Fig. 1. Beach homes and rentals at Provincetown, August 2004. Housing costs in Provincetown have sky-rocketed in recent years, squeezing poorer segments of the town's population, particularly artists, writers, and long-established families with Portuguese and Yankee roots. (Wolfe)

Fig. 2. Recreational vehicles and fishing boats camped on the beach near the western group of dune shacks, August 2004. The Cape Cod National Seashore issued sand permits allowing beach use by vehicles. The "beach buggies" and surf-casters, who are users of recreational beach vehicles, comprised a social group distinct from dune shack society. (Wolfe)

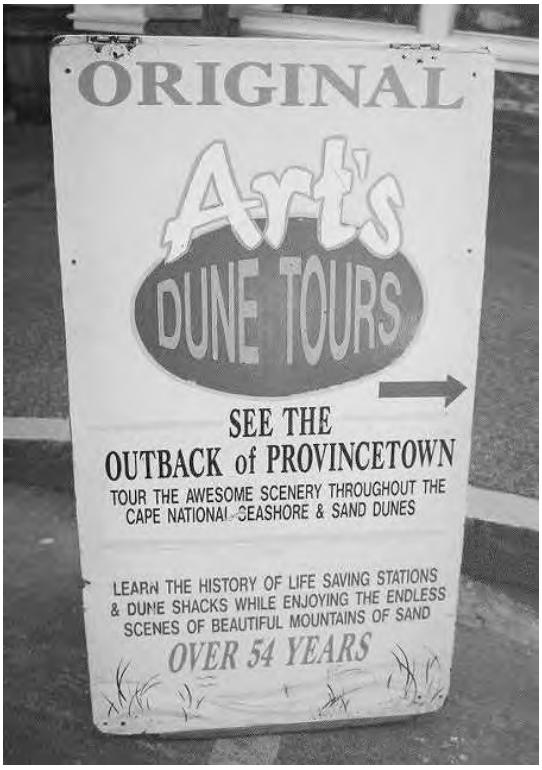


Fig. 3. *(Right)* A billboard advertising Art's Dune Tours in Provincetown, August 2004. The dune shacks were promoted as dune sights, as well as the "awesome scenery" and "the history of life saving stations." While valuing their privacy, dune shack residents appeared to be tolerant of taxi tours, operated by a Provincetown family with long, friendly relations with dune residents. The taxis drove near the shacks in the central group and allowed tourists to photograph from vantage points, but did not stop at or visit the shacks. (Wolfe)

Fig. 4. *(Below)* An interpretive sign of the Cape Cod National Seashore near Nauset Beach at Eastham, August 2004. Henry Beston occupied a dune cottage in 1927 at Nauset Marsh, publishing a year's observations in *The Outermost House*, "a classic chronicle of the rhythms of nature on the outer Cape" according to the display marker. His shack was lost to a storm in 1978. Some dune shacks in the central group predate Beston's stay at Nauset Beach by several years. Eugene O'Neill used the old Peaked Hill station from 1919-24. Beston was counted as a compatriot by some dune shack residents, as he lived on the dunes in a simple shack making few impacts on the natural systems of the outer beach. (Wolfe)

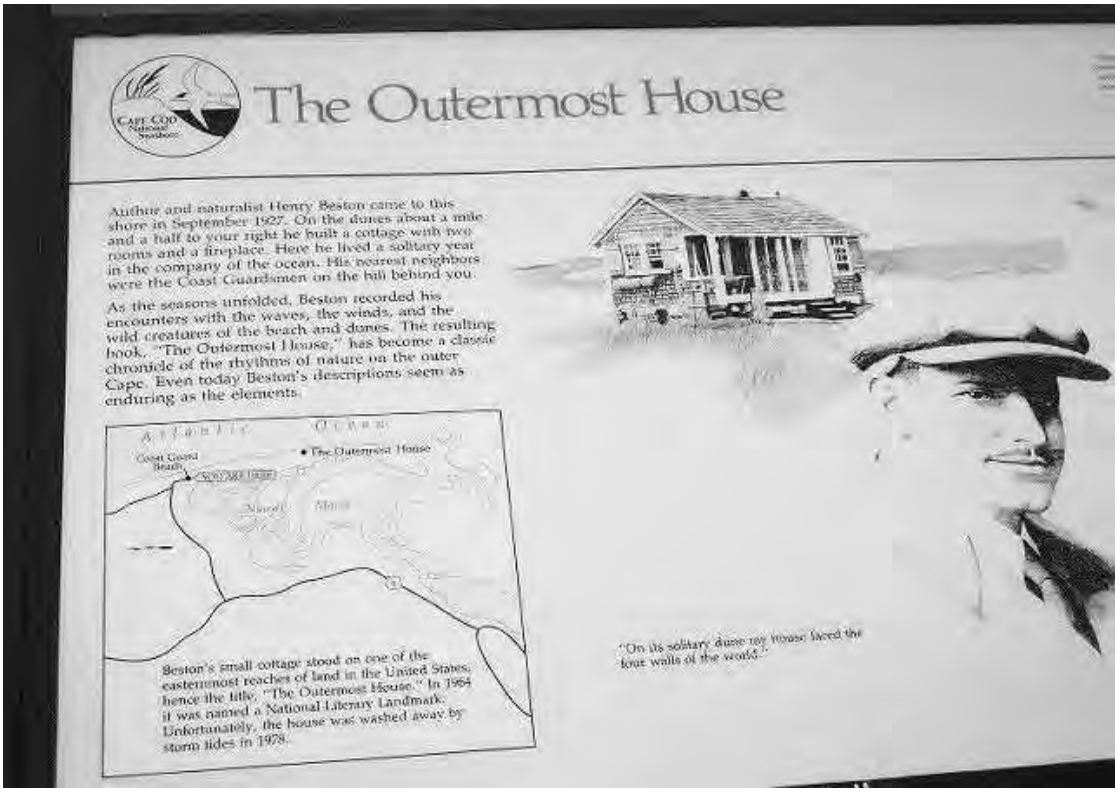


Fig. 5. Paul Tasha beside Charlies' Patch on the dunes, August 2004. Tasha, a dune shack resident, called this woodland "Charlies' Patch," after Charlie Schmid's nearby shack. Formerly a salt run between dune ridges, the valley contained small scrub oaks, pitch pines, beach plums, rosehips, and berries (hog cranberry, true cranberry, blueberry, shadbush, and huckleberry), supporting deer and other wildlife, according to Tasha. A jeep trail passes through the patch toward the Armstrong shack in the eastern group. (Wolfe)

Fig. 6. Dune trail through a "blowout" along old Snail Road, looking north to the central group of shacks and the Atlantic Ocean, August 2004. The oldest dune residents remember this route as a plank-lined road for horse-drawn wagons and motor vehicles, connecting Provincetown with the coast guard station and its shacks. Now it is a footpath to the dunes. Blowouts are bowls in the dunes created by wind, sometimes related to foot traffic. (Wolfe)

Fig. 7. Two families and three generations of dune residents at the Champlin shack, August 2004 (l to r): Nathaniel Champlin (Nat), Mildred Champlin, Maia Champlin Peck, Andrea Champlin, Katherine Peck, Paul Champlin, Tracy Champlin, Sarah Peck, Sally Adams, Marcia Adams, and David Adams. The two families occupied neighboring shacks in the western group, using the dunes since 1948. Tracy Champlin was a "beach buggy girl" who married into dune shack society. For these two extended families, the family shacks were consistent gathering places, focal points for relatives and friends. (Wolfe)

Fig 8. Genevieve Martin at her Provincetown home, August 2004. A schoolteacher and long-time shack user, Martin was one of several people who helped Hazel Hawthorne Werner care for her two shacks in the central group. She currently was serving on the board of Peaked Hill Trust. (Wolfe)

Fig. 9. *(Right)* Family and friends at the Fowler shack in the central group, August 2004 (back l to r): Peter Clemons, Ray Carpenter, David Forest Thompson, Marianne Benson, and David Andrew Clemons; (front l to r): Thomas John Clemons and Harry Upsahl. The shack's head, 95-year-old Laura Fowler, lived in Florida, but when she left the dunes in 1991, she asked her neighbors, Peter Clemons and Marianne Benson, to care for and use the shack. (Wolfe)

Fig 10. *(Below)* Jay Critchley, a conceptual artist, emerging from the septic tank of his Provincetown house, August 2004. Critchley headed the Provincetown Community Compact, the non-profit organization with oversight of the C-Scape shack, used for community residence and artist-in-residence programs. The septic tank figured in Critchley's proposal for low-cost underground housing for poor artists in response to exorbitant housing costs in Provincetown that threatened its art colony. (Wolfe)

Fig.11. *(Above)* Family and friends at the Armstrong shack, the eastern group, September 2004 (l to r): Richard Arenstrup, John Cheetham, Janet Armstrong, David G. Armstrong, and Constance Armstrong. Originally at the site of a half-way house on the lifesaver's walking route, the cottage was moved by the Armstrongs to a more inland dune called "Old Baldy" to save it from being lost to ocean storms and barrier dune erosion. The Armstrongs were the only remaining family of what used to be an eastern group of shacks. (Wolfe)

Fig. 12 *(Right)* Julie Schecter at her Provincetown studio, August 2004. Schecter, an early leader in Peaked Hill Trust, spearheaded a grass-roots effort to protect shacks with historic place designations. (Wolfe)

Fig. 13. *(Above)* Laurie Schecter and Gary Isaacson at the Isaacson-Schecter shack, central group, August 2004. With volunteers and small-scale technology, they lifted their shack onto tall vertical supports like that shown between them, freeing it from its burial place inside a growing barrier dune. Because of the fluid dune system, shacks must be repositioned every few decades. (Wolfe)

Fig. 14. *(Right)* Irene Briga's 50th birthday gift, an outhouse door autographed by dune shack enthusiasts, at her Provincetown home, August 2004. Briga, a whale naturalist and video-grapher, has been a long-term user of dune shacks, also serving as a shack caretaker and board member with Peaked Hill Trust. (Wolfe)

Fig. 15. *(Above)* Zara and Samuel Jackson standing above what was once a tall oak, now nearly buried by sand, August 2004. Zara Jackson, a dune resident in the central group of shacks since 1929, has observed changes in the dunes and its woodlands for 75 years. (Wolfe)

Fig. 16. *(Right)* Scott and Marsha Dunn at the Dunn shack in the central group, August 2004. During shack renovations, the Dunns discovered the ashes of a former resident beneath the shack. Requesting their ashes be placed on the dunes has been a common practice among long-term dune residents, signifying special connections with the dunes continuing even after a resident's death. (Wolfe)

Fig. 17. Four friends at the Tasha shack, central group, August 2004 (l to r): Theo Cozzi Poulin, Kathie Joseph Meads, Maureen Joseph Hurst, and Susan Leonard. From Portuguese and old Yankee families, Meads, Hurst, and Leonard have long roots at Provincetown. Poulin's parents came to Provincetown as artists. As small children, the four were schooled at the shack by Sunny Tasha. They have continued to use it as close friends of the Tasha family. (Wolfe)

Fig. 18. *(Right)* Lawrence Schuster at his shack, central group, August 2004. Schuster has been a year-round dune resident for 22 years. During WW II, the Navy used the shack for coast watch and torpedo testing, making substandard shack modifications that Schuster is still correcting, he said. Because of the encroaching barrier dune, he said his shack probably will need to be lifted in upcoming years.

Fig. 19. *(Above)* The Champlin shack (also called "Mission Bell") in the western group, August 2004. The Champlins acquired the cottage in 1953 from Domimic Avila, a Provincetown carpenter, who built it as a place for parties and fishing about 1934. Almost lost in the "Perfect Storm" of 1978, the cottage was saved and moved inland. One of the more elaborate shacks, the cottage was originally built with an electrical generator, now replaced with solar panels. (Wolfe)

Fig. 20. *(Right)* Paul Tasha at the Tasha shack, central group, August 2004. Originally the chicken coop of the old coast guard station, the shack was the dune home of the poet, Harry Kemp. He gave it to Sunny Tasha and her family. The smallest of the dune shacks, it rests on log skids that can be jacked up or moved to adapt to the shifting landscape. (Wolfe)

Fig. 21. The Clemons-Benson shack in the central group, August 2004. Originally built in the late 1920s by Raymond Brown near the Peaked Hill station, it was moved inland to protect it from storms. Subsequently it has housed Al and Doey Fearing, then Andy Fuller and Grace Bessay, and currently, the family of Peter Clemons and Marianne Benson. The sand fences, salt roses, and grass help to stabilize the dune against wind erosion. Strategic placement of fences and plants in this way was a common practice of shack dwellers to protect shacks. (Wolfe)

Fig. 22. *(Right)* David Andrew Clemons, a resident of the Clemons-Benson shack, at a place on the dunes he used for solitary reflection, August 2004. Clemons has grown up spending summers on the dunes. (Wolfe)

Fig. 23. Dawn Zimiles, an artist, points to sand writing on a panel created by her great uncle, Boris Margo, at the family house in Provincetown, August 2004. Three generations of artists in her family line has found inspiration at the Gelb-Margo-Zimiles shack. The dunes commonly find expression as subjects or materials in works by dune artists, such as in this sand panel. (Wolfe)

Fig. 24. A tiny frog and toad pond formed by dune taxi traffic. To protect polliwogs, Paul Tasha, a dune resident, placed concrete debris in the pond, taken from the nearby coast guard station site. Rocks this size are rare on the dunes. This type of cultural site probably would go unnoticed by a newcomer to the dunes, unless pointed out by dune residents. (Wolfe)

Chapter 4. Social Formation

As described in Chapters 2 and 3, dune shack society was built of kinship groups and friendship networks whose members occasionally banded together in associations or nonprofit organizations. This chapter details the dynamic aspects of this society, particularly how people entered and left, and how kinship groups commonly have changed over time. Among the tens of thousands of people who have personally experienced the dunes of the lower cape, only a small number wind up residing in shacks. Of those gaining connections to shacks, only some come to make long-term commitments to the dunes and shacks, joining with the core of the society.

This chapter discusses the formation and reproduction of dune shack society. It illustrates the social processes with examples from selected dune shack residents and families. It identifies a kind of conversion experience in the stories told by some shack residents about their first encounters with the dunes. The chapter shows that shack use patterns change over time with the maturational cycles of family groups. And it describes how shacks sometime become viewed as symbolic centers for families.

Gateways into Shacks: The Case of the Jackson Shack

The history of Zara Jackson's family contains examples of all access routes into dune society – kinship links, friendships, and shack acquisitions. Her case provides a more detailed picture of these dynamic social processes. This extended family has lived on the dunes from 1926 to the present, some 78 years, including four generations from Zara Jackson's mother through Zara's grandchildren.

Alice Malkin was the first to acquire the shack as an art student. She first came to Provincetown in 1926 to study art at the summer classes offered by Charles Hawthorne, the American impressionist painter who taught at the National Academy in New York and at Provincetown. During our interview, Zara showed to me family photos of Charles Hawthorne's *en plein air* painting classes attended by her mother. "He was an excellent teacher, he was revered here," said Zara. "My mother came here, really, because she loved painting, and once she saw the dunes, she was smitten." Charles Rogers, the town clerk, built the cottage in 1917. He had some difficulties in the town, according to Zara. He sold the cottage to Alice Malkin through a third party, the deed dated in 1926. That was the family's entrance into dune shack society, at that time a collection of coastguards, writers, artists, and fishers. The shack became known as Malkin's shack.

Zara was born two years earlier in 1924. Her mother brought her young daughter to the dunes in 1929. As Alice Malkin sat on the beach sketching, Zara played nearby with other children. Zara showed me a series of black-and-white photographs of herself as a young child, brown as a nut, playing on the sands by her family's shack. The medical advice at that time was that full sun during summer helped to keep a child healthy the rest of the year. Zara's mother believed this. Alice Malkin had Joe Morris, chief mate at the neighboring coast guard station, build a frame with rings and a trapeze. There are pictures of Zara swinging on it. The family wintered in New York and New Jersey. She and her family came out after school finished in June and stayed until early September, about Labor Day, when school resumed. Alice Malkin was not employed at that time, so she was free to do this. "My mother had the privilege of coming up," said Zara. Until she was eighteen, Zara remembers spending every one of her

summers living on the dunes at the cottage. So Zara was born into a shack society. She cannot remember a childhood separate from the dunes. Her father made brief visits. He was a pharmacist and couldn't take off much time. Ray Wells, Zara's half sister, also spent time on the dunes in her own shack. Alice Malkin was Zara Jackson's father's second marriage. Ray Wells, older than Zara, lived in California some of the time that Zara Jackson grew up on the dunes.

Alice Malkin died in 1943 when Zara was nineteen. At twenty, Zara worked in Provincetown to support herself, saving money for college the rest of the year. She rented the shack out to others for a while. Zara married in 1950, bringing her husband, Irving Ofsevit, to the shack that first year. In this way, Irving became a part of dune shack society through marriage, and the shack became known as Ofsevit's shack. In 1953 Zara spent six weeks at the shack with her first daughter, Lissie, who was about a year old. Like Zara, Lissie was born into shack society. "She learned to walk out here," recalled Zara fondly. Cloth diapers were cleaned on a washboard. As a young family, Zara came with her family for two weeks at a time, as that was what her husband could do, and not every summer, as they sometimes went other places. When her own children married, they followed a similar pattern. They came out with their small children, Alice Malkin's great-grandchildren. They came with two kids each, sleeping on the floor. Zara's daughter and oldest son, both with children, took time most years. Her other son in San Francisco came out more occasionally. The oldest of this fourth generation are now college-aged. Irving Ofsevit died in 1987, and Zara remarried. Zara continued to come to the shack with her second husband, Samuel Jackson. By my naming system, the shack now may be called the Jackson shack, but others still knew it by previous names.

Zara's pattern of use presented times when the shack was unused by the family. Frequently, Ray Wells and Nicky Wells, Zara's half-sister and brother-in-law, arranged for other people to stay in the shack during those times. Typically, these other shack residents were personally known, connected to the Wells family through the art community in Provincetown. The artists and writers accessed the shack through personal invitation, another common route of entry into dune shack society. Nominal rents were sometimes charged, and occupants also paid for their stays by shack upkeep. Shack residents have included Harry Kemp, the poet, Frank Milby, a Provincetown painter, Barbara Baker, former director of Castle Hill, Truro Center for the Arts, and Joyce Johnson, founder of Castle Hill. For some in shack society, the shack was known by the names of these invited residents, variously named Milby's shack, Barbara's shack, or Joyce's shack, rather than by names from Zara Jackson's extended family. The names reflect the shack's dual pattern of use as a long-term, seasonal residence for a multi-generational family, and at the same time, a summer abode for invited friends connected to the fine arts colony in Provincetown.

Finding Shacks as an Invited Friend: Irene Briga

A case example of entry into dune shack society through personal invitation is illustrated with Irene Briga, a resident of Provincetown and a dune shack user for twenty-three years. Irene Briga recounted how she came to live in shacks. She was introduced by a friend to one of Hazel Werner's shacks (Thalassa), and then came to live and use a variety of shacks, including a year in the Gelb-Margo-Zimiles shack. She described how she became connected.

> Briga: First it was through Genevieve [Martin]. She was living out there with her daughter and her friend Jerry. She invited me out there. I was very depressed to move here from Woods Hole. My partner at the time was asked to come to the Center for Coastal Studies, so that's why we moved here. Provincetown was really crazy in the summer. I found this place [in the dunes] that was incredible so that I could get away from the scene

here. Quite honestly, the dunes got me out of that depression. I found that there was a place to get away, the dune shack Thalassa where Genevieve was staying… Thalassa was an escape for me at the time.

Then I met all of these other dune people. I'm an outdoors person. I also need solitude. I met Hazel Hawthorne [Werner]. I would help her clean the cottages and get them ready, working with people like Genevieve, and oh, loads of people. There's a list that goes on forever. Hazel owned Thalassa and Euphoria. So I had this connection with these little shacks. Whenever I needed to get away I'd come up through that little wooded area and go up to the big dune and here I would have this horizon of shacks and I would see Euphoria.

Genevieve introduced me to the shacks through Thalassa. But then I saw all the other shacks, and I saw this one that was just sitting there… just like nobody was using it – Boris's shack. I got to have that for a whole summer. Boris [Margo] was the owner. He was an artist here. Jan Gelb was his wife, though I didn't know her [she was deceased]. I befriended him a little bit, not too much because he died within two years. But his shack had just been sitting out there. It's right next to the Tasha shack. No one was using it. It was falling apart. There were mice in there. It was a mess… And so I said, can't we, can we use it? I asked if we could use it. And he said sure, no one's using it. I walked out with Pierre, a friend of mine who has since died. We had the screens [for repairs] and everything. We went out there and we were so happy to have a little place to be. I just made it available to whoever wanted to come and spend the night. And someone left me a little note, someone staying at the Kemp shack. They said, "It's really nice to see how you brought the shack back to the way it was." This is before Peaked Hill Trust.

Wolfe: So Boris said it was empty and just offered it to you?
Briga: Yeah**.**
Wolfe: Were you a starving artist at that time? Why did you want to stay in that shack?
Briga: Because I really didn't want to leave my community in Woods Hole. I was very much part of it. It was my first year in Provincetown. And I found a place that I fell in love with. It helped me to cope with the move of my home and from my community in Woods Hole… I've stayed in almost every single shack. I used to go out there all the time.

Then Peaked Hill Trust came into the picture. Barbara Mayo [a founder] was a good friend of mine. I stayed at her house when David and I first came to Provincetown from Woods Hole. When Peaked Hill came, it was like, oh, now we're going to have [a lottery]. In nine years, I've only won the lottery once. My brother, sister-in-law, and kids have won twice. So that's great. They live in Connecticut. I introduced them to the dune shacks. My nephew was just there. He's just going into high school. They call him "shack boy." They'd even like him to be a caretaker, because he helped carry the equipment to the other shacks and everything.

Wolfe: How often do you get out on the dunes?
Briga: As often as I can. I can't stay in a shack now. My dad's been sick. I used to go everyday. Now, when I'm here I would say I go twice a week. It's just my sanity to run out there.

In this account, Briga credits the introduction to the dune shacks to another dune shack resident, Genevieve Martin, who was staying at the Thalassa shack with her daughter. It was this

personal invitation that connected her to the dunes. She became a shack resident herself when Boris Margo allowed her to stay in his shack for a year. Since then, Briga said she has stayed in almost every shack at one time or another, while taking almost daily visits to the dunes. During this time, Briga met "all these other dune people," others dune shack users who predated her, including Hazel Werner and Barbara Mayo, "loads of people, the list goes on and on." Briga increased the shack society by introducing her own brother, sister-in-law, and nephew to the lottery system. Her nephew received an affectionate nickname ("shack boy") within Briga's group of friends. During this whole time, Briga never owned a shack. But she has stayed in shacks through the network of dune shack residents and friends. In recent years she has worked to maintain shacks managed through the Peaked Hills Trust. This also gives her some time in shacks as compensation, even though she has never been granted shack time through the organization's lottery.

Conversion and Commitment in First Encounter Stories

The dune shacks are commonly perceived as special places by dune residents. Their experiences at the dune shacks are perceived as special events in their personal and social lives, set apart from the greater society, engendering strong attachments to the dune district, contributing to a person's identity, and substantially influencing choices about the course of a person's life. The dune shacks have been life-changing places for these residents.

That contact with the dunes is a life-changing event for some individuals is shown in *first-encounter stories*. These are accounts told by some shack residents about discovering the dunes and the dune shacks. In the stories, it's possible to learn about the circumstances of a person's first discovery and the person's motivation to commit to the dunes, the shacks, and the dune residents.

The *first-encounter story* told by David Thompson is a story of love-at-first-sight. He recounted the event to several listeners (Peter Clemons, Marianne Benson, David Clemons, and me) at the Fowler shack. David Thompson lived in Boston and Provincetown when he first discovered the dune shacks. It was an irresistible encounter. He was captured emotionally by the dunes, like falling enthralled under a spell. The encounter was life-changing, propelling him into dunes, personally committed to preserving the dune shacks. He began his story by describing how he was a "late-comer" into dune shack society:

> I'm a late-comer. I've only been coming out here since 1996. And the way that I feel about coming out here in such a short period of time, I can only imagine the history that you have had [speaking to Marianne Benson and Peter Clemons], being out here for all this time. I came out here for the first time in 1996 and it's a story that basically changed the way I looked at everything to do with my life. Honestly, it changed everything.
>
> I came out with a guest of somebody who was staying at Thalassa. It was on a Sunday afternoon. A group of us came out to visit her. She was in a shack. We spent the whole day. It was a beautiful day. And at the end of the day we all had to leave to go back, except that I was off [work] the next day. So Debbie said to me, "If you'd like to come back tomorrow morning to see the sunrise, feel free." So I went back into Provincetown.
>
> All of our friends left. I was sitting [at home]. It was eight thirty. It was a full moon. I was sitting at the kitchen table and I thought *[agitated],* 'I can't wait until tomorrow! I have to go back!' I told my friend Richard. He said, "What are you going to do?" I said, "I have to

> go!" *[The narrator speaks rushed, as if late for a train.]* I got on my bicycle. I went to Clem and Ursy's. I got two boiled lobsters. I went and got a bottle of wine. I rode my bike from Shank Painter Road down Route 6 to Snail Road. I locked my bike to a tree. By now it's nine o'clock, under a full moon. And I hoofed it across the dunes with two lobsters and a bottle of wine in my backpack and a little Styrofoam container of drawn butter. I get to the dunes. I get to the base of Thalassa. And I just went… *[loudly whistles]*. And I hear a laugh like only Debbie can laugh and a screen door slam.
>
> I came up over the dune. I don't know if you've been to Thalassa yet, but there's this one window with a table that looks out at the ocean. She had brought out a white tablecloth. She had these oil lamps. She was sitting writing in her journal. And the moon cast this blue glow on the shingles of the roof, and an orange glow from the lanterns onto the sand. I said, "I just couldn't wait until tomorrow to come back!" And she said, "I was just looking out at the ocean thinking, 'All that seafood – I wish I had some!'" And I took the two lobsters out of my backpack at that moment.
>
> So we had a good time. We sat and we had lobster and we had our wine, and we sat on the edge of the dune. I slept on the floor of the shack that night and got up the next morning. That's when I met Peter [Clemons] out on the beach, the very next day on Monday. I was taking photographs of my shadow in the sand. Peter was sitting on a dune having his morning coffee and I must have looked like I was crazy, just dancing around. I was just jumping around because I thought I was all alone and just trying to be as creative as I could. And the next thing I knew, I felt, 'that was it, I was done for.'

As he portrays it, Thompson was captured emotionally by the dunes and the shacks. He couldn't stay away that first night. After that night and morning, as he expressed it, "I was done for." In his highly romantic telling, it was the dunes and its shacks that seduced Thompson, not Debbie. The chance encounter with Peter Clemons the next day lead to a friendship and a long-term connection to the Clemons-Benson shack. The dune shacks changed his life, as shown in Thompson's response to living on the dunes:

> So, I started painting. Since 1996, I think I'm the only artist to paint every shack. I've been to all of them. I've been in most of them. I have nine photo albums. Basically, I've become an historian, indirectly, just out of the love of the life out here. I come out here in the middle of the winter. I come year round. I come out, turn on the oven, heat up the room, go take a walk on the beach, come back. It's all boarded up. There's only a little bit of light coming in. Take off one shutter. Have some hot chocolate and a sandwich. Then go back out again. It's just… you can't explain the life, I guess. The people that are out here, they really want to be out here. There's something that draws you out here, that makes you have to be out here. I feel like I've always been here. I can't remember a time before. Everything revolves around this. I can't remember a time before this that was more important to me than my experiences out here.

Thompson committed himself to create and preserve painted images of all the shacks, like an historian, "just out of the love of the life out here." It was not just the one shack, Thalassa, that became an object of devotion, but every dune shack in the district.

Thompson's extremely personal encounter, an emotional, life-changing event, resonated with Marianne Benson. Her immediate response to his story was whole-hearted agreement. She said it described something common among dune dwellers. To Benson, Thompson's personal commitment to the dunes was emblematic of dune dwellers as a group:

Benson. Really well put! That's what I think all of the dune dwellers really have in common.
Thompson. It's an emotional thing.
Benson. It's the focus of the universe. It's our passion. It's the focus of our lives.
Wolfe. More so than Boston?
Benson. Oh! We could go anywhere in the world, I think. We're, you know, independent. We don't have real jobs. We could move anywhere, much cheaper places than Boston, but we don't because of the dunes. It's what keeps us here.
Thompson. When I'm overwhelmed, stressed out, and all of that, I just bring myself out here. All the time…
Benson. Me too.

Peter Clemons concurred with the life-changing quality of the dunes. He offered his own experience as another example of being radically changed by the dune shacks:

> Just along those lines. I actually spent a year dealing with cancer. And I was undergoing a lot of chemotherapy and radiation and stuff. This was eighteen, twenty years ago. At the time, maybe they still do it, they asked me visualize, to try to think of something positive. I swear, for that year, whenever I was under drugs, and not the good drugs, but all the chemo stuff, this place was what kept me alive. I just had all kinds of images that I took with me through that whole journey. And that's not unusual. A lot of us out here… it's just very weird.

As he portrays his personal experience, the dunes were not just life-changing, but life-saving. He believes the dunes kept him alive. It is this type of experience that can lead to deep-felt loyalties to the dunes, the shacks, and shack people. He concurred with Benson that strong attachments were "not unusual" within the dune shack society. However, he acknowledged that from an outsider's perspective, it might seem "very weird." In this, he reiterated a view expressed by many in interviews, that the dune shack people were an exceptional group, distinct in their relationships with the dunes after living among them.

Some first-encounter tales circulate among the dune shack people. The tale of Hazel Hawthorne Werner's first encounter with the dune shacks was recounted in Cynthia Huntington's book, *The Salt House.* According to oral tradition, Hazel first encountered her shack in a dream, a premonition that lead to a quest, bringing her to discover the shacks. In this retold tale by Huntington, Hazel's connection to the dunes seems almost preordained:

> Hazel [Hawthorne Werner] always claims she dreamed the shacks before she ever saw them. She was working in New York as an artists' model in the early 1920s while her husband was away crewing on a sailboat. It was a terribly hot summer, and during the long, sweltering nights alone, she would dream of the ocean, picturing a sand bank with a shack perched at the top, and when her husband came back she made him go with her to look for the place she had been dreaming. Having very little money, they walked down the coast from Portsmouth, sleeping on the beach, until they reached Provincetown. At Snail Road, Hazel spotted Agnes O'Neill, who she knew from New York, coming out of the woods with a suitcase. 'Hazel, what are you doing here?' she exclaimed, and Hazel recounted her dream. It so happened that Agnes and Eugene O'Neill were living in the old Peaked Hills Life Saving Station that summer, and Agnes directed them to walk out to the new Coast Guard station. 'Tell Mr. Mayo, who's the skipper there, that Gene and I said you were to have one of those little cottages,' Agnes told her. The 'cottages' rented for twelve dollars a month. Hazel and her

husband moved straight into the shack Thalassa, which she later bought for seventy-five dollars. Euphoria came later, years after the husband had gone away for good, and Hazel was firmly enmeshed in another life. But I do think that beginning made her sympathetic to anyone who was actively looking for what they most desired, and ready to take it when they found it. (Huntington 1999:12-14)

From the '20s on into the 1960s, Hazel spent her summers in the dunes, walking out from town and back at all hours… In her sixties a slow, crippling illness forced her to stop walking the dunes and she moved into a cottage in Provincetown woods and began to rent her shacks by the fortnight. Finally, at eighty, she talked of closing them down. Unless, perhaps, someone would like to take them over, stay out there all season… Thalassa was spoken for, in fact, but did we [Cynthia Huntington and Bert Yarborough] want Euphoria? It was a hint, an invitation – no, it was an outright gift. We said yes without taking a breath. (Huntington 1999:12-14)

Like Hazel, Cynthia Huntington's own encounter with the dune shacks also began with a dream. But she affirmed it was desire and love and a chance invitation that brought her into the embrace of the dunes:

I always wanted to live here, even before I knew such a place existed. I dreamed of a cabin: a miniature, makeshift home, and of being a writer and living alone beside the sea… (Huntington 1999:8)

The Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown had offered me a writing fellowship for seven months: this distinction afforded me a room above an old lumber yard, with bare floors and ancient, noisy plumbing, two hundred and fifty dollars a month, and the company of other writers and artists in similar straits. This gift of time and good company, which I accepted warily and with little expectation, turned out to be one that would change my life. This break caught me by surprise and seemed to my mind an unprecedented revelation; I soon learned that it happens quite regularly to people who come here. (Huntington 1999:9)

Bert [Yarborough] was one of the artists who had come and stayed… His voice rose and his gestures spilled away from him in all directions as he talked about the landscape where he worked, its miles of dunes and bogs, beaches and scrub woods, insisting that it could not be described. 'When I take you out there you'll see,' he promised. (Huntington 1999:10)

The back country drew me, with its open, austere spaces; its silences seemed to nurture a suspended life, a place containing more than it revealed. There were no roads there, no electric wires, and because of that, hardly any people, and if it did belong to the federal government, they were mostly leaving it alone. Feeling I could walk there forever, I set out to try. (Huntington 1999:11)

Hazel's offer [to stay at one of her shacks] came seemingly from nowhere and seemed to be the very sign I had prayed for. Perhaps she saw in us a shimmer of the passion she had always had, a love of this place itself, along with the longing for freedom which had become almost a first principle of her being. She let us have Euphoria because we were artists, and poor, and in love; because she already knew and liked Bert. But mostly we were right there in front of her and ready to say yes without hesitation. I think I have never wanted anything so much. And so, in fact, it was desire that brought us here, and the dream proved more powerful than any logic, after all. (Huntington 1999:12-14)

> So we got married and moved to the dunes, joining the ranks of those who lived here before, who built, begged, or borrowed their shacks, stayed as long as they could, then handed them on. I know their names, and some of their stories; many of them have died. There are Frenchie Chanel, Sunny Tasha, Peg Watson, Boris Margo, Dune Charlie, Phil Malicoat, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hunzinger, and of course, Hazel… and a man I know only as Louie sat in a fetid single room piled high with paperback detective novels and empty soup cans, its windows scrubbed opaque by years of blowing sand, and listened to a shortwave radio eighteen hours a day. Anything was possible. Surely there was room here for our own story to begin. (Huntington 1999:12-14)

Huntington lived for three years during summers in Werner's dune shack, described in *The Salt House,* entitled for one of Werner's own novels written on the dunes. By gaining access to a shack, Huntington came to identify herself with an historic dune shack community, "joining the ranks of those who lived here before," adding her personal story to the histories of others.

Marianne Benson and Peter Clemons told their first-encounter story during our interview. They were brought out to the dunes by a shack owner, Andy Fuller, a work associate of Peter's, who eventually became their son's godfather. Fuller was an old man, and the young couple was skeptical about what they were going to find on the dunes, as related by Benson:

> We walked out with Andy Fuller. Andy described this place. He wanted to introduce us to it. It sounded so fantastic we couldn't quite believe it was going to be out here. Maybe he was getting to be a little forgetful or something, you know. He was probably in his early seventies at that point. We drove and drove and drove and parked our car at Snail Road and then started this hike out over this sand. We were thinking, 'Oh my God, this is a wild goose chase, there is nothing out here.' And he was going slow, you know, saying, "You just gotta pace yourself." It took us for-e-ver. We were thinking, 'we were going to wind up, Lord knows where?' And finally we hit the top of the mother dune and look over and he says *[in an old man's voice]*,"There she is, there she is." And so we began to get very excited. We picked up speed, climbed over the dunes, climbed over the very last dune, about to descend on the Grail, when out of this other shack comes this wild woman in her underwear *[screaming]*, "Get away from the shack!" Screaming her head off. "Get away from the shack!" *[Peter Clemons is laughing in the background.]* And Andy says *[old man's voice]*, "Laura, it's me, old Andy, Andy Fuller." *[Screaming voice is happy now.]* "Oh Andy, Come on down!" She brings us all down, her tone changes one hundred eighty, "Come on in for a gin and tonic." Here we come marching over the dunes, thinking there is nothing here, parched, and she brought us in here. I remember her sitting in that rocking chair right there in her underwear, serving us gin and tonic with ice cubes because they had a refrigerator. It was the most surreal experience. And then, that was it for us. We never looked back.

So Clemons and Benson became committed after their first encounter with the dunes and its non-conformist culture. As Benson portrays it, "that was it for us," and "we never looked back." The dunes and its way of living became, as Benson characterized it, "our passion," "the focus of our lives."

One common element to these first-encounter stories is a personal invitation into the dunes by a dune shack user. Hazel Hawthorne Werner was invited to rent a cottage by Agnes O'Neill, a friend from New York. Cynthia Huntington was invited to use a shack by Hazel Hawthorne Werner, after being introduced to the dunes by Bert Yarborough. David Thompson was brought out with a group of friends invited to a gathering at a shack, re-invited out by the shack user, and eventually, invited to use the Clemons-Benson shack by Peter Clemons. Marianne Benson and

Peter Clemons were invited out by Andrew Fuller, a shack resident, and invited into the Fowler shack (for which they eventually became caretakers) by Laura Fowler. These particular shack residents became introduced to dune shack society at the invitations of other shack users. There was a personal connection to dune shack people that preceded their entry into shack society. A second common element to this set of stories has been that contact with the dune shacks changed or saved a person's life. The person commits to the dunes after the encounter. Commonly, the person restructures his or her life in order to remain attached to the area and the shacks.

Ray Wells, the oldest living dune shack resident, told me that a person should never be driven out to the dune shacks the first time. They should be made to walk to them. I asked why? She said this was the only proper way to see a shack the first time. I believe her proscription relates to the profound first encounters of many dune dwellers, recounted and shared within the community. The search and discovery, the personal effort and reward, these are things that dune dwellers report experiencing. Such experiences happen on foot, walking across the dunes to find the shacks. Wells' preferred mode of introduction would seem to be a type of ritualized encounter, designed to recreate proper feelings and associations with newcomers, designed to make converts.

Maturational Cycles and Shack Uses

Over time, use patterns of particular shacks commonly evolve with the maturational cycles of its resident families. As described in Chapter 4, kinship and friendships are the central organizational principles of dune shack society. The core groups using shacks typically have been families. Shacks commonly became the symbolic centers of families. Other shack users typically gained access through personal invitations of family members. The uses of the dunes and dune shacks, first and foremost, have been uses by family units. The numbers of people, scheduling, and interconnections within shack society have been strongly influenced by the composition of those family units. The use patterns at particular points in time are tightly linked to the circumstances of families, circumstances that change over time in regular ways. Consequently, use patterns in a shack can be seen to evolve over time in response to the normal maturation cycles of core families.

The Armstrong shack illustrates changing use patterns of dune shacks connected to developmental cycles of its core family. The Armstrong shack is the last remaining shack in the eastern group of shacks. Because of the deterioration of jeep trails connecting neighborhoods, it is now the most isolated of the dune shacks. Connie and David Armstrong, the current shack heads, described the uses at their shack over time. Janet Armstrong, their adult daughter, joined in this discussion. In this case example we see illustrated use patterns molded by a family's changing configuration of members, including babies, teens, adult children, and grandchildren, as the kinship group develops over time.

The Armstrongs began their residency in 1948 as a young family with two little daughters, Ruth and Janet. Connie Armstrong had summers off because she worked an academic year, so she found herself at the shack during summers with her two girls, visited on weekends by David, who worked off cape. Because she didn't want to be alone, she often brought along a close friend who also had two children of similar ages. As she explained, "That was how I could stay here. A friend would come to be with me. I wasn't anxious to be here alone with my kids." Also, she spent time with her friend, Grace Bessay, when Grace was on the dunes. So the composition of people at the shack at that time was clearly influenced by the ages of the family's children, and by the work schedules of the household heads:

Connie: I'd be here the whole summer. I worked in the school system or in health systems or in a church, so I would have the academic year. When school was out, I'd come down here.

David: Connie and her best friend Connie Murdock, with all four children, would come down here through the week. I'd be coming weekends with Logan [Murdock].

Janet: For us it was the whole summer. In those days you just couldn't hop down to A&P and grab another day's food. You had to wait until Daddy came out. We'd carry ice out on our backs for the icebox, because we didn't have gas.

Connie: If you purchased things that needed ice, you knew by the third night, forget that, and you'd switch over to something that was packaged.

David: We didn't have a refrigerator at that point, just an icebox. When Janet was little and needed to have cold milk, every two or three days I'd walk down to the parking lot, get in the car, and go off to get a big block of ice, put it in a backpack, and hike across the dunes, so she could have cold milk. I can say that that was the only load I ever carried that got lighter as I went along.

I offered the opinion that a lot of young mothers wouldn't want to come out to a place like the dunes, because of the special hardships involved. But both Connie and her daughter, Janet, said they brought their babies out right away, because of the special opportunities the dunes provided young children:

Janet: Oh! I took my baby here as soon as I could. Two weeks.

Connie: Why, as a mother, would I want to bring two little girls out here? They were raised first in Cambridge and then in Sudbury, Massachusetts, and went to proper schools. But they had the freedom of being out here. They had adventures of just the open space you couldn't get living in a close community. It didn't mean we didn't love our close community, but out here they could pack their own little lunch and go down and have a picnic in this little miniature pine forest here. Everything was just their height. It's truly a child's forest. We'd come here Easter. The Easter eggs hunts here were remarkably wonderful.

Janet: They were fabulous. Plus, usually Elaine was out here too, and my mother's best friend, Connie [McCarthy]. Her daughter, Elaine, was my same age. I'd have a companion my own age.

Connie: And you're missing the voice of Ruth, our oldest daughter, who would say similar things.

Janet: We had similar adventures. We'd make houses out of sand and make blueprint rooms and dig down in the valleys to make pools the same way the foxes did.

Connie: They had the freedom to do that, not knowing that their mothers were sketching and painting on the roof, watching every single move that they made.

Janet: The whole world was ours, as far as you could see.

Connie Armstrong soon became acquainted with other dune residents, who she visited at their shacks, including Jan Gelb, Harry Kemp, Peg Watson, and eventually, Charlie Schmid when he moved in. The Armstrongs became a part of the dune shack society at that time:

Connie: David would go back with the car and I would be here without the four-wheel drive. But I would walk up to Peg Watson's. Gracie [Bessay] and I would walk up there. We'd walk up to Charlie's. Walk up to the Margo's.

Wolfe: Who did you visit at Margo's? Was it Jan or was it Boris?

Connie: I never saw Boris in his own place. But Grace and I would go there many times to chat with Jan, who also painted. I was a beginning painter. We just enjoyed each other's company. Jan was quite often making spaghetti sauce for a crowd who would turn up that night and we'd help her chop onions and that sort of thing, making the sauce. Then we'd go on our way, which was usually walking down Snail Road into town. Art Costa would give us a lift back here. So it wasn't a complete roundabout. We'd have a plan.

David: Connie and Grace would have quite a bit of conversation with Harry Kemp. I would always envy them, because that would never happen when I was here on a weekend. For interactions, Charlie's was always the closest.

Connie: I met Harry Kemp through Grace and Andy [Fuller]. Harry would like to come down about as far as Charlie Schmid's, which at that time belonged to Peg Watson. We'd get together there. Charlie wasn't here yet. Harry would recite poetry. I never saw him in his toga and his wonderful laurel leaf crown. He just was a regular person. He loved to walk home, back that way. We'd sometimes say, "We'll walk half-way with you." Or we'd be coming back, and he'd say, "I'll walk half-way with you," walking and talking.

As shown here, Connie Armstrong and Grace Bessay were part of a dune shack society where there was occasional visiting between shacks in the central and eastern groups. Common interests for this group included art and literature, besides the dune shacks themselves. Art Costa, the owner of the dune taxi business in Provincetown, participated in that society. He was friendly with dune shack residents, giving them free rides back to their shacks, indicative of transactions in the local underground barter economy. At that time, jeeps trails linked all the shacks and there were few restrictions on travel. Shack residents tended to be tolerant of Art's tours, probably in part because of these personal friendships and mutual favors.

When the two Armstrong children became teens, this pattern continued, but it included a wider number of people. The family invited other friends of the same age to stay at the shack, to keep them company:

Connie: The children brought friends. They never felt isolated out here.

Janet: In the old house, on the double top bunk in the bedroom, on the ceiling there, much older gray boards than these, I wrote down everyone who stayed there of my friends. The list was long, long, long.

Connie: I've kept those boards, by the way.

Janet: We came out for cranberry season, October. We did a couple of New Years here too, wild and woolly.

Connie: Spring vacation in April was another wonderful thing. As the kids got older and there was Outward Bound for high school boys, Connie [McCarthy] and I did "outward bound" here several times with kids, only girls, our own personal one. Where else would you learn how to smack a moon snail, take the flesh out, pound it flat, and cook it over a campfire on a stick? It's tender and wonderful. Girls who would ordinarily go, "Ewww!" said, "OK, we'll learn this thing."

At this time, Connie used the dunes to train her young, female charges in living confidently, independently, and carefully within a natural environment. This pattern of instruction resembles that described for Sunny Tasha and her children in a later chapter.

Other segments of the Armstrongs' extended family also used the shack at this time. It was a center for a much larger set of people. On occasion the family would have large gatherings, with the young cousins and their friends sleeping in tents pitched around the shack. But more typically, relatives and friends scheduled visits when Connie and David were not using the shack:

Janet: There used to be times when we'd have 24 people making spaghetti dinner, with tents pitched out. The kids would be out in the tents. There were a lot of extended family times for a week or two weeks.

Connie: A lot of people used this house. I'll start with my parents, my brother and his family, and their large extended family of about 22 people. And the Coppenhagens and the McCartheys. And then let's not forget for whole months at a time at least three Unitarian ministers have come down here, taking the summer month off, just to write and to read and to not have the phone jingling all the time. For at least eight years for Michael Bordman, and eight years for Jerry Goddard, and at least four or five for Carl Skogal, but he didn't come to be alone, he brought his whole family. Peggy came with Jerry. Michael came alone.

David: My brother, John, came down a lot when we couldn't be here. His job was one that he could get free of for long periods of time. He'd be down here by himself. He was sitting out on the beach one time with nothing on but a pair of shorts. There was an old cable reel that had rolled up on the beach that he was using as a table. He had a manual typewriter there, typing away, and the beach taxis went by and we heard subsequently that there was some rumor in town that Ernest Hemingway's son was out there on the beach.

Janet: Because Uncle John looks like Hemingway.

The use of the shack was scheduled so there was an efficient "crossover" between successive occupants, similar to that described previously for the Tasha shack.

The pattern of use described above continues to this day. But in addition, Janet has now established a practice of bringing her own children out. This current use by the third generation does not as yet involve large numbers of people for her. Connie and her daughter discussed these changes in configuration of shack residents over the course of time:

Connie: It was what we called "crossover." I never was here for any length of time when my brother and family were here. We would just not have to turn off the gas refrigerator and crossover. We would overlap. We do this to this day with Janet and her husband and her family.

Janet: Back when I was a kid, there would be mass groups maybe for a week, and there would be the tent pitch. But ever since I've been here as an adult, I don't have groups of people out here. I might have for a day or two, two or three friends.

Connie: When you were teenagers, you wanted to bring friends, and so you did.

Janet: And you had your own friends who had kids.

Connie: That was how I could stay here.

Janet: I really don't have the luxury of time where I can take weeks off, or my friends too. That hasn't been how it's been for me.

Wolfe: So really, over time, one thing that happens is as the family goes through these cycles, with little kids, to teens, to grownups, that you get different configurations of use and people.

Connie: Yes. You eat differently. You shop differently. I would say solitude here would be for those times when the kids were at camp and David and I would come down by ourselves, which was frequent.

Janet: As far as being a mother and having your children out here, as soon as I could get in a car I was out here with my babies, for months because I was able to take that much time off. The treasures, the richness that I experienced out here as a child! There'd be times of the year, spans of time when I wouldn't be able to be out here, doing something else. But I'd always come back, and the first thing I would think of was, 'This is absolutely where my children have to be' – learning the elements, getting your own water, not just pushing a magic button and everything comes to you, really finding out what the elements are. I think that's hugely valuable. Both kids loved it. You didn't have electricity. You didn't have running water. You didn't have these things, and that was a plus!

As shown above, the love for the dunes and the dune shack has been learned within three generations of Armstrongs. As soon as she was able, Janet brought her own children out to the dune shack, just as her own mother had brought her. The youngest set of kids "loved it," according to Janet.

Over time, the shack became a center for the Armstrong family. Not just a center, the shack was perceived as their primary home:

Connie: Of all the places we have been, before or since, this has been home – a touchwood.
David: Yes, that's true. We moved from Cambridge to West Newton, then to Sudbury.
Connie: Before that we moved from Maine to Massachusetts. From there to California, then to the Philippines, and then back here.
David: We were both from Newark, Maine. I first met Connie when she was seven years old and I was nine. It's been a long relationship with us.
Wolfe: But the shack has been a constant, here?
David: Yes.
Connie: Yes. Absolutely.
Janet: I'll pipe up and say for me too. And much more. It's not just a house. It's a spiritual home. Wherever else I've lived, no matter how wonderful or meaningful, this is the place I can consider my absolute spiritual home. Whenever I think of a special place in the world, and I have gone all around the world, this is really where I think of as the true essence of earth and my connection to it. Just six weeks ago I scattered my uncle's ashes out in these waters, and that's where my ashes will be joining him when the time comes.

The deep commitment to the dune shack is shown in these statements. While individuals may move around for work and education, the shack remains a constant for the family; it comes to be perceived the primary family home. For members of the Armstrong family, the dune shack is called a "spiritual home," a "touchwood," and "the true essence of earth and my connection to it." The dunes hold such importance that it is the place of choice for John Armstrong and Janet Armstrong for scattering their ashes after death.

The Armstrong shack illustrates family development cycles and changing shack use patterns. A number of other shacks displayed similar patterns, including the Beebe-Simon shack, the Adams shack, the Champlin shack, the Malicoat shack, the Gelb-Margo-Zimiles shack, the Tasha shack, the Clemons-Benson shack, the Jackson shack, the Schuster shack, the Dunn shack, and the Schnell-Del Deo shack (see Chapter 3 for kinship diagrams of the core networks for these shacks). All displayed use patterns influenced by family development cycles. Any of these dune shacks also would illustrate family-based use patterns over time.

Ashes and Symbolic Centers

The dunes provide the final resting places for the remains of a number of dune shack residents. This ultimate decision, to be left in the dunes by family members or friends, is an indication of the strong attachments of many dune shack residents for the dunes. A center in life, the dunes are chosen as the permanent resting place for the body after death. The dunes and some shacks hold the remains of people loved and honored by people currently using the shacks. For current residents, the bodily remains and memories of the dead become permanently fused with the dunes and its dwellings. Coming to the shacks for these families have an additional special meaning: they are coming back to physical memorials of loved ones.

I asked Paul Tasha about burials and ashes on the dunes during the course of our interview at his shack. He spoke in specifics and in general terms about the practice:

> Harry's ashes, some of them are out there. And my mother's at our shack. I don't know all their names, but over the years there have been plenty of people who have said, 'Scatter my ashes over the dunes.' Nick Wells might be partly out there, for instance.

It appeared to me that it was general knowledge among dune residents that there are remains of former dune residents among them. Dune residents probably knew the locations of their own loved ones, but not the precise locations of the ashes of others. None of the places were marked with headstones or other memorials, to my knowledge. No one I interviewed mentioned interred bodies, just ashes.

During interviews, some names came up of dune shack residents who had their ashes placed among the dunes. People mentioned to me included Harry Kemp (placed by his friend, Sunny Tasha), Sunny Tasha (placed by her family), Nick Wells (placed by his wife, Ray Wells), Jan Gelb (placed by her husband, Boris Margo), Boris Margo (placed by his nephew, Murray Zimiles and his family), Grace Bessay (placed by her close friends, Peter Clemons and Marianne Benson), Kira Fitts (placed by her husband, Bill Fitts), Leo Fleurant (placed by the Champlins and Adams), John Armstrong (placed by David Armstrong and family), and Randolf Jones (placed by someone not known to me, but eventually scattered by Scott and Marsha Dunn). Undoubtedly there are others.

I learned some details about the scattering of Harry Kemp's ashes. Half of the ashes of Harry Kemp's body were scattered near the old Kemp shack by Sunny Tasha, fulfilling a pledge she made to Harry. The other half were scattered along the streets of Greenwich Village in New York City, another favorite haunt of the bohemian poet. The story of the fight for Harry Kemp's body is part of the Tasha family's oral history. It is a poignant story of friendship, loyalty, resolve, and the keeping of promises, as told to me by Paula Tasha:

> Telling this story is better asked of the elder two children. Paul and I were small, so we only saw what we wanted to see through eight-year-old eyes. Harry Kemp. In my memory – alcoholic, diabetic, friendless, not… I hate the word… "cool" enough to be in town. Bohemian.
>
> My mother was also bohemian, but she could float the two lines. Harry Kemp could not. People did not want him at their door. My mother did and felt it was shameful that he was

> turned away, as I understand it, from rooms to let for the winter, that sort of thing. I remember her dressing his ulcerated skin. I remember him walking down to that beach where the whale was, in front of St. Mary's, everyday that he was in town, to walk in the salt water because it was good for the skin.
>
> So mother, finally knowing that he needed a place, a winter place, designed and built him a little cottage so he could come in for the winter and have a roof over his head. I'm sure that you've heard she built almost all of those cottages at Howland Street with only her two hands. She just felt that he was worthwhile, a worthwhile human being, and needed more than he could get. There weren't social services. He was probably the wrong religion. And the wrong look. He didn't fit well. And there weren't enough bohemians year round. There was the little summer theater set. He was certainly brought to all the cocktail parties then. But after they all left, he was alone. So she took him in, as it were, but not into the house, but in a little place of his own. My older brother now lives in that cottage and it's still, was always, Harry's cottage. She actually tucked some of his manuscripts and things in behind the insulation to make sure they would be there. I presume they still are, but I don't know.
>
> Then there was a great argument over the death. Provincetown is hard on the living but they sure spoke well of the dead. Everybody wanted him, once he was dead. The Catholics insisted that they would keep him. My mother said, "No! Harry Kemp did not want to join you. He did not want a Portuguese burial. He did not want to lay in the ground."
>
> And this is still through my very young eyes. Mother had the body sent away to be cremated. Back in those days you did not do that. State police stopped the hearse. They escorted it back. Someone in town had enough power to do this, bring the body back and say, "No, the body is to go in the ground." And my mother had to continue to argue this, simply put it in the face of… I don't even know who they were. "You had no use for him when he was alive. You will not take his body and put it in the cold, cold ground. He will not tolerate this. I will not tolerate this. You will have to stand between me and my gun to get to that coffin." She won. The body was cremated. And she did spread the ashes.

The ashes of Harry Kemp's body were spread near the shack. The memory of where is passed on within the Tasha family. After her own death, Sunny Tasha's ashes were placed in the dune shack by her children, the tiny shack that Harry Kemp gave to Sunny's family before his death. When I visited the shack for the first time with Paul Tasha, he pointed out his mother's remains to me, saying, "There's my mom." When members of the Tasha family visit the Tasha shack, in a real sense they are paying a visit to Sunny Tasha, their mother or grandmother, the matriarch of their extended family, enshrined in the simple shack.

Other poignant life and death stories are passed down among dune shack residents about ancestors whose ashes were scattered among the dunes. Dawn Zimiles, a young artist living in Provincetown, shared her family's history with me, sitting in the family's house that once belonged to her great uncle, Boris Margo. For Zimiles, the family's history has infused their family's shack with deep personal feelings. She articulated these emotional attachments during our interview, bringing out the poem of her great aunt requesting her memorial service at the family's shack:

> I was trying to describe the feeling that was passed down through my family to my brother and I from my great aunt and uncle, the feeling of what it meant to be there [at the shack] and how it was inspirational for artists. My aunt Jan died in 1978 at the age of 72. She must have known that she was going to die because she wrote this last testament, I assume,

because it was found on her desk. She wrote what mattered most to her in her whole life. What she wrote was what she wanted when she died, how she wanted us to experience that. It's all about the ceremony that she wanted to take place on the dunes:

Last Testament, by Jan Gelb

Gather driftwood for my funeral pyre
Along the wild backshore. Salt-silvered wood.
Pile it high as the sun goes down. But if you crave
A piece of complex curve or textured plane,
Take it. Keep it. I shall not mind; I'd do the same.
Light the fragrant sticks, the plank with barnacles
And seaweed clinging to its thighs. Let them flare up
As sun dips into water's hush. And if your gaze
Strays from the burning place to sunflames
On scalloped edge of beach, don't feel contrite.
Enjoy the brief bright glory: so would I.
Night will be long. Firewood. Is there wood enough?
Gather more as the dunes smolder, ash violet in the haze.
Lay on more wood for my wish is that the fire
Burn through the night. But should you pause while gathering
To watch the tern's curved flight, don't be abashed.
Those lovely arcs would stop me too, if I were you.
The tide will pulse. There'll be no moon. My fire
Will keep you warm until the stars snuff out.
Then let the flames die down and as the sky grows soft
Toss off your clothes and swim my morning swim for me.
You'll want to shout a dayspring shout, defiant as you emerge.
Don't hold back for me. EXULT!
Run naked, glad, along the polished wet packed sand
And give the burning place no glance.
Or rather, do. You built it on the steep-sloped shore
Below high water mark, I hope. Then – look.
The waves have washed it clean. And now, forget.

Zimiles: The whole thing is about the wood – it's so beautiful, there's driftwood everywhere. It's all about appreciating the beauty of the wood and the area. It's about the swim, what it's like to light the fire, how much she just loved that. The birds. The whole thing was for her family to experience that. And maybe she imagined that we would be able to keep that going. She didn't know necessarily about what was going to happen.

Wolfe: Are they buried close by here?

Zimiles: Both my aunt and uncle, their ashes are on the dunes. That's where we all want to go.

The scattering of ashes near their shack feels like a family tradition to her. The dune shack has been a center for this family of artists for so many years, in life and in death, that she stated with tears in her eyes, "that's where we all want to go."

Like Jan Gelb's, other memorial services have been held on the dunes for residents. Peter Clemons and Marianne Benson held a memorial service for Grace Bessay near their shack at the foundations of the old coast guard station. Because of this service, the station has become an important spot for their family, who call its inner chamber "The Chapel." Memorial services have been held for Ken Adams at the Adams shack, John Armstrong at the Armstrong shack, and Hazel Hawthorne Werner at her shack. Murray Zimiles told a humorous story connected to the service he held for his uncle, Boris Margo, by the family shack:

> The ashes of Boris Margo and Jan Gelb are out there, around that shack. They left instructions about it. It wasn't my idea, it was their idea. We sprinkled them from the high dune, to around the shack, and into the ocean, and in my son's mouth. *[Laughs]*
>
> Downwind. It was incredible.
>
> We did it as a large family. The whole family was there. Everybody had a little spoon to sprinkle ashes. My son was a little guy then. He threw it into the wind, like this, and it went right back into his mouth. So literally, Boris is literally part of him. Because he ate him. *[Laughs]*

When a family line connected to a shack gets broken, memories of funerary events like that told by the Zimiles may become lost to dune residents. This occurred with the Jones shack, leased to Scott and Marsha Dunn by the Seashore. The memories about the placement of human remains beneath the shack became lost. Scott and Marsha Scott explained events during our interview:

> Wolfe: Who had the shack before you?
> Marsha: Randolph and Anabelle Jones. She was the poet, right?
> Scott: She was a poet, yeah, as far as we know. We didn't know them. I don't know if you've talked with the Del Deos yet, Sal and Josephine Del Deo? She has a lot of the history of this shack and the others.
> Marsha: She gave me a copy of Anabelle's diary, which I have a Xeroxed copy of, not here, but in my house in Wellfleet. The two of them know so much. They're older. They've been out here for so many years. I love listening to them. When we got the shack we excavated it.
> Scott: To clean it up.
> Marsha: Well, there was a bunch of trash underneath and stuff. So we took out all the trash. And in the midst of all the trash we found a crematory statement and Randolph's ashes buried under the shack.
> Wolfe: Really?
> Marsha: Yeah.
> Scott: Which we then spread around.
> Marsha: We just spread them in the dunes. So I don't know how they got here, or who.

In this case, the Dunns discovered the ashes of Randolph Jones beneath the house. They had some information about Anabelle Jones, the previous shack resident, from Anabelle's diary, provided by Josephine Del Deo. But the story of how the ashes came to be placed under the shack was lost to memory, at least to the oral history known by them. The Dunns believed that it was better that the ashes be scattered among the dunes, rather than kept in the urn beneath the shack.

Given these intimate connections, there is little wonder that long-term residents ascribe special significance to the dunes and the shacks. It's a special place, set apart, contributing to personal and group identities, molding the course of individual lives and family histories. For some of the members of extended families, the dunes are described as the consistent center of their family, their true home, the focal point of their collective lives. The dune shacks are viewed as symbolic centers, physically represented by the drawing of its members back to it year after year. Shacks hold the family's memories, like the penciled names, dates, and heights of children and children's children along the vertical support beam in the main room of the Champlin shack. Or the names of all the daughter's visitors on the bunk boards, specially preserved at the Armstrong shack. Shacks carry timelines documenting the growth of the extended family. The shacks are restorative, lifting spirits after a major life crisis like Briga's, or preserving the hope of living with cancer for Clemons. Ray Wells told me her dune shack "saved her life" emotionally and intellectually for more than 80 years. Every moment at her shack is "a meditation," she explained. And for the writers and visual artists, the dunes are described as a special place of renewal and creation, through solitary reflection, work, and associations with its bohemian residents. For many of the shacks, these are intimate connections that reach across multiple generations, holding family lines together. Ashes of the older generation find places among the dune shacks expressing the enduring connections. In a real sense, coming to the shack brings a family back to its source, "to Mother," "to Grandma's shack," "to home."

Chapter 5. Customary Practices

The previous chapter identified the social core of dune shack society as extended family groups with coteries of friends. For long-term resident families, living on the dunes in a shack was a practice handed down across several generations. For many in the second and third generations, growing up on the dunes during summers was normal, the only summer life they knew. As small children, they learned from family members and personal experience about their rustic shacks, their unconventional neighborhoods, and the fluid earth of the Backshore. They learned how to successfully live on the dunes. Friends invited to shacks, especially those who stayed on the dunes for extended periods, learned in a similar fashion. Within such a society, a culture specific to the dunes emerged.

This chapter and the next describe some of the customary practices I observed within dune shack society. They comprised conventions, systems of knowledge, and standards of behavior known by many dune dwellers. Such practices may be termed "customary" because many in the social group had adopted them. Some were traditional patterns, having been developed in previous generations and passed on, according to dune residents. Dune dwellers took pride in the unconventional, expressed by living in shacks at the edge of things. But even in this unconventionality, there were many shared practices within the social group. Of course, like cultural practices elsewhere, not every dune shack user followed any particular convention. And as will be shown, common practices revealed shades of variation across the group. Dune customs were not codified in writing. They were passed along by word of mouth and observation, expressed individually within a society that valued creativity and tolerated idiosyncrasies. The chapter covers several customs, including shack naming conventions, seasonal residency patterns, privacy and solitude, gatherings, security, mutual assistance, and the transference of shacks. There were many other customary practices within dune shack society, some described in later chapters, but this small set provides a taste of contemporary cultural patterns on the dunes.

Shack Naming Conventions

The dune shacks of the Backshore differed from other residences on Cape Cod in how they were identified, named, and located. The dune shacks were not located on any named streets. Nor were the shacks numbered. Five shacks had building names known to some people (Thalassa, Euphoria, The Grail, Mission Bell, and C-Scape), a practice discussed below, but most did not. Most commonly, shacks were talked about without streets, numbers, or building names. The customary practice for identifying particular shacks in everyday conversation was to name shacks for people. Speakers most commonly referred to shacks by the name of owners or users, past and present. The convention of naming shacks for people created neighborhoods that were personal and social, contemporary and historic, and at times, idiosyncratic and confusing, especially to an uninformed outsider like me.

Designating shacks by people is illustrated by the shack names given to me by Paul Tasha on our first walk out onto the dunes. We were standing atop a tall dune on a brilliantly clear day with a view of many of the shacks, small specks in the distance. The terrain was new to me. I could hardly see the shacks, blending with the dunescape, so I asked Tasha to point out the shacks to me and to tell me which ones they were. What Tasha provided was a succession of names of shack residents, with snippets of histories and personal observations about the shack or person

named. An excerpt of Paul Tasha's impromptu listing is given below to illustrate the customary naming system, each line representing a different shack as he named it, with its thumbnail profile:

> Evelyn Simon's. She got it through a Parks program. Nice woman.
> Then the Champlin's, we call it the Mission Bell. It used to have a cross tree with a big bell. At some point they would bang the bell in foggy weather for the mariners not to get too close to shore.
> One down in the valley is Leo Fleurant's. It doesn't have a water view. It's cool, though, it's almost like a real house. He lived there year round, old-timer. He died in his shack. They found his body, stiff and cold.
> Malicoat's. They own the property. Phil Malicoat. A nice guy, a hell-of-a-nice guy. They're the only ones who own their land.
> Hazel Hawthorne's. One of Hazel's. She had some kind of fancy names for them. I always get the names mixed up.
> The flat roofed one there is Boris Margo's. But the Peaked Hill Trust has that now. They rent it out by the week.
> Ours is to the right. You can see the edge of the peaked roof.
> This one down in the hollows, down in the woods, I can't even remember the people that were there when I was a kid, but for years a well-known artist, Frank and Karen [Milby], and the kids stayed there. I'd go over and have blueberry pancakes sometimes. There were a lot of good blueberry bushes in that hollow behind them.
> You can see one poking up there. That used to be Mrs. Bessay's. Right now Peter Clemons and his family have that shack. She turned it over to them.
> They are also caretakers of a shack you can't see that used to belong to The Grouch, because he always was really grouchy.
> Then going to the right, there's another one of Hazel's. She had two.
> Then there's the one that Lawrence [Schuster] stays in now. I don't remember whose that one was.
> Then there's Ray Wells. You can't actually see it. Nicky and Ray Wells, but Nick died. Ray's still alive, but she lets other people use it, she's so old.

From the dune top, Paul Tasha pointed out and named thirteen of the eighteen dune shacks. Five went unnamed, most likely because they were hidden from view and Tasha was not pressed by me to name each and every shack.

I found several interesting features of the list of shacks given by Paul Tasha, standing on a dune top and explaining the district to an outsider. Of particular note was that Tasha named a shack by a person or family. Shacks were personalized. Tasha attached an 's' to the end of a person's name, so Hazel became Hazel's and Margo became Margo's. Presumably, Tasha was using a shortened form for "Hazel's shack" and "Boris Margo's shack." Tasha consistently gave a personal name in possessive form to designate a shack. For the shack used by his family group, Tasha simply named it, "ours."

Second, for Tasha the naming elicited a personal memory or feeling connected with the shack or the person. Speaking the name brought to mind a history associated with each of the shacks. The names were part of a local history, encoded and retrieved by the name. Tasha provided snippets of these histories during the listing.

Third, the names included people both living and dead, which varied across shacks. The dead in Tasha's list included Leo Fleurant, Hazel Werner, Boris Margo, Grace Bessay, and Nick Wells. The living included Evelyn Simon, Nathaniel and Mildred Champlin, Conrad Malicoat,

Peter Clemons, Frank Milby, Lawrence Schuster, and Ray Wells. By combining the dead and living, the list is both historical and contemporary. For Tasha, the shacks taken as a whole embraced both a past and present, a compression of time, a continuation of tradition. Some names were up-to-date, representing persons currently using the shack (such as Evelyn Simon and Peter Clemons), whereas other names were former notable users (such as Frank Milby and Hazel Werner) or past features (such as the mission bell, a structure not standing in 2004). In his extemporaneous listing, Tasha named only certain key people associated with each shack. He left unnamed a much larger number of other users, current and historic.

Paul Tasha's naming system resembled that used by Emily Beebe, another shack dweller. Beebe described herself as a relative newcomer to the dune shack district. She named shacks in the vicinity of her own shack during an interview at the Flying Fish Café in Wellfleet. Beebe said she divided the shacks into a north neighborhood and a south neighborhood. She drew a rough map of the shacks on a notebook sheet for my benefit. She placed herself in the north neighborhood. Emily Beebe named seven places, excerpted from that interview:

> C-Scape shack. It's the first one. I think it's under a short-term lease that an art association has. I'm not sure of the name of the art association. We've met some really cool folks who have stayed at that place. It was originally two cottages moved from town, put together at a time wood was so expensive it cost a lot less money to simply relocate it than to build something fresh. Depending on who is staying at the C-Scape, we get together with whoever is out there at times. I've helped people who've stayed out there.
>
> Traveling on the fire road you pass the C-Scape. The next place you see is ours, Leo's Place. His shack is kept exactly as he kept it, as a tidy neat little cottage. We just call it Leo's Place because I think it always will be Leo's Place. When you are at the visitor's center and you climb up on the observation deck, you can see our place pretty clearly.
>
> Then we live right next door to the Adamses. They have a cottage, and they have their house.
>
> And then, further down from that, is the Champlin's. Nat and Mildred Champlin. Also known as the Mission Bell. The scaffold for the mission bell is fallen, so they're trying to rebuild it.
>
> The Malicoat's. The Malicoat shack is in between the north and the south neighborhoods. They are just great people.
>
> We can see Euphoria and Boris Margo's place pretty clearly from our place.

Beebe's approach of designating shacks was similar to Paul Tasha's. Many were personal names of users, with personal comments about the building or occupants. Others were names given to particular shacks by users (C-Scape, Mission Bell, and Euphoria).

Identifying residences by their users is possible in small communities where neighbors have the occasion to know one another. In small Alaskan villages, places where I have done other ethnographic research, residents commonly were able to sketch the village's houses and identify each by the name of its main occupants. This conceptual map of houses and family names, drawn out for the anthropologist's benefit, was a useful approach for finding people in a village, for negotiating a social space. Such a personalized system can work within a small community of people who are on familiar terms. In larger towns and cities, such a system can be used for identifying and distinguishing some residences, particularly those of close neighbors and friends. But the convention breaks down as a general system because people cannot know one another in large populations with substantial turnover. An impersonal system of street names and house numbers works better for locating structures first, and then the people second. The street-number system used on most of Cape Cod is suited for the anonymity of large populations.

The convention of designating dune shacks with people's names introduces an idiosyncratic complexity in dune shack maps. Some shacks have had a single family over decades, such as those of the Champlins, Adams, Malicoats, and Armstrongs. But others have housed a multitude of occupants with different names. Consequently, among dune dwellers, I found that some shacks were known by multiple names that changed over time. The personal naming convention resulted in a shifting cultural landscape depending upon the speaker and the time period, much like the dune environment itself. The list of names opened a window to the speaker's own shack history and social connections to the shacks. The lists of names provided by Paul Tasha and Emily Beebe differ in some respects from one another because of each of their personal histories with the shacks. Naming Stanley and Laura Fowler's shack as "The Grouch" came from Paul Tasha's experiences as a child with the shack's occupants. Emily Beebe would not likely call it that. Emily Beebe called her shack "Leo's Place" and "our shack," while Paul Tasha called it "Evelyn Simon's," the current co-resident with Emily Beebe. And so it goes. Such names make sense within the social network and personal history of the speaker.

I asked Paula Tasha and her husband, Don Brazil, about names given their family's shack. It was previously used by Harry Kemp, the so-called Poet of the Dunes, and some dune dwellers called it Kemp's shack or Harry's shack. Yet I had heard most people refer to it as Tasha's shack. In probing about names, I learned how social connections influenced the name a person used for a shack.

> Wolfe: It's called the Tasha shack now, and not the Kemp shack?
> Don Brazil: By some.
> Paula Tasha: No fault of our own.
> Don Brazil: Only by some people.
> Paula Tasha: That's right. In fact someone called to us the other night while we were sitting and having our dinner [at the shack] and said, "Is this the Stefani shack?" And I said, "No, this is the Kemp-Tasha shack." Stefani is my sister's last name by marriage. So you see how people will do this through whom they know. This was not someone I knew. They were my nephew's wife's relatives from Canada walking the dune shacks looking for the shack. But the name they had was the last name, Stefani.
> Wolfe: Yeah, the connection there…
> Paula Tasha: Exactly. That's right. The only connection they knew. Exactly.
> Wolfe. And the shack, you've never wanted to call it something like Euphoria or Thalassa?
> Paula Tasha: Oh please, no.
> Don Brazil: Oh, no, no. *[Laughs.]*
> Tasha: No, no, not at all.
> Wolfe: Because?
> Tasha: Because I don't name buildings. A building is simply a building. It simply is the shack. It is never an estate. It is never the "chicken coop." It is nothing cute. We just don't do that. It never even occurred to me until you mentioned it, to give it a name. Hazel Werner had two shacks and it probably behooved her to give them names. And they are marvelous names out of mythology. She chose well. But it just doesn't interest me.

This exchange illustrates how a shack can be named after the person through which the speaker is connected to the shack. The Canadian searchers on the dune that night were looking for a shack described to them by someone from the Stefani family. The Stefanis are part of the Tasha's extended family. Therefore, from the perspective of the Canadian visitors, they were looking for Stefani's shack. This idiosyncratic name was unique to them.

Uncertainty over how to name certain shacks was not uncommon during my interviews. Speakers tended to be familiar with the use and history of some shacks but not others. Emily Beebe said she was most familiar with the north neighborhood of shacks. She did not volunteer names for most shacks in the south neighborhood. Paul Tasha, who was very familiar with the dune district from a lifetime of close association, admitted he could not remember the names Hazel Werner gave to her two shacks, nor the names of the historic owners of the shacks used by the Milbys and Lawrence Schuster. He knew each shack well and these particular users, but could not recall the names of the owners at that moment we stood on the dune top. His listing also appears to name Leo Fleurant's shack separately from Evelyn Simon's shack, when they are the same place with different names.

At least five dune shacks had building names other than a person's name. Hazel Werner, who ran two shacks as rental units for a time, named one Thalassa and the other Euphoria. The Peaked Hill Trust, the current caretaker organization, and several persons I interviewed, used these names, while other speakers like Paul Tasha referred to the shacks by personal names such as Hazel's or Peaked Hill's. According to Mildred Champlin, her family's shack came to be called the Mission Bell by dune buggy enthusiasts who used their bell as a landmark while running the Race Point beaches. The Champlins did not object to the name and it came into general use. Grace Bessay and Peter Clemons named their shack "The Grail" because Park Service paperwork asked for the name of their shack. They considered this a funny question at the time. Nevertheless, they came up with a name, "The Grail," in order to fill in the blank on the form. The name associates the heroic Arthurian quest for the Holy Grail with Grace Bessay's long effort to secure legal title for the shack.

In addition to identifying and distinguishing among shacks, naming systems are linked to issues of purpose and control. Institutionalizing a shack name can establish conceptual boundaries regarding a preferred use of the property. For instance, Emily Beebe stated that she had chosen to consider her shack "Leo's Place" as well as "our place," and consistent with that designation, she maintained certain standards as memorials to Leo Fleurant's time and place:

> His shack is kept exactly as he kept it, as a tidy neat little cottage. We keep the trim painted. We keep the storm door painted…. We just call it Leo's Place because I think it always will be Leo's Place.

Emily Beebe named the western-most shack the "C-Scape" shack, a designation given to the shack by Eddie and Mary Nunes that dates from about the middle 1930s. Eddie and Albert Nunes, brothers from Provincetown, originally built the shack and its nearest neighbor and sold them to Howard Lewis about 1952-53 for $75 each – this is how the Adams and Champlin families recounted the shack's early history. Eddie Nunes was the owner of the Ford dealership in Provincetown (which later become Peter Cook's garage and more recently the home of Provincetown's new stage theatre). The C-Scape shack eventually sold to John Crillo and Jean Cohen (who later became Jean Burns). Burns later sold it to Robert Abramson and Lawrence McCready, a well-known psychiatrist. Other occupants have included Marcia Marcus and Jan Muller, according to Josephine del Deo's shack history written in 1986. When the Provincetown Community Compact became caretakers and managers in 1996, Tom Boland and Jay Critchley applied the old name "C-Scape" to the shack, rather than use any of the names of the shack's residents over the years, such as the "Howard Lewis shack" or the "Jean Cohen shack" (names that certain other people use). The choice of Peaked Hill Trust to use the names of Thalassa and Euphoria appears consistent with their perceived mandate to manage the shacks as a legacy to Hazel Werner, who designated them as caretakers. They modeled their programs in part on their

understanding of how she ran them as residences for artists and others wanting solitude for creative work. Therefore, the choice of a shack name may be in part an intentional statement regarding current and future uses of a shack.

In general, it seems to me that the cultural practice of identifying shacks with personal names of contemporary people expresses the pattern of use of the shacks as abodes for families and other users, living and changing rather than historic and fixed. Also speaking generally, identifying shacks with a single, fixed name unconnected to current occupants may express other values or patterns of use, such as an artist's program, a symbolic representation of an historic person or time period, or simply the conservatism of certain speakers. Both patterns of naming were currently in use for particular shacks at the time of my study, although the first (naming for contemporary users) seemed more prevalent. Finally, some shack residents feel strongly about certain names for shacks, asserting it's a shack's "correct name" (or conversely, "incorrect name"). For this group, using "incorrect names" devalues the shack by losing its association with particular occupants or historic events. But overall, most shack residents seem to deal easily with a fluid naming system in which shacks have no one standard set of designations.

Seasonal Residency Patterns

Over time, dune shack society has displayed a seasonal rhythm, forming during late spring, peaking during summer, and waning during late fall. This corresponds with the seasonal occupancies of most shacks. Most shack residents closed up their shacks during the winter, leaving them unoccupied. Weather determined the winter closures to a large extent. According to shack residents, winters on the exposed Backshore were "brutal," with frequent, frigid, gale-force northeasterly winds roaring over the treeless beaches like sandblasters. Periodic snowfalls and blowing snow buried jeep trails, making tricky sand passages even more difficult. Sand and snow mixed, according to Sally Adams who stayed out into December one year: "it looks like a nice roadway but it turns out that it's just a snow bank underneath, becoming very difficult to get back and forth, very dangerous." Most shacks had poor insulation, as owners never intended them for winter use, except for periodic short visits to inspect their integrity.

The winter hiatus in dune shack occupancy also mirrored the seasonality of art and tourism on the cape. Charles Hawthorne and other artists held their art schools primarily during the warm, light days of summer. Artists, students, and galleries swelled in numbers during the spring, summer, and fall seasons, and disappeared during winters. Likewise, with the growth of tourism and summer cottages on Cape Cod, the populations of Provincetown and other cape towns have developed substantial seasonal swings. Throughout the last century, vacationers have filled up the cape during summers and emptied it out during winters. The year-round residents on the lower cape have come to represent a small portion of the total population during the vacation season.

On the dunes, there have been exceptions to the mid-winter closures. Lawrence Schuster asserted that at least one full-time shack resident has always resided on the dunes. He was that person currently, he said. He had no other abode. Other historic year-round residents have included Harry Kemp, Charlie Schmid, Leo Fleurant, Ray Wells, and Peg Watson. While living on the dunes, full-time residents walked or drove back and forth between their shacks and town on a regular basis. In his later years, Harry Kemp moved into Provincetown when winters made shack life too harsh, staying at a cottage built by Sunny Tasha. Of course, the surfmen of the lifesaving and coastguard stations was another group of year-round residents on the Backshore. They also moved back and forth between the station and town. In addition to the historic full-

time notables, other shack residents have tried winter shack living from time to time. Overall, however, winter's wind chills and a shack's poor heating have proved too taxing for year-round dune dwelling as a general pattern.

During the habitable seasons, shacks commonly showed pulses in occupancy depending upon the life circumstances of the core residents. Residents typically came and went from shacks over the course of a season and over their span of ownership. There were several notable types of seasonal use. For full-time residents of the lower cape with homes near the shacks, the shacks commonly were used off and on during a week, on evenings, on weekends, during stretches of good (or bad) weather, or when personal activities allowed or recommended it (such as getting away for writing or painting). Close proximity made it possible to efficiently move back and forth between homes in this manner. Time at the shack was scheduled around employment and other activities in town. Currently, this use pattern characterized four shacks: the Malicoat shack, the Tasha shack, the Schnell-Del Deo shack, and the Beebe-Simon shack.

A second type of seasonal use characterized shack residents with homes and employment outside the lower cape. For the main employed workers, shack occupancy was scheduled for extended vacations, weekends, and holidays, while other family members commonly resided at the shack for longer stretches of time. For example, Zara Jackson recalled that she and her mother stayed at the shack during summers while her father, employed as a pharmacist in New York, visited occasionally as work permitted. Zara Jackson used her shack more occasionally when her own children were older and her family responsibilities kept her away from the cape. Other examples include Gary Isaacson and Laurie Schecter, living and working in Florida and using the shack for several weeks during summer, and Murray Zimiles, living and working in the New York area, coming to his shack for a couple of weeks every year. At another extreme, as university professors working an academic year, Nathaniel Champlin and David Adams have been able to spend entire summers with their families at their shacks. Because of substantial year-to-year stability in occupancy, the dune district came to be viewed as the family's primary home for their children.

A third pattern is found with shack residents working the summer season in Provincetown while living at the shack. For example, John Dunn worked in construction and Marsha Dunn in a whale watch enterprise during summers at Provincetown, returning to their shack at nights. During winter, they lived and worked from a second home in rural New Mexico. During this study, Peter Clemons and Marianne Benson ran an art gallery in downtown Provincetown with a second-floor apartment. Family members spent nights at the shack or at the gallery. For a time, Stanley and Laura Fowler worked in town in motel services while living at the shack. Unmarried teen and young-adult residents of family shacks frequently found summer jobs in Provincetown, returning to the shack at night and off-days. Examples of summer employment for teens and young-adults have included the Clemons-Benson shack, the Adams shack, the Champlin shack, and the Armstrong shack.

A fourth seasonal pattern is found with retired shack residents. Retired residents may spend long stretches of the spring-summer-fall seasons at their shack while wintering elsewhere. Examples of this have included the Fuller shack, the Fowler shack, the Armstrong shack, the Adams shack, and the Champlin shack.

Seasonal use patterns of particular shacks typically change over the maturational cycle of a resident family or over the course of life of a single resident. Scheduling is adapted to the current employment demands of core residents and family members, as well as the ages and school requirements of children. As children age, marry, and become employed, their uses of the shack

change as well, becoming scheduled with others in the family group. With failing health, a shack resident may spend less and less time at the shack. Examples include Hazel Werner, Boris Margo, Laura Fowler, and Ray Wells.

The seasonal pulses in shack use by core residents allow for potential vacancies in shack occupancy. As discussed previously, one prevalent pattern is for shacks to be occupied by friends, relatives, and other guests rather than being left vacant by core residents. Invited guests may be asked to serve as shack caretakers for extended periods, living in the shack while employed in Provincetown, or while working in the fine arts or literature as part of the Provincetown art colony. For example, Cynthia Huntington, author of the *Salt House*, stayed at the one of Werner's shack for several seasons. Others who have lived at shacks for extended periods as caretakers have included Genevieve Martin, Julie Schecter, Irene Briga, Joyce Johnson, Lawrence Schuster, and Barbara Baker. Another common seasonal pattern is for guests to use a shack for shorter periods, such as a week, weekend, or holiday, scheduled among the uses of core residents. The combined uses by core residents and by guests result in a rather constant ebb and flow in the population of the dune district over the course of the habitable season.

Provincetown Community Compact has developed its own seasonal use pattern with regard to the shack they cared for. As described in a previous chapter, the Compact offered three, three-week artist residencies in summer, the occupants selected by a jury. In spring and fall, the Compact offered one-week stays through an open lottery, called a "community residency." There were also winter occupancies occasionally. Tom Boland and Jay Critchley discussed the types of people attracted under these programs, and the challenges of winter stays:

Boland: One of the cultural traditions here in Provincetown is that many people have numerous jobs in the summertime. In fact, it's very unusual for year-rounders to not work much more in the summer than they do in the winter. The community residency is perfect for Provincetowners in that they could never stay in the summer months. They're scheduled. And the way the economy works here would never allow it. By running the spring and fall stays, they can. Provincetowners really can only stay in the early spring and late fall based on that cultural way of life here.

Critchley: And the winter. We've had a number of winter residencies. There's a wood stove in this shack, and I was really adamant about [keeping it]. The Park Service wanted us to take it out. I was really adamant about it. I said, "If you're asking us to have artists interpret the experience of being in the dunes, then why do you limit it to the summer?" They really were only interested in those nine summer weeks, because then they can bring in these walking tours [from the visitor center]. I said, "We have to keep the stove in here." So we have had winter residents. We had a whole group of artists, ten artists, sharing the shack for three winters.

Boland: We've had people from all over the world. I've done evaluations at the end of the year. It shakes out that around thirty to forty percent are what I'd call "local," meaning outer cape. And again, they are generally not in the summertime. The program runs mid-March through Thanksgiving. The winter stays are more flexible. We do that as it comes along.

Critchley: People who want to stay in the winter have to write or talk to us personally about any proposal or project they might have. We have to make sure they know how to run a stove.

Boland: *[Laughs.]* And how to survive.

Critchley: That they're not going to freak out when the snowstorm comes.

So Critchley and Boland visualized the C-Scape program as providing shack time for two named groups. One group consisted of serious artists, accommodated by the artist residencies. The other group contained everyone else, whom Boland and Critchley called "the community," probably in reference to outer cape residents who applied, though in fact the program drew applicants "from all over the world." The observation by Boland that Provincetown residents "could never stay in the summer months" because summer work schedules "would never allow it" probably was in reference to a segment of Provincetown residents heavily committed to summer work. In practice I observed that major users of dune shacks during summer included many local Provincetown residents, most of whom were employed.

Privacy and Solitude

Dune shack residents said they valued privacy and solitude. Getting away from town and being alone with one's own thoughts and pursuits within nature were primary reasons for living in a dune shack. According the David Armstrong, Harry Kemp had over his shack's door a little sign that said, 'This house is occupied, please do not break in, nothing of value here except solitude.' David added, "That was how many of us felt."

Solitude was in part geographic and in part a frame of mind, for although the shacks gave the appearance of physical isolation, they in fact were quite close to Provincetown. This was clarified during my first walk into the dunes with Paul Tasha as a guide. I pointed out that Provincetown's water tank, a large grayish structure sitting atop a tall dune, was visible on the horizon for much of the way. Paul Tasha concurred, discussing the interplay of geography and perception:

> Tasha: Yeah, you're never far from it [the water tank]. But you can forget about it. Yeah, it's there. And I know the whole town's there. But you can really get lost in this place out here, and forget that it's all just a half-mile away, condos, you know.
> Wolfe: Well, we haven't seen another person, and we've been walking here for about fifty minutes.
> Tasha: There's still some privacy to be had out here. Yeah, it has that. You can still come out here and sit down here in the sun and enjoy yourself, and kind of forget that that whole world exists. There were times when I was a kid, when all you could see was the [Pilgrim] monument, which looks like a medieval tower. I would be out here and think I was in some past age.

When I asked Genevieve Martin, a Provincetown resident and long-time shack user, what drew her to the dunes, her first response was "solitude," a solitude within nature. In addition, it was a solitude punctuated with visits by other dune friends. For her, the solitude was exciting and regenerative:

> Wolfe: What draws you to the dunes. Can you say?
> Martin: Well, you know – solitude. You don't see people. As you see in August, you have so many people in town, but then you go out there, it's just you. Especially when you know where to walk where nobody walks, the Backshore. This is especially when they close the beaches to the cars, from June until the third week of July. I have been many times the only one on the beach. I mean, where else can you find that? This is unique. I like to see birds. I always observe those things – foxes and coyotes. I always look for tracks in the sand. It's always exciting! Each time you go it's like a new page. I never take the dunes and the shack for granted. I mean they are always a present, every time I

go. And really when I'm depressed, this is my best counselor. It's like the best place for me.

Wolfe: Solitude is regenerative.

Martin: Yeah, you can talk about this stuff forever.

Julie Schecter also emphasized the attribute of solitude and dune society. She linked the dune's solitude with artistic creativity, attributing this as a reason for use of the shacks by members of the Provincetown art colony:

> The art community in general, and it's not just Provincetown, it's a broader arts community, has made use of the shacks, used them both as material [subjects of art and literature] and for their isolation – the whole solitude and creativity thing. A lot of the people who are out there are artists. A reason that people seek this out is for the solitude. It's for getting your own peace of mind, for collecting your thoughts, having the time to be quiet and having to focus. Even though you can go home and turn off your telephone and your TV, you don't have that sense of an almost enforced peace that you have out in the shacks. I think for a lot of creative people that's a vital part of what they do. And even if they are not actively producing work out there, they are collecting the quiet to use when they get back to their studios.

Because of the high value placed on privacy and solitude, certain practices in dune shack society are said to have developed to preserve these attributes of dune living. One practice was not to bother other people at their shacks, according to Paul and Paula Tasha. They described learning this as children from their mother, Sunny Tasha, when they went out on the dunes to their shack:

> Paul: One thing you've got to understand, when we were kids we had specific orders: "Don't bother anybody in the shacks. They didn't come out here to see you."
>
> Paula: That's the truth.
>
> Paul: They came out here to be alone and to have some privacy. We were not supposed to be going and bugging them. And my mother didn't. There wasn't a heck of a lot of visiting. That's not what you went there for. You didn't go there for socializing. You went to get the hell away from that. So we didn't know some people. But I got to know "the Grouches" [Laura and Stanley Fowler in a neighboring shack], because they yelled at us.
>
> Paula: Uh huh, that's what we called the Fowlers – "the Grouches."

Paul Tasha also recalled getting yelled at by Charlie Schmid, his neighbor to the south, who he never got to know well because Paul found him intimidating:

> Paul: Again, he was one of those guys I never knew well. He was always a grouchy bastard. So as a kid I never got to really know him. He was all right, but Christ, he was touchy as hell. I think those are the kind of people who like to be in the dunes. They didn't like society that much.
>
> Wolfe: Maybe it was just you he didn't like.
>
> Tasha: Yeah, that could be it. *[Laughter.]* I set myself up for that.

But as stated previously, as a child Paul did visit other shacks, including the nearby Jackson shack (to eat blueberry pancakes with the kids of Frank and Karen Milby), Boris Margo (who "was always friendly"), and Hazel Hawthorne Werner.

One practice in dune shack society is not to appear unannounced at another person's shack, or so some shack residents told me. Irene Briga, a Provincetown resident and long-time shack user, explained local shack etiquette about paying unscheduled visits to a shack:

> Wolfe: Tell me about shack etiquette. Can you just knock on Lawrence's shack and pay him a visit? How does that work?
> Briga: Well, you always announce yourself. There aren't phones. You always holler, and this I learned through tradition, *[loudly]* "You-hooo!" *[Laughs.]* If they're busy doing something and don't want to be interrupted [they can ignore you]. You try to give people space out there. You're not out there to party. You're out there for that solitude. You're out there to learn to write, to paint, video, whatever you do.
>
> You've heard about the white sheet? If somebody was in trouble they'd hang up a white sheet. In the old days when Hazel *[Werner]* was out there, and Ray Wells would tell you, if you needed something be it sugar or help, you would do a white sheet. I don't know if it was sugar, but I know it was at least help. That was one of their little traditions that they passed down to each other.
>
> Sometimes if I was home in my shack – our shack – I would hang out one of my sarongs and that meant that you could interrupt. That's a tradition within friends. You tell them, "OK, if the sheet is up you can come, if it's not, don't, that means I want to be alone." It's just a little respect.

Other shack residents confirmed Irene Briga's etiquette about signaling shacks with a shout or a whistle. Signaling with sheets between shacks appears to have been a practice for just a few shacks with friendly neighbors within eyeshot, like the Jackson, Werner, and Wells shacks. Doey Fearing and Laura Fowler used flags to send messages back and forth between the Fearing and Fowler shacks regarding their children, according to Marianne Benson. Briga adapted the practice using a sarong at her shack to inform friends walking the dunes as to whether or not she wanted company.

Peter Clemons, Marianne Benson, and David Thompson discussed privacy among shack residents. Even though their shack sat a few hundred paces from the Fowler shack, and they became very close friends with the Fowlers, the Clemons-Benson family did not go "back and forth all the time" between the two shacks:

> Clemons: Dune dwellers basically respect the privacy. We're all out here to get away from the neighbors. Well, maybe not quite that severely. We were very respectful of the Fowlers. They were very respectful of us. You just don't appear. I can't think of any other dune resident coming like that. You know, Paul [Tasha] might come down once every two years.
> Benson: It took us years to know them.
> Clemons: What brought us together was primarily the age of the Fowlers. Occasionally they needed a little help with something. You have a hundred pound propane tank that you're dragging around, and they did it, they did it. But there were times when they might say, "If you're around could you give us a hand?" Or if there was something large that they needed to do.
> Benson: Like putting up the shutters.
> Thompson: You'll see more of an interaction with your neighbors when you're on the road coming in, at the gate. You'll have interactions with them. You catch up. Like the Armstrongs. They are the furthest ones away and being really friendly with them we'll

talk on the phone and pay a visit. But it's never an unannounced visit. You don't just show up, because that's just not what you do. You don't do that in the city. Even if you see somebody on the beach, they'll say, "Why don't you come over?" It's by sort of an informal invitation. It's like we all live on the same street, but the street's a really, really, long street.

Clemons: There's a word, the Greeks have a word, *xenos*, and that means friends and strangers – friend and stranger. We don't have a word like that in English that I know of. We know they are our friends out there, but we kind of like the stranger part, too.

Benson: It's also what I think of as the west, the wild west – people get together for barn raisings and stuff like that, or if there's a problem.

Thompson: Or if there's a brush fire. Remember the fire?

Benson: And people really rally. But day-to-day, people really want to be on their own.

Thompson: Well, there's no way to communicate. There's no phone system. It's not like you're in town and you can call up and say, "Hey, do you want to come over for dinner?"

Benson: But we all came out of the woodwork when we heard that some dune shack committee was making all of these decisions about the dune shacks and none of the dune shack dwellers were invited or informed or anything. Everybody came out, all of the dune dwellers came out.

In this interchange among shack residents we see agreement that respecting privacy and solitude of neighbors is considered the norm, but there are situations when shack residents convene for joint action: to assist one another in large tasks, like moving propane bottles; to assist one another in emergencies, like a fire; or to engage in political action against perceived threats to the group. Under the norm of respecting privacy and solitude, it took the Clemons-Bensons years to get to know their neighbors, the Tashas, whom they now count as friends. Thompson characterized the neighborhood as living on "a long, long block," while Clemons characterized it as "friend and stranger," or *xenos*, in the Greek meaning both a stranger/guest and a gracious host.

David Armstrong, a long-term shack resident, counted many personal friendships within dune shack society. He told a humorous story that illustrated the essential tension between both valued friends and solitude on the dunes:

> I was talking with one dune dweller once many years ago, I can't remember which one it was, and I mentioned some other dune dweller to him. He said he didn't know him, hadn't heard of him. I said, "Well you know, he's really a nice fellow, you'd like him." And he said, "Well, all the people out here are pretty nice, and I don't see much of any of them, and that's why I love to be here."

It is far from correct to characterize shack residents as a society of friendly strangers, however. It was not uncommon for neighboring shacks to become closely associated through friendships between residents. The Champlin and Adams shacks were linked in this fashion. Both families bought and renovated adjoining shacks together, spending summers as close neighbors for years. A well-worn path connected the two shacks. The Adams and Champlins said they developed close friendships with Leo Fleurant in his nearby shack, before he died. Stan and Laura Fowler built their shack in the central cluster in order to live next to the shack of their close friends, Al and Doey Fearing. Other pairs of closely associated shacks have included the Fowler and Bessay shacks, Fuller-Bessay and Armstrong shacks (Bessay introduced the Armstrongs to the dunes), the Schuster and Schnell-Del Deo shacks (in recent years, Lawrence Schuster and Salvatore Del Deo have partnered to make wine with California grapes), the Wells and Werner shacks (they used to signal one another with sheets), and the Wells and Jackson shacks (Ray Wells and Zara Jackson are half sisters). There is also a close familial link between

the Werner shacks (managed by Peaked Hill Trust) and the Isaacson-Schecter shack, because Lauriee Schecter (of the Isaacson-Schecter shack) is the sister of Julie Schecter, a leader in the trust. The Armstrongs, residents of the eastern-most shack since 1948, said they were personal friends with a number of other dune dwellers, including Andy Fuller, Grace Bessay, Charlie Schmid, Peg Watson, Jan Gelb, the Champlins, and the Adams, all of whom they visited. Some of these were geographic neighbors, but others were not. With these types of linkages, it is not a case of "friendly strangers." The friendly interactions are among people who know one another well over the years, but see each other occasionally during a year.

Lawrence Schuster, currently the one year-round resident on the dunes, characterized shack society as "a pretty loose community." Like others I interviewed, he said shack residents respected each other's privacy and solitude. They visited only occasionally. He said people got together for meals or shared work "plenty of times," but these were usually arranged in advance. He felt he could "pop by and visit" his neighbors, Gary Isaacson and Lauriee Schecter, for instance, but this was usually not the practice. For shacks like Thalassa, managed with a weekly lottery under the Peaked Hill Trust, there would be different people week by week, so a shack resident normally wouldn't visit there. He gave examples of appropriate and inappropriate visits. He said he had absolutely no problem coming home from work on the whale watch boat to find a note on the table from a friend saying they stopped by and used the shack while he was gone. But he was very unhappy with a winter visit by a couple of young adults he didn't know. They knocked on his door, so to answer, he ripped open the seals of thermal plastic and asked, "What do you need? Are you cold? Do you need help?" They said, "Oh, we were just wondering who might live here." This was an example of an inappropriate visit, he said. Schuster said he loved to cook, and told a winter story of thawing out venison steaks, cooking them up with eggs (from "Sal's chickens"), coffee, and juice, the snow just starting to come down in gobs, and hearing a knock on his shack door. A friend who was taking his Malamute out for a run on the dunes stood at his doorstep. "You sure know your timing," Schuster said, inviting him in for a bite to eat, having a great time. In this set of examples, friends are given dispensation for unannounced visits (and are even welcomed), while strangers are not, unless they are in need.

I observed examples of Lawrence Schuster visiting two other shacks the day I was at his shack for an interview. After our interview, Schuster drove his jeep over to the Gelb-Margo-Zimiles shack to pick up a couple who had stayed the night, one of whom was his work associate on the whale watch boats. The two had been lent a night at the shack by another couple who had won a week's time through the shack lottery, but who did not use the last night. Schuster had offered to give them a ride into town. We pulled up to the shack and they piled into the jeep. That same afternoon, Schuster received a call from his daughter about a pair of sunglasses left in the Isaacson-Schecter shack. So on the drive back into town he made an additional stop at that shack, quickly going inside and coming out with the missing sunglasses. From my observation, the two visits were done without any reticence or "yoo-hooing," illustrating that Schuster was confident visiting the shacks of friends, either prearranged (as with the pickup of people he knew) or unplanned (as with the sunglasses). It also illustrated what Schuster himself reported, that he knew the twelve shacks "within walking distance" of his own shack very well. For him, the central cluster of shacks was a familiar neighborhood. He quickly named them one by one for me, counting them on his fingers (he referred to the Schnell-Del Deo shack as "Sal's place," after his fellow winemaker, Salvatore Del Deo). But Schuster said he did not know the shacks "beyond Malicoat," that is, in the north cluster accessed by a different jeep path. So it is not likely that he would visit these shacks in the same fashion.

As shown above, Genevieve Martin identified solitude as a valued attribute of dune shack living. In our interview, she affirmed that shack etiquette attempted to preserve the solitude of

shack dwellers. However, she also affirmed that for her the beauty of shack life was a balance of solitude in nature, and visits with other shack friends. It seems to me that Martin's characterization is an accurate description of the pattern that I observed within dune shack society, one that blended solitude and sociability among friends:

Martin: Well, one thing that I wanted to tell you, it is the tradition of the dune shackers to be un-traditionalist. We are not traditionalist, which means we don't hang out together.
Wolfe: You're saying "un – traditionalist."
Martin: Yes. That's the tradition – it's to be un-traditionalist.
Wolfe: Unconventional.
Martin: Yes, unconventional. That's the tradition. It's people who are not going to fit every image of the regular nine-to-five kind of thing. Or if they do, at least it's that time [on the dunes] to let it go. And I never hang out [with them]. I hang out with Peaked Hill Trust people because you sweat together, that makes you friends. But uh, I never hang out with Paul Tasha, ever. I mean, this was the first time, I think, that Paul actually talked to me for half an hour – it's never happened and I've known him twenty-five years. The Fowlers and I became friends, but you know it's not like everyday we would visit. And all the other people, let me think. Well, now I know Scott and Marsha [Dunn], and Laurie [Schecter] and Gary [Isaacson] because she's the sister of Julie Schecter. Um, but usually the people at the shacks don't mix very much.
Wolfe: The shack people are individualists?
Martin: Yeah, very. You would not dare to go visit, even me. When I have people to take out [to the Peaked Hill shacks], they have to tell me, "If you want to come by, it's OK." But even then I might not come by.
Wolfe: The custom out there is to allow people to have their solitude?
Martin: Yep, you want to respect their solitude, completely.
Wolfe: So, who made those rules? How do you learn those rules?
Martin: That's not "a rule." This is shack stuff. We know that. I always tell people, "Don't go to anybody else's [shack] unless you've been invited, unless you have an emergency, of course." So, if you meet them on the beach and they say, "Come and have a drink tonight for sunset," you go. But otherwise, you don't usually show up. You really don't.

But also what's nice, is like when I stay [at the shack] I never lock my door, and I went for a long walk, and came back and I had two friends with cheese and wine. Those are the shack people. I don't need to be there [for them to come in]. They already know, it's home. I am not surprised when they are there. It's like – great. And I like that. No phone. If they come, they come. If they don't come, they don't come. You have to let go of all those things that you plan.

Wolfe: Some people would be frightened of solitude, going out there by themselves, and they would say this is not where I want to be.
Martin: But you know it's interesting, I was reading the Peaked Hill Trust book, and Josephine Del Deo had visited Dune Charlie, Charlie Schmid, at his shack. They asked him, "Don't you feel lonely?" He said, "Lonely? I never feel lonely. I don't have time to feel lonely." And when I'm out there, I never, ever feel lonely. You have friends dropping by from town. And once in a great while we'll come over to visit my ex husband who lives next door to Thalassa. But um, no. I'm very happy. I love rainy days when nobody comes. And I love it when my friends come. It's this nice balance between having a lot of people or some people and no one. I'm a real early riser, especially at Thalassa in June when the sun rises, it's right on your face. So at five I can

be up and going. I have my spots where you have to go early because it gets too hot if you go late. And nobody's there, guaranteed. You don't see anybody.

I believe it is the balanced blending of solitude and sociability with friends and relatives at the shacks that is the ideal value within dune shack society. The shacks are used by residents for opportunities to be alone with nature and one's thoughts. But also, the shacks are used as centers for small gatherings of like-minded friends and relatives, for creative exchanges, for celebrations, and for simply being together. Each shack, or pair of closely-tied shacks, operated in much this fashion, independent of the other shacks, respectful of the other shack residents' privacy.

Gatherings at Shacks

While it may seem to contradict the high value placed on solitude, the dune shacks commonly served as sites for gatherings, especially among members of extended families, members of the art colony on the lower cape, and of like-minded friends. Several dune shacks served as symbolic centers for extended families. They were places that drew members together year after year. They were places held in common by members using it individually over time. This was true for the Champlin shack, the two Adams shacks, the Armstrong shack, the Tasha shack, the Clemons-Benson shack, the Malicoat shack, and the Gelb-Margo-Zimiles shack. For children growing up living on the dunes during summers, the shack was considered the extended family's principal home, a constant in space and time even though family members pursued education and employment in a series of places at other times. For these families, the close association of the dune shack and the family line meant that threats to the shack were perceived as direct threats to the integrity of the family itself.

A shack's significance as a symbolic center is demonstrated by its choice for public rites of passage within families, particularly marriages and funerals. In many cases, shack residents have chosen to be married, memorialized, and laid to rest on the dunes near the family's shack, rituals commonly conducted by Americans in religious settings. The dunes and shacks filled this purpose. Funerals are discussed in a later chapter, but weddings and parties are illustrated below.

As examples, three weddings in the Champlin family took place at the Champlin shack, including Maia Champlin, Paul Champlin, and Andrea Champlin, and Mildred and Nat Champlin celebrated a 50th wedding anniversary there. Andrea Champlin, explaining her choice of sites, said, "I wanted to be married on the sand dune next to the house because it was the most meaningful place on earth, and because of the incredible beauty, and because there are people here that I cared about and wanted to have present." In describing his choice of places, Paul Champlin said he married a "beach buggy girl" whom he met "over a pile of dead fish" on the beach when he was eleven years old. He always assumed that the dune shack was where they would be married:

Paul Champlin: It seemed that everybody, her family and my family, and just everybody we knew, or the majority of the people we knew, knew the house, knew what the place was like, they knew how to get here. Everybody liked it. It was just sort of the natural place to go to start the rest of our lives together. Of course we'd already spent fifteen years together. We've known each other a hell of a long time.

Andrea: It says something about the importance of this place, because the logistics of getting the guests, the food, out to the beach, are not trivial. You saw how you have to get out, so you can imagine getting 80 people out here. Sometime you have to camp out. So it was a commitment.

Paul: And on the day of the wedding, the water pump went out. Everybody made do. What a snafu! We had a nor'easter for the four days before the wedding. Even the evening of the wedding it was raining and we were lying in our beds saying, "This is a disaster." We don't want to get married with 80 people jammed in here. The other alternative was that we had put a deposit at the VFW, just in case, and we didn't want to do that. And we woke up and it was a nicer day than today. It was spectacular. And the next, the day after the wedding, we went on a sunset whale watch and as we were coming in there was another nor'easter for the next four days. It was just perfect timing. It was the 19th of August. August can be nasty. We can get really disgusting days. It'll be 65 degrees and rainy and northwest winds blowing in 25 to 30 miles an hour, really miserable – good reading days, all day.

Shacks commonly were centers for small parties. During Prohibition, some shacks were used for drinking. Fishermen sometimes partied on the Backshore while surf casting, using the shacks as bases. Kathie Meads, a Provincetown resident and shack user, retold a story she heard about a party held by Eugene O'Neill, now part of the local lore:

Joseph Nunes was the man who had the first beach taxi. He talked about coming across the dunes and coming upon Eugene O'Neill and one of his parties. They were having a beach party or something. He had all these schoolteachers from Boston in his beach buggy. So he thought, 'Well, this will be great. We'll go over and say hello to Eugene O'Neill, and they'll think this was the best thing that ever happened.' So, they start going across the dunes. When they start getting closer they realize that it's a nudist party. So now the teachers, the old maids from Boston, are like, "Oh my god!" And Eugene O'Neill is yelling to Joseph Nunes, "Joe! You can stop by anytime. But you're really cramping my parties bringing your dune tours over here! Don't bring the dune tours by anymore!" *[Laughter.]*

Historically, the largest and most famous parties were those held by Harry Kemp and Boris Margo at the first full moon of August. The mid-summer revelries drew substantial numbers from the art colony in Provincetown, as described by Julie Schecter, who learned about them from stories and old photographs:

They did something that was part of dune lore. This is something that was before my time. Every summer Boris would build a sculpture from the driftwood that he would pick up off the dunes. He was a stunning artist, just amazing. I never saw one of these things. I wish I had. He would spend the whole summer building this thing. It was huge. And on the full moon of August, he'd have a party. The party would be a great community gathering. Lots of artists. Other people would come in. People would hike in and some people would roll in on their dune buggies. You could drive anywhere then. People would haul all over the dunes. It would be a lovely family event, until it got to be a bit late and the families would go home. Then the hard-core partiers would stay, I understand. They'd light off the bonfire, the sculpture, I was told that there were some really, really, wild parties. The Howling of the Moon, they would call it.

Family pictures from the first full moon parties are shown in a later chapter, with other descriptions from the Zimiles extended family.

Conrad Malicoat and Anne Lord regularly hosted a gathering at the Malicoat shack for artists and writers selected for summer residencies at the Provincetown art colony. It was a continuation of a tradition established by the family to help young artists, as described by Anne Lord:

> One of the ways we share it every year is this. You've heard about the Fine Arts Work Center [in Provincetown]? It grew out of several people. One person, Hudson Walker, who was not an artist but a patron of the arts, was really concerned about what was going to happen in Provincetown. Could the young artists keep coming here? And if they didn't keep coming here, what would happen to the legacy of the artists? He met with Conrad's dad [Phil Malicoat] and other people and brainstormed. They came up with the Fine Arts Work Center in about 1967 or 1968. That was the very beginning of it. Conrad's dad was involved in it all that time and subsequently. The first winter, the first Fellows might have been artists who lived here all the time. But very quickly people came from other places.
>
> So he started this tradition: in the fall, one of the first events for these young artists and writers coming to the Fine Arts Works Center was to come out there [to his shack] for a BBQ or a picnic and get introduced to the environment out there. Sometimes people come to town and they could be here for years and maybe never go out there, not realize what's there. So Phil always did that, and we've continued doing that every year. That's one more organized way of introducing a lot of people. The Fellows are there for one year. Some of them are there for two years. Many of them come back and go out there, or they tell us how significant it was as part of their Provincetown stay. And a lot of those people do stay to live in Provincetown. The idea of continuing a legacy through living here and being able to use the environment successfully – it's a very big cultural contribution.

Clearly, dune shacks served not simply as retreats for solitude. The dune shacks also served as focal points for periodic gatherings of significant segments of dune shack society. The group events at the shacks tended to be memorable, and frequently high-spirited. They channeled and released creative energy. They served to reinforce the integrity of shack families and the artist colony in Provincetown. Today, the large howling moon events have been replaced by more modest gatherings, but the tradition of gathering to celebrate on the Backshore continues to the present.

Security

While dune shack families were relatively autonomous entities and accorded great privacy within shack society, shack residents were said to watch out for one another's shacks. "Dune residents help one another with their shacks," stated Lawrence Schuster, a full-time dune dweller. "They check on other people's shacks. People feel responsible for the other places."

Because of the Backshore's physical isolation, shack break-ins by vandals were a potential problem. Conrad Malicoat reported that this happened more during the 1950s and 1960s compared with today:

> A lot of shacks would get broken into back then, the 50s and the 60s, which they don't do much now, which is interesting. You constantly had to patrol your shack because people would break in. But now it rarely happens. It probably does, but I don't hear about it. It hasn't happened to our place.

Salvatore Del Deo, a Provincetown resident with a shack in the central group, confirmed the difficulties during the 1960s. He said he used to check four or five shacks regularly, evicting uninvited users:

It's a wonder any of those cottages are still up, because of the 60s, during the hippie revolution. I used to go out almost every day and kick kids out. They'd be on pot, and they'd have a fire in the middle of the floor. They didn't care. They were not intentionally destructive, but they were out of it, you know. Everywhere. I used to go to four or five cottages and say, "You guys have to leave. Come on, get out." It was amazing.

David Armstrong said break-ins had been a problem for the family's shack in the eastern shack group from time to time from fishermen's kids, hikers, and outright thieves. His shack had fewer problems since being moved from the edge of the beach to an inland dune, and since the Seashore regulated vehicular traffic on the beach. He and Connie Armstrong discussed security:

David: We lock it when we leave. We close all the shutters. We've worked over the years to improve the shutters, particularly when we were in the old location [nearer the beach], when there were hoards of fishermen with their RVs there. They would often bring their young sons with them who had no interest in fishing. They'd go rampaging around the dunes, trying to break into any shack they could. So over the years we've tried to improve the security of our shutters to the point that, since our move here, there's only been one attempt to break in. There were a few chips of wood out of the front shutter. The main door downstairs was pried open. And then he finally got a shutter open, broke a window, and came on in. He didn't take anything. But he left a few things knocked off the bureau, left on the floor, and so on. Terrible glass scattered everywhere.

Connie: The bad thing was that a lot of weather came in between him leaving and us finding out.

David: Of course, it was wide open to the mice who ran all around the place. It was a terrible cleanup after that.

Connie: Even if we weren't working toward security, we have to secure these shutters very, very well for the wind. If it's improperly bolted from the inside, whoomp! The slam against the wall with the wind is terrific. They have to be secured anyway because the glass would be sandblasted, in such a short time, in twenty minutes it would become all opaque. We know.

David: In the old days we made the shutters out of boards we found on the beach. There would be little gaps here and there. You can see little lines of frosted glass where the gaps were. Etched.

As an indication of our concern for security, if we went out for a fairly long walk on the beach, we wouldn't lock the doors, we'd just close them. If we went into town for supplies, we'd lock one of the two locks and secure this door, but we'd leave all the shutters open. The only time when everything was really shuttered up was when a severe nor'easter was on the way and we wanted to protect things, or going away for weeks at a time.

The initial door we had at the old place was quite fragile. We have some fragments of it still. It was broken into quite a number of times, four or five times altogether, I would guess. One was somebody who left us a note saying that it was a heavy storm, he decided he could break the door open fairly readily, and he was hungry, so he had a can of tuna fish. He thanked us very much for the tuna fish and for the shelter. And he said he propped the door shut as well as he could when he left. That's the extreme on one side. Now the extreme on the other side was someone who broke in, and they didn't know you had to take the cap off the chimney. So they lit a fire in the fireplace, and there was white powder all over where they had used the fire extinguisher when the house was

filling with smoke. They left excrement in all the cooking pots. They had thrown things against the plaster wall. They left graffiti on the wall. It was pure destructiveness. In between those two was an interesting break-in. People apparently broke in because they had some place of their own that they wanted to furnish. They were quite discriminating. They took the nicest things. We had a brand new trashcan and that's apparently what they carried it off in. We had a lovely little Japanese tea set, they took that.

Connie: They took my paintings. And the Indian blankets.
David: And a great copper urn that we kept water in.
Connie: So we'd have running water in the kitchen sink. Restaurant-size, copper coffee urn with a beautiful brass faucet on it.
David: Years later in an antiques store in Maine we saw a copper urn, and I was pretty sure that some of those dents were exactly the same. *[Laughter.]* But since we've moved here we've only had the one break-in.

Like the one incident described by the Armstrongs, the Fuller-Bessay shack was severely vandalized once, according to Peter Clemons. The shack was broken into and everything smashed, pure destructiveness. The Adams shack once was threatened during the 1970s by a group of drunks, standing outside the shack and shouting, according to Marcia Adams. Paul Tasha, whose family shack maintained an open-door policy, said that his shack had been vandalized only once, a remarkable record considering its use:

We've only gotten vandalized once over the years. That's pretty good over all that many years. No doubt in my mind that it was some local kids. When I was a kid if anything got trashed or hell got raised, it was always somebody I knew. When this happened, it was probably some local teenagers.

Zara Jackson, whose shack was near the old coastguard station, said there was no problem with vandalism of her shack when the station was operating. Presumably, the presence of the lifesavers served as a deterrent. Soon after the station closed, vandals broke into her shack and "destroyed just about everything" purchased by her mother, Alice Malkin, at auction from the Woodend Lighthouse, including a captain's chair, tables, kitchen cabinet, glass-door closet, and iron stone pitchers.

Fire was a big concern for shack residents, by the negligence of uninvited users. Josephine Del Deo said long-term residents carefully regulated access to shacks to avoid catastrophic fires and to help protect the dune environment:

Regarding access to the shacks, the dune dwellers are very fussy about who uses the cottages and how, because they always worry about fire. They also worry about how their cottage is being used. It has to be someone who understands. It just isn't "open sesame" to anybody, like an overnight thing. It's very very important. The people who are allowed to go out there through these family connections, always had to have an understanding of the way the cottage functions, of the way the dunes function. You just didn't let people out there who were going to tramp over the tern nests, who don't appreciate the things, or who are careless. In the 60s, for instance, it was terrible. We had a lot of problems. The Ford cottage burned down, a cottage next to Frenchies', in the late 50s. It burned to the ground by careless use. Frenchie never forgot this.

In 1990, the Jackson shack burned to the ground, probably deliberate arson by a mentally-ill person who had broken in. Zara Jackson told me the story:

> This was after my husband's death. He died in 1987. Our shack was being cared for by a friend of Ray's, Joyce Johnson. She was using the shack, living in Truro. She's a sculptor and a photographer. So Joyce would come in and out of Truro. She came out one day and there was this guy living here, squatting here. She knew him from Truro, a very eccentric fellow. She said that she wanted him out by the weekend. He could stay until then, but she wanted him out by the weekend because she was going to use it. She came out on Friday and there was nothing left of it. I think that this guy took refuge in a church or something. It was someplace where he was swinging from a chandelier. He was mentally ill.

Before the shack burned, the squatter had carefully removed the shack's new windows and laid them out on the sand, an indication that the fire was premeditated.

Because of these potential problems, shack residents said they watched out for one another's shacks from vandalism or damage from weather. There has never been a formal program for this, such as a "neighborhood watch" organization. However, on an informal basis, dune dwellers said they commonly kept a watch on their neighborhoods. Like the account of Salvatore Del Deo's above, I was told of a number of instances when dune residents directly confronted outsiders in order to protect a neighbor's shacks, or took action when wind or surf endangered a shack. According to some, the dune shacks would not have survived to the present day except for this common vigilance and intervention.

According to the Champlins, Leo Fleurant, a full-time dune resident from about 1963 until he died in 1984, watched the cottages in the western neighborhood for problems with weather or vandals. He documented shack impacts of the so-called "perfect storm" in 1978 with a camera given him by the Champlins. Laura and Stan Fowler were active watchers of shacks in the central neighborhood. Laura's zealous efforts earned her the name, "the Grouch," by the Tashas, or the "wicked witch" by others, as related by Marianne Benson and Peter Clemons, whose shack (the old Fearing shack) was watched by her. Their first shack experience, recounted in a later chapter, described how Laura Fowler ran out of her shack and shouted at them, "Get away from that shack! Get away from that shack!"

> Benson: Laura Fowler was considered the "wicked witch of the dunes." She kept people away from that Fearing shack she loved, all of the shacks, but especially that one because they were her best friends. She wasn't going to let anyone tamper with those. She just kept her evil eye out. One point she was just shut down by the government. They said, "No more yelling at people, not with guns, anyway." *[Laughs.]* They had a very bad reputation. But they were really wonderful to us, really wonderful to us. They were just trying to protect the remaining [shacks]. And they did. I don't think they'd be there if they didn't.
>
> Clemons: That's what I said about the 60s. They really had a rough time out here, the infamous druggies of the 1960s.
>
> Benson: It was nuts.

I observed the aftermath of vandalism near the shacks during the research project. On a Sunday afternoon (August 8), driving out with the Clemons-Benson family to their shacks, I passed the nearby foundations of the old coast guard station. We discovered large, spray-painted, stylized graffiti covering the foundations, perhaps done earlier that morning. Peter Clemons and Marianne Benson were shocked. That had never happened before, they asserted. We walked into the foundation to look at the graffiti, in the main room and an adjoining alcove. They said it was like "desecrating" a hallowed place. They called the alcove "the Chapel" because they had held a

memorial service there for Grace Bessay in 1996. They would not speculate who might have defaced the foundations, local or non-local, youth or adult. Peter Clemons called the Seashore to report the vandalism. Official law enforcement in the dune district is performed by Park rangers. The closest rangers worked from an office near the Provinceland Visitor Center near the northwest entrance to the dunes. I was told by rangers that they patrolled the dune district periodically, but not every day. They patrolled the public beaches as well as the Backshore. As an example of enforcement, two youths were recently investigated and apprehended for ripping up dune grass, joy-riding with off-road vehicles.

Josephine Del Deo saw protecting shacks as a partnership between long-term residents and the Seashore. She credited the formation of the Seashore for improving the problems with break-ins since the 1960s:

> In a sense, the Park has been marvelous for that. It has protected us from just stray people going across there and breaking in. We understand very well what a wonderful partnership this has been. But I can tell you, anybody who has a place out there, they may seem to be a little bit lax about use, but they're not. Even the Tashas, who are probably the most lax, they know very well who's going out there. Not just anybody goes out there.

As shown in her statement, Josephine Del Deo observed that a shared vigilance on the part of long-term shack residents and the Seashore had helped to keep the dune shacks protected.

Mutual Assistance

Shack residents said they provided assistance to their neighbors in emergencies, and for large tasks. As shown above, Peter Clemons willingly assisted the Fowlers in hauling propane bottles and putting up shutters, difficult tasks for elderly residents. Helping with fires was mentioned above by some respondents. As an example, the Champlins and Adams were asked to help when the Malicoats' first shack burned to the ground:

> Mildred Champlin: When Maia [Champlin] was little, Joe Oliver comes up, knocks at the door [of our shack]. This was in the morning. And he said, "Nat, I'm in trouble." We looked out and there's this huge conflagration, this huge glow to the east. Joe Oliver was a legend in town and the dunes. He ran what is now the Fine Arts Work Center in town, and he was out there with his girlfriend, Edna. They were staying in Phil's house while Phil Malicoat was in Greece. They had a fireplace. And he said, "I have a problem." So we got in the jeep and drove out there. We became 911. But once something is on fire there, you just watch it.
> Nat Champlin: There wasn't much we could do, it was so hot.
> Sally Adams: Bring out the marshmallows and the Kleenex.

The example shows that these neighboring shack users knew one another. Though the Champlins did not live year-round in Provincetown, they knew the local artist (Joe Oliver, and his girlfriend), who were using the Malicoats' shack, and Joe Oliver knew them. As neighbors, they were the emergency help ("911") in an area without phones to dial for assistance. They quickly went to their neighbor's aid. But in this case, there was nothing they could do but watch the shack burn.

David Armstrong encouraged his wife, Connie, to relate a story of aid provided by Charlie Schmid during a storm. The Armstrong shack was just to the east of the Schmid shack:

David: Perhaps you want to tell the story of the storm, when Charlie came down to rescue you and Janet.

Connie: Yeah. School was going to begin and Janet was going to go into second grade. So we had a week before school started. Dad had to go home on Sunday night. We stayed behind. What happened was a great storm hit this part of Massachusetts. Dad didn't even know what was happening. And Grace [Bessay] didn't know what was happening. Grace eventually turned up. But Charlie knew. He had come by earlier and knew that Janet and I were here alone. Charlie had a playwright visiting him. Up he comes in his jeep with Balzac, his dog. He said, "There you are. You shouldn't be here alone." He helped us put the shutters to. Then he took us up to his place. He gave Janet a great big glass of milk and a peanut butter sandwich. He and I and the other gentleman talked about the great plays we had seen. Meanwhile, this fierce storm was absolutely screaming around our ears. I was really grateful that we weren't having to sit it out alone.

David: There were no cell phones then. I didn't know anything about this until Friday night when I came down. They talked about this great storm. I said, "Storm? What storm?"

Knowing that Connie and Janet were alone, Schmid took the initiative to help them in the storm, including battening their shack and housing them.

Shack residents provided other examples of mutual assistance. When the old coast guard station burned, shack residents arrived to put out fire spreading into the dune grass. When the 1978 storm threatened the shacks in the northern cluster, David Adams received a telephone call from Leo Fleurant that the Champlin shack was hanging over the edge. A local contractor, Pinky Silva and his crew, saved the shack by dragging it away from the eroding bank. The shack residents paid taxes to Provincetown each year. According to Nat Champlin, the taxes covered fire and police, but "no fire department can come out to help us, no police will come out here." Given the lack of services, shack residents said they were ready to help one another in emergencies.

Another form of mutual assistance was joint political action. As described in the historic chapter, dune shack residents on occasion have banded together in efforts to preserve the dunes and the dune shacks against perceived threats. When the dunes or dune shacks have appeared threatened, people turn out. The earliest effort was the Emergency Committee for the Preservation of the Province Land, a grassroots organization lobbying for the creation of a national seashore that included all of the Province Lands. Another effort was the formation of the Great Beach Cottage Owner's Association to challenge the dispossession and destruction of dune shacks. Another was the effort spearheaded by the Peaked Hill Trust to recognize the historic significance of the dune shacks. As described previously, these efforts mobilized a relatively large proportion of dune shack heads, as well as substantial numbers of dune shack users.

Transference of Shacks

Historically, dune shacks changed hands. Ownerships for particular shacks on occasion transferred between people. This section describes these practices, summarizing information provided to me by dune shack residents. It identifies customary patterns in the transference of dune shacks.

Dune shacks commonly transferred between close kin, typically at the death of a shack head. This may be the most frequent pattern for transferring dune shacks when an extended family used a shack. A common practice was for shacks to stay with a spouse (or partner) at the death of a shack head. There have been numerous cases of this. When Jan Gelb died, the shack stayed with Boris Margo, her husband. When Andrew Fuller died, the shack stayed with Grace Bessay, his partner. When Stanley Fowler died, the shack stayed with Laura Fowler, his wife. When Irving Ofsevit died, the shack stayed with Zara Jackson, his wife. When Nick Wells died, the shack stayed with Ray Wells, his wife. When Randolf Jones died, the shack stayed with Anabelle Jones, his wife. When Herman Tasha died, the shack stayed with Sunny Tasha, his wife. In two of these cases (Zara Jackson and Ray Wells), the shack was owned by the surviving spouse prior to the marriage. In two other cases, the surviving spouse was said to be the primary shack user prior to the death: the Tasha shack was primarily Sunny Tasha's and not Herman Tasha's, and the Gelb-Margo shack was primarily Jan Gelb's while her husband resided in town. Given these types of differences among cases, it may not be entirely accurate to say the shacks were joint holdings of spouses or partners, but practically, this was the outcome after the death of a spouse or partner in these cases. The shack remained with the surviving spouse or partner.

A second common practice was for shacks to stay with children or other close kin at the death of a shack head, if the deceased shack head had no surviving spouse or partner. There have been several examples of this. When Alice Malkin died, the shack passed to Zara Malkin (Jackson), her daughter. When Sunny Tasha died, the shack passed to her children, Carla, Carl, Paul, and Paula. When Philip Malicoat died, the shack passed to Anne and Conrad Malicoat, his children; and later, when Anne died, the shack stayed with Conrad. When Jeanne Chanel (Frenchie) died, the shack went to Adrienne Schnell (Schatzi), her daughter (and also two friends, the Del Deos, described below). Boris Margo, who had no children, willed his shack to Murray Zimiles, a nephew he raised like a son. There might be more examples of parent-to-child transfers except that the heads of several shacks have been long lived, including David and Marcia Adams, David and Connie Armstrong, Nathaniel and Mildred Champlin, and Zara Jackson. In interviews with me, all indicated a preference for their shack to stay within their family, handed on to children.

In the near term for some shacks, particular reservations of use have allowed these types of transfers. Certain shack reservations were negotiated to allow for a shack to remain within a family group for the period of the reservation, the shack's use staying with designated spouses or children at the death of shack heads. In other cases, reservations or leases have not supported the customary practice. Most shack residents I interviewed were concerned that in the longer term, as reservations of use come to term, that shacks might be lost to families, breaking the customary practice of shack transfers and terminating the uses by extended families groups who form the core of dune shack society and culture.

Historically, certain shacks were transferred through bequests to persons other than close kin. By bequests, I mean that shack heads directed that the shack go to a particular person (or organization) without a sale. In these cases where the shack was bestowed to someone other than close kin, the person given the shack was someone especially close to the shack head, such as a

long-time personal friend or a kindred spirit. There have been several examples of this. Harry Kemp gave his shack to Sunny Tasha, who was a close friend, recounted in the tale of Harry's death elsewhere in this report. In this case, there was also an element of reciprocity, as Sunny Tasha had built a winter cottage for Kemp in Provincetown. Another example is Grace Bessay giving her shack to Peter Clemons and Marianne Benson. In this instance, the Clemons-Benson family had become extremely close friends with the Fuller-Bessay family, with Andy Fuller becoming the godfather and namesake of the Clemons-Benson's second son (a quasi-kinship link). Peter Clemons described the development of this friendship and its connection with the shack:

> Andy Fuller was our original contact with the dunes. He brought Marianne and I out here in the early 1970s. Andy Fuller's relationship to the dunes was largely centered around Truro. There were two shacks he had [in the southern neighborhood]. One was called Joe Oliver's, and the other was a cement shack that he had purchased. He and Grace were very close friends of the Armstrongs, quite a ways from here. This cottage he purchased from the Fearings because they wanted to sell. The Fearings wanted to leave and Andy thought that he could save it. This was all during the Seashore coming in. Andy's goal was to protect it. All during this period he and his partner, Grace Bessay, were both taking care of their parents. Even though they themselves were pretty elderly, their parents were in their 90s. Taking care of elderly parents, he hadn't been out here for a couple of years. That's where we came in. He used us, saying, "OK, guys, why don't you treat this place as if it's yours? You can be my caretakers." We also became his way of getting here. He didn't drive at that point. And Grace was taking care of this 95-year-old parent of hers. We became part of the family. It was very much that they needed us and we needed them.

The caretaking of the shack began in the early 1970s. When Fuller died, the shack passed to Bessay, who resided in it with the Clemons-Benson family. When Bessay died, she passed it to the Clemons-Benson. In a similar fashion, Stan and Laura Fowler charged the Clemons-Benson with caretaking the Fowler shack. This also developed from close friendships, as described by Peter Clemons and Marianne Benson:

> Clemons: Traditionally, the Fowlers were in one shack, and we and Grace were in the other. The Fowlers had become more than neighbors, they were our friends. They left in 1991. They were 81 years old. They had been spending summers in Provincetown and driving to Florida for the winter.
> Benson: Stan needed Florida for his health at some point.
> Clemons: So when they had to make the break from this place it was a major decision, 80 years old, knowing that you're about to leave the place that you built, that you love.
> Benson: They couldn't do anything with it. They couldn't get anything for it.
> Clemons: It had been taken by the government. They didn't get any money for it. They weren't allowed to rent it. They had a choice of abandoning it. But they came to us and they said, "Would you please take care of it for us?" "You're serious?" we said. "Yeah, we'd like you to have it." We said, "Know that if you decide to come back, it's yours. We'll take care of it for you." Well, fifteen years later, we're still taking care of it for them. They did not want it used by transients. They did not want it to be used by weekly visitors. They didn't want to turn it over to a lottery-based system. It was their home. They could not imagine strangers here. They knew us, and they had taught us everything we needed to know in a sense [about dune living]. They trusted us and our friendship. So they basically gave us what they had. And we've tried to help them out for fifteen years now, maintaining it, putting a roof on it…
> Benson: Sending them pictures, writing, visiting.

Clemons. Eventually, Stan died. He had wicked Alzheimer's. She took care of him in Florida. She had a rough time. Imagine taking care of someone with Alzheimer's. But she's fine, sharp as a tack. She's 95 years old. But she has never been back to the shack.

Another example of a friendship transfer is the Schnell-Del Deo shack. Jeanne Chanel (Frenchie) bequeathed her shack to her close friends, Salvatore and Josephine Del Deo, as well as to Adrienne Schnell, her daughter, as described by Josephine Del Deo (1986):

> Frenchie was, of course, a painter in her own right, a naïf whose work has found its way into many private collections as well as the permanent collection of the Town of Provincetown. My husband, Salvatore Del Deo, first visited Frenchie in 1948, and my own acquaintance with her dates from our meeting in 1953. Salvatore and I were married in 1953, and date our occupancy of Frenchie's cottage from that year to the present. We have been living at the cottage seasonally, year in and year out when weather and time permits for thirty-three years. Adrienne Schnell, Frenchie's daughter, at one time a professional singer and entertainer, generously accorded us this continuing privilege after her mother's death in 1983. Prior to the creation of the National Seashore Park, Frenchie had several times drawn up legal papers which would have allowed us to share ownership after her death with her daughter and, although these papers were never officially recorded, they indicate a trust in our care of the dune cottage. Our maintenance of the dune cottage has been continuous for thirty-three years. (Del Deo 1986).

Another case like this was Eunice Braaten, who chose Lawrence Schuster to continue her legacy in the dunes. According to Schuster, Eunice Eddy Braaten of Connecticut, part of the Mary Baker Eddy clan, bought the shack in 1934 for seventy-five dollars, perhaps from P. C. Cook and Joe Medeiros, two coastguards who originally built it in 1931 (Del Deo 1986). Her husband, Theodore Braaten, "never much liked the place" and came only occasionally. She and her two boys came to the shack to spend summers, especially when the boys were young. Schuster was introduced to the dune district through Genevieve Martin, who took care of Hazel Werner during her declining years. During that period, Schuster and Martin frequently stayed in one of the Werner shacks during summer, usually Thalassa. When they separated, he looked around for another shack to live in. He went to visit his daughter at the Thalassa shack and noticed the Braaten shack was empty. He got the names of the owners from Werner, contacted Theodore Braaten , and offered to take care of the shack for a chance to live in it. Theodore Braaten "didn't want to hear about it," said Schuster. Calling a second time, Schuster got Eunice Braaten who said it was her shack, not her husband's. She was outraged that her husband had anything to decide about her shack. According to Schuster, she was feisty, a "real pip." When young, she was a cub newspaper reporter out of Radcliffe who had made a number of scoops during her career. "They finally took away her jeep in her nineties," said Schuster. She agreed to Schuster's proposition after talking it over with David Braaten, her younger son, who liked to go to the shack only occasionally. Her older son had no interest in the shack any longer, she said. The arrangement was that David could come one week in August. This happened for a couple of years, him coming with his own son. Eunice Braaten and Schuster corresponded for many years, sharing books and other things, developing a warm friendship. She told him, "You'll be my spirit in the dunes." The correspondence eventually ended when her mind began to fail. She died in 1996 at the age of 98 years. Theodore Braaten died at the age of 102 ½ years. By this time, David Braaten was in his seventies and no longer involved with the shack, nor were his own children. After Theodore's death, Schuster negotiated a use permit with the Seashore for his continued residence in the shack, where he had been living full time. He pointed out that there had always been at least one full-time resident out on the dunes, previous examples being Charlie

Schmid and Leo Fleurant. Schuster stated that he had been living in the Braaten shack for twenty-two years.

Historically, many shacks changed hands through sales. There have been numerous examples of these kinds of transfers: Charles Rogers to Alice Malkin (1926), coastguards P.C. Cook and Joe Medeiros to Eunice Braaten (1934), Frank Henderson to Harry Kemp (1935 or 1936, but Kemp never paid for it according to some oral traditions), Raymond Brown to Al Fearing (1930s), Eddie Nunes to Howard Lewis (1952 or 1953), Jake Loring to David and Marcia Adams (1953), Dominic Avila to Nathaniel and Mildred Champlin (1953), Howard Lewis to Leo Fleurant (1963), and Al and Doey Fearing to Stanley Fuller (1960s). Others who bought their dune quarters include Eugene O'Neill (his father bought the old coast guard station), Hazel Hawthorne Werner, Al and Doey Fearing, and Charlie Schmid.

In three cases, I heard explanations as to why particular shacks were sold rather than bequeathed to family members or close friends. According to the Adams, the Lorings' one child had died. They had no direct descendents for their shack when they sold it to them. According to the Champlins, the Avilas had no children. Dominic Avila was working away from Provincetown in Boston. His wife in Provincetown did not like to use the primitive dune shack. His shack had deteriorated so much that he was just selling it for scrap. He was pleasantly surprised to discover that the Champlins intended to live in it and helped them renovate the shack the first year. According to Zara Jackson, Charles Rogers was in some sort of legal trouble in Provincetown when he sold the shack to Alice Malkin, her mother.

As stated in the history chapter, some of the first shacks around the coast guard station were constructed by the coastguards for use by visitors from Provincetown. Shack conditions were primitive, and to some Provincetown residents, unappealing. During this early period, the rough shacks may not have been viewed as significant family assets to bequeath. The rentals and sales of the shacks to seasonal artists during the early historic period by the coastguards might have been simply to derive some returns on shacks that had limited utility to family members as dwellings. Later, with the improvement of many shacks into more habitable seasonal abodes, the pattern of passing them to family members became more firmly established. Still, shacks continued to be sold even into the 1960s. Since the mid 1960s, shacks have not been sold. The sale of shacks has not been part of the Park's program of leases and reservations.

Chapter 6. Cultural Patterns in the Landscape

This chapter continues the description of cultural patterns of dune shack residents, a subject begun in the previous chapter. It examines cultural practices as reflected in the dune landscape. By living on the dunes, long-term shack residents commonly gained familiarity with their surroundings. They became acquainted with places on the dunes with notable qualities or particular uses. The dune district comprised a cultural landscape for dune dwellers, an area filled with significant sites. This chapter describes this landscape. The chapter examines geographic information using maps produced with long-term residents. It identifies kinds of sites with significance to dune dwellers. And it examines how patterns of sites reflect cultural practices of dune dwellers.

Water Spots and Culturally-Significant Sites

A "water spot" is a kind of culturally-significant site on the dunes. I learned about water spots from Paul Tasha when he took me out hiking, my first excursion guided by a long-term dune dweller. He said we didn't need to bring water because the dunes had plenty of water if you knew where to dig. As children, they never carried water. The first thing Sunny Tasha did when they reached the shack was send the kids out to dig for it. It gave her a break from her charges, Paul chuckled. So he'd learned of water spots as a child.

Coming to a particular place along our trail, Paul Tasha demonstrated. Getting down on one knee in a dry sandy spot, he began digging into the sand with his hand:

Tasha: Now here's one of my old water holes. It's low now, but you could dig here and get good water to drink. I don't know how far it would be right now, but probably pretty far because I know that the water table is wicked low, but… [He begins digging.]

Wolfe: Why do you say this is your watering hole? Is there a spring here?

Tasha: It's the water table. It's ground water. Usually by now you're hitting water. The water table is way down.

Wolfe: This is fresh water, not brackish?

Tasha: Ah, this is good fresh water. Look, it's starting to get wet… [Still digging, not yet to his elbow.] All through the dunes there were plenty of places where we used to do the same thing, to get water if we were out there walking. Ah, here we go… here we go… See the water? I mean the sand keeps dropping in and messing me up, but as I pull my hand up you can start to see water.

Wolfe: Ah, I do. So, how do you get it out of the bottom?

Tasha: You have to wait until it seeps enough, and then set your hand in like this, let it leak through your fingers and clamp it tight, and pull out a handful. I'd have to dig a little more sand out of the way if I was thirsty. Then you've got to let it settle a bit because I've got it all mucked up.

Wolfe: Is this the low point in this area?

Tasha: Yeah, in this little area this is about your lowest spot. [He reaches down and lifts out a handful of water and takes a drink.] And I'd go like that. Of course I'd wait, wait until that filtered out and settled. But you could get a good drink of water here. We had to do that in the dunes all the time.

Wolfe: You could drop a cup down there.

Tasha: Yeah, if you had one, but you didn't need one though, really.

Wolfe: [Puts hand down and takes a sip.] It's got a little flavor. Iron, right?

Tasha: Yeah If you'd let that set for a while, you'd get rid of a lot of that earthy flavor. You're getting a lot of earth with it.
Wolfe: That's not bad. There is a mineral to it.
Tasha: But that would settle out. It would be nice and clear.
Wolfe: Why is it that you'd have to rely on this going into the dunes? You didn't want to take your own water?
Tasha: You could but you didn't have to. There's plenty of water out there. Why carry it, if you could get it pretty much whenever you wanted it.

So Tasha introduced me to water spots, places close to the water table. When we mapped significant sites several days later, Tasha pointed out seven good water spots as examples, although he knew of many more (see Cultural Site Map No. 5, below).

The knowledge of particular places for water is an example of traditional ecological knowledge in a social group. This is knowledge about the natural systems learned by living on the land, transmitted across generations. Sunny Tasha taught her children particular places and sent them out to use them. Paul Tasha was teaching me too. I was far from adept at recognizing them. On a second hike through the dunes with Paul Tasha, he pointed out another instructor about water spots – coyotes. We were walking an old jeep trail. In its middle was a six-inch hole recently dug, filled with water. "Coyotes," said Paul. He knelt, cleaned the basin's surface with his hand, and took a drink. So this coyote also dug watering holes, doing Paul's work. Nearby, the coyote left scat, partially dried by the sun. Paul picked it apart, saying, "Let's see what he's been eating." It contained insects. This was how Paul developed ecological knowledge, through observation, close association, and dirty hands.

Mapping Significant Sites

To document local knowledge of the dune landscape, I worked with key respondents to produce maps. The exercise was to document specific sites with significance to dune dwellers. As described in the first chapter, I huddled with dune shack residents over aerial photographs of the dunes. The residents marked the sites on transparent overlays. We gave each a number with its name or designation. The dune resident then described its significance. I call the places "cultural sites" because they are named places in a local knowledge system.

One example of a mapped site is shown in Fig. 24. This photograph, taken by me in August 2004, shows a small, wet, sandy depression and chunks of concrete. The tiny pool was near the ruined foundations of the coast guard station (the place is No. 45 on Tasha Map 5). Paul Tasha pointed out the place to me on our walk through the dunes toward the Tasha shack. On my own, I would not have perceived any significance to this small depression and its debris. But it was a significant site for him. According to Paul Tasha, it was a seasonally-flooded wetlands with wildlife worthy of protection:

This little wetland actually was created by the passage of vehicles. It didn't exist when I was a kid. When the sand was a little moist, the sand would stick to their tires. They'd carry the sand out. Eventually they brought it down low enough that there was a little wetland here. Every spring this will be full of two types of toads and peeper frogs. The peepers will be in here singing and the toads croaking, all that going on in the spring. In May you'd come and there'd be a real symphony here.

> I took chunks of [concrete] blocks and dragged them over to stop people from driving through because in the spring this whole thing is loaded with tadpoles. They'd splash up the tadpoles, up onto the sand, and then they'd die. I hated to see it. It would piss me off, killing tadpoles, instead of driving through over there because it took a little more careful maneuvering. You can see the puddle there, see the stones, and you'll see on the other end more stones. I put the stones there.
>
> A couple of times when the water hole was drying up and the egg clusters and tadpoles were going to die, we gathered them up and brought them home and put them in the fish tank. They'd hatch out and we'd take them out and let them go. We did that quite a few times. I know you're interfering with nature, but it's hard to just sit there and watch them drying up in the sun. So it turned out that there were not only peeper frogs, but at least two types of toads, maybe Fowlers toad or Eastern Spadefoots, or maybe one other type that's local. We thought they were all peepers at first, but we learned differently.

There was no way that a newcomer like me walking through the dunes could have discerned the significance of this site without help from a dune resident who knew about it. In August, it looked like a damp depression, not a productive wetland for frogs and toads. The stones looked like random rubble. The history of the formation of the site by dune taxi traffic was not knowable, nor were the activities of members of the Tasha family to protect its wildlife. A novice like me had to be taught how to see it. But once instructed, I understood its significance. It became a distinctive place, a piece of a larger, culturally-constituted landscape. In April 2005, I showed a picture of this spot at a preview of findings to invited dune shack residents. Two people at the session immediately recognized it. They approached me after the presentation to give me more information about it.

This information on cultural sites is summarized in five maps, five lists of sites, and five tables summarizing the sites. Maps 5 to 9 graphically depict the information gathered during five interviews from the following sources: Paul and Paula Tasha (Map 5, the Tasha shack), members of the Champlin and Adams families (Map 6, the Champlin shack and Adams shack), Zara and Sam Jackson (Map 7, the Jackson shack), Gary Isaacson and Laurie Schecter (Map 8, the Isaacson-Schecter shack), and members of the Armstrong family (Map 9, the Armstrong shack). Following each map are short descriptions of the significant places, summarizing information provided by shack residents, linked to the maps by their numbers. To assist in seeing general patterns, I categorized the sites into classes, such as "food gathering areas," "man-made features," "places with stories or events," and so forth, shown in five additional tables. Taken together, the maps, place descriptions, and category tables depict relationships between dune dwellers and the natural environment. They reflect life on the dunes and patterns of use.

Much might be said about cultural patterns from this body of information. But in this chapter, I focus on a few aspects of land use and knowledge: home ranges, food gathering sites, man-made features, sites of events, specialization of knowledge systems, and ecological knowledge.

Home Ranges

Dune shack residents commonly have "home ranges" on the dunes, a geographic use pattern revealed by the maps of cultural sites. These are areas accessed from home bases used more regularly than other areas in the dune district. The home ranges differed across families, linked to their places of residency. Home ranges are revealed by the geographic clustering of place names, seen by comparing maps of different families. Most of the significant places identified by the Champlin-Adams (Map 6) clustered near their shacks in the western neighborhood. By contrast, most places identified by the Armstrongs (Map 9) clustered near their shack in the eastern neighborhood. In between, most places identified by the Jacksons (Map 7) clustered near their shack in the central neighborhood. The three clusters of significant places undoubtedly reflect the geographic areas of the dunes most commonly used by the families. The pattern represents localized geographic ranges around a home base. The places named by Isaacson and Schecter (Map 8) also clustered near their own shack, but their cluster of named places overlapped with the Jacksons' cluster to the west (Map 7) and the Armstrongs' cluster to the east (Map 9). The overlap was consistent with activities emanating from a home base, as the Isaacson-Schecter shack was located between the Jackson shack and the Armstrong shack. Activities spreading out from the Isaacson-Schecter shack resulted in overlaps in each direction with their neighbor's use areas. Overall, the pattern of localized use areas around a home base was common to this set of dune dwellers.

Compared with the mapped places of these four shack families, significant places identified by Paul and Paula Tasha (Map 5) were distributed more widely across the dunes. The Tashas identified significant places throughout the dune district, with named places in the western, central, and eastern neighborhoods. This wider geographic spread of significant places also was consistent with a home range around a home base. In this case, the main home base was Tasha Hill in Provincetown, where Paul and Paula have lived for much of their lives. From this location, Paul and Paula have accessed the dunes from several routes on foot and horseback. By contrast, the dune shacks were the primary home bases on the dunes for the Adams, Champlins, Jacksons, and Armstrongs, all of whom had second homes away from Provincetown. Paul Tasha's wider geographic range also reflects his use of the dunes for hunting and other food gathering activities, an historic pattern of some old Provincetown families. Paul Tasha's active hunting, fishing, and gathering made him intimately acquainted with a wider area of the dunes compared with other shack residents.

Food Gathering Sites

As shown by place names, foraging for wild foods was an activity of dune dwellers. Historically, the Backshore dunes were used for this purpose by families at Provincetown and Truro. Contemporary shack users continued in this tradition. A portion of cultural sites were places where dune dwellers harvested particular items.

The Tasha maps displayed the greatest number and variety of foraging locations (Map 5 and tables). With long roots in the Portuguese community at Provincetown, the Tasha family frequently used the dunes surrounding town for food gathering. For much of his life, Paul Tasha has been an active hunter of deer, birds, and small game, instructed by his father, and one of a cadre of local hunters. Ranging the dune district on horseback, Paul Tasha has acquired detailed knowledge of the local communities of plants and animals. In our interviews, he used a varied language identifying areas with wild foods. He identified twenty-five food gathering areas, including bogs, "holes" (fishing areas), marshes , oases, peninsulas, woods, hills, lakes, patches,

plateaus, ponds, and salt creeks. This list shows that the dunes are far from just sand, but a patchy landscape. My classification of wild foods he gathered by location included cranberries (eight sites), ducks (seven sites), deer (six sites), fish (five sites), other berries (four sites), rabbits (two sites), as well as clams, eels, nuts, and beach plums (one site each). The list of places and wild foods was partial, he explained, as there were many other places he and his family have used over time.

Other shack families listed food-gathering sites as well, although none as extensive as the Tasha family. The Champlin-Adams interview identified six food-gathering areas (including bogs, patches, a "rip," and a valley) and four food types (blueberries, cranberries, fish, and water). The Armstrong interview identified seven food-gathering areas (patches, a bog, a hollow, and a sandbar) and seven food types (cranberries, beach plums, blueberries, fish, mushrooms, and shellfish). The Isaacson-Schecter interview identified three food-gathering areas (a bog and two "areas") and four food types (cranberries, beach plums, blueberries, and mushrooms). The Jackson interview identified two food-gathering areas (a sandbar and a beach) and two food types (shellfish and fish). As with the Tasha case, these comprise partial counts of places and foods.

I judged that most dune shack families harvested wild foods for consumption as fresh products. Occasionally, more of a certain food item might be gathered requiring preservation by canning or freezing, but this was not the general practice at present. Historically, families in Provincetown harvested wild foods in larger amounts. Reportedly, some harvests of beach plums, cranberries, and bay berries were preserved or prepared into products for sale, the largest by volume being cranberries. However, this was no longer a common practice. Today, foraging for wild foods was a highly-valued activity that produced lower quantities of product. During interviews, some shack residents stated they were reluctant to disclose the locations of certain favorite food-gathering areas, for risk of exposing them to over-harvest by tourists or other dune users. The importance of traditional food gathering for the Tashas and their friends was conveyed in certain family stories, such as Sunny Tasha's arrest for gathering beach plums, and Paul Tasha's confrontation with enforcement officers over mushrooms. I heard the beach plum story from several sources outside the Tasha family, so apparently it is a story known fairly widely within dune shack society. A central message of these stories is that dune residents have struggled to preserve traditional ways of life, like gathering beach plums on the dunes. Another message is that wild foods are worth it.

Man-Made Features

A number of sites identified during interviews were man-made features. These included features such as roads, shipwrecks, old coast guard buildings, sand mining pits, and shacks. These sites reveal that the memories of historic events sometimes become encoded in the local geography. When some places were named during interviews, it brought to mind a history associated with that place, commonly followed by a story. This was similar to the naming of shacks, described earlier, where shack names frequently triggered memories of former shack occupants, leading to a recounted event. So embedded in the physical landscape were stories of past occupancy and use. Looking at the landscape (or aerial photographs and maps of the landscape) brought to mind these places, peoples, and events. For very old sites, like a shipwreck, the names of the people involved in the incident might be lost, but the general event was remembered.

A few sites were associated with the activities of the coastguards on the Backshore – a watchtower, coal bin, boathouse, and several roads. For example, an old watchtower site was

identified by the Tashas and by Zara Jackson, along with short accounts of its history and what it looked like at points in time. Shipwreck sites were identified during the Tasha and Champlin-Adams interviews. As shown in the Tasha site descriptions, these were notable as sources of salvage. The Champlin-Adams interview identified underwater sites (an old torpedo and a ballast pile), as members of the Champlin family were scuba divers. Long-term residents frequently remembered the sites of demolished shacks or relocated shacks. For example, David and Connie Armstrong identified the locations of the shacks in the eastern group shown in Map No. 4. They provided information about their former occupants and histories. Old roads and access routes also were remembered, with stories linked to their historic uses. In the cultural landscapes within the cognitive maps of dune dwellers were repositories of historic people, places, and events.

Sites of Events Without Man-Made Features

For some dune dwellers, the dunes contained locations of notable events that left no visible signs. Some sites identified through mapping were connected to events with significance to an individual or family. The Tasha family interview provided the largest number of sites (eight) that were significant principally because of an event that that happened there. Of these, six had to do with hunting, one with horses, and a third with turtles. The large number of hunting stories come in part from Paul Tasha's active hunting history on the dunes, and probably because Paul had found an audience, a cultural anthropologist who had worked with northern hunters. Other types of stories might have been related under different contexts. The Champlin-Adams interview identified two sites notable for events, a murder ("No Hands Valley") and finding a penny ("Penny Bowl"). A mortuary site was identified in the Armstrong interview (a place where human remains were placed).

Activities in the dune district other than food gathering also are evident in the significant places identified by dune dwellers. The Tasha interview identified places associated with riding horses, digging clay, and aesthetics. The Champlin-Adams interview identified camping areas used by fishermen. As stated above, they also identified scuba diving sites. The Isaacson-Schecter interview identified places associated with hiking (a regular walking circuit) and picnics. The Jackson interview identified places used for swimming, sunbathing, and tourism ("The Ant Hill," because the tourists snapping photographs looked like swarms of ants at a distance).

As stated above, naming a place commonly triggered the telling of a story. One example of this is the "creepy" story of "No Hands Valley," jointly told by Mildred and Nat Champlin, Maia Champlin Peck, and Marcia Adams during the mapping session:

> Mildred Champlin: It's a creepy story, not just folklore. The way it started out was, Nat and I had this little jeep and we were coming from town. And here come the Douglases, lickety-split for town. They stopped us on the road. They said, "We're going into town!" because… [she whispers]… their little girl had found a body in the bog. And the hands had been cut off. We can show you exactly where it was. You went by it when you came in.
>
> Nat: The assumption was they cut the hands off so you couldn't get an ID on the body.
>
> Mildred: Everyone looked horrified. They said, "We're going into town. We just found a body!" It was the little girl who was taking the dog out for a walk. At the time, the road wasn't there. This guy had apparently, maybe, enticed this woman there, because she was lying on a towel. And her hands were cut off. They never did find out who. This was an on-going mystery in town.

Marcia: The chief of police said that was the case of his lifetime and he hoped to solve it before he retired. They think it was a woman from Canada. They went by her dental work. They did the whole thing with the skull, putting clay over it, reworking her head. But nobody could recognize her. She was a redhead.

Nat: What a way to go.

Mildred: It's hard to think of him dragging this body through all that brush. So he must have enticed her there, laid the towel down, then did the deed and went. The night before the body was found, I was thinking, 'It's getting dark and Maia's not home from work yet, what are we going to do now?' So finally she shows up, and the next day they found the body. And I thought, 'She's been walking by that body for ten days.' It had been there for ten days.

Maia: Marcia may have found part of the hand, right?

Marcia: Oh, Tom found a bone out by the gate where we come in. That was this year. So we turned it in. They asked questions, where it came from, the whole thing. But it could have been a deer.

Mildred: We had this dummy's hand that we brought the next year. We stuck it in the dunes for you guys, so you could be all nervous. *[Laughter.]*

Mildred: Anyways, that's No Hands Valley. And it has an on-going history. Just a couple of years ago the television people came from Boston to do a story about the 25th anniversary or whatever it was of this whole incident. But they were in the wrong spot. The new chief took them to the wrong spot. Deliberately. I said to him, "You know, that wasn't the right spot." And he said, "I know."

When this story was finished, I noticed Mildred's young granddaughter staring off into space, eyes big like saucers. In this fashion, lore about the dunes gets transmitted to, and remembered by, the next generations.

Natural Features Without Uses

Many sites identified in interviews were natural features not specifically associated with a use or event. Some were places of note because of special qualities, such as looks, size, quality of vegetation, animals, or other type of distinctiveness. The places named were varied, such as dune, forest, hill, mountain, pond, beach, salt marsh, bog, wood, blowout, notch, valley, vista, vegetation, and hollow, among others. An example is the Champlin-Adams Site No. 16, "Loaf of Bread," described as a "beautiful" dune formation near the middle of "The Great Desert" that used to resemble a "perfect loaf of bread, surrounded by nothing but sand." Another example is the Isaacson-Schecter Site No. 13, "Valley of the Orchids," described as a valley with orchids and blueberries. There were many others.

Knowledge Systems: Specialization and Commonalities

Names of significant places on the dunes comprised a body of knowledge. As with most knowledge systems, some dune dwellers knew more than others about the dune district. Based on the interviews, I could see that some residents were very knowledgeable about natural features in areas they regularly frequented. Some were experts on the histories of particular shacks and people. Others knew the details of certain events. So knowledge within dune shack society showed considerable specialization. I learned about particular subjects if I asked certain people. By and large, among those I asked, most everyone could identify some places of significance within the dune system, from the youngest to oldest. But overall, older residents knew more

places than younger residents because of their longer personal associations with the dunes. Longer-term residents also had more knowledge about places on the dunes than shorter-term residents, particularly places with historic significance.

Some places were named by more than one respondent, commonly with variant names. For example, the jeep trail connecting shacks was called "Race Road" by Zara Jackson, recalling when it ran uninterrupted from High Head to Race Point. Paul Tasha called it the "Inner Route," contrasting it with the "Outer Route" (the beach route) now closed seasonally by the Seashore to protect plovers. Gary Isaacson and Laurie Schecter called it the "Sand Road" or the "Fire Road." Doubtless, many dune residents would recognize these variant names for the jeep trail, though some might not be familiar with some of the variants.

There were other examples. What the Champlin-Adams called "The Sand Pit" was called "Stark's Pit" by Paul Tasha, who knew the owner of the commercial sand operation. What Paul Tasha called "Peaked Hill" was simply called "The Hill" by Zara Jackson. This was a large dune next to the Gelb-Margo-Zimiles shack that no longer existed. Paul Tasha identified a site he called "Charlies' Model A," and guided me to the site. The Armstrongs called this same site the "Ghost Ford," asserting that it was a 1920 Model A Ford owned by Charlie Schmid. Both Tasha and the Armstrongs knew the site, the make of the wreck, and its owner. Paul Tasha and the Adams-Champlin both identified shipwreck sites that they believed might be the *HMS Somerset.* However, the sites were in different locations. No doubt each is a shipwreck site, but which ship it is appears uncertain. It's not likely that they are both the same ship.

The site called the "Boathouse" by Paul Tasha and Zara Jackson was called the "Boat Station" by Isaacson and Schecter. The "Great Dune" of Zara Jackson was called the "Big Dune" by Isaacson and Schecter. These examples of variant names for places shows that names are part of oral traditions that are more varied and fluid than written records. At present, there is no standard set of place names. Like the naming of the dune shacks themselves, the names of places show personalized marks of the speakers.

The most named places collected in this study appear in one list, but not others. This suggests that significant places for one family commonly differed from significant places for other families. In part, the methodology employed in gathering the information may be responsible for some of these differences. The lists were spontaneous, made with no forewarning or preparation and without reference to a common list. If I had begun with a list of places and asked if a dune resident knew them, I may have documented a greater number of shared places. But even so, I could see that many places were probably known to segments of dune shack society because they were associated with a particular family's home range on the dunes, or with personal or family histories. The special places might be known within one set of dune dwellers, but not another. For example, Paul Tasha identified several places associated with noteworthy hunting events. Paul Tasha said that hunting friends from Provincetown knew these places, having heard his stories, but the places likely would not be known outside this circle. As another example, the Clemons-Benson family called the inner chamber of the coast guard station foundation, "The Chapel," because of Grace Bessay's memorial service there. While most long-term dune residents undoubtedly knew the foundation site, and many knew of the memorial service, most would not call its inner chamber the "Chapel," like the Clemons-Benson.

Because of the specialized character of the lists of places, it's appropriate to describe them as representing a number of "cultural landscapes" contained within the dunes. Many places were known to segments of dune shack society, and a smaller set of places known to many dune residents. Because of this quality, to compile a relatively complete list of significant places on

the dunes would require doing mapping with a larger set of dune residents. The maps from the five families presented here is illustrative of patterns, but they do not completely catalog significant places.

Ecological Knowledge

I was struck by the detailed ecological knowledge attached to particular places by long-term shack residents. The knowledge had been acquired over a period of years, at times passed down within segments of dune shack society. Much of the detail was historic, representing conditions of sand, vegetation, and water that no longer existed. It is correct to call this type of information "traditional" if it draws upon a historic memory within a group about the natural environment and it is transmitted over time between generations.

There were many examples of ecological knowledge in the site descriptions, particularly in the Tasha materials. One example is Tasha Site No. 21, the "Amphitheater," described as follows:

> A "strange, magical little spot" comprising a natural circular bowl in the dunes lined with bonsai trees. The trees are descendents of non-indigenous species planted in the 1930s by the Civilian Conservation Corps. The original plantings grow in rows, but at the amphitheater they have seeded and grown, very bonsai, spread out close to the ground, because the environment doesn't suit the species of tree. There was one tree in the valley referred to as the Ponderosa Pine and another shaped like a lyre. There used to be a road allowing driving to the amphitheater.

In this description is found a wealth of information about this unusual place on the dunes above Provincetown. There is information about introduced tree species, when and how they came to be there, and why they grew so poorly in the location. There is information about changes in historic access to the area. And there is interesting cultural information that particular trees were named, and that the place is considered a "strange, magical little spot."

Another example is Tasha Site No. 24, called "Oak Hill Behind Grassies," described as follows:

> A hill with oaks extending into the dunes next to an oasis. This is one of several places where deer, especially a smart buck, will try to stay in the cover as long as he can during the daylight hours, when hunters are out. In this spot, the deer feed in the oaks until sundown, and when it's dark enough, they step out into the open and make way to the nearby oasis where there is more food. Deer then move up on the grassy plateau, where one finds a lot of buck fights for dominance. Does feed there and breed.

The description provides information on the ecology of deer in the dune district. The movement of bucks during day and night is identified related to ground cover (oaks, grassy plateaus, and peninsulas in the sand dunes) and security (avoidance of hunters). Several discrete areas are identified by their use by deer, including sleeping, feeding, breeding, and fighting for dominance.

A third example is Armstrong Site No. 8, called "Whale Area," a section of ocean offshore from the Armstrong shack, described as follows:

> An area for viewing whales in June and July, including Right, Humpback, and Finback whales, dolphins, seals, and nurse sharks. Janet Armstrong: "The seals have only been here since maybe the past eighteen years. Before that we never saw seals. Two or three times during the last month we have seen nurse sharks. Huge things. They are vegetarians with mouths like Volkswagens."

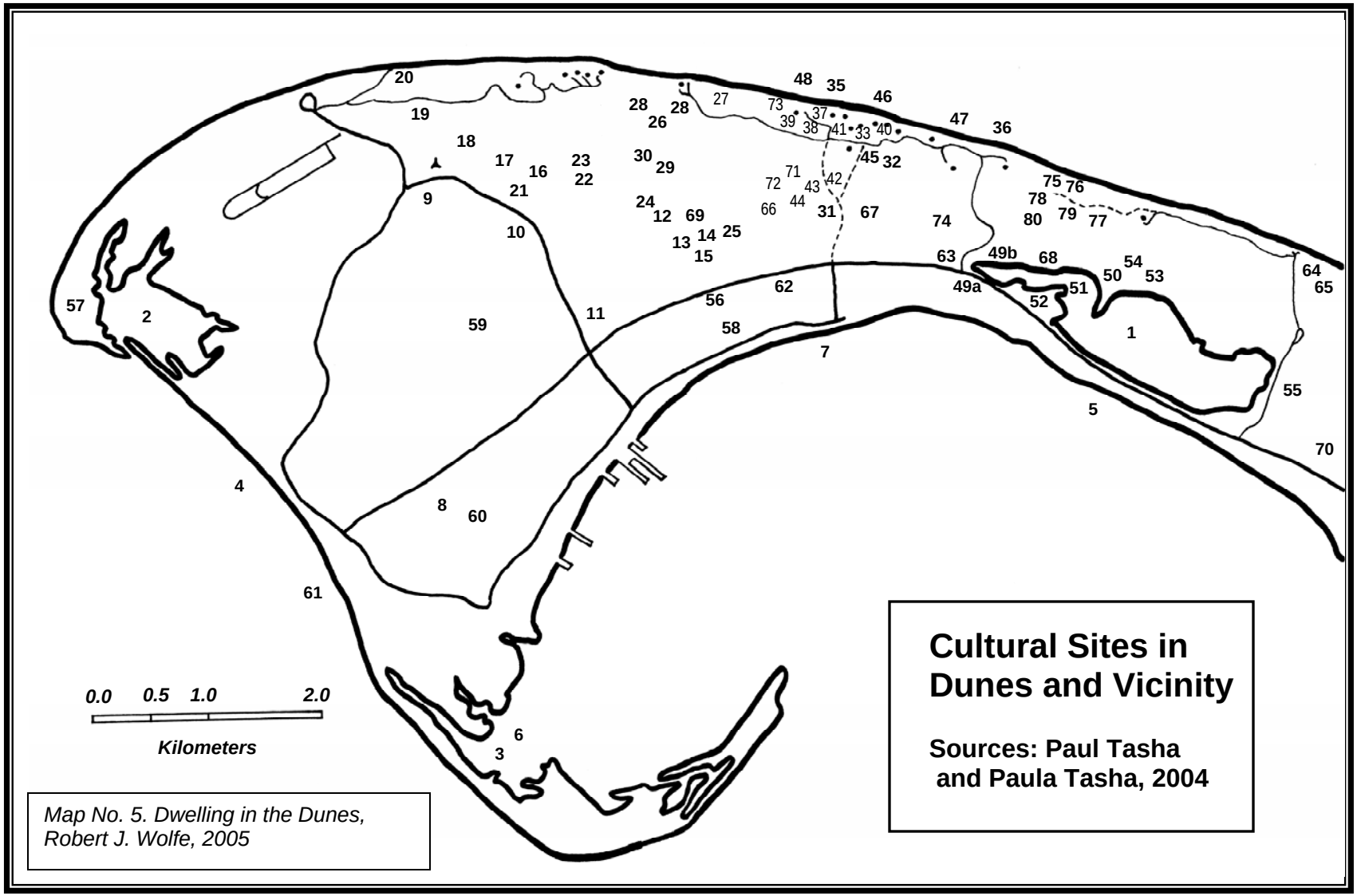
The description provides information on the types of marine mammals observed by the family over time, including seasonality and historic trends.

Other examples of ecological knowledge were the dangerous areas on the dunes identified by Paul Tasha – quicksand areas (Tasha Sites No. 66 and 67) and hidden mud (Tasha Site No. 68). We passed by one of these areas walking on the dunes. The place triggered stories from Paul about his experiences with the place:

> Do you see the base of this dune? Over there, where you see the edge of the cranberry bog and wetland? That's a quicksand spot. After a hard rain, a good soaking two-day rain, the sand along that edge can become totally liquefied. I mean, it looks great and you walk on it – down you go! When I was sixteen, I almost lost my horse there.
>
> The horse I was riding was Cimarron, actually my sister's horse. There was just a skim of water on the surface, just damp. We've been through a million puddles and wet spots, so I didn't think anything of it.
>
> I kicked him in there and he tried to go. Whomp! Down we went. His whole rear end sunk up to the middle. His body was out of sight. He surged through some of it, but it was too late. Really, just his front legs and head were out. I thought I was going to lose him. But he touched hard ground down there, or he was able to slide up on his belly. We kept struggling and struggling. Finally, he got his rear end out and his front legs to some harder ground. It scared the hell out of me, I'll tell you.
>
> Debra went into nearly the same spot. It was a little ways off, in that same structure area of where that big dune drops down into that little valley. Debra ran her horse into there just two seconds after I told her, "Don't go over there, that's a quicksand spot." She ran the horse right into it. It wasn't as bad, but the horse went right down. Her legs disappeared, but her belly stopped her. Of course Debra flew right over the horse's head.
>
> Debra was crying, "Oh, we're going to lose her!" I told her, "We have to let the horse rest. I've been down this road before. Calm the horse down. Let her rest and she'll be able to get herself out." And we did get her out. It took ten minutes of grunting and groaning. You have to do it incrementally, a little at a time, let the horse rest, struggle forward a few feet, let her rest, talk to her.
>
> Right now you'd be fine. I'd guarantee it. No heavy rain recently. It's definitely rain dependent. For a few days after a heavy rain, you'll find that sand to be frighteningly alive. There aren't ten people in town that know about it. I don't think the Park is even aware of it.

There are many other examples that could be given. The ecological knowledge of dune dwellers contains observations over a span of years. They are historic records within an oral tradition. The information accords long-term residents with a type of expertise about local history related to the natural environment. In the memories of dune dwellers is information about

storms, beach erosion, dune shifts, plant succession, animal populations, water cycles, and a great number of other phenomena. Some of this information is of use in their adaptation of dune living to changing conditions. But much of the information is simply knowledge for knowledge sake, a form of "basic science" within folk culture, where humans secure places of intimacy within particular ecosystems and histories. It is knowledge acquired and passed on primarily because it's good for thought, an enrichment of the lives of oneself and others.


Cultural Sites in Dunes and Vicinity
Sources: Paul Tasha and Paula Tasha, 2004
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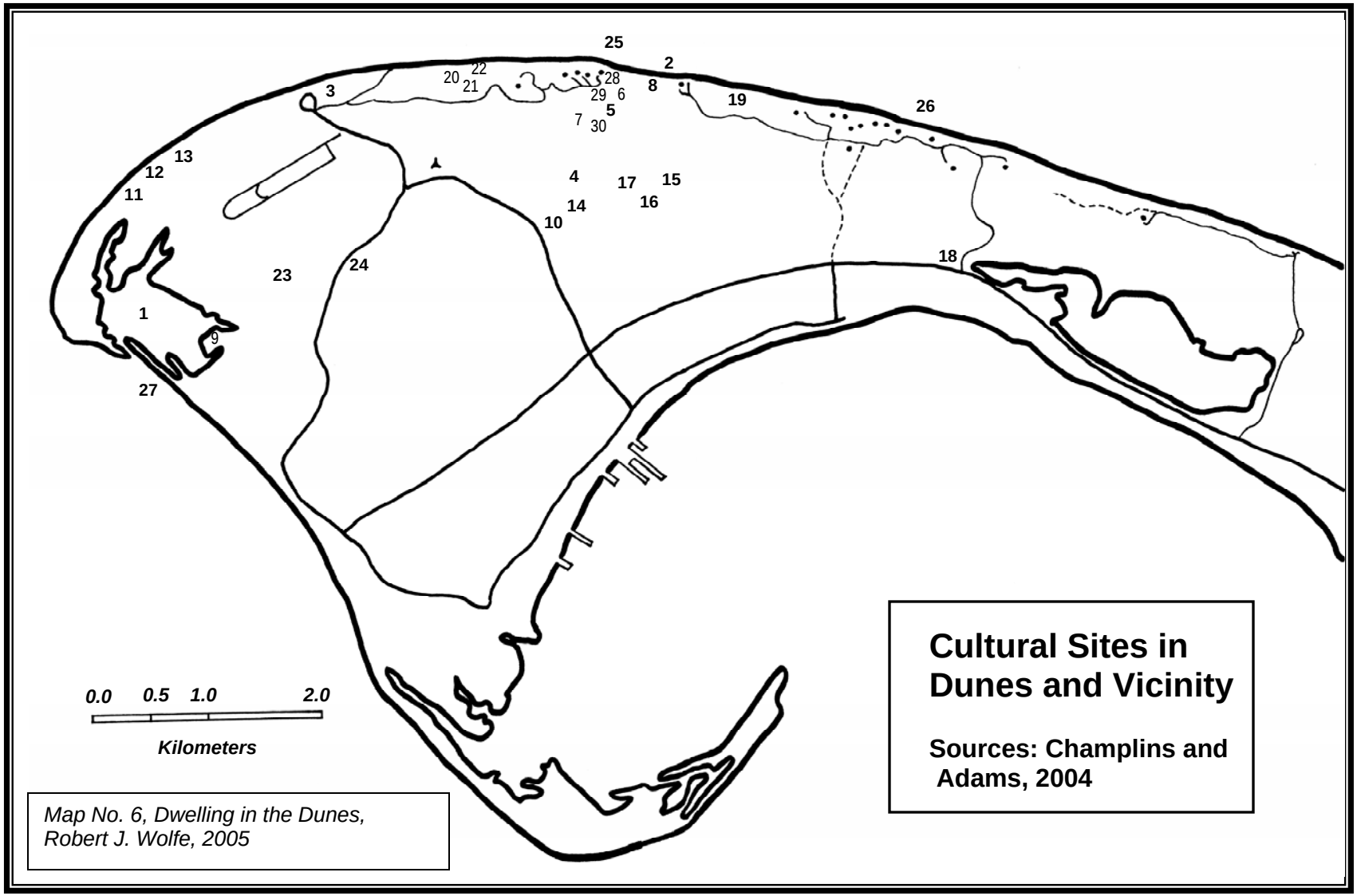
Map No. 5. Dwelling in the Dunes, Robert J. Wolfe, 2005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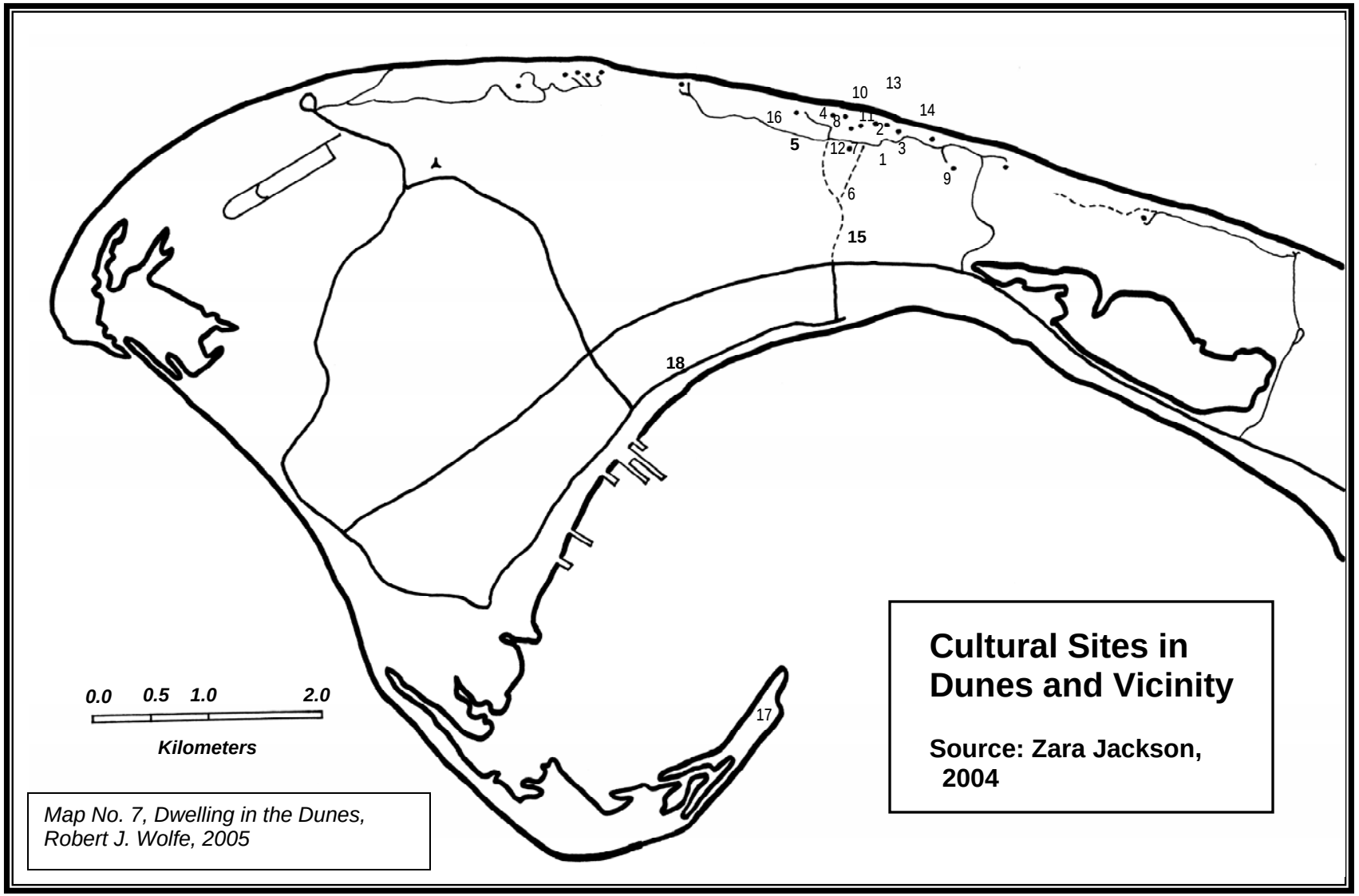
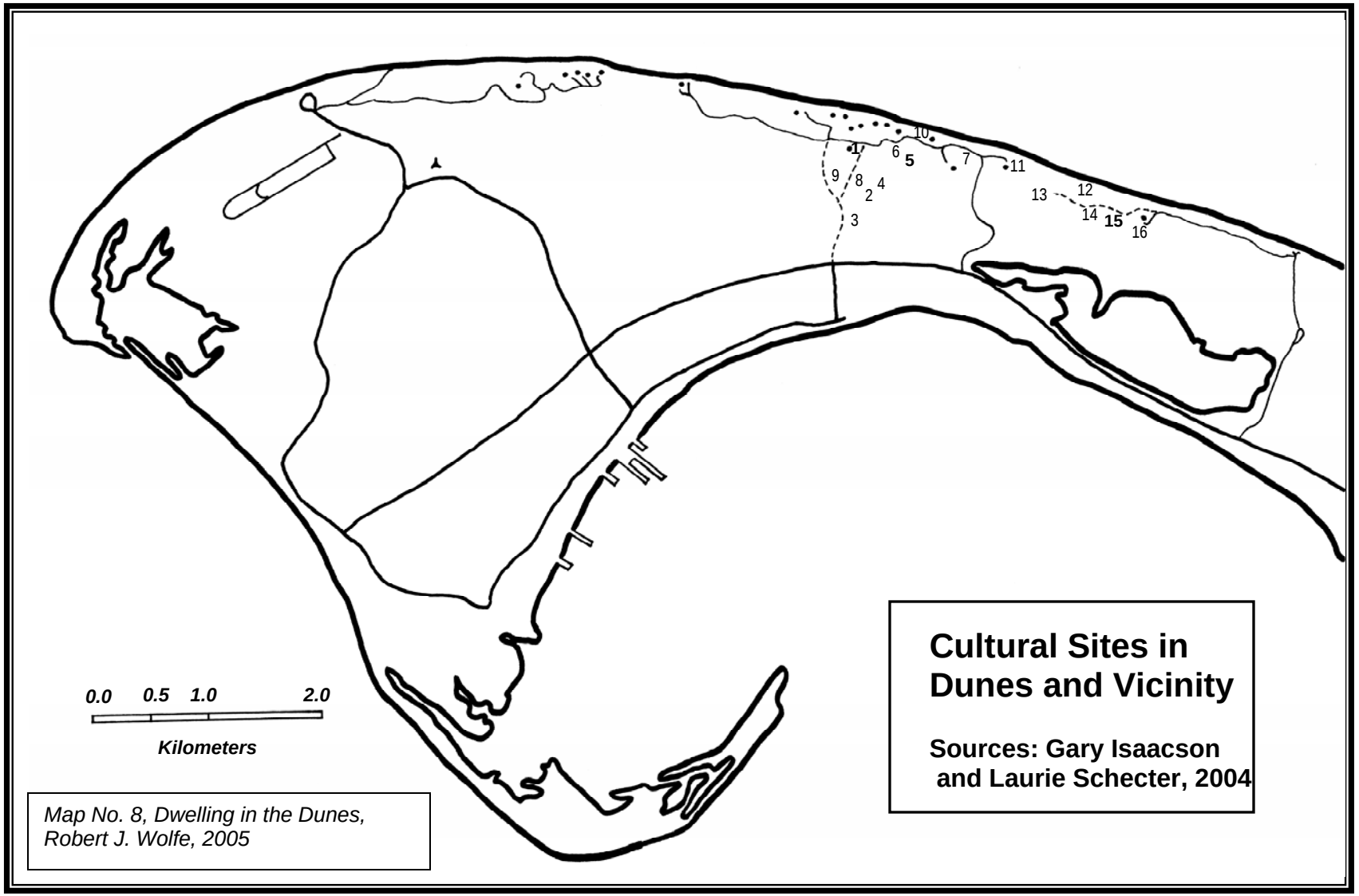
Kilometers
Cultural Sites in Dunes and Vicinity
Sources: Champlins and Adams, 2004
Map No. 6, Dwelling in the Dunes, Robert J. Wolfe, 2005



Map No. 7, Dwelling in the Dunes, Robert J. Wolfe, 2005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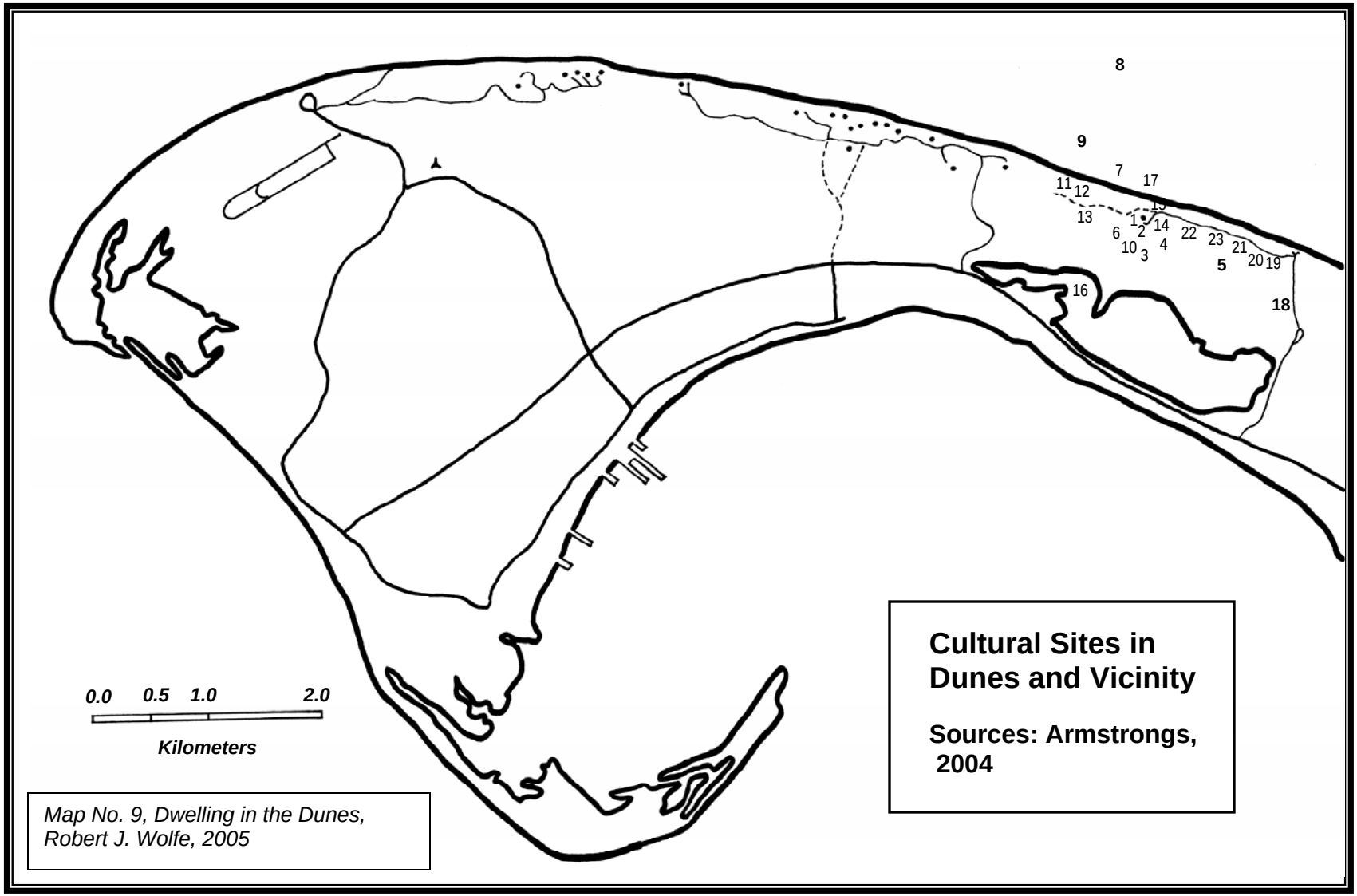
Kilometers
Cultural Sites in Dunes and Vicinity
Sources: Gary Isaacson and Laurie Schecter, 2004
Map No. 8, Dwelling in the Dunes, Robert J. Wolfe, 2005



Map No. 9, Dwelling in the Dunes, Robert J. Wolfe, 2005

Cultural Sites, Map 5
Sources: Paul Tasha, and also Paula Tasha where indicated

1. East Harbor. Also called Pilgrim Lake. A water body once opened to the sea, formerly a harbor with wharfs, pilings, and settlements, now a lake. There was a bridge for a while. The dunes have migrated to cover a part of the lake. Paul Tasha: "East Harbor was the focal point of life in my family. My father [Herman Tasha] loved the pond, just loved it. Even as an old man he'd talk about what wonderful times he had in his life in that pond. And I did too. We duck hunted, deer hunted, hunted the edges. It was great berry picking all around the edges. Caught fish. Just everything. I ate meals from the pond and the Head of the Meadows, which is part of it, draining into the pond. The activities supplied a whole lot of meals for my family as a kid. We ate ducks and deer, rabbits, berries, or something from this pond a lot. It was a great food producer." When construction workers were mucking at the old entrance of East Harbor to put in fill for making Route 6, the clamshell scoop dredged up "big wads of eels." Herman Tasha, who saw this, was "jealous" because "he just loved to eat eels." According to Paula Tasha, during the 1950s-60s, the harbor was at times thick with ice during winter, allowing ice boat racing, bonfires on the edge, picnicking, driving on the lake with automobiles, and ice fishing. The ice rarely gets this thick anymore.
2. Race Run. Also called Hatches Harbor. A salt marsh. (See Site No. 18.)
3. The Creek. A tidally-influenced river used for fishing, clamming, and duck hunting. Pronounced "Crick." Paul Tasha: "If you say 'creek' nobody knows what you're talking about."
4. New Beach. Also called Herring Cove.
5. Beach Point. Also called Pilgrim Beach.
6. West End Breakwater. Also called The Dike. The west breakwater of Provincetown Harbor. Paul Tasha: "When you say 'The Breakwater,' you must specify west or east."
7. East End Breakwater. The east breakwater of Provincetown Harbor.
8. Crawley's Pond. Also called Shank Painter's Pond.
9. Nigger Hill. Also called Niggerhead Hill. A hill by the Province Lands Visitors Center. This old name is offensive and should not be used anymore, said Paul Tasha, who speculated the name had to do with the capstan on a boat called a "niggerhead." Deadman's Curve is nearby.
10. Hellmer's Pond (Hellmer's Parking Lot). Hellmer's Pond was "great duck hunting." Paul Tasha: "Hellmer was an old timer who lived there. The Park took away his land, left him his house, and built a parking lot in his front yard. It broke his heart and he died of grief."
11. Nelson's Chicken Farm and Riding Stable. Cliff Nelson ran a commercial chicken farm and commercial riding stables with trail rides. When Paul Tasha was a kid, they got manure and eggs from Nelson. Paul Tasha: "Cliff Nelson had a bad limp because when duck hunting as a youth, a friend swung on a duck, fired, and Cliff's head was in the way. He shot a little bit of Cliff's head off. He survived but pulled his leg for the rest of his life." Provincetown had electrical generators close by the chicken farm. Paul Tasha, as a child on a dark, cloudy night, would hear the generators going, reminding him of a Frankenstein movie, "get the creeps" and run for the house.
12. Big Grassy. A duck hunting area. Old timers know this name, as well as Small Grassy. There are other smaller ponds nearby for duck hunting that never were named.
13. Small Grassy. A duck hunting area.
14. Lawrence's Bog. Also called Chinaman's Lake. Lawrence Cayton had a commercial cranberry bog there which, when an old man, he gave to young Herman Tasha, although there was no deed. It had grown up with so much grass that it couldn't be used anymore.
15. Fish Pan Road. Some call it Tin Pan Alley but that is wrong, according to Paul Tasha. The road was lined on the sides with fish pans so the wagon wheels would not sink in, with the horses walking down the center. The old pans were leftovers from those used for drying cod.

There are remnants still that can be found along the way, particularly in winter when there is less foliage along the trail's edges. By lack of use, the road is now just down to a path lined by huckleberry, bull briar, red oak, and wild aster. There were other roads branching off from fish pan road leading to commercial cranberry bogs and other areas, now reduced to paths difficult to see from an overgrowth of bull briar and other plants.

16. First Oasis. A pretty area with a cranberry bog that floods in the spring and a pine patch with considerable growth. Deer cut through it traveling between the airport and the upland woods. The First Oasis provides good cover and is always laced with buck scrapes and rubs. The deer come out of the airport, a good feed area where deer sometimes bed during the day. But frequently deer work their way back east through the dunes and into the woods to bed. Hunters can catch them early in the morning as they do this.
17. Grassy Plateau. A high, pretty, dry plateau covered, not in dune grass, but the taller grass variety with feathery heads. Oscar Snow, among others, used to hunt up there for deer and rabbits. When they used to release pheasants here, the birds would wind up there.
18. Old Salt Marsh. According to old maps analyzed by George Bryant, a Provincetown historian, a salt marsh used to run all the way from Race Run to Truro, a consistent six-mile saltwater ecosystem running all through the back dunes to the Truro city line. It lay in the dune valley to the north of East Harbor and didn't connect to East Harbor, running behind it to the north. The salt marsh was changed by dikes at Race Run. The valley is now cranberry and pussy willow and freshwater swamp. There's an effort to partially reopen the lower end to salt water, opening the dikes and mucking it out. The salt marsh was almost lost to local memory, except for the old maps.
19. Inner Route. The dune road system currently used primarily by the dune tours, but also by residents to access dune shacks. In the recent past there was another, more inland route, that was closed by the Park.
20. Outer Route. The dune road system along the beach. Sections of the beach route are underwater at high tides, and sections are seasonally closed by the Park to protect terns and plovers.
21. Amphitheater. A "strange, magical little spot" comprising a natural circular bowl in the dunes lined with bonsai trees. The trees are descendents of non-indigenous species planted in the 1930s by the Civilian Conservation Corps. The original plantings grow in rows, but at the amphitheater they have seeded and grown, very bonsai, spread out close to the ground, because the environment doesn't suit the species of tree. There was one tree in the valley referred to as the Ponderosa Pine and another shaped like a lyre. There used to be a road allowing driving to the amphitheater.
22. Second Oasis. An area used for deer hunting and berry picking. A person could drive on the horse road from Nelson's, skirting the oasis and up onto the adjoining hillside to gather at a good beach plum patch. The plum gathering area was one of Sunny Tasha's "hot spots." It is still a good spot. Over time, the route became a horse trail. Now that the horses aren't using it, the trail has become primarily a deer run again, coming off a patch of oaks. There's a land bridge across a nearby cranberry bog, created by horses and deer traversing it.
23. Place of the Gut Pile Event. Story told by Paul Tasha (see Chapter 12).
24. Oak Hill Behind Grassies. A hill with oaks extending into the dunes next to an oasis. This is one of several places where deer, especially a smart buck, will try to stay in the cover as long as he can during the daylight hours, when hunters are out. In this spot, the deer feed in the oaks until sundown, and when it's dark enough, they step out into the open and make way to the nearby oasis where there is more food. Deer then move up on the grassy plateau, where one finds a lot of buck fights for dominance. Does feed there and breed.
25. Swirler's Patch. A wood named for a deer. The story is recounted in a Paul Tasha essay with the same name.

26. The Place of Herman Tasha's Last Deer. The place where Paul Tasha's father, 78 years old, killed his last two deer. Paul Tasha provided a story.
27. The Place of Bob Henrique's Deer. A place where Bob Henrique killed a deer, spotted it lying down, a 180 lb ten-pointer.
28. Malicoat's Patch. A patch of big oak woods on either side of Malicoat's cottage. Nearby is another unnamed patch with good acorn drops, a good deer hunting area, referred to as "that oaky patch behind Malicoat's patch."
29. Peepers Pond. A pond with tree frogs (*Hila crucifer*, "for the little cross on its back"). The location always held enough water to keep peepers. One can always hear a chorus of peepers there from late March to late May.
30. Unnamed Pool with Peepers. A dune pool with peeper frogs that always flooded in spring. It's without a shred of vegetation. It's one of a number of places in the dunes with enough water to sustain the frog's reproductive cycle.
31. Fork of Old Snail Road. A fork in the remnants of what used to be Snail Road. From town, the right fork went straight to the coast guard station and up to the Tasha shack. The left route went straight to the beach. Snail Road was the route the Tashas took to drive to their shack for many years, until the route was closed to vehicles by the Park. Snail Road is now the main footpath from Provincetown into the dunes. Tasha: "As kids, we didn't have a set route over the dunes, because the dunes are open and you can just kind of meander."
32. The Obelisk. The remains of a wooden tower used by the coast guard. The perch resembled an Egyptian obelisk with a crow's nest and a needle at the top.
33. Lookout Tower. The remains of a metal lookout tower used by the coast guard to man a watch of the ocean for signs of distress, such as someone caught on the bars. Though rickety, it was still climbable when Paul Tasha was a youth.
34. Stark's Pit. Frank Stark's commercial sand pit. According to Paul Tasha, the area had several rolling dunes mined for sand, much of it sold to the Navy for sandblasting ships, a hard sand, eighty percent quartz, small garnet and feldspar. He mined out this pit and then relocated to another pit by East Harbor (Pilgrim Lake). Paul Tasha remembers special rail cars for the sand and big tractors to load them up. The road by Stark's Pit was the eastern route into the dunes, an alternate to the Snail Road route when there was a choice.
35. Wreck of the *HMS Somerset*. Possible site of the British man-o-war vessel grounded in 1778, a quarter mile west of the Tasha shack. Its bones still show at times after an easterly storm churns up the bottom. Paul Tasha has salvaged timbers for his house that may be from the *Somerse*t.
36. Wreck of *Kate May*. A fishing vessel wrecked about 1960. When it was hung up on the bar, the surf smashed into it, knocking planks loose, carrying them to shore where they were sometimes salvaged. The Tasha family salvaged the fo'c's'le ladder, with brass placards on each step, for their barn, and a door for their chicken coop.
37. Peaked Hill. The former site of the landmark dune of the Peaked Hill District, the namesake of the Peaked Hill Bars and Peaked Hill Lifesaving Station. Once the area's tallest barrier dune, it disappeared during Paul Tasha's lifetime, eroded by wind, its sand blowing into an area to its lee side, covering up a substantial wetland (see No. 38). Paul Tasha provided its story (see Chapter 9).
38. Old Wetland, Water Spot. A place for getting water closest to the Tasha shack. It was the place most frequently used when the Tashas were at their shack until it was covered with sand with the disappearance of Peaked Hill. Also, it was "a fun spot to play." As the years went by and it began to fill, the Tashas had to range a bit more to get water.
39. Water Spot. A place where the Tashas get water. A cranberry bog and a wetland.
40. Water Spot. A good spot to dig for water. Good beach plums, good low-bush blueberries, a good bunny patch

41A, B, C. Blueberry Patches. Good patches of high-bush blueberries. 41A and C also had shadbush for picking. 41A and C were deep watering areas and had box turtles and quail. They were deep with taller trees and stayed cool, so the animals were kept out of the heat. 41B didn't have as much depth; it was sunnier. Paul Tasha: "You don't want to walk through 41C because it's a thick son-of-a-bitch. Even your rabbit dog will come out with his ears bleeding."

42. Water Spot. A place to get water when walking to the Tasha shack.
43. Water Spot. A place to get water when walking to the Tasha shack.
44. Water Spot. A good place to get water at the base of a dune when walking in.
45. Toad and Frog Place. A place next to the coast guard station foundations with peeper frogs and at least two other types of toads, protected by Paul Tasha from dune taxi traffic by placing concrete blocks at its center, forcing detours. (See story, this Chapter).
46. Bass Hole. A fishing hole well regarded by bass fishermen. Where ever there's a dent in the shoreline, the bass fishermen will call that "a hole," a "little scoop spot." The bass may hang in there. It's the "kind of place they like to lob a live eel in the dark." Paul Tasha: "You'll see fishermen most nights. Those guys are pretty fanatic, the hardcore fishermen."
47. Bass Hole. A bass fishing hole.
48. Bass Hole. A bass fishing hole.

49A, B. Old Pilings. This area has several sets of pilings from old piers, from the time there were wharfs deep enough for boats, and an entry to the sea allowing boats to come and go. Now most are buried by sand, though some can still be seen.

50. Madden's Patch. A patch of vegetation on a peninsula sticking out into East Harbor. Bill Madden had a duck blind there for years. It made great duck hunting and deer hunting. Because it was a peninsula, you could hunt either side of it, depending upon which direction the wind was blowing.
51. Herman Tasha's Blind. The duck blind of Herman Tasha when he was a boy, and later of both Herman and Paul Tasha. For people who know, the place is still called Herman Tasha's blind. Paul Tasha: "I have a memory from being a teenager, it was a September day, dry, bright, pleasant warm day, the old man and I went in the station wagon to East Harbor to build a duck blind in a little different place. We filled the boat with lumber. We started to row. Actually, I was rowing, I was old enough so he didn't have to row anymore. But it was a nice breeze. He was sitting on this big pile of lumber. So the old man took a big wide pine board, held it. It caught the wind and started to propel the boat nicely. So I put down the oars and I picked up one too and we held them up, the pine boards, and just by deflecting the wind a little bit we were able to steer the boat. I think he may have had an oar over the side at one point, and I was doing all the sail catching, and he kept the boat directed with an oar, tiller-like. But it's just a nice memory of a beautiful early fall day. We sailed down through here to the point, here, and built our duck blind. It's just a nice memory of a good time with the old man, this tranquil sail we took through here."
52. Site of a Mummified Snapping Turtle. When twelve years old, Paul Tasha found a mummified snapping turtle. The cove here is deeper than most. It was always a good spot for turtles and carp.
53. Pilot Whale Remains. A place behind the big dune with skeletal remains of black fish (pilot whales), where the oil was tried out beside the fishing settlement. After any good wind, one can find the skeletal remains.
54. Water Spot. A place to get water.
55. Berry site. A place for picking tree nuts (hazelnuts, butternuts) along with blueberries and decorative red berries. (From Paula Tasha)
56. Quaking bog. Part of Jimmy's Pond, destroyed by the construction of Howland Street. Paula Tasha and her friends used to play on the quaking bog, the size of a living room rug. Paula Tasha: "It had such a thick mat of growth on top of the water that seven or eight-year-olds,

there were five of us, can sort of walk, or spread-eagle out on it, and it would undulate. We would just roar with laughter." (From Paula Tasha)

57. Race Point Lighthouse. Paula and Don Tasha were lighthouse keepers on weekends for three summers, hosting tours. (From Paula Tasha)
58. Kemp Cottage. The one-room studio cottage built by Sunny Tasha by hand on Howland Street for Harry Kemp as a winter residence. (From Paula Tasha)
59. Nelson Riding Path. A loop for horseback riding, crossing the Race Point Road, paralleling the current bicycle path. "Now it's all bicycles." (From Paula Tasha)
60. Boyzine's Riding Stable. One of two riding stables in Provincetown during the 1960s. There was a horse show every July. (From Paula Tasha)
61. Horse Swimming Beach. A beach where horseback riders swim their horses on rides from Provincetown. (From Paula Tasha)
62. Railroad Bed. Previously operational, the tracks were peeled up in the 1960s. Ever since, it's been a designated public walking path, with some horseback riding. The area is good habitat for box turtles. (From Paul and Paula Tasha)
63. Eastgate Fireroad. An access point to the dune shacks for vehicles, beginning near an old commercial sandpit. Just within the gate was a prime snow sledding area for children during winter. (From Paula Tasha)
64. Clay area. An area for gathering clay for crafts, decorations, and for children's playing materials. (From Paula Tasha)
65. House Under Highland Light. Paula Tasha spent the summer here with three horses, riding the backside moors. (From Paula Tasha)
66. Quicksand Area. An area subject to quicksand conditions after heavy rain. Paul Tasha notes that this spot and the other (no. 67) fall along a line of dunes from east to west, so maybe others occur along that edge. Tasha provided the story.
67. Quicksand Area. An area subject to quicksand conditions after heavy rain. Paul Tasha: "On the backside of the wetland, I started to climb the dune and I went right down. I started to call for my friend who was walking toward it too, to warn him to stay out. He came over to help extricate me. You know, you go in up to your waist and you say, 'holy crap!' It's definitely rain dependent. For a few days after a heavy rain you'll find that sand to be frighteningly alive. Without a good rain, no problem."
68. Dangerous Mud Area. An area of deep salt marsh mud on the backside of Pilgrim Lake before Madden's patch, potentially dangerous to walkers. Paul Tasha: "Windblown sand over the mud makes it look like a solid little beach. You'd walk out on it over two inches of sand and break through and be in this horrible, viscous, nasty mud. Some of it may be 16 to 17 feet deep, according to Graham [Giese] and my old man, who tested it a few times. Because I spent so much time playing around there, my father was concerned, so he introduced it to me."
69. First Hunt - Paul and Father. The place of Paul Tasha's first hunt with his father, Herman Tasha, when Paul was five years old. Paul Tasha provided a story.
70. Last Hunt - Paul and Father. The place of Herman Tasha's last deer hunt at the age of 89 years. Paul Tasha provided a story. The area is turning back to a saltwater environment now. Previously, it was drained with mosquito drainage ditches. It was an upland marsh where Sunny Tasha picked blueberries to make pies to sell to restaurants to bring in a little income. Paul Tasha: "He [Herman Tasha] always loved this whole marsh, and the Head of the Meadow you can't see. He took a thousand meals out of there. I probably have stuff in my bones from the meals from there, still."
71. Cranberry Bog. A good cranberry bog. Paul Tasha: "There are so many good cranberry picking areas, they're hard to label. There are good cranberry picking bogs everywhere, in almost any bog."
72. Cranberry Bog. A good cranberry bog.
73. Cranberry Bog. A good cranberry bog.

74. Cranberry Bog. A good cranberry bog.
75. Dune Charlies' Shack. The location of what was Charlie Schmid's shack.
76. Charlies' Model A. A Model A Ford sticking out of a dune.
77. Charles' Patch. A particularly large vegetated area in the dunes, quite a few acres. It has scrub oak, pitch pine, beach plum, lots of rosehips, three or four types of grasses, supporting a variety of animal life. There is quite a lot of oak in the draws, none more than twenty-five feet tall, most more like ten. Deer, turkeys, squirrels feed on the acorns. There is hog cranberry (bear berry), true cranberry, blueberry, shadbush, and huckleberry. Paul Tasha provided a deer story.
78. Cranberry Bog. A good cranberry bog, with vegetation types from year-round water. It probably has a resident frog population. Paul Tasha provided a deer story.
79. Cranberry Bog. A good cranberry bog.
80. Cranberry Bog. A good cranberry bog.

Unnumbered site. Coast Guard Boathouse. A few timbers are all that remain of the boathouse for the coast guard station. There was a barn with a team of horses to drag the boats to the water when they had to save people. The remnants were there up until about five years ago. There was a peaked roof and collapsed walls. It was fairly intact when Paul Tasha was a child. It went with the concrete building that housed the men.

Cultural Sites, Map 6

Sources: Nathaniel, Mildred, Andrea, and Paul Champlin; Maia Champlin Peck; and David, Marcia, and Sally Adams

1. The Flats. An intertidal area of sand, pools, and channels. It's a favorite place for children, with shells and crabs.
2. Wreck of the *HMS Somerset*. The site of a shipwreck, believed by the Adams and Champlins to be the British man-o-war vessel grounded in 1778, visible at times when the sand erodes out. Mildred Champlin described how they located the wreck. "I read about it in a 19th century book. It's exactly a mile. So we took the car and measured a mile from Peaked Hill to Dead Man's Hollow as they said in the 19th century book, and we figured, the *Somerset* is here, under this sand. About two years later, Dave comes up and said, 'Guess what's up – just exactly where you said it was?'"
3. Life Saving Station. An historic life saving station moved to the location of the old Wood End station.
4. Great Mountain. A high dune on the lower cape, offering great views, reached by several footpaths.
5. Pollywog Valley. A small valley among the dunes, used for ice skating in winter.
6. The Cranberry Bog. The cranberry bog closest to the Champlin's shack.
7. Orchid Area and Blueberry Patch. A place with blueberries and twenty-three varieties of orchids, some rare. The orchids were subjects painted by David Adams.
8. Squid Woman's. Site of a derelict cottage named for Squid Woman, now a scooped-out hollow. Mildred Champlin told the story: "Squid Woman's was a house. The Squid Woman came up when Nat [Champlin] was building one day, back in the early 1950s. Nat was doing some work here, and he noticed some movement. He saw this little old woman scuttling behind the car. She comes out and she says, 'I'm afraid of you!' And Nat, from his ladder, said, 'Well, I'm afraid of you!' She takes out this paper bag and says, "I brought you some squid." So he said, "Well, I don't really need squid, but why don't you take it next door to the Adam's house?" Nat didn't cook and maybe Marcia [Adams] could use some squid, so he sent her over there. There was a derelict house where she lived. She was one of the Nelsons. I don't know for sure, but I think she was Clarence's sister. She was a little strange. And she

had a different last name; she was married to somebody. There was a house there that, later on, was falling apart. It just fell apart. There was a blowout there for a long time, leaving a scooped-out place. And the last thing we saw was her well pipe. So now we'd say, 'How far down the beach did you go?' And you'd say, 'Just past the Squid Woman's.'"

9. Disappearing Forest. Site of an old forest inundated by salt water, with snags all together, a "neat place."
10. Beech Forest. A well-known hardwood forest managed by the Park Service.
11. The Bowls. Scooped-out valleys, big sand bowls, that were old habitation places of fishermen, whalers, and coast guards.
12. Penny Bowl. A scooped-out valley where the Chaplins once found Indian head pennies.
13. Second Rip. A good fishing location with a rip, commonly the site of a "colony of buggies."
14. Witch's Mountain. A dark, spooky-looking dune, the second-highest hill in the area, with an "idyllic" pond of lily pads surrounded by forests. The Champlin refer to it as "the pond in Witch's Mountain."
15. The Great Desert. A stretch of open sand named by Thoreau. Mildred Champlin: "That's what we call it too." It's now planted and stabilized with grass.
16. Loaf of Bread. A "beautiful" dune formation near the middle of The Great Desert that used to resemble a "perfect loaf of bread, surrounded by nothing but sand."
17. Cement House, or Concrete House. The site of a small, "cunningly-designed" house of wired cement in the middle of the dunes, featuring windows set with bottle bottoms. It was "gorgeous," "camouflaged because it melded in with the sand," "the boldest dwelling," "a little modern architecture." The Champlins have photographs of it.
18. Sand Pit and Suicide Hill. The Sand Pit was the site of a commercial sand pit, a spot along the back route jeep road. Suicide Hill was a steep dune along the back route. Paul Champlin described a common use of the area: "We would go out and drive the back route. There used to be roads straight from the houses to town. You could drive up on the top of the dunes, the beach taxis too, everybody did. These were all bare dunes. The wind would just raise havoc with it. This was a big tourist thing. People would go on the dune tours just for this. You go along and suddenly there is Suicide Hill, a forty-foot drop, just straight down, like a roller coaster. Oh my gosh. So you'd go that way and drive around, catch a beautiful sunset at the Sand Pit, which is the entrance point for the other dune cottages. The kids would get out of the car and run down the Sand Pit and the adults would meet us at the bottom, and we'd go get ice cream in town. That was one of our traditions with the Adams, going on the sunset rides to the Sand Pit and ice cream."
19. Bill's Camp. A site between Malicoat's cottage and Peaked Hill, where fishermen erected small temporary shelters and tents as bases for fishing.
20. FORAC. Site of a naval radar station.
21. No Hands Valley. The site of a murder in the 1970s. Mildred Champlin told the story (see Chapter 12).
22. Jean's Hill and Jean's Blowout
23. Blueberry Patch. Also called Blueberry Valley. A place for gathering blueberries.
24. Blueberry Road. Also called Provinceland Road. A road providing access to a blueberry gathering area.
25. The Pile. An underwater pile of ferromanganese, probably old ballast. It's "great habitat" for lobster and blackfish and a place for scuba diving and fishing.
26. The Wreck. The site of an old, double-hulled wooden ship, with iron spikes. It's a place for scuba diving.
27. The Torpedo. The site of an old navy torpedo, broken in the middle. It's a place for scuba diving.
28. The Shed House. Originally the generator house for the Champlin cottage, turned into a two-seater outhouse with the "most beautiful view for an outhouse in the world." Paul Champlin

described a family tradition with the Shed House: "Once a year we would all march out to the Shed House and the kids would have pictures taken up on the roof. It was the cousins if they were here, the Adams, every year, a whole progression of kids and photos."

29. The Valley. The first valley inland from the cottages, formerly a saltwater run. The Champlin's water pump is located there.
30. Blueberry Bog. Also called The Second Valley. The second valley inland from the cottages. It's a place for picking blueberries. A sundew grows there.

Cultural Sites, Map 7
Source: Zara Jackson

1. Coal Bins. The site of a small house for storing coal for the Peaked Hill coast guard station. Today the sand is black, mixed with coal. Nearby was a second small house, originally used for storage, where Frankie Henderson lived while serving as watchman for the decommissioned station. He did not live in the station itself.
2. Watchtower. The site of an old watchtower overlooking the beach, erected and used by the coastguards when the beach could no longer be adequately seen from the cupola of the station. Zara Jackson remembered that watchmen punched time clocks on shifts.
3. Braaten's Shack. The home of Eunice and Theodore Braaten of Dedham, Massachusetts, and their two sons, Teddy and David Braaten, who were Zara Jackson's playmates when she was a child.
4. Hollow. A hollow that once existed where Zara Jackson played house with playmates, Sally and Nancy, as a child. "All over the area we used to go and take sunbaths. You'd find a little hollow away from the beach or out of visibility and lie down and absorb the sun."
5. Race Road. The old road linking the Peaked Hill coast guard station to the Race Point coast guard station, now a jeep trail. It used to have telephone poles and lines along it.
6. Snail Road. The old road linking the Peaked Hill coast guard station to Provincetown, going "straight from the station to the top of the big dune and on," now a footpath. This is the main route used by Zara Jackson between her shack and town.
7. Boathouse. The site of a small house used for storing the extra surfboat of the Peaked Hill coast guard station. The primary boat used for drills was stored on the ground level of the station. The boathouse was bought at auction by Leo Gracie after the station closed. Alice Malkin, Zara Jackson's mother, bought it from Leo Gracie. Zara slept in the boathouse with friends from time to time. As it deteriorated, it provided salvage materials for other dune shacks. It eventually was burned by the Park.
8. O'Neill Path. An old road to the original Peaked Hill coast guard station. When a new station was built, the old station was acquired by the playwright, Eugene O'Neill. The configuration of the dunes has changed considerably since that time. The road is now a footpath over the barrier dune to the beach.
9. Ray's Shack. The dune shack of Ray Wells, the half-sister of Zara Jackson.
10. Swimming Area. The beach area used for swimming by Zara Jackson and other people living in shacks on The Hill, including Hazel Hawthorne Werner, her children (Nancy and Sally), and the Fearings.
11. The Hill. Zara Jackson's name for Peaked Hill. The site of a tall dune near which several shacks were located, including Louis Spucky's (acquired by Hazel Hawthorne Werner), Brownies', Margo's, and Fearing's. The dune no longer exists.
12. The Pump. The pump supplying water for Zara Jackson's shack.
13. Sandbars with Clams. The site of old sandbars, no longer there, used at low tide for digging large sea clams when Zara Jackson was a child: "There were lots of clams. You'd see a spurt

of water and a little hole coming up from the sandbar and you'd dig under that, large sea clams. My mother made clam fritters from them."
14. Surf Casting Beach. An area used by Zara Jackson's husband for catching flounders. "He was hoping for stripers, but never got them."
15. The Great Dune. The large dune over which Snail Road travels.
16. The Ant Hill. A hill providing a view over the valley where clients of Art's Dune Tours disembark to take pictures. "They look like ants up on that hill," remarked Zara Jackson.

Cultural Sites, Map 8
Source: Gary Isaacson and Laurie Schecter

1. Boat Station. Site of the old coastguard boathouse, formerly owned by Zara Jackson. Isaacson and Schecter salvaged wood from it for restoring their shack when they heard the Park planned to burn it as a demonstration with the fire department. The mahogany flooring of their outhouse is from the boathouse.
2. Walking Bushes. Clumps of bushes that seem to be moving up the dunes. They were visual referents, marking where Isaacson and Schecter made their turn for the path toward their shack, walking in from Snail Road. Looking from the shack and seeing people coming by the bushes, they knew that in fifteen or twenty minutes they would arrive at the shack.
3. Big Dune. The large dune near the start of Snail Road. Schecter: "Everybody calls it, 'Big Dune.'"
4. The Notch. A notch between forested dunes along the route taken by Isaacson and Schecter walking to their shack.
5. Carpet. A "beautiful carpet" of ground cover with berries along the route taken by Isaacson and Schecter walking to their shack. They purposely detoured around it to protect it.
6. The Blueberry Tree. An enormous highbush blueberry bush, "tree-size," thirty feet round and tall. Schecter: "You can't possibly reach the top of this tree, even with a six-foot ladder."
7. The Sand Road. Also called the Fire Road. The jeep trail providing access to the central group of dune shacks.
8. Cranberry bogs. Schecter: "There are lots of bogs where we do cranberry picking." They pick every year for sauce, or people do it for them if they are not here, during October-November. Near the cranberry bogs and forests they also pick lots of huge Belita mushrooms in September-October.
9. Blueberry areas. A wide area for gathering blueberries during July-August.
10. Beach plum areas. Favorite areas for gathering beach plums during end of August-September.
11. Jones. Also called Anabelle and the Jones shack. A shack, currently occupied by the Dunns.
12. Dune Charlie's. Site of Charlie Schmid's shack..
13. Valley of the Orchids. A valley with orchids and blueberries.
14. Vista Point. A viewpoint along the walking path over a beautiful valley, exposed and hot during summer.
15. The Forest. A forested area along the walking path, offering a cool, breezy place for a summer picnic beneath the pine trees, soft with pine needles. The path through the woods has a lot of poison ivy.
16. Armstrong's. The Armstrong's shack. Just before you reach the Armstrong's, there's a path around a knoll allowing access to the beach.

Cultural Sites, Map 9
Sources: David, Connie, and Janet Armstrong

1. The House. The Armstrong shack in its current location.
2. Old Baldy. The hill on which the Armstrong shack currently sits. The hill used to be "absolutely bald," with no grass or bushes.
3. Blueberry Patches. Three areas for gathering blueberries below Old Baldy.
4. Cranberry Patches. Several different patches for gathering cranberries. The Armstrongs avoid gathering at cranberry patches with poison ivy.
5. Mushroom Area. An area for gathering the giant Belita mushroom and star mushrooms.
6. Beach Plum Area. An area for gathering beach plums.
7. Striped Bass Area. An area for fishing for striped bass. Janet Armstrong: "There is really good fishing in hollows, whenever a hollow occurs. It used to be for many years when this road was here that there would be a whole RV campground, well, not really a campground, but they'd be all lined up here, dozens of them. The whole outer beach, really."
8. Whale Area. An area for viewing whales in June and July, including Right, Humpback, and Finback whales, dolphins, seals, and nurse sharks. Janet Armstrong: "The seals have only been here since maybe the past eighteen years. Before that we never saw seals. Two or three times during the last month we have seen nurse sharks. Huge things. They are vegetarians with mouths like Volkswagens."
9. Sea Clam Area. An area on the sandbars for gathering sea clams and other shellfish, including sea cucumbers. David Armstrong: "There are sandbars that occur at various distances offshore. And it used to be at the September low tides in particular that we could walk out to a sandbar, we'd be no more than up to our knees, where we could find sea clams that were so big one clam could make a clam chowder." On phosphorescence: "There was one time when we walked down to the beach, and there on the beach was a log about this big in diameter. It was glowing like a light bulb. It had been there a long time on the surface. It was real fuzzy. These little glowing sea creatures were all through it. And when you touched it, you made a line with your finger that would come up into a real bright glow. You could write your name on this with your finger and see it in a glowing, golden fuzz."
10. Teddy Bear Forest. Later on called the Enchanted Forest, when the Armstrong children "grew out of teddy bears." A forested area used by the children for playing.
11. Charlie's. Also called the Prudential Center of the Dunes. The site of Charlie Schmid's shack. It was called the Prudential Center of the Dunes because it had grown up to such a height compared to the other shacks. David Armstrong: "The shack was threatened with being engulfed in sand. It was up over the windows practically. That was when he built another story above that. And in later years, he would come up another story. So it was a fantastic piece of architecture, not that any architect would ever design it. But Charlie designed it and built it and lived in it year round. It was a real marvel. It was really the destruction of that place that triggered the movement to get us protected by being registered as historic places."
12. Ghost Ford. The site of a Model A, 1920 Ford. Buried for decades, it was exposed by wind in the mid-1980s.
13. Cranberry Bog. An area for gathering cranberries.
14. The Pump. The water pump for the Armstrong house.
15. Old Site. Also called The Old Place. The former site of the Armstrong house before the house was moved to its current location. The footings were still there. It was the location of a way station used by the coastguard, between the main stations.
16. Pilgrim Lake. Also called Lost Kite Lake. Used by the Armstrongs for hiking and bird watching. There was a pair of bald eagles there for a while. Once, a kite flown by family members fell into the lake after its exceptionally long string broke. The floating kite was retrieved, as well as the "mile-and-a-half of string."

17. Uncle John's Final Resting Place. The area where the ashes of John Armstrong were scattered in 2004.
18. The Road. The jeep road leading to the beach from the parking lot along High Head Road, providing access to the beach on the way to the Armstrong shack. Now closed to the public, previously it was used by fishermen and Art's Dune Tours. Connie Armstrong: "It was made by the Hannah sisters. Their names were Junia and Elizabeth Hannah. Edwin was their brother, but he was not all that interested in being out here. Their husbands had seats on the New York Stock Exchange. They had wonderful apartments in New York. But Elizabeth and Junia really didn't like spending winters there. So their husbands would come to their house in Sandwich for Thanksgiving and summer vacations. The Hannah sisters would go to New York for Christmas. After that they might go to Europe, Paris, or someplace for a little vacation with their husbands. But then they'd come right back to Sandwich. They had cottages in Sandwich that they rented. Their children were grown and they really wanted to stay on the cape. It was a perfectly fine arrangement… Ruth [Connie's daughter] was two years old when we were first talking with them. They just adored Ruth."
19. Red Shack. Also called Grace's. The site of a shack used by Grace Bessay. It was coast guard originally.
20. Coast Guard Barn. Also called the U.S.A. The site of a huge barn used for storing boats by the coast guard, still standing about 1948-50, but being derelict, it was dismantled by the coast guard and taken away.
21. Stanard's. Also called the New York Shack or the New Yorker. The site of a shack used by the Stanards from New York.
22. Joe Oliver's. Also called Patrick's. The site of a shack built by Pat Patrick and used by Joe Oliver. David Armstrong: "Somebody was breaking into our place at one time. We accosted them and they said that they thought this was the thing that Pat Patrick had built. His widow had told them that they could use his place, and if they had to break into it to use it, that was all right. They were supposed to have been one shack down breaking in. They were trying to break into our place, and we informed them that this was not the right place."
23. Concrete Shack. Also called Fuller's or the Stone Shack. The site of a shack used by Andy Fuller, and later by Michael Sperber.

Not numbered. Tony Veever's shack. This shack was located to the east of Grace Bessay's place. The aerial photograph did not go that far.

Cultural Sites of Paul Tasha and Paula Tasha (Map 5), Grouped by General Category and Features

Cultural Sites by General Category		*Additional Details about Cultural Site Category*	
Food Gathering Areas (25)		**Foods by Gathering Area (36)**	
Bog (8)	*14 71 72 73 74 78 79 80*	Cranberries (8)	*14 71 72 73 74 78 79 80*
Hole (3)	*47 47 48*	Ducks (7)	*1 3 10 12 13 50 51*
Marsh (2)	*12 13*	Deer (6)	*1 16 17 22 24 28*
Oasis (2)	*16 22*	Fish (5)	*1 3 46 47 48*
Peninsula (2)	*50 51*	Other berries (4)	*1 22 41 55*
Woods (2)	*28 55*	Rabbits (2)	*1 17*
Hill (1)	*24*	Clams (1)	*3*
Lake (1)	*1*	Eels (1)	*1*
Patch (1)	*41*	Nuts (1)	*55*
Plateau (1)	*17*	Plums (1)	*22*
Pond (1)	*10*		
Salt Creek (1)	*3*		
Natural Features With No Use Mentioned (12)			
Pond (4)	*8 29 30 45*		
Beach (2)	*4 5*		
Hill (2)	*9 37*		
Salt Marsh (2)	*2 18*		
Bog (1)	*56*		
Wood (1)	*77*		
Man-Made Features (17)			
Road (5)	*15 19 20 31 63*		
Breakwater (2)	*6 7*		
Shack (2)	*75 81*		
Shipwreck (2)	*35 36*		
Tower (2)	*32 33*		
Car (1)	*76*		
Lighthouse (1)	*57*		
Pier (1)	*49*		
Railway (1)	*62*		
Other Activity Area (8)		**Type of Industry (3)**	
Horses (4)	*11 59 60 61*	Sand mining (1)	*34*
Industry (3)	*34 53 64*	Whaling (1)	*53*
Aesthetics (1)	*21*	Clay digging (1)	*64*
Story or Event (8)		**Type of Story or Event (8)**	
Woods (4)	*25 26 27 69*	Hunting (6)	*23 25 26 27 69 70*
Marsh (1)	*70*	Horses (1)	*65*
Moor (1)	*65*	Turtle (1)	*52*
Pond (1)	*52*		
Ridge (1)	*23*		
Dangerous Area (3)			
Quicksand (2)	*66 67*		
Mud (1)	*68*		

Cultural Sites of the Champlin and Adams Families (Map 6),
Grouped by General Category and Features

Cultural Sites by General Category	*Additional Details about Cultural Site Category*
Food Gathering Areas (6)	**Foods by Gathering Area (4)**
Bog (2) *6 30*	Blueberries (3) *7 23 30*
Patch (2) *7 23*	Cranberries *6*
Rip *13*	Fish *13*
Valley *29*	Water *29*
Natural Features With No Use Mentioned (12)	
Desert *15*	
Dune *16*	
Forest (2) *9 10*	
Hill, Blowout *22*	
Mountain *14*	
Man-Made Features (9)	**Uses of Man-Made Features**
Ballast Pile *25*	Scuba Diving *25 26 27*
Road *24*	Photography *28*
Shack (2) *8 17*	
Shed *28*	
Shipwreck (2) *2 26*	
Station *3 20*	
Torpedo *27*	
Camping Areas (2)	
Bowls *11*	
Campsite *19*	
Story or Event (2)	**Type of Story or Event**
Bowl *12*	Finding a penny *12*
Valley *21*	Murder *21*
Recreation Area (4)	
Intertidal flats *1*	
Mountain *4*	
Sand Pit *18*	
Valley *5*	

Cultural Sites of the Jackson Family (Map 7), Grouped by General Category and Features

Cultural Sites by General Category	*Additional Details about Cultural Site Category*
Food Gathering Areas (2)	**Foods by Gathering Area (2)**
Sandbar *13*	Shellfish *13*
Beach *14*	Fish *14*
Natural Features With a Use Mentioned (4)	**Uses Mentioned (4)**
Beach *10*	Swimmng *10*
Hill *11 16*	Living area *11*
Hollow *4*	Sunbathing *4*
	Tourism *16*
Natural Features With No Use Mentioned (1)	
Dune *15*	
Man-Made Features (9)	
Coal bin *1*	
Watchtower *2*	
Shack *3 9*	
Pump *12*	
Road-Path *5 6 8*	
Boathouse *7*	

Cultural Sites of the Isaacson-Schecter Family (Map 8), Grouped by General Category and Features

Cultural Sites by General Category	*Additional Details about Cultural Site Category*
Food Gathering Areas (3)	**Foods by Gathering Area (4)**
Bog *8*	Cranberries *8*
Area *9 10*	Beach plums *10*
	Blueberries *9*
	Mushrooms *8*
Natural Features With a Use Mentioned (2)	**Uses Mentioned (2)**
Bushes *2*	Trail marker *1*
Forest *15*	Picnics *15*
Natural Features With No Use Mentioned (6)	
Dune *3*	
Notch *4*	
Vegetation *5 6*	
Valley *13*	
Vista *14*	
Man-Made Features (5)	
Boathouse *1*	
Road *7*	
Shack *11 12 16*	

Cultural Sites of the Armstrong Family (Map 9),
Grouped by General Category and Features

Cultural Sites by General Category	***Additional Details about Cultural Site Category***
Food Gathering Areas (7)	**Foods by Gathering Area (7)**
Area (2) *5 6*	Cranberries (2) *4 13*
Patch (2) *3 4*	Beach plums *6*
Bog *13*	Blueberries *3*
Hollow *7*	Fish *7*
Sandbar *9*	Mushrooms *5*
	Shellfish *9*
Natural Features With a Use Mentioned (1)	**Uses Mentioned (1)**
Hill *2*	Habitation Site *2*
Man-Made Features (11)	
Shack (7) *1 11 15 19 21 22 23*	
Automobile *12*	
Barn *20*	
Pump *14*	
Road *18*	
Wildlife Viewing Areas (2)	
Lake *16*	
Ocean *8*	
Story or Event (1)	**Type of Story or Event (1)**
Place *17*	Scattering human remains
Recreation Area (1)	
Forest *10*	