

# Provincetown Portuguese *Festival '2012*

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Writers Mary-Jo Avellar, Mary Salvador Beck, Yvonne deSousa, Mary Silva Lambrou, Erin Thomas Lawrence, Ruth Ramos Littlefield, Ronald Malaquias, Kathie Meads, Laura Shabott, Charlie Souza, Lisa Motta Stetson. All Sharing their Heritage in the Provincetown Portuguese Festival Booklet 2012.

Their words define what the Provincetown Portuguese Community was and continues to be to this day. They have written about memories of family, friends and events and in doing so have recorded a history which continues to be rich and important.

Thanks to Joe Andrews, Frank Cabral, Dan Towler and Salvador Vasques III for photographs, memories and inspiration.

## Provincetown Portuguese Festival 2012

### The 2012 Provincetown Portuguese Festival Team

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

Provincetown Portuguese Festival Commemorative Booklet design by Ewa Nogiec

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

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# WHY WE WALK....

KATHIE MEADS



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*Kathie Meads and Maureen Hurst are holding the banner for the family boat in front of their childhood home.*

*The boat is named for their mother, Alice Joseph.*

*(l-r) Gretchen Ciluzzi with her children, Kathie Meads and her sister, Maureen Hurst.*

When I first heard of this idea I did not quite grasp what my resistance was to resurrecting that old boat banner.

I believed there were more reasons to bury those memories than to celebrate them. It was not until I saw the grouping of the banners and the vessel names on those old stained drapes of cloth that it started to make sense to me and perhaps now it will to you.

#### And so we remember....

There were hard times, very hard times. You may not have shipped out on that vessel with your father or brother, son or grandfather but you knew the hard times too. Theirs were dangers, real physical dangers faced every time the phone rang at 3 a.m. and they had "orders". The light went on in the kitchen, you could smell the coffee brewing and then the door would shut and you heard footsteps on the front steps never really allowing yourself to fully wake or to think in any detail about what they might be facing that day. The hard times were different for all of us...physical danger, poverty, uncertainty...weather, finances, boat gear repairs, loss of limb or sadly even

life. But we understood that the whole family was in this together.

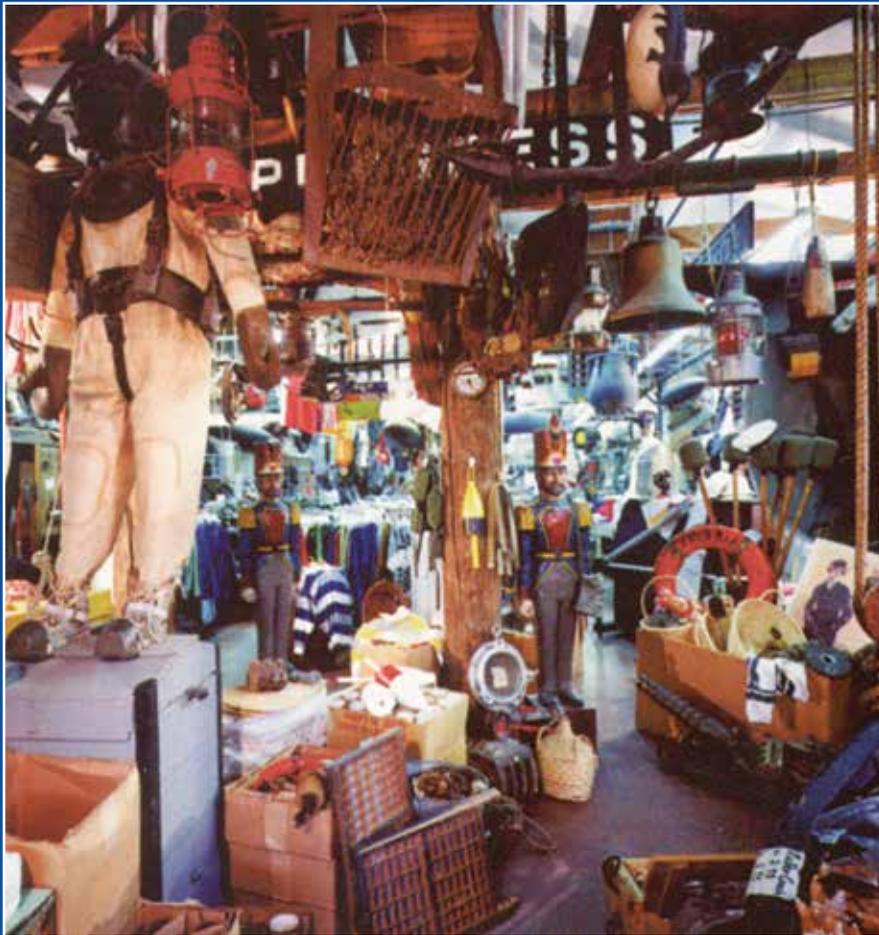
#### And so we remember....

Checking the wharf to see if the boat was in. Watching the flags on Monument Hill as the gale warnings were posted. Wondering if they will get in tonight. The tall steel flag tower now signaling a hurricane...two red squares with black square centers whipping straight out in the wind from the halyards, the loud clanging of the rigging calling out a warning to the Town. A gnawing deep in the pit of your stomach telling you they should be in by now not still out at sea.

#### And so we remember....

No settlement this week. No meat on the table. We'll need more credit at the food market. Time for new shoes but they will have to wait for a better trip. Looks like scallops again for another week. How many ways did your Mother cook scallops? How many times did lobsters arrive in a wire bushel basket at the door? It would take hours to cook them all filling the

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house with that heavy, salty stench. Some homes had a special clothesline just to hang out the “scully joes” so the laundry wouldn’t smell like salted cod.

### **And so we remember....**

Our recognition that fear and heroics live side by side on the water. We were taught to respect the power of the sea. Men were called upon by Captains and shipmates to do whatever they could in so many dangerous situations. Only the fit would climb the rigging; not because they wanted to but because they had to. You might lose gear to save a man’s arm. The powerful doors hauling back could kill you in the flash of a moment. The winch could easily suck you into its grip. Fishing boots with goosefish gnawing and clamping through them to the leg bone were a regular menace. The boots would be patched with rubber bicycle tire repair kits always kept on board for just that purpose. We still love those catfish vinha d’alhoes but when a catfish was spotted in the net coming onboard, the crew would yell out, “catfish on deck”. They have such powerful jaws they can bite clear through into your leg. Fishermen would taunt the catfish with a glass coca cola bottle and the fish could bite right through it. Oil gear made in Canada was better than anything here in the States but they had to grease their arms with linseed oil and olive oil at night so that the sleeves would not stick to their arms and chafe their skin. They feared contracting gurry poison, an irritation that could cause a severe life threatening infection in the arm. In the winter they cut off the oil gear sleeves above the elbow because the sleeves would freeze in the extreme cold once they became wet. A frozen sleeve meant you couldn’t move your arms freely...so critical for any fisherman.

### **And so we remember...**

Fishermen fed the families of anyone waiting on the wharf. No cell phones, no ship to shore radio communication at times. “Yes, we saw your husband’s or father’s boat. Won’t be in for two more days. Take the haddock and some flounder home to your Mother”. Or, “They put in at New Bedford or Block Island until the weather breaks but they are ok”. It was a duty, a code of the sea to make sure Provincetown families would be fed until their men returned. They expected no payment for this. St. Peter would know and that would be enough. Later fishermen would

gather to tell their stories. Stories they seldom related at home. It was their ritual this venting and the release they found in the recounting of their days out at sea; a way to clear the head and make ready for the next trip; a way to face it all again.

### **And so we remember....**

Our Town as a fishing community where virtually everyone was connected with the fishing industry in some way. Your neighbors and friends furnished the fishing gear, welded the scallop rakes and doors, painted and repaired the vessels, sold the paint and supplies you needed on a daily basis. They cleaned the fish, packed it in ice and drove it to market. The food markets sold the “grub” and waited until the end of the fishing trip to be paid. The bankers loaned you the funds that literally kept the fishing fleet afloat. It took everyone in our isolation here at the tip of the Cape to sustain the fishing way of life we lived in Provincetown.

### **And so we remember...**

The deaths and the funerals of our loved ones and friends. The losses you endure when life is so closely linked to the sea. The poignancy of our memories of the celebrations of life as we recall holidays especially Christmas...the box of shrimp and the bottle of whiskey from the Captain arriving at the door; the minho Jezus, the Linquica Band and midnight Mass on Christmas Eve. On the Feast of St. Peter in June the Blessing of the Fleet was held. The vessels were decorated with gay strands of colored flags and proudly displayed their Boat Banners in parade as they passed by the Bishop. Finally a time to be with family and friends in celebration and ask the blessing of the Holy Spirit and St. Peter the Fisherman to protect and guide our fleet back to their own safe harbor and to their families waiting and watching for them to ‘round Long Point.

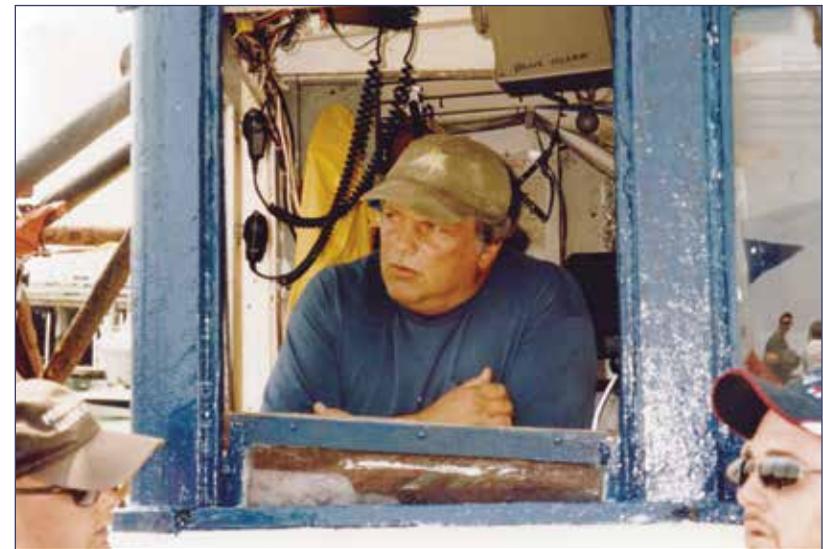
### **And so we remember...**

What it was to be a fishing family. Ever dependent on the whims of the ocean for everything we had. Ever grateful to our fishing ancestors for everything we have in life now, for where we live, for what we have become, for this heritage that was their legacy to us – left for us to respect, to safeguard and to share.

### **And so... we walk.**

## There is no place like home

ERIN THOMAS LAWRENCE



*Anthony Thomas III in the pilot house of the Plymouth Belle with Chad DeLima, left foreground and Tony's son Mike Rego on the right.*

My ties to Provincetown are thick and essential like the rope coiled on the decks of the lonely fishing boats at the end of MacMillan Wharf. The F/V Richard and Arnold with its sleek lines and old gold letters is one of the few lasting reminders of my heritage.

My dad, Anthony L. Thomas III, Tony, began fishing summers on the Richard and Arnold when he was fourteen years old, in 1964. He had always known that he would be a fisherman and it was with great pride that he learned from his father and grandfather. In the world he knew at fourteen it would have been impossible to predict the disintegration of the fishing industry in Provincetown that he would live to see and be a victim of.

My great-grandfather immigrated from Fuzeta, Portugal to Gloucester at the age of fifteen. Great-grandfather Anthony Thomas was a handsome man, tall and slender. He was of a resolved, good and solid character. His family describes him as generous and kind, someone who could always be counted on. In Gloucester he was number one fish cutter at Gorton-Pew Fisheries when he fell in love with and married Ethel Mitchell. Together they relocated to

Provincetown in 1923, where they both had family ties. Upon arrival, my great-grandmother Ethel was moved to tears at how backward the town was at that time. She was a city girl, having been raised in Gloucester and couldn't believe the streets of Provincetown were dirt with no sidewalks.

My great-grandfather first went to work on his father's boat the Evangeline D. He was also a crew member on the John D. and the Arthur Matthew. He worked for Frank Parsons, his brother in law, on the Richard and Arnold from 1936 until 1941 when he bought his first boat, the Jennie B. In 1945 he traveled to Gloucester on the bus with a brown paper bag containing \$17,000 in cash which he used to purchase the Richard and Arnold from Parsons. As owner and operator of the Richard and Arnold he had his own crew comprised of Pop Coelho who fished with my great-grandfather until he retired and two of my great-grandfather's sons, my grandfather, Anthony L. Thomas Jr. and my great-uncle, Donald Thomas, better known as Provincetown's Dancing Traffic Cop.

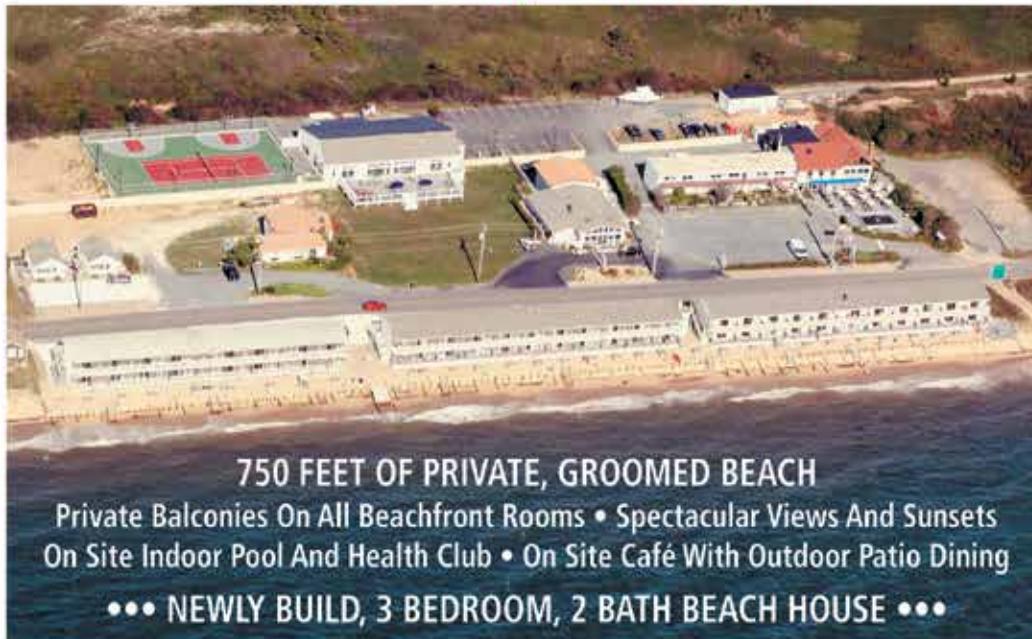
My great-grandfather was Captain in the good old days: when hard work paid off, before strict govern-

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ment regulations stopped fishermen from being able to make a living, before Provincetown became a tourism based economy, when the heart of the town was still the fishing industry. Provincetown, when it was a fishing village, was comprised of hard working fishermen, fish packers, fish truckers, fish sellers and their families. When my great-grandfather owned the Richard and Arnold there were a total of thirty-eight draggers in the fleet. There were also still a few trap fishermen, trawlers and hand-liners. Today there is are only a handful of fishing boats, no trap fishermen or long-liners. It is with thanks to Eddie Ritter that we still have one hand-line fisherman in town. The Provincetown my grandfather knew his entire life haunted a man like my dad, who lived to see the end of it.

My dad, Anthony L. Thomas III, grew up on Pleasant Street, where he lived for a time along with his parents, at the home of his maternal grandparents, Earnest "Zeke" and Dorothy Tasha. Zeke was a big man and one of the last trap fishermen of Provincetown. The family moved to Standish Street when my dad was eleven years old and stayed there until their move to Freeman Street.

My dad talked fondly of his childhood and the Provincetown he knew growing up. He said it was the best place in the world, full of families with lots of children, who all looked out for each other. His father, Anthony L. Thomas Jr., used to tell him and his sisters not to try to get away with anything because if they did by the time they got home he and their mother would know about it. Growing up, my father and his friends, dressed in their Sunday best for the nine in the morning children's mass at St. Peter's Church. They attended Cub Scouts and played football and baseball for their Provincetown school teams. He and his buddies loved camping in the woods around Clapp's Pond before the National Seashore was instituted. A coming of age tradition was to carve the initial tree in the woods. He dove off the pier and collected blueberries to make spending money as a boy. He would use his funds to buy bags of roasted peanuts at Cabot's Candy where he

would sit on the steps and watch the tourists go by, particularly the pretty girls. He waited eagerly each summer for the week-long carnival. As he got older he liked to play pool and pinball upstairs at Anthony Perry's Bowling Alley, a male only atmosphere that required a parent's note to get in. He got his driver's license at the age of sixteen and he loved fast cars. Being a fisherman he was able to afford a new GTO and later a Corvette. They could drive around town all night on one dollar's worth of gas, it being only thirty cents a gallon at the time. He loved listening to records and eight tracks of groups like the Moody



*Crew of Richard and Arnold 1937  
(l-r) standing Henry Passion, John Corea, Anthony Thomas Sr.,  
seated Domingos Malaquias and Ramon ???*

Blues. Later in life, one of his favorite things to do was listen to what he called "oldies music," which he said brought back vivid memories of places, people and times long gone by.

When my great-grandfather, Anthony Thomas, retired to North Truro with his wife Ethel, my grandfather, Anthony L. Thomas Jr. and his wife Olivia, bought the house he had been raised in on Freeman Street. It was in that house that my dad, Anthony L. Thomas III, came of age and began his fishing career.

Fishing was far more to my dad than a paycheck; it was a way of life. It was his legacy. He recalled his grandfather as a patient and kind man who rarely raised his voice as a Captain. He was always a gentleman. His own father, Anthony L. Thomas Jr., was

a big, fun and loving man who wore his heart on his sleeve. He was the kind of guy everyone knew, widely referred to as the "Big Fisherman." These two men along with his grandfather Zeke Tasha and his uncle Ernie Tasha were his role models. They shared with him their knowledge of life as Captains, how to mend nets, how to harvest the sea to provide for your family, how to keep a sense of humor when times got rough. They were proud to be fishermen, to be successful Captains, to carry on the traditions and the way of life their fathers had brought from Portugal to America. My dad was always proud of being a fisherman too, even when the world and Provincetown changed, he hung on to who and what he was.

The heart of my dad's life was MacMillan Wharf, even after his failing health required him to stop fishing. He was an observer; his green eyes missed very little of what was happening around him. He was always ready with a joke for a friend or to lend a helping hand with mending a net or gear work. He invited younger fisherman to the house for cups of coffee and to look over his fishing charts and old tow

logs that recorded his best fishing spots, worst hang-ups and unsurpassed catches.

It was on the deck of a fishing boat that he had some of his greatest and most spiritual life experiences: seeing the Northern Lights, watching humpback whales learn to feed, experiencing countless sunrises and sunsets surrounded by the sea and sky with no land in sight. Teaching his son, Michael Rego, how to be a fisherman, in the same tradition that he had been taught. ♦



*Brothers Donald Thomas and Anthony Thomas, Jr.  
aboard the Jenny B*



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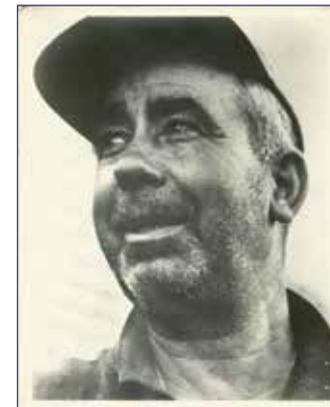
## Charlie Max

RONALD S. MALAQUIAS

Mention the name Charlie Max and almost everyone knew him from Beach Point to Long Point. He was born in Cova, a small coastal village which was part of Figueira da Foz in Northern Portugal. He arrived at Ellis Island at six months of age with his mother Anna (Roda) and his older brother Domingo. They would soon join the family patriarch, Remegio, who was already in Provincetown. Here they would start a new life in a strange land where if you worked hard, the rewards were many. The family would grow to include two more brothers, Tony and John, and two sisters, Palmyra and Vivian.

Charlie became a fisherman at an early age as many of the new wave of immigrant men did. He had a natural skill for fishing and boating and was soon skipper of many draggers in and around Provincetown. One of the earlier boats he ran was the family boat "Four Brothers", which was a dragger most of the year and a swordfishing boat out of the village of Menemsha on Martha's Vineyard during the summer months. He often told me that chasing and harpooning swordfish was more fun than work. The last dragger that he owned and operated was the Revenge which was converted to a stern dragger by Charlie and his sons and was the first one in town. Today, almost all of the draggers worldwide are stern draggers.

In Charlie's mid-twenties he married his wife, Louise Sylvia, the daughter of an Azorean schooner fisherman, Antonio Sylvia. Charlie and Louise had four children; Charles Jr., Ronald, Mary and Stephen. Charles Jr. went on to found Digital Marine, the manufacturer of North Star navigational products, a very well known name in the marine and aeronautical world. Ronnie became a teacher and Department Head in the town of Plymouth. He also built and operated his own commercial lobster boat in the summer time. Mary was the only daughter, and she married and moved around the country with her husband but returned often to visit the hometown



Charlie "Max" Malaquias

they loved. Stephen became a well known physician on the Cape.

In later years, Charlie and Louise operated a small seasonal fish market called Captain Charlie's across from their family home at 398 Commercial Street. After a time, they sold their property and moved to Plymouth to be near family. In Plymouth, Captain Charlie spent most of his retirement years on the waterfront. He worked on his son's

lobster boat during the summer and also helped some of the younger fisherman repair their fishing gear. He was working on a net in his backyard a couple of days before he passed away.

One of the highlights of Charlie and Louise's world was the annual Blessing of the Fleet. After the religious ceremonies of the day were over came the party aboard the family boat with many family and friends. Everyone always enjoyed Louise's famous lobster rolls and the beer and the music flowed freely. For several years, there was actually live music aboard the boat during the celebration. Charlie loved his music and was known to be a good dancer and a snappy dresser in his prime. Charlie's legacy was a common one for his time: *Love and take care of your family, respect and support your church, work hard and everything else will fall into place.*

Give the ship a good name, Charlie Max.



(l-r) Salvador Vasques, John Russe, ???, Charlie Malaquias, Joe Thomas, and Josie Silva

## MY LIFE IN THE EAST END

MARY SILVA LAMBROU

Growing up in the East End of Provincetown was a great experience and brings back wonderful memories of that time (I am 80 years old). Our house was located at 391 Commercial Street with the harbor and beach at our doorstep. From nine in the morning until late in the afternoon we enjoyed swimming and games and sometimes our mother brought sandwiches to us for lunch. Many happy times were spent with so many of the neighborhood kids on the beach.

There was a wooden sewer drain on the beach (not very healthy for us but we were rarely sick) where we were taught how to swim by being thrown off into three or four feet of water. My father performed this act for me and today I consider myself a good swimmer. We would also pick up an empty can off the beach and collect “conkerwrinkles” (periwinkles) and cook them right on the beach, using large safety pins brought from home to get them out of their shells.

Our friends were mostly from Pearl Street and after supper we would gather on the corner of Pearl

and Commercial Street (Pete Jennings’ property), sitting on the stone wall and discussing everything and anything. Sometimes we would hop on the open air bus that circled the Town, sit in the rear seat, and sing until the bus returned to “our spot”. The fare at that time was ten cents. The names of some of the “gang” were Costa, Henrique, Burhoe, Sawyer, Gaspie, Medeiros and others.

There were old wharves in the area and we could swim out and dive off of them at high tide. There was also a “skow” (used to drive the weir poles) we could swim out to as we became stronger swimmers. Unfortunately, it was also home to hundreds of sea gulls!

The Johnson Street Cold Storage was nearby and was a place that some of our teen-aged boys would work in the summer. A long wharf extended out to where the trap boats landed their daily catch. I can remember my mother giving my sister and I a bucket and sending us down to get fish. The fishermen knew us and gladly filled our bucket.

In the parking lot (now owned by Elena Hall),



The Corner of Pearl and Commercial Streets shows Pete Jennings’ home with the original stone wall the neighborhood kids hung out on.

there were games such as kick ball and giant steps played in the early evenings. I worked three summers in “Jo’s Soda Shop” at the bottom of Dyer Street and when a cousin from Boston came to work with me, we would wait until the owner left for a game of cards with friends, and we would make these wonderful ice cream concoctions, probably using up the day’s profits.

There were artists and writers in the area and I can remember Harry Kemp passing our house (wearing his gray cape) coming in from the dunes. Art Snader, who was our Town Crier, lived across the street from us in the Gray Inn. William Bicknell and his wife Mary lived next door for many

summers and when my sister and I married, he presented us both with a nice framed sketch.

On Christmas Eve a group of us teenagers would visit some of the Portuguese Catholic houses and have food (my first taste of favas) and delicious Portuguese sweets. We were all given a glass of red wine, our first. I remember the beautiful altars set up in some of these homes.

Every morning I stopped to meet one of my very good friends and we walked to school together until our high school graduation. Friends made during these years have remained throughout my life. ♦

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# MEMORIES OF OUR FISHERMEN

RUTH RAMOS LITTLEFIELD



Blessing of the Fleet  
1949

In Her Sky  
 She Wears  
 A Halo of  
 Heavenly Blue  
 Studded With  
 Brilliant Diamonds  
 An Aura of  
 Rainbow Colors  
 Envelope  
 Her Sunsets  
 From The Sand-Dunes  
 A Cloak  
 Of Sand  
 Graces her Being  
 Her Endless Refreshing  
 Salt Water  
 Quenches her thirst  
 Our Beloved  
 Provincetown  
 All who  
 Grew up here  
 Were fortunate  
 To be  
 Amongst those  
 Provincetown called  
 Her Children  
 Fishermen Knew  
 Many Kids in  
 Provincetown  
 All Kids Knew  
 The Fishermen.  
 When our mothers  
 Handed Us A  
 Bucket or A String  
 We Knew  
 Today Was  
 Fish Day

We Watched for  
 The Boats  
 To Appear Along  
 The Bend  
 At Long Point  
 When They Came  
 Into Sight  
 Down Commercial Street  
 We'd Run  
 We had a Date  
 At Skarloff's or  
 Railroad Wharf  
 As the Boat Neared  
 The Wharf  
 Rope was tossed  
 Over the Side  
 On to the Pier  
 Securing the Boat  
 Standing on the Deck  
 Of their boat  
 After A Hard  
 Day's Work

Braving High Winds  
 Rough Seas  
 Heat or Cold  
 Fishermen  
 Broadly Smiling  
 Happy to be  
 In Port  
 We'd hand down  
 Our Bucket or String  
 The Fishermen would  
 Fill up our buckets  
 String up the fish  
 All for  
 The Asking  
 All required was  
 A Thank you  
 There was Never  
 Ever  
 Any Reason For  
 Anyone to  
 Go hungry in  
 Provincetown.  
 Provincetown- fishermen  
 Took Care of  
 Their Own  
 In gratitude  
 We Remember  
 In the early  
 Morn  
 When You Put Out  
 To Sea  
 Standing Beside you  
 On the Deck  
 Of your Vessel  
 "The Big Fishermen"  
 Will  
 Always Be  
 God Speed.



*Christening The Shirley & Roland.*

*Fred Salvador in Coast Guard uniform, his brother Louis to his right and Agnes Salvador christening the new vessel*

## Fisherman's Daughter

MARY SALVADOR BECK

As brothers, neighbors, fisherman, business partners, Captains, husbands, and fathers Freddy and Louie Salvador shared many experiences. Louie was my father. They were a part of the fishing industry in Provincetown for many years. Starting at a young age they fell in love with the sea as their father and grandfather had done decades before them. Their indoctrination to the fishing business started with Captain Frank Corea (who came to be their neighbor) on the Leona and Gabriel. Fred's first trip was at 10 years old. During the summer months he went swordfishing off of Noman's Land. But it wasn't until later that he started to earn a living by fishing with Captain Lawrence "Big Bill" Segura on the Frances C. Louie started at 15 and received two

dollars a day to pick and shuck scallops from sunrise to sunset. As the life of a fisherman became more appealing, school became less of a necessity for them. One of the first boats Freddy owned was the Stella. Louie became his shipmate and they worked side by side for eleven years until the Coast Guard called Fred to duty and Louie was left to skipper in his absence. Before entering the Coast Guard Fred was already known as a great seaman. Story has it that the Captain of the Coast Guard ship that Fred was on was unsure of the local waters so he asked him to navigate and steer the vessel around Cape Cod and through the Canal. Quite an assignment for a young, small town fisherman.

After Fred's return the brothers became more successful and dreamed of a bigger boat. In 1944 the Shir-

ley and Roland was built and named after Louie's two oldest children. Many trips to Rye, New York created the vessel they envisioned. They fished the Shirley and Roland for a while but soon Freddie wanted to fish differently. In 1950 the C, R and M was built in Maine and named after Freddy's three youngest children, Carol, Richard and Michael. Louie liked fishing for quantity and went after cheaper fish such as whiting. Freddy on the other hand wanted to go for quality fish like cod and haddock, which brought a higher price. In 1950 they went their separate ways as boat owners but continued to work in the same industry. By the end of the 50's Uncle Fred sold the C,R, and M and bought the Roma. At the request of the previous owner, Fred changed the name of the boat and the Michael Ann was christened after his daughter who had chosen this name upon taking her final vows before entering a convent. The brothers both became Captains that other men wanted to fish for. My dad was always proud of the fact that some of his crewmen only left him to become business owners or Captains of their own vessels. These men included Babe Carreiro who bought the Tip for Topps' Restaurant, Anthony Jackett who purchased the Plymouth Belle and Ralph Andrews who skippered the Capt'n' Bill. When the Shirley and Roland was sold, Clem Silva became a landlubber and was indispensable as chief of the Fire Department and a member of the Rescue Squad. Uncle Freddy's pride came from the fact that he had the same crew for years and years: Manuel Pires (cousin), Anthony Leonard (son), Henry, Ernest and Louie

Cordeiro (brothers-in-law), to name a few. Freddy and Louie fished, raised their families and lived side-by-side on Johnson Street all their lives. I don't ever remember an argument or cross word spoken between them. But as all fishermen, I do believe they held secrets about the best fishing spots and where the most fish was being caught on a particular day. Neither brother was afraid of hard work. Both were known as two of the "Highliners" in Provincetown and never returned to shore until they had caught as many fish as possible for that day, probably the reason for their great success.

All the kids looked forward to their summer fishing trips with their dads. To me it always seemed like the boys went more times than the girls. It was a part of the summer that I'll always remember. Morning arrived early on those special summer days. Phone calls

to the crewmembers came before Dad awakened me but I knew the drill. He would pick up the phone and the operator did the rest. She called Ralph Andrews, Babe Carreiro and Clem Silva and told them what time to be at the wharf. Filled with excitement I remember getting ready and walking hand-in-hand down Commercial Street with my dad to the Shirley and Roland. It was just before dawn as we climbed down the ladder and onto the deck. As soon as my feet touched, the first thing I always did was run to the fo'c'sle to see what we had for "grub". The sky was the limit. No one was telling me what to eat or not to eat and as a result I always became seasick. The nets would go into the water and fill with fish to be lifted and released onto the deck of the boat.



*Louis and Fred Salvador. Within a few years of this photo Fred would make his first fishing trip with Frank Corea.*

My job was to separate the dogfish from the rest of the catch. It was great fun. I would move around the deck and pick up the dogfish by the tail, swing them through the air, over the side of the boat, back in the ocean and watch them as they swam away. Somewhere in between helping, having fun and eating all that junk, I would get sick and spend the remaining hours lying in the stern on top of the nets. The sound of the waves slapping against the side of the boat, the cry of the gulls' overhead and the gentle rock of the Shirley as we steamed home lulled me to sleep. I didn't wake until we rounded the Point and the Monument came into view. The one last treat of the day was a stop at the back door of the Harbor Lunch



*Original Crew of Shirley & Roland. Back (l-r) Louis Cordeiro, Henry Cordeiro, Louis Salvador. Anthony Jackett, Sr. seated in front*

Restaurant where we picked up a warm homemade blueberry pie. By the time the next summer rolled around I had forgotten about the seasickness and was ready to go again.

Richard Salvador remembers his first voyage on The C, R and M. It was her maiden voyage after being built and christened in Maine. They had a boat full: Freddy and Phil, Henry Cordeiro, his wife, Margaret, their son, Martin, and Clarence Nelson to

name a few. It started out as a beautiful day with blue skies but the wind steadily increased and the seas kept building with each hour that passed. By the afternoon most were seasick. Not a pleasant trip as Rit remembers. They did pull into several ports during the 2-3 days that they cruised down the coast This helped but all did not feel well until they had finally planted their feet on solid ground in Provincetown. As a young boy Richard was always ready for a summer fishing trip with his Dad. As he sat in the fo'c'sle with the crew, he could feel the waves of seasickness wash over him. It wasn't until he heard the words "Haul Back" that he would rush onto the deck, breathe in the fresh air and feel the sickness quickly leave. His job now that he was on deck was to gut the fish before they went in the hole. At an early age he had what it took to become a man of the sea.

There are memories of being a fisherman's daughter that I will hold forever. I don't think I realized the dangers that my father and uncle faced every day when they were at sea. At times their fishing trips took them as far away as George's Bank, Noman's Land, Stellwagen Bank, and Block Island. As a child there were several occasions when the wind would blow, a storm was brewing and dad wasn't home. Candles would be lit, placed on the dining room table and we would pray for his safe return. And fortunately, he always did.

Dad and Uncle Fred's arrival home was often fun. A bushel basket of lobsters on someone's kitchen floor provided us with contestants for lobster races and fights. We looked for the biggest lobster as we rummaged through the wire basket. Next, we lay them on the kitchen floor and the competition would begin. A "mess" of fish dumped in the kitchen sink for cleaning was even entertaining for a fisherman's daughter. Dad or Mom would cut the heads and tails off and remove the guts as I searched for that orange spawn to appear because that was my job. I would carefully reach in to tear it out without breaking the protective membrane. The large haddock spawn would be salted, boiled with potatoes, dished out and then drizzled with olive oil and a squeeze of fresh lemon.

When all the cousins returned from a day at the beach we didn't snack on cookies. We sucked the meat out of the little lobster legs that Aunt Phil or Mom had cooked up and left cooling on a platter.

Bushel baskets of crabs brought the same satisfaction. They were placed in a large "panela", cooked to perfection and immediately dumped on a newspaper-covered table. Dinner was served. We would sometimes stand to eat so everyone could fit around the table. Our fish was really fresh. It was caught at noon and on the table for dinner. It was a rare occasion that those Salvador brothers came home without some kind of seafood; a half-dozen flounders threaded on a string or a large haddock or cod with their fingers pushed in the eye sockets or stuck in the gills. We ate things that most people would throw away. Salted Scully Joes, dried salt cod, squid stew, boiled haddock and rice, conkawrinkles, razor clams, stuffed haddock with white gravy and so many sea scallops we got sick of eating them. Sand eels were fried complete with their heads, tails and bones (Portuguese French fries), tinker mackerel, the first of the season, butterfish, fried whiting and cod heads (Portuguese pork chops) were enjoyed by all of us. Richard and Michael's favorite was fried smelts because the tails were like potato chips. All things I haven't eaten in years.

Although I don't remember the first blessing, I do remember many of them as a young child and all the preparation that occurred. The boat had to be painted and all the kids got to paint the boards that held the fish in the hole. We received a dollar a board because none of the crew wanted to paint them. It gave us money to buy balloons, hot dogs at Aresta's (with the works), orange popsicles, and coins to toss to the



*Louis Salvador with Salvador Vasques in the pilot house*

monkey of the hurdy-gurdy man. Stored in cardboard boxes, the flags that decorated the Shirley and Roland and the C, R and M were removed from our attic and Uncle Fred's basement. That musty smell of the yellowing pennants as Mom and Aunt Phil ironed each one in the long string will always be a part of my memories of the Blessing. There wasn't any fishing for that weekend.

I remember one particular Blessing of the Fleet when my brother and sister, Roland and Shirley had returned for the summer from college and were joined by many of their college friends from Pennsylvania. This happened to be the Blessing that the unsuspected storm of 1957 arrived. The sky darkened, the wind picked up and the rain fell so hard it hurt when it touched our skin as we picnicked near Long Point. Some said it was a small tornado that touched down. Like a well-rehearsed fire drill, we were all rushed back to shore, the boats were docked, and the steady stream of guests climbed the ladder one by one to the wharf. It was quite an adventure for a bunch of kids from Pennsylvania. A memory that they must still hold dear.

It always amazes me how people could recognize the various fishing vessels as they rounded Long Point by simply looking at the masts. As I became older and my mother started driving, we would head out to New Beach (Herring Cove) and see if Dad or Uncle Fred was on his way home. She, too, could recognize the boats from afar, something I never mastered. If the Shirley and Roland was spotted, we would drive to the wharf and give Dad and the crew



(l-r) Henry Passion, Louis Salvador, John Russe and Anthony Jackett, Sr. in the doorway

a ride home. If the C, R, & M was seen then a call to Aunt Phil was made to expect Uncle Fred for supper. Fred usually made a couple of stops along the way dropping off fish or lobsters and getting a “ping-ding” as payment.

Behind Lands End Marine was Macara’s Wharf, lined with small fishing shacks that the fisherman rented for \$5 a month. It was here where they stored their nets, rollers and supplies. A day off gave the men time to mend the nets stretched along the wharf. Sometimes the nets came home and were mended on the front lawn. It was a skill most fishermen learned as children. When the men were mending we would walk down and visit. You could always find young boys jumping off the roof at high tide or playing rag tag. In those days the wharves and beaches were our playgrounds.

Fridays were important days when we were kids. Usually, a day off from fishing because the fish auctions in New York, Philadelphia and Boston were closed. More importantly, it was the day the crew came to “settle-up”. It meant company and was very social. The crewmembers would wander in, gather around the kitchen table and ‘talk fish’. Next, the shot glasses would come out and my brother and I got to pour the Four Roses Whiskey. David and I would have our own little whiskey glasses and as all the members threw their shots of whiskey back, we did too but with orange juice. My oldest son recently received those shot glasses as a gift from me with the Friday story. He was absolutely delighted.

As part of my growing up I learned how to use and balance a checkbook by writing the weekly checks for each crewmember. Shack money was always

paid in cash. For doing this, I got my dad’s share. I never really understood why I was included in such personal business. I know my father could write his name, make a shopping list, read the newspaper and do math but I don’t know about spelling and maybe that’s why he had me do the checkbook. As I talked to my brothers and sister, I found out that we all did this job as teenagers. I guess it was like a coming-of-age.

They were quite social those fisherman. There were parties, dinners, and balls. I remember “the girls”, as the wives referred to themselves, driving to New Bedford to buy new dresses for an occasion. When Dad and Uncle Fred dressed in their suits for these occasions and pictures were being snapped, somewhere in the back of my mind, I hear my mom’s voice saying, “No one would ever know they are fisherman. They look like bankers.” But their hands and ruddy complexions usually gave them away.

“The girls” also had connections with each other outside of fishing. They had a knitting club that met once a week at somebody’s house. Knit, chat and eat. That’s when I learned to knit. “The girls” would donate their yarn scraps to me. My first project was a piece of knitting that only slightly resembled a scarf. I started with ten stitches and ended with one hundred fifty and used every color in the rainbow. Dad wrapped it around his neck and proudly wore it fishing. It was the ugliest scarf that one could imagine. That scarf set him apart from the other fishermen. They all dressed in itchy woolen pants, checkered wool hats with ear flaps, black and white, red and black and green and black woolen shirts, topped off with black rubber boots lined with sheepskin slippers, a white, net mending needle sticking out of a back pocket and a cigarette hanging out of their mouths. (But Uncle Fred always smoked a cigar). It was the uniform of the fisherman. They all looked alike as they trudged along, just sporting different colors.

I wish I had asked my father more questions about what it was like to spend a lifetime on the water: his first fishing trip, his last fishing trip, the biggest codfish he ever caught, the most fearful event he encountered on the water, the oddest lobster he ever saw, the most fish he ever landed, the strangest thing he ever ate, and the most ferocious storm that he survived.

But I didn’t. ♦



Blessing of the Fleet 1967  
Fishing vessel “Revenge”



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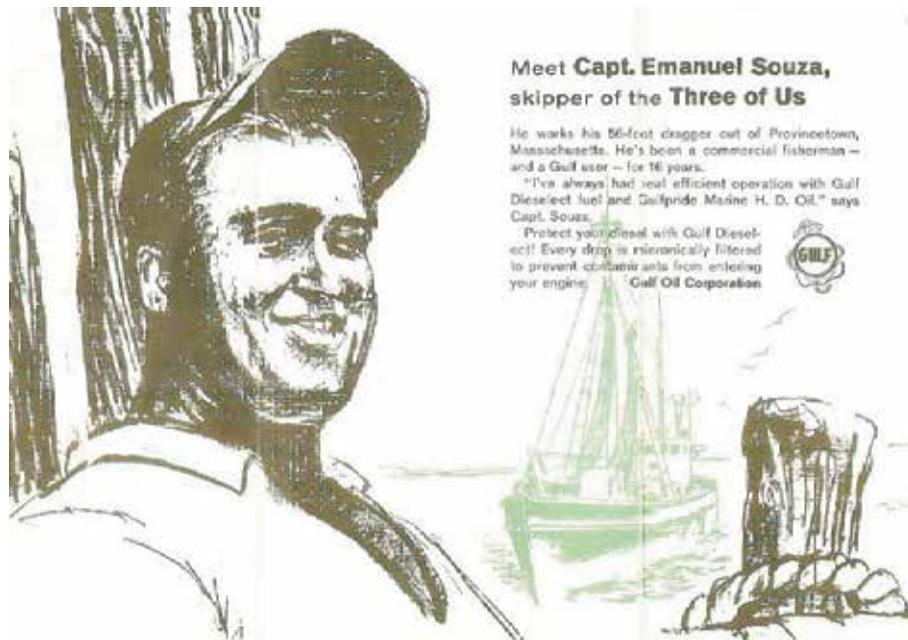
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## REMEMBERING CAPTAIN TISS

CHARLIE SOUZA

My grandfather, Manuel Glory Souza, was from Saint Michaels, the Azores. He was a Grand Banks fisherman and lived on Soper Street in Provincetown. It is the same house that his grandson, Glory Reis, lives in today.

My father, Emmanuel Joseph Souza, told me that as a child he was responsible for “oiling” his father’s “oil clothes” when he came in from a trip. I only remember visiting him when he was sick. He passed away when I was about four years old.

I first remember my father as a crew member on the VICTORY II and Manuel Macara as Captain. My dad fished on some other boats before the VICTORY II. The EMILIA R. with Joe Roderick being one. The first time I ever went commercial fishing was on the VICTORY II at about age eight and remember Donald Viegas went that same day. His father Victor was the cook. Around noon Donald thought it would be a big joke to wait until the crew was down below eating and to holler that “Charles just fell overboard”. Needless to say “not funny at all” to my father – both Donald and I got a severe tongue lashing.

When Manny Phillips built the SILVER MINK he

asked my father to captain his other boat, the CAPE COD, while Manny ran the MINK.

My father went on to Captain THE THREE OF US, owned by Captain Ernest Tarvis. Captain Tarvis was looking to retire from fishing and didn’t want to sell his boat but the time came when the huge Buda diesel engine was in need of a major overhaul and Ernest decided not to invest any more money in it. He sold THE THREE OF US to my father who was able to get a loan and locate a used GM Diesel to replace the Buda. Since the GM was so much smaller they were able to downsize the engine room and enlarge the fish hold so the boat’s capacity went from about 45,000 pounds to 60,000 pounds. This was a significant increase because in the Spring my dad would fish for whiting and hake (used for food at mink farms in Michigan) off of Nomans Island and fill the boat in a mornings fishing. My father and Louie Salvador (THE SHIRLEY AND ROLAND) used to make this trip several times a week. They would leave Provincetown at eight in the evening to arrive at the fishing grounds by five in the morning – filling the boats by noon and heading back to Barnstable where

it would take most of the next day to unload. Louie and my father were close friends and used to talk on the VHF radio constantly. Every night they would talk on the telephone at home and clarify some of the “white lies” they told while on the radio that everyone could hear. I believe all fishermen are liars, just some bigger than others.

I started fishing summers as a sophomore in High School with my father on THE TWO C’S. He re-named THE THREE OF US when he bought it from Ernest Tarvis - for my sister and me, Carol and Charles. I continued fishing with him until I graduated from College. I fished a few weeks each January during College semester breaks, which convinced me that an engineer’s life would be a lot easier/safer than becoming a fisherman.

I’m guessing that everyone can look out on a stormy day and understand some of the “rough” weather that every fisherman has experienced. With the “foul weather gear” the rain was never a problem no matter how hard it would pour. The wind was always an issue in that if it was flat calm the boat could drift over the net while hauling back and possibly get caught in the wheel (propeller). However, when it did blow hard you had the danger of the boat “rock ‘in and roll ‘in” while hoisting a 3000 pound bag of fish over the rail.

I’m not sure everyone can appreciate how fog was the scariest weather condition to deal with. Just imagine a thirty ton boat travelling at eight knots and not being able to see more than a couple of hundred feet in front of you. My father fished most of his life without the aid of radar. The next best thing was for the crew to get on the bow and try to peer through the fog for other boats. Because all fishermen had families that depended on them, a foggy day wasn’t a good enough

reason to stay in port. Most boats had only a compass and depth finder and would have to navigate out of the harbor around the Point and to the fishing grounds without knowing what was in front of them or exactly where they were. My father did have an old Loran on the boat – it would take five minutes to locate the station signals and measure the time delay to calculate your position. I was always impressed that the crew had a good idea of where we were by the type of fish we were catching (black backs were down the Souther’d, dabs to the Northwest off the Race). It was always a good feeling when the fog would clear and you could see the Monument.

My father truly loved the sea and, like many other fisherman of the time, had a little salt water running through his veins.. ♦



The Two C's

## One Fishing Family

LAURA SHABOTT



*Liberty Docked at Higgins Lumber Wharf (Macara's) 1950s*

**In 1897**, eighteen-year-old Joseph Joaquim Macara was aboard a steamship leaving Portugal for America and met Mary Lopes, fifteen. After a brief and lovely courtship, they were officially married by the ship's Captain and settled in Provincetown. Joseph had fished in Portugal since he was eight and signed on as a deckhand on a boat. Grand Banks schooners were there for the cod. One hundred years ago, they fished from dories; each would carry two men who were supplied with oars and baited "long lines". There could be a dozen of these small boats fishing within visual distance of the mother ship.

One night, Joseph's boat got lost in the fog and went adrift out in the open waters. He and his dory-mate courageously rowed until they made it to shore somewhere in Canada. In Provincetown, a commu-

nity, a wife and a growing family thought he was lost at sea.

What a miracle it must have been to see Joseph return!

Over the next fifty years, "Papa Joe" worked as a seine fisherman; harpooning swordfish, weir fishing, handlining, trawling, gillnetting and dragging as both crew and Captain. In 1915, a boat named the Liberty was his very first vessel, with the Victory next in 1918. The third was a former rumrunner, converted for fishing after Prohibition, innocently named the Annabelle R. His last was the Jenny B. and Captain Macara retired when he was 70, still a robust man.

Papa Joe and Mary's family grew to include Mary, Joe, Celeste, Nobert, Lucille, Connie, Florence,

Manuel and Irene – a total of nine children. All the sisters married fishermen, except for Irene who was betrothed to William Tasha - an insurance salesman. Their son Mike owns Cape Cod Oil, a vital business in Provincetown.

Manuel became a captain and owner of the F/V Victory. He married Inez and had two sons, grandsons and a great-grandson who became commercial fishermen. Joe, Papa Joe's namesake, married Helen and ran a dry cleaning company for many years outside of Boston. He returned to Provincetown and started a business with everything for the fisherman – clothes, gear, net, wire and rope of any kind. The original location was the present day Post Office Café, near the corner of Lopes Square and Commercial Street, where they had an apartment upstairs. In 1943, the enterprising couple ran out of room and Joe bought Hilliard's big store where the bustling Lands End Marine and Hardware stands today. It is still family-

owned and managed by Papa Joe's grandson, Craig Russell.

Originally built in 1866, the accompanying Higgins Wharf was where lumber for the town would be delivered by schooners at high tide. When Joe bought it, there was a sail-maker (Jimmy Maguire) and a chandlers shop working out of a building on the wharf.

Over the course of the next thirty years, Joe would raze the structure housing Maguire's sail loft but would keep the other one for storage. Though it was ramshackle, this shed was a convenient place to put gear and equipment. That was until the seventies when riff-raff would break in to party.

It's suspected that the fire on Macara's Wharf in January of 1974 was set by trespassers. The volunteer fire department braved the blaze, saving the wharf itself but the shack and its contents were destroyed. Joseph's brother Nobert remembers this day well.



*1950s Blessing Aboard The Liberty. How many do you know?*



Nobert Macara At The Wheel 1978

the Southern style shrimper was set up for dragging and sold to Nobert after his return from the war. This would remain his boat for the rest of his fishing career, a festive addition to every Blessing of the Fleet.

When not at the wheel, Nobert and his in-laws were avid golfers. The growing Macara clan enjoyed each other's company and family parties have become a tradition that is still alive today.

Nobert and Juanita had five children – Claire, Peter, Ricky, Jacques and Dean, all graduates of Provincetown High School. Claire went into business, Peter became a working artist and Dean pursued a hospitality career. All the boys worked the boat as kids, but it would be Ricky and Jacques who would take it over. In 1976, Nobert decided to hand the Liberty over to his sons.

Ricky went on to start Mercedes Cab while Jacques remained the boat's Captain for over thirty years, a career that he loved. The Liberty was a hard working fishing vessel until her retirement in 2005 due to over-regulation of commercial fisheries, the high cost of fuel and the need for extensive repairs. She sank during a 'nor-easter but very thankfully, with no one aboard.

In the years since Joseph and Mary courageously emigrated from Portugal

to Provincetown, their family tree has grown to four generations of men who earn their living by the sea.

The F/V Liberty was a very photogenic vessel and is seen in paintings, postcards and photographs world-wide. Reporter-at-large Alec Wilkinson even wrote a piece in 1986, "The Blessing of The Fleet" for The New Yorker Magazine about his day on that beautiful boat.

Today, the fishing industry is a shadow of its former self, with day boats like the Liberty an almost extinct way of life. The story of the Macara family chronicles well over one hundred years in the history of a fishing village of Provincetown and its seafaring Portuguese heritage.. ♦

Nobert Nasimientto Macara graduated Provincetown High School in 1936 and left to work at Pratt and Whitney in Hartford from 1940 to 1943. He then joined the Navy and was attached to Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron 10 during World War II. While in the Pacific, Nobert was stricken with malaria and sent to a military hospital where he was cared for by a Navy nurse, Juanita Michaud. They fell in love and she moved from her French speaking hometown of Eagle Lake, Maine to marry him and become part of the Macara family and their Portuguese community.

Henry Passion married Nobert's sister Florence and in 1940 brought the F/V Liberty from St. Augustine, Florida to Provincetown. Made of cypress,

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## He Is One With The Sea

*Henry Passion*

LISA MOTTA STETSON

He is returning from his last journey. It has been a long journey at sea. Steaming home, he watches as the bow of his boat moves over the waves.

From a distance he spots the lighthouse at Long Point. The beacon blinking on and off guides him safely home. He is comfortable with his journey.

A journey he has made many times.

**He is one with the sea.**

It is a clear night and the sky is black. Stars shine over the water. As he leans out of the wheel house, occasionally a mist of salt air touches his skin.

He loves the touch and smell of the salt air.

**He is one with the sea.**

His journey has ended, as he reaches the wharf. He carefully maneuvers his boat to dock. Carefully he ties the rope of his boat lovingly to the pilings of the pier. A task he has preformed many times throughout his life. His hands know the way with his eyes shut the twist and turn of every knot. He pulls each knot tightly to secure his boat. His hands and arms are tired, but he still continues his task.

He knows he will rest soon.

**He is one with the sea.**

The fishing nets, empty from its catch, are hanging to dry. They glisten from the salt and the moonlight. He takes another glance at this boat and walks one last time to the wheel house. He sits at his Captains chair and grasps the wheel. All is quiet as he reflects for a moment on his journey. His journey of life, filled with beautiful memories. Memories with loved ones he will miss. Memories of joy and laughter, but also of disappointment and sadness. A life well lived and a journey that has ended.

He is tired but at peace.

**He is one with the sea.**



Henry Passion



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*The Crew of the Philomena Manta*  
— Charles W. Hawthorne  
Town of Provincetown Art Collection

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## Memories of an East Ender

BY MARY-JO AVELLAR

Shortly after their marriage in 1884, my grandparents, Jose Maria Avellar and Angelina Jacinta Soares, bought what became Avellar's Wharf at 437-439 Commercial St. in Provincetown's East End. It is now Poor Richard's Landing.

They had immigrated to the United States from Flores, one of the two westernmost of the Azorean Islands, my grandfather arriving in 1881 at the age of 17, a year before his bride-to-be. Twelve of their 13 children, including my father, were born at the Wharf. My parents acquired the property shortly after my grandfather's death. We lived in the downstairs apartment at 439 and Grandma lived next door at 437.

I never knew my grandfather. He died when I was five months old. Papa to his children and Joe to everyone else, he was for 40 years the captain of a trap boat for the Atlantic Coast Fisheries, now the Ice House Apartments. When weir fishing declined, he became a manager for the company, tallying the daily catch and paying fishermen for their labors. He retired in 1938, tending to his property, his garden and his pigs, and enjoying the careers and exploits of his now very large extended family, none of whom, I might add, followed him into fishing.

Luckily for me, I had the pleasure of 10 wonderful years with my grandmother, whom I adored, spending endless hours by her side. Other than my parents, Grandma was the most influential person in my life. I stuck to her like glue. I once overheard my mother say that Angie had 23 grandchildren, but Mary-Jo was the only one.

Widely known as Ma Avellar, my grandmother was thoroughly American, a liberal and a good Democrat. One of her best friends was the noted writer

Mary Heaton Vorse, who immortalized her and her family in "Time and the Town." Many of Mother Vorse's friends were aspiring artists and writers like Gerrit Beneker, who painted a famous World War I poster of my Uncle Tony. Sinclair Lewis and Wilbur Daniel Steele found lodging and food with Ma Avellar even when they were down on their luck. Knowing my grandmother, she spent many hours talking to them. She had an insatiable curiosity and liked nothing more than sitting down for a good chat.

For all the time I spent with her, she never spoke of her life in the Azores. She could read and write in both English and Portuguese, but rarely spoke in Portuguese unless in the company of her daughter, my Aunt Kate and Aunt Kate's dear friend, the local school teacher Lucinda Anthony. The only time I was ever banned from my grandmother's presence was when they gathered. For years I blamed it on Miss Anthony, a truly lovely lady, but truth be told, they didn't want me overhearing their gossip, just in case I understood.

I asked my father if he spoke Portuguese and he said he did. I asked why won't you teach me?

He said it was island Portuguese and probably not very good. That was the end of that. I never, ever, heard him speak Portuguese, even to his mother or with his brothers and sisters.

My husband, Duane A. Steele, is nearing completion of a novel about three generations of an Azorean family, dealing with their immigrant experience, why they left their island homes and made Provincetown what it is today. He calls that immigration from the islands the Azorean Diaspora.

"The spoken Portuguese in the islands differed from island to island," he said, "especially in pronunciation. Continentals despise the Azorean dia-



*Jose Maria and Angelina "Mother Avellar"*



Avellar Wharf

lish at all. Although we couldn't speak the language, Linda and I usually knew what VoVo was saying to us and always responded in English. We were probably in trouble and being reprimanded.

Linda said it was the family gatherings and associated food that kept her Portuguese heritage alive, especially at Christmas and the Blessing of the Fleet, which were festas like no others. She also remembered how, unlike West Enders, we were not allowed to go down the wharf or dive for coins in the summer. Looking back, I never knew anyone at our end of town who did, except for

lects, thinking they butcher the language. They consider them uneducated, ignorant and uncouth. They didn't like Azoreans very much. They looked down on them. They didn't really want to acknowledge them as fellow Portuguese citizens. In return the Azoreans disdainfully call their haughty continental brethren Lisboas."

"The people in the West End, most of whom were poor fishing families and those who worked at the Atlantic Coast Fisheries, the big cold storage where the Coast Guard Station is now, lived in what we teenagers jokingly called the slums of Provincetown."

"The captains, the businessmen, those who were coming up in this world lived in the East End with the Yankees, the Lisboas; and that was not a compliment."

"As for second-generation Azoreans not speaking Portuguese, they were ashamed of it. It stigmatized them. Their immigrant parents wanted them to forget their embarrassing Island roots and become Americans as soon as possible."

Thus, Island Portuguese, if any, was widely spoken in the West End, but rarely heard in the East End. A few East End families like that of my best friend Linda Codinha O'Brien, Provincetown's town treasurer, whose father was a captain and a continental, spoke Portuguese. Just about everyone in her family, except for her mother, came from continental Portugal. Some of her relatives, like her great grandmother, VoVo (pronounced VooVoo), never learned Eng-

summer kids like Pete Dwyer whose parents rented one of our cottages each year.

Until I reached school age, I never realized that my East End was far different from the West End. Laughingly referred to by my childhood friend Kathy Reis as the Great East-West Divide, these two ends of town were, despite having a year-round population that was predominately Portuguese, remarkably dissimilar. The only common denominator between these two ends of town was the Catholic Church.

It was only at Mass on Sunday mornings, the children's Mass and catechism after school, that children from both ends of town ever mingled. When the Veteran's Memorial School opened in 1956, the Western and Central Schools, which are now parking lots, and the Governor Bradford School for fifth and sixth graders, now the recreation center, were closed. So what was it about the East End and the Portuguese who lived there that made life so different from their brethren in the West End? I've been spending time asking friends and family what they remember.

My sister Susan Avellar summed it up rather nicely. The East End just wasn't as Portuguese as the West End, she said. It was more cosmopolitan. Bohemian. As Susan Leonard said, maybe even a little Communist. From Conant Street to Franklin Street, practically everyone without exception was Azorean and spoke the Island language. The West End was insular. They clung to their island dialects, the tradi-

tions, the food and each other. Francis "Flyer" Santos called them the "bread and molasses" crowd.

My husband laughed because his mother, who lost her fisherman father when she eight-years-old and who was condemned to a childhood of grinding poverty, told him that she and her five brothers and sisters often had to eat bread and molasses to stave off their hunger.

Peter Macara, whose mother is French Canadian, agreed with my sister. He said he never thought of himself as Portuguese or even French Canadian, surrounded as his family was by all the artists in his neighborhood. His parents were also very open minded, he said, and wanted their children to assimilate. He said his mother now laments that she and her husband, captain of the F/V Liberty, didn't at least speak French and Portuguese to Peter and his siblings.

Peter's sister Claire, my friend and classmate, had a different take. She felt the differences. She didn't feel safe in the West End. Claire said she rode her bike really fast until she got to Jeannie Van Arsdale's house near the Red Inn. She said she never slowed down when heading home until she reached Winthrop Street.

Unlike Claire, I didn't have the nerve to go as far as Winthrop Street. My comfort zone ended at Adam's Pharmacy. I roller skated or biked all over the East End, but stopped short at Adam's. I knew exactly how Claire felt because I felt that way myself.

The first time I went into the West End without my parents was with Linda. Her Uncle Vincent Henrique and his wife Phyllis lived at the far end of Franklin Street. They had just had a baby so we rode our bikes up there to meet her little cousin. Although my fear lessened the more I made that trip, I admit I had been terrified.

Duane, who grew up on Court Street, attended the Center School when he lived on Alden Street. He said very few kids were not Portuguese or somewhat Portuguese. One thing they all knew for sure, Duane said, West End kids, especially the big boys, were to be avoided at all costs. Duane said it was a territorial thing, boys will be boys, but not only that. Bullying was a way of life for Provincetown boys, he said.

"It was some kind of pecking order," he said. "You were bullied and you bullied—in some kind of pecking order."

Younger boys dreaded meeting older boys, especially in the woods. He said as a young boy he and some of his friends were exploring the "deep West End," up by Carnes Avenue. The unpaved dirt roads were dirty and so were the hordes of kids, he said, from playing in the streets.

"We were wary," Duane said, "because I knew we were in enemy territory."

He said he was approached by Tommy Patrick, who later became a classmate and a friend. "Tommy wanted to know who we were and where we came



Six of the thirteen children of Angelina and Jose Avellar, twelve of whom were born at the Avellar wharf: Seated in front (l-r) Angelina Avellar with Arthur in her lap, Albert, and Jose Maria Avellar holding Gerald; back (l-r) Katie, Tony and Florence.

from, as if we were aliens from another planet. He had no idea where Court Street was."

It was my husband's first contact with West Enders. By the time Duane got to junior high, he threw his lot in with his school buddies: Gene Tasha, Jack Gregory and Pat Hackett, all West Enders.

Like the Macaras's mother, my mother was not



*“West End Boys To Be Avoided At All Costs” ~ Frank “Smoke” Cabral’s Gang  
(l-r) Frank Cabral, Jr., John “Peacy” Cook, Leroy Valentine,  
Anthony Travers, Sumner “Shimmy” Robinson*

Portuguese. She was Charlestown Irish. She wanted her two daughters to go to college and to travel.

“Expand your horizons,” she would tell us. I remember her arguing with friends who would say, “Oh, Mary, why waste the money? They’re just going to get married anyway.”

A city girl, our mother exposed us to opera, theater, classical music and art. She encouraged us to roam the neighborhood where we played in the Art Association galleries and in the workshops of Peter Hunt and Menalkus Duncan, the sandal maker and brother of the dancer Isadora Duncan. When it was closed, Selma Dubrin, who sold antique jewelry and precious gems, took it over. She always let us try on her most expensive items. From Tillie Jason’s market with all its penny candy across from the Church of St. Mary of the Harbor to Jo’s Soda Shop at the foot of Dyer Street, my sister and I at a very early age mingled with non-Portuguese, non-Catholic people in the East End. My mother had eight summer cottages for rent and my father operated a small boat business, the same as Flyer’s does today, broadening

our contacts with others.

My parents rented mainly to visitors from New York. Many of them became family to us. I especially remember Mildred and Pete Simonson, who took my sister and me to art galleries and to the beach. I especially liked Pete because he always slipped us each a five-dollar bill before they left town. Big money to two little girls in the 1950s. Mildred, a great friend of Isaac Bashevis Singer, was an artist who traveled extensively. She always brought my mother a little something. We still have a lovely menorah she brought us from a trip to Israel.

My father and mother especially loved Rose and Cicero Shulman from Brooklyn. They always took the same cottage every year named Camp Avellar. Rose was a delightful woman who had a granddaughter, Teddy Fine, who was just about our age. Teddy had a Ginny doll with the most beautiful wardrobe handmade by Rose. They were very close. My mother thought of Rose as a sister.

When I was in my 30s I went to New York City with my friend Ginny McKenna. My father said to

me, “Don’t you think you should go visit Rose Shulman?” Rose, who lived with her son Leon, was then in her 90’s. So I called, got directions to their home and took the subway out to Brooklyn. It was one of the great pleasures of my life. She was so tiny, but still the same Rose. I’ll never forget how she met me in the hallway and threw her arms around me. Their hospitality and the warmth of their friendship is still strong after all many years. Rose died shortly afterwards. I will always be thankful to my father for urging me to make that visit.

Nils Berg was another great friend. I knew summer had arrived when Nils Berg came to town. A Madison Avenue art director who eventually established Pepe’s Wharf, Nils and his wife Eve, who honeymooned at our wharf, were lifelong friends of my parents, as their daughter Astrid is to me today. When I was getting married, I asked my father if there was anyone special he wanted me to invite. He said, “I don’t give a (expletive) who you invite as long as you invite Nils Berg.” (My father swore a lot.)

What I especially remember about my childhood, especially in the summer, was that it was magical. The beach was my backyard. My sister and I were on those beaches from sun up to sun down, playing with our summer friends who either rented from my parents or had houses up and down the waterfront. Our parents never had to worry about us because everyone, even the summer folks, looked out for each other’s children.

Every once in a while my mother would get a call from the late Hazel Hawthorne asking if her daughter

Caro was with us and of course she would be. It was safe. We walked everywhere without adults. To the Provincetown Tennis Club for ballet lessons. To the store. To church and to school.

Summer also meant the return of family. My father’s brothers and sisters, their children and even their grandchildren always came back to visit Grandma. This was another difference between my family and many of those in the West End. Our family left town for the most part, seeking opportunity elsewhere, just as my grandparents did when they came to this country. From South Africa to California, my father’s brothers and sisters lived far away. Only my father and his brother Tony remained in Provincetown. It was always an event when someone came home. How I treasure those golden moments of summer and the wonderful times spent with returning aunts, uncles and cousins.

Today the Great East-West Divide is mostly a thing of the past, although real estate agents will tell you that most newcomers to town want to buy in the West End, the slums of my husband’s youth. I can remember when black nannies in white dresses and nurse’s shoes pushed the elegant baby carriages of wealthy New York doctors and artists who summered in the East End, past my grandmother’s house, heading downtown to do their daily shopping at the First National and A&P. Times have changed. As for me, I’ll always be an East Ender. Not so my husband, who still says he is uncomfortable in the East End. We live in the center of town. ♦

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for another successful  
Provincetown  
Portuguese  
Festival!



## A Big Spirit on a Little Street, Frank Corea

YVONNE deSOUSA

Even as a kid raised in the family homestead at number 11 Arch street, I realized how lucky I was to live in Provincetown. I also realized that the only reason why my roots were planted in this beautiful seaside town, was because my ancestors on both sides of my family came here from Portugal to support their families by fishing. It is on my mother's side where my family's Provincetown story started just after the turn of the century.

In 1882 in Fuzeta, Portugal, located in the southern region of the country known as the Algarve, my great grandfather, Francisco Correia (Frank Corea) was born. At the age of 10 he was orphaned and sent to Faro, Portugal to be raised by an aunt who was not always so kind. Soon after he turned 11 he stowed away on an American ship. Once discovered, the captain did not have the heart to discipline him too strictly or to abandon him at the next port. He chose to make him a cabin boy instead. He served as a cabin boy for a couple of years and learned all aspects of fishing.

As a young teen, he started fishing in the Atlantic, mostly as a doryman on schooners fishing the Grand Banks. While family history isn't completely clear, he seems to have spent these years fishing on both continents, honing his skills and saving for a future a little at a time.

What is known, is that by 1908 he was back in Portugal and proposing marriage to his sweetheart, Maria Conceicao Chagas, a relationship that was severely frowned upon. Conceicao came from a somewhat affluent family in Fuzeta. Marrying a fisherman, even

a successful fisherman, was considered beneath her family's social status. But Conceicao was marrying for love and against her parent's wishes, the marriage took place. Frank returned to America and sent for his wife, as soon as he was able. Conceicao came to America traveling by steerage with one only one trunk for all of her worldly possessions. Despite her family's status, Conceicao didn't need much and knew what was important. In her trunk she delicately packed and carried the one item most treasured from her life in Portugal, the statue of the Menino Jesus. A statue which remains in our family to this day.



*Menino Jesus from the family of Yvonne deSousa on exhibit at the Provincetown Public Library.*

When Conceicao first arrived in the new country, she and Frank lived in a house on Alden Streer that was infested with bed bugs. It was quite the journey from where Conceicao had lived in Fuzeta but with their love and hardwork, it didn't take long before they had bought the home on Arch Street in 1914. Arch was a tiny, barely passable road connecting Front Street and Back Street, known as Commercial and Bradford today. Frank continued fishing and the young couple started a family. By 1918, Frank had done well enough to purchase a vessel, the Leona and Gabriel. The purchase was made with "Snowball" Silva who worked as a foreman at Sklarloff's Wharf, the boat name coming from the children of the two owners.

While not a large boat, approximately 48'-50' feet, it served its owners well. Silva maintained a financial interest in the boat and Frank was its captain. The boat would go sword fishing every spring and was out-



*Frank and Maria Conceicao Corea*

fitted for dragger fishing the rest of the time. Like many of the boats of the day, the Leona and Gabriel needed to be reworked for most of the fishery. The main job was to increase the deck space. The work was done in New Bedford and was done poorly as was discovered when out at sea, a stanchion popped out of the hull after another boat came alongside. A dangerous situation was averted when fellow fisherman, friend and Arch Street neighbor, Louis Salvador, exacted an emergency repair at sea by using a maul to temporarily beat the offending board into place. The near miss was an example of how the fishermen worked together to escape danger of all kinds.

Frank Corea is remembered by his granddaughter Dolores as a large, strong, kind man. Perhaps "large" isn't an accurate description. She remembers well watching in awe as he would come home from a trip hauling a huge bucket of fish, have a quick shot of whiskey to warm up and then settle in his favorite chair to sing his granddaughter songs and tell her stories in Portuguese. In actuality, he wasn't that tall. It would be more accurate to state that he had a large "presence" commanding respect while being very gentle. But without a doubt, the strength, kindness, and seamanship were what defined the family patriarch.

"Frank was 'a Prince of a man,'" according to native son Joe Andrews, who worked with him regularly at Furtado's boatyard, which was on the site of Sal's Place Restaurant. Joe referred to him as "Ti Frank", or, "Uncle Frank" and knew him well. Frank had a reputation as being an excellent captain and young crewmen who signed up with them would do well in both wages and in the learning experience.

Things at home were not always easy however. John was born in 1911, Frank Jr. in 1914 and Leona in 1918. All three children, in three different ways, would play interesting roles in the Corea family legacy. As was the unfortunate circumstances of the time, Conceicao lost several children, usually during pregnancy. But the most grievous loss was that of Frank Jr. who died in 1916 at the age of two. It is not clear what illness took young Frank as at that time there were just too many medical conditions that could threaten a child. As was the custom of the day, the wake for the boy was held in the Arch Street house.

It was thought that "Baby Frank" never quite left the family home as throughout four generations ghostly activity would be witnessed, especially when there were young children in the home. Most recently, when the family member who would have been Frank Jr.'s great, great nephew was eighteen months old and living at 11 Arch Street, he would happily wave and smile at an unseen object on the ceiling and repeat the words "Hi Baby, Hi Baby." On another occasion, this same child began a fall down a flight of stairs. In mid-fall down three steps, he was grabbed by an invisible hand and pulled roughly back towards the wall opposite the stairs. "Baby Frank" seemed to want to stay and look after the children in the family.

Frank's son John did well in school and fished with his father during the summers. When he graduated he decided to join the Coast Guard, a rather unlikely choice for the son of a Portuguese fisherman as these were the Prohibition years. While still charged with protecting mariners, the Guard of the Prohibition era also had the unpopular task of boarding boats looking for illegal liquor. Yet John felt that was where he would serve his country and his fishing roots best and that he did. As a Chief guardsmen stationed at Wood End, he went above and beyond in service to the local fishermen by patrolling the harbor during storms and tying down their flailing boat moorings. He was also known for using the Coast Guard boat for escorting

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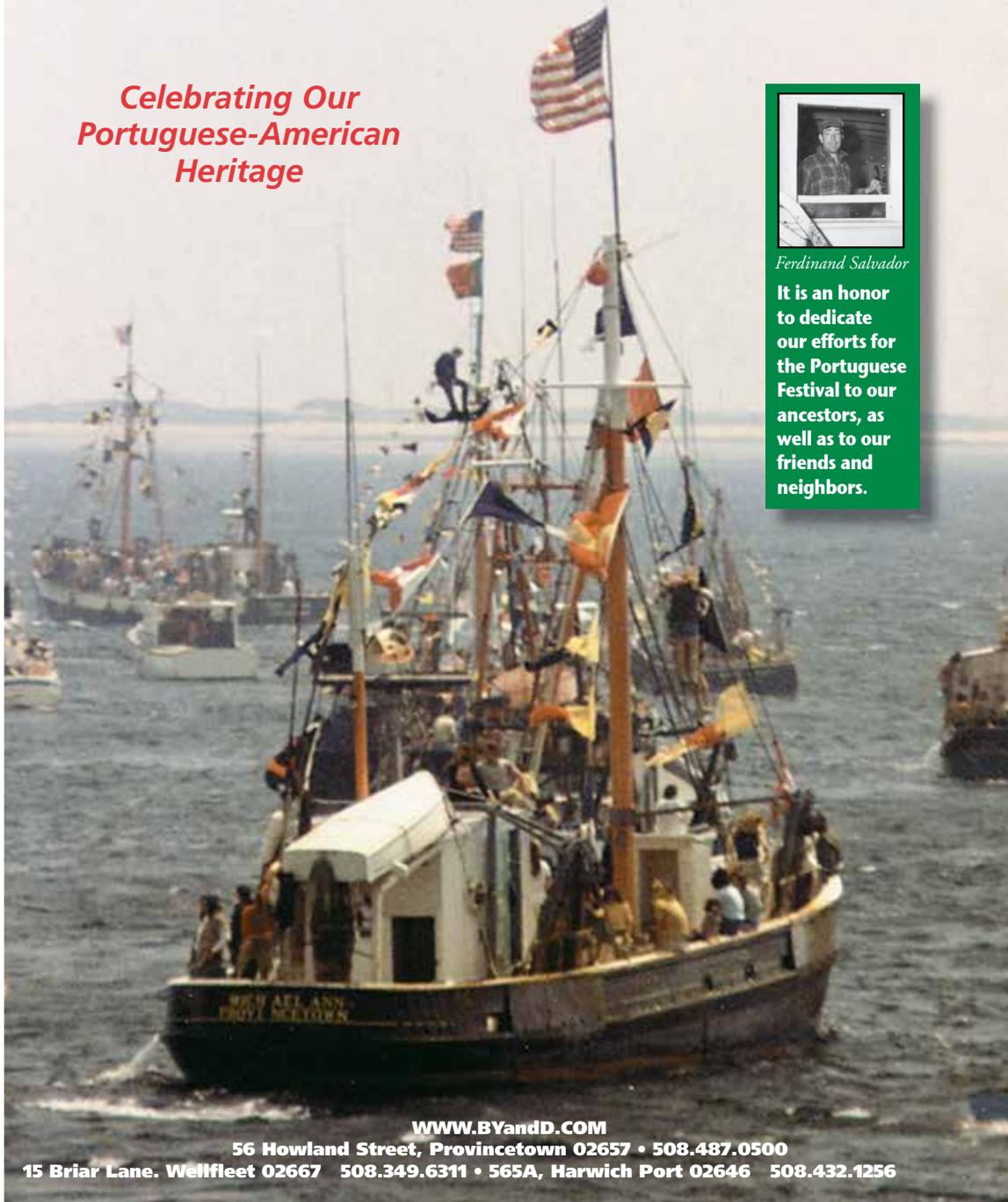
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L-R Joe Lisbon, Jackie Rivers, Sr., Ernest "Simon" Souza  
("Clark Gable"), Frank Frade, John Mendes

the Provincetown Yacht Club to sail races in Wellfleet, the best sailor being a huge mark of hometown pride. His service to the community greatly helped improve the difficult relationship between locals and the Coast Guard. He would later be the Captain at the helm during a gale that almost took out the Nantucket LV 112, saving the crew and the ship amidst fierce conditions.

It was through Leona however, that the family fishing traditions would continue. In the early 1930's a young man named John D. Mendes was living in Fuzeta and working in a grocery store when he met Frank's daughter Leona, who was visiting the homeland of her parents. Soon after the couple met, John's father sent for John to fish with him in New York. After fishing with his father for a bit, John and Leona married in 1938. Frank was still fishing in Provincetown and John moved to the area to fish with his father-in-law.

The world was seeing many changes and would soon be at war. The Silva family sold their share of the Leona and Gabriel and moved to Quincy where father and son would both work at the Quincy shipyard building warships. Frank re-named the boat after his first grandchild, the daughter of Leona and John. It was Frank and John who were fishing the Dolora M when the war started. Soon, John would take over as captain as with the war threatening to hit close to home, only US citizens could captain vessels. Frank, who had never learned to read or write, had not been able to take that step. Fishing during the war brought many new dangers and there was often real fear of enemy submarines in local waters. Interestingly, John

and other young men of the time were not drafted as with war rationing taking place, the government deemed fishing "a necessary occupation."

The two continued to successfully fish together through the war and beyond. The Dolora M was one of the local fishing vessels that proudly sailed past Bishop James E. Cassidy during the first Blessing of the Fleet in 1948. Not long after, a change was needed. A talented violin player in his youth, fishing had put an end to John's music as his fingers hardened from the work at sea made it impossible to manipulate the strings of the instrument. That was to be expected- music was a hobby but fishing was a way of life. But it

was a serious shoulder injury that prevented John from fishing fulltime. It was decided that it was time for the Dolora M to be sold. John and Leona purchased a guest house on Johnson Street and ran it together until John's death in 1981. After that, Leona ran it alone for many more years. You can't take the sea out of the man however and John continued to fish in the off season on board the boats of the men he knew well including the Francis and Elizabeth with Jack Rivers, the Plymouth Belle with Billy Segura, the Yankee with Arthur Duarte, and the Liberty with Norbert Macara.

And what became of our patriarch, the man who started a family in a new country after stowing away on a ship as a boy? Never one to sit still, Frank continued to work after he stopped fishing, mostly at the Cold Storage plant in his neighborhood. He worked for many years even with a bad hernia until his death in 1967. Conceicao followed him in 1970 and a new generation lived in the Arch Street home until it was sold in 2002. Their son John died in 2007. He and his wife Rosella did not have any children. Leona died in 2009, leaving three children (Dolores, John and Paul) and five grandchildren to tell the family story.

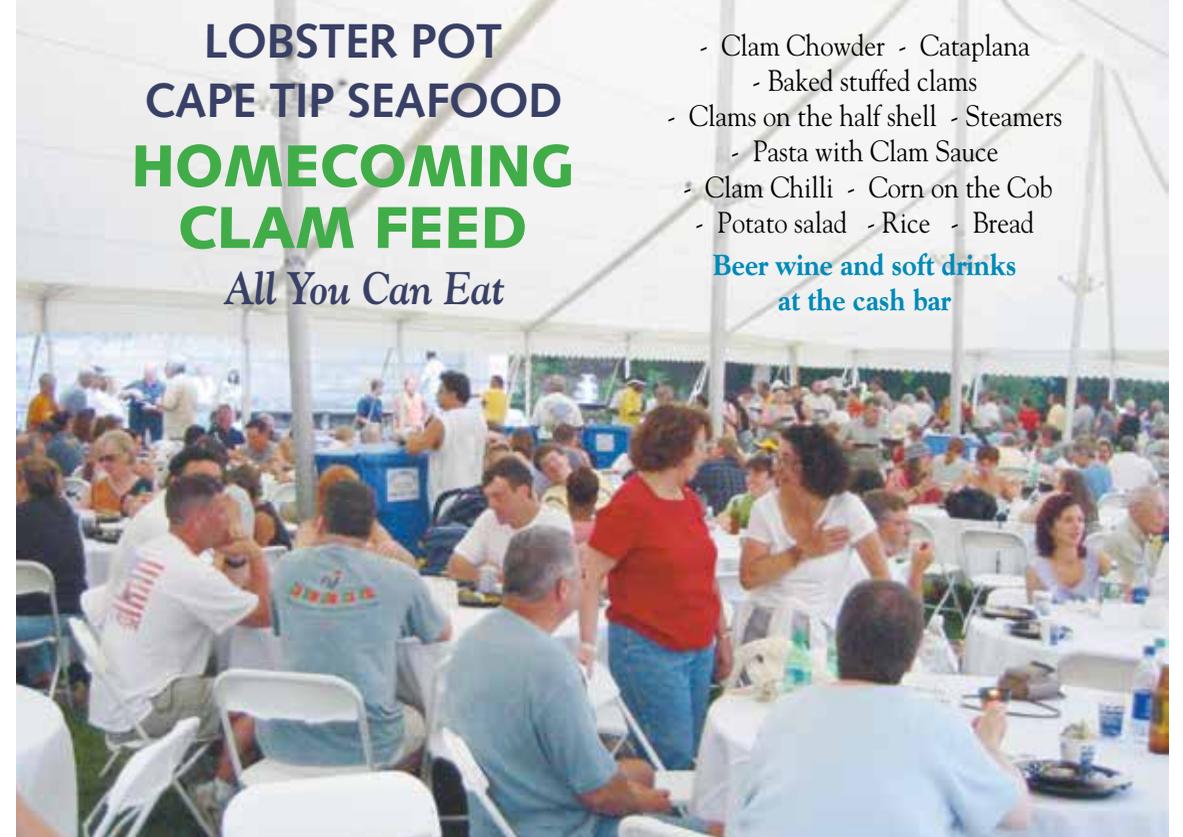
With the sale of the homestead and the passing of his siblings, I often wondered if "Baby Frank" is still at 11 Arch Street, looking for children to play with or if he too, passed on. I hope that he is at peace, content with his role in family history. I know that I, for one, will always treasure the hard working story that Frank Corea left to his ancestors. ♦



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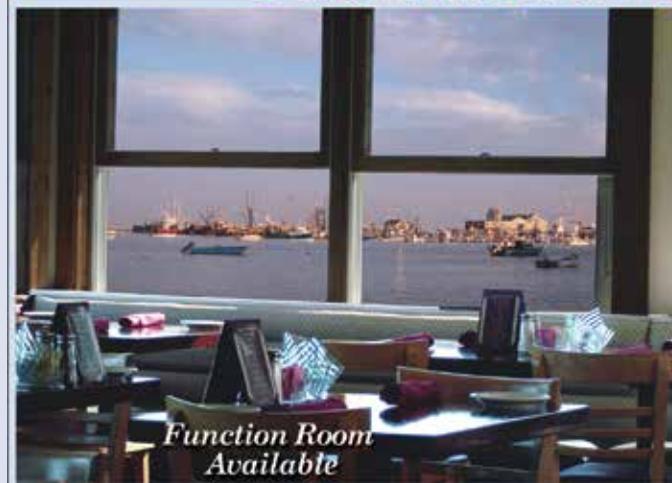
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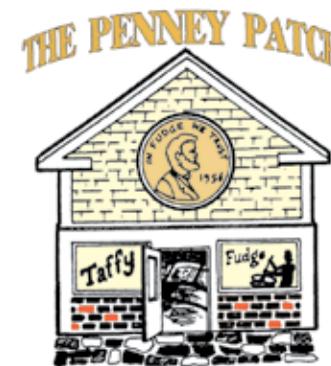
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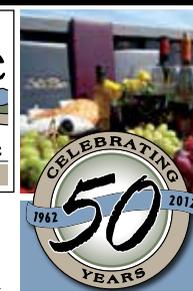
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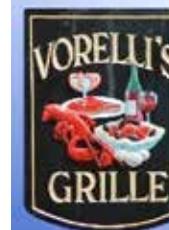
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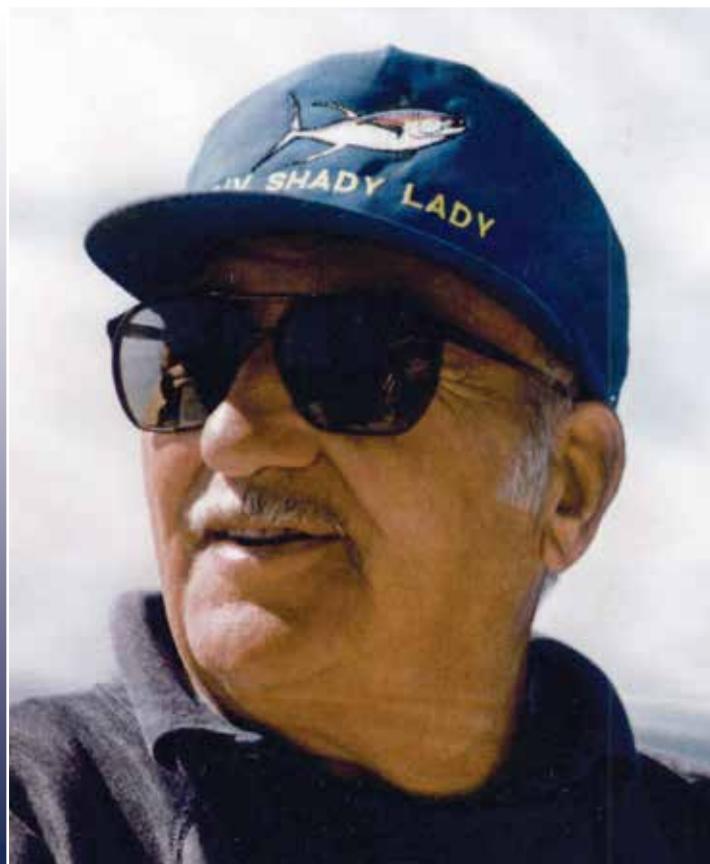
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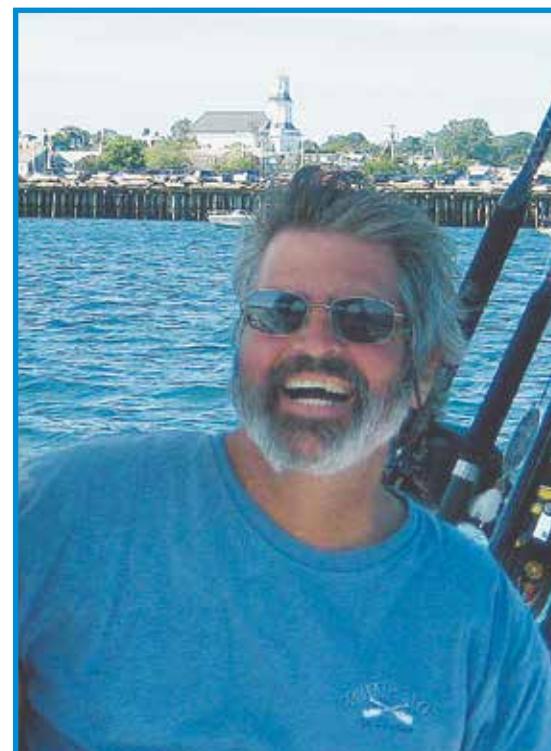
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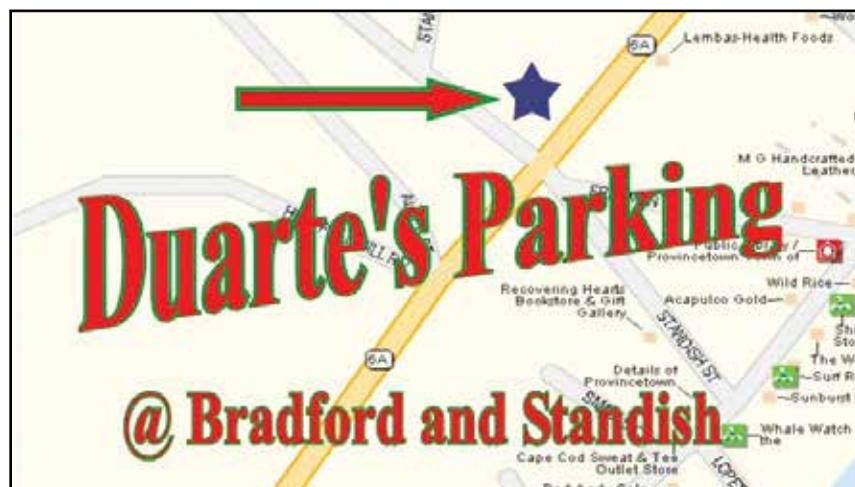
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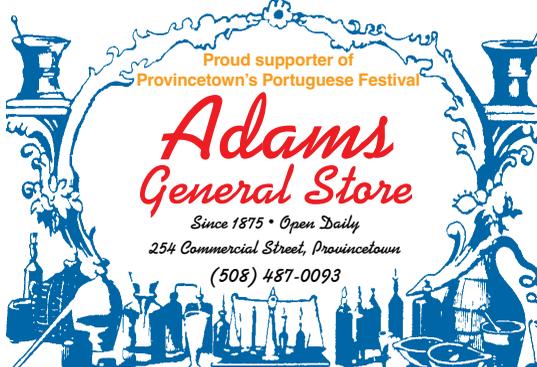
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