

Provincetown
Portuguese

Festival 2009

Celebrating the 62nd Blessing of the Fleet

**Boas
Festas!**



Photo Sue Harrison

PROVINCETOWN BANNER

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Provincetown's award-winning, weekly newspaper is a proud supporter of the Provincetown Portuguese Festival

Provincetown Portuguese Festival

June 25-28, 2009

JUNE 25 (THURSDAY)

5 pm-10:00 pm – Festival 2009 Opening Night presented by Seamen's Bank (\$25pp) B

DINNER RESERVATIONS REQUIRED. Call the Portuguese Festival Hotline 508-246-9080

Compartilhe Na Nossa Mesa . . . **"Share Our Table"**
A showcase of Provincetown's best restaurants

Join your class or group reunion

- Cash bar 5:00 to 10:00
- Dinner 6:30
- Music and Dancing (X-Cape) 6:00 to 10:00

JUNE 26 (FRIDAY)

10 am-12 pm Capt. Manny Phillips Fishing Derby for Kids (FREE)

12-3 pm Portuguese Soup Tasting with entertainment by the Dory Bar Blues Band B

3-4 pm Music and dance On The Stage Fills Portuguese Square (FREE) P

4-6 pm Sing and Dance with Live Entertainment From The Stage At Portuguese Square (FREE) P

5-8 pm The CLAMFEED is BACK! B

6:30-8 pm Music for All Ages on the Stage at Portuguese Square with Michelle Romeiro (FREE)P

7:00-10 pm Gallery Opening – Gail Browne Gallery, 364 Commercial Street. Selling Festival T-

Shirts as well as Prints of the original design shown on the T-Shirt. Proceeds to benefit the Festival.

8:30-10:30 pm Music for All Ages on the Stage at Portuguese Square with Nelia (FREE)P

10-1:00 am Homecoming Get Together with the "Old Jugs" at the Surf Club (FREE) S

JUNE 27 (SATURDAY)

9 am-12 pm Kids Games and Cookout (FREE) MF

11:30 am-7:30 pm Lions Club Portuguese Food Court B

12:00-2 pm Entertainment at Portuguese Square - Portuguese Dancers Danças e Cantares do Clube Juventude Lusitana, Rancho Folclórico de Peabody, Rancho Clube Social Portugues (FREE)

1:00 pm Judging of decorated boats.

2-3 pm Entertainment at Portuguese Square
Toe Jam Puppet Band (FREE) P

3-4 pm Entertainment at Portuguese Square Miracle Fish Puppets (FREE) P

3 pm 2009 Portuguese Festival Parade
(On Commercial St. from Cape Inn to Franklin St.)

4:30-5:30 Entertainment Toe Jam Puppet Band (FREE) P

6:30 pm-7:30 pm Entertainment by Chris Costa with Dancers On The Stage. (FREE) P

7:30 pm-9:30 pm Entertainment Fado Concert On The Waterfront The music of Portugal With Celia Maria, Jose Carlos and Daniel Guerra F

9 pm -12 pm Entertainment Bossa Triba and the Berkshire Bateria Samba (FREE) P

JUNE 28 (SUNDAY)

10:30 am Fishermen's Mass at St. Peters Church. SP

12:00 pm—1pm Procession from St. Peters Church to McMillan Pier. M

12:00 pm Entertainment by Grupo Folclórico Coracoes Lusiados (FREE) LS

1:00 pm - 62nd Annual Blessing of the Fleet M

1:00 pm-4:00 pm Band Concert—St. Anthony's Band, Cambridge & Rancho Folclórico Madeirense M

4:pm-7pm Ed Sheridan at the Surf Club (FREE) S

Location Key:

B = Bas Relief • P = Portuguese Square (Ryder St)

MF = Motta Field • LS = Lopes Square

F = Fishermen's Wharf • L = Library

M = MacMillan Pier • S = Surf Club

See Map on the next page



ATLANTIC OCEAN

NATIONAL SEASHORE

RACE POINT BEACH

Visitors Center

NATIONAL SEASHORE

AIRPORT

RACE POINT

HERRING COVE BEACH

6

6

6

6A

Boston

Howland St

Jerome

St. Peter's

INN

Snail Rd

Bradford St

Howland St

Law St

Arch St

Court St

Franklin St

West Vine St

Alleton St

Snow St

Kendall Line

Young Ct

Johnson St

Carver St

Pleasant St

Soper St

Conway St

Hancock St

Anthony St

Dyer St

Freeman St

Winthrop St

Montello St

Nickerson St

Commercial St

Daggett St

Cook St

Washington Ave

Standish

Central St

Franklin St

Atwood St

Conway St

Hancock St

Anthony St

Dyer St

Freeman St

Winthrop St

Montello St

Nickerson St

Commercial St

Daggett St

Cook St

Washington Ave

Standish

Central St

Franklin St

Atwood St

Provincetown Portuguese Festival

MacMillan Pier

Coast Guard Station

BREAKWATER

WOOD END

LONG POINT

-  Town Hall
-  St. Peter's Church
-  Portuguese Square (Ryder Street)
-  Fishermen's Wharf
-  Motta Field
-  Surf Club Restaurant
-  Bas Relief
-  MacMillan Pier
-  Pilgrim Memorial
-  Provincetown Library
-  Provincetown Inn
-  Parade Route

In 2009 we highlight the working people of the Provincetown Portuguese Community. Fishing was the predominant occupation for many years and what most people associate with Provincetown. We also had farmers, shoemakers, blacksmiths, street vendors and underlying all, the work of women.

The fabric of the Portuguese work Community was closely knit, vibrant and interdependent. Family and Church were the foundations.

We invite you to reflect, through the authentic and heartfelt entries in this 2009 Festival Booklet, on how much the Provincetown Portuguese Community has changed and yet remains the same at its core.

Students from the Provincetown Schools who are newly arrived from different countries have expressed thoughts about their experience. A teacher who came here from Portugal as a young woman has done the same. It is interesting to learn how their experiences were similar.

*The 2009
Provincetown
Festival Team*

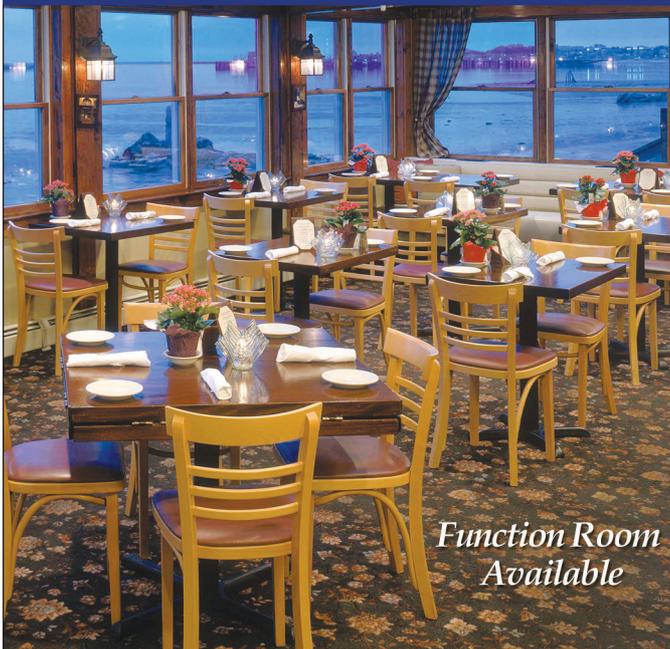
*Susan Avellar
Liliana DeSousa
Maureen Joseph Hurst
Susan Leonard
David Mayo
Donald Murphy
Jeffrey Perry
Paul Silva*

Cover mural by Nancy (Kelly) Whorf. Courtesy of The Mayflower Restaurant. This and other Whorf murals can be seen at The Mayflower.

Provincetown Portuguese Festival
Commemorative Book Design: Barbara Mullaney

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Motta Field



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Continuing the tradition of serving the community in 2009

Sam Janoplis
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Secretary

John K. Roderick
Treasurer



Perhaps some day, your name will be here





Galeforce Farm at the junction of West Vine Street and Bradford Street Extension (circa 1940). Pasture land and the unspoiled dunes can be seen in the background.

Galeforce Farm

By Jan Kelly

Provincetown, as a fishing village, needed land-based businesses to support it; grocery stores, clothing stores, bars & taverns, blacksmiths, cobblers, carpenters, boat yards, masons and, not least of all, dairies. Some residents had their own cows or goats, but most families bought their milk. At one point, Provincetown had as many as five dairy farms owned by; Jerome Smith, Joseph Holmes, Joseph Steele (who also ran a trucking outfit), John I. King (who added an ice cream truck to his enterprise during the summer months) and the largest and longest running dairy, Galeforce, founded by Frank and Maria Alves in 1902. After Frank died in 1932, his son Joseph Alves ran the Galeforce Dairy as a retail business until 1952 when he went wholesale.

Frank Alves was born in Pico, Azores (the Azores are a group of Portuguese islands in the North Atlantic, west of Portugal). He met and married Maria Lent, also of Pico, in New York. They moved

to Provincetown where Frank joined the fishing fleet. Preferring agriculture, Frank left the fishing industry, bought the land at West Vine and Bradford Street Extension, and began a farm, which soon became a dairy farm. This was fitting for Frank and Maria since the Azores, with lush green landscapes for cattle grazing, was their background.

The couple sold milk door to door, from milk can to container, at 6 cents a quart. Their son Joe grew up in the business and had a natural talent for farming.

Joseph Alves expanded and improved the business. He installed the latest and best machinery for milking and Pasteurizing. He filled out his herd to 37 Guernseys and Holsteins. The dairy was not only more efficient, but also produced a higher quality of milk. The state inspectors made periodic visits to test the milk and check all conditions on the farm. The state allowed a bacteria count of 50,000. Galeforce Farm had the remarkable low count of 400. The milk also had a high butterfat count, signs of healthy cows and healthy conditions. Joe kept detailed records

on each cow to know the exact production of each animal. Galeforce Farm was producing 400 quarts daily to accommodate 300 customers.

Joe Alves was a step ahead and above most dairy farmers in that he grew his own forage for his cattle and corn for his horses. At the annual state-wide Green Pastures Project Alves was considered a genius of farming. He consistently won 1st prize, never failing to carry honors home to Provincetown. Note that Alves had sterile dunes to cope with while other areas of the state had normal or even lush fields or valleys, readily accepting the seed and yielding the harvest with so much less effort, a normal harvest, an expected yield, comfortable and useful, but Joe Alves, year after year, grew a champion crop. The phenomenon kept a steady stream of distant pilgrims visiting Galeforce Farm “to see for themselves”. One in particular, an expert from Dartmouth who had prided himself on growing Japanese millet 18” high, traveled to see Alves’ 6’ high millet, even more remarkable when you realize he grew it in sand. Joe Alves also grew his own stately corn for his horses and filled his own silo. All was

compact and precisely engineered. Galeforce was its own universe of Azorean skill and knowledge.

The high cost of labor and increasing costs of operation were impinging on the fate of the town’s last dairy farm. The year 1952 presented its own problems. Adding to the difficulties of maintaining the small business, “incessant” rains during the growing season caused the loss of 50 acres of lush cattle feed. Son, Kenneth Alves, a student at agricultural college, readying to continue the family business, was “called” to Fort Knox, Kentucky; the Korean War was on. Joe Alves was quoted, “When I think back to the last war, when I had practically the same situation on my hands, I remember I didn’t think much about it. But 10 years can make a difference in a man’s strength and endurance.”

The last local dairy farm continued to produce milk in bulk for the large commercial dairy, White Brothers. Joe Alves discontinued his retail business; maintaining his high quality milk for customers he would never know, never see. Galeforce milk was available at the schools also. Raw milk or commercial,



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SEAMEN’S BANK OPENING NIGHT

Far Land Provisions is proud to coordinate the *Compartilhe Na Nossa Mesa* or “Share Our Table” event.

“Taste of Provincetown” is the opening night food event on Thursday, June 25, at the Bas Relief.

Last year over 28 Outer Cape food establishments donated signature dishes. Participants included **Blackfish, Fanizzi’s, Lorraine’s, the Red Inn, Café Edwige, Ross’ Grill, Blue Light, Napi’s, Jimmy’s Hideaway, Frappo66, Chach, Lobster Pot, Karoo Café, Far Land Provisions, Beach Point Grill, Café Maria, East End Marketplace, the Coffee Pot, Connie’s Bakery, Flying Fish, Purple Feather, Relish, Governor Bradford, Grand Central, P-town Parties, Portuguese Bakery, Angel Food.**

students had a choice. Life at Galeforce continued, an active working family engaged in their daily routine and as a part of their community.

The family homestead was built at 147 Bradford Street Extension where Joe and Irene raised five children: Kenneth, Raymond, Veronica, Robert and Martha. The boys worked along with Joe while Irene and Veronica went about the neighborhoods collecting the money. When Veronica reached a certain age of independence she informed her mother that she “had other fish to fry” young Martha joined her mother as helper on the rounds. Martha preferred being outdoors, in the barn or riding horseback. Veronica preferred the house and playing cards with her uncle.

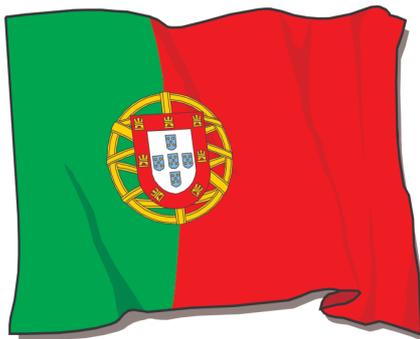
The barn was across the street at 144 Bradford. In 1930, the cart track that passed by Galeforce to New Beach (now Herring Cove Beach) was to be paved. The barn had to be moved to make way. The traffic up until 1930 was mostly fishnets brought to the dunes above and behind Galeforce. The nets were

laid across bushes and shrubs for as many days as were needed to dry them. This area is now the site of Blueberry and Bayberry Avenues. The road was continued from Bradford Street Extension round past Herring Cove and East to the Provincetown Inn (owned by Chester Peck) at 1 Commercial Street. The company MacGowan and Peck eventually bought the land where the nets were dried. Martha Alves Roderick spent many happy hours of her youth horseback riding among the drying fishnets. You can still view the property now offering bicycles and beach items, and a spread of house lots tastefully perched above. At 147 Bradford, the homestead still has its large sloping lawn. “It was his pride and joy” Martha said, “and those six huge elm trees!” The Barnstable County Extension Service would visit to view the site and wonder, “How did he grow that lawn?” Sloping sand captured in green, a wonder on the Cape.

Joe Alves was also active in his community. He was a member of the school committee, the Lions Club, Knights of Columbus, The Holy Name Society and

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“O olho do dono é que engorda o cavalao”

“The owner’s eye fattens the horse”

the St. Vincent DePaul Society. He played clarinet in the Provincetown Band. Concerts were held on MacMillan pier at the bandstand (until it became a parking lot). Joe also played piano, all self-taught, by ear. Martha said when she saw and heard her Father sit down at a piano at a gathering she was “amazed

and proud,” she was not aware he played piano too – a quiet and deep man, Joe Alves.

The area behind Galeforce Farm still boards horses. The bucolic dream lives on in the shadow of the Alves family integrity, talent and work – life is played out adjusting to change. □



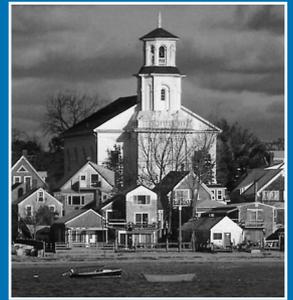
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at MacMillan Wharf



This year students at Provincetown High School who had recently come to the United States were asked to write about their experiences. Helena Ferreira, who is a teacher in Provincetown, also relates her personal experiences upon arrival in the United States from Portugal. The themes that emerged were similar. Fear of the unknown, sharing old customs and adapting to the new, the need and importance of family and a good education.

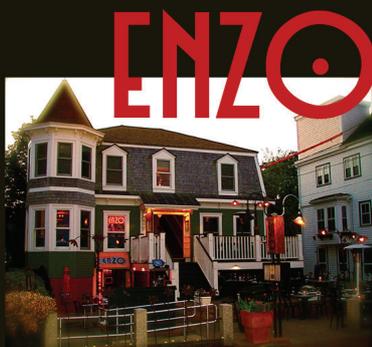
Special thanks to the students and teacher Helena Ferreira for their willingness to share their stories and to John Hanlon, Nancy Flasher and Superintendent Waugh for their support and enthusiasm.

Coming To America

Helena I. Ferreira - Teacher

I entered the United States of America with my parents and sister on May 15, 1991. In my two suitcases were not only my clothes but also the “important” belongings of a seventeen-year-old girl: two dolls, my baby book, and the addresses of all my former classmates. In my heart were the faces of my uncles, aunts, cousins and beloved grandmother. People that I used to see every day and that now I had to leave behind. In my mind I carried a great sense of determination and purpose. After all, I was giving up my country, my home, my extended family and my friends. I was well aware of the huge sacrifice that I was making and so I decided that no matter how tough things were going to be for me in the United States, I was going to come out ahead. I was going to make it all worth it. My plan was to finish High school and then go to college and become, as my father would say, “somebody”. I didn’t know how long it would take for me to accomplish these goals nor did I know all that was involved in applying to college. All that I knew was that it would take money and good grades. So I got a

diverse dining at our sister restaurants...



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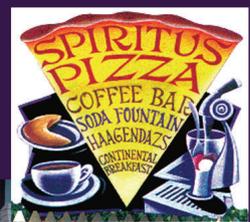
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job, studied hard, and looked for people who were willing to mentor me. In 1992 I graduated from Provincetown High School and in 1995 from Cape Cod Community College. I then attended Smith College where I completed my B.A. in Education and child Studies. I am a “somebody”. □

Luke Hadley – Grade 10

I was born in Ecuador and at age one I was adopted and brought to America. As I grew up I didn’t have much information about my home. To this day I don’t have a lot of information about where I was born. Living where I do now, around other people from different countries, makes me feel good that I come from somewhere else too. I do hope to one-day visit Ecuador when I get older to get a better idea of where I come from. I have been there before with my family when I was ten. But I have not been back since. It is nice to know that you have a different background from other people. It makes you proud that you are from another part of the world. □

Liz Lopes – Grade 10

Moving to a new country was more complicated than I thought. When I first moved here I did not know how to speak or write in English. I had moved here with my mother and my sister. Everything here was different, including the food, clothing, music, school and even the town. The most noticeable change for me was school. Here we don’t have to wear uniforms, and there were no lockers in Mexico. Also, the lunch was provided by the school and we used to have recess time. After sixth grade most of the things had changed for me and my sister. We could now understand what people were saying and also speak English. School became easier. But we still need to get used to all the new customs here because we still have our own customs and traditions. □

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Kim McKenley – Grade 12

It all happened really fast. One minute I was home very happy with school and friends enjoying the finest things in life. The next minute my mother is telling me that she wants me to come live with her and my brother in the States. My brother lived with my mom in Provincetown and I lived with my father and sister back home in Jamaica. I did not refuse when my mother told me the news. I know that we had better opportunities in the U.S. and I always wanted the best education I could have. I moved from a very warm and beautiful Jamaica to a very cold winter in Provincetown. That is when I knew that the real meaning of work. I hardly saw my mother sometimes because she had to work two or three jobs so that we could get by and my brother and I also had to get jobs. The transition was not difficult for me. I traveled all the time so it was very easy. I am happy that I came to Provincetown to live the experiences and opportunities I have here. I could not have had them anywhere else. Thank you Mom! ☐

Alejandra Ortega – Grade 9

Moving from my country to another country as a child was exciting because all I wanted was to be with my father and see a different life my parents were living. It was very sad leaving my cousins and all my uncles and aunts who cried for us not to leave. As we got closer to entering the country, I was feeling anxious, shy, nervous, and very excited to see my father after many years apart from each other. My parents would come to visit and see us, but then they would leave and go back to the U.S. Once they called my sister and brother and I cried with anger because I loved them so much and missed them a lot. Hearing my mother crying when I needed her most and being far away and not having her by our side was difficult. As the years went by, coming to this country was one of the best things in my life. I really didn't mind where I actually lived as long as I was with my family. It was very different from my country here, and the people were different. This was a nice gift I had always hoped for. I am very happy to live in a nice country like the U.S., but I will always keep my Spanish pride in me no matter what. ☐

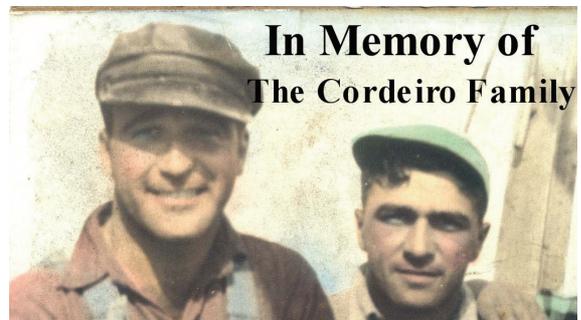


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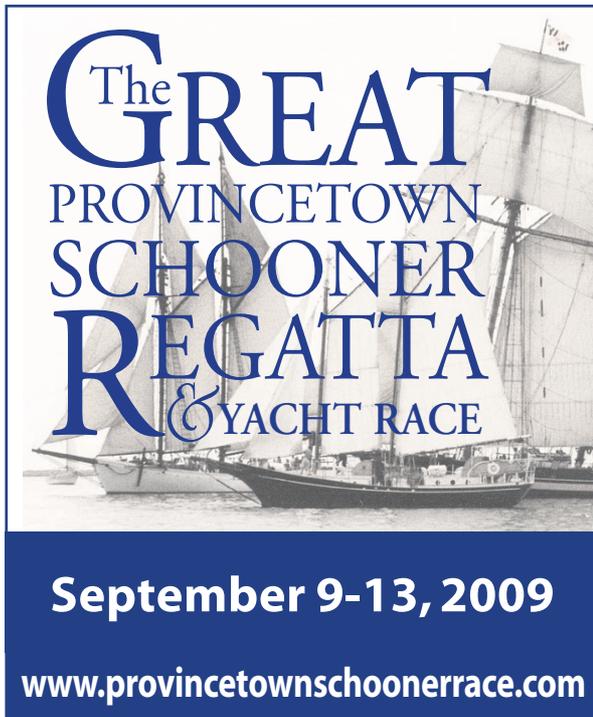
Village Blacksmith - Joseph Seth Ramos
Father of Ruth V. Littlefield



The blacksmith shop was located down the alley at 193A Commercial Street, the present location of the Pied Piper Bar.



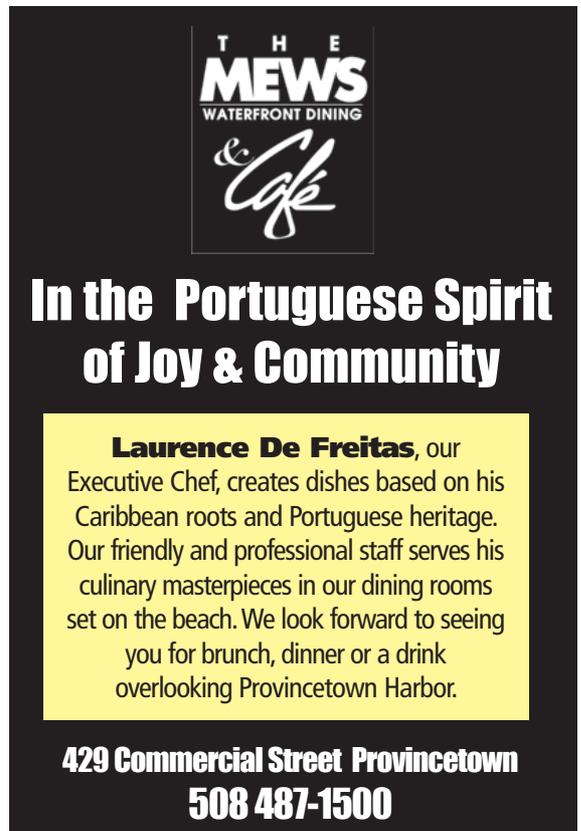
Courtesy of Ruth Littlefield
JS Ramos at his forge and anvil.



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“O amor é cego”

“Love is blind”

VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

by Ruth V. Littlefield “Ducer”

In a tiny fishing village
At the tip of Cape Cod
In the 1800's
Fishing
Hunting of the whale
Were a
Main sustenance
For survival
Often a familiar
Body chilling
DREADED CRY
Pierced the
Atmosphere
“Whaler lost at sea
No survivors”
On the
Fateful day in 1894
Tragedy for a
Boy of 11
Amongst the casualties
His beloved father
Tears shed on
Leaving school
To no avail
Forced manhood
Was his
Forfeiting his youth
A boy became
A man
Now head of
The household
Sole support to
10 siblings
He became a
Blacksmith's apprentice
Learning his trade
Well

In the ensuing years
Poverty
Was well known
They worked
The earth
Raised livestock
Harvested the ocean
Scanned the woods
Thru
Sweat, tears, guts
They survived
Boys developed into
Men
Girls into
Young ladies
Thru the years
Shoeing horses
Working the anvil
Hand pumping
The bellows
Pounding iron
The boy became
A Hercules
With a body
Of steel
His eyes reflect
Young responsibility
A tear may
Softly fall
As he remembers
The long
Hard years
A heritage to be
Proud of
“The Village Blacksmith”
My Father



Isadore Ferreira and his wife Philomena at a party thrown by their children

THE SHOEMAKER

By Elaine Ferreira Gaspa and Mary Louise Ferreira Rose

Isadore Ferreira (the shoemaker) was born June 24, 1903 on the island of Sao Miguel, Azores. He came from a family of six children, Isadore, Manuel, Antone, John, Gloria and Edmund. His father's name was Manuel and he died when Isadore was small. His mother's name was Maria J. (Costa).

When he was in the eighth grade his mother took him out of school to get a trade to help the family out. That is when



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“O hábito não faz o monge”

“The habit doesn't make the monk”

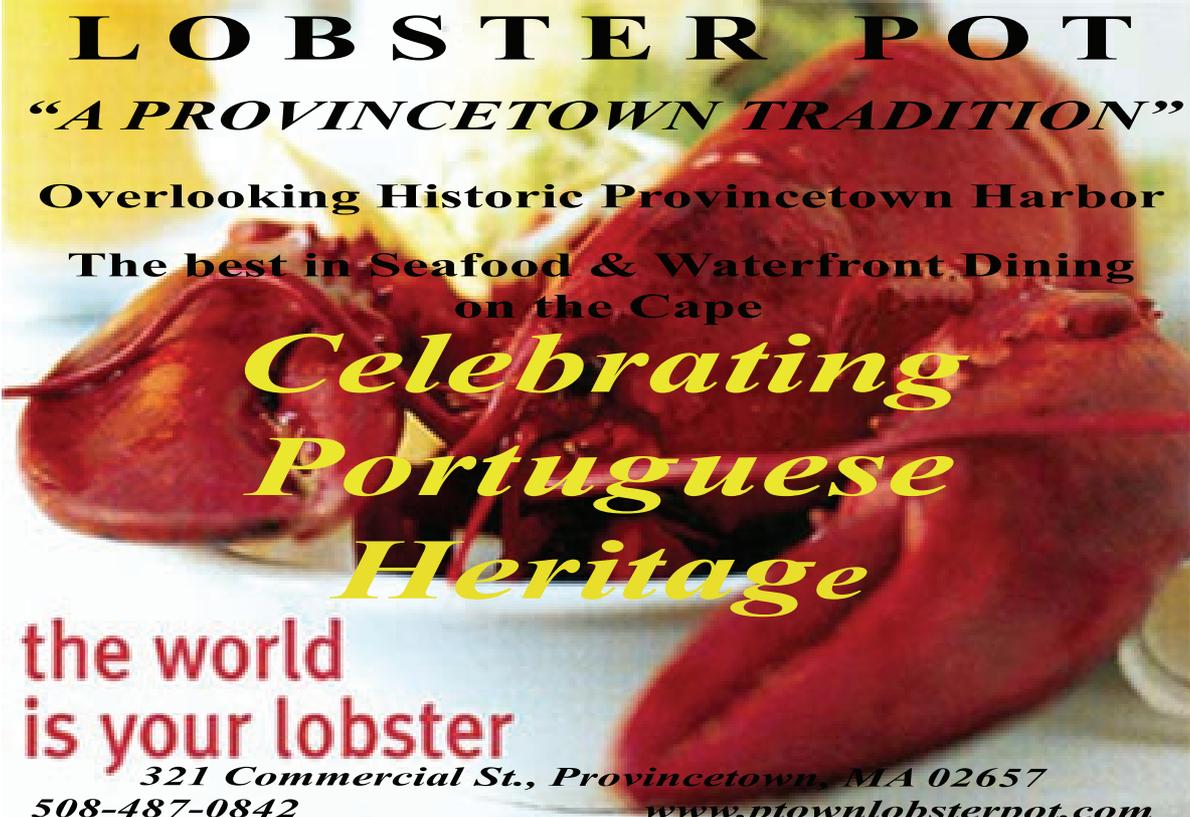
he learned to repair shoes. He came to America in 1920 with his uncle and they settled in Provincetown where they had relatives. He built his business up from a small stand on Commercial Street in front of Dr. Hiebert's office, until he was able to buy the house at 331 Commercial Street. He was also able to buy a house at 3 Fishburn Court and he sold that house in 1945 after he bought the house on Commercial Street.

He married Philomena Cordeiro on November 21, 1927. They had six children. Their oldest child was James Isadore who was born on December 6, 1928; the second child was Wilfred Joseph born October 12, 1930. Then they had their first daughter, Mary Louise (Rose). Their fourth child Ruth Lucille (MacFarlaine) was born on August 23, 1933; Elaine May (Gaspá) their fifth was born on May 7, 1935. Their last child (who Philomena went to Boston to deliver for medical reasons) was Edwin Manuel born on March 1, 1937.

I remember...

We had a sailboat when we were small (no car)... The two oldest boys learned to sail and went sailing every weekend. When the boys were older Isadore learned to sail the boat. Isadore was funny. He would take his eyes off where he was going as he shouted to Mary Lou to do something and she yelled back at him to go to the left so he wouldn't hit a boat that was moored. Our two older brothers were certainly better at sailing than he was. We all had a love for the water. As children we would swim all day while our parents worked in the shoe store.

On Sunday Isadore never worked, it was family day. On a lot of Sundays we would walk over the dunes to the back beach where we would sit, watch the ocean and eat oranges. Sometimes we would carry buckets with us and on the way back stop at the cranberry bushes and pick cranberries. Our mother



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“Pelos frutos conhece-se a árvore” “By its fruits one knows the tree”

would then make cranberry jelly, muffins or bread with them.

As you entered the shop you breathed in the aroma of leather, glue and shoe polish. Isadore would use the finest of leather to mold it to fit the shoe and then glue it on the shoe. The smell of polish was from the shoe-shines. If someone came into the shop to have a pair of shoes repaired that they had bought from a discount store he would say, “ Look at this cheap shoe; it’s put together with cardboard. I’ll see what I can do.” He would always repair them and the customer would go home with a better pair of shoes than he came in with.

Along with repairing shoes, my father sold shoes. He also had two shoe shine chairs where our two oldest bothers learned to shine shoes. When his youngest son Edwin was old enough he also learned to shine shoes. While they were shining shoes they picked up a lot of Portuguese as the older Portuguese would stop in the store and all talk together. It was a



Isadore Ferreira

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“Quem vê caras não vê corações” “He who sees face doesn’t see heart”

gathering place for them.

In the summer the store was very busy and a lot of the same customers came in to get their shoes repaired by Isadore. They would tell him they had waited until they came down for the summer to get them repaired. They said nobody did the repair work as well as he did.

My father had a big heart. When anybody came around for charities he was always ready to give. He never forgot his roots and how poor he was when he first came over to this country. In the winter it was hard on the fishermen. Their families would come into the store and buy shoes. If they couldn't afford them at the time, Isadore would just get out the book and put their name and amount in it and say, "I'll see you in the summer when you can pay".

He had a sense of humor and he liked to tease children, all in good fun.

During World War II he was a Civil Defense work member and an Air Raid Warden. When

the siren went off he donned his helmet, grabbed his rifle and flashlight and was off to make sure the shades were down and the lights dimmed so that no light showed through the windows. This was especially important where the houses were facing the Provincetown Harbor, as ours was. Mary Lou remembers there was a dentist on his route who, when he went on vacation, left the lights on and kept the shades up. He threatened him with, "The next time you do that I'll break down your door to put out the lights". Nevertheless, the next year the dentist did the same thing. (Pa never did break down the door.)

Isadore brought his brother Edmund, wife Maria, son Tony and twins Edmund and Maria over to America from the Azores in July of 1960. Edmund was a blacksmith by trade and since there wasn't a call for a blacksmith when he came to America he ended up in New Bedford where all the family found work.

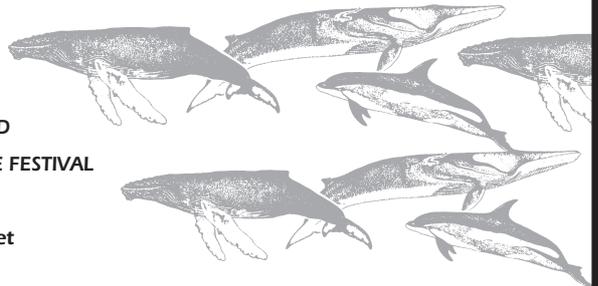


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Isadore built his business up so that he and his wife were able to travel extensively. I found this article in the Provincetown Advocate Archives.

Ferreiras tour Old Europe

Mr. And Mrs. Isadore Ferreira are having a fabulous vacation in Europe and before returning home they will have visited England, France, Switzerland, Italy, Spain and Portugal. Their itinerary includes London, Paris, Geneva, Zurich, Lucerne, Rome, Venice, Nice, Madrid, St. Michael and Lisbon. In Lisbon, where they will spend a month, they have planned to meet Mr. And Mrs. Fred Salvador and Mr. And Mrs. Jack Rivers.

The Ferreira children and grandchildren, both sisters, and friends all gathered together at the home of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Rose in Truro to give them a grand send-off.

The couple were given a money tree, a buffet supper was served and movies were shown.

Meanwhile, their daughter Mary Rose and her husband Austin and the children have moved over

from Truro and are staying in her parent's house. Mary is keeping the shoe store open for business until her parents return.

Isadore died on August 6, 1966. Our mother carried on the business for a while after. The summer visitors would come into the store and ask for the shoemaker; they didn't know he had died. They offered their condolences and said he will be missed. They too recognized the quality of his work.

We think back on him and the fact that he started with absolutely nothing but his shoe kit to repair shoes. We remember his hard work and caring and the success he had in building up his business and know we were truly blessed. We didn't have a lot of money while we were growing up, but we had love and a very strong faith in God.

Footnote: Three of his children have also passed on:

..... James Isadore on July 5, 1972

..... Wilfred Joseph on May 14, 1975

..... Ruth MacFarlane on January 19, 1995

His three surviving children live on the Cape.

Mary Lou (Ferreira) Rose live in Truro,

Elaine M. (Ferreira) Gaspa in East Falmouth and

Edwin Ferreira in Chatham □

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PROVINCETOWN

The Women Of Provincetown

By Beata Cook

Have you ever wondered how the women of Provincetown spent their time while their husbands were braving the dangers of the sea? Did they enjoy a comfortable life at home tending the house and bringing up the kids as they awaited their husbands return? Or did they, too, struggle to contribute to the support of the household through hard work of their own? I'll try to enlighten you by sharing my memories of what life was like for those women of the early years. I was born in Provincetown in 1924 where I spent most of my childhood and teens until I graduated in 1941. Therefore, my memories are centered around that time frame.

My grandmother, Sadie Patrick, raised four kids in a small house in the West End. While her kids were growing, and even when I was a youngster, she "took in laundry to make ends meet" in the vernacular of the day. So did my other grandmother, Vo Cook. Washing and ironing the laundry of the more well to do summer boarders was one method of supplementing the meager income of their husbands. Those were the days before washers, dryers, and steam irons became a necessity of life; consequently taking in laundry was a laborious, time-consuming process for which the rewards were small. First, water was heated on the kitchen stove. The kitchen stove was a large, black cast iron heating device, fueled by coal, which served multiple purposes. It supplied warmth to the room it was in; it was used for cooking and baking, including baked beans and home made breads. It was used to heat water for bathing as well as laundry purposes. As to the laundry, if the white clothes were stained, they were put into a large vat atop the stove to be boiled and bleached with Snowy White. Then hot water was poured into a large washtub placed on a bench in the kitchen. Into this



Viola Cook and Sadie Patrick, Beata Cook's grandmothers, both of whom took in laundry to help their family "get by."

tub, sheets, towels, and clothing were immersed and scrubbed on a washboard. A washboard was a contraption with corrugated metal grooves, which, after an application of Fels Naptha soap, each item was vigorously rubbed up and down until clean. After the laundry was washed and wrung out by hand, the dirty water was emptied and replaced by clean water where the clothing was rinsed and wrung out before drying. Drying was accomplished by hanging each and every item outdoors on a clothesline in the yard. There they remained in the fresh air until they were dry enough to take down for ironing. Ironing was another long, tedious step in the process. First, white dress shirts were starched and dampened before ironing. Meanwhile, two flat irons had been heating on the stove. When one iron cooled off, it was replaced by the alternate until the ironing was finished, clothes folded and placed neatly in a large laundry basket to be picked up by the customer. The charge for all this labor was 10 cents an item for plain clothes and twenty-five cents for starched items.

Another means of augmenting the family income was presented in the 30's with the Presidency of

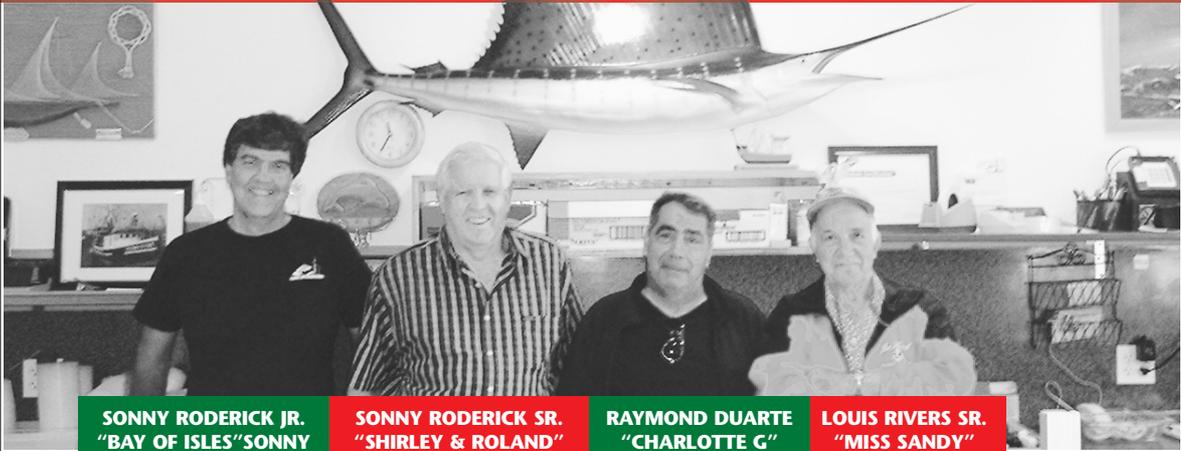
Franklin Delano Roosevelt and The New Deal. During those tough economic times, jobs for the unemployed were created through various government agencies, the CCC, the TVA, the WPA, PWA, etc. Each had its purpose. I remember my grandmother working for the PWA, I think. One job involved stitching denim shirts to be distributed to the needy. Another involved home care and housework after a baby was delivered at home to poor women already burdened with too many kids.

Many of the women of that era were unable to finish their education. They were forced to leave school to get a job in order to help support their families. They found jobs as waitresses or dishwashers in one of the numerous local restaurants. Even after they married, some returned to restaurant work as soon as the kids were old enough to "shift for themselves" in order to supplement the family income. I can remember my mother, Nellie Cook, as well as my Aunt, Ruth

O'Donnell, waitressing at the Bonnie Doone. The owners were local people who employed many West-Enders. Both my mother and aunt also worked at the Provincetown Inn, which had a very popular restaurant in those days, complete with a sunken bar. In fact, my aunt Ruth, who was widowed early in life, continued waitressing until age 80, when she was forced to retire from Ciro and Sal's to undergo heart surgery.

Other women worked at the various cold storage plants in town, packing and processing fish. The fish, which had been cleaned and filleted in another part of the plant, were sent down on a long conveyor belt. The job of the women was to pick them off the belt and pack them into boxes for shipping. During the war years, when manpower was scarce, women were even employed at Railroad Wharf, "gutting" the whiting, as they were unloaded from the draggers. This was a cold, smelly, messy job. I can attest to that as I did it during the summer of 1942.

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*Wait staff of the Provincetown Inn
Left to right: Nellie Cook, Flo Burch, Mary King,
Pearl Cambra and Ruth O'Donnell*

During the war years, my mother moved to Plainville, Connecticut to work at Pratt and Whitney. Their factory manufactured parts for the engines of warplanes. Women were used on the assembly lines. Skill was not a prerequisite and the pay was good.

These are a few of the examples of how the native women of Provincetown managed to survive during those lean years. They were poor but, through hard work and credit extended by local merchants, they managed to survive. There was a strong sense of community and richness of spirit which enabled them to make it through those difficult days. Perhaps we could all learn from our forbearers. □

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John "Kitty" Enos 1881-1941

“I do everything”, said John “Kitty” Enos. “All kinds of painting and every sort of fishing. I cut hair, tap shoes and am a pretty fair carpenter. I make inlaid tables and I drink beer. I’m a jack-of-all-trades and I don’t guess I’m master of any, either”. John Enos was born, brought up and spent his entire life in Provincetown. He was a fisherman who turned to painting seashells that he sold to thousands of tourists on what is now known as MacMillan Pier. His artistic career started in 1933 when he broke his leg and could not fish. It has been said that he was influenced to pursue his painting by Arthur V. Diehl, a well known artist of early Provincetown. “Kitty” was a primitive painter who lacked formal training but detailed with great precision what he saw around him. He had the nautical man’s appreciation of meticulous craftsmanship and a fine eye for descriptive detail, not to mention a rare feeling for color.

After having submitted a few pieces of his work to the Art Association with great success, he was given a show of his own. When the show “sold out” and one of his larger pieces fetched \$125, “Kitty” remarked – “and that’s not shells”. Julian Levy, a summer resident and owner of a well know New York art gallery, was impressed with “Kitty’s” work. An invitation to show 35 of his small paintings in Levy’s New York gallery resulted in enthusiastic reviews in the press.

“Kitty’s” inspired vision of Provincetown and its fishing heritage live on in his work. □



“Snow Storm” painting, opposite page, and seashell courtesy of the Helen and Napi Van Dereck Collection

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"Snow Storm" by John "Kitty" Enos

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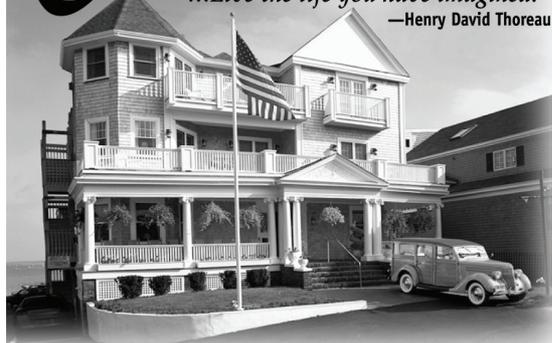
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This article was previously published in August of 1957. Source unknown.

Cape Tip's Oldest Lobster Fisherman Retires



Frank Aresta Sr. showing off one of his well used lobster pots

Cape Tip's Oldest Lobster Fisherman Retires

Summer visitors and towns people who for years have beat a path to the door of Frank Aresta in the West End, to buy his lobsters, will take the path no more.

Frank had promised himself he would retire on his 75th birthday, and retire he did on the 20th of August. He has sold his lobster boat, and his dory, anchors and pots are up for sale.

It was 55 years ago in the month of May when Frank first came to Provincetown, and the story of his coming is epic. As a young man of 20, he already had long experience as a fisherman in his native St. Michael, Azores, when he decided to come to America. He stowed away on the Julia II, a three master, Captain John Davis.

Frank says that Captain Davis was a smart one. "He would come to Provincetown to buy grub and bait," Frank says, "before going on to Boston. Then when he reached Boston harbor, he would save the money for a pilot by saying that the ship was from

Provincetown." When Captain Davis discovered Frank aboard he told him he would have to pay \$30 for passage. Frank had no relatives here, and had no idea where the money would come from. Captain Davis shut Frank up in the hold; but when the ship came into Provincetown Harbor, in the middle of the night, Frank found that some one had left the hold hatch up. He crept on deck.

"I could see two lights," he says, "Highland Light and Long Point. I didn't know where I was. In those days there were no electric lights in town, and the whole town was dark. I looked over the rail, and saw the crew's boat tied off the stern. Over I went, and started rowing. I didn't know where land was, of course, but I felt a land breeze; so I started rowing against the wind. Pretty soon, I saw a long wharf, Matheson's. It used to run out into the harbor from where Marcey's parking space is now.

"Dawn was just breaking, and as I rowed in , I heard men's voices talking in Portuguese. I rowed

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toward them. And what do you think! They were two fellows I'd known in the old country, who had come to Provincetown a few years before. One of them took me home, and his wife gave me breakfast. I remember what I had---frankfurters; I'd never seen them before.

"Well, then the fellow took the boat back to the Julia II, and Captain Davis was going to have the police pick me up. But old Captain Caton of Provincetown said he'd pay the \$30, and that's the last I heard of it for quite a while. I shipped with Captain 'Dudey' Marshall's father for the Grand Banks. We were gone five months and when I got back, I'd earned \$125. On that trip Philly Jason's grandfather, second mate, died, and was buried in Nova Scotia. Later he was brought back here and buried in Provincetown.

"When we got back, I had \$125 I'd earned in that five months. I went to Captain Caton and told him I'd pay back the \$30.'Well,my boy,' he said. 'I never did give Captain Davis that \$30, but if you want me to send it now to Lisbon, I will. If you don't, forget about it. Haven't you a mother in the old country?' 'I have,' I said. 'And they live poor there,' 'Well,' says Captain Caton. 'You send the \$30 to your mother.' And that's what I did," Frank concluded.

Frank made another voyage to the Grand Banks after that first trip. In 1904 he married the former Miss Mary Henrietta Medeiros, whose home had also been in St. Michael. Frank spent 10 years trawling. He was with Captain Marion Perry on the famous "Rose Dorothea", and also with Captain Manuel Costa on the equally famous" Jessie Costa". Forty-three years ago, in 1914, he bought a lobster



Frank Aresta Sr.'s home at 139 Commercial street which he bought from Capt. Manuel Costa. He sailed aboard the vessel Jessie Costa as a crew member, participating in the Fisherman's Race with Capt. Costa at the helm narrowly losing to the Rose Dorothea.

boat and went into business for himself. For some years after, he went trawling in the fall, winter and spring; but for the past ten or twelve years, he has worked only in the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Aresta live in a lovely house on Commercial Street, once the home of Captain Manuel Costa of the "Jessie Costa." "I never thought when I was crew with Captain Costa that I'd ever own and live in his house," Frank says*. He bought the house 22 years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Aresta have three children; Manuel Aresta, Frank Aresta, Jr , and Mrs. Ernest Carreiro. Another child, a girl, died at the age of five months. Frank became an American citizen in 1941.

Asked what he'd do with himself, now that he's retired, Frank said, with a twinkle in his eyes, that he'd find plenty to do, taking care of his cottages, etc. He looked out the kitchen window, beyond the porch to the beach.

"Hard to believe," he said, "but the house is only just a little way from the spot where I came ashore on the beach fifty-five years ago." □

*N.B. Read more about Captain Manuel Costa in Jessica Lema Clark's article in this booklet – SEARCHING FOR THE PAST.

With special thanks to Frank Aresta's grandchildren, Ernest Carreiro and Ruth Ann Carreiro MacKenzie



Three Generations Of Whorf Family Art



John Whorf - Island Maid

One of Many Threads

By Julia Whorf Kelly

*Provincetown is a tapestry of lives,
with colors and design woven over
years of time and tides.*

*How can one separate the inspiration
from the inspired, the fisherman from
the boat, the artist*

*from brush or pen? To pull one
thread from this unique design is to
distort its beauty and reality.*

Catch the fish,

Eat the fish,

Paint the fish,

Pay with fish,

Pray for fish,

Pay for paint,

Paint the boat, or paintings of boats.

*People and place, come together as
elements that keep the
tapestry evolving. I am just one of the
threads, so see, somewhere in there are
“we”. Affording*

*more than a place for representation,
Provincetown encourages human
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*in raucous song, or whispered prayer,
the hauling in of nets, or the painting
of dreams.*



Julia Whorf Kelly - Night Catch Unloaded



Nancy Whorf - Hauling Out



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Photo courtesy of Ruth O'Donnell

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Searching for a Past: The Azores Connection

Researched and Written By Jessica (Lema) Clark

My maternal great grandmother, Jacinta (Jessie) Cabral (1857-1926) and my maternal great grandfather, Manuel Costa (1849-1912), came to Provincetown from Sao Miguel (St. Michael's) in the Azores Islands. They met in Provincetown when they were teenagers living with relatives and later married and moved to East Boston. Manuel Costa and his friend, Leon De Costa, owned two stores across from each other

in the North End of Boston. One store, catering to the "shore trade," sold groceries and other items to the neighbors and the second store outfitted fishing schooners. In the early 1900s, many boats fished the Grand Banks or George's Bank and whaling was still practiced in Provincetown.

In 1907, my great-grandfather's schooner, "Jessie Costa," came in second in the Fisherman's Race with the schooner, "Rose Dorothea." The race is well documented at the Provincetown Public Library where the Lipton Cup, presented to the winner of the

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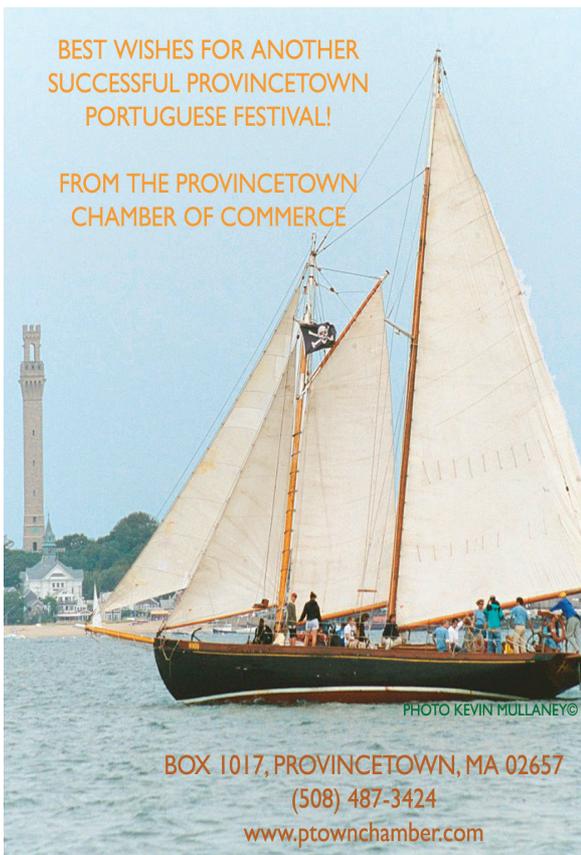


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“If marriage were a good thing, it wouldn't need witnesses”



*Captain
Manuel Costa*

race, is on display.

At the age of nine, my maternal grandfather, Manuel Joseph Gracias (Grace)(1862-1932), came from the Azores island of Pico to live with two brothers and a sister in Gloucester and Rockport, north of Boston. After emigrating, he soon went to sea as a cabin boy in the summer and he was responsible for sending an alarm at the sighting of a whale. In the winters he attended school. As an adult, he became a fishing boat captain out of Boston. As was the tradition, he bought shares in fishing schooners named for wives or daughters and granted those shares to their children for birthdays in lieu of traditional gifts.

How difficult it must have been for my great-grandmother to send her nine-year-old son away to a land she had only heard about from relatives' letters?

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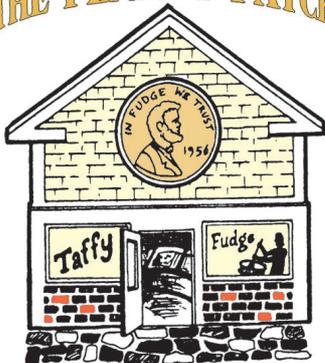


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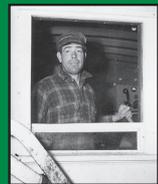
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Rose Elizabeth Costa

Photos courtesy of Jessica Grace Lema and Jessica Lema Clark

Was young Manuel frightened as he ascended the gang plank for the Atlantic voyage or was he trying to be brave knowing his parents were sending him out of love as well as economic necessity to live with relatives? Did anyone accompany him aboard the ship or shelter him until he finished the voyage? How did he feel when he reached Gloucester and started school although he didn't understand the language? .

My maternal grandmother, Rose Elizabeth Costa (1881-1965), was born near Boston, as were her brothers, John, Manuel, and Leon and her sisters, Mary, Jessie, and Julia. The Costa girls were always impeccably dressed in long skirts, shirtwaists, large flowered hats and white kid gloves.

Rose and her friend, Mary De Costa, were bookkeepers in the two stores owned by their parents

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“You will know what something is really worth when you lose it forever”



Sch. Jessie Costa rounding Minots Light buoy during the 1907 Fisherman's Race against the Sch. Rose Dorothea

in the North End of Boston and often went to lunch together. One day Mary suggested they trade their respective positions so my grandmother, Rose, went to the store outfitting ships and Mary went to the shore trade store. That is where Rose met my maternal grandfather, Manuel Grace, when he came in to pay his bill. Manuel asked permission of Rose's parents to court her and was invited to Sunday dinner. In those days, girls were not allowed to date outside the home so they met their intended at relatives' homes often at "kitchen dances" where chairs were placed around the perimeter of the room and everyone danced to music from the "old country" played by a guitarist and/or an accordion player.

My mother, Jessica (Grace) Lema, was born on October 10, 1911 in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Her

Ronald Malaquias

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"A fome é o melhor tempero" "Hunger is the best seasoning"

father, Manuel Grace, was part owner of a fishing schooner out of Boston. Their summer home, a square colonial at 158 Commercial Street in Provincetown, still stands today. It had a glorious view of Provincetown harbor through a lovely park with stone steps down to the beach. She remembers falling asleep with the light from Highland Light circling the room. My mother and her sister would return from Boston to Provincetown during summer vacations aboard the steamer Dorothy Bradford and later by train.

Perhaps influenced by the Women's Suffrage movement, my maternal grandmother, Rose Grace, was very progressive for her time. She insisted her girls (my mother and my aunt) become college educated. My mother was artistic and graduated in 1932 with a design degree from the Massachusetts School of Art in Boston. My aunt attended Boston

University preparing to become a teacher and later served as the librarian in Provincetown. To help support college expenses, my grandmother worked as a clerk at Jordan Marsh in Boston during the winters and they all joined my grandfather, who was semi-retired from fishing due to kidney disease, for holidays and summers in Provincetown. My mother loved the summers in Provincetown which has long had the reputation as an art colony and can trace its origins back to 1899 when Charles W. Hawthorne launched his summer art school. Hawthorne held classes outside "because of the near perfect natural light that exists at the Cape tip."

In the 1920s, in his semi-retirement, my grandfather became a fish buyer for a Havre de Grace, Maryland firm. Fresh fish packed in ice was transported by train from the end of the town wharf in Provincetown for the trip to New York, Boston,



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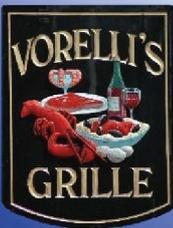


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and other points further south.

My 97-year-old mother, still living in her home in Provincetown, reminisces about her father:

In the evening, I remember my father cracking and eating walnuts and putting apples halfway back on the coal stove and we would eat them half cooked. In the fall, my father would go to Boston to check on some stocks or other business matters and he would order a barrel of crackers and a barrel of cookies, a bushel of apples, and bushels of potatoes, sugar, and flour, which were delivered by train and by a large flat-bed horse-drawn conveyance. He would return to Provincetown with a bottle of whiskey and a bottle of wine. The wine was saved for Thanksgiving and Christmas and each night he would mix a little hot water, a little whiskey, and a pinch of sugar in a tiny glass, drink that at nine o'clock and remark, "It's bedtime." These two bottles lasted all winter.

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Without knowing a word of English, my paternal grandfather, Joseph Lema, came from Ponta Delgada on the island of Sao Miguel to New Bedford where he lived with my paternal grandmother's twin sister and family. When he came to Provincetown it was a bustling fishing community with one of the finest harbors on the East coast and the highest per capita wealth in the country. He continued to fish aboard one of the Grand Banks schooners until his death. When he saved enough money, he sent for his wife, my paternal grandmother, Silvana, and their children, Antone, Maria and Francelina who were born in one of Pico's villages. It must have been a harrowing experience to cross the Atlantic with three small children. Silvana did not learn English so Portuguese was always spoken in their home and the children were responsible for shopping and other errands.

My father, Joseph Lema, Jr. was the only child born in Provincetown. Dad always joked that two important

things happened in 1910: He was born and the Provincetown Monument was dedicated to honor the Pilgrims landing at Provincetown on November 11, 1620 and the signing of the Mayflower Compact. On November 17th, 1958, my father, as chairman of Provincetown's Board of Selectmen, greeted the captain, the first mate, and the crew of the Mayflower II, a replica of the Mayflower, at the town wharf before the ship travelled on and docked at Plymouth.

My father was 12 when he first worked at the bowling alley in the center of Provincetown. In high school, as captain and a star of the basketball team, my dad was called "Leaping Lema." Provincetown High School won the championship from 1925 to 1929. As adults, his team defeated teams up and down Cape Cod and teams from Plymouth, Brockton, Abington, and Quincy. He also worked as a stock clerk for the various supermarket chains including the First National and A&P. Dad worked for the C. L. Burch Market until the owner, in

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Basketball Team
1920s**

*Joseph "Leaping" Lema
is holding the basketball in
center of the first row*

business at the same location for more than fifty years, notified all employees that due to the stock market crash, he had to let all employees go.

For approximately 35 years, other than a stint in the U.S. Army during World War II, Dad worked for Nelson's Market in Provincetown. Mom met Dad

while shopping at Nelson's Market and they were married on April 18, 1938. In 1953, Dad became the manager of the Wellfleet Nelson's Market and on February 7, 1970, after Mr. Nelson's death, Dad realized his life-long dream of owning his own grocery store. "Joseph Lema and Son" opened on Main Street

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in Wellfleet. Mom checked groceries and was the bookkeeper.

Until his death in 2004, Dad was always involved in community activities, serving as a trustee of the Library for 28 years, a trustee of the Heritage Museum, and as a selectman. Mom kept the home fires burning and in later years crafted many paintings for her children and grandchildren.

The Azores Connection

The origin of the name Azores was derived from the Portuguese word “azures” the plural of the word blue. The Azores Islands lie about 700 miles off the Portuguese coast, 750 miles from Africa, 1,000 miles from Newfoundland, and 1,200 miles from the east coast of the United States. The volcanic archipelago stretches about 375 miles from end to end. The Gulf Stream gives the Azores a warm temperate climate. All the islands are very green with lovely flowers. While the islands have roads and traffic, just a short distance away men ride horses to their pastures and pony carts filled with milk cans clatter over cobblestone streets. Small shrines dot the countryside and huge chapels appear in every village.

The first settlers were a mixed group of people from the Portuguese provinces of Algarve and Minho. Madeirans, Moors, French Italians, Scots, English and Flemish were among the early settlers. People from Flanders settled in the Azores beginning in 1450 and by 1490, there were 2,000 Flemings living on the islands of Terceira, Pico, Faial, Sao Jorge, and Flores. The Azores became known as the Flemish Islands or the Isles of Flanders. Flemish oxcarts and windmills are still seen on the islands and many religious statuary, paintings, and examples of furniture found in Azorean churches and museums show the Flemish influence.

The purpose of the Azorean colonies was to service the mother country with commodities and tribute. The islands were to be a station for Portuguese ships to be resupplied and repaired and to produce crops for trade. In its peak trade years there

were more than one hundred ships anchored at the Bay of Angra. Because of the isolated nature of the islands and the harshness of the land and climate, all settlers regardless of their background, had to work together to survive.

The Search For My Heritage

And, so, armed only with names and birth dates of my great-grandparents and grandparents, historical information about the Azores Islands, and my mother’s recollections about family members, in mid-October, I joined a group traveling for 10 days from Provincetown to four of the seven Islands.

The jumbo jet arrived after traveling all night in Ponta Delgada, Sao Miguel at 7:15 a.m. and bleary-eyed, we enjoyed a brief tour of the island. Unable to take a nap, I set out with directions from the hotel’s concierge to find the town hall and any information about my maternal great grandmother, Jacinta Cabral and my maternal great grandfather, Manuel Costa.

I thoroughly enjoyed meandering along mostly one-way streets through the lovely city, which by United States standards is more like a large village. I discovered quite by accident S. Jose (St. Joseph’s) Church, built in the 18th century with images from the 17th century, tiles from the 18th century, and floor to ceiling gilt altars circling the church. Ten-foot-plus-tall poinsettia trees near residences and in neighborhood parks were in bloom in the warm sun.

After walking in what seemed like circles and not finding the town hall and with the sun beginning its descent, I began to ask directions back to the hotel. I soon realized with only minimal language abilities and hand gestures, I was getting a little panic stricken. I needed to get back to the hotel. Finally, I stopped a young student and he disclosed he could speak English. I gratefully thanked him for directions and disappointedly found my way back to the hotel. Our tour guide later told me that the best way to find birth records and other family information is to visit the village church that relatives attended.

In the following days we toured many fascinating

sites that were exciting, educational and relaxing. There were no opportunities to visit local churches in search of information about my great-grandparents. I could only imagine how life must have been when they might have tilled the soil, shepherded the cattle, fished the surrounding seas or hunted for whales.

Our next stop was the Island of Terceira. Most of the settlers here came from the Alentejo and Algarve in southern Portugal. Their homes and churches are reflections of their homes on mainland Portugal. Adapting the native volcanic rock they designed unique chimneys for the houses of white washed walls and black edging.

Finally we arrived at Pico Island, second in size to Sao Miguel. Pico is a dormant volcano and serves as a magnet for scientists. It has been known as the island of whaling men for over a century. The first American whalers appeared in the waters in search of the sperm whale. They unloaded their barrels of oil, repaired their ships, refreshed their crews and recruited harpooners and rowers from among the inhabitants of the island.

In the first decades of the 1800s, many Azoreans

migrated to the far corners of the globe, particularly to New Bedford and Nantucket.

Perhaps my maternal great-grandfather experienced the income loss from whaling and he and my great-grandmother made the decision to send my grandfather, Manuel Joseph Grace, his two brothers and a sister to relatives near Boston to escape the impending poverty? What a hard decision that must have been to believe you were giving your children a better life, encouraging them to go, yet staying behind not knowing when or if you could join them.

Our tour guide from Pico, Filomena Maria Cardoso, met us at the ferry and shepherded us for a bus tour of the island and of her home and lace factory at Lajes do Pico. It was first settled in approximately 1460 and was a typical whaling village. During the informal time at her lovely home, I excitedly told her the only information about my maternal grandfather: Manuel Joseph Grace came from Pico at the age of nine to live with relatives north of Boston, and his birth date. She knew an “unofficial historian” of the island who is in his nineties and if there were time before lunch, she



would introduce me to him. How excited I was! Maybe I was at the end of my quest?

As the other travelers proceeded to the restaurant, Filomena and I walked a few blocks down a narrow stone-studded street finally stopping at a typical two-story apartment building. Ermelinda Avila's daughter answered the door and explained she would ask her father to help us. Excitement mounted as we entered the foyer and proceeded up the dimly lit stairs to a parlor in her father's apartment. A piano sat in one corner with family photos covering the surface. Chairs encircled the room and the walls were covered with other family photos. Crocheted curtains decorated the windows. One could only imagine the family gathering here for entertainment after dinner.

Sr. Avila, a man about five feet tall, dressed in a white shirt and tie, dress pants and a vest, entered the dimly-lit room and spoke with Filomena about my quest. His quiet demeanor was reassuring. He was gracious and helpful in every respect, but alas, Sr.

Avila did not recall my ancestors. If I had known my maternal great-grandparent's names or the church they attended, perhaps he would recall the family, he mused. Again, I was disappointed. We thanked him, slowly made the descent to the street, and joined the tour group.

Our Portuguese ancestors were a resilient people. They faced many hardships building homes, churches and businesses out of volcanic rock, tending farms and vineyards among lava and other volcanic deposits, fishing, raising their families on isolated islands, and sending some family members to live in what they believed was a better place. It took great courage to head out into choppy seas in search of whales or fish. There were winds, weather changes, and sea currents to master. A small wooden ship could be broken at sea. Food and water could run out during a voyage. Disease could strike. Superstition and fear could prevail. It took only the stouthearted to head out into unknown waters and find the way back.

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Hardship builds character. This is seen throughout the Azorean history. Our ancestors survived earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, fierce storms, and violent seas, crop disease, European wars, and pirate raids. Because of their isolation in the middle of the Atlantic, they have had to be self-reliant, independent, and harmonious to survive.

After listening to my mother's recollections of her family and my father's family members' tenacity and courage in coming to the New World, I can only feel proud and grateful for my heritage. This trip was my dream of a lifetime. The beauty of the islands overwhelmed me. Although my quest for any information about my ancestors was disappointing, knowing the traditions of my ancestry and participating in the search was an adventure. Finally, the realization that perhaps the traits of hard

work, success over adversity, and caring for others, come from my Portuguese heritage which are priceless and cannot be measured. For those are the values taught by my parents and I am sure were passed down through the generations.

"Saudades" is a Portuguese word which has no English equivalent. It can best be defined as "nostalgia," or a yearning deep within one's soul for the past. One of the highest compliments one can pay is to say "muitas saudades" to someone.

I can only imagine that when my ancestors came to Provincetown, they recognized the tranquility and beauty of the islands from whence they came in the "near perfect natural light that exists at the Cape tip." □

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Scarry Jack painting by George Yater. Courtesy of the collection of the grandsons of Hudson and Ione Walker

Frank “Scarry Jack” Crawley 1866-1968

Frunk “Scarry Jack” Crawley bought a 1925 Model T (hook and ladder) from Firehouse #1 and converted it into a fish market for use on the streets of Provincetown. He had his moveable fish market painted by a local woman, Rilla Alexander, and it became a colorful addition to the local street scene. It seems that everyone in Provincetown had a nickname and “Scarry’s” came from a scar under his left eye.

“Scarry”, born in Saint Miguel, The Azores, became a legend in the town as he drove his truck up and down the streets, hawking fish fresh from the local boats. In his younger years he had a prominent “handlebar mustache” and was known

to enjoy dancing and playing the harmonica. Few people knew that “Scarry’s” wife Mary had died in childbirth and he brought up eight children pretty much on his own.

His family convinced him to retire at age 84 and gave him a party not to be forgotten. A cake was baked in the shape of “Scarry’s” fire/fish truck; the Dragger Charlotte G gave him a box of haddock with a layer of seven lobsters. Many in Provincetown attended – Maude Duganne (age 103) on the arm of local Doctor Daniel Hiebert, Frank Aresta, Sr. (age 85) and scores more of all ages. His most important guest was “Murphy”, a longhaired Chihuahua and constant companion. “Scarry” enjoyed a good



"Scarry Jack" on Railroad Wharf with his fish truck which he converted from a retired Provincetown Fire Dept. fire engine.

party and took part in the Town parades – from the Blessing of the Fleet to the Beachcomber's Ball.

On December 15, 1966, he celebrated his 100th birthday and more than 600 town people showed up to congratulate him. He received a signed photograph from President Johnson and the same from Cardinal Cushing of Boston. At one point in the festivities he took the floor and swung his partner

to the tunes of the Chamarita.

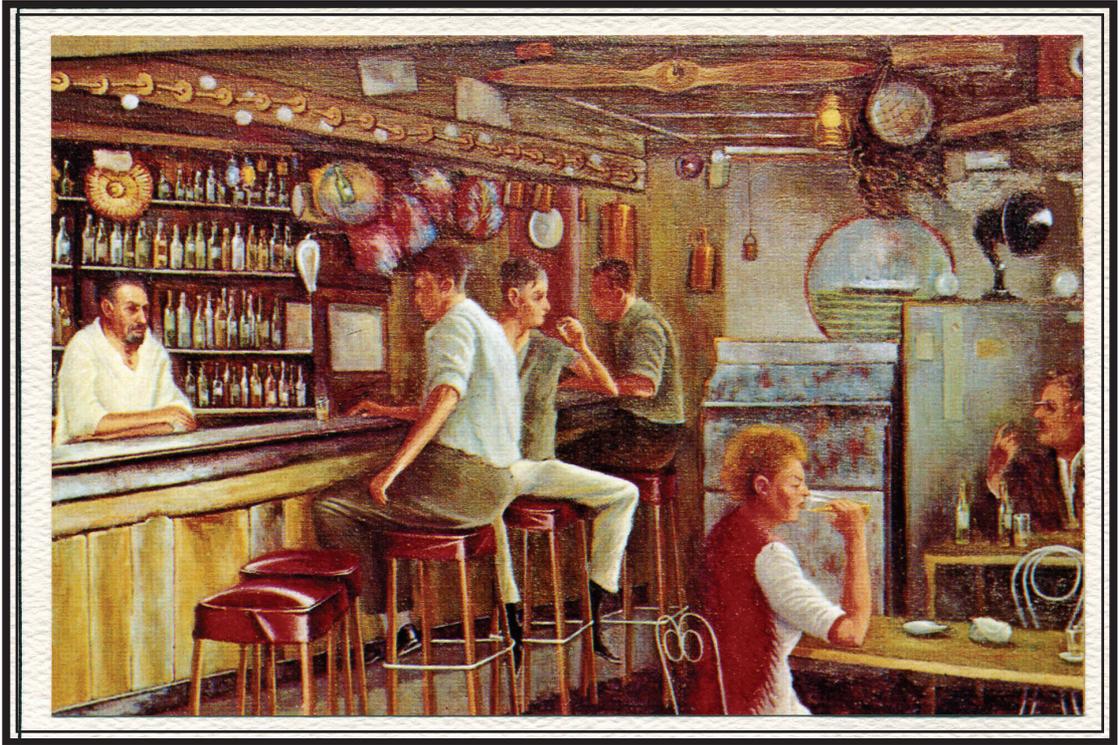
Frank "Scarry Jack" Crawley made an indelible impression on all who met him as he sold fish on the streets of Provincetown. □

With special thanks to his grand daughter, Marilyn Downey.

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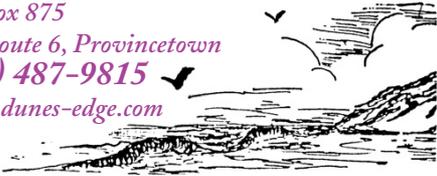
by Carol Leonard LaDuke

Through its' life-worn doors
where a million feet stood
nautical pieces decorate
its' century-old wood.
The buoys were whispering
the spirits of her dead
heavy tables carved
with names long since gone to bed.
Nothing was in the update
time comfortably stayed behind
drunken glasses of liquor
holding ounces of beer and wine.
I heard the stools telling stories
adventures from its' men
of pitching boats in salty seas
northeasters that would not end.
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This celebration of Provincetown's Portuguese heritage also includes the 62nd annual Blessing of the Fleet, a colorful ceremony honoring Provincetown's long history as a fishing port.

The Portuguese Festival is an important contributor to our tourism economy, and the Visitor Services Board is pleased to join the many sponsors and volunteers by providing a grant from the Tourism Fund to help support this event.

Whether you are a Provincetown native returning for a reunion, a frequent visitor, or discovering Provincetown for the first time, we hope you will enjoy your stay here and return again often. This year's festival has been named as a 2009 Top 100 event by the American Bus Association.

Bob Sanborn
Director of Tourism
Provincetown MA



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I N M E M O R I A M



Carl M. Sawyer, Jr.

Sept. 10, 1957 - April 12, 2009

As a young boy growing up in Provincetown, Carl was drawn to the ocean and fishing. He was often found in his father's small boat fishing in the harbor. After graduating from Provincetown High School in 1975, he joined the Coast Guard and served four years on the USCG Vigilant and the Bibb. When not cooking for the captain, he would put his pole in the water and try for fish from the cutter. The Captain enjoyed fresh fish caught and cleaned by Carl and cooked to perfection. He fished commercially for a short time on the Joan and Tom and on the Second Effort. He also drove trucks with fresh fish to the Boston market for Cape Tip Fish Co. His great-grandfather, Carlos Avila fished the Grand Banks on sailing vessels out of Provincetown many years ago.

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*Sept. 8, 1937 -
July 16, 2008*

Like most Provincetown men of his era, Ronnie followed the tradition of fishing as a young man. He fished aboard the “Three of Us” with Ernest Tarvis. He also served in the U.S. Navy and was an active member of the VFW and its color guard. After many years as a mechanic at Duarte Motors, he went to work for Land’s End Marine and could be counted on to always knowing every nut and bolt in the store. Ronnie was a 3rd degree Knight of Columbus of the Walter Welsh Council and was especially proud of his receiving the Marian Medal from the Bishop of the Fall River Diocese for his devotion and service to his parish, St. Peter the Apostle Church.

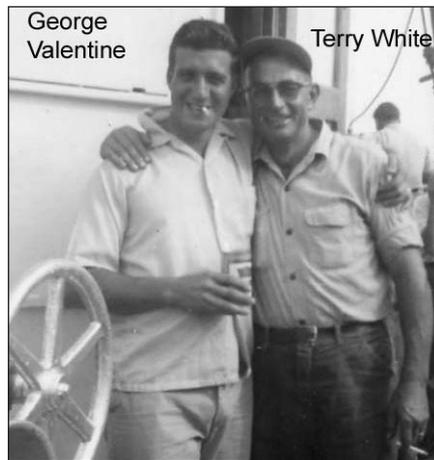
**David “Bootsie”
Carreiro**

Nov. 20, 1946 -
Oct. 4, 2008

David started fishing on the Reneva in the late 1970’s then went on to fish on the Victory II, the Kathy Jo, the Barracuda, Bay of Isles, the Little Natalia and finally the Jersey Princess. “Bootsie” will be remembered for sitting in “his window” watching the passers



by and his contagious laugh and great smile.



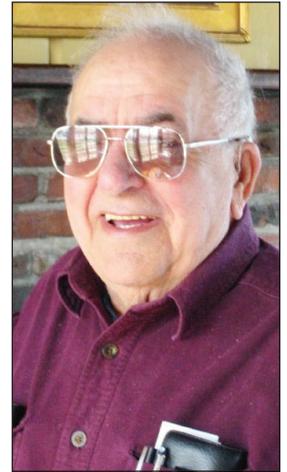
**George
Valentine**

Terry White

George Valentine

Feb. 22 1929- May 15, 2006

George Valentine was born on Washington’s birthday and his mother claimed that the bells rung through out town were in honor of his birth. He had a long career in fishing as a crew member on many boats including the “Joan & Tom”, “Sea Fox”, “Nancy & Debbie” and the “Liberty Belle”. He skippered his own boat the “New England”. He came ashore and spent the remainder of his career until retirement with the US Post Office. George was a quiet man who found a simple satisfaction in striving for perfection in his garden.

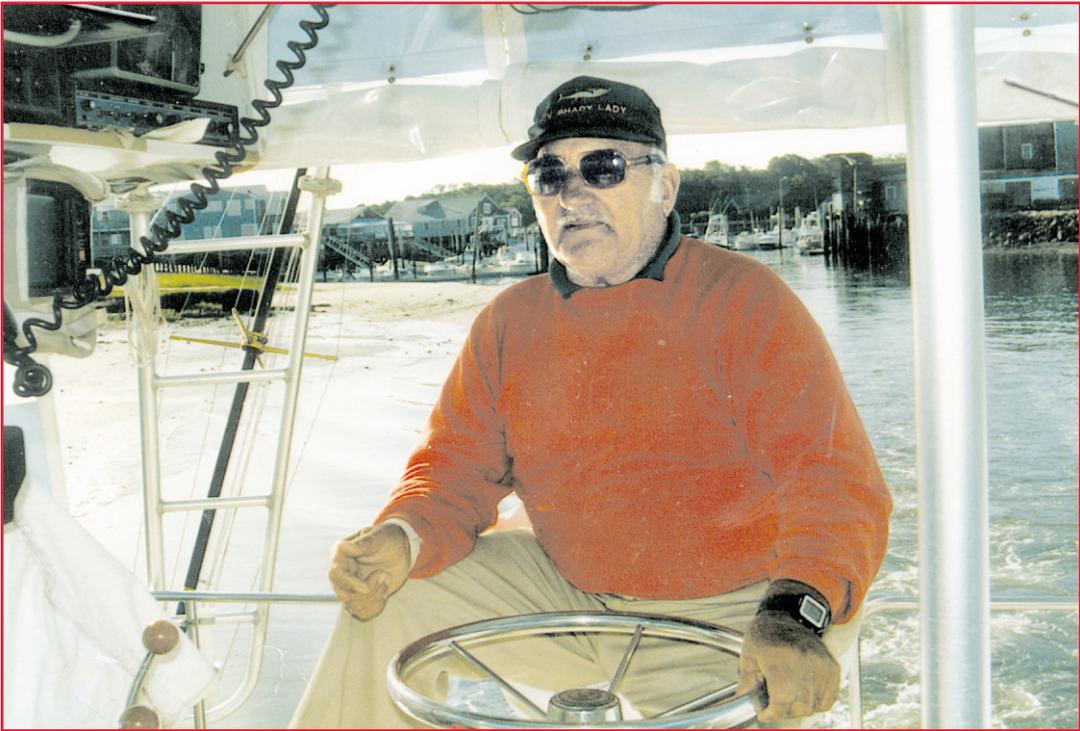


Clem Silva

*Dec. 26, 1926 -
Aug. 31, 2008*

Clem devoted a lifetime of service to the people of Provincetown from the time he was a junior fire fighter all the way through to the rank of Fire Chief. His dedication to others was evident in the hundreds of trips he drove to Cape Cod Hospital in the ambulance. During his years fishing, he was on board the “Shirley & Roland” and the “Two C’s”. He was the son of one of the founders of the 1st Blessing of the Fleet, Arthur “Bragg” Silva, and made the “Blessing” the highlight of the summer for friends and stranger alike. No one stayed a stranger for very long to Clem at one of his Blessing of the Fleet parties; his enthusiasm was irresistible.

In Memory of Captain Manny Phillips



February 19, 1918 - May 20, 2001

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