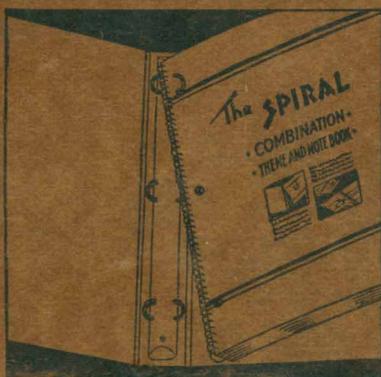


Province town and the Cape.

Book Two

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# Old Provincetown to Celebrate Two Hundredth Anniversary

## History of Township Goes Back to Days of Norse Visits; Tradition Has Sea King Buried There

Beginning August 4 and continuing for four days, Provincetown will celebrate its 200th anniversary as a separate township. For the first time in its long history the little fishing town is to have a celebration that is all its own and not a part of some other anniversary.

For Provincetown is much more than two centuries old. History recounts that the Pilgrims first landed on what is now within the town limits in 1620, remaining for over a month before they decided to seek a more fertile soil on the mainland. But Provincetown's history goes back even beyond that date.

It is known that Thorvald, brother of Leif Erickson, ran ashore at what is now known as Long Point and was compelled to beach his ship for repairs. He found a goodly land and later, when near Boston an Indian arrow mortally wounded him, he directed that his body be buried in that goodly land. Now it is known as Chip Hill and tradition refers to it as the Norseman's Fort. This, it is recorded, was some time between 1020 and 1030, and would make the present celebration the 900th anniversary.

More recently it has been determined that the first human habitation was built in 1626-'27 and by 1650 was a recognized part of the Plymouth Plantation. Next it was learned it was made a part of Eastham Constabrick. But even in 1650, though many people called it their home, it was without definite position. In that year the governor of the colony bought the land known as Cape Cod, that is, from Long Point to Eastern Harbor and now the boundaries of the town, from one Samson, an Indian. It was purchased "for the said colony's use." It became known as the Province Land.

In 1714 it was made a precinct of Truro. The seat of local government at Truro Center was too far away to suit the fishermen and in 1715 they prayed the General Court that "Cape Cod (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 and what their vices are remains unknown.

### Incorporated in 1727

In 1627 the town was incorporated, though in the act the state reaffirmed its ownership of the land. This ownership, to a certain degree, the state still holds. Until as recent as 1893 it was possible to give only quit-claim deeds to land transfers.

In the application for local autonomy the name was Herrington, probably suggested by Herring Cove which still exists, but the state ordained that it

should be Provincetown and it was so written in.

For many years there was but one street, along the shore 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 laid out some idealist wanted it to be sixty-four feet wide but in the face of strong opposition he reduced his demand to half that amount. Even that width was too great and it was made twenty-two feet and to-day it remains the same narrow road. The side streets giving from Commercial Street to the Harbor are old town landings and those giving towards the north are old boatways.

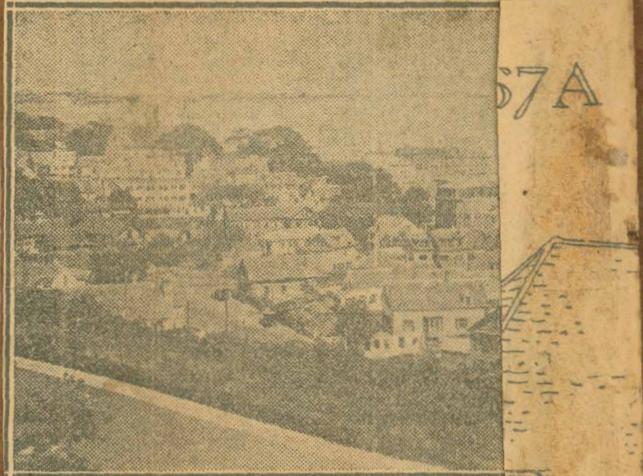
Through the traditional New England town government the town has been kept quaint. The main street has never been widened, solely because the people have been unwilling to go to the expense, and the narrow streets have been preserved. The little shingled cottages, seemingly huddled in each other's backyard, defy all rules of orderly alignment, and the stranger seeking the house of a friend or a washwoman has his work cut out for him. Though each corner bears a street name no one uses them. Certain streets are known by the name of their most prominent resident, for instance, "the street Will Young lives on" and "that street that begins at Miss Lizzie's." The two main arteries are simply known as the front street and the back street. The town is spoken of as being on the "inside" and the ocean and province lands behind the town are the "outside." A person goes "upalong" or "downalong," and never buys or purchases at a store—he trades there.

### Contributions to Navy

Few Provincetown names appear in the muster rolls of the American army. In each war the town has contributed sailors to its fullest capacity. Due to its great geographical prominence, it is always in fear of invasion, providing, as it would in such case, a landing place that is without protection.

It is not generally known that Provincetown is the birthplace of the whaling industry in this country. The Pilgrims early learned that whales and blackfish cast up "by God's providence" upon the shores of Cape Cod were of great value. Tryworks were built on the beach, and as the tide ebbed and left the leviathan stranded on the flats the doughty Pilgrims hastened to dispatch him where he lay. The carcass was then cut up and carried to the nearest tryworks and rendered into oil.

Then came one who was impatient of God's providence, who saw that a greater number of whales might be brought to his tryworks were he to go out in a small boat after them. This was the first attempt at off-shore whaling. Later, seeing the profit that accrued to the pioneer, they mounted



Provincetown as it looks from the P...

their tryworks on larger ships, filled the hold with empty hogsheads and went off to deep water.

In 1672 Nantucket sent to Cape Cod (which in those days referred to the land between Long Point and Eastern Harbor) and offered James Lopar, Provincetown's best whaler, wood and water for his use, pasturage for one horse, three cows and twenty sheep on the common and ten acres of land, to remove to Nantucket and there carry on and teach whaling. Lopar, it is known, entered the agreement, but never left Cape Cod. The Nantucketers, still considering the knowledge and experience of Provincetown whalers as superior to their own, persisted in the plan, and eighteen years later persuaded Ichabod Paddock to come to the island and give them lessons in killing whales and trying out oil. The last whaler, the John R. Manta, left Provincetown in 1905, and the industry

closed down. Only last year Captain Stull, long known as 'the ambergris king,' was laid to rest.

### Discovered by Artist

During the '90s this sleepy little town again was discovered. An artist, with a commission to paint a picture of the Sahara Desert compromised on the sand dunes. He told other artists of the natural beauty of the place, the sunsets that rivaled those of Italy, of the vari-colored lights in the bay at sunrise. Twenty-eight years ago Charles Hawthorne, N. A., founded the Cape Cod School of Art. Art students came from all over the country and carried memories of the little town back with them. Many returned to carry on their studies, some to make it a summer home and not a few to make it a permanent one. Then came writers and dramatists, poets, singers, in fact every type of creative artist.



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# Provincetown Taking Warmly to "Ted Robinson's Book Shop"



"TED" ROBINSON'S BOOK SHOP IN PROVINCETOWN

This little shop in the heart of the famous Cape Cod town is not an ordinary one. It is made out of an old fish shed, and if not careful you will step out of its front door right into the bay. When Mrs. Robinson is not procuring books for her customers, she is serving them tea.

In a little weather silvered shanty at Provincetown where doubtless at one time the neighborhood pussies used to sit and contemplate racks of fish drying just out of reach, there is a "Ted Robinson's Book Shop." For it occurred to Ted Robinson that Provincetown, with its summer artist colony, which included writers and poets as well as brush-and-paint artists, had no bookshop. That is, none worth mentioning. Of course there were the meagre supplies of fiction antiquities somewhat wistfully offered for sale at the village news stand. But Greenwich Village vacationing—or its hundred counterparts throughout the country, does not hanker unduly to read "Graustark" and the other part of summer Provincetown which comes to inspect that prodigiously exciting thing "Art at Work" would not for a minute be

content unless it were reading "what the artists read."

So Ted Robinson, having noted sagely to himself that Provincetown had no bookshop—worth mentioning, decided that Provincetown ought to have one. Thereupon he moved his family and himself thither from Cleveland together with large cases of books.

It is a nice bookshop, which might as well have only two walls, for the third and fourth sprawl wide open, one to let in customers and the other to admit the sapphire gleam of the sea and its many colored perfume. The absorbed person who takes a book off one of the shelves and wanders out to the little platform over the sea which serves as a porch is apt to step off into the sea without thinking, because it isn't a very big porch and is innocent of railings. Or there is a canary colored chair to sit in.

There are prints on the walls, and bits of rollicking verse written to Ted Robinson by F. P. A. and Christopher Morley and others who sent their good wishes for the success of the new shop in laughs. There are old editions, one or two which Ted Robinson does not try with any vigor to sell, for he says, "If they stay unsold at the end of the season my conscience will be clear and I can keep 'em." And there are delicious books for children and poems for very adult persons all swinging none too secure white pine racks feet from the floor.

Frank Shay has a book caravan in the contest for trade between them not so bitter that it prevents his stepping in one day a week to say "who!" to Robinson. So between them both the Cape is fairly well looked after in the matter of books.

Aug 12 2

# RARE CREATIONS AT ARTISTS' BALL

Provincetown Beachcombers' Annual Event Riot of Color and Beauty  
---Prizes for Best Costumes



MRS. AILEEN VAN BIENE MACKAY

Depicting the famous Red Cross war poster as "The Greatest Mother in the World," at the Provincetown Beachcombers' costume ball last night.



## How a curious grass saved the city of Provincetown

**A**BOUT one hundred and fifteen years ago, the lovely old city of Provincetown, on Cape Cod, was in danger of being swept into the sea.

The strong gales which blew across the cape were carrying the sands from behind the town into the harbor at its feet, while along the shore near the town the sea was washing huge sections of the beach away. Unless the movement of the sands could be stopped, it seemed that ere long the town would be deposited at the bottom of the ocean.

A commission investigated the matter and recommended the planting of a special grass. This grass had tremendous roots which would grow to a great depth, and anchor the sand so that neither wind nor waves could sweep it away.

The grass was planted and laws were made prohibiting animals from roaming at large and eating it up. The grass took root rapidly, the movement of the sand was checked, and from that time on Provincetown has rested safe and secure, no longer at the mercy of the wind and water.

Many a man has a little city of Provincetown of his own; this city is his home and his cherished

possessions which the storms of life can take away from him. But for a man there is a "beach grass," too, that will secure him and his family from such danger.

This grass, as you can guess, is insurance. It keeps your home secure and safe against the threat of fire and wind. In case an accident interferes with your earning power, it provides you with an income to meet taxes and mortgage payments.

If you are sued by someone as the result of an automobile accident, it can keep you from losing your property and your savings. And should you be taken away, it will allow your wife and children to keep up the home so dear to them and to live in a decent fashion.

Such beach grass is worth planting now.

By Irving S. Rogers

The first Lighthouses: In early Colonial days there were no warning beacons anywhere along the Cape. All through the days of sail it was a deadly coast—as the long list of shipwrecks will testify—with a lee-shore for many miles. Because of the narrow channel waters around the Cape—and due to the ever shifting shoals, bars and treacherous tide-rips—the well-preserved bones of hundreds of ships lie buried in the sands.

In the year of 1797 the Government purchased ten acres of land in North Truro for a lighthouse. Here the original Highland Light (the official name is Cape Cod Light) was built practically on the site of the present tower. It was, of course, oil burning and of pitiful power compared with the great beam of the present light, but it was a godsend to many a ship's captain.

A new tower was built and completed in 1857. It was originally a fixed white light using oil lamps and with the southwest or land section blank. In 1901 new equipment was installed and the change from a fixed light to the flashing type took place on October 10 of that year. In 1932 electricity replaced the oil and now a single 1,000 watt lamp gives the light a nominal candle power rating of more than 4,000,000, exceeded by but three other lighthouses in the whole United States.

Race Point Light, 1816: A lighthouse was built at Race Point in 1816 and later rebuilt in 1875. The present light is thirty feet in height, rates a 3,700 candle-power volume and shows a white flash of 1.3 seconds duration every 15 seconds.

Long Point in 1826: The Long Point beacon light was put up in 1826 on the very tip end of Cape Cod. The lighthouse was rebuilt in 1875—at the same time as Race Point Light, and on its present site. The tower is thirty-four feet high, with a fixed white light, showing all around the horizon. and rates a candle-power of 2,900.

Pamet River in 1849: At the mouth of Pamet River in Truro, a lighthouse was built in 1849. But, the harbor began to fill in with shifting sands, and vessels increased in size, until Pamet's small harbor area was quite inadequate for the large fleet and it became impossible to secure anchorage space. The shipping had to move out and with it went the shore industries that had been built up to serve the shipping industry. The lighthouse was abandoned in 1855.

Wood End, 1872: The present Wood End Light was erected in 1872, and is also thirty-four feet high—same height as Long Point—but it has a rated candle-power of 11,000. It flashes one second red—four times a minute. (One year later on July 22, 1873, the Old Colony Railroad was opened for traffic.) The Wood End Light became the responsibility of the Wood End Coast Guard Station when keeper Doug Shepherd was transferred to Rose Island Light, Newport, last spring.

There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood—  
Touch of manner, hint of mood;  
And my heart is like a rhyme,  
With the yellow and the purple and the  
Crimson keeping time."  
Bliss Carman

"I hear the winds of autumn sigh,  
They break my heart, they make me cry;  
I hear the birds of lovely spring.  
My hopes revive, I help them sing.  
Why do I sing! Why do I cry?  
It lies so deep, I know not why."  
Morris Rosenfeld

Cape-Weather

There are black nights, as well as night immense  
With twenty million stars' magnificence;  
At times the days such radiance distill  
That heaven itself becomes earth's window-sill;  
Of floating cloud; sometimes the days are black:  
And black and fierce the upward-pointed world  
Of waters, only white where foam is whirled;  
And there are winds; slow fogs; and rustling shores;  
And limitless tops of dunes where space explores  
Barely a little sky, while one far bouy  
Dreams on, alone, where fisher-boats deploy . . .  
And, like peace coming where there has been war,  
To soothe the long endurance, heal

ing property constantly. The Motor Corps made trips to homes on the waterfront and moved out invalids and families. The Street Department evacuated some families and were out all night clearing streets of fallen trees to allow ambulances, rescue cars and fire apparatus a clear way. The State Guard answered over 75 distress calls which included boarding windows, patrolling areas where definite fire hazards existed, evacuating persons at Mayflower Heights, helping the Street Department to clear roads and numerous other S.O.S. calls. The Fire Department had at least two calls and put out at least one fire in the open while ordering a local bakery to put out the fire under the oven because sparks were blowing onto nearby roofs.

In fact, if you could put all of the reports together and write an accurate resume of the assistance given by all of the groups you would be amazed at the amount of work accomplished by all of these voluntary organizations. To all of the groups

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find

# Hurricane Flays Town Fish Traps In Ruins Boats Lost--Damaged

Provincetown Shows Amazing Recovery As It Digs Itself Out Of Maze Of Huge Fallen Trees And Debris—Outside Communications Established—Light And Power Come On—First Estimate Of Damage Puts Figure at \$500,000—Army, Coast Guard, Navy, State Guard And All Other Agencies Do Invaluable Work

## Prelude To Disaster

Afternoon, September 14 . . . This morning the sun came out finally, but a heavy atmosphere of deadly quietness permeated everything. Throughout the morning there was scarcely any movement in the air at all. The harbor was quiet. The shores of Truro clear. About midmorning two square red flags moved up to the top of the staff on Monument Hill. They have square black centers, and they mean HURRICANE.

The Coast Guard has called all of its men back from leaves and liberty to their stations—to Wood End, to Race Point, to Highland, and to the other stations along the Cape. Fishing boats have tied up to their moorings and those who haven't any are using government moorings.

All Navy craft left this morning for the shelter of the Canal and those whose pleasure sailboats are in the water have put down double sea anchors.

So we wait in absolute quietness for the night and what it may bring . . . lower caper in last Thursday's issue.

Canned fruit and vegetables spilled into the street when the front window of the First National Store crashed. The huge elm that was the glory of middle Commercial street in Joe Sylvia's yard was uprooted and lay against the roof of his house. A tree in front of the library had been knocked down and the chimney had gone through the roof.

## Big Trees Down

The big tree in front of the Pilgrim House was flat and the Captain Alec Kemp and Katherine McLeod houses near the corner of Center street were damaged and obscured by the great elms which had fallen on them. A huge tree completely blocked Center street. Further along could be seen more of Provincetown's finest trees tilted at rakish angles or lying over houses.

It was the same to the westward. Big trees had fallen on each side of Filmore Miller's house, one of them blocking Court street and another crashing through the peak of the roof of the house formerly owned by Angie Fuller. The tree in front of

of the Oldest House in the West End, now owned by John Gregory went down spoiling for years to come the vistas they made on Soper street and the lane to the west, and blocking both.

A huge elm in Masonic Place toppled over and its roots upheaved an old-time marble property marker. The roof of the house of Grace Hall on Bradford street hill was badly punctured by the wind and many roofs in town were partially denuded of their shingles which littered streets and yards. A couple of trees fell in Leah Donnelly's yard but did practically no damage to the house. Part of Clarence Curley's chimney toppled to the ground and the rest went through his roof. Francis Carreiro's roof at the corner of Franklin and Tremont was badly damaged when a heavy branch, fallen from the tree across the street, was removed.

## Digging Out

As Provincetown digs itself out of the debris of the worst blow in its history, aided materially by Navy men and equipment under Lieut. Gage Whittier, and a crew of husky young fellows under Highway Superintendent Leó Silva, and reports come in from other parts of the Cape and from the Islands of damage done there, Cape Enders are once again congratulating themselves on their comparatively small losses.

Perhaps the greatest single loss of the total, now estimated at about \$500,000, was sustained by the fish trap industry, with the Atlantic Coast Fisheries, the Provincetown Cold Storage and the Pond Village Freezer of North Truro, the biggest losers. Of the 32 traps that were fishing, only two, those of Captain Simmons, are still operating. The rest are wrecks. Only five or six out of 65 to 70 of the expensive 60

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2 phone in the light of a smokey lantern. It was too soon for any news.

At that time no one knew what had really happened, but there was the smell of doom in the awful darkness that had diminished its screaming and crashing to a dull roaring. All of it seemed so unreal, so impossible—the radio warnings, the pleas by the governor, the precautions. Even the hurricane had insinuated itself gradually with a fresh 40-mile breeze at ten o'clock. By eleven it was 55, with gusts to 65, from the southeast and the sea, with a tide just ebbing, was sluicing and smashing along the shore. The hurricane was starting.

**Lights Go Out**

By this time, in many places in town, electric wires had rubbed off their insulation against poles, tree limbs, houses and against each other, sending out white flashes. Then at 11.11 it was impossible to hold the switches at the Provincetown Light and Power plant against the automatic throw-outs and the current to all of Provincetown and Truro was cut off.

And right then is when the hurricane seemed to strike, as the M. I. T. measurements at the Race Point experimental station later proved it did. Savage 80-mile gusts cut and wrenched. Minute by minute the power of the wind increased until midnight had come and passed with the height of the hurricane at 93 miles an hour and gusts up to 100. For an interminable hour the end of the Cape was blasted by an 87-mile wind. Through its howling could be heard the crashing of glass, the thud of falling bricks and the tearing of branches.

It was shortly after two in the morning when the hurricane began dying down. The rain which had been driving like bullets had subsided. The wind had demonstrated its awful power beyond need of further proof and was moving on.

Scenes along Commercial street were sickening. The Atlantic House sign swung crazily and it had broken one of the big windows in Matta's store. The street was strewn with branches and tangled wire. One of the Yarmouth Florist windows was bellied in and a couple of panes were gone in Burch's Bakery. Town Hall was surrounded with fallen branches and twisted trees. A window was gone in the Mid-Way Grill and two or three in the New York Store.

the Centenary Church was down and Winthrop street was blocked. Charles Rogers' front doorway appeared to be barricaded and it developed that the roof of Phebe Freeman's porch in the rear had blown off, sheared neatly the Rogers' chimney and had landed smack against his front door. When he looked out he thought sure it was a dory standing upright on his porch.

George Allen's front windows were gone and Bill Hannum's big elm lay against his roof and his chimney on the ground. One of the tall elms in front of Josette's was held up only by the electric light cable and wires. Further along, around Kelly's Corner several of the largest trees were leaning against houses. The open Town parking space at the West End let the full force of the hurricane hit the big trees along the street and one lies over on Josephine Blanchard's house. John Whorf will have to have one of his trees cut down. Ursula Maine's house was damaged slightly by falling trees.

The scene in those dark hours of early morning was too disheartening to be real, but shortly after dawn, all Provincetown was out to take stock of the damage done by the worst blow in all its history—a blow that made the hurricane of 1938 seem like a pleasant zephyr.

**Streets Blocked**

The great elm between the two gas pumps of Mac's filling station on Bradford street was lying across the highway and the pumps had been uprooted. Early in the morning a crew of Navy men from the barracks across the street tackled the job with axe and saw and soon the street was open.

Only two large windows, already mentioned, were broken in the business section and comparatively few smaller windows, but innumerable panes were smashed in private homes by flying debris. In one of Dr. Daniel H. Hiebert's cottages in the East End more than 30 panes were broken and the Collins Guest House suffered much broken glass. The grand big tree in front of Marjorie and Joe Oliver's Colonial Inn went down.

The enormous but partially dead tree on the east side of the Waugh house went down, blocked Nickerson street and ripped out a few palings of Filmore Miller's fence, and another tree fell against the house of Chauncey Hackett on Nickerson street. The old willows in the rear

and 70-foot poles remain in some, practically all of the nets are gone, and very little can be salvaged. The loss to the traps, apart from the substantial revenue that will be cut off for the remainder of the season is estimated at \$120,000. This loss may have a serious effect on fish handling and freezer employment.

The damage to the fishing fleet was serious as many boats were badly damaged and a few are listed as a complete loss. Captain Bill Cabral's Rosamond which went ashore near the Grozier park is a total loss. Captain Louis Cordeiro sold the remains of his Bocage for a few dollars. The Theresa R., Captain Frank Flores, is a wreck and it tore out a stretch of spillings from the Cape Cod Cold Storage catwalk when it came ashore. Captain Frank Raymond's Dorothy lies high on the beach in back of the Paige Garage, with two holes stove in it, and it is a question whether it can be saved.

**Valiant Work**

Members of the Coast Guard Auxiliary who did valiant work throughout the black hurricane tried to save Albert Avellar's Blue Gull as wave after wave almost landed it on Higgins Wharf, but when a live wire came down the effort had to be abandoned and the boat crashed itself and much of the wharf supporting the Higgins Lumber Company Office, to pieces.

Frank Aresta's gas dory may become the mystery craft of the harbor with bits of it turning up through the years. Only the mast, so far, has been found. The Lillian B., owned by Edward Loring of New Bedford, is badly wrecked and lies against the seawall of Charles Rogers' home. John Parrone's Elizabeth is a total loss, and the wreckage of a number of smaller boats lies strewn along the entire shore.

But other boats sustained damages which will be costly to repair and which will put them out of commission for some time to come. After unsuccessful efforts by heavy Coast Guard converted beam trawlers Sunday noon, Lepo Dutra's gas boat, the Elsie Howard was floated the following day, but her rudder is gone and rudder post twisted and examination may reveal further damage. Captain David Souza's Fannie Parnell took a terrific beating, her stern smashed and engine house roof torn off. But

(Continued on Page Two)

(Continued from Page One)

several other draggers that came ashore were practically unhurt.

Estimates of hurricane costs at this time are futile. The expense of removing heavy trees will be great, running from \$100 to four and five hundred for each tree. On careful inspection of boats will

More under this

PROVINCETOWN, MASS.,

BLOW BY BLOW RECORD OF THE HURRICANE

September 14-15, 1944

Following is a chronological record of the fiercest hurricane, within the memory of any living person in Provincetown, to hit the end of Cape Cod. The figures were compiled at the Government experimental station of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Race Point, on the very tip of the Cape. The frequent measurements, taken by the most scientific of precision instruments, show how the wind, starting with gale velocity, or force 8, blew in the 40's, with heavy rain, until shortly after 10 o'clock, increasing rapidly until 11:20 when the true hurricane struck with gusts clocked at between 75 to 80 miles an hour.

By this record it is shown that the hurricane (wind with a velocity of 75 miles or more) hurled its force at the Cape Tip for two hours and 18 minutes before it began to slacken at 1:38 a. m. into storm force and then to gale force winds.

Time	MPH		Time	MPH
9:15 p.m.	40	Gusty with	12:35 a.m.	87
9:20	43	heavy rain	12:44	87
9:30	40		12:55	87
9:45	44		1:00	88
10:00	41		1:05	92
10:15	51	Gusty	1:10	87
10:30	54		1:15	88
10:50	55	Very Gusty	1:22	86
11:00	55	Gusts to 65	1:26	86
11:20	68	Gusts 75-85	1:34	81
11:25	74		1:38	75
11:36	63	Gusts to 70	1:45	73
11:40	71	Gusts to 80	2:08	67
11:46	81	Gusts to 90	2:14	55
11:51	71	Gusts to 85	2:21	55
11:53	78	Gusts to 88	2:27	59 no rain
11:59	87	Gusts to 95	2:30	57
12:08 a.m.	89	Gusts to 100	2:42	53
12:13	79	Gusts to 85	3:05	49
12:17	82		3:43	39
12:19	86		4:00	38
12:21	79		4:15	39
12:23	78		4:32	40
12:30	93		4:45	38
12:32	93		5:00	34

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# Hurricane

(Continued from Page Three)

Yesterday Roger Gott, district manager for the telephone company at Hyannis, said that Provincetown had suffered far less in its telephone service break than many other places on Cape Cod. By yesterday morning at 10 toll service was again normal with no delays, but Wellfleet, because of two heavy trees across the cable, has about 60 per cent of its service out of order at present. The exchange here, Mr. Gott said, began to lose power about 10 Thursday night and another battery was rushed here, arriving Friday afternoon. This supplied current until 10:45 Saturday morning when hand generators were used. At 10 o'clock Sunday morning a radio telephone service was installed for urgent calls and toll calls on an emergency basis. The first land circuit was restored at 4 Sunday afternoon and two more were put into service Monday morning.

## Truro And Wellfleet

Truro suffered more than Provincetown when the electric current failed because its people are dependent for water on their electric pumps. Much damage was also done in the town by falling trees.

The greatest damage, however, was wrought to the traps which were wiped out by the storm and at least one trap boat wrecked.

Wellfleet is still in a bad way without telephone service and without electric power. The few hand pumps in town are in constant use as the residents carry water from them to their homes for bare essentials. A huge number of trees were blown down and much damage caused, chief of which being the complete destruction of the Taylor Funeral Chapel when two big trees ploughed through it crushing building and destroying materials in it. However, Henry Carlson said the Taylor Funeral Service will carry on, with services in homes, as was the custom before the use of the chapel, or the Provincetown chapel would be used. Plans are now being made for a new Wellfleet chapel.

Following is a listing of various craft reported as a total loss, beached or damaged or both, compiled by the Coast Guard here under the direction of Lieut. H. J. Larrabee, assistant Captain of the Port.

### Believed Total Loss

Boat	Owner
Rosamond	William Cabral
Lillian B.	Edward Loring, New Bedford
Theresa R.	Frank Flores
Bocage	Louis Cordeirro
Elizabeth	John Parrone
Blue Gull	Albert Avellar
Dory Trawler	Joaquin Nascimento
Snoop 4H751	Unknown, formerly owned by Ted Chase
Dolores 4A128	Manuel Lema Frank Aresta
Blown Ashore	or Slightly Damaged
Boat	Owner
Stella	Fred Salvadore
Victory	Manuel Macara
Three of Us	Ernest Tavers
Eleanor May	Thomas St. Don
Lousam	Frank LaRosa
Fannie Parnell	David Souza
Charlotte (trap boat)	Provincetown Cold Storage
Marjorie S.	Louis Silva
Elsie Howard	Leno Dutra
Dorothy	Frank Raymond
Liberty	Henry Parsons
Fourth of July	Frank Sylvester
Bobbitt II	Joe Miron

and a number of dories, sailboats, including 44438, 4D716, 4B129, 4D242, 4A286.

# Hurricane Calls Out Town Meeting

## Selectmen Will Need Additional Funds For Urgent Repairs

Immediate need for funds for urgent reconstruction and repair of Town property damaged by the hurricane will be the main issue for discussion at a special Town Meeting called for Thursday night, at 7:30.

The Selectmen are asking authority to use \$40,000 from available funds for the repair of sidewalks, for a new roof on the town building on Town Wharf, for the removal of fallen trees, and for repairs to the slate roof and copper gutters, of Town Hall, badly damaged in the storm.

It has also developed that there are structural defects in the old Eastern Schoolhouse, now used as a servicemen's center, so serious that the second floor has been declared by State officials as to be unsafe for dancing. A question which will have to be decided, although probably not at this meeting, is whether the building is to be razed or strengthened.

Selectman Irving S. Rogers said yesterday that authority to use \$40,000 is being requested so that ample funds will be available, but according to rough estimates so far received, \$20,000 may cover necessary work. He added that authority to borrow money under a special emergency measure is requested so that the town may be able to get money speedily should present conditions be aggravated in the near future by storm. He said that the Selectmen will spend as little money as possible but they feel that they must have the ability to get more funds if needed.

# Hurricane Casualties

# Hurricane

(Continued from Page Two)

ing Public Works Commissioner Herman A. MacDonald, and State Police officials who came to inspect on Tuesday were astonished with the progress already made. The Town Hall plaza has been completely cleared and again looks immaculate.

Equally amazing is the restoration of electric light and power by the Provincetown Light & Power Company. When it was certain that the hurricane would hit Provincetown with full force, Chief Engineer Ray Ham began preparations. Additional trucks were readied and throughout the worst of the blow eight men stood by in the Light Company office. At 3 Friday morning one gang went to Truro and another went to work in town, starting first to restore the primary lines. By 10 o'clock most of this work had been completed and it was finished by Saturday in both towns, with the men working continuously from 3 Friday morning until midnight, and 18 hours on Saturday. By Sunday at 5 p. m. 80 per cent of the commercial electricity and 70 per cent of domestic were again in operation in Provincetown and 60 per cent in Truro. The longest period the power was off in the cold storage plants was 18 hours, which was well within the safety margin. Last night the street lights were turned on in the East End for the first time since the storm and it is expected that all of them will be in use tonight. A falling limb on a feed line in front of "Biska" Taves' house on Commercial Street again cut off the power Tuesday night in the West End for five hours.

William F. Gilman, general manager of the company, said yesterday that the greatest damage was from falling trees and flying debris but the storm dislocated outside equipment so severely that a year of steady work will be required to put everything back in its original condition.

## Praise For Operators

In paying high tribute to the skillful, loyal and dogged work of the company employees, and to the highly intelligent cooperation of the operators at the local telephone exchange, Mr. Gilman said that the second telephone call to reach outside was from the company with an urgent plea for men, materials and additional equipment. Coast Guard and Army officials also helped rig up this urgent call, when all telephone and telegraph communication was out, he said.

The utter dependence upon elec-

tric current was demonstrated right after the end of the storm when it was impossible to get gasoline, news by radio, ice cream, toast, coffee and many other things usually taken for granted.

Selectman Rogers today described the preliminary organization for the coming storm and the work done by the various agencies during and afterward. Chief John Rego had his full force of policemen on duty and the prowl car ready. Superintendent Leo Silva of the Highway Department equipped an extra truck with lanterns, ropes, a rescue dory and other aids, and stood by with his full force. Each of the firehouses was manned all night. Captain David J. Murphy called out the full company of the Provincetown State Guard and set up quarters in the Town Hall basement. All members of the Coast Guard Auxiliary were on constant duty.

## Plans Made

During the day Horace F. Hallett, Cape Cod chairman of the Red Cross, had notified Mrs. Louise Baumgartner of the Canteen Committee to stand by with her workers and Mrs. William Mayo, chairman of the Motor Corps, to be ready with her assistants. He alerted Disaster Chairman, Warren Boothby of South Yarmouth, to organize the remainder of the Cape Red Cross agencies, as well as Rowley Brockway, vice chairman of West Barnstable. Then he contacted Superintendent of Schools, Alton E. Ramey, and Sivert J. Benson, chairman of the School Committee for the use of the Governor Bradford and High School buildings for evacuees. At the warning of the Governor to evacuate shore properties, the police car was sent to Beach Point by Selectman Rogers and all residents were warned to come to the High School in Provincetown. Almost 60 civilians obeyed the summons and the State Guard moved in Red Cross cots and blankets for their use. The Canteen workers provided sandwiches and coffee with fruit juice, oatmeal and coffee for breakfast in the morning. In

addition the Canteen provided food and coffee for highway workers, firemen, police, State Guard members, First Aid, and Navy and Coast Guard personnel—in all about 300. Men from the Navy trailers in the Town parking space near Jolly Jack's were evacuated to the High School as well.

Mr. Hallett paid tribute to work done by Mrs. Norman Cook of the Red Cross Home Service in the storm's aftermath in managing to get information to frantic relatives and friends cut off from Provincetown.

Selectmen Rogers said that it was impossible to single out any one agency among the many who helped so greatly during the storm, because all did everything within their power, and beyond, to assist. He denied that the town had been under martial law at any time and said that the State Guard had been called out for emergency work and this had been invaluable. The bars were closed on Friday and Saturday nights at 6 to simplify the situation and eliminate unnecessary confusion at a time when public agencies and private citizens had their hands full already.

## State Police Help

Appreciation was expressed for the cooperation of the State Police who provided the town with a radio transmitter and operator Saturday morning and a radio phone on Sunday for urgent messages. Public Safety Commissioner John F. Stokes and State Police Lieut. John Dempsey arrived Saturday night to ascertain the needs of the town, and representatives of the State Health Department were here to check on the water and other conditions.

Selectman Rogers said that the smoothness of the performance of the various agencies and the prevention of overlapping was due in no small measure to the way in which the telephone operators used their heads and their ingenuity, often preventing the concentration of aid in one place and the neglect of others.

(Continued on Page Four)

111

Hurricane

1954

Aug.  
Sept

1955

Sept 20  
Threatened  
worst

# 112 Rainfall Deficit

## Hits New Low

1957

State rainfall figure for June fell 1.5 inches short of anticipated levels, according to Commissioner of Natural Resources Francis W. Sargent, who is also chairman of the Massachusetts Water Resources Commission.

Spokesmen for the Department of Public Health told the group at its regular meeting on July 8 that the cumulative rainfall deficit since January 1 was now in excess of seven inches.

Broken down by regions, the Connecticut Valley and southeastern Massachusetts were reported short on precipitation by 7.8 inches and 7.3 inches respectively, during June less than a half inch fell on Plymouth, Bristol, Barnstable Counties and the Cape.

Western Massachusetts is currently 7.1 inches deficient, the northeast short by 6.3 inches, and central Massachusetts the best off with a cumulative deficiency of 5.7 inches since the first of the year.

Heavy showers and thunderstorms during June prevented the central and western portions of the state from adding substantially to their rainfall deficiencies.

State water experts expressed concern over the lack of relief to date, but stressed the situation state-wide had in no way reached critical proportions.

Wednesday, July 31 in Prov

Dear Friends:

1957

THERE WAS A time when thunderstorms brought moderate rain, perhaps topped off with a few hailstones as the temperature dropped, cleared the air and were followed by a bright sparkling day. Not so the severe storm which rolled back and forth over Provincetown during Monday night or the one which started to rumble about eight o'clock this morning and really got down to business an hour later. Lightning started rather lazily Monday night well before midnight but by one o'clock came the deluge of rain with a spectacular display of lightning which showed up the edges of the black clouds out over the harbor and zig-zagged down the sky to the west to the accompaniment of deafening crashes of thunder. Yesterday was by no stretch of the imagination a bright and sparkling one. It was hot, steamy and sticky. This morning the thunder was rumbling in the distance until about nine o'clock when the heavens opened again, with the lightning flickering too near for comfort and the thunder following too closely on its heels. During the storm the fire siren sounded and the firemen were called to the old Florance Waterbury house at the extreme east end where lightning had struck causing a hole in the roof, melting the electric wires in the attic and starting a small fire, quickly extinguished. The rest of the day has been just hot, steamy and sticky again.

Dear Friends:

1957

TODAY CAPE COD stretches with contentment out into the calm waters of bay and ocean in one of the few fine days that have marked '56 thus far. A gentle 5-mile breeze from the north, northwest hardly stirs the air and Race Point says it's 59 out there. Cape Enders, more than ever, have had the advantage of a double Spring this year, or what passes for that season on the Narrow Land. Only now are the trees here in full leaf and beach plum bushes are masses of white bloom. At the other end of the peninsula Spring came much earlier and all growing things are farther advanced. But now the wooded places of Wellfleet, Truro and Provincetown reveal just about every possible shade of green as each tree and bush presents its own personal foliage.

ONE REASON FOR the unusually luxuriant vegetation is the great amount of rain. During the early hours of Monday it came so hard and so fast that wash-outs in practically all parts of town were reported. The new Shank Painter Road was badly damaged with large sections cut away along the sides. The grounds and banks around the schools were also damaged and the hard-driven rain found its way through many a Cape roof. Last Thursday afternoon a black thunderstorm circled the Cape End with chain lightning flashing far out at sea.

Wednesday, July 24 in Provincetown

1957

Dear Friends:

THERE HAS CERTAINLY been nothing monotonous about the weather during the last few days. Two days of over 90 degree heat were followed on Monday by thunder storms which lashed the Lower Cape and torrential rains which deposited more than an inch of much needed water on parched brown land. Yesterday was cooler but for a time late in the afternoon threatening black clouds crowded the sky in the west and although no rain fell, by dark there was a real nip in the air. Today a sweater is almost a necessity, hot coffee is again being served, and the young man in the Race Point tower reports the wind from the northeast from 18 to 22 miles an hour and the temperature "a too low 65 degrees."

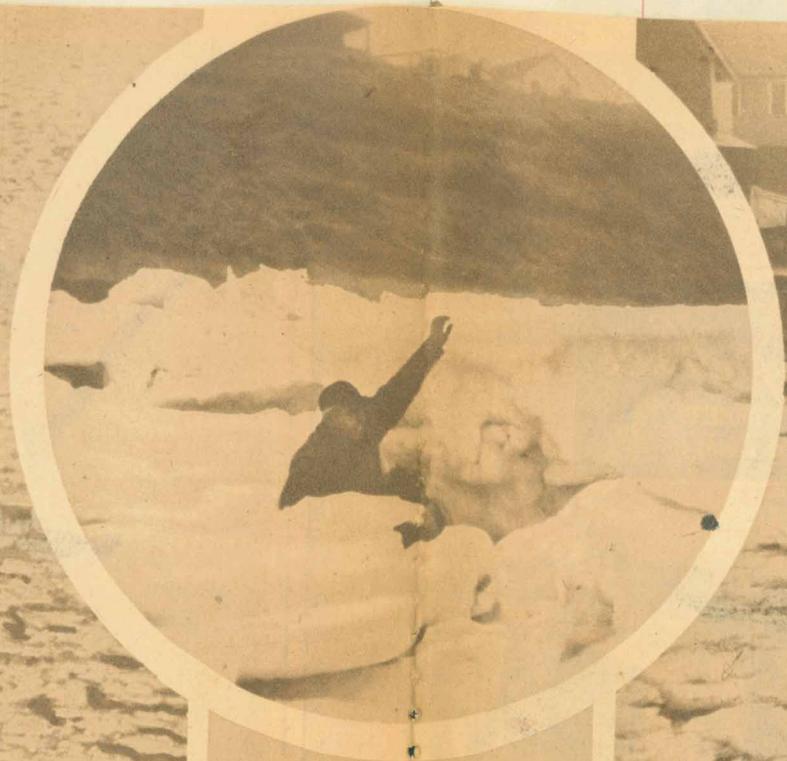
Sept 1957

11

AND A HALF-TON tuna, believed to be the largest ever caught in Cape Cod Bay, was pulled from a mackerel net by Captain John E. Veterino of Barnstable aboard his 40-foot commercial fishing boat after a half-hour battle. The huge 946 pound fish, which was up for sale in New York this week, probably entered the mackerel trap in pursuit of small fish, according to Captain Veterino, who said that the blue fin which was ten feet six inches long and 82 inches in girth nearly pulled him and his crew of four into the water twice before they boated it.

Thursday, September 19 in Provincetown

WELL OVER 44,000 VISITORS to Provincetown during the summer stopped at the Provincetown Chamber of Commerce information bureau, Bill McKellar, executive secretary of the Chamber told members at a general meeting Monday night. Looking back at some of the days during the season from this delightful peaceful September day, we wonder whether the whole 44,000 weren't in town all at once. However, Bill says that there is every indication that the 1957 season was the Provincetown has ever had, in volume of business.



PROVINCETOWN TAKES A BEATING—This is what happened to picturesque Provincetown and adjoining Cape Cod communities when an immense ice field, propelled by an inshore wind, swept across the hook of the cape and battered cottages, piers and other coastline properties.

Mar. 11 - '43  
Storm Rips Shore Batters Cottage

Sea Uses Loose Piling As Battering Rams—50-Mile Wind

A raging rainstorm, driven by bucking 50-mile southwest wind lashing seas on a high course tide tore at the harbor shore front of Provincetown Saturday night and left in its wake broken porches, bulged bulkheads, flooded cellar and general damage estimated at between \$50,000 and \$60,000.

Cape Cod Ice Threat

Off Massachusetts, an ice floe about 40 miles square moved toward the Provincetown and Truro waterfronts on Cape Cod today and threatened to smash \$1,000,000 worth of shore installations, boats and summer homes.

The ice field broke loose last Saturday in Cape Cod Bay and has been slowly moving beachward. A strong southwest wind pushed the mass along.

Coast Guard headquarters said it would send icebreakers out to smash the floe as best they could.

Ice advanced on the Provincetown port last Saturday and caused \$25,000 damage. It smashed a \$10,000 pier at Truro, crushed small boats and pushed larger ones onto the beach.

Services Mark Sub S-4 Tragedy

Just 13 years ago, on December 17, 1927

Plaque Bearing Names Of Men Lost Is Unveiled

Unveiling of a bronze plaque, to be placed on the S-4 Memorial cross, bearing the names of the 40 men who lost their lives in the sinking of the ill-fated submarine, marked the annual memorial services held for those men in the courtyard of the Church of St. Mary of the Harbor on Tuesday afternoon. The plaque was presented by Chief Storekeeper Carl Holmquist and accepted for the S-4 memorial by the Rev. DeWolf Perry. Wreaths were presented by the Fleet Reserve branches in New London, Arlington and Boston. The town of Provincetown also gave a wreath.

Past American Legion Commander Jack Connell of Provincetown presented to Mr. Holmquist a cross fashioned of the rifle shells which were fired in the closing volleys last year.

Picture of the Memorial p. 134

Wednesday afternoon, November 21, in Provincetown

Dear Friends,

Yesterday the harbor was a mass of churning, wind-maddened, dull green, white-crested billows. Today that same harbor lies, yes, lies in placid, flat-fanned calm, gleaming and reflecting loveliness with an innocence that can do no harm. At noon an eleven, nine, high-tide came in quietly and calmly, and is now going out the same way. Yesterday a gale out of the west lashed a 12-foot tide against far east end bulkheads, into cellars, drove tons of water against the under-pinnings of cottages along Beach Point, covered the highway to the depth, in places, of three and four feet, submerging the railroad tracks with three feet of sea water, and left the road covered with storm debris.

If—there's that same "if" again—if the gale force sou'easter of the night before hadn't shifted to the west with the high water yesterday we might have been looking for a considerable part of our town today. As it was the fighting mass of water in the harbor appeared to be on a higher level than Commercial Street. Up at the West End only a few of the huge black rocks on the top of the long break-water could be seen now and then through the wind-scourged waters that broke over them. West of the break-water was a great billowed bay with not a sign of the vast patches of marsh grass which always break up the scene. Opposite the Moors, in the salt marsh grass bay, there was a great stretch of high water that came to the edge of the highway. The shore of New Beach was taking the wind and high water head on. Mountainous breakers were plunging in to toss debris onto the road. The dunes around the Second Creek were islands surrounded by water that trembled as the gale scraped spindrift from the crests and drove it over the surface. It was a dramatic demonstration of the quick jury of wind and water—majestic and beautiful to those whose homes it could not harm.

And today it has all passed. Therein lies one of the fascinations of our town and its surroundings. Right in our front yard we can have a different show every day and we never know rightly what it may be.

And, of course, we have other shows. For instance, we are all in favor of more and bigger contracts for Doc. Blaney Flores. Not only is he apparently doing a swell and speedy job on our sidewalks, putting long stretches of them in better condition than we ever thought they would be, but he is giving us extra dividends in the way of excitement and interest every now and then. Last Thursday, having taken out accident insurance on everyone except himself, he dropped a slab of concrete on his foot and has been on rutches ever since, but very much on the job. A little girl found his wallet with a considerable chunk of money in it in Matta's store. Then he discovered, up in front of Crapoo's barbershop, opposite Friday's, an old well of considerable size, under the sidewalk. Bill Hannum figures the well must be 110 years old because the first sidewalk—a wooden plank affair that some people in town refused to use—was built in 1838 and it stands to reason, he says, that they wouldn't build a well under the sidewalk. Furthermore, the well was evidently used only in case of fires and the first hand tub pumper was bought in 1836 and the well was probably built to supply water to this new-fangled fire apparatus. A leather hose would be dropped down in the well and all hands would man the horizontal bars on each side and begin pumping like the devil.

The well is a finely constructed piece of masonry, with a granite top, about 30 feet deep and a dozen feet in diameter. It was capped with a heavy timber top bolted together with handwrought bolts and with a ring to haul it up. To fill it before laying the new sidewalk, 35 tons of sand was required.

As we say, when Doc. Blaney is doing a job on the main stem he gives us a good show which is always welcome along about this time of the year. And the Town clock has been kicking up again. Somehow or other, we're not in favor of a grand new modern time piece. The gain might be to accuracy and promptness but the loss to pleasant subjects for griping would be serious. When it's eleven o'clock in the morning and the Town clock says seven but rings six, we have something that lends a peculiar distinction to our town.

Well, according to the best authorities, the Navy unit at the head of Town Wharf will be pulling out for good some time this week. While the fine bunch of boys and the officers of the outfit, who have become almost natives of the town will be really missed, it will seem good to have the whole parking area cleared, the surface restored and our vista in that direction given back to us.

Dr. Thomas Perry is back with us again and in civies. Haven't had a chance to learn his plans but he looks as though he were unlimbering slowly to get back into action in town. It was also good to welcome Joe "Tarts" Bent again after an absence from town of almost three years. He has been with the Army over long stretches of the Pacific and he embarked for the United States from Tokyo. And he's going to stay right here, without even a thought of going elsewhere, and go back to trapping.

This does not include  
Wed. night's and Thurs.'s storms

# CREWS MAROONED ON FISHING BOATS

Beach Two Vessels to Escape Being Crushed by Ice Jam at Entrance to Provincetown Harbor --- Coast Guard Rushes to Aid 16 Trapped on Ships



ICE FIELD MENACES PROVINCETOWN

Here is a view of the waterfront of the famous town at the tip of the Cape, with the big ice field which is pressing against the wharves. Three shelldrakes were swimming in the open space in the foreground when the picture was taken. In the distance at left are boats trapped by the ice.

Next page

PROVINCETOWN, Feb. 17—

Rather than abandon their ships, 12 fishermen aboard two ships of the Italian fishing fleet out of Boston marooned themselves tonight on Long Point, at the entrance to this harbor, beaching their vessels to save them from being crushed by 10-foot ice floes.

The boats are the Josephine, Captain Frank Fria in command, and the St. Joseph, Giuseppe Galante commanding. Each carries a crew of six men. The two boats put out at 2 o'clock this morning and managed to break a path across the harbor. After proceeding a short distance, however, the boats became locked in ice. Fog horns were sounded to bring help from the coast guard, but following assistance, the crews decided to remain aboard their vessels.

It is about six miles from where the boats are beached to Provincetown. Both crews hope, however, that a break in the packed ice field will enable the floating of both vessels before the provisions run out.

#### Others Outside Harbor

Provincetown harbor was packed solid tonight with heavy ice that came in during the night, as a result of the recent thaw that broke it loose along the shores of the inner cape. With the wind shifting to northeast today grave concern was felt here for wharves, boats and shore property in the west end of the harbor where, it is expected, the ice will pile up in great masses before noon tomorrow.

The schooner Beatrice S. of Provincetown, Captain William Segura, tonight was anchored at the edge of the field in Cape Cod Bay, opposite Wood End station, but stood in readiness to flee at any moment should the ice pack start moving toward the vessel and out to sea. Two other Provincetown boats, the Stella, Captain Fred Salvadore, and the Dorothy, Captain Frank Henrique, were locked out.

#### Take Out Supplies

They are believed to have headed for Plymouth. Coast guardsmen of Race Point station launched a dory in heavy surf to go out to the Beatrice S., which was anchored off the station earlier in the day. Captain Segura reported he was stopped by the ice blockade several miles from the mouth of the harbor when he returned late last night from a fishing fleet.

A second dory was later launched by the Race Point station to take out several days' provisions to the vessel.

Provincetown, March 11, 1943

Dear Friends,

Today the bell tolls languidly, certainly, from out there somewhere near Long Point. But there is no certainty that Long Point is there, or the harbor, or the bay beyond—just fog that hangs like an old gray curtain, shutting the little town in upon itself, away from the world, its wars and its worries. Now and then a good warm rain comes down, and steadily the old, hard ice of a hard winter loosens, turns to mush and disappears.

James and Marguerite Sullivan 'way up in the East End report robins—several of them. We don't doubt them but it's just hard to understand sometimes why robins lavish their attentions on some people and completely overlook others. And down in back of Bill Pierce's, near poor old Poppy Wenzell's farm the pussy-willows have their bedroom slippers on.

It's plain foolishness, though, to put any store on this even though it feels today as though sun and earth were reaching some agreement. Take last Friday. It was beautiful. Folks were sure some kind of a corner had been reached. On Saturday morning there was two inches of snow on the ground with eight more promised. And we would have gotten them if the snow hadn't turned to rain and the rain into the rip-snortingest so'wester we have had here for years.

#### Sea's Turn

So far this winter the sea hasn't played a very big role in the winter drama and it seemed that on Saturday night it just came to. It came to, alright, and reached just about everything that wasn't fastened down—and a lot that was—along the shore front. Provincetown is usually lucky in playing with the "If" deck—"If . . . the wind had been in a different quarter . . . If . . . it had been a high course tide . . . we would have gotten it. The tide was 'way out in the September hurricane . . . but 'If' it had been in . . ." Well, the wind was right and the tide was high Saturday night and the shore front got a pounding with the sea using piling and heavy timbers to smash away at bulkheads and cottages.

But since the storm the shore has been a beachcomber's paradise, especially around the jetties and breakwaters which served as great combs to clean out the the manes of the waves. Cut at New Beach sticks and timbers stood all over the jetties at weird angles, all kinds and sizes, so that one could pick and choose just the right size and heft for stove and fireplace. All day Sunday and Monday the beachcombers were at it from dawn to dark. Arthur Hopkins must have enough to build another cottage at Beach Point and heat all of his colony for a year. Fred Sears didn't do bad at all.

Jake Loring says that Lou Allen goes beachcombing with a measuring stick which gives him the length his stove will take and he wont pick up anything that has to be sawed. But we only have Jake's word for that.

But burning driftwood isn't as easy as it would seem to those who have never gone out of an icy afternoon, like Monday, to pick up choice nuggets and lug them across the sand to the truck. Burning those pieces after you get them home is sort of like deciding you are going to throw out those old magazines and papers. First thing you know, you are reading them, and then you put 'em back. Well, you pick up a piece of driftwood, and right away it seems to have a story to tell and you put it aside. Next thing you are outside looking at the whole pile, rooting around for some uninteresting piece to keep the fire going.

# Nature Writes An Ending



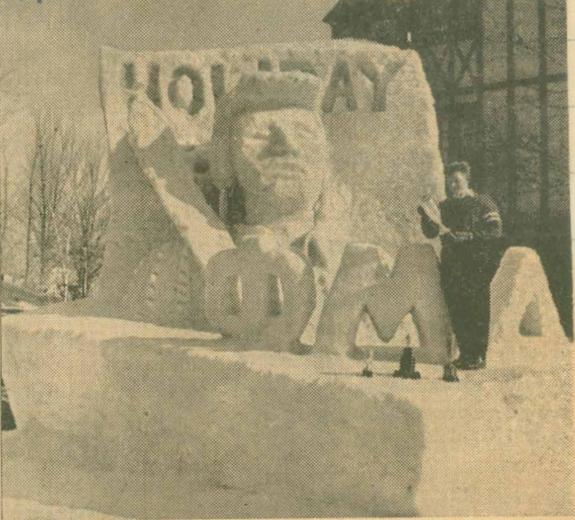
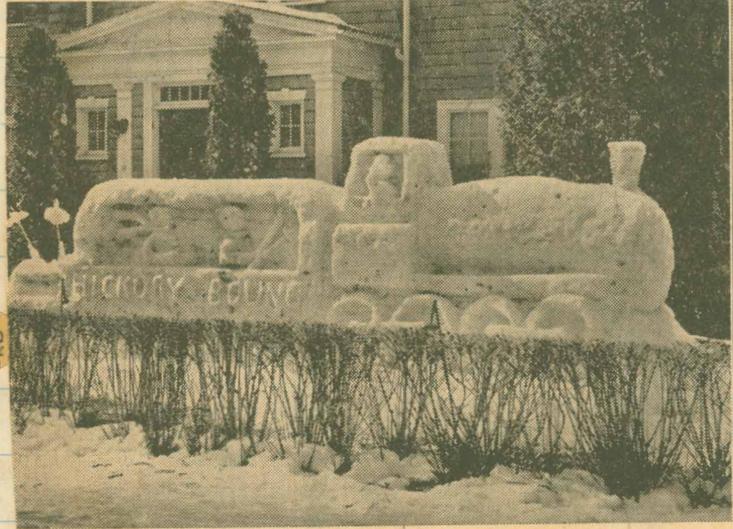
Opp.  
Octagon  
House

Ice-filled seas so battered supports of above historic Wharf theatre at Provincetown, Mass., that it slid into waves. It's oldest summer theatre in U. S.

town, Mass., that it slid into waves. It's oldest summer theatre in U. S.

FEBRUARY 24, 1949

## Winning Snow Sculptures N.H. Snow Contest Mrs. Norman Howard Mother



Chi Omega's Snow Sculpture "Holiday Bound" which was awarded first place in campus-wide women's division.

Photo by Fraser  
Phi Mu Delta's winning "Holiday" sculpture, the 6th consecutive winner for PMD, and designer Andy Hasting's third trophy winner.

124

# Winter Barges In On Lower Cape

## Most Severe Cold Spell In Decades — Wellfleet Families Marooned

Along toward dusk Tuesday afternoon there was a change in the temperature so sudden and abrupt that it could almost be seen. The snow that had been packing in upon the Lower Cape for days became soft, almost wet, and the air almost warm. Then the old-timers knew that the most prolonged and severe cold wave of decades for these parts had been broken, and they predicted rain.

Rain came later in the evening and continued all night long, steadily and systematically dissolving the heavy blanket that was to have given the Lower Cape its "White Christmas." Now on Christmas Eve there are large patches of very green grass everywhere in town, the Commercial Street sidewalk is clean and almost dry from one end of its three-mile length to the other and the Highway Department has been busy cleaning out the gutters so that the slush and water in the streets may run off.

But it was a taste of winter that the Cape will long remember and one to which it is not accustomed. Thermometers went to zero, to four, eight, ten and, in some places, even twelve degrees below zero. Cars wouldn't start, the motors in the New England Transportation Company buses froze up and defied starting, all over the town, water pipes froze. Last Sunday brought a heavy fall of snow adding another layer to what was already on the ground and each day piled on a little more. Light and power lines snapped off in some places, adding to the troubles of heating homes and other buildings.

In Wellfleet the situation was bad, particularly in outlying and isolated places. Schools were closed Monday because the school bus could not get through the snow. When the clutch in the State snowplow burned out, it could not help clear roads to the snowed-in sections.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hall and baby were completely isolated on Bound Brook Island. Mr. Hall finally managed to get through by horse and sleigh and he returned to get his family to take them, for the present, to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Wolf of Pamet Road.

Coast Guardsmen and trucks under the direction of Chief Boat-swain's Mate William Snow of the Cahoon Hollow Station, after many hours of arduous toil, were not able to break through to the home of Mrs. John Phillips, behind Gull Pond, until after six o'clock yesterday morning. Nearby are the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Matson,

### THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1942

and Mrs. Pauline Roderick who had also been marooned for several days.

The Coast Guardsmen placed the Phillips children, Blair, five, and Hayden, two, and Patsy Roderick, five, in a truck and brought them out to the cleared Gull Pond Road. On foot, in the wake of the truck, followed Mrs. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Matson, Mrs. Roderick, and the Matson children, Anna, nine, and Peter, eight. The Coast Guard also brought out the necessities for the rescued party.

For a time Mr. and Mrs. David Mitchel of Wireless Road in South Wellfleet were cut off by deep drifts but on Monday, Carol Howland, Wellfleet Road Superintendent, managed to open the road. Edwin Dickinson was using sled transportation for a time to carry supplies two miles from the main road to his home on Cove Road.

## Slight Earthquake At Provincetown

Apr 24 — 1935

Provincetown was shaken on Wednesday evening by a slight earthquake, which caused a great deal of excitement, but no damage. It was thought at first that there had been an explosion, because of the noise, and it was some time before it was clear just what had happened.

A call was put through to the Harvard College Observatory by the telephone operator who was told that a slight tremor had been recorded on the seismograph at 8:24 and that it had lasted about a half minute. It was estimated that this had occurred about 77½ miles from Boston.

The tremor was felt up the Cape as far as Wellfleet.

1931

Same

While looking for Christmas greens in the shelter nooks of South Truro, Grace Goveia found a Mayflower in perfect bloom along with hopeful buds. It was a pink in color but the leaves were a bright green. She also found a quantity of checkerberry and wintergreen in the area.

## MASSACHUSETTS BAY ICE PERILS INN ON CAPE

### Snaps Off Piles Under the Chequesset

### Huge Floes Grind Shore From Truro to Eastham

Special Dispatch to the Globe

WELLFLEET, Feb 15—A heavy field of ice which covers most of Massachusetts Bay is crushing against the shorefront from Eastham to Truro, doing considerable damage. Besides many small wharves swept away or broken the large Cheques-

set Inn, a Summer hotel here, is seriously endangered.

The hotel, a 65-room structure built 30 years ago by Lorenzo D. Baker, one of the founders of the United Fruit Company, is entirely set on piles over the water. Scores of these piles have been snapped off and a large plank boardwalk across the front of the inn has sagged several feet in places. Several thousand dollars' damage has already been done to the hotel property.

Half a mile from the Chequesset Inn, a wharf used by an oyster firm and owned by Mrs Edith M. Grant has been partly shattered. A building toppled from the wharf to the ice yesterday, along with gasoline pumps. One other commercial wharf, without buildings, has been smashed up here. Rumors that the hotel had toppled to the ice brought a rush of sightseers to the shore this afternoon.

Grave fears for the hotel and other buildings close to the waterfront are held. If a southwest wind prevails long the entire field of ice in Massachusetts Bay will continue pressing against this shore of the Lower Cape.

A thaw or change in the wind direction will abate the danger. So jammed up is the ice in the bay that "pressure ridges," where the line of least resistance for the ice is upward, dot the horizon, some appearing like long icebergs.

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# 5 Hauled to Safety by Breeches Buoy Over Cape Cod Surf



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**Viking in Harbor For Three Days**

Lieutenant Commander Donald B. MacMillan's hydroplane Viking, was fastened to Miss Marjorie Seaver's East End mooring for the few days that the commander was at Provincetown.

A Lockherdt-Viga model, with 3,000 horse power Wasp Jr. motor, the airplane was a picture of strength as it reposed on the water, seeming to anxiously wait for its next flight which was to Maine on Saturday.

Made at the same time as was the plane used by Gatty and Post who flew around the world in nine days, it is a worthy twin.

On both sides of the plane is printed in arresting letters: Donald B. MacMillan, Multi Color Aerial Expedition. VIKING.

On the return of the plane from Rockland, the explorer will stop at Squantum where the pontoons are to be replaced with wheels for the flight to Los Angeles.

**BIG ICE FIELD CAUSES PROVINCETOWN PERIL**

**Wind Shift Saves Harbor Front From Damage**

*Special Dispatch to the Globe*

PROVINCETOWN, Feb 15—The wedge of an ice field of 100 square miles, heaped up in places 10 feet high, had advanced half way across Provincetown Harbor this afternoon when a shift of wind to the northwest shunted the field toward the Truro shore and temporarily abated the hazard of a widespread damage along the harbor front.

The harbor is bare of fishing boats tonight. The Wood End Coast Guard crew towed ashore more than 100 craft in response to appeals from fishermen. Two power dories were rescued by the Coast Guard when their skippers became trapped in the ice. They were undamaged.

All along the waterfront tonight property owners kept a vigil for fear a shift in the wind to the northeast or southeast will bring the heavy ice pack ashore with crushing force and do severe damage. A score of wharves lie in the path of the ice field, including the Town Pier where the Summer excursion boat SS Dorothy Bradford docks and the big Sklaroff's fish pier.

"The field extends as far as we can see with the glass," Boatswain E. B. Andrews of Wood End Station reported tonight. "I should say it is about 15 miles long. There is enough of it to fill Provincetown Harbor many times."

The fishing fleet has had only one fishing day in two weeks. If the harbor becomes ice locked, fishermen expect to be idle for three weeks.

Also 1,000,000 yacht ashore!

# Heaviest Toll Here In War.

## 81 RESCUED, LAND AT 2 PORTS.

### 23 U. S. Soldiers Among Those Picked Up.

Submarine Strikes June 15 As  
Vessel Travels Full Speed at  
Night—Two Torpedoes Fired  
Within Minute of Each  
Other—Wonder All Were  
Not Lost, Survivor Says.

**Provincetown**

By the Associated Press.

AN EAST COAST PORT, June 23.—Two torpedoes fired in quick succession by an enemy submarine sank a medium-sized American freighter in three minutes off the coast on June 15 with a possible loss of eighty-eight lives—the heaviest in American coastal water since the United States entered the war—the Navy announced today.

Eighty-one persons, including twenty-three U. S. soldiers and a number of crew members, were rescued. Forty-four were brought into this port, thirty-seven to another.

#### SOLDIER CASUALTIES.

Two soldiers were listed as the only ones dead and eighteen other soldiers were among the missing.

Members of the crew said that the torpedoes struck within a minute of each other and that the vessel, running full speed, literally plunged below the surface, about seventy-five miles off the coast. The ship sank so rapidly—listing between 70 and 75 degrees just before she went under—that none of the craft's ten lifeboats could be launched and deck guns could not be fired.

They said that many of the eighty-eight reported missing apparently were trapped in cabins below decks as the attack came at night, while many of the crew were not on deck duty. The rescued, some of whom got away on liferafts, were picked up by vessels which were nearby when the attack occurred.

In a graphic description, Capt. Art... lives at the Alle... a pilot for the... a naval lieutenant in World War I, said:

"She was blown to hell. I don't know why everyone wasn't killed. But I plan to go back to sea next week. Somebody's got to do it. If we all pipe down there won't be anything done."

Another member of the crew indicated, however, that the engines were not damaged by the torpedoes, as the ship was running full speed and he heard no boilers explode as she went down.

Buck, who apparently leads a charmed life, survived a torpedoing in the English Channel in the last war, and had part of his pants "ripped off," but was uninjured, in the San Francisco preparedness Day bombing in 1914. Eighteen persons were killed across the street from him on that occasion.

The pilot said that he was in the wheel house when the first torpedo hit under the bridge and "apparently tore the ship in half, causing a list of 70 to 75 degrees."

He said that he grabbed a floating door as the water "came in line with my position on the port wing bridge," and struck out for safety.

But just about that time he saw the second torpedo coming directly at him and he swung back toward the freighter only to find himself "over and almost sucked into a smokestack."

"I struck out with all my strength," he said, "to get clear of the stack. Then I grabbed another piece of wreckage. As I turned the ship had disappeared."

He said he floated about ten minutes before he was hauled into a raft. His back and wrist were hurt slightly.

JUNE 25, 1942

## PROVINCETOWN ANSWERS CALL TO GIVE HELP TO SEA SURVIVORS

Units Of Civilian Defense Move Quickly To Task As Town  
Watches In Silence—High Praise Comes From  
Seamen's Union And Officials

As we look back now on that day of Tuesday, June 16, the strongest impression that lingers is one of quietness, a hush as starkly cold as the foggy mist that blew in that day from the sea.

The day itself was raw and bleak, ominous as days are when Provincetown is more sea than land, when the sea threatens and even the gulls fly low from the sea toward the shore. But even their noise was quieted and there was no noise in what wind there was.

It was out of an early morning or a day that dawned like that when shortly before seven the call came from the Coast Guard to Civilian Defense Chairman John F. Rosenthal to "stand by" for survivors coming ashore.

It was not a warning that would throw Provincetown into a turmoil. It has been heard and answered too often through many decades in this sea-borne town to awaken anything but calm and quiet courage, quick action.

the heads of the various  
the organized Civilian De-  
Provincetown were ordered  
posts, ambulances with  
workers, blankets, auxilli-  
ary police and all of the town phys-  
icians. Work of preparing quar-  
ters, warming sand bags, making  
soup and coffee, assembling dry  
clothes, collecting medical supplies  
was started at once.

John Cashman threw open his  
whole big hotel, right in the center  
of the town, not far from the  
wharf to which the survivors would  
be brought. The section in front  
of it and the large parking area  
were roped off and a guard of Aux-  
iliary policemen kept it clear.

**No Confusion**

But there was no noise, no con-  
fusion. As word flew about the  
town most houses were emptied as  
their people went down to stand  
silently and watch. Little was said.  
In a way, it had been half-feared,  
half-expected.

Workers trooped into the hotel to  
make it ready and to stand by to  
help when help was needed.

It didn't seem quite real until  
mid-morning when the first of the  
ambulances moved in, filled with  
those seamen who had been saved  
after their ships had been torpe-  
doed off the Back Shore, a little be-  
fore midnight on the night before.  
One might have expected cheers to  
welcome them, but spectators,  
workers, even the children in the  
crowd were grimly quiet.

First brought in were those  
whose condition, evidently, was best.  
For the most part they were able  
to sit up. A few had to be assisted  
into the hotel and there one or two  
slumped like old sacks. Later came  
those who had been hurt, brought  
in by the Lower Cape's magnificent  
ambulance. As the great white ve-  
hicle moved in a murmur that  
sounded like the applause of righte-  
ous pride and of gratefulness that it  
was there for such a purpose could  
almost be heard from the crowd.

All morning and into the after-  
noon the other ambulances created  
out of beach wagons and delivery  
trucks made their trips from the  
head of the wharf to the hotel  
bringing in the men who had cheat-  
ed the sea. And all day the hotel  
seethed with activity as the Civil-  
ian Defense workers moved about  
bringing things they needed, giving  
them food, coffee and smokes.

Along about four in the afternoon  
two long sleek Red Cross ambu-  
lances came in from Camp Edwards  
along with a truck or two and a  
big bus to take some of the men

**Deputy Warden in Charge**

"At about 8 a. m. Standish Pigeon,  
deputy air raid warden, was  
placed in charge of the report cen-  
ter. We had seven of our public  
safety telephone operators standing  
by for orders, as well as two Boy  
Scout messengers. Dr. Thomas Perry  
and Dr. George Corea were detailed  
to stand by at the hotel, with five  
registered nurses and four first  
aiders. Dr. Frank O. Cass, chair-  
man of the medical division, stood  
by at the report center for orders.  
Dr. Hiebert, being public health  
officer, went out in the Coast Guard  
boat to contact the rescue ship.

"Chief Air Raid Warden Horace  
Hallett and I joined Lieut. —  
at the office on the end of the town  
pier. From that point we gave our  
orders by telephone to the report  
center and the hotel. As soon as  
survivors left the rescue ship by  
Coast Guard boat, we ordered Dr.  
Cass and ambulances to the town  
pier. A call for an additional doc-  
tor came from the rescue ship, and  
Dr. Cass was dispatched immediat-  
ely from the pier, by Coast Guard  
boat, to the rescue ship, to assist  
Dr. Hiebert, already on board.

"Our auxiliary police force of 50  
(Continued on Page Four)

The Navy has already released  
some facts about what happened  
on that Monday night not many  
miles off the Back Shore when a  
"nest" of submarines sank an  
American freighter and passenger  
steamer and a large British freight-  
er with the loss of 94 men including  
18 American soldiers. Folks down  
along Beach Point, in town and as  
far south as Eastham heard ex-  
plosions and saw bright flares in  
the sky out to sea.

The bodies of two of the Ameri-  
can soldiers were brought in.

But so far as this story is con-  
cerned it is the drama of a little  
town, called once again to reach  
helping hands and welcome arms to  
seamen salvaged from the sea.

**Meeting Tonight**

Tonight there will be a special  
meeting for members of the Civil-  
ian Defense workers alone at which  
Chairman John F. Rosenthal will  
express the feeling of esteem in  
which they are held by the town for  
their work and for their eager of-  
fers to help. He will read a letter  
from J. A. Farley, Executive Direc-  
tor of the Massachusetts Committee  
on Public Safety praising the fine  
organization of the Provincetown  
Civilian Defense as well as a letter  
from the National Maritime Union  
of New York in which Port Agent  
John Rogan lauds the fine work  
done here for men who risk so  
much in taking supplies for victory  
across, and pledging the same ef-  
fort until victory is won.

But the finest picture of a task  
well done is that contained in the  
official report submitted by Chair-  
man Rosenthal to Director Farley  
describing the event. Here it is  
with but few deletions:—

"To the Regional Director, Massa-  
chusetts Committee on Public  
Safety.

"The following is a summary of  
events that took place here begin-  
ning Tuesday, June 16.

"I received a call at 6:45 a. m.  
from Lieut. —, United States  
Coast Guard, stating that we  
might be expected to take care of  
an unknown number of survivors.  
The lieutenant was not sure at the  
time whether they were going to be  
brought here or to —. Lieut.  
— desired the news to be kept  
from the public.

"By 7 a. m. our Chief Air Raid  
Warden and Deputy Chief Air Raid  
Warden, Chief of Auxiliary Police,  
Chairman of First Aiders, the head  
of the Medical Department Dr.  
Daniel Hiebert, Dr. Thomas Perry  
and a Dr. Corea of —, who  
happened to be in town, were stand-  
ing by. The head of Ambulances  
had also been summoned by tele-  
phone to the Report Center.

**Hid Ambulances From Public**

"They, in turn, telephoned the  
necessary workers of their units and  
by 7:30 a. m. we had seven ambu-  
lances with drivers, four First Aid  
Workers with each ambulance, and  
equipment, as well as Mrs. Arthur  
Comee and Louis A. Law of the Red  
Cross, on duty. We kept all equip-  
ment in back of the post office, so  
that the public would not know  
about the same.

"Mrs. Louise W. Baumgartner, in  
charge of our canteen, was also sum-  
moned. At 7:30 a. m., I received an  
additional call from Lieut. —  
stating that survivors were definite-  
ly being brought here. I then dis-  
patched our chief air raid warden  
to contact the manager of a local  
hotel, to ask his permission to take  
over the hotel for use as quarters  
for survivors.

"I instructed the chief warden  
to inform the management that if  
they did not want to cooperate, we  
would take over the hotel, regard-  
less. This was not necessary, how-  
ever, as John Cashman, the man-  
ager, was very cooperative through-  
out the incident.

"Mrs. Baumgartner and her staff  
of 25 canteen workers, and Joseph  
A. Marshall, chairman of food sup-  
plies, took over the kitchen and  
dining room of the hotel, and imme-  
diately started on food supplies, in  
cooperation with Mr. Law of the  
Red Cross.

128

## Hon. Gifford Reads Story Into Record

### Congressman Places Provincetown Story In Permanent Place

"Mr. Speaker, I have always been justifiably proud of having had the honor of representing for a full score of years the southeastern portion of Massachusetts and particularly my historic section."

With these words Congressman Charles L. Gifford opened his remarks in the House of Representatives last Friday as he read into the Congressional Record a brief and permanent account of the work of the Provincetown Civilian Defense units in caring for surviving seamen on June 16—an event that led to the bestowal of the first citation by the National Civilian Defense organization this month.

The account placed in the permanent record of the nation by Congressman Gifford follows:—

A few days ago an incident happened at Provincetown, at the tip of the Cape, to which I wish briefly to refer. That historic town, in whose harbor the Mayflower Compact was drawn up—an instrument which, with the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, created the fundamental concepts upon which our Nation was built—and where the sturdy Pilgrim Fathers first set foot on the soil of America, was the recipient of a signal honor. It was well deserved. The National Director of the Office of Civilian Defense flew from Washington to bestow it. It was the first locality in the United States to receive this award—a scroll in testimonial of the fact that its private citizens had met the test of a national emergency with the highest degree of efficiency.

We had long known that Cape Cod was prepared to meet such a test as perhaps no other locality was. Our citizens had perfected their various civilian organizations in a manner to win recognition and praise and to serve as a model for the country. Yet only an actual test could prove the value of this organization. Not a make-believe one, but war itself! War on the United States was brought to our shores by the Axis enemies. Close to the Cape Cod sector where the only German shells landed in America during the first World War, three ships were torpedoed and sunk during a night only a few weeks ago. Their flares of distress were plainly seen from the Provincetown shores. Word was flashed to the director of the Provincetown Committee on Public Safety, Mr. John F. Rosenthal, that

there would be need of giving aid to the survivors and properly receiving the dead. There was no way of estimating, in advance, how great this need might be. But the organization was ready—ready to function at this minute's call. Perhaps in part this was due to the fact that Cape Cod has had to face emergencies arising from tragedies affecting "those who go down to the sea in ships" for several centuries, and the people were merely carrying on a noble tradition.

The distress signal came in the early hours of the morning, practically the dead of night. Before the survivors of the stricken ships were landed, there were at their respective posts trained and efficient men and women fully prepared to cope with the situation, as follows: 4 physicians, 5 registered nurses, 45 Red Cross first aid workers, 4 Boy Scout messengers, 27 canteen workers, 7 ambulance drivers, 50 auxiliary policemen, 25 air-raid wardens and 20 staff workers. And this in a community having a normal population of hardly more than 2,000 souls!

Most fortunately, the survivors numbered only a few score and the dead very few, but the organization was ready and on the job. Police headquarters served as a morgue; a hotel was commandeered—volunteered as a matter of fact—and the injured and war-worn survivors were fed and given necessary care over a period of 32 hours. There was no hysteria; no false moves. America showed what she could do when at war and Provincetown furnished a shining example for the rest of the Nation should it, too, come to feel the real horrors of a total conflict and its civilian population be called upon to share the tasks of our men in the fighting forces.

I feel that on that night Provincetown represented all of America and served notice on the Axis Powers that we may adopt the motto of our famous Coast Guard, "Semper Paratus"—always prepared. Certainly I hope that it is true of the rest of my own Cape Cod. We have been weighed in the balance—and not found wanting.

As Dean Landis, Director of the Office of Civilian Defense, said:

"Provincetown has discovered the meaning of total war. Not all of us are privileged to put our effort close to the enemy . . . I am proud that New England has led the way, especially in civilian defense, in organizing units to protect the country against attack."

I, too, am proud—and properly proud—of the fact that in meeting this test Provincetown merited and received the first citation for efficient organization and accomplishment bestowed by the National Office of Civilian Defense on any town or city in these United States.

WN, MASS., THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1942

## U. S. Is Proud Of Province Dean Landis Tells C

### Brief, Moving Ceremonies Mark Bestowal And Banner For Giving Aid To Re

When word was received Friday that National Director of Civilian Defense James M. Landis would arrive on the following Monday to confer on the town the first citation ever given because of its own Civilian Defense handling of survivors from torpedoed ships on June 16, Provincetown was somewhat surprised. But that was all.

Plans started working out for the reception of Dean Landis, the distinguished guests who would be with him, and his entourage. Civilian Defense Chairman John F. Rosenthal, whose report of the June 16 episode is now almost a classic, asked the heads of units to pass on an urgent invitation to all of their workers to be on hand Monday afternoon for the ceremonies complete with arm bands.

Monday afternoon came around, as Monday afternoons do, and fishermen came in, took off their boots and washed up a little earlier. Shopkeepers, restaurant cooks, and bartenders let down their sleeves and put on their arm bands. Men from the traps and men and women handling fish got into their other clothes, and put on their various arm bands. Housewives primped up a bit and so did the waitresses, and all came to Town Hall. It was just sort of like Town Meeting day except that no one was even spoiling for a fight.

Everybody had to wait a good long time, more than an hour, but the folks seemed to feel that if it was something they had to go through with the waiting was all right.

It was not until the ceremonies were underway, not until Dean Landis was well into his address, not until he said,

"The United States is proud of Provincetown!"

Then a spark seemed to go through the people of this famous Cape End town. Heads went up and eyes brightened. Those were words good to hear in this town on the spot where the Pilgrims landed, where great navigators and whalers went out to make history, and where courageous men still daily cheat the sea. In other days the eyes of the nation have been focused on Provincetown and it seemed good to know that there remained the power to bring them back again.

wn  
D. Workers

ing Of Citation  
ued Seamen

Dean Landis was accompanied to Provincetown by State, regional and sectional officials of Civilian Defense and with him was the Women's Motor Corps and Canteen and Red Cross units of Hyannis and the Upper Cape. Delay was caused at Orleans when a stop was made for the presentation to the officials of policemen's clubs made by school boys of the town.

The stage of old Town Hall was filled with visiting and local officials and heads of local units as Chairman Rosenthal stepped to the center of the stage to open the ceremonies and introduce Dean Landis who said:—

"Provincetown has discovered the meaning of total war. Not all of us are privileged to put in our effort close to the enemy. I am proud New England has led the way, especially Civilian Defense, in organizing us to protect the country against attack.

"New England was the first to have qualified auxiliary police, air raid wardens, auxiliary fire department and stretcher bearers. Maybe that is why, when the first test came, that New England and Provincetown were able to respond in an efficient, cool and fearless way.

"The United States is proud of Provincetown. You, the people of this village, symbolized what civilians, organized and banded together and willing to work, can do."

The National Director of Civilian Defense then read the citation bestowed upon Provincetown for the work of its units on June 16.

The Citation

"The story of greatness," this unique citation read, "is written not in words but in the quiet deeds and daring actions of these people who unheralded give of their every effort in time of need. For such greatness the people of Provincetown have qualified. Among the first to create and drill a civilian defense organization, you were prepared to illustrate the effectiveness of conscientious practice and the result of cooperative effort.

"You mobilized the forces of your community to give succor and marshalled your resources to afford shelter and safety. On June 16, 1942, Provincetown epitomized the love of country, and intelligence, the ability, the community spirit that

makes America indomitable.

"Let there be enshrined here forever, for all men to see, this citation for the quiet heroism of a community at work helping man. And it will always be said that in the year of Our Good Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Forty-two, just as in the days of pioneer settlement and the fight for independence, New England's heritage shone bright."

Mr. Landis then presented the scroll and with a "V" pennant to Chairman Rosenthal who acknowledged both in a brief reply:—

"National Director Landis, as chairman of the Provincetown Committee on Public Safety, I am very proud to accept this scroll and pennant, which you are awarding us. We deeply appreciate this special visit from our National Director of Civilian Defense.

"We, as members of the Provincetown Public Safety Committee, consider it a privilege to serve our country in our humble way.

"Provincetown is rich in its historical background. It was the first landing place of the Pilgrims in 1620 and later saw the inception of Public Safety Committees along with other towns of the Massachusetts Bay colony, in pre-revolutionary days.

"Our country is now engaged in the most devastating war in its history. It is the duty of every American to do his part to the best of his ability. For those who are not able to serve in the armed forces, Civilian Defense offers a grand opportunity. Provincetown has over 500 members in its Public Safety organization. We will strive to uphold the honor you have bestowed upon us.

"In behalf of the Provincetown Committee on Public Safety, I thank you."

J. W. Farley, State Director of Civilian Defense, joined with Dean Landis in praising the work of the Cape End units. "Cape Codders," he said, "have always been pioneers and to be a pioneer and survive means you must be able to meet the unexpected successfully. You have done that and the whole State is proud of you."

In a few words, Joseph M. Loughlin, New England Director, added, "You trained for an emergency and when the call came you were ready for it." Aaron Davis, regional director, turned back praise to the State organization, terming it the source of strength and guidance for the local units.

The ceremonies were brief, simple and impressive, and in fifteen minutes they were over with the large crowd, which practically filled Town Hall, filing slowly out after singing the Star Spangled Banner lustily.

Cape Cod Snacks

On the lawn the Women's Defense Corps had set up tables and were ready to serve the visitors and heads of the local units, numbering about 60, with clam chowder, lobster rolls, blueberry pudding and coffee. Dean Landis who had flown to Hyannis to motor to Provincetown had a plane waiting for him at the Provincetown airport, and a comely young woman to serve as his pilot. Some difficulty was experienced in taking the plane off because of the condition of the landing field.

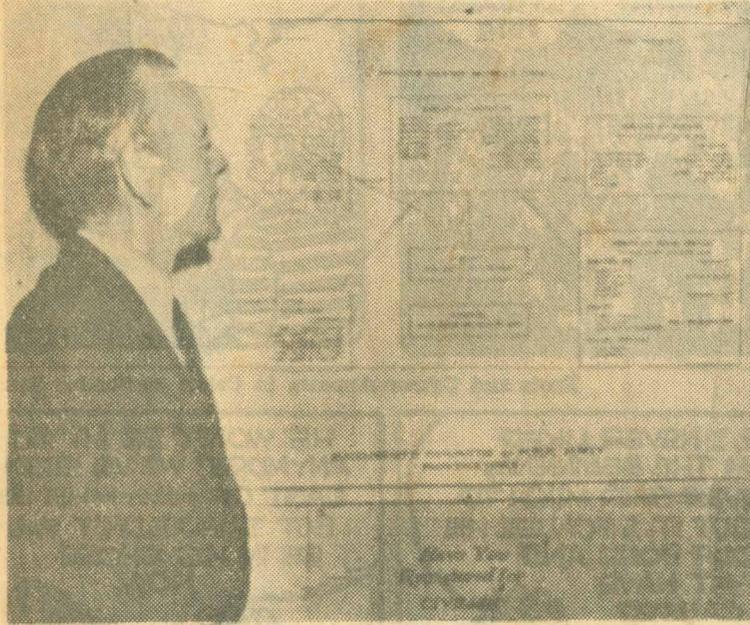
In charge of decorating Town Hall with flags and signal pennants was Cyril Patrick and he, too, had the job of seating the various groups in the hall. He even remembered to provide a press table for the local and out-of-town reporters and photographers.

A recording of the entire ceremony was made and broadcast by radio over WEEI at 7:20 Monday evening.

Soon after the ceremonies were over the fishermen were back mending nets, the fish handlers were tak-

Some of story  
← under this

## Leads Provincetown Effort



Archibald Turnbull, U.S.N., retired, is executive chairman of the Provincetown Committee for Public Safety. In the above picture he is shown inspecting the outline at defense headquarters which illustrates the machinery of the committee.

## Peaked Hill Opens For War Service

### Famous Old Station Is Again Scene Of Activity

A crew of about 25 men of the Coast Guard service were brought down from Boston yesterday afternoon to bring the complement at the newly reopened Peaked Hill Station up to its required quota.

The station, which overlooks the most dangerous bars and shoals of Cape Cod which have doomed many hundreds of ships, was closed some three years ago and was later purchased by a summer resident. Some controversy followed as to the title of the property. It was never used.

Peaked Hill, standing on an isolated site on the Back Shore near the site of the cottage where Eugene O'Neill wrote his early plays that brought him fame, will now be active again and will again take its place among the life-saving stations that keep watch along the shores of Cape Cod.

## Marconi Station Metal Goes Into Wellfleet Scrap Heap As Town Prepares For Drive

Miss Elizabeth Freeman, head of Wellfleet's Scrap Metal Drive, announced today that Frank Payne, of South Wellfleet, had contributed the cables and metal from the old Marconi Radio Station.

Wellfleet people are being asked to sign pledges to have their scrap metal ready for collection on or before Saturday, October 10th, to set it out in a pile in front of their homes and to mark it with a small American flag to indicate that it is earmarked for war use. Those with pieces too large to handle are asked to notify the drive officials in advance so that men and trucks can be sent to get the metal in on time. Truck-owners are contributing their labor and trucks and Lawrence Gardinier, Selectman, is standing by with his tractor to aid.

## Coast Guard Opens Inn For Training

### First Crew Of 15 Arrive— Full Complement 150

Provincetown Inn, for many years a fashionable and popular summer stopping place for Cape End visitors, yesterday opened its doors, after being closed all season, as a United States Coast Guard Receiving station for newly recruited service men.

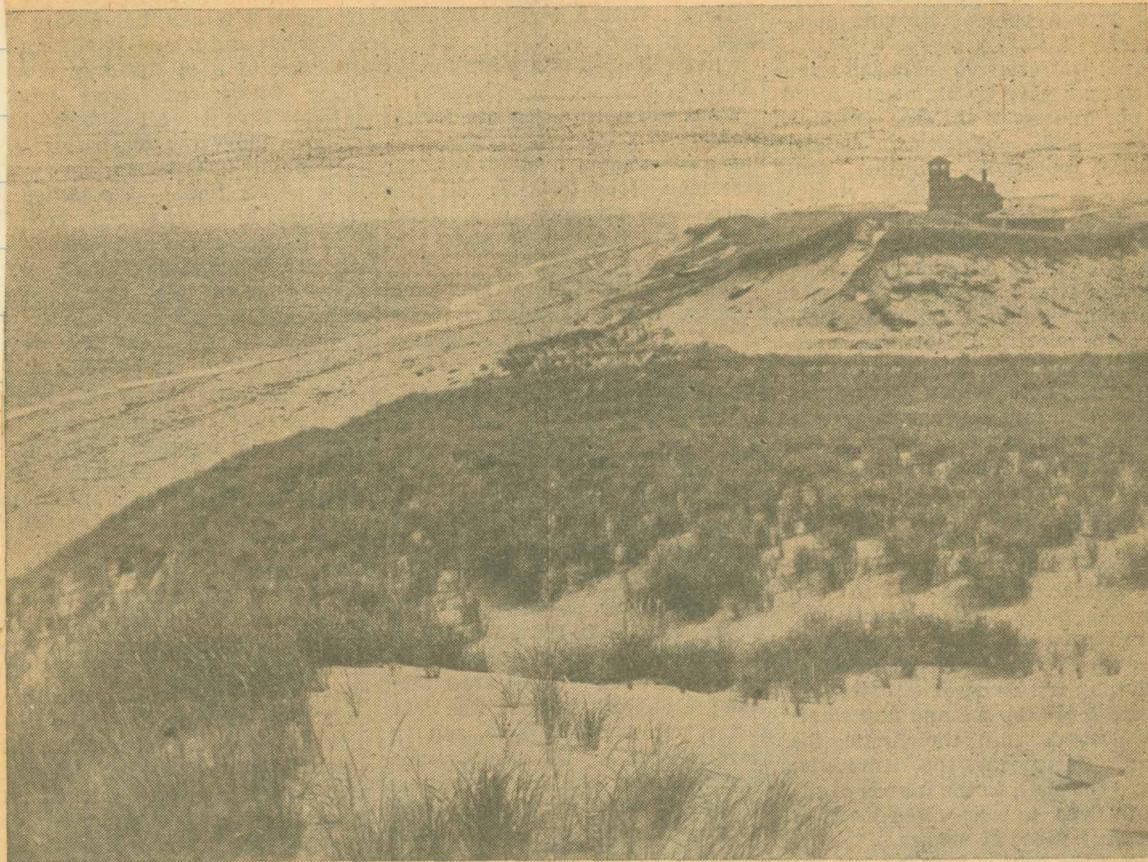
A release from the Washington office of the Coast Guard says that Lieut. Alfred Volten of 12 Prince Street was in command of a Coast Guard-manned LST that participated in the initial assault on Normandy and since then his ship has been ferrying supplies to the hard hitting Allies in France.

Aug 24 - 1944

131

PROVINCETOWN, MASS., THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1942

## Once Again The Eyes Of Peaked Hill Are On Watch



Peaked Hill Coast Guard Station on its lonely outpost surrounded by miles of sand dunes, and overlooking what was once the most dangerous shoals of the Atlantic where hundreds of ships and thousands of seamen have met their doom, is now open again with a full complement of crew on the alert day and night.

See  
P. 139  
Further  
Bk  
One  
P. 70

132

### Man Eating Shark Caught Near Provincetown

1931

The first shark of the season was caught last Saturday off Cornhill, Truro. This ground shark, a man-eater, was tangled in the fish trap and put up a stiff battle before it was conquered.

Captain George Brier with his boat, the Colonial was emptying his fish traps near Truro when he sighted the huge 17-foot shark in the nets. After a half-hour struggle, the fish was caught with an iron hook and stunned with an axe. Then he was hauled to Railroad Wharf. For a time he still lived, though feebly. In order to lighten his 2000-pound weight his intestines were removed.

At about 3 o'clock Captain Brier drew up with the scow belonging to the Colonial Cold Storage and the shark was hauled up to the pier and on Sunday was exhibited in the shed, where hundreds of people dropped in to see this enormous sea beast. Admission was charged and the proceeds given to the fishermen.

Many spectators seized this opportunity to take pictures of the shark, some taking boats to get near the fish, others staying on the pier to snap their cameras as it was slung to the platform. The passengers of the Dorothy Bradford had an hour of excitement to add to their pleasureable memory of the town.

It is planned to freeze this shark and place it on exhibition at the Barnstable and Brockton fairs in September and October.

Last summer  
several off  
Race Pt.

The navy's newest submarine, the Cachalot, is expected in Provincetown waters January 18, to be put through her trial over the measured mile navy testing course in the outer harbor.

1931

## Keeping Light At Race Point Inspires Story By Granddaughter Decades Later

### Abbie C. Putnam Reads Tale Of Watching Through Storm And Of Rescue At Research Club Meeting

At a recent meeting of the Research Club Abbie C. Putnam read a story written by her, woven together from the things her grandmother told her about keeping the light at Race Point. Her great grandfather, Elijah Dyer, was keeper of the light for 30 years.

This time I have decided to stand on my own merits and will tell you an original story which I wrote many years ago when a student at the School of Expression. It was a part of our training to write a theme every day so after more or less practice I thought it would be interesting to try a story.

This story is all fiction but was suggested to me from hearing n

#### Lighthouse Ship Here

1931

#### For Last Time

The lighthouse ship Lotus, of Boston, came into the harbor to give supplies the last time this season to the Lighthouses at Long Point and Wood End.

The Lotus, commanded by Captain Bartlett, supplied coal and wood to the lighthouses on the last trip to this vicinity this year. Unless a buoy should get out of order, the Lotus will make no more visits to the harbor until next spring.

A few tons of sand were taken from Long Point beach, which is to be used to make sinkers to hold the buoys down. A buoy was moved from Woods Hole to put into the main depot at Chelsea.

The ship came from New Bedford through the Cape Cod Canal and on to Provincetown. After completing her work, the Lotus left for Boston Friday morning. This winter the boat will go to the north shore around Gloucester, Rockport and Scituate.

that he might be detained over night he said to his daughter, "Lizzie, if I don't return by sunset can I depend on you to light the lamps and keep them burning all night?" "Yes, father," said Lizzie, "I'll do the best I can and you need not worry about it. You know I have often lighted up for you and as for keeping awake all night, well, that is hard but I can do it."

That night the sun sank at an early hour behind a bank of heavy clouds. The wind was increasing and blowing directly from the east which on that coast indicated that a storm was approaching.

#### Starts Watch

Promptly at sunset Elizabeth mounted the lighthouse stairs to attend her duties and begin the climax.

which precedes the dawning dawn Elizabeth thought she discovered the white sail of a ship not far distant. Whether it was that or the white crest of the angry waves it was impossible to tell in the dim light.

What is that bright light seen far out on the water? Again it flashes in brilliant red. There can be no mistake now for it is the well known signal of a ship in distress.

Thoroughly aroused now Lizzie rushes from the lighthouse and seeks the house below to awaken her mother and sisters. How can feeble helpless women expect to battle with the elements in hope of saving human lives?

#### Tragedy At Dawn

It is now almost daylight and ship can be plainly seen—nearer nearer she approaches the fatal Above the raging of the storm heard a resounding crash and watchers on shore know only well

Aug. 22-1953

As a town we thoroughly enjoyed the weekend visit by Her Majesty's Canadian Ships, the Magnificent and Quebec. They arrived at 4 in the afternoon, instead of 9 in the morning, as first announced, partly because some repairs had to be made in the engine room of the Magnificent and also because of court martial proceedings, involving an officer in the Korean action, aboard the Quebec. Better than 99 per cent of the hundreds of Canadian officers and men were the perfect gentlemen ashore, setting an example that will be hard to equal and impossible to excell. There were a few minor incidents, practically impossible to avoid in dealing with so many men, thrown into Provincetown's congested August streets, with hardly anything much to do. Yes, a few of the boys will look with yearning through portholes while their buddies go ashore in foreign ports as the two vessels proceed on their three-months cruise which will end in exercises which will include ships of several nations and about half a million men.

## PORTLAND RELIC FOUND

### Old Life Preserver Recalls Death of 157 on Ship.

PROVINCETOWN, Mass., Aug. 29 (A. P.).—The sands of Provincetown have yielded another memento of New England's worst marine disaster.

An old life preserver has been found on the outer beach between Race Point and Peaked Hill Bar. The canvas covering is almost intact and the red letters "S. S. Portland" stand out clearly on its surface.

From time to time for thirty-three years Cape Cod coast guardsmen have found bits of wreckage from the steamship Portland, which left Boston during a fierce November gale in 1898 with 157 passengers aboard. The Portland was never heard from after leaving Boston harbor. Her passengers and crew were swallowed up in the gale.

Coast guardsmen at the Peaked Hill bar station are of the opinion that the life preserver was washed deep into the sand and has been buried for years.

### Life Preserver From Old Portland

A life preserver from the steamer Portland has been found.

Picked up by Rene LaMarre of Detroit, the preserver was given to Manuel Patrick, proprietor of the Bradford Inn and Wharf Restaurant.

The steamer Portland was bound from Boston to Portland when she struck the ferocious gale on November 27, 1898 and was wrecked off Peaked Hill Bar. All hands went down with the ship. Beside the crew of approximately 25 or 30, there were about 260 passengers.

That this life preserver has felt the passing of nearly 33 years is seen by its condition. The canvas covering is partially torn away revealing the weather-beaten cork beneath. Only the letters -TLAND are left on the worn canvas that remains, and these letters are dim and barely discernable.

The preserver is on exhibition at the Wharf Restaurant.

## Thirty Years Ago

Approximately 75,000 lbs. of fresh fish were landed at this port Saturday by the fishing fleet, which included fares from the schooners, Emelia Enos, Philomena Manta, Gov. Russell and Jennie and Agnes.

A monster lobster weighing 18½ pounds was brought in by the schooner Emelia Enos, which was taken in her trawls off Highland.

It took ten freight cars to take out the shipments of fresh fish from this station Sunday evening, the freight on which was approximately \$500.

### Cables Across Atlantic

The first attempt to lay a cable

across Atlantic -  
Orleans - France  
" " Cape Cod.

1871

Whaling schooner Agate, Capt. James S. Atkins, sailed from this port Monday, for W. I. humpbacking. (?)

May 14 - 1949.

The Advocate is read in many parts of this otherwise crazy world and it doesn't come as a very great, though pleasant, surprise that Captain Harry M. Lema of the U. S. Merchant Marine recently read his latest copy by the light of the midnight sun in northern Sweden. "We arrived," wrote Captain Lema to his family now moving from Dorchester to his native Provincetown for the Summer, "here (Lulea, Sweden) after coming across the Kiel Canal in Germany, and in the Baltic Sea, and in coming this way we saw some of Poland, Denmark, Finland and also Sweden. Last night was daylight up to midnight and you could read a newspaper without trouble. It was daylight most of the night. At midnight I had the Advocate and read it with glasses, at 1 a. m. I went outside and read some more. This was London time."

Sept. 3 - 1953

The seiner Cormorant, commanded by Captain Needham Rogers, brought in 29,000 pounds of butter fish and 65 barrels of bluebacks.

Peter Rocheteau, of Conant Street, who is working with Contractor Mike Roach's force of men now making the first cuts for the new Route 6 from Peter's Hill in North Truro through to the road leading up to Pilgrim Heights at High Head, said that soft-shell clams in considerable quantities were uncovered in dredging near Pilgrim Lake. Inasmuch as some type of disease has practically wiped out this type of much-wanted clam all along the Cape shores, a study might well be made of their existence in this isolated spot.

## 20th Anniversary Of Sinking Of Sub S-4



MEMORIAL CROSS

### Memorial Cross To Ill-Fated Undersea Craft

The churchyard memorial cross in the garden of the Church of St. Mary of the Harbor (Episcopal) on Commercial Street in the east end of town, will mark this year the twentieth anniversary of the loss of the Submarine S14 while on a test run off Wood End on December 17, 1927. Forty officers and crew lost their lives, commanding officers being Lt. Com. R. K. Jones and Lt. Com. William F. Callaway. The complete roster is given on the bronze plaque on the oaken cross carved from ships' timber by the late Walter Cashman. The plaque was contributed by the Fleet Reserve Association, New England

Area. At the base of the pediment is a submarine hole dragged up in a film of the scene of the disaster. The memorial is dedicated to the nation in 1927. The garden of the church is decorated with its floral display each season. On Wednesday, this year it will be the annual church fair with work and all kinds of contributions will be on aprons and fried cakes, paintings and antiques. Mrs. L. Bailey, wife of the church, will act as the garden fair. 19

## Funeral Is Held For Former Rector

Funeral services were held today for the Rev. Robert W. Nicholson, 52, rector of St. Mary Church (Episcopal) who died Sunday. The Right Rev. Frederic Lawrence, suffragan bishop of Massachusetts, officiated at services in the church.

Mr. Nicholson's first pastorate was the Church of St. Mary of the Harbor in Provincetown and here he became very popular in many circles. He was rector during the building of the present church and enlisted the interest of prominent artists whose work adds so much to the beauty of the edifice. Because of his gentle disposition and stature he became known here as the "Little Minister." He was a member of the Beachcombers and took a deep interest in Cape End art activities.

Mr. Nicholson was born in Pawtucket and received his bachelor of science degree at Tufts University in 1930. In 1933 he received the Bachelor of Sacred Theology degree from the Episcopal Theological Seminary in Cambridge.

He also served as rector of the Grace and St. Andrew's Churches on Martha's Vineyard and the Church of the Messiah at Woods Hole. He received his commission as a lieutenant (j.g.) in 1943 and served five years as a Navy chaplain with the Pacific Fleet. He was rector of St. Mary's in Barnstable since 1946.

Survivors include one brother, John F., of Conapoharie, N. Y., and a nephew, John Abell, of Lexington.

## Jot Small, 76, Dies Served MacMillan

Funeral services for Jonathan C. "Jot" Small, 76, one of the last of the truly salty Cape Cod personages, who died Friday at the Cape Cod Hospital where he had been taken the day before in the Lower Cape ambulance, were held Monday afternoon at the Fisk Funeral Home with the Rev. Arthur O. Dewey, pastor of the Provincetown Methodist Church officiating. Interment was in the Gifford Cemetery.

Mr. Small, born in Provincetown, a son of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Small, was chosen several times by his fellow townsman and famous Arctic explorer. Commander Donald B. MacMillan, as a crew member on dangerous expeditions into the Far North. With the training received in the U. S. Life-saving Service to which he was attached during nine of his early years, as a mechanic for ten years, as a skilled boat builder and with a natural talent as a cook he proved a valued member on MacMillan explorations. And his skills were combined with a ready wit coupled with a real gift for story-telling which added to his popularity. In the Summer of 1913 he set off with Commander MacMillan on an adventure-crowded trip for two years in the Far North but it was four years before he saw Provincetown again and he spent as many midnight Winters among the Eskimos whom he came to know well and admire greatly.

In his account of this long period in the Arctic, Commander MacMillan wrote in his "Four Years In The White North", that "Jot Small had a partially bald head, a wrinkled face, long red whiskers, and a most extraordinary knowledge of the Eskimo language which, when accompanied by a vigorous waving of both arms, brought forth gales of laughter." Also that "Jot stuck his head out of the door in October, pulled it in quickly, and declared that he was not going out again until Spring!" only threats of scurvy and other dreadful Arctic diseases made him change his mind. To the amazement of the Eskimos he built an ice boat that could go so fast that it has become a part of the folk stories of the North.

On his return to Provincetown Mr. Small turned some of his attention to boat building and originated the Eskimo class of sail boats, each bearing an Eskimo name, and still being raced by members of the Provincetown Yacht and Tennis Club. For a time he opened an eating place called "Jot's Galley". Some years ago he thought he would like to try his hand at politicking in his home town and ran for Selectman. But in that year everyone seemed to have the same idea and he got only a handful of votes. For a period he had a shift in charge of the Anchor and Ark Club and was a favorite with traveling people who enjoyed his yarns. These were always embellished with lusty sea-going language which was an essential part of his vocabulary. He was on friendly terms with Count Von Luckner, German sea raider of World War I and was visited by him on several occasions.

Mr. Small had been a member of King Hiram's Lodge, A. F. and A. M. since 1923 and attended the Provincetown Methodist Church. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Emma Elizabeth Smith Small, and a niece, Mrs. Mabel Pohl of Dorchester.

### WOODEN LADIES WHO WENT WENT TO SEA . . .

Not all the females who sailed the vast oceans were flesh and blood creatures and no live female was ever a bit jealous of the lovely damsels that accompanied their men folks on many voyages. For they were the "figureheads" that adorned the bow of vessels in the days of the famous clipper ships. She was wife and sweetheart to the men during those endless months at sea. She was a symbol of hope and desire, and a sailor found comfort and courage "having her aboard."

The origin of adornments go back many centuries, and originated with the early Roman war gods who decorated their war galleys with animals and human figures, and the early Greeks whose figures of beautiful women, dressed in flowing robes and golden girdles, with a laurel wreath in their hands, were a part of every vessel. The early

Chinese used dragons burnished with gold and brilliant colors, but the credit seems to be equally divided between the Romans and Greeks as to the use of the human figure as a ship adornment.

A strange contrast is apparent in the interesting fact that, women aboard a vessel were considered bad luck, but the figurehead of a woman was a protecting spirit and would keep the ship and its crew from harm on the voyage. The lady figurehead was coy . . . prim . . . enticing. Her expression—angelic.

Little is known about the craftsmen who carved her body from wood and with loving and skillful hands fashioned it into such beauty. Their skill should be recognized and recorded and would be if a more complete record of their craft could be found.

The changing times have made it quite impossible to locate the numerous figureheads that once were found all along the New England coast. Like their stern, bearded captains, they are fast becoming legend. A few are to be found in museums and occasionally in some coastal town may be seen, over a doorway, or in a garden, the partial figure of a "wooden lady." Somehow, land bound she seems out of place, so far from the sea. She belonged to the ships and the men who sailed them. Her life and theirs are woven into a pattern that can be no more. Beauty of design has been lost to simple practicality; men have become modernized machines schooled on getting the most out of his ship in the shortest time. Their love of their vessel and the sea beneath her may still be as strong, but not as intimate as the old-timers who battled the storms around the Horn, waited weary weeks becalmed in the Indian Ocean, sometimes ill and often hungry after many months at sea, but confident throughout that the great lady would be with them through it all. Wooden ships and wooden women, all under sail, a period that is past but can never be forgotten, for lest we forget, our forbears, have recorded in their logs and diaries, so that each generation may know the strength and character of the men who sailed the "Clippers" and of their shining pride in the "ladies who went to sea with them."

## Stormbound on Cape Cod Road



Owners start to dig out their cars stalled all night Wednesday at Plymouth, Mass., on the main road from Cape Cod to Boston in the worst snowstorm of years. (Story on Page Seven).

AP Wirephoto

The big plows are used only on state highways but the state public works department tonight offered towns on the Cape the use of vehicles to help clear out town roads. Telephone operators in several small communities—where there is only one on duty at a time—remained at their posts for 24 hours or more, without heat or light as their reliefs were unable to reach their switchboards.

## BIG PLOWS BATTLE DRIFTS IN AREAS AROUND CAPE COD

BOSTON, Feb. 28 — (AP) Picturesque Cape Cod—snowbound for 16 hours by a second howling northeast storm in 11 days—was being dug out gradually tonight as giant rotary plows led a mechanical onslaught on 12-foot snowdrifts.

Veteran Cape Codders termed it one of the worst storms in a half-century. It was especially severe from the Cape's "elbow" at Chatham to its "fingertip" at Provincetown.

Ten lives were lost in the latest blow to hit New England. The disturbance hit along the coast before disappearing off Nova Scotia. Last night's frown of nature was followed today by a smile of sunshine which greatly aided in the task of opening snow-clogged highways and moving about 1,000 stalled automobiles.

### Motorists Warned Away

Approximately 10,000 homes were without light and heat last night. Today repair crews moved in behind the mountain plows, brought from other sections of the state, and began the restoration of serv-

ice. About 5,000 homes still will be without electricity tonight. Most of these depend on power to run their heating equipment.

The islands of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, south of the Cape, also were caught in the swirling, gale-driven storm which lacked only low temperatures to merit the weatherman's classification of a blizzard.

Telephone lines, down in many areas over night, gradually were being put back in operation.

Outsiders were warned by state police to stay away from the Cape until all main roads have been cleared. Much of the highways from the Cape Cod canal south to Hyannis and Chatham are open but there are big drifts still to be bucked along the shore line to Provincetown.

### Two Boys Rescued

As far as Cape Cod was concerned the storm was worse than that of Feb. 18 when nearly 30 New Englanders perished besides 14 seamen who drowned as two oil tankers split in two off Chatham.

There were no mail deliveries and no milk in the storm belt today and gasoline pumps were unable to pump fuel. Schools were closed except in Provincetown and radio warnings were sent out to parents to keep children indoors and away from fallen wires.

Two Sandwich boys were missing overnight but were located unharmed this morning by a posse.

A 79-year-old salesman, George Gibson, was marooned all night in his car. He finally made his way to a house in Marston's Mills and

collapsed. Plows were sent to clear the way for an ambulance to take him to a hospital.

Mrs. Jerome Pierce—at whose home Gibson sought shelter—told this story:

### Women Sleep in Cells

"My husband opened the door about 9:30 this morning and there was this old gentleman lying on his face in the snow. His clothes were wet through. He was weak and had a terrible chill.

"We wrapped him in warm blankets after my husband got off his wet clothes and made him hot coffee. We then put him to bed until an ambulance came to take him to a hospital."

Nearly 300 persons were housed overnight in Bourne public buildings and six women stayed in cell blocks in the Barnstable police station.

Provincetown had light because it has an emergency auxiliary plant. Police Chief William Rogers said: "When the upper Cape towns lost electric service, we just switched on our emergency generators."

### Small Plows Snowed Under

A big mountain plow that finally blasted a path through the drifts came across the state field. It left there at 10 p.m. last night.

Orders to the two men in the huge orange-colored machine were to keep working after they reached the Cape.

From other sections, big 10-ton trucks with their v-plows converged on the Cape and started to work. Smaller plows could not cope with the drifts and eventually were snowed under.

# Blizzard Buries Cape In Deep Drifts, Highways Blocked, Cars, Mails Stopped

This morning Provincetown along with the rest of Cape Cod is trying to dig out of the heaviest snowfall of the last 30 or 40 years, piled in drifts eight and ten feet in height in many places and even higher in some, driven and carved into weird shapes by mile-a-minute nor'east blasts that belabored the Narrow Land until long after midnight.

It takes time to assemble the many angles of a storm such as this and slowly the facts and incidents come in. Cape Cod has taken the brunt of the blizzard, for north of Plymouth was bothered but little. In Yarmouth, it is told some 20 inches of snow is estimated with drifts three times the height of a car. And all along the highway are many, many cars covered with that depth of snow in odd shaped mounds.

During the night the Snow Library in Orleans was burned to the ground with a loss of \$75,000 and ten thousand volumes. Only one piece of apparatus could get to the flames and a special plea has been broadcast today for extra special precautions against possible fires. Route 28 is impassable, as is Route 6 in a number of places and none of the hundreds of small side roads of Cape Cod, of Wellfleet, Truro and Provincetown have been dug out. At noon today no mails had reached or left Provincetown since noon yesterday and the DeRiggs star mail truck was last heard from in Hyannis.

### No Power Break

But Provincetown has been especially fortunate in the matter of electric power with only one circuit, a tie-up circuit affecting about 30 homes, between the substation and the power plant, out. Provincetown's own power plant was put to work at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon and the line crew remained on duty throughout the night with the result that practically the entire town has had full use of light and power without interruption. One circuit was out in Truro, but the entire town of Wellfleet is without electric current and that community is at a standstill with all of its roads and highways deep in drifted snow.

Telephone service, however, was little troubled by the storm, according to Mrs. Matilda Montgomery, supervisor of the local exchange, who said that the blizzard of last weekend knocked out three times as many circuits. Traffic on the lines, she added, has been especially heavy and only just beginning to slacken up as the noon hour approaches. An extra operator

was required for the calls last night and she remained on duty until noon.

Calls for towing service began coming into local garages early in the evening as cars became marooned along the streets of town. Chris Salvador of Marcey's Garage said some 25 calls were answered with the wrecker-tow car. However, when he and a helper went out to Beach Point to take care of a Seafood Packers truck, sprawled across the highway, the wrecker itself got stuck and the crew, prepared to spend the night in a Summer cottage, was finally rescued by Ray Martin and her jeep.

### Marooned

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rogers, who had taken their son, Eric, to Providence, decided to try to get back home through the blizzard but stopped on the plains of Eastham when it was impossible to see the road any longer. They remained in their car from about 7 last evening until 6 this morning when they followed a plow to the Cape End.

Attorney S. O. Ball tried to get home from Boston late yesterday afternoon but after inching along at five miles an hour gave it up at Taunton. The inn there was bulging with others forced to stop and many spent the night sleeping in chairs in the lobby. Other hotels and inns in the area were also crowded with storm refugees. Mr. Ball phoned that he had counted seven snow plows disabled and covered by drifts on the Mid Cape Highway alone and that the main stem of Hyannis is impassable because of the enormous drifts.

Provincetown shopkeepers arrived this morning to open their Commercial street places only to find four to six-foot barriers of snow between them and their front doors with the snow shovel inside the shop. But the recovery along the main street has been remarkably rapid with a gang of shovelers clearing away large sections of the side walk.

Winter sentiments  
at 518,

Weather Out: Frightful,  
Weather In: Delightful,  
Let it Snow!  
Let it Snow!!  
Let it Snow!!!

for a  
retired  
teacher!

138

'53

Thursday, February 28, in Provincetown

Dear Friends:

Last Thursday we practically asked for it. Last night we got it. For those who could watch comfortably on the warm side of the window, it was a beautiful, dramatic, spectacular storm. There wasn't a hint of mercy or apology in the vicious jabs of that nor'easter, slamming in layer after layer of snow, then picking up a few to stand them up, whirl them around and slap them down again. Hills of white piled up only to be carved into fantastic shapes by the broad powerful strokes of the wind-borne knives. Everything became slathered with a heavy coating of white and extra precautions were taken to pile high every entrance to every house and home and shop.

This morning Old Timers grinned and said it was just like old times. Town Clerk George Chapman strolling leisurely in the middle of Commercial street to Town Hall maintained that this snow, in years gone by, was the rule, and it was a routine custom to go coasting on Thanksgiving Day. "But," he added, "we had beautiful, warm and early Spring." Elsewhere in this issue may be found a note from Josephine Johnson, founder and president of the "Let's Have More Snow" Club, commending a description of last weekend's storm. She may be able to explain whether her outfit had anything to do with this latest edition. For a time the Truro school bus was lost in the storm but was later located in South Truro. High School classes only were held in Provincetown this morning but were ended at 11. All schools in Truro and Wellfleet were closed for the day.

Conflicting stories come from other parts of the Cape. Buses have not been able to get through and at 2:15 this afternoon no word at all as to possible mail deliveries had been received at the Cape End office. It is reported that snow removal equipment is being brought from Middleboro and Boston in an effort to clear the main Cape highways. Hundreds of cars, deep in snow, are stalled along the highways.

Feb 28 52

Colin Bell, who opens the Vet's Lunch long before dawn each morning to get the java hot for fishermen, said that he never saw Provincetown more beautiful than it was this morning at four o'clock. There wasn't a human mark anywhere, he said, and the snow was in great smooth sweeps, just as the wind had left it. A friendly northwest breeze and a sun with a strong touch of Spring in it is really doing things to that snow right now. Already stretches of the street, squarely hit by sun are down to bare asphalt.

Sept. 17-'53  
**Town Must Take  
O'Neill Property**

Famed playwright Eugene O'Neill who, as a youth, began his climb to recognition in Provincetown and who wrote some of his best early plays in the bleak seawilderness of the Great Shore, near Peaked Hill, "Graveyard of the Atlantic" from which the Greek freighter Evgenia was saved only last Saturday, may lose title to some 46 acres of the drear expanse of shore and dunes unless he pays his taxes for 1951 and 1952 by tomorrow.

The Town tax collector has sent a number of bills to the playwright but they have been returned and, according to law, he must take title to the land. Taxes for 1951 are \$43.70 and for 1952 they are \$50.12. Interest brings the total up to \$99.24.

The O'Neills had a home near the beach on the property but the encroaching sea washed it away leaving only a few of the chimney bricks to mark its location. Although the property fronts on the Atlantic Ocean, it doesn't extend, as does much of the other property, according to original deeds, from shore to shore—Provincetown Harbor to Atlantic Ocean—and assessors said it doesn't come near the area in which the new Route 6 is being built.

Should the town be forced to take title to the 46 acres, O'Neill or his family can redeem it within two years by paying the taxes plus interest and costs.

When the deeds are returned to the town from the Barnstable County Registry of Deeds, possibly several months from now, anyone can take over the property for taxes and costs and have title to the property, subject to the two-year redemption provision.

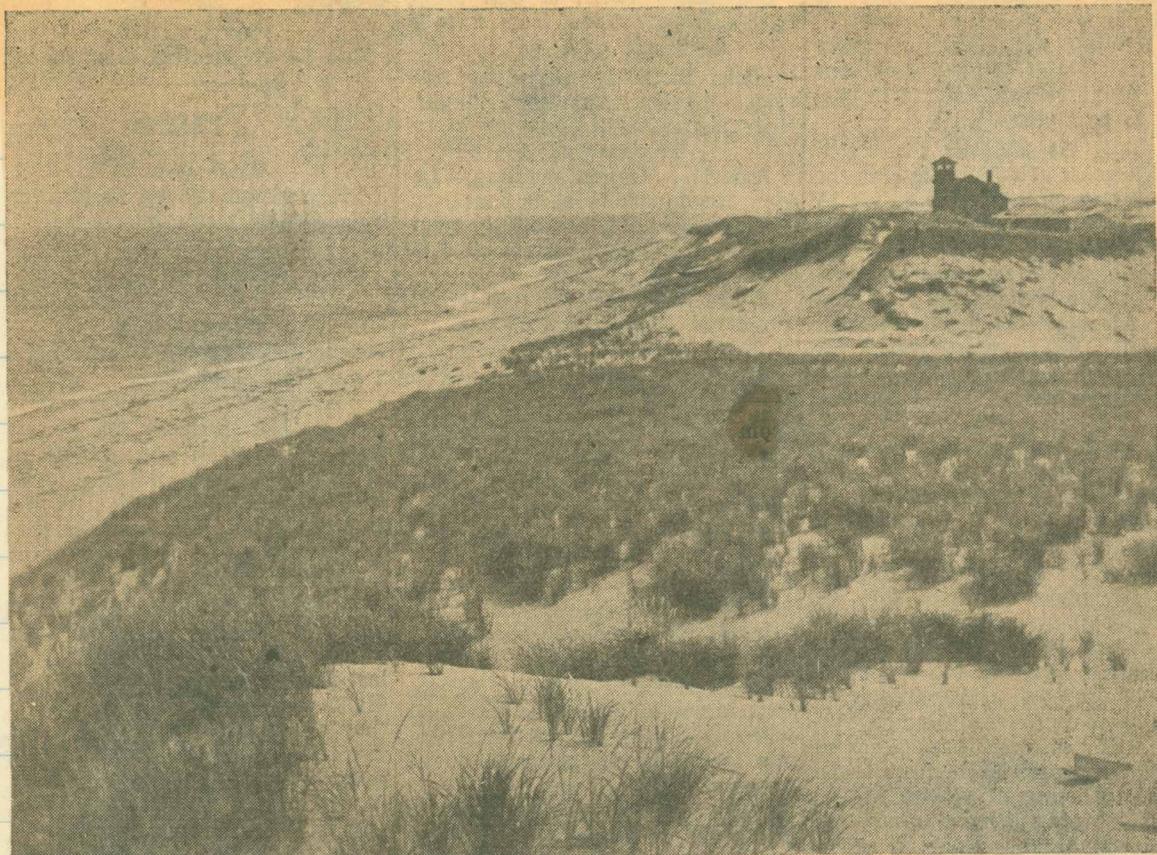
**Friend Postpones  
O'Neill Taking**

An O'Neill admirer in Brooklyn has postponed for a year, at least, the taking by the Town of Provincetown of a tract of some 48 acres of dune country on the Great Shore in the vicinity of the now closed Peaked Hill Coast Guard Station.

Friday was the deadline for the payment of the 1951 taxes and interest amounting to \$47.16. Then came a telegram from Edward Lipare of 436 Albee Square, Brooklyn, asking Tax Collector John Dutra if he might pay the bill "for sentimental reasons".

139

## Empty Station Keeps Vigil Over O'Neill Tract



Tragic  
End.

See Bk  
One

P. 70

In the days when Eugene O'Neill was an unknown youth he lived and labored on his early plays in this country which he loved and which he holds title to 48 acres of dune country. The Peaked Hill station, once the most important of all along the coast, is now abandoned. Because of the dangerous bars, the area is known as the "Graveyard Of Ships".

## Hope Seen Now For Saving Grounded Freighter



Photo by Arthur C. Patrick, Jr.

Freighter Evgenia, wallows, helpless in the boiling, storm lashed surf off Peaked Hill after being driven ashore, without cargo, Monday morning. Coast Guardsman in foreground is readying a breeches buoy line which was used to bring ashore 17 of the 25-man-crew. An ocean going tug arrived early yesterday afternoon to begin salvage operations.

### Tug Arrives To Begin Salvage Work On Greek-Manned Freighter Aground

While for a time the 3,500-ton Panamanian Evgenia aground on the inner bar of Peaked Hill on the Outer Shore, seemed doomed and salvage utterly hopeless, the vessel from Baltimore to Saint John, Newfoundland, to load, showed definite signs of life in yesterday's noon high tide, became slightly buoyant and her bow swung out. It is said now, with a powerful ocean-going tug from Boston at last on the scene, there is a fair chance that she may be floated and without serious damage.

Seventeen members of the crew, saved by valiant Coast Guard work, with use of breeches buoy and the DUKW from the Nauset Station left for Boston by special bus Monday night, little the worse for their

experience. Seven crew members and their skipper, Captain Elias Sharellis, decided to stand by their ship to assist in salvage operations.

The 225-foot freighter of Panamanian registry, manned by a Greek crew, only two or three of whom could speak any English, went aground shortly before 5:30 o'clock Monday morning in an area known as the "Graveyard of the Atlantic" and one in which many hundreds of brave ships and many more brave men have met their doom. The Evgenia was lashed by the heavy seas which came in the wake of the fringe of "Hurricane Carol" and seemed to those who first saw she was out of control as helpless. Rescue operations began approximately an hour after

the stricken freighter radioed she was running aground. Her crew said she was being tossed around like a floating bottle, attributing her "uncontrollable" actions to the lack of freight and a broken propeller.

Even as observers noticed the plight of the freighter, the skipper radioed Coast Guard to keep in contact. The captain's message read: "Am aground near Cape Cod Lighthouse. Position unsafe on account of coming hurricane. Please keep contact with us in case of emergency."

Chief Boatswains Mate Everett M. Marshall, in charge of all lifeboat stations along the Cape, order-

ed crews from Race Point and Cape Cod Lighthouses to search shorelines. The vessel was found within an hour and rescue operations were begun.

## Doomed Greek Freighter Sails Again, Tug Frees Ship For Tow To Boston

141

Thousands of sightseers watched Coast Guardsmen's first attempt to reach the beached craft by rescue boats and then, when heavy surf drove them back to shore, saw the line of the breeches buoy being shot aboard.

First man off the freighter to reach safety was brought to shore by the buoy shortly before 11 a.m. Each breeches buoy rescue took more than 20 minutes.

The rescued were reported in good condition although one had to be pulled from boiling water when the buoy hawser snapped. The dunked man was the 13th to be brought off the listing vessel, riding high on the sandbar. He was Steve Evagelis, 43, a seaman, who fell approximately 5 feet into the water when the line snapped.

His life was in danger only a few moments, however, as he was hauled ashore by Thomas Somes of Provincetown, Robert Panico, 19, of Boston, and Alfred Fearing, 55, of Winthrop. The latter were campers on the beach and helped pull Evagelis ashore as waves carried him inward.

Michael Moskouris, the first man brought ashore by the buoy, the ship's cook, was the only English-speaking crew member. He said the ship had heeded the hurricane warning and was following the coastline when "the trouble began".

The pounding surf of the Peaked Hill Bar subsided during the afternoon and rescue was resumed with the DUKW. The amphibious craft, operated by Coast Guardsmen, made two trips to the vessel, rescuing four more of the crew. The crew was taken to Boston following treatment for exposure at the scene.

Captain Sharellis, communicating from the bridge of the freighter to Coast Guard ashore, reported the Evgenia was enroute without cargo from Baltimore to St. Johns, Newfoundland, and was driven ashore when a propellor snapped loose.

Amazement, admiration and relief mingled as Cape End folks and their visitors watched the appearance around Long Point Saturday afternoon of the Greek freighter, Panama registered, Evgenia, the ship that was doomed, that would never be moved from Peaked Hill bars where she struck early on Monday of last week, and from which she was removed shortly after noon Saturday by the Merritt, Chapman and Scott tug Curb.

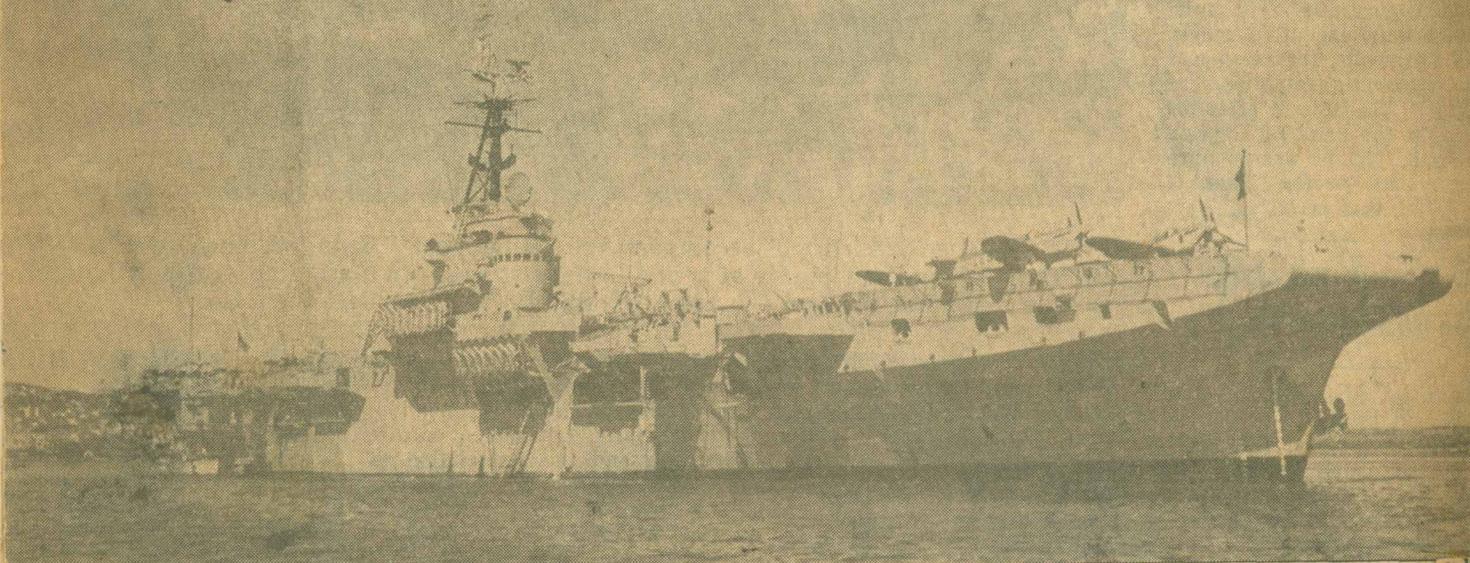
The Curb which looked so small beside the comparatively small freighter, nevertheless had that air of cocksure determination, common to tugs, and wasn't taking any nonsense from the big hulk she had pulled practically from dry land, but it was obvious that the task of making the Evgenia with damaged rudder and propeller behave was not an easy one. Finally the Curb got her tow on a good anchorage off the North Truro shore, about a mile south of Long Point, and the freighter lay astern the tug all night. Next day, on Sunday before noon, the Curb stirred her unwilling charge into action and headed toward Boston. It was announced that the ship was to be taken to drydock at New York City but brisk winds may have been the factor which altered plans.

On Tuesday the Curb scurried back to the scene of her triumph to pick up her buoys, anchors, cables and other gear used in hauling the Evgenia into deep and safe waters.

The stranded freighter which lured many hundreds of sightseers to Peaked Hill during the five days she was grounded and became the cause of rich pay-dirt for beach-buggy operators, made her first move toward the open seas on Saturday. With cables straining to the Curb and to a heavy anchor out beyond the bar, the Evgenia was broken from her sandy berth and moved about a quarter of a mile on the high tide. Four additional salvage experts were flown to the Provincetown Airport and later put aboard the Curb. As many returned members of the Evgenia's crew rejoined the seven who refused to leave the ship, helped aboard by the Coast Guard. On Friday Dr. Daniel H. Hiebert, medical immigration officer and Cape End U. S. Public Health Service physician, was put aboard to check up on the health of the men on the Evgenia.

On Saturday, at full tide, wind-whipped seas gave the Curb a helping hand. She waited for a heavy swell, pulled when it lifted the cargoless freighter, and the Evgenia was free.

Aug. 22, 1953. Illumination at night  
 the finest lighting display ever seen  
 E.C.J.



HMCS "Magnificent" light fleet carrier, largest ship in Royal Canadian Navy, due to arrive in Provincetown Harbor Saturday morning, accompanied by HMCS "Quebec" both to remain here until late Monday morning. ext  
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rep

Due to arrive in Provincetown Harbor Saturday for a stay of the better part of three days are two of the finest ships of the Canadian Navy, HMCS "Magnificent" and HMCS "Quebec" with a total of 1,855 officers and men.

The "Magnificent", light fleet carrier is the largest ship in the Royal Canadian Navy; 19,000 tons (full load) and nearly 700 feet long. Normally embarking the 30th Carrier Air Group, which consists of VF-871 Squadron of Sea Fury fighters and VS-881 Squadron of Canadian-adapted Avenger anti-submarine aircraft, the carrier will have as skipper, Commodore H. S. Rayner, DSC and bar, CD, RCN. In command of the cruiser, HMCS "Quebec" which was the coronation flagship of the six Canadian warships which took part in the Spithead review on June 15, is Captain P. D. Budge, DSC, CD, RCN.

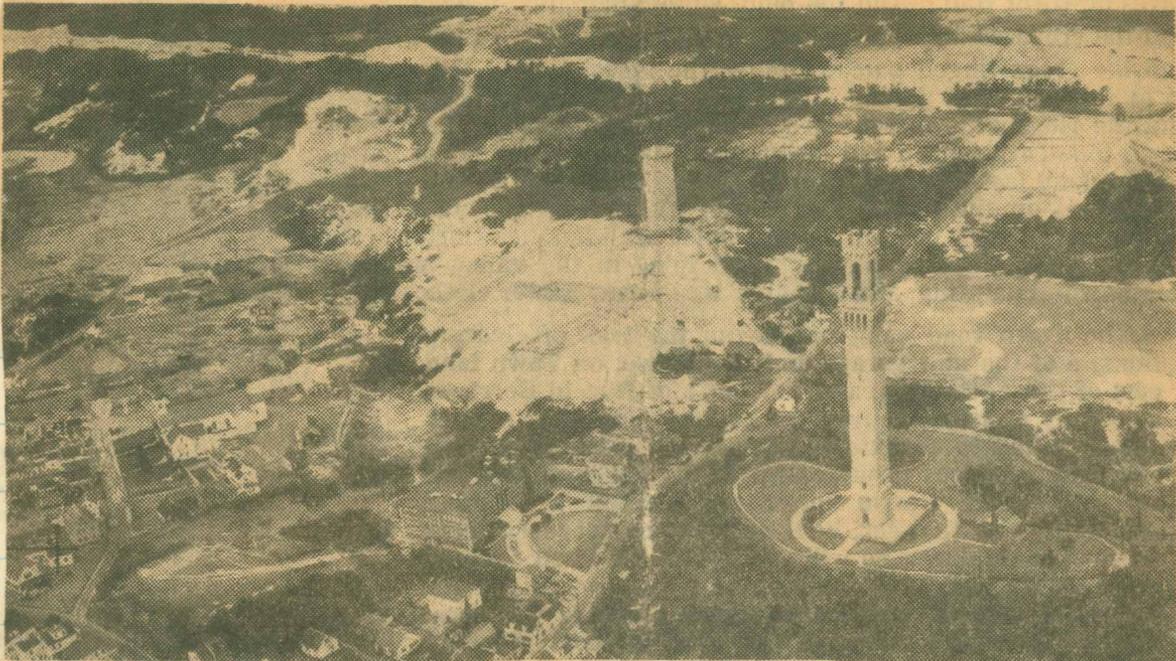
The "Quebec" was formerly HMS Uganda and was commissioned first in December, 1942. She took part in the Sicilian and Salerno actions, but was badly damaged by a glider bomb at Salerno and proceeded to the United States for extensive repairs

Mainlanders find it difficult to understand Cape Cod Winters. A man from Sturbridge, here to work on the new highway, was amazed and mystified, after his first day to discover that the frost hadn't started to penetrate this land, even in places where moisture should have frozen it solid. He allowed that it would take a pickaxe now to make a dent in Sturbridge soil. Matter of fact, about the only thing we can legitimately gripe about here in the Winter, as far as weather is concerned, is wind.

Dec. 24, 1953

143

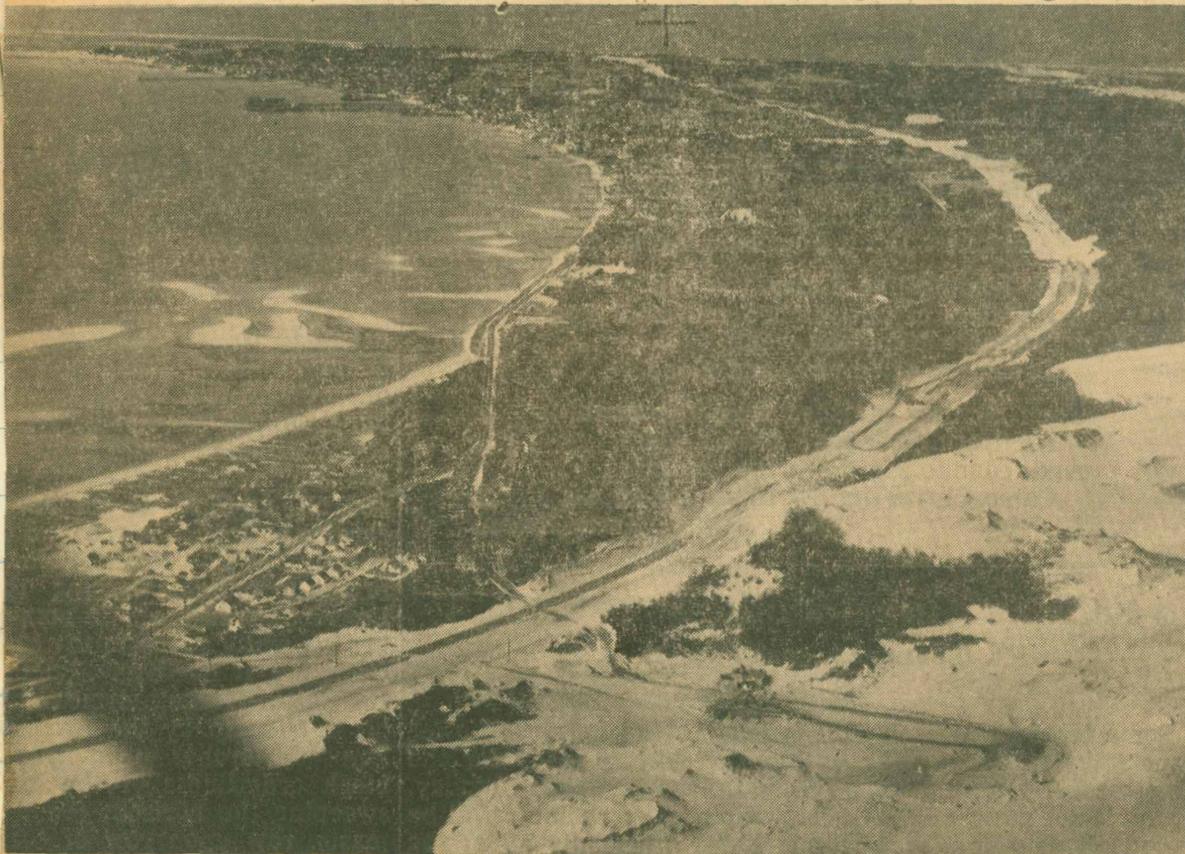
## Two Cape End Construction Projects



PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1954

## Spectacular Air View Of New Route 6 Through Cape End



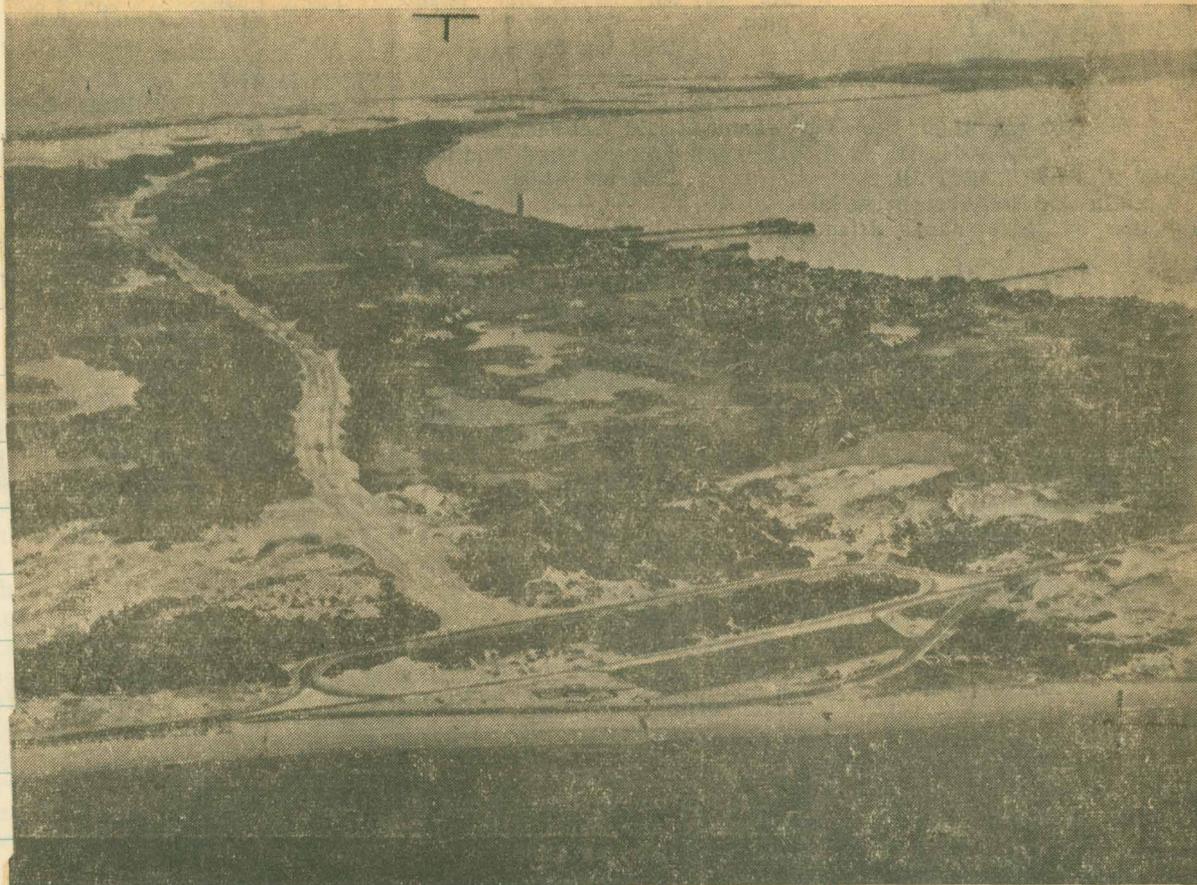
Airlines  
Provincetown  
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part.

Kelsey Airview

This fine airview shows the end of the new Route 6 practically in its entirety. The dark patch in the lower left hand corner is the end of East Harbor or Pilgrim Lake. A little above, to the right, are the buildings of the Whitehead sandpit. It is here that the double-barrelling of the highway starts, to continue to the terminal at New Beach above which is seen the camera finder cross-mark. In the immediate foreground on the right are the high dunes through which the sand pit operations are cutting.

144

# Eastern Terminal Of Transcontinental Route 6 At Cape Tip

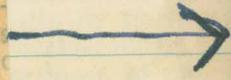


Kelsey Airview From Provincetown-Boston Airline

An excellent airview of the last lap of the relocated Route 6 showing how it circles the town, threads its way near Clappers Pond and other small ponds in the area and comes out into the great oval at New Beach. In the center, near the water's edge can be seen the new bath house opened to the public last Summer. The other end of this great highway is also at the water's edge in Long Beach, California and the highway is said to be the only one on which it is possible to cross the continent under one route number.



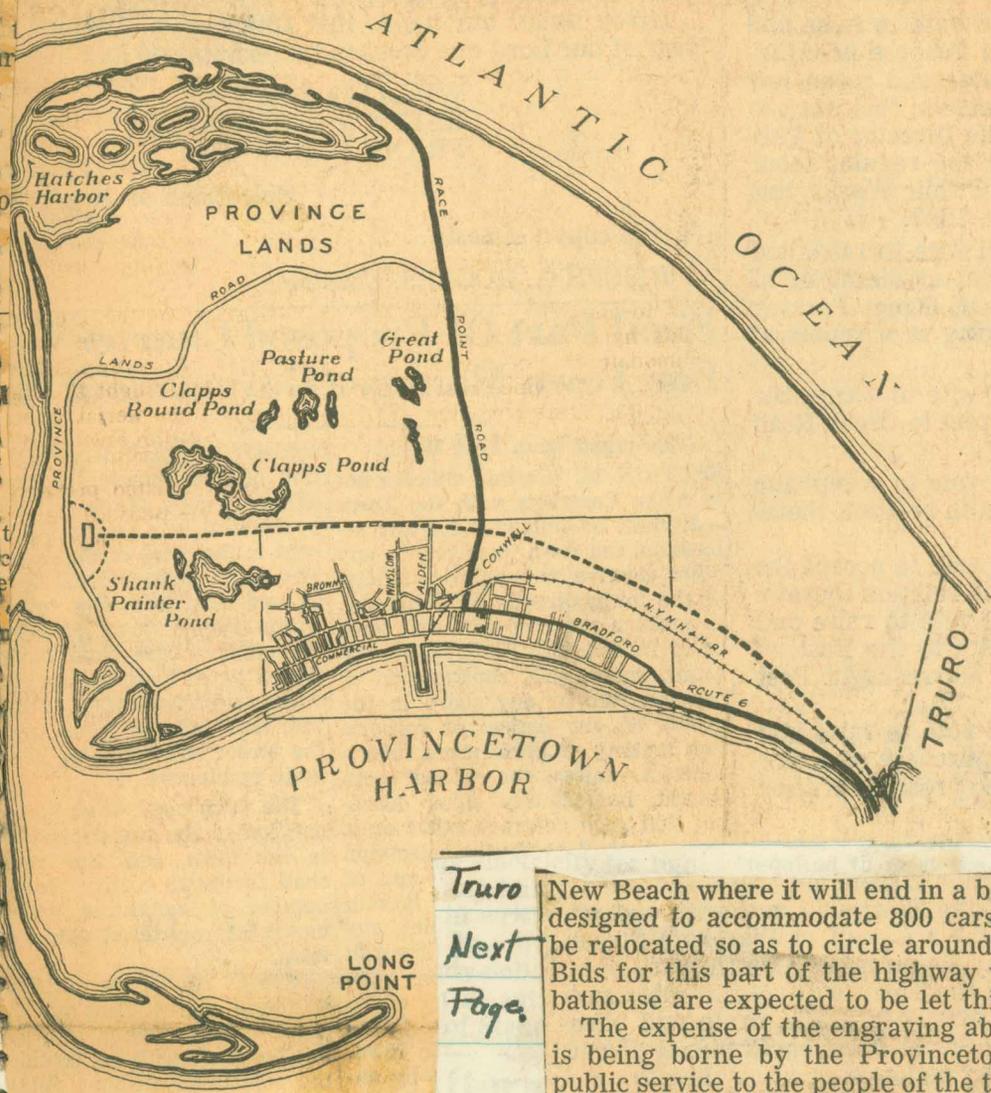
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# Proposed Route Of New Route 6 Highway To New Beach Terminal

'54

PROVINCETOWN  
BARNSTABLE COUNTY



1 0 1 2 3 4 5  
SCALE IN THOUSAND FEET

Truro  
Next  
Page.

New Beach where it will end in a big rotary and parking space designed to accommodate 800 cars. The beach highway will be relocated so as to circle around the rear of the bathhouse. Bids for this part of the highway work, in the vicinity of the bathhouse are expected to be let this week.

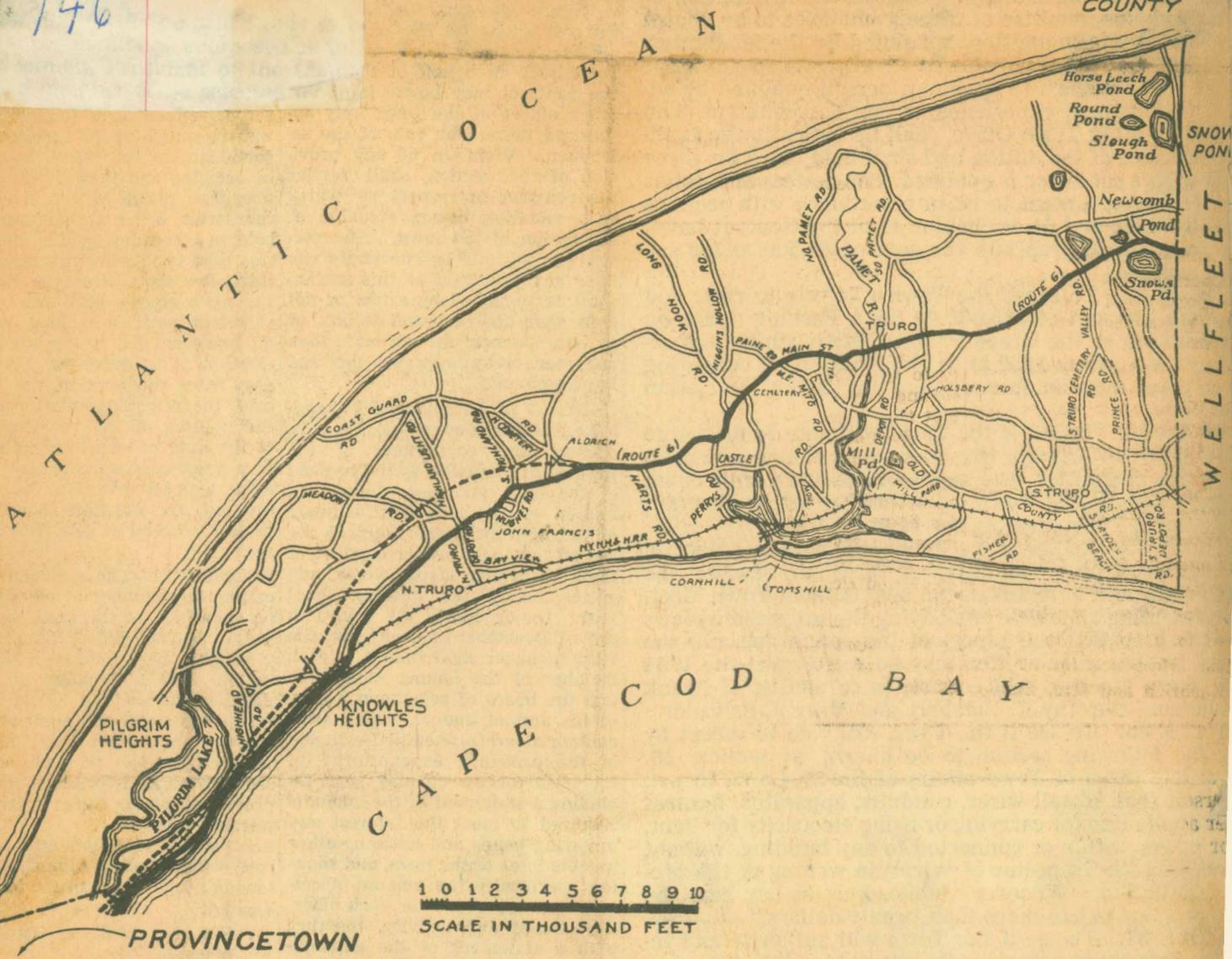
The expense of the engraving above and necessary art work is being borne by the Provincetown Civic Association as a public service to the people of the town and out-of-town friends who may be interested.

## Town's Shore Plaza Will Be Show Place Of Cape

Complete from MacMillan Wharf to Sklaroff's (Monument Dock), the new waterfront bulkhead stands high at low water. Behind it is the anchor wall and huge turnbuckles that prevent the bulkhead from bulging outward when the area is back-filled. Sitting on the edge of Monument Dock, Raymond Enos operates an air valve in the pressure line that supplies the pile-driver out of sight at right. Contractor Jack Lane expects to finish driving by November 1. This view is taken from Monument Wharf toward the MacMillan Wharf. The former wharf being completely enclosed around the shore approach.

146

TRURO  
BARNSTABLE  
COUNTY



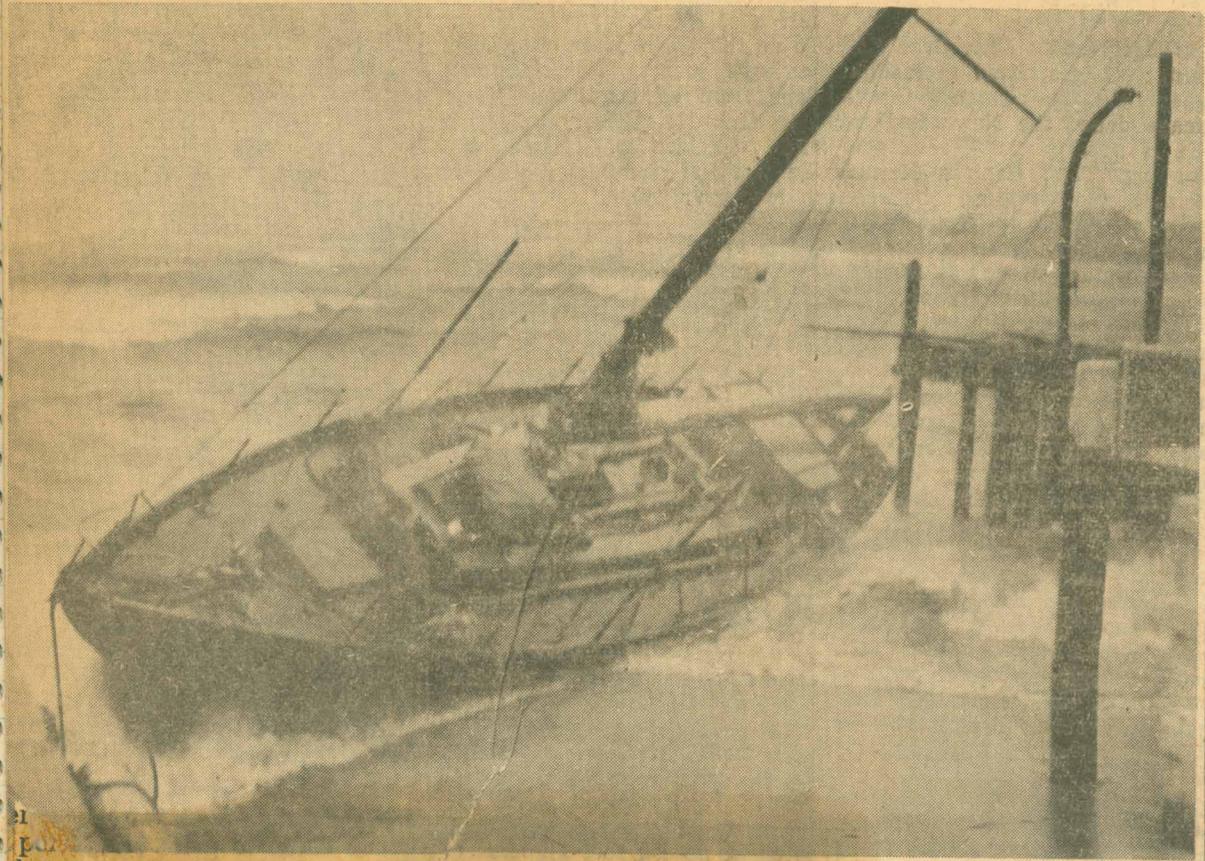
On the maps of Truro and Provincetown above the proposed course of the new Route 6 from its present terminal at Peter's Hill in North Truro to the final terminal at New Beach is shown with a broken line, i. e. . . . . . It will be seen that the route turns to the east and at no point will it use the present road bed of Route 6. Along Beach Point it will skirt Pilgrim Lake, or East Harbor, with the railroad track between it and the present road. At the Whitehead sand pit the route turns north and runs in a fairly straight manner to the new bathhouse at

Sept. 1958

THE NEWLY COMPLETED 95-foot Coast Guard patrol boat was the center of attraction for both townspeople and visitors when it tied up at MacMillan Wharf Monday, replacing the 83-footer which left here last week after nine years of service at the Lower Cape. The new sleek vessel was dedicated when she was completed at Curtiss Bay, Maryland, on September 3 and is specifically designed for search and rescue operations. She is manned by a crew of 13 and the skipper is young Lieutenant (j.g.) Clifton R. Smith of Milton. Chief Boatswain's Mate Robert H. Marr is the only member of the crew of the 83-footer to be held over and is serving his third year of duty at the Cape-tip installation and was skipper of the former boat. The new 93-footer is one of three Coast Guard Patrol boats which will do daily patrol of Lower Cape waters next summer, when another craft will be assigned to Wellfleet, together with the Chatham patrol boat.

147

# A Stately Victim Of Hurricane Beached On Cape End Shore



The ACHHUEST, 46-foot, Hinckley 32 auxiliary sloop, owned by the St. George School of New Providence, Rhode Island, given to that institution in December 1953, by Cornelius Ayer Wood. It had been chartered to Hulbert Craft of Cincinnati, for many years editor of the Times-Star of Providence, president of the Times Star Company. He was accompanied by a St. George student and a paid hand. No one in the party came ashore near the foot of Pearl Street and the owners were insured underwriters.

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## Attorney Applies Solicitation Curb

Attorney General George F. Quinn-Tamm early this week announced he was mailing to all Massachusetts cities and town clerks of forms which must be filed when funds are solicited for charitable purposes.

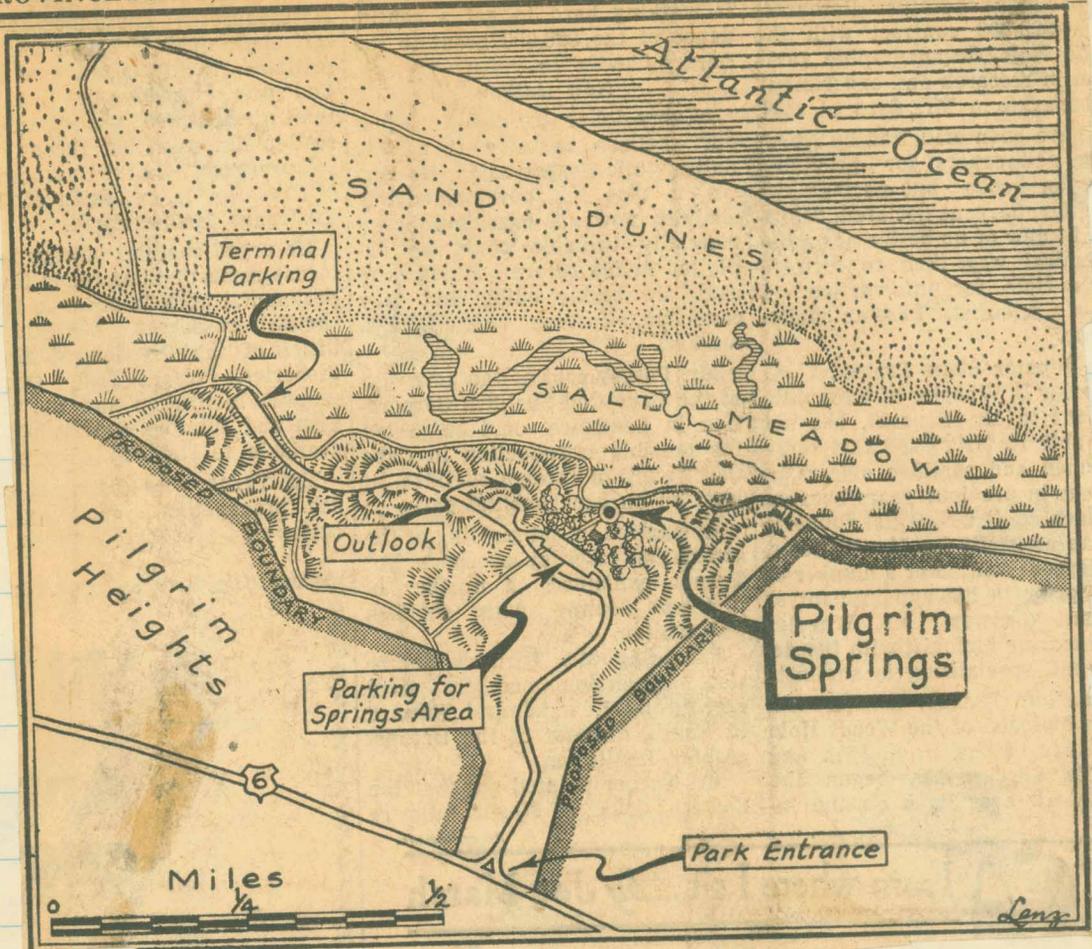
The bill was passed as the outcome of a study which showed up "deceptions" on the public by fraudulent charitable schemers in this field.

Religious and educational organizations are excluded under the terms of the law, as well as groups for which the gross amount to be raised is \$1,000 or less and members of any group conducting a drive among its own organization.

CAPE POINT LIFEBOAT STATION is one of several stations which will be equipped by the end of this month for use as part of a New England hurricane observation network. Oscar Tenenbaum, meteorologist in charge of the Boston Weather Bureau, named lifeboat stations at Cuttyhunk and Race Point, Chatham Light Station and Nauset Coast Guard Station, and Tabor Academy in Marion among stations for which observing instruments have been ordered. Salem Air Station and Point Judith, R. I., are others in Southern New England to be equipped for precautionary hurricane observation, June 15 to November 15. First station activated was Moose Peak, Maine, Coast Guard lifeboat station, which started last Friday. Five others are being set up in Maine, and one in Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

June 1958

148



Very dry no Rain Unsurpassed No Tourists  
 July + Aug 1957

SUNNY SKIES AND sparkling waters draw crowds of visitors to the new Wharf, to watch the bustling activity of the harbor, as the fishing draggers report with their catches and the sailing and sports fishing boats take off on their

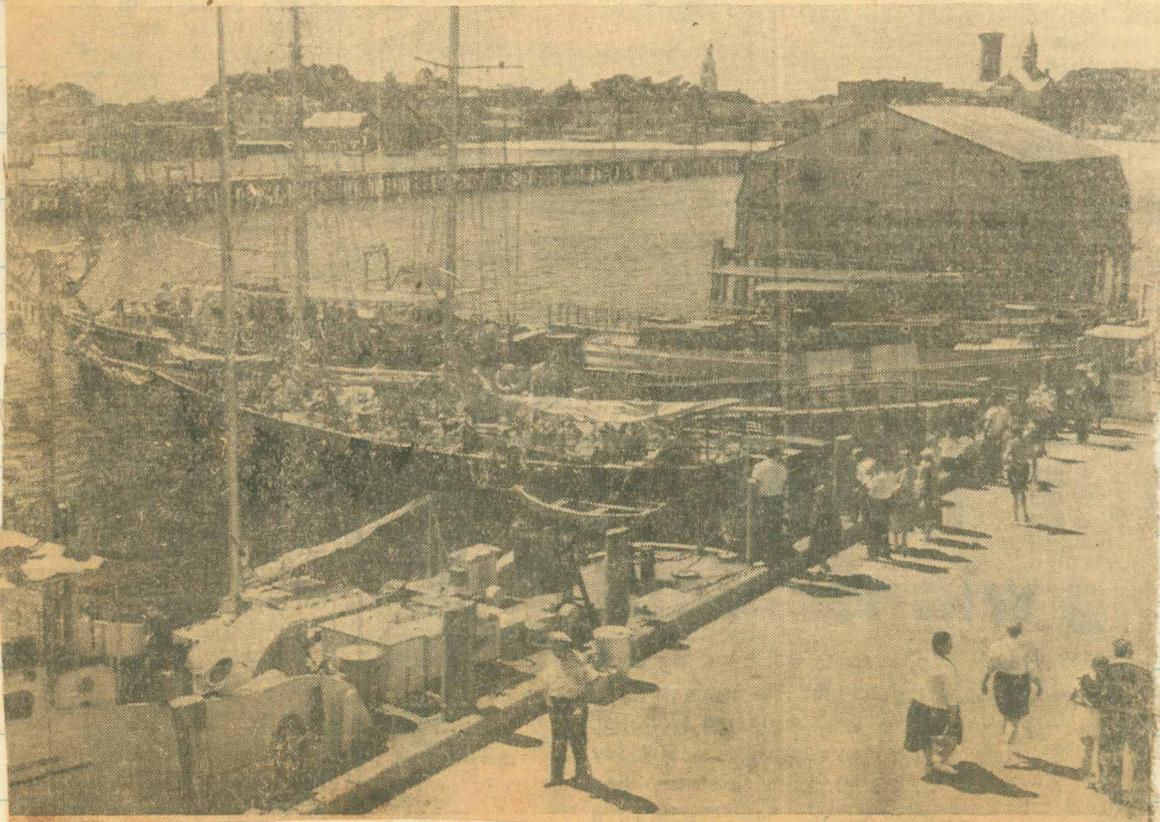
## Provincetown Becomes Christmas Card Town



LOOKING EAST ON West Commercial Street after last week's snow storm. The snow clung to rain soaked branches and cottage roofs making a beautiful scene of sparkling splendor.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1957

## Sunny Summer Days Draw Crowds To New Wharf



150

# Nantucket lightship had '2 hrs. of hell' during hurricane

BOSTON (P)—Another chapter of danger and drama was logged into the 100-year history of Nantucket lightships yesterday as crew members told of a 2½ hour battle last Saturday with hurricane seas.

The 959-ton floating light-house, her bow plates smashed, her rudder gone and her bridge almost demolished, groped into port under tow Monday night. Aboard was her 12-man crew, who couldn't have abandoned ship—even if they wanted to.

Chief Boatswain's Mate John C. Corea of Provincetown, skipper of the 149-foot craft, told the story of "2 hours of hell" after his ship was slammed by a 70-foot wave and 110 mile an hour winds 49 miles southeast of Nantucket Island right in the teeth of Hurricane Edna.

## BOATS SWEEP AWAY

"I had just left the bridge when the hurricane hit with a thunderous roar. This is it, I thought," said Corea.

"Abandon ship? No, if the Nantucket had sunk, we would have gone with her. Our boats were swept away."

Radioman James E. Sheahan of Framingham, painfully burned when his radio erupted sparks, frantically sent out an SOS.

Any acknowledgement of the distress signal was lost in the mountainous seas that again swept the vessel.

Boatswain Richard E. Arnold of Gloucester was on the wheel watch when the waves struck.

"What did I do? Man, I prayed—I prayed real hard," said Arnold.

## HORN SILENCED

Fire broke out throughout the ship as tons of foam crashed through a jagged hole in the bow. The fog horn was silenced. Then the electrical system failed.

Below deck in the darkness the Nantucket's "black gang" struggled to push back the ocean. Motor Machinist's Mate Jack King of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and Engineering Officer Eugene Darcy of Gloucester strained to get up steam in the craft's soaked engines.

As the Nantucket spun dizzily,

Leo A. Oliva of Tobias, Nel and Clifton Giles of Jdseni Ark, sweated at the task of pumping water from the flooded holds.

Three seamen raced to plug holes in the port bow and they managed to drop an emergency anchor.

## 'HELLUVA BEATING'

For 2½ hours the Nantucket floundered. After its first distress signal Sheahan was able to get off only one other message.

It said: "We're taking helluva beating."

But help was on the way. From Newport, R. I., the cutters Yakutat and Campbell steamed to the disabled craft. A Coast Guard reconnaissance plane flew out of New York and from Woods Hole the buoy tender Hornbeam rushed to her assistance.

1954

June 12 1956

### Animal League Opens Cape End Shelter On Snail Road In July—Agent Selected

WHAT IS PROBABLY a tentative date has been set for the sailing of the replica of the Mayflower from Plymouth, England, to the New World. It is April 2 of next year and the Maflyower's skipper, Australian-born Captain Allan Villiers expects to reach these shores around May 30. It is stated that Mayflower II will be launchd from the Brixham shipyard in September and during trials will call at various English ports. Denying newspaper reports that the vessel would be towed to this side, Captain Villers said, "I don't doubt the Mayflower is going to sail quite well enough for the purpose, even though she wont handle like a yacht in the wind. But tow her over? No, sir, not on your life. She'll sail."

OUR BOSTON EXCURSION boat, the Boston Belle, was a bit late getting in Monday afternoon because it had to wait in Boston for busses carrying from Middlebore the members of the Senior class of that place. There were 106 in the party, including six chaperones and they all had steak and chicken dinners at the Flagship, and a wonderful time, as well . . . Incidentally, Flagship skipper, "Pat" Patrick is first vice-president of the newly formed Cape Cod Restaurant Association, headed by Michael Pazakis of South Yarmouth.

AND THE TEMPO of the old town was sudden

Smorgasbord which

A GRIPPING STORY about the Nantucket Lightship which drifted to sea in the hurricane-force winds and ice during a storm last month is told in the Falmouth Enterprise. It was, according to the Enterprise, the roughest and most perilous week in the lives of the 19 crewmen aboard the lightship. The story continues, "There were times last week when they weren't so very sure about prospects of their vessel. Ice covered the steel decks two inches thick, and coated radio and directional antennas so heavily they were for days completely out of touch with shore. They looked up at 50-foot waves through flying spray which poured down the funnel and through the ventilators. The mess deck below was flooded with splashing water. A particularly thunderous sea hit the motor lifeboat on the starboard side and broke the heavy metal fastenings which held it to the deck. Succeeding seas slammed it against the cradle, punching through the bottom, and against the superstructure. Chief Boatswain's Mate Gordon B. Kenney, acting skipper and Richard F. Callahan went out in the middle of the storm to lash the boat down."

THE ENDING of the story The Enterprise tells as follows: "Considerable group of spectators, photographers and a television cameraman met the Nantucket and her crew when they tied up at Woods Hole Sunday. By then they knew that the outside world had been aware of their ordeal. By then, too, they could laugh and joke about it. So it was a considerable letdown when Chief Kenney called his wife on Nantucket, ready for some smypathy and a touch of admiration. 'Where have you been,' she greeted him, 'you said you'd call on Wednesday.'"

Feb 12 259

# Dutch Vessel Brings In Whale Meat For Mink Food Processing At No. Truro

## Mrs. Jack Connell Roamed the Whole Atlantic With Her Husband on New Bedford Ship—Declares She Abhorred Tedious Monotonous Existence and Dreaded the Hurricanes—Too Terrible for Words

al to The Times] PROVINCETOWN, March 7.—The surviving in Provincetown roamed the whole Atlantic on long whaling voyages is Mrs. Jack Connell of Commercial street, whose late husband, Capt. Emmons Dyer, a native Provincetowner, was master of the veteran whaling craft Ellen A. Swift, out of New Bedford.

Mrs. Connell has made five lengthy trips to the whaling grounds each voyage extending about twenty-eight months—the only woman aboard the strenuous craft. She has mingled with the natives of Canary Islands, on the African coast, Cape Verde, Rio de Janeiro, Barbadoes; she knows all the tricks to whaling and reads the sights to figure longitude and latitude and has a thorough knowledge of seamanship in general.

### Nothing But Sea and Sky

There's little romance, however, in her reflections of life aboard a whaling ship. It becomes a very tedious, monotonous existence, says Mrs. Connell, when you come up on deck every morning for five months straight but sea and sky all about.

The sea holds no charm for her now. She has no desire to cross the ocean in a comfortable liner and see Europe. She says, "I'd much rather see California and some other parts of our country." And so she sits with her back to the sparkling harbor and looks out her window at the hills.

"I used to say to cook, 'Cook when I get back to Provincetown I'll walk to the end of town; there'll be such a big cloud of dust you won't be able to see me.' I never got out on the wharves or down to the shore. I want to see all I can of land, I've had enough of water."

### Keeps Mind Occupied

"I did all sorts of things to keep my mind occupied when we were out to sea. Most of our whaling was done on the Western Grounds, in the middle of the Atlantic perhaps 2000 or 3000 miles out from Bermuda. Sometimes we went off Hatteras for whales, but my husband wasn't a regular Hatteras man. I used to crochet and read from the big batch of magazines my neighbors collected and gave me before I started on a trip. I taught the cabin boys how to read and write and sew and learned myself all about latitude and longitude. And when they got a whale it was always interesting to go up and see the cutting.

"Cook had a big cat aboard that didn't understand English, but he obeyed when cook spoke in Portuguese. I had a goat and several chickens, one of them a white chick that was very smart. He'd stretch out on the deck and play dead when I ordered him. When he got dirty I used to wash him."

### Boats Smashed

It is not an uncommon sight, according to Mrs. Connell, to see a huge humpback whale lift itself

clear of the water by its flukes and skim over the surface like a dolphin. Several times small boats were smashed by those powerful nukes. But, she recalls with pride, her skipper husband never lost a man to the sea. There was one death in his log book, that of a Portuguese whaler who became ill aboard ship and died at sea.

In one terrible experience off Hatteras—"there's a rough old place"—the staunch Ellen A. Swift all but went under when caught in the thick of a fierce hurricane. It licked up such mountainous seas that all hands were imprisoned below for a solid week.

"Though the hurricanes didn't strike us until 11 at night, captain was in the hold in the morning making things tight. He said he could see it coming by the chronometer.

"No one can describe a hurricane right. It's too terrible for words. The blow hit us and we all went to the floor. There we lay, bracing our feet and catching hold of anything to keep from rolling around like balls.

"Before the worst of the storm came I had my shoes on and was all dressed. I said to myself that if I had to go overboard the sharks would have to eat my clothes first. I told my two sisters about this after I got home—and they cried!" the adventurous seafaring woman chuckled heartily.

"Well, after that blow we never had a sail we could set. Every bit of canvas was stripped clean. Steward pleaded with captain to cut the masts. He feared the craft would overturn. But captain paid no attention to him. And during the thick of that blow I swear you could have seen the keel time and time again.

### Prisoners Below

"After the hurricane passed, the seas got worse. It's always like that. They crashed steadily over the deck and none of us could go on deck. We were prisoners below for a whole week.

"Captain came to me and asked: 'Are you frightened?' I said: 'Is my hair white?' He said, 'No.' 'Well,' said I, 'No one's hair will ever turn white from fear.'

"Everybody at Fayal thought we were lost, because we were late making port. We landed and then most of the crew ran away. We had to get practically a whole new crew at Fayal and the men we got were very poor whaling hands."

Mrs. Connell started her whaling career out of New Bedford in 1895. The Ellen A. Swift was a two-masted schooner, 130 tons and she put out every May for the long whaling voyage. On one of her trips she collected 2600 barrels of fine sperm oil. One of the stops was at Gold River, on the African Coast. The men would land there fully armed, and the skipper's wife made a practice of going with them. At Cape Verde they would put in for mail and fresh

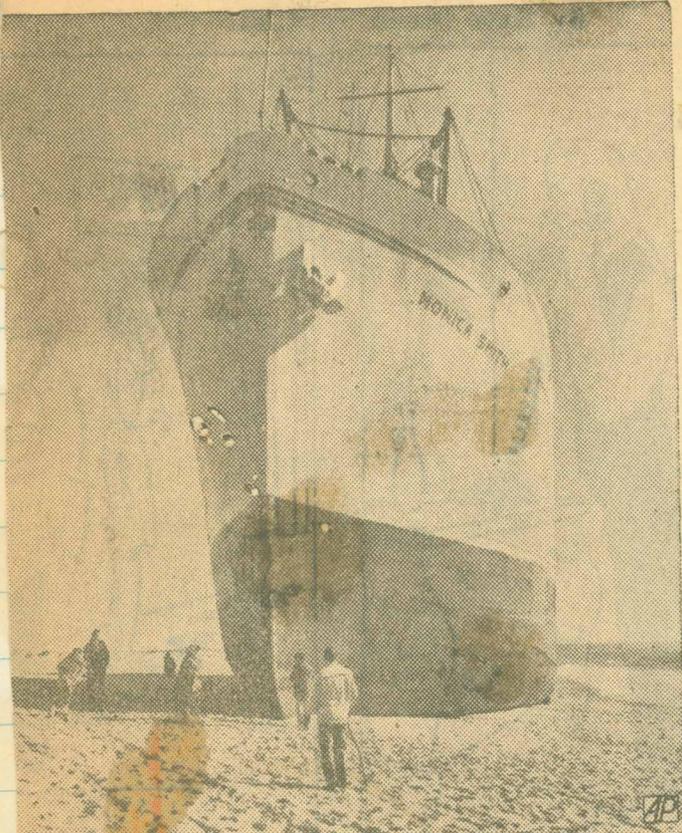
Very Little Romance Says Little Provincetown Only Woman Whaler

meat. They would land their oil at Barbadoes and take on mail and fruit and potatoes.

### Tragic Ending

It was all "warm weather whaling," that is the Ellen A. Swift for five months during the winter would hunt the leviathan in the pleasant warmth off Rio and then locate on the Western Grounds in mid-Atlantic for the summer months.

The adventurous career of the whaler Ellen A. Swift had a tragic ending, which to this day is the sea's secret. She was sold to Capt. George Dunham of Provincetown, who bought her for his son, George. The schooner with twenty-five hands aboard went off on a whaling voyage to Hatteras grounds and never returned.



**WASH AND DRY:** The 258-foot Swedish freighter Monica Smith draws sightseers to the vessel resting on the low tide sands near Race Point Lighthouse at Provincetown, Mass. Vessel, bound for Canada, ran aground on the tip of Cape Cod. First attempts to refloat her failed. (AP Wirephoto)

## Grounded Vessel Waits Assistance

PROVINCETOWN, Mass. (AP) — A huge salvage vessel headed north from Florida today to attempt to float the Swedish freighter Monica Smith from the beach at Race Point.

The ship's owners called the New York salvage firm of Merritt, Chapman & Scott to take over after another unsuccessful attempt to pull the 258-foot vessel off the beach yesterday.

The New York firm dispatched its largest salvage vessel, the 221-foot Curb, from Key West, Fla., to Cape Cod. It is expected to arrive in about three days.

The freighter, 2,605 deadweight tons, ran aground Saturday night while rounding Cape Cod on a run from Fall River to Halifax, N.S. The crew of 29 has stayed aboard and the vessel is not considered in danger.

(bei)

# Cape End Manor Opens In Mid-July As Modern, Well-Staffed Nursing Home

Opening date for Province-town's public medical institution, Cape End Manor, has been tentatively set as July 15, it was announced today by Irving S. Rogers, Welfare Agent.

Applications for all positions, registered nurses, licensed practical nurses, practical nurses, cook and institutional worker, are being accepted by the Welfare Agent. Appointments will be made by the Town Manager and publicly announced two weeks prior to opening.

Renovating and repairs to the premises are now proceeding satisfactorily and have reached the point where an opening date can

be tentatively set.

The electrical work under contract specifications will be completed by June 10. Bids and proposals for furnishing and equipping the first floor with modern hospital furniture, etc., are being advertised this week.

Inspections and approval of the local Wiring Inspector, Health Agent and Zoning Appeal Board have already been forwarded along with the Town's application to the State Department of Public Health, which is the licensing authority under Chapter 111, G. L., for nursing and convalescent homes.

On Friday Miss Dorothy Drum-

mond, Hospital Inspector, Michael McNally, Building Inspector and Manuel A. White, local Fire Chief, inspected the facility and approved the renovations and alterations. All three were satisfied to see such strict adherence to safety regulations and requirements.

Plans for the official dedication with one day of open house for public visits and inspection are being formulated. The day following the dedication the first patients will be transported by ambulances from the private nursing homes where they have been to Cape End Manor for nursing care in their own town.

Authority to use current receipts for meeting the monthly operating expenses was disapproved by Herman B. Dine, Director of Accounts. By special authority under Public Assistance Laws other funds have been made available for operating the institution. With the approval of Herman C. Rowe, District Director, Department of Public Welfare, Federal cash grants can be used for the care and treatment of public assistance cases who are in the institution. This approval has made available approximately \$2,200 per month, based on the estimated number of cases, Mr. Rogers said.

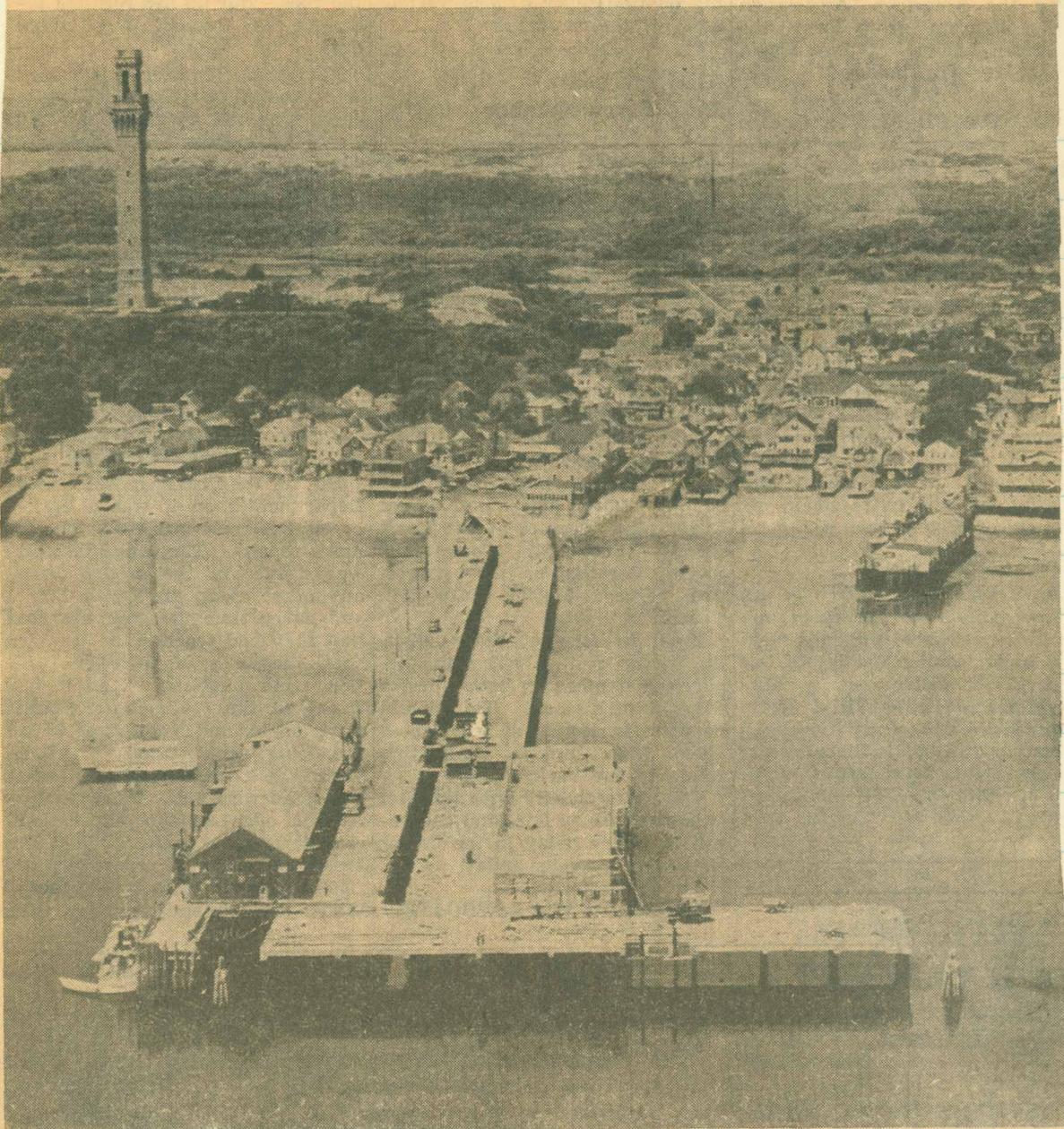
1956

155

Many old Residents soon  
take advantage - 1959 = 57  
Mrs Varny, Mrs E. Smith -  
Mrs Cowan & Mr Lewis died there

158

### Ninth Blessing Of Fleet Will Put New Pier To First Use



Provincetown-Boston Airline Photo

This is the first view showing Provincetown's new municipal pier in its almost completed stage. All of the concrete work has been completed and the two-story concrete block fish-handling building is rapidly taking shape. Soon the task of removing the old wharf which lies along the west side, a part of which in the foreground has already been cut away, will be undertaken. Viewed from the water the new pier resembles a huge letter "L" with its tip curving to the shore and with a westerly jog at the base adding extra area to the business end.

*Celebration in 1957 - curtailed by violent shower!*

On Saturday Provincetown's old wharf onto which presidents and other noted dignitaries, as well as millions of visitors have stepped, will be made gay for the last time with flags and bunting in celebration of the ninth Blessing of the Fleet on the following day. It was found that the new pier from which the Most Reverend James L. Connolly, D. D., Bishop of the Fall River Diocese, will give his blessing, did not lend itself to decoration in its present stage, so the old wharf will have its last inning, Arthur Bragg Silva, general chairman, said.

Two bands are being brought here to provide marching and concert music, Mr. Silva said. They are the 40-piece Plymouth Legion Band and 60-piece St.

Ann's CYO Band from Dorchester.

On Sunday morning at 10:30 the fishermen will gather at Ryder Street to make up a line of march to the Church of St. Peter the Apostle for an 11 o'clock Fishermen's Mass. They will march from Ryder to Bradford to Johnson and to Commercial. They will then go to Winthrop to Bradford to Court and to the church.

In the afternoon at 1:30 they will again meet at Ryder Street in their working outfits to march to the rectory to accompany Bishop Connolly and his entourage to the end of the pier for the blessing. They will go from Ryder to Commercial to Winthrop, Bradford and Court to the church and return by way of Court to Win-

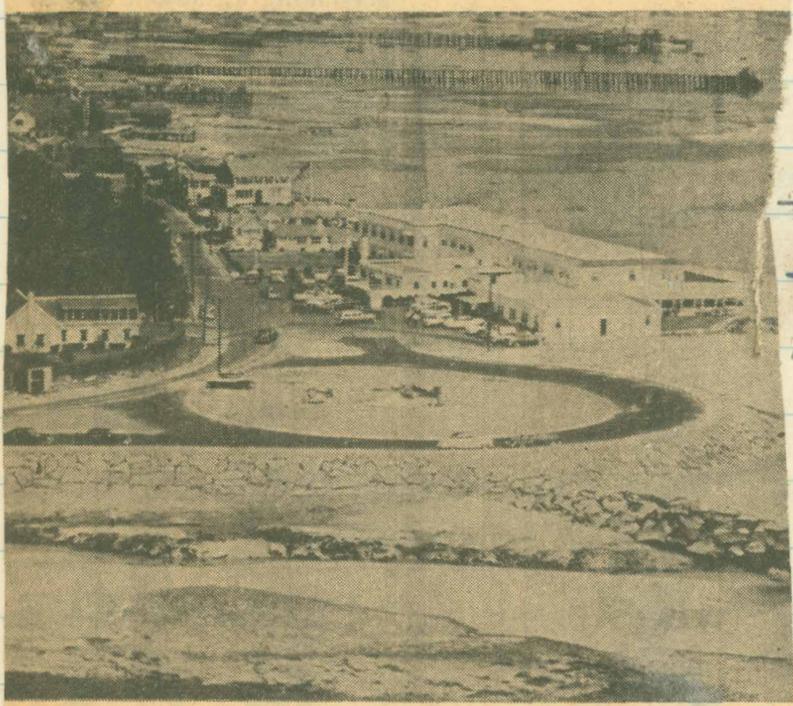
throp to Commercial and the pier. On Saturday a large stand will be erected at the end of the pier for the bishop and his party.

Monday night a special smorgasbord supper will be served at St. Peter's Parish Hall for fishermen, their wives and sweethearts. Mrs. Fannie Fields is in charge of this event. There will be dancing and entertainment after the supper.

Fishing boats from Plymouth and New Bedford are expected to join in the long procession of Provincetown boats to participate in the blessing. Meanwhile the Cape End fleet is being painted, polished and bedecked for the great event of the year which is expected to attract thousands of visitors.

### New Rotary Expected To Aid Traffic

1957

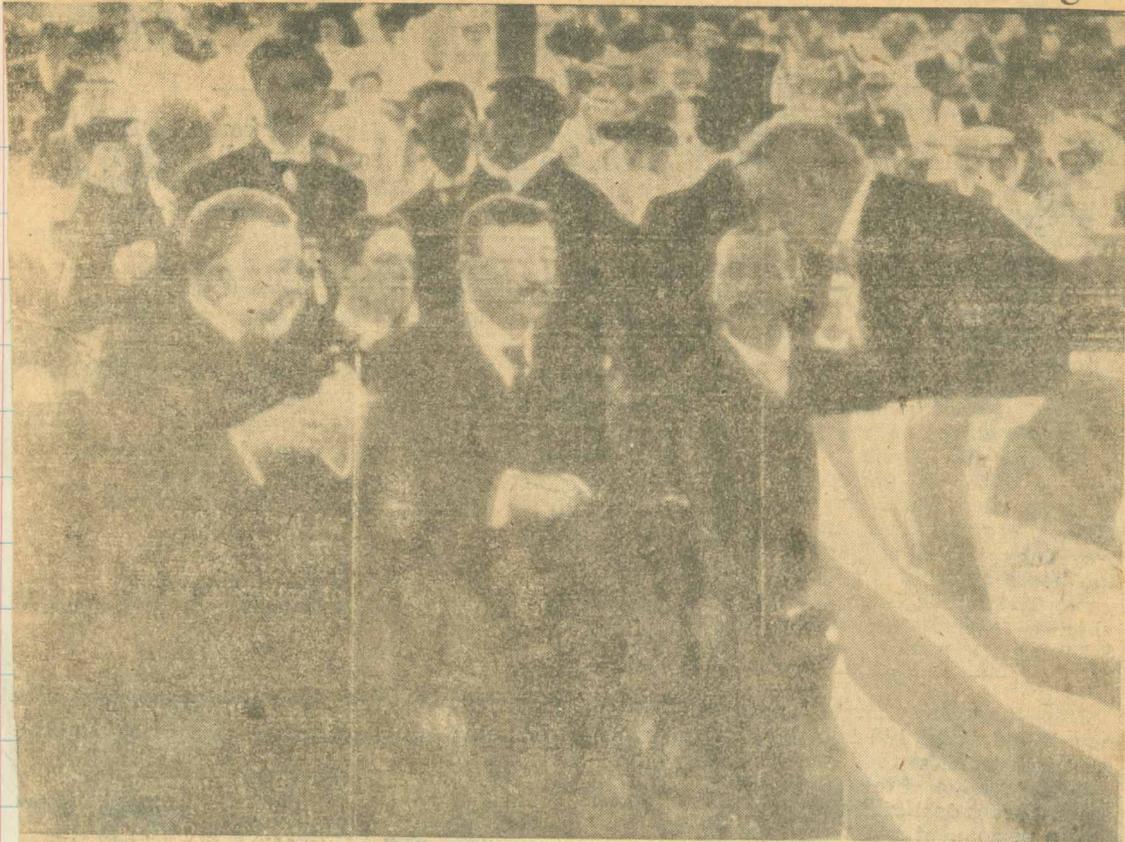


Provincetown-Boston Airline Photo

Opened for traffic this week was the new rotary at the West End which is expected to be a boon to traffic as soon as Commercial Street is made one-way from West Vine Street. Now being restored is the red brick memorial to the First Landing of the Pilgrims in the center of the large circular area. In the center of the picture is the Provincetown Inn with its new dress of white paint and above are town wharfs bare-legging out over the flats at low tide. At a traffic meeting Monday night all attending favored the one-way traffic on Commercial Street. Another hearing will be held in Caucus Hall Monday night.

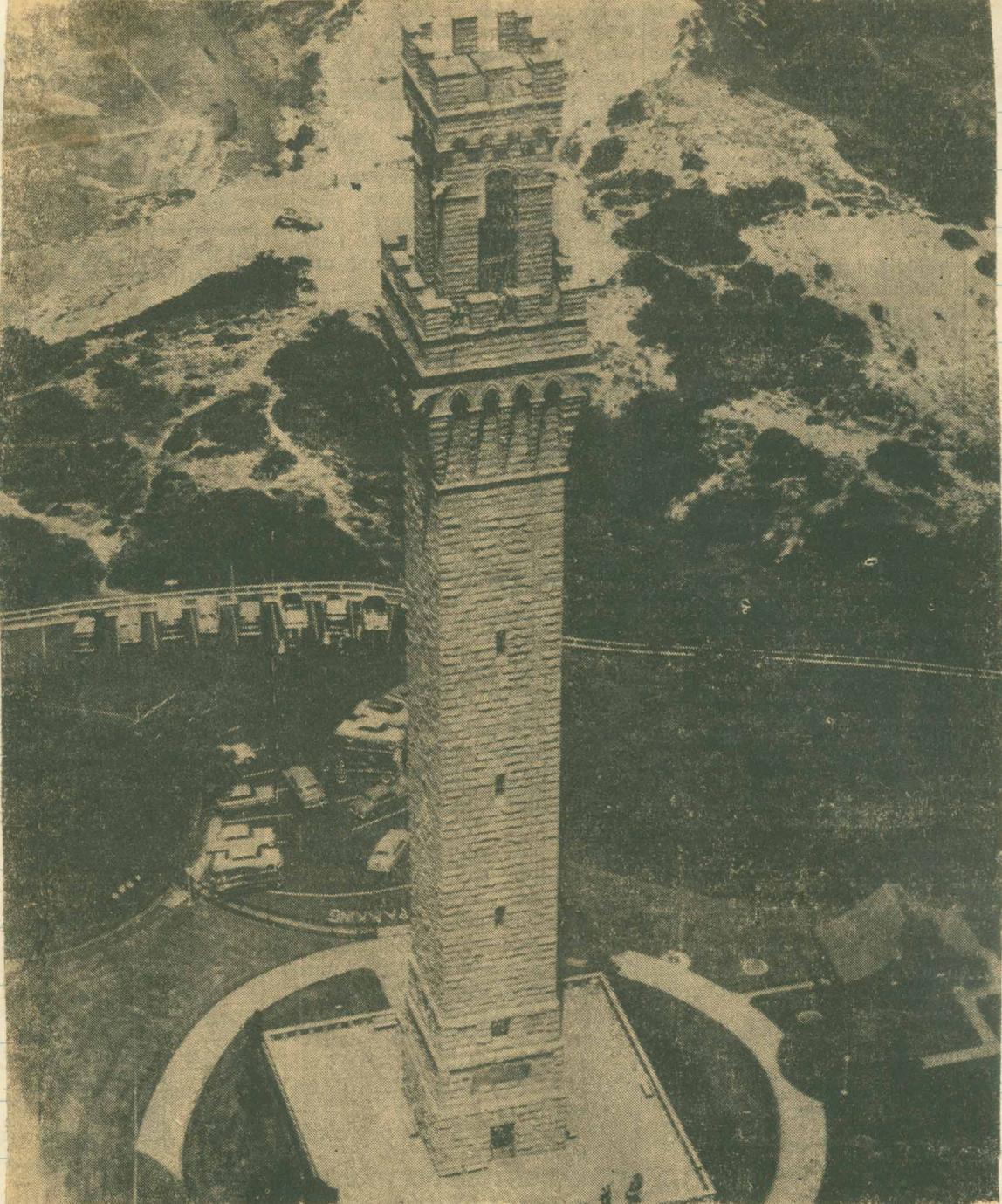
*1956 Parking place  
- whole top of hill  
- where Mrs Hall's  
place was -  
a great help -*

## Cornerstone Of Pilgrim Monument Laid 50 Years Ago



PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT as he appeared at the laying of the cornerstone of the Pilgrim Memorial Monument on August 20, 1907, when he addressed the crowds assembled for the ceremony. The dedication of the Monument took place three years later on August 5, 1910 with President William Howard Taft making the address. Tuesday of this week Dune Poet Harry Kemp paid special honor to the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone, when, dressed in long black coat and wearing the familiar soft campaign hat of "Teddy" Roosevelt, he recited the original address in front of Town Hall.

# Pilgrim Monument Dedicated 47 Years Ago This Month



THE PILGRIM MEMORIAL MONUMENT, commemorating the landing of the Pilgrims in Provincetown, was dedicated 47 years ago this month, on August 5, 1910 by President William Howard Taft. This date was the anniversary of the day the Pilgrims set sail from Southhampton, England, in the Mayflower for their voyage to this country. The corner stone had been laid August 20, 1907 by President Theodore Roosevelt. The monument, which towers 252 feet, 7½ inches above Town Hill, formerly known as High Pole Hill, is patterned after the famous campanile San Marco ni Venice, with the inside plane taking the place of steps, thus making ascent to the top extremely easy. A new record has been set this summer with 16,613 visitors making the climb to the top between the opening date May 15 through July 29.

162

# Almost 2 Million Gallons Of Water Pumped In A Day For New Record

Greater 1957.

1956

All records for the consumption of water, pumped by the Provincetown Water Department to the large storage tank in the center of town have been broken this season, according to figures given by Town Manager Thomas M. Libby who added that the all-time high figure of 1,800,810 gallons in a day was reached on Tuesday of last week.

During July of this year some 46,000,000 gallons were pumped, Mr. Libby said, as compared with 34,000,000 in the same month last year, or an increase of 35 per cent. So far the department has been able to maintain both supply and pressure but the real trouble to be combatted, the Town Manager said, is the careless waste of water.

"There is no such thing," he went on, "as an unlimited water supply. We will all have plenty if it is used properly and if good judgement is used in watering. But there are some who leave their sprinklers going all night or leave a hose running into the street for long periods. Then there are leaking faucets and toilet tanks, all wasting water and benefitting no one."

Provincetown has two water plants; one which supplies water to all the increasing numbers of users along the Truro section of Beach Point before a supply reaches the storage tank, and the other installed at a cost of about \$350,000 last year which sends water from South Hollow, North Truro, through miles of mains direct to the tank. The vital importance of this additional supply has already been amply proven by the town's ability to go through the recent scorching drought without curtailing the use of water by a Summer population which is several times that of its normal size.

A great deal of water is used on lawns and gardens for, as the Town Manager pointed out, on a rainy day the consumption will invariably fall below the million gallon mark. It is well known among expert gardeners that one good soaking of growing things each week is far better practice than frequent sprinklings.

"There will be plenty of water for everyone if waste is avoided," Town Manager Libby said.

1958  
much  
Rain  
No  
order  
to abate  
hosing

## Jet Stream Cause Of Freak Weather

1957 was the year fishes fell on Alabama and Jack Frost Wintered in Florida.

Dry regions were soaked, wet regions dried up, and only from the Great Lakes westward was the weather "nearly normal".

The way 1958 is starting, it looks like a year to try to forget. In many places Spring has been abnormally wet and unseasonably cold. On May 7 some snow fell in Georgia.

What happened? Did something come unstuck?

According to Dr. Jerome Namias, chief of the Washington Weather Bureau's extended forecasts section, the answer is yes.

The 1957-58 Winter in Florida was the coldest in the State's history. For the first time there were severe freezes in all three Winter months.

### Jet Stream Shifted

Why? Because as Dr. Namias explains it, a jet stream of air which normally crosses the eastern part of the nation over the Carolinas abruptly shifted last January to southern Florida or below.

Jet streams are broad, fast-moving rivers of air which flow generally west to east around the northern hemispheres at altitudes of 40,000 feet or higher. Dr. Namias believes they fundamentally effect the weather under them.

In this case the jet displacement permitted polar air masses pouring from Siberia across Canada to flow south into Florida.

In addition to being displaced, the errant jet also was "considerably stronger this year," Dr. Namias said, and not until its pattern gets back to normal will the weather follow suit.

This is a simplification and, in any case, he does not pretend to know all the answers to the "highly abnormal" weather last year and this.

### Sort Of Gang Up

"There are always abnormalities," Dr. Namias said, "but sometimes they sort of gang up."

Melvin Seamon of the bureau's office of climatology supplied some instances, including Florida's harsh Winter and Alabama's rain of fishes, of such ganging up.

In the Far West, the piling up of abnormalities was benevolent.

That region had an unusually mild Winter.

The northeast coast, from southern Maryland to southern New England, experienced a drought that started in January 1957 and was not completely liquidated until December.

For some cities, including Hartford, Conn., and Trenton, N. J. 1957 was the driest year of record. Water supplies fell alarmingly low.

The Midwest from the central Rockies through the central and lower Great Plains and the lower Mississippi Valley was abnormally wet.

The great disaster of the year was the first hurricane of the year. It hit the southwestern Louisiana and southeastern Gulf Coasts of Louisiana and Texas June 27.

By June 29, having spawned a number of tornadoes along its edges, it had moved northeast through Mississippi and Tennessee and on to Lake Ontario.

The cost: 353 persons killed and more than \$150,000,000 worth of property lost. It was the greatest hurricane disaster in the Gulf region since 1900 when 5,000 persons were killed at Galveston Texas.

### Record Set

The year set a record of 92 tornadoes reported. These storms killed 191 persons and destroyed \$70,000,000 worth of property.

From the weather man's standpoint, one of the strangest abnormalities of the 1957 tornado year was a rash of twisters which hit southern Illinois in December. Tornadoes rarely happen that far north in a Winter month.

But the bureau's prize story for 1957, confirmed by its official in charge of the Montgomery, Ala., office, happened on the morning of June 28 at Magnolia Junction near Thomasville, Ala.

It rained thousands of little fishes, and frogs and crawdaddies, too. People turned out with pots and buckets and picked up live bass, bluegill, bream, and other species of fishes and some crayfish and tiny frogs.

The speculation is that a tornado scooped the creatures from some pond or river and dropped them on Magnolia Junction.

This year it started out with a little ganging up of abnormalities of its own. March was colder than normal in the southern two-thirds of the country and Spring still is delayed in many places.

# Weather Just to Show what Old Capers could say -

1957 - (Feb)

YESTERDAY AFTERNOON, DESPITE an intensely cold and piercing wind, Pilgrim Lake was again the scene of the Winter sports of skating and iceboating. Gradually the fleet is getting bigger and four were scooting over the ice yesterday. Mothers had best watch their supply of bedsheets. The other day a boy was brought, along with others, into court for entering an unoccupied house. Under questioning he admitted having taken some bedsheets for the iceboat he was trying to put together.

## 1958 - A Freak Year in U.S. But - At Cape - Jan. 29 -

EVER SINCE THIS column was started a number of years ago we have tried to give a picture of the weather down here on the tip of the Cape each week. This is probably the dreariest report ever to come from Provincetown. It has rained every day since "hoping you are the same" last Thursday. Some days it has rained all day—some nights all night—but it has rained. And to top it off the Boston Weather Bureau has said that this is the wettest January since the Bureau was started back in 1871. This may give you an idea.

ALL IN ALL, it was a pretty miserable Easter Sunday in Provincetown, as well as for a great part of the country. The day dawned gray and cloudy and by early afternoon the drenching rain had started. By evening the wind had the harbor in a turmoil again, with an extremely high tide due shortly after midnight. Rainfall totaled 1.75 inches at the Race Point weather station from the start of the storm Sunday afternoon to eight o'clock Monday morning. It was still raining Monday and about noontime there were several sharp claps of thunder. Because of the abnormally high tide sections of the town were flooded and the Provincetown Fire Department and town employees of the Department of Public Works have been busy ever since pumping water out of basements and cellars along the low sections of Commercial Street, with depths varying from five to fifteen inches. On MacMillan Wharf fishermen were stepping from the wharf to the decks of their boats instead of climbing down ladders and Monday the water was within a very few inches of the roadbed of the wharf. Considerable damage was done to shorefront bulkheads all along Commercial Street and the full extent of the damage can't be estimated until a check is made

THE SPRING'S WET weather has dampened hopes of beach plum growers for a crop this year according to County Agent-Manager Bert L. Tomlinson, who says there seems to be little possibility of a crop as the long, cold, cloudy and wet Spring "was ideal for the development of a fungus disease known as "plum pockets", or bladder disease. This disease, he explained, not only attacks the bloom but leaves and fruit that may have set. Growing elongated, affected plums drop that may have set. Cut-open fruit show a hollow cavity. Control must be applied in

May 15

IT APPEARS THAT the year of 1958 will go down in history as one of the wettest years on the Cape in the last decade, with April and May setting up new records for rainfall. The total to date tops the figures for all of 1957 with Race Point Coast Guard Station reporting a total of 1.62 inches so far this month. Warren Ryder of Barnstable has recorded a total of 2.45 inches of rain in the first eight days of May, and a total of 35.07 inches for the year so far in the Barnstable area. April deposited 14.4 inches of rain on the Cape. Last year only .75 of an inch fell in May and the full year totaled 26.26 inches.

164 Weather Cont. 1958

Apr. 3

DURING THE PAST few days there has been the usual variety of conflicting weather, while Winter tosses in some left-over odds and ends of snow, icy rain and mean nor'easters and Spring, with timid, untried hand experiments with her more friendly wares. Saturday morning while all was sunny, pleasant and cheerful at this end of the Cape, a blustering black cloud crested storm was sweeping the other, heading our way. In some places considerable quantities of heavy rain-filled snow were laid down and in the early afternoon thrust its way to the end of the Cape. In the later afternoon there was a sudden clearing followed by a magnificent, triumphant and vast sunset off Race Point.

May 7

NEED WE SAY that the weather since last Saturday has been consistently, insistently and persistently wet. And as our bright linotype genius, Tony Silva remarked "and we hope we are becoming mildew resistant." Our one gripe, if we must have this kind of depressingly cold rainy days, is that the forecasts mention "frequent showers" when today it has been just plain raining the wettest kind of rain. And not the "bring May flowers" variety, either. It's too cold.

June 11

IT'S CERTAINLY JUNE on Cape Cod. And Cape Cod's June weather is with us. Showers follow sunshine and chilly days follow warm ones. Monday night so dense a fog shrouded the harbor and the town that even the lights on MacMillan Wharf were blacked out and the streets had an eerie ghost-like look. Seems, though, that the rest of the week following some showers possible tomorrow will be clear through the weekend but with temperatures definitely on the cool side.

July 23

THIS IS A NICE DAY—of its kind. If, that is, you have fireplace, and plenty of dry wood, and a good book, and plenty of your favorite refreshment, and no place to go. Otherwise it is cloudy and damp, with sudden torrential showers, followed by breaks when everyone thinks, "oh, it's going clear," until the sky darkens again and it rains for a spell. Then there's a repeat performance.

WHILE JULY may have seemed like an extremely wet month, according to the records of William Winsor of Sandwich, most of the moisture during the month was in the form of that old humidity and not rain. Only 1.75 inches of rain have fallen as compared to 3.62 inches last July. The largest amount of rain this month was recorded at 8:30 Tuesday morning during the deluge around 8:30 when .63 inches of rain fell. Thus far, rain has fallen on 12 days in the month. Only seven days have been entirely clear. A total of 14 days have been entirely overcast and seven have been partly overcast. Incidentally July was an unusual month in that it had two full moons, one on the first and another last night on the 30th.

Sept. After 10th

Perfect Hot Sun

Cool nights

SEEMS THAT STORMS have been brewing around the Cape for several days now, and on Monday what was described as a "small twister" moved in off Buzzards Bay and passed through small towns up near the Canal before disappearing again. No injury or damage was reported but according to police in Bourne and Wareham a car was moved and stones on a beach were rolled around a bit. The "twister" was described as a black funnel-shaped cloud accompanied by a water-spout, with violent winds and heavy rain during the disturbance, which after moving in from the open waters of Buzzards Bay swept over Wing's Neck, Mashnee Village, Phinney's Harbor and Monument Beach. A bit too close for comfort — this "twister."

Aug 27 Aug 14

ANY COMMENT ON today's weather showing a minimum. It's hot, humid and enervating. And the thick fog which swirls in from the harbor every so often doesn't help any. The weekend, we hear, should be ideal with normal seasonal temperatures and low humidity.

IT'S TRYING HARD but so far without much success—the sun, that is, which is at long last supposed to shine brightly and warmly this afternoon, and to dry out the damp town and its damp people after two days of the wettest rain ever to come out of the southwest. It's been cloudy and damp all morning with a nasty little wind from the northeast but during the last hour there have been brief moments of what closely resembles sunshine. All a part of this summer's crazy pattern.

July 1958

AN ARMY of millions of tiny half-inch frogs marched on Brown Street just off Shankpainter Road last week, taking over lawns and walks, and even invading some houses. The

Wednesday, September 24 in Provincetown

Dear Friends:

BITS OF TODAY should be gently pulled off and stored away in a secret place to be brought out during the time that is coming, as a reminder of what the Cape End weather can be like in September when it really tries. The harbor is a soft blue with a softer blue sky about it. The wind is from the west and the sun has a lovely warmth—and there is still a lush green in the trees and bushes and the sudden startlingly brilliant yellow and orange of masses of marigolds. All this for two days now and the same promised for tomorrow.

# Cape Enders Join Earth's Story Deep

By Pat

Among the six members of the scientific party engaging in the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute's Caribbean cruise are Research assistants Herman Tasha of Provincetown and Graham Geise of Pilgrim Heights, North Truro both of whom left for the south Saturday by plane to join the research vessel, Atlantis at Miami.

The purpose of the cruise, which will last until March 20, is to take 25 cores and a quantity of grab samples of the ocean bottom in the Beata Ridge, Yucatan Basin off the northern coast of Colombia and in the Gulf of Darien.

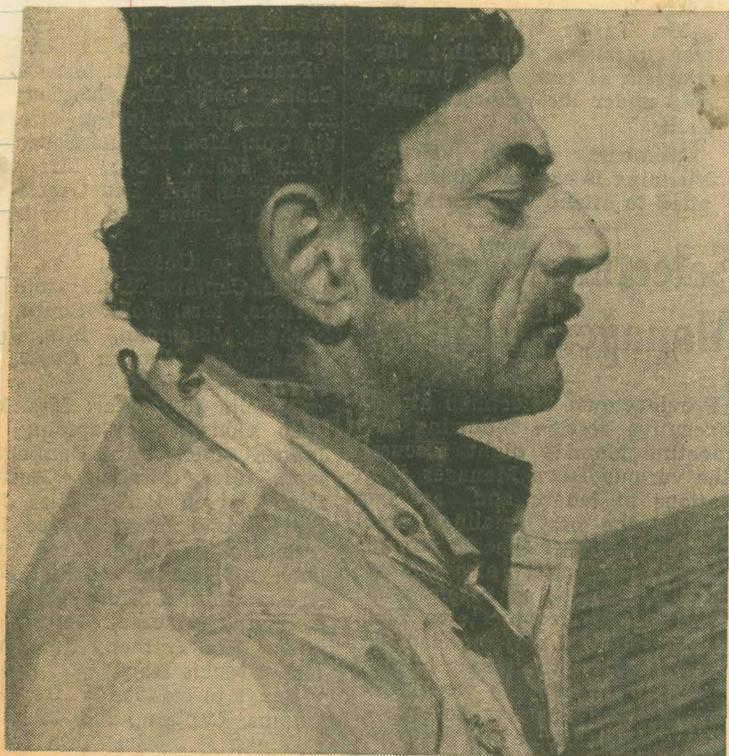
The corings, which measure up to 20 feet in length should aid in providing the scientists with answers to the age of oceanic mud deposits, the amount of time taken to deposit the mud and why layers of mud are beneath the sea bottom.

Using the Van Veen Grab Sampler which has proved to be the best all-purpose bottom sampler the scientific party will learn what kinds of animals live in the mud and how animals correspond with the mud changes. This portion of the study will complete work commenced last year in the Gulf of Venezuela. The group will take underwater photographs of the sea bottom at the various mud stations to see what the animals look like before they are grabbed up and brought aboard the ship.

Three cores from the Beata Ridge will be given the University of Miami. The Miami group is interested in finding out how fast mud is collecting at the bottom of the sea. The Beata Ridge was chosen for these particular corings because mud deposited there had to settle out of the water, no mud having been brought there by bottom currents.

The age of mud is determined by a radioactive method. Certain elements such as carbon or thorium or others break down to other things by losing charged particles. By measuring the amount of new elements and by knowing how fast they form, scientists can calculate the age of mud containing the elements.

Other cores will be taken in the Yucatan Basin to find out if mud slides are or have been flooding the basin. Corings will be taken from tops of hills and from flat areas between them to determine the amount of difference between



Herman Tasha, of Provincetown, Woods Hole Research Assistant, will join the Oceanographic Institute's research vessel, Atlantis, with Research Assistant Graham Geise of North Truro. The two Cape Enders are on the scientific team seeking information from the ocean bottom in the Caribbean during the next seven weeks.

# Famed Cape End Explorers Recall Men From Home Who Shipped On Bowdoin

By Helen Bishop

Shortly before the start of the Bowdoin's last voyage, which began yesterday when she sailed from Falmouth for Mystic Seaport, Mystic, Conn., Rear Admiral and Mrs. Donald B. MacMillan reminisced about the Provincetown men who had sailed as crew members with the famous explorer and his wife to the far North. The "Bowdoin" will become part of the permanent exhibit, along with many other famous ships, at Mystic Seaport. On this last voyage, Frank Henderson, now a Provincetown Selectman, the only member of one of the original crews still living in Provincetown, will be aboard, as will other former crew members from all over the country. Of Frank, Admiral MacMillan has this to say:

"He made three trips with me, and one one, in 1927-28, we were frozen in the ice for eleven months. Frank is a fine and fearless fellow, and so active that once, an old Provincetown man predicted 'You'll lose Frankie overboard some day, see if you don't.'" The Admiral laughed and said, "And we did lose him overboard once, but we fished him out. He's a loyal, hard worker, and a master mechanic, an invaluable man to have aboard. He spent 20 years in the Coast Guard, and at one time was in charge of the Peaked Hill Station, as his father, Ben Henderson, had been before him."

## Other Men

Admiral MacMillan also spoke of the fine work done by Kenneth Mayo, now a compass adjuster, who went North with the 1927 expedition and assisted in building a scientific station in Labrador. He remembered also the wonderful photographs taken in the ice by Frederick Comee, who went on a dangerous trip in 1933. And of the late Bill Boogar who went as cook for three months one year on the Bowdoin, the Admiral said, "He had one of the finest dispositions of any man I've ever known,

a wonderful asset on a cramped ship. Bill always had a smile, no matter what happened. He was a good mixer, a fine fellow and a fine cook."

Mrs. MacMillan asked, "And what was the real name of another cook from Provincetown? He was called 'Tom Boots'?" The Admiral thought a minute. "Oh, yes! Tony Alexander—lived up to west'ard. A fine sailor and a good cook, always cheerful and good natured."

But it was of the two real Provincetown "characters", both now dead, Jonathan C. Small, known to all as "Jot" Small, and John Bert Bangs, always called "Bert", that Admiral and Mrs. MacMillan had the most amusing memories.

## Dried Up, Pint Size

"Jot Small was a little dried up, pint sized man, with a wrinkled face, and reddish hair," the Admiral said, "His eyes sparkled and he was always waving his hands when he talked. He was in the Coast Guard in his early days, and was lost for hours during the Portland gale in 1898 while patrolling the beach. He was a master boat builder and built the first 'Eskimo Fleet' which used to race here every Saturday. All the boats had Eskimo names and among them was Marjorie Seaver's 'Ipah' which means 'My Chum'."

"In 1911, Jot built a 35-foot motor boat here and launched it with great ceremony. In this boat, he and I sailed 2,000 miles up to Hudson Bay and along the Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and Labrador coasts. This trip took three months. In 1913, Jot went with me as cook on the Crockerland Expedition. We went in the 'Erik', under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History. We were put ashore, with our supplies, at Etah, only 11 degrees from the North Pole. The plan was for us to stay two years, and then a ship was to come to pick us up and take us home. As a matter of fact, we were there four years, and we didn't even know the first World War was on. The ship which returned for us in 1915 came within 135 miles of our position, but had to turn back because of ice. The following year another ship attempted to reach us, but failed because of ice when

she was within 120 miles of us. In 1917 Captain Bob Bartlett, on a Newfoundland sailing ship finally reached us. At that time, Jot and I were the only ones left at Etah of the original seven men who were landed there. We had landed with only enough food supplies for two years, and when the supplies began to run low, I had sent the others south.

## Northern Living

"But when we first landed at Etah, we built a house from lumber we'd brought with us. It had four bedrooms, a living room, a kitchen and a carpenter shop, and Jot Small was the master builder. We had triple floors and double walls and windows. The temperature was 60 degrees below zero, but we were very comfortable. We landed at Etah with forty tons of coal, and when rescued we had 40 pounds left. When food ran low, we ate what the Eskimos ate, eider duck eggs, musk oxen, seal steaks and small birds."

Admiral MacMillan explained that the Crockerland Expedition had set out to prove or dispute the existence of land in the Polar Sea reported by Peary in 1906. "We found that there was no such land," the Admiral said. "It was a mirage. We saw it constantly, and if I looked back over my shoulder, there it was. You know, there are mirages in the ice as well as in the desert. We took soundings in the Polar Sea, and dropped a lead 9,000 feet down, but there was no bottom. It is the absence of land in the Polar Sea which permitted the Nautilus to go under the ice."

"Tell about the time you saw the auks flying out to sea, and what Joe said," Mrs. MacMillan reminded her husband. He smiled.

"Well, Jot was a man who believed in moving around slowly—had an idea he'd live longer. He didn't hold with all this 'rushing about'. One day he and I were sitting on the Talus slope, watching for walrus, and on the cliffs overhead, the little auks, or 'dovekies,' had built their nests. Suddenly it looked as if the air were filled with snow flakes as the little birds, with white bodies and black backs, swooped rapidly out to sea to get little red shrimps to bring back to their young. Jot watched the birds. Then he shouted 'Go it, by God, go it! Them birds ain't got long to live!'

"How so, Jot?" I asked.

"He gave me a long look."

"Ever see an elephant walk?" he asked. "Ever see a turtle crawl? Ever see an eagle in the sky with-



Great memories of adventure. Savage storms, lonely, dark icebound months, were with Provincetown's famous explorers, Rear Admiral and Mrs. Donald B. MacMillan as they steered their incomparable Bowdoin to her final berth at Mystic (Conn.) Shipyards.

on the last trip to the far North in 1955, in which the ship was caught in a typhoon and reported lost.

## Broad Of Beam

"Bert Bangs, Frank Henderson's father-in-law, was a fine, fine man, and a real character," she said. "He had the round, plump face of a cherub, but he was built on the lines of a battleship—broad of beam, with plenty of weight amidships and aft. As a young man he had been in the Coast Guard, but he left the service to go fishing and cook for the men on a fifty-foot sloop. When Mac asked Bertie how he'd like to go north with us as our cook, Bertie said, 'What? Up in that cold country. Provincetown's good 'nuff for me.'

"But he finally went along with us, and what a time he had! He wasn't too comfortable in his allotted space for cooking and sleeping on the Bowdoin. When he stood in the galley between sink and stove he had a clearance of approximately six inches. With only the slightest roll or pitch of the ship, he banged into the sink or overlapped onto the stove. From one minute to the next we never knew what he was going to do or say, but whatever it was, we could depend upon its being definitely unique.

"His cooking proved to be unpredictable, too, and he thought our menus 'too fancy'. I tried to help him and wrote out one for each day in the week, hoping we'd have variety. This schedule Bertie called 'the manifest', and he called the ship the 'Hotel De Long'. He always called me 'Mariun' and every night, his glass per-

ched on the tip of his nose, he'd scan the 'manifest'. Well, what's Mariun got on the manifest for breakfast marrara? Orange juice—oatmeal—gotta git that on tonight (dammit), fried eggs, bacon. Where the hell's the bacon, you know Smitty? Find it, if you can. Coffee! Hot muffins! Cripes! What a manifest! Some damn highbrow breakfast! Well, Mariun's got it down here, an' we'll have it, but I'll have to git out of my bunk with the birdies to heave all that mess on the table by 5:30."

He was a great "yarner" Mrs. MacMillan said, and one of his pet stories was of his discovery of a nudist colony on the sand dunes—he hid in the bushes and 'peeked at the beauts'. He'd ramble on for hours about his visit with a 'Park Avenue swell'. 'Boy,' he'd say, 'some fancy dive, t'was. There was a striped colored mainsail pitched over the sidewalk like them things you see in pitchers when millionaires is gittin' married. Had to walk under the damn canvas to git to the door. Some guy all dolled up like an Admiral, helluva lot o' gold braid, stopped me and tried to take my bag. 'Oh, no, brother,' I said to him. 'You don't git that. I'll keep it myself'.

## An Old Thrill

"And there was the story of his thrilling affair in his younger days with a beautiful woman who 'hove a rose' at him from her bedroom window."

Mrs. MacMillan laughed as she recalled another incident about Bertie.

"One of the boys in our crew had a birthday while on the voyage, and I suggested to Bertie that he make a cake with thick white frosting.

"What—bake a cake in this sea with every damn thing going bottom up around here? If I don't fall kaplunk, the cake will, and I'm—oh, all right, Mariun, if you say so'.

"I gave him a copy of the Fanny Farmer cook book, and indicated a recipe. Bertie went below, sat down on the transom in front of the bunk, and began to fumble the pages.

"Well, I heard him say. 'Mariun wants the cake on page—let's see—page six hundred and some-thing or other. Crazy idea, but we'll have it.' Just then the ship gave a sudden lurch to port, the cookbook flew out of Bertie's hand, and landed in the near-by garbage pail. 'Oh, my God,' he gasped. 'There goes Fanny in the slop bucket.'"

Admiral and Mrs. MacMillan also remembered the time when the ship was held fast in the ice. Bertie, who didn't like the idea of all that ice, stayed below.

"We knew very well that he considered ice in any shape, form or manner to be worse than the devil himself," Mrs. MacMillan said. 'Boys', he'd say, 'I've seen that ice come a-pilin' into Provincetown Harbor an' raise hell in one day's time. Drove fishing schooners ashore and smashed 'em all to hell—smashed docks, too—them ones that stick way out in the harbor. I'll tell ya, I know ice.'

"But suddenly one day Bertie leaped up the companionway, wild eyed, and raced down the deck, hopping first on one leg, then the other, and shouting something that sounded like 'Put me off! Put me off!' One of the crew shouted 'The ice! It's got him at last!'

"We all thought Bertie was going to pitch himself over the rail," Mrs. MacMillan went on, "But his next roar set us straight. 'Quick! For God's sake, put me out—I'm all afire aft!'

"We noticed then that he was followed by a stream of smoke which puffed out of his rear pocket at every step. His trousers were on fire, all right, and so, no

doubt, was Bertie. As usual, when cooking, he had stuffed his lighted pipe into the most convenient place, but for once he'd left it too long.

"We rushed to the rescue, grabbed the pipe and put Bertie 'out' with a few hard whacks. Nursing a slightly scorched rear, he returned directly to the galley, without so much as a glance at the glacier or icebergs about us."

So, as the Bowdoin sails toward her final home port, Admiral and Mrs. MacMillan will have many memories of the men who sailed with them on those epic voyages to the far North, the most vivid memories of Jot Small and Bert Bangs. As the Admiral said: "They are gone, but they'll never be forgotten".

167

# PRESIDENT SIGNS BILL FOR CAPE COD

## A National Seashore Area Is Created by Action

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 7 —

President Kennedy signed today a bill creating the Cape Cod National Seashore, a 26,666-acre strip of dunes, heath, cliffs and fresh-water ponds bordering the Atlantic Ocean.

Mr. Kennedy, when he was a Senator, sponsored a similar bill. He said today:

"This act makes it possible for the people of the United States, through their Government, to acquire and preserve the natural and historic values of a portion of Cape Cod for the inspiration and enjoyment on people all over the United States.

"This is a wise use of our natural resources, and I am sure that future generations will benefit greatly from the wise action taken by the members of the Congress who are here today."

This was the first national seashore recreation area established since Cape Hatteras National Park was created in 1937.

### Kennedy Uses 27 Pens

The President used twenty-seven pens to sign his name and affix the date to the bill. They were distributed to members of Congress and other Government officials who contributed to the enactment of the law. Twenty-three of these, or representatives appearing for them, witnessed the signing in President Kennedy's office.

Turning the land into a national recreation area will take a few years. The National Park Service needs \$16,000,000 to start work on a master plan. The service indicated that it would ask Congress for the money this year.

It will be two years before the plan takes shape and acquisition of property from the state of Massachusetts and from individual owners is begun. The Justice Department will handle the title work.

The area is officially called Cape Cod National Seashore. The word "park" was deleted in the enactment process at the request of the National Park Service of the Department of Interior. The distinction was made because certain activities that will be permitted in the national seashore, such as hunting, are not normally permitted in national parks.

### Natural Values Imperiled

The idea for preserving the outer hook of the Cape was first advanced in the Thirties. By 1955, the National Park Service had completed a seashore recreation area survey of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. Two



Associated Press Wirephoto

**SIGNS BILL FOR CAPE COD PRESERVE: President Kennedy signs legislation creating the Cape Cod National Seashore, a recreational area. Onlookers are, from left: Senator Ernest Gruening, Democrat of Alaska; Representative J. T. Rutherford, Democrat of Texas; Senator Gordon Allott, Republican of Colorado, and Representative Harold D. Donohue, Democrat of Massachusetts.**

years ago, the service recommended preservation of the Cape area.

The increasing popularity of the Cape has jeopardized its natural values, the Park Service found. It found commercial blight creeping in on the scenic beauty of the Cape, which is within a day's drive of one-third of the nation's population.

The Senate report on the bill to set aside the area echoed the park service. It said, "The charms of the areas are being obliterated by developments."

"Nevertheless," it went on, "the Park Service has found the outer part of Cape Cod to possess not only the last expanse of uninterrupted natural beach of its size in New England but one of the finest ocean shores along the Atlantic Coast."

### 39 Miles of Ocean Beach

Within the area are about thirty-nine miles of beach facing the Atlantic and fourteen miles of beach on Cape Cod Bay and Nantucket Sound.

The area also contains about eight square miles of spectacular sand dunes, about twenty fresh-water ponds and what the Senate report described as "prime examples of The Cape's picturesque rolling heathlands, marshes, river valleys and forests."

The area also includes historic sites, including some associated with the Pilgrims. The economic history of the region

reflects a continuous change from agriculture and fishing to specialization in recreation. It is the recreational qualities of the Cape that the Government seeks to save and protect from commercialization and real-estate subdivisions.

Private enterprise in adjoining communities would be relied upon to supply the major visitor services. No major facilities would be required within the seashore area and thus no damage would be done to the natural beauty of the area.

Only facilities consistent with public safety, comfort and enjoyment will be permitted. Any structures that may be erected within the area will be designed to blend with the natural scenery and will be in keeping with the traditional Cape Cod architecture, the Park Service said.

## Saving Cape Cod

President Kennedy evidently took particular pleasure yesterday in signing the bill that created the Cape Cod National Seashore Park. He had supported this measure when a Senator. What the bill does is to set aside the whole outer beach and a considerable portion of the inner beach that fronts on Cape Cod Bay and enfolds Provincetown within its protecting arm. There will never be any more Cape Cod than there is today. If it had been left open to purely commercial development in this generation, it would never be recoverable.

The National Park Service does many things, most of them wise. It does not, however, do much that cannot be undone. It is the private developers who, in many cases, achieve the irremediable harm. Now we can be sure that if any modern or future Thoreau wants to walk along the sands opposite Chatham or the dunes to the north of Orleans, as Henry David Thoreau did over a century ago, he will be able to do so.

He can study the shore birds and the migratory waterfowl, although presumably he will not be free to shoot them. Some Cape Codders have nightmares of people thronging in by countless thousands. They might do that anyhow, park or no park. What the National Park Service can do