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PROVINCETOWN!

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YOU
DON'T
DARE
ASK***

***AND ANSWERS**

by Noel W. Beyle

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* AND ANSWERS . . .

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Concerning the Popular Port of Provincetown —
Home of the Brave, the Free, the Gay, and
Just About Everyone Else You Care to Name
(Including the Portuguese, Painters, Politicians
& Pithy People).

Written by

NOEL W. BEYLE

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FIRST EDITION

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A word or two about the author . . .



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"It is, of course, Beyle's offbeat style (one of his works was described as 'a fun book, filled with interesting facts and bad puns') which makes his efforts readable. They are deliberately created to be browsed through and not waded through..." — Samuel Howe, THE REGISTER

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*This booklet is dedicated to Susan Burney Beyle, the good bride of my nefarious nephew, Jeffrey Lewis Beyle. She hails from North Carolina, plus parts of Indiana and Massachusetts, and soon to be from Maryland. But, her heart belongs to old Cape Cod and all of its sonny seasoning — whether it's summer (the weather was pretty mixed while she was here) or winter (it was *cold* that New Year's Eve!). Congratulations on landing one of the better Beyles, and may you make him walk the plank daily after he made you walk down the aisle. Oh yes, do come back to the Cape sometime, you'll really enjoy the wind and rain . . .

Acknowledgements

Inevitably, when the subject of Provincetown arises, people just always seem to have questions — something this small booklet tries to address directly. And, one of those doubting queries has to be: why write still another book about the joint? Well, sorry, this writer did just that regardless, with the help and prodding of a number of fine folks who lent their support in a variety of ways.

So, if you feel cheated out of the few cents it cost to make sense out of this piece of pungent P-town prose, you'll simply have to complain to these "Friends of The First Encounter Press." If you care enough to take pen in hand to voice your gripes, you'll have no small amount of letter writing to do. The "Friends" include:

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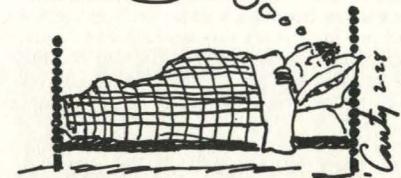
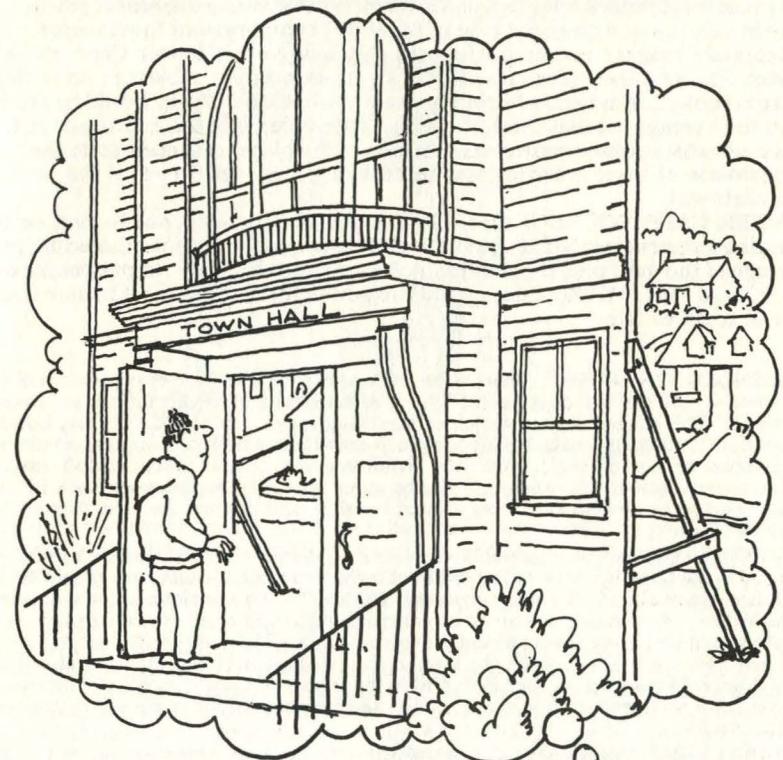
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WHERE IT'S AT ON CAPE COD!*



* See page 39

Outer Cape Vocabulary Limited

OUTER CAPE VOCABULARY LIMITED was officially formed on February 22, 1979 — an outgrowth of the report in 1978 by THE LOWER CAPE BOUNDARY COMMISSION, entitled "The Outer Lower Cape Daily Sun." Its mission: to identify certain speech patterns found only on the Lower Cape, as opposed to other parts of Cape Cod, particularly several somewhat malignant patterns found in Provincetown.

Provincetown captured the initial focus of the LIMITED membership primarily because most people refer to it as "P-town," rather than pronouncing the town's name in full. It was a clear-cut case of limited vocabulary, and Provincetown was immediately suspect as being rife with this burgeoning Lower Cape speaking disease. So, the Cape tip town was quickly chosen as the subject of an in-depth research project designed to ferret out exactly what kind of talk would be confusing to the average tourist. And, this fishy little volume is the end result of their labors: a tourist tipster-oriented examination of the place from one end to the other — regardless of race, creed or sex (there being more than two of the latter in Provincetown).

OUTER CAPE VOCABULARY LIMITED also sought to put to rest certain damaging rumors circulating about Provincetown due to recent misleading press coverage of the joint plus the natural inclination of folks here "to put people on." To wit, here are LIMITED findings with regard to three of the most blatant distortions of truth of late:

- "GOSNOLD SYNDROME." There is no truth to reports that the pet population of Provincetown — both cats and dogs essentially — is afflicted with the highly infectious "Gosnold Syndrome." This alleged disease, which culminates in a lack of sexual desire, may however be prevalent amongst animals that are spayed — notwithstanding their original orientation, heterosexual or homosexual. (Note: the Syndrome was named after English explorer Bartholomew Gosnold who anchored off the outer shore of Provincetown back in 1602, became excited by codfish swarming around his ship, and dubbed the area "Cape Cod." Thanks Bart!)
- "BIG MAC." Contrary to most public expectations, there are no McDonald's hamburgers to be had at the Cape tip (sorry!). But, without trying too hard, visitors here should be able to still taste quite a bit of "Big Mac" anyhow. "Big Mac" is the name of a native son, Donald B. MacMillan, whose numerous arctic explorations led to his name being attached to a portion of the main highway (Route 6) and the town pier (MacMillan Wharf) — not to mention what else you can find out about the man in the fun Provincetown Museum at the base of the Pilgrim Monument on High Pole Hill in the center of town. Yes, like the townsfolk, you can favor and savour "Big Mac," as he's been served up for summers to thousands and thousands!
- "HARRY KEMP RAILROAD." You can take the car, the boat, a plane, a bike or hitchhike to Provincetown, but please don't let anyone try to convince you that the trains still run. They went out long years ago, and a piece of the old rail roadbed in town was paved over and named after "the tramp poet" Harry Kemp: Harry Kemp Way, as the sign says. And, like those eateries pushing a "Big Mac," any hucksters attempting to sell you a ticket or two on the "Harry Kemp Railroad" should be avoided — lest you really be taken for a ride!

OUTER CAPE VOCABULARY LIMITED offers this report to the traveling public with the fervent hope that Provincetown, P-town or whatever will continue as the peninsular highlight it always has been — no matter what you may pick up in the press or hear from others to the contrary. Frankly, the old adage still holds here: if you choose to visit the Cape, and don't stop at least once to view the goings on in Provincetown, you really haven't been to Cape Cod . . .

Respectfully submitted,
N. O. Aids,
Executive Secretary

It's A Game Show!

Now then all you tourists out there, this booklet is going to be a game-show — the ever-popular TWENTY QUESTIONS — twenty questions about Provincetown you don't dare ask (and answers)! So, just to get the show on the road, try on this sample inquiry for beginners . . .

QUESTION: What is the question about Provincetown most frequently asked by visitors who can't seem to tell where it's at?

ANSWER: "How do I get to Providence?" Sorry, but Providence is in Rhode Island (or with the good folks upstairs) — not at the Cape's tip. Here, the place is known as Provincetown, or P-town if you like to shortcut. Either will do, but *not* Providence! (Note: "Providencetown" won't do also.)



"YOO HOO ARE YOU OPEN?"

Actually, you really ought to catch what they used to call the place in the good old days. According to Herman A. Jennings, in a pamphlet he put together for "the travelling public" back in 1893, the town was called "Chequocket." This, of course, was "native" lingo — native American Indian — and the term meant (at least to one scholar) "big hill place."

ORLEANS SOLE: Melt 2 T. of butter in 2 T. of oil in a large skillet. Saute 4 large sliced tomatoes sprinkled with 2 minced garlic cloves (fry 1 minute to a side), then transfer to a buttered baking dish. Coat 1½ lb. sole fillets with flour and saute in the oil mixture, 1 minute to a side. (Add more oil if necessary.) Transfer to a baking dish and layer on top of the tomatoes. Sprinkle with 1 T. of lemon juice, plus salt & pepper. In a separate bowl mix 2 C. of finely-chopped fresh spinach and 2 C. of sour cream. Spoon over the fish. Top with ½ C. of freshly-grated romano cheese. Bake in a hot oven, 400° for 15 minutes. Serves 4-6.

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Here's how it works: this writer will pop the question, tease you with a few clues, and then you have to come up with the answer if you can. And, to make sure that you understand just how it all works — particularly THE RULE — try on this example for practice . . .

QUESTION: Where is this vintage Life Saving Station?

ANSWER: Aha! It's a trick question — designed to see if you'd turn the booklet upside down (that's cheating!). And, the answer is: it isn't! This is an old turn-of-the-century postcard view of the Wood End Life Saving Station once located about an eighth of a mile to the east of Wood End Light out on the Long Point sandspit that shelters the harbor. The facility was one of 13 erected by the federal government along Cape Cod's infamous "backside" from Chatham to Provincetown: 9 built in the winter of 1872 and 4 others (including Wood End) later. The Wood End Station was constructed in 1896 and manned the next year. Eventually, however, its use was discontinued, after many years of service, and the government contracted to have it demolished. And, it was: by fire, over 25 years ago. . . .



According to J. W. Dalton, author of the book, *THE LIFE SAVERS OF CAPE COD*, this structure included some refinements the older facilities didn't: more room for the crew, a large attached boat room, and a taller lookout tower.

Dalton continued: "The station is supplied with two five-oared surf-boats of the Race Point model, two beach carts, with guns, breeches-buoys, etc., and one life-car. The patrol from this station extends three and three-quarters miles north, and two and one-quarter miles south. This is the only station on Cape Cod where the surfmen do not meet and exchange checks with the surfmen from other stations, time clocks being employed to record the performance of duty of the patrol."

At the time Dalton penned his record (1902), the Wood End Station was manned by Captain George H. Bickers, the Keeper, and seven surfmen (Francesco A. Silva, Johathan C. Small, Frank C. Wages, Albert G. Mabbett, Willie F. Eldredge, James E. Worth, and John N. Lewis). Oh yes, they also had a pet cat named "Tom" and the Keeper's horse dubbed "Jim."

Say, isn't all this heavy history simply fascinating?

SOLE-STUFFED LETTUCE: Blanch 36 lettuce leaves from 3 heads of Boston lettuce (the outer leaves). Drain and set aside. Make duxelles: Twist 1 lb. of mushrooms in a cloth to remove natural juices. Mince finely, then saute in 2 T. of butter with 2 T. of chopped onion and 3 T. of chopped shallots. Add the juice of ½ a lemon and cook at high heat until the moisture evaporates from the mixture. Add 2 T. of chopped parsley and ¼ C. of bread crumbs. Salt and pepper to taste. Stuff 18 small fillets of sole (about 2 lbs.) with the duxelles. Wrap the fish and enclose each fillet in 2 lettuce leaves which have stems facing opposite directions and overlap. Put each fish package, seam side down, in a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with 2 T. of chopped scallions and dot with 3 T. of butter. (It can be refrigerated and held at this point.) Add ¾ C. of white wine and bring to a boil on top of the stove. Place dish in oven at 400° for 15 minutes. Remove from the oven, transfer fish packages to a warm serving dish. Pour wine into a sauce pan and reduce by half. Add 1½ C. of heavy cream. Reduce by ½ C. As cream cooks, add any juices that accumulate around the stuffed lettuce leaves. Pour sauce over lettuce. Serves 6-8.

1 - Is It Old?

TOURIST TIP: "The courthouse in Barnstable was burned in 1827, and the old town hall in Provincetown, which stood where the Pilgrim Monument is now, was similarly destroyed in 1877. In these two fires were lost all but a few local records. Consequently, the exact age of the old houses of Provincetown is unknown, or at any rate, claims made by their owners cannot be supported by official document. When 'the oldest house in town' is pointed out to you — perhaps in half a dozen places — it will be well to bear this in mind." — Josef Berger (Jeremiah Digges), *CAPE COD PILOT*, 1937.



Gordon E. Caldwell, CAPE COD TIMES

This is the *Old Harbor* Life Saving Station that used to sit out on Chatham's North Beach — just before it was moved by barge to Provincetown in the winter of 1977-78 to become a museum at Race Point Beach operated by the Cape Cod National Seashore. The venerable *old* building was constructed a year after the Wood End Station (see previous page) during 1897-98. It narrowly escaped destruction in the great February 1978 northeaster, having been moved from its perilous perch on November 30, 1977 into the safety of Provincetown Harbor for the winter before finally being relocated at Race Point of May 19, 1978 (see photo below).



William F. Quinn

According to J. W. Dalton's 1902 book, *THE LIFE SAVERS OF CAPE COD*, the *Old Harbor* Station was quite active during its early days in Chatham rescuing many shipwrecked sailors by both surfboat and breeches buoy. Dalton: "This station is provided with two surf-boats, two beach carts with guns, breeches-buoys, etc., and a life-car. One of the surf-boats, a small one, is kept in a boathouse on the point of the beach, about a half mile from the station, where it can be quickly brought into use for rescue work in the harbor and bay. The other surf-boat, the large one, for use in the open sea, is kept in the station. A horse which the government hires during the winter season is kept in a barn close to the station."

"The surfmen from this station have a patrol north for a distance of two and one-half miles, meeting and exchanging checks with the surfmen from the Orleans Station. On the south patrol, which is about a mile, the surfmen use a time clock to register their patrolling of the beach at that point."

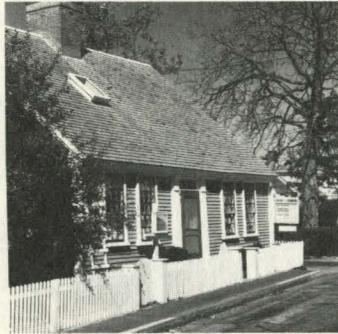
Oh yes, Captain Hezekiah F. Doane was the Keeper back in 1902, along with a crew of seven surfmen: Robert F. Pierce, Edwin P. Ellis, Francis H. Bassett, Zebina B. Chase, and three men by the name of Eldredge (Benjamin O., Dean W., and Otis C.).

Scintillating stuff, no? Bet you wonder what the horse charged for his winter stint, right?

2 - Is It Really That Old?

TOURIST TIP: "Assuming now that your social life is in fairly good shape, you'll probably want to get the lay of the land in a less biblical sense. A street map is helpful in this regard as confusion over, say, Conway and Conwell Streets can cause a certain amount of wasted effort. In general, it is useful to think of the streets as laid out like the rungs on a ladder between Commercial and Bradford Streets and to remember, despite what your own sense of direction might dictate, east is toward Truro and west is toward Herring Cove."

— PROVINCETOWN ON CAPE COD, Provincetown Business Guild, 1983.



Noel W. Beyle

"The Oldest House" — The Seth Nickerson House at 72 Commercial Street in Provincetown's west end is open to the public from June through October (10-5 every day). Admission for adults is \$1.50; for children (aged 8-12), it is 25¢.

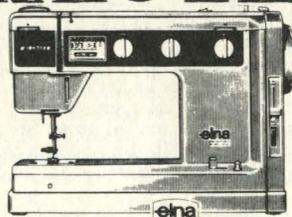
John Gregory, a widely-respected photographer in the United States, and his wife Adelaide now own "The Oldest House" in P-town — on the corner of Commercial and Soper Streets — a good example of a "full-Cape" house and named after the ship's carpenter (Seth Nickerson) who built it somewhere around 1746. It boasts of a vintage Cape Cod round cellar, rooms built like ship's cabins (including a ladder-like staircase), windows with panes made of genuine Sandwich glass, and a massive central fireplace in the living room complete with a beehive oven in the rear. The house is well worth a look-see, is unquestionably old (who's still around to dispute that it's the "oldest"?), and don't forget to take a peek at some of Gregory's fine photos that are on display there.

BASS IN LIME BUTTER: While bass is delicious broiled with a little butter and left unadorned, bass topped with lime butter is perfection. Baste bass fillets or steaks with butter and broil about 8 minutes to a side. Serve with lime butter. **BUTTER:** Boil down ¼ C. of fresh lime juice with ½ t. of salt and pepper until it is reduced in half. Beat in 1 stick of chilled butter, 1 T. at a time, until a thick creamy sauce is formed. Remove from heat. Beat in (by drops) 3 T. of fish stock. Serve immediately over fish. Makes 4 servings.

IF IT'S TOO OLD, COVER IT UP!

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Olde Provincetown

Ah yes, age! Inevitably during the course of the average visitor's stay here, questions of antiquity will crop up. Often the true test of many an antique dealer's sense for inflation, these aging inquiries also occur with regard to the seniority too often too quickly attributed to "OLDE" Cape Cod houses that just seem to sprout up from behind this bush and that tree in almost every one of the area's 15 towns, Provincetown being no exception . . .

Naturally, in a place as old as P-town is, you can find some vintage houses scattered all about the place from one end to the other. Even the Cape Cod National Seashore has discovered the architectural gems to be had here and published a pretty slick brochure detailing many of them and where they can be had for the viewing. It's called "A Provincetown Discovery," and you can pick it up at the Province Lands Visitor Center on Race Point Road — that is, if there are any left to give out in these days of budget-slashing Federal frolicking.

On the other hand, if you really want to peek at *olde Provincetown* without wasting time running all about, here's what a fellow by the name of Samuel Adams Drake said about the joint in his classic book of 1875, *NOOKS AND CORNERS OF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST*:



WASHING FISH.

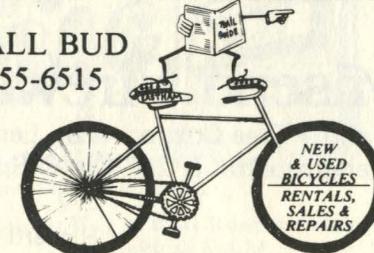
"Provincetown was originally part of Truro. Its etymology explains that its territory belonged to the province of Massachusetts. The earliest inhabitants had no other title than possession, and their conveyance is by quitclaim. For many years the place experienced the alterations of thrift and decay, being at times well-nigh deserted. In 1749, says Douglass, in his "Summary," the town consisted of only two or three settled families, two or three cows, and six to ten sheep. The houses

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formerly stood in one range, without regularity, along the beach, with the drying-flakes around them. Fishing vessels were run upon the soft sand, and their cargoes thrown into the water, where, after being washed free from salt, the fish were taken up and carried to the flakes in hand-barrows. Cape Cod Harbor, by which name it is also familiar to the readers of Pilgrim chronicles, was the earliest name of Provincetown.

The place has now lost the peculiar character it owed to the windmills on the sandy heights above the town and the salt-works on the beach before it. The streets, described by former writers as impassable, by reason of the deep sand, I found no difficulty in traversing. What with an admixture of clay, and a top-dressing of oyster-shells and pebble, brought from a distance, they have managed to make their principal thoroughfares solid enough. Step aside from these, if you would know what Provincetown was like in the past.

If the streets were better than I had thought, the houses were far better. The great number of them were of wood, looking as most New England houses look — ready for the torch. They usually had underpinnings of brick, instead of being, as formerly, built on posts, in order that the sand might blow underneath them. There were willows, poplars, locusts, and balm of Gilead, standing about in odd corners, and of good size. I saw a few sickly fruit-trees that appeared dying for lack of moisture; and some enterprising citizens were able to make a show of lilacs, syringas, pinks, and geraniums in their front yards. I talked with them, and saw that the unremitting struggle for life that attended the growth of these few simple flowers seemed to increase their love for them, and enlarge their feeling for what was beautiful. All the earth they have is imported. I called to mind those Spanish vineyards, where the peasant carries a hamper of soil up the sunny slopes of the mountain-sides, and in some crevice of the rocks plants his vine.

There are two principal streets in Provincetown. One of, I should imagine, more than a mile in length, runs along the harbor; the other follows an elevated ridge of the sand-hills, and is parallel with the first. A plank-walk is laid on one side of the avenue by the shore, the other side being occupied by stores, fish-houses, and wharves. No sinister meaning is attached to walking the plank in Provincetown; for what is the whole Cape if not a gangplank pushed out over the side of the continent?"

PEPPERED POLLOCK: This is a good recipe for fish that has little flavor of its own — such as pollock, tile or hake. Cut 1 lb. of fish fillets into 1-inch pieces and coat with 3 T. of cornstarch. Cut 1 red pepper into small pieces. Drain 1 can (15 oz.) of pineapple chunks and reserve the juice. In a small bowl mix pineapple juice, 1 T. of cornstarch, a dash of pepper, ¼ C. each of soy sauce, ketchup, and honey, plus 3 T. each of vinegar and sherry. Heat 3 T. of oil in a skillet and fry the fish pieces, about 1 minute. Remove. Saute pepper pieces and remove. Add the pineapple juice mixture to the pan. Heat until thickened. Add pineapple, peppers, and fish. Heat and serve over rice. Serves 4.

3 - Where's The Artist Colony?

TOURIST TIP: "Artists who live in P'town, along with those who only summer here, say the major drawing card is the luminous light reflected by the sea . . . Greece, they'll tell you, is the only other place in the world where that same kind of silvery light can be found.

It is the quietude in winter that keeps artists living on the Outer Cape. Assorted summer jobs simply enable them to survive financially the remainder of the year, anchored to their art." — Kay Longcope, in an article entitled "P'town's artists for all seasons," in THE BOSTON GLOBE, August 13, 1982 (reprinted courtesy of THE GLOBE).



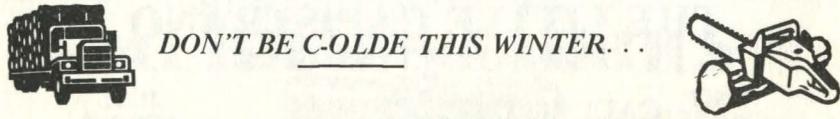
Cape Cod National Seashore

The workshop of many a Provincetown artist is out on the dunes of Cape Cod's "backside."

Ah yes, just where is the famed "art colony" you've heard so much about? Well, here's one knowledgeable person's answer — Mrs. Harold Haven Brown, then Director of The Provincetown Art Association — writing way back in 1936 in Stanley Kelley's fact-filled book, ABOUT CAPE COD:

"One of the first questions asked by the summer visitor to Provincetown is, 'Where is the Artist Colony?' The answer is that Provincetown has no artist colony, in the sense that New York has a Chinatown; rather, it is an artist colony, or it becomes one for the summer months. The artists do not live in any particular section of the town or on any particular street. They rent rooms and studios wherever these are to be had — that is, all up and down the length of the village." And, exactly when did this "art colony" begin? Here's Mrs. Brown (one more time) with an answer for you:

"The 'art colony' dates from the end of the century, when Charles W. Hawthorne 'discovered' Provincetown and started a summer school of outdoor painting there. This subsequently became one of the most successful ventures of its kind and attracted students from all over the country. Other painters with different methods and theories started similar schools at Provincetown and each had his eager following. Still others came, not to teach, but to paint, finding in the village, with its background of sand dunes, its fish wharves, schooners, and cottages set crookedly along the lanes and streets, a refreshing individuality which delighted visitors call "quaint." "



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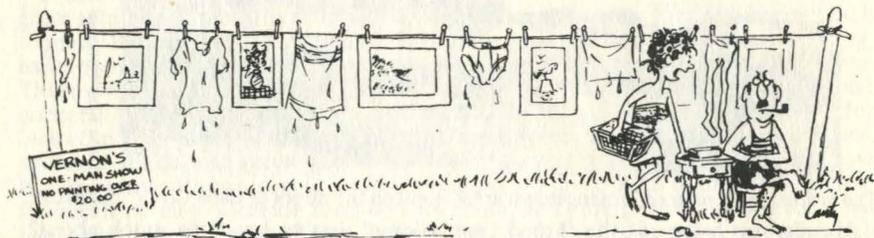
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Be Aware Of The Wares!

To be fair, if the truth be known, P-town these days simply isn't quite the solitary haven for artists that it once was. Wellfleet, for one, just up the road apiece, is giving her quite a run for the tourist money: they've even dubbed themselves "The Art Gallery Town" in a competitive burst of recent public relations pronouncements — and still other Cape towns are now cranking up a similar arts act to cash in on the summer's flow of things.

Yet, if you know what you're doing, you can still browse through some pretty nice art galleries in P-town (and some lousy ones too). But, don't take this writer's word for it. Read what William A. Davis had to say about the arts scene at the Cape tip in an article he wrote for THE BOSTON GLOBE on June 11, 1978 — entitled, "Oh, look, he must be an artist!" — reprinted here courtesy of THE GLOBE:



"LOOK, MR. EX-\$60,000-A-YEAR-STOCKBROKER, I HAVE HUNG YOUR FRUIT OF THE LOOMS BETWEEN 'DUNES' AND 'SOLITUDE' AND THAT'S THAT!"

"Back in 1899, a Main-born artist named Charles Hawthorne established his Cape Cod Art School in P-town, turning what had been a lonely fishing village into an art colony.

A traditionalist, Hawthorne was also a tough taskmaster who insisted his pupils paint precisely what they saw: People have been wandering around wide-eyed down here ever since.

Hawthorne was the first, but he was quickly followed by other artists and teachers, along with their pupils, followers, friends, imitators, collectors, lovers and rubber neckers of various types and disposition. The artists set the tone, aided by a leavening of writers such as Eugene O'Neill, and made it worthwhile driving the 125 miles from Boston.

People will tell you — here and elsewhere — that P-town is no longer considered The Majors in art circles and has sunk to the equivalent of a AAA league franchise. The prestige galleries are gone, the Chrysler Collection — and the breed of collector it symbolized — is on view elsewhere, and there is no artist of international repute in regular residence.

All probably true, but you can't really tell it by the look of things, and looking is what most people come down here to do.

Commercial Street is still lined with galleries, nearly a dozen of them (once there were 25) and their walls are hung with paintings, although few could be considered avant garde these days. Artists and easels are common sights, but the man or woman with the brush usually is there to paint your portrait: For \$35 or so, and very good portraits they often are, too."

SOLE FLORENTINE: Make hollandaise by combining 3 egg yolks, 1 frozen stick of butter, 1 T. of water, 2 T. of lemon juice, plus salt and pepper in a heavy saucepan. Heat and stir with a whisk until butter is melted and sauce is smooth but not too thick. Cool. Take 6 large sole fillets (to equal 2 lbs.), fold into thirds, and place in a buttered skillet. Sprinkle with 2 T. of chopped shallots, 2 t. of tarragon leaves, and salt. Sprinkle with 2 T. of white wine, bring to a boil on the stove, then simmer 5 minutes. Remove fish to a heated serving dish. Melt 3 T. of butter, then add 3 T. of flour to make roux. Add 1 C. of wine liquid and ½ C. of light cream to make bechamel. Steam 1 lb. of chopped spinach. Press and drain well. Mix the spinach with ½ of the sauce. Spread in a casserole dish. Arrange the fillets on top. Pour the rest of the sauce over the fish. Beat ½ C. of heavy cream. Fold into hollandaise. Spoon over the wine sauce. Put under the broiler for 2-3 minutes until golden. Serves 6 people . . . who aren't counting calories.

Well, that was back in 1978, and Davis perhaps overstated the case just a hair — there are a few notable artists still living in P-town today and several pretty good galleries as well — but he was describing the summer scene mainly, and pretty accurately too. Yet, for years, it's been the off season allure that has caught the fancy of the "art colony," complete with all the necessary solitude for doing good works and that indescribable light off the water and the sand (particularly in the wintertime) that both artists and photographers alike claim is extremely beautiful to work with.

Ah, but that's not much help to you in the summertime, is it?

Okay, outside some of the street-side vendors and a great gallery or two, what shouldn't you miss if you do like art and chance to visit P-town in the summer? One clear "must-see" place is the Provincetown Art Association and Museum at 460 Commercial Street. It was established in 1914 and offers a changing exhibition of paintings, workshops, and whatever else is "in" in the arts world these days. It's open throughout the year (off and on) and daily every summer (noon to 4 & 7 to 10 p.m., Memorial Day weekend until October 1st). Oh yes, one other important item: members can get in free, but non-members cannot. On the other hand, it only costs \$1 for adults and 50¢ for children (under 12) and senior citizens (65 or older).



"NINETY-SIX POINT BODONI EXTRA BOLD."

Aha! You want to save your money, do you? But you still like art? Then you probably also ought to catch the Hudson D. Walker Gallery of the Fine Arts Work Center at 24 Pearl Street (wherever that is). The Center houses a residency program for both writers and artists alike, and the Gallery is open to the public FREE OF CHARGE year round for all kinds of interesting events.

Then, if you really are an art addict, you might care to wander about town from gallery to gallery — most of them with no admission charge, yet still out to make a profit — beginning with the Long Point Gallery at 492 Commercial. And, next stop on the gallery tour is . . .

FISH AND CHIPS: Cut codfish into 1-inch chunks, then slice small potatoes into ¼-inch slices. Fry in deep fat. When potatoes are half done, cook the fish. Dip the fish into milk and then dry clam batter. Fry until golden. Serve fish and chips in newspaper cones which will absorb the fat.

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4 - Are The Sidewalk Artists Any Good?

TOURIST TIP: You can have your very own portrait or caricature captured down on canvas by any one of a number of enterprising sidewalk artisans, most of whom are not all that bad for the loot they require. It's also not too bad an idea — instead of purchasing some of the tacky tacky "treasures" from Taiwan to be had in many stores. But, like anything else, *do* shop around a bit before posing for posterity (lest you kick yourself later for finding a deal elsewhere). Oh yeah, don't worry about sitting there for the artist with all those folks gawking at you: there's really almost no proscribed or prescribed behavior here.



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ORLEANS

5 - Where's All The Action?

TOURIST TIP: "Like a piece of silver that has just crossed the palm of Cape Cod, Provincetown nestles within the 'closed fist' at the tip-end. The village is nearly four miles long, and only 'two streets wide.' Commercial Street, the main thoroughfare, is the continuation of the down-Cape highway as it skirts the harbor. Provincetowners call it 'Front Street'; and Bradford Street, the other long artery, paralleling it, is known as 'Back Street'.

— Josef Berger (Jeremiah Digges), CAPE COD PILOT, 1937.



Provincetown from the air, looking from the Truro line (bottom) to the west (top).

FISH STOCK: Stock can be used as a liquid for veloute sauce, for poaching fish or for reducing to use with butters. Cover 2 lbs. of fish scraps (heads, bones, and skins) of any white fish with cold water. Add 1 sliced onion, 2 T. of parsley, 1 t. of lemon juice, 1 C. of white wine, salt, and pepper. Bring to a boil, simmer for ½ hour. Strain through a fine sieve or cheesecloth. It can be frozen.

Kelsey Airviews (B76-718-7)

Proof of the Premium!

Yup! Land is clearly at a premium in good old P-town. What with Uncle Sam owning most of the place for use as a National Seashore, and much of the rest a mix of swamps and drifting sand, Provincetown really boils down to a narrow strip of prime time that hugs the inner shoreline — just a couple of streets wide, heaven knows how many little alleys long, and every inch in between highly coveted turf.



"THAT'S PHILIP'S DEED TO FOUR ACRES OF LAND IN PROVINCETOWN!"

In fact, not only are land values pretty cher in P-town, the tax rate in this Cape tip Mecca tops all of the other 14 towns on the peninsula by miles. For fiscal 1982 (it'll be different this year) it pops in at \$48.50 per \$1,000 of assessed value — the assessed value amounting to just about 48% of the true market value . . .



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6 - Where's All The Action At Night?

TOURIST TIP: "In the center of town (between Ryder and Gosnold Streets) you'll see Town Hall. Even if you're not tired, sit for a few minutes on the benches in front of the building. You'll enjoy looking at us as much as we get a kick out of looking at you!"

— A GUIDE TO PROVINCETOWN, The Provincetown Chamber of Commerce, 1983.

Hey, What do you think this is? Some sort of sex booklet or something? If you can't find out where all the action is at night in P-town, you probably haven't seen any action in years!

To be sure, the acts in the night life scene here are literally "hard to follow" at times, but they're everywhere . . .



"ARE YOU APPEARING ANYWHERE NIGHTLY?"

When you think about it, you really don't have to wait until nighttime to catch some of the action in this tip tourist trap. Nor do you have to spend much money and time in this or that watering hole, eatery or nightclub — since simply strolling down Commercial Street doing some serious people watching can be a vacation highlight most anytime: day or night, every summer, not to mention the fall, winter, and spring too! But, if you tire easily (getting older?), try out a bench or two in the center of town and do your ogling of all the oddities from an R & R position. PS: R & R = Rear End Rest . . .

CODFISH SCAMPI: Cut 2 lbs. of cod or haddock into bite-sized pieces. Butter large skillet or Dutch oven. Put the fish, plus 18 large shrimp (cut in half), into the skillet. Add ½ lb. of small (whole) mushrooms, 2 T. of chopped scallions, 3 minced garlic cloves, salt and pepper. Add ½ C. of white wine and bring to a boil on the stove. Put in 400° oven for 5 minutes. Pour off wine/stock into a saucepan. Reduce to 1 C. of liquid. In a separate pan melt 2 T. of butter and add 2 T. of flour to make roux. Add fish liquid and 1 t. of lemon juice to make veloute sauce. Pour the sauce over the fish and shrimp. Sprinkle top with fresh chives. Serve with tiny red potatoes. Serves 6.

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7 - Is Everyone Gay?

TOURIST TIP: In the somewhat gay atmosphere of Provincetown, a heterosexual duo (a man and woman) is sometimes referred to by homosexuals as "a mixed couple" or simply "breeders." Actually, in P-town as elsewhere, heterosexuals are known as "straights" and homosexuals as "gays."

And, this resort town has both — both "straight" and "gay" — resulting in two different business associations set up to draw tourists to the Cape tip. The former Board of Trade is now The Provincetown Chamber of Commerce, with offices by MacMillan Wharf, and they've been around for years pumping for the family vacationer to come. And, just recently, the Provincetown Business Guild, with an office at 115 Bradford Street, has been formed to push gay tourism as well. Their promotional brochures spell out the difference:

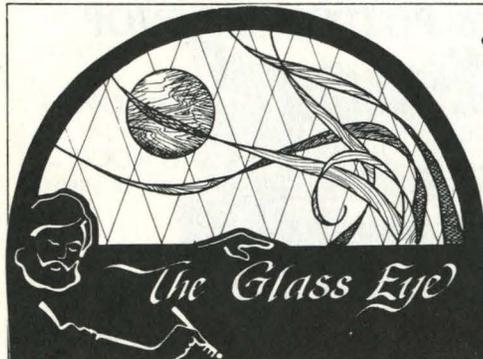
CHAMBER: "And the people. At least two of everything. Tall. Short. Fat. Slim. Dressy. Simple. Gay. Straight. Families. Singles. Old. Young. The cosmopolitan mix is part of the fascination of the town . . . part of the reason that even in remote corners of the world one has only to say 'Provincetown' and people know what and where it is."

GUILD: "With its lively mix of people and long-standing Bohemian strain, Provincetown is a cosmopolitan village hardly inclined to arch eyebrows over those who elect to live unconventional lives. In fact, Provincetown is one of a handful of places where gay men and women are accepted as an integral and valued part of the community. Many of the town's restaurants and guest houses are gay-owned and -operated. The often-noted sign which reads 'Provincetown Either Way' could very nearly be adopted as a town motto."



"JUST WHAT THIS TOWN NEEDS ANOTHER SCREAMING HETEROSEXUAL."

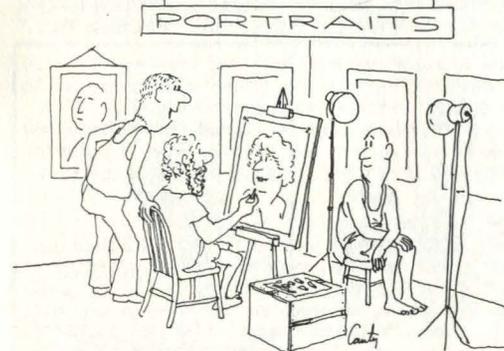
NOTE: While P-town is unique for its liberal tolerance of both "straights" and "gays" side by side (so to speak), to be comfortable here you'd do well to be a bit discriminating about exactly where you rent a room or ante up for ale. Legally they don't allow sexual discrimination (exclusion of one sex) in public places, but sexual preference is quite another matter. So, a word to the wise: discriminate — if you can tell who's whose — and save yourself a hassle.



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And, the gay community of Provincetown is quite well aware of all the stares and comments to be had from gawking visitors. Said one lady of Lesbos (translation = lesbian or female homosexual): "When the tourists spot two gays holding hands or getting affectionate, they'll usually say: 'There's two!' They always say 'There's two!' It's so common, in fact, that a friend of mine is thinking of printing up t-shirts saying: 'I'm one!' "



"COULD YOU MAKE HIS LIPS
A LITTLE FULLER?"

P-town also plays host at times to men "in drag" — so-called "cross dressers" or transvestites (men who dress up like women) — something that inspired the cartoon above. And, while most claim to be heterosexual, not gay, it can be a tad bit confusing to the average visitor. All this, plus throw in any number of female impersonators who prance about the town's nightly entertainment scene, and you can wind up with some pretty mixed up tourists . . .

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"SEE 'EM SWIM"

8 - Why Do Some People Dress Funny?

TOURIST TIP: P-town is clearly a people-watchers' paradise, since most everyone seems to wear exactly what he or she wants regardless. But, prime eyeballing time really comes in October, when the transvestites (men who dress as women) swarm into town from all parts of the country for their annual convention, "Fantasia Fair."



Actually, the town's varied approach to the world of fashion has been on front burner for most observers since the end of the Second World War when tourism began here in earnest. Witness the following description of the place by William A. Davis of THE BOSTON GLOBE in an article he wrote on June 11, 1978, called "Oh, look, he must be an artist!" (reprinted here courtesy of THE GLOBE): "Very much alive is the tradition of eccentric dress, outrageous behavior, hard drinking and a fearless disregard for gender in sexual matters. 'Oh, look at him, Martha, he must be an artist!'"

Well, anything is possible, and the man in the pink pith helmet, open-toed sneakers, and see-through Bermuda shorts might well be a non-representational landscape water colorist on his coffee break. On the other hand, he could also be an off-duty bartender, a salt water taffy spinner, a Back Bay hairdresser on the cruise, a lady gym teacher from Syracuse in drag, or even a guy who sells pink pith helmets on his way to work.

Whatever, he and his kith, kin and ilk are funky and fun and a darn sight more interesting to look at than the overweight insurance salesmen in red pants and white plastic shoes who dot the landscape at most resorts.

P-town may have passed the invisible line separating vaudeville from burlesque, but there is definitely still a show going on down here. And, it's still packing 'em in."

GRILLED BLUEFISH: Fillet a 4-5 lb. bluefish leaving the skins on. Rub fillets with a mixture of 1/2 C. of olive oil, 2 T. of lemon juice, salt, pepper, and 1/4 t. of fresh thyme. Grill over a charcoal fire, basting generously. Serves 4-6.



9 - What ~~Does~~^{DID} He Do?

TOURIST TIP: "The name Cape Cod now applies to the whole of Barnstable County, but in all early records and documents and in common usage until recent years, *Cape Cod* was used for Provincetown alone.

We are *Cape Cod*, we are also *Province Land*. Since a government has existed in Massachusetts, we have been the Province's land, the property first of Plymouth Colony, later of the Commonwealth . . .

In 1727, we were incorporated by an act of legislature as a township by the name of Provincetown, though in this act the State reaffirms its right to the land.

At that time, we narrowly escaped being named Herrington. The original act shows the word *Herrington* crossed out and *Provincetown* written in. The stretch of water between Wood End and Race Point is still called Herring Cove."

— Nancy W. Paine Smith, THE PROVINCETOWN BOOK, 1922.

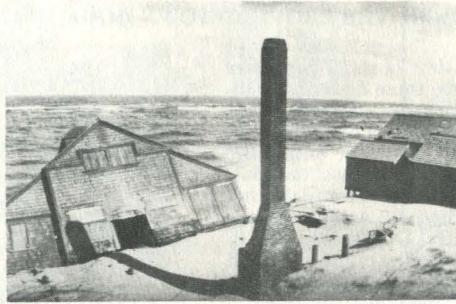
This old penny postal view of the Town Crier is just about all you'll see these days of a tradition that once went back a century or so. In the days when P-town didn't have a daily paper (it now has several), having someone pound the streets crying out the news was essential. But, with the coming of progress, his demise was not too far away. According to Arthur Wilson Tarbell, author of CAPE COD AHOY! (1932), progress included "the coming of the telegraph in 1855, the railway with newspapers daily in 1873, the telephone in 1883, and the radio in 1920." Yet, even after the last full-timer, Walter Smith, laid down his bell about 50 years ago, the town retained a Town Crier as a tourist attraction in the summer — at least up until two years ago. In 1981, P-town felt the pinch of Proposition 2 1/2 and eliminated funds for the Crier, whereupon the local Chamber of Commerce agreed to pick up the tab. But, too late! The fellow who had spent a decade in the streets as the area's Town Crier didn't show up for work that summer, and he's been missing ever since...



"HEAR YE, HEAR YE! MR. MARTY KING OF NEW YORK CITY, CALL YOUR OFFICE!"

10 - Where Is The Provincetown Playhouse?

TOURIST TIP: P-town has a rich heritage of live theatre, going all the way back to just before the First World War and formation of the Provincetown Players — who staged their performances in an old fish shed out on a wharf, among them Eugene O'Neill's very first play, "Bound East For Cardiff." Today, the area is host to three good theatre groups: the 20-year-old Provincetown Theatre Company; Robert Teague's Children's Repertory Theatre of Cape Cod; and Marshall Oglesby's Provincetown Summer Theatre.



W. G. Stiff postcard (courtesy of the Cape Cod National Seashore)

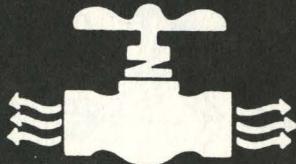
P-town today doesn't really have a proper playhouse to shelter its several theatre groups, ever since arsonists put the torch to the famed Provincetown Playhouse On The Wharf back in March 1977. And, the historic structure was only one in a long line of various places used to stage the drama emanating from P-town: in a private home, Mary Heaton Vorse's fishing shed out on a wharf in the East End, still another wharf theatre in the West End, and finally the Provincetown Playhouse on an old whaling wharf near the center of town. But, it didn't deter playwrights from their mission. Eugene O'Neill, for one, did much of his early writing at this abandoned old Life Saving Station out on the dunes of Peaked Hill Bars facing the Atlantic — the 1872-vintage building finally succumbing to storm erosion in the winter of 1931.

MOLHO SAUCE FOR FISH: This basic Portuguese sauce (a cousin to the Italian marinara) can be served on top of any broiled fish or added to baked fish about half way through the baking time. While it marries best with cod, it will perk up under-utilized fish such as pollock, hake, tile, and ocean catfish. **MOLHO:** Saute 1 chopped onion, ½ a chopped red pepper, and 2 minced garlic cloves in 2 T. of olive oil. Add a 15 oz. can of Italian plum tomatoes, ¼ C. of Marsala, plus ¼ t. each of cumin seed and basil. Add salt, pepper, and a pinch each of crushed red pepper seed and coriander seed. Simmer for 30 minutes.

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11-Why All The Noise About P-town?

TOURIST TIP: If you want to know if someone is a native, just complain about the weather. If the person replies dryly, "could be worse," you can be fairly certain they're the genuine article.

Good question . . . It does seem that most everybody who comes to visit winds up with an opinion of P-town, one way or the other. To be sure, folks who live here have definite pros and cons about the joint too. (Generally, native Provincetowners wouldn't live anywhere else, something that pleases many year-rounders in other Cape towns.) In sum, Provincetown is *not* a neutral subject.

But, just in case you haven't formed any clear idea of P-town yet, sit back and enjoy a brief sampling of some of the chatter about this often cantankerous - always picturesque Cape tip village that was compiled by "Slightly Salty" George L. Moses, Falmouth's witty historian and former columnist for the CAPE COD (Standard) TIMES. Here is a touch of what he once said in a column titled, "A little name-calling on the Lower Cape":



"'Well, here we are in Provincetown,' once wrote Horace Sutton, the syndicated travel writer. 'It's otherwise known as Bohemia on the half-shell.'

Provincetown, because of its heterogeneous seasonal population (that heterowhatis word means 'crazy, mixed-up') has long been the butt of many a buttinski's banter. 'It used to be called P'town for short by its neighbors,' wrote some wit, 'but now it's known as B'town — for beatniks, beards, bluejeans, beaches, babes, bikinis, booze, boats, boots and beds. It has more of these than any other Cape town.' . . .

In the old days, some residents of Truro (of which Provincetown was then a part) were wont to refer to their domain as 'Truro proper' and to Provincetown as 'Truro improper.' Others called it 'Laundryville' because the first laundry of the New World was washed there by the Pilgrims (on a Monday, of course).

'The Pilgrims got away from Provincetown as quickly as they could,' wrote some dim and distant historian, much to the amazement of Land's End neighbors. And some fellow conspirator, explaining the death by drowning in Provincetown Harbor of Governor Bradford's young wife, who accompanied him on the Mayflower, cracked, 'She probably took one look at the place and jumped overboard.'

Scott Corbett tells us it was a Wellfleet woman who said, 'I can always tell a Provincetowner by the cut of his jib,' but as Henry C. Kittredge points out, 'Provincetown has its fun with Truro; Truro's pride takes a fall before Orleans; Harwich, perhaps in envy, tells stories about Chatham.'

An old philosopher of Provincetown, who had seen three generations of Cape Cod men, told Mr. Kittredge that 'Wellfleeters are blow-hards; they stick out their chests and talk big when come to find out, they haven't 10 cents to their name.'

FLOUNDER-WRAPPED ONIONS: Peel and cook 16 small white onions. Remove them from the water and cook 4 potatoes in water. Save the liquid. Take 16 small flounder fillets (2 lbs.) — or cut large fillets to equal 16 pieces — and wrap each piece around an onion. In a buttered baking dish place the sliced potatoes and then the fish wraps on top. Melt ½ C. of butter and add flour to make roux. Add salt and pepper, 1 T. of parsley and ¼ t. of garlic powder. Add 1 C. of light cream, ½ C. of tomato sauce, and cook until thickened. Pour over fish. Top with a mixture of 1 C. of shredded cheese and ½ C. of bread crumbs (or cracker crumbs). Bake at 400° for 15 minutes. Serves 8.

And I'll wager it was a Provincetown gal who said, 'Wellfleet women go around looking splendid and haven't got a cent because they've put it all on their backs; Eastham ladies go around looking shabby and down-at-the-heel and have plenty of money in the bank.'

Two rather high-flown phrases come closer, perhaps, to describing Provincetown — at least, its historic past. I like 'Birthplace of the American Republic' because it was at Provincetown that the Mayflower Compact, first charter in history of a truly democratic Government, was written and signed. And I never forget the words Thoreau used in describing the one-time 'Province Land' of the Bay Colony — 'a man may stand there and put all America behind him.'

It's all too easy to classify Provincetown as Horace Sutton did, and forget its unique and fascinating combination of old New England charm and foreign atmosphere. There's just no place like it and no one can sum it up in a few glib words.

As for its next-door neighbor, Truro (originally called Dangerfield for some obscure reason), Provincetowners will get a boot out of Sutton's passing description of the town of 'Hills and Holes.' Quoth he:

'Truro is a settlement which one could easily miss by lighting a cigaret at the moment when one's car came abreast of it.'

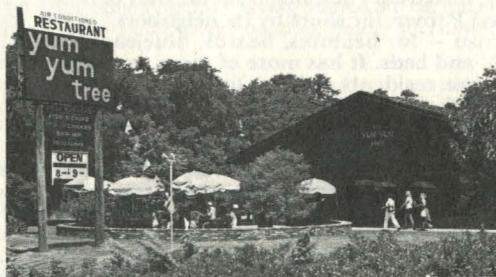
'You can always tell a Truro man,' the old Provincetown philosopher told Henry Kittredge, 'because a Truro-er slouches along with a hang-dog air, a regular countryman.'

And surely it must have been a Provincetown bard who wrote the jeering little jingle that Cape-tip children used to sing about Truro, which supplied them with their milk because there wasn't much grass for cows in their town:

Provincetown for beauty,
Wellfleet for her pride —
If it hadn't been for milk carts,
Truro would've died!"

CREAMED WHITEFISH: Melt 3 T. of butter and saute 3 chopped red peppers and 1 chopped onion. Add flour to make roux and then 1 C. each of light cream and milk. Add salt, pepper, 2 T. of parsley, 1 t. of paprika, and simmer until thick. Add 3 sliced hard-boiled eggs and 1 lb. of cooked and flaked cod or haddock. Pour over rice. Serves 4.

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12 - Where Do Most Of The People Come From?

TOURIST TIP: "Provincetown has changed much since the whaling and Grand Banks fishing of last century. The creation of Cape Cod National Seashore in the early sixties has helped tourism to grow at a phenomenal rate. While the year-round population has remained a stable 4000 for the last hundred years, in the summer the population grows to nearly 20,000.

Few of the original Yankee families remain and the majority of the local population is composed of the descendants of Portuguese fishermen, primarily from the Azores. Several families trace their lineage back to Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. Adding spice and leaven to the community are many 'washashores,' as non-natives are called, including a sizable artist's colony, an active gay community, retirees and an extraordinary assortment of unclassifiable characters."

— Mark L. Primack & Arne Manos, **PROVINCETOWN AND THE PROVINCELANDS**, 1981.



Photo, only, Copyright 1905 by the Rotograph Co.
A 6816 Railroad Wharf, Provincetown, Mass.

In the good old days, tourists could come by boat and rail to visit — both means of transit terminating on the wooden plank pier in the center of town (since replaced by MacMillan Wharf in the mid-1950's). The boats still come and go today, but the rails have long since gone the way of "progress."

In the summertime, most of the folks here are from off Cape. And, where they're really "coming from" is often a Shermanesque desire just to bask in the sun on one of those forever clear days that P-town is so famous for — at Herring Cove Beach, Race Point or wherever. Invariably, these visitors will take pen in hand to describe the local scene, whether on a picture postcard (like above) or more. For one, here is what Samuel Adams Drake had to say about the native population over 100 years ago in his 1875 classic, **NOOKS AND CORNERS OF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST**:

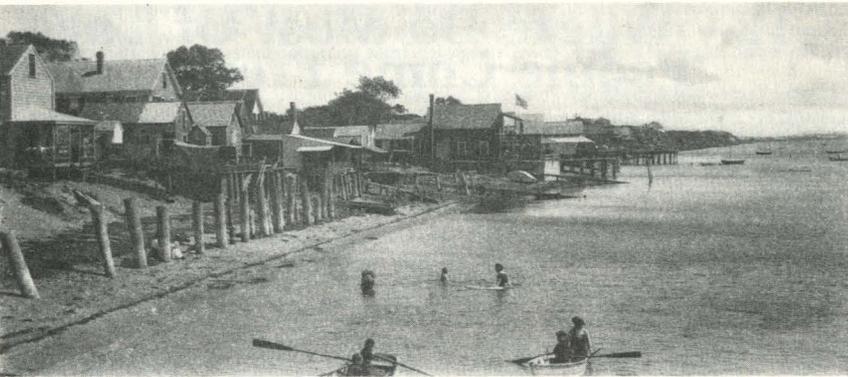
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With an outward appearance of prosperity, I found the people bemoaning the hard times. Taxes, they said, were twenty dollars in the thousand, and only ten at Wareham; fish were scarce, and prices low, too, though as to the last item consumers think otherwise. The fishermen I saw were burly, athletic fellows, apparently not more thrifty than their class everywhere. They are averse to doing any thing else than fish, and if the times are bad, are content to potter about their boats and fishing-gear till better days, much as they would wait for wind and tide. If they can not go fishing they had as lief do nothing, though want threatens.

The boys take to the water by instinct. I saw one adrift in a boat without oars, making his way to land by tilting the side of the dory. They go to the fishing-banks with their fathers, and can hand, reef, and steer with an old salt. One traveler tells of a Provincetown cow-boy who captured and killed a blackfish he described near the shore. As soon as they had strength to pull in a fish, they were put on board a boat.

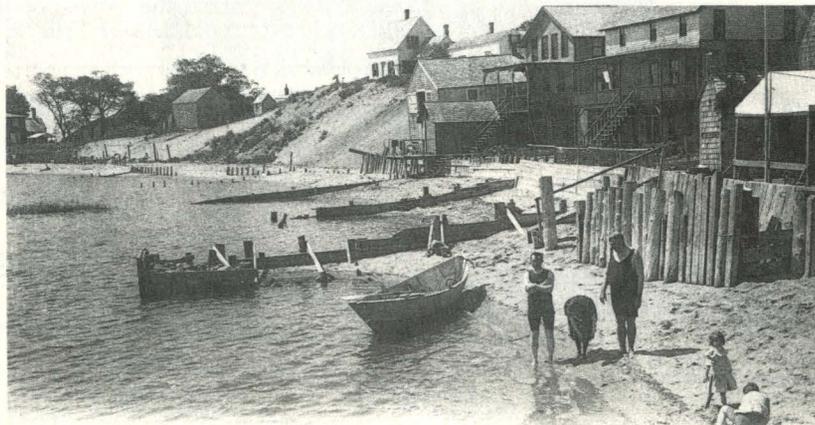
I noticed the familiar names that have been transplanted and thriven everywhere. Those of Atwood, Nickerson, Newcomb, Rich, Ryder, Snow, and Doane have the Cape ring about them. In general they are "likely" men, as the phrase here is, getting on as might be expected of a people who literally cast their bread upon the waters, and live on a naked crust of earth that the sea is forever gnawing and growling at. The girls are pretty. I say it on the authority of an expert in such matters who accompanied me. Not all are sandy-haired.

There is a strong dash of humor about these people. They are piquant Capers, dry and sharp as the sand. One of them was relating that he had once watched for so long a time that he finally fell asleep while crossing the street to his boarding-house, and on going to bed had not waked for twenty-four hours. "Wa'al," said an old fellow, removing a short pipe from between his lips, "you was jest a-cannin' on it up, warn't ye?"

There is quite a colony of Portuguese in Provincetown. In my rambles I met with a band of them returning from the swamp region back of the town. They looked gypsy-like with their swarthy faces and gleaming eyes. The younger women had clear olive complexions, black eyes, and the elongated Madonna faces of their race; the older ones were grisly and witch-like, with shriveled bodies and wrinkled faces. All of them bore bundles of fagots on their heads that our tender women would have sunk under, yet they did not seem in the least to mind them. They chattered merrily as they passed by me, and I watched them until out of sight; for, picturesque objects anywhere, here they were doubly so. They had all gaudy handkerchiefs tied about their heads, and shawls worn sash-wise, and knotted at the hip, the bright bits of warm color contrasting kindly with the dead white of the sand. There were shapely figures among them, but the men's boots they of necessity wore subtracted a little from the symmetry of outline and my admiration.

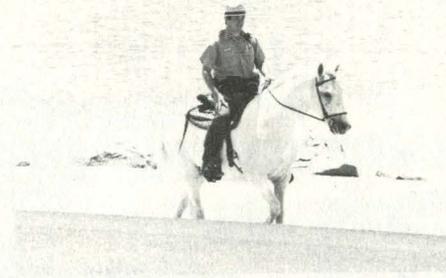
They number about fifty families—these Portuguese—and are increasing. One citizen expressed a vague apprehension lest they should exclude, eventually, the whites, as the whites had expelled the Indians. And why not? They believe in large families, while we believe in small ones or none at all. The Pilgrims were fewer than they when they came to Cape Cod, though they did believe in large families. Besides, Gaspard Cortereal, a "Portingale," fell in with the land hereabouts before any of our English. The Portuguese are reported to have stocked Sable Island with domestic animals thirty years before Gilbert's coming to Newfoundland. Assuredly, Cortereal had as good a mortgage on the country as Cabot, who did not land, but only beheld it in sailing by. I had found the town effervescent. The killing of a Portuguese by his captain, in a quarrel on board a fishing vessel, had set the whole town talking. Coming from the city, where we average a murder a week, I was quite startled at the measure of horror and indignation the deed excited here. Subsequently I learned that such crimes were rare, and that in this out-of-the-way corner of the land people had quite old-fashioned notions about the value of human life and limb.

WRINKLE POINT SCROD SALAD: Place 2 lbs. of scrod in a broiler pan and sprinkle with 2 T. of white wine. Dot with 2 T. of butter, then salt and pepper to taste. Broil about 10 minutes until just barely done (the flesh turns from translucent to opaque). Never overcook fish or it will be dry — fish should always be moist. Let fish cool completely. Mix with ¼ C. of finely-minced celery, ½ C. of mayonnaise, and ¼ C. of sour cream. Serve on Boston lettuce with crisp, fresh vegetable slices on the side. Good for lunch or after theatre supper. Serves 6.



13 - What's The Best Way To Get Around?

TOURIST TIP: The best way to get around town is on foot, and you can pick up interesting "Walking Tour" pamphlets put out by the Provincetown Historical Association to assist you 25¢ each, and they're worth it). The Cape Cod National Seashore also has a brochure called "A Provincetown Discovery," that maps out which buildings you should be on the lookout for. A couple other things you shouldn't miss: the traffic cop in the center of town, the kids diving for money by MacMillan Wharf, and a shop by the name of Marine Specialties — they're all uniquely P-town.



Judith Feldstein,
THE (Provincetown) ADVOCATE

THE (Provincetown) ADVOCATE captioned this photo "Lone Ranger" when it ran on the front page of the newspaper's Summer Guide back on June 17, 1982. But, the Seashore's gendarmes are not the only folks to enjoy horseback riding in P-town. There are several stables to cater to your needs, with all kinds of rides if you've got the loot: on several Seashore trails (with or without a "lone ranger" as your guide), on the beach, at sunset or in the moonlight. In fact, the bridal paths that course through the woods and dunes of the Provincelands offer some of the most breathtaking scenery around — using horsepower that tops most anything offered by all those dune buggies you can take (and they're fun too!) . . .

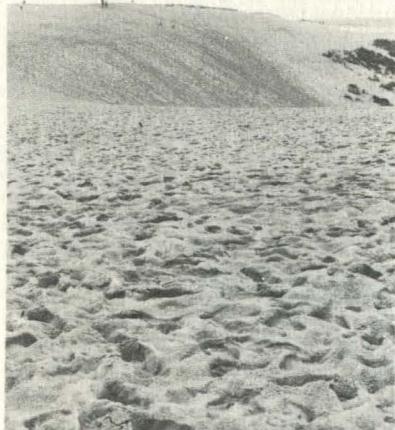
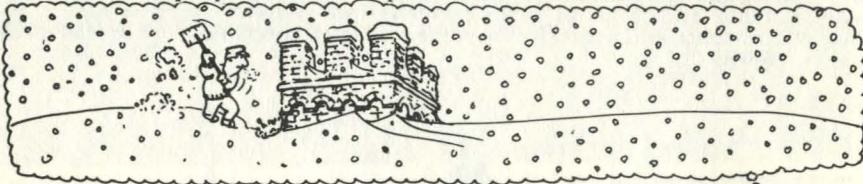


Bikes can be rented in just about every other shop in town, but it's really best if they are used out-of-town. Oh, you can pedal your way up and down Commercial Street during prime time, but why do it when the Cape Cod National Seashore's 8 miles of paved bicycle trails through the Provincelands is just around the proverbial corner? On the other hand, if you're not into horseback riding or biking, but do like walking, there are literally miles of beaches around for the combing — just remember that you have to walk *back* too!

SCROD WITH MUSSELS AND MUSHROOMS: Broil 2½ lbs. of scrod in a buttered pan with dots of butter on top until done (about 10-15 minutes). Serve with a mussel & mushroom sauce. SAUCE: Steam 2 dozen mussels in ½ C. of white wine with a ½ sliced Spanish onion, 1 T. of parsley, and ½ t. of thyme. Reserve liquid. Remove the meat from the shells, halve the mussels. Saute ½ C. of sliced mushrooms in 3 T. of butter. Add flour to make roux and add 1½ C. of strained mussel liquid to make veloute. (Add water or fish stock if there is not enough mussel liquid.) Add mussels, 1 T. of chopped parsley, plus salt and pepper. Pour over scrod. Serves 6.

14 - 15 - 16 What Else Is There To Do?

TOURIST TIP: If you're into browsing through some *good* museums, try either the Provincetown Heritage Museum (the former 1860 Center Methodist Church at the corner of Commercial and Center Streets) or the Provincetown Museum at the base of the Pilgrim Monument overlooking town from High Pole Hill. If you decide to climb the monumental memorial to the founding fathers, try not to ask this well-worn tourist inquiry: "What do they do with the Monument in the winter?"



Footprints on the dunes bear vivid testimony to the recreation potential of the Cape Cod National Seashore. These are dunes at "The Sand Bowl" rising around the Dunes Parking Area near Route Six by the end of Pilgrim Lake. While this may be the last summer it will be open as a play area (due to the need to stabilize the migrating dunes), it does have some interesting history. This was a 72-acre tract of dunescape right on the P-town/Truro town line owned by the Whitehead Brothers Company of New York City. And, with the help of a rail spur, this firm shipped out tons of good old Cape Cod sand by freightcar to points all over the country. It was used to make cement; the Navy used it for sandblasting; foundries used it for making industrial cores; the railroad used it for engine traction; and cities used it in their water filtration plants. According to one survey, between 1934 and 1957, some 690,000 tons were shipped out from the quarry's pit (155,000 tons in the last 5 years alone). Interestingly, the renowned Sandwich Glass Factory found this Cape Cod sand unsuitable for glass-making and had to import "good sand" from elsewhere . . .



Beech Forest Trail off Race Point Road is but one of many nature trails through the woods and dunes of P-town. It is run by the Cape Cod National Seashore and comes complete with written trail guides (they're free). Other hiking trails include: the bicycle trail (you can walk it if you give bikes the right-of-way); several pond trails that wind their way through the woods to the south/southwest of Beech Forest (most start from Route Six in the "west end" of town); and a hiking path called "Fishpan Alley" off Route Six to the north half way between Snail Road (on the "east end" of town) and Race Point Road. There are also two other fun Seashore trails that start from the Province Lands Visitor Center — one across the dunes and another to an old cranberry bog — but you'll just have to go to the Center to find out more about them. Oh yes, still two more Seashore trails can be had at Pilgrim Heights in North Truro (Pilgrim Spring Trail and Small Swamp Trail), but they're not in P-town so they won't be recommended here . . .

Pictures by Al Flint

17 - Can You Catch Any Fish?

TOURIST TIP: ". . . never start a Cape Codder on the subject of whales. I have had one old skipper glibly tell me that he once milked a cow-whale, that he had tried the milk, that it was very tasty. Said he christened her Magnesia." — Joseph Berger (Jeremiah Digges), CAPE COD PILOT, 1937.

Of course! Perhaps more than any other Cape Cod village, P-town still depends on fishing for its livelihood. And, it is a colorful tradition that goes back centuries — still anchored every year on the last Sunday of June with the annual Blessing of the Fleet, complete with a parade through the streets and the Bishop's blessing out at the end of MacMillan Wharf as the fleet passes by one-by-one. In fact, at one time, this protected port was a whaling center of some reputation — and, it still is today, but in a very different way . . .



Cetacean Research Program,
The Provincetown Center for Coastal Studies

GIVEN FAIR WEATHER (so you won't get seasick), a "must" fishing trip to be had here is on any of a number of whale watching boats that ply the surrounding waters out of the harbor. Here, a humpback whale known as "Salt" is breaching (leaping out of the water) near one of these fun craft. Whale watching, although nothing new to fishermen, is a relatively young tourist attraction — having been launched only nine years ago in 1975 by Captain Al Avellar of the Dolphin Fleet, along with the aid of Dr. "Stormy" Mayo of The Provincetown Center for Coastal Studies. The season extends from mid-April through October of each year, and it frequently offers visitors one whale of a show!

SOLE WITH BACON: Take 6 fillets of sole (total weight: 1½ lbs.) and wrap each fillet around 2-3 ripe olives. Wrap a bacon slice around the fillet and secure it with a tooth pick. Place it in a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle it with 3 sliced scallions, 2 T. of chopped parsley, and the juice of 1 lemon. Let it stand 4-6 hours. Pour ½ C. of white wine over the fish, dot with butter, and bake at 350° for 20 minutes. Finish in the broiler for 3-4 minutes. Serves 4.

We'll catch you one *Whale of a Buy!*



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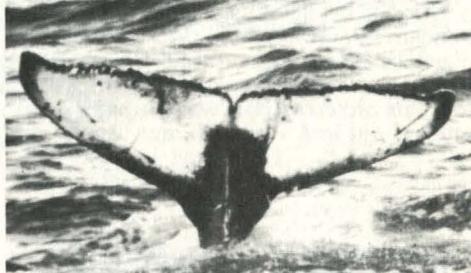
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18 - Do They Ever Land Any Whoppers?

TOURIST TIP: Never ask a native Cape Codder why he fishes in the rain. The reply will invariably be: "The fish don't care!" If you complain about the rain and ask if it'll ever stop, you'll likely get this answer: "Always has!"

"SEA SERPENT IN PROVINCETOWN.

The recent earthquakes have so disturbed the bottom of the ocean, that many of the huge creatures which it is believed exist there have come to surface. Sea serpents and other non-descript monsters, it is alleged, have been seen in various places besides Marblehead, the sea serpent's home. The latest and most colossal in dimensions has visited Provincetown. Mr. George W. Ready, a well-known citizen here, was going from the town to the backside of the Cape, and in crossing one of the sand-dunes, or hills, saw a commotion in the water, about a half a mile from the shore in the Herring Cove. It looked like a whirlpool and from his standpoint appeared to be about twenty feet in diameter, from the center of which jets of spray, looking like steam, were ejected to the height of fifty feet. Intently watching this strange phenomenon, he presently saw a huge head appear above the surface, and point for the shore. The head was as large as a two hundred gallon cask, concave on the under side and convex on the upper. Mr. Ready saw the creature coming towards the shore and secreted himself in a clump of beach plum bushes, where he got a good view of the monster. The creature swam to the shore with a slow and undulating motion and passed within about thirty feet of where Mr. Ready was secreted. It was about three hundred feet long, and in the thickest part, which was about the middle, he judged as it passed him to be about twelve feet in diameter. The body was covered with scales as large as the head of a fish barrel, and were colored alternately green, red and blue. They did not overlap each other, but seemed as if they were joined together by a ligature some four inches broad. The most curious feature was the head. The open mouth disclosed four rows of teeth, which glistened like polished ivory, and were at least two feet long, while on the extreme end of the head or nose, extended a tusk or horn at least eight feet in length. The creature had six eyes as large as good-sized dinner plates, and they were placed at the end of moveable projections, so they were, at least, three feet



In 1886, P-town's Town Crier, "Professor" George Washington Ready, recounted to a local newspaper (the CAPE COD ITEM in Yarmouth Port) his having seen a "sea serpent" — and the story was picked up by the press around the country. This photo shows what Ready may have seen for inspiration: a humpback whale "fluking" in the water, not the serpent he claimed. (Note: the twin lobes of a whale's tail, shown here, are known as "flukes.")

from the head. In the creatures [sic] moving along these projections were continually on the move so that the reptile could see before, behind, and sideways, at the same time. Three of the eyes were of a fiery red hue, while the others were of a pale green. A strong sulphurous odor accompanied him, and intense heat was emitted, so much, that the bushes and grass over which he moved have the appearance of being scorched with fire. When the tail came out of the water it was seen to be of a V shape, the broadest part towards the body, to which it was joined by a small bony cartilage about twenty feet long, and only ten inches in diameter. This tail on the broad part was studded with very hard, bony scales, shaped like the teeth of a mowing machine or reaper, about one foot long, and eight inches at the base, and cut everything smooth to the ground as it was dragged over the surface; pine and oak trees, nearly one foot in diameter, were cut off as smoothly as if done by a saw, and have the appearance of being seared over with a hot iron. The creature made for one of the large fresh water ponds called Pasture Pond. When in the center the

head, which had all the time been raised some thirty feet in the air, began slowly to descend and was soon under water, the body slowly following it. As the tail disappeared, the water commenced to recede from the shore till the pond was left completely dry with a large hole in the center some twenty feet in diameter, perfectly circular, down which sounding leads have been lowered two hundred and fifty fathoms and no bottom found. By standing on the brink of the hole, what appears to be water, can be seen at a long distance down. Preparations are being made to investigate the matter, and thousands are going to see and examine the track of the huge sea monster. For fear that this statement should be doubted, and any one try to contradict it, I here append a copy of Mr. Ready's affidavit and signature:

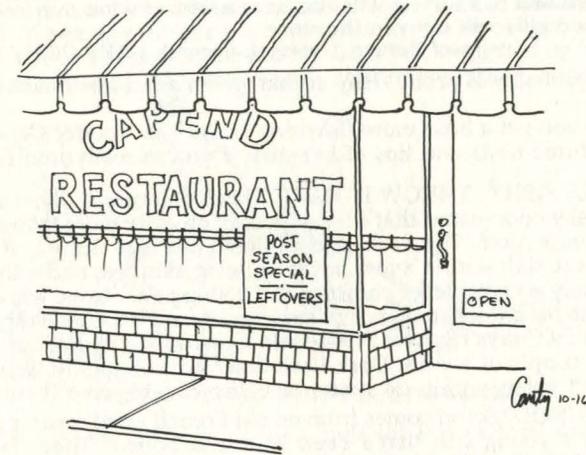
"I, George Washington Ready, do testify that the foregoing statement is correct. It is a true description of the serpent as he appeared to me on that morning, and I was not unduly excited by liquor or otherwise."

George W. Ready."

Cetacean Research Program,
The Provincetown Center for
Coastal Studies

19 - Where's The Best Place To Eat?

TOURIST TIP: "There is so much choice that you could stay a month without repeating. Even in the spring and fall there is a good choice of restaurants in a wide price range.." — A GUIDE TO PROVINCETOWN, The Provincetown Chamber of Commerce, 1983.



What? Are you kidding? Give you any hints and tips as to whose hot dogs on the way to MacMillan Wharf are the best in town — not to mention all the fresh salt water taffy being served?

Where you can sample some of those yummy Portuguese pastries, fresh breads and other baked delicacies, or (*definitely*) any number of scrumptious soups?

Whose restaurant serves up pretty good seafood, steaks or roast beef, lamb or pork chops?

Which French, Greek, Chinese, Italian (North or South), Spanish, Syrian or Portuguese place has the most flavor and atmosphere?

Hey! This writer could get flogged to death if specifics were to be had. Just let it be said that there is a savory year-round mix here — "an endless variety," as the Chamber of Commerce brochure proudly poms, "glorious variety," in fact — that is just as equally varied price-wise, too!

On the other hand, there are several things you can do to get a dash of perspective as to exactly where you'd like to spend your food money . . .

- Check any one of the many newspapers and local magazines available to see who is promoting what foods. **WARNING:** just because an eatery advertises in the local press doesn't guarantee you a good meal there.
- You could talk to somebody who looks like they live here — if you can tell who's whose. **BUT:** chances are that he or she either owns or works in one of the restaurants, so be careful!
- Better yet, drop by the P-town Bookshop or some other gift store in town and check out the array of cookbooks that usually abound, skim through a couple until you're salivating excessively, then make the mad dash to enjoy whatever at wherever they recommend. **DO:** make a point of seeing just how old the particular cookbook you fancy is, since there is a turnover of chefs and restaurants with the passage of time . . .

BROILED BLUEFISH: Bluefish shouldn't be fried since it is an oily fish. Mayonnaise on bluefish may seem a bit like carrying coals to Newcastle — but even though the fish is fatty, it needs oil in cooking. The vinegar and lemon in the mayonnaise cut the strong bluefish flavor. Spread either homemade or a good commercial mayonnaise on the bluefish fillets and broil 6 inches away from the flame for about 20 minutes. A 1½ lb. of fish will serve 4.

— Herman A. Jennings, PROVINCETOWN OR, ODDS AND ENDS FROM THE TIP END, 1890. Said Jennings, in the Preface to this epistle, about the stories in his book: ". . . every one is true, with one exception, and that the reader must be very obtuse not to discern."

CAPE COD RED FISH (CIRCA 1800): Chop together 1 C. of (cold) boiled potatoes, 1 C. of (cold) boiled beets, and 1 C. of salt cod — freshened. (To freshen, soak in cold water and rinse several times over 12-24 hours.) Melt butter in a spider and brown mixture with a dash of pepper. Just before serving stir in about ½ C. of milk.

20 — Isn't This Booklet Pretty Fishy?

TOURIST TIP: "When you buy a fish, look him in the eye. If his gaze is bright and unblurred, he has not been away from home long. If his gills are bright red, that is another sign he is fresh. But if his eye is dull and sunken, he probably has been witnessing the destruction of his race over a long spell in the hold of a beam-trawler. Professional fish buyers will also have a look at what they call the napes, but the eyes and gills will tell you the story."

— Josef Berger (Jeremiah Digges), CAPE COD PILOT, 1937.

Actually, it probably is pretty fishy at that, given all of Lee Baldwin's fun fish recipes.

And, just so you get a little more flavoring out of Lee's crafty Cape Cod cooking, here are three hints and tips of her own if you're really into fishy stories:

- **IF IT SMELLS FISHY, THROW IT BACK!** Fresh fish smells like a clean breath of the sea. A fishy odor means that a fish has been onshore more than a few hours. Don't give it house room. The flesh of just-filleted fish is as shiny as if it had been oiled. It begins to dull within a few hours of being skinned, and a three-day-old fillet is marginally acceptable for chowder and nothing else. Large whole fish (iced-down) stay fresh for a week, but once filleted they must be cooked within 24 hours. A firm-fleshed fish stays freshest the longest. Swordfish and halibut (left whole) are good for a couple of weeks. Dark flesh deteriorates quickly. If bluefish and mackerel aren't eaten within 24 hours of being caught, give them to the cat.
- **WHAT'S A SCROD?** Scrod comes from an old French word meaning shred. Today's scrod is a young fish that's been split and boned. There is scrod/cod, scrod/haddock, and scrod/pollock. To be scrod, a fish weighs between 1 to 2½ pounds. Contrary to the spelling on many Boston menus, there is no "H" in the word scrod. Once a codfish or a haddock has been skinned, its identity is lost: they taste alike. However, scrod/pollock is a different kettle of fish.
- **A CAPE COD NURSERY RHYME.** This rhyme has been passed down through generations of Cape Codders and seems especially appropriate when pan frying the first spring flounder, snapper blue or tinker mackerel of the season. It carries just enough New England conscience (known in other parts of the country as "guilt") to urge children to eat their fish: "Fishy, fishy, in the brook . . . Daddy's caught it with a hook . . . Mommy's cooked it in the pan . . . Baby must eat it like a man."

COCKTAIL CODFISH: Poach 1½ lbs. of codfish in just enough water to cover, salt, pepper, and 2 minced garlic cloves. Poach 5-8 minutes. Drain. (Reserve and freeze water for later use.) Chill fish. Arrange on shredded lettuce and serve with hot sauce on side. **SAUCE:** Mix the juice of 1 lemon, ½ C. of chili sauce, ¼ C. of sweet pickle relish, and 2 T. of horseradish. Serve with 2 T. of minced celery and 1 T. of minced onion on each plate. Serves 4.



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The Tourist Tip Test

Gadzooks! If by any chance you are a tourist visiting Provincetown, you're probably hiding in your motel room somewhere by now. On the other hand, if you're a year-round resident, you just may be laughing all the way to the bank (even some non-resident shop owners will be too!). But, sorry — this booklet isn't over with yet. This and the next couple of pages are made for you, to tap whether or not you've mastered all of the questions and answers that fly back and forth every summer about P-town, regardless if your forte is "native" status or some lesser background. When you flip the page, you'll find a series of tests and quizzes for you to try (like them or not) to see exactly what you've picked up by reading this vexing volume. Alright, all you roadside litterers out there, on with it!



QUESTION: Which Bill earned some bills for this cartoon and from whom?

ANSWER: Bill Canty of Orleans inked this rich post-season roadside scene, and he did it for THE (Provincetown) ADVOCATE some years back as a takeoff on the "keep it green" signs you sometimes see along the highways. And, as stereotypes go, this is the vision many people have about the Cape generally and Provincetown in particular: with the tourist tide of summer flooding across the bridges carrying suitcases full of money to tide the area over what usually amounts to financial rough sledding in the off season. (More likely, vacationers are bringing bags of groceries from home, not to mention a pup tent or two for the beach and/or the rest areas!) Okay, so it's not really a true picture of what goes on, but it is one measure of Cape Cod's annual "greening," especially in these fun days of Reaganomics (whatever that is) . . .

COD/HADDOCK MEUNIERE: Take 6 cod or haddock fillets that weigh about a ½ lb. each (or cut up larger fillets to equal a ½ lb. each) and dip in milk, then dredge in a mixture of ½ flour and ½ fine bread crumbs. Saute in butter, slowly, in a large skillet (use between 1 and 2 sticks of butter). Brown both sides, then remove to a warm serving dish. Add the juice of 2 lemons to the pan, raise heat, and scrape the pan to release the browned bits. Add more butter if necessary, and when golden (about 1 minute) pour over the fish. Serves 6.



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Who Is It?

Okay, here's a twin brain teaser for you to begin with — just to see how hip you are to the current arts scene in P-town. So . . . hip, hip, hip, who are they?

QUESTION: This artisan really can't hide the fact that he brings some rather unique props to center stage of P-town's fun array of performing arts, but who is it?



Margaret Ryan, THE (Provincetown) ADVOCATE

ANSWER: This is Merwyn Romeyn who played Nugget the horse in the dramatic play "Equus" by Peter Shaf-fer — staged at Town Hall on August 16-22, 1982 by the fledgling Provincetown Summer Theatre company. The Broadway hit was directed by Marshall Oglesby, who was the resident director at the old Provincetown Playhouse when it burned in 1977, and it marked the return of summer theatre to the Cape tip. "Equus" proved to live up to its award-winning history and was well received by most everyone (except for a few folks who objected to a brief appearance by one actress bare breasted).

QUESTION: This artisan has climbed to the top of his rather unique and controversial sculpturing profession, but who is it?

ANSWER: This is sculptor Jay M. Critchley sitting on top of his sand-covered 1968 Dodge Coronet 500, a piece of "performance sculpture" (?) he dubbed "Just Visiting for the Weekend." Critchley parked his creation for the summer of 1981 in the MacMillan Wharf parking lot — duly registered, insured, and with a seasonal parking sticker — to the consternation of some dubious local officials and the delight of hordes of tourists. In the spring of 1982, it was also exhibited at the Boston Museum of Transportation (complete with a Denver boot) along with still another Critchley product: a sand-covered bicycle. And, last summer the car was once again back in the municipal parking lot, this time full of sand-covered tourists and their gear. Critchley called them (of course) "the Sand family" with the parents going by the names of Ronnie and Nancy (who else?).



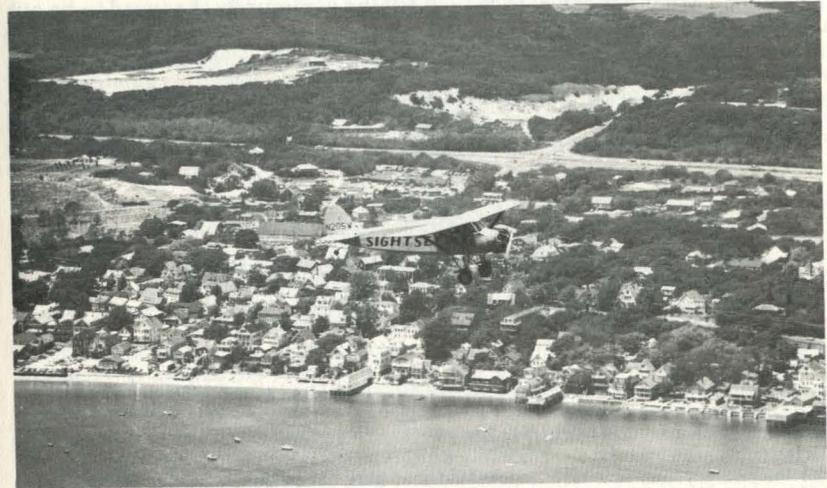
Karen Herman, THE (Provincetown) ADVOCATE

TONGUES AND CHEEKS HASH: Sprinkle 2 lbs. of tongues and cheeks with salt (liberally . . . about ½ C.) and let stand refrigerated overnight. Rinse well, then chop the tongues coarsely and quarter the cheeks. Mix with 4 boiled & diced potatoes, 1 chopped onion, and 2 T. of chopped parsley. Fry out the pork scraps (render the fat). Fry scrambled mixture in the pork fat until brown. Serves 4.

What Is It?

Now, sit back in your seat and try on this airy little quiz for size. The throttle is yours — just don't choke because the answer is upside down . . .

QUESTION: What is the name of the plane in this picture?



Kelsey Airviews (B79-624)

A sightseeing plane operated by Provincetown-Boston Airlines (PBA), the country's oldest commuter operation, flies along the P-town waterfront during one of its many daily 15-minute summer trips circling the area with tourists aboard.

ANSWER: The bright yellow plane is a 1930 Stinson Detroiter, known by its several pilots affectionately as "Willy." It is used, along with another backup aircraft (a Cherokee 6), for aerial tours of the Cape's tip and is based at the Provincetown Airport out by Race Point Beach. It has been in service since 1957, when PBA first went into the sightseeing business here, and costs \$6 for the ride per person (children under 12 can go along for \$3). And, if you decide to go aloft, make sure to take your camera along, since Willy's windows open up and you can catch some pretty nice photos if you're good — you'll make Eastman Kodak happy, at a minimum, and yourself too (unless your camera hands touch the vibrating aircraft as you're clicking away).

TONGUES AND CHEEKS: A word about codfish cheeks — if you can find them with the jawbone still attached, fry them like chicken pieces in deep fat. They're fantastic! Without the bone, they're still tasty and rival the flavor of a sea scallop (they may be substituted in any sea scallop recipe). Together with the tongues, they make a super chowder or old-fashioned hash. Before using the tongues, remove membranes and any jellied part.

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Where Is It?

Wow! You finished the entire booklet, didn't you? Just one last little towering test to brighten up your day, and then you can turn off the light and get some sleep . . .

QUESTION: What happened to the old fishing community that used to be out on the Long Point sandspit?



Cape Cod National Seashore

Long Point Light out on the very tip of the hook-like sandspit protecting P-town Harbor was once the terminus of two old Civil War batteries or forts, the remains of which are now just grassy mounds of sand and earth nearby (to the left of the Light). The two fortifications, dubbed "Fort Useless" and "Fort Ridiculous" by townsfolk, were abandoned in 1872 by the government. The current Long Point Light was constructed three years later in 1875 to replace the original structure (circa 1827) and was rebuilt during World War II. Manned for many years, it is now automated and (like Wood End Light up the spit) the first in New England to be powered by solar energy.

ANSWER: The Long Point sandspit at one time housed a tiny settlement of fishermen and their families back in the early 1800's. It came complete with a school, old saltworks and their windmills, plus some 38-odd houses and over 200 inhabitants — at its peak — and the community thrived on its proximity to near-by fishing grounds plus an abundance of lobster and shellfish as well. By the 1850's, however, most of the families had left, taking their houses with them by scow across the harbor where they were relocated primarily in the west end of town (as many a plaque by the front door will tell you). The few remaining houses were used by soldiers as temporary barracks for the twin forts built on Long Point during the Civil War. Today, the community is just a memory.

MACKEREL: Clean and split the mackerel. Place the skin side down on the broiler, brush with melted butter, and broil for 8-10 minutes. (If fillets are used, retain the skin.) It may be broiled for 2-3 minutes on the skin side and then turned. This would crisp up the skin — it isn't necessary to cook the fish since mackerel are thin enough to cook through in just a few minutes. Tinker mackerel (the 6-inch babies caught in the fall) should be gutted, beheaded, held by the tail, dipped in corn meal, and then pan fried in a mixture of oil and butter (1 minute on a side). Allow 6-8 per person.

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WHERE IT'S AT ON CAPE COD!

SPRING FLOUNDER: Allow 3 or 4 small flounder fillets per person. Heat 2 T. of oil and 2 T. of butter in a large skillet. Coat the flounder with yellow corn meal. Saute 1 minute per side in an oil and butter mixture. Serve with lemon. The delicate yellowtail flounder is perfect for this recipe, as are the spring flounders emerging from their winter homes . . . muddy river bottoms. (Hide the ketchup and mayonnaise — it's an absolute NO to put anything but a little lemon on pan-fried flounder.)

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* MAGAZINES (in stores)

The Cape Advertiser	Box 102, Brewster	896-5802
Cape Cod Compass	298 Main St., Hyannis	771-5511

SKEWERED FISH: Marinate a dozen sea scallops (or codfish cheeks) and 1 lb. of swordfish cut in 1-inch chunks (keep the skin on) in a mixture of ¼ C. of olive oil, 2 t. of lemon juice, 1 T. of chopped parsley, 2 t. of basil, 1 bay leaf, salt and pepper, plus 2 minced garlic cloves. Marinate 12-24 hours. Place the fish on skewers alternately with fresh vegetables. Baste with marinade and melted butter, then grill over charcoal. Serves 4.

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MEDITERRANEAN SWORDFISH: Place 1½ lbs. of swordfish (or halibut) in a buttered casserole dish. Top with a spicy tomato sauce and bake at 375° for 35 minutes. **SAUCE:** Brown 1 chopped onion in 2 T. of olive oil. Add medium can of Italian tomatoes, ½ C. of wine, 3 crushed garlic cloves, salt and pepper. Simmer 20 minutes. Add a dozen chopped green olives, 1 T. of chopped parsley, ¼ C. of minced celery, and 2 T. of capers. Pour over fish and bake. Serves 4.

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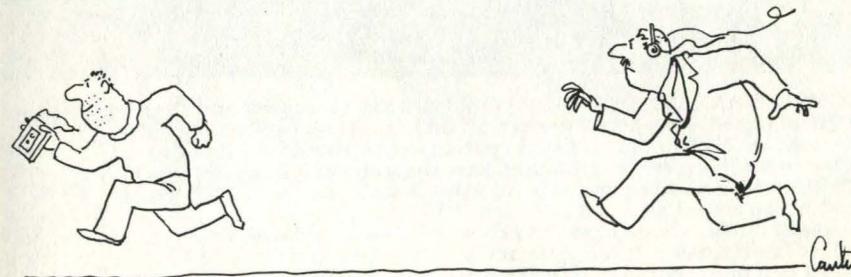
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HERBED WHITEFISH: Cut 2 lbs. of cod, pollock or hake into 1-inch pieces. Arrange in a buttered, shallow baking dish. Sprinkle the fish with ½ t. of paprika, 1 t. of minced fennel leaves (or chervil), 1 t. of minced parsley, and ¼ t. of thyme. Mix 2 T. of melted butter, 1 T. of lemon juice, and ½ C. of white wine. Pour over fish. Bake at 375° for 15 minutes. Serves 6.



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BOUILLABAISSE: Saute 1 C. of chopped onions and 4 chopped whole scallions in ½ C. of olive oil. Add 6 cloves of minced garlic and 2 lbs. of Italian tomatoes. Simmer 5 minutes. Add ½ C. of chopped parsley, 1 bay leaf, ½ t. of thyme, ⅛ t. of fennel, a large pinch of saffron, and ½ a sliced lemon, then stir. On top of this place 3 or 4 lbs. of fish fillets (cod, flounder, and/or haddock) plus 4 dozen shellfish (mussels and littlenecks). Crab, shrimp, and lobster may be added if desired. Then add 2½ qts. of fish stock ... enough to cover the shellfish. Cover and bring to a boil. Simmer 15 minutes. Serve in bowls with fresh parsley over the top. Serves 8-10.



Wood End Light, Provincetown, Mass.

TONGUES AND CHEEKS CHOWDER: Two lbs. of tongues and cheeks (substitute 2 lbs. of mixed, scrap fish if preferred). Boil 4 potatoes and reserve the water. Poach the tongues and cheeks (or fish) in potato water (about 2 C.) that has ½ C. of white wine added. Poach for 2-3 minutes. Save the water and fish meat in separate bowls. (If fish was used, bone and skin it.) Saute 4 scallions (including stems) in 4-5 T. of butter and 2 T. of chopped salt pork. Add flour to make roux. Add potato & wine water to make veloute base. Add chopped potatoes, flaked fish, salt, pepper, and 1 T. of fresh parsley. It can be frozen at this point. To serve, add 1 C. of light cream and 1 can of evaporated milk. Thin with regular milk if desired. Serves 6.

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FISH RAREBIT: Place 2 lbs. of haddock or cod fillets in a buttered baking dish.
CHEESE SAUCE: Melt 2 T. of butter and blend with 2 T. of flour. Add 1 C. of milk, ¼ t. of dry mustard, 1 t. of Worcestershire sauce, a dash of Tabasco, salt and pepper, plus a ½ lb. of grated sharp cheese. Pour the cheese sauce over the fish and bake at 400° for 20 minutes. Serves 4.



BUY IT! FRAME IT! TREASURE IT!

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E. R. Lilley Photography	500 Main St. (Rte. 28), Harwich Port.	432-2266

BAKED STUFFED BASS: If you're lucky enough to beg, borrow or steal a whole bass, stuff it, and then either grill it over charcoal or bake it in the oven. Remove the backbone of an 8-10 lb. bass from the back with a fillet knife, being careful not to sever the tail (and head, if desired). While it's easier to stuff a whole fish in the front cavity, if it's boned and stuffed from the back it cooks more evenly and makes carving a breeze. After stuffing it, tie the fish together with butchers' string or punch holes with an ice pick in the skin and lace up the opening. **STUFFING:** Mix 2 C. of crabmeat, 2 C. of bread crumbs, 4 crumbled strips of cooked bacon, ½ a chopped pepper, 3 chopped scallions, 1 minced garlic clove, 1 stick of melted butter, 2 eggs, 2 T. of sherry, a pinch of dry mustard, 1 t. of Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, and enough white wine to hold it together. If grilling the bass, rub it generously with oil and use a covered grill (it takes about 1½ hours). If baking the bass, layer it with strips of salt pork and bake for 1 hour at 350°. (Fish should be moist yet opaque white all the way through.) Serves 10-12.



POLLOCK PIE: Make crusts for pie. Line plate with bottom crust. Fill with 1 lb. of cut-up pollock and ¼ lb. of cut-up ham. Saute 2 chopped scallions and ½ lb. of sliced mushrooms in 4 T. of butter. Add flour to make roux; add 1 C. of fish stock and 1 C. of light cream to make bechamel. Salt and pepper to taste, then let it cool slightly. Cover the fish and ham with sauce. Seal with top crust. Bake at 375° for 20-30 minutes or until crust is brown. Serves 6.

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Bird Watcher's General Store	37 Rte. 6A, Orleans.	255-6974
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Orleans Bowling Center	Rte. 6A, Orleans.	255-0636
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Thornton W. Burgess Museum	4 Water St. (Rte. 130), Sandwich.	888-4668
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Green Briar Nature Center & Jam Kitchen	Jct. of Rte. 6A & Discovery Hill Rd., E. Sandwich.	888-6870
Pilgrim Monument & Provincetown Museum	High Pole Hill Rd, Provincetown.	487-1310
Yesteryears Doll & Miniature Museum	Jct. of Main & River Sts., Sandwich	888-1711

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Wellfleet Marine Corp.	Town Pier, Wellfleet.	349-2233

SURFING

Cinnamon Rainbows Surf Co.	Rte. 6A, Orleans.	255-5832
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TRAVEL AGENCIES

Eastham Travel Agency	83 Old Colony Way, Orleans.	255-1080
Timbuktu Travel Agency	Cove Rd., Orleans.	255-5737

COD STEAKS AMANDINE: Dip 6 codfish steaks (cut crossways with the backbone in the center) in milk, then in an equal amount of flour and fine bread crumbs mixed. Saute in 1½ sticks of melted butter. Remove to a heated dish. Add the juice of 2 lemons to the pan, raise heat, and add ¼ lb. of slivered almonds. Stir in the pan for 1 minute. Pour over codfish steaks. Serves 6.

FEED IT!

BAKERIES/COFFEE SHOPS

The Brown Bag Bakery	Jct. of Old Colony Way & West Rd., Orleans	255-8144
Fleming's Donut Shack & Bakery	Rte. 6, N. Eastham	255-6551
Merrihew's Bakery & Coffee Shop	Rte. 6A, Orleans	255-1688

BUTCHER SHOP

Uncle Ben's Meats & Deli	Brackett Rd., N. Eastham	255-8140
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FISH MARKETS

Boathouse Fish Market	Holbrook Ave., Wellfleet	349-7377
Capt'n Elmer's Seafood Market	Old Colony Way, Orleans	255-7221
Friendly Fishermen's Fish Market	Rte. 6, N. Eastham	255-3009
Harbor Freeze Seafood Market	On the Town Pier, Wellfleet	349-9611
Nauset Fish & Lobster Pool	Rte. 6A, Orleans	255-1019

GOURMET FOODS/WINES & CHEESES

Le Gourmet	Watsons' Parking Lot, Rte. 6A, Orleans	255-6110
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GROCERY MARKETS/VARIETY STORES

The Landing	Campground Rd., N. Eastham	255-4155
Village Green General Store	Village Green, Jct. of Rte. 6 & Brackett Rd., N. Eastham	255-8455
Vista View Market	Rte. 6, Eastham	255-4824

NATURAL & HEALTH FOODS

Swedelund's Chatham Village Store	High Wheeler Sq., 597 Main St., Chatham	945-9032
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RESTAURANTS/TAVERNS

Arnold's Lobster & Clam Bar	Rte. 6, Eastham	255-2575
Bayside Lobster Hutt	Commercial St., Wellfleet	
Bob's Sub N' Cone	Rte. 6, S. Wellfleet	349-3784
Bookstore & Restaurant	Mayo Beach Kendrick Ave., Wellfleet	349-3154
The Brown Bag	Jct. of Old Colony Way & West Rd., Orleans	255-4431
Capt'n Elmer's Seafood Restaurant	Old Colony Way, Orleans	255-3350
Captain Higgins Seafood Restaurant	Town Pier, Wellfleet	349-6027
The Cleaver	Rte. 28, Orleans	255-4860
Colonial House Inn	Rte. 6A, Yarmouth Port	362-4348
Eastham Lobster Pool & Fish Market	Rte. 6, N. Eastham	255-9706
Friendly Fishermen's Fish Market	Rte. 6, N. Eastham	255-3009
Happy Days Soda Shop & Candy Store	Commercial St., Wellfleet	349-2661
Laurino's Cape Cod Village	Rte. 6A, E. Brewster	896-3714
The Lighthouse	Main St., Wellfleet	349-3681
The Lobster Claw	Rte. 6A, Orleans	255-1800
The Pancake Maid Restaurant	Rte. 6A, Orleans	
The Pilgrim's Kitchen	Rte. 6, Eastham	255-4318
Poit's Family Seafood Restaurant	Rte. 6, N. Eastham	255-4981
Poolside Restaurant/ Town Crier Motel	Rte. 6, N. Eastham	255-4000
Rookie's/The Family Restaurant	Rte. 6, S. Wellfleet	349-2688
Serena's Restaurant	Rte. 6, S. Wellfleet	349-9370
Van Rensselaer's	Rte. 6, S. Wellfleet	349-2127
Wellfleet Seafood Restaurant	Rte. 6, Wellfleet	349-9373
The Yardarm	Rte. 28, Orleans	255-4840
Yum Yum Tree	Rte. 6, Wellfleet	349-9468

MAKE IT LOOK GOOD!

CLOTHING

Beth Bishop	Jct. of Main St. & Rte. 28, Orleans	255-0642
Elite Repeat Consignments	14 Cove Rd., Orleans	255-1824
Head & Foot Shop	464 Main St., Chatham	945-9019
	585 Main St., Hyannis	778-6202
	42 Main St., Orleans	255-1281
	353 Commercial St., Provincetown	487-3683
Simply Lace	Jct. of Rtes. 6A & 28, Orleans	255-2846
That Something Extra	52-54 Main St., Orleans	255-2815
Twice As Nice (Women's Sizes 14½-54)	Rte. 28, S. Orleans	255-6981

DRY CLEANING/REPAIRS & ALTERATIONS

Hopkins Cleaners	24 Rte. 6A, Orleans	255-0163
	304 Rte. 28, N. Chatham	945-1937
	Conwell St., Provincetown	487-0949
Rose's Dry Cleaning Shop	Hilltop Shopping Plaza, Rte 6A, Orleans	255-6060

HAIR CARE/BARBER & BEAUTY SHOPS

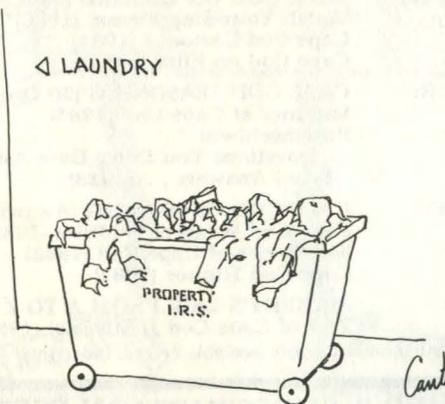
The Hair And I	14 Cove Rd., Orleans	255-6606
M.C.'s Hair-Care Unlimited	Rte. 6A, Brewster	896-5600
	5 Old Colony Way, Orleans	255-0374
Shearlocks Unisex Hair Styling	Jct. of Rtes. 6A & 28, Orleans	255-5761

JEWELERS/JEWELRY

Stephen Gallant Jewelers	Jct. of Rtes. 6A & 28, Orleans	255-2944
Tree's	Jct. of Rtes. 6A & 28, Orleans	255-1330

NEEDLEWORK & YARNS/NEEDLEPOINT, CREWEL & KNITTING

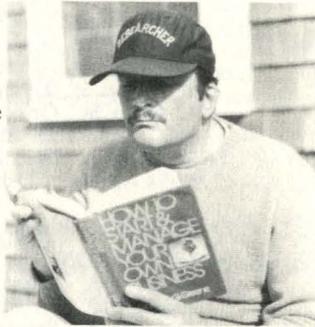
House of Yarns	115A Rte. 6A, Orleans	255-4598
Peggy's Yarn Shop	Rte. 6, Wellfleet	349-2221
Seascape House of Cape Cod	Rte 6, N. Eastham	255-5548
Town-Ho Antiques & Needlework	Jct. of Rtes 6A & 124, Brewster	896-3000



CALDEIRADA ALGARVIA (ALGARVE FISH STEW): Cut 4 lbs. of assorted fish into small portions. (Use cod, hake, ocean catfish, flounder, and/or mackerel.) Sprinkle salt on the fish and let sit. In a deep casserole dish, saute 3 sliced onions in 6 T. of olive oil. Add 6 crushed garlic cloves, 2 T. of parsley, 1 bay leaf, 2¼ lbs. of peeled and seeded tomatoes, plus ½ T. of vinegar. Simmer for 10 minutes. Add 1 C. of fish stock, salt, pepper, a pinch of nutmeg, and 1 chopped chili pepper. Simmer 15 minutes. Arrange the fish and slices of 3 green peppers in the sauce (with the fish that cooks fastest on top). Pour 1 T. of melted butter on top. Put in the oven at 350° for 15 minutes. Serves 8.

If you enjoyed this little booklet, why not try some more?

Here's the author,
Noel W. Beyle, doing some
research on the Cape Cod
summer scene
in Provincetown . . .



Al Flint

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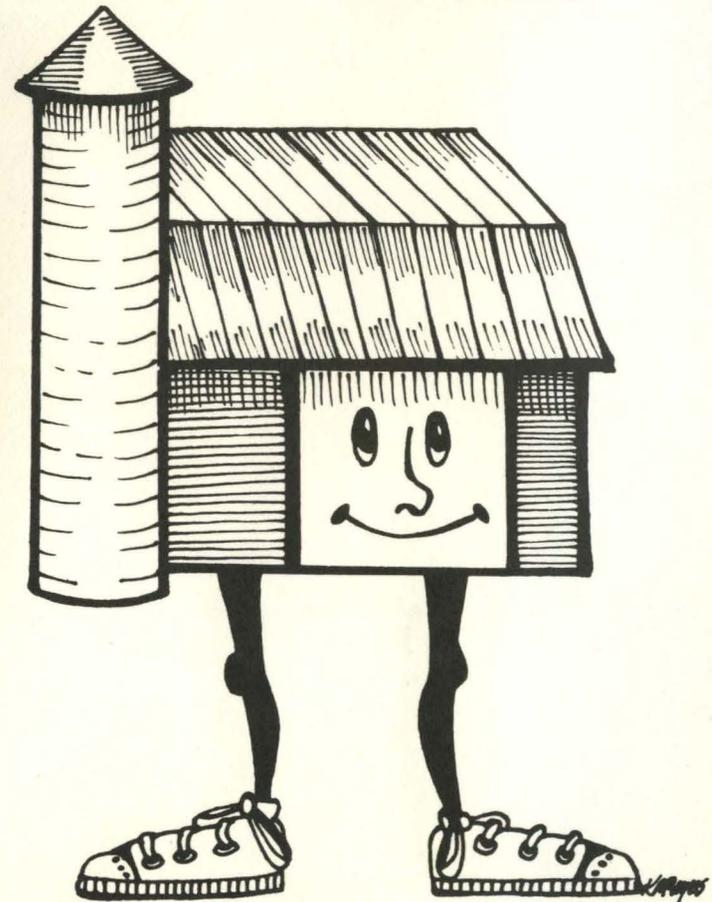
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