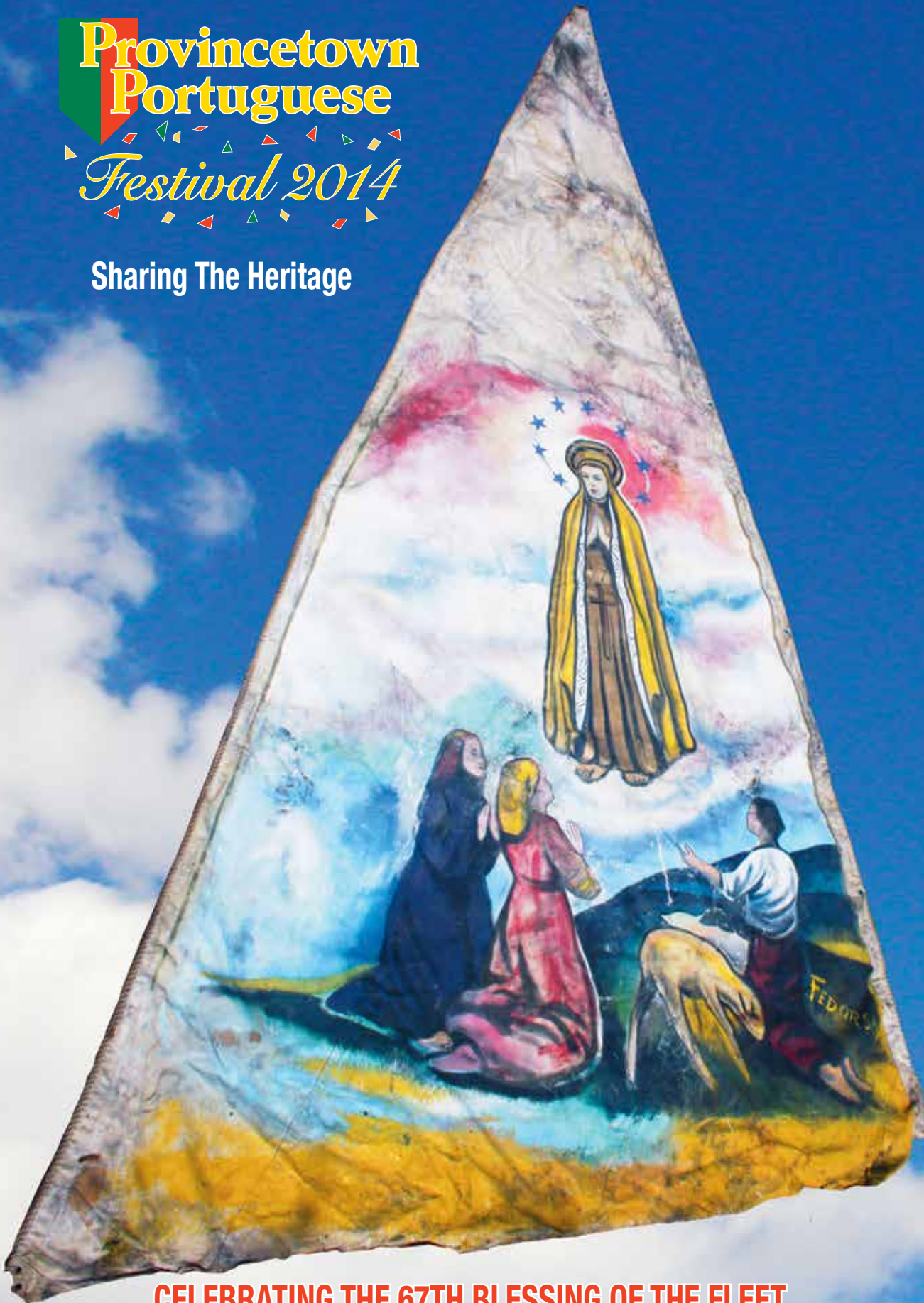


Provincetown Portuguese

Festival 2014

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Thank You!

Moe Van Derick, Bonnie Steele McGhee, Gillian Drake, Peter Souza, Joan Souza Cordeiro, Joan Pereira, Mel Joseph, Ned Oliver & Family of Anibal Oliver, Sharon Roda, Carol Leonard La Duke, Floran Menangas, Carol Oliver, Anna Michaud, Irene Joseph, Gerard Menangas, Martin Menangas, Mark Costa & Amy Costa, Yvonne De Sousa, Delores De Sousa, Maureen Joseph Hurst, Kathie Joseph Meads, Warren Alexander, Doug Johnstone, Rosemary Hillard, Priscilla Jackett, Ron and Allen Janard, Kristine Hopkins and Donald Beal

Provincetown Portuguese Festival 2014

The 2014 Festival Booklet takes a close look at Alden Street. Located in the center of town and at the foot of the Monument, it winds its way from Bradford Street out past the Town Cemeteries to Route six.

What is fascinating about Alden Street is that it was a vibrant neighborhood of the Portuguese Community for many years. 29 Alden Street acted as a dormitory and first home for many Portuguese fishermen who needed a temporary place to stay as they worked in Provincetown's thriving fishing industry. They were saving money in an effort to create a new life in Provincetown for their families who were living in Portugal, and the islands of the Azores and Cape Verde.

Enjoy the fond memories of Alden Street residents as they re-create life as it was. "Those were the days..."



Sail Honoring Our Lady of Fatima

The icon of Portuguese faith commissioned by Antone Costa of 25 Alden Street in 1954 for his boat "Judy and Tony." It was displayed during the Blessing of the Fleet for several years. Artist **Alexander Fedorsky** lived at 25 Alden Street when he painted it.

2014 Festival's Team: Susan Avellar, Liliana DeSousa, Beverly Ferreira, Kathleen Gribbin, Maureen Joseph Hurst, Susan Leonard, Chris King, David Mayo, Donald Murphy, Jeffrey Perry, Paul Silva. Booklet design Ewa Nogiec
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www.provincetownportuguesefestival.com

Provincetown Portuguese Festival, P.O. Box 559, Provincetown, MA 02657-0559



Provincetown Portuguese Festival – June 26-29, 2014

“FORGOTTEN PORT: PROVINCETOWN’S WHALING HERITAGE” at the Pilgrim Monument and Provincetown Museum. Experience the era that brought the Portuguese to Provincetown, and the industries that developed our community. Open every day throughout the Festival, 9am to 7pm.

• JUNE 26 (THURSDAY)

5-8pm ~ **COMPARTILHE NA NOSSA MESA “Share Our Table”**
A SHOWCASE OF PROVINCETOWN’S BEST RESTAURANTS Seamen’s Bank Tent at the Bas Relief ~ \$30 ~ Reservations are required! 8-11pm ~ **DANCING UNDER THE TENT** ~ \$5

• JUNE 27 (FRIDAY)

10am-12pm ~ **Kids Paint Roosters** at Portuguese Square
 Noon-2pm ~ **Capt. Manny Phillips Fishing Derby for Kids** at MacMillan Pier ~ Free
 2:30-4pm ~ **Lobster Crate Race** behind the Surf Club
 Noon-3pm ~ **PORTUGUESE SOUP TASTING** with entertainment by the **Dory Bar Blues Band** at the Bas Relief *All the soup you can eat!*
 12-4pm ~ **Clowns, Balloons and Face Painting** in Portuguese Square ~ Free
 3-6pm ~ **Music, Dancing & Entertainment** on Stage in Portuguese Square ~ Free
 3-5pm ~ **Portuguese Writers and Poets Read** at the Harbor Lounge, 359 Commercial Street ~ Free
 6-8pm ~ **Meet Kathryn Smith**, artist of our 2014 T-Shirt. **James Bakker Galery** 359 Commercial Street
 5-8pm ~ **CAPE TIP SEAFOOD AND LOBSTER POT CLAM FEED** ~ All you can eat under the tent at the Bas Relief
 6:30-7:30pm ~ **Music for All Ages with Enio and his band Euro** on Stage in Portuguese Square ~ Free
 8-10pm ~ **Music for all Ages with Nelia** entertaining on Stage in Portuguese Square ~ Free
 9:30am-1pm ~ **Homecoming Get Together with the “Old Jugs”** at the Surf Club ~ Free

• JUNE 28 (SATURDAY)

10am-12pm ~ **Motta Family Kids Games and Cookout** at Motta Field Free
 11:30am-7:30pm ~ **Lions Club Portuguese Food Court** under the tent at the Bas Relief. Enjoy **Entertainment by the Portuguese Kids** 6:30 to 7:30 ~ Free
 Noon-2pm ~ **Live Entertainment and Dancing** in Portuguese Square ~ Free
 1-3pm ~ **Capture The Flag Race** behind the Surf Club
 2-3pm ~ **Entertainment for Kids Of All Ages by the Toe Jam Puppet Band**, Portuguese Square ~ Free
 3-5pm ~ **Portuguese Festival Parade** on Commercial St. from Harbor Hotel to Franklin Street
 4:30-5:30pm ~ **Entertainment Continues with the Toe Jam Puppet Band** in Portuguese Square ~ Free
 6:30-7:30pm ~ **Enjoy Comedy by the Portuguese Kids** in the Lions Club Portuguese Food Court under the tent at the Bas Relief. Free
 7:30-9:30pm ~ **Early Evening Provincetown Banner FADO Concert in Provincetown Town Hall**
Contributions appreciated! Handicap access elevator available behind Town Hall
 9am-12:30pm ~ **Dance to the SAMBA Band** on Stage in Portuguese Square ~ Free

• JUNE 29 (SUNDAY)

10:30-11:30am ~ **Fishermen’s Mass at St. Peter the Apostle Church**
 Noon-1pm ~ **PROCESSION** from St. Peter the Apostle Church to MacMillan Pier
 Noon-1pm ~ **Dancers entertain in Lopes Square** while you wait for the Procession
 1pm ~ **67th Blessing Of The Fleet and judging of boat decorations**
 Noon-4pm ~ **TASCA Portuguese Café** at MacMillan Pier with **Portuguese Music and Dancers** 1-3pm
 4-5pm ~ **A Traditional Band Concert in front of Town Hall** featuring **St. Anthony’s Band from Cambridge** ~ Free
 4-7pm ~ **Finish Up Another Great Festival** with a quick **Get Together at the Surf Club** with **Ed Sheridan’s Old Jug Band** ~ Free



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A BRIEF HISTORY OF ALDEN STREET

BY MOE VAN DERECK



View of Alden Street showing the Alms House and gardens (Grace Gouveia Building) looking east towards 29 Alden Street.

Alden Street is, of course, named after John Alden (c.1599-1687) who served as the ship's cooper on the Mayflower. Alden remained with the settlers in Plymouth Colony and served in many government positions throughout his life in New England, ranging from Treasurer to Assistant Governor of the Colony. Provincetown's Alden Street is located in the middle of the Town, and runs from Bradford Street in the South, up to the East side of the Monument toward Route 6.

Long before Alden Street was much more than a dirt path heading to the woods, the two main streets of Provincetown, called "the Front Street" and "the Back Street", were where all the action took place. To this day, a lot of regulars in town refer to Bradford as "the Back Street" and Commercial as "the Front Street". By the turn of the Nineteenth Century, the waterside of Commercial Street consisted almost entirely of wharves, and many of them held commercial buildings devoted

to keeping the fishing and whaling fleet repaired, supplied, and ready to go to sea to bring back the catch. There were also windmills that pumped salt water from the harbor to be evaporated so there would be a large supply of salt available for salting the catch. There were no homes on the waterside of Commercial Street because, as its name implies, everything was commercial. It wasn't the jazzy shopping strip of the Twenty-first Century though – in those days, any and all discarded fishing gear and refuse washed up as so much rubbish along the beach, lending a piquant aroma to the waterfront.

Homes lay on the landside of Commercial Street, and along Bradford Street, and along the little lanes that connected the two. As the Town grew, folks made use of the land to the north for small farms, orchards, gardens, livestock pasturing, hunting, and all sorts of berry picking, from blueberries and cranberries to bayberries, picked for their waxy coating



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FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 5-8PM • BAS RELIEF

29 ALDEN STREET

which made for candles.

Alden Street became one of the more well-travelled paths to the back and northern part of Town. It was not a prosperous street, and, in fact, the people of Provincetown decided to site the municipal poor house at the intersection of Alden and Cemetery Road – they built a substantial white structure that still stands today. The poor house went through several changes over the years, serving as a manor for retired citizens and finally being used for Town offices and as a meeting place for many Town organizations. It currently awaits its next incarnation.

The high ground on the northern end of Alden Street, which today is occupied by the cemetery, would shed rainwater down its slopes that would run along what today is known as Standish Street and find its way to the harbor through Freeman Street. The lowland receiving this water was known as Waldon's Hollow, and would become a considerable swamp during a run of wet weather, which is true even to this day. Water still flows along this path in dry spells, but just under the ground, which folks with wells can certainly attest to.

Many of the houses on Aden Street were built out of used lumber by the industrious and hard working scavengers who took up residence there. Nothing went to waste along the street. One of the

prominent early houses on Alden Street stood on the corner of Cemetery Road at 29 Alden. It was and still is a large structure, with five apartments and several sheds. In the early days of its use, the building served as a rooming house, with a kitchen and adjoining dining hall on the first floor, and a second story filled with bunks and hammocks. It was the first place many neophyte fishermen came to stay where they could find room and board without paying up front, instead supplying back pay upon returning from their first voyage on one of the Yankee fishing boats. A good many Portuguese seamen found their way here from the Azores as they mingled with the Yankee fishing schooners, and decided to give Provincetown's fleet a try, given its proximity to the bountiful waters of the Grand Banks. Many spent their first nights at 29 Alden Street.

As the years rolled by and technology shifted, canned and bottled food came to Provincetown as elsewhere, initiating a new era of waste management. The far end of Alden Street became a popular dumping ground for this new-fangled rubbish. Of course, one man's trash is another's treasure, and it wasn't long ago that one might spy a member of the next generation rummaging through the weeds on the northern tip of Alden, hoping to uncover a fantastic nineteenth century bottle, glowing with a delicate stained hue, and perhaps embedded with bubbles. Such is the passage of time. ←



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Thursday, June 25, at the Bas Relief.

Thursday
Opening
Night

We would like to thank the Outer Cape food establishments that donated signature dishes in past years. They were...

- | | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| Angel Food | Far Land Provisions | Mayflower Café |
| Black Fish Bistro | Flying Fish Café | Montano's |
| Cafe Edwige | Frappo 66 | Napi's Restaurant |
| Café Maria | Governor Bradford | Portuguese Bakery |
| Chach | Jimmy's Hideaway | Purple Feather |
| The Coffee Pot | John's Foot Long | Dessert Café |
| Connie's Bakery | Karoo Kafe | Red Inn |
| East End Market | Lobster Pot | Relish |
| Edwige at Night | Lucky Dog | Ross' Grill |
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1910 US CENSUS FOR 29 ALDEN STREET

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Boarder Joseph Germana	26	Portugal	Boarder Frank Selver	34	Portugal
Boarder Joseph Dalmuda	32	Portugal	Boarder Louis Mousa	26	Portugal
Boarder Domingo Balet	29	Portugal	Boarder Antone Mousa	25	Portugal
Boarder Joseph Corelot	34	Portugal	Boarder Louis Gaqueta	25	Portugal
Boarder Antone Santos	22	Portugal	Boarder Irmando Janaido	22	Portugal
Boarder Antone Martin	35	Portugal	Boarder Ramigo Joquita	21	Portugal
Boarder Joseph Freira	30	Portugal	Boarder Antone Joquita	30	Portugal
Boarder Domingo Ventura	30	Portugal	Boarder Joaquin Lopes	35	Portugal
Boarder Antone Balet	31	Portugal	Boarder Joaquin Magundo	31	Portugal
Boarder Manuel Bollier	22	Portugal	Boarder Louis Simoro	21	Portugal
Boarder Joseph Cron	30	Portugal	Boarder Frank Pite	22	Portugal
Boarder Joseph Ventura	41	Portugal	Boarder Joseph Dalmuda	32	Portugal
Boarder John Manica	25	Portugal	Boarder Joseph Corelota	34	Portugal
Boarder Manuel Marshall	28	Portugal	Boarder Antone Martin	35	Portugal
Boarder Domingo C Lisboa	21	Portugal	Boarder Domingo Ventura	30	Portugal
Boarder Frank Enselma	34	Portugal	Boarder Antone Bispa	26	Portugal
Boarder Joseph Goames	29	Portugal	Boarder Joaquin Frode	24	Portugal
Boarder Frank Birchiginaha	36	Portugal	Boarder Joseph Taslua	32	Portugal
Boarder Manuel R Perginnan	27	Portugal	Boarder Joseph Pashoa	35	Portugal
Boarder Lawrence Monica	28	Portugal	Boarder Largaro Janards	37	Portugal
Boarder Joseph Cocnoom	22	Portugal	Boarder Frank Joseph	22	Portugal
Boarder Manuel Bunanca	30	Portugal	Boarder John Gallio	19	Portugal
Boarder Frank Ruge	31	Portugal	Boarder Manuel Fadagahla	36	Portugal
Boarder Alfred Lopas	25	Portugal	Boarder Manuel Fadagahla Jr.	31	Portugal
Boarder Joseph Viscent	31	Portugal	Boarder Frank Albert M	32	Portugal
Boarder Joaquin Sardo	31	Portugal	Boarder Manuel Paciodina	29	Portugal
Boarder Antone Donina	30	Portugal	Boarder Joaquin Paciodina	29	Portugal



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29 Alden Street



GROWING UP ON ALDEN STREET

BY PETER SOUSA

My first vivid memory growing up on Alden Street was when I was 5 years old, hunkered down in the kitchen with my Mother Evie, my Sister Joanie, and my Brother Richard, riding out the hurricane of 1944, I recall the whole house shaking, but we survived. Houses we built back then in Provincetown were built solid, to withstand hurricanes and Nor'easters. Around that time I remember the explosions on the Back Shore when German U-Boats were active off the American Shores.

Our house was the last house on Alden St. with the Town Cemetery across the Street. My Mother and Father and we 3 children took care of the Cemetery lots. We cut the grass with a hand mower and hand trimmers and we watered by hand. We are very proud to say that my Father, Joseph, planted all the beautiful cedars that run the length of Alden Street and the Cemetery. The Cemetery was always peaceful and beautiful, a place to explore the Town history in a sense. Behind and next to our family's Alden Street house, was a high dune and pine woods that extended all the way to Winslow Street and halfway towards Jerome Smith Rd. All of that wooded area was a playground for many of us. We built tree swings, forts, climbed trees. Then the town decided to bulldoze down the high dune to expand the ball field and to expand the Catholic Cemetery. The Town and the Catholic Cemetery are good examples of open space offering a sense of peace and solitude. Too bad we don't respect what is left of our wild areas the way we do our cemeteries and our own back yards.

From Alden Street I would go straight across what is now Route Six, into what is now a covered landfill, onto Blueberry Hill, and pick enough blueberries not only for the family, but also to buy school clothes. Truth be told, I was a brat. My sister picked more berries than me. I was restless to go God knows where. My favorite place in town to explore was Clapps Pond and surrounding woods. I would run there on tiny trails. To me the wildlife and trees were magical. I remember bringing home a snapping turtle to show everybody. I still have the



*On the way to the beach...
Joan, Richard and Peter Sousa*

picture my father took. It was at least 40 pounds. Of course I took it back and let her go. Then they bulldozed a lot of that for the highway.

I remember that my brother Richard could throw a brick over the water tower that was on Winslow Street. That was quite a feat. I remember that my grandfather, Joseph Souza (Jose DeSouza Palheiro), would carry huge 400 pound wooden wharf pilings on his shoulder and Iron Man would carry huge (300 pound) barrels of fish from the dock onto a truck. And I can hardly lift myself out of bed today!

I remember Gale Force Farm delivered the milk, by horse cart. Jimmy Pete used to come up Alden selling strawberries. I remember ice being delivered to us, for refrigeration. I have a photo here, of Alden street with mountains of hand shoveled snow. Everyone had worked together shoveling by hand, on Alden Street, before snowplows.

My first day of school at 6 years old my mum walked me down Alden Street to the Center School which has now been paved over for a parking lot, I was introduced to my first grade teacher Miss Hilda Dennis. Looking back she was one of the finest teachers I ever had. Some of the names of my classmates were: John Perry, Richard Segura, Helen May Jason, Walter Welch, Warren Alexander, Sylvia Tarvis, Delores Mendes (later Delores DeSouza) Gordon Spingler I used to love playing little league

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Peter Sousa

baseball in the field behind my house on Winslow Street. Our team's name was Seafood Packers. I was a pitcher and I used to hit more batters than strike them out. But I was a good hitter and runner. One year our team was Champion.

I loved Alden Street. It was central to everything that I needed in my youth. My mother would send

me down to the First National Grocery Store, (now the Governor Bradford) and the store clerk would tally up the total in pencil on the side of the paper bag... and I'd run home with the groceries. I never walked anywhere. Always running. Joe Marshall's Grocery Store was right at the end of Alden Street, next to the School, and I'd love running in there for penny candy. From Alden Street I would run right down to the Town Pier. That is when the Bandstand was and I would join up with other kids in front of the Chamber of Commerce. This was a beach then, and we would wait for the Boston Boat to come in so we could dive for nickels and pennies. Our chant was, "Hey, Hey, What do ya say, Chuck a nickel ovah". I usually made enough to go to the movies (at what's now Whaler's Wharf) and buy penny candy. Even being young, I could never understand why they would fill in a beautiful harbor, for parking. I guess more means better.

I learned how to ride a bike on Alden Street, had my first accident when I hit a car with my bike that was pulling out of Cemetery Road. Luckily, he was a tourist, but he was a Doctor. He checked me out and said I was fine and sent me on my way. From Alden Street I would ride my bike to New Beach, (since renamed Herring Cove Beach) with an inner tube tied to the handlebars.

In Memory of Ruth Hiebert



THE HIEBERT CHARITABLE FOUNDATION



Mrs. Nickerson 3rd grade
Center School

1st Row on Left front to back:
Richard Segura, Walter Welch,
Melanie (Jackal) Henrique

2nd Row: Nancy Burhoe, Peter
Souza, Warren Alexander,
John Perry

3rd Row: Wayne Costa,
Raymond Sawyer, Helen M.
Jason, Dolora Mendes

4th Row: Jenette ?, Louise
Silva, Sylvia Tarvers, Mary
Reis, Jane Enos

Back Row: Martha Silva,
Joe Lema, Mrs. Nickerson,
Gordon Spingler, John Roda,
Theresa Farley

My Mum used to work in the laundry that was right on Alden street. She would hang clothes out to dry. The building is still there, a house now. I eventually lived in that house for a while. It had cracks in the walls that filled up with the noisiest crickets that kept me up all night!

The Town Manor was later called the Grace Gouveia Building. In those days, our community gladly took care of our own. When I was six I remember a guy named Jimmy Jack, who worked at the Town Manor and let me ride in his wheel barrow when he went to the Town Cemetery to take care of some of the lots. Sometime during my youth, they put a highway garage behind and next to our house. They used an old Naval Quonset Hut to store equipment. Seashore Point is located there now.

The Simmons Family was diagonally across the street from us. The Lopes Family was on the hill to the right of us, That's where I got my first scar, sliding down that hill on my Flexible Flyer Sled. The Lopes family owned the Laundromat that my mum worked for. I vaguely recall a woman named Annie Dears that lived across the street from the Lopes. Then the Steele family, Duane Steele lived on the corner of Cemetery Rd on Alden. The Oliver Family was the next house down from the Steeles, across from them was the Viegas family. The next house down on the West side of the street was the Santos Family, then next house was the Cook Fam-

ily. That is where Mary Alice Cook lived; she was well known for her great cooking. Next house was the Roda Family. On east side of the street across from the Roda's was the Dirsra Family. The Costa family were next – they had a German shepherd named Hitler – we all made a wide berth going by that house, he guarded the house very well. Next house down on the east side was the Atkins family. I Remember Kenny and Leroy Atkins, and I believe the last house before the School was the Leonard Family.

I remember walking down the street when I was a little boy, savoring the smells of Linguica, Fish, Seafood and particularly the baking of cakes and cookies. Looking back, all the families that I grew up with on Alden St, were all hard working, but never complained. None of us ever thought of ourselves as being poor. I guess we were all grateful for what we had.

To sum it up, Alden St was part of a larger community that looked after each other and its children and its elderly. A community that was less hectic, calmer, kinder, more helpful to those in need. In a sense it was a more humble community and a simpler life. Living life one day at a time. We celebrated together, we mourned together.

I am proud and privileged to have grown up in Provincetown. And I will always be a Provincetowner in my heart. ←



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Sculpture by Provincetown artist Romolo Del Deo

The Provincetown Portuguese Festival encourage you to support this important project.

~

For more information please visit <http://provincetownfishermensmemorial.org/>



Looking East from High Pole Hill to the Center School and surrounding area. Prior to the arrival of the railroad (1878). Photo courtesy Provincetown History Preservation Project (www.provincetownhistoryproject.com)

THE CENTER SCHOOL

BY BONNIE STEELE MCGHEE

Between mackerel fishing and whaling Provincetown was enjoying prosperous times and its people put great stock in education.

In 1844 the Town built the Western, Center and Eastern schools. Each had three grades – primary, intermediate and grammar. The Governor Bradford School, for grades five and six, was built in 1880. Later the High School was established. There were other schools as well – private, music and the “Seminary”. There was also a boy’s winter school for those boys who worked on fishing and whaling boats during the other three seasons.

Sometimes it was difficult getting to school when the weather was really stormy. There were days when the water would come up Gosnold Street (once called Forest Street) to Bradford Street. It would get quite deep and the folks would actually row their small boats as far as the Center School. Gosnold and Bradford Streets flood to this day.

I was born upstairs in the house centered between Standish Street, Cemetery Road and Alden Street. My mother Tillie and father Pete Steele lived there above my father’s brother Frank and his wife Dorothy (Grey) Steele. I was the last born of the family of five children, Rose Marie, Duane, Lana, Michelle and myself.

I was six months old when my parents moved to our new house on Court Street. In the excitement of moving they left me there at Standish Street and

had to go back and get me. I think they were trying to tell me something then!

My cousins and my family remained close. We spent quite a bit of time at their house on Alden Street with Mary, Joseph, Richard (Dickey), Ellen (Bunkie) and Tillie, who was named after my mother. Aunt Dorothy was a wonderful warm and generous woman and my Uncle Frank was a hard working and decent man, like my father. We would often go to their house and they would come to ours, especially at Christmas when we had our Christmas parties. There would always be a lot of laughs shared. My cousin Dickey would like to play jokes and he had a terrific sense of humor.

Little did I know that I would be going to school right down the street from them!

In the very beginning of my education, I was sent to the Western School for the first day or two but the classroom was over-crowded because of us “baby boomers”. Those of us who lived in the center of Town were sent to the Governor Bradford School for our first grade.

Mrs. Rogers was my first grade teacher. She told me that she thought I was vaccinated by a phonograph needle because I talked so much! I actually liked Mrs. Rogers a lot. I remember standing in a line for our vaccination and polio shots. Didn’t we get nervous standing in that line!

I attended second grade at the Center School





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THE CENTER SCHOOL



Front- Louise Silva and Wayne Costa. Back Clotilda Steele, Helen Jason, John Perry, Richard Segura, Harold Viera, Joe Lema. Far right- Warren Alexander, Francis Stark, Theresa Farley, and Peter Souza

which was on the corner of Alden and Bradford Streets. It was a tough year for me because my second grade teacher was very strict and if you did even the slightest thing wrong, she would grab you by your arms and shake you until your teeth rattled. It was an understatement to say that she had “anger issues”!

For our music lessons we had to ring little bells. I wasn't very good at it. I was artistically inclined but not musically!

I also remember having small bottles of milk we had to drink every morning. They were so warm and had cream at the top. I suppose the school system, in their infinite wisdom, felt that even the poorest children would have some nourishment daily. To this day my milk has to be ice cold for me to drink it!

My third grade teacher, Mrs. Nickerson, was very likable. I got along well with her. She had trouble with her back and she would often ask me to come up and rub it. I didn't mind a bit if it made her feel better.

Between the third and fourth grades I had my first “crush”, Peter Cook, who has often said that I taught him how to kiss!

We played the usual games in the schoolyard; hop scotch, jacks, and Ring Around a Rosie, not knowing the dark history behind the game. The game started during the black plague in Europe and one of the symptoms was a reddish ring around a pustule at the throat. If one developed this symptom, it usually ended in death and the bodies had to be burned because of the fear of the disease spreading. Thus the line “ashes to ashes, all fall down”! “Pocket full of posies” was included because the flowers helped to ward off the foul smell people emitted when they had the disease.

By the time I was in the fourth grade I was sent to the Veteran's Memorial School, which had just been built. I was very sad to find out later on that the Center School had been demolished and that the land was used as a parking lot! ↵



Row 1 l-r Joseph Lema, Victor Moulton
Row 2 l-r Sandra Lemos, Charlotte Lisbon,
Nancy Burch and Leonard Enos
Row 3 l-r Joseph Stevens, Bonnie Steele,
Eileen McGinn
Row 4 l-r William Smith, ... ? ...
Standing l-r Louise Patrick, ... ? ..., ... ? ...,
Carol Peters, Ruth Watson, Mrs. Mary
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19 ALDEN STREET



Francis "Molly" Joseph and Virginia "Gina" Joseph with granddaughters Andrea and McKenzie Abrahams

IN THE SHADOW OF THE MONUMENT

BY MEL JOSEPH

Back in 2009 my siblings and I sold our childhood home at 19 Alden Street. We had lived there since the summer of 1964 after moving from West Vine to Cottage and then to Court Street. Always thinking, "how to buy a home on my father's Col' Storage paycheck"? Resole our shoes at "Shoemaker's" or George Briars. Patch our pants and sew the holes in our socks. Pay the rent, buy gas and keep the electricity on and eat all the trash fish you want. We felt money poor but life in P-Town was rich.

After I signed the final papers on the sale of our family home, September 2009, I had to come "down" Cape to clean out the sheds in the backyard...the last of all the junk my father had collected over 45 years. Decades of old paint, oils and half empty spray cans. Things that would have not been picked up by the town's weekly trash pick-up...they, taking up their permanent residence on shelves and corners of the old net sheds in the back yard.

I had all the good intentions of attending the Menangas Family reunion at the VFW once I was loaded up...but it was becoming increasingly clear that I could not handle it.

I had brought along a copy of a story I wrote some time back about a boy named Joe, the man [my dad]

and the old Col' Storage Wharf. This story, I gave as a thank you to my mom and dad's neighbors living across the street in the old Alice Cook home. Christine and Don had come to Provincetown to find something that no longer existed beyond the visual beauty. They loved "Molly and Gina" and both of them always came over to talk to me whenever I had been there that last year, leading up to the sale of our home.

When my mom was alone for the two years after my dad died, it was their phone number I taped to our phone table in case I wasn't able to get in touch with my mother. I offered the story of the "old wharf" up as a small token of appreciation and a way for them to see the town they thought they were coming to, but had long since changed.

Don and I spoke some, and then I had to get back to loading the last of the junk into my pickup and finish rounding up any other debris. Christine came out some time later and offered up her memories of my mom and dad. My eyes welled up more than once with every mention that she'd miss Molly and Gina and how sweet and helpful they were...I held back the tears, a knot formed in my gut. We hugged, she turned and left.

I went around back into the yard, closed the

sheds, spun my head for a last look around ...saw the still standing, but now leaning, 2 hole out house we last used the summer we moved in and there was yet, no indoor plumbing. I pictured the old pear tree, long been cut down, dropping rotted pears to the ground long before they had ripened... worms winning the battle. The vision of a 15 foot flat bottom boat my brother had dumped in the back yard in the early '70's that had been left to rot for 2 decades, now no longer there. The 6 foot, rusting anchor that my father, Mott, Ducky and Harminaka had dragged from the beach behind Lands' End after leaving the Focslé' with too many shots under their belts and their better judgments left at the bar. It, still sitting in the side yard, but sunk ever so much lower into the ground. A 55 gallon drum of kerosene would have sat outside the back door, ever filled by Marcy's Oil. It perched on a metal cross buck just waiting for my brother or me to fill the 5 gallon can that fueled the kerosene heaters in the living room or kitchen. Never was and still had not been any heat on the second floor. "Bundle up in layers and pull the blankets up high

in the winter nights", would have been my mother's call. Or sleep in the middle room under the skylight next to a metal grate cut into the floor above the living room kerosene stove.

As I grabbed the door to enter the back kitchen I thought of the bushel basket of crabs many times left by one of my father's old friends...I never saw who left them, just that they would be there and we'd have a sweet feast of crab meat that night. Not any more than a stiff 2 fingers needed to scoop out the sweets at the bottom of the shell. "My dad told me he was some old friend that had taught him how to dig clams when he was just a boy". What shape of hole for quahogs vs. piss clams and how to avoid wasting time digging up sea worms or razors? Techniques he passed on to me as well and used on the sandbars of my youth to satisfy an appetite for shellfish; needing no more than my hands or toes to find a meaty quahog and a rock to smash it against and that tasty, slurping sound.

Memories aside for a moment, I wrestled the old wooden screen door shut. Remembering my mother's obsession with locking the screen door with both hooks and making damn sure the inside



High School graduation day of Mel Joseph in front of Mrs. Roda's house at 16 Alden Street.

back door was shut tightly [it needed a hip check] and the lock clearly in the locked position and 3 tugs at the door to confirm. I could hear her say, "this town is not what it used to be, you never know who'd walk right in your house". Well, when I was growing up I could have said the same thing...no one knocked. They'd just open the door and announce themselves; "Gina, it's Elana..." Or her brother Tony would just walk in and pour a cup of coffee and settle at the kitchen table...soon after, Bertha Adams adding herself to the coffee conversation as well. There's my best friend, Jimmy Dalpe, no knock, coming right in the front door and running up the stairs. These are only a few of the memories that now ran through my mind as I made my way through the house one last time. I walked over decades old linoleum worn bare and past old wainscoting with old bills, notes and fading newspaper articles from years long gone by, tucked in its stool cap.

One last trip to the bathroom even brought back memories of sitting in silence with the Sears catalog, particularly the Christmas edition. Ever hoping beyond hope to get that Roy Rogers Ranch set...

This last flush seemed so final. I got up, looked at the old claw foot tub and saw myself leaning over the edge wedging the rubber hose attachment up over the spigot and washing my hair before going to

school. Taking a wet face cloth and sponge bathing under my arms. A tiny, green handled mirror hung on a nail next to the tub as it had for 40 plus years? Whoever used it? Who put it there? I had never asked. Through the years it always comforted me to know that some things never change until they have to.

I went through the living room and up the stairs one last time. These stair treads so narrow, the pitch so steep. God, my room was small. The eaves and knee walls cutting valuable head room from this space I had spent so much time in. I looked out the window up Alden towards the old manor and could see my brother carrying his bag of Advocate newspapers the day I shot him in the butt with my BB gun from my bedroom window. Once he had squealed to our father it was only a matter of time before that gun would be wrapped around the trunk of the old pear tree out back...never to be used again.

My room had no door, just a dark curtain strung on a simple rod, hanging to the floor, which was still that way. I pushed back the curtain, had to duck to the left to avoid banging my head on the sloping doorway. Now I stood back in the middle room and looked out the skylight towards the Monument and repeated several times; "I GREW UP IN THE SHADOW OF THE MONUMENT..." This granite lady lorded over all the lives of those fortunate enough to grow up here, but this unique vantage point always made me feel that she was more mine than anyone else's. "My" special Christmas of lights would hang from the monument filling the skylight on a winter's night in anticipation of the holidays.

I opened all the closet doors for one last look and maybe to even open a door to my past that would show my dad standing over a bucket full of quahogs with a knife in his hand. Maybe to see my mom sitting on the beach doing a crossword puzzle as Jimmy, my brother Kenneth and I played in the water behind the Post Office. With every opening of a closet door I realize that I will always see these things. My dad making his way up Alden with a "mess" of Codfish heads dangling at his side soon to be turned in succulent tongues and cheeks. Some to be fried and others to marinate in "vinha d'alhos". Strings of Scully Joes hanging from the backyard clothesline, a 'fish jerky' you might say. A pocket knife and a good set of molars are all that is needed.

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I touched each wall as I made my way to the head of the stairs; 200 year old horse hair plaster still trickles down the lathe with even the subtlest touch. I imagined myself making my way down these narrow stairs just like I did when my body was bundled up from a winters chill inside my Doctor Denton's, complete with trap door and feet. Me, fighting my brothers and sisters for the best spot in front of the TV.

At the bottom of the stairs I had to swing that damn front door out of the way to be able to step into the small hallway at the foot of the stairs of this Cape. How many times had I complained that my dad needed to re-hang that door so it swung in the other direction? Oh well, I only had to do this one last time. I swung the door shut, stepped into the hall, turned to the living room and swung the door back open. I stood with my hand on the closed combination storm door and looked up again to the monument. I noticed that the trees over the years had grown "feet" taller and less of the monument was visible from street level, unlike the view through the skylight upstairs.

I reached back and grabbed the inside door handle and flipped the lock to its locked position,

again hearing my mom insist that the door be securely locked as she was going to fall asleep on the couch and didn't want to be surprised by an intruder, hearing her say; "this is not the same town you remember..."

My hand stuck to the knob as I locked it and unlocked it several times as I came to the realization that this was it, the last time I was going to walk out of this house and or walk in. That when the door closed behind me and I wiggled the handle for confirmation that it was securely locked, that it was going to be for the last time. I stepped down to the single step, closed the door and sat back down on it. I wrapped my hands around my knees and cried. I took off my glasses to wipe my eyes dry. Someone walking by stared but said nothing.

I looked to my left and could see "Joe Hotdog" parked in front of Mrs. Oliver's house with Mr. Oliver sitting outside in his usual spot. There's Alice Cook across the street watering her flowers. Up the street, Charlie Landry was fighting with his wife; she always could get the best of him. Down the street the Atkins boys were working on their cars...the Leonard girls holding court. There goes Larry Silva on his unicycle, passing by Joe Marshall's. My beautiful cousin Floran with summer boys in tow;

Phil and Butch to name a few... 5 cents would still get you a fudgesicle or 10 cents for an Orange Crush at Joe Marshall's on the corner. "Here comes my High School sweetheart Cathy, it will now be a good day."

My mind now back on the front step I sat and said out loud, "I will never walk in this Alden Street house again, and now they [my Portagee parents] are really gone..."

With these memories swirling in my head, I cried...slowly got up and climbed in the front seat of the truck, then with one last thought, I climbed back out, went back through the gate and stooped down and picked some flowers from the little garden my mother took such pride in that grew under the kitchen window in this sandy soil. I looked up through the empty kitchen window and imagined my father there drinking coffee, lighting a Pall Mall. He'd be leaning into the screened window to talk to an old townie making their way back to the manor or needling Alice Cook about spending so much time watering her flowers.

I plucked some nasturtiums and some little white flowers [that I didn't know the name of] to put on her grave and a few for me to dry and save. My sister Sandi had planted and maintained the garden this last year in my mom's memory and in her own way to keep her alive a little longer.

I climbed back into the cab of the truck and pulled away and made my way up to the town cemetery to say hello and to say goodbye and leave the freshly picked bouquet on their headstone.

I finally concluded I could not attend the Menan-gas reunion...I was an open wound!

I will resent [or maybe more regret] that we had to sell the house...that I no longer have a physical connection to the town. But I do have a spiritual connection that is so much a part of who I am today and my eyes well up now as I think of it.

In my mind I am stepping out the front door onto Alden Street with my baseball glove on and a bat on my shoulder. Making my way up Alden, through the old manor and up the hill to "the field". I hope Frankie and Peter and Jimmy are there. "Hey, there's that red haired, freckled faced tomboy tagging along". Steve Gouveia's Morning League and swimming lessons. To play hide the match stick or rag tag on Macara's Wharf. Or hang out on the beach behind the Crown and Anchor on a sum-



Gina Joseph and her twin granddaughters Kate and Amy Joseph.

mer's night. Climb the monument because Arthur Bickers knows you're a townie. Bowling and pinball and pool upstairs at "Ant's". "Meet ya' at Adams for a vanilla coke and nabs..." '57 Chevy's parked to the curb in front of the benches. Tarts and Ramos, Fuzzy and Chauffer.

I hear the foghorns bellow pushing through a misty morning and the sound of seagulls following the draggers out. I long to see the Jimmy Boy come'n 'round the point, Cap'n Roderick making his way to The Ole Col' Storage for last tie up. My mother sending me down to the wharf to ask Uncle Tony for some "tinker's" or a "mess a' heads". To hear the noon whistle, the hourly chimes of the town hall clock and running home up Alden Street for lunch. Bull Dog on the school playground. The Boston Belle soon to arrive and diving for money. "Don't be shy, don't be cheap chuck your nickels so I can eat". The morning fog wrapping itself around the Monument from bottom to top until it would clear itself away and cast its shadow over all.

Though I have no physical home to come back to now I do have these memories burned into my mind and my Portagee family and friends to share them with.

It has been said; "sometimes you never know the true value of a moment until it becomes a memory." This town and Alden Street are full of good memories to me, spawned by a lifetime of moments - those now passed and those yet to come. 🌿

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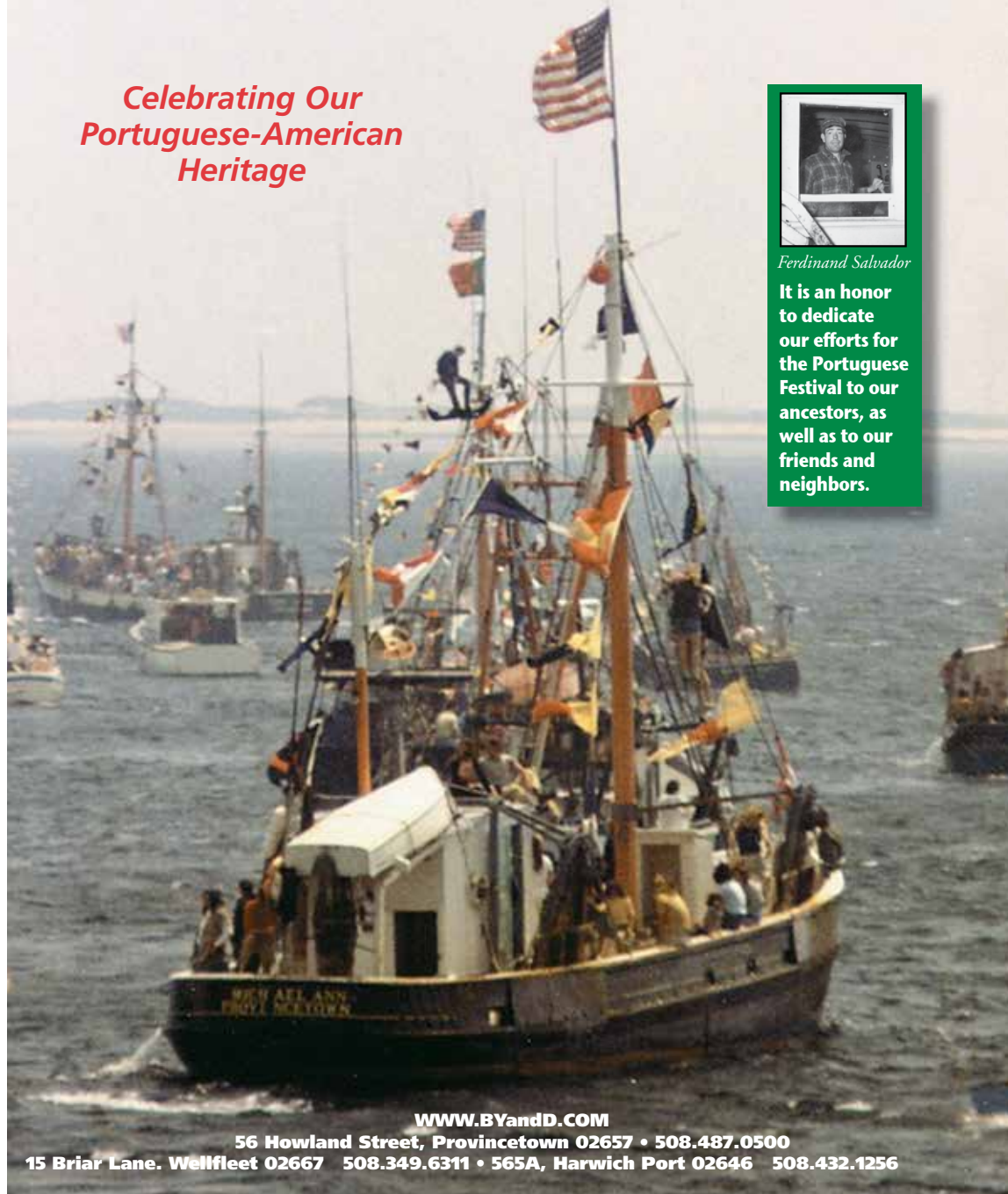
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NEW NEIGHBORHOOD

BY JOAN PEREIRA

17 Alden Street was the house I bought after selling the one on Mechanic Street. I assumed, because it was in the middle of Town it would have a variety of people, not all belonging to the Portuguese clan of "West Enders".

My husband Tony (known in the West End as "Fall River") spent half the year with me and the kids, the other half he spent in Naples, Florida managing the Naples Airline, a spin-off of Provincetown-Boston Airlines. Originally he was a pilot who spotted fish for the draggers. He was gone for fall, winter and part of the spring.

We built a studio on Alden Street, over the back of the first floor, using the same outside stairway to the front apartment on the second floor. My neighbors, the Josephs, were only five feet and a fence away. The Joseph's side of the house faced North and thus my studio window overlooked their back yard, where lived a large pear tree. Eventually I depended on the pear tree to tell me what season we were leaving or entering.

I hired a model every Friday afternoon from one to three. My artist friends and mentors helped pay for the fee. They loved the space and the perfect North light. There was room for four people. Bruce McKain, Eddie Euler, Phil Malicoat, Sal DelDeo and me.

The neighbors contemplated these bearded wonders climbing my stairs on Friday. Oh yes, beside these wonders, there was a nude model. My neighbors kept their distance.

The paint on my house peeled every three years. Tony was usually in Florida so I had to take care of these things. Money was scarce. I did not mind scraping and painting, having painted pictures for most of my life. My neighbors took a second look at me and decided I was not the "kook" they thought I was.

The Cooks lived across the street. Mrs. Cook wrote cook books, Mr. Cook was retired. Next door to them lived Mrs. Roda. Most of the neighbors were from the Azores. A few Portuguese were from Lisbon, and they considered themselves "upper crust".

My time before Provincetown was spent in Albany, New York – a city of almost a million people. Buses and trolleys were the means of travel and gossip was not the mainstay of life. When I discovered there was no dial system in Provincetown (at that time) but that one operator took care of the phone system, I suspected this condition was responsible for a life style of gossip. Needless to say, I thought my Alden Street neighbors were part of this condition.

Mrs. Joseph had planted a lovely garden in the front of her house between the fence and the brick basement. She was the inspiration for my doing the same, and of course, they would think better of me. I also did a painting from my window of her clothes drying on a line in her back yard. When she found out, she brought over a large container of kale soup!

Mr. Cook's side porch overlooked my property. Being retired he had time to check on the neighbors (me). Mr. Cook watched as I scraped peeled paint off my house on all three sides (the back was shingled). Then I had to borrow a ladder to paint – not only the scraped boards, but also the top boards where no peeling had occurred. I had a condition I kept avoiding – FEAR OF HEIGHTS! Therefore, avoiding the issue, I started painting the bottom boards first. When I got to the third board, I heard a door slam. Mr. Cook appeared on his porch yelling "Well I take my oath I've NEVER seen anyone paint from the bottom up". "Well now you have" I said sweetly, "I can't help it if I have a fear of heights and yes I know I'm avoiding the issue".

Mr. Cook turned to jelly saying, "Dahlin, if I didn't have gout I'd paint your house for you". Mrs. Cook sent over one of her cookbooks.

Finally I managed to finish the house and thought the front fence needed a touch up, which I did with yellow paint. The door slammed again, "Well I take my oath I've never seen anyone paint their fence yellow!" "Mr. Cook", I replied, "yours will be yellow tomorrow".

Mrs. Roda, next door to Mrs. Cook, was a widow who lived alone. Their son was the Vice President of a National airline. Pretty good for a member of the "tribe". Occasionally I would drive her to the



Tommy Thomas

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store, or where else she needed to go. A couple of years had passed, and my house again began to peel. Again I borrowed a ladder. One day my head started spinning. I made it off the ladder and stumbled into the house. I called the Rescue Squad and the ambulance came and tested me. The medics could find nothing seriously wrong with me.

A couple of days later I picked up Mrs. Roda. When she settled in the passenger side, she exclaimed "Joan! You may paint your fences, you may mow your lawn and plant your flowers, you may paint your "pictures" but I never want to see you on a ladder again. Is that clear?" My answer was "yes mam". Did I love my Portuguese neighbor? As if she was my mother!

The Joseph's homestead was just that, a homestead. Their children, relatives and neighbors were all "Azoreans". They had little interest in what went on in the East End, and especially what went on in the part of Commercial Street where the gay joints flourished.

One summer I was offered a job singing at the Crown and Anchor with Arthur Blake's show. I'd worked with Arthur doing musicals at the Surf Club. Singing in the summer gave me the privilege of collecting unemployment during the winter;

consequently I could resume my winter painting. The shows at the Crown were every night. I did light opera and had to reach "high C" every night! This meant I had to be in top vocal condition. Because of the short distance between the Joseph's abode and mine, at 3 p.m. every day I would lock myself in the back bathroom and vocalize, reaching beyond high C to make sure the C was pure and on pitch. No sound could be heard due to the "closed" bathroom window.

Another condition I saved the Josephs from witnessing was the costume I had to wear. The Crown had only one dressing room occupied by "drag queens". Consequently, sequined tops, false finger nails, eyelashes and wigs I put on at home and walked to work on Standish Street, near Alden.

On one occasion, as I was nearing Town Hall, a drunken fellow stumbled off the sidewalk into the gutter, bowed as I walked by, saying "your Majesty!"

Then, at the end of the season, I was flabbergasted to see the Josephs walk into the theater. I said to Arthur to give them the BEST table in the house! I sang my heart out.

After the show Mr. Joseph approached me saying, "We wondered what all that vocalizing was about". I loved my Alden Street neighbors! ←



Portrait by Joan Pereira of her neighbor "Molly" Joseph

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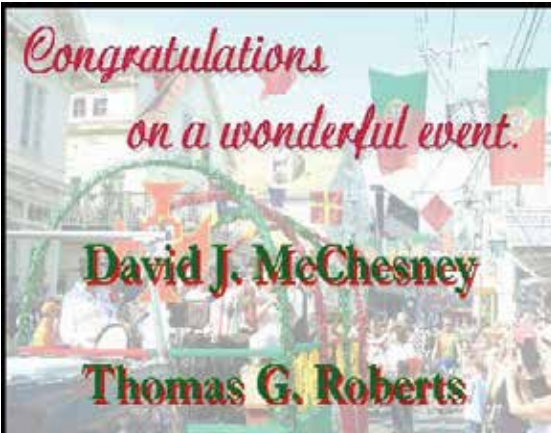
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HEART OF THE TOWN

BY CAROL LEONARD



If Provincetown streets are the veins and life blood of Provincetown, then Alden Street is an artery to the town's heart. Alden Street sits below the hill in the shadow of Pilgrim Monument and a stone's throw from the Provincetown government in Town Hall, the Town benches, and the Bas Relief.

Alden Street was home to many Portuguese families; the Leonards, Josephs, Menangas', Olivers, Rodas, Costas, Lopes', Cooks, Pereiras, Hiltons, Santos', Landrys, Adams, Peters' and Souzas.

Alden Street is close to town businesses, Provincetown schools, MacMillan Wharf and what used to be Macara's Wharf and the old library. The Town Hall clock rang loud and clear to Alden Street.

The noon whistle blew so loudly neighborhood dogs would howl in chorus. The fire horns one, two, three, or four honks signaled the vicinity of a fire. Ours was three.

Fisherman's Market, or Joe Marshall's as we called it, was our neighborhood convenience store, located facing Bradford Street between Alden and Standish Streets (on the west corner of Cumberland Farm's lot). The store's wooden floors creaked when we walked down the narrow aisles of canned and packaged food. An upright freezer met customers within steps inside the door. Popular among neighborhood kids, popsicles in a palette of flavors could be bought for five cents next to the ice cream

and frozen goods. Behind the freezer, on a shelf, Bunny bread sold for twenty-nine cents. In the back of the store, a long glassed meat display stood. Alphonse the butcher cut fresh meats to order. A barrel-shaped glass jar sat on top the display holding sour pickles for a nickel. A walk-in freezer stood behind the meat display with a strong metal handle that clinked whenever its heavy medieval door closed shut. On the right hand side of the store, bins held loose fruits and vegetables, always well supplied with potatoes, kale, and onions. To the front right of Joe Marshall's stood the cashier's counter. Cigarettes and five cent candy bars were displayed here. Thelma Oliver, an Alden Street neighbor, worked as cashier. I remember at a young age being sent by my father to buy packs of Camel cigarettes, only having to reveal who they were for. In the front of Joe Marshall's, left of the front door as one entered, was a red and white metal cooler chest with "Coca Cola" scripted on front, holding glass bottles of Cokes and other soda. A built-in bottle opener attached to the front made it convenient to open the round metal tops.

On Alden Street, the kids played in the parking lot, the former grounds of the Center School. Kickball, jump rope, and football were played on the lot by the gang of kids raised on the street. We used whatever was handy like a stick to act as a base or a goal post. We rode our bicycles and wrote chalk graffiti on the walls of the cement brick shed behind Neil Cordeiro's Gulf gas station bordering the lot. Sometimes the teenage girls flirted with boys, and occasionally a new beau from the east or west end would visit our lot and be assessed with critical eyes. If someone was lucky and owned a transistor radio, we'd listen to music on AM radio WBZ. I remember a box phonograph in the Peters yard playing Elvis' "Return to Sender." Our Manhunt games were epic. Two leaders (meaning older kids) bucked up teams. This was an inclusive game that stretched across age groups. I remember kids from ten to seventeen years old on a team. The game worked like its name. While one team hid, the other hunted. When caught the 'bail bondsmen' would physically grab and yell, "1-2-3-Manhunt," taking the runner

prisoner to the parking lot, where they would go to jail, with someone acting guard. Everyone's yards were fair territory, and sometimes we would have thirty to a team playing if Standish Street kids or others joined in.

At the opposite end of Alden stood the Manor; originally the poor house. The Manor was where the old timers went to live when they needed assisted living. During warm days of summer, the more able bodied would sit in chairs on the lawn facing Alden Street, and we kids would wave at them when we passed on foot or bicycle. Everybody in town had a loved one there. My great grandmother Matilda Leonard lived out her days in a room on the ground floor only several feet from the television room. My mother took me along to visit Grammy, who was happy for company and conversation, while Grammy's roommates looked curiously on. The Manor's lawn was large and green, and during June, July, and August the drone of lawn mowers became a familiar summer sound with fresh smells of green grass.

Behind the Manor on a grassy plateau below the base of the monument lay Motta's ball field, a mix of baseball diamonds, a football field, a stone track, a rough long jump and high jump pit. The ball field was a perfect location, especially for any child growing up on Alden Street. It was convenient to walk down the street to play or watch baseball, softball, field hockey, and football games. Every spring PHS hosted several track meets. The Ball field and Manor were an interesting juxtaposition of a vibrant younger generation and sedate, wizened seniors. Applause, cheering, and honking

horns radiated from the fields when our home boys and girls scored points. Saturday football games were popular, Portuguese fans have a way of rallying cheers to a deafening volume naturally!

On the end of Alden Street, past the Manor, are the stony fields of the cemeteries. The younger Catholic cemetery on the left is lush and carefully landscaped. The one on the east is older and wilder, with Pre-Revolutionary gravestones in shapes of lambs and angels, and mausoleums mounted with blueberry bushes producing summer fruit. They provide solitude and deep reflection on the fringes of the Town's outback.

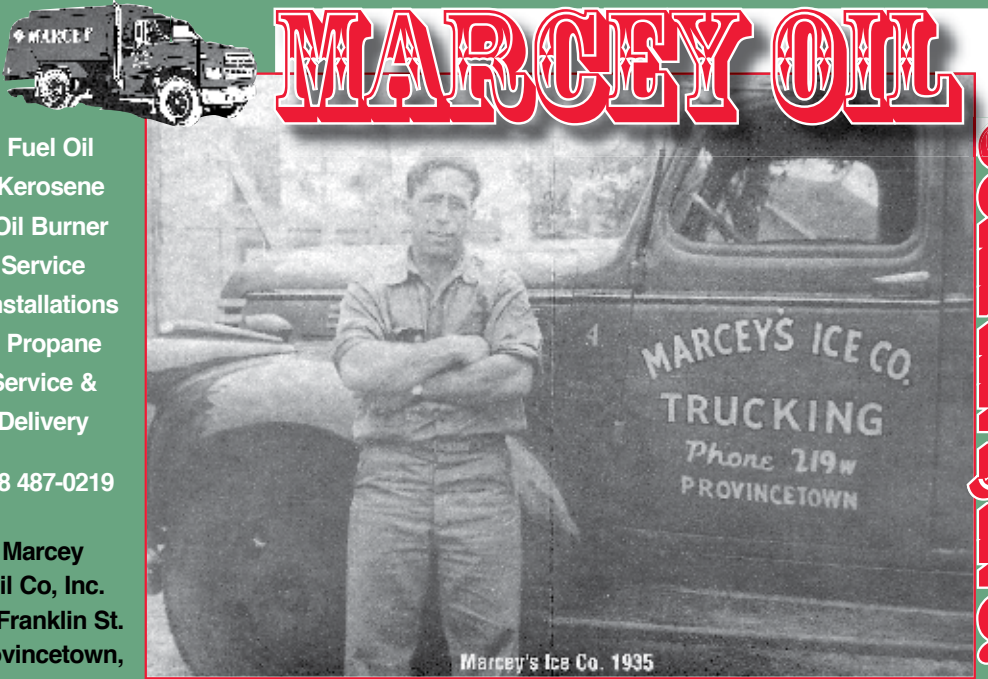
Alden Street offered us a perfect view of Provincetown's pulse and heartbeat. How many kids can say they got their mother's attention yelling down from the Pilgrim Monument? 🌿



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THINKING BACK

BY FLORAN MENANGAS ROZZELLE

Those of us growing up in the center of Provincetown and in the shadow of the Monument were neither Eastenders nor Westenders. I guess that made us similar to Switzerland, neutral. There are many stories about the rivalries between these two factions. But, that is another story for another time. Before our home on Alden Street was built, there stood a garage on that plot of land. Mainly used for horse and wagons, it had been there well before I was born. There was a right of way from the back of the garage along the Lisbon/Costa property and then along the Perry/Lisbon property to Standish Street onto Duarte Motors' property to the train station that was there long after the train stopped running. The horse and wagons would pick up supplies from the train and deliver these around town.

– the mighty, mighty fishermen! We had respect for ourselves, our families, our school and our town. We believed in God! Everyone always felt safe and loved, not only by their immediate family, but by their neighbors, their teachers and coaches and

their civic organization leaders. Not only because often times these were family members or neighbors or friends of the family, but, because we were taught respect for all of God's creatures, great and small. It was a close knit community where everyone strove to make Provincetown a place where one could flourish and become whomever they wanted to be.

Thinking back on how many of us youngsters were living on Alden Street then, I would have to guess around 50. I would venture to say that there could have been near 100 when visits were made



Elmer Costa, John Costa, Anthony Menangas and John Costa Junior with Gerard and Floran Menangas.

by those from my mom and dad's generation, who returned for holidays, summer visits or, as is the case today, for the annual "Blessing of the Fleet". And, that doesn't include those jumping the fences from Standish Street. Those visits from our 'out of town' relatives always included a jaunt up the monument, free of charge back then, a trip to the penny candy store and a safari to the breakwater or Macara's wharf to pick periwinkles, or as we called them, conk-a-wrinkles, which we brought home, boiled, and ate by digging out the meat with either a straight or safety pin. Oh my!!!

We were always outside involved in one activity or another. There was manhunt, jump rope, jacks, the name a song game, hopscotch, sledding and ice skating, tag, red light or a pickup game of one kind of ball in the parking lot where the Center School used to be or at Motta field. Many will recall Tony

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Travers, of 9 Alden Street, gathering us all together for a game of ball. But, when those street lights came on, it was your signal to scoot home for dinner. Although, at times, you might hear your name being called should you be needed before then. Often it would mean a run to Fisherman' Market (Joe Marshall's) for a forgotten item or to the Portuguese Bakery for bread, especially if soup was on the menu for that evening's meal.

We neighborhood kids had a club called the "Ussn's"! We paid dues – probably pennies. Certainly, it wasn't much. We wrote and put on plays. I guess you could have called us the Alden Street "Little Rascals". We'd spend some of the time writing and practicing our parts. Then it was show time! We'd throw a sheet over the clothesline and put on our play. With the money we collected, we'd purchase goodies, fill up a decorated box and traipse up the street to deliver our hard-earned offering to the residents of the Cape End Manor.

Before the parking lot was added to the area surrounding the monument, there were dunes and



Front Row l-r: Tommy Gaspa, Candace Leonard, Martin Menangas, Jimmy Crabtree, Annette Menangas, Doug Crabtree, Gerard Menangas

Back Row l-r: Charles Hilton, Mary Hilton, Rebecca Gaspa, Floran Menangas, Delanie Pacellini, Susan Leonard

woods. This and Motta Field afforded us our own playground. Who doesn't remember sledding down Monument hill! Single, double, triple – how many can fit on one sled? Did you make a train by lying on your stomach on your sled and putting your boots into the two spaces in the sled in back of you and so on? How many of you had to stick your tongue to the chain link fence surrounding Monument Hill to see if it would stick? And, did you do it more than once? C'mon, I know you did!

Did any of you learn to ride a bike when your older sibling took to the top Monument Hill, put you on a two-wheeler, and let you go? I may have 'taught' my brother, Gerard this way. He reciprocated by taking our sister, Annette up the hill on her three-wheeler and letting her go. She didn't stop until she had gone straight across Bradford Street and into the wall by the Santos house. Then, there was the time my brother, Marty and Phillip Perry were playing with matches in the woods before the parking lot and started a small brush fire. When caught, Marty was at the lights on Conwell Street heading out of town with his teddy

bear. Ah, memories!

We ate fried bologna and had soup made from just about anything. We always had fish, though and lobster. One time my dad bartered a bushel of lobsters for our TV antenna. Scully Joes! My dad would go through the whole process and then he would peel a few and put them into a glass gallon jar. We'd eat them instead of candy. Yes, many of us were poor in dollars and cents, but we were so, so rich with the love of family and friends. Looking back, I don't think I would have wanted to change a thing. For, my parents, siblings, both sets of grandparents, every aunt and uncle, each of my 73 first cousins and all of the neighbors and life-long friends from that Alden-Standish Street connection have had a hand in the person I am today. As, I am sure it is for each of you!

Nary one of us has not gotten nostalgic when heading toward Provincetown on Route 6 and you get to that spot, where Peter's Hill used to be, now Outer Reach, and there it is. There is the Monument and the sweeping arm right out to Long Point. You sigh, and know that you are coming home! 🌿



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FOR YEARS, THE STATUE OF SAINT PETER has been carried through the streets of Provincetown for its annual Blessing of the Fleet held the last Sunday of June. It was not, however, always decorated. What year did the decorating of Saint Peter begin? And, how did that come about? I do know how this came about. It was during a Saturday night Fishermen's Banquet. Amid all the dancing and laughter, my mom, Florence Costa Menangas made a statement to the Blessing of the Fleet Chairman, Frank Motta. It went something like this, "There is so much decorating; the boats, the town, the church. The statue of Saint Peter should be honored and decorated as it is carried through the streets."

Early the next morning, a pickup truck with the statue of Saint Peter in its bed pulled up in front of our home on Alden Street. Captain Frank said with that sly smile of his, "Here he is to be decorated!" After the initial shock, my mother set to cutting roses from her rosebush and decorating Saint Peter. Thus began a tradition which is still upheld today. For over two decades, my mom decorated the statue of Saint Peter inside the garage behind the rectory. Sometimes four generations were in that garage with my mom and dad. After my dad, Anthony's passing in September of '91, the honor was bestowed on another....



(l-r) Anthony Menangas and Fred Rocha 1968



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SNOW IS COMING

BY SUSAN LEONARD

The wind is changing. The familiar staccato ring of the storm pennants' halyard beats a new cadence from the top of the hill. It was the CLANG, CLANG, CLANG against the metal mast that first got our attention; even before looking up to see that the simple red small craft pennant had been added to by its double while we were not looking. We might even get a full gale out of it, yet. When the double pennants were lowered and replaced with the great red square with a black box in the center we were in store for a big one. We all knew this. We had memorized the meaning of the storm flags and lights on Monument Hill by the time we were ten ... the reality of weather and its impact on a fisherman's family.



The true dimensions of our bodies are obliterated by two or three pairs of pants worn one on top the other, a couple pairs of mittens (rarely ever a true matched pair) and on our feet whatever we could find ... cheap plastic rain boots, not up to the task; perhaps our father's green rubber hunting pacs worn with multiple layers of socks in an attempt to make them fit. Some boys show up in full hip boots. It doesn't really matter. We would all be cold and wet by the end of the day.


It doesn't take long to declare the hill perfect. No windblown, bare spots or icy patches. No soggy snow that gums up the runners or the fluffy stuff that the sharp candle-waxed blades of a Flexible Flyer double runner would cut through baring the tar beneath.

The century old bones of our houses lying huddled in the lee of the hill shudder and sway through the night. It rocks us to sleep. We dream of the promise of snow from a late December gale. Daybreak reveals the stuff of our dreams. A bounty of perfect snow. Ideal for sledding down Monument Hill. It awaits us.

A small army of kids collects at the foot of the hill where it merges into Alden Street and Bradford Street to assess the conditions. Most of us are from Alden Street and Standish Street: Menangases, Martins, Reises, Perrys, Leonards and Lisbons, from Bradford Street Kathy and Maureen Joseph and their younger brother Anthony and the Peters boys from the other side of the hill on Winslow Street. A couple of the Salvador cousins came from up on Johnson Street and the Duartes from Pearl Street too. We are a rag tag bunch if you ever saw one.

Fueled by enthusiasm, the morning's first dozen or so trips up the hill were easy, but as the day wore on and our legs grew leaden, the going got tougher. A rule of the hill was not to tread on the section of the slope that we all slid down. It was critical that we didn't ruin the snow with a thousand footprints leaving us to scale the tight inside curve of the hill. Dragging her sled behind her with tow-rope thrown across her shoulders and clutching onto the chain link fence, Kathy Joseph lead the way up the ever more slippery ascent.

Once at the top, we saw what lay before us. It was a challenging giant slalom course that began at the granite steps at the foot of the Monument (years later the museum will be built, the course of the road changed to accommodate the parking lot and the best section of the hill fenced off). The uninitiated, if they weren't alert, could misjudge their speed entering the first sharp curve and crash



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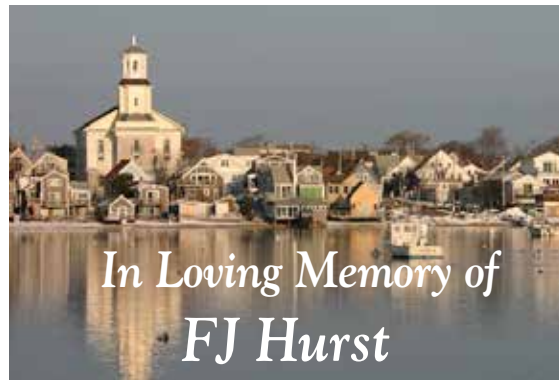


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headlong into the chain link fence (there is still a dent in the fence from an unfortunate mishap circa 1962).

Most families had just one sled shared among all the brothers and sisters. We managed to negotiate a solution and divvy up sled time. Most of the time, this meant doubling up and even tripling up on one sled. Usually the younger, lighter kids push started the bigger more experienced pilots and threw themselves on top for an exhilarating trip to the bottom. When you least expected it, someone else would jump onto the pile for a free ride down.

When we reached a critical mass of kids and sleds it was time for the one thing that truly tested the mettle of all of us - The TRAIN ... woe to the one who got stuck on the end. All of us - upwards of twenty sleds at a time - lined up behind the engineer with feet hooked into the sled behind us. If you didn't act fast you wound up being the caboose ... more often than she ever wanted Maureen Joseph had the honor. Pushing off in unison, the momentum picked up as the hill grew steeper. The engineer - Johnny Lisbon reveled in being in control - zig-zagged us back and forth. Tipping up on one runner the caboose whipped wildly out of control with each crack of the



Glen Perry
conquered the hill too...

whip. Some thrill seekers actually wanted to be last even opting to sit facing backwards unable to predict the crack of the whip.

At some point in the middle of the day, when everyone went home for lunch and dry clothes, a few industrious boys - Gerard Menangas and Johnny Lisbon among others - made good use of the lull in the action and got creative. As if the hill wasn't treacherous enough, half way down the hill they built a JUMP! Joe Duarte's junk pile was the source of raw materials. Somewhere at the base of the jump was a collection of a few old bricks, scraps of wood and an old Chevy radiator

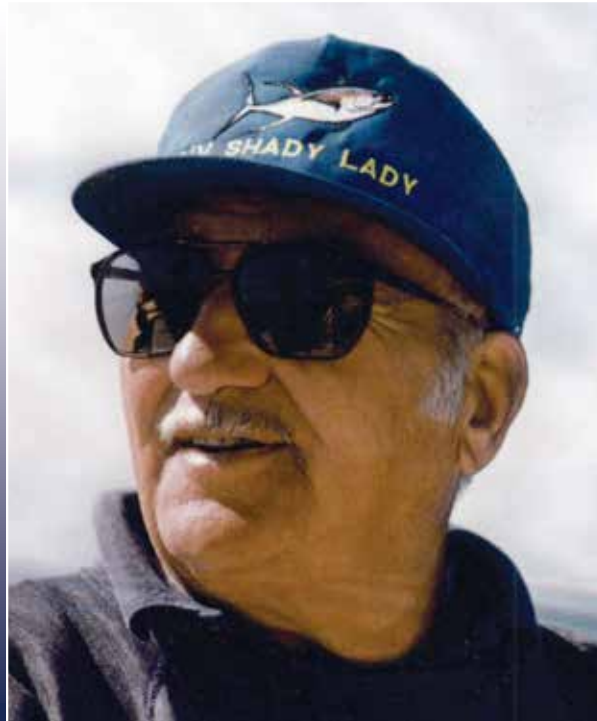
topped off with a recycled piece of fender. It worked like a charm. The angle was perfect, launching sled and rider into the air and landing safely just short of the bottom of the hill where spotters were posted watching out for oncoming traffic on Bradford Street. If the coast was clear we just kept going; slamming into the foundation of Mrs. Santos' house. She only tolerated this for so long and then called the cops.

The day was done ←

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MEMORIES OF 18 ALDEN STREET BY MARY ALICE COOK

“I still remember the day back in the early 1980’s when Rosemary Cook (Cookie) came to visit me at Shank Painter Printing, which I ran with my partner Mick Rudd, and showed me a sheaf of her mother’s recipes and a memoir of her early days in Provincetown. When I read it, I was charmed by her stories, so I edited the memoir and recipes and designed and published the book which we called *“Traditional Portuguese Recipes From Provincetown”*.”

During this process, Alice Cook would come to the print shop to check on the job, always bringing with her something tasty, often her delicious Portuguese soup, which she made with white beans, or rice pudding, a welcome treat! I remember Alice as a dignified and warm-hearted woman. Her book has sold continuously over 30 years, immortalizing Provincetown’s Portuguese community, introducing many to the delights of Portuguese cooking.”

GILLIAN DRAKE, APRIL, 2014

The following are excerpts from “Traditional Portuguese Recipes From Provincetown” relating to the life of Mary Alice Cook when she lived on Alden Street.

I was born in Olhao, Algarve, Portugal on August 4, 1914 to Manuel and Maria Alice Luiz Perruca. I came to America, to Provincetown, when I was nine months old. My father came to America in 1905 to go fishing and made several trips back and forth to Portugal. In 1911, he married my mother in Portugal and in 1915 he sent for my mother, my sister Jocelyn and myself. I am proud of my Portuguese heritage.

I married a United States Coast Guardsman of English, Irish and Indian ancestry on January 8, 1938. We have three children – Edward, James and Rosemary – and they all live on Cape Cod. We live in the home which my parents bought in 1925. (18 Alden Street) It was in this house that I graduated from Provincetown High School in 1931 and got married from in 1938. My children were all born in this house; my mother, father and sister all died in this house – so it is a part of my life with all its memories.



Mary Alice Cook

Most of the unmarried fishermen, and those who were married but had left their families in Portugal until they could afford to send for them, stayed in boarding houses called Casa da Comia e Cama, meaning “home with food and bed.” These houses had rooms with two beds, some with four beds per room and meals were included in the cost of \$3.50 or \$4.00 per week. There were local women who did the laundry for these men as a livelihood.




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18 ALDEN STREET

My father would clean and dry codfish for the winter, when fresh fish might not be readily available. In those days many Portuguese families raised pigs and chickens and planted large vegetable gardens so they could have food for the winter months – my mother would bury carrots, cabbage and potatoes so they would keep through the winter. In the fall, the pigs were slaughtered. Linguica, blood sausage, pork shoulders and other cuts of meat were salted and stored as there were no refrigerators or ice boxes in the early 1900's.

My father insisted we eat our meals in a quiet atmosphere. However, we children would sometimes argue and he'd stop eating, look us straight in the face and, unsmilingly say, "Cala a boca I come," meaning "Eat and shut up." My mother and father were both generous people – seldom did our dinner table consist of just the family. We were constantly inviting people in to eat with us. It seemed my mother, like so many Portuguese women, was always helping someone in need. She would say "What you give in charity is your sacred trust. Never let your right hand know what your left hand is doing."

I remember the dances that were held in the winter months every year in the Town Hall. Portuguese dancing was held in Caucus Hall, and American dancing was held in the main hall upstairs. These parties were free of charge and entire families attended. The children had as much fun as the grown-ups.

I remember when several of the Portuguese fishermen had whisky stills. My father was not a drinking man but we had a still because it was cheaper to make the whisky for the holiday season than to buy it, especially since we had Open House at Christmas time (The Portuguese kept their holiday until January 6th, the day of the Three Kings).

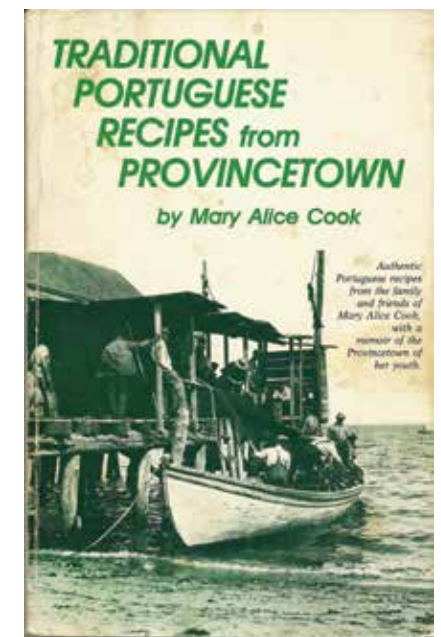
What fun we had on snowy days, especially when snowball fights took place. Sometimes Bradford Hill and Medelley Hill (by St. Peter's Church) were closed to cars, although there were very few at that time, so that everyone, young and old, could go sled-

ding. Owners of "double runners" would be in their glory riding on their homemade sleds with three and four sets of sleds pulling one long "accommodation". These sleds would hold 10 or more people. The best fun was riding from the top of the Bradford Hill as far as Winthrop Street and almost to Town Hall... but oh, how we hated trudging back up the hill, dragging the big sled behind us.

I remember the night the High School burned to the ground in March 1930. The flames were spurting into the clouds high in the sky and the scene from our bedroom window was one of terror. My mother told me to go down to the corner of the street to ask a passer-by where the fire was. I'll never forget the large chips of burning wood falling in front of me as I ran. The neighbours and my brother, sister and I put out our garden hoses to wet down the roofs as large burning chips were falling everywhere.

I graduated from Provincetown High School in 1931 but my class did not have a high school as the new school was not ready until the fall of 1932.

But most of all I remember the friendliness amongst neighbors who were always ready to help one another in times of need. ←



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MEMORIES OF REMIGIO & MARY RODA

BY SHARON RODA DWINELL

16 Alden Street was as much a part of my childhood as my own home on Conwell Street; it was, after all, Grampa and Gramma Roda's house. Mom worked in the summers, so we spent our days with our grandparents, in the big rambling house where our Dad and aunts & uncles grew up. Until the mid-50's when they put in indoor plumbing, this meant we got to use the outhouse, which at the time I thought was neat...and FYI, there was a Montgomery Ward catalog in there, not Sears.



Grandma and her two sisters, my dad and all siblings with a smattering of their cousins from New Bedford.

Back row: Anthony Medeiros, Remigio Roda, Jr., The Matriarch Gramma Mary Roda, Doris (Johnson) and Anthony Roda, Richard Roda, Victor Silvia, Bobby Medeiros.

Front Row: Mary (Liz) Roda Dunn, Irene Medeiros with Great Aunt Anna Silvia behind her, Ruth Roda Souza, Jean Roda Fish with Pat Roda Curtis in front of her, Great Aunt (Isa)Bella Medeiros, Barbara Sylvia Steele.

Thus, our circle of friends expanded to include the many kids who lived on Alden St. Up toward "The Manor", there were the Hanns and the Hiltons who lived on the corner of Alden & Cemetery Road - Mary, who was my age & Chuckie who was my brother Steven's age (Audrey was older and hung around with an older crew) Richard Meads - Kruschev or Kruschie, not Tarts! - lived across the street & up a couple of houses. Down a ways toward Bradford Street and across the street lived the Menangases, mostly we knew Floran & Gerard who were our age; the Josephs, Sandra, Irene and Joann two houses down from the grandfolks toward Bradford; Carol Oliver, who was a bit older and whose grandmother lived in the next house down from the grandfolks - she also spent a lot of time with her grandfolks while her parents worked. There were so many others too numerous to mention. Who could forget Mary Alice Cook who was their closest

neighbor and friend...that's Mary of the cookbook fame. That was the way it was back then, a comforting, close-knit community who lived and laughed with and looked out for each other.

The pear tree in the middle of the yard was one focal point of our days. I can remember the card tables set up under it, so we could color - for some reason, I always ate at least one crayon! Of course, back in those days, it was safe enough for us little kids to walk to the beach by ourselves - Macara's, though, NOT by the big wharf! - barefoot and hopping along quickly so the pavement didn't burn our feet too badly. And would Gramma yell if we drug sand into the house! Then we would paint the shells we'd gathered and sell them to the tourists walking to town from the small parking lot on Cemetery Rd. (can't remember for the life of me the name of the folks who ran it).

On rainy days, like as not, we'd be inside sitting



A branch of the infamous pear tree with two girls in the window: Pat and Jean Roda (l-r) and Liz Roda peeking in.



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Remigio Roda as a young man



"Portrait Of an Old Man"
oil painting of Remigio Roda
by Robert Cormier, 1957

at the kitchen table watching Gramma cook with Grampa teaching us how to play solitaire. We also learned how to roll cigarettes, but that, of course, was not purposeful. Those were the times when we learned the most about our Portuguese heritage & the words I grew up thinking were part of the English language...coo, panella, pão, & numerous others I have no idea how to spell. One of my favorite expressions was one my Grampa used when we didn't want to eat something..."meis fica", he'd say..."more for me".

We also got to meet and spend time with our myriad cousins. Dad had 7 siblings who lived to adulthood, and most had large families, plus there were the 2nd cousins from Fairhaven & New Bedford. Rarely a week went by without at least one of the families in town for a visit. Sometimes, several of the aunts and uncles would visit at the same time; that was the best, because at least once during those times we'd all pile in cars and trek to Head of the Meadow beach in Truro. What could be better than a day with family and friends with sun, sand

and surf and bologna sandwiches on wonder bread with mayonnaise and sand?

Summer wasn't my only favorite time at Alden St. One of my fondest memories was the harvesting of the pears in the fall, so Gramma could can them. We kids would pick up the fells while our parents shook the branches and climbed up to get the ones that didn't get shaken loose. Now these weren't your garden variety store-bought pears, no sir...I grew up thinking that pears were supposed to be hard as rocks. When we got cold, we'd get to go inside where Grampa had the kerosene stove going and drink hot chocolate...the REAL kind and all winter long we had those canned pears to remind us of the fun we had picking them.

Those were the days... ←



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BY NED OLIVER

In the summer of 1915, Manuel Oliver left his native country, Portugal, for the allure of America. Specifically Provincetown, Massachusetts, where seemingly boundless schools of codfish provided hardworking fishermen abundant opportunity.

He soon found work plying the skills learned on Southern Portugal's Algarve coast. America's economy was booming and the wages were much higher than in Portugal, so he sent money to his young wife, Alyce, so that she could join him in Provincetown. Soon after, their daughter Alice was born, followed by three sons; Manuel, Arnold and finally Anibal.

After a few years Manuel bought his own boat and was reaping his share of copious codfish. He loved the sea but realized that she could be harsh and cruel. He forbade his sons to work on his boat. They would be educated and learn other skills.

Alice married young and moved out to western Massachusetts. Manuel enlisted in the Air Force during WWII and became an airplane mechanic. After the war he settled in Duxbury, Massachusetts and became the Harbormaster. Arnold also enlisted in the Air Force, becoming a B-52 pilot. He flew many missions over Germany, was wounded, but somehow survived.



ANIBAL OLIVER PORTRAIT
 "Portuguese Boy With Fruit"
 by R.H. Ives Gammell



BASKETBALL TEAM First row: George Smith, Francis Meads, Captain Anibal Oliver and Joe Farroba Second Row: Coach David Murphy, Frank Rowe, Philip Cabral, Dick Baumgartner, George Valentine and Manager Robert Silva Third Row: Wilbur White, Bernard Roderick, Clayton Enos and Bernard Santos.

The experience was so harrowing that he never set foot in an airplane for the rest of his long life! He got his college degree in teaching and eventually taught at Quinnipiac College in Connecticut.

Anibal grew up in depression-era Provincetown. As a teenager he dove for coins that tourists would toss off of McMillan Wharf. He posed for local artists. But his true passion was sports, especially basketball. At 6' 3" and 215 pounds he was a very big man, especially for that era. He was also ambidextrous and extremely talented.

In 1941, as America entered WWII, Anibal entered Provincetown High School. The war shook America out of the economic doldrums. However, it was difficult on the fishing industry, as German U-boats prowled off the



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coast of Cape Cod. But Manuel managed to catch enough fish to keep his family comfortable.

Anibal blossomed in high school. He starred as a freshman. That year Provincetown played in the Bourne Tournament and, while they lost to Orleans, Anibal was named All-Star forward. In 1943, Anibal's sophomore year, the team only played military service units. By his junior year the school schedule returned to normal and Anibal led his team to an undefeated season. That year in the Bourne Tournament they won the Cape & Islands championship and proceeded to the Tech Tourney finals where they lost by one point to Framingham. The Cape Cod Standard Times named Anibal Oliver the Most Valuable Player for 1944.

Provincetown's iconic Coach Murphy called Anibal "the greatest athlete the Cape has developed". Henry "Doc" Levinson, who coached football at Barnstable High School and also refereed basketball, called Anibal "the foremost cager I have ever seen in action. That boy can shoot and score from



Anibal Oliver started for Boston University on full scholarship all four years

any angle on the floor. He could make many of the pros look puny". Anibal earned the nickname "Mister Basketball". His senior year brought more successes. They lost to Bourne in the Cape Cod Championship but beat them in the Tech Tourney.

College was on Anibal's mind but the "Commander-in-Chief" had a priority for his services. So he joined the Army for the tail end of the war. During the Nuremburg Trials America wanted to project a strong image to the world. Anibal was selected as a guard for the trials mainly because of his physical stature. Upon completion of his military service he entered Boston University with a full scholarship. He started and starred for B.U. for four seasons. He played against Holy Cross and outscored Bob Cousy in their only encounter. He was selected honorable mention All-American in his senior year.

After graduation Anibal became the basketball and tennis coach, and later the Athletic Director, at Lowell Tech (which later became known as University of Lowell). He and his wife, Sue, raised a family of eight children. The family summered in Wellfleet where he established Oliver's Clay Tennis Courts in 1969 and which is still owned and operated by the family. Anibal Oliver passed away in August, 1995 at the age of 68. ←



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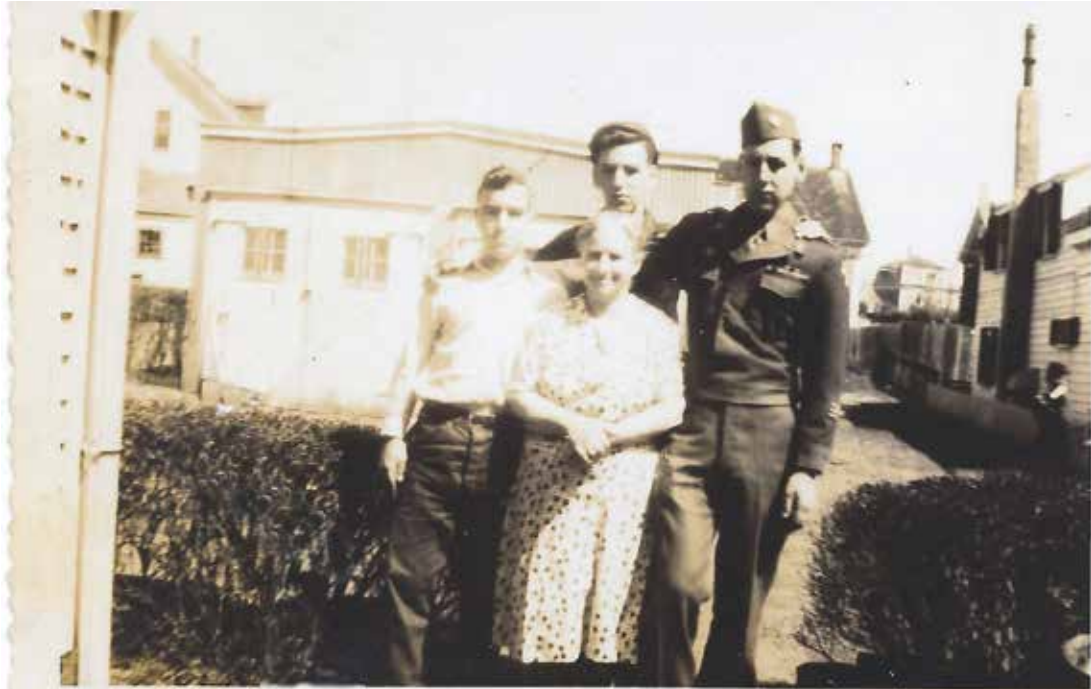
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