

*23rd Annual*

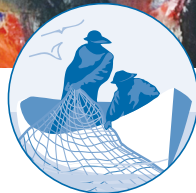
**Provincetown  
Portuguese**  
*Festival 2019*



*Sharing the Heritage*

*Celebrating the 72nd Blessing of the Fleet*

Celebrating the heritage and the future  
of the community we serve



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Portuguese Festival painting by Nancy Whorf

## A Tribute to Joe Andrews



Our community lost a remarkable man this year. Joe Andrews, the oldest native-born son passed away on completion of his 99th year. It wasn't simply his age that was remarkable. Joe linked us to our past while living in the present; a steady reminder of who we were as a town of hard working, proud Portuguese immigrants.

He was a master boat builder whose integrity and skill men entrusted their boats and lives with. He mentored three generations in boat building and also was a mechanical wizard able to fix just about any engine or motor made. He loved the challenge. In a "tour de force", he participated in rebuilding his beloved sloop the Ranger three times over the course of his lifetime. The last time, at the age of 95, he advised John Santos in the rebuilding; helping to keep the lines of this vessel true.

As a sailor Joe and the Ranger were unbeatable, yet he generously shared secrets of sailing in our harbor and was instrumental in starting the West End Racing Club for children.

Although Joe outwardly appeared shy and reserved, he could tell stories for hours once he got going. His encyclopedic memory left us in awe. Many hours were spent around the kitchen table raptly listening. He quietly contributed to the Portuguese Festival publication for years offering photos, bits of history and ideas. In 2015 when asked for a few notes about the sloop Ranger he presented the editors with a 20 page handwritten account of its history and in turn his personal history, as well. His accuracy of facts was never doubted. He always answered any question. Words from the master.

*I wish I could ask him just one more ....*



# LUSO-AMERICAN FOUNDATION



**THE LUSO-AMERICAN DEVELOPMENT FOUNDATION** is a private, financially self-sufficient Portuguese institution. **Its mission is to contribute to Portuguese development by financially and strategically supporting innovative projects and encouraging cooperation between Portuguese and American societies.**

The Luso-American Development Foundation was created in 1985 by decree of the Portuguese government to establish a private, not-for-profit institution that promotes relations between Portugal and the United States in a permanent, flexible and independent way, in the hope that this exchange would further the economic, social and cultural development of Portugal. The initial assets came from money transfers made by the Portuguese government and from the Agreement on Cooperation and Defense between Portugal and the USA (1983). The Foundation had an endowment of € 85 million and since 1992 it has been living exclusively off income from its assets.

FLAD is a member of the national and international foundations network, namely the Portuguese Foundation Center (PFC), the European Foundation Center (EFC), the Council on Foundations in the USA, and the Bellagio Forum for Sustainable Development.

In February 2013, FLAD was awarded the status of Benefactor Member by the Portugal World Monuments Fund Association in recognition of the “generous and important support” granted to projects of great significance in the context of national heritage.

## ABOUT THE BUILDING THAT SERVES AS THE FOUNDATION HEADQUARTERS

*FLAD accepts its social responsibility to protect national heritage by making its headquarters in a seventeenth century historic house, and helping in its recovery and restoration. The “noble house” was built when downtown Lisbon was restored after the 1755 earthquake. It is a fine example of the Lisbon architecture from the first years after the earthquake.*



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The Festival Commemorative Book Committee extends it's most sincere gratitude to those who have so generously shared wonderful family histories, fascinating information, beautiful paintings, and priceless memories with us:

Mary Ann Bragg *Cape Cod Times*, Peter Cook, Sal Del Deo, Liliana DeSousa, Judy Dutra, Bobby Dutra, David Dunlap *Building Provincetown*, Ashley Vasques Foster, Jerome Greene, Chris King, Lisa King *My Grandfather's Provincetown*, Manuel Macara, Amy Whorf McGuiggan, Frank Milby, Rex McKinsey, Joan Pereira, Tommy Thomas, Helen Valentine, John and Gail Vasques, Salvador Vasques, Berta Walker, Diana Worthington, and Carole Yeager.

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23rd Annual  
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Portuguese**  
Festival 2019

## Share the Heritage!

### THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 2019

5–10pm **Seamen's Bank Compartilhe Na Nossa Mesa**

*Join us for a Coast to America!*

**"Share Our Table" A Showcase of Outer Cape's Best Restaurants and Music** under the Seamen's Bank Tent at the Bas Relief. Reservations are required. Limited seating. 508 246-6678  
8–10pm **DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF THE WORLD MUSIC LINK**

### FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 2019

12–2pm **Ken Silva Fishing Derby for Kids** at MacMillan Pier • FREE

12–3pm **Portuguese Soup Tasting** at the Bas Relief under the Tent with Music by **The Dory Bar Blues Band**

12–5pm **Face Painting** in Portuguese Square • FREE

2–4pm **Portuguese Writers and Poets Read** at the Harbor Lounge, 359 Commercial Street • FREE

2:30–4pm **Lobster Crate Race** behind the Surf Club • FREE

3–6pm **Portuguese Square Music and Dancing** • FREE

5–8pm **The Lobster Pot and Cape Tip Seafood present**

**The Lobster Bake** under the Tent at the Bas Relief. Beer and Wine Cash Bar • Oyster, Clam, Shrimp Cash Bar. Open seating, tickets at the door.

6:30–10pm **Portuguese Square Music for all ages** • FREE

9pm–1am **Homecoming Get Together WITH THE JUG BAND** at Bubala's By The Sea Restaurant, 185 Commercial Street

### SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 2019

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. Beer and Wine Cash Bar.

10:30am–2pm **Portuguese Square Live Entertainment and Portuguese Dancers** • FREE

2–4pm **Portuguese Square The Toe Jam Puppet Band** for kids of all ages • FREE

3–5pm **Portuguese Festival Parade** on Commercial Street from East End Snail Road to West End Franklin Street

4:30–5:30pm **Portuguese Square Entertainment** • FREE

6:30–7:30pm **Comedy by the Portuguese Kids** in the Lions Club Portuguese Food Court under the Tent at the Bas Relief • FREE  
Beer and Wine Cash Bar

7:30–9:30pm **Provincetown Banner FADO Concert in Provincetown Town Hall.** Handicap access elevator available behind Town Hall. Contributions appreciated.

9pm–12:30am **Portuguese Square: Dance to The Berkshire Bateria SAMBA Band** • FREE

### SUNDAY, JUNE 30, 2019

10:30am–11:30am **Fishermen's Mass** at St. Peter the Apostle Church • Celebrant: Bishop Edgar M. DaCunha S.D.V.

12–1pm **Procession from St. Peter the Apostle Church to MacMillan Pier**

11:30am–12:30pm **Portuguese Dancers entertain** in Lopes Square while you wait for the Procession

1pm **72nd Blessing Of The Fleet**

12–4pm **TASCA Portuguese Café at MacMillan Pier**  
Beer and Wine Cash Bar

1–3pm **Portuguese Music and Dancers** at MacMillan Pier • FREE

4–5pm **Traditional Band Concert** by St. Anthony's Band from Cambridge in front of Town Hall • FREE

4–7pm **FINISH UP ANOTHER GREAT FESTIVAL** with get-together at the Old Colony Top with Music by Ed Sheridan and Friends • FREE

[ProvincetownPortugueseFestival.com](http://ProvincetownPortugueseFestival.com)

[facebook.com/ProvincetownPortugueseFestival](https://facebook.com/ProvincetownPortugueseFestival)



S. *Consulado de Portugal em New Bedford* R.

## Provincetown Portuguese Festival 2019

It is with renewed joy and satisfaction that I greet the Portuguese-American Community of Provincetown as well as all members of the Festival organizing committee and volunteer's of the Provincetown Portuguese Festival 2019.

Celebrating Portugal is above all a way of sharing, in community, the unique aspects of a cultural identity that unites us in Massachusetts, in the most diverse points of the USA and in the many countries that have welcomed the Portuguese Diaspora.

I am particularly honored to have been given the opportunity to bring, this year, to Provincetown THE TOAST TO AMERICA, a wonderful initiative that celebrates one of the defining moments of the signing ceremony of the Declaration of Independence in 1776. The Founding Fathers raised a glass of Madeira wine for a joyful commemoration of the institution of the United States of America.

I am so thankful to the Provincetown Portuguese Festival organizing committee for including this symbolic yet full of meaning gesture in the program, sponsored by SARAIVA ENTERPRISES, INC.

Closing this brief message, please accept a extended word of appreciation for the dedication and work put forth year after year, always with the goal of giving back to the wonderful and warm people of Provincetown. Without your individual participation in this collective project, the Portuguese cultural heritage in New England would be poorer.

### Viva Portugal!

*Shelley Pires, Consul of Portugal in New Bedford*



*Shelley Pires, Consul  
of Portugal in New  
Bedford*



## My Story

### *A Fisherman's Daughter's Journey from Olhao to Provincetown*

BY LILIANA DE SOUSA

The day had finally arrived, February 7th, 1961. My mother Maria do Rosario Canelas, my brother Fernando (Freddie) and I were going to "Provincetown" America, as my father called Provincetown. I was very excited but also very scared; I would be traveling by airplane for the first time. No one I knew had ever flown before and I was going to see my father for the first time in about 8 years. He had emigrated by ship to the U.S. in 1953. In Olhao he was a very skilled fishing net maker and fisherman. Because of those skills he had been hired to work on the shrimp boats in the South coast of the US, namely, St. Augustine Florida, Biloxi Mississippi, Brunswick Georgia and a few other cities. He found the life in the south difficult and decided to go find Provincetown. He knew many fishermen from Olhao who lived there or had lived there, including his own father and uncle who'd lived in Provincetown in the early 1900's.

Finally, America was going to be my home. We were going to have a TV and many other "luxuries" that we never had before.

We arrived at Logan Airport in Boston on a very snowy day. My father came to pick us up in Martins



*Liliana, mother Maria, and brother Fernando (Freddie)*

Taxi, which he had hired for the occasion as he didn't own a car or had ever learned to drive. I remember going through immigration and my mother showing all of the papers that we had; a resident visa from the US Embassy in Lisbon, our health records, and other documents allowing us to enter and become permanent residents of the US. We'd waited for our visas for about 3 years and only got them after my father as our sponsor, was able to prove to the US embassy that he had enough money to support us and we would not be a burden to the U.S. government. We were so grateful to finally be coming to America. I still remember what my mother and I were wearing. Our very best clothes of course, that had been made especially for our trip. Freddie also had new clothes that had been made for him.

I remember going through the tunnel, and Mr. Martin telling us that we were driving in a tunnel built under water. Wow, this is really America! Everything was so grand with such big cars and highways and tall buildings. As a young girl of barely 12 years, I was extremely impressed.

I remember driving on Route 6, going through Eastham, Wellfleet and Truro, until we came upon the hill near what is now the Outer Reach Hotel and seeing the Monument through the snow. It was magical, especially since I'd never seen snow before. This is when I fell in love with this little piece of land that I was to forever call home, where I would go to



*Liliana at 7 years of age*



## Toast to America

On Festival's Opening Night "Share Our Table" we'll celebrate one of the most defining moments of the signing of the Declaration of Independence in 1776, when the Founding Fathers raised a glass of Madeira wine for a joyful commemoration of the institution of the United States of America and the **long-standing Portuguese-American friendship.**



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## FAR LAND PROVISIONS is proud to coordinate *Compartilhe Na Nossa Mesa* **"Share Our Table"**

**Taste of Provincetown  
is the Festival Opening Night Food Extravaganza on  
Thursday, June 21, 2019 at the Bas Relief**

*We would like to thank the Outer Cape food establishments that donated signature dishes in 2018. They were...*

Angel Food	Edwidge	Montano's
Bayside Betsy's	Far Land Provisions	Red Inn
Big Daddy's Burrito	Governor Bradford	Ross' Grill
Bubala's	Jimmy's Hideaway	Spindler's
Canteen	John's Foot Long	Strangers and Saints
Chach	Lobster Pot	Squealing Pig
Coffee Pot	Mac's Seafood	Victor's
Connie's Bakery	Maria's Cafe	Vorelli's
East End Marketplace	Mayflower	

school and live a new life.

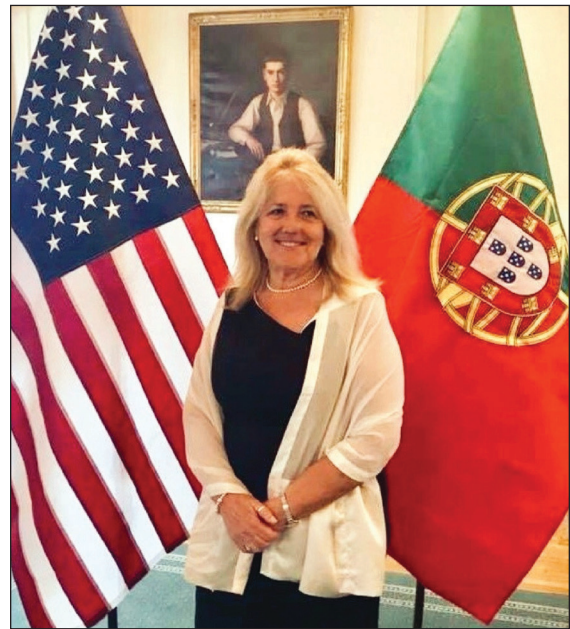
The Monday after we arrived my mother, father, brother and I went to visit the Principal at the high school. Mrs. Grace Collinson picked us up at our house and we walked up the hill to the school so we could register. Because of my age I was placed in 7th grade, skipping 5th and 6th grades.

At first, living in America was not easy. I missed my house in Portugal, my friends and mostly the family we had left behind. Even though every day brought new experiences into my life, it also brought snow, anxiety, and apprehension about not fitting in the Provincetown community and about what I was to face in school each day. My fellow students were very nice and accepting of me, but it was still a challenge and at times, even terrifying. I didn't speak English, and no one my age spoke Portuguese, so I felt lonely and out of place. Also, I was not used to living with my father and that adjustment was difficult. He had left Portugal when I was 3 years old and I only knew him through my mother's eyes and through the words in the letters that he faithfully wrote to us monthly. With the letters came the money that we needed to live on as he was our only means of support. In the letters he would tell us about the wonders of America and how we would be so much better off here and how we would have many more opportunities.

Some of my fellow students tried to communicate with me, through gestures and smiles and even though I was very grateful, I was never sure how I was supposed to act, and dress. Even the food was different. Over the next few months as I adjusted, life became easier and I began to make friends, some of whom I still cherish today.

I was given coloring books to keep busy during the classes. It was embarrassing and the kids liked to play tricks on the substitute teachers using me. The teachers would get angry when they saw me with the coloring books, and they would reprimand me. Since I didn't understand them, it would even make them more irritated, thinking that I was being disrespectful. My fellow students would not say anything to them, as they thought it was funny to play jokes on the teachers. Once I was even sent to the principal's office. Mr. George Leyden was wonderful and would always protect me.

I came to understand that the answer for many of



*Toast to America Celebration in Boston*

my problems was to learn English. I taught myself by keeping a diary, which I would write in daily in Portuguese and every time I learned a certain word in English, I would replace the Portuguese word with the English word. I loved to read, and I started out reading children's books and comic books. I would challenge myself to read more difficult books to perfect my English. I believe that after six months of having arrived in Provincetown, I was able to converse in English. At 13 years of age, I became the interpreter for my parents. It was a very difficult chore for a very young girl, and a task I didn't enjoy, as I would go to the doctors with them, shopping, and whatever other business that needed to be done.

I have wonderful memories of the next six years spent at Provincetown High School. Prom time, walks out to the dunes, hanging around the Town Hall, with Joyce Woods, Gail Gaspie, Irene McKay and other girls in my class, dances at the Community Center and bowling at the bowling alley were all very special. I was living an American teenager's life. Over time I assimilated fairly well, since I wanted to become American and not be different from everyone else.

From Joyce's grandmother I learned about baloney sandwiches, hot dog stew and ketchup. She took me on shopping trips to Hyannis. Gail and Irene's mothers were wonderful and kind to me. It seems I



**Provincetown Chapter established February 1932**

**Bert H. Paige**   **Sivert J. Benson**   **Myric C. Young**  
President                      Secretary                      Treasurer

**THE PROVINCETOWN LIONS CLUB IS PROUD TO BE  
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**Provincetown  
Portuguese  
Festival 2019**

VISIT OUR  
*Portuguese  
Food Court*

**SATURDAY 11:30am-7:30pm**

under the tent at the Bas Relief

Beer and Wine Cash Bar. **No cover charge.**



Lee White

(l-r) John Ferro, Buzzy Morris, Billy Grozier

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**Lee White**   **Peter Grosso**   **John K. Roderick**  
President                      Secretary                      Treasurer

*Perhaps some day, your name will be here*



often spent more time at my friend's houses than at my own. I don't think I ever told them how much I appreciated their kindness and acceptance.

By the age of 14, I was working at the White Village in Truro, buying my own clothes and taking care of myself. Life in Provincetown was great. In the 11th grade a classmate named Steve invited me to the prom. I was so excited as I didn't think I would get invited. The 12th grade brought a class trip to both Washington and New York and then graduation.

What was I to do after graduation? I asked the guidance counselor for assistance in choosing what I was going to do after high school. In retrospect, I wish that she had believed in me more. My parents were not able to help me make any kind of decision. Not that they didn't want to help, but they didn't know how. At 17 I needed to make decisions for myself.

My mother never got acclimated to living in the US. The weather was very cold, and she missed her family back in Portugal. Neither she nor my father had learned to speak English. My father was a fisherman and most of the crew of the fishing boats he went out on spoke Portuguese. Even though my mother could not help me with the decision process, she helped me with the emotional process of growing up. She taught me to be respectful, kind and humble, and to never take anything for granted.

I applied to modeling school in N.Y. but didn't have enough money to go to school and live in New York. I got an application to the Peace Corp as I'd found out they were looking for Portuguese speaking volunteers. But since I was only 17 when I graduated from H.S., they didn't accept me. Steve, my high school sweetheart since the prom, was going to college in Boston and I decided to follow him.

And so, I did attend a hairdressing school, and lived at the Berkeley Residence Club in Boston, a place that offered safe and affordable housing for young women. There I had the good fortune of meeting a group of wonderful women who taught me to live a life outside of Provincetown. They took me to the Nutcracker Ballet, the Boston Pops, and Boston Public Library. I became a fan of the Boston Celtics, Boston Patriots and the

Red Sox. I spent many hot summer nights sitting in the bleachers at Fenway Park, cheering on my favorites Carl Yastrzemski, Rico Patrocelli and Tony Conigliaro. I cried with the rest of his fans when he was involved in the accident that almost took his life.

But Provincetown was still home, and I missed it. Every weekend Steve and I would get in his car and make the drive home.

The summer after my graduation from high school, my mother and I took our first trip back to Portugal. I had only been gone for five years, but even though I still spoke Portuguese fluently, I felt and acted differently than the friends and family I had left behind. Once again, I felt displaced, confused and sad. I felt out of place in Portugal, my first home and place of birth. Although it was fun being back, and great to see my family, after a while I wanted to come back to my American home.

One evening I received a most unexpected call from a family friend also from Olhao that was going to change the direction of my life. He asked me if I would be interested in working at the Portuguese Consulate General in Boston. Who, me? Those kinds of jobs don't come around very often and most certainly not for an 18 year old with basically no qualifications, other than that I spoke, read and wrote both English and Portuguese. At first I felt unqualified for the job, and petrified that I was not going to be able to do the work. But I was determined and worked hard. I became the Consul's secretary, (thank you Miss Medeiros for the H.S. typing.) At just 18 I was



*International Institute Gala with Portuguese Community Leaders, 1972  
Second from left, Portuguese Consul Dr. Freitas, Center, Liliana*



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booking the Park Plaza Hotel in Boston and organizing galas for the Day of Portugal celebrations and other Consulate cultural events. I was interacting with, and meeting people that I never thought I would ever meet; such as the Secretary of State John F.X. Davoren, the Archbishop of Boston, Cardinal Medeiros who was Portuguese, and many more political and sports figures. I was invited to basketball and hockey games by some of the players. It was quite the whirlwind for a Portuguese girl from Olhao, via Provincetown.

I was at the Consulate for five years when again opportunity knocked at my door. TAP Airlines opened in Boston. Its manager was from the Algarve and a friend of the Consul. The Consul was being transferred to another post and my friend at the consulate was also leaving to go work for TAP. Would I like to go work for TAP as well? I course I would! And it was a dream job for 10 years, until TAP decided to close its Boston airport office. It was a challenging, exciting and fun period in my life. I got to travel to Portugal every month to visit my parents, (they had moved back to Olhao). I got to travel to places around the world that I would never have dreamt of going.

Meanwhile, I did get married to my high school sweetheart, but sadly it didn't work out. At 30 years of age, I married a second time and was blessed with two wonderful children, Maria and Erik Murray.

When TAP closed its operation at Logan Airport, I was invited to transfer to Lisbon, but that was no longer a good option for me. As I had taken management classes at Northeastern University, I was hired as an office manager for a private medical clinic.

When my mother became sick with Alzheimer's disease, I traveled to Portugal to bring her back to Provincetown so she could be closer to my brother and myself. When my children were young I would, as often as I could, make the three hour drive to town to see my mother.



*Liliana at Heritage Day of Portugal in the State House, Boston, where exemplary individuals from the Portuguese-American communities throughout the Commonwealth are honored for their noteworthy contributions.*

Over the years, I have volunteered at different functions in the in Portuguese communities in the Boston and New Bedford areas. I felt very good doing it and I really enjoyed interacting with other Portuguese people. I also wanted my children not to forget where I had come from, both Provincetown and Portugal.

20 years ago, I happened to be in town for the annual Blessing of the Fleet and felt very nostalgic. It was such a wonderful tradition. I remembered that was the only time of the year my father would put on a suit and tie, and my mother would get all dressed up for fisherman's dinner at the Provincetown Inn. I re-

membered how much fun I had being on a fishing boat while it was blessed by the Bishop. That day was always the biggest party in Provincetown and boats would compete with each other for the best food and the best decorations.

I felt I wanted to be part of the Blessing celebrations and thought I might be able to contribute to the Provincetown Portuguese culture. Thus began my involvement with the Provincetown Portuguese Festival.

Being a part of the Festival team has brought me such fun and joy, I even like the regular 250 mile drive for meetings during the planning stages of the weekend event. I've reconnected with old friends and have made many new ones. It has meant so much to me to be able to contribute to the promotion of Provincetown and its Portuguese culture, which is uniquely Provincetown.

12 years ago, I was also invited to become a member of the Boston Portuguese Festival committee, and eventually became its President for the last few years.

I have been extremely blessed to participate in these 2 important events. In 2012, I was honored to be the recipient of the Portuguese Heritage Award, which was bestowed at the Massachusetts State House by the Portuguese Caucus in the presence of

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## Provincetown Portuguese *Festival 2019*

### Portuguese Festival Team

Susan Avellar, Liliana DeSousa, Beverley Ferreira,  
Kathleen Gribbin, Maureen Joseph Hurst,  
Susan Leonard, Chris King, David Mayo, Tim McNulty,  
Donald Murphy, Jeffrey Perry, Mike Potenza,  
Shannon Sawyer, Nancy Burch Silva, Paul Silva,  
Charles Souza, Rich Waldo

Cover: "Provincetown Dragger Up For Repairs"  
painting by Frank Milby

Graphic Design: Ewa Nogiec, iamProvincetown.com

### Provincetown Portuguese Festival

P.O. Box 559, Provincetown, MA 02657

ProvincetownPortugueseFestival.com  
facebook.com/ProvincetownPortugueseFestival





*Liliana and the President of Portugal,  
Marcelo Rebelo de Sousa*



*Liliana celebrates aboard the Sagres with Fr. Walter Carreiro  
of St. Anthony's Parish, Cambridge, a life-long friend.*

the president of Portugal. One year later I was awarded the Community Service Award by PALCUS, the Portuguese American Leadership Council of the United State. This event took place in Washington D.C. in the Presence of the Portuguese Ambassador.


Most recently, I became a Commander in the Order of Merit awarded to me by the Portuguese President Rebelo de Sousa. It took place on board the N.T.P. Sagres. I am beyond humbled that people have wanted to reward me for something that is so close to my heart, promoting Portuguese Culture.

I can see my mother's eyes light up with pride that the daughter of a humble fisherman would one day be given an award by the Portuguese President.

"The Order of Merit is a Portuguese Honorific Order of civil merit intended to award those responsible for meritorious acts or services performed in the exercise of any functions both in the public and the

private sphere, which reveal self-sacrifice in favor of the Portuguese community." Father Walter Carreiro

I have been living in this country for over 50 years and my life in America has been blessed with great opportunities, many beautiful friends and a wonderful family that changes in amazing ways. Just last year, I became a grandmother for the first time, a blessed event I will treasure forever. I am looking forward with joy to a new addition to our family, as well as my daughter Maria's marriage.

A long time ago I overheard my daughter telling someone that, "my mother is only happy when she is disseminating Portuguese culture." I thought about it and you are so right, Maria. And the same is true when I am in Portugal. There I proudly brag about American culture and what it means to me. 

*23rd Annual*  
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Chef Tim preparing lobsters



## Generations of Fishermen

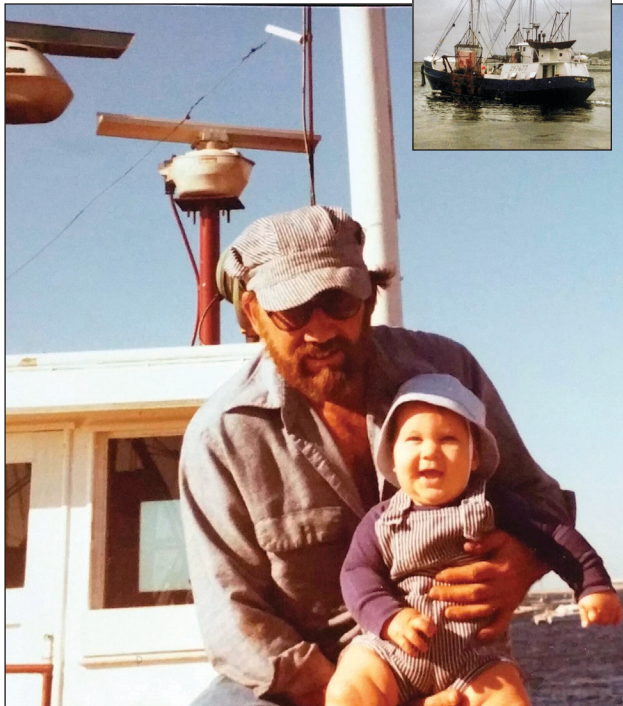
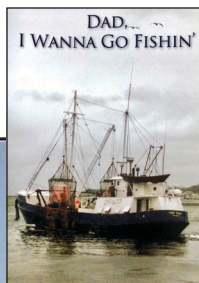
BY J.J. DUTRA

There's a place where old and new meet, where traditions are passed on, and men continue from generation to generation doing what seems to come naturally to them. That place is out upon the ocean, where Provincetown fishermen can trace their family heritage back decades, and even centuries. Fathers taught sons, passing along traditions, skills, and knowledge. Everyone agrees that fishing has changed, but the men who fish have not. Hard work, long hours, and difficult conditions are as prominent today as they were a hundred years ago. In spite of this, men and women step aboard boats to try their hands at fishing. Today's fishermen come from a variety of backgrounds. Many are born into fishing families, others learned their skills from the captains and crews, and some came to fishing by sheer determination. They all seemed to have many things in common, motivation, hope, and a love of the sea. They are motivated to provide fish for many, and make

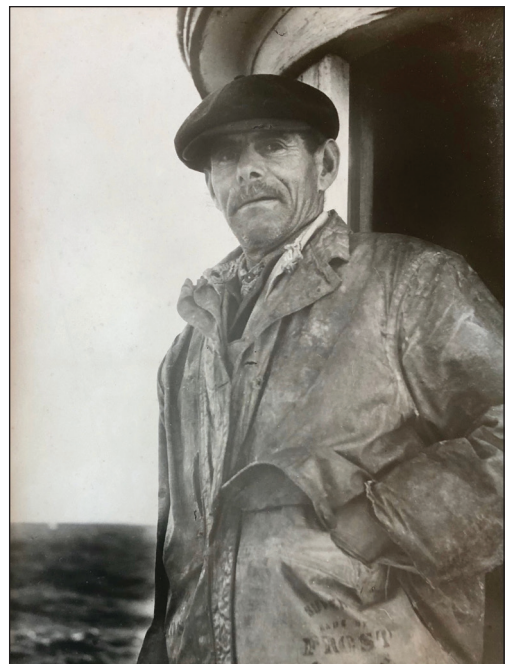
an honest living for themselves. They are hopeful for a good catch, decent prices, and a safe return. No one would go out upon the sea day after day, in all kinds of weather, unless they had that special feeling about the sea, a feeling that brings joy and satisfaction. Our town is filled with such men. They each have a story to tell, and I wish I could tell them all.

Like many young Provincetown men, Tommy Thomas, known as "T.T.," began fishing when his father Manuel took him on his first fishing trip. He was 10 years old, and loved every minute of fishing on the Joan and Tom. Tommy worked summers, cutting and cleaning whiting, mackerel, and sea scallops alongside his father. Tommy recalled, "My father was a quiet man who was fond of saying, *You get out of life what you put into life.*"

Unfortunately, the *Joan and Tom* sank on Memorial Day, in 1967. The pumps on the *Joan and Tom* had stopped functioning, and the boat rapidly took on water. Another fisherman, Larry Cavana-



Peter Cook and young son, Peter



Manual Diogo, David Dutra's grandfather aboard the F/V Fanny Pamel



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Tommy and his father Manuel “Dr. Foo”  
in the pilot house of the Joan and Tom.  
Photo compliments of the Thomas family

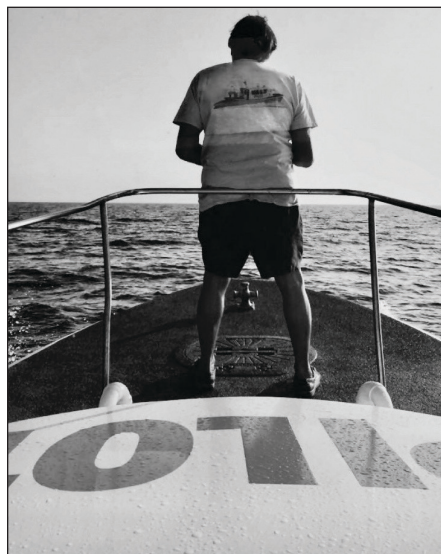
ugh, was near-by, and was able to rescue the captain and his crew, getting them into a lifeboat at 3 a.m. in the morning. The *Joan and Tom* was sold while it was still underwater, then raised, and rebuilt. The *Joan and Tom* continued fishing for 38 more years, eventually returning to fish in Provincetown. It later sank for the second time at MacMillan Wharf, on October 5, 2005. It’s sad fate was that it was now going to be dismantled and cut for scrap lumber.

After the loss of the family boat, Tommy T. continued to fish. He was Captain, President and Pilot Boat Operator at TJ Marine LLC in Fairhaven, and later worked the docks, overseeing the many vessels that arrived in port to unload their catch. He also ran a water boat in New Bedford. Although retired, Tommy still has that keen love for all things fishing.

Peter Cook was born into a fishing family and was raised in this tight-knit community. He co-produced a documentary film entitled: *Dad, I Wanna Go Fishin’* about life as a fisherman in the 1950’s, 60’s, and 70’s. “It was a time when burdens were more

readily shared, where community bonds were strong, and all men were brothers.” It’s a wonderful, personal story. Peter’s grandfather was a whaler and fisherman, his father Joseph G. Cook was a fisherman, and Peter continued the heritage, fishing with Ray Duarte on the *Kathy-Jo*. Peter also fished on the *Barbara Lee* and the *Ruthie L.*, and also the *Little Infant*. Eventually, work brought him on shore as a mechanic. He ran his own garage, and presently works for the Town of Provincetown.

Provincetown native Mike Rego was eight years old when his dad took him on his first fishing trip aboard the *Sara Lynn*. “After that trip, I knew I wanted to be a fisherman,” Mike told me. His dad, Anthony “Tony” Thomas, was captain of many of the fishing druggers, and Mike fished with him as often as he could. Tony fished with Henry Duarte on the *Charlotte G*. He was captain of the *Porpoise* and the *Sara Lynn*. He remembers his dad saying, “Good grub, poor wages.” He went on to say that fishing has changed, and that the fishery is now heavily regulated. “Gone are the days when fishermen would gather to help mend a net, assist when changing gear, or lend a hand to someone repairing an engine.” On any given day, boats would fish in clusters and hail each other the amount of fish they were catching. Fishermen were generous with their time and their catch. Fish was given away to anyone who asked. “When we were fishing for whiting, the local women would show up with pails, and they were never turned away.



T.T. on his Pilot Boat



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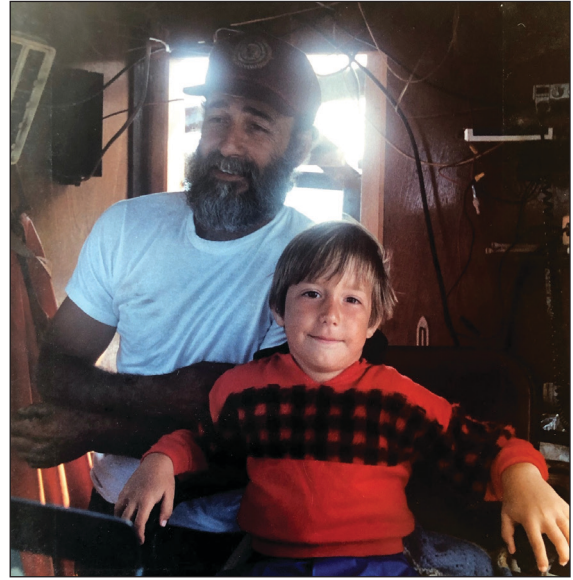


*Dave, Jackson and Bobby on deck*

After every fishing trip, we gave fish away,” Mike said. Rego is the captain and owner of the *Miss Lilly*. “My daughter, Lillian, age 12, has been out fishing with me. She loves it. I don’t know if she will choose to go fishing, but if she does, I won’t discourage her!”

William Souza, “Billy”, is a third generation fisherman, and his son Jeffery is the fourth generation family member to fish from Provincetown. In the past, the family fished for mackerel using long lines. At one time, they dragged a net for fish, and a rake for sea scallops. Their first boat sank, and they unfortunately lost their state permits due to a technicality. Father and son now currently fish for lobster, each one using their own vessels, the *Raider III*, and *Crash*. The tradition is carried on.

The stories of fishermen are varied and many. Miguel Diogo was my husband David Dutra’s maternal grandfather. Miguel owned and fished the *Fanny Parnell* until his death, at which time his son-in-law David Souza, my husband’s father, took over the fishing business. David Souza (no relation to Billy and Jeffery Souza) died at 47 years of age. The boat was sold and David’s mother Juliana Diogo Souza re-married Herman Dutra. David began fishing when he was a boy, going out on the trapboats during summer vacation. He loved fishing, being master of his own fate, and being out on the water. My sons, Jackson and Robert, were born and raised in Provincetown. They fished with their dad on his boats, the *Wildflower* and then the *Richard and Arnold*. David liked to joke that they would go fishing “as soon as they could lift a basket full of fish.” Jackson spent all his summers fishing with his father when he was in high school, and Bob did the same. It was expected that



*Passing on the legacy, David and Bobby on the Richard and Arnold*



*Tony Thomas and Mike Rego*



*Peter Cook and his brother Joe on board the F/V Kathy-Jo*

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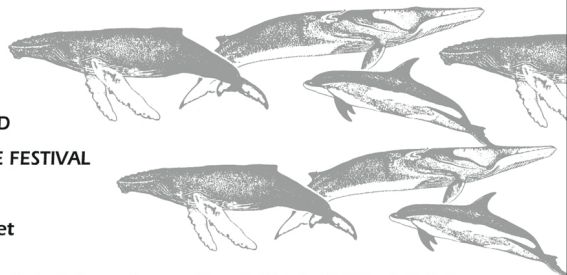


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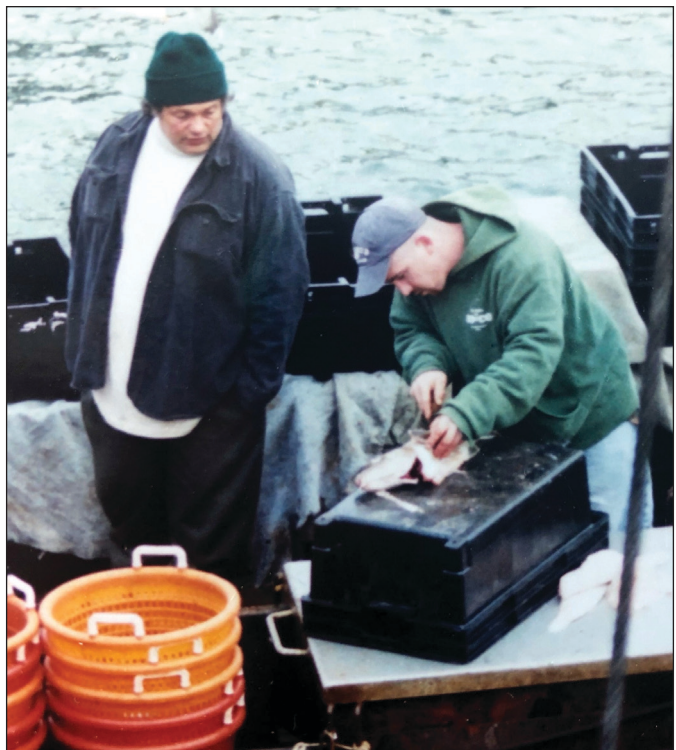


sons would follow their fathers and grandfathers, continuing the succession of fishermen, passing the torch. David discouraged his sons from entering into the fishing industry. The regulations, the cut-backs in allocation, and the decline in fish numbers led Dave to believe that there were better ways to make a living. Our son Jackson chose carpentry as a trade, and builds houses, and Bob chose to attend the Massachusetts Maritime Academy. He subsequently spent ten years on tankers and tugboats. After David's death in 2016, Bob returned home to be a fisherman, following in his father's footsteps. His dad would be proud. Bob now owns his own boat, the *Roxley*. The boat is named for my three grandchildren, Ryan, Olivia, and Alex. All three have spent time aboard the *Richard and Arnold* fishing with their granddad. They now spend their summer days fishing with Bob, catching sea scallops, squid, fluke, and all kinds of bottom fish. Of, course, no matter what my grandchildren decide to do with their lives, I will be proud of them, but perhaps one day, a grandchild of mine will find fishing to be their way of life, and the torch will be passed on to the next generation.

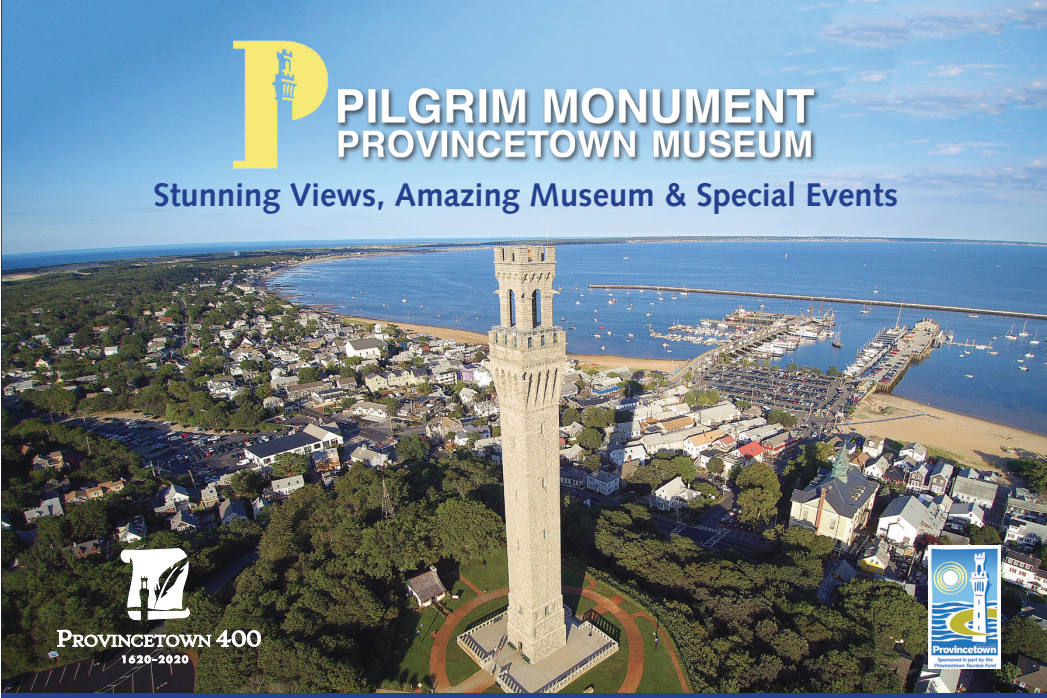
Some of the family names of those who fished from Provincetown include: Salvador, Russe, Lisbon, Macara, Newcomb, Frade, Thomas, Segura, Adams, Dutra, Marshall, Parsons, Sears, Forrest, Santos, Joseph, Cross, Rogers, Reis, Parrone, Captiva, Rivers, Viegas, Diego, Corea, Alexander, Taves, Souza, Duarte, O'Donnell, Malaquias, Silva, Mayo, Viera, Walsh, Nickerson, Burch, Henderson, Newcomb, O'Neill, Meads, Adams, Cabral, Johnson, Rose, Mooney, Vasques, Taylor, Tarvers, Pickard, Milewski, Brown, Fuller, Caton, Cook, Sants, Costa, Nelson, Lewis, Pires, Russell, Peters, Rorro, King, Young, Dias, Gribbon, Tasha, Perry, DaLomba, Storer, Clark, Amaru, Rego, Smith, Weeks, Ferreira, Passion, Coelho, Pacellini, Henrique, Cordeiro, Mendes, Francis, Correiro, Brown, Roderick, Gill, Gaspa, and many others. Some continue to fish, some have moved on to other fields, and many have crossed the bar. They have all played a very significant part in the historic fishing industry of Provincetown. 🌊



Peter Cook and his friend Charlie Cook aboard the *Stella*



Tony watches Mike file fish



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## Azorean Open Boat Whaling

BY SUSAN LEONARD

*M*uch like their fathers and grandfathers before them, who were born in the Azores, Provincetown boys were born with an oar in their hands. Their skill in handling small craft came of necessity and practicality in a Provincetown of the mid 1800's to early 1900's where unpaved streets still were the norm and most enterprise was along the shore. A boy could row from one end of town to the other faster than it could be walked and he was ready to do a man's work in a dory with his father setting tubs of trawl lines off shore. Men were created worthy of the danger and demands of handling a surf boat in the U.S. Life Saving Service and later as Surfmen in the Coast Guard. As a matter of fact, in the early 1900's the No.1 Surfman at Wood End Station was Francesco A. Silva, a whaler born in Faial. In war

time, it wasn't unheard of for Provincetown men to be directly assigned a ship, entirely skipping basic training.

It was this trait and skill of Azoreans coupled with their intrepid spirit that made them the favored whalers to have aboard American whale ships. They were signed on for the boat handling expertise they possessed, not for general seamanship in operating a sailing vessel. They earned the favored positions of harpooners and dart and lance throwers and in some cases became shipmasters themselves in the later years of whaling.

The Azoreans were eager to get a site aboard a whaler. The social and economic pressures were quite pressing for the Azorean people. Mothers would row out to ships moored in the harbor pleading that their young sons be taken on, in order to escape conscrip-



*Photograph by Robert Clark*

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tion in the Portuguese military, with no promise of ever seeing them again. The population was outstripping its ability to provide enough food for itself.

Provincetown vessels, “plum puddings” as they were called, were known to take advantage of the closeness of the Azorean waters for shorter voyages hunting sperm whales. It made for a very easy arrangement with crew being able to stay on either side of the Atlantic and be at the ready and support their families. One statistic states fully 2/3 of all sperm whales caught were off the Azorean waters.

By the mid-1800’s, Azoreans, having been trained as whalers returned home to begin whaling from land in open boats whose design they refined from the American style whaleboats to suit their unique style of whaling. The first large scale whale processing plant was established in Porto Pim, Faial in 1851. Over the years, all of the islands participated in this type of whaling. At its peak, there were 21 whaling stations. Open boat whaling continued until 1987 when Portugal entered the European Union and was bound by treaties to cease whaling.

The islands with their towering, volcanic headlands provided an excellent vantage point to situate lookouts. Dotted along the coastlines, towers known as “vigias” were built whose view of the horizon over-

lapped with the next vigia down the line. This gave competing whaling boat crews an even chance of getting to the whaling grounds. Once a pod of whales was spotted the lookout gave the signal by shooting off rockets to alert the crews.

Whaleboat crews were prepared to drop whatever they were doing and launch their boats, which were stored on land, down greased skids. Whaling was not a full time occupation for any of these men. Everyday occupations of farming, dairy farming and building trades were plied almost exclusively until the whales appeared. The mundane jobs were done for survival, but whaling was done for the cash it could earn.

The highly refined and very maneuverable whaleboats shot out from shore under sail and oars towards the whaling grounds. The boat design had developed over the years from the stodgier American version it probably derived from into a trim, sleek vessel 36 – 42 feet in length, rather than the usual 28 to 31 feet of the American boats. It cut a crisp, silent path through the water. Even during the advent of the diesel engine when the boats would get towed out to open waters by launches, the whalers always set sail and oars to stay out of ear shot of the whales, approaching their prey for its unfortunate end. 🌊



*Azorean open whaling boat in Provincetown Harbor during the Blessing of The Fleet*

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Brenda Silva is a Provincetown native whose paintings reflect her heritage: the fishing fleet, seascapes, dune scapes and local scenes. Self-taught, her signature use of vibrant color often translates into paintings that are atmospheric, reflective, quiet. "I paint what I know," she says, "the rugged sea, the working fishing fleet, the vivid color showing contrast between the calm sea and the character of each vessel." A commissioned work hanging in Bulgaria's American University library acknowledges the welcoming connection Provincetown has with its many student workers. Brenda is represented in Provincetown by Cortile Gallery. Join us to celebrate the opening reception with light refreshments. The exhibition runs through July 15.



Brenda Silva, *End of the Day*,  
20 x 20", 2016  
Courtesy Cortile Gallery



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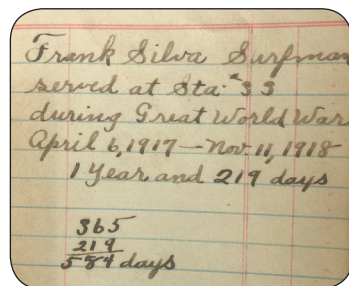
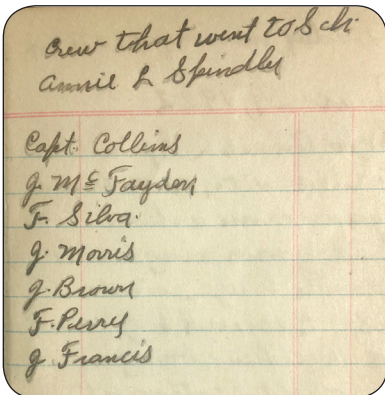
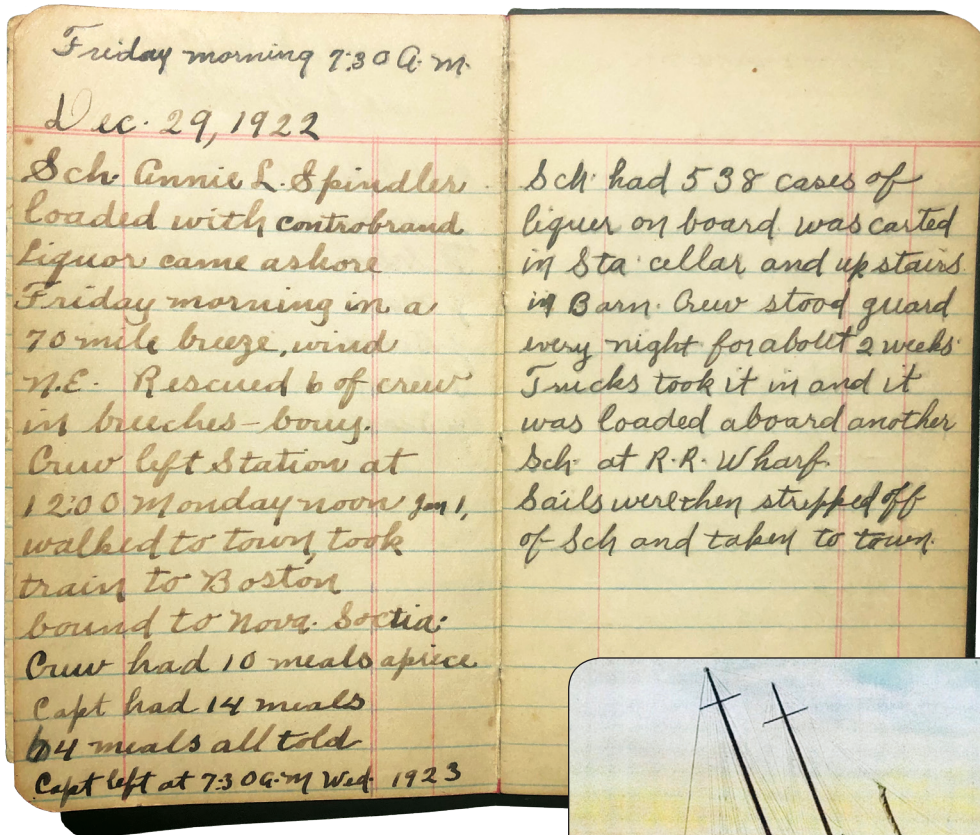
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# The Wreck of the Rum Runner Annie L. Spindler

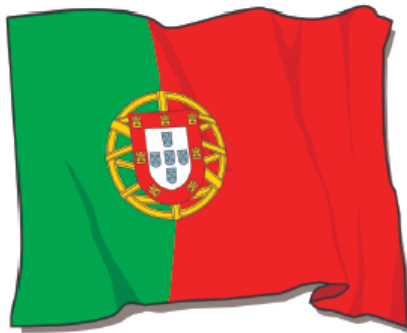
A first-hand account of the wreck of the Schooner Annie L. Spindler. It was hand written by Frank Silva, a crew member of the Race Point Life Saving Station in Provincetown, Massachusetts. Two other accounts of the same event follow.



Surfman Frank Silva demonstrating the Semaphore Flag telegraphy system used to send messages.

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## The Wreck of the Annie L. Spindler, December 27, 1922

The following excerpt is from the Provincetown History Project / the Boxell Collection

There is an amusing and ironic tale about the wreck of the *Annie L. Spindler*. It seems a French-Canadian skipper was running a cargo of rum off Race Point one dark and stormy night during the prohibition days. He must have been thanking his lucky stars that he had almost reached Massachusetts Bay, having made the run without an engine and avoided the Coast Guard, when a “gutterin’ no’easter” batted back the vessel like a shuttlecock and she grounded directly in front of the Coast Guard State at Race Point. There sat the *Spindler* with her “hot cargo”, neatly delivered at the Coast Guards’ front door. The good skipper, however, had no intention of losing his cargo as well as his ship. His papers, as was the case with all rum runners, was made out to the West Indies. Vigorously he protested that he had been blown off his course, denying any intention of making for Plymouth where a “shuttle ship” would transfer his cases ashore.

Meanwhile, half of Provincetown had got wind of the wreck and had rushed out to the Race for pickings. The citizens “salvaged” what they could find on the beach. For safekeeping, the Coast Guardsmen broke open the hold and took the entire cargo into the basement of the station. There it was held from Provincetown’s army of volunteer “rescue workers” while the skipper got in touch with the owners. Another vessel was sent from Nova Scotia and tied up to Railroad Wharf. The obliging authorities of the Coast Guard provided trucks and took enough men off rum patrol duty to transport the cargo from Race Point to the wharf. There it was loaded on the second vessel, which also had papers make out for the

West Indies. That night, the liquor was taken across Bay and unloaded at Plymouth! 


### Mary Heaton Vorse

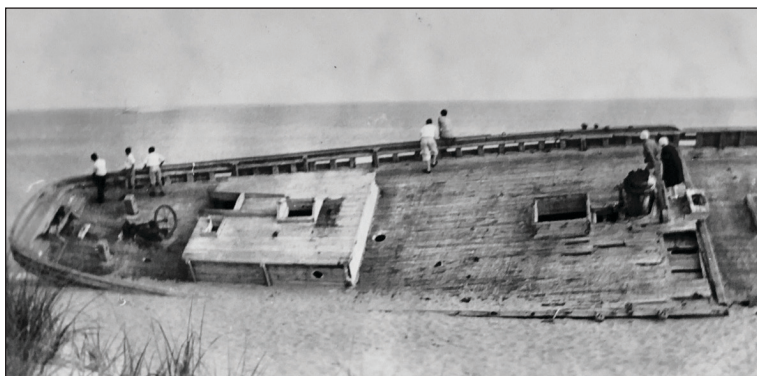
*Time and the Town* Chapter 21, *Days of the Locust*

“When I returned to Provincetown in the spring of 1923, after a long absence, the *Annie Spindler*, a rumrunner, lay wrecked on the outside shore, just where the road to Race Point ends, and the town was full of Haig and Haig pinch bottles.

This vessel was beached here in the winter of 1923. She was supposed to be proceeding from Nova Scotia to Jamaica, with a fine cargo of Haig and Haig and other good liquors, when she sprang a leak. She could claim the hospitality of international law. When a vessel is wrecked it is the duty of our government to provide guard for trans-shipment. Another vessel came into Provincetown to receive the precious cargo. Under guard it was transferred across to the waiting vessel. But in the meantime many a Provincetowner had seen the fine liquor and a large portion of it was said to have come back quietly by night, or perhaps never to have left the harbor.

The story of the *Annie Spindler* should have warned me that a new era had begun in Provincetown. The old life whose pace was slow and easy, like the tide coming in, lasted until 1920. Now it was gone.

During 1921 and 1922 prohibition and cars changed the whole life of the country.” 



Wreck of the *Annie L. Spindler*  
Photograph courtesy of  
Carole Yeager, Gloucester



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## 1937 Flood in Evansville, Indiana




Little did the seasoned crews of U.S. Coast Guard surf-men anticipate that they would be put on a train along with their picket boats and surfboats and sent halfway across the U.S. to put their rescue skills to use.

The winter of 1937 brought catastrophic, torrential rains and a Spring thaw to the Ohio River Valley that persisted for almost the entire month of January. Entire towns were under water and thousands of people were at risk with the threat of dams and levees failing. A million people were left homeless at the height of the Great Depression.

President Franklin Roosevelt ordered up one of the largest rescue operations in the history of the U.S. Coast Guard; 142 officers and 1,700 enlisted men from the Great Lakes, and the Atlantic and Gulf Coast.

Included among them was a contingent of four men from Wood End Station in Provincetown who were sent to the staging point of Evansville, Indiana. The water level had reached 54 feet in Evansville; deep enough to moor the picket boats on the front lawn of the Hotel McCurdy. The Coast Guard had to resort to using service station road maps to navigate the flooded countryside.

In his own words, Frank Silva tells us about the experience of shipping out to Evansville, Indiana to do their part in the rescue. 



Coast Guards, who had been absent on flood duty, returned to Wood End Station in Provincetown. Greeted on their arrival were, left to right: Surfman Manuel Bent, Warrant Boatswain Alvin E. Newcomb, Motor-Machinist's Mate Charles A. Forrest and Surfman Frank Silva.

## Frank Silva's Words

Bound out West to  
Flood Area  
Monday - Jan. 25, 1937

Left Long Point Provincetown, Mass  
in Picket boat attached to Wood End  
Coast Guard Station at 12:15 P.M.  
arrived at Boston Navy Yard at  
2:45 P.M.; reported to J. G. Glynn  
at Pier 10, aboard the City Point  
Coast Guard Station. Ordered over  
to Railroad Dock, to prepare boat  
for shipment, aboard flat car,  
for destination. Took down mast  
and smoke stack, and stowed them  
away. Pumped out about 90 gals.  
of gas. from boat, as no gas was  
allowed in tanks. We then changed  
our dates, and saw that the boat  
was softly landed aboard a  
flat car. From that wharf we  
rode in a truck, back to Pier 10

Terre Haute Ind. after a 3 hour  
stop. 9.30 A.M. Thurs. <sup>25 Jan.</sup> we are now  
at Vincennes, Ind. 5-6 miles from  
Evansville, flood waters noticeable  
9.00 A.M. Thurs. Central time,  
we are in Evansville now  
plenty of water. It is now 1.00 P.M.  
Thursday Jan. 28, 1937 we are in  
Hotel M<sup>c</sup>Curdy, in Evansville Ind.  
and waiting to go out to get  
something to eat, we have room 739  
four of us & beds. Capt. Forest, Bent,  
Sibra. Plenty of water every where.  
Had our supper, took a look  
around to see the flood sights,  
and some sights. Our brats  
are still on tracks, unload  
in morning, and go to rescue  
work - Conditions here very

bad, but we will follow  
blood up river, where conditions  
are worse. Our boats about 15  
will all be unloaded in morning  
so I guess that is all for to-night.  
Thursday Jan. 28, 1937 will  
continue to-morrow. Friday Jan.  
29, 1937. We unloaded the boats  
to-day, backed the cars right  
down in the water and a crane  
took them off, no troubles starting  
motor, had to clean boat, it  
was a mess of soot & cinders,  
from the engine. Had a Shupshire  
coat, and 1 pair of stockings, & pair  
of gloves, given to us from the  
Red Cross. The water have risen  
2 inches to-day, and the river  
is a raging torrent to-night.



## A Tribute to Luis Ribas

'There is something missing down the pier' I hear from people this year. A gentle presence, a firm hand, or the practical knowledge of years at sea; yes, Luis Ribas has passed. That he has touched so many down the pier is testament to his Love of Provincetown, its harbor and our pier. I hear from the commercial fishermen and other captains who counted on Luis to keep the operation and equipment running, from townspeople that are missing his friendly, outgoing greetings, from his fellow firefighters (and the people whose very lives depended on him), we are missing that unique style of English that those of us working with him had to learn and came to love; we are certainly missing something down the pier this year. Our Deputy Harbormaster Luis Ribas has left an indelible impression on the hearts and minds of the people that live and work this little spit of land surrounded by ocean.



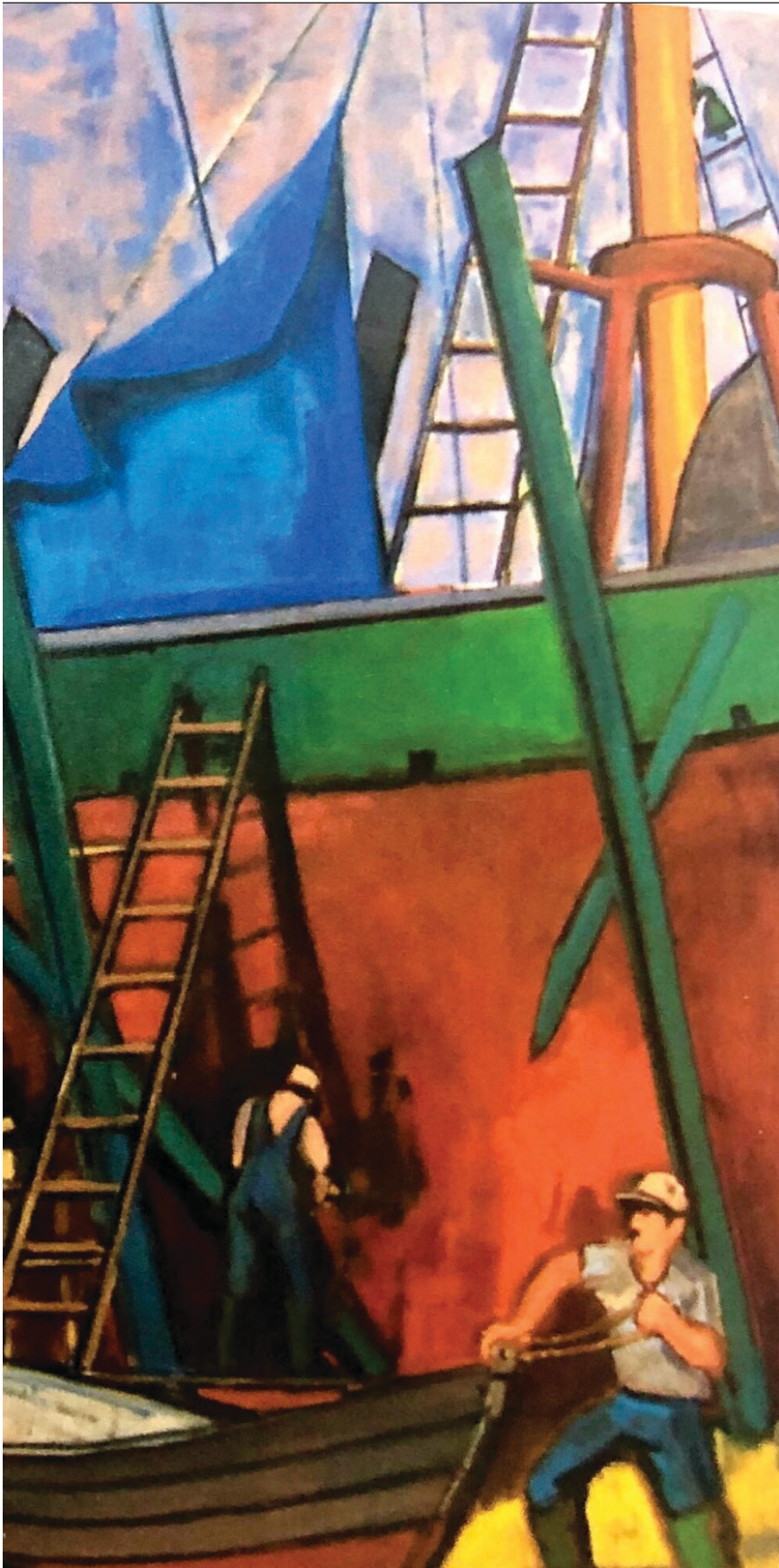
When Saint Peter is carried down the pier this year to the Blessing of the Fleet, as Luis had done so many times before, I know that he will be watching with Saint Peter as we process down the pier to ask the blessings of Deity for another good and safe fishing year.

Luis was grounded by the traditions of his homeland while raising his family in a new world, An old soul embracing new tech, a prudent mariner and gracious host, a skilled mechanic while innately reading the natural environment of the ocean. Of all the years I have known and worked with Luis, I have learned all these things about him, but what he held most dear, his True Love that never lapsed, was for his wife and family. They, most of all, are missing him down the pier.

**God Speed, Captain**  
Rex McKinsey







*"Flyer's Boatyard" by Salvatore Del Deo  
Courtesy Berta Walker Gallery*



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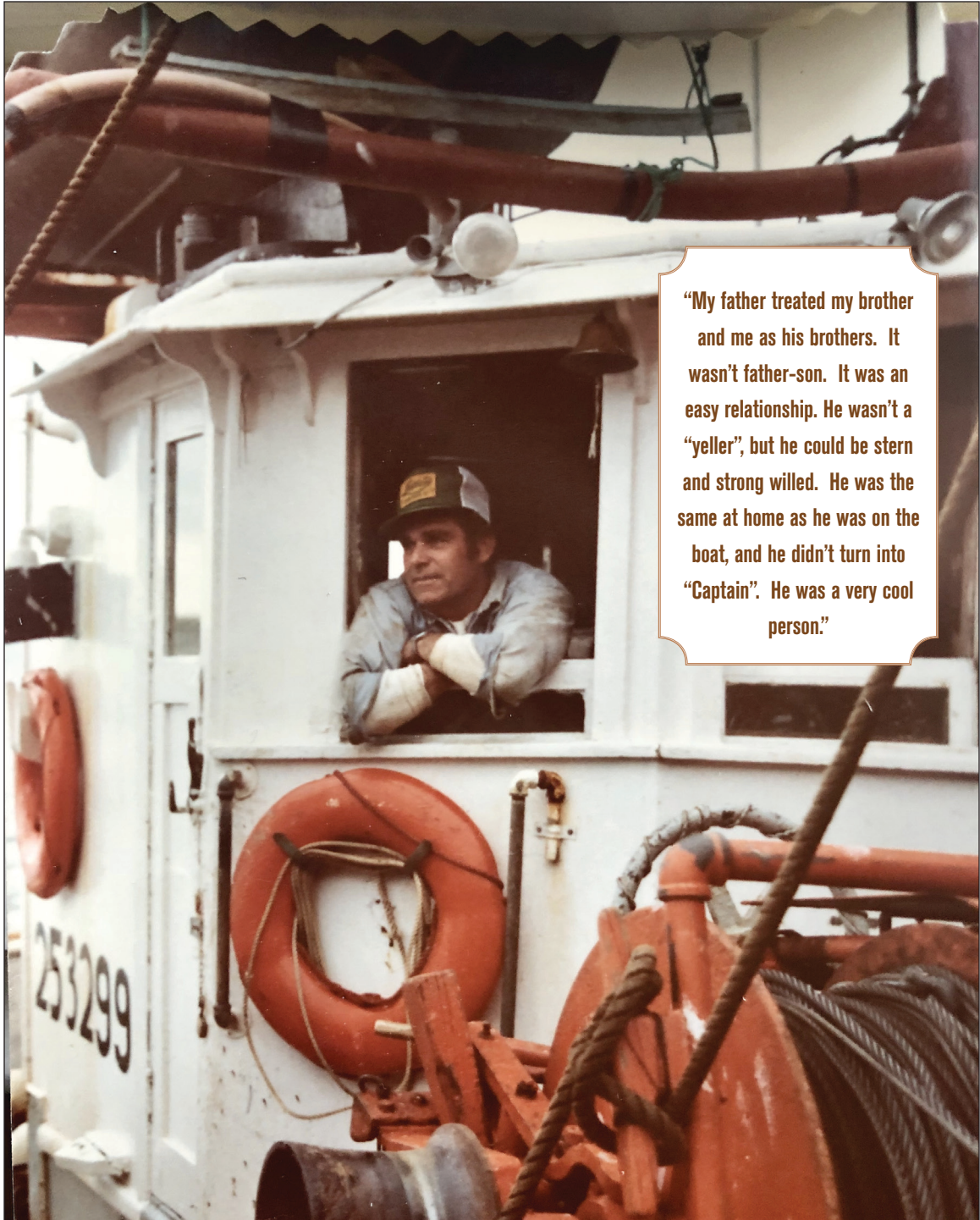
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## Fishing – My Second Life

MANNY MACARA IN CONVERSATION WITH NANCY SILVA



**“My father treated my brother and me as his brothers. It wasn’t father-son. It was an easy relationship. He wasn’t a “yeller”, but he could be stern and strong willed. He was the same at home as he was on the boat, and he didn’t turn into “Captain”. He was a very cool person.”**

*Manny looking out from the pilot house of the Patsea*

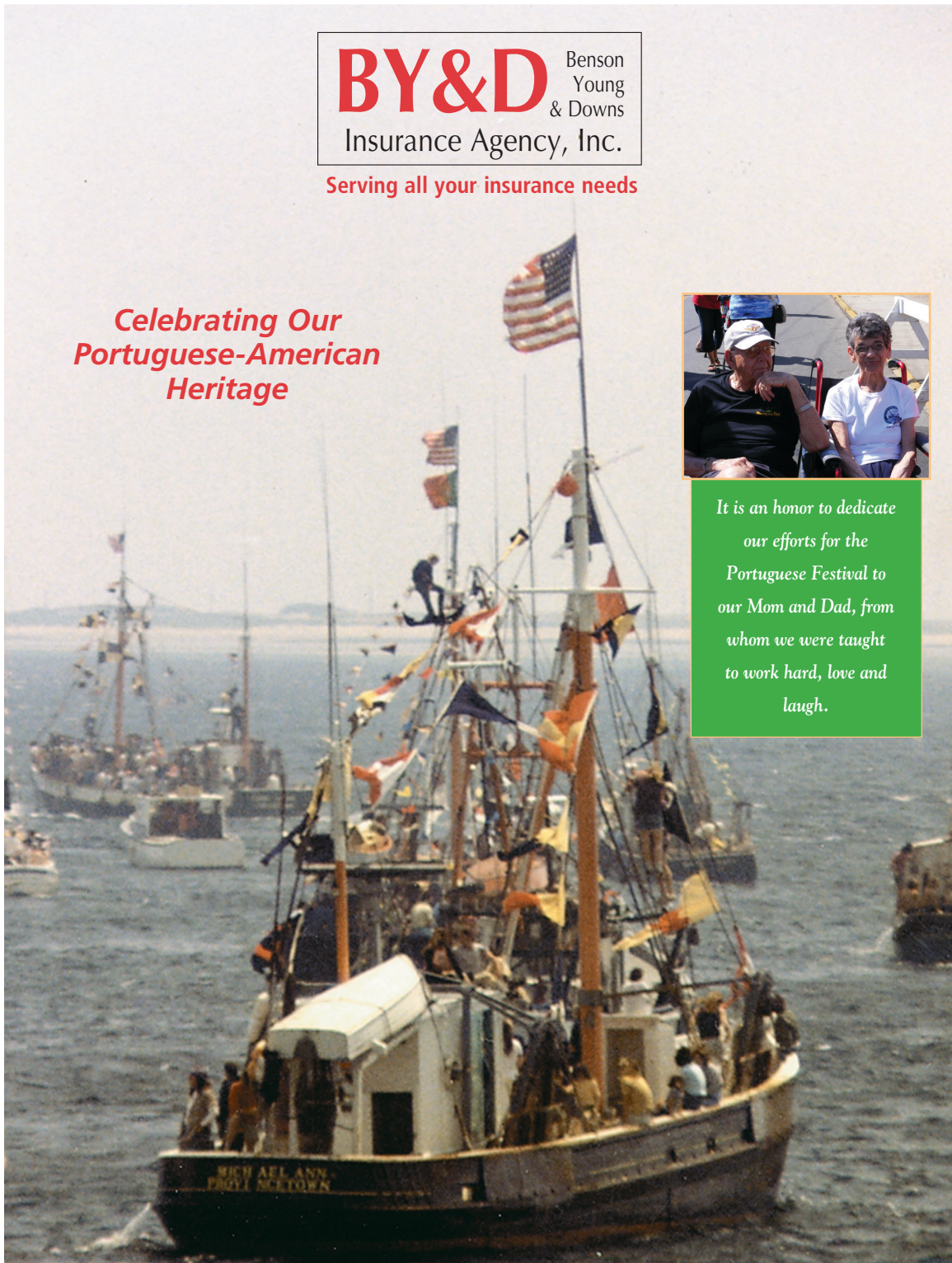
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*M*y grandfather Papa Joe came from the Algarve in Portugal where he fished as a young boy. He was between 18 and 21 when he came to this country. Portugal was poor and America was the place to be in the late 1800's. He came over on a steamer and either married my grandmother Mary on the steamer or just before he left. She was also from the Algarve. Papa Joe settled in the Provincetown area because some other people he knew had come here before him. All he had in mind was to fish. I'm not sure, but he may have had a boat called a gasoliner. I know he did some Grand Banks fishing. There is a plaque honoring him at the Maritime Academy in Buzzards Bay. He was one of the first Portuguese fishermen in Provincetown and fished into his nineties. At one time, my brother Ken, father Manuel and I all fished with my grandfather on the fishing vessel Victory,

I grew up fishing. It was my second life. I was probably between 8 and 11 years old when I started fishing with my father. My first pay was \$5.00 a week. As I got older, I got a quarter share, then a half share, and finally the year before I went into the service, I got a full share for the first time. I graduated from high school in 1952, and I didn't know what I was going to do. My brother was in the Navy and wasn't on the fishing boat that year. In '52, I decided to join the Coast Guard. The Korean War was still on when I went into the Coast Guard. My brother had been discharged from the Navy and was back fishing with my father. I figured with both of us on the boat with my father, it was going to be too much. I liked the service so I stayed on for 26 years.

Basically, I spent my time in Maine and Massachusetts. In those 26 years I went up through the ranks and retired a Chief Warrant Officer. My experience on a fishing boat and my fishing background helped me succeed in the Coast Guard. I stayed in New England for my entire career, with 13 years in the Boston area.

My father treated my brother and me as his brothers. It wasn't father-son. It was an easy relationship. He wasn't a "yeller", but he could be stern and strong willed. He was the same at home as he was on the boat, and he didn't turn into "Captain". He was a very cool person. Many of the things I picked up in navigation were from him. I learned many skills,

mending and splicing, from my brother. My father or crew did the mending of the nets, so I didn't have the opportunity to do much of that. When I was in the service, I "moonlighted" on leave, and would pick up a little bit more of the necessary skills and made a few extra bucks as service pay at the time I was in the Coast Guard wasn't that great. I started a family, four children eventually, and when I'd come to Provincetown in the summer, I'd spend two or three weeks fishing.

In the service, the navigation was done with ra-



*Manny and his wife Patsy*

dios, beacons and fixes, and depth finders. Now with satellite navigation, it's possible to pinpoint a position. My father used the lead line to tell where we were, the kind of bottom we were on, how far we were from shore, and our depths. With the lead line, you could search for a certain bottom. Putting wax on the bottom of the lead line was called "arming the lead". If there was sand, stone, or pebbles on the lead line, we would know exactly where we were. The lead line had red markers with knots in between each six red marks. You could tell the depth by the markers without measuring the line out.

In the old picket boats when I was a First Class Bosun's Mate in 1955, all we had to navigate with was a compass. People would get panicky in the fog when they didn't have to. The bigger ships had ra-



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*Patsea passing proudly by the Bishop for it's blessing*

dar and other electronic navigation aids, but sometimes they would lose all navigation because of an electrical problem. Then we'd have to improvise the best way we could. We would run the time and speed out, listen for our buoys, and most of the time, we'd come out right. We could follow the depths. We had a nine-fathom curve, a 10-fathom curve, and an 11-fathom curve. If we followed the 9-fathom curve, it would take us right into Provincetown harbor.

I was the Chief in Charge at Race Point Station for two years. During one hurricane, the boats broke loose from their moorings. We were out in the storm with our 36-footer keeping them from being driven ashore. We saved five fishing vessels, got a big write-up in the paper, and a Unit Commendation. At Race Point, we had an amphibious vehicle called a "duck." One day, the *Renewa* had a nylon net on fire and it couldn't be put out. The net had caught on fire as it was being dried on the stern of the ship. The crew was ready to abandon ship. They called us in and we took the duck right out. We went right down the beach from the Race Point Station, into the water, and out to the *Renewa*, which was off Race Point. We just inflated the tires and went right out on the ocean with the fire equipment and put the fire out.

When I left Race Point, I made Warrant Officer. My first job was on a 180-foot buoy tender as the officer in charge of the decks. I also had to stand watches on the bridges. My fishing experience had taught me how to maneuver a ship while picking up and putting buoys in place in winds from 25 to 30 miles per hour. It was recommended that I have my own ship, and

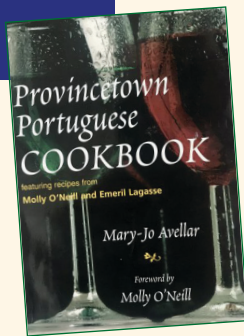
so I became the commanding officer of a 130-foot buoy tender doing the same work as the 180-footer, but with a smaller crew and fewer topside personnel. Instead of having lieutenants and lieutenant commanders on board, I was the "Captain" as a warrant officer. I was about four years into my warrant at that time. We worked from Cape Cod all the way up to New Hampshire. It was a large territory with about 300 buoys to maintain. We had a maintenance schedule, and at certain times we figured that the chains were worn and had to come out. We would put new moorings down and replace all the worn and damaged areas on the buoys.

Once, in the early sixties, we were working down in Wellfleet when ice in the harbor started taking the regular buoys underneath the water. We went in and pulled all the buoys out that were lighted, and replaced them with can buoys. I went into Provincetown harbor that night. Ten or twelve boats were stuck outside the harbor and couldn't get in. I broke through the ice in my boat, and the whole fleet followed me to the dock. I stayed the night, and the next day those boats followed me out of the harbor. There were quite a few boats in the fleet at the time, probably 30 to 35.

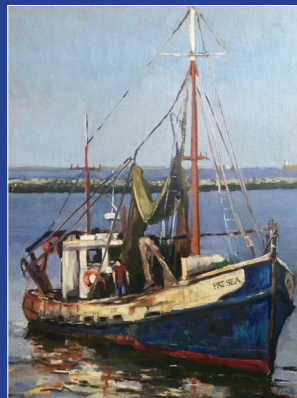
In 1978, I decided to retire. I could have gone another four years but I had maxed out as far as pay, and I decided it was time to get out. I planned to settle in Provincetown and build a home. I needed a job, so I went back fishing with my brother on the *Victory II*. We did quite well, but after about a year or two, my brother's son, who was fishing with us, had plans

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*Captain Manny aboard the Patsea*

to take over the boat. I thought this was the time to get my own boat. I purchased my first boat in 1980. The *Patsea* was named after my wife Patsy. I added the “sea” on to Pat. It was a 60-foot dragger out of Portland, Maine, rigged on both sides for scalloping. It was well-powered with a GM 245, had LORAN (short for long range navigation), and a fish-finder. When I brought the boat back to Provincetown, I rigged both sides and could fish with either. After a couple of years, I rigged it off the stern and fished that way. I did not have a net reel. Although I didn’t go scalloping, the boat was rigged for it.. I could go dragging on smooth bottom or on hard bottom with the roller net. That’s the way I fished the *Patsea* for 13 years after the 26 years I spent in the Coast Guard.

When I was in the service and saw those Russian trawlers herding the fish and taking them from our waters, I knew that this was the first step to losing the industry. Trash fishing also depleted the stocks. Nobody cared that everything that came aboard, such as little popper haddock, was destroyed. They would catch 5,000 to 6,000 plus pounds, and sell beautiful haddock as mink food, and as trash fish. Stocks were depleted after that, and the industry was no longer the same. There was no problem in loading up the boat and it was easy money. Another thing that contributed to the decline of fish stocks was pollution of the tributaries of the different waters where the flounders and other species bred.

It became increasingly difficult to maintain a crew. When I first arrived here in the 80’s, I had a sixteen man crew that went down to four. I had a younger crew and still did well the first few years when everything wasn’t depleted. As the stocks declined, it got


harder and harder for me to put the time in to fish. I didn’t feel like putting in another night fishing. I had spent too many nights in the service away from home. I wanted to be home more.

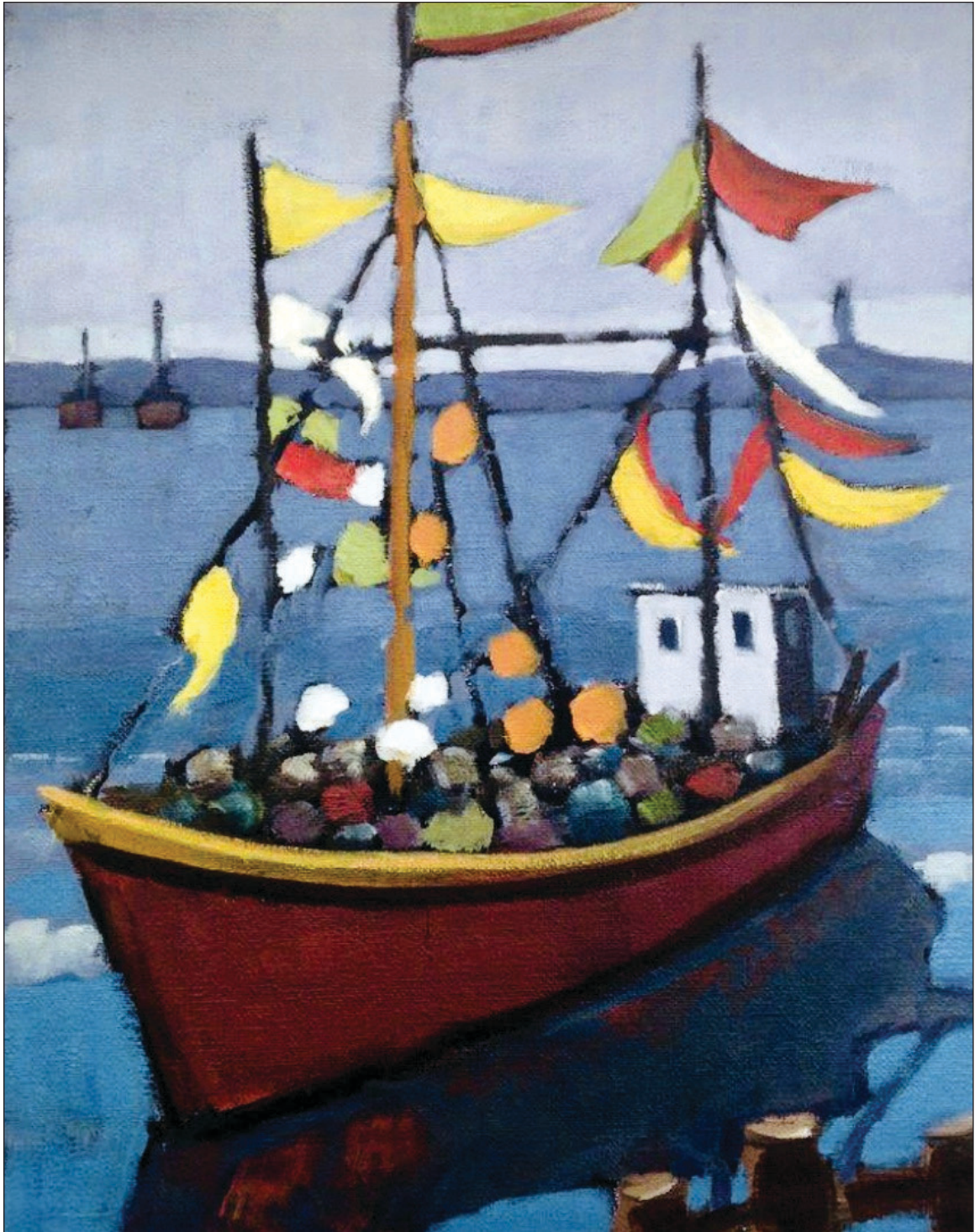
Most of the boats started to run without insurance. It was a dangerous situation, and I refused to do it, but I had to change to cheaper insurance companies and to increase my deductibles to try and keep my insurance. I incorporated to make it a little easier to get insurance, and to be able to collect un-employment in the winter. The last couple of years, the fuel prices jumped terribly, and things were up and down. As the fish got scarce, the prices went up. We didn’t have to have as much fish on board, but it required more time out to make a profit out of it. You were getting something, but not a return on a \$120,000 investment, which was my investment when I started. Fishing stopped being cost effective, especially since the government started talking about controlling the days that we would be allowed to go fishing.

I can’t say I lost money when I sold the boat, for it had paid me over the the 13 years that I had owned it. It paid my expenses, but the boat was over 50 years old, and it was only a matter of time before I had to put more money into it. It seemed the best thing to do was to sell the *Patsea* to Chris Fortune who was working with me at the time, and wanted to get into the business. He was doing a good job for me, so I sold the boat to him.

When I quit fishing, I never thought I would be managing a golf course, the *Highland Golf Links* in North Truro. I was happy there, but in 1991, I figured I was at the age when it was time to relax a bit more and enjoy myself.

Most of the Provincetown families are no longer fishing. The people in the fishing business are coming from Portugal. They’re the ones continuing the tradition. Its a better life here than in Portugal as the economy is much stronger. Quite a few of those who came here have given up their businesses, gone back, bought houses and spent their money in Portugal. It’s a good deal for them.

The only Papa Joe family desendents still fishing are my brother’s grandson, young Sonny Macara, and the Rorro boys, Glen and Scott, fishing out of Provincetown. 

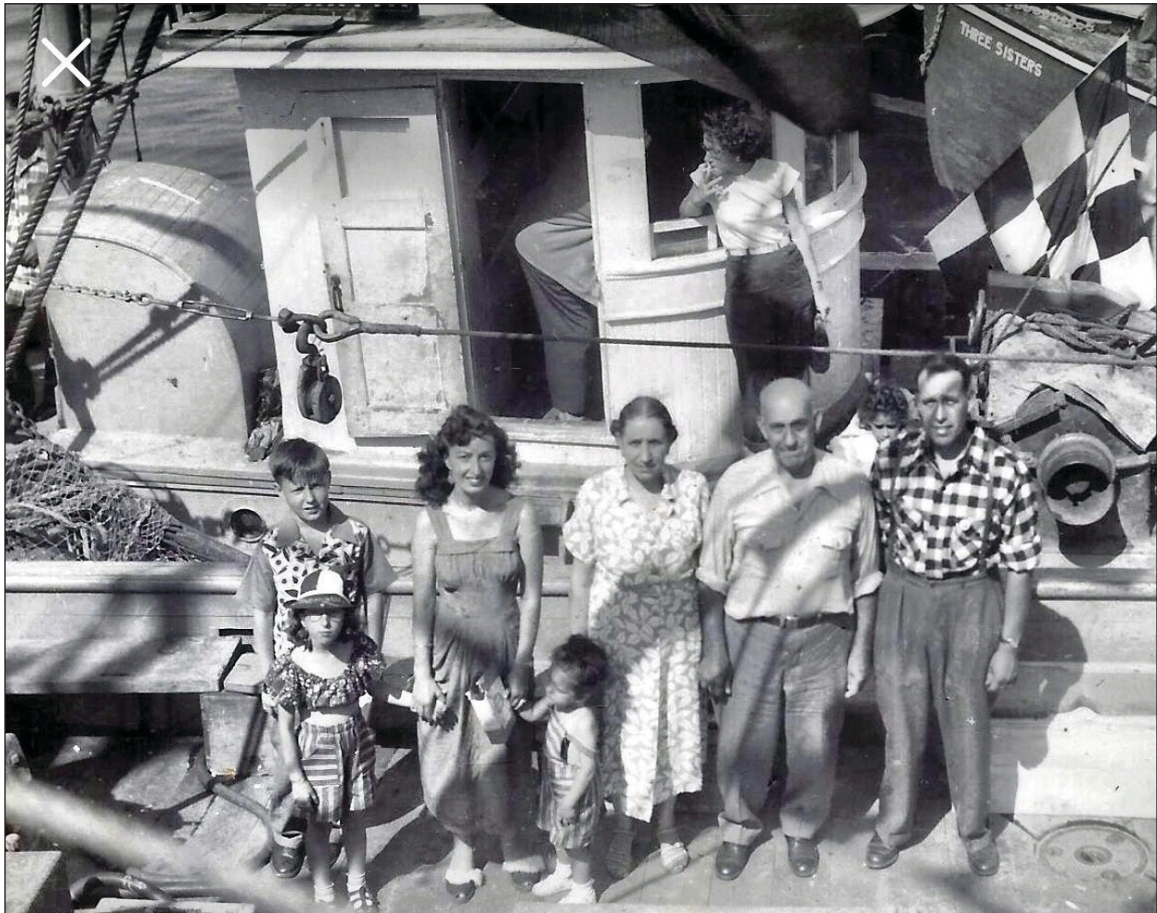


*Provincetown honors its rich Portuguese ancestry during the Blessing of the Fleet*

*"Fishing Vessel and Flags" by Joan Pereira*

## The Blessing of Traditions

BY ASHLEY VASQUES FOSTER, FRAMINGHAM STATE COLLEGE 2006



*l-r in 1950: Cousin Carl Kitchenmaster, Aunt Rosemarie Vasques, Grandmother Carmen Vasques, Grandfather Salvador Vasques Sr., Dad Salvador Vasques, Jr., Cousin Rosemarie Vasques and Cousin Linda Vasques*

American and Portuguese flags flew from the top of the mast of my father's fishing boat, the *Gale*. Colorful ribbons decorated the pilot house, and hanging on wire between "the birds", the boat stabilizers, a banner reads: "Give me a fish and I'll eat for a day. Teach me to fish, and I'll eat for a lifetime."

The Bishop had come, accompanied by three priests and thousands of others, including families, motorcycle clubs, and out of town fishermen, all filling the streets of Provincetown on the last Sunday of June, to celebrate the Blessing of the Fleet.

As far back as I can remember, the last few weeks in June were usually spent watching my family pre-

pare for this celebration. My mom, aunts, and grandmothers would cook for days making baked fish, lobster rolls, manicottis, sandwiches, pasta salad, Portuguese delicacies, rice, cakes, potato salad, and of course, they brought along a huge watermelon! My dad and mom, his first mate, family and friends would decorate the *Gale* with ribbons, banners and flags, clean the boat, and move equipment to make space for a crowd. I was usually just a spectator, too young to be given important responsibilities, but enjoyed watching my uncle prepare his signature dish... hot dogs steamed in beer. He would take his job very seriously and climb down into the foc'sle, where the stove and small kitchen were located, to make sure

*serving up lots of home town love to Provincetown!*

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**SUSAN AVELLAR**



**DAN HOEFLINGER**



The funds for this ad were anonymously donated in appreciation and recognition of Susan Avellar and Dan Hoeflinger!  
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**Website: West End Racing Children's Community Sailing.org (WERCCS.org)**



*Ashley, at an early age, reflecting the pure joy of the Blessing with her cousin Scott Ditto*

that his prized hotdogs were steaming just right.

During the early morning hours on the day of the Blessing, I would be hustled around by my mom and dad as they brought food from our house to the boat, got ice to keep the drinks cold, and made sure we had all we needed for the day. Then, when everything seemed in place, we slipped on our bright blue t-shirts with *Gale* embroidered in white letters on the right breast, and headed for the Fisherman's Mass at our church.

St. Peter's was the best place to hold a mass dedicated to the fishermen. The aisle was covered by an ocean blue rug which, over time, had turned a dull grey, matted down from years of people walking on it. Behind the altar of the church, the high ceiling boasted a hand-painted mural of rough, turbulent seas. In the midst of white caps and blue-green waves, Saint Peter stood on a rock holding a cross. It was a perfect match, a Fishermen's Mass at a church built for a fishing community.

Amidst these decorations, It was like sitting in church on Christmas, too excited to concentrate, and too anxious for what was to come. After the longer-than-usual mass, the fishermen lined up to parade from the church to the pier with the heavy, red-caped statue of St. Peter. I was always alongside my

dad in these processions. Walking next to him in our matching t-shirts, holding his pointer finger because his hand was too large for mine to grasp, I would think how proud I was to be a fisherman's daughter. Townspeople and visitors were usually scattered on the sides of the streets taking pictures and waving. As we marched closer to the downtown area, many curious tourists stopped and watched us pass, some seeming to be unsure as to what the actual purpose of the parade was. I felt empowered, as all of these people stopped to watch us pass by because I was, on that day, part of the history of fishing and of my family.

After we reached the wharf, the procession disassembled as fishermen and their children went to their boats, and others who had followed behind the procession, scattered to line up at the end of the pier to watch the fleet get blessed. Family, friends and relatives from New Bedford and Gloucester waited for us as we rushed past the crowds to our boat. With a crowd sometimes of 50 to 100 people on-board, we left the dock and headed towards the harbor. Fishing boats, sailboats, small dories, and whale watch boats would then line up around the end of the wharf to wait for their blessing from the Bishop or Priest, whichever clergyman could attend. As we got closer to the Bishop, who was standing on a platform at the end of the

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pier above the boats, the clapping and cheering of an energetic crowd would excite me because I knew our turn was coming. The Bishop sprinkled the Holy Water above us, and even though it rarely made it onto our boat, I always felt as if the act of participating in this tradition would protect my dad and our fishing boat. After the Holy Water was waved above us, I blessed myself, touching my forehead, heart, left shoulder, and right shoulder, making the sign of the cross which I had seen my dad do in previous years. And then out came the blast of BBBBBBBBAAWW BBBBBBBBAAWW, the loud, squawking sound of the air horn as I pused the button in appreciation of the Bishop's blessing! It was one of the many favorite things that I always looked forward to doing.

Now with our boat blessed, and the more serious part of the day finished, we could get the celebration underway. We would "tie up" next to other fishing boats in the harbor so that family and friends could celebrate together. Often we tied up to the *Miss Sandy*, my cousin Louie's boat. He decorated her with one unique decoration: a huge Christmas tree attached to the top of the mast. Other times we would tie up to next to the *Liberty Bell*, *Joan and Tom*, and *Plymouth Bell*, owned by other family members and good friends.

Our last Blessing of the Fleet on the *Gale*, in 1996, was filled with emotion and uncertainty about the future. We had been forced to sell our boat in a Buy-back program initiated by the Federal Government because of cut-backs, a depleting stock, and strict rules and regulations. We knew that our boat was going to go to a non-profit organization, and would be used as a hands-on classroom for underprivileged young adults. The *Gale* was certainly going to be used for a very good cause, but that still did not bring us comfort.

For our last Blessing, my dad beached the boat at Long Point, "The Point", the very tip of the Cape, and our family and friends celebrated for a final time. Although I was only twelve, I knew this was going to be the end of many traditions. Not only would we be losing the tradition of the Blessing of the Fleet, but also the fishing tradition of our family. Fishing had made a success of my great-grandfather, grandfather, cousins, uncles, and my father, and now the tradition was ending. The legacy was over.

When I think back on the twelve years that I celebrated the Blessing of the Fleet, I am overcome with memories of summer days on the water with people I love, and of the boat that, over the years, I had grown to love, as if it were a member of our family. The last Sunday of June is different for our family now as we cannot honor our family traditions as we once had. The Blessing of the Fleet was not only about

the safety provided by the Holy Water, but also to remember the fishermen, past and present. It was a tradition deeply embedded in our religious and superstitious beliefs. For us, at least in my Portuguese family, religion and superstition are very much respected.

Now that the fishing fleet has dwindled, the Blessing of the Fleet is not the celebration it used to be for our family. Many other fishermen have had to sell their boats, and like my father, find other work – on the water if they are lucky. My dad was thankful to find a job as a captain on a whale watch boat. He is able to be on the water, the only place he would consider working, and the only place he belongs. Salt water runs through his veins. Although it seems as if our traditions have faded, as if being slowly swept away with the tide, I will always have very special memories of years past to anchor me to my family and its fishing heritage. 🌊



*Ashley as an exuberant, young co-captain  
with her father John on the F/V Gale*



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## Family Recollection

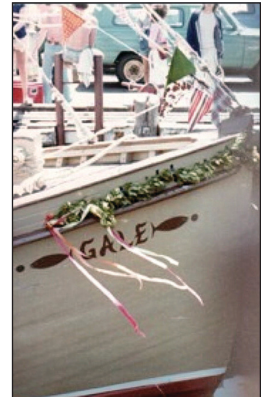
BY GAIL VASQUE

On December 6th, 1976, John realized his long-time dream when we bought a fishing boat from Boothbay, Maine. He re-named her the Gale. We had invested most of what we had in this fishing vessel, so he began to fish hard to gain it back.

Not long after we bought the Gale, we had a terrible winter with ice floes that would come in and out of the harbor with the wind and the tide. Emily and Joe Roderick owned a fishing boat the Jimmy Boy. They lived high on a cliff in North Truro overlooking the bay, and when Emily saw the floes coming in, she would phone me, and I would radio John to let him know the floes were coming into the harbor, and he, in turn, would notify the other boats. During one particularly bad trip, John didn't make it in to the pier before the ice, and going through it caused the engine to overheat. It took John almost an hour to come the short distance from Long Point to the pier.

The Blessing of the Fleet was always a special time for us as a family. Ashley loved the celebration and having friends aboard the boat. Over the years of ups and downs in the fishing industry, we learned to be thankful for the safety of John, his crew, and the Gale, and a livelihood that although it was challenging and dangerous, allowed John to be on the sea in a life he was always meant to lead.

The first and long-time crew of the Gale that worked and laughed together for quite a few years with John were Barshy Santos, John Jaywa Anthony, and in future years, Dennis Santos, Billy Sylvester, Dave Travis, and Bob Thibeault. Thank you to all of you! 🌊



"Ice Flow" by George Yater



### FANIZZI'S FRIDAY Girls

(l-r) Betty, Nancy, Alma, Martha, Marge and Paula  
Joni and Sandy not-pictured

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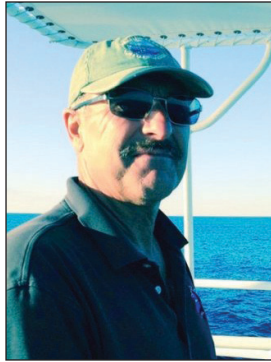
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## John Vasques Reminisces...

Thirty years ago, up to 70 per cent of Provincetown's population was either Portuguese or of Portuguese descent. Most made their living from the sea. Provincetown continues to have a Portuguese Festival, this being the 23rd year, and the Blessing of the Fleet, the 72nd year. It is said that at that time, everybody considers themselves Portuguese!

During most of the 19th century, the harbor was filled with Yankee whaling and merchant ships. As whaling declined, many of the Portuguese sailors on those vessels stayed in Provincetown. They thought there would always be a living to be made fishing these cold North Atlantic waters. They could not know that eventually, industrial fishing would deplete the ocean's bounty. Thirty years ago, there were many boats in the Provincetown fishing fleet. Now there are just a few. "It's really sad to see the fishing industry decline in Provincetown because it was really the biggest part of the community," says Provincetown native John Vasque, who is now a captain with the *Dolphin Fleet Whale Watch*.

Like most of his childhood friends, Captain Vasques's entire family is ethnically Portuguese, and like them, he had expected to fish all his life. 



*Capt. John, aboard the Dolphin*

*When I was a kid all I spoke was Portuguese, but through the years I kind of forgot it.*

*Later, I owned my own dragger in Provincetown, the Gale. With time, the stocks really dwindled and fishing became really tough, and I decided to change professions.*

*The Provincetown Portuguese community was, and still is, close-knit. Everybody knows each other and many families are interwoven through marriage.*



*Along the Shore by Nancy Whorf. Courtesy of Berta Walker Gallery*



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## Chris King Continues the Legacy

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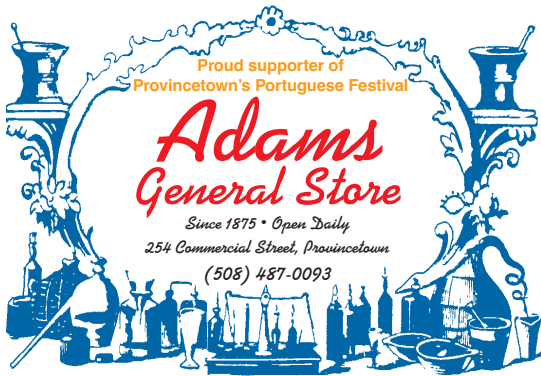


*Chris King at 10 years old*

A fourth generation Provincetown native, Chris King, the son of Patricia Marie (Lynch) King, and Captain William “Billy” King, the skipper of the ill-fated *Patricia Marie*, graduated from Provincetown High School in 1979 and later received his Bachelor’s degree in Marine Engineering from Massachusetts Maritime Academy in 1986. Chris also graduated as an officer in the United States Merchant Marine. Following graduation, his adventurous spirit and experience in both fishing and engineering helped him make the decision to seek employment and become the first mate

and chief engineer on the groundfish trawler *Golden Pisces*, working a joint venture with the Russian factory fleet in the late 1980’s in the Bering Sea.

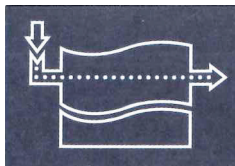
After being in Dutch Harbor, Alaska for nearly four years, Chris returned to Provincetown to start a family and his own fishing operation. In 1991, after a brief stint during Desert Shield as a merchant marine officer, Chris bought and fished the 65-foot *Second Effort* until 1995 when he rented the old Cape Cod Trading building on Cabral’s Pier from Bob and Ray Cabral. He began selling not only his own seafood, but also other local fishermen’s daily catches. At 32,



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he captained the *Second Effort* and continued to develop his wholesale business. In the late 90's, brother Willis jumped in. His invaluable aptitude and knowledge of mechanics and engineering suited well for Chris' replacement as a future Captain of the *Second Effort* as Chris continually strived to vertically integrate his two businesses, fishing and distribution. Chris trained Willis to be the skipper and shared the Captain's duties until the *Second Effort* was retired in

2007 after eighteen good years. In 2008, Chris replaced the *Second Effort* with a 60' steel hulled fishing vessel, *Donna Marie*, capable of participating in both the Northeast Groundfishery and the Limited Access Scallop Fishery. According to David Dunlap in Building Provincetown, the *Donna Marie* was built as

Mackenzie Page in 1969 at Daly's Boat Yard in Jacksonville, Florida. The vessel was a shrimper in the south until the 1990's, when she came to New Jersey. Chris upgraded her with a 400-horsepower Caterpillar 3408 engine that Willis installed. The annual routine presently is to fish for scallops from mid-April to Labor Day. After spending September and October maintaining the vessel, Willis captains the boat in the winter months, groundfishing in the waters 25-40 miles east of the Cape. In 2012, Chris gave up the full time Captain's chair to brother Willis. Brother Willis has developed into one of the most talented and well respected captains in the Northeast. Chris now fishes occasionally when time allows. Chris' son Jared, at 13, worked as a deckhand aboard the *Second Effort* and now has risen to Director of Operations of Cape Tip Seafoods, the family's wholesale seafood distribution company that serves over 50 restaurants on the Outer Cape and provides shoreside support for his uncle, Captain Willis.

According to Chris, his other brother Timmy, who is the Town of Truro Assistant DPW Director, and has been on the highway department for almost 30 years, has been an important part in the family business. "He has been deeply involved in providing the

mechanical support that is continuously required on the boats and vessels over the years. He is my brother, and has been there in the trenches with me since I started in business for myself in 1991, and I wouldn't it want it any other way."

In 1999, Chris began distributing seafood wholesale to restaurants and fish markets on Cape Cod with his company Cape Tip Seafoods, operating a retail fish market in Truro and a wholesale distribution center in Provincetown. In



65-foot *Second Effort*

2013, Chris teamed up with John White, a previous owner of Cape Cod Fish, and they formed Orleans Seafoods, a wholesale/retail operation in the location owned by Elmer Costa, called Captain Elmer's. In 2015, Chris continued to vertically integrate when he opened the successful Captain's

Choice Restaurant in North Truro with John White and continues to develop with Chef Bob and Kristi Wageman.

Presently, the *Donna Marie* participates in the winter groundfishery 30-40 miles east of the Cape fishing primarily for cod, monkfish and grey sole. In the spring and summer the *Donna Marie* fishes for scallops on George's Bank. As regulations squeezed them out of local waters, Chris says that he has had to constantly adapt in order to continue to have a successful fishing operation under very difficult government regulations. This has required Captain Willis and crew to fish much farther from home. The number of full-time fishermen who fish out of Provincetown has drastically diminished through the years, but those that are left fish very hard and very long in order to survive. In an interview in 2015, Chris said, "It's a tough situation. It's unnerving to see how fast an industry can get decimated. We are fortunate. The last two years scalloping (2013-14) have been decent, but we have been regulated out of the groundfishery since 2012. Looking three years out, everything seems clear. Beyond that, nothing is clear any more. The future is murky." However, Chris says presently, through adaptation, he, his family, and crew will

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continue to work hard and persevere. Chris King has made a serious multi-decade commitment to not only his family and fishing operations, but also to his crew of 30 shoreside staff and his customer base. Fishing is Chris's passion. He has been commercially fishing for 45 years, which attests to his love of the industry and the determination to make it his life's work. Chris is saddened when he looks at the town pier and sees the absence of the once dominant port in the North-east Fisheries. The Portuguese fishermen who he relied on for teaching and experience are now gone. He has persevered and taught his family and his team, which is how he refers to his employees, that you can always survive if you adapt, and they do continuously adapt, especially to the fisheries available. The inshore fisheries are at the bottom of their cycle, according to Chris, which has forced his team to access areas up to 100 miles from port. The family has spent 12 months over the last three years totally rebuilding and refurbishing the *Donna Marie*, and are ready to fish into the future.

It isn't possible to write of Chris King today, and his fishing history and his success as a commercial fisherman and businessman, without some heartfelt thoughts given to the fishing vessel, *Patricia Marie*, the family fishing vessel, which sank while scalloping off Pollack Rip on October 24, 1976, with the tragic loss of Chris King's father and all six crew members.

The following account by Mary Ann Bragg of the *Cape Cod Times*, written in 2007, reminds us all of the inherent dangers of life at sea, and how fishermen, regardless of the treacheries of their occupation, continue to return everyday to their vessels. Chris King has continued that legacy of his father and his family hopes to do the same.

They have learned what is important to them, and have decided that the kind of life they want to live is one filled with treasured memories of the past, with love and respect for family that will carry them into the future.

**PROVINCETOWN** – The morning after the scalloper *Patricia Marie* went down, Chris King went to school as usual. He confided in his football coach,

Arthur Reis. Then from a window overlooking the harbor, King watched for the Coast Guard boat that would bring his father home for the last time.

Capt. William King, 44, and his crew of 6 died when the *Patricia Marie* sank suddenly, only 3 miles off the coast of Eastham in October 1976. It is still remembered as one of the worst marine disasters to strike at the heart of the small, tightly-knit fishing community in Provincetown. King, who was 14, and the oldest of 6 children when his dad perished, said the summer before his father's death was a heady time. The *Patricia Marie*, named after his mother, was newly outfitted for scalloping. His father often took the crew to fertile grounds at Pollack Rip, about 12 miles off Chatham. They'd leave on a Sunday and return on Thursday, King said. For a teen-ager, he made a lot of money that summer. Chris said the memory of his father and the lost crew is never far from his mind."


***Fishing is Chris's passion. He has been commercially fishing for 45 years, which attests to his love of the industry and the determination to make it his life's work.***

About 7 years ago, Chris along with Willis took his boat to the site where his father's boat sank four decades ago in the hopes that they might snag in their nets, a long-buried piece of the the boat and the history they loved so much. They came up empty handed but left with a sense of connection to their Dad.

And today, the legacy of William "Billy King" continues through his sons and daughters and all family members with signal flags flying from the *Donna Marie* during the Blessing of the Fleet with great pride and heart-felt memories.

The signal flags swaying in the gentle breeze on the *Donna Marie* spell "P-A-T-R-I-C-I-A M-A-R-I-E".

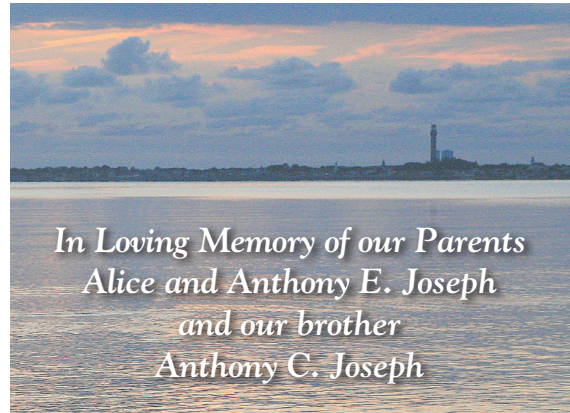
There is no doubt that the King family will continue to be immersed in the tradition of fishing and the love of the sea well into the future.

They will continue to rely on the sea and on each other as we all will continue to rely on them to carry on the tradition and heritage of the Provincetown Fisherman. 

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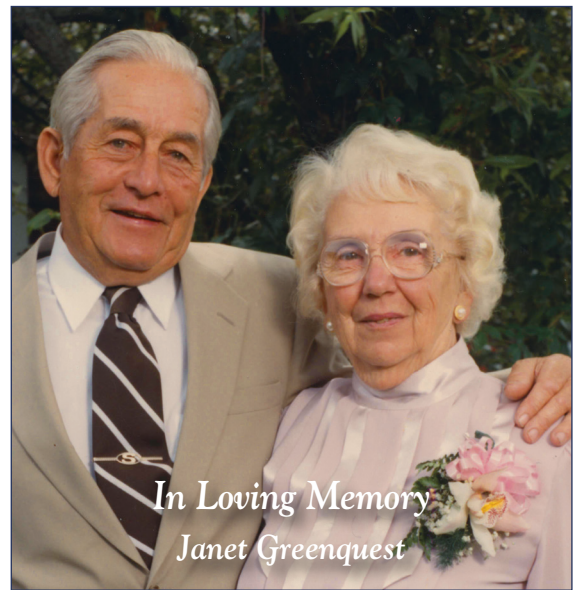
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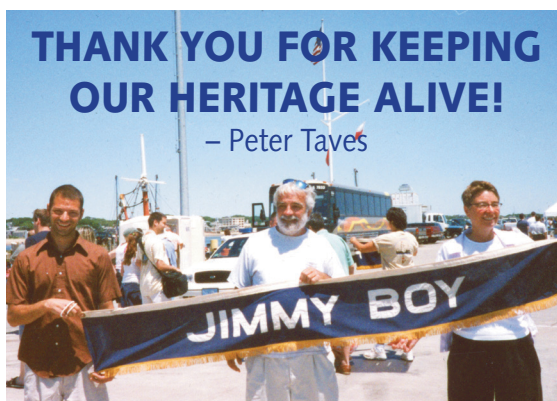
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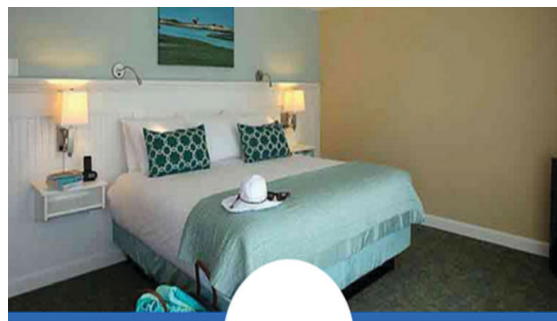
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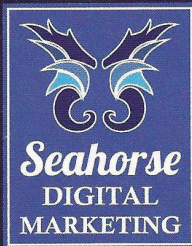
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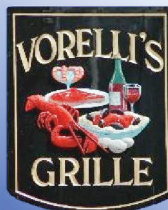
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*Painting by Harvey J. Dodd*

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*Em Memória...*

Joseph Andrews

Dean Macara

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Richard Rowe

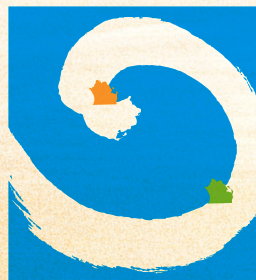
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