

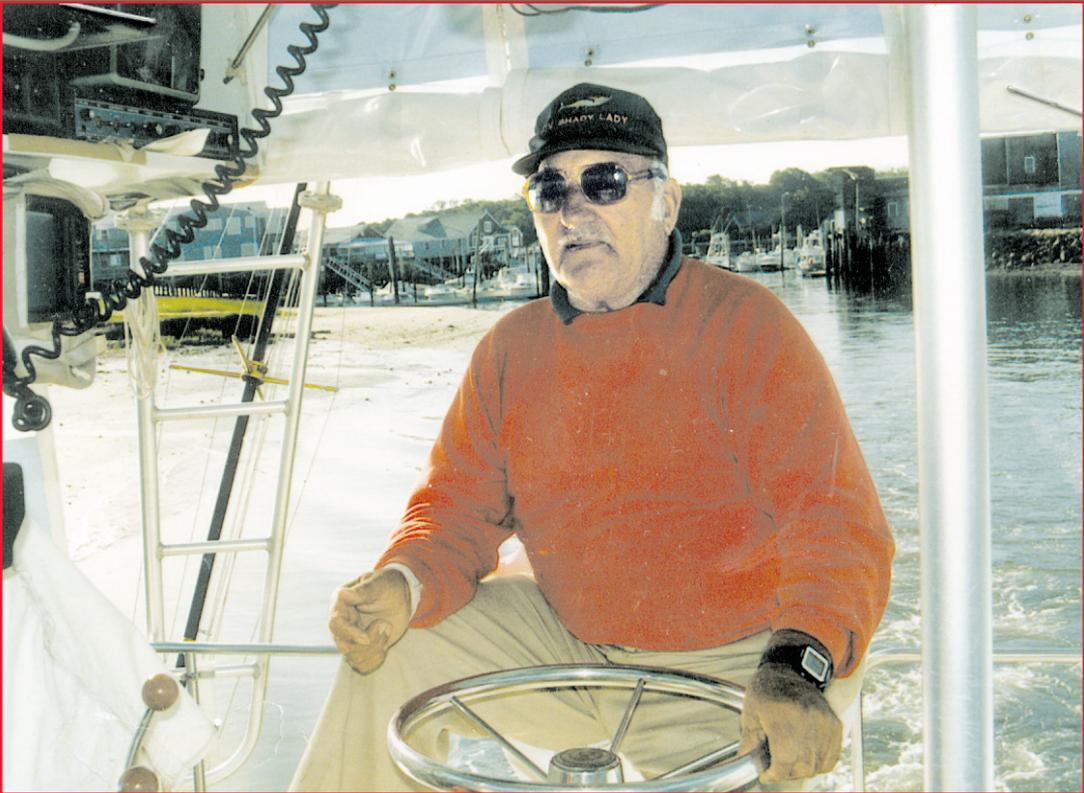


PROVINCETOWN 2005
PORTUGUESE FESTIVAL
& Blessing of the Fleet



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Provincetown Portuguese Festival

June 23-26, 2005

Wednesday June 22

7pm Opening at Provincetown Public Library
a Pictorial Display of Provincetown Fishing Heritage.



Thursday June 23

2 pm Arrival of the Spirit of Massachusetts
SPECIAL – Reception on the Spirit + Opening Night \$30

4-6 pm Reception on the Spirit
\$20 donation includes Portuguese Wines and fare

6-10:30 Opening Night
\$15 donation includes fare (Cash Bar)
6-8 pm Calypso Music
8-10:30pm Willie and the Poor Boys

Friday June 24

8 am-8 pm Tour the Spirit on MacMillan Pier

11 am-4 pm Farmers Market on MacMillan Pier

12 – 4 pm Portuguese Soup Tasting
at the Bas Relief

12:30-3:30 Dory Bar Blues Band
under the tent at the Bas Relief

3-6pm – Music by Ed Sheridan
on the Big Stage on Ryder Street

3 pm Captain Manny Phillips Fishing Derby

5 – 9 pm Homecoming Clam Feed
at the Bas Relief

6:30 – 8 pm Live Music by Chris and Shawn
(Portuguese vocal duo with dancers)

8:30 – 10 pm Live Music by Grace Big Stage on Ryder St

10 – 1 am Homecoming Club Night at The Surf Club
featuring Willy and the Poor Boys

Saturday June 25

9 am - Noon Kids Games and Cookout at Motta Field

11:15am Coast Guard Rescue Helicopter
lands on MacMillan Pier

11:15am-12:15pm 2nd Rescue Helicopter
demonstrates sea rescue MacMillan Pier

11:30 – 7:30pm Lions Club's Portuguese Food Court

12:00 Portuguese Dancers meet the
Boston Boat at MacMillan Pier

12:30-2:00pm Portuguese Dancers
perform on Ryder Street

1pm Portuguese Dancers visit the
Cape End Manor

2:00-3:00 pm Joe Tam Puppet Band
on Ryder Street Stage

3:00 pm Festival 2005 Parade

4:30-5:30 pm Joe Tam Puppet Band
on Ryder Street Stage

6:00-12 am Block Dance with Live Music

6:00-7:00 Performance by Paulo Cesar & Daniel
at Big Stage on Ryder Street

7:30- 8:30 Ed Sheridan and the Dinosaurs at
Big Stage on Ryder Street

7:30-9:30 Fado Concert (at Fishermen's Wharf)

9:00-12:00pm Samba Band at Big Stage on Ryder Street

Sunday June 26

10:30 am Noon Mass at St. Peters Church

11:30 am A brief history of the Portuguese –
Street performance Lopes Square

Noon – 1pm Procession to MacMillan Pier feature the
Banner's of the Fleet

1pm Blessing Of The Fleet at MacMillan Pier–
Performances by St. Anthony's Band
of Cambridge and Grupo Folclorico

COVER PHOTO:
The Silver Mink
Owned and captained by
Manny Phillips from
1954 - 1964

FACT: Phillips named the
vessel Silver Mink
because he fished for Hake
and Hake was used as food
on mink farms.



As the Portuguese Festival-Blessing of the Fleet Team gathered last fall to go over the events of 2004 and begin planning for 2005, one thing became increasingly evident. We were not preparing for a celebration, but were engaged in a time of sharing.

Through stories and anecdotes. Some familiar, others new, a pattern emerged. A little bit of nostalgia and a great deal of history are what make the Portuguese Festival and Blessing of the Fleet important to residents, former residents, and visitors.

For the past few years, there has been an emphasis on Portuguese culture and it has been a learning experience for all. From the days of the famous navigators until the present, the Portuguese have had a major impact on this world.

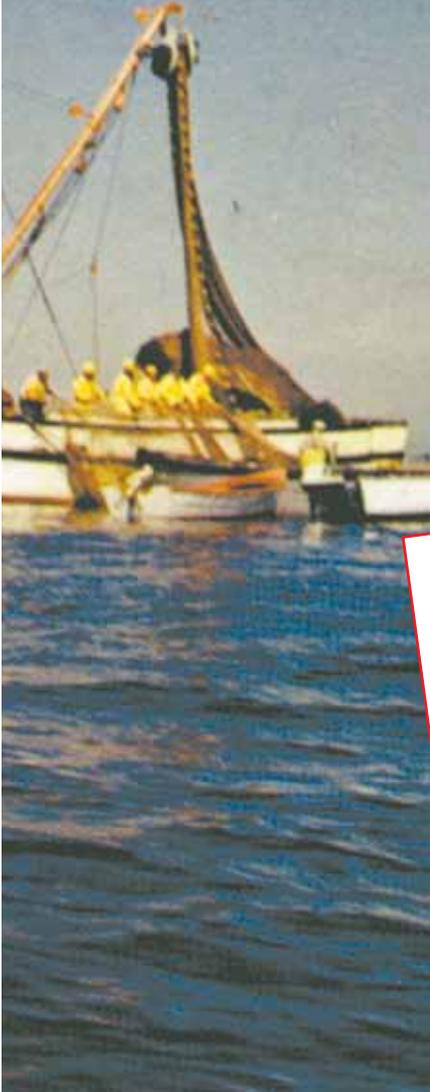
It has been our pleasure to organize the Festival for 2005 and we hope that all will enjoy it.

The Portuguese Festival-
Blessing of the Fleet Team

Susan Avellar
Captain Richard Bailey
Dick Caouette
Betty Costa
Liliana DeSousa
Yvonne DeSousa
Maureen Hurst
Susan Leonard
Don Murphy
Mark Silva
Paul Silva

Special thanks to
Barbara Mullaney
Rex McKinsey
Luis Ribas

View Parade and
Block Party live on
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Thursday, June 23, 2005
OPENING NIGHT FESTIVITIES
on Fishermen’s Wharf...
2:00 pm Arrival of the Spirit of Massachusetts
4:00-6:00 pm
Reception on the Spirit of Massachusetts
6:00-8:00 pm Dance Party Calypso Music
8:00-10:30pm Willie and the Po’ Boys



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inks to the Past

By Katie Motta

It's April and it is a rainy, dark cold day outside and the window in the yearbook office is open a bit letting drops of rain and a strong wind into the room. The wind is whistling and begging to create a cacophony that now spreads through the room. Finally, the sound of the wind is broken by cheerful voices. Across the room, our Spanish teacher, Ms. Avellar, and Ms. Susan Leonard are reminiscing about Provincetown's Portuguese heritage as they look through two old photo albums containing pictures of many former Provincetown natives. They argue good-naturedly about who is this fisherman with jet black hair, deep brown eyes and olive-toned skin. They finally labeled it "unidentified". Then Ms. Avellar, Ms. Leonard, and my yearbook advisor, Ms. Staton decided to set a goal for me. They asked me to scan these beautiful photos and burn them onto a CD. Then more people would be able to see them. I agreed thinking of the saying "a picture is worth a thousand words".

These treasures may be the only real proof of the connection to our roots. Captured in their everyday lives, with nothing staged, pictures of men aboard their wooden boats

in their oilskins while trapping fish are a reminder of times past. One of my favorites is a black and white shot of four fishermen having their beer at the famous Cookies Tap (now the home of Lorraine's Restaurant).

It's hard to pick a favorite but there is a very special one to me, which is full of sentimental value. It is a picture of my grandfather, the late Frank Motta at Motta Field (named after his brother who was killed in the Korean Conflict) and he has this extraordinary smile on his face revealing the good soul that everyone always speaks of. Although it may not mean a lot to others, I know that he had a great smile and that means a lot to me. Maybe that smile is what first attracted my grandmother to him. Each one of these means something different to the people who are connected to these subjects in some way. How the photos affect us will depend on how these people have impacted our lives. Each and every one contains a story. Some of you will remember them instantly while others, like myself, will be discovering them and hearing the stories for the first time.

Please take the time to look through this exhibit and embrace those most meaningful to you.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Katie Motta scans a picture of her grandfather, Frank Motta.



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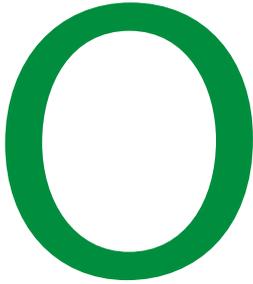
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Out of the Ashes, a new vision

By Betty V. Costa

In the early morning hours of January 25, two days after the Blizzard of 2005, the church of St. Peter the Apostle was consumed by flames. Although the town had seen major fires before, this was different. Most of the town's inhabitants, as well as thousands of tourists had visited the one hundred thirty year old church at one time or another. It



Photo Courtesy of Provincetown Banner/Joan Lenane

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was a house of worship, renowned for its beauty and beautiful surroundings. Home to countless baptisms, first communions, confirmations, baccalaureates, weddings and funerals, it was the centerpiece of many memories.

News of the fire spread as quickly as the flames and, despite the frigid temperatures, townspeople gathered. As the surrounding trees bent with frozen water, the scene was described as surreal. Onlookers wept openly as a piece of Provincetown's history succumbed to this terrible scourge.

Firemen from all over Cape Cod came to aid and worked tirelessly with the local firefighters. That no one was hurt was but one of the many miraculous happenings. Most of the local crew were parishioners and while combined forces attempted to put down the fire, some were delegated to try and save as many of the sacred objects as they could. Statues of St. Peter (missing an arm which was later found), the Blessed Mother and St. Joseph were carried out as

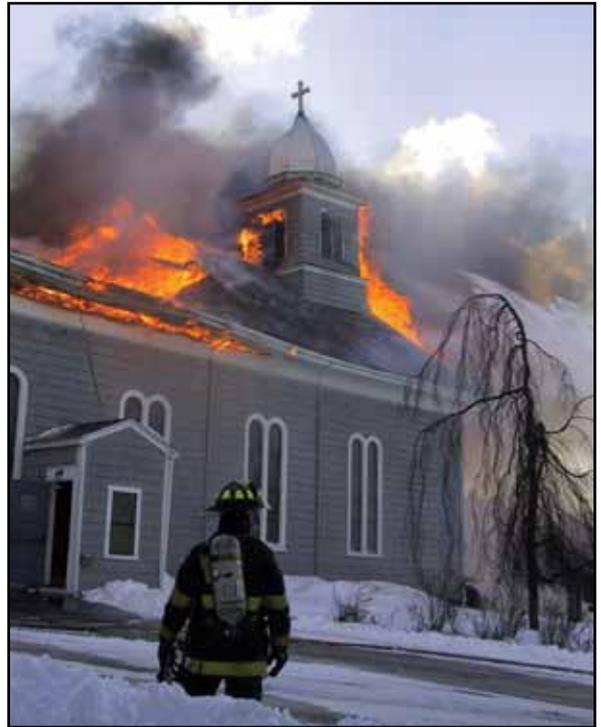


Photo Courtesy of Provincetown Banner/Sally Rose

Governor Bradford

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were candelabra and the half torso of Christ, first thought to have been lost. When it seemed that the tabernacle housing the Blessed Sacrament could not be saved, firefighters cut out the wooden housing with a chain saw. Recovered intact, with not so much as a smudge of soot, this was taken to the parish hall, where it remains in use today as masses are said there until a new church can be built.

Countering speculation and rumors that the church might not be rebuilt, Bishop George Coleman came to Provincetown to celebrate mass on January 29. When he announced to a standing room only crowd in the newly converted parish hall that St. Peter's would rise again, the applause was deafening and, once again, tears flowed freely. It would take more than a fire to quell the spirit of St. Peter's

Through the years, as immigrants arrived from Portugal, this church had been an anchor in a strange new world. These people brought their

*"I rejoiced when I heard them say,
Let us go to the house of the Lord"
- psalm 122*

own customs such as the Menino Jesus, an adoration of the Infant Jesus at Christmas time. Small altars were built and refreshments were offered to all who came to visit. This lessened the feeling of separation from their native land.

As the one hundredth anniversary of St. Peter's approached, Msgr. Leo Duarte and Rev. John Perry began the task of repairing and refurbishing the church. In the 100th Anniversary commemorative book, Msgr. Duarte is called the builder and beautifier. The years between 1956 and 1974 saw many changes in

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Debbie Murphy and Kenny Thompson marry at St. Peter's in 1994.



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Share The Heritage

the church building and they prove that statement true. Starting with the removal of old plaster, addition of badly needed insulation, a new ceiling and sidewalls and, then the acquisition of a new organ and new kneelers, St Peter's was looking markedly different. A new altar facing the congregation and work on the sanctuary came next. In 1968, Eugene sparks was commissioned to paint a mural in the sanctuary. Having seen his work in a local gallery, Msgr. Duart asked Sparks to paint a seascape. It took seven months to complete, a Herculean task with everything done to scale. Depictions of St. Peter were added as the work progressed. This mural brought many visitors to the church. In 1971 stained glass windows in vibrant colors further beautified St. Peter's, all having a nautical theme. New pews, interior and exterior paint, a new heating system, and repair work on the steeple and the church was ready for the 100th anniversary. And celebration it was, with many of the priests who had served at St. Peter's in attendance.

Over the years the church was the scene of many

sad farewells. In World War II, the funeral masses for four men, James Holmes, Joseph Reis, Jesse Silva and John Thomas were held. In the Korean Conflict, Manuel Motta was also laid to rest from St. Peter's.

After many years of safe voyages, the fishing fleet lost three boats with their crews., The town was plunged into disbelief and mourning and the crews of the Patricia Marie, the Captain Bill, and the Victory II were eulogized at St. Peter's. The blessing of the Fleet took on an even greater significance as people realized the dangers and precariousness of the fishing profession.

But while there were sad times, there were times of great joy, also. This small town has seen the ordinations and first masses as six local men: Rev. Thomas Edwards, Rev. Leo Ferreira, Rev. Robert Andrews, Rev. Louis Joseph, Rev. Manuel Ferreira, and Rev. Leo (Warren) Murphy were called to the priesthood. The last three were in the same class at Provincetown High School. Two others who grew up in Provincetown were to become priests also: Rev. Francis Aresta and Rev. Daniel Cambra.

We might ask if there is something different about St. Peter's and the answer has to be in the affirmative. News of the tragedy traveled far and wide and television

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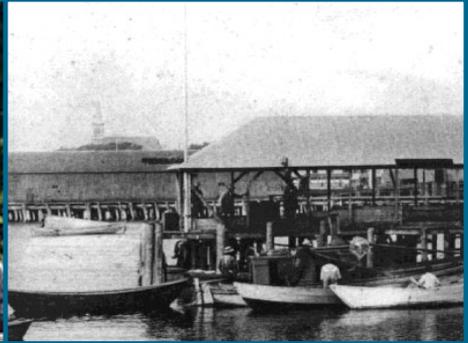
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coverage went as far as Hawaii. This is proof of the interest in and love for this church. The outpouring of sympathy, concern, and love, was immediate. In the rear of the parish hall where masses are now held, folding screens held scores of notes from all over the country expressing their feelings of sorrow. Not long ago a representative from a Baptist Church in Jamaica Plain came to Provincetown. After reading a letter from the pastor of the church, she presented Fr. Dahl with a check, an offering their congregation had taken up for St. Peter's. This church had also had a devastating fire and a newly restored vintage organ was lost.

While the sorrow was deep, the congregation of St. Peter's immediately began to look to the future. The building is gone, but the memories remain as do the faith and the spirit. We now face the task of rebuilding. A committee has been formed, and, soon, plans will begin to fall into place. It is a formidable

undertaking but the end result will be worth it. A place for new memories and traditions will be constructed. Spontaneous fundraisers have been held and private donations are coming in. The entire town looks forward to the completion of the new church.

The abiding faith of the parishioners of St. Peter's is very evident and guided by Pastor Henry Dahl, a new chapter in the church's history has begun. As I looked at the cherry trees in full bloom in May, I thought of these same trees in January, bent over with ice like they were weeping. I felt this was an omen of good things to come and a rebirth.

In 1874 at the Blessing and Dedication of the original St. Peter's, Bishop Hendricken quoted from psalm 122: "I rejoiced when I heard them say, Let us go to the house of the Lord"

May many generations rejoice in the spirit of St. Peter's which has remained so steadfast through the years. r

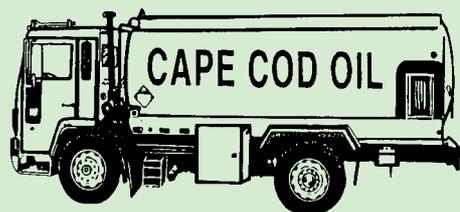
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Mary Avellar, Kay O'Donnell, Ruth O'Donnell , Rose Martin

he Town According to Mary, Rose, Kay & Ruth

By Yvonne deSousa

On a sunny March Sunday I had the privilege of attending the Fado concert upstairs at Napi's Restaurant. The artwork of Napi's, the delicious food, and beautiful music combined to make for a joyous afternoon. One of the highlights of the day was the honoring of four local women in attendance- Rose Martin, 94, Kay O'Donnell 94, Mary Avellar 93, and Ruth O'Donnell 91. As I watched them enjoy the afternoon I realized that I see them at many events supporting and appreciating the town. As this year's theme of the Portuguese Festival is "Share the Heritage", I thought I could learn exactly what that means from these women. So, on another sunny afternoon, I was fortunate to sit and talk town with these fascinating locals.

While Ruth, Kay, and Rose were all born here

as daughters of trap fishermen from the East End of town, descendants from the Azores, Mary traveled here as a tourist in 1928.

She was 16 years old and came alone on the Ferry as no one she knew in her Boston circle liked boats. Once here, she fell in love with the town, most especially the beautiful gardens in the Commercial Street homes. She began visiting regularly and was soon here to stay, working at Turner's Candy Store. Starting as a teenager, Rose worked for Rear Admiral Donald B. MacMillan and his wife Miriam for 38 years. For \$6 a week, she would clean the four story house by herself, as well as cook for the couple who became like parents to her, taking her on trips to Boston and Maine, although never on an Arctic voyage. Rose would walk from her Conant street home to the MacMillan house on the corner of



Bangs and Commercial streets, work all day, walk home to rest and then walk back in the evening to serve dinner when the MacMillan's had guests. Walking everywhere was a way of life (Ruth learned to drive at the age of 66) and all the women laugh when they hear kids complaining about walking now. They didn't have much but they grateful for what they had. With no cars, bicycles, electricity or indoor plumbing (Kay remembers how all the kids in the family would bathe in one big tub in the kitchen on Saturday, with hot water added to the bath slowly if they were lucky), they managed to have fun as children. And they worry that today's local kids are missing out on such joys as learning to swim at the breakwater while wearing regular clothes (none could afford bathing suits), playing jacks and marbles, picking blueberries, ice skating (usually with just their shoes as it was a luxury to have skates) and sledding. Back then the kids had homemade double runner sleighs that 8-10 kids could pile on. Water was purposely poured down Bradford Street Hill to freeze, giving the kids a sledding treat. Even

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with not having much the community helped each other as one. According to Kay "no matter how little you had, there was always someone who came to your rescue if you needed it."

It is this spirit of help and appreciation that made the town, and while there were differences among various segments of the community-East End and West End, Azorean and Lisboan Families, Captains and crews, fishermen and artists- all were there for each other when necessary. Fishermen fed artists; artists painted fishermen. Ruth has a portrait of her father-in-law in his gear painted by a student of George Elmer Brown who was a tenant in her in-law's guesthouse. The picture was rescued by a family member just before the artist was about to scrap the canvas as she couldn't afford another canvas for her next work. Rose posed for artists and remembers them painting on the beach. She believes the art community really gave Provincetown a boost. All four fondly remember the Beachcomber's Ball at Town Hall. They would stand outside and watch artists arrive in grand style, much like how the town watches the Junior Class march in now for the

annual high school Prom. Marys says "friends and neighbors you made in Provincetown in those days were true people, fascinating, everybody was friends with everybody else and everybody helped each other." Ruth, who had nine children in her family, has nine grandchildren and fifteen great-grandkids, tells new people she meets "I'm related to everyone in town so you better not talk badly about anyone to me."

Working brought people together. Kay worked for several years as a Nurses Aide at the old Manor and this position helped her keep speaking Portuguese and to treasure the many stories of its residents. She still enjoys sitting on the Town Hall benches and hearing old stories. Ruth worked for Ciro and Sal's restaurant for many years and the family spirit there is best described in the telling of a recent birthday story. A friend from the restaurant took her out to lunch for her birthday and it seemed like a very long lunch to Ruth. When she was brought home, she immediately noticed someone had been in her kitchen. Several seconds later she noticed a brand new stove that the Ciro's crew had

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bought her as a birthday gift. The new stove was in place, the old one was gone, and her friends came out, of their hiding places in her home. When she asked why they bought her a new stove they told her "so you'll keep cooking for us!" This new stove went into a home Ruth and her husband purchased in 1943 and that she's lived in ever since. At the time, her husband was fishing and bringing home half a cent for a pound of haddock. The home purchase price was \$2500, \$200 more than a second choice they looked at. But this home had a rental property and Ruth's mother had the foresight to predict the benefit of a rental income. Six months later, the war began and Former Police Chief Cheney Marshall bought the same style home across the street for \$5000.

I ask these four why it is so important to be out supporting town events. While they agree the town has changed, there are more buildings and more new-comers, they also agree that "it is still ours and

we would never want to live anywhere else." Ruth points out the town's incredible beauty and that the town "is just a part of us, we're not going to stand still just because we're getting old right? You have to take part in the different things going on, in the Church, whatever." Rose adds "I want to stay here and enjoy it as long as I can." Mary has a friend from New Jersey who remarked that everyone on Cape Cod lives to an old age and Mary told her "it's because of clean living!" Ruth adds that it is also because of hard work. All point out that they are not the only ones who feel it is important to celebrate Provincetown at any age. At the Lobster Pot fundraiser for the rebuilding of St. Peter's Church there was a table of Provincetown Seniors in their 90's and Mary can count at least 12 town seniors 90 or over. A look at the annual census brings that number closer to 30.

Spending the afternoon with four of them made me realize that while things in town have changed greatly, the main things that make a



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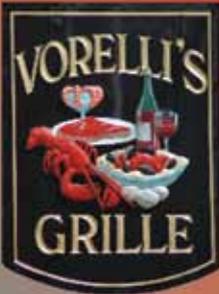
AIDIL Wines is proud to share the heritage with the introduction of a New Generation of Portuguese Wines at Festival 2004

town a community have stayed the same. As we share the heritage at this year's Portuguese Festival, we also share the same themes of beauty, history, art, hard work, community and appreciation that Mary, Kay, Ruth and Rose talk about remembering as they were becoming women here in the 20's and 30's. Lucky for us that we have folks like them to share their stories and wisdoms with us.

Thank you to all of Provincetown's Seniors, especially Rose Martin, Mary Avellar, Kay O'Donnell, Ruth O'Donnell and those of all ages who love our town.



Ruth O'Donnell



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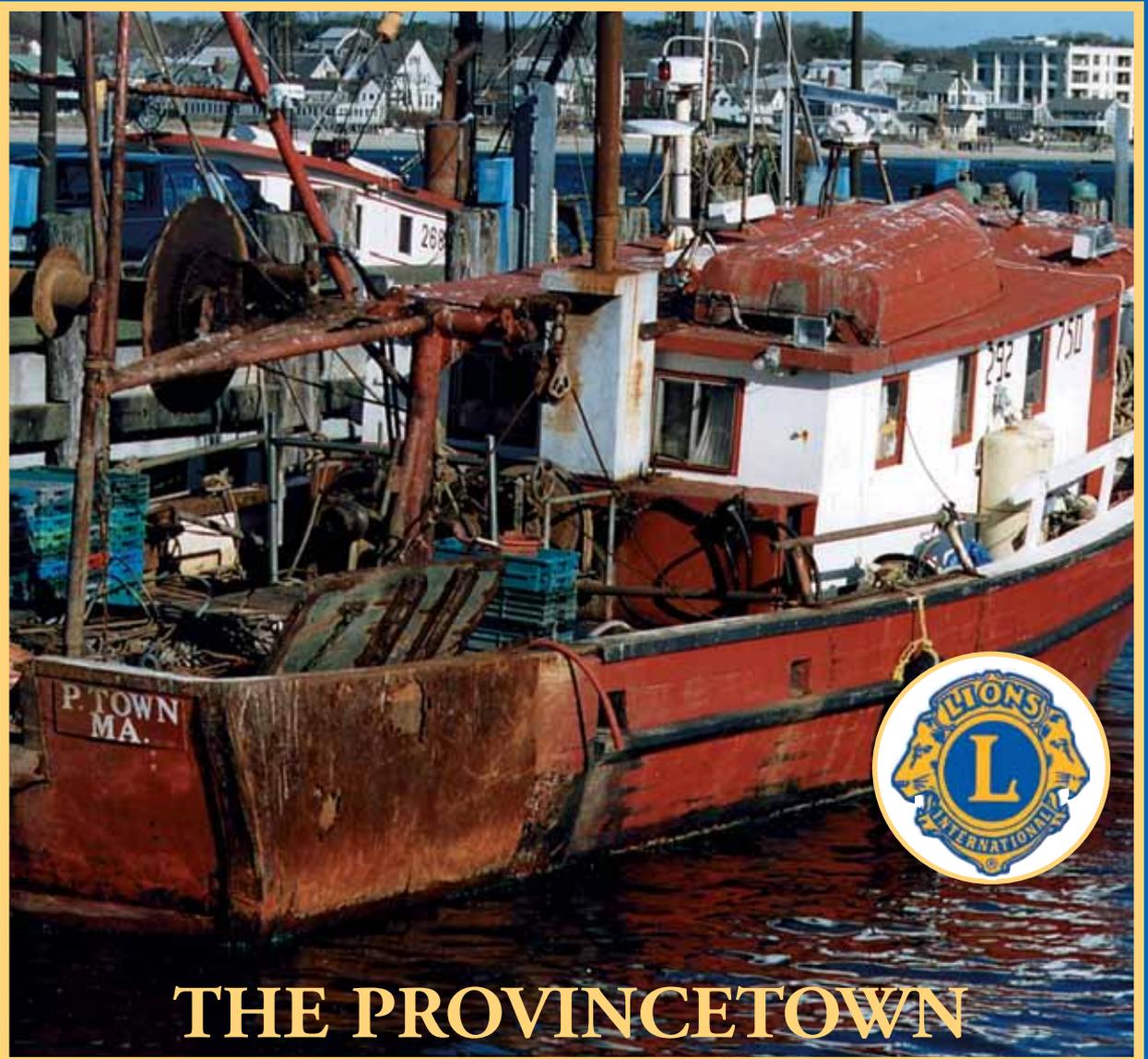
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Who enjoyed having fun
A smile that beamed
Like the warm summer sun

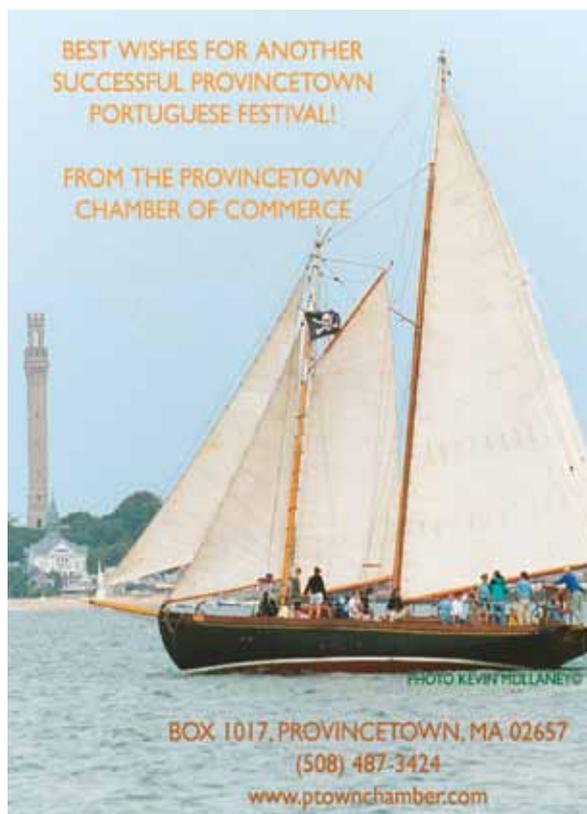
From the depression to the millennium
his years did span
Many sorrows and tragedies
Never brought down this man

A hear and a captain
Possessing both courage and nerve
On whose squad or vessel
It would have been an honor to serve

His family and friends
Are what mattered to him most
And of his accomplishments
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To be with the angels
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- C. KING





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Capt. Richard Bailey

A s long as there have been people in Provincetown, there has been a fishery. So, how do you learn to fish? Any kid on the wharf can instruct a visitor about baiting a hook on a hand line. But where do you learn to be a deep-sea, commercial fisherman? The Provincetown Portuguese Festival took this question to

Provincetown fisherman Fernando Gonsalves.

His story might be a little different from most. He began his career in an 19th, or almost 18th century manner. Mr. Gonsalves first set out fishing as a very young man, scarcely out of boyhood, sailing from Lisbon across the Atlantic to the banks off New England and the Canadian Maritime Provinces. His vessel was like nothing seen fishing in most living people's memory.

continued on page 28

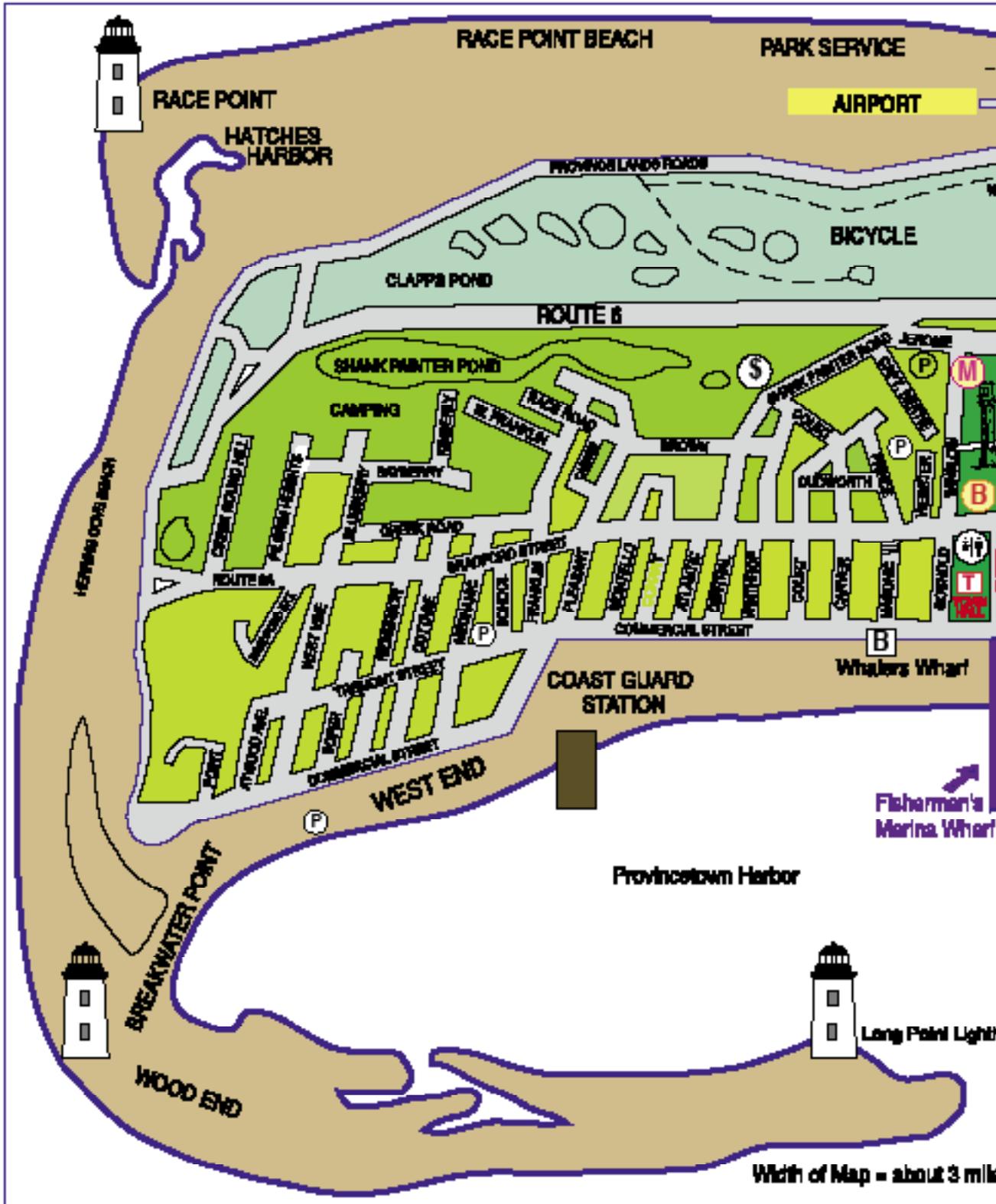


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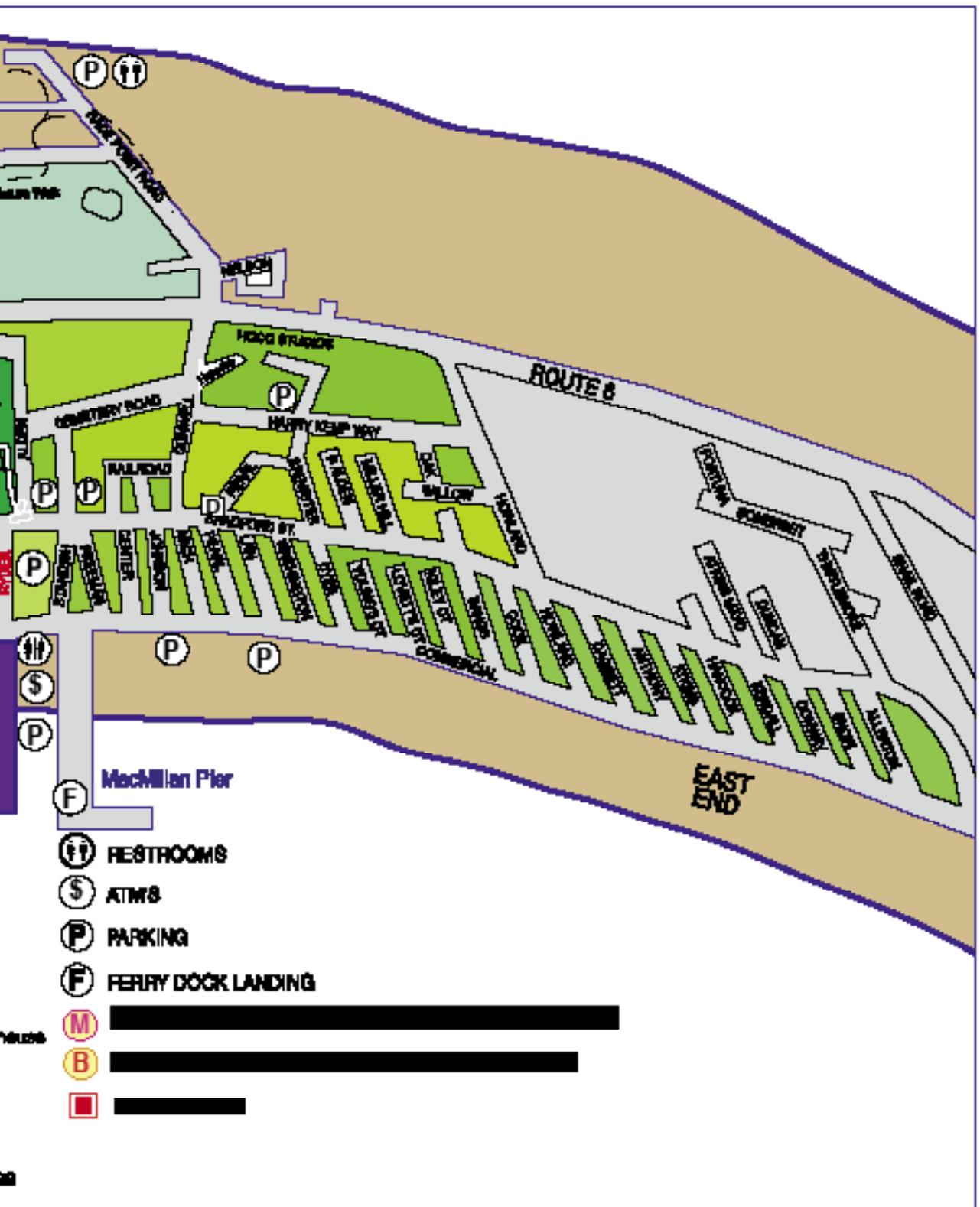
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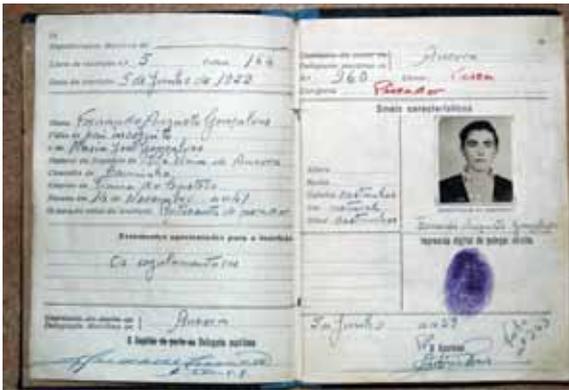
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She was the three-masted barquentine *Gazela* Primeiro. [A barquentine is a vessel that has square sails on the forward most of its three masts, the other two masts carrying fore and aft sails]. A private family owned her with investments in three other sailing ships. Her name translates roughly as

Gazelle the First. *Gazela* had been built in 1883, around 1900 or so she was lengthened about twenty feet and a small wheelhouse was added to the aft deck to provide some shelter for the helmsman. In time an engine and even a depth sounder would find their way aboard, but *Gazela's* primary propulsion would remain her sails. A sextant, a compass, and a radio rounded out her complete navigation equipment inventory.

When Fernando signed onto the ship's papers in the spring of 1960, he did so as a ship's boy. At sixteen, he was the oldest of five with a duty to help support his family in Vila Praia de Ancora in the north of Portugal. He felt that as a teenager he had to choose between joining the army and going to sea, and some time in a school of fishing had prepared him for seafaring. He regarded the sea as an opportunity. As a ship's boy, pay was minimal, and Fernando had most of his money sent home, keeping just enough for postage to mail his letters.

Fernando made the transatlantic voyage with



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Provincetown fisherman Fernando Gonsalves

Gazela for the next four summers. Sometimes after sailing down the Tagus River to the sea from Lisbon the ship would stop in nearby Stabel for salt to preserve the catch of codfish. Sometimes there would be a stop 1200 miles west at the Azores to hire additional crew or marineros. A passage under sail from Lisbon to the fishing grounds might take anywhere from sixteen to forty days, depending on storms encountered or the time spent dodging them.

Once on the banks the crew, which might range in age from sixteen to sixty-seven, set about the business of catching fish. The majority of the men set out in dories that had made the journey stacked or nested on deck like teacups. Each dory carried long lines of baited hooks carefully coiled into tubs or wooden buckets. These lines with weights at either end might be nearly half a mile long. They had to be carefully deployed over the side as the dory crept along and then recovered after being allowed to set and catch for a while. In time Fernando came



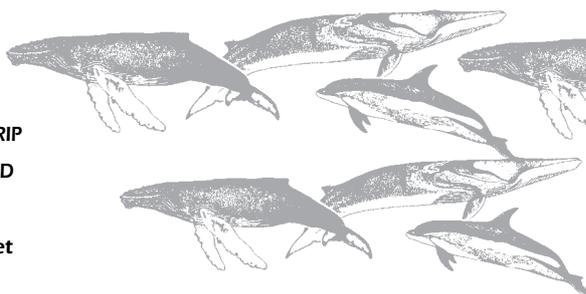
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to be in charge of the small motorboat that periodically made the rounds between the ten or so dories to collect fish as they were caught. Back at the ship the fish were gutted, split and salted before being stored in the ship's fish holds. This copious use of sea salt is thought to be one of the reasons Gazela has endured into the present time.

One sixty-seven year-old crewman was legendary among the men. He was generally acknowledged to be the best fisherman among them, able to fill one entire fish hold by himself.

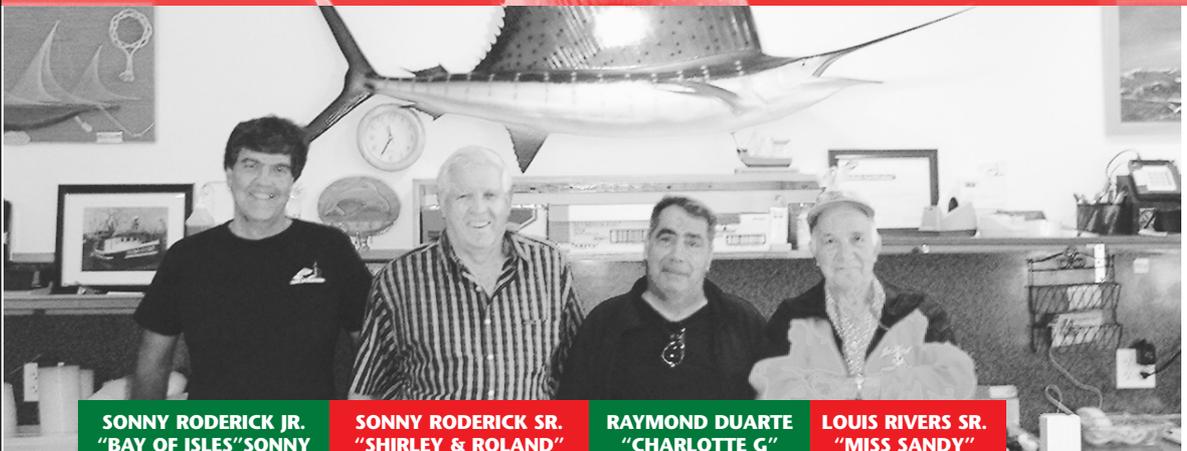
As Fernando's duties expanded he came to be in charge of the ground tackle: the anchor, its rode of cable or chain, and the motorized windlass that recovered this gear from the bottom. This vital piece of equipment not only



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secured the ship when it was not underway, but could insure its safety in gales and storms. No mistakes or carelessness could be permitted in

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its maintenance or use. He was also in charge of the three or four other ship's boys.

How was the food, we asked him. Plenty of fish, of course, and plenty of bread, olives, coffee, lingua and whatever non-perishable provisions the ship could carry, and salt beef on Thursdays and Sundays.

And what about leisure activities? Like most seafarers the fisherman took every opportunity they could to sleep or mend personal gear or clothes. Periods of sleeplessness would occur far too regularly.

The workday might begin as early as 3 a.m., before the sun rose. Sometimes when the dories set out, the men might be given a draught of brandy to combat the bitter cold of the high-latitude Atlantic, where damp fogs almost always prevailed. They could easily stay

out till nightfall. If a thick fog rolled through obscuring the dories from the ship, Fernando manned a small cannon to intermittently signal the ship's position.

How was the captain? At twenty-four he was the youngest in the fleet. An achievement based on his success at nautical school and his family connections as well as his experience and reliability. He had to cultivate a certain detachment with both the boys and the older men; he had rules, boys were not allowed to smoke (in his presence). He adhered to a minimum size for codfish, something the competing druggers did not care about. And, in days before pollution was much thought about, he knew that engine oil would disturb his fishing, so all such waste was kept aboard.

And they pay? The escudo, the old

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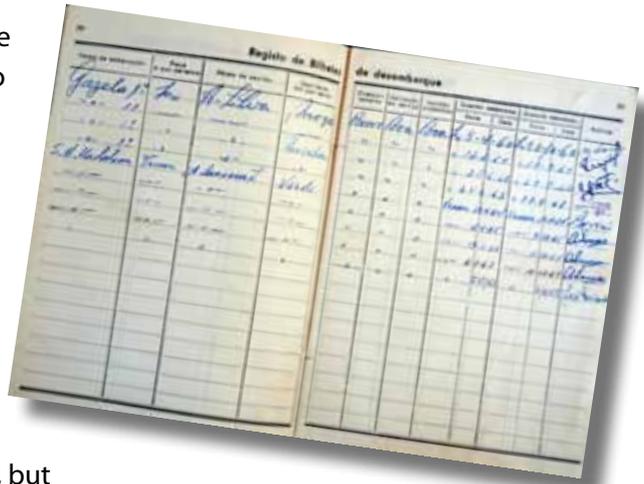
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Portuguese currency, has given way to the euro. Any translation of that 1960 pay to dollars of today would be flimsy at best. Suffice it to say that, at 25% of the value of the catch going to the crew, Fernando had to love his work.

Fernando Gonsalves lives in Provincetown today. He still knows where the fish are, although he will tell you that things are not as they were in his boyhood. These days he prefers to accomplish most of his work on day trips, but if he's catching he still knows how to deal with those sleepless nights.

Gazela was among the last of her kind. She sailed as part of the now legendary Portuguese Great White Fleet. Her sisters Hortensia and Creoula endured for a



long time, too. Creoula is still seen sometimes in Portuguese waters. But it is Gazela that has become best known to Americans. An American bought her from the Portuguese fishery in 1969. Today she makes her home in Philadelphia. Last year she attended the

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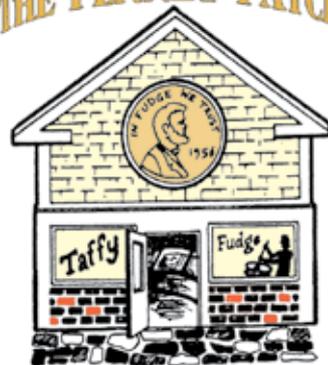
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Fishermen Spotlight is a tribute to fishermen, great men in a league of their own. I wanted to hear, record and preserve their memories and fishing lives so their stories could stay alive and be archived as Provincetown history. As the Blessing of the Fleet date approached, my inner

spirit told me this was the perfect time to call and write fishermen and inquire about their lives.

Each unique in his own way, I was often surprised by the answers. Most of all, I felt humbled and honored by these men and their personal responses. I thank them for sharing their biographies. Here are their stories.

by Carol Leonard La Duke

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Anthony "Junior" Leonard

One of my regrets in life is not asking my Dad, "Junior" Leonard for his fishing story when he was alive. He fished most of his life on the royal blue

Jimmy Boy with Joe Roderick, "Barshy" Santos, Tony Menangas, and "Boysine" Cabral.

Joe Roderick, his boss and owner of the Jimmy Boy, remarked that my father never complained about being called out to fish at any hour, any day, no matter how tired he was; and Joe never heard a bad word out of him. He was a highly valued employee to him, and he quietly and dutifully worked his 80-100



Anthony "Junior" Leonard

hour work weeks.

An extremely handsome man, you could tell he was a Cordeiro boy. All the Cordeiro boys were attractive and commanded a second glance from all females of the species that set eyes on them. They



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were of average height, not tall, but well muscled and tanned, and they had dark eyes and hair that matched well with their olive skin. They were all fishermen, and the elder of them all, Louis Cordeiro Sr., must have been equally handsome in his youth. In pictures, he is bald and weathered, his hands gloved in calloused leather. His phalangeal joints were knotted from seventy years of pulling heavy nets; their colossal size made the rest of him appear small, but were an advantage when he worked.

When the Cordeiro boys grew into the Autumn of their years, their temples and hair became highlighted with silver, giving them a distinguished air, and despite some fading and rough edges, they became as attractive as a worn, expensive, Persian rug.

My father's work clothes were jeans, oilskins, and rubber boots on a warm day. He never cared or worried about the New York Stock Exchange or other worldly things. Instead, he worried about the weather, how the fish were running, and maintaining the boat.

On the return of his fishing trip of several days, his distinct smell would greet me at the door; a cologne of fish, diesel, cigarettes, and sweat. His kiss would pierce my face with his unshaven beard, sharp prickles, a rough sand paper on my young face. A strong silent type, it went without saying, my father was glad to be home.

My father told me stories of feeding fish to the dolphins that followed the Jimmy Boy. Amazed, I would imagine my father as a dolphin trainer with these aquatic canines, clapping, jumping, and chattering while happily performing tricks. As a treat, he would reward them generously with a mackerel for their show.

When I was in first grade he brought me home a baby octopus that I proudly displayed for a school Show and Tell. It floated, suspended in rubbing alcohol that filled an old jar. It grew old, living in our cupboard by the washing machine, until it got thrown away during a day of Spring cleaning. Looking back, I felt sorry for this creature that sacrificed itself for a bunch of six year old's curiosity. Ironically, when our daughter was about the same age, my husband taught her to recite the number of legs an octopus had and then declare its unique features.

"An octopus has eight legs and suckers called tentacles on its legs", she would squeak.

Her grandfather would be proud of her cephalopod knowledge. My father could predict Mother Nature's wild mood swings, sweet and

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wicked. It was her wicked ways that worried him the most. He could sense bad weather like a hound on the strong scent of a fox trail. It was then, that he stayed on his guard. When the air grew heavy, his joints would ache, and the seagulls flew low under her barometric pressure. When she angrily started to blow, the goosebumps rose on his arms and she would whistle through his ears, and every crack on the boat began to shriek like a thousand angry flutes. Her temper would spin and rock the boat, crashing white caps over the bow, until she was through with her tantrum. Despite his decades of nautical living, she could make him sea sick in her worst mood. He'd whisper prayers of thanks when he finally rounded Long Point Lighthouse. The worst case scenario, even now without a boat, he could swim ashore.

If he didn't choose fishing for a living, I could see him working as a landscaper, planting flowers,

edging a beautiful lawn that he would lovingly tend. He loved the outdoors and Mother Earth's simple, but complex beauty. He basked in her, in a quiet meditative way. One Spring, I planted a box of gladiola bulbs he had, in his front garden. Though a beautiful flower, they always reminded me of funerals. Within days they sprouted, and when I announced their arrival, I told my father the great news. "They can't be! They're weeds," he said annoyingly. "They are not! They are sprouts!" I uttered in a dignified tone. I triumphed in my green thumb, and wondered why he would doubt my gardening ability. I guess he was playing devil's advocate. That Summer, tall, beautiful, pink and white weeds with delicate buds blossomed in his garden. My father would peer out of his bay window and I'd cajole him with, "Pretty weeds, huh dad?"

"Hmm," he answered and then grinned.

That would be the last Summer I spent with him. r

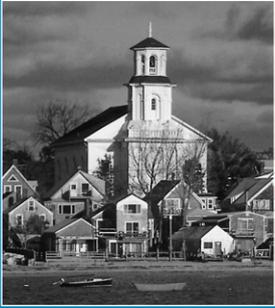
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Fishermen Spotlight Continued
by Carol Leonard La Duke

Henry Passion: A Provincetown Fishing Legend

It was only natural for Henry Passion to be a fisherman. Henry inherited fishing the way a boy inherits brown eyes from his father. It was in his veins.

I was fortunate that Mr. Passion and his daughter Diane Sage lived so close to me in West Palm Beach, Florida, a mere 15 miles away. When I telephoned to ask for Henry's fishing story, Diane graciously invited me to their home. I had presumed, the way I have done in many of my pre-meeting visualizations, I was to meet an elderly man, but instead was greeted by a fit, keen and imposing gentleman. At the age of 97, Henry Passion is THE senior Provincetown fisherman.

To say Captain Henry has aged gracefully is an understatement. He appears at least 20 years younger than his calendar years, as does Diane. I could not stop thinking that unlike Ponce De Leon

who had failed, this man of Portuguese descent, HAD discovered the Fountain of Youth. Being a wine connoisseur, I thought if he was an ordained bottle of wine, he would be a rare '47 Cheval. A great, great grandfather, Mr. Passion has 4 children, Diane, Eileen, Sonya and Carmen ; 14 grandchildren ; 33 great grandchildren and 2 great, great grandchildren.

He remembers, " My Dad comes from the Grand Banks, Canada. That's the vessel he went on." (pointing to a picture of the Gazella) "They had the little dories, 14 foot dories. They anchored on the Grand Banks. The boat is now in a museum in Pennsylvania. Four, five years ago it sailed to Miami. The last time he went (Henry's father), he was lost in the fog and that was the last time he went to the Grand Banks. He live in Gloucester, ... went to Provincetown after that. His name was Francisco Piacion (pronounced Pa-shon). Went by the name Frank Henrique." Daine explained that

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From left Henry Passion, Domingos Joseph Malaquias, Ramon (standing) John Corea and Anthony Thomas

Henrique was his middle name. Captain Henry had two brothers, one Manuel Henrique,”

Stayed Henrique his whole life, explains Henry. Manuel was in the Merchant Marines during the war. When he got out of the service, he went tuna fishing in California and then later returned to Provincetown. “ When I went to Provincetown Town Hall to get my name, it was Henry Passion.

That’s how my name got side-swept.”

“...I inherited fishing. ...Repeated first grade, I went to first grade for 2 years! The language was Portuguese. I knew nothing about English. Two years in the first grade to learn the language. At homethelanguagewasPortuguese.Mymomtalked no English, not one word. Died here and never

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talked English; I graduated 6th grade. My Dad says, 'You don't want to go to school? Come on boy. Go fishing.' My Dad used to let us take the boat out once in a while, by ourselves. That's how we learned. I was maybe 15 – 16. 'Son, you take out the boat today.' That's how we learned the business. ... No sitting around. There was always something to do."

Young Henry also spent hours of his spare time learning how to mend nets from Mr. Roda on Alden Street.

"Before I went fishing in Provincetown, (between ages 16-20 years) I went fishing in Florida. I was 4 years fishing in St. Augustine, shrimping. I cut shrimp. We loaded the boat in one day in Cape Canaveral."

"...Virgin grounds, nobody been down Cape Canaveral. No harbor, no inlet, like today. It took all night to go to St. Augustine from Cape Canaveral. Fish all day, got 12,000 pounds shrimp. ...Five cents a pound, jumbo shrimp, nobody ever went there."

"I brought the boat up." (from Florida to Provincetown) Adds Diane, "My mother drove back, all the way to P'town in a Model T by herself on dirt roads."

"In 1940, I had the Liberty built, in Connecticut. All my boats went to Provincetown. Liberty Belle, when I retired, Frank Motta took over."

At the age of twenty, Mr. Passion went fishing with his brother Frank on the

Richard and Arnold for four years. In 1928, he got married to Florence Macara and lived in the Mariflor House (behind Napi's) on Freeman Street. 'The Mariflor' was named after Mary, (his mother's sister) and Florence, his wife. It was a boarding house. "Four teaches from the high school lived there. I later had a house near the filling station, on Bradford Street across from the florist on top of the hill. I built that house, I got the land."

Henry fondly remembers the fun of catching squid as a ten year old boy. "In a 14 foot dory at

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Wood End Cove. We filled that dory up with squid, and turn black. Seven cents a pound. I remember that. We get all black.”

When young Henry turned twelve, “My brother had the boat, that’s how he got his start. He got 2 shares, my mom got 2 shares and I got nothing. I worked for the house. I was so young, that’s the way it was. My brother bought a boat right off and made money.”

“In 1924, we found scallops off the Race... We used to get scallops with a trawl. When we went there, ‘cowtail,’ a yellow thing like a sponge stuck to the scallops. We couldn’t open them on the water. We came back the next day, filled up the boat, and cleaned the next day. Cleaned it all out... 15-16 bags a day, 40 pounds per bag, about 4 gallons. We worked all day.”

“When my brother went to New Bedford, I went fishing on the Richard and Arnold, ran boat for 4 years, got 5%, big deal, I got tired of that. In 1944 I got the Liberty. The slider wouldn’t turn

the way I wanted.” Henry later sold that boat and bought the Liberty II.

“Most memorable day... One day I fished, I had the Liberty II, I caught lemon sole. Nobody ever caught them. It had a big black base, a lot of red tips. They are like an overgrown black back flounder, with a red tail, red lips. You have a lemon sole, dabs, grey sole, daylights – all kinds of flounder. Nobody ever caught, nobody ever, ever caught them. I was the only one. I had the rollers on. I went home. Nobody went there because I told them, ‘the net got all tore up.’ I had a gold mine there. \$1,000 that week. We cleaned them right out.

They never went there no more. Maybe they are they are now, cuz that was a long time ago. But, I never did try to go there. They were gold nuggets. I got 62 cents a pound. About \$6,000”

“Another time, when I retired and Diane’s husband took the boat over, in the fall of the year, I went mackereling, gill net all alone. All alone in a 7 foot dory. Nets all loaded with mackerel. So, I



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filled the boat, took them out went, down the street, got a pint of whiskey and went back and took that. I drank that, warmed me up. It was slushy already, cold in the Fall. Went out to get the nets in a 14 foot dory. I had a house in Florida already. I sold my boat to my son-in-law and Ernest Tarvers. All alone on the dory. That was it, I was tired, my heart pounded, that was it, no more. ... When I went mackereling, 'Dory Plug', came from the West End, helped me clean."

But again he went, this time with his grandson Todd ... to help. "The most nervous I've been... Another time, I went fishing with Todd Motta (his grandson) catching tuna. We had a rod and reel and harpoon. You have to get them while they're on the surface. With a buoy, we had a thousand foot line on it. The tuna was over 500 pounds. My heart was pounding. That was it! No more! We were on the Sinbad." The Sinbad was Henry's 35 foot boat. He and his grandson Todd caught 20 tuna that Summer.

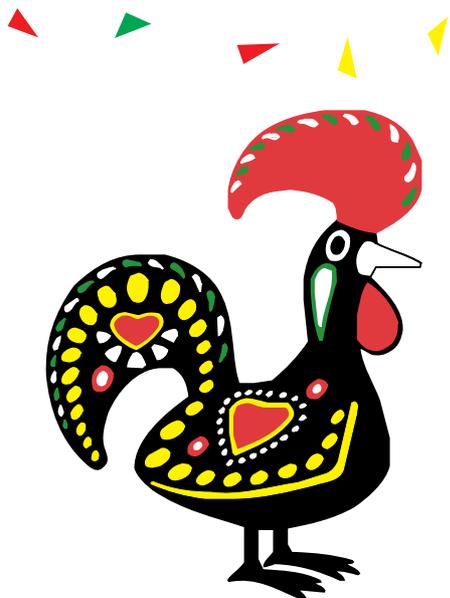
"I was 68...69.. (years old). That was the last time!" Henry decided it was time to retire and stop wrestling fish the size of Brahma calves.

"My biggest catch? I had the Liberty II, during the war. (W W II)... I had 3 tows, I had 175 boxes, they didn't allow that. Don't write that down... I called up Gambia in New Bedford and said, 'Get some ice, I'll be there midnight,' I couldn't go to Ptown with all that fish, I'd be pinched. Even now you can't catch them. There are so many fishing regulations. So many laws. You can't go here, you can't go there." (The author asked who would've pinched him, the police?)

He continues, " I never sold any lobsters, I gave them away." Favorite food? "Seafood. I used to love shrimp, but can't eat them now. I'm allergic to them. I had two shrimp, my throat locked up. When I was in Florida, I ate so many shrimp."

"I never had a nick name. My brother Manuel's

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nick name was 'Below'. He worked at the cold storage downstairs with the trays, and they'd say, 'Look out below!'"

"I have done a lot of traveling. I love Portugal", reminisces Henry. He has journeyed to the "old country" 10 – 11 times where he stayed in a villa the month of June. "It's beautiful, Algarve. The beach, Southern Portugal. My cousin had a fish farm with a dozen pools. They grew shrimp... They catch them and send them to Italy... I bet that's what the Pope eats."

"If I did not fish, I would have been full-time in the hotel business. I loved the hotel business. May-June-July - August - September 15th, close up. Not like fishing. What I like best is Florida. I owned a hotel on Beach Point, Fore n' Aft and retired. I've

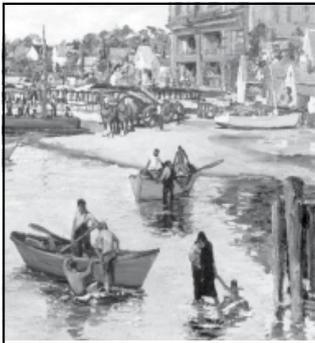
had a good life. Went to Florida and retired early." He admits he smoked cigars and Camel cigarettes at one time, but quit after an anchor broke his leg when he was in his 50's.

"What I like best is Florida", he says smiling. Diane adds, "He's had a blessed life and has enjoyed a lot."

Author's note: Captain Henry Passion's birthday is June 9th. He turns 98 years young. He has owned three boats. The first, the Liberty was green, then he had the Liberty II, a black boat and the Liberty Belle, his blue boat. r

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An exhibition of photographs primarily of fishermen and those who worked the waterfront will be on display at the Provincetown Public

Library, beginning at 7 p.m. Wednesday, June 22. Included are photos by Bill Berardi, a New York photographer who recorded the fleet with informal portraits of the fishermen in their prime in the early to mid-1950s. The library is located at the corner of Commercial and Center.



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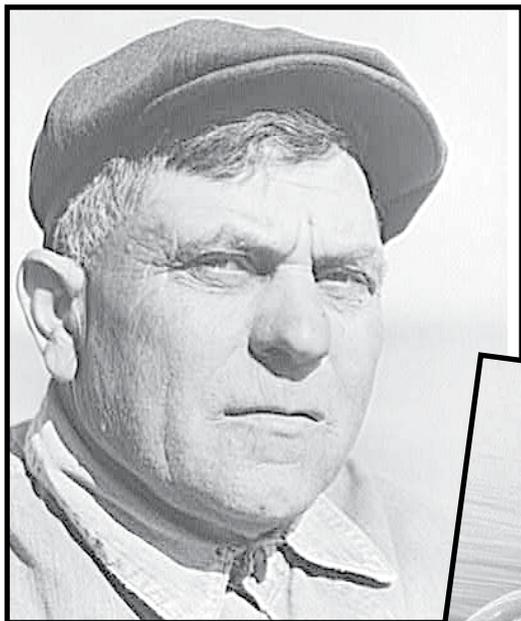
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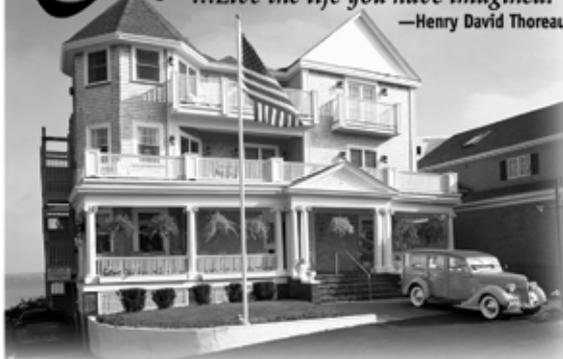
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Art Association honors Portuguese heritage

Two exhibitions to honor the Portuguese heritage of Provincetown are being held at the Provincetown Art Association and Museum, 460 Commercial St. and will coincide with the Provincetown Portuguese Festival and Blessing of the Fleet. Both shows will open with a reception from 8 to 10 p.m. on Friday, June 24, and will run through July 10.

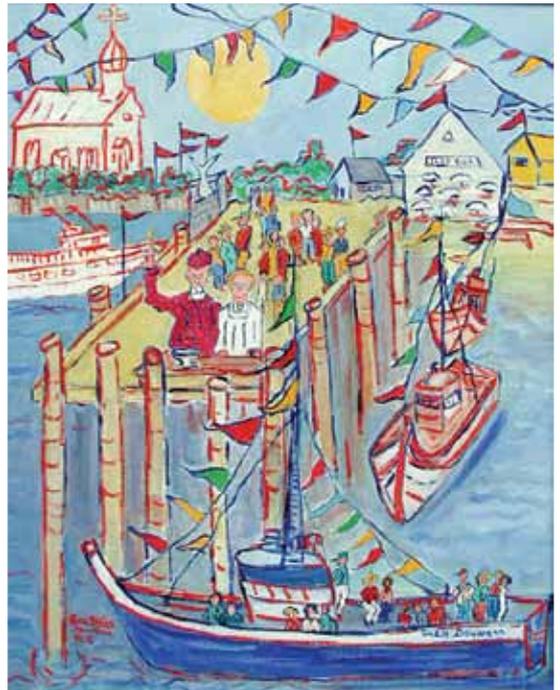
PAAM will show artwork from their permanent collection along with work from the collection of Napi and Helen Van Dereck that focuses on the fishing fleet, the Portuguese residents and the part each has played in the making of the town and the art community. A second show (see next page) unveils the 4-by-48-foot mural of Provincetown created by Peter Macara.

The artists who came to Provincetown relied heavily on the Portuguese. They rented rooms and studios from them, got fish down at the pier free for the asking when there was more hunger than money and often used the fishermen, the boats and the Portuguese natives as subjects of their paintings.

The father of the town's art colony, Charles Hawthorne, created many major canvases (see below) depicting fishermen and their families. Other well known artists, such as Ross Moffett, Chaim Gross, Edwin Dickinson and Gerrit Beneker, also used the Portuguese as models and inspiration.

The Portuguese benefited by renting the rooms and by posing, though they may have been bemused by the process.

In addition to the paintings, black-and-white photos of 1920s seiners out of Gloucester may be included in the show along with images of trap barges, weir poles or the fishermen and their families.

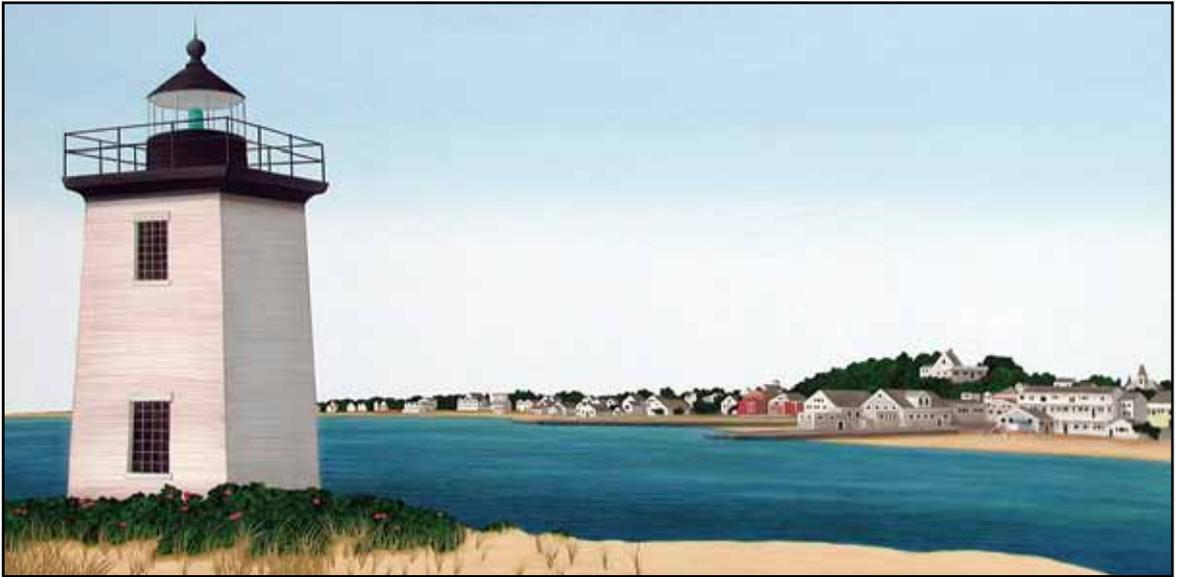


"Blessing of the Fleet" by Rose Basile.



"The Fish Wife" by Charles Hawthorne.

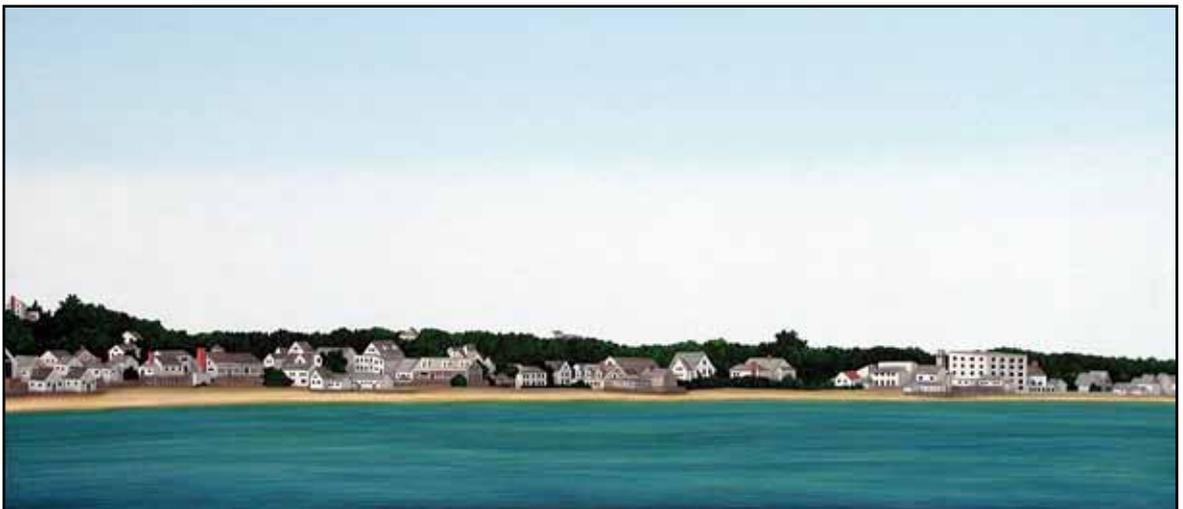
About half of the 50 pieces being shown come from the Van Dereck's collection. The show is curated by Van Dereck and James Bakker. r



Peter Macara's six panel mural "Land's End" shows Provincetown from west to east. Panel one.



Panel three



Panel five



Panel two



Panel four



Panel six

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