point away. It was too valuable a harbor to be so destroyed, and the Government bought it and the houses on it. But the thrifty Provincetowners asked the Government:

"What are you going to do with these houses?"

"Nothing," responded the Government.

"Well, can we take them?"

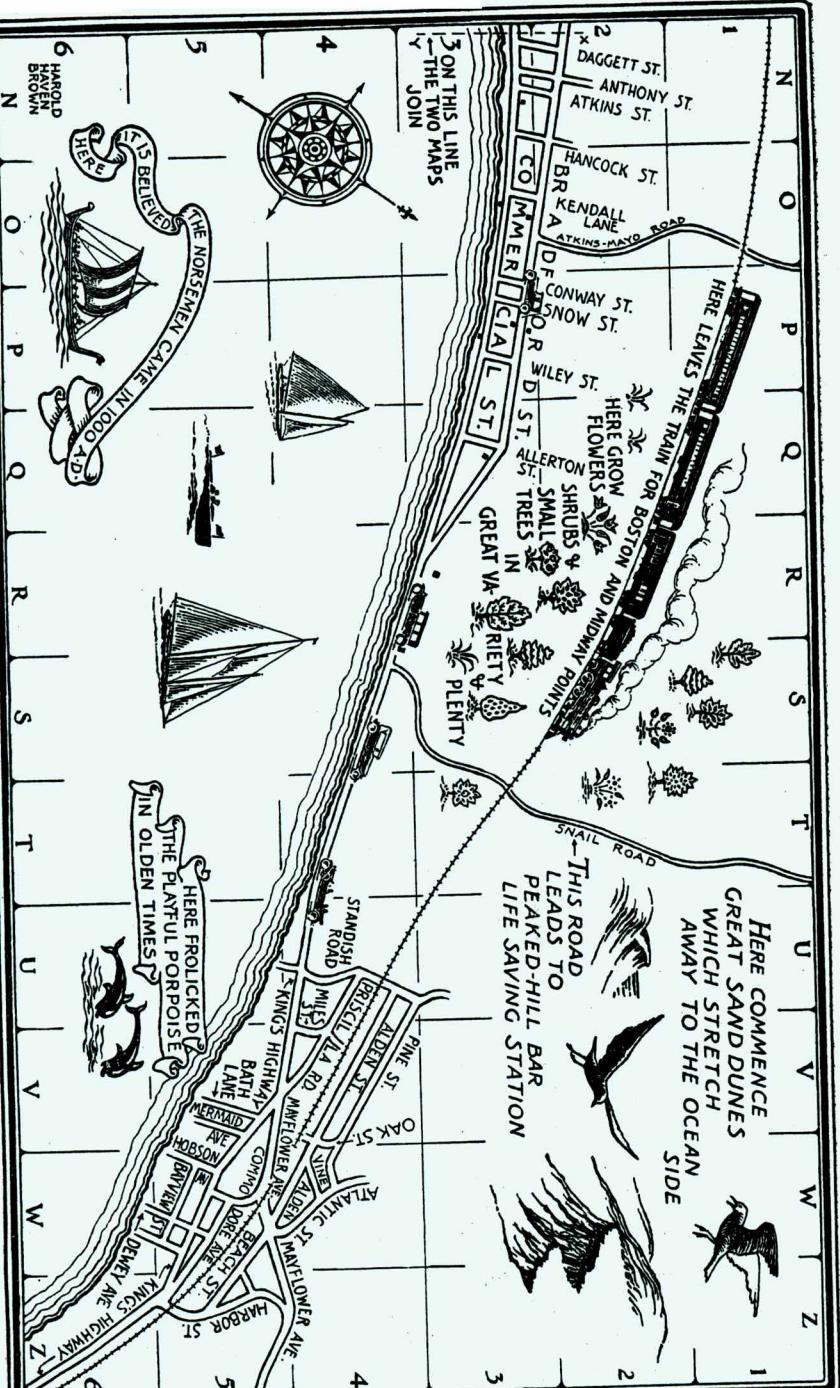
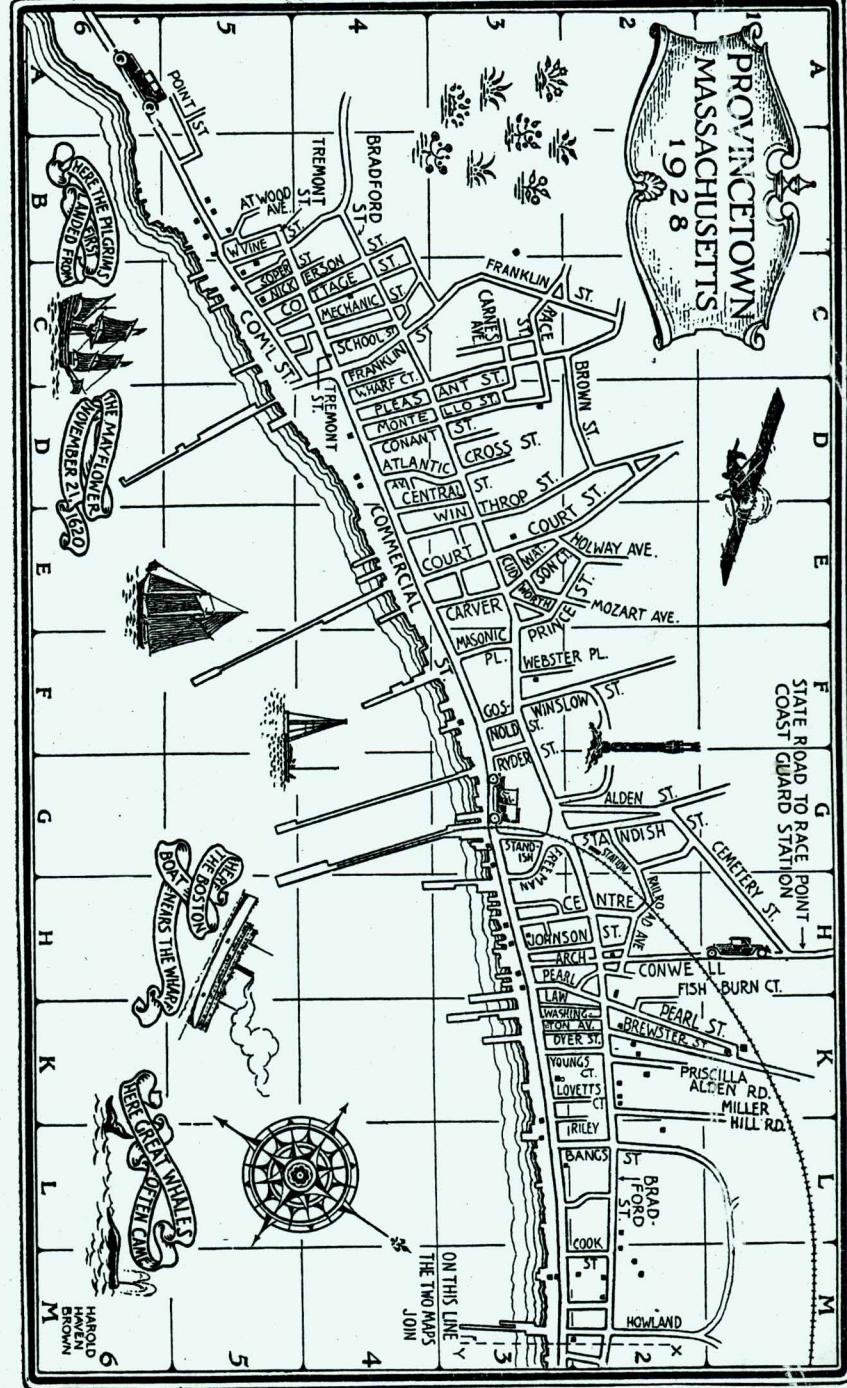
"If you take them away," answered the Government. The Provincetown fathers consulted together. And next, houses supported on wrecking barrels bobbed solemnly across the bay. They "figgered" it this way:

Continued on page 34

PROVINCETOWN

MASSACHUSETTS

1928





THE "SNUG HARBOR"

Directions for locating addresses on the maps:

Find, on the map-edge, the letter and number accompanying the artist's name, given below.

In the square, which is in line with this letter and number, will be found the desired street and studio, the latter usually indicated by a black spot.

Artists' Directory

- BAIN, HARRIET F. -L3
Landscape, flowers, oils and watercolors
Provincetown — Care Art Association
New York—112 East 10th Street
- BAKER, SHERMAN -L3
Painter
Studio: 463 Commercial St.
Visitors by appointment
- BAXTER, MISS BLANCHE -B5
Painter of Landscape, still life, oils, watercolors
47 Commercial Street
Visitors: Thursday from 4 to 6 o'clock.
- BENEKER, GERRIT A.
Painter of Portrait, Landscape and figure
- Studio at Truro on King's Highway
Visitors: Any afternoon or by appointment
P. O. Box 312
- BENJAMIN, MARGUERITE -N3
(MRS. KAESELAU)
Painter of Magazine and Book Illustrations
530 Commercial Street
Visitors by appointment only
Telephone 71
- BICKNELL, W. H. W. -H3
Etchings and Instruction
Vinton Studios, 382 Commercial Street
(Opposite Ocean View)
(Pearl and Commercial Sts.)
Visitors: by appointment

DIRECTORY

27

- BLAKEMAN, THOMAS G. -L3
Painter
Studio: Gloucester, Virginia
Provincetown: Care of Art Association
- BLONDHEIM, ADOLphe -M2
Painting, etching, lithographs
Studio: Bradford Street
Visitors: Saturdays after 5 P. M.
- BOHM, Mrs. MAX -R3
Painter
"Grand View," near junction Bradford and Commercial Streets, East End
- BOOGAR, WILLIAM F. JR. -L3
Painting and Sculpture
c/o Provincetown Art Association
- BROWN, FLORENCE BRADSHAW -M2
Water color portraits, miniatures, block prints
Studio: Rear of 478 Commercial Street.
Visitors: Saturday mornings
- BROWNE, GEO. ELMER, N.A.
Painter of Composition subjects, portrait, figure, landscape, marine
Instructor of Drawing and painting, West End School of Art
Studio: At end of Franklin Street -B3
Residence: 162 Commercial Street Corner of Central Street
Visitors: Saturdays from 3 until 5 o'clock
- BROWN, HAROLD HAVEN -M2
Designs, paintings, block prints, ship models
Studio: Rear of 478 Commercial Street.
Visitors: Saturday mornings
- BROWN, MARGARETTA GRATZ
Painter of landscape and flower studies
Studio: Bradford Street and Tennis Way -P3
Visiting hours 4 to 6 o'clock
- BUEHLER, LYTTON -H2
Painter of Portraits, landscapes and decorations
Studio: Francis Studios — Johnson Street
Visitors: Daily from 5 to 6 P. M.
- CALIGA ELIZABETH HOWLAND
Painter of Flowers and Landscape -D3
Studio: 33 Conant Street
Visitors: Saturday from 2 to 4 o'clock
- CALIGA, I. H. -D3
Painter of Portraits
Studio: 33 Conant Street
Visitors: Saturday afternoons from 2 to 4 o'clock
- CARSON, FRANK -H2
Painter of Portraits, landscapes, water colors
Teacher of Drawing and Painting
Studio: 11 Cornwall Street (State Road)
Visitors: Friday afternoons from 2 to 4 o'clock

CLYMER, J. FLOYD -C5
 Painter of Marines
 Studio: West Vine Street
 Residence: 75 Commercial Street
 Visitors at studio from 2 to 5 P. M.

COLTMAN, ORA
 Painter of architectural groups of houses, street scenes
 Studio: 11415 Mayfield Rd., Cleveland, Ohio
 Provincetown first of August
 c-o Art Association -L3

CROCKER, MARTHA -H2
 Painter of portraits in oils
 Studio: No. 6 Day's Studios —Pearl Street
 Visitors at studio or by appointment
 (c-o Mrs. Hernaldo Kelley, Johnson Street)

DAVIS, BERTHA BRIDGMAN -K3
 Painter of flowers and paintings on glass
 Studio: 400 Commercial St. —Homestead Gallery
 Visitors: 8 A. M. to 6 P. M.

DENNIS, MORGAN -K2
 Etchings—Dog subjects and landscapes
 6 Priscilla Alden Road
 Visitors by appointment

DESCH, FRANK H. -M2
 Figure Painting and Portraiture
 198 Bradford Street (Near Cook Street)
 Visitors: Any day, except Sundays

DICKINSON, EDWIN W. -K1
 Painter—Teacher
 46 Pearl Street
 Visitors by appointment

DUNCAN, FLORIDA -K1
 Painter of water colors—landscape and figure
 No. 2 Youngs Studios (Brewster Street)
 Visitors by appointment

DUPUY, ELLA M. -K2
 Painter of portraits and flowers—decorative treatment
 Studio: Lovell's Detached Studio (Third House north of Bradford Street)
 Visitors: Saturdays 3 to 6 P. M.

EASTWOOD, RAYMOND -K2
 Landscape: Portraits
 Studio 4-4 Brewster Street
 Visitors by appointment

FARNSWORTH, JERRY
 Painter of figures and portraits
 Studio: North Truro, Cape Cod, Mass.
 Visitors: Any day after 5 P. M.

FERGUSON, NANCY MAYBIN
 Painter of landscapes -M2
 Studio: Bradford Street near Cook Street

FERGUSON, DOROTHY -G3
 Studio: 321 Commercial St. (Rear)
 Hours: 4-6 P. M.

GEIGER, CAROLINE H. -H3
 358 Commercial Street

DIRECTORY

GOWIE, MARJORIE -H3
 Painting and Sculpture
 Studio: South African Studio—Commercial St.
 Visitors: Daily from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

GRANT, LAWRENCE -M2
 Painter of landscape and decoration
 Exhibition of paintings of Algeria
 Studio: "The Colonial", 496 Commercial Street
 Visitors: Wednesday and Saturday during July and August 2 to 6 P. M. and by appointment
 Tel. 367-4 Provincetown

GREGORY, DOROTHY LAKE -B5
 (MRS. ROSS MOFFETT)
 50 Commercial Street

HALL, FRANCES M. -B5
 Sculpture
 Studio: 63 Commercial St.

HARTMAN, ELSA ALISON
 Painter of portraits -M3
 Studio: 481 Commercial St.
 Visitors: 1 to 3 P. M. daily

HAWTHORNE, CHAS. W., N.A.
 Painter of portraits, landscapes, and figure subjects -K1
 Instructor of Painting, Cape Cod School of Art
 Studio: End of Pearl Street
 Residence: Miller Hill, Miller Hill Road
 Visitors: Saturdays 4 to 6 P. M.

HUNT, PETER -K3
 Decorative paintings
 Studio: 445 Commercial St.
 Visitors: 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. daily

HAWTHORNE, MARION C. -K1
 Painter of flowers and landscapes
 Studio: End of Pearl Street
 Residence: Miller Hill, Miller Hill Road
 Visitors: Saturdays from 4 to 6 P. M. at Mr. Hawthorne's Studio

HENSCHE, HENRY -K1
 Oil paintings
 Studio: Youngs Studios — Brewster Street
 Visitors: By appointment

HOKE, MARTHA H. -C4
 Landscape and Portrait Painter
 Studio: 15 Cottage Street
 Visitors: Thursday afternoons open studio
 Tel. Call information

HOWELLS, ALICE -O3
 Painter of landscapes, flowers and still life
 Studio: "Beach Plum"—551 Commercial Street
 Visitors: 2 to 4 P. M. daily

HUGHES, DOROTHY STUART
 Painter of landscapes, portraits, and figures in oil
 Studio: No. 1 Day's Studios, Pearl Street -H2
 Visitors: Wednesday and Saturday from 2 to 4 P. M.
 Tel. 319

IVINS, MARIE E. -Q³
 Patchwork pictures, embroidered pictures, original decorative ideas for pillows, hangings, lamp shades, etc.
 Studio: The Portside Studio by The Ship's Bell, Allerton Street—East End
 Visitors: Daily from 9 to 12 (not Sundays)

JENKINSON, (Mrs.) M. E. D. Beadwork -C⁵
 Studio: 79 Commercial St.
 Visitors: Sunday from 3 to 5 P. M.

JOHNSON, STELLA -H³
 Paintings and Etchings
 Studio: 360 Commercial St.
 Visitors: Fridays from 2 to 6 P. M.

KAESELAU, CHARLES -E³
 Studio: 28 Court Street
 Residence: 530 Commercial Street
 Visitors: by appointment
 Tel. 71

KIRKUP, MARY A. -H³
 358 Commercial Street
 Visitors: Wednesdays and Fridays, 3 to 6

KNATHS, KARL -A⁶
 8 Commercial Street

LAZZELL, BLANCHE -H³
 Color wood block prints and oil paintings
 Studio: On shore opposite Methodist Church
 Visitors: Daily from 4 to 6 P. M. Saturdays 10 A. M. to 6 P. M.

L'ENGLE, LUCY
 L'ENGLE, WILLIAM
 Studio: Longnook Wood—Truro
 Tel. Wellfleet 11-13

LEVY, WM. AUERBACH
 Painter and Etcher
 Provincetown: Care Art Association -L³
 46 Washington Square, New York City

LIDDELL, KATHERINE -O³
 259 Bradford Street
 At home Sunday afternoons from 4 to 6 P. M.

LINDENMUTH, TOD -D⁴
 Paintings and Block Prints
 Studio: 159 Commercial St.
 Visitors: Saturday afternoons and by appointment

LITTLE, MRS. FRANK -H³
 (TACEYM LITTLE)
 Etchings and Aquatints
 Studio: The Old Barn Loft Studio, 349A Commercial Street
 At home Saturday, July 14th and August 11th

LOEB, DOROTHY -D⁴
 Oils, water colors, monotypes
 Studio: Powe Studio—149 Commercial Street
 Visitors: Tuesdays 4 to 7 P. M., Saturdays 2.30 to 7 P. M.

MARTIN, CHARLES J. -B⁵
 Water colors and prints
 Studio: 39 Commercial St.
 Visitors: Mondays at 4 P. M.

MARVIN, FREDERICK H. -M²
 Illustrations, landscapes
 211 Bradford Street
 Visitors: Mondays, 3 to 4 P. M.
 Telephone 132

MAST, JOSEPHINE -B⁵
 Water color, landscape and flowers
 4 Attwoods Ave.

MEARS, HENRIETTA DUNN
 Landscape painter and etcher -M³
 Studio: 481 Commercial St.
 Visitors from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. daily

MEESER, LILLIAN BURK
 Still life and landscape
 South Wellfleet, Cape Cod, Mass.
 Visitors: 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. except Sundays, July and August

MILLER, RICHARD E., N.A.
 Portraits, Landscape and Figure subjects
 Studio: Bradford Street -M²
 Residence: Bradford Street
 Hours for visiting studio by appointment

MOFFETT, Ross -E³
 Oil paintings
 Studio: Shirt factory building
 Visitors: by appointment
 P. O. Box 312

MOTTET, JEANIE GALLUP -K²
 Painter of portraits, gardens, etc.

Studio: 9 Priscilla Alden Road
 Residence: 9 Priscilla Alden Road
 Visitors: by appointment
 Tel. 24

MUNGER, ANNE WELLS
 Landscapes, gulf coast scenes
 South Wellfleet, Cape Cod (Turn by Adams House)
 Visitors: Daily except Sundays.

MUNROE, SARAH -K²
 Painter of flowers and landscapes
 Studio: In the garden at 178 Bradford Street
 Residence: 178 Bradford Street—1905 N Street, Washington, D. C.
 Visitors: by appointment

MUSGRAVE, ARTHUR F. -P³
 Oil and water color landscape painting
 Studio: Bradford Street, East End, near Mary's Inn.
 Visitors: Saturday 10 to 12 A. M.—2 to 4 P. M.

NEWHALL, HARRIOT B. -D⁴
 Architectural subjects
 Studio: 157 Commercial St.
 Tel. 256

PALMER, PAULINE -F³
 Painter of portraits, figure subjects and landscapes
 Studio: "The Lanterns", 5 Webster Place
 Visitors: Sundays from 4 to 6 P. M.

PERKINS, EDNA BRUSH -K2
 Flowers, figure, landscape
 Webster Cottage, Miller
 Hill Road

PFEIFFER, HEINRICH -F3
 Painter of landscapes and
 marines in water color and
 oil
 Studio and Gallery: Pfeiffer
 Wharf, 253A Commercial
 Street
 Gallery open to public from
 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. (Sundays closed)
 Residence: 244 Commercial
 Street

RANN, V. B. -H2
 Oil paintings
 Studio: No. 2 Day's Studios
 —Pearl Street
 Visitors: by appointment

RAVENSROFT, ELLEN -L3
 Portrait and Landscape
 painter
 Wood Block Prints
 463 Commercial Street—
 Provincetown
 17 East 59th Street—New
 York

ROBERTS, ELLIE -H3
 Painting and Sculpture
 Studio: South African
 Studios—58 West 57th
 Street.
 Visitors: Daily from 9 A. M.
 to 6 P. M.

ROBINSON, MRS. MONCURE
 ROBINSON, LYDIA S. M.
 Paoli, Pennsylvania
 Provincetown: c-o Art Asso-
 ciation -L3

RYERSON, MARGERY A.
 Painting and Etching
 Studio: Sherwood Studio—
 58 West 57th St. Tel.
 Circle 10158
 Provincetown: Care of Art
 Association -L3

SAWYER, HELEN ALTON
 Painter of landscapes and
 figures.
 Studio: North Truro, Cape
 Cod
 Visitors: Daily after 5 P. M.

SCUDDER, ANTOINETTE Q.
 Oils, also small paintings on
 ivory; pen and ink; pastels
 Studio: No. 9 the New
 Day's Studios -K2
 Visitors: Any afternoon

SHACKELFORD, SHELBY -H3
 Oil paintings, pencil draw-
 ings, block prints
 Studio: 294A Commercial
 Street
 Visitors: 2.50 to 5.30 after-
 noons

SLADE, CALEB ARNOLD
 Portraits, figures and land-
 scapes in oil
 Studio: Truro, Mass.
 Visitors: 2 to 5 P. M. daily
 Tel. Wellfleet 11-33

STAHL, MARIE LOUISE -H3
 Portrait, landscape, still life,
 flowers, carved book ends
 Next door to Provincetown
 Art Shop

TAYLOR, ANNE HEYWARD -K3
 Block prints, figure and
 landscape
 418A Commercial Street

TISCH, ANNETTE PAULINE
 Water colors
 Studio: Castle Road, Truro
 Visitors: by appointment
 Tel. Wellfleet 11-15

TOWNSEND, RUTH -H2
 (WHITAKER)
 Landscape painting
 Studio: Francis Studios
 Johnson and Bradford Sts.
 Visitors: Thursday 3 to 5
 P. M.

VAN DERECK, ANTON -G3
 Still life, landscape, minia-
 ture ship models.
 Studio: 331 Commercial St.
 —Rear of J. Silva's
 Visitors: Mondays, Wednes-
 days, and Fridays from 2
 to 5 P. M.
 P. O. Box 461

WARREN, ELIZABETH B. -B5
 (Mrs. Tod LINDENMUTH)
 Etchings and Dry Points
 Studio: 56 Commercial St.
 Visitors: Mondays 2.30 to
 5.30 P. M. or by appoint-
 ment.

WAUGH, FREDERICK J., N.A.
 Painter of marine, land-
 scape and figure subjects
 Studio: 76 Commercial St.
 Residence: 76 Commercial
 Street -C5
 Tel. 349

WAUGH, COULTON -C5
 Portraits and figure work
 Studio: West Vine Street
 Visitors: by appointment
 Tel. 404

WEBSTER, E. AMBROSE -L3
 Figure and landscape painter
 Director and Instructor —
 Webster School of Art
 At home 180 Bradford St.
 Sunday afternoons
 Other days—9 A. M. at 463
 Commercial Street

WEINRICH, AGNES -A6
 8 Commercial Street

WILSON, EDWIN A.
 Illustrator, Painter, and
 Wood Engraver
 Studio: Truro, Mass.
 Visitors: by appointment
 Tel. Wellfleet 101

WITHERSTINE, DONALD F.
 Landscape Painter
 Studio on Beach—47 Com-
 mercial Street -B5
 Visitors: by appointment

WOEFLER, ARTHUR W. -B3
 Portrait and figure painter—
 also marines
 c-o West End School of Art

WONG, H. L. -G3
 Painter of landscapes and
 portraits
 327 Commercial Street
 Visitors: Paintings on view
 every day after 10.30
 A. M.

WRIGHT, GRACE LATIMER
 Designer of textiles.
 Studio: 595 Commercial St.
 Visitors: Daily from 8.30
 A. M. to 5.30 P. M.

(Continued from page 23)

If wrecking barrels can support and bring up from the sea's bottom a vessel of many tons' burden, why can't a raft of wrecking barrels support a house on the surface of the water? They could and did. Matheson's Department Store, our principal store in town, once was the schoolhouse, and I have been told that it, too, went to sea and became an amphibious animal, but I have never verified this. It seems a large building to have floated across the bay.

If you walk up and down Provincetown streets in spring or fall you will see a prodigious carpentry going on. As sure as spring comes, houses cut bay windows and dormers with the regularity of a baby cutting teeth. Some houses sprout ells, while others build on a "Cape Cod cellar," for our cellars are mostly above ground, it being considered difficult to build a cellar in the sand.

As you walk down the street you will notice that in many of the yards there is a little flock of outhouses, of "shops," or two-room dwellings. Houses expand or diminish according as people's folks come or go away. The mother of a neighbor of mine came to live with him in her old age, and he moved down a two-room cottage which he attached to the main house, so that his mother needn't be bothered with the children and could have her own privacy. After a time the old lady died, and he moved the house away again, because he said it made him feel lonely. Next, his sister's husband died, and home she came with her children. Well and good. He moved down the cottage from the back lot. So the progress of a house can be marked by the additions to the family.

Why this carpentry is never done and why every one brings out hammer and saw and goes to work remodeling his house to his heart's desire when spring comes I did not at first understand. I didn't understand this peculiar flexibility of Provincetown houses or why they did not stay upon their foundations after the fashion of houses in other towns, but picked up their skirts in their old age and went wandering up roadways or sandy dunes—not until some out-of-town people bought a piece of property near me and wanted to build on it. What to do with the old house? The carpenter was a Provincetown man and he was not for a moment perplexed. He shoved the house out into the bay and there he anchored it. Unfortunately a storm

came up and for two days the distracted house rocked and creaked. Its shutters and door blew open. The blank windows and the yawning door looked like frightened eyes and a doleful, screaming mouth. Then I realized why it was that our houses are more flexible than other houses in other towns. Provincetown men are not landmen at all. Almost without exception they have at one time or another followed the sea. Certainly their forebears have. The life of his race has spent so much of its time on the sea in ships that they look upon houses as a sort of land-ship or a species of house-boat, and therefore not subject to the laws of houses.

Now every man who owns a boat or a vessel overhauls it, alters it, tinkers with it. So that is why all Provincetown people tinker with their houses ashore and add to them perpetually. Once understand that the people here are seafaring folk and you will understand why it is that every good housewife takes her can of varnish out in the spring and varnishes all her mahogany furniture over again, for do you not varnish down the bright work on your boat and do you not varnish down your spars? Therefore it follows you should varnish the bright work in your house. This likeness of Provincetown houses to ships explains some of their architectural peculiarities. In many an old house the front door opens on a narrow entry. The stairs mount sheer. They are not truly stairs but a companionway. I have seen upstairs chambers where the small windows had the air of portholes, as though built for security against the weather rather than for light.

In the old days, after the first upheaval and when the first road was building, almost every house had attached to it a building known as a shop or a store. This did not mean a store where you bought and sold things, but a place where you stored things. These shops or "fish houses" had one wide room with doors that opened on the sea, and a loft where tackle, net, and all sorts of gear were stowed. The greater number of these shops have now been turned into houses for summer visitors.

It would not be fair to Provincetown not to speak of what you might call the "barn and fish house architecture." For most of these little unpretentious dwellings have been done over with so much ingenuity and love that they fit into Provincetown's old-time charm far more closely than some of the new

houses which have been built "Town Along." Back of my own house is now what is one of the pleasantest dwellings in town—a long white house with blue shutters and pleasant bricked paths leading to a studio. A few years ago this was an ugly barn. My eyes rested on it for years before I noticed the kindness of its general proportions.

In the fish houses on the shore the big room that was used for storing tackle and mending nets is transformed into a living room of ample size. Dormer windows make pleasant bedrooms of the loft formerly used for storing sails and gear and net. Then add a brick walk with a bright flower garden on each side, and you find what was formerly a mere shop transformed into a pleasant habitation.

Legends linger around many of the old houses. This tall, white house on the hill was the home of a whaling captain who drove his men to death in the northern seas. In the cemetery a stone with "Lost at Sea" marks his memory, but old people say that he has been seen walking around his old house to which he never returned, trying to get in. Way "Up Along" a comfortable Colonial house sits far back from the road, yet when you pass it it strikes you in the eye with its strangeness: a fence occupies the middle of the front path right up to the front door. This fence has been here so long that a big tree has grown alongside it, encroaching on some of the pickets. Here until recently two brothers lived in the house which had been left them jointly by an injudicious father. Because of some quarrel they divided the house in two and put the fence up, and throughout their lives they never spoke to one another again. When one of the brothers died it was found he had left his will in such fashion that his share of the house could never fall into the hands of his surviving house-mate. One could fill a book with Provincetown legends and Provincetown customs. But slowly the old are dying.

When I first came to Provincetown it was considered not quite the thing to have the front yard that was not ornamented with a few whale's vertebrae or a whale's jaw. Garden beds were bedecked with large shells, disabled dories were turned into flower beds, and morning glories climbed up the great bleaching whale jaws. I learned that I was vaguely criticized for my failure to conform. I remember very well the day when Mr. Berry beckoned to me in the friendly way he had when he had a new

treasure to show me. Mr. Berry was for years an institution in Provincetown. In summer a proud sign in front of his store read "ANTIQUITIES." When fall came and the conches of the schooners had whistled a loud goodby to the departing boat, and the last of the summer folks had flitted back to town; when the storm signals were beginning to fly on Town Hill and the town took on its autumnal aspect, its streets filled with men in oil-skins and hip boots instead of girls in bright summer dresses, a new sign better suited to a Provincetown audience appeared before Mr. Berry's store. It read "OLD JUNK."

"Come inside," said Mr. Berry to me, "come here, I' got something to show you; I' got something you need. Your yard don't look stylish. You ain't got any whale's vertebrees; you ain't got a whale's jaw in your front yard with morning glories twining on it. You ain't got a figger head. Why, you ain't got nothing in your yard. It ain't right for a woman like you. What you need is this ship's bill." He pointed to a huge bronze bell almost as tall as I. "That'll give tone to your yard, that'll give style to you, that'll shut folks' mouths when they start talking how plain your yard is. Why, the other day I went past and I see you down on the waterfront hollering out to sea like any common woman, hollering for your kids to come home to dinner. Now you buy this ship's bill. Come noon, you can ring eight bells stylish and you won't have to holler on the end of a wharf any more. Won't be any other house around there that's got a ship's bill. Come noon, you ring eight bells and your kids come right in."

By this kindly advice I saw that I had not lived up to what was expected of me, but fifteen years have seen a change. Some of the old customs are passing along with the boardwalk. We always have bright flower gardens and the encroaching flowers have driven out the whale's vertebrae. A yard can be stylish without them.

In the old days Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, New Bedford, and Provincetown were sister towns; more whalers went out of New Bedford and Nantucket, more bankers left Provincetown. Not that Provincetown did not send vessels into the South Seas after whale and sea-elephants, which returned with many a contraband barrel of Jamaica rum stowed away in the hold. Alone of all these towns Provincetown still remains self



BY ELLEN RAVENSCROFT

COMMERCIAL STREET

OLD HOUSES

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supporting, a town making its living from the sea. Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket have fallen into the hand of "Off-Islanders," New Bedford drones with the noise of the mills, the Portuguese negroes live in the fine old houses built by the whaling captains of an earlier day. Provincetown still sends out her fleet of beautiful fresh fishermen; but maybe her days are also numbered. One hears many stories of the competition of the beam-trawlers, and it may be that that ugly, efficient boat will drive our hundred-foot schooners from the face of the sea.

Every year sees another of the old houses passing into the hands of "summer people." The newcomers have treated the old houses tenderly. And as yet "summer folks," as they are known, play but little part in the town's prosperity. But the old days are passing. Last summer for the first time the Town Crier cried no more. Berry is dead, and for years the monument to the memory of the Pilgrims has loomed above the town. There are more flowers and more trees than there used to be when I first came. There are fewer sailing dories.

It looks as if the old days were on the wane. But whatever happens, nothing can change the wild back country and nothing can tame the outside shore. Nothing can happen that will make Provincetown anything for me but the pleasantest place in all the world in which to live.—Courtesy of *Country Life*.

Provincetown Authors

THE Provincetown Players, that remarkable theatrical experiment of which George Cram Cook was the moving spirit, called attention to a group of writers who made this town their home. For more than twenty years there has been a little "Colony" of writers here. But the members of the colony are in no sense outsiders for though the group has inevitably changed a little in that space of time, most of its members are property owners here and in every sense residents of the town. A number of native residents have also done literary work of merit. Books by Provincetown authors can be obtained at the local bookstores—

Mary Heaton Vorse has lived in the "Kibbie Cook's" house on Commercial Street since 1906. She has been a contributor of short stories to magazines for many years. Her books are: The

Breaking in of a Yachtsman's Wife; The Very Little Person; The Autobiography of an Elderly Woman; The Heart's Country; The Ninth Man; The Prestons; I've Come to Stay; Growing Up; Men and Steel; Fraycar's Fist. Her new novel "Second Cabin" will appear in October.

Frank Shay's home is in the "West End" of town. He is the author of: Fifty Contemporary One Act Plays, (with Pierre Loving); Bibliography of Walt Whitman; The Provincetown Plays (with George Cram Cook); A Treasury of Plays for Women; Iron Men and Wooden Ships; A Treasury of Plays for Men; The Stewart Kidd Modern Plays; Seventy-five Short Plays; My Pious Friends and Drunken Companions.

Norman Matson and his wife *Susan Glaspell* live in Provincetown in the winter and Truro in the summer. They are co-authors of "The Comic Artist" a play in three acts. Miss Glaspell's books are (*Plays*): Trifles; Suppressed Desires (with George Cram Cook); Plays (Berenice, etc.); The Inheritors; The Verge; (*Biography*) The Road to the Temple; (*Novels*) The Glory of the Conquered; Brook Evans (published 1928). Mr. Matson is the author of Flecker's Magic; Day of Fortune (published England 1927, America, August 1928).

Hutchins Hapgood and his wife *Neith Boyce*, spend a portion of the year here in one of their houses on Commercial Street. Miss Boyce's books are: The Forerunner; The Folly of Atlas; Eternal Spring; The Bond; Enemies (with Hutchins Hapgood); Proud Lady; Harry, a Biography. Mr. Hapgood's are: Paul Jones; The Spirit of the Ghetto; The Autobiography of a Thief; An Anarchist Woman; Types from the City Streets; Enemies (with Neith Boyce); The Story of a Lover.

Phyllis Duganne, whose work is mostly short stories, has a summer home in Truro, and lives in Provincetown or New York in the winter. She is the author of "Prologue," a novel.

Eugene O'Neill still keeps his "back shore" home, the old Peaked Hill Bars Life Saving Station, though he has recently been living in New York and Bermuda. His plays are: The Moon of the Caribees; Beyond the Horizon; The Emperor Jones; The Hairy Ape; The Fountain; Diff'runt; The Straw; Gold; Desire under the Elms; Marco Millions; The Great God Brown; Strange Interlude.

Harry Kemp lives in Provincetown in the summer and New York in the winter. He is the author of four books of poetry:

The Cry of Youth; The Passing God; Chanteys and Ballads; The Sea and the Dunes; Tramping on Life, a novel; More Miles, a novel; and The Love-Rogue; (translated from the original Don Juan Played by Tirso de Molina).

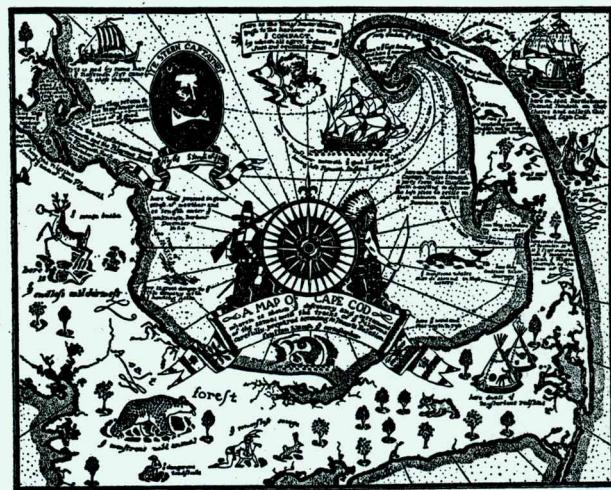
Elizabeth Waugh of the "Hooked Rug Shop" and *Edith Foley* are authors of "Collecting Hooked Rugs."

Nancy W. Paine Smith who lives on Bradford Street is author of *The Provincetown Book* and *About the Artists*.

Mrs. Lillian Barrow, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Wm. Sparrow, publishes excellent poetry.

Captain John Cook who commanded the last whaling cruise from Provincetown Harbor is the author of "Pursuing the Whale."

John C. Johnson is a newspaper man residing in Provincetown and now engaged in free lance work. He has had a newspaper career extending from coast to coast. He is also author of a one act play, and several short stories. Mr. Johnson was the first reporter to secure an eye witness story of the sinking of the submarine S-4. He is correspondent for New York and Boston papers together with several trade papers devoted to fish.



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