

VOLUME 277
NUMBER 156

Suggested retail price
\$1.00
\$1.50 outside of
Metro Boston

The Boston Globe

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 2010

HOT TIME IN OLD TOWN

TODAY: Breezy, humid, T-storms.
High 78-83. Low 57-62.
TOMORROW: Rain, T-storms.
High 62-67. Low 50-55.
HIGH TIDE: 5:57 a.m. 6:30 p.m.
SUNRISE: 5:08 a.m. SUNSET: 6:17 p.m.
FULL REPORT: PAGE B11

SPORTS: CLAY BUCHHOLZ GETS COMPLETE GAME, 5-HIT SHUTOUT AGAINST THE ORIOLES

COMING
SUNDAY



FARM FRESH
GLOBE MAGAZINE'S FOOD ISSUE

TWO SIDES OF
PROVINCETOWN
A SPECIAL CAPE COD SECTION



Lottery, Page B2

VOLUME 277
NUMBER 157

Suggested retail price
\$3.50
\$4.00 outside of
Greater Boston

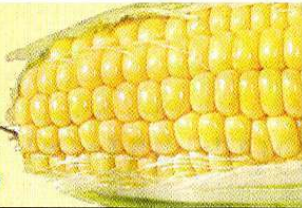
Boston Sunday Globe

JUNE 6, 2010

DRIP, BOOM, BLAH

TODAY: Rainy, T-storms.
High 70-75. Low 56-61.
TOMORROW: Sun, clouds, drier.
High 72-77. Low 52-57.
HIGH TIDE: 6:51 a.m. 7:18 p.m.
SUNRISE: 5:08 a.m. SUNSET: 6:18 p.m.
FULL REPORT: PAGE B12

FARM FRESH
GLOBE MAGAZINE: FOOD



EXPLORE NEW ENGLAND

THE CAPE



Two ways
to take on
Provincetown

SPORTS: CELTICS ASSISTANT THIBODEAU TO BE HEAD COACH OF BULLS

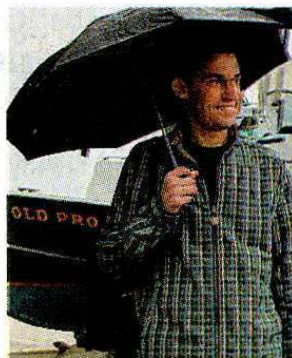


Travel

BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE JUNE 6, 2010 | BOSTON.COM/TRAVEL

INSIDE

EXPLORE NEW ENGLAND | CAPE COD



PATRICK FALOON

TWO FOR THE ROAD
There's more than one way to enjoy the off-season in Provincetown. Vote for your favorite. **M6**



KEVIN DONOVAN

Explore New England

CAPE COD

2 ESCAPES, 1 DESTINATION

Hot tubs, high culture, and tea dances vs. biking, the beach, and beers: With \$400 to spend, which writer got the better Provincetown deal?



Christopher Muther enjoys an afternoon at the Provincetown Art Association and Museum.

PATRICK FALOON FOR THE BOSTON GLOBE



The winds can be fierce atop the Pilgrim Monument but are worth it for the ocean views.

KEVIN DONOVAN FOR THE BOSTON GLOBE

BY CHRISTOPHER MUTHER | GLOBE STAFF

BY COURTNEY HOLLANDS | GLOBE STAFF

Drag queens chattering, waves pounding, the thud of synthesized dance music — all these are sounds you want to hear when you journey to the end of the Cape. What you don't want to hear after driving two-plus hours to Provincetown is the sharp clap of thunder, followed by sheets of rain pounding on windows. Unfortunately, this is what I got.

This is the risk of visiting a New England beach town any time before July. But the advantage to off-season travel in New England is that there are bargains galore. My \$400 budget would barely be enough to pay for a room during Provincetown's summer season, but in mid-May, just \$90 (plus tax) scored me a deluxe room at the Admiral's Landing, complete with cathedral ceilings and a gas fireplace. As it turns out, the fireplace was a necessity for drying rain-soaked pants and socks.

Lighting candles in front of my Cher shrine and praying to the weather gods ahead of time did little to help the situation. Shortly after arriving on a Saturday morning with my travel partner-in-crime, Patrick, the skies opened. We were walking toward Commercial Street when the thunder started rumbling and lightning streaked a violent gray sky. The clouds began unleashing the kind of rain that makes umbrellas a cruel joke. With soaked feet, ankles, and other parts, we ran into Utilities, the amazing kitchen store on Commercial Street. This was the game we played for the rest of the morning. The rain stopped, we attempted to run to the next store. The rain would start while we were outside, and we would again be trapped and soggy.

Rainy day deals

It didn't take long before I was miserable, wet, and ready to head back to Boston. Instead, we ran to the Marc Jacobs store, where I picked up a \$28 pair of rain boots. Because my socks were soaked, I bought a \$10 pair of cashmere socks (such a bargain!), and I shelled out another \$10 for a pair of underwear that I didn't really need, but thought were kind of cool. Worried that my purchases were cutting into our food budget, Patrick said, "You're not going to include these in the story, are you?" Instead of telling him that we could survive on cans of tuna fish for the weekend if I blew through our budget on cute underwear and overpriced cocktails, I smiled and assured him that we would be fine.

After changing into my new boots and socks in the store and feeling more content, we waited out the rain at Cafe Heaven, where I devoured a plate of dreamy French toast and listened to the locals gossip. Despite the miserable morning, I was enjoying the lackadaisical pace of a rainy day. Because the town was not over-

CHRISTOPHER, Page M6

TWO FOR THE ROAD

CHRISTOPHER MUTHER/GLOBE STAFF

COURTNEY HOLLANDS/GLOBE STAFF

Yesterday's Treasures yielded an eclectic trove of old magazines.

Sneakers at Map were on sale, but willpower kept her under budget.

WHAT THEY SPENT

Admiral's Landing	\$98.73	Oxford Guesthouse	\$141.51
Marc Jacobs	\$49.19	Squealing Pig	\$46.25
Cafe Heaven	\$35.60	Jimmy's Hideaway	\$82.25
Yesterday's Treasures	\$15.00	Crown & Anchor	\$14.00
West End Perry's	\$15.81	Fudge Factory	\$3.00
Angel Foods	\$9.97	Pilgrim Monument & Museum	\$14.00
Provincetown Art Association & Museum	\$14.00	Marine Specialties	\$5.26
Boatslip	\$32.00	Wired Puppy	\$6.27
George's Pizza	\$25.57	Far Land Provisions	\$8.89
Crown & Anchor piano bar	\$26.00	Truro Vineyards	\$16.00
Mews Restaurant and Cafe	\$35.22	Tip: Crown & Anchor	\$5.00
Pilgrim Monument	\$14.00	Tip: Oxford House	\$10.00
Lobster Pot	\$28.11		
Total	\$398.20	Total	\$352.43

I was praying for clear skies, doing an anti-rain dance, if you will. My husband, Kevin, and I had planned our weekend in late April around biking. I was determined not to let Mother Nature derail it.

BYOB (bringing your own bike) is a surefire way to save money on an overnight trip. We had \$400 to spend on food, lodging, and activities. Seeing the sights by bike is free.

Besides, I had a hunch that my colleague stylish Christopher Muther would have an edge when it came to night life at the tip of Cape Cod. He might know the best places to see and be seen in town, but would he see whales while biking along Herring Cove Beach?

Luckily, we awoke to sun streaming in our Somerville window Saturday morning and set off for the Cape after carefully wedging our bikes into the backseat and trunk of my car.

Arriving in Provincetown a little after noon, we drove straight to the Oxford, the well-appointed bed-and-breakfast tucked into a side street in the West End. Not only did Trevor Pinker, one of the owners, let us check in early, he upgraded us to our choice of three unoccupied rooms. We took the Worcester room, the most expensive. (I had booked under my married name, so this wasn't preferential treatment.) Our original room, the Magdalen, cost \$141.51 a night. Now, we were paying the same price for a room with a gas fireplace and private entrance off the English garden — excellent. (In summer, weekend rates can double.)

Pinker, who was baking snickerdoodles when we checked in, ticked off the Oxford's amenities: an espresso machine, free snacks, port and sherry for the pouring, a flat screen TV with cable, breakfast, a DVD library, etc. The two house rules? No smoking and no feeding the dog. We could live with that for the 480-thread-count sheets. This was our kind of place.

A shore thing

With cookies in hand, we biked to town for lunch. We intended to have chowder at the Lobster Pot, but our inner beer snobs succumbed to the siren call of the Chimay sign outside the Squealing Pig. Soon we had two Unibroue beers, a bowl of seafood chowder, Parmesan truffle fries, and a half-dozen Wellfleet oysters in front of us for \$46.25, including tip. The neon "Prescriptions" sign over the bar and Lauryn Hill on the speakers were nice touches.

It was time to burn some calories, so we hopped back on our bikes and joined the Province Lands Trail bike path on Conwell Street. The hilly trail is a 5.45-mile loop that winds through dunes and beech trees, with spurs to Race Point Beach and Herring Cove Beach. We raced to

COURTNEY, Page M7

From cycling and whales to shopping and wine

► **COURTNEY**
Continued from Page M6

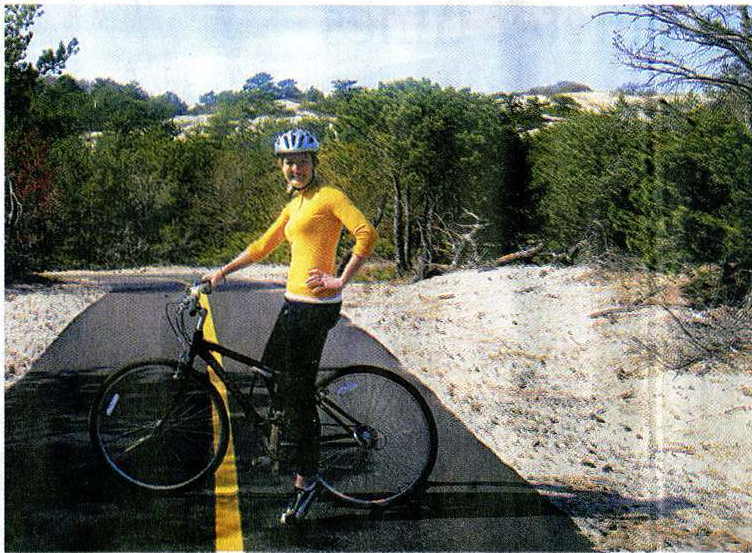
the top of a rise overlooking Race Point Beach, before coasting down toward the water. When we arrived at the beach, I immediately took off my shoes — even chilly sand feels good between toes that have been shoved in ski boots and thick socks for months. We walked along the beach, skirting blankets where others sat soaking in a bit of early spring sun, until we came across a seal relaxing on the shore.

► **P-TOWN POSTCARDS**
View Courtney and Christopher's photos and video and vote for who had the better trip at www.boston.com/travel.

Next stop: Herring Cove Beach. Several cars were parked facing the water and people with binoculars and telescopes intently scanned the horizon. Suddenly, a whelp: "Look at the spout!" "Was that a fin?" "It's a whale." I had just seen a seal up close and personal and now, there were whales swimming off the coast. Forget the zoo; this was a veritable animal kingdom.

Although sunsets at Herring Cove Beach are said to be breathtaking, we had to get back to town for our 7:30 dinner reservation. We changed, tried the fireplace, and had a glass or two of complimentary port and wine at the Oxford before walking to Commercial Street. Jimmy's Hideaway had opened for its fourth season just two days before. The subterranean joint — which prides itself on using organic produce and local seafood — was bustling. I ordered a dirty martini and we snacked on Pain D'Avignon bread from Hyannis while contemplating the menu.

We split crab and corn cakes (\$13) for an appetizer and eschewed the pricier entrees for the \$15 selections off the tavern menu: garlicky shrimp Florentine for me, and baby back ribs for Kevin. The bill came to a reasonable \$82.25 including tip and we were stuffed. I asked the waitress where we should go next. "Well, it's sort of that weird time before



KEVIN DONOVAN FOR THE BOSTON GLOBE

The Province Lands Trail bike path is a 5.45-mile loop winding through dunes and beech trees.

everything starts up," she said, and suggested live music at the Squealing Pig, Governor Bradford, or Good Times.

We didn't get very far before we saw the Fudge Factory. Somehow, we found room for the shop's gooey homemade peanut butter cups (two for \$3). Sweet tooth sated, we had visions of drag karaoke at the Governor Bradford. Clearly, I would have killed with "Maneater" by Hall & Oates. But the infectious sounds of Broadway show tunes summoned us into the Crown & Anchor, where a beaming Bobby Wetherbee was playing piano for a rowdy crowd. A drag queen danced to "All That Jazz" as a well-heeled woman in a fedora two-stepped her way to the piano with a tip. "That song is from 'Chicago,' of course, which is about a woman murdering her lover," Wetherbee said. "That happens all the time here."

We sang along to an Irving Berlin medley, "Ding-Dong! The Witch is Dead," and strangely, a rousing "Hava Nagila" between sips of Sam Adams. My voice was

hoarse when we started for the door; Weatherbee sent us into the brisk night with a "goodbye, dahn-lings."

Finally, the Governor Bradford. We lasted through a drunken rendition of John Mellencamp's "Pink Houses" and a guttural take on George Thorogood's "Bad to the Bone" before heading back to the Oxford.

Shopping and sipping

It was hard to get out of the cushy bed come morning but breakfast called. We feasted on yogurt, fruit, freshly baked coffee cake, and hardboiled eggs in the dining room. Stomachs full, we set off for the Pilgrim Monument. At the adjoining museum, we saw an antique fire engine with wide tires (for driving in sand), a harpoon, and 19th-century dolls. (On his visit Chris was probably too busy shopping at Marc Jacobs to walk under the actual finback whale jawbone on display. Score one for Team Courtney.)

August marks the 100th anniversary of the monument's com-

pletion, and we decided to celebrate early by ascending the almost 253-foot granite tower. Although the fierce winds teased my hair into a 'do a la Tina Turner from the "What's Love Got to Do With It" video, the climb was worth it for the foggy views of the ocean and Boston in the distance. Then we headed into town for some gallery peeping in the East End and a coffee at Wired Puppy. I declared it was the moment I'd been waiting for all weekend: time to shop.

Kevin gamely accompanied me to Utilities, where we browsed through the shower curtains, gadgets, and Thomas Paul melamine plates, and to the Recycled Retriever. We eyed the biodegradable poop bags and the eco-friendly chew toys for our future dog.

But Marine Specialties was the shopping jackpot. Wedding dresses for \$125? Check. Vintage Czech apothecary bottles? Check. Leather jackets by the pound? Check. A fabulous Supreme cardboard poster? Checkmate. I gladly plunked down \$5.26 for it

If you go . . .

Where Courtney stayed

Oxford Guesthouse
8 Cottage St.
508-487-9103
www.oxfordguesthouse.com

Where she ate

The Squealing Pig
355 Commercial St.
508-487-5804
www.squealingpigtown.com
Jimmy's Hideaway
179 Commercial St.
508-487-1011
www.jimmyshideaway.com
Wired Puppy
379 Commercial St.
508-487-0017
www.wiredpuppy.com
Far Land Provisions
150 Bradford St.
508-487-0045
www.farlandprovisions.com

What she did

Province Lands Bike Trail
Cape Cod National Seashore
(Pick up a bike map at the Salt

Pond Visitor Center in Eastham.)
www.nps.gov/caco

Provincetown Fudge Factory
210 Commercial St.
508-487-2850

www.ptownfudge.com

The Crown & Anchor

247 Commercial St.
508-487-1430
www.onlyatthecrown.com

Pilgrim Monument and Provincetown Museum

High Pole Hill Road
508-487-1310
www.pilgrim-monument.org

Marine Specialties

235 Commercial St.
508-487-1730
www.ptownarmynavy.com

Map

141 Commercial St.

508-487-4900

Truro Vineyards

11 Shore Road, North Truro
508-487-6200

www.trurovineyardsofcapecod.com

and we were on our way.

It was hard to keep my wallet closed at our next stop: the uber-hip, rock 'n' roll-infused boutique Map. I leafed through a book on Van Halen and looked at the premium Levis and Rogues Gallery T-shirts before I saw them: the highlighter yellow Spring Court sneakers that almost broke the bank. Almost. Though the owner, Pauline Fisher, said they were on sale for \$79.50, and that John Lennon had worn a similar pair on the cover of "Abbey Road," I took them off. "This is the hardest thing I've ever done," I said, wondering aloud if Chris had such willpower.

Before skipping town, Kevin and I split a pick-me-up sandwich at Far Land Provisions, a recommendation from the Oxford owners. The tasty grilled veggie and hummus sandwich hit the spot and our bill, including two drinks, came to \$8.89. As

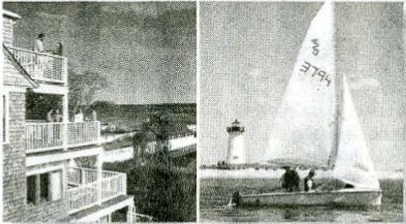
we started for home, I did a quick calculation. I thought we were very close to the \$400 mark, but we had over \$50 left to spend, enough for a wine tasting at Truro Vineyards (\$8 a person to try six wines). We sipped and swished a 2008 Sauvignon Blanc, a 2008 Vignoles, and a 2007 Martime Red (a blend of Zinfandel and Merlot grapes), among others, and nibbled on free crackers. The 2008 unoaked Chardonnay — made completely from local grapes — was our favorite.

Then it was time to bid adieu to the Cape. We had a great getaway biking, seeing whales, and sampling wines. Chris came back from his P-Town weekend with crazy tales of hot tubs and tea dances, but I knew we had him beat on the budget.

Courtney Hollands can be reached at chollands@boston.com.

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NEWSPAPER IN EDUCATION PROGRAM

Exploring P-town in quieter times

► **CHRISTOPHER**
Continued from Page M6

crowded, we were not competing for restaurant tables or bumping elbows with fellow out-of-towners while shopping. The weather had scared off even casual weekend visitors.

Our afternoon of leisure led us to Yesterday's Treasures, an eclectic antiques store on Commercial Street that sells a tempting variety of old Life magazines, postcards, glassware, and other things that I wanted, badly, but felt guilty about purchasing after my Marc Jacobs indulgences. Patrick, however, was not as disciplined and bought a pair of old Life magazines, along with a gentlemen's "fitness" magazine from 1963 called Young Adonis. Only in Provincetown.

It would have been easy to spend the afternoon shopping and eating, but we took advantage of the quiet afternoon to try new things, like a visit to the Provincetown Art Association and Museum. For all the times I have visited Provincetown, I nev-

er ventured into the museum and was pleasantly surprised at the range of works. I also knew this is the kind of place that my colleague Courtney Hollands would never visit, because perky blondes aren't much on high culture. They're more into chunky necklaces, whale watching, and (yawn) 27 varieties of beer on tap.

Across the street, we walked into Angel Foods, the kind of specialty grocer where you can easily spend an afternoon (and a lot of money) roaming the aisles. But when the owner noticed Patrick taking out his camera, she yelled across the store: "Hey! You! What are you doing with that!"

After assuring her that we were not engaged in corporate espionage (and escaping the wrath of her wooden spoon), we made our purchases and scurried out. Just as I had broken in my rain boots, the sun tentatively emerged. I thought about trying to return them, but my plan

Continued on next page



PATRICK FALOON FOR THE BOSTON GLOBE

The Pilgrim Monument and Provincetown Museum features a display of whale bones.

One martini and an itch to perform

Continued from preceding page

would have been as transparent as the trumpy swimsuits we spotted on store racks around town. We decided to take advantage of the improved weather by taking part in a local institution called a tea dance. For the uninitiated, the closest thing to tea consumed at these functions is Long Island Iced Tea. This is an outdoor, afternoon dance that gives patrons a chance to get liquored up before dinner.

After a few adult beverages at the Boatslip, I noticed a ravishing beauty across the bar in a red beehive sporting a conspicuous Adam's apple. As I complimented her on her 12 layers of lipstick, she mentioned that she works as an au pair in my neighborhood. I had never noticed her, probably because her drag ensemble is restricted to the Cape.

Cool customer

No matter how much Lady Gaga the DJ played, there was not a whole lot of dancing at this tea dance, so Patrick and I stumbled back to the Admiral's Landing to try out the hot tub, which the owner went out of his way to mention was clothing optional. I held my breath, fearful that the tub would resemble a Liberace pool party. But no one else was brave enough to get in with the chilly temperatures and the returning rain.

Worried that we were burning through our money too quickly, we opted for a quick, casual dinner at George's Pizza. It was also one of the few post 9 p.m. dinner options available. Most restaurants were dark by 9:30. As we strolled Commercial Street afterward, we heard what sounded like a roomful of howling cats attempting to sing show tunes. Inside the piano bar at the Crown & Anchor, torch singer Bobby Weatherbee was leading a group of older women through a medley of Judy Garland tunes. I had never seen anything like it. A group of moms, celebrating Mother's Day eve the way they wanted — meaning without their children — were hammered and dancing around the room. They were taking off their shoes and having a grand time. I scanned the room for cameras, thinking this might be a shoot for a Boniva commercial.

The bartender poured me the strongest lemon drop martini I



PATRICK FALOON FOR THE BOSTON GLOBE

With the rain cleared out, the view from the top of the Pilgrim Monument is stellar.

If you go . . .

Where Christopher stayed

Admiral's Landing
158 Bradford St.
508-487-9665
www.admiralslanding.com
A friendly bed-and-breakfast that's close to the action of Commercial Street, but far enough to allow for a good night's sleep. \$130-\$195 a night.

Where he ate

Heaven Cafe
199 Commercial St.
508-487-9639
Homemade English muffins and granola bring in a steady stream of regulars and locals, and breakfast can be inexpensive, quick and very satisfying.
George's Pizza & Pub
275 Commercial St.
508-487-3744
Large pizzas with innovative combinations top out at \$17.95.

Angel Foods
467 Commercial St.
508-487-6666
www.angelfoods.com
A well-curated collection of gourmet foods. Stop by here if you need to fill a picnic basket.

What he did

Provincetown Art Association and Museum
460 Commercial St.
508-487-1750
www.paam.org
Established in 1914, the museum has done an impressive job of bringing together a large and eclectic mix of styles, all centered around Provincetown's extensive artistic history.
Drag karaoke at the Governor Bradford Restaurant
312 Commercial St.
508-487-2781
The patrons can be just as entertaining as the people singing, and every once in a while, you'll hear a real talent onstage.

had ever tasted, which made the whole scene a bit more humorous and left me itching to do a bit of performing myself. From the

Crown & Anchor, we staggered over to the Governor Bradford Inn, where drag karaoke was in full swing. With the liquid confi-

sparkling off the water and the sky was perfect and blue. The only problem was that temperatures were in the 40s and the wind was gusting well over 30 miles per hour. Not exactly the kind of beach day I had secretly hoped for. The wind also meant my plan of whale watching was scuttled, and we were stuck on land. But there were advantages. At brunch at the Mews Restaurant and Cafe, we were quickly shown to a table. And I didn't even break a sweat walking to the top of the Pilgrim Monument — even though I was wearing my winter coat.

There's another advantage to being in Provincetown in the off-season: When I bought and promptly devoured a giant peanut butter cup, I did it confident that I would be wearing a winter coat the rest of the day, not a bathing suit. As an added bonus, the less-than-stellar weather meant that I spared a full house from hearing my wretched attempt at karaoke.

Christopher Muther can be reached at muther@globe.com.

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